THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND

FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

VOLUME THE FIRST—NEW SERIES.

Be earnest in effort, in purpose be wise,
Whate'er your condition may be,
Nor deem it impossible ever to rise
To a station of highest degree
For plebeian toil has oft earned the spoil
Of riches and fame as its due,
And what has been won in the race that you r
May perhaps be achieved, too, by you

Success without merit was never the rule,
Though numerous exceptions abound,
And he would be thought little else than a fool
Who should seek it seldom 'tis found.
The sower shall reap, the winner shall keep,
The rewards that to ensue,
And what has been won in the race that you run
May perchance be achieved by you

The plodding and patient, though mean and obscur
Of all are most worthy to lead,
The diligent hand shall abundance secure,
While the pithless shall never succeed
So success to deserve you must strain every nerve,
And the course of the sluggard eschew,
For what has been won in the race that you run
May perchance be achieved by you.

In the proud roll of history's illustrious names,
Most honoured in age or in youth,
Are heroes of peaceful and sanctified aims
In the service and love of the truth
Then a niche with the brave do you ardently crave
The same path you must strive to pur
And what has been won in the race that you run
May perchance be achieved by you

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TO OUR READERS.

In concluding this, our First Volume of the New Series, we are happy to acknowledge our grateful thanks to those of our readers—and we number them by tens of thousands—who have favoured us with their confidence and approval. We promise them that the Second Volume shall be in no wise inferior to that which we have this day completed, but that where improvement seems practicable, it shall be our earnest endeavour to keep pace with the growing intelligence of the times.

The reception given to the series of papers entitled "Glimpses of the People of all Nations," has been so cordial, that we have made arrangement for resuming these interesting histories. The First Number of Volume the Second will commence with the HISTORY OF EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND, illustrated with views of the countries, and sketches of the peculiar costumes, employments, and manners of their present inhabitants. This history, continued from week to week, will embrace all that is known of those lands which have been the scenes of so many astonishing and interesting events.

As in the present Volume, it will be our endeavour, by the aid of the pen and the pencil, to render our work a FRIEND and FAMILY INSTRUCTOR in the most comprehensive sense of the words. We beg to say, also, that a portion of our space will be devoted to the LITERATURE OF WORKING MEN, and that it will be our earnest endeavour to keep alive in the breasts of our readers the fire of learning and taste which it has been our good fortune to watch, and in some cases to kindle.

March 25th, 1852.

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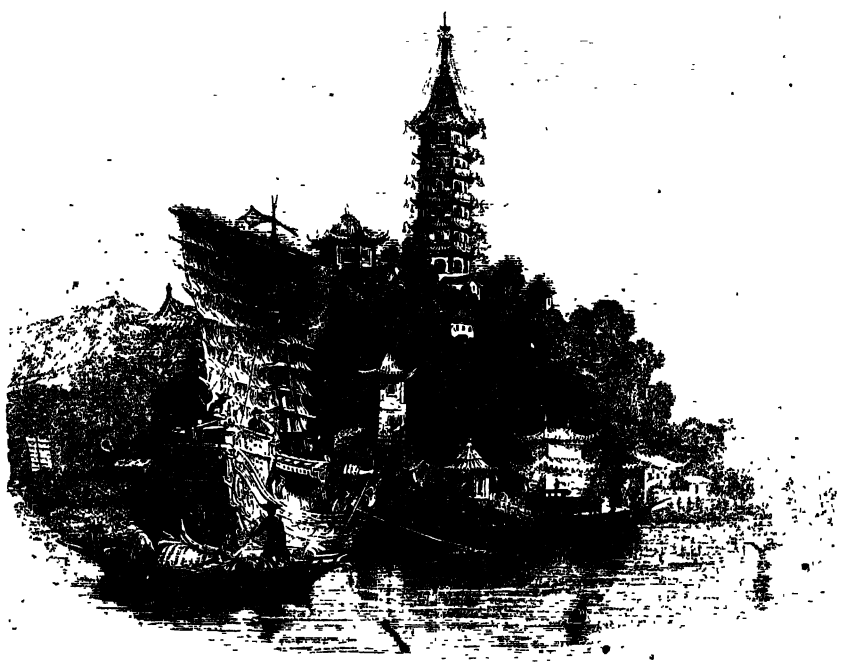
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THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., No. 1.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1851. ONE PENNY.

Glimpses of the People of all Nations.

AT a time when the attention of millions is directed to the industrial and artistic products of the civilized world, curiosity is naturally excited for an acquaintance with the people from whom they came, varying so greatly as they do in climate, colour, language, customs, and the means of present or future development. To gratify this desirable and laudable feeling by brief and popular, yet accurate details, is therefore the pleasing task on which we have entered in this NEW SERIES of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND. In so doing, we shall employ PICTORIAL as well as GRAPHIC description, solicitous by each mode to interest and inform our numerous readers. We commence the Series with CHINA AND THE CHINESE.



THE KIN-CHAN, OR MOUNTAIN OF GOLD

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

IT is a curious fact, as Klaproth states, that we have borrowed our name for this country from the Malays, who call it *Tchina*. Generally speaking, the Chinese call their empire after the name of the reigning dynasty, so that it has greatly varied at different periods. Thus, when the Manchoo dynasty gained the ascendancy, as they adopted the name of *Thsing*, the Chinese called themselves *Thsing-jin*—that is, "men of *Thsing*." This vast country of South-Eastern Asia is in form nearly square, being bounded on the east and south-east by the Gulf of Tartary, the Sea of Japan, the Yellow Sea, the Strait of Formosa, the Chinese Sea, and the Gulf of Tonquin; on the land sides, by Tonquin, Laos, and Birmah; and west by Independent Tartary; and north, for the immense extent of 3,300 miles, by Asiatic Russia. It encloses altogether a space of about 5,300,000 square miles. The area of CHINA PROPER does not exceed a fourth part of the whole empire.

It has been generally supposed that the Chinese maintain an antiquity of myriads of years, and consequently that their historical records are at such absolute variance with the comparatively recent account of Moses, that, if they be received, he must be rejected. Infidelity has eagerly seized on this apparent collision, anxious to avail itself of *any* means to cast

credit on the Bible. But here, as in similar instances, its alignity has signally failed; for the Chinese, like most other eathen nations, have (as Dr. Medhurst, who has long lived nong them, states) a *mythological*, as well as a *chronological*, eriod; the one considered by themselves as *fabulous*, the other *authentic*—the one connected with the history of their *gods*, nd the other with that of their *men*. The evidence of the ivine authority of the Sacred Scriptures is therefore unaffected y the Chinese chronology; and, comparing the first and ubulous part of Chinese history with the early chapters of the ook of Genesis, the idea is suggested, as the same writer emarks, "that the whole is probably based on some indisnct recollections of the theory of the creation. Of the first an they say, that soon after the period of emptiness and conusion, when heaven and earth were first separated, Pwan-Koo as produced. His origin is not ascertained, but he knew ntuitively the relative proportions of heaven and earth, with he principles of creation and transmutation. During the upposed reign of the celestial, terrestrial, and human emperors, they allege that the year was settled, the months and ays arranged, and the hills and rivers divided,—all which nay be but distant allusions to the formation of the heavenly odies, and the settlement of the earth and waters." Other aces analogous to sacred history are also discernible. A long eries of dynasties appears on the page of authentic annals. The present Tartar race have occupied the throne of China for more than two hundred years.

The first object that invites attention in the general aspect of China, is its great *plain*, which is about 700 miles in length, and varies in width from 150 to nearly 500 miles. The entire area incloses no less than six provinces, and a space of 210,000 square miles; being seven times greater than the plain of Lombardy. It has, doubtless, a very large population; according to the census of 1813, no fewer that 170,000,000 "mouths," as the Chinese say, "were fed on its surface." It is everywhere well watered, and, on the whole, extremely fertile.

The *mountainous* and *hilly* districts of China comprise about half its area. Of these, the most important seems to be the mountain-chain which runs through the southern provinces, and forms a continuation, though on a much smaller scale, of the Great Himalaya. In Yunan, on the eastern frontier, where it first enters the empire, its ridges, which appear to be very steep and lofty, yield support to bands of lawless and predatory tribes. But in the eastern provinces, the mountain-pinnacles seldom rise above 3,000 or 4,000 feet; and being covered with noble forests, crowned with pagodas, and with cities along their sides, they give to the country, without any interruption to its culture and populousness, a magnificent aspect. The ground also rises rapidly as it approaches the northern frontier, which is formed or crossed by mountains of considerable height, and over which that stupendous bulwark, "The Great Wall" of China, has been carried with almost incredible labour.

Our first illustration represents the *Kin-chan*, or "Mountain of Gold," at the east of Nankin, situated in the middle of the river Kiang, at the north-west of Tan-tou-huen, a city of the third order. It bears also the name of "Floating Jasper." In a celebrated Chinese work it is said: "This mountain is surrounded by water, and, when the wind blows violently from all sides, it is stated to move, and to change its place. It is for this reason that it is called 'Floating Jasper.'" Various small pagodas are scattered over its different elevations.

China is chiefly indebted to her mighty *rivers* for that fertility which is at once the source of her wealth and of her vast population. The Hoang-ho, or yellow river; and the Yang-tse-Kiang, or "son of the ocean," rank in the first class of rivers. Other rivers are of great importance. The Ta-si-Kiang, or Canton river, of which we give a representation, rises in the province of Yunan, takes an easterly course to the plains of Canton, and, having received some smaller streams, forms an estuary known as the Bocca Tigris; by which, after a course of 600 miles, it is finally discharged into the China Sea. Many of the rivers—of which indeed there is a vast number—fall into the great lakes.

The principal *lake* in China is the Tunting-hoo, 220 miles in circumference. It receives the waters of many considerable rivers. It is surrounded by picturesque and finely-wooded hills, and so greatly is its scenery admired, that the shores are one of the favourite spots for the lucubrations of Chinese poets. Liable, however, to sudden tempests, its navigation is dangerous. The environs of another lake are so picturesque, that they have acquired the name of "The Chinese Arcadia." All the lakes furnish means of communication, and are abundantly stocked with fish.

If the statement generally made be correct, that the *sea-coast* of China extends for 2,500 miles, there is only one mile of coast to every 539 miles of territory; but internal navigation is carried on so extensively, that this deficiency has no ill effect on the commerce of the country.

The events of the last few years have given to some places on the coast of China an especial interest for *us*, and at these, therefore, we proceed to glance. Even under the old system of intercourse, *Amoy* was better known to Europeans than most cities skirting the country. This is attributable partly to the attempts made in former times, by the East India Company, to open a trade with the people; but principally to the enterprising spirit of the people themselves, which led them to settle for commercial purposes in the various countries and islands bordering on the China Sea. At so early a period as A.D. 1676, a ship was despatched from England to Amoy, with the object of establishing a factory. This attempt was successful, but the trade was afterwards interrupted by the civil wars which raged in China. Four years after, the Tartars expelled the Chinese from Amoy, and destroyed the Company's factory, but it was not long before it was allowed to be re-established. This permission was, however, of short duration, for in the following year the Company's residents at Amoy declared, in an official report, that, "having had five months' experience of the nature and quality of these people, they could characterise them no otherwise than as devils in men's shapes," and they further stated, that "to remain exposed to the rapaciousness of the avaricious governors, was considered as more detrimental than the trade could be beneficial." The factory was, however, continued, till an imperial edict, which limited the foreign trade to Canton, compelled the Company's officers to withdraw.

Amoy, though possessing only an estimated population of about 150,000, has three times as large a number of trading junks as the important capital of the province itself. Here is a sufficient proof of the commercial spirit that pervades the people. They emigrate in large numbers to Borneo, Siam, Singapore, Malacca, Batavia, Samarang, and other places in Java, hoping to realise fortunes by commerce, and then to enjoy them in their native land. These prospects of accumulated wealth and of subsequent gratification and indulgence prove commonly, however, "like the baseless fabric of a vision." Multitudes die in the pursuit of gain, and multitudes more fail to attain it. The few who return home are generally poor, and excessively vitiated in morals, often occasioning difficulty to the local government. In connexion with these facts it should be observed, that many are induced to repair to foreign lands from the difficulty of obtaining a livelihood in their own. Ordinarily, their course is one of privation and trial; but at Batavia some exceptions occur. In the populous sea-port and city of Java are several wealthy Chinese, two or three of whom are said to ride in fine carriages, built after the style of Europeans. These are the "Whittingtons" of "the Celestial Empire;" the overwhelming majority are the most degraded part of the population of the islands to which they emigrate.

Amoy consists of one continued range of black rocks, which, when recently broken, are of a light grey colour, but resume their original blackness after exposure to the atmosphere. A range of towering cliffs, varying in height, extends over the whole island, leaving portions of low, undulating ground between them base and the sea for the work of tillage. On the top of the ridge there are two or three miles of highly-cultivated table-land. In the northern and eastern parts of the island a few miles of level sandy soil intervene between the hills and the beach, and yield a supply of rice, wheat, and vegetables. The island extends about twelve miles in length and ten in breadth, and contains 136 villages and hamlets, the population amounting to about 400,000. The city of Amoy, which includes less than one-half of the people, is long and straggling, and occupies a promontory, so that it is surrounded on three sides by the sea. The citadel is surrounded by a wall

less than a mile in circuit, through which are four gate leading into the outer city. The streets are very narrow and dirty, and the houses, with few exceptions, are of the poorest description.

NINGPO, reputed to be the finest city on the coast of China open to foreigners, stands about twelve miles from the sea, at the junction of two fine streams, which by their union form a noble river capable of being navigated by the larger vessels and junks. One of these branches runs from the west, and the other from the south, meeting at Ningpo; and over the latter the Chinese have constructed a bridge of boats for the traffic with the suburbs on the opposite shore. Though a simple, it is a most ingenious contrivance, consisting of a number of large boats moored at equal distances across the river, forming the basis on which the upper woodwork rests, and enabling the whole to rise and fall to a certain extent with the tide. There is sufficient room under the bridge to allow fishing and passage-boats to pass through at all times of the tide, provided it is not running too strong. At spring-tides, however, the water rushes through the spaces between the boats with great velocity, and sometimes it is almost impossible to get through them.

The city itself is strongly fortified with high walls and ramparts, extending about five miles round, and the space within is almost entirely filled with houses, in most parts densely crowded together. There are two or three very fine streets. The different clothing establishments are very attractive. Silk shops and warehouses have but little external show to attract notice. Here are large quantities of the beautiful northern embroidery, which is greatly admired, it is entirely different from that commonly procured at Canton, and much more elaborate and expensive. Ladies' aprons, scarfs, shawls, work-bags, and many other articles made up in the English style, and beautifully embroidered, are the things most in demand. The products of various other arts also meet the eye. "There are, of course," says Mr. Fortune, "the usual quantity of curiosity shops, containing bamboo ornaments carved into all possible forms; specimens of ancient porcelain, which are said to preserve flowers and fruit from decay for an unusual time; lacquered ware, and other ornaments brought by the junks from Japan, many beautifully-carved rhinoceros' horns, bronzes, and other articles to which the Chinese attach great importance, purchasing them at exorbitant rates, apparently far beyond their value. But what struck me as being most unique, was a peculiar kind of furniture, made and sold in a street, generally called 'Furniture-street,' by foreigners, who visit Ningpo. There were beds, chairs, tables, washing-stands, cabinets, and presses, all peculiarly Chinese in their form, and beautifully inlaid with different kinds of wood and ivory, representing the people and customs of the country, and presenting, in fact, a series of pictures of China and the Chinese. Everyone who saw these things admired them, and, what was rather strange, they seem peculiar to Ningpo, and are not met with at any of the other five ports, not even in Shanghae. As all this beautiful work is expensive, it is, of course, only used in the houses of the wealthy."

It should also be remarked that the Chinese regard Ningpo as one of the most literary cities in the empire. Of the people included within its walls, while four-fifths are estimated to be engaged in trade, merchandise, or labour, no less a proportion than one-fifth are considered to belong to the literary class. This, however, includes not only the graduates and candidates for literary promotion, but also the writers and clerks in the public offices. The successful aspirants to degrees are invested with important civil privileges, being subject in most cases of a municipal nature, to the literary chancellor of the province, to whom they can appeal from the lower officers of government, so as to enjoy a prescriptive right. Of the population in the suburbs and on the level plain extending to the hills, six parts out of ten are estimated as deriving their livelihood from agriculture; three parts as artisans of various kinds; and the remaining tenth as consisting of fishermen and boatmen.

The Rev. George Smith, to whom we are indebted for many facts, describes himself and his companions as embarked on board a native fast-boat, and pursuing their course through the eastern part of the spacious Delta of the Pearl River. "Our boat," he says, "had two large mat-sails, which were managed with great skill, being raised and lowered by moveable ropes; so that in a few moments we were at any time able to alter our tack, or to reef, in order to avoid the sudden gusts of wind. The sailors lay on the deck in different parts of the vessel. The central part of the boat was formed into a cabin, with Venetians at the side, forming a kind of poop above, on which one of the crew kept watch. In this cabin we laid ourselves down; and though sleeping with most of our clothes on our bodies, we succeeded in obtaining a good night's rest. At daylight we found ourselves within the Bogue, or Bocca Tigris, the entrance to the river, and within a few miles of WHAMPOA"—of which an engraving is appended. "About noon we found our little vessel gliding through the numerous fleet of ships from all nations, which occupied the whole extent of the river called Whampoa reach. The country round was very beautiful, though, in most parts, presenting rather a monotonous appearance of paddy-fields, plantain-trees, orange-groves, bamboo fences, and a few gardens. The hills were cultivated in terraces along their sides to the very top, assuming, in some parts, a rocky, precipitate appearance. Numerous pagodas and native houses, of fantastic architecture, gave a variety to the scenery."

The city of SHANGHAI stands on the bank of a fine river, about twelve miles from the point where it joins the celebrated "Child," or "Son of the Ocean." At Shanghae the river is as wide as the Thames at London-bridge. Its main channel is deep and easily navigated, when known; but the river abounds in long mud-banks, dangerous to large foreign vessels, unless they happen to go up with a fair wind, and manage to get a good pilot on board at the entrance to the river.

Shanghae is surrounded with high walls and ramparts, according to the plan usually adopted by the Chinese, and about three miles and a half in circumference. The greater part of the inside is densely studded with houses; the suburbs, particularly all along the side of the river, are very extensive. The streets are generally very narrow, and in the day-time are crowded with people actively engaged in business. Silk and embroidery, like those already described at Ningpo, with a variety of useful articles, attract attention. "But," says Mr. Fortune, "articles of food form, of course, the most extensive trade of all; and it is sometimes a difficult matter to get through the streets for the immense quantities of fish, pork, fruit, and vegetables, which crowd the stands in front of the shops. Besides the more common kinds of vegetables, the shepherd's purse, and a kind of trefoil, or clover, are extensively used among the natives here; and really these things, when properly cooked, more particularly the latter, are not bad. Dining rooms, tea-houses, and bakers' shops, are met with at every step, from the poor man who carries his kitchen or bakehouse upon his back, and beats upon a piece of bamboo to apprise the neighbourhood of his presence, and whose whole establishment is not worth a dollar, to the most extensive tavern or tea-garden, crowded with hundreds of customers. For a few cash (1,000 or 1,200=1 dollar) a Chinese can dine in a sumptuous manner upon his rice, fish, vegetables, and tea: and I firmly believe that in no country in the world is there less real misery and want than in China. The very beggars seem a kind of jolly crew, and are kindly treated by the inhabitants."

The name of HONG-KONG is poetical, denoting "the island of fragrant streams." Situated near the mouth of the Canton river, it is about eight miles from east to west, but it is very irregular, some parts being only three miles in breadth, and the land jutting out here and there, forming a succession of headlands and bays. It is entirely mountainous, and slopes in a rugged manner to the water's edge, having deep ravines almost at equal distances along the coast, which extend from the tops of the mountains down to the sea, deepening and widening in their course. The water in these ravines is abundant and excellent, and from this the name given to the island has arisen.

The violent proceedings of the Chinese authorities in 1839 led to the removal of the British vessels from Macao to the harbour of Hong-Kong, where the greater part of the British community continued to live on board. Some slight buildings only were reared, till, in 1841, it was ceded in perpetuity to the British. Its bay is exceedingly fine, it is eight or ten



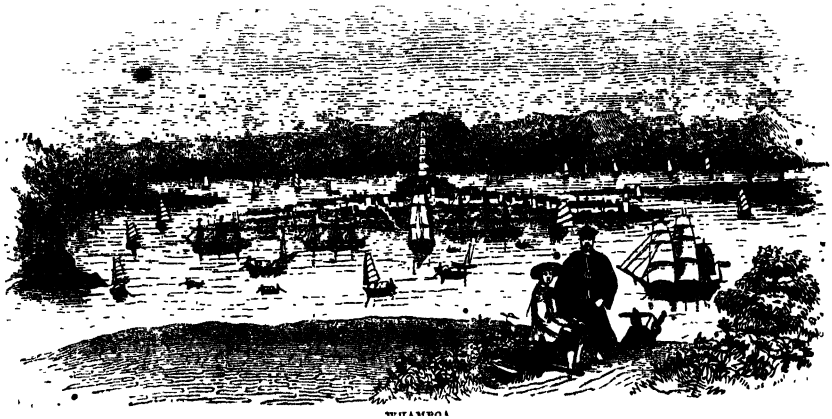
HONG KONG.

miles in length, and irregular in breadth; all over it there is excellent anchorage, and it is entirely free from hidden dangers. So completely is it sheltered by the mountains on the south, and by those of the mainland of China on the opposite shore, that the shipping can ride out the heaviest gales in perfect safety.

It was not long after the occupation of Hong-Kong by the British, before it presented a very different aspect to that which it had previously borne. The rugged, precipitous shore, which forms the southern edge of the harbour, had the appearance of an European town, which had recently sprung into existence, with regular streets of substantial buildings



CANTON RIVER.



WHAMPOA

rising one above another, and with a line of military forts, barracks, hospitals, and stores. On the north side of the island, and along the shores of this splendid bay, arose the new town of Victoria, having the mountain chain rising precipitously and majestically behind it. A beautiful road, called the Queen's-road, was formed along the shore for several miles, and this was lined with excellent houses, and very good shops. The bazaar is also a most excellent one; containing all the natural productions of China, which are brought regularly from the mainland. Besides these, Mr. Fortune says, English potatoes, green-peas, and several other kinds of foreign vegetables are plentiful at almost all seasons of the year.

A dreadful storm of thunder and rain visited the island in May, 1845, the effects of which are thus described in the *Hong Kong Register*, immediately after its occurrence:—"The damage was very great, both to the recently-formed roads and to many buildings in the course of erection; and had the violence of the rain continued an hour or two longer, many houses must have been undermined and destroyed. As it was, much individual inconvenience has been sustained. About five o'clock the whole of Queen's-road, from the entrance to the large bazaar to the market-place, was completely flooded, to the depth of from two to four feet. All the streets leading upwards to the hill served as feeders for this lake. In Peel-street particularly the torrent rushed along, bearing everything before it; and the street still resembles a dried-up water-course covered with stones and wrecks of buildings. The passage from the Queen's-road to the sea were all full; the one leading through Chunam's Hong for hours presented the appearance of a rapid river, and many of the houses on each side were only saved from the flood by mud-walls hastily raised. About six o'clock the rain moderated, but for some time after the road was quite impassable. A Coolie, attempting to ford the stream rushing down D'Aguilar-street, was borne off his feet but saved himself by catching hold of the frame of a mat-shed. The drain lately formed could not carry off the water, which committed great devastation, flooding a new house in its vicinity to the depth of nearly three feet, and destroying some new walls. A stream from a distant water-course flowed along the road above the bungaloud, occupied by the attorney general, and descending with great fury upon the roof of one of his out-offices, carried away a great part of it. In many places the Queen's-road has been covered with soil, sand, &c. to the depth of more than two feet, and all the cross drains are choked up. The bridge at the Commissariat has been carried away, and that in the Wang-Nai-Chung has also disappeared. Several lives were lost by the fall of a house in which some Chinese resided; and it is said the stream at Pokfowlum burst upon a mat-hut, in which were a number of Coolies, employed upon the new road; three saved themselves in a tree, but many more are missing, and are supposed to have been carried out to sea."

Much has been said as to the unhealthiness of Hong Kong, but as to the suffering and death which took place, Mr. Fortune says:—"My own observation has led me to the following conclusions: Much of the sickness and mortality, doubtless, proceeded from the imperfect construction and dampness of the houses in which our people were obliged to live when the colony was first formed, and a great deal may also be attributed to exposure to the fierce and burning rays of the Hong Kong sun. All the travellers in the East, with whom I have had any conversation on the subject, agreed, that there were a fierceness and oppressiveness in the sun's rays here which they never experienced in any other part of the tropics, even under the line. I have no doubt that this is caused by the want of luxuriant vegetation, and the consequent reflection of the sun's rays. The bare and barren rocks and soil reflect every ray that strikes them; there are no trees nor bushes to afford shade, or to decompose the carbonic acid, and render it fit for the respiration of man; and thus the air wants that peculiar softness which makes it so agreeable even in hot tropical climates. If the principal causes of mortality in our new colony, [illegible] ly will, of course, be apparent to every one."

[illegible] very little flat ground on the island capable of being [illegible] under culture. Indeed, the only tract—and even that more than twenty or thirty acres in extent—is the one the "Wang-Nai Chung," or, by the English, "The Valley." The other plots of ground are extremely small. Formerly, rice and other vegetables were allowed to be grown in the valley; but the permission was withdrawn by government, as the place proved very unhealthy, and the malaria was attributed to the water required to mature the crops.

SEED-TIME IN LISNOMARA.

In Four Parts.

BY SILVERPEN (ELIZA METEYARD).

Part the First.

A long day's journey had been this of Michael Joyce, for at the bidding of his reverence, Mr. O'Sullivan, he had travelled to the nearest town to bear a letter to Mr. Garven, and hear his talk to the small farmers and people about improved cultivation of the land, and crops that would be better for the food of Ireland than potatoes. And truly Joyce had listened with an attentive ear, and stored up what he had heard in his heart, for he was a likely man, as his reverence well knew when he chose him for the performance of such a mission from amongst others of his scattered flock in the wild and inaccessible district of Lisnomara.

Though he had begun his journey at day-break, and it had lain through a region difficult to traverse, it was with a firm and still rapid step that the Galway peasant ascended the loftiest mountain of the district. It was the last upon his journey; and, when he reached its narrow, grassy summit, he stayed to cast his keen gaze across a little bay which swept into the wild shore below. He saw there what gladdened his heart, for he said, as he raised his hat from his damp brow, "Sure, thin, there's me dailint Grace, me daughter—the saints be blessed!"

It was a glorious view on which the peasant's eye rested, for, except in the remote distance, where the open ocean stretched its dark line of haze, innumerable islets of all sizes and of extreme beauty, broke the coast, forming, as it were, a countless number of placid lakes, into which broad and bold headlands of the main shore itself swept out in stern and solitary, yet far from sterile, grandeur. It was a father's eye blessed by the sight of his daughter, for, though Joyce had little more than passed the prime of life, the loveliest girl in all green Lisnomara owned his name.

On the edge of the shore lay one of those corvaghs, or native boats, made of wooden laths, covered by coarse canvas; and, though it looked no more than a toy from the blue distance of the mountain height, it was yet discernible to the peasant's practised eye, and might have been so to that of a stranger, for the setting sun, coming golden from the sea, cast its faintest edge of glory on the girl's blue petticoat and scarlet cloak, as she waited in the corvagh, and showed them in broad relief against the pale green of the still waters. Joyce gave a shout, which echoed far and wide from hill to hill, and was answered by the girl, who, rising in the boat to wave the broad, flat oar, displayed still more the vivid scarlet of her cloak as it brightened richly in the broad gold masses of the flooding sun.

The lapse of twenty minutes brought the peasant to the picturesque shore on to which Grace now leapt and met him.

"An' sure thin it's a blissid journey that I've took me darlint," he said, in answer to Grace's questions, as she stood for the instant in the shelter of his stalwart arms; "for I've not only heard intirely wonderful things, but the jintleman's writ to his reverence, an' be coming himself to talk wid the people. So of this me own journey, the Lord's goodness be in —an' now thy mother, avournech?"

The girl, as she stepped back into the corvagh, with a grace peculiar to the peasant women of Galway, who inherit, it is said, Spanish blood, answered all was well; and that the cottier people were coming far and wide that night to hear of the "grate walk," though their hearts were sore down "wid the famine."

"The times be near, though, I think, a' coushla," said Joyce, as, taking the oars from the girl, he sculled out into the middle of the placid bay, "whin ould Ireland 'll know no more of the famine than she does o' the serpints St. Patrick thrust out.

Mr. Garven, asthe grate gintleman I've to tell of, sid so intirely. An' he sid—good be to his tinder heart—that folks wid their insides empty weren't fit to be listeners to the truth; so out of his pocket he gave me three tinpenny pieces, an' I bought some fish and meal, which, wid the praties, 'll give a plinty to 'em to-night, such as even the blissid saints-days ain't seen the long likes in Lisnomara."

As he spoke, Joyce pointed by a wave of the oar to a large bundle on the seat behind him, which the girl had not noticed in the first eagerness of her greeting, or since, though it held the meal and herrings on which the multitude were to feed that night, when gathered round the peat fire of the farmer's cabin. But the Galway peasant had a large heart and much sound common sense, and since he had so attentively listened to the agricultural instructor's address to the people, a new view of life and duty, both as respected himself and others, had cheered his spirits and brought him back, as he told his reverence in confession that week, "a better man."

The placid bay was soon crossed, and the boat run ashore on a green point of the headland; which, though a visible portion of the main land, was thus more easily reached by the boy than either by the rock-heaped shore or the path of the hills. When the corvagh had been secured beneath the shelter of a lichen-covered rock, the peasant and his daughter went rapidly on once more towards the mountains, and after a lengthened walk through their winding gorges, they emerged upon the wildest, yet loveliest valley in all green Lisnomara. It was large, and naturally fertile, cascades and rivulets flowed down the green acclivities of the mountains which hemmed it in, saving at one point towards the ocean; and the arbutus tree flourished so luxuriantly as to fringe the lucent lake, into which these streamlets fell, with the richest foliage. A more lovely valley cannot be conceived, or one more available for agricultural purposes, as, besides its own deep loamy soil, the headland shore and its fertilising treasures of sea-weed and coral lime-rock were accessible, yet absenteeism, rack-rents, conacre poverty, and, more than all, inconceivable apathy and ignorance, had cursed the land with sterility and with famine in its most awful form.

Michael Joyce was one of the class of small tenant-farmers scattered up and down Lisnomara and the adjoining islets. He had a sort of tenant-right in his holding, for those of his name had held the land for a long term, but subletting to infinite Joyces through all that time, and the allowance of conacre (that is letting out minute fractions for the tenant to crop and use the produce) to the most abject class of the peasantry, had, at last, starved the land into growing little else than weeds. The landlord had been never seen, or was ever heard of; and it might have been fancied that this destitute population of tenants and cottiers were as free in their holdings as the North American Indian in his wigwam, but for the half-yearly visit of the agent or his driver. These visits always brought woe to Lisnomara, for the deeper poverty fell on the stricken people, the more urgent and exacting became the agent's claims.

Still, up to the period of the great famine in 1846-7, Michael Joyce had contrived to meet the rent of his holding, to reap his field of wheat and keep the produce, and to kill a pig and hang it up for bacon in the smoke of his cabin; but two years' potato-crops were lost, and his fortunes, such as they were, fell with those of his neighbours. Without produce, they could not, of course, pay rent for their conacre holdings; and thus, when these dues to himself had to be made good to the agent, the farming stock, such as it was, had to go, together with such wretched implements of husbandry as he possessed. Neither plough nor spade was spared; and the agent's driver would have carted off the reeking dunghill from the door, had it been worth carriage over the desolate paths of the country. Yet, unlike the ordinary Irish peasant, Joyce had not sat down in listless despair beside his cabin fire, or howled for relief at the door of the nearest Union-house, but burnt kelp and dug turf, and carried the produce in any direction and to any distance, where there was a chance of a customer, amongst farmers not yet beggared, or to the houses of such gentry as had common sense enough to prefer one who would work to one that would whine "Give." It was these characteristics in Joyce, despite the hereditary indolence of Irish breeding, and his ignorance of anything which could be called farming, which had struck Mr. O'Sullivan on several occasions of his visit to the valley; and therefore, upon incidentally hearing that the Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland were sending out public instructors into the most wretched districts of the country, he had made him the bearer of a letter to Mr. Garven.

It was dark by the time Grace and her father reached the valley; but the brightness of the large peat fire, as it gleamed through the cabin-door, and flickered upon the greenness of the distant hills, brought them rightly over the boggy path and skirting rivulets till they were welcomed by a flock of half-naked children and the good mistress, who led the way within. Like her husband, Mrs. Joyce was yet comely, and not far past middle life; and the comparative tidiness of the large cabin, and the brightness of the peat fire in the midst, seemed to give truth to the current saying, that "a grane vilvet gown, or its likes, wouldn't sit ill on Misthress Joyce," as well as to the tradition, that "Misthress Joyce's mother had been a mighty nate lady from county Dublin; and that might be why Grace avourneen kept her cloak, and mighty fine it was, as bright as a rose-leaf. Yes, in thruth, the Joyces were a nate people." Be this as it may, Mrs. Joyce's good-tempered, welcoming looks and kindly words were sweet things to the tired wayfarer. When Michael reached the huge turf fire, and had set down his burden of meal and herrings, he looked around the cabin, and true, as Grace had said, the neighbours were come, but certainly not those who were likely to benefit by what Joyce had to tell them, or either, in a direct sense, by the Instructor's visit. Eventually, the smallest improvements in agriculture would operate favourably in their behalf, but the class who must be gathered together for the occasion of Mr. Garven's visit were the small tenant-farmers like Joyce himself, and not those, with scarcely an exception, starved holders of fruitless conacre, or such as had been evicted from their miserable dwellings by the agent's last visit. A more motley group than that which had now assembled in the farmer's cabin cannot well be conceived, nor the look of gaunt famine pictured on the faces of all.

"Well," said Joyce, with that sympathy which the poor have for the poor, "I'm glad to see ye all, for me heart be light wid what the gintleman sid to me. Sure, he's comin' to Lisnomara, and the brightness o' the day come wid him."

The whole group, or nearly so, interpreted at once these words into the prospect of alms-giving, and therefore instantly commenced their whine of woe—the women more shrilly and clamorously than the men—"Was it male? Was it praties? Was it comin' into Galway port, or Clifden, or, by the long road, into Lisnomara?"

"No!" was Joyce's straightforward answer: "Mr. Garven tould the people mighty plain, that their like in England had helped the people in Ireland till the nest at home was gettin' bare; an' what was left they must keep for themselves. They must be taught to dig and sow their own mighty rich field; an' not to reap that of others when the harvest was ready. An' sure I think meself there was wisdom in what his honour said."

"But didn't we put in the praties?" said several of the men in a breath, "an' didn't the blight come?—the divil be wid it!"

"Yes," was the farmer's ready answer, "but it is'nt to be agin in Ireland that the people is to lean on praties like a lame man on his crutch. His Excellency in Dublin town had sid this, an' sure many a one at the ma'tin' sid he was a jewel of a man, an' worth a mighty lot more to the good of ould Ireland than Misther O'Connell, and his legacy o' repale and rint to the Irish people. This is the way, thin, Mr. Garven an' others like him be going the counthry round to tache the people the gold they hold in their fingers."

"Bad luck to him an' his likes—me wid two childer—a poor widdy too; me wid siven childer, me as haven't tasted male since ye wint on the journey, Misther Joyce;——" is a specimen of the company's muttered talk.

"It's grate an' good luck to him, says I," were Joyce's somewhat angry words; "an' he'll live to say this, ye crathurs. No! Mr. Garven, an' honour be wid him, has a grate heart; as when I wint wid his riverence's letther, an' spake wid a full heart o' the misery in Lisnomara, he sid—gintleman as he was—'I ain't rich, Michael Joyce, for the bits o' thruble which lie in the path o' the likes o' me are many, and nade a lifting—

it take these three tin-penny pieces, an' if it'll buy a male or a few that we'd hunger in Lisnemara, let it; not as a coin from me belt at all, but as a sign that a blessing'll come id me into Lisnemara. An' so ye craiturs," continued Joyce, "this is what the gentleman said! An' so the male I bought—an' the hearty old Pat O'Hara, I met this morning n the hills, as he come wid his pony an' panniers from alway Bay." Speaking thus, Joyce opened the bundle and ewed the company the bag of meal, and the herrings ppe in layers of mountain grass. The moment these were en, nothing could be more extraordinary than the change ought from the listless apathy of hunger not likely to be lieved, to the intense eagerness of hunger in the sight of the od which was to relieve it.

"Ye must be patient," he said, "it's a Christian meal, an' be eaten like one. As me misthress met me at the ouse door, I sint off Grace and me big boy Maurice to find a ale o' praties from the hiding of them. Yit, sorra be it, that tis a better than none be left, though me heart be light that morrow 's to dawn for the likes of us."

As the farmer spoke, Grace and her eldest brother came earing in between them a large willow skef, or basket, filled ith small, and not very good-looking, potatoes. These were pon consigned to two large kettles, the meal made into a sort f sturabout, and the herrings boiled and broken in pieces. When the food was thus ready, it was doled out in such platers or dishes as the cabin afforded; but whether impatiently aiting their turn, or greedily satisfying their hunger, one ommon trait was observable alike in all thus fed—the predominance of self. No generous emotions, either for neighbour, or child, or wife, or husband, seemed to touch their hearts—each one appeared dead to the better feelings of our nature, and no worse picture of suffering, apathy, and degradation, as the offspring of the misrule of ages, could well be conceived. What made it worse, too—if it be possible to darken what is dark—was, that it existed amidst that very fruitfulness of nature which blesses man. For here was a coast swarming with fish, a soil which a little labour and care could renew with fertility, and mountains containing an exhaustless supply of the finest marble in the world, yet all of these were waste and barrenness—for any purpose which could bear relation to the well-being of the wretched, degraded people

By the time, therefore, that these kindly-hearted Joyces had finished their own scanty share of the meal, scarcely more than half a dozen, or, at most, ten of those who had been sohospitably entertained, remained in the cabin, but as these were real friends, and of the better class of cotters, they were glad to draw round the fire and hear further particulars of Joyce's interview with Mr. Garven. When, as the worthy farmer talked, they understood that they could be of real service to him, in respect to summoning the tenant farmers of the more inaccessible and wild parts of Lisnamara and its surrounding islets to the meeting of the following week, when Mr. Garven would arrive, each one, man and woman, eagerly proffered ready aid, though miles of bog and mire, and channels swept by the ocean, or by mountain streams, lay between. A kindly feeling thus established between Joyce and his friends, they sat round the cabin fire and talked till far into the night.

(To be resumed in the next Number.)



VALLEY IN THE ISLAND OF HONG KONG, WITH AN AQUEDUCT IN BAMBOO.

THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE BY MECHANICS, ARTISANS, AND OTHERS.

It has now become an almost threadbare observation that the CRYSTAL PALACE and its contents form an entire new era, not only in the history of England, but of the whole world. So much having been said upon this matter, many suppose that the subject is altogether exhausted. We are not of that opinion; and we may say that we were among the first to speak of the advantages that would arise from this Great Exhibition. In several articles in THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND we commended it to the special attention of our readers, and we are happy to see that most of the good which we then predicted has already, to a great extent, been realised. One point on which we laid much emphasis has been most satisfactorily illustrated. We have all along asserted that the operatives and labourers of our country have much more taste, and are in a higher state of moral cultivation than has hitherto been admitted by the majority of those who have talked or written about educational affairs; and on this question there can no longer be the least doubt.

Every day our newspapers have dwelt upon the good behaviour, the discrimination, and intelligent observation of the working classes; and England is thus demonstrated to be a century in advance of the state she was said to be in when 1851 commenced. Foreigners have been astounded, that John Bull, who has always been represented on the continent as a mere barbarian and clown,—a sort of boar, or bear, in a human form, should, on actual inspection, have turned out to be as substantially well behaved as any of his neighbours; and such a moral creature, that the Great Exhibition, with all its wealth, can be trusted in his hands without any fear; and that he can walk about at full liberty without the superintendence of a soldier. Had the Crystal Palace been erected in France, Prussia, Austria, or Petersburgh, it would have been deemed necessary to appoint a large body of military to protect it. But in England, no a sword has been needed, and not a depredation has been committed, beyond the pilfering of a very few trifling articles. And not merely the good behaviour and good morals of the masses, but their *taste*, also, has been called forth, and, therefore, we have now more ample material than ever for a paper on this subject.

It may be asked, "*What* is TASTE?" and we reply, that when the word is used respecting manufactures or the arts, it means, "*an intellectual discernment and relish.*" Of course, the term is borrowed from the palate, and seems to intimate that it is as instantaneous and intuitive as the sensation which we experience from the savour of food or drinks. The decision of the palate is as quick as lightning, for the things we taste are instantly approved or rejected, in proportion as they are sweet or bitter, delicious or disagreeable. To enable us to understand mental operations, the attributes of one sense are often ascribed to another, because one may be more acute than the other. There is a text in Isaiah concerning the Messiah, which says, that "He shall be of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord;" the original is, "He shall be *quick-scented* in the fear of the Lord;" and nothing could be more expressive than this language, because we all know what small particles are perceived by the nostrils, and how very delicate the olfactory nerves of some animals must be. "*A quick-scented understanding*," therefore, gives us an idea of sensitive acuteness which no phraseology can surpass. And the same may be said of the tongue; its judgment is quicker than the twinkling of an eye, and, when in a healthy state, it never makes a mistake, or calls bitter sweet, and sweet bitter. Now, this sense, for the convenience of speech, is attributed to the decisions of the mind respecting what is finished and beautiful, or unpleasant and disagreeable in appearance, in sound, or in style. Hence, we speak of taste in painting, architecture, dress, furniture, gardening, writing, oratory, singing, and music. Thus, we give to the eye, the ear, the hand, and the mind, a quality, which, properly speaking, belongs only to the palate. And this optical, auricular, or intellectual taste, like that of the palate, is *immediate*. No sooner is the note sounded than it charms or tortures the ear of a person who has a delicate judgment in music. And the eye of the skilful painter or architect, is equally quick in its discernment. A man or woman, who has a good taste in dress, never takes any time in deliberating respecting the apparel of either of the sexes; and the same may be said of this faculty generally.

But taste is not merely discernment, it is also a *relish*. The mind is as much gratified with what is exquisitely finished and complete as the tongue is with the most savoury and delicious viands. This mental quality or power, whether it looks out through the eye or listens through the ear, is a source of ineffable enjoyment, and, therefore, to cultivate and cherish the taste of the world would be to add infinitely to its comfort and pleasure. Who has not observed that the same object which has hardly awakened an emotion in one breast, has filled another with transport? And this is often the case respecting music, painting, sculpture, and other works of art generally; so that the cultivation of taste is a most important exercise towards the realisation of the happiness which is to be universally enjoyed in "the good time coming."

We have often heard it inquired, whether there is any "*standard* of taste?" and to this question the only reply is, "*that* NATURE *is the true standard of taste.*" Everything in creation is tastefully finished, and is thus demonstrated to be the work of a mind of infinite accomplishments. Our word "*perfect*," means, "completely wrought," or, "done with exactness throughout;" and our term "*finished*," comes from "*finis*," an end, and intimates that the object or subject to which it is applied, has received its last stroke, so that you can make no addition to it for the better, nor any alteration which would improve its appearance. And this is especially the case with all the productions of Almighty skill. Every tree, shrub, and flower, is a model of exquisite art. And the same may be said of animals, whether we regard their form, their colour, their plumage, or their movements. The worm, the snake, and boa constrictor crawl gracefully; the dog, the horse, the stag, leopard, and the fish of every species, have a gait of their own, which pleases us the moment we look at it; and the flight of the lark, the swallow, or the eagle, are charming specimens of beauty or majesty. All the variety of clouds spread over the heavens, remind us of fields of ether, mountains of vapour of every shade, or drapery of every hue, thrown over the firmament with that artless art, that useless order and exactness, which none but an Infinite mind could accomplish. Our valleys, our hills, our mountains, our meadows, our prairies, our brooks, our rivers, and, beyond all, our seas and our oceans, are all, to say the least that can be said of them, models of taste. Who, that has had the opportunity, has not lingered by the hour to watch and wonder at the grace and sublimity of the foaming billow? And then the rugged, rough, lofty, overhanging, towering rock, grey with age, here and there decorated with the moss, the ivy, or the wild flower, fills us with emotions which must be felt to be fully understood. But on these topics we might fill volumes, and, therefore, shall not enlarge; and we only glance at them here to show that all nature is one grand school of design, from the hand of GOD himself, to call forth and cultivate the taste of all his rational and intelligent creatures.

Everything, then, that is required for the cultivation of

taste is, a due observation of the works of creation. Here we have the Almighty for our teacher, and the most lovely, beautiful, and sublime models for our imitation; and, further, this school is open for all. The savage, the barbarian, the wild children of the glen, the moor, and the forest; the poor rustic cottager's wife, the toiling peasant, and the weather-beaten fisherman, or sailor, are alike admitted to this Divine academy. No douceur to the porter, no letter of admission from the 'squire or marquis, no annual subscription is needed. Open your eyes; look around; look upward and downward; mark what God has done "in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth;" follow your FATHER, as dear children, by imitating His works, and you cannot help approaching to perfection in taste.

We hear much of the old masters, and we must allow that their painting and sculpture have never been surpassed. It has often been said that the one idea of the ancient Greeks was *Beauty*, and their language, then eloquence, their poetry, their architecture, their sculpture, in fact, every monument and relic they have left behind, confirm this general opinion The *Beautiful* was their idol in all things, and influenced them in their walk, their dress, their speech, their games, and amusements; and if we inquire how it was that they or the Italian artists arrived at such perfection, our only answer is, that *they were the close and constant students of Nature.* What is it that makes us admire a painting, or a piece of statuary, but its close approximation to the reality which it represents? "Is not that natural?" "Is not that beautiful?" are questions which follow in rapid succession; intimating that the *natural* and the *beautiful* are synonymous terms For, although the object represented may not be in itself the loveliest to look upon, yet if it is truly portrayed, or carved, we say it is beautiful If we wanted a gallery of art approaching as near as possible to perfection, all we should ask would be that the objects be natural. "The Descent from the Cross," of Rubens, is a painful subject. The mangled body of the Redeemer; the scars from the thorns, the nails, and the spear; the anguish of his mother, and the women who wept with her, awaken in us the deepest emotions; and yet we say, "It is beautiful" Strange, to talk of the beauties of sorrow, agony, and cruelty! And yet we do use such terms, because every feature and form are *natural*, and the taste of the artist was perfected by this one simple idea,—that he followed *Nature.*

The Crystal Palace is an object of wonder, because of the *taste* displayed in its erection; and in the various works of art with which it is stored. You are there in such a world of beauty as has never before been collected from the works of man; and as you pass through it you find that each object approaches perfection just as it is natural, or is an imitation of nature. Boundless as may be the freaks of the designer, the carver, the artist, or the poet, yet he is not generally approved unless he keeps as close as possible to nature. We give him unbounded license to roam through the universe, he may borrow from everything, and the greater his plagiarism, the more we will praise him; but he must take care that he does not go beyond his *parole*, for should he do so his character is gone, and we shall never trust him again

As to *the taste of the working classes*, we need only say, "Go to the Crystal Palace, and there you may learn that nature has charms for all her sons and daughters. "The Unhappy Child," "The Slaying of the Innocents," "The Mourners," "The Greek Slave," "The Lion in Love," &c. &c., are admired by everyone, and by none more than by operatives and peasants. Every boy who has played with a good-natured dog, and pinched his claw, knows that the artist is correct; and every one who has seen a youngster in trouble for a broken toy, awards to the sculptor his just meed of praise. All children have taste. Who ever saw an infant that was not pleased with a lawn, with a branch of laur[illegible]

[illegible] cultivated or perverted to almost any extent. We wish the working classes, and we wish all other ranks to know, that vitiated taste is unnatural, and arises from the neglect or the misdirection of our education. The clown is as capable of much refinement as the prince. Some of the finest specimens of art and taste in the Crystal Palace were produced by men who belong to the masses. There was a time when Mr. Paxton would have been reckoned by some as a working man. As it is said in the Catalogue of the Great Exhibition,—"*The germs of all the arts are within us;*" and our Creator, in this particular, has not been more bountiful to the rich than to the poor. Let our working friends remember this truth, and resolve to cultivate their taste, as the means of improving their various occupations, of elevating themselves to their proper level, of increasing their wages, of adding vastly to their own happiness, and of ministering to the wants, to the pleasures, and the progress of society; and let the rich also acknowledge this equality of soul, and use their immense influence in raising their poorer brethren and sisters to their proper intellectual and moral standing and usefulness in the world.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

By Parson Frank.

In the author of "The Gentle Shepherd" revived the long-dormant energy of Scottish minstrelsy. The literature of his native land had declined significantly from those days when it numbered among its stars William Dunbar (the versatile author of "The Merle and Nightingale," "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," &c.) and Sir David Lyndsay, "Lord Lyon King-at-Arms," whose satires on the unreformed clergy had pungency enough and to spare, and some worthy successors like Drummond of Hawthornden. During the epoch of the Commonwealth and the reigns of the last two Stuarts, the oracles of Caledonia were dumb, indeed England could then boast of its Waller and Cowley, its Milton and Dryden, its Butler and Marvell; and, in prose, of its Locke and Fuller, Barrow and Walton, Clarendon and Temple, Burnet and Bunyan, Boyle and Evelyn. But Scotland shows, perhaps, only a single name of anything like eminence—Sir George Mackenzie, historian and essayist, who founded the valuable library of the Edinburgh Faculty of Advocates. Allan Ramsay is one of the first and best of the palingenesia or new *régime*. Mr. Lockhart remarks that no man can point out any Scottish author of the first rank in all the long period which intervened between Buchanan and Hume. "Time, however, passed on, and Scotland, recovering at last from the blow which had stunned her energies,* began to vindicate her pretensions with a zeal and a success which will ever distinguish one of the brightest pages of her history."† The dynasty of the lean kine was not to be for ever; the fat kine arose, and fed in large pastures, and grew and multiplied till they became as the cattle on a thousand hills, and testified to the prosperity of the land. When Ramsay appeared, the long drought was near its close. A cloud sailed across the sky, no bigger at first than a man's hand; a breeze uttered its voice, burdened with the sound of abundance of rain, and swelling in depth and grandeur and volume as it rolled on its way, and swept the length and breadth of that hill-country until it became in very truth a rushing mighty wind, whose sound is gone out into all lands,

* This blow, according to Mr Lockhart, was the Legislative Union, and its immediate consequences to Scotland, which, by the removal of its leading men to England, ceased for a time to have a separate literature of its own.

† Life of Burns.

and its music to the ends of the world. The last century of Scottish literature comprises a host of distinguished names—Thomson, of the "Seasons;" Blair, the elegant author of "The Grave," Smollett, the rival of Richardson and Fielding; Hume, the acute metaphysician and popular historian; Beattie, of the "Minstrel;" M'Pherson, of Ossianic renown; Falconer, of "Shipwreck" fame and fate; Bruce and Logan, Hamilton and Mallet, all skilled in the accomplishment of Scottish verse; Fergusson, the so-called laureat of Edinburgh, whose descriptions of the men and manners of his own romantic town are so highly entertaining; Home, the author of "Douglas;" Henry Mackenzie, widely and deservedly admired for his "Man of the World" and "Man of Feeling;" Robertson, of standard repute in the dignified paths of history; Reid and Brown, Dugald Stewart and Sir William Hamilton, known wherever ontology is known, and elsewhere too; Blair and Campbell, familiar names in ethics and rhetoric; Adam Smith, the patriarch of political economy; Robert Burns, the chief singer of his "Israel;" Thomas Campbell, who sang of hope so sweetly, of household love so tenderly, of patriotism with such inspiriting and contagious power; Sir Walter Scott, true Wizard of the North, whose spells and enchantments retain their virtue to this hour, James Grahame, the burden of whose strains was—

"Hail! Sabbath, thee I hail, the poor man's day,"

Robert Tannahill, ill-fated songster of many a beautiful lyric, especially "Gloomy Winter's now awa'," and "Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane," Sir Alexander Boswell, also a fine minstrel and an ill-fated man; Joanna Baillie, second to none in the modern drama, Sir James Mackintosh, an able historian and moral philosopher; Lockhart, the classical author of "Valerius," and editor of the "Quarterly Review," John Wilson, whose brilliant genius has immortalised the imaginary "Nights" at Ambrose's, to say nothing of his graceful poetry, his refined fictions, and delightful criticism manner, like Thomas Carlyle, that quaintest, queerest, most earnest of Hero-worshippers, that shrewd but one-idea'd investigator of Past and Present, that unscrupulous expositor of Clothes'-Philosophy; Francis Jeffry, presiding genius of the "Edinburgh Review," Thomas Chalmers, as great a philanthropist in the streets as he was an orator in the pulpit; together with no lack of such poets as Pollok, the Ettrick Shepherd, Allan Cunningham, Richard Gall, Hector M'Neill, Tennant, of "Anster Fair," William Motherwell, Robert Gilfillan, Willie Laidlaw, Robert Nicoll, David M'Mon, Thomas Pringle, and Thomas And (whom we have "mangle-mangled" together as indiscriminately, we fear, as did the weird sisters the ingredients of their cauldron); and such novelists as Mrs. Hamilton (that intelligent sanitary commissioner of the Cottagers of Glenburnie), Jane and Anna Maria Porter, Miss Ferrier and Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Johnstone and Mrs. Crowe, John Galt the "Parish Annalist," and Andrew Picken the "Dominie," Michael Scott and Captain Hamilton; and such "miscellaneous" talent as confessedly pertains to the names of James Boswell, Sir David Brewster, Professor Nichol P. F. Tytler, Alison, William Mure, George Combe, W. E. Aytoun (the editor of "Blackwood"), M'Crie, George Moir, Chambers, Loudon, &c. With such a goodly company, the Land o' Cakes can afford to defy depreciators of her authorship; and in literature, as well as politics, may take *Nemo me impunè lacessit* for her motto.

The names thus congregated in honourable alliance are those of writers who, though of Scottish birth, have not in many instances identified themselves with the characteristics of their fatherland; but Allan Ramsay is emphatically a Scottish author, as illustrating native manners and adopting his native dialect, in those works whereon reposes his well-earned fame. The last fourteen years of the seventeenth century, and the first of his life, were spent by him in the neighbourhood of Crauford-muir, where his father superintended Lord Hopetoun's mines—as he tells us, he was

"Of Crawford-muir, born in Lead-hill,
Whose mineral springs Glengoner fill,
Which joins sweet-flowing Clyde."

Born poet as he was, he does not seem to have taken to the gentle craft until five-and-twenty summers were come and gone. But he was no unobservant denizen of wild secluded scenes, and was at liberty, like Wordsworth, in his boyish days, to bound like a roe o'er the mountains, by the side of deep rivers and lonely streams, and wherever nature led—haunting day by day the fresh rural spots, from familiarity with which he was educated for his mission as a pastoral poet. The light-hearted Lanarkshire boy knew well what it was

"To wade through glens wi' chorking feet,
When neither plaid nor kilt could 'fend the weet;
And blythely wad he bang out o'er the brae,
And stend o'er burns as light as ony rae"

What a change for him when, at fifteen, he was transferred from this village independence to the shop of an Edinburgh hair-dresser!—what a translation from poetry into prose!—what a vicissitude from nature to one of the least imposing provinces of art! Allan was of small make and vivacious demeanour—personal qualifications perhaps for the wig-maker's apprentice; but with his growing *penchant* for the *belles lettres*, he could not take kindly to the profession, nor properly mind his P's and Q's—if that phrase, as a writer in "Notes and Queries" contends, really stands for *toupées* and *queues*. As to his personal appearance—at a later date indeed—he describes himself after this fashion:—

"Imprimis, then, for tallness, I
Am five foot and four inches high;
A black-a-vied snod dapper fellow,
Nor lean, nor overlaid with tallow,
With phiz of a Morocco cut . .
Then for the fabric of my mind,
'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin'd
. .
I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
Yet I'm nae fae to wine and mutton.
. . . .
Proud to be thought a comic poet,
And let a judge of numbers know it,
I count occasion thus to show it"—

the "occasion" being an epistle to his friend Arbuckle. From twenty-five to forty-five he cultivated the Muses with enthusiasm, his "Pegasus wad break his tether e'en at the shagging of a feather." He wrote addresses for his Jacobite comrades of the "Easy Club," and penny sheets of verses on local topics, the fun of which seems to have been recognised by an extensive sale and increasing demand—the last circumstance a weighty one in the judgment of Allan, who had a very steady eye for the main chance, and was quite intent on securing pudding as well as praise. His Jacobite predilections enhanced his favour with Pope, Gray, and other tory magnates in England, but he took care not to let them mar his hopes of patronage from those who had a long purse, and were willing to fee a literary client. Great was the applause which greeted his continuation to "Christ's Kirk on the Green," the celebrated poem ascribed to James the First of Scotland, and to which Ramsay added two cantos abounding in natural comedy, illustrative details, and richness of Doric idiom. Scotland gave promise of renewing her forgotten lease of glory; here she was, arising like a giant refreshed with wine, about to be herself again, and to prove that she was the mother (barren though she had been for long years past) who had nourished and brought up children like Barbour and Blind Harry, Dunbar and Wyntoun, Lyndsay and King Jamie, in the old, old times, Allan, her youngest-born, elated with the compliments of his countrymen, and the prospects of fresh triumph in his divine art, thought it time to forswear the wig-maker's shop. It shop he *must* keep, of some kind or other, let it be the one of closest affinity to literature—the one with most scope for refinement, the one which Apollo (were he upon earth, and distressed for a livelihood) or any other Olympic gentleman in difficulties would choose to keep. let it be a bookseller's shop. So Allan turned bookseller, and set up the sign of the Mercury's head; and here used to come and lounge the literati of the day—(as a latter generation of them used to do in John Murray's back-shop, to hear and laugh over Lord Byron's last)—and here Gay, while in Edinburgh, would sit and chat about the "Gentle Shepherd," and tell Ramsay how much Pope admired it, and ask him the meaning of some of the "cottieisms, that he might tell Pope when he got home again.

Meanwhile, Ramsay came out as an editor, in which capacity he published a collection of songs, partly original called

"The Tea-table Miscellany;" and another called "The Evergreen," professedly consisting of ancient Scottish songs—some of which, however, were as nearly related to himself as were the "Rowley MSS." to Chatterton, and the "Ossianic Fragments" to Macpherson. Ramsay's taste and judgment as an editor did not rank very high; but in his own land both these publications had a run, and were specially dear to studious childhood and romantic youth. Sir Walter Scott mentions in his autobiography, that "The Evergreen" was the first book of poetry he ever read; and during the time he spent at Sandy-Knowe, a helpless little invalid, out of the two or three books which lay on the window-seat of the farm-house parlour, the lame boy's partiality was divided between an odd volume of Josephus's "Wars of the Jews," and Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany." Besides this labour of compilation, Ramsay composed several detatched pieces of various merit, a series of poetical epistles to his friends, and the germ of the "Gentle Shepherd" (under the title of "Patie and Roger"), all of which he printed in one volume and presented to an eager public in 1721. Four years afterwards appeared the "Gentle Shepherd" in its entirety—and both poet and public were delighted. After this we find him moving to a better shop, and changing the sign of the thievish god for one emblazoned with the heads of Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden—a sort of paraphrase of the sign of English Rose and Scottish Thistle (though apter emblems of the poets respectively might be named);—then increasing the debt his country owes him by founding a circulating library, the first established north of the Tweed, then undertaking to build a theatre in Carubber's-close (another novelty for Scotland), where the legitimate drama was to be acted, and the performers to be kept together by what he calls the "pith of reason;" but, as Mr. Chambers remarks, Allan did not calculate on the pith of an Act of Parliament in the hands of a hostile magistrate; the statute for licensing theatres prohibited all dramatic exhibitions without special licence and the royal letters-patent; and on the strength of this enactment, the magistrates of Edinburgh shut up Allan's theatre, leaving him without redress. Several years after this mishap, the anti-theatrical spirit of Scotland was illustrated in a yet more decided manner by its treatment

so determined was the hostility he excited, by the fact of his writing a play, that he was compelled to give up his living—an object of almost execration and of absolute excommunication in the eyes of the potent, grave, and reverend presbytery. Ramsay's mortification in this dramatic enterprise was not of pecuniary kind only. Contemporary authors and authorlings who envied his fame, and severe precisians who were shocked at his innovating audacity, combined to read him a merciless lecture, one sect on the folly, the other on the criminality of his ways. Ten years afterwards, he had the consolation of witnessing performances in a new theatre in the Canongate; but in the interval he had not only to suffer in purse, from the ruined playhouse, "which laide," he complains (in the "Gentleman's Magazine")

> ——"Lies on my single back,
> And I maun pay it ilka plack,"

but in pride and feeling also, assailed as he was by *jeux d'esprit*, lampoons, and indignant denunciations.* He tried to coax

* The title of one of these tracts for the times was, "The Flight of Religious Piety from Scotland, upon the account of Ramsay's lewd books, and the hell-bred playhouse comedians," &c. Allan, himself, alludes in the following terms to some of the lampoons —"It is not to be doubted that I have enemies; yes, I have been honoured with three or four satires; but such wretched stuff, that some of my friends would allege upon me that I had wrote and [illegible] myself (none of the worst politics, I own) to make the world believe I had no enemies but fools." And, again, after a few lines to his sympathisers, he writes —"

> "These to my blythe, indulgent friends,
> Dull faes nought at my hands deserve;
> To pump an answer's a' their end,
> But not a line if they should starve."
> *Reasons for not answering hackney Scribblers.*

president Duncan Forbes and his judicial brethren into compliance with his appeals for compensation, but apparently without success. The shop repaid his diligence better. He prospered sufficiently to build himself the celebrated "Goose-pie" house near the Mound, in which he spent the last dozen years of his life,—looked up to in Scotland just as Addison or Pope was among the Southrons, and dying full of years and honours in 1758.

His poetical reputation centres, of course, in the "Gentle Shepherd." By this admirable work he is entitled to rank with the very best of the world's pastoral poets,—with those "bucolics," ancient and modern, upon which Mr. Leigh Hunt comments so charmingly in his "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," a book which better appreciates Allan Ramsay than do many of his fellow-countrymen. The "Gentle Shepherd" is free from that affectation and false glare and French polish which are sadly apt to signalise modern pastorals, those of Shenstone not excepted. The trees are not transplanted from the Champs Elysées. The pastures are not of pasteboard. The streams are not worked by machinery, nor supplied from the fountains at Versailles. The sheep are not impossible creatures with curled wool of perplexing whiteness, and with sky-blue ribbons round their necks. The shepherds are not stylish Damons and lisping Corydons, nor the shepherdesses insipid beauties who sit languidly in the shade, holding an elegant crook, and mincing sentimental small-talk. The poem, or pastoral comedy, or whatever may be its most appropriate name, starts at once in the artless, free, natural spirit which belongs to it as a whole—introducing us to two youthful shepherds, Patie and Roger, lying on the gowans,

> "Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May"—

such a sunny morn as cheers the blood, and makes nature herself jovial, while the plants seem to grow as you gaze, and the birds are carolling on every tree, and the gay shepherd breaks out with the fine old air of "The Wawking of the Faulds," to which his words are,

> "My Peggy is a young thing,
> Just entered in her teens"—

and in sooth Patie has "sae saft a voice, an' slid a tongue, that he's the darling o' baith auld an' young." Poor Roger is a love-sick swain, who is consumed, even in the tranquil braes of Habbie's Howe, with a green and yellow melancholy—who wears his blue bonnet with a pensive air, and dresses with the scrupulous solicitude, though not the eccentric taste, of Malvolio, but who, according to the daft lassie he loves, is a sheepish herd, who can neither sing nor say,

> "Except, 'How d'ye?'—or, 'there's a bonny day.'"

"He glow'rs an' sighs," quoth Jenny,

> "——an I can guess the cause;
> But wha's obliged to spell his hums and haws?"

The individuality of the characters is well defined and cleverly sustained; Patie, light-hearted and strong-minded, ever leal to his plighted troth; Roger, sighing like a furnace, whose frighted heart begins to fail whenever he would whisper its secrets in Jenny's ear; old Sir William, who comes in masquerade to observe his unconscious son, to try him, and to make him and all Habbie's Howe gladsome of heart; Symon and Glaud, the knight's honest old tenants, whose neighbourly "cracks" are some of the best things in the poem; Bauldy, the hynd, whose thwacking from the stalwart hand of Madge constitutes the main comic business of the piece; kindly auld Maggie, "a wife wi' wrinkled front," sitting in her green kail-yard, where water poplin springs, who, puir body, has to bewail her

> "Hard luck, alake! that poverty and eild,
> Weeds out o' fashion, an' a lanely beild,
> Wi' a sma' cast o' wiles, should, in a twitch,
> Gie her the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*"

Peggy and Jenny, too, are finely-discriminated characters: the one, retiring, gentle of speech and manners, and artlessly confiding; the other, coquettish, witty, self-willed, and *piquante*, but warm and affectionate for all that. It is a beautiful scene where the two lassies are first discovered, bleaching linen on a flowery holm between two green braes, by the side of

" A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,
Its channel pebbles shining, smooth, and round."

One of Ramsay's most intelligent critics objects, that, pleasing as his rustics are, he appears rather to have observed the surface of rural manners, in casual excursions to Penycuik and the Hunter's Tryste, than to have expressed the results of intimate knowledge and sympathy; and that his dialect was a somewhat incongruous mixture of the upper ward of Lanark and the Luckenbooths. Our Middlesex ears and experience are not competent to determine the value of these objections. We can only say that a visit to the Pentland hills, and the vicinity of Habbie's Howe (near which Lord Cockburn rusticates in so charming a retreat), only served to enhance a thousand times our enjoyment of Ramsay's pictures of scenery and manners; so that we now read with infinitely greater zest, not only the "clavers" of his *dramatis personæ*, but his descriptions of local objects—such as Glaud's snug thack house, with the green before the door, and barn and byre on either side, and peat-stack adjoining, not forgetting the society of hens on the midding,* and ducks in dubs,†—or Symon's cozy homestead, clean and unpretending, where a clear peat-ingle glances amidst the floor, and we see arranged on shelfs a goodly array of greenhorn spoons and beech luggies, and we hear the hospitable master invite an auld crony to share in the "bow o' maut" he brewed yestreen, and the "twa wethers, prime an' fat" he slew at the same time, and the "furlet ‡ o' guid cakes" his Elspa has just baked; and the "meikle pat" put on

" A mutton bouk to boil; and ane he'll roast,
And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost,
Sma' are they shorn, an' she can mix fu' nice
The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice "

The lyrics interspersed throughout the "The Gentle Shepherd" are less to our mind, and have been properly called an ill-judged imitation of Gay, in his "Beggar's Opera," which had enjoyed such unprecedented popularity in the metropolis and provinces of England. We prefer Ramsay's songs to those of Fergusson, who, as Mr. Lockhart says, was entirely townbred, and smells more of the Cowgate than of the country; but they are greatly inferior in taste, feeling, rationality, and melody to the exquisite lyrics of Burns. Dr. Geddes remarks that Ramsay, like his contemporaries and immediate followers, has not duly discriminated the genuine idiom from its vulgarisms. However this may be, in regard to dialect, it is certain that Ramsay indulges in vulgarisms of thought and expression from which Burns, in his best mood, is honourably free. Yet there are one or two of Allan's songs, both in "The Gentle Shepherd" and among his miscellaneous pieces, of a graceful and simple beauty; for instance—

" When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,"

(to the tune of the Yellow-haired Laddie), and

" My Peggy is a young thing,"

and the well-known strains of "Lochaber no more." Allan's place among the poets is secure to him for many generations to come; and a high one it is, in its kind—that of pastoral verse; not quite so high, perhaps, as the worthy bibliopole thought his due—for he sang with Ovid,

" If 'tis allowed to poets to divine,
One half of round Eternity is mine,"

not merely expecting (as he tells Lady Eglintoun) to be classed with Tasso and Guarini, but entitling himself the vicetoy of Phœbus Apollo, and the equal of Homer.

* *Anglice*, dunghill. † Small puddles of water

‡ Four pecks.

MEWS—WHY STABLES SO CALLED.—*Mue* (from the French *muer*, to change), a kind of cage, where hawks are wintered, or kept when they mue or change their feathers; whence those great stables belonging to Whitehall took denomination, that place having been anciently full of mues, where the king's hawks were kept.—*Blount's Dictionary*, 1691.

GLORY.

THE crumbling tombstone and the gorgeous mausoleum, the sculptured marble, and the venerable cathedral, all bear witness to the instinctive desire within us to be remembered by coming generations. But how short-lived is the immortality which the works of our hands can confer! The noblest monuments of art that the world has ever seen are covered with the soil of twenty centuries. The works of the age of Pericles lie at the foot of the Acropolis in indiscriminate ruin. The ploughshare turns up the marble which the hand of Phidias had chiselled into beauty, and the Mussulman has folded his flock beneath the falling columns of the temple of Minerva. But even the works of our hands too frequently survive the memory of those who have created them. And were it otherwise, could we thus carry down to distant ages the recollection of our existence, it were surely childish to waste the energies of an immortal spirit in the effort to make it known to other times, that a being whose name was written with certain letters of the alphabet, once lived, and flourished, and died. Neither sculptured marble nor stately column can reveal to other ages the lineaments of the spirit; and these alone can embalm our memory in the hearts of a grateful posterity. As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's, or treads, with religious awe, the silent aisles of Westminster Abbey, the sentiment which is breathed from every object around him is, the utter emptiness of sublunary glory. The fine arts, obedient to private affection or public gratitude, have here embodied, in every form, the finest conceptions of which their age was capable. Each one of these monuments has been watered by the tears of the widow, the orphan, or the patriot. But generations have passed away, and mourners and mourned have sunk together into forgetfulness. The aged crone, or the smooth-tongued beadle, as now he hurries you through aisles and chapel, utters with measured cadence, and unmeaning tone, for the thousandth time, the name and lineage of the once honoured dead; and then gladly dismisses you, to repeat again his well-conned lesson to another group of idle passers by. Such, in its most august form, is all the immortality that matter can confer. It is by what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is by thought that has aroused my intellect from its slumbers, which has "given lustre to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed my soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that I hold communion with Shakspere and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce. —*Francis Wayland.*

PERSEVERANCE.

Take the spade of Perseverance,
Dig the field of Progress wide;
Every rotten root of faction,
Hurry out, and cast aside,
Every stubborn weed of Error,
Every seed that hurts the soil.
Tares, whose very growth is terror—
Dig them out, whate'er the toil.

Give the stream of Education
Broader channel, bolder force,
Hurl the stones of persecution
Out, where'er they block its course
Seek for strength in self-exertion,
Work, and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate to fortune,
Make the road to honour *straight.*

Men are agents for the future;
As they work so ages win
Either harvest of advancement,
Or the product of their sin.
Follow out true cultivation;
Widen Education's plain;
From the Majesty of Nature
Teach the Majesty of Man!

Take the spade of Perseverance;
Dig the field of Progress wide,
Every bar to true instruction
Carry out and cast aside;
Feed the plant whose fruit is wisdom,
Cleanse it from the common sod;
So that from the throne of Heaven
It may bear the glance of God.

GENERAL LOPEZ.

*He extraordinary man, whose connexion with the recent piratical invasion of Cuba, untimely and ignominious death a weeks ago, have given to his name so nviable a notoriety, was the son of a ithy landed proprietor in Venezuela of the South American states. He born in 1799, and had the advantage his childhood of the care and instruc- n of his mother, a woman of great ength of mind and moral dignity degree with the manlike virtues of woman's character, her influence upon ier son tended rather to fit him for a life of stormy adventure than an humbler though more useful career of self-denying energy and perseverance in the pursuits of peace. Like all South Americans, he was placed on horseback as soon as he was able to sit upright, and soon became a bold and daring rider, as much at his ease when astride of a wild horse of the *pampas* as when smoking pigtail under a palm tree The revolutionary troubles deprived his father of nearly the whole of his property whilst Narciso Lopez was yet a boy, and his maiden effort in arms was made when he was only sixteen, in defence of his native city, which had taken the side of the revolutionary leader, Bolivar, against the forces of the home government. After the surrender of the place, Lopez was separated from his father, being turned off as a child, while his father was herded with the men supposed, in spite of the capitulation, to be reserved for massacre that night. The boy himself, indeed, escaped that very narrowly With some other companions, he had joined a couple of negroes, slaves of his family, among a great number more who had huddled together in one spot for safety, that class not being usually included in the massacres of such occasions, but, during the night, fortunately issued forth with his two servants, in the hope of being able to do something for his father, or to hear something of him.*

In this hope, indeed, he was mistaken though his father, as he afterwards learned, did succeed in effecting his own escape); but the next morning, on returning to the place which they had left for that purpose, they found the ghastly spectacle of eighty-seven bodies with their throats cut like sheep After hiding about for some time, feeling himself constantly liable to the same fate, and reduced to a condition of entire desperation, he determined to seek safety in the only situation in which it was to be found, by enlistment as a soldier in the army, and selected an opportunity of offering himself to a sergeant of more encouraging - mance than the others, by whom, not without some entreaty, he was accepted as recruit—the sergeant little suspecting hat the boy of fifteen, and small in stature t that, whom he at first told to be off and lay, was hereafter to become one of the ost distinguished officers in the service. The former did not indeed live to see it, r this good-natured sergeant fell shortly fterwards, it having been Lopez's lot to onvey to him, amongst others, the order r the service which was his last. This as on the occasion of the first battle of aturin, when the Spanish General orales, who was defeated, made good his treat only by sacrificing a column which a ordered to defend a certain position— ervice which was certain death in a war which prisoners expected no quarter and were not disappointed. Exactly three months afterwards, a second battle was fought near the same spot, in which Morales was victorious, and they found bodies of the column in question—that is to say, their bleached skeletons—to the number of six hundred, laid out on the ground in regular array by the patriots, in rank and file, as though by a mockery of discipline in death

Throughout the whole course of the v he distinguished himself by his undaunted courage, forethought, and presence of mind, in every emergency At twenty-three he found himself a colonel. The circumstance which led to the first step in his promotion occurred shortly after his enlistment The loyal army was engaged in an attack upon a place defended by field-works, there being two bastions connected together by a curtain of about fifty yards in length. The Spanish force being divided into two portions, engaged in attacking the two bastions, the ammunition of the one portion gave out, and signal being made to the other to that effect, the com... alled for volunteers to lead three ...les, loaded with ammunition, from one end to the other, a service requiring a passage along the line of the ..y, stationed behind the curtain between the two. Lopez was the only one who volunteered, and he set out with the three mules in a string, according to the ...tion of the country, the head of each fastened by a cord to the tail of the one before it At about half the distance across, one of the mules fell dead. The mule killed being unluckily the middle one, it was necessary to untie the cord, and re fasten the first and third together, all under a severe fire, which was anxiously watched by both parties. He succeeded, however, in reaching his destination unwounded, though his gun was broken by one ball, his pantaloons cut by another, and his cap pierced by a third, with the other mules wounded, but not to death, and the place was taken

Honours now flowed in upon him in rapid succession. Placed at the head of a picked body of cavalry, he performed an exploit of such skill and courage as to earn for him the cross of St Fernando—a ... military honour, never bestowed but as the reward of public acknowledgment He had lost half his troops in a severely-contested engagement, and was riding with the remainder, 30 in number, on the flank of the army, when he received an order to harass the rear of the retreating enemy. He had advanced to a considerable distance from his own forces, when the revolutionary leader, Paez, enraged at what he considered the insolence of so small a force, wheeled about at the head of his own chosen corps of light horse, consisting of three hundred men, superbly mounted, and charged at the top of their speed Nothing daunted, Lopez dismounted his men, formed them into a ...re, with their lances pointing outwards, and stood his ground until the arrival of reinforcements.

In 1823, when the revolutionary war was over, he declined going to Spain with the army, but married and settled in Cuba. Some time afterwards, he happened to be in Madrid upon private business, when the Cubist troubles began. He rendered considerable service to the Cristino Government during an outbreak in the Capital, and was immediately despatched to join the army. On one occasion, whilst under-de-camp to General Valdez, he and his party were surrounded in a mountain pass by the terrible Zumald-carregui. Escape seemed impossible, a bird alone, as it seemed, could carry the intelligence to the nearest Cristino division, situated at Ermoa, ten or twelve miles distant, so as to summon it to the rescue Colonel Lopez, however, volunteered to do it, claiming it as his duty and right, as first aide de-camp, and pledging himself to bring up the division at Ermoa The commander-in-chief, though regarding the attempt as desperate, yet yielding to his demand, told him he might then take what force he required for the purpose 'I could not do it with the half of the division" was the answer, "but let me have your piebald horse which you bought on my advice" It was brought, and Lopez mounted it, taking with him only his orderly (a fellow on whom he could trust to follow him over and through anything), the latter being mounted on Lopez's own favourite charger Directing him to keep close to him, and to regulate his pace by his own; and since it as not likely that both would escape, instructing him ... the order to be carried to Ermoa, he set out at full speed from Durango, along a road which passed between two eminences, both occupied by the enemy Slackening then his speed, as he got well clear of the former place and approached the enemy, but riding with entire confidence, he and his companion presented the appearance of deserters, and two squadrons which had at first detached themselves from the enemy on both sides to intercept them, slackened the pace at which they moved down the road for that ... He then, with a nice calculation of the distance at which he might venture it, suddenly clapped spurs to his horse, and rushed through the shower of balls which ... ediately poured down from both sides, and, in the pursuit, cleared the ... ntlet before they could cut him off, and the thing was done In the words of Valdez's certification, "to the astonishment of the enemy and of the army, both of whom were watching the operation, he traversed the line," and the army was saved

*In his political sentiments General Lopez never wavered from his fidelity to the democratic party, known in Spain as the liberal *exaltado* party. As a known and reliable member of that party, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the National Guard of that kingdom, a post created for him at a critical period. He at different periods filled the post of commander-in chief of various provinces.*

In 1839 he returned to Cuba, and gradually worked himself, during his residence there, into the belief that his adopted country was the victim of great injustice and oppression on the part of the Spanish Government.

Having determined, early in 1848, that the proper time had arrived, he was only induced by some friends to postpone his intended rising for a short time, in order to await the result of some communications which had proceeded from a highly-distinguished officer in Mexico, who knew the state of public feeling in the island. This delay led, through an accidental cause, to the discovery of his plan by the Government, and the sudden arrest of his friends, and the necessity of his own precipitate embarkation for America, from whose friendly shores he hoped soon to be able to return. His plan for Cuba has always been Independence and annexation to the American Union After his escape he was condemned to death.

Lopez himself escaped in a vessel called

the Neptune, and soon after landed at Bristol, R.I. From that time down to the attack made on Cardenas, by an armed force of which he was at the head, his name was always mentioned in connexion with the invasion of Cuba On the 15th of May, 1850, three divisions, 609 men, of the Cuban expedition, off the island of Mugeres, near Yucatan, concentrated board the steamer Creole On the 19th May, Lopez, between two and three o'clock in the morning, landed at Cardenas, and, losing between thirty and forty men, and killing many on the island, took the town. Subsequently the invading force abandoned it, and, closely pursued by the Spanish war steamer Pizarro, arrived at Key West, where the Creole was seized by the United States revenue officers On the 27th of May, Lopez was arrested at Savannah for his connexion with the Cuban expedition. No delay being granted by the District Judge to procure evidence against him, he was discharged, amid the cheers of a large crowd. On the 15th of July, 42 of the Contoy prisoners (passengers) were liberated by the Spanish authorities, and were taken to Pensacola by the United States ship Albany Two of them were retained for trial On the 21st of July the grand jury of the United States District Court at New Orleans found a true bill against Lopez and fifteen others for violating the act of 1818 The Government had proceeding out against one or two of the parties, and finally abandoned the prosecution.

From that point the spirit of a new invasion seemed to gain an impetus, and a second expedition was prepared in the summer of the present year With Lopez, at its head, it started for Cuba from New Orleans, in the steamer Pampero, and landed at Morillo, Cuba, at eleven o'clock at night, on the 11th of August. It seems to have consisted of about 160 men, many of whom have paid the penalty of their rashness, either by death or imprisonment. Among these was Lopez himself Worn down with fatigue, he was taken by Castenedo, an agent of the Spanish authorities, at Los Pinos de Ranzel, on the 19th of August, the whole of his forces having been dispersed, and himself, resting after wandering on foot, almost starved, and overcome only by nature herself The details of his death have been given in the public journals. About seven o'clock on the morning of the 1st of September, at Havana, where he had been taken by a guard from San Cristobal, a scaffold, about fifteen feet high, was erected at a spot in the field of La Punta On this Lopez ascended—briefly but firmly addressed the multitude—took his place in the chair of the *garrota*—suffered for a moment—and expired. His last words were, "I die for my beloved Cuba!"

"TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR"

In consequence of the earnest wish expressed by a great number of our readers to have the "Technical Expositor" continued *the same size* as heretofore, it will be removed from the enlarged pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, and continued in the MONTHLY SUPPLEMENT, in which four pages will be given monthly.

COLUMNS FOR YOUTH.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

"How to be *Happy*," is a very common heading to an article addressed to the young. I have seen it in the papers so often that I should not think of writing upon it. But I believe I have never seen anything in print to tell young folks *how to be miserable*.

"How to be miserable! Well, I guess we don't want to be miserable"

Don't want to be miserable? How so? Then why do you take so much pains to be miserable? I cannot think how a child or a youth, who is free from care and trouble and full of buoyant spirits, can be miserable without trying very hard to be so But, as I have seen a great many young persons who not only seemed determined to make themselves miserable, but everybody around them also, I thought, perhaps, they would thank me for telling them how they may do it easier

In the first place, if you wish to be miserable, be *selfish* Think all the time of yourself, and of your own things. Don't care about anybody else Have no feeling for any one but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy, but the rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not Envy every one that is better off in any respect than yourself, think unkindly towards them, and speak slightingly of them Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights, be very watchful against it; and if any one comes near your things snap at him like a mad dog Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin, for your *rights* are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold Never yield a point

Be *very sensitive*, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner Be jealous of all your friends lest they should not think enough of you. And if at any time they seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon it you can, and conclude that they wish to "cut" your acquaintance, and so, the next time you meet them, put on a sour look, and show a proper resentment You will soon get rid of them, and cease to be troubled with friends. You will have the pleasure of being shut up in yourself

Be *very touchy and irritable*. Cultivate a sour, cross, snappish disposition Never speak in good nature if you can help it Never be satisfied with anything, but always be fretting Pout at your father and mother, get angry with your brothers and sisters, or, if you are alone, fret at your books or your work or your play Never look at or admire anything that is beautiful and good; but fix your eyes on the dark side of everything, complain of defects in the best of things, and be always on the look-out for whatever is deformed or ugly, or offensive in any way, and turn up your nose at it. If you will do half of these things you will be miserable enough.

BEWARE OF THE FALLS!

A boy, two years old, was carried over the Falls of Niagara a short time ago. He was playing on a board at Street's factory, on the Canada side, in company with an elder brother; their father saw them and chided the elder one, who suddenly jumped off, when the other was precipitated into the rapids, and the father hurried to rescue him, but in vain—the boy went over the Falls.

Alas! how many have we seen go over the falls—for there are other fatal falls besides those of Niagara

We one day saw two little boys playing around a public house, one heard a warning voice, gave heed, fled, continued sober, and became a good man, the other neglected the warning, and went over the Falls.

Another time we noticed two little boys swearing boldly, one suddenly broke off, became moral, and escaped, the other became more and more profane, and went over the Falls.

Again we saw two little boys playing at cards Both became expert gamblers One had a warning from his father, and never played again, the other had no such warning, kept on, and went over the Falls

Two little boys were fond of smoking From morning to night a cigar was in their mouths Both were warned. One threw away the filthy weed, and became a sober, steady youth, the other, from smoking took to drinking, and from drinking to swearing, and soon he was over the Falls

There is no certainty, that two little boys, beautiful in their play, and innocent in all their habits, will grow up alike One listen to the voice of reproof, the other slights it harden his heart, and perish O let the simple beware of the dangers. An innocent and lovely youth may perish amid the fascinations of the destroyer How certain the ruin of him who stops his ears and hears no warning The little boy was precipitated by accident over the Falls If you go over, it will not be by accident, but because you will not be warned, and will not take heed to your ways

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

A DOUBTFUL CURE.—An Irish journal says—"The following bull was presented by a farrier to a gentleman—'To *cure* your pony that died, *I'll* is.'"

RATHER EQUIVOCAL.—A negro once gave the following toast—"De gubernor ob de State—he came in wid berry little opposition, he go out wid none at all"

SYMPATHY.—An Irish counsel being questioned by a judge to know for whom he was concerned," quickly replied, "I am *concerned*, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN COMMON LAW AND EQUITY.—"Pray, my lord," said a gentleman to a late respected and rather whimsical judge, "what is the distinction between law and *equity courts*" —"Very little in the end," replied his lordship, "they only differ so far as *time* is concerned At common law you are done for at once—in equity you are not so easily disposed of The former is a ball, which is instantaneously and most charmingly effective—the latter is an angler's hook—which plays with its victim before it kills it. The one is prussic acid—the other is laudanum."

THE REASON WHY.—Lord Newton, one of the Scotch judges, was seen by a friend staggering homewards so early as nine o'clock on a fine summer evening, in Edinburgh "How now?" queried the individual, "you're early up *from* your dinner the day?"—"True enough, stuttered the judge, "but then, ye mann ken, that we sat down *yestreen*."

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THE
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CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

THE EMPEROR, COURT, AND GOVERNMENT OF CHINA.



INTERIOR OF A MANDARIN'S HOUSE AT FLKIN.

ch
as executive department of the state. So august is the Emperor considered, that the mandarins and other natives not only prostrate themselves when in his presence, but also before a tablet with the inscription, "The Lord of a Myriad Years." In his character as a patriarch, his Imperial Majesty is not only regarded as the father of that multitudinous family, the population of his empire, but is also considered the sole dispenser of the blessings of heaven; the chief canon of belief being, that "the duty of affording to the people sustenance and instruction is imposed on *The One Man;*" while, on occasions of national calamity, he publicly confesses his errors, and acknowledges his misconduct to be the cause of the divine displeasure.

It has often been a question, "How do the Chinese, ignorant as they must be of the science of political economy, and destitute as they are of the knowledge of Christian ethics, manage to keep such a mass of people in order, and preserve their empire free from encroachment and diminution?" The answer is—the secret of their success in political matters is the establishment of the patriarchal system of government, founded on the basis of filial obligation. As the first principle in their moral code is the duty of children to submit to their parents, and the right of parents to dispose of their children; so on this claim is grounded their political code also. The parallel between the relations in which every person stands to his own parents and to the Emperor, is carried out from the most important functions of the legislature down to the minutest observances of ceremony, all of which are regularly prescribed by law. The union of the avenger with the father in the Emperor, is well illustrated by the following fact. A man and his wife had severely ill-used the mother of the former, whose

sufferings were reported to the Emperor, and what was the result? The principal offenders were put to death, the mother of the wife was bambooed, branded, and exiled, for the daughter's crime, the scholars of the district were not permitted to attend the public examinations for three years, thus arresting their course of promotion, the magistrates were deprived of their office, and banished; the very place where the crime was committed was made accursed, for, says the imperial edict published on the occasion, *"I intend to render the empire filial."* The fatherhood thus assumed is designed to be truly imperial. To create an impression of awe there is a resort to every device. Attired in a robe of yellow—the colour worn, say the Chinese, by the sun—the Emperor is surrounded by the highest pageantry and state. All ranks must bow the head to a yellow screen of silk. In his Majesty's presence no one must speak except in a whisper; his person is considered too sacred to be often exhibited in public; and even an imperial despatch is received by the burning of incense and prostration. All this state has, however, its personal inconveniences. The Emperor is not allowed to lean back in public; to smoke, to change his dress; or, in fact, to indulge in the slightest relaxation from the fatiguing support of his dignity.

The Emperor dwells in the interior of his palace, secluded from the gaze of the populace, and surrounded by extensive parks and gardens. This edifice is within the northern enclosure of Peking, the capital, which covers an area of twelve acres, while the southern has an acre of fifteen square miles; the two constituting the entire capital. There are, in fact, three sub-divisions; an outer, a middle, and an inner portion. The latter contains the imperial palace, and the dwellings of the different members of the sovereign's household; the second is chiefly inhabited by Chinese merchants; and the third, or outermost portion, constitutes the open city. The Chinese describe the palace as a very superb residence, with "golden walls and pearly palaces." To persons who have not their prejudices it presents a glittering appearance: its tiles, varnished with a brilliant yellow, seem, under the rays of the meridian sun, to glow like a roof of burnished gold. Within are spacious courtyards, and apartments richly decked with gay colours and gilding, constituting altogether a gorgeous fabric. "There reigns," says Father Hyacinth, "among the buildings of 'the forbidden city' a perfect symmetry, both in the form and height of the several edifices, and in their relative positions, indicating that they were built upon a regular and harmonious plan." Of course these excellences would not accord with English taste; to our eyes the imperial residence appear in striking contrast to the palatial abodes of our [illegible] sovereign; but by our rules Chinese dwellings are not to be judged.

The grand entrance to the imperial city is by the southern gate, through the central avenue, or "Meridian Gate," of which the Emperor alone can pass. The gate opens into a large court, adorned with bridges, balustrades, pillars, and steps, with varied sculptures of fine marble. Beyond this is the "Gate of Extensive Peace;" a superb edifice of white marble, one hundred and ten feet high, ascended by five flights of steps, the centre of which is exclusively appropriated to the Emperor. On special days, as that of his birth and the day of the new year, he receives here the congratulations of his officers, who prostrate themselves in the imperial presence. Other halls and flights of steps conduct to the palace itself, which is called the "Tranquil Palace of Heaven," while that of the Empress is styled the "Palace of Earth's Repose." No one can enter the secluded residence of the Emperor without special permission, where he gives audience to those who are so far favoured, and arranges his imperial plans.

This palace is described as the loftiest, richest, and most magnificent of all. A tower of gilded copper, adorned with a great number of figures, beautifully executed, stands before it. A large vessel, of the same material, in which incense is burned day and night, is placed on each side of the tower. This accords with the effort often observable to keep up the impression that the connexion is inseparable between the powers of [illegible] Emperor, who is indeed regarded by the people [illegible] ave and counterpart of the former. How [illegible] is the vanity that is thus cherished! how profound [illegible] rance which can present such adulation! Beyond the [illegible] of the Emperor and Empress is the imperial flower-garden, interspersed with sheets of water and rising rocks, laid out in beautiful walks, and adorned with grottoes, pavilions, and temples. One of these is visited by the Emperor on certain occasions, to obtain blessings from the manes of his ancestors, and to show his filial piety. Beyond this garden is a library of immense extent, and further on stands the gate of the flower-garden, which forms the northern outlet to "the forbidden city." Six palaces are occupied by the princesses of the imperial family; and other ranges of building constitute the residence of the Emperor's stewards, &c.; besides which there are halls for councils, courts, &c., and a large painting establishment.

There is, after all, but little of pomp or splendour in the imperial residence. To quote the words of Barrow:—"The buildings that compose the palace, and the furniture within them, if we except the paint, the gilding, and the varnish, that appear on the houses even of plebeians, are equally void of unnecessary and expensive ornaments. The palaces of Peking, like the common habitations of the country, are all modelled after the form of a tent, and are magnificent only by a comparison with the others, and by their number, which is sufficient indeed to form a town by themselves. Their walls are higher than those of ordinary houses, their wooden columns of greater diameter, their roofs are immense, and a greater variety of painting and gilding may be bestowed on different parts but none of them exceeds one story in height, and they are jumbled and surrounded with mean and insignificant hovels. The stone or clay floors are, indeed, sometimes covered with a carpet of English broadcloth, and the walls papered; but they have no glass in the windows, no stoves, fire-places, or fire-grates in the rooms; no sofas, bureaux, chandeliers, nor looking-glasses; no book-cases, prints, nor paintings. They have neither curtains nor sheets to their beds; a bench of wood, or a platform of brickwork, is raised in an alcove, on which are mats or stuffed mattresses, hard pillows or cushions, according to the season of the year. Instead of doors they have usually screens, made of the fibres of the bamboo."

Within the meridian gate of the capital the imperial council chamber is situated, where the ministers of the Sovereign assemble to deliberate on national affairs. They are six in number—three Tsetsi, who take precedence, and three [illegible]. They are designated "worshipping assistants"—[illegible] have done obedience on being appointed to office, by knocking heads, an initiatory ceremony similar in its import to that of kissing the hand of our own Sovereign. A variety of official titles has, however, been borne by them. The most ancient one, under the dynasty Hea, denoted "objects of complacency and confidence." Nobles of the first rank, who conducted the sacred music connected with the state ceremonies, were styled "great and perpetual,"—expressing their desire that the power whom the imperial family worshipped would perpetuate its dominion through all ages. Ministers have also been denominated "great assistants," "great preservers," and "great learned scholars."

Mandarin, a word derived from the Portuguese, and primarily from the Latin, and meaning "to command," is generally applied by visitants of China of the European races to native titled and governing men. The whole body of Chinese mandarins consists of twenty-seven ranks. The constitution recognises the following steps of titular or privileged states, in descending gradations:—1. Imperial blood. 2. Length of service. 3. Illustrious deeds. 4. Talent and wisdom. 5. Distinguished abilities. 6. Zeal and assiduity. 7. Nobility. 8. Birth. In this scale we see that their estimations are nearly in the inverse order of ours. Mandarins are either civil or military. Although the mandarins are inferior in rank to the higher class of nobility, whose dignity partakes of a personal character, they form the effective ministry and magistracy of the country. The Chinese equivalent of *mandarin* is *kouon*, which signifies, literally, a public character.

Six supreme courts, tribunals, or boards, exist, as the principal springs of the machinery employed in the operations of the Chinese government. The first is the *Board of Civilians*, for superintending officers of all ranks, from the Emperor himself down to a writer in a government office. The next in order is the *Board of Revenue*, having the charge of all the taxes imposed on the people. The *Board of Rites* has under its charge the etiquette for which China stands pre-eminent



the nations of the East. It directs the insignia of in superintending the public buildings connected with the rank, and the persons by whom they are to be worn. imperial palaces, gardens, temples, tombs, and the national



IMPERIAL MESSENGER.

etts and movements of official personage, with the number of prostrations, kneelings, reverences, and other gestures, are all described with the greatest minuteness. Some of our readers will probably remember a circumstance in connexion with these ceremonies relating to our own country. In July, 1817, Lord Amherst arrived at Spithead from his embassy to the Court of Peking, after an absence of seventeen months. He was foiled in the object of his mission chiefly from refusing to conform to the Chinese ceremonial of prostration, or "head-knockings," in the presence of his Imperial Majesty. The *Military Board* has an extensive jurisdiction, including the naval and merchant service, the imperial hunting, the police, and the post-office departments, as well as the army. China maintains a large standing army, not much fewer than 800,000 men, with a corresponding number of officers, of whom all the higher grades, and a large number of the soldiers, are Tartars. The *Board of Punishments* bears a name sufficiently descriptive of the range of its authority. The *Board of Works* is occupied altars. The *Board of Music* is instituted to direct the rejoicings and festivals at the palace. There is also a *Colonial-office*, composed of Manchoos and Mongols, so that the respective tributary princes may have confidence in referring whatever concerns their interests to their own countrymen. To each of the provinces a viceroy is appointed, and every town is presided over by a magistrate. Subordinate officers superintend the lesser divisions. All these functionaries are removed every three years; and that no ties of kindred may interfere with the strict discharge of their duties, the viceroys and magistrates are forbidden to form any alliance with a family within the limits of their rule. The *Thsing Leu Lee*, being the fundamental laws, and a selection from the supplemental statutes of the penal code of China, has been ably translated by Sir George Staunton, so eminently qualified to do it justice. Of it a competent witness has said:—"The most remarkable thing in this code is its great reasonableness, clearness, and consistency—the business-like brevity and directness of the various provisions, and the plainness and



ARMED MANDARIN AND SOLDIER.

moderation of the language in which they are expressed. There is nothing here of the monstrous verbiage of most other Asiatic productions; none of the superstitious delineation, the



COSTUME OF A MANDARIN AND HIS WIFE.

miserable incoherence, the tremendous *non-sequitur*, and eternal repetitions, of those oracular performances, nothing even of the turgid adulation, the accumulated epithets, and fatiguing self-praise of other Eastern despotisms, but a clear, concise, and distinct series of enactments, savouring throughout of practical judgment and European good sense, and, if not always conformable to our improved notions of expediency in this country, in general approaching to them more nearly than the codes of most other nations." Still the Chinese code has very serious defects. It gives laws for trifles, is often extremely vague, and contributes, in many instances, to gross injustice. Corporal punishment is the universal penalty. Offences the most grave, and the most trivial, whether committed by persons in the highest or the lowest ranks, are alike visited by so many strokes of the bamboo!

The magistrate, who is to be found in all towns and cities, is habited in what is termed a court, or full dress, with court beads. The badge which appears on his breast is repeated on his back. The knob on the top of his cap denotes rank: this is known by its being a *gilt* knob, a *white glass* knob, or a *cornelian* stone. A peacock's feather attached to the cap is a gift from the Sovereign, and indicates his sense of the officer's merit. The secretary wears in his girdle a handkerchief, a case containing his chop-sticks (two long slips of ivory or wood with which he raises his food to his mouth), and his purse for containing a few coins, or a little tobacco.

The magistrate being always in court, a culprit is no sooner taken, and his accusers in attendance, than he is put on his trial, and the secretary records the accusation. If it be a light offence, and he is unable to pay a fine, he is laid on the floor, and the punishment of blows inflicted with a long flat bamboo. If the punishment is not excessive, he rises and walks home, and the following day he is able to follow his employment. "I remember," says a resident for some years in China, "seeing one morning, while residing next door to the Hoen magistrate's office at Macao, a respectable-looking Chinese, who had on thin shoes, rush down three flights of steps and along the street as fast as he could run; he was followed by the petty officers of the court, who wore thick shoes and had they not made a great noise, inducing other persons to stop the prisoner, he would have effected his escape. Having got hold of him, four of them shouldered him, while the fifth held him tight by the tail, at which he tugged most unmercifully. In an hour's time I saw the culprit limping homewards at liberty. He had been well bastinadoed; and the five petty officers who accompanied him, were laughing heartily at the joke, and calling him a fool for attempting to escape."

The following scale of punishment, taken from the Penal Code, shows the manner in which the infliction is increased according to guilt. In former times the lowest punishment was *ten* blows; it is now reduced to *four* blows: so of the others: thus—

The first	nominally a punishment of	10 blows	of which only	4 blows	are to be inflicted
The second		20 blows		6 blows	
The third		30 blows		10 blows	
The fourth		40 blows		15 blows	
The fifth		50 blows		20 blows	

The second degree or division of punishment is inflicted with the larger bamboo, and is subdivided in the following manner —

The first	nominally a punishment of	60 blows	of which only	20 blows	are to be inflicted
The second		70 blows		25 blows	
The third		80 blows		30 blows	
The fourth		90 blows		35 blows	
The fifth		100 blows		40 blows	

The third division is that of a temporary banishment to an distance not exceeding five hundred lee—ten lee being usuall estimated as equal to three geographical miles—with a view t



ARMED MANDARIN OF THE CAVALRY.

afford opportunity of repentance and amendment. Of th species of punishment there are five gradations:—

Banishment for	1 year, and 60 blows	with the reduce
	1½ year, and 70 blows	
	2 years, and 80 blows	
	2½ years, and 90 blows	
	3 years, and 100 blows	

Perpetual banishment, the fourth degree of punishments in order of severity, is subdivided as follows, and is reserved for cases wherein even for considerable offences, the life of the criminal is spared by the lenity of the laws; a hundred blows with the bamboo, and perpetual banishment to the distance of 2,000, 2,500, or 3,000 lee. On reaching this destination, the banished offenders may follow their callings, but they are required once a week, or once a month, to appear before the magistrate of the place and report themselves.

The fifth and ultimate punishment ordained by law, is death, either by strangulation, or beheading.

All criminals, capitally convicted, except such atrocious offenders as are expressly ordered to be executed without delay, are retained in prison for execution at a particular period in the autumn; the sentence passed on each individual being first duly reported to and ratified by the Emperor.

The ordinary punishment resorted to for women, is slapping them on the cheek with a solid piece of leather; but, generally speaking, as women live a secluded life, few of them are punished in China.

It is honourable to the Chinese that for the various state offices merit alone is the qualification. Their highest honours and emoluments are open to individuals of the humblest rank. Tartar birth, though conferring on its possessor a considerable advantage, does not necessarily conduct to pre-eminence, nor do family distinctions descend from father to son, except in the case of the imperial kindred.

Promotion has therefore been described as the *summum bonum* of a Chinese. In one instance we are told of 8,000 candidates for the literary degree of *Keu-jin*, the legal number of successful aspirants being seventy-two. Before being qualified to compete at the triennial examination, held only in Peking, candidates must be graduates of the lowest degree conferred in the capital city of each department. Each one, thus prepared, enters the building appropriated to the examination, which is carefully guarded by soldiers to prevent all communication from without. Here a cell is assigned him, which is also as narrowly watched, that no undue help may be afforded him. There, on three different days, he writes a theme, or composes a short poem, excluding every allusion either to the policy of the rulers, or the present dynasty. The test of merit is accordance in style and sentiment with the ancient authors of China, and is therefore fatal to all inventive power. It has been well said by Lord Bacon, that the antiquity of past ages is the youth of the world, and that it is an inversion of the right order to look for greater wisdom in some former generation than there should be in our present day." The time in which we now live," says this great philosopher, "is properly the ancient time, because now the world is ancient; and not that time which we call ancient when we look in a retrograde direction, and by a computation backward from ourselves." But this right order is inverted in China. There Lord Bacon has no disciples. Genius is crushed in the bud. No ray of physical science ever sheds its radiance on the lore of the so-called "Celestial" country. A very narrow boundary is placed to intellectual effort. The course pursued is one that condemns the people to a kind of perpetual childhood.

Nor is it less evident that there may be literary honour with no aptitude for the exercise of the functions of government. To the mode adopted in China there are therefore the most weighty objections. But so great is the interest there in the successful effort to gain the higher literary degrees that there have been instances of individuals persevering through a long series of disappointments, even till their seventieth or eightieth year. Instances, too, have occurred in which such degrees have been obtained by fraud, but only to involve their possessors, when detected, in dishonour. The first intimation the candidate has of success is on reading his feigned name or motto posted against the walls of the public office of the lieutenant governor. That functionary comes forth from his palace at a certain hour; the usual discharge of guns takes place; the official paper is posted up; and having bowed to the names of the successful candidates, he retires. A public banquet, honoured by the presence of the highest authorities of the province, is given to the newly-made *Keu-jin*, and, while the thousands of unsuccessful candidates return disappointed to their homes, on those are lavished applause and honour, and their names and compositions are sent to the Emperor at Peking.

With their names and triumphs published throughout the empire, they are courted and caressed; and they become *ipso facto*, eligible to all the offices in the gift of the sovereign. The most learned are appointed to the highest degree of literary rank, the "Han-lin," literally "the forest of pencils," or membership of the national college. All this means that the Emperor may "pluck out the true talent" of the land, and employ it in the administration of Government. The fourteen thousand civil mandarins are, almost without exception, the *beaux esprits*—the best scholars of the realm. The highest literary graduate is entitled to wear a white stone, brought from India, on the cap, as a distinguishing mark. The attainment of the rank of "Keu-jin" is described as "plucking a branch of the fragrant olive," because that flower is in blossom in autumn, when the examination occurs.

THINGS "LIGHT AS AIR," TREMBLING AT EVERY BREATH.

We were once in the ante-room of an exhibition, and among other objects to amuse the visitors who were waiting for the performance, there was a number of little representations of flowers, kings, queens, &c., &c., with the words written over them, "*things light as air*," and in order to test the correctness of the motto you were supplied with a small rod, and invited to touch the seeming realities, but on making the attempt you found that there was nothing, and that "the things" were, indeed, "light as air," for they consisted solely of some magical illusion. We have often been reminded of these optical deceptions. How many things among us which pass for something great are, notwithstanding their cost and expense, "as light as air." "Vanity of vanities," says Solomon, "all is vanity;" and he had more opportunities than most men of testing the pleasures, the riches, and the honours, of the world. We are not going to sermonize, but still we may say that there are few persons who have lived to be threescore, or threescore years and ten, who do not perceive that the wise man was not far from the truth respecting the vanity of the greater part of those objects and pursuits which agitate and disturb the souls of the sons and daughters of wealth, pleasure, and ambition.

We have often thought that there are numbers of things in the world which make a great show and noise in our time on which the motto we have quoted might very properly be inscribed. And we come to this conclusion from the care with which they are guarded by those who set a high value upon them. For this very care seems to intimate that they are remarkably brittle and frail. We have frequently seen various productions of wax, &c., covered with a glass or some other case, lest you should touch and destroy them; and you were thus admonished that, however beautiful the objects might be, still they would not bear handling, or scarcely the most gentle treatment. Hot-house plants need artificial heat, and generally a good deal of watching and protecting, but the oak and the cedar seem rather to invite than to dread the winter and the storm.

In a recent paper we showed that everything in England is in danger of being assailed, and that to this very circumstance we owe our happiness, peace, and stability. We are not a wax-work sort of people. Our Constitution is not made of stubble or thistledown. Everything of this sort is generally tried, winnowed, and swept away by the whirlwind of public opinion. Somehow or other we have learnt to distinguish the wheat from the chaff. In some countries when the people are exasperated, they have no more discrimination than an angry bear would use in a china shop if he had the misfortune to be stung by a bee.

Some tell us that the Greek word "*Krinein*" "*to judge*," whence we obtain our terms, "discern," "discreet," "discretion" "discrimination, "crime, "crisis," &c., &c., originally meant, "to sift," or "to use a sieve." In reviewing the history of our country, we perceive that John Bull has for ages been in possession of a good *mental sieve*, and has employed it very freely and extensively; and hence it is that we have so much of what is really true, just, and right among us, and therefore our empire is built on immutable and, we had almost said, omnipotent foundations. The poets of old, in singing of the perpetuity and eternity of the Roman empire, showed that they had no correct idea of the principles which give stability to thrones and immortality to sceptres. A little information respecting justice, morality, and the rights of man, would have satisfied them that the elements of decay were never more vigorously at work than at the very time when the most fulsome flattery was bestowed upon Augustus. It is a striking fact that, while Republican principles are spreading around, the English monarchy stands firmer than it ever did during the whole period of its existence. Here John Bull has used his sieve, and therefore knows how to distinguish royalty from its accidents. The sovereign with us is simply the chief magistrate, crowned to see that the laws made by the sanction of the people are duly executed. She is, in fact, the head and embodiment of our national, republican, or democratical constitution. In many other lands the monarchy is the antagonist of democracy; in England it is its head, and the centralisation of all its *legal* power. We have lately seen that a president may set himself in a state of antagonism to the Republic which has elected him; and, therefore, the prestige of that name is gone for ever; for facts have shown that you may enjoy much more freedom under a royal sceptre than from the supposed protecting wing of a crownless president. With us, all that is wrong in the monarch is the fault, not of the sovereign, but of the people. The income of the Queen is fixed by the Commons, and can be raised or diminished at pleasure, and so of everything else. Hence our faults are the faults of the people and not of the prince, and these truths are so generally understood, that we feel that the chief reform needed among us, is a reformed Parliament, and this we can have as soon as the people firmly and unitedly demand it.

Had we time we could prove that everything else which is stable in our country, is secure because it has been exposed to the storms and tempests of public opinion. We have hardly a good but has been reviled, cursed, mocked, laughed at, satrised, applauded, and condemned by the pulpit, the press, and the stage. Our oaks have not been more stricken by the winds of heaven than have our institutions by the virulence of adversaries; and the consequence of this mighty winnowing is that what is really substantial remains firm, and what was worthless is to a great extent blown away. But *in other lands* matters are not so, and therefore everything has to be guarded by bayonets, fines, imprisonment, and death. The throne and the church have, as it were, to be kept under a glass case; for, if we may believe their supporters, they are "things light as air," and a mere breath would sweep them away.

With us in England, however, things are different. All people speak out, and all sects are exposed to the free criticisms of their neighbours, and few seem to be afraid of the result. You may be always sure that there is weakness in the creed or in the faith of those who profess it, when people rely on any other defence beside argument and persuasion, and wish to sew up the lips of those who differ from them. Those who thus depend upon physical force must necessarily imagine that their cause is so feeble that a mere breath would sweep it away.

We may make similar remarks concerning foreign rulers. Mr. Cobden, in one of his peace speeches, observed that you generally see all monarchs and princes on the Continent dressed in regimentals. This shows that they are afraid to trust themselves abroad without a sword. The English must be rather proud that they have a sovereign whose sex forbids her wearing military accoutrements—whose modesty spurns the thought of becoming an Amazon—and whose confidence in her people enables her to dispense with the array of bayonets that surround the dwellings and the movements of such despots as the Emperors of Austria and Russia. Here, as we have said, the monarch is the head of the people, and is therefore supported by it; but abroad, every throne totters, because there is no sympathy between the rulers and their subjects. The princes, dukes, and presidents are conscious of injustice, and consequently of weakness. "Every man," says Cain, "who meets me will slay me." How could he dream of such a thing? Abel never had a thought of the kind, and never feared any one. But then Abel was innocent and Cain was guilty, and in this lay the great difference between them. And thus is it with the despots of Europe; they are all weak, and tremble because they know nothing of that confidence and security which the "*mens conscia recti*" inspires. Like Cain, they are terrified lest everyone who meets them should slay them. An Englishman going abroad is astounded to find every place guarded by armed men. All the towns and cities appear as if they were in a state of siege. Take away the soldiery, and there is scarcely a crowned head in Europe but would have to fly to Old England for refuge. Hence, with all their glare and splendour, with all their regimental glitter, their myriads of troops, and the thunder of their artillery, they are after all only "things light as air." A breath would sweep them away. And of this fact they are so conscious, that no public meetings are allowed—no free expression of opinion is permitted—every book must be read by a censor, and the press must be guarded with the strictest care. The pen is but a feather, and human speech is only a breath, and yet military despots know that each of these is sufficient to overthrow them for ever.

We might greatly extend this paper by referring to various other bodies which make a great show and boast loudly, but still are too feeble to bear the stroke of a feather or the breath of popular opinion, and therefore have to be guarded like wax flowers or delicate pottery. But we need not enlarge, and shall conclude by congratulating our countrymen that Old England is not a hot-house plant, but a solid oak which can brave the heat of summer, the snows of winter, the blasts of Boreas, and by its shade promises to our children for ages to come the blessings of peace, prosperity, and pure religion.

NEVER DESPAIR.

The opal hued and many-perfumed morn
From gloom is born,
From out the sullen depth of ebon night
The stars shed light;
Gems in the cayless caverns of the earth
Have their slow birth,
From wondrous alchemy of winter hours
Come summer flowers,
The bitter waters of the restless main
Give gentle rain,
The fading bloom and dry seed bring once more
The year's fresh store;
Just sequences of clashing tones afford
The full accord,
Through many ages, toil of strife and ruth,
Thought reaches truth,
Through efforts long in vain, prophetic need
Begets the deed
Nerve then thy soul with direst need to cope
Life's brightest hope
Lies latent in fate's deadliest foe—
Never despair.



SCENE IN A LONDON "NIGHT-HOUSE."

LONDON "NIGHT-HOUSES."

READER,—Were you ever in a London "night-house?" For your own sake, and for the sake of morality, religion and virtue, we hope you can answer in the negative; for in places such as the graphic pencil of the artist has described, are nourished all the worst vices of our fallen nature—intemperance, falsehood, irreligion and crime. Look at the picture; *is it not true to life*—*life in its most repulsive forms*—the life of the depraved, the intemperate, the idle, and the [illegible]—the life of "men about town?" If there is one man to be avoided, it is your gentleman blackguard. Examine the specimen in the foreground of the picture—he beside the rather raw-looking young man with the long hair and plaid trousers. They are both men about town—samples of the same class—differing only in degree of vice. The elder man, faultless in dress, smooth of chin, plausible in manners, interesting in conversation, is one of the greatest scoundrels in the Metropolis. He is the type of a large class—well educated, clever, indefatigable in pursuit of anything he takes in hand, and yet as thorough-paced a rascal as ever fleeced a greenhorn. He makes his living at cards, dice, billiards, horse-racing, betting, and such like pursuits, at all of which he is equally clever and equally successful. And yet that man, strange as it may appear, has received an university education. We are drawing no fancy picture; for men such as he can be found in every "night-house" in town. He comes of a good family, too, and can boast at least a baronet amongst his relations. Look at him again, as he converses with the would-be "fast man,"—the pigeon and the crow—didst ever see a more plausible-looking fellow?—didst ever talk with a more accomplished villain?—didst ever take measure of a more refined blackguard? But yet he is quite a moral man in his way; never gets drunk. Oh, no, he is too clever for *that;* it is only his victims, his promising pupils in vice, who drink deeply as they deal the cards or rattle the dice-box.

Glance round the room. There is music—such music as the withered old man in the spectacles can thump out of the piano before him; and song—such song as the dissipated-looking fellow standing at the top of the room can furnish—song in which vulgarism and obscenity appear without disguise. And the creature comforts, too, are by no means neglected in the "night-house," for there are chops, and steaks, and Welsh-rabbits, and kidneys, and strong drinks, and pestiferous tobacco to be had in any quantity for the paying for them.

These places are open nightly after the theatres are over, and to them resort the old and young, the hoary in sin, and the stripling in folly. Here may be seen, joining in the chorus of some roaring song, the man who leaves his wife at home to weep; the son for whom the fond poor mother has denied herself that her dear boy might have enough; the youth fresh from the country, who in such scenes takes his first step in crime; the London *roué*, whose days are passed in bed, and whose nights are spent in shameless riot; the father, to whom the word HOME is no longer sacred; the tradesman, who is spending his creditor's money without compunction; the old bachelor, who fancies he is revenging the seeming neglect of the world by "potations pottle deep;" the hack-writer who seeks a public for his works only among the depraved; the broken-down actor, who lives his little life of popularity over again among such boon companions; the sheriff's follower, who grants his prisoner a short indulgence before he conveys him to the sponging-house, only on the receipt of money, no matter how obtained; the inexperienced, who are beguiled hither by those who wish to profit by his newness to London life, and, in fact, they—and they only—who have no mental resources, no homes, no friends, no reputations, and alas! no acknowledged God!

Suppose we could read the history of each individual in the motley group depicted by the artist—and we can almost, so vividly has he caught the lineaments of vice—how more strange than fiction would they not appear. And yet of all the shameless multitude assembled, there is not one who was not once a little laughing smless child upon its mother's knee. Oh home how desecrated! oh virtue how outraged! oh truth how disfigured in strange garments! oh morality how forgotten! oh religion how disregarded! oh man, made in the image of his Maker, how debased, how vile, how lost thou art become; how low thou hast fallen! Take a single figure from the group. Could the mother, think you, of that villanous-faced man at the foot of the left-hand table recognise in those vice-worn features the little child she taught to lisp a prayer? Or could the wife—long since gone to Heaven, it may be—of that bald old sinner, discover in those leering eyes, and that false palsied lip, the lover of her spotless youth? Draw we a veil over the picture.

Why has the artist drawn it, and why have we inserted it in our pages? Vice, we are told by the poet, to be hated, needs but to be seen; let us hope, however, that not a working man among all our readers may see it in this guise. There is a warning and a moral in its every touch and lineament; and while we admire the power of the painter, let us profit by his teaching. The pencil is more eloquent than the pen; and yet there are men who would find in this picture nought but incentives to its dearly-purchased pleasures. Pleasures! they are bought at the expense of all that is holy in life, all that is hoped for in death. Bought at the cost of health, reputation, and religion. Pleasures! the price of which is ruin, body and soul!

We remember a little story how a youth, such an one, it may be, as he who sits beside the old man at the right of the picture—was induced to visit a scene like this; how night after night he frequented its unholy revels, how home, friends, virtue, and the gentle girl who had given him her love, were sacrificed at the shrine of vicious pleasures; how he fell a victim to the arts of older villains than himself; and how, to find means to pursue the life he had adopted, he fell into crime, and was taken in the fact. We were present at his trial and visited him in prison. Beside him sat the dear one he had betrayed, whispering such comfort as was only hers to offer. Oh woman, wronged, insulted—

> "Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
> But when affliction wrings the brow,
> A ministering angel thou,"

and she, a ministering angel indeed, was with him in his shame. His head was bowed, and his spirit broken. He was barely thirty; but the deep lines of dissipation crime were on his forehead; the recklessness of unrepented sin was in his eyes. On the morrow he died. Died by the hands of the common hangman, before the faces of a silent multitude, ten thousand strong. And his last words were—"DRINK HAS DONE IT ALL!"

* * * *

Working men of Great Britain, whatever of crime and misery there is in great cities; whatever of vice and folly are in the streets; whatever of immorality and ungodliness you witness in your pilgrimage through life, be sure that drinking practices have had something to do with all. Grave judges from the seat of justice, ministers of religion from their places in the temples of God, senators in the legislative councils of the nation, authors in their studies, and painters at their easels—nay, the Majesty of England from the very throne itself—have declared, as with one voice, that drunkenness is the prolific parent of vice. When you see a man unsuccessful in business, careless of his family reckless of the future, thoughtless in life, and despairing in death, make inquiry, and the chances are ten thousand to one, that—DRINK HAS DONE IT ALL.

SEED-TIME IN LISNOMARA.

In Four Parts.

BY SILVERPEN (ELIZA METEYARD)

Part the Second.

At an early hour in the morrow, Joyce, accompanied by Grace, left the headland in the corvagh, the girl knitting (for the Galway peasant woman is renowned for "taming the needles"), and a basket, containing a few eggs and a goat's milk cheese, for his reverence, resting in the shallow bows. Mr. O'Sullivan's residence lay on the north shore of the headland; and this they reached about noon. Landing in a sort of quay rudely formed of wood, Grace and her father pursued a sandy road—evidently more trodden by pigs and goats than by visitors—and this led them to a true Irish village, consisting of some thirty or forty mud cabins, most of which looked in the last stage of delapidation, saving the one occupied by the priest. This, though no larger or better built than those usually tenanted by the class of small farmers, was in a state of decent repair, the ordinary dunghill of an Irish cabin did not reek at the door, and the land fenced round it by a hedge of gorse was clear of weeds and stones. As yet this newly enclosed plot of ground was only partially dug up; but Joyce found his reverence busy with the spade.

"And isn't me heart sore and me sight sore stricken to see yer honour's riverence doing the likes o' this," were Joyce's first hearty and indignant words. "Where be the Lisnomara boys, or where—"

"Indignation is quite useless, Joyce," interrupted Mr. O'Sullivan, as with a smile he greeted the worthy mountain farmer: "as the Lisnomara boys have just for the present a contempt for husbandry. They say they're fishermen, and if Dublin folks 'll send 'em nets and boats they'll fish, but they won't dig—it's beneath the pride of Lisnomara boys—so they lounged back to their cabin fires."

"The—" began Joyce, reddening with anger.

"Stay," spoke Mr. O'Sullivan wildly, "Ireland, not Irishmen, will be made better by threats. We must set them an example, and show them what comes of WORK, and *then* teach them to do it. But now of Mr. Garven. Is he coming, eh? You see I am turning farmer, and need instruction myself?"

"Yis, yer riverence, he's coming next wake by a boat from Galway, and here be his letter, an' a mighty pleasant gintleman he is, an' spoke to the people like a prophet, asy to understand, though axin' yer pardon for saying as much" Joyce here gave the priest the letter, and drew respectfully aside whilst he read it. When he had done so, Mr. O'Sullivan waved his hand, and led the way towards the house, which, *par excellence*, it might be called, seeing that it was the best in the village. He talked with Joyce as he went onwards.

"So there was a great meeting," he said, "and the people seemed to understand Mr. Garven."

"As plamly, yer riverence, as a schoolboy his A B C, for he spoke to the people in their own tongue whin they didn't understand the English. An' sure, thin, it was mighty wonderful to see some o' the crathurs, when they heard o' turnips, an' carrots, an' cabbages, fall on their knees an' bliss God that he'd hilp the people by miracles in their starvation—for they'd never seen thin, or heard thin, of more than the praty." The priest here stayed abruptly in his walk, and looked earnestly into the fine weather-beaten face of the Galway peasant.

"It's thruth though, yer riverence," continued Joyce; "for I hadn't meself heard of the carrot an' mangle-wurzdle, or some sich name. But, yer riverence, many as 'll come to the matin'—an' the large part, be sure, 'll be no da'per in wisdom—'ll ask about the thurnips as childer about the pomegranates in Scriptur. Why, yer riverence, doesn't Dick O'Roon, in Savan Island, yit plough with the plough tied to the mare's tail? an' isn't there people to yer knowin' in Lisnomara that can't dig wid the spade?* Sure, I know it as I know yer riverence's face."

"Well, Joyce, more the need then that each of us should try to enlighten the ignorance of our neighbours. I'm only sorry that I am come so lately amongst you, and am so much a mere scholar myself in farming. But you, in your district of Lisnomara township, and I in mine, may do much in the way of instruction and example, when we have taught ourselves. For it is needful everywhere that some one should begin the work of improvement; it won't grow or make progress by itself."

They had now reached the house door; but a change in the tone of the farmer's voice made Mr. O'Sullivan turn quickly round to regard him.

"Ye see, yer riverence's honour," spoke Joyce, when he observed this, "one thing, though, or more throubles me in this matther. The one is, whin we git the knowledge, we've no sade for the ground. nixt, whin we have the bether crop, it 'll be but for the agent, I'm thinkin', to make the rint bigger than iver. Ill luck to 'em, I niver had a good crop but he raised me."

"Make your heart easy, Michael Joyce," replied the good priest, "and dig and sow in joy—for a new time is coming for Ireland to reap the fruits of her honest labour. A law is now in force by which estates loaded with debt can be sold easily and speedily; and this large one of Lisnomara—so loaded with debt as to be only a cost to the owner—will soon have passed into other hands, it is said into those of a great English agriculturist. If so, I have been well assured any improvements made by the tenantry will be generously met."

In spite of Mr O'Sullivan's presence, Michael Joyce could not refrain from an Irish caper; a performance which brought both Mrs. Murphy, the priest's housekeeper, and Grace to the door, though the laugh of the latter was checked by respect for his reverence.

And won't I," cried Joyce, as he followed his reverence respectfully into the kitchen, "dig, an' sow, and rape, as a Joyce never did before! Och! sure I will! Whin a man's got the dead weight of a beggar off his back, he runs wid a new foot—that he does."

Grace had now retreated to the kitchen-hearth, and brought from her basket, standing there, her mother's present of stockings to his reverence; whilst Mrs. Murphy, opening a cupboard close by, displayed the goat's-milk cheese, with which she seemed as pleased as though given to herself. After he had thanked Joyce and his daughter with a grateful warmth, which brought tears into the eyes of both—for the good gentleman well knew the deep poverty which lay within the farmer's cabin—Mr Sullivan withdrew to the inner room, or parlour as it might be called, to write out some needful instructions respecting the meeting and the reception of Mr. Garven. Whilst writing, it occurred to him that the meeting would not only be best held in the valley where Joyce lived, but that also Joyce's cabin would be Mr. Garven's most convenient home. He accordingly called in Mrs. Murphy, and giving her needful instructions, she returned, and whilst Joyce and his daughter partook of a meal of hot buttermilk and potatoes, packed such things as could be well spared from his own scanty housekeeping. When these were ready, they were carried down to the corvagh, and there, receiving Mr. Sullivan's last instructions his blessing, and his promise to be with them on the day Mr Garven would reach Lisnomara, Joyce and his daughter departed on their way home, the setting sun sinking on the sea, so that the oars seemed not to dip in water, but into molten gold!

A small one-sail boat, hired in Galway Bay, and manned by three young Galway fishermen and a boy, brought Mr Garven to Lisnomara on the appointed day. Though he arrived early, for the boat had sailed from Galway the previous afternoon, such a gathering as that which met him on the shore of the headland, and accompanied him to Joyce's cabin in the mountains, was not remembered by one in Lisnomara, and this too of the class Joyce's messengers had summoned, for the more abject class of peasantry, understanding that nothing would be given, held aloof lest they should be entrapped into some forced system of labour. One good, however, had been effected by the meal Joyce had bestowed—it left them peaceable, as from the source whence one dole had come another might follow. As Joyce's cabin would not contain a tithe of the people, it was soon agreed to hold the meeting in the

* Plenty of evidence to this effect may be gathered from the Parliamentary Report on Lord Devon's commission. One of the first things Lord George Hill had to do, at Gweedore, in Donegal, was to teach the people how to dig.

open air on the flat-turfed border of the mountain lake, particularly as the day for that declining season was unusually fine. Garven was just the man to address a gathering of the kind—men bowed down by poverty and dispirited by calamity, yet deeply attached to the soil. Knowledge was what they needed—and knowledge of the best plain practical sort, suited to the climate, the soil, and their peculiar position as occupiers of the land, was what he could give.

With a deep insight into the influences which govern rude, uneducated, yet clear-headed men, he began by telling them somewhat of his own history. How he was born in Ireland, and taken thence to England, when quite an infant. How his parents had died there; how from a parish apprentice to a farmer, he had become a ploughboy earning wages, from that to be a general farm servant, and so on progressively till he was raised to the post of under-steward. How in this position he had saved money, which enabled him to procure further instruction from some of the best practical farmers of England and Scotland. How when so capable, he filled the situation of steward to a great and wealthy Irish landed proprietor; but that when once he had witnessed the misery and degradation of his countrymen all other personal considerations became mean, compared with the growing desire of assisting to clear away the dense ignorance, and for this reason squalid misery, of the small Irish farmer. For this purpose he gave up his valuable and lucrative post, and engaged himself as one of the employed instructors of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Dublin; and in such capacity he had already traversed immense tracts of country, and had come amongst them, the tenant-farmers of Lisnomara, to teach them, as a mother teaches her children, confident that Ireland would yet be as prosperous as by nature she was fertile, when once her people were taught to make use of the wealth which was theirs.

He then, in the simplest language, told them what improved agriculture had done for England. That the introduction of green crops there marked an era in the country's history, and a change in the condition of the people, which no mere improvements of an ordinary character could have effected, as they had doubled and tripled the supply of food and the productive power of the soil. He then described what green crops were—the turnip, the carrot, the cabbage, and beet root, amongst others; and, finally, remarked that the turnip was the vegetable which had so largely aided the advance of agriculture, and the supply of food to the people.

"What, thin, is this wonderful thurnip, will yer honour plase till us?" cried several small tenant-farmers of the remoter islets—a fine race, though gaunt and abject through poverty and hunger.

As plainly as he could, Mr. Garven described what the turnip was, its cultivation and uses, and how this vegetable, with the others mentioned, had, by permitting a rotation of crops, done away with the old system of fallows; as it was found that, through a due attention to the course of succession and the use of manures, those particles which one vegetable extracted from the soil were replaced during the growth of another, and thus production was carried on, and fertility secured. He said all this in plainer language than we can give in a mere abstract of his address to those poor farmers of Lisnomara, who often, where the English words appeared difficult to their understanding, asked to have them re-delivered in the Irish dialect of Galway. So at last all present fully understood that other things beside the potato were given for the food of man; and that Ireland, till she raised her people above a slavish dependence on one root, through a succession of green crops eminently suited to her climate and soil, would be never wholly free from famine and its consequences.

Two-thirds of the people—chiefly those from the more inaccessible mountain valleys and islets of the district—were amazed and at first almost incredulous at what they heard; the potato was all they knew of—no tidings had ever reached them that such marvels as turnips and then like existed in the stores of nature.

Mr. Garven then went on to speak of farming in general; draining, trenching, digging, ploughing, harrowing, manuring, sowing; and the best system to be pursued with respect to their own small occupations.

"But sure, yer honour," interrupted several farmers at once, "it's good to be hearin what may be done wid the land; but a bit o' tachin' wid yer own hand would be life and sowl to us."

"You shall have it, if you wish it, in the best manner my time will afford," was Mr. Garven's answer. "On my way from the shore here I arranged with your good priest, Mr. O'Sullivan, to stay a fortnight or three weeks in this part of Lisnomara; and showing Joyce how to work his farm, such as desire—and I hope many present do—will come and take a practical lesson. What is more—I will visit some of your farms, and give further discourses on general farming business."

The ready response spoke favourably in behalf of the general wish to be instructed. But a difficulty started itself in the minds of many. It passed verbally from bystander to bystander, and was at last put in the form of a general question to Mr. Garven: "Sure God's goodness was grate in feedin' his people wid many things, but where were the likes o' thim to git the seed?"

Mr. Garven begged them to keep their minds easy. He had brought with him from a benevolent gentleman importer in Galway, to whom he had spoken of the deep poverty in Lisnomara, a plough, some spades, and a small sample of seed-corn for present service; and further, when he had shown them practically the best use of both spade and plough, there was a fund in Dublin which supplied green crop seed at half the first cost; and to this fund he would apply in their behalf, when he had tested the character of their desire for improvement. They could not begin to sow green crops till February; it was now October, and it was not till the first week in July that turnips, for winter fodder, were sown.

At the conclusion of his address Mr. Garven walked over the valley with Mr. O'Sullivan, Joyce, and the other farmers, and marked out the site of his coming practical lessons. From thence he returned to the shore of the headland, to see how far applicable the marine weeds and friable rock were as manures, and found both excellent. Here Mr. O'Sullivan, as well as some of the poor tenant-farmers of the adjacent islets, departed on their way home, when a day had been fixed for the first practical lesson, and the rest, with the three fishermen who had brought the boat from Galway, followed Mr. Garven and Michael Joyce back to the valley, to share such good cheer as the poverty of the poor farmer could afford.

(To be resumed in the next Number.)

LETTERS FROM CALCUTTA.—No. IV.*

In our early intercourse with the natives of India, there is no subject that comes more frequently before us, or is more troublesome, than caste—and especially as regards our domestic servants. Our ignorance, and the advantage they take of it, invest it with much more importance than it really possesses; because, though the divisions of labour are kept very distinct, yet there are many things which they lead a new-comer to suppose nothing would induce them to do, which nevertheless they would not dream of refusing to a person well acquainted with them.

The word *caste*, from the Portuguese *casta*, is the English synonyme for the Indian word *zat*, meaning sect, class, or tribe, and refers particularly to hereditary religious sects, each having peculiar laws regarding meats and purifications. As the food eaten by one caste is impure to another, it prevents social intercourse to a very great extent; and in the original constitution of the scheme and the high post assigned to the Brahmans, it bears evident marks of priestcraft. The subject of caste is far too extensive, and involves too much learned research, to render it practicable for me to give you a description of it in a short letter, and indeed I doubt if it would much interest you, but you may like to know that there were originally four divisions, viz.,

1. Brahman, priest or legislator.
2. Kshatriya, warrior
3. Vaisya, agriculturist and trader.
4. Soodra, servile.

* For the former letters, see The Working Man's Friend,

These are said to have proceeded severally from the mouth, arms, legs, and feet of Brahma, the Creator and Supreme God of the Hindoos. Two of these divisions only remain, the Brahman and the Soodra, while many assert that only Brahmans have pure descent, and that all others are without real caste; and so great is the change in their relative circumstances, that although they are still regarded with great veneration, yet many poor Brahmans serve opulent Soodras, and waiving, if not forgetting, their high pretensions, submit to the necessity of supplying their own daily wants.

There are thirty-six divisions of Soodras, the highest being the Vaidya, or medical men, and the lowest Mulicha, a sect who make no distinction of clean or unclean food. Among these they include all whose sacred writings are in any other language than Sangskrit, or, in fact, whose manners differ from those of the Hindoos; and the name is therefore very politely applied to the Europeans. Family names generally determine to what caste the individual belongs, and some are distinguished by necklaces and bracelets, while the Brahmins and a few of the higher classes of Soodras wear the Poita, or Brahminical thread.

There are five religious sects among the Hindoos, and these are distinguishable by certain marks on their faces made by various-coloured clay, and which by no means improve their general appearance. In fact, a tattooed New Zealander can scarcely look more uncivilised and revolting than many a proud Rajah whom I have seen returning from making offerings at the shrine of his god, and thus disfigured by the officiating priest. The inhabitants of India seem infatuated in their attachment to these social distinctions, for even the Mussulmans, who constitute a very large and in many parts the most influential portion of society, have adopted them, and impose on themselves the burden of observances from which they were originally free. The influence association, which has subjected the Mussulmans to the restrictions of caste, has, on the other hand, introduced from Persia and Arabia into Hindoo society the practice of polygamy and the seclusion of women

In the present day, the original divisions (always excluding the priests) are replaced by a multitude of mixed castes, which generally coincide with trades—as, the carpenter caste, the brazier caste, &c. The children always follow the same trade as their parents, and marry among their own set; and so long as this state of things exists, there is for them no possibility of advancement. They are, however, something more than contented with these arrangements; the degraded Palkee-bearer would not, if he might, follow any other calling than that of his father, and the lowly sweeper is as proud of his broom, which is the emblem of his trade, as the Brahman is of his poita. All these castes make laws of their own which are maintained with great strictness, and they are held together as companies by hereditary chiefs, who settle all their disputes. Community of caste and trade generally go together, though a trade in one city will not always acknowledge common caste with that of another. Their laws are entirely opposed to all our notions of free-trade, progress, and individual liberty; and though apparently intended to protect, are productive of constant jealousies, quarrels, and injuries. When a man breaks any law, he is outcasted, and to procure re-admission is compelled to pay certain fees and give a dinner to the whole caste, which is often ruinously expensive. Of course, when a feast is desired or a private spite is to be gratified, a victim is soon found, for whom there is no escape, as it is held sufficient for the forfeiture of caste that one member should publicly accuse another, and he is excommunicated till he can clear himself and give a dinner. Individuals have been outcasted for not employing a sufficient number of Brahmans to perform the religious ceremonies, resembling Roman Catholic masses, which usually follow the death of a relative, and have been restored as soon as the money was paid. How clearly is the work of the priest seen here! Eating with persons of a lower caste, or intermarrying with them, or touching them publicly, or working for a member of another trade, and a variety of similar reasons, are deemed sufficient cause for excommunication. For a change of religion no penance will atone, and liberty of conscience is unknown among them. The only good thing in connexion with these unions appears to be the provision they are bound to make for all the sick and unemployed of their body. But they do not carry this too far, and when any member, even a nearest relative, is considered near to death from disease or old age, or has lived too long for their convenience, he is disposed of by being exposed on the banks of the Ganges, where, if not the jackalls, his mouth and nostrils are filled with sacred mud; or, worst of all, he is delivered to the Sunyassees, or burners of the dead, out of whose hands he cannot escape, as they pretend to believe that the soul will inevitably be lost if the subject survive this funeral visit to the sacred river. I heard a gentleman accuse a Hindoo of high rank of having murdered his father in this manner. "Ah!" said the smiling Rajah, "you do not understand our principles. We did it for his good: his soul went straight to heaven!" There is no doubt but that many a murder is committed under this cloak. Many instances might be recorded in which this strange superstition has served as a cloak for the gravest crimes, such as murder and parricide. A person who has thus lost caste being literally dead to the rest of the world, no inquiry is made into the causes or truth of his disappearance; and in most cases where he does escape, his return is unwelcome to his dearest relations. The following circumstances have recently occurred, and are in other respects singularly characteristic of Hindoo society:—

Some years since there lived in the south-eastern part of Bengal a Rajah who possessed very extensive estates and influence. He had an only son, whose mother died soon after his birth, and when the child was about eight years old, the Rajah married again. This second wife soon assumed a powerful influence over him. He appeared to become incapable of managing his own affairs, and in a very short period the whole of his estates were under the control of this woman and her uncle, who took the management of them. In a few years the Rajah died. It is a rule of Hindoo law that where there are no sons the estate belongs to the widow for life, but if a son survives, the widow is entitled only to maintenance. The Rajah's property was immense, and estimated to produce an annual income of several lacs of rupees, and the means adopted to secure it to the widow and her family were such as perhaps would have been ventured upon in no other country. The young Rajah continued to live with his stepmother, and is said to have been at that period—about twenty years ago—a strong and healthy child. At first he was treated with the consideration and honour due to the station he might be expected to occupy. After a little time his health began to fail, and the manner of his stepmother towards him was changed. He was fed with insufficient food and repeatedly chastised, till he became depressed in mind, and in a few years was reduced almost to idiocy. In this condition he was literally turned out of doors, and would have perished, but for the care of an old friend of his father, who, though a poor man, was the only one found with sufficient courage to brave the resentment of a powerful family. While residing with him, the circumstances of the case came under the notice of the magistrate of the district, who was, however, obliged to content himself with giving some pecuniary aid and sending his own medical attendant. After several visits, Dr ——'s suspicions were excited that there had been foul play, and at length he came to the conclusion that the young Rajah had been reduced to his present condition by a long course of ill treatment, and a systematic administration of a slow poison for the purpose of destroying his intellects and ultimately his life. No actual proof could be adduced, but the stepmother and her relations became alarmed, and again received the young Rajah as a resident in his own house, where they appeared to treat him with extreme care and kindness. He was now approaching his majority, which the Hindoo law fixes at sixteen years, and in the event of his attaining it, it would become necessary to deliver up the estates to him, as no rent could be recovered from the Ryots and tenants of the property without his authority. Before that period, however, the report was spread that the young Rajah had died. A costly funeral was prepared, and, in accordance with the family custom, the body was actually taken, accompanied by some of the stepmother's relations and a large body of dependants, to Sangor, the most sacred spot at the mouth of the Ganges, for the purpose of being burnt. It was then delivered to the Sunyassees, whom I have mentioned as a set of fanatic devotees, on whom the performance of this ceremony devolves; and the funeral rites having been commenced, the relations left the place to perform their own religious acts, and returned home. While the preparations for his burning were going on, the young Rajah, who had been under the influence of a strong opiate, revived. The Sunyassees, who were never before known to spare any human being, would not complete the burning of the poor victim: and as his caste was irrecoverably lost by the interruption of the funeral rites, they took him amongst themselves, intending, it is supposed, to initiate him into their own detestable community. He continued with them five or six years, during the

whole time in a state of almost hopeless idiocy, which probably caused his preservation, and which deprived him alike of a sense of his own sufferings and of the personal knowledge of the occurrences of this protracted period. At length his reason returned, and he went back to his native place to seek redress for his injuries and the punishment of his persecutors; but on his arrival there, and on his demanding his patrimonial estate, he was at once met with the charge that he was an impostor, that the real Rajah had been long since dead, and that his stepmother was the rightful possessor of his estates. The friend who had succoured him before was dead. He was told that if he had not been burnt he ought to have been so, and no one could be found to receive an outcast, or to incur the anger of a family known to be as unscrupulous as they were powerful. The magistrate and physician who had formerly aided him were gone to a distant part of the country, and amidst these disheartening circumstances he commenced a suit in the Civil Court at Madnapore, which has already lasted eight years, and with such a system of fraud and perjury as are universal in Hindoo proceedings, promises never to terminate.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE HARVEST

O THANKS, Thou Maker—Great Supreme!
For all thy works we see,
The heart's response, our highest theme,
Is great full praise to Thee
Thanks for Thy shade and sunlight blent
O'er heaven's cerulean dome,
Whereby Thy wondrous grace hath sent
A plenteous Harvest Home!

O thanks that in the spring time Thou
Didst give refreshing showers,
And hang thy bright o'er-arching bow
O'er Summer's fruits and flowers,
The morning ans, the dews of even,
The flashing streamlet's foam—
But chiefly that Thy grace hath given
A plenteous Harvest Home!

We bless thee for the radiant hours
That crowned our Summer's noon,
The sunny days, the fragrant flowers,
The still calm nights of June;
The streams that fertilising flowed,
With hopes of good to come,
But chiefly for thy gift bestowed,
A plenteous Harvest Home!

Thanks for the glorious forests all
That shade Thy creatures so,
The hills from whence the waters fall
To fruitful vales below,
The cattle in the silent vales,
Delighting still to roam,
The flowers, the fruits, the ripened sheaves—
A plenteous Harvest Home!

While fanning airs their odours breathe
O'er all our fields so fair,
The daughters of our land shall wreathe
The wheat-ears in their hair,
And fairy feet the dance prolong
While mirth and gladness come,
And grateful voices hymn the song
Of glorious Harvest Home!

Outbreaking thanks and grateful praise
In every breast be found,
That Thou did'st precious treasures raise,
To bless the fertile ground,
That Thou did'st cause each open field
A sea of corn become,
And to thy breathing creatures yield
A plenteous Harvest Home! *W. Sinclair.*

KNOWLEDGE is not mental power. The mind is not formed in cells, but in free social action with affairs, interests, and temptations, which call forth the exercise of judgment, reflection, moral restraint, and right principle.

A SKATER CHASED BY WOLVES.

SOME winters ago I sallied forth one evening, to skate on the Kennebec, in Maine, by moonlight, and having ascended that river nearly two miles, turned into a little stream to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an archway radiant with frostwork. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and, as I peered into an unbroken forest that reared itself on the borders of the stream, I laughed with very joyousness; my wild hurrah rang through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. Suddenly a sound arose, it seemed to me to come from beneath the ice; it sounded low and tremulous at first, it ended in a low, wild yell. I was appalled. Ne before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it none than mortal, so fierce, and amidst such an unbroken solitude, it seemed as though from the tread of some brute animal, and the blood rushed back to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn, and I felt relieved that I had to contend with things earthly and not spiritual, my energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of escape. As I turned my head to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double in speed to my own. By this rapidity, and the short yells they occasionally gave, I knew at once that these were the much dreaded grey wolf.

I had never met with these animals; but, from the description given of them, I had very little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untameable fierceness, and the untiring strength which seems part of their nature, render them objects of dread to every benighted traveller.

There was no time for thought, so I bent my head and dashed madly forward. Nature turned me towards home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, whence their fierce howl told me I was their fugitive. I did not look back; I did not feel afraid, or sorry, or even glad, one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, of their tears if they should never see me again; and then every energy of body and mind was exerted for escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I had spent on my good skates, never thinking that at one time they would be my only means of safety. Every half minute an alternate yelp from my ferocious followers told me too certainly that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and fearer they came, I heard their feet pattering on the ice nearer still, until I could feel their breath and hear their snuffling scent. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension. Th along the shore seemed to dance in the uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed; yet still they seemed to hiss forth their breath with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves, close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn on the smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far ahead; their tongues were lolling out, their white tusks glaring from their bloody mouths, their dark, shaggy breasts were fleeced with foam; and as they passed me, their eyes glared, and they howled with fury.

The thought flashed on my mind, that by this means I could avoid them—namely, by turning aside whenever they came too near, for they, by the formation of their feet, are unable to run on the ice except in a straight line.

At one time, by delaying my turning too long, my sanguinary antagonists came so near that they threw the white foam over my dress as they sprang to seize me, and their teeth clashed together like the spring of a fox-trap.

Had my skates failed for one instant—had I tripped on a stick—or caught my foot in a fissure in the ice—the story I am now telling would never have been told.

I thought all the chances were over; I knew where they would take hold of me if I fell; I thought how long it would be before I died, and then there would be a search for the body that would already have its tomb; for O! how fast man's mind traces out all the dread colours of death's picture, only those who have been so near the grim original can tell!

But I soon came opposite the house, and my hounds—I knew their deep voices—rouse by the noise, bayed furiously

from the kennels. I heard their chains rattle: how I wished 'they would break them!'—and then I should have protectors that would be peer to the fiercest denizens of the forest. The wolves, taking the hint conveyed by the dogs, stopped in their mad career, and, after a moment's consideration, turned and fled. I watched them until their dusky forms disappeared over a neighbouring hill; then, taking off my skates, wended my way to the house, with feelings that may be better imagined than described. But, even yet, I never see a broad sheet of ice in the moonshine without thinking of the snuffling breath and those fearful things that followed me so closely down the frozen Kennebec.—*Evenings at Donaldson's Moor.*

THE LION ENTRAPPED.

Among the animals in the public gardens at Cape Town, says a recent traveller, was a real wild lion, not long taken, and bearing his imprisonment with a very bad grace, having received from nature an irritable disposition, not improved, perhaps, by the deceit practised in his capture. He had been taken somewhere on the northern frontier when full grown. The lion is particularly fond of Hottentot flesh—probably from its being of a more gamy flavour than other meat. A Hottentot in the service of a boer, had frequently observed that he was followed by a lion, probably from his possessing in a higher degree than others of his race, the relish which the lion delighted in. As the man naturally desired to be relieved of these polite attentions, he readily lent himself to a scheme for capturing his enemy. There was a hill in the neighbourhood of the boer's house, which sloped gradually on one side, and ended in a precipitous cliff on the other. This seemed a favourable spot for this experiment. A strong net was made, something in the nature of a cabbage-net, of two-inch rope, and the meshes sufficiently small to prevent the lion from dropping through. A very strong rope was then run through the upper meshes, and fastened to stakes driven into the ground at the edge of the cliff, the net hanging down over the precipice, and its mouth kept distended by slender rods or branches, not of sufficient strength to impede the lion, but merely to keep open the mouth of the purse which was to receive him.

All things being ready, the Hottentot went about his usual avocations, keeping, however, a bright look out for his would-be consumer, and taking especial care to avoid the bush and keep in the open plain as much as possible. One afternoon he felt, rather than saw, that the lion was on his trail—his senses being, no doubt, sharpened by consciousness of his own attractions. He was along way from home and from the trap, and it became a question whether the lion would not waive ceremony, and run in upon him before he could reach it. He hastened anxiously forward, turning round occasionally to see how his pursuer got on. The lion kept his motion concealed as well as the ground permitted him to do so, stealing with belly crouched to the ground, and, when the Hottentot stopped, lying down till he resumed his walk—his large muzzle resting on his paws, and his ample mouth watering with the expected enjoyment; while just the very end of his tail was flirted convulsively to and fro, indicating the seriousness of his intentions.

The faster the Hottentot got on the nearer the lion approached him—probably the better to enjoy the whiff of his coming meal, as we find the smell of the kitchen becomes more savoury as the meat gets hot. The Hottentot is now ascending the hill, and the guest invited to dine upon him scarcely twenty yards behind, lashing his tail, and anxious to sit down to dinner. The Hottentot goes over the edge of the cliff, slipping down between the net and the rock to a place contrived for him, but pausing, to give the lion a notion that he was sitting down to rest himself; then, depositing his hat upon the very edge, hastened to his hiding-place. The lion, seeing the hat stationary, naturally imagines that the man is below it, and, crawling up to within a few yards, makes his spring. Finding nothing to stop him, over the cliff he goes right into the purse-net, which sinking with his weight, draws the ropes tight, and he hangs suspended in his net. Plenty of assistance is, of course, at hand, and with strong ropes the lion's legs are tied, and he is put into a waggon and brought to Cape Town, where I saw him fretting, no doubt from the trick which had been played him.

SCENERY OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

Few portions of America can vie in scenic attractions with this interior sea. Its size alone gives it all the elements of grandeur, but these have been heightened by the mountain masses which nature has piled along its shores. In some places these masses consist of vast walls of coarse gray or drab sandstone, placed horizontally until they have attained many hundred feet in height above the water. The action of such an immense liquid area, forced against these crumbling walls by tempests, has caused wide and deep arches to be worn into the solid structure at their base, into which the billows rush with a noise resembling low pealing thunder. By this means, large areas of the impending mass are at length undermined and precipitated into the lake, leaving the split and rent parts from which they have separated standing like huge misshapen turrets and battlements. Such is the varied coast called the Pictured Rocks.

At other points of the coast volcanic forces have operated, lifting up these level strata into positions nearly vertical, and leaving them to stand like the leaves of an open book. At the same time, the volcanic rocks sent up from below have risen in high mountain piles. Such is the condition of things at the Porcupine Mountains.

The basin and bed of this lake act as a vast geological mortar, in which the masses of broken and fallen stones are whirled about and ground down till all the softer ones, such as the sandstones, are brought into the state of pure yellow sand. This sand is driven ashore by the waves, where it is shoved up in long wreaths till dried by the sun. The winds now take it up and spread it inland, or pile it immediately along the coast, where it presents itself in mountain masses. Such are the great Sand Dunes of the Grande Sables.

There are yet other theatres of action for this sublime mass of inland waters, where it has manifested perhaps still more strongly, if not so striking'ly, its abrasive powers. The whole force of the lake, under the impulse of a north-west tempest, is directed against prominent portions of the shore, which consist of the black and hard volcanic rocks. Solid as these are, the waves have found an entrance in veins of spar or minerals of softer structure, and have thus been led inland, and torn up large fields of amygdaloid and other rock, or left portions of them standing in rugged knobs or promontories. Such are the east and west coasts of the great peninsula of Keweena, which has recently become the theatre of mining operations.

When the visitor to these remote and boundless waters comes to see this wide and varied scene of complicated attractions, he is absorbed in wonder and astonishment. The eye, once introduced to this panorama of waters, is never done looking and admiring. Scene after scene, cliff after cliff, island after island, and vista after vista, are presented. One day's scenes are but the prelude to another, and when weeks and months have been spent in picturesque rambles along its shores, the traveller has only to ascend some of its streams and go inland to find falls and cascades, and cataracts of the most beautiful or magnificent character. Go where he will, there is something to attract him. Beneath his feet the pebbles are agates. The water is of the most crystalline purity. The sky is filled at sunset with the most gorgeous piles of clouds. The air itself is of the purest and most inspiriting kind. To visit such a place is to draw health from its purest fountains, and to revel in intellectual delights.—*Henry Rowe Schoolcraft.*

Truth. The temple of truth is built indeed of stones of crystal, but, inasmuch as men have been concerned in rearing it it has been consolidated by a cement composed of baser materials. It is deeply to be lamented that truth herself will attract little attention, and less esteem, until it be amalgamated with some particular party, persuasion, or sect; unmixed and unadulterated, it too often proves as unfit for currency as pure gold for circulation. Sir Walter Raleigh has observed, that he that follows truth too closely must take care that he does not strike out his teeth; but he that follows truth too closely has little to fear from truth, but he has much to fear from the pretended friends of it. He, therefore, that is dead to all the smiles and to all the frowns of the living, he is equal to the hazardous task of writing a history of his own times, worthy of being transmitted to times that are to come.

FOR THE YOUNG

THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.—This creature was formerly considered as one of our rarest insects, and it was doubtful whether it were truly a native of this country, but for the last thirty years it has become much more common. By naturalists it is called *acherontia atropos*. The changes of this insect are very uncertain—the larva will sometimes become the chrysalis in July, and produce the moth in October, but generally the chrysalis remains unchanged till the ensuing summer. The larva, or caterpillars, excite attention by their extraordinary size, being not unusually five inches in length, and as thick as a man's finger. Superstition has been particularly active in suggesting causes of alarm from the insect's aid—the yellow and brown-tinted moths, the death's-head, snails crickets, and all beetles, are in some way connected with man's fears, and in many instances have awakened terror and dismay. And the death's-head moth is one of these ominous insects. The markings on its back represent, to the fearful imagination, the head of a skeleton, with the limb bones crossed beneath, its cry becomes the voice of anguish—the moaning of a child—the signal of grief, it is regarded not as the creation of a benevolent being, but the device of evil spirits—spirits enemies to man, conceived and fabricated in the dark, the very shining of its eyes is thought to represent the fiery element from whence it is supposed to have proceeded. This insect has been thought to be peculiarly gifted in having a voice, and in squeaking like a mouse; but no insect that we know of has the requisite organs to produce a genuine voice. They emit sounds by other means, probably all external. The grasshopper and the cricket effect their well known and often wearisome chippings by grating their thighs against their wings, and this *acherontia atropos* appears to produce the noise it at times makes by scratching its mandible against its horny chest.

EAGLES.—Eagles are found in Ireland, in the Faroe Isles, in Shetland, in the Orkneys, in the Western Isles, on the wild and rocky shores of the west of Scotland, and in many other places. They are a numerous race, and are remarkable, not only for their superior strength, but for superior powers of endurance. Over the fresh-water pools and morasses the eagles hover, attacking the water fowls and small quadrupeds, and sometimes sheep and deer, especially in the early part of the season, when those animals are weak and sickly.

"High o'er the watry uproar, silent scene,
. . . . . sailing sedate, in majesty . . . .
Glides the bald eagle, gazing calm and slow,
O'er all the horrors of the scene below,
Where the huge stag upon the rocks lies dead."

The golden eagles inhabit the pinnacles of the rocks. Their eyries are placed upon some wild elevation. The place is in general slippery with the refuse of their prey, and when the young are there is stored with provisions. It was a popular belief that, when an eagle perceived its young ones so well grown as to venture upon flying, it hovered over their nest, and excited them to imitate it, and take their flight, but when it saw them weary or fearful, it would take them upon its back and carry them, so that the fowler could not hurt the young without piercing the body of the old one. In allusion to the care of the eagle, it is said, Exod. xix. 4, that God bore his people upon eagles' wings. Among the fishing eagles, the ash-coloured eagle (*A. Cinereus*) is common to many places on the seaborders of England. It is often called the hire-tailed eagle, from the colour of its tail. The sea-eagle of England is called (*aquila ossifraga*), or the bone-breaking eagle. There is one species of eagle which has its head quite bald. Eagles were declared unclean by the law of Moses—Lev. xi. 13. It was supposed that they lived and retained their vigour to a great age moulting even then, and "renewing their strength." The eagle is, indeed, a splendid bird, the true bird of poetry, contending with the mountain storm, while he sits upon the pinnacle of the rock, beaten by the wind and pelted by the snow.

SWALLOWS.—When the swallows and other small birds are congregated for their departure, about the end of September, the instant a hawk makes his appearance, they troop after him, apparently exposing themselves to unnecessary danger, but in reality, it should seem, with the design perplexing and distracting their enemy by their numbers, their perpetual changes of direction, and their uniform endeavours to rise above him—indeed, he is usually, in such cases, completely out-manœuvred and baffled, being unable to fix upon the single victim; and, after exerting all his address, he is often compelled to relinquish the pursuit.

THE CRICKET.—Those who have attended to the habits of the hearth-cricket (*gryllus domesticus*), know that it passes the hottest part of the summer in sunny situations, ensconced in the crevices of the walls and heaps of rubbish. It quits its summer abode about the end of August, and fixes its residence by the fireside of the kitchen or cottage, where it multiplies its species, and is as merry at Christmas as other insects are in the dog-days. Thus do the comforts of warm hearth afford the cricket a safe refuge, not from death, but from temporary torpidity, which it can support for a long time when deprived by accident of artificial warmth. If a colony of crickets, for example, be deprived in winter of the usual warmth of the fire around which they are established for some weeks, they will all disappear into their holes and hiding-places, but no sooner is the fire re-lit, and warmth diffused, than the crickets again begin to bestir themselves, and shake off their torpor.

INVENTORS.

Gaze on the lonely thinker in his cell—
One with the noblest gift of God endowed,
A mind by which the elements are bowed
To do the work of man, and serve him well!

. . . . . mals of remotest time may tell
Of mighty benefits to mortals done
By thoughts, which from this solitary one,
In naked strength, like gems new-quarried, fell.
But shall he reap in life rewarding fame,
And have due laurels planted on his grave?
Too oft he is the lake amid the hills,
Untalked of and unseen, the while its rills
Feed noble streams that ample honours have
From those who of the source know not the . . . .

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

THE DEGREES OF COMPARISON.—"Gentlemen," exclaimed a chartist at a public meeting, during a foaming speech about the "five points" and the charter, "is not one man as good as another?"—"Uv coorse, he is," shouted an excited Irishman in the crowd, "and a good deal better."

BETTER TURN OVER A NEW LEAF.—It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom this story was told by Lord Strangford, observed, "Oh nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page. "I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

A LAWYER'S TOAST.—At a recent dinner of a provincial law society, the president called upon the senior solicitor present to give as a toast the person whom he considered the best friend of the profession. "Then," responded the experienced solicitor, "I'll give you the man who makes his own will."

A PUZZLE ABOUT NOTHING.—We clip the following out of an exchange paper, which fathers the trifle upon Dr. Whewell—

You 0 a 0, but I 0 you,
O 0 no 0, but O 0 me,
O let not my 0 a 0 go,
But give 0 0 I 0 you so!

The solution turns on the word *cypher*.

You *sigh-for* a *cypher*, but I *sigh-for* you
O *sigh-for* no *cypher*, but O *sigh for* me
O let not my *sigh for* a *cypher* go,
But give *sigh for sigh, for* I *sigh-for* you
so.

A WISH.—An advertisement in a London paper seriously announces a new song with the modest request, "Oh, give me back but yesterday!" A companion to the above, "Oh, could you spare tomorrow, love?" is in preparation, to be afterwards followed by the sequel lyric of "You havn't got such a thing as next week about you, have you?"

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.—During one of the circuits, Curran was dining with a brother advocate at a small inn kept by a respectable woman, who, to the well ordering of her establishment, added a reputation for that apt and keen reply which sometimes supplies the place of wit. The dinner had been well served, the wine was pronounced excellent, and it was proposed that the hostess should be summoned to receive them compliments on her good fare. The Christian name of this purveyor was Honoria, a name of common occurrence in Ireland, but which is generally abbreviated to Honor. Her attendance was prompt, and Curran, after a brief eulogium on the dinner, but especially the wine, filled the bumper, and handing it, proposed a toast, "Honour and Honesty." His auditor took the glass, and with a peculiar, arch smile, said, "Our *absent* friends," and having drank off her amended toast, she curteseyed and withdrew.

JONES ASTONISHED.—A quaint old gentleman, of active stirring disposition, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. "Mr Jones," said he to him one morning, "did you ever see a snail?"—"Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old boy, "you must have met him, for you could never overtake him."

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., No. 3.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1851. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE.

IN the last number of the "Quarterly Review," under the general head of "Revolutionary Literature," a reference is made to THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR. The "Quarterly" does us the honour of stating that the publication referred to "is the most respectable of its class." But it intimates that we are revolutionary; it hints the desirableness of such literature being—to borrow a phrase from Sir Peter Laurie—"put down;" and it calls on the ministers to save the Queen and the country from impending ruin. The writer seems a remarkably well-informed gentleman. Lamartine's conduct is actuated by envy and ambition. The Haynau affair was a regular attack organised by foreign democrats and their English [illegible]. Something terrible is coming—the writer does not know what. All he knows is that we are in a dreadful

The day is gone by when the dictum of a Quarterly Reviewer carried much weight with it. Poor Keats, were he alive now, would laugh it to scorn. It has long been deposed from its pride of place and power. "What, think the reader, has been our crime?" Why, that on the 20th of September we inserted an article on "The People and the Parliament," in which the draft of a petition is inserted



BLAST OF WEALTHY CHRIST. (*See Page* 36.)

stating that "after the high hopes excited in the breast of the nation, anything short of Household Suffrage, Universal Suffrage, as the case may be, will greatly disappoint the majority of non-electors, and beget feelings of distrust and discontent, which might be dangerous to the safety of society." And this is called revolutionary; and for writing this we are to be branded as dangerous men, and to be

ngu

discontent, would be dangerous to society. It is not we who are revolutionary, but such writers as those in the

a resolute denial of the great law of human progression. They change what might be a peaceful reform into a revolution, tinged with blood and crime. The world's history is but a repetition of this truth. With the traditions of ages in their favour, with their armed men, with their resources drained from the people, their rulers have too often played themselves in an antagonistic position, and rebellion has been the result. England has had its Stuarts; France its Bourbons. Had they read the signs of the times, had they done homage to the spirit of the age, in their hands would have been yet the sceptre, and their's would yet have been sovereign sway. That revolutions came and laid waste the earth; that their crowns tottered to their fall; that their sceptres were grasped by other hands, was attributable to them alone.

The literature of the people is not revolutionary. A people with a literature is only to be feared by the advocates of class legislation and wrong. In old times we had the swinish multitude; we had a people degraded and oppressed—demoralised by the vices of their superiors—scorned for the degradation which had been forced on them against their will. A long struggle took place before the man relinquished his birthright, and sank into a savage or a sot. Frederick the Great, the philosopher, writing to Voltaire, said—"I look upon the people as the herd of deer in a rich man's park, whose only business is to people the enclosure." Then came the revolutionary storm which in its fury burst on every land. The ancient landmarks were removed—ancient institutions were rooted up—ancient beliefs abandoned. In the language of scripture—"Old things had passed away—all things had become new." The storm over, the political emancipation of the people as an idea was achieved; and the people—no longer dumb, inarticulate, without intellectual life, conscious of its divine destiny—became what it is. The clouds of ignorance were dispelled—wisdom lifted up her voice in the streets—knowledge tabernacled on earth. Hence the spread of a literature for the people—suited to their wants and capacities—a literature they can buy and read and understand.

The *Times* says our cheap literature is a demoralised and a demoralising literature. The Quarterly Reviewer says it is a revolutionary literature. To both charges we give an emphatic denial. Our answer is, the charges are false. We appeal to the experience of men engaged largely in catering for the reading of the people, and we find them affirming the reverse. In the report of the select committee on newspaper stamps, recently published, we have some valuable testimony as to the preference by the people of good literature to bad. Mr. Whitty, the proprietor and editor of the *Liverpool Journal*, states, "that it is a very curious illustration of the appetite of the people for what is good and correct, that the whole of

the language up . . . think that the good will always drive out the bad, and that if you referred back ten or twelve years you would find that the penny scurrilous publications, instance the *Penny Satirist* and *Cleaves' London Gazette*, circulated to a large number, and that, inasmuch as they have been driven out of circulation, it has been by a better class." Mr. Morris, the manager of the *Times*, admitted that so far as newspapers are concerned, there has been an improvement in the press since the reduction of duty in 1836. Mr. Abel Heywood, the large paper of Manchester, also gave similar evidence. The increase in circulation was decidedly in the best papers—"I think," he continued, "that the good publications put down the bad. The bad publications are attempted, and they are carried on for a while under various methods, and after getting deeply into debt, they are obliged at last to go out, and perhaps knock up the publisher at the same time." Mr. Cassell also gave similar testimony. Now these men are quite as respectable in their way, and quite as worthy of belief as anonymous Quarterly Reviewers. They are connected with the people—they are sprung from the people—they are bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh—and what they say has on it the stamp of truth. To write for the people, a man must write well. A cheap book must be a good book, or it will not pay. A cheap copy of Burns's poems might be sold with a profit. If Mr. Murray were to publish a cheap reprint of the *Quarterly*, containing the article on revolutionary literature, we fear it would occasion him a considerable loss. The trashy three-volume novel, if it command a limited sale, will pay; but it would produce a very different result were it published in the cheap form now so deservedly popular. A cheap publisher must have an extensive sale, and he cannot have that unless he provides a good article for the public. Our sterling writers—the classics of our land—are all published in a cheap form, so as to suit the pockets of the people. Some of this literature undoubtedly is light literature; nor is this to be wondered at. A man who buys something to read while he is travelling must buy something light, or he cannot read at all. The book that requires thought is not for the rail, but the study; but even grave scholars and painful divines read what is light and amusing. The mind requires rest; it cannot be always on the stretch. The necessity thus created, cheap literature supplies; but this is no sign of evil, but the reverse. The truth is, that light reading spreads side by side with reading of real merit—that if the novel be read, so also is the popular history or scientific discourse.

After all, revolutionary in a good sense we are, and ever mean to be. We believe in a revolutionary religion—in one, the first preachers of which were said to seek to turn the world upside down. Revolutions are the appointed agencies of the world's progress. Moses effected a revolution when he led forth the Hebrews from their house of bondage. When the appointed hour had come—when the sceptre had departed from Judah, and the law-giver was no more, another revolution was effected. Science now coming forth on her mission and labouring for man as man—with her railways—with her steamships—with her electric telegraphs, is now revolutionising the face of the earth. Nor can we be other than revolutionary. In the old strife of right with might—of the weak with the strong—of justice with injustice—of God with the Devil—we trust thankfully to join and valiantly to do our part. In this sense a revolutionary career is before us. To this we are urged by the signs of the times—by the spirit of the age—by the memory of the past—by the hopes of the future.

"By the thoughts that shake mankind."

A mouse, that had lived all his life in a chest, says the fable, chanced one day to creep up to the edge, and, peeping out, exclaimed with wonder "I did not think the world was so large." The first step to knowledge is, to know that we are ignorant. It is a great point to know our place: for want of this, a man in private life, instead of attending to the affairs of his "chest," is ever peeping out, and then he becomes a philosopher! He must then know everything, and presumptuously pry into the deep and secret councils of God not considering that man is finite, he has no faculties to comprehend and judge of the great scheme of things. We can form no other knowledge of spiritual things, except God has taught us in His word, and where He stops we must stop.

A WONDERFUL CHILD.—RICHARD, SON OF JOHN EVELYN.

Of John Evelyn's children, one son, who died at the age of five, was almost a prodigy. The particulars of his extraordinary endowments, and the deep and striking manner in which his admirable parent was affected by his death, may be seen in his *Memoirs and Correspondence*. The following are the notices of this wonderful child:—

"1652. 24 Aug.—My first child, a sonn, was born precisely at one o'clock Sep. 2, Mr. Owen, the sequestered divine of Eltham, christened my sonn by the name of Richard.

"1657-8. 27 Jan.—After six fits of quartan ague, with which it pleased God to visite him, died my deare sonn, Richard, to our inexpressible griefe and affliction, five yeares and three days old onely, but at that tender age a prodigy for witt and understanding; for beauty of body a very angel; for endowment of mind of incredible and rare hopes. To give onely a little taste of them, and thereby glory to God, sense of God. he had learned all his catechisme who out of the mouths of babes and infants does sometimes perfect his praises; at two years and a halfe old he could perfectly read any of ye English, Latine, French, or Gothic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly. He had before the fifth yeare, or in that yeare, not onely skill to reade most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular, and most of ye irregular; learn'd out "Puerilis," got by heart almost ye entire vocabularie of Latine and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turne Englishe into Latine, and *vice versa*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, eclipses, and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in Comenius s *Janua*, began himself to write legibly, and had a stronge passion for Greeke. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and what he remembered of the parts of playes, which he would also act, and when seeing a Platus in one's hand, he asked what booke it was, and being told that it was a comedy, and too difficult for him, he wept for sorrow. Strange was his apt and ingenious application of fables and morals, for he had read Æsop, he had a wonderful disposition to mathematics, having by heart divers propositions of Euclid, that were read to him in play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture upon occasion, and his early understanding of the historical part of ye Bible and New Testament, to a wonder, and how Christ came to redeem mankind, and how comprehending these necessaries himselfe, his godfathers were discharged of their promise. These, and the like illuminations, far exceeding his age and experience, considering the prettinesse of his addresse and behaviour, cannot but leave impressions in me at the memory of him.

"When one told him how many days a Quaker had fasted, he replied, That was no wonder, for Christ had said that man should not live by bread alone, but by ye Word of God. He would of himself select ye most pathetic psalms, and chapters out of Job, to read to his mayde during his sicknesse, telling her, when she pitied him, that all God's children must suffer affliction. He declamed against ye vanities of the world before he had seene any.

"Often he would desire those who came to see him to pray by him, and a yeare before he fell sick, to kneel and pray with him alone in some corner. How thankfully would he receive admonition, how soone be reconciled! how indifferent, yet continually cheerful! He would give grave advice to his brother John, beare with his impertinences, and say he was but a child.

"If he heard of, or saw any new thing, he was unquiet till he was told how it was made; he brought to us all such difficulties as he found in books to be expounded. He had learn'd by heart divers sentences in Latine and Greeke, which on occasion he would produce even to wonder. He was all life, all prettinesse, far from morose, sullen, or childish in anything he said or did. The last time he had been at church (which was at Greenwich) I asked, him, according to custome, what he remembered of ye sermon: 'Two good things, father,' said he, '*bonum oratiæ* and *bonum gloriæ*,' with a just account of what ye preacher said.

"The day before he died, he called to me, and in a more serious manner than usual, told me that for all I loved him so dearly, I should give my house, land, and all my fine things, to his brother Jack; he should have none of them; and next morning, when he found himself ill, and that I persuaded him to keep his hands in bed, he demanded whether he might pray to God with his hands unjoyn'd; and a little after, whilst in greate agonie, 'whether he should not offend God by using his holy name so often calling for ease?'

"What shall I say of his frequent pathetical ejaculations, uttered of himselfe, 'Sweete Jesus, save me, deliver me, pardon my sinns, let thine angels receive me!' So early knowledge, so much piety and affection! But thus God, having dressed up a saint fit for himselfe, would no longer permit him with us, unworthy of ye fruites of this incomparable hopefull blossome. Such a child I never saw: for such a child I blesse God, in whose bosom he is! May I and mine become as this little child, who now follows the child Jesus, that Lamb of God, in a white robe whithersoever he goes. Even so, Lord Jesus, *fiat voluntas tua!* Thou gavest him to us, thou hast taken him away from us. Blessed be the name of the Lord! That I had anything acceptable to Thee was from thy grace alone, since from me he had nothing but sin; but that thou hast pardon'd! blessed be my God for ever! Amen.

"In my opinion he was suffocated by ye women and maids that tended him, and cover'd him too hot with blankets as he lay in a cradle, near an excessive hot fire, in a close roome. I suffer'd him to be open'd, when they found that he was what is vulgarly called liver-growne. I caus'd his body to be coffin'd in lead, and deposited on the 30th, at eight o'clock that night in the church at Deptford, accompanied with divers of my relations and neighbours, among whom I distributed rings with this motto, *Domnus abstulit*, intending, God willing, to have him transported with my owne body, to be interred at our sepulchre at Wotton Church, in my dear native county of Surrey, and to lay my bones and mingle my dust with my fathers, if God be gracious to me, and make me as fit for him as this blessed child was. The Lord Jesus sanctify this and all other my afflictions. Amen! Here ends the joy of my life, and for which I go even mourning to my grave."

In the preface to Mr. Evelyn's "Translation of the Golden Book of St. Chrysostom," concerning the education of children, is likewise given a very interesting account of this amiable and promising child. In the second volume of the "Memoirs and Correspondence," are two letters occasioned by his death. One of these from Dr. Jeremy Taylor is a beautiful specimen of the language used by one learned and pious man to another, on an occasion in which the sympathy of friends, next to religious consolation, is most soothing to the feelings. Evelyn's mind was remarkably calculated for the endurance of such trials; and is Christian faith and resignation were soon again put to the test. It was only a few weeks after the above event, that the following entry was made in his diary —

"Feb. 15.—The afflicting hand of God being still upon us it pleased Him also to take away from us this morning my youngest sonn, George, now seven weeks languishing at nurse, breeding teeth, and ending in a dropsie. God's holy will be done! He was buried in Deptford Church ye 17th following.

25.—Came Dr. Jeremy Taylor, and my brothers with other friends, to visite and condole with us.

CARLYLE ON LAUGHTER.—No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether and irreclaimably bad. How much lies in laughter—the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter, as of ice, the lowest are able to laugh, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outwards, or, at least, produce some whistling, husky exhilaration, as if they were laughing through wool. Of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, and his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.

FILIAL RESPECT.—When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor of England, and Sir John, his father, one of the judges of the King's Bench, he would, in Westminster-hall, beg his blessing of him on his knees.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

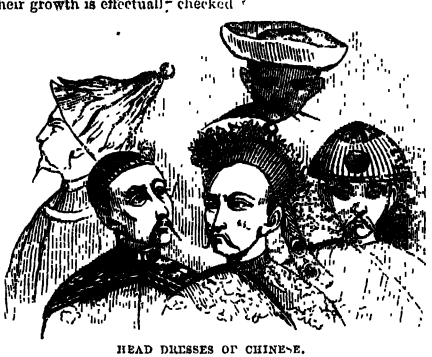
VARIOUS RANKS OF CHINESE.

A SOBER neatness pervades the apartments of a wealthy native in China. The hall for the reception of guests is open in front, and has a screen at the back. A square table serves either as an altar for offerings of meats and incense, or for a board at which the host and his friends are entertained. A row of chairs, with high and perpendicular backs, is placed about the table. As a visitor advances, he is invited to sit down; he does this with some hesitation, taking the lowest seat—the one at the bottom of the line. Immediately he is asked to "come up higher;" on his doing so, the host takes the seat immediately below him; and thus awards to him the more honourable place.



HEAD DRESSES OF CHINESE WOMEN.

No welcome is offered, however, by the ladies of the household, though the guest is presented with a cup of tea exhaling aromatic odours. It seems to us the natural gift of a female hand, but the Chinese have not yet allowed woman to take her proper rank. On two gentlemen, one of whom was well known to the writer of this article, calling on a Chinese of high literary attainments, he indulged the females of his house so far as to allow them to come and gaze at the foreigners. But, ignorant of European habits, he thought it necessary to apologise for his departure from ancient custom, and in so doing he told an untruth. Though it was evident that the ladies appeared on his invitation, and retired at his command, he declared that they were wanting in propriety. Chinese propriety, and of that only he could judge, was certainly, in this instance, fully observed. The hair of Chinese ladies, turned up on the back of the head in bunches, and, fastened with two bodkins crosswise, is gaily adorned with wreaths of flowers. There is considerable variety in their dresses, but they are all of the richest materials, and splendidly embroidered. Among those of high birth it is considered indecorous to show even their hands, and ordinarily these are covered with their large sleeves. The fingers are long and taper, and, in some instances, the nails are allowed to grow to a length at variance alike with our ideas of beauty and utility. A British officer, after a terrible siege and carnage, observed the body of a lady lying on the ground. "While looking at her," he says, "I observed what appeared thin brown slips of bamboo loosely fastened round her wrists; and remarked to the chief interpreter, how singular it was that they should have found it necessary to bind her. But he exclaimed, 'These are her nails!' and true enough it was, as I found when I looked close." It appears that fine ladies are in the habit, when going to bed, of softening their nails in warm water, and then winding them round their wrists, to prevent their being injured. The feet are distorted by turning the toes under the soles in early life, and confining them in that position by tight bandages, till their growth is effectually checked.*



HEAD DRESSES OF CHINESE.

When a gentleman makes a feast, he sometimes entertains his male friends in a tent reared for their accommodation; at others, he receives them in his hall of audience. The guests seat themselves round small tables placed in different parts of the room, which are garnished with fruits and flowers. The first course consists of a certain number of basins or saucers of painted porcelain filled with soups and stews, often of the most far-fetched and costly sort. One of these soups is prepared with the famous birds'-nests in which the Chinese are such epicures. The lichen used by the birds in fabricating their dwellings is the principal ingredient that renders them edible. They are reduced to very thin filaments, as transparent as isinglass, and resembling vermicelli; but to an European palate they have little or no taste.



HANDS, FEET, AND SHOES, OF CHINESE LADIES.

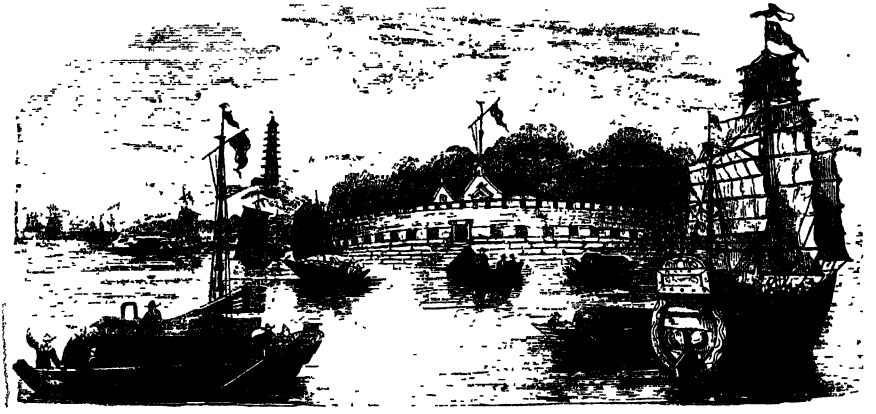
"Seated," says Captain Laplace, of the French navy, to whom and a party a dinner was given, "at the right of our excellent *Amphitryon*, I was the object of his whole attention; but, nevertheless, found myself considerably at a loss how to use the two little ivory sticks, tipped with silver, which, together with a knife that had a long, narrow, and thin blade, formed the whole of my eating apparatus. I had great diffi-

* For more ample details of this cruel practice, see an article in "The Working Man's Friend," Vol. VII., page 161.

culty in seizing my prey in the midst of the several bowls filled with gravy, in vain I tried to hold, in imitation of my host, this substitute for a fork between the thumb and the two fingers of the right hand; for the chopsticks slipped aside every moment, leaving behind them the unhappy little morsel that I coveted." The master of the house came, however, to

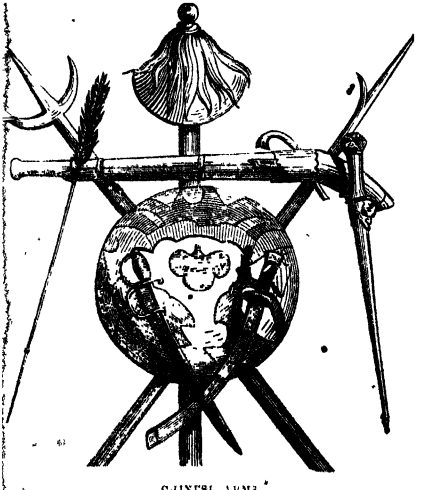
articles in pastry and sugar; in the midst of which was a salad composed of the tender shoots of the bamboo, and some watery preparations, which exhaled, as the French captain thought, "a most disagreeable odour."

Up to this point certain "relishes" had been the sole accompaniments of every course. Among these were salted earth-



CHINESE FORTIFICATIONS AND VESSELS

[illegible] and, after a little while, worms, prepared and dried, but so cut up that he fortunately thought he [illegible] with [illegible] enable propriety. Wine did not know what they were until he swallowed them; salted regulated freely, and toasts followed each other in rapid succession. In the second course, on the edges of four bowls, smoked fish and ham, both of them cut into extremely small slices, besides which there was what the Chinese called Japan



CHINESE ARMS.

ranged in a square, three others filled with stews were laced; they were surmounted by an eighth, which thus ormed the summit of a pyramid; and, singularly enough, the ustom is for the guests to touch none of these, even though ey do to partake of them by the host. On the refusal of the arty the whole disappeared, and the table was covered with



ARMED CHINESE INFANTRY.

leather—a sort of darkish skin, hard and tough, with a strong and far from agreeable taste, which seemed to have been mace-

ded in water for some time; and a liquor which the captain recognised to be soy, made from a Japan bean. Now, for the first time, bowls of plain rice were placed before each of the guests. I regarded," he says, "the two little sticks, with which, notwithstanding the experience acquired since the commencement of the repast, it seemed very doubtful whether I should be able to eat my rice, grain by grain, according to the belief of Europeans regarding the Chinese custom. I therefore waited until my host should begin, to follow his example, foreseeing that, on this new occasion, some fresh discovery would serve to relieve us from the truly ludicrous embarrassment which we displayed: in a word, our two Chinese, cleverly joining the ends of their chop-sticks, plunged them into the bowls of rice, held up to the mouth, which was opened to its full extent, and thus easily shovelled in the rice, not by grains, but by handfuls. Thus instructed, I might have followed their example; but I preferred making up with the other delicacies or the few attractions which, to my taste, had been displayed by the first course.

"The second lasted a much shorter time. The attendants cleared away everything. Presently the table was strewed with flowers, which vied with each other in brilliancy; pretty baskets, filled with the same, were mixed with plates which contained a vast variety of delicious sweetmeats as well as cakes, of which the forms were as ingenious as they were varied. Napkins, steeped in warm water, and flavoured with otto of roses, are frequently handed to each guest by the servants in attendance. This display of the productions of nature and of art was equally agreeable to the eyes and the tastes of the guests. By the side of the yellow plantain was seen the litchi, of which the strong, rough, and bright crimson skin defends a stone enveloped in a whitish pulp, which, for its fine aromatic taste, is superior to most of the tropical fruits when dried, it forms an excellent provision for the winter. With these fruits of the warm climates were mingled those of the temperate zone, brought at some expense from the northern provinces, as walnuts, chesnuts, apples, grapes, and Pekin pears, which last, though then in a lively colour and pleasant smell attracted the attention, proved to be tasteless, and even retained all the harshness of wild fruit.

At length, the party adjourned to the next room to take tea, the indispensable commencement and close of all visits and ceremonies among the Chinese. According to custom, the servants presented it in porcelain cups, each of which was covered with a saucer-like top, which confines and prevents the delicious aroma from escaping. No sugar or cream is ever added to it in China.

While the master of the house is entertaining his friends in the hall, or a separate tent, the lady receives her female acquaintances in one of the retired apartments, where she welcomes them to dainties as costly and as choice as those offered by her husband to his guests. In the dwellings of the poor the wife is on a parity of condition with her husband. She is ready to trudge to the hills to fetch fuel, or to engage in any kind of labour. She prepares the meal, and partakes of it with her husband and children. The common people are, indeed, excellent cooks, they not only dress their rice in a way almost inimitable to us, but a variety of meats and vegetables so skilfully, that they often have a wealthy man's board in miniature.

So much courtesy prevails that the humblest individual will scarcely allow a stranger to pass the door without asking him in, and should he comply, the pipe is instantly filled and presented to his lips, and the tea poured out for his refreshment. Even in such circumstances the master of the house does not presume to sit down until his guest is seated. The style of address is equally marked. A stranger is accosted as "honourable brother," "venerable uncle," "virtuous companion, or "excellent sir," while, instead of the pronoun I, which figures so prominently among ourselves, "the worthless fellow," "the stupid one," or "the unworthy disciple," are phrases of common occurrence.

The bond that links a child to his parents in China is not merely the obligation which he owes for his food and clothing, but the respect he has been taught to feel for them ever since he was capable of instruction. According to ancient doctrine, every father is a magistrate in his own house, and it is argued, if he be not equal to its government he is not fitted to rule the people of a neighbourhood or province. The Chinese writers have recorded numerous instances of filial affection. One of these is not a little singular. The parents of a boy, eight years of age, were so very poor that they could not afford to procure a kind of curtain, which is commonly used in the hot countries of the East to defend persons in bed from the troublesome insects called mosquitoes, and which is thence named a mosquito curtain. The poor boy strove, in various ways, to protect his parents from the bites of the mosquitoes, but in vain. At length, he seated himself by their bed, stripped off his clothes to the waist, and suffered the mosquitoes to settle upon him without driving them away. "When they have filled themselves with my blood," said he, "they will not disturb my parents!"

Mr G T Lay—who had visited China, and was afterwards appointed one of the British consuls in that country, where he died—says—"I have sometimes admired the conduct of a son when he has brought an aged parent to the hospital, the tenderness with which he conducted him to the patient's chair, and the feeling with which he detailed his sufferings, showed how deeply rooted filial affection is in the heart of a Chinese. At Macao, a Chinese shoemaker, who had done some work for me at Singapore, called to ask for some further encouragement. 'Why,' said I to him, 'did you leave Singapore, where you had a good business?' 'My mother,' he replied, 'is getting very old, and will have me to live near her.' In obedience to the commands of a parent he had given up the certain pursuit of a livelihood abroad, and returned to take a very precarious chance at home. The reader will not be sorry to hear that this man used to come, from time to time, for a stock of New Testaments, to distribute among such of his countrymen as were likely to make a proper use of them."

The duties of children towards their parents are not limited to the duration of the lives of the latter, in the estimation of the Chinese. During the period of mourning for them which is twenty seven months public officers are forbidden to perform any kind of public business. It is not uncommon for a family to expend the whole of the property left behind by a parent on his funeral, and when children are not in circumstances to bury a father in a respectable manner, they will keep his coffin for several years. These observations will serve to illustrate the following narrative —

A man, having been apprehended on a charge of committing an offence against the state, escaped from the custody of his guards, and sought refuge in the house of a friend. His retreat was discovered. The friend was imprisoned, and preparations were making for his trial, when the younger brother of the friend came forward. "It is I who harboured the fugitive," he said, "and of course I ought to die, and not my brother." The friend, on the other hand, declared that he alone was guilty, and that his brother had falsely accused himself. The judge cross questioned the young man with such skill as to involve him in contradictions, and at length he was obliged to confess the imposture. "Alas!" said he, "I had strong reasons for acting thus. It is a long time since our mother died, and we have not been able to pay her the duties of sepulture. We have moreover, a sister unmarried. My elder brother alone has it in his power to provide for these exigencies, so that it were better for me to die in his stead. I conjure you, therefore, to receive my evidence." The judge was deeply affected, and reported this instance of filial affection and of brotherly love to the supreme tribunal, and the Emperor pardoned the culprit.

The arms of the Chinese consist of various kinds of lances, bows, swords, and matchlocks. They seem to have an idea that the deeds of a weapon must bear a proportion to its size, and the fierceness of its aspect. As their country presents no chalk-cliffs, and hence they have no gun-flints, their machlocks are not to be compared with English muskets. Of military tactics the Chinese know but little. From a native encyclopædia, which touches on such subjects, it appears that they have a great fondness for the number five, and hence soldiers were grouped in fives. Ten such groups formed a company of fifty men, either of horse or foot, each company having five ensigns and five supernumeraries, and eight companies form a *chun*, or battalion. A variety appears, however, in the numbers of a company, as, when the soldiers are marshalled in battalions, they sometimes consist of thirty-two companies, who are so placed as to give a certain configuration to the army

It is usual to call any such configurations by some high-sounding name, as "a flying dragon," or "a scudding cloud." When the Chinese lose their weapons, they have recourse to their

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The soldiers are enrolled in the corps quartered in the provinces in which they are born, and which are never quartered anywhere else The government are of opinion that soldiers living with their families will exhibit greater bravery in defence of their country, should any occasion arise for their services, than they would if restricted to barracks or fortresses, and constantly subject to strict discipline and to martial law The troops are only embodied at certain periods, and are at other times at their own disposal. The officers are all raised from the ranks, and are looked upon by the civilians as little better than police agents, but, like the latter, they are obliged to take their regular degrees to obtain promotion

The Chinese navy scarcely deserves the name It is considered to include about 1,000 sail These "soldier ships," as they are styled, are about 200 tons burden, with two masts, and as many sails, which are hoisted and lowered in a series of turns or folds Their form is more compact than that of the common junks, but they are still very awkward and unwieldy The usual practice of the Chinese is to employ a great quantity of timber—enormous beams running from stem to stern—to keep the different parts of the structure together The bulwarks, or parapet, are high towards the ends of the vessel, and are cut away in the middle, where the guns are ranged The guns few in number and inconsiderable in size, are mounted on wooden carriages, and can neither be raised nor depressed The imperial navy is commanded by three high admirals and their subordinate officers, who have, however, but little intelligence and skill in such matters

The merchant vessels are better managed than the Chinese ships of war And yet to say this can scarcely be called a compliment, for though each one has, nominally, a commander, his authority is very commonly disregarded and every one who puts any part of the cargo on board is considered a sort of shareholder and does nearly what he pleases With the mariners compass the Chinese have, however, been long acquainted The earliest allusion to the magnetic needle is found in the traditionary period of their history about 2,000 years before Christ, when the celebrated Emperor having passed his way, invented a carriage upon the top of which was a figure surmounted by a little figure pointing to the south which ever way the carriage turned It appears, therefore that at that far distant period the polarity of the needle was known in China and actually applied to useful purposes

In this they were greatly in advance of Europeans The name of a *magnet* is derived from Magnesia a district in Lydia, in which a natural magnet was first found, as lodestone is derived from the Saxon *lodestone*, or leading stone It was not till about the beginning of the fourteenth century that the power of a magnet to give a needle or shivered from its own tendency towards the poles of the earth, was observed and out of this arose the mariners compass, which gave a new impulse to the science of navigation

At a later period, according to Dr Medhurst, we have a more credible account of this discovery in the reign of Ching Wang, B.C. 1114, when it is said that some ambassadors came from the modern Cochin China, affirming that having experienced neither storm nor tempest in that country for three years, they imagined it was in consequence of the sages then existing in China, and, therefore, had come to pay court to them On the return of these ambassadors they knew not what course to take, and the Prime Minister gave them five close carriages, all provided with instruments that pointed to the south, with which they were enabled to find their way, and in a year arrived at their own country "Hence," adds the historian, "these south pointing carriages have ever since been used as guides to travellers"

This instance of Europeans being anticipated by the Chinese does not stand alone For in the time of Confucius, B.C. 600 books were formed of slips of bamboo, on which they wrote with the point of a style, Paper was invented about one hundred and fifty years after Christ, when the Chinese wrote on rolls and formed volumes. A.D. 745, books were first bound up into leaves, and 200 years after they were multiplied by the art of printing It appears, therefore, that they could actually print more than nine hundred years ago, while we discovered the art of paper-making only in the eleventh century, that of printing in the fifteenth century

There is yet another fact which belongs to the same class. Soon after the commencement of the Christian era, the Chinese were in the habit of using what they called, singularly enough, "*fire-medicine*" Thus was gunpowder, which they employed for making signals, and also for amusement in rockets and other fireworks About 1200 years elapsed before the invention of "fire-engines," described as machines for throwing stones, in which powder was used, made of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal

In the sciences the Chinese take but a humble place, though in some respects they are not inferior to other nations of the East To astronomy they have always paid some attention, and even during the reigns of their earliest kings, the five planets, the twenty-eight constellations, and the twelve signs of the Zodiac were well known About nine hundred years ago, an eclipse of the sun, predicted by astronomers, did not take place, but the failure was made the occasion of an Eastern compliment, the courtiers offering their congratulations to his Majesty with the suggestion that the very heavens had altered their courses in honour of his virtues! There have been principally four eminent writers on medicine in China One lived in the third century of the Christian era, who wrote an original work on fever, which the Imperial College of Physicians considered was not indebted to any preceding publication for a single sentence He originated prescriptions, but erred in giving immoderately large doses of medicine He is probably the first and greatest physician of the Chinese. A gentleman, wishing to obtain all the works in medicine which could be procured in Canton made a collection of no fewer than 892 volumes But doubtless, at a large part of their contents our doctors, whether homœopathists or allopathists, would be inclined to smile Unhappily the practitioners are still numerous in other countries as well as China, of whom it may be said They pour drugs of which they know *little* into a body of which they know *less*' Of botany the Chinese have a sufficient knowledge to enable them to collect and arrange a vast number of plants but their descriptions and classifications are alike wanting in science

In China the people give the loftiest epithets, as "the flowery nation" "the region of eternal summer," "the land of the sages" "the celestial empire" The soliloquy of one of the people is not a little characteristic "I reiterate myself that I was born in China, and constantly think how very different it would have been with me if born beyond the seas, in some remote part of the earth, where the people, deprived of the conveniences, maxims of the ancient kings, and ignorant of the domestic relations are clothed with the leaves of plants, and would dwell in the wilderness, and live in holes of the earth though living in the world in such a condition I should not have been different from the beasts of the field But now, happily, I have been born in the middle kingdom I have a house to live in, have food, drink, and elegant furniture, clothing cups, and infinite blessing, truly, the highest felicity is mine!"

CATCHING A TIGER.—When the trick of a tiger has been ascertained, which, though not invariably the same may yet be known sufficiently for the purpose the peasants collect a quantity of the leaves of the *pavana*, which are like those of the sycamore, and are common in most underwoods, as they form the larger portion of most jungles in the north of India These leaves are then smeared with a species of bird lime, made by bruising the berries of an indigenous tree by no means scarce they are then strewed with the gluten uppermost, near to that shaded spot to which it is understood the tiger usually resorts during the noontide heats If by chance the animal should tread on one of those smeared leaves his fate is considered decided He commences by shaking his paw, to remove the incumbrance but finding no relief from that expedient, he rubs the nuisance against his face by which means his eyes, ears, &c., become smeared over with the gummy matter, which occasions such an uneasiness as causes him to roll, perhaps among many more of the smeared leaves, till at length he becomes completely enveloped, and is deprived of sight In this situation the hunters find no difficulty in shooting him.



CHINESE CLOTHS. (See Page 36)

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

In 1836 the Hungarian Diet closed, after sitting for three years, during which they had endeavoured with partial success to beat down some of the old bulwarks of feudalism. They accorded to the peasant the right of selling his own property, of moving freely from place to place; they protected him from the arbitrary exactions of his seigneur, and even took away from the latter the right of exercising judicial power. With the view also of leading the way to uniformity and consistency in the official acts and publications of a country comprising so many different races, they made the Magyar the language of the courts of law, as that spoken by the majority of the population.

Before the conclusion of the sittings, an occurrence took place which produced a profound sensation all over Hungary. Two deputies rose in their places, and after condemning in strong language the conduct of the Austrian Court in employing the Hungarian regiments in the oppression of Italy, declared that the question of Polish Independence was one which well deserved the attention of the Diet, and called upon them to do their utmost to save a sister nation from destruction. An address was accordingly drawn up, and forwarded to the Emperor, praying the Cabinet of Vienna to do all in its power to assure the existence of the Polish people. A cold official reply, promising nothing, was of course received; but that generous appeal was not without its effect, though it could do little for the salvation of a nation already labouring in the throes of death.



LOUIS KOSSUTH.

During these exciting discussions, there sat, alone, apart in a corner of the Chamber, a young man, who followed with profound attention, we might almost say with religious fervour, the turns and changes of this parliamentary drama, worthy of figuring amongst the most glorious records of the age. He was a plain gentleman not more than thirty years of age, and of unassuming manners. His profession was that of journalism, one held in little repute at that time amongst the Magyars, and its members were, of course, suspected and even persecuted by the Austrians. The young man was Louis Kossuth. His parents came originally from Upper Hungary, in the county of Turocz, a district inhabited by the Slaves, or Slovacks, and in which a village named Kossuth is still to be found, which at one time, in all probability, formed part of the patrimony of that family. About the beginning of the present century the father of Kossuth, who had become thoroughly "Magyarised," left his native country and established himself at Bodrog-Szerdahely, in the county of Zemplin. While there he had great difficulty in providing for the wants of his rapidly-increasing family. With his elder sister Louis distinguished himself from his earliest years by his lively and precocious intelligence, his impassioned impetuosity, and easy and graceful manners. He was born on the 27th of April, 1802. He lost his father very early, and Madame Kossuth's impoverished circumstances scarcely afforded her the means of giving her sons a solid or extended education. Louis, however, after pursuing the elementary branches at the colleges of Sarospatah and Eperies, passed through a course of law and jurisprudence at the University of Pesth.

After he had obtained the diploma of an advocate, a ceremony corresponding to "calling to the bar" in our own country, Kossuth was sent to the Diet of Posonia, as a proxy for an absent "Magnate," which procured for him the payment of his expenses of living, and a seat and vote in the Lower Chamber. About three hundred advocates supplied in this way the places of absent "Magnates." A witness of the oratorical triumphs of Szechenyi, Kossuth saw in them an incentive to emulation which might aid in the development of his intellectual faculties, which were just now beginning to bud. His *début* in the Chamber was, however, by no means fortunate. If the lives of many of our own great lawyers and statesmen did not furnish us with many instances of failures of similar kind, which afterwards proved to be but the preludes to brilliant success, it might excite our surprise that the first address of a man who owed his political elevation above all to his dazzling eloquence, should have been delivered with diffidence and difficulty, and have been passed over unnoticed by his auditory. The check and discouragement which he thus received caused him to turn his attention to other means of acquiring a public reputation. He conceived the idea of publishing a journal which should record the proceedings of the deputies, of which no printed report had hitherto been given to the public. He put his project immediately into execution, and as he was attracted to the Liberal party with all the ardour of youth and the sincerity of the deepest conviction, the speeches of the leaders of the Opposition were published at full length, often amplified, and sometimes even embellished. The paper soon circulated over the whole of Hungary, but the Government immediately took alarm, and attempted to place it under an interdict. The Minister, Chancellor Count Reviczki, was, however, obliged to give way before the clamours of the Opposition, and the absolute interdict was replaced by a permission to publish reports of the sittings of the Diet in manuscript copies only. The Opposition, still more irritated —for the censorship of the press was hitherto unknown to the Hungarian laws — redoubled their efforts to promote the circulation of the journal. The excitement caused by these events not only raised Kossuth into a position of importance, but was the means of procuring him important benefits of a personal nature. But there was one circumstance in connexion with these proceedings which was fraught with interest, from the influence it was destined to exercise upon the struggle that followed. A great number of young men who were employed in making copies of the paper became, from that time, the ardent admirers and devoted adherents of the man who, from the nature of their duties, was at the same time their chief and their benefactor.

After the close of the Diet, Kossuth, whose perseverance and zeal had gained force in proportion to the obstacles thrown in his way by the Government, resolved, in order to give unity to the efforts of the Liberal party, to publish also manuscript reports of the proceedings and deliberations of the assemblies of the *comitate*, or counties. The publicity given to the debates, which had previously died without an echo; the desire of political amelioration; the thirst for celebrity; the ardour of the young men who at that time crowded to the Comitial Assemblies,

excited throughout the country an unparalleled ferment, and every day brought new recruits to the ranks of the Liberal party. The suspicions and fears of the Viennese Cabinet now aroused in right earnest, and they gave orders to the Archduke Palatine to arrest Kossuth upon a charge of high treason. The personal freedom of a Hungarian noble was guaranteed by the Constitution; but armed force paid no regard either to the law or the constitution, and the terrible journey was seized in the mountains of Buda, where he had been staying for the benefit of his failing health.

Kossuth was conducted to Pesth, and shut up in a sort of citadel called the *Neuhaus*, built by Joseph II. of Austria specially for the confinement of the Magyar nobility. While there he devoted his whole time to perfecting himself in foreign languages—English in particular. Works treating of political subjects, and in particular of the French Revolution, became his favourite study, and helped to develop within him the germs of the wonderful activity which he afterwards displayed, and to decide his vocation as an agitator on behalf the people.

In place of intimidating the Magyars, the persecutions against Kossuth and his friends only served to augment the number of the malcontents. Whilst the Diet was sitting, some young men had formed a society to be devoted to the discussion of political questions. Suspected from its foundation, it was at last openly attacked by the Government, and its leaders thrown into prison. Almost at the same time a prosecution was set on foot against the Baron Vesselenyi, the intrepid defender of Hungarian liberty and of the people's rights. Endowed with a spirit as stern and vigorous as his body was strong and robust, his freedom of speech and brusqueness of manner, terrified the Austrian Ministry, and rendered useless then hypocritical protestations. The treason alleged against him was, that during the last Diet he had, at the Comitat Assembly of Szathmar, in severe terms denounced the oppressions inflicted by the nobility and priestly aristocracy upon the people, calling the former "leeches, who gorged themselves with the life-blood of the poor." He was soon after arrested, and condemned to three imprisonment. His health, during his confinement, suffered in consequence of the rigours to which he was subjected. He was permitted to reside at Graefenberg. But the wounded lion could never forgive his enemies the injury he had received, and even after his restoration to freedom, he remained in the advanced guard of the struggling band of Magyar patriots. Struck with blindness in these gloomy dungeons, he bequeathed to Kossuth his implacable hatred to Austria.

Our space will not permit us to enter into the details of the struggle as it went on during Kossuth's confinement in the Neuhaus. He was liberated under a general amnesty granted in 1840, and took up his residence in a small modest-looking house in Pesth, and occupied himself for some time in his studies. A printer named Landerer had, by force of money, obtained permission to publish a journal, and he came to propose to Kossuth to undertake the editorship, as it was a high value on his name in a commercial point of view. Kossuth, on his part, the old conductor of the manuscript journal, burned with eagerness to have the direction of a new organ authorised by Government, which would supply him with the means of exhibiting the richness and brilliancy of his intellectual power as a political writer and agitator. Landerer was obliged to the conditions he imposed as to the spirit and independence of the paper; and he yielded the more readily because he naturally supposed that the indomitable energy and "courage never to submit or yield," which the young lawyer had previously displayed, would never again show itself through fear of imprisonment.

In the meantime, prudent and circumspect at the commencement, Kossuth did not open up his grand batteries until usage had thoroughly established a privilege, which was at first little better than an accidental concession; but then he came out stronger and more terrible than ever. Never had a people a more powerful interpreter of its feelings and its wishes. Full of the fire of youth, tempered and subdued by a discretion that is generally found only in company with maturer years, Kossuth knew how to make use of the fierce energy of passion, and at the same time to avoid the imprudences which it often entails. In possession of a courageous talent, a soul tried by fortune, a fiery spirit, a keen and cutting irony, a chaste style, carved and adorned like the hilt of a poignard from the hands of a Cellini—such was Kossuth, the journalist and agitator. His life was a series of combats.

At this time he was forty years of age, and married to Theresa Meszlenyi, the daughter of a noble Magyar of Gyôr. Imprisonment had injured his naturally weak constitution, but there was no one who looked upon that calm, pale, sweet, and expressive face who did not feel himself drawn towards him by a strange sympathy. He was the true type of the fine Slavonic race of the Slovackian mountains. His fair hair scarcely covered the top of his head, and his oval face, surrounded by a magnificent dark beard, had a manly but melancholy aspect. His lofty forehead, and large blue eyes, arched over by finely pencilled eyebrows, and often fixed upon the heavens, gave his physiognomy an inspired and prophetic cast. His slender nose, straight and perfect in its outline, announced the courage, as his mouth small and well-formed, covered with a fine moustache, and his chin gracefully rounded, betrayed the hidden sweetness of a manly, loving soul. He had little muscular strength, but a well shaped form, and his hands had a softness, whiteness, and tapering beauty seldom found with a man. In his ordinary moods his conversation was cadenced like the metre of poetry, at one time smooth and meditative, at another vibrating like a lyre, with patriotic fervour. His voice, soft, sonorous, and pure in its intonation, penetrated men's inmost souls with an indescribable power, and none ever heard him once without yielding to the all-powerful fascination of his magic eloquence.

He continued his labours with great success for some time, until a disagreement with his publisher deprived him of the voice of his journal. He gave all his attention to the projects for the material amelioration of the country, and in the midst of these occupations he was found when the Diet was convoked in November, 1847. In the great county of Pesth, the names of Szentkiralyi and Kossuth stood first upon the list of candidates. The former proved no obstacle in Kossuth's way, but he had to contend against the intrigues of the Court, who, fearing his talent and energy, had put every engine in motion to prevent his return. Bribery, corruption, intrigue were all employed against him, but the liberal party were on the alert, and determined to secure his triumph at all hazards. Count Louis Batthyani, although opposed to the views of Kossuth upon many political questions, threw the whole weight of his fortune and influence into the scale to promote the election of his friend. But it was not the men alone who exerted themselves in his behalf. With a touching devotion worthy of the best days of old Rome, noble and beautiful women took upon themselves the office of canvassers for the man of the people. The Countesses Karolyi, Batthyani, the Baroness Csekonics, above all, were seen in the drawing rooms, in the public streets, vying with one another in zeal and earnestness, entreating, and even upon the basses by the threefold fascination of their beauty, their grace, and their patriotism. The court party were beaten.

After the election came the discussion on the address to the throne. The Conservative party wished to adhere to the hackneyed language of compliment. The Liberals, headed by Kossuth, who was now Minister of Finance, and inspired by his eloquence, voted an address, complaining of the outrage upon their liberties committed by the Government, in placing its own creatures at the heads of the countries, instead of the legal and popular Comtes. The magnates refused to sign it, and the Liberals placed the whole of the facts upon the journals of the diet, and left the Emperor unanswered. In 1848, Baron Jellachich, at the head of a large army of Croats, fierce, savage, the hereditary foes of the Magyars, entered Hungary, plundering, burning, and slaughtering as he proceeded. The Emperor, in peril from the revolt of the Viennese, repudiated the acts of this monster, and announced that an army would march to the protection of the Hungarians. Kossuth exposed the wretched subterfuge, and declared his belief that there was an understanding between Jellachich and his master and the event proved that he was right. Arrived under the walls of Pesth, the former, still breathing out vengeance and slaughter, threw off the mask, and produced the imperial commission, authorising him to dissolve the Diet and

arrest Kossuth and all the other leaders The crisis was terrible; all the Hungarian army was absent in Italy, fighting the battles of Austria against Charles Albert. At home, only 8,000 men were available. The Diet voted arms and money, and declared that the Emperor had forfeited the Crown, and Kossuth, the lawyer, scholar, statesman, took the field in person, at the head of this handful of men, and beat Jellachich in a pitched battle under the walls of Pesth. Previously to this he had been named President of the National Defence Committee.

The war had now been fairly commenced, but not before every possible overture had been made to the Emperor. But all petitions were disregarded; remonstrances produced additional violence and insult, and the Hungarian deputies were sent back irritated and unsatisfied Georgey, Bem, Dembinski, and a number of other able men were placed at the head of the Hungarian armies, which were composed principally of levies hastily raised, half armed, and ill-disciplined. But the zeal of all classes overcame every obstacle, and men of all ranks flew to arms with a fiery ardour that carried everything before it. Then commenced that brilliant series of victories, which fixed upon Hungary the gaze of all Europe, and exhibited a romantic bravery, combined with an amount of able generalship and steady, prudent statesmanship which has no parallel in the history of the world. Pain would we rehearse, if space allowed us, the particulars of half those brilliant fields, in which the Austrian generals, grown grey in war, at the head of veteran soldiers, were driven from post to post back to their own frontiers, by the fiery valour of the Magyar hussars and honveds, striking home for Hungary and liberty, with the might of a host in every single arm, of the terrible storming of Buda, where raw troops, mused to war, rushed to the onset, while from [illegible] ramparts a thousand guns belched forth destruction, and thousands of Croat muskets rained lead and iron upon their serried ranks, and how as the dead choked the ditch and dropped from the ladders, new men filled up their places, clambering, with wild hurrahs, over the bodies of their slaughtered comrades, to meet hand to hand, with the foe until imminent deadly breach, and how when the citadel was won the [illegible] fought from house to house in sullen desperation, [illegible] inch by inch of ground, till the streets grew slippery with gore, and the dead grew putrid under the warm spring sun, until from that, as from every other fortress all over Hungary, the tricolor flag floated in proud triumph, the sign of hope to the oppressed of every land.

Austria, as every one knows, was at last obliged to call in the assistance of Russia, and whilst the negotiations were going on, the Hungarian Diet to provide for this new emergency, named Kossuth Governor General of the Kingdom, Barthelemi Szemere President of the Council, Casimir Batthyani Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Georgey, who was also Commander-in-Chief of the Army, was appointed Minister of War. But the army was obliged to retreat before the overwhelming forces of Austria and Russia combined, and to increase the difficulty Georgey's jealousy of Kossuth's popularity prevented the military and executive powers acting in concert. As a last resource, in despair of healing the differences between them, or bringing the war to a successful issue, Kossuth, in an interview at Arad, resigned into Georgey's hands his dictatorial power, a noble act, and one worthy of better results. Georgey only availed himself of his newly acquired authority to put into execution an idea he had long cherished to [illegible] to his long series of treacheries, by surrendering his army to the Russians. The rage and despair of the Hungarian soldiers when this resolution was made known to them knew no bounds. The officers broke their swords across their knees, and cast the pieces at the feet of their craven general, others shot themselves with their pistols; and the hussars slaughtered their horses to prevent their falling into the hands of a foe they

Batthyani was executed, Georgey retired into private life, to endure the pangs of remorse and the reproaches of his countrymen, and Kossuth fled to Turkey, but Hungary had fallen, we would fain believe soon to rise again.

Such is a brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of the career of Louis Kossuth, the most remarkable man of his age, the hero of a sad but romantic story—the Bayard of modern times, "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" Emerging from obscurity with difficulty, he had rapidly acquired unbounded influence by the pointed, practical character of all his movements, the wisdom of his amendments, his great polemical tact and power, his rapid, sparkling, brilliant oratory, overpowering all opposition, and carrying conviction to the breasts of all who heard him, by the marvellous clearness of his arguments, and the justness and solidity of his views. He has at length finally escaped from the toils of his enemies, and has reached England with his wife and three children. Let us hope that the reception he has met with may prove to all the world that whatever some "persons of quality" may say or do, the heart of England is sound, and that her people have not swerved from that ancient and true faith which millions of brave men have sealed with their blood since the first ages of history; and which teaches us to look with a sure and certain hope for the final triumph of human freedom and the downfall of all oppression. Ah! that the shout of welcome with which we have greeted him could bring light and life to the great hearts now cold in death on the far off plains they loved so well in life, or comfort and consolation to the wearied spirits that pine and sicken in the filthy dens of Naples, or the dark dungeons of Spielberg and Olmutz, but if we have struck terror and misgiving into the tyrants who parade their crimes and enormities in the garish light of day, even our welcome will not have been uttered in vain.

We perceive in a recent number of the *Times* a cold-blooded and malignant article, written evidently with the design of throwing cold water, if possible, upon the preparations [illegible] side for the reception of Kossuth in this

How far the authority of a journal is to be depended [illegible] sions of foreign politics, which, in 1848, upheld King Bomba of Naples as a very model of a prince, and in 1849 thought the Pope the most harmless, and ill-used of all men, and the Romans the wickedest of all wretches, and the peoples of the Continent all in the wrong and the princes all in the right, we leave our readers to determine. But in the present instance it takes advantage of its great wealth, great influence, and undeniable talent, to make an attack upon the private as well as the public character of a defenceless exile. It becomes the people of England to repudiate the sentiments of this shabby Salmoneus, which saw its through the well-watched post offices of the kingdom, [illegible] at a much lower rate of postage than honester journals.

The great cause of offence now is that Kossuth, instead of allowing the Hungarian Diet to make a snug little bargain for a constitution with the Austrian Emperor, hurried them to extremes, "until he arrived at the catastrophe which has ruined and enslaved his unhappy country." So Hungary, after all, is "ruined, enslaved, and unhappy"! What a confession! To our astonishment we discover, that instead of being placed in the hands of a most tender and paternal Government, which only administers the smallest possible quantum of needful correction, she is "ruined, enslaved, and unhappy," and all owing to Kossuth. What a wretch he must be, not to allow her to negotiate for a constitution with an Emperor and a ministry whom no oath can bind, who are, before all Europe, perjurers of the blackest dye to their own people, who grant constitutions, swear to them and revoke them as suits their convenience, their cowardice or their strength, and who hold human life and human liberty at but dust in the balance when weighed against their avarice their lust, and their ambi

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SEED-TIME IN LISNOMARA.

In Four Parts.

BY SILVERPEN (ELIZA METEYARD).

Part the Third.

THE Joyces' cabin contained three rooms, one of which was appropriated to the agricultural instructor; and considering the usual character of Irish accommodation, it was, thanks to the kind care of Mr. O'Sullivan and the few things Mistress Joyce had received in dowery from the "nate Dublin lady," not amiss. The entertainment was set forth in the largest room; and though, as Joyce said, "it gra'v'd his heart intirely him, to put such a beggar's dish before the company—sa'm' that the Joyce's had been known for generations through Lisnomara for the open hand"—the only kid, the four last fowls, and such kindly offerings as several poor farmers had brought from their distant cabins, made it tolerable, and by no means scant. As Mistress Joyce, too, had cooked in the best style of the "nate lady," and promised "what was lift, wid God's blessing, to them as waited patiently outside the door till all was done," the meal passed off in peaceable decorum, particularly, too, as, Mr. Garven being a "timperance man," the whisky was kept in the rearward till he should have retired to the "wonderful nateness of Misthress Joyce's bist room." When it was over, and the glow of the peat fire lighted the cabin with the brilliant effect of a hundred wax candles, the company gathered round it, to listen to what this earnest man had to say—for unless some form of relief could be pointed out, or be afforded them till the new crops were down and fit for food—half the wretched population of Lisnomara would be swept off by famine through the coming winter, for foregone destitution had left them no resources as in other seasons, and many men, including Joyce, spoke these fears.

"But you have fish in the bay," replied Mr. Garven quietly; "all this west coast of Ireland swarms with them, and they abound particularly in these calm island channels."

"Yit sure, yer honour," was the answer of several at once, "we're not fishermen—it isn't for the likes of us, to know both wather an' land."

"When one dish is empty," said Mr. Garven, still in that quiet way so marvellous in its effects on his undisciplined yet kindly-hearted hearers, "the wise man blesses God that he has another on his table, and helps himself therefrom. In England there is a proverb, 'Where there's a will there's a way,' a proverb which, turned to a practical use by the people, has done more to make them prosperous and their country great than half the laws on the statute book. So, instead of supinely starving, why can't you fish? I know that it needs proper boats and expensive nets for the deep sea fishing; but in quiet channels like these round Lisnomara the matter is no more than one of industry and will."

"We've no net," said Joyce; "sure enough the agent's diver—bad luck to him—took off the last, and poverty be ridin' us too hard to git others.

"Nets of this sort for in-shore fishing are woman's work," remarked Mr. Garven.

"But the taching is what be naded, sir," interrupted Mrs Joyce; "nift an' me Grace, avourneen, can thum the na'dles wid the bist in county Galway; but as for the fishin' nets—"

"If I may say as much, and axin' pardon for spakin' whin yer brith is not cold, Misthress Joyce," said one of the Galway fishermen, "it's work that the small fingers of the likes of ye might do. For sure ould Kitty O'Neil—grandmother o' the Galway boy lift wid the boat on the shore—took to the nettin' whin her son was lost at say; and a grate thrue heart had the ould crathur. An' she's tach'd many schoolmasters and the like, as had been wishin' to git their counthry a help—an' one among the many she'd the tachin of was a rale lady from county Donegal wid waxen fingers."

Here the conversation was changed, but not the eager earnestness of one who listened breathlessly as she sat on a pile of dry turf, beside the fire, a model of female loveliness, even for beauty so renowned as that of the women of Galway. When the meal had been cleared away Grace Joyce, had sat down to knit in the warmth of the glowing turf, for she had a [illegible] form though the pay was hard; but by degrees her knitting had dropped from her fingers, and with absorbed attention she listened to the talk of the fishermen and Mr. Garven. Sometimes when the instructor looked towards the fire, her own gaze drooped, and again her tremulous fingers turned the yarn and needles, though only to raise her eyes, and stay her moving hands, when she might do so unobserved. When this conversation respecting the fishing nets had ceased, Mr. Garven retired to his share of the cabin to write some letters which the fishermen would take on their way back to Galway at break of day; and the rest in true Irish manner betook themselves to pipes and tobacco."

As soon as Mr. Garven had departed, Joyce's daughter rose and, putting on her mother's cloak, went to an adjacent shed in which the goat whose kid had been sacrificed for the meal was tethered, and milking it into a bowl, brought the contents back to the cabin. Here she mixed meal with the milk, boiled the mixture in a kettle, poured it back into the bowl, and with some eggs roasted in the glowing turf, went forth unnoticed with both beneath her cloak—for even if her mother heeded the "darlint" she would be sure it was a meal some wandering creature had asked; and the rest were too busy to be observants

Though the day had been so bright for one in the wane of the year, the night was dark, and the wind swept wildly in the sea. Avoiding the road which led to the several cabins that dotted the valley, the peasant girl made her way rapidly towards the shore, and as unerringly as if it were broad day, though the path was precipitous and wild in the extreme. The tide was in, and beat roughly round the headland, whilst scarcely more than its white line of surf could be distinguished. Yet knowing where the little open fishing boat lay anchored, she kept along the narrow edge of the shore, the waves meanwhile sweeping in eddies round her naked feet, to where the shelving rocks, retreating inwards, left a sheltered space dry and untouched by the tide. Here, as she expected, was the boy left in care of the little boat; who, quitting it as night closed round, had made a fire beneath the rocks. He now lay stretched asleep beside it, covered by the boat's sail, but Grace awakened him when she had set the bowl of porridge and the eggs to warm in a portion of the embers, and roused the rest into a blaze by throwing on a knot of dry seaweed. He at once recognised her, for he had seen her on the shore that day, and thankful for the meal, eat it whilst she sat down beside him and talked. When he had finished, he told her all she asked concerning his grandmother, and that though her sight had lately failed, she yet earned enough, by making and mending the smaller nets for in-shore fishing, to support herself and her old bedridden husband. Besides this, she had, since the days of the famine, taught many of those who were desirous of making Inishmen help themselves.

"Sure thin, Dan," said Grace, bending close to the sea-boy so as he could hear, for the waves roared wildly against the adjacent rocks, "can ye keep a saicret, an' not be tellin' 'im whin they come back."

"Grandmother," replied the lad in Irish, "has said often, 'Sorra be to 'im which spakes agin the hand from which its fed.'"

"I'll tell thee thin intirely, Dan O'Neil," spoke Grace with a pathos which was as genuine as it was hesitating; "the gintleman ye brought from Galway town has been spaking of nets we nade; and that if we don't git the fishin' till the wonderful new crops be sprung, and ready in place o' the praties, Lisnomara will have no food of its own on the mountains, and no hand for the corvagh's oar. So I've been thinkin'—and me heart is big and warm wid the thought—that if I come over the mountains—for I can thrid a bog and wade a strame wid the best of 'im, maybe yer grandmother 'll tache a poor girl like Grace Joyce to make and min'd a net. Oh! sure she would, Dan—and here be a pretty pair o' stockin's ye may take her; and be tellin' her that whin the days be betther, I'll be rewarding her before I get the crookit comb me heart's bin longing for since Mary Boyle came to me grandmother's wake wid one."

As she spoke, Grace took from the loose bosom of her gown a pair of stockings of her own knitting, and gave them to the sea-boy—a propitiatory offering not needed—as Dan had but to tell his blind old grandmother, that the Lisnomara girl had come two miles from the mountains to the rugged sea shore

when the tide was in, to bring him a meal, to insure not only an Irish welcome—though dark days and poverty were Kitty O'Neil's—but as pure a guardianship as the angels themselves could give. The sea-boy said this, and much more in his eloquent Irish, as he cowered to the warmth of the fire, and looked into the girl's sweet face. He pictured blind old Kitty's room, which was as quaint as any in that quaint old town of Galway, her devotion to her paralytic bedridden old husband, her ceaseless industry, though blind and feeble, her good old-fashioned charity to those poorer than herself, that Grace felt, that in knowing so much of Kitty, half the difficulties of her purpose were overcome. The boy strove to persuade her to sail with the fishermen on their way back to Galway on the morrow early; but Grace had her father and her mother's consent yet to gain, and asked Dan to do no more than mention her to his grandmother, and crave her kindness to the Lisnomara girl.

She then made her way back to the mountains, and reached her father's cabin just as the guests had departed; some to a night's lodging in the cabins round, and others to their own houses in the surrounding hills. Maurice had gone to his temporary bed in the barn—to a stable which in brighter days had sheltered the poor farmer's cow and pony, so Grace sat down beside the fire and told her parents of the "grate thought which was big in her heart," and of her desire to go to Galway town and learn net-making of old Kitty O'Neil.

"Sure, thin, me darlint," said Joyce, when Grace with earnest voice had asked his consent to her journey across the hills to Galway, "it's a blessed thought of ye, and one that the Holy Powor himself must have put into your thrue heart; but it's a long way, avourneen; winther is crapin' on us, and bog's moist wid rain. And more, a' cushla, meself and Maur must be workin' wid the gintleman early an' late, and wouldn't kape yez steps, me darlint."

"Father," interrupted Grace, the cloak dropping from her shoulders as she spoke, and her beautiful hair thus escaping from the hood, and, heavy with the sea-mist, falling round her lovely natural figure like a sweeping veil, "cannot Joyce take care of herself? an' will harm come to one who'd have no fear wid her? An' cannot I, by the way, stop and beg a sate by Terence M'Carthy's fire, an' the same from the Widdy Grady, it'll be enough to say that I'm Michael Joyce's daughter, to get a welcome."

"Thrue, Grace, avourneen," spoke her mother, "we've always walk'd wid honest fa'te; an' the good ye'd be bringin' to the homes of us would be mighthy; but ye'll be askin' the gintleman—he'll say the likely thing it is."

"No, no, mother dear, no—for the life of ye, no," said the girl, as, regardless of the bright flame, she thrust her arm across the fire and took her mother's hand; "if the thing be worth the doin', it is for its own sake -an' to be askin' the gintleman 'll be like braggin' of a thrue thing before it be begun. No! mother dear—no—say not a word except to his reverence or Maurice: whin I come home wid the power in me fingers to be helpin' ye it'll be time to be spakin' of me and me little doings."

The honest farmer thought so too. So presently gaining the consent of both parents, and their promise of secrecy, Grace, assisted by her fond mother, made such few preparations as were needful for the start at daybreak, these principally consisting in a due selection of finery from the wardrobe bequeathed to her descendants by "the nate lady from Dublin." Though the last one who went to rest that night, Grace was, with the exception of her father, the first astir in the morning—even before Maurice or the younger children. But her mother soon rose, and made the breakfast porridge; when this was eaten, her cloak on, and her bundle ready, the young [illegible] kissed the still sleeping children, and went into the little barn—to say good bye to Maurice. He was yet asleep in his bed of dry mountain grass, to which the goat had crept; of the [illegible]

parents; but feigning a lighter heart than she possessed, she tripped away from the cabin door, her bundle and her shoes in

[illegible] afraid of being seen, or questioned concerning her walk that early morning, she hurried onward, and did not again look back till she had reached the last green heights from which the valley might be seen. Here she paused, and waved her hand to those still lovingly watching her from the cabin door.

The sun by this time lay broadly on the many islets and their sea-washed channels; and from the height on which she stood she could discern the Galway fishing boat bearing round the farthest southern headland with swelling sail. She now passed on, and was following a sheep track leading to the head of the bay, from whence the road wound still more deeply amidst the mountains, when she perceived amidst the grey mists curling from the shore, some one ascending from the point where the Galway boat had been moored the previous evening. It was Mr. Garven, and in a few minutes he met her face to face. As grave and self-contained as when addressing the Lisnomara farmers on the previous evening, there was interest, though not surprise, in his looks as he stayed to speak. He did not ask whither she was going, or the purpose of her journey, but only wished it might be a pleasant one. He then asked, as he passed on a step or two, when she would return.

"By God's goodness, sir, in three wakes—if luck be wid me. Sorrow would be in the heart of me to lave the Lisnomara cabin more."

"You will be back, then, before I go. Be sure you be: and now God prosper you as he will—good by."

Making the lowliest courtesy, and burning with a million blushes that were not less intense though mirrored only in the cool greenness of the mountain sward, she passed on without a word in reply, and rapidly descending, crossing the stepping-stone of the cascade which swept down upon the shore, then ascending the steep mountain path, she only paused for breath when fairly shrouded from all human view in the deep overlying shadows of the hills.

Mr. Garven's practical instructions were begun in earnest that day. Far and wide the Lisnomara farmers came to learn the handling of both plough and spade; to see digging and trenching, and the preparations for tile draining, and the manufacture and adaptation of manure to the hunger of the exhausted soil. Peat, coralline rock, and sea-weed were burnt, and the dunghills which for half a century—ay, a whole one—had reeked before the wretched cabin doors, and added to periodic famine the woe and curse of pestilential fever, were turned to their legitimate use. When he had fairly given the first practical lesson, and set the majority of those desirous of instruction to work under the care of Joyce, the cottiers as a body shirking labour and keeping aloof except when a chance of alms-giving offered, Mr. Garven visited the several farms of the district, and of many of the surrounding islets. His advice and instructions were, as a general rule, well received; and this, owing in many instances to the good example of Mr. O'Sullivan, who was himself a willing scholar, and the first to sow a large breadth of his land with the seed corn brought from Galway. He did more, he accompanied Mr. Garven in some of his journeys amidst the more desolate mountains, roused the energy of his despairing, miserable people, and painted in glowing language the reward industry and resolution would bring. These journeys were productive of many new hearers to the agricultural addresses, which were generally delivered at Joyce's cabin every alternate evening; for when once the visits for the purpose of inspection and practical advice were over, it was found needful that Mr. Garven should concentrate his operations on one spot, and that the most central one in the district—Joyce's valley.

Through these means, and the aid of so many assisting scholars—thus learning digging, ploughing, and drainage—Michael Joyce's holding soon bore a new aspect. It was trenched and dug ready for the green crops; as much corn could be spared was sown over the best alluvial portions of the valley, and drainage advanced so far as tiles could be procured from the neighbouring barony. It is true thus much was not accomplished without difficulty; there was supineness, long standing indolence, and almost incredible ignorance, and worse than all, when operating upon circumstances of this kind, a scant supply of food. But the larger portion of the tenant farmers showed a laudable zeal for the elementary knowledge of which they stood so much in need. Some came considerable distances, bringing their food with them, and

lodging in the neighbouring cabins during the time the instructions lasted, whilst not a few, who had the means, added to Joyce's scanty store in such way as they best could. Thus the difficulties met with arose not so much from the body of tenant farmers who sought information, as from the utterly destitute mass of evicted cottiers and starved holders of barren conacre. Hope and fear seemed unknown to them, and the destitution which is one of the common incentives to industry to any ordinary class of the labouring population seemed only to sink them into the last deep of servile apathy. They scorned to work whilst there was a chance to beg; and day by day they loitered round the busy plough and active spades, as if the farmers were the serfs, and they a race of feudal lords. But if there was any likelihood of a meal as a gift, not one amongst them lacked activity in limb or tongue. No beggars on earth knew their trade better. Yet, as Mr Garven plainly told the farmers, the remedy to this state of things lay not so much with him as with themselves severally —they must set an example of energetic industry, and steadily refuse any assistance to the able-bodied, except as payment for so much task work done. However, to give assistance in any shape was almost next to an impossibility, money or labour alike scarce in the district, and the prospects for the coming winter were dreary beyond the power of words to depict. There might be grounds for fearful forebodings for the dwellers in Lisconare and the other wretched villages.

Still, in Joyce's poor hovel the hope of [illegible] ation, brightened the hearts of one or two. For Grace been scarcely absent ten days, when a letter [illegible] to the neighbouring islands by a Galway boat, and thence by a kindly hand, gave honest Michael and his wife good tidings of their darling child. This letter, written by Grace herself—for she was a scholar in a humble way told them of a successful journey, of the hospitality of Terence M'Carthy and the widow Grady, of her reaching Galway, and the great joy of Kitty O'Neil "to receive the darlint to her bist male, sorra though it was not the bist in ould Ireland"—and of the net-making and her approaching [illegible]—which, as Kitty said, "was a wonderful [illegible], couldn't have him, but that the blissed Power had warmed her heart thereto"—and Grace asked of her parents secrecy, for she should be home soon.

(To be concluded in the next Number)

SALERNO.—The great beauty of Salerno is its bay. We returned to our hotel, and, sitting down on a balcony that overlooked it, drank in the fresh evening air, and feasted on the quiet beauty of the scene. The sun went down over Amalfi, pencilling with its last beams the distant mountains that curved into the sea beyond Pæstum. Along the beach, on which the ripples were laying their lips with a gentle murmur, a group of soldiers, in their gay uniform, was strolling, waking the drowsy echoes of evening with their stirring bugle-notes. The music was sweet, and at such an hour, in such a scene, doubly so. They wandered carelessly along, now standing on the very edge of the sand where the ripples died, and now hidden from sight behind some projecting point, where the sound, confined and thrown back, came faint and distant on the ear, till, emerging again into view, the martial strain swelled out in triumphant notes till the rocks above and around were alive with echoes. It was a dreamy hour; and just then, as if on purpose to glorify the whole, the full moon rose up over the sea, and poured its flood of light over the waters, tipping every ripple with silver, and making the whole beach, where the water touched it, a chain of pearls. One by one my friends had dropped away to their rooms till I was left alone. . . . Every vagrant sound had ceased, except the very faint murmur of the swell on the beach. The gray old mountains were looking down on Salerno, and Salerno on the sea, and all was quiet as night ever is when left alone. And yet, quiet and peaceful as it was, it had been the scene of stirring conflicts. There were the moonbeams sleeping on the wall against which Hannibal had once thundered with his fierce Africans: and along that beach the wild war-cry of the Saracen had rung, and women and children lain in slaughtered heaps. But the bold Saracen and bolder African had passed away, while the sea and the rocks remained the same. I turned to my couch, not wondering the poets of the Augustan age sang so much and so sweetly of Salerno.

A RHYME FOR THE CLOSE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY"

'Glory to the God of Heaven—
Peace on earth, tow'rds men good will!'
Now shall honours due be given
To the best of human skill
Always will we deal with others
As we would they dealt with us,
And rejoice, as men and brothers,
To befriend each other thus.

Nobly hast thou fruited, Labour!
Brightly hast thou flowered, Art!
Well has England hail'd as neighbour
Every nation to her heart!
Yes—for all on earth are brothers,
High and low, and far and near,
And the more we see of others
All the more we hold them dear.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
While we feel that all are brothers
Children dear of One
And the more we know of others
All the more we live in love.

For it is a glorious teaching,
Albert, thou hast taught mankind—
Greatly to perfection reaching,
And enlarging heart and mind,
Stirring us to generous deeds,
Thus to [illegible]
And with all the zeal of brothers
Help the Family of Man!

God be thanked! that thus united
All the world for once has been,
Crowding, welcome and delighted,
Round the throne of England's Queen
God be thanked, that we and others,
England with the world around,
[illegible]
And [illegible] found!

Alburg, Guildford. MARTIN F. TUPPER.

THE PIG.—Sir Francis Head, in his "Bubbles of the Brunnens, of Nassau," writes, "There is, perhaps, in creation no animal which has less justice, and more injustice done to him by man than the pig. Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and providing against the approaching storm, which no creature is better capable of foretelling than the pig, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of the nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for and analysing his food, we generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a sty. While his faculties are still his own, only observe how with a bark or not [illegible] you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence [illegible] his bright twinkling little eye; but with pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal, finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally most eagerly, or as we accuse him, most greedily meets its arrival. Having no natural business or diversion—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food. To encourage this, nature assists him with sleep, which, lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps—awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against the blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes—and dies. It is probably from abhorring this picture, that I know of nothing which is more distressing to me than to witness an indolent man eating his own home-fed pork. There is something so horribly similar between the life of the human being and that of his victim—their motions on all occasions are so unnaturally contracted—there is such a melancholy resemblance between the strutting residence in the village, and the stalking confinement of the sty—between the sound of the dinner bell and the rattling of the pail—that when I contrast the 'pig's countenance' in the dish with that of his lord and master, who, with outstretched elbows, sits leaning over it, I own I always feel it so hard that one should have killed the other."

MISCELLANEA.

IRISH WIT.—General Washington stopped at a hotel with a squad of subordinate officers, and attracted the attention of an Irish servant. Pat was very attentive to the General, and promptly attended to every wish. The General observed the Irishman gazing at him and his officers as they were about departing, and asked Pat, "How he liked the looks of his boys"—"Well, yer honour," replied Pat, "I'm not competent to judge of the stars in the presence of the sun."

POWERFUL EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.—When the waters of Glastonbury were at the height of their reputation, in 1751, the following story was told by a gentleman of the town:—An old woman of the workhouse of Yeovil who had long been a cripple and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the Glastonbury waters, which she was assured would cure her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect, that she soon laid aside one crutch, and not long after the other. This was extolled as a most miraculous cure, but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her, and [illegible] from ordinary spring. I need not [illegible] reader that the force of imagination had spent itself, and she relapsed into her former infirmities.

THE GLASTONBURY THORN.—It is handed down that when Joseph of Arimathea, during his mission in England, arrived at Weary-all hill, near Glastonbury, he struck his travelling staff into the earth, which immediately took root, and ever after put forth its leaves and blossoms on Christmas-day, being converted into a miraculous thorn. The tree had two trunks, was preserved until the time of Queen Elizabeth, when one of the trunks was destroyed by a Puritan; the other met with the same fate during the Great Rebellion. Throughout the reign of Henry VIII its blossom was esteemed such great curiosities of nature, and its reign specifies as to become the object of gain to the merchants of Bristol, who not only disposed of them to the inhabitants of their own city but exported them by sea to different parts of Europe. They were in addition to the [illegible] avoiding the evil eye, for rooting out charlock and all weeds in corn with similar specifics, which were considered at this time the best of all property.

SIR JOHN ROSS'S CARRIER.—The *Ayr Observer* says:—"Our readers will recollect our announcing, in October last year, the supposed arrival at Annan-hill, near Kilmarnock, of a pair of the carrier pigeons which Sir John Ross took with him in the Felix. The lady by whom the birds were presented to the navigator, and others who had seen them in this county, were confident that one of the two which were caught at Annan-hill was one of the four pigeons given to Sir John. Incredible as it seemed that the birds could have returned a distance of two thousand miles, we saw no reason to doubt it, and the fact seems now almost confirmed by what we learn on the arrival of the Felix in Stranraer. The pigeons were to be despatched when the party got into winter quarters, they were despatched. As yet we have not obtained an exact date, but they were sent off about the beginning of October, upon an evening about five o'clock. Two of the small balloons with which Sir John was furnished were made use of for the purpose; the old pair were attached to one, the young to another, secured in such a way, that when a slow match, ignited at starting, had burned to a certain point, the birds were liberated. The match was calculated to burn for twenty-four hours. A slight breeze was blowing from the north when the balloons were sent up; one went away steadily to the south, an accident happened to the other. The young birds were in that which got away and it was one of the young birds which was recognised at Annan-hill, on the 15th October, as having been taken away by Sir John."

MATERIALS FOR THINKING.—What we are to be hereafter, will be the effect of what we are here. Though a tree be ten thousand cubits in height, its leaves must fall down and return to its root.—As continued health is vastly preferable to the happiest recovery from sickness, so is innocence to the truest repentance. Lord, grant that we may stand a grade higher for a grade we make a great deal, at least [illegible] Never shrink from doing [illegible] which you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] after of right, [illegible] ally believes, and it can be no part of one man's religion to coerce the religion of another, since religion, if not received voluntarily, is not received at all.

FRENCH NOTIONS OF JOHN BULL.—Notwithstanding the constant communication between England and France, notwithstanding the vast number of Frenchmen who have visited London [illegible] number of [illegible] always residing at Paris—the French seem to be as much convinced as ever that [illegible] John Bull is utterly unlike all the rest of humanity in his way of thinking [illegible] whatsoever. There is not a week in which their newspapers do not [illegible] one of his sons the hero of some absurd adventure. The other day, for example, it was gravely stated that one English [illegible] on passing a provision shop, was [illegible] burst into tears at the sight of a quarter of venison, he having recognised by a peculiar mark, that it was that of a deer named Billy who he had tenderly reared in the mountainous parts of [illegible] into the [illegible] with [illegible] notes" to purchase the haunch and preserve it from the profanation of being cooked. A *feuilletoniste* had up for matter always brings forward some extravagant *conte bleu* perpetrated by a *mal*

On the stage our countrymen are almost invariably represented as carrying with them a huge bottle of Prussic acid, that they may be able to commit suicide when-

Royal there was lately in performance a piece which the Parisians consider a faithful picture of English manners. A French artist, on his last legs, makes his fortune by buying at Smithfield-market two wife of his landlord, and selling her immediately after to a peer for thirty-fold the cost price. The said peer (he wears a red Turkish cap as a mark of his dignity) afterwards sells her back to her husband, in order that he may marry the daughter of his own brother, who is a policeman!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In consequence of the numerous questions constantly addressed to us, we beg leave to state that, for the future, Answers to Correspondents will form a feature in THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND. Of course, we shall not feel bound to answer every question that may be addressed to us, but simply to notice such as we think likely to interest or instruct the large body of our readers.

AN EMIGRANT.—The [illegible] Australia must be [illegible] the Australia was [illegible] gular industry, now [illegible] plans and habits are abandoned, the shepherd [illegible] ay.

SARAH.—Plate [illegible] Reformation [illegible] and [illegible] but we [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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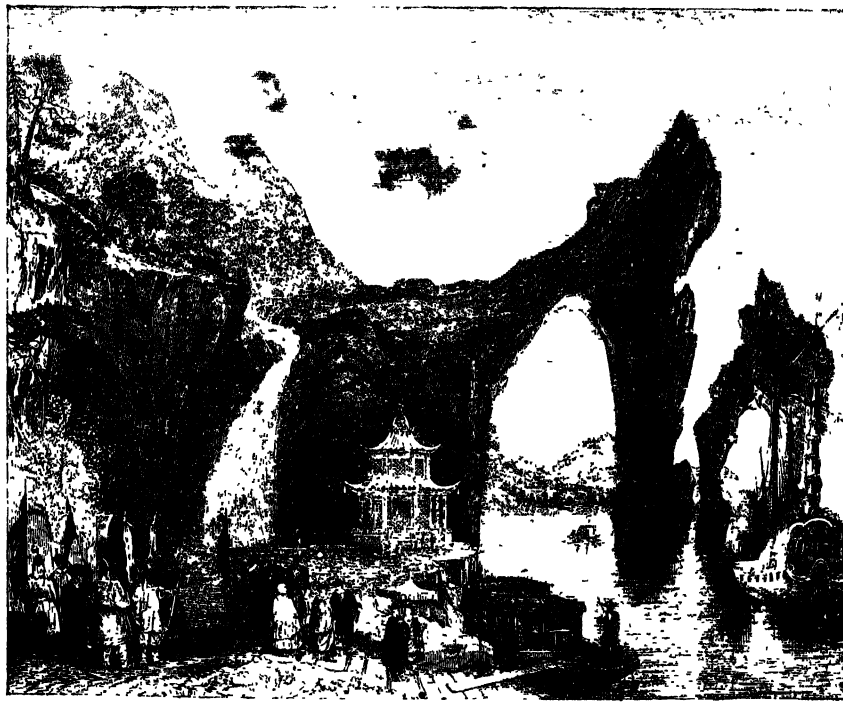
CHINA AND THE CHINESE

THE ARTS OF THE CHINESE

In the midst of Thai-hou, one of the largest lake China, rise two mountains They are distinguished from one another by the addition of the words *east*, and *west*, indicating their position. That represented in is the Eastern Thong-Thung-Chan, and was sketched by the British officers during the last war. It is situated in the

called Sou-tcheu-fou, the General Mo-li, who lived under the dynasty of the Soui (in the 6th century of the Christian era) dwelt for a long time upon this mountain, and gave

It is also called Sin-nuon, or *the Mother of Sin*, because the celebrated Tsou-Sin departed from her upon this mountain



middle of the lake Thai-hou, to the south-west of the town of Juhién. The Emperor Khien-long, visiting the pa of he South in the 16th year of his reign (1751), composed a cot of verse upo ipont of yu hich that nountain presente itself According to the la y of the own of Kou-sou, It is ather smaller than the Western Thong-Thung-Chan, but it esembles it very c in the boldness of its peaks, the height f its precipices, and al ese last are found the ec. According to the history of the town of Suh ow eighteen

Anciently, it was called the *Mountain of the Tigers*, because the king of Ou reared tigers there for some time It w under the dynasty of the Thangs (618—901) that it received the name it bears at present

Western Thong-Thung-Chan is remarkable for the cu ne grotte at its base, by which one can pe dred paces under the bed of the lake These are eight ad open on the side of the hill, a short di abo water This natural cavern has been called *Bay of the Earth* The as the ninth of the eighteen ex ed Chinese mythologists. It is

recorded in the history of the mountain that Ho-lu commissioned a man, endowed with supernatural knowledge, or second sight, to explore its inmost depths. Being provided with candles, and every other necessary for so long a journey, he travelled under ground for seventy days, and returned without having reached the end. "In the interior," continues the legend, "he found upon a rock a work in three books, which he carried back to Ho-lin, who being unable to read it, begged of Confucius to explain it to him. That philosopher said, "This book was written by the Emperor Yu, of the dynasty of Hia, (2205—2198 B.C.); it treats of the spirits of the Immortals." The explorer was called Mao, and at the present day a house is shown on the mountain as belonging to him. It is cut in the rock. The principal [illegible] has three gates. The most remarkable of its [illegible] called, "The House of Stone," "The Chamber of Silver," "The Hall of Gold," &c.

Architecture makes no progress in China. Here, as in other circumstances, the people are "incurable conservatives." They have not altered the shape or plan of their dwellings from the earliest times. A Chinese city, it has been said, is nothing more than a Tartar camp, surrounded by mounds of earth to preserve themselves and cattle from the depredations of neighbouring tribes, and a Chinese habitation is the Tartar tent, with its [illegible] repeated by rules, except that the people have [illegible] with brick and tile the roofs of their houses.

Everything in the country being regulated by law, the building of houses forms no exception to this rule. Millions of people live in mud hovels, but of these a great number are faced with brick, while in places where granite abound, the cabins are composed of solid rock, which the Chinese possess great skill in cutting and joining, so that a seam is scarcely visible. Huts in woody districts are built of planks. But there is no material so much employed as bamboo, not only for building purposes, but for every other. Fires are seldom used, except for cooking, the requisite warmth in winter being supplied by fur clothing. The interior of a Chinese pauper's house consists of one room, to serve every purpose both of his family and domestic animals, among which a pig is always to be seen. In many respects, indeed, there is a resemblance between a Chinese and an Irish cabin.

It is in the great houses in the interior of the towns that we must study the domestic architecture of the Chinese. These houses arrest the attention of the stranger at once, by the peculiar form of the roof, covered with semi-circular tiles, which form a very graceful arch. This form is derived, as has been stated, from that of a tent, which was anciently the only sort of habitation known to the nomade [illegible] from the west of Asia, at last established themselves in China. The predominating characteristics of Chinese architecture is its extreme [illegible]. The structures are in general elegant, coquettish-looking, and often adorned with sculptures of the most delicate workmanship, but they are entirely wanting in solidity. So, also, China is greatly deficient in [illegible] monuments.

The houses of the rich never exceed two stories in height, and are surrounded with, and concealed by, high stone walls. At the entrance [illegible] is occupied by a [illegible] often a small garden [illegible] with [illegible]. The principal [illegible] [illegible] are adorned with inscriptions, either drawn upon a lacquered plank with gilt letters, or written upon paper. This is the place of devotion, or hall of ancestors. An idol and incense-stand are almost always found in the principal room of a respectable Chinese.

To the right and left of this stand or altar, there are usually two passages which lead into a second court, over which there is a great square balcony, which runs the whole length of the building. Very often, however, there is only a single court, and the two doors of the hall of reception lead directly into the interior of the mansion. Straight stairs [illegible] communicate with the different stories; the chambers small and numerous, are furnished with stands, large square arm-chairs, with straight backs. Curtains or drapery are never seen but around their beds.

In sculpture the Chinese distinguish themselves far more by the exquisite delicacy and finish of their workmanship than by the beauty or symmetry of their designs. With a great deal of ingenuity and [illegible], they combine the same taste for the horrible and [illegible] which shows itself in Egyptian works of art. We present our readers with engravings of two large bronze [illegible], at present in the Museum of the Louvre at Paris, which certainly possess more interest than is usually found in the objects of that great Chinese collection. In the first is represented the historical epoch, when the Chinese empire was divided into a number of petty kingdoms, all tributary to the dynasty of Tsin. The emperor is seated majestically under a portico built in the architectural style of the pagodas, and around him are placed in ranks sixteen vassal princes, each of them holding in their hands a banner, upon which is inscribed the names of their respective principalities. The upper fillet has as its only ornaments the objects attributed to the Eight Immortals—a gun, a pipe, a gourd bottle, some castanets, a sword, a sounding triangle of stone, a divining quoit, and a sort of lute. The other bas-relief, has for its [illegible] the apotheosis of King Iuwan, and upon the three [illegible] [illegible], riches, and good fortune [illegible] by the Eight Immortals and their servants.

These two bas-reliefs having the form of two massive heavy tables, were modelled at Macao in 1845, and from the front of an altar of the Bhuddist temple. They would cost about thirty or forty pounds—a very moderate sum, when we take into account the [illegible] bestowed upon them—but large enough in a country [illegible] China, to buy even the originals themselves, if the guardian of the temple once saw the pictures glittering before him.

"Chinese temples or pagodas usually contain a great [illegible] hall or interior courts. They are, for the most part constructed of brick, covered with coloured tile, often [illegible] shod, and are distinguished from other buildings by their [illegible] roof, and the more abrupt elevation of their roofs [illegible] [illegible] are almost the same, there is not much difference, except in the splendour of the ornaments. The buildings of most of these temples are numerous, and with the gardens occupy a space equal to six or eight English acres.

The exterior gate the name of the temple is inscribed in [illegible] characters. The interior [illegible] walls adorned by statues of deified heroes. In [illegible] [illegible] are placed the superb statues of the [illegible] past, the present and the future. The hall in which they are placed is covered round with altar and statues. In the temple of Honan at Canton, there are in the surrounding halls gilded statues. That of the Goddess of Mercy is the most remarkable. In the midst of hideous figures one sometimes [illegible] with some very graceful, and in [illegible] taste.

Behind the temple there is an extensive garden, at the extremity of which is a mausoleum, where the ashes of the priest are deposited once every year. There is a furnace also for burning the bodies, and a little cell for receiving the urns, until the time comes for opening the mausoleum. There are also tombs for private persons who pay large sums for interment in the holy place. Amongst a people so celebrated [illegible] [illegible] would expect the temple of the god to be not only the most splendid architecture, but preserved in the highest state of repair. But they are everywhere seen in a state of decay. China, like other countries, has had its pious and liberal devotees, who have built and endowed temples, but they were [illegible] neglect to preserve them. The [illegible] of the subsequent points them origin to the same date. At the present day, they build no more sacred edifices, and neglect those that are built. Sometimes appeals are made to the piety of the worshippers, and subscriptions raised, but no one ever hears anything of the money afterwards.

The famous porcelain tower at Nanking, of which we give an engraving, belongs to one of the pagodas. It is called "The Pagoda of Gratitude," and is unquestionably finer than any similar structure throughout China. It is an octagonal building; it consists of nine equal storeys, communicating by a spiral staircase running up the centre of the building, and each comprising one saloon, painted, gilt, and having num[illegible]

The outside wall is white, made of the white bricks commonly used in China, a kind of carved gallery, or verandah, ornamented with lightly-tinkling bells, runs round each storey, and the whole is surmounted by a gilt conical roof,

the height of which, from the base, somewhat exceeds two hundred feet. It was completed in 1132. This edifice is merely roofed with porcelain, and not, as might be supposed, constructed of that material.

As the Chinese have a great number of canals, bridges are necessary and numerous. Many of these are of a light and fanciful, but elegant construction. Some of them stride across the canal with one bold, lofty arch, while others have three, five, or seven arches—the central one being frequently from thirty to forty-five feet wide, and sufficiently high to allow the passage of vessels without striking their masts.

But these canal-bridges are unsurpassed in magnitude, and occasionally in beauty, by the bridges thrown over rivers, or long swamps, and places exposed to inundations. Some of these are of prodigious extent, and have triumphal arches over them, built of wood, in the pagoda style, and splendidly painted. The stone bridges of the Chinese are constructed in a solid and substantial manner. The style, buttresses, breakwaters, and other parts, remind the English visitor of the structures of his own country. The slabs of stone, which form the level of these bridges, are frequently fourteen feet long by four or five in breadth, how they manage to place them in their proper positions appears extraordinary, as no machinery for the purpose has been found, and the Chinese assert that these depend are accomplished, merely, by manual labour. It is remarkable that they construct arches without key-stones. An immense bridge—that of Lovang, built of one sort of blue hewn stone. Another majestic bridge over an arm of the sea, is built of yellow and white stone. It is 2,475 feet long, and 34 feet broad, has one hundred very lofty arches, and is adorned with sculptures of lions and other animals, in the prevailing taste of the country. A similar bridge has been described of nearly twice the length.

The Chinese have, besides, numberless bridges of boats, which correspond with those used in Europe, and they had, long before we adopted them, suspension-bridges, built on the same principle as those with which, at Hammersmith, Hungerford, and other places, we have become familiar.

The surface of China, properly so-called, is about 1,298,000 square miles in extent, or about three-fifths of the Russian empire, or two-fifths of Australia. Its population, as far as can be ascertained, is about 367,000,000 inhabitants. If we compare this with the space occupied, the number is not so large as it would seem at first sight, it is nearly three acres and one-third of land for each individual, or little more than the average in England and Wales, which is about two acres to each person.

But the pursuits of agriculture are rendered of very great importance to the Chinese, from the vast numbers of the people, and the very limited extent of their commerce. Special rewards and distinctions are, therefore, bestowed on the tillers of the soil. In the ranks of society the husbandman having precedence of soldiers, merchants, artisans, and others, takes his station next to the man of letters, or state officer. Even soldiers, whenever their service permits, and priests, wherever their establishments are endowed with lands, are practical agriculturists. "The grand science," as it is called, "of the citizen and the prince" receives honour from the Emperor himself, for at the vernal equinox, he repairs to the field, ploughs a few ridges of land, and casts in the fructifying seed.

Among the dignities he claims is that of universal landowner. But though he is the sole proprietor of the soil, the tenant is never liable to be dispossessed if he regularly pay his rent to the crown, which is calculated at about one-tenth of the produce of the farm or farms. In case any agriculturist has more than he and his family can cultivate, he lets it to another, on condition of receiving half the produce out of which he pays the whole of the Emperor's taxes. On these terms land is cultivated by the greater part of the poor peasantry. No great farmers exist in China. Every grower carries his own produce to an open and free market.

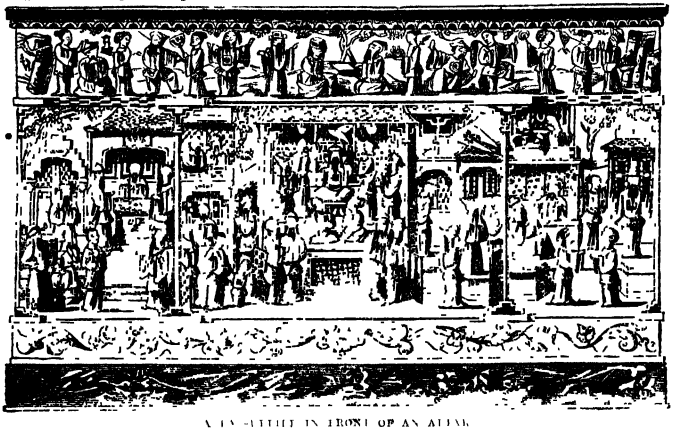
One part of the economy of the Chinese is specially worthy of notice, that is, their method of irrigation. Wherever through want of rain or the water that descends from the upper lands, they are prepared to catch the rain or the water that descends from the upper lands, and then they distribute over the fields that require it, by means of delicately balanced frames, aided by pulleys and sometimes by the human hands and feet. In like manner the Chinese are particularly attentive to the collection and use of manure. Even the hair of the head and the shavings of the beard are preserved for the purposes of agriculture. Barbers are a numerous body in China, where, all the head being shaved except a lock behind, few persons have sufficient skill to shave themselves. Every one of this class is, therefore, provided with a bag, in which he carefully deposits the locks and shavings he cuts off, which are indeed considered excellent manure. Even the swine are described as being shaved. "In short," says Mr Barrow, "it may literally be said in this country that nothing is permitted to be lost."

The average produce of the rice-lands, taking the whole empire, may be about thirty or thirty-five measures for one of seed; that of corn-lands is very inferior, being not much above fifteen for one. One of the defects of the Chinese agricultural policy is, the excessive cultivation of rice to the exclusion of other grain, for though rice yields, in favourable seasons, a more abundant, and perhaps an easier crop, it is more liable to fail than most others. A deficiency of water in its earlier stages, and a surplus of water in its maturer ones, are alike fatal to the produce. Of the scourge of locusts, it is said, and that with truth, by a Chinese writer: "Their prodigious multitudes cover the whole canopy of heaven; they are so close that their wings touch each other, their number is so vast, that, in lifting up your eyes, you might fancy you saw a high green mountain inverted over your head, and the noise they make in flying is like the beating of many drums." The cultivation of entire provinces is literally laid waste by these destructive insects.

The culture of the tea plant of China involves much that is interesting, at which we can only glance. It will not succeed well, if it have not a rich soil for its growth. The continual gathering of the leaves of the shrubs is very detrimental to their health, and, in fact, ultimately kills them. A principal object with the grower is, therefore, to keep his bushes in as robust health as possible, and this cannot be done if the soil be poor. The tea plantations in the north of China are always situated on the lower and most fertile sides of the hills, and never on the low lands. The shrubs are planted in rows, about four feet apart, and about the same distance between each row, and look, at a distance, like little shrubberies of evergreens. The farms are small, each consisting of from one to four or five acres, and the poorer cottagers have their own little tea garden, the produce of which is generally sufficient for their family, and the surplus of which is given in exchange for clothes, which are spent on the other necessaries of life. The same system of small farms is adopted in all that relates to Chinese agriculture.

Some idea of the varieties of the tea-plant may be gathered from those lately exhibited by Mr P. W. Ripley, of Canton, in the Chinese compartment of the Great Exhibition. There were no fewer than twelve varieties of what are called "*physic* teas." One is said by the Chinese to be used as "an universal medicine," another, "to dispel huskiness, to quiet troubled feelings, to clear the mind, to brighten the vision, and to moisten the lungs," a third, to prove a specific for rheumatism and fever, a fourth, to be taken in hot days to cool the blood, a fifth, as effectual in removing all kinds of inflammatory diseases, as also those arising from the impeded circulation of the fluids; and so of the rest, each one of which has the credit of some curative power. Not to mention others, of Nukon teas two varieties were shown—the plain Caper, and the plain orange Pekoe. The Canton made teas included the scented Caper, the aroma of which is produced at great expense with flowers, the scented orange Pekoe, each leaf of which is so twisted that it looks like a wire, a small quantity being sufficient to flavour many pounds of any other tea. Then there were Young Hyson, small leaf Hyson, Imperial, and Gunpowder, all very curious and of very great rarity. Nankin teas comprehended specimens of Lo-shan, Hyson, Hyson-skin, Young Hyson, Imperial, and Gunpowder, all of which are the produce of one plant. Under the class of Nankin Teas were also exhibited spurious scented Caper and spurious Gunpowder made in Canton from tea-dust and rice-water, without a leaf of the plant in them, and appropriately called by the Chinese "*lie* teas." The collection included a box of Cumshau, made up in the shape of balls, faggots, and cigars. The examples exhibited are seldom to be met with, and are said to be grown by

the priests on the different hills in the tea district. When the Royal Commission recently visited Liverpool, they inspected, among the other sights of that great seaport, the new Albert Dock, where, in one warehouse, they saw 20,000 chests of tea, which they were assured supplied only one week's consumption



A PROCESSION IN FRONT OF AN ALTAR.

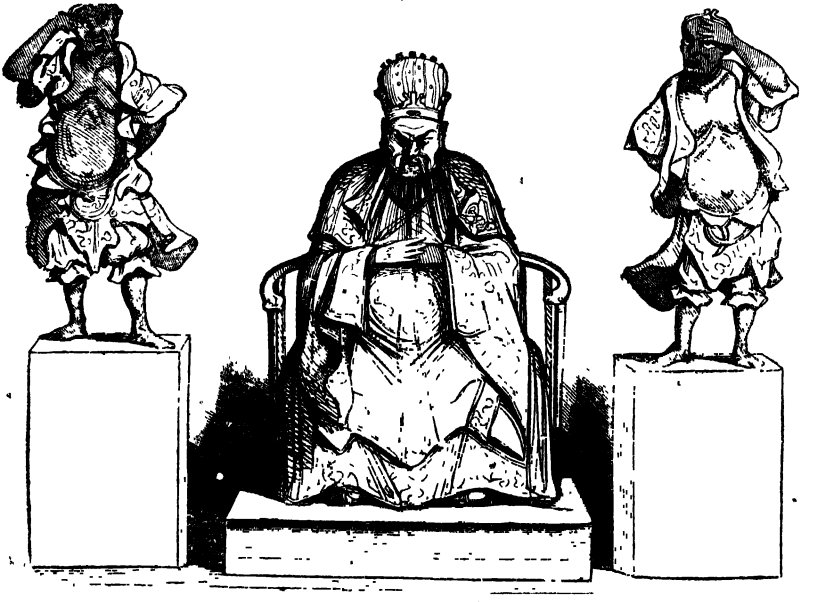
whole country What an immense provision for the tion of

"The cup that cheers but not inebriates."

as, in the very heart of the Chinese collection, and within

a few glass-cases, there were about *forty* specimens of the plant, a large proportion of which have hitherto been unknown to the most enthusiastic of its admirers and advocates!

No implements of agriculture seem to be in an advanced state among the Chinese. The plough in common use is



CHINESE SCULPTURE, FROM THE LOUVRE AT PARIS.

a very simple machine, and inferior to the very worst of ours half a century ago. But a drill-plough is described as consisting of two parallel poles of wood shod with iron to open the furrows; these poles are placed on wheels, a small hopper is attached to each pole to drop the seed into the furrows,

which are then covered with earth by a transverse board fixed behind, which sweeps the surface of the ground. Then animals of draught appear to be very inferior and weak, and it is said that the mules and asses could not draw our improved ploughs, if the Chinese had them.

stunted appearance of their cows and horses. The flesh of flocks and herds is scarcely tasted except by the rich, and the Chinese do not use either milk, butter, or cheese. There is, accordingly, no people in the world, except the Hindoos, that consume so little meat, or so much fish and vegetable food,



A BAS-RELIEF FRONT OF A TEMPLE.



CHINESE ARCHER.



CHINESE BRIDGE.

No good land is ever lost by being left for pasture. The few cattle that are there are turned out only on waste land which can never be improved by any sort of artificial manuring or dressing. To this must partly be ascribed the poor and

Nor is there any motive to feed cattle are employed for the purposes of draught and burden,

SEED-TIME IN LISNOMARA.

In Four Parts.

BY SILVERPEN (ELIZA MILTEYARD).

Part the Fourth.

Time passed, and Mr. Garven had now been three weeks in Lisnomara. Most of the tenant-farmers had returned home —wiser for the lessons of their able teacher, though leaving much sore poverty behind in Joyce's valley. Not a meal of potatoes was left; for the past day or so even Mr. Garven had shared with the people such roots as could be found in the bogs or on the mountains; and now that he was about to leave them again to the stern desolation of misery and hunger deeper seemed both than experience had yet shown. As the hour of his departure drew near, even the most wretched and apathetic began to have some idea of his worth, and self-denying goodness.

It was evening, and he sat beside the common fire of the cabin, giving Joyce directions about the sowing of the oats, beans, and peas in February, in case he sent the supply of seed instead of bringing it himself, which he should not be able to do if his instructions from the Dublin Board took him to another district of Ireland, in place of returning to the western coast. Whilst thus talking, a crowd drew round the cabin door, of which a few gaunt and starved wretches asked permission to come in and speak for the rest.

"Sure, yer honour," said the foremost man, "ye'll not be lavin' us again to our dape poverty. Ye'll be spakin' of us an' our dape nade to the powers in Dublin town—honour bid im."

"An' ye'll be tillin' im wid a quick tongue -for sorra has a male, save the bitther weeds, passed me lips these four days."

"Not mine, nor mine," cried a dozen or more in a breath.

"I am truly sorry for you, my friends," replied Mr Garven, *with much feeling*, "*but I am a poor man myself*—and the English Government will give nothing more, and as I think rightly—except through the machinery of the poor-laws. There is nothing to prevent your travelling to the nearest union-house, and the relief which will be afforded you there will keep you from starvation. But I want you to do something better than this—to secure and use the gifts of God which are around you. This is what an Englishman would do in preference to seeking the union, though it were the best in the country. Now, just listen! On my return to Galway I will send you a net or two, and some one with them to teach you in-shore fishing. Though perhaps you won't use them if I send them—many and many a time your countrymen have served me so."

"But we will, your honour we'll be helpin' Misther Joyce for the sake of ye—if a net was here we'd be helpin' now, the hunger be so sore wid us."

At this moment Maurice pushed his way through the crowd round the door, and entering the cabin, told us parents that a small fishing boat had come into the bay, and that it might bring Grace, as it had from the south. It was more than an hour ago that he saw it from the headland-point, and if his sister had come by it she must now be near at hand. At hearing this, Joyce and Maurice hurried; but they had not been absent more than ten minutes, when they returned, accompanied by Grace and the Galway sea-boy.

Oh! how the brave girl clung to her stalwart father, and in a moment more was nestled in her loving mother's arms—then as quickly she stood abashed before the crowd, and before Mr. Garven. But she had a bundle beneath her cloak of which she was proud, and her quick eye and her warm Irish heart—both told her that it was for food these lingering supplicants asked. Yet they were moving to go—courteous even in despair.

"Stop wid ye, stop wid ye" she said, "I've had luck in that which I went on. See, I've brought ye a net of me own makin' intirely, an' I can mind it an' make ye more. I've the learnin' in me fingers, an' the want shall be comin' to ye no more in Lisnomara."

Saying these words, Grace Joyce placed the bundle she carried on the ground, untied it, and stretched out widely with both hands an ordinary net; but it betokened coming food, food which the next hour could give, and to procure this absorbed almost all [other emotions, saving what could be expressed in the readiest words of wonder, gratitude, and joy, though there were a few, who, grasping the honest farmer by the hand, said, with broken voice:

"Misther Joyce, we've bin standin' out, bad luck to us, against ye and yer dom's, but we'll yet turn a thrue hand to the spade for ye, for yer delicate flower has had a thrue heart for us—the Powers reward her!"

"Don't be stayin' now when ye be hungry," interrupted the girl, as she raised the net and gave it to Dan O'Neil. "We came by the Cove, and it's as smooth as the summer's wind, and the moon be shinin' down its great silver light, and Dan here, the darlint, ould Kitty O'Neil's grandson, as knows Galway fishin' like the bist of 'im, saw the wather o' the bay dark wid 'im—so ye've only to draw the net an' ye'll be fed. Dan 'll show ye how, his grandmother minded him to giv' ye the larnin'."

But these words of prompting were scarcely needed, if even heard, for in a few minutes the cabin was empty; leaving Grace and her mother to talk, whilst the children eagerly listened to all concerning Kitty O'Neil and her wonderful goodness.

"An' sure, me darlint," said Mrs Joyce, "The Power was wid ye in gettin' ye to such a crathur as Kitty, luck be to her, and the door she opened to a stranger, yet, Grace avourneen, ma-hould I be for ye to hive lift yer heart in Galway to any one beside the motherly crathur."

"No, mother dear, no," replied Grace, colouring, though looking steadily as she spoke into her mother's clear kind eyes. "Many were the comers to Kitty O'Neil's, spakin' sugared words, an' askin' me the early day to see his reverence and the ring, but I said me heart was in Lisnomara, an' must be given back as it come. But, mother, won t we be gettin' ready the supper? I hear 'im, and yo be in them voices."

Though Grace thus dexterously changed the conversation, here was truth in the causes of interruption, for in a little while her father, Mr Garven, Maurice, and Dan O'Neil, came in with good news concerning their first experiment in fishing—as one haul of the net had not only given enough and to spare to the surrounding cottiers, but also a supply of fine fish for the farmer's household. Most of the hungry people had remained upon the shore to cook and eat their meal there, but were now wisely returned home, where his good mistress, assisted by Grace and Maurice, and, putting into practice culinary knowledge derived from the "nate Dublin lady," had soon a welcome supper steaming on the table, round which the farmer's family and their visitor sat, and partook of with grateful hearts. After which, and the peat fire burnt up anew with fragrant fuel, Grace again related the events of her journey to and her stay in Galway. Before they parted for the night it was arranged that Mr Garven would remain yet a day or two in Lisnomara, to give Dan O'Neil and the man who had accompanied him time to show Joyce and the people all that was needed in the management and care of nets, and then return to Galway by the boat.

On the morning of his departure, and whilst the boat was making ready, Mr. Garven came into the large room of the cabin, where Joyce and his wife were alone, the latter preparing some meal cakes for her visitor's use during the day, and her husband waiting to carry them down to the shore when ready.

"Well," he said, approaching them, "I hope that you will remember me, good friends, I shall, I am afraid, not be able to see you in February, but must send the oat and tare-seed for sowing then, and the carrot seed for use in April. But if I come in the end of June, or the beginning of July—the time when I intend the large breadth of turnips shall be sown—I hope you will give me a welcome?"

"Ay! that we will," said honest Joyce and his wife in a breath, "we are but poverty-taken crathurs, but ye shall have the heart of us to welcome ye." And "continued Mrs. Joyce, "me and me Grace 'll be earnin' somethin' by the net work, and we'll have the hins, an' there'll be eggs. Och! soul! if I'd the wealth of a queen, and it isn't a poor welcome I'd giv'."

"Yet, Mrs. Joyce," replied the instructor, "though you have not a queen's wealth, I have come now to ask a gift of you and honest Joyce."

"Sure, what can we giv' yer likes," replied Mrs. Joyce, with a quick flash of her old humour, "barrin' it's the odd punchback watch me grandfather had in Dublin litt—why sure—"

"Keep the watch, Mrs. Joyce," interrupted Mr. Garven, with an earnest smile, "but give me your daughter. I admire her, and wish, above all earthly things, to make her my wife."

"You're only jokin' wid us," were Mrs. Joyce's first words of surprise.

"I was never more serious in my life," he replied, "and I think I have shown you that I am a plain, straightforward man. I love Grace, she has a better dowry than riches—a pure warm heart—and an industrious hand."

Mrs. Joyce said no more, but in the pride of her joy fell a crying, and the honest farmer tried to say something about poverty, and the two great honours, but [illegible] speech—so Mr. Garven had time again to ask "May I have her?"

"Sure, then ye may can, an' heaven be wid ye," was the dual consent of both parents, though to such was added, "it ye've the word of her, for sorra should we be to bring one wather drop in her tinder eye."

"And so should I," was the answer, "but where is she? I have spoken to you first." The mother, as she leant against her husband, could not speak for tears, but only point to one of the brown water jars upon the floor, which the Lisnomana women, like those of Connemara, use.

In a moment more Mr. Garven was gone. Once singing the valley in the lee of the cabin, he soon reached a spring, dripping from the green heights above, and screened in by the grey mass of lichen-covered rock as formed its basin. There Grace stood bare-footed in the waters of the spring, waiting till her jar was filled. She heard approaching footsteps, and, turning, beheld Mr. Garven.

She was prepared for the instructor's kind and, for his manner, though to them had always been civil and obliging, yet the little he had said in commendation of her journey to Galway, as more and result, made his offer of marriage, which came out word by word, as though he were asking a favour of the greatest lady in the land, as unexpected as it was startling to her. He had to repeat his words several times, as though she were dead, or not listening. At length she raised her drooping face, and said, quietly, though with a pathos eminently touching, "I'm but a Lisnomana peasant girl, the honour is too great for me entirely, that would have nothin to give wid me hand, but me heart."

"That is all I ask, and all I need, dear Grace," was the lover's ready answer, "that will be my best blessing. When I came into Lisnomana I no more thought of marrying than of walking the sea. I certainly was struck by your loveliness, but that alone wouldn't have won me. It was [illegible]

"Oh! did the gone to Galway town, I base you? Will the boss nets be all the good I made to Lisnomana?"

"They will, dear Grace. They will be the means of giving partial food whilst the green crops are springing. Yes! I loved you every step of the way, for I had learnt from Dan that morning I met you, why, and where you were going."

"Sure, sure, then, sir," [illegible] her face again, "me heart said a true thing when it [illegible] Oh! that I knew more, and was worthy of thee, Mr. Garven."

"This is a confession, is it Grace? well, God bless and thank you for it. I shall come back at the time of turnip-sowing and marry you, and after that you shall go with me into the south of Scotland for three or four months, and learn from a clever friend of mine there, the management of a dairy—"

"Yes," Grace interrupted, "but me heart will be sore in spite of its pride and its love, to lose green Lisnomana from me eyes."

"It shall not, dear Grace. By the time the great turnip crop is ready a pleasant little home shall be yours in this valley. This estate is going to be sold. I am already appointed resident steward by the intending purchaser, and you shall settle down amongst your friends, dear Grace, to be a blessing to Lisnomana and to me."

The girl could not restrain the flow of her grateful tears.

"And in the meanwhile, Grace, you can do much to instruct yourself and others, and cheer your father's heart if it grow sad in the winter season. I will send you a cow and some dairy utensils, and a few little books, such as are used in the [illegible] school, and you must learn dairy-work, and [illegible], as well as show to the Lisnomana women how the nets are made and mended. Ay! and many other things your heart will prompt to. You'll do so, dearest Grace?"

"Oh! sure I will—me heart will love you so entirely, Masther Garven—an' I'll ask the schoolmaster to improve me penman ship, and so be writin' ye letters, dear!"

In a few months more the Lisnomana peasant girl and the instructor had promised their faith to one another beside the dropping spring, and then, side by side—the water-jar for[illegible] in the cabin, where honest Joyce joined their [illegible] to another the beautiful flower of his heart.

Modestly, Grace lingered behind, and did not go so far as the shore with her lover, but from the loftiest height in Lisnomana watched the boat till its filled sail was lost to view in the shadows of the horizon.

All that winter Joyce kept steadily at work. There was enough to do mending nets, [illegible] and manuring land, and in cutting mud, coral sand, and decayed sea-weed, from the shore. The neighbouring farmers zealously followed his example, when at full, coming to him for further instruction. In February the consignment of green crop seed came from Galway, and in the same boat in Aldermen cow and calf, and appropriate dairy utensils, for Grace Joyce. There was a general gathering of the Lisnomana people to receive the seed, and I guess was then wonder that, with such evidence of the bounty of heaven before them, any set of demagogues—either of Conciliation Hall, the Irish press, or the British senate—could for an instant have cried, "Woe! woe!" when out of Ireland's many fruitful resources *but* one had failed. Courage—the courage of knowledge—came into their hearts as they scattered the blessed seed upon the fresh-tilled land.

Through the aid of fishing, the early cabbage-crop, and an occasional supply of meal by boat from Galway, the whole district of Lisnomana was kept free from famine, till, in the middle of June, Mr. Garven [illegible] to the [illegible] the spare of the people and [illegible] greatly surprised him, used as he was to progress, when founded upon the energy, knowledge, and industry of a people. In the [illegible] the [illegible] crop was sown in all the [illegible] the general inspection of all [illegible] Grace were married by Mr. O'Sullivan, with an amount of ceremony that quite eclipsed all former and [illegible] Joyce, great as that was. And Grace, [illegible] a wedding-ring, "a rale white pop[illegible] club, that were the words of every guest.

After a full week's merry-making, Mr. Garven and his beautiful young wife retired to the Lodmans, and when Grace returned, in October, it was to find Lisnomana fruitful and thriving. Her father, the tenant of a worthy landlord willing and anxious to assist his people, and her husband agent and agricultural steward of the district—with a home made ready to receive her in a new stone cottage built in the loveliest nook of the valley.

By the date the tenant-farmers, as well as a portion of the cottiers, had formed a small agricultural association, which met for the first time when the general and great success of the turnip crop was known. At this meeting Mr. Garven spoke, and concluded his address thus:—"You have now practically tested the value of honest, patient industry, and the blessing of overcoming ignorance and prejudice by knowledge. Proceed onward in the same humble, untiring, yet hopeful course. Ireland wants this sort of service, beyond all other, from her people, for her resources are not only many, but among the noblest in the world, and as capable of prolific result, when Irishmen, as a nation, bring to bear upon the necessities of their country the same qualities which, to your honour, you made yours in the Seed-time of Lisnomana."



LONDON GIN "PALACES."

We lately directed attention to one of those houses, of which there are but too many in the Metropolis, into which respectable and virtuous young men are frequently allured, to the destruction of their health, their property, their morals, and their reputation We trust that the *ad vitam* sketch we furnished of "London Night-Houses" will deter many a youth from entering such places. We now furnish an equally truthful sketch of another class of houses, which, as well as the former, abound in the Metropolis, and which are the resort of large numbers of our population, though—as our illustration shows—of those usually accounted less "polite and respectable" than the frequenters of our night-houses and taverns.

Gin-shops present few of the attractions common to taverns and public-houses. They are entered, chiefly for the love of the drink, by those who have acquired a fatal passion for the fiery compounds therein dispensed, or by those who induce others to accompany them thither, from mistaken kindness, or with a nefarious design. Though the doors of these temples of Bacchus stand invitingly ajar, the inmates are not exposed to public gaze The windows are generally placed high, or else the lower panes are curiously engraved, or have opaque curtains drawn across them, so that passers-by cannot see what is going on within. In this respect the venders of ardent spirits differ from all other tradesmen. Bakers, confectioners, ham and beef sellers, butchers, cheesemongers, fruiterers, to say nothing of linendrapers, hatters, shoemakers, and scores of other *useful* and *necessary* trades, are anxious to have their windows as low and as transparent as possible. Each is eager to display his wands or his goods to the best advantage, and large sums are expended expressly *for* this purpose. But with the proprietors of "Gin Palaces" it is otherwise. Is it because they are ashamed of their company?—or is it because they know that much of the business transacted there would not bear exposure to the public Justly have these haunts of dissipation been compared to "whited sepulchres." The tasteful architecture and costly decorations seem to place in dark and horrid contrast the ill-clad, dirty, miserable wretches, whose hardly gained pence pay for these expensive exhibitions. Who wishes to look at dead bones, worms, and corruption, so carefully concealed from the eye by the classic skill of the sculptor? And yet the sight of a human body in a state of putrescence would be less painful than the living death and the revolting moral putrefaction which is hourly fed by the proprietors of our gin palaces aye, even by that smooth-faced, smiling, respectably-clad individual who stands behind the counter and deals out the liquid fire—the distilled and deadly poison to the maudlin, ghastly beings, who throng around him

At the left hand of our engraving a sad scene presents itself Here you behold a miserable mother pouring gin into the mouth of her innocent infant and thus the child is being drenched with death by the very woman who ought to be its guardian angel, and perhaps still, notwithstanding the ravages strong drink have perpetrated upon her own body and soul, yet views with some lingering affection the helpless offspring whom she is madly destroying Thousands of children are thus annually poisoned by their infatuated parents! It has long ago been shown that these liquors are the source of almost every kind of disease. We should not exceed the plain intimations of science, if we asserted that no one can use them, even moderately, without shortening his days None who habitually partake of them die a natural death. The firmest constitution cannot, in the end, resist their baneful influence what, then, shall be said of the delicate digestive organs, intestines, liver, nerves, and brain of an infant? Here you have the body and the mind poisoned with the same glass, and what is more appalling, all this is done by a mother, at least, if that pitiable-looking woman, with her bonnet half off her head, can deserve such a name, for we cannot help thinking that both language and humanity are outraged when we apply the endearing word mother to a miserable woman who enters a spirit-shop, and especially to one who carries her infant there, and poisons it with gin.

Nearly all the characters portrayed by our artist, have an idiotic, a haggard, or a demoniacal sort of visage; showing that strong drink has committed sad havoc on their physical, mental and moral constitutions. There is not a natural, or benevolent or happy countenance among them. It is true that one or two of them are *laughing*; but, then, their hilarity looks more like the fiendish grin of a tormented spirit than the cheerful mirth of innocence and love Pe ple talk of wine and strong drink "*cheering* the heart of man," but we have never yet seen the assertion verified. We have heard of multitudes who have become low spirited, melancholy, and deranged, from the use of these beverages, we have visited numbers who have refused to be comforted, because these liquors had paralysed or destroyed every avenue both in mind and body through which any word of consolation could enter. We have known many who were boisterous in their joy so long as these poisons set them on fire, but who sunk into utter wretchedness as soon as the poisonous spirit had evaporated from their frames. If such liquors could produce real and substantial pleasure, one would suppose that a gin-shop would be a picture of paradise, and yet this is the place, above all others in the world, to see hunger, thirst, rags, nakedness, ill-temper, misery, and crime of every description, written in legible characters on all the frequenters of these abodes of woe. Our artist has been guilty of neither exaggeration nor caricature in the faces he has delineated, and should any doubt our assertion, let them only stand for a short time opposite any gin palace in London, and witness the dress, the features, the language, the gestures, of the men and women who visit these scenes of corruption, and they will no longer accuse our picture or expressions of having gone too far And yet all these people were made to be happy, and were happy before they became fond of these drinks, yes, and have spent enough in these liquors to make themselves and their families happy, aye, and we may add, that all of them might yet be happy, if they would abandon the glass, and reform their habits.

In contrast with that seemingly well-dressed woman who stands near the bar with the glass in her hand, on which she is casting an eye of so much satisfaction, let our readers look at the outlandish face at her right hand, and, above all, notice that miserable little girl who is dressed in rags, and has no stockings or shoes on, but is exerting every nerve to reach up to the counter and push her mother's gin bottle into the hand of the well-dressed, buxom landlady. Is it any wonder that London is still a disgrace to Christendom, that trade is bad, that seamstresses for want of work submit to the exactions of tyrannical and avaricious employers; when the money that should be spent in clothing is thus wasted in poisons? Is it a marvel that we have ragged schools with pickpockets, or mere infant street-walkers for scholars, when we find the young thus early educated in crime and wretchedness? We are told on high authority that "woman is the glory of man," and history elucidates the assertion, for where females are degraded, there men are base, sensual, and depraved Heaven has ordained that the stronger sex shall not rise, if the weaker is corrupted or depressed In barbarian, and in some civilised countries, women are slaves, and there the men are indolent, cruel, savage, and vile Woman makes home, home; woman softens, refines, and ennobles the rougher natures of the "lords of creation" Solomon tells us that the "husband of the good wife is known in the gate," the assembly, or the parliament, "when he sitteth with the elders." We earnestly entreat our friends to bear these facts in mind, and then ask—What hope society can indulge from the future life of that miserable object represented in our engraving, who is so earnest in handing up her gin bottle? What wife or mother will she make? What will her future history be? And yet there are thousands of these young mumbling spirits of Bacchus haunting the gin palaces of our country, and thus preparing themselves and others for a life of crime and a hereafter of woe. And sorry are we to add, that with all our philanthropy and professed regard for the poor, yet the drinking habits of our country are chiefly supported by those who boast of their moderation, and wish to be thought the benefactors of their species.

Before we close our observations on the mournful exhibition we have depicted, we would call attention to that decently clad wife, whose face is the picture of grief, and who is trying to drag away from this living hell, that idiot-looking, drunken

monster who calls himself her husband. His little daughter is nursing in the work, and grasps his right arm, while a guilty companion is attempting to make him stay, the pot-boy is looking on and apparently mocking, and the very dog is disgusted at the scene. Here is national education with a vengeance. What sort of a man will that pot-boy make? How that deteriorate must have every delicate feeling outraged, and what corruption will infect that [illegible] of the contaminations of the gin-shop! Who can, this world can predict the end of that wretched, filthy drunkard who has thus attracted his wife and female child to this haunt of depravity? The thoughts that crowd upon us as we gaze on these various characters, might fill volumes with weeping and lamentation.

The most composed, or rather the most pleased and gratified persons in the scene, are the master and mistress of the establishment. Squalor, filth, and misery are constantly before them, and are nourished and brought to fruitful maturity by the strange compounds they supply so readily, but what of that? "By this craft they have their wealth." The "fools' pence" enable "mine host" of the "Queen's Arms," his wife, and their children to flaunt in silks and broad cloth, and to "fare sumptuously every day," and what have they to do to care for diseased bodies or broken hearts—for deserted wives or neglected children? But the reckoning day will come, a heavy responsibility rests somewhere, and heavy will be the condemnation. In the mean time let every individual take care of himself, and avoid the gin-shop and the use of the mysterious compounds manufactured and sold there, as he would avoid "plague, pestilence, and famine!"

OBSERVATIONS ON HOW TO WALK.

Of all the exercise walking is the most complete and easy. The weight of the body rests on one foot while the other is advanced, it is then thrown upon the advanced foot while the other is brought forward, and so on in succession. In this mode of progression the slowness and equal distribution of motion is such, that many muscles are employed in a greater or less degree. Each acts in unison with the rest, and the whole remains compact and united. Hence the time of its movements may be quicker or slower without deranging the union of the parts or the equilibrium of the whole. It is owing to these circumstances that walking [illegible] much of the character of the walker, that it [illegible] in women and children, steady and grave in men or elderly persons, irregular in the nervous and irritable, measured in the affected and formal, brisk in the sanguine, heavy in the phlegmatic, proud or humble, bold or timid, &c., in strict correspondence with individual character. A firm yet easy and graceful walk, is by no means common. There are few men who walk well if they have not learned to regulate their motions by the lessons of a master; and this instruction is still more necessary for ladies. Walking may be performed in three different times—slow, moderate, or quick, which somewhat modify its action.

The Slow Walk, or March.—In the march the weight of the body is advanced from the heel to the instep, and the toes are most turned out. This being done, one foot, the left for instance, is advanced, with the knee straight and the toe inclined to the ground, which, without being drawn back, it touches before the heel; in such a manner, however, that the sole, towards the conclusion of the step, is nearly parallel with the ground, which it next touches without its outer edge. The right foot is then immediately raised from the inner edge of the toes and similarly advanced, inclined and brought to the ground, and so on in succession. It must be observed that the toe's [illegible] in the march gives to [illegible] vigour, or gaiety, and that, when the [illegible] laid aside, and the whole sole of the foot is planted on the ground, it requires a character of sobriety, severity, or gloom, which is equally proper [illegible] on occasions. This observation is, in a less degree, applicable to the following paces.

The Moderate Pace.—Here the weight of the body is advanced from the heel to the ball of the foot, the toes are turned out, and it is no longer the toe, but the ball of the foot which first touches and last leaves the ground, its outer edge, or the ball of the little toe, first breaking the descent of the foot, and its inner edge, or the ball of the great toe, last projecting the weight. Thus, in this step less of the foot may be said actively to cover the ground, and this adoption of nearer and stronger aids of support and action is essential to the increased velocity [illegible] of the pace. The mechanism of this [illegible] only attended to. People pass from a slow march to the quick pace they know not how, and hence arises the awkwardness and embarrassment of their walk when their pace becomes moderate, and the misery they endure when this pace has to be performed by them, unaccompanied in the middle of a long and well [illegible] room, where the eyes of a brilliant assembly are exclusively directed to them.

The Quick Pace. Where the weight of the body is advanced from the heel to the toes, the toes are least turned out, and still nearer and stronger points of support and action are chosen. The outer edge of the heel first touches the ground, and the sole of the foot projects the weight. It is important to remark, as to all those paces, that the weight is successively more thrown forward as the pace [illegible] less turned out. In the general [illegible] of the [illegible] ought not to exceed the length of the foot, the leg should be put forward without stiffness, in about the fourth position, and without any effort to turn the foot out, as it throws the body away, and gives the person the appearance of a professional dancer. The arms should fall in their natural position, and all their movements and oppositions to the feet should be easy and unconstrained, and the pace should be neither too slow nor too quick. The gait should be in harmony with the person, natural and tranquil, without giving the appearance of difficulty in advancing, and active, without the appearance of being in a hurry. Nothing can be more ridiculous than a little woman who takes innumerable minute steps with great rapidity to get on with great speed, except it be a tall woman who throws out her long legs as though she would dispute the road with the horses.

THE GREATNESS OF LONDON

Magnitude is the distinguishing characteristic of London, as grandeur of natural position and scenery is that of Naples—beauty, that of Florence—moral interest, that of Rome—shops, plate-glass, splendour, that of Paris. But in no city does the peculiar characteristic of a place so force itself upon one's notice as in London. There you are reminded of magnitude whichever way you turn. You become presently insensible to the beauty of Florence, to the shops of Paris, to the moral glory of Rome, but you never forget for one single moment how big London is—how multitudinous its population. When you find, after spending your first week, or more than that, in doing nothing else than scouring the capital from end to end, in order to catch some general notion of the place, that you are as much a stranger as when you began your travels, that, though you have gone so far, you have made no progress—though you have seen so much, you know and can remember nothing—that the city is still as new and unsolved as ever—you receive a very lively and even painful impression of its enormous size. Everything else is subordinate to size. Churches are nothing, you pass St Paul's, and give it only a careless look. Columns and statues, Nelson's and the Duke of York's pillars, even *Peacock's* Duke, you overlook. Magnitude alone interests. This not only intercepts—it astonishes, absorbs, [illegible] annihilates every other feeling. Queen, Lords, and Commons are nothing by the side of the immeasurable vastness. As a stranger, this is the first topic of conversation, and its interest never flags. Yet it is not you, after all, who are so much interested by the size as the Londoner himself, who is proud of it, and forces the subject upon you. His topics are not of art, pictures and statues, books, literature—they are not so much to his taste—but of London, its streets, squares, and parks, its extent, the masses always abroad, the crowds in the streets, the number [illegible] across it, the number of miles around it, its growth, even at present, like that of New Orleans or San Francisco, the countless omnibusses, the packing and tangling of carriages and other vehicles, fifty times a-day, where Great Farringdon-street crosses over to Blackfriars-bridge, and the admirable police for keeping all these

masses in order. In the presence of London, it is just as it would be if you should meet a man fifty feet high, and of a weight proportionable. You would be in a state of perpetual astonishment. In other capitals, your admiration is directed to the palaces of some of the nobility, one here, and another there; sometimes to the houses of a few of the commoners, sometimes to a street of palaces, as in Genoa. But in London you note these signs of wealth, not only here and there, but really everywhere — not only in this street and another, but in street after street beyond counting. And, in certain parts of the city, the population seems wholly composed of those who dwell in palaces. The rest of mankind have no place provided for them. And one begins to feel as if that were, there at least, the natural state of man, and as if he himself, when he returns home, will find himself locked in the same way, that you feel particularly in the purlieus of Eaton and Belgrave Squares, and anywhere, in short, at the West End. This has the finest feature of grandeur about it imaginable—this indefinite multiplication of splendid residences. There is nothing like it, nothing that approaches it elsewhere. It makes a deeper impression than either the shops of Regent-street and Piccadilly, the warehouses on the docks, the beer breweries, or the shipping on the Thames, and comparisons with other cities in these respects are not to be thought of.

THE QUADRATURE OF THE CIRCLE.

By the time Bacon had attained to the venerable age of sixty, many men of great talents, and possessing wonderful energy and perseverance, spent their whole lives in endeavouring to solve problems which all now acknowledge to be incapable of solution. There is hardly a tale of the middle ages in which one of the numerous tribes of alchemists is not brought upon the stage as the very embodiment of mystery and magic, and represented as constantly employed in the pursuit of the "philosopher's stone," which was to possess the property of transmuting all metals into gold. That such a body does not exist, every child now knows. It has been recently shown, however, that science is under far greater obligation to the alchemists for their many discoveries than modern men have hitherto fully acknowledged.

Another "splendid phantom of this kind [illegible] perpetual motion, which should possess the property of continuing to move for ever independent of all foreign aid. As this would require the entire prevention of friction from axle or other bodies, it is needless to say that no success has attended the efforts of the explorers in this department of science.

The *Quadrature of the Circle* is, however, a problem which has engaged the attention of many more scientific men than either of the preceding, and many whose opinions were of great weight, entertained at various times strong hopes that it might eventually be accomplished, and to some it may seem at first sight that nothing can be easier. For the benefit of those of our readers who may not exactly understand what is meant by the *quadrature of the circle*, we may explain that it is the construction of a square which shall contain exactly the same extent of surface as that of a given circle. Persons having no knowledge of mathematics may, however, satisfy themselves of the difficulty of doing this, by simply endeavouring to draw on a piece of paper a square and a circle of exactly the same area. They will find that if the lines of the square touch those of the circle, the former will be larger by the space at each of the four *corners*, and if it be drawn *inside* the circle, it will of course be much smaller. They will see the impossibility of satisfying even the most scientific mind, not to speak of rendering the problem capable of being solved by a mathematical demonstration.

This difficulty or impossibility has never been ignored by our great geometers, and many of them have obtained results more or less closely *approximating* to the truth. But there has always existed a class of men less enlightened who, unable to distinguish between what they *wish* to do, and what they are *able* to do, have pretended from time to time that they have discovered the quadrature of the circle, &c.

The problem is probably as old as geometry itself, and has formed the subject of the incubations of many of the best minds of Greece, the cradle of mathematical science. Anaxagoras occupied himself with it in prison, into which he had been thrown for declaring that there was but one God. Aristotle, in one of his satirical comic dramas, introduces *Meton* upon the stage, and endeavours to throw ridicule upon the philosophers by making him promise to square the circle. Archimedes was the first to discover the relation existing between the length of the circumference of a circle, and that of its diameter and radius. Apollonius obtained the relation with still greater exactness.

Cardinal de Cusa was the first of the modern *Alchymist Geometers*. He imagined that he had discovered the quadrature of the circle by rolling a cylinder upon a plain, and the circumference thus described would form the sides of the required square. He was convinced of his error by Regiomontanus.

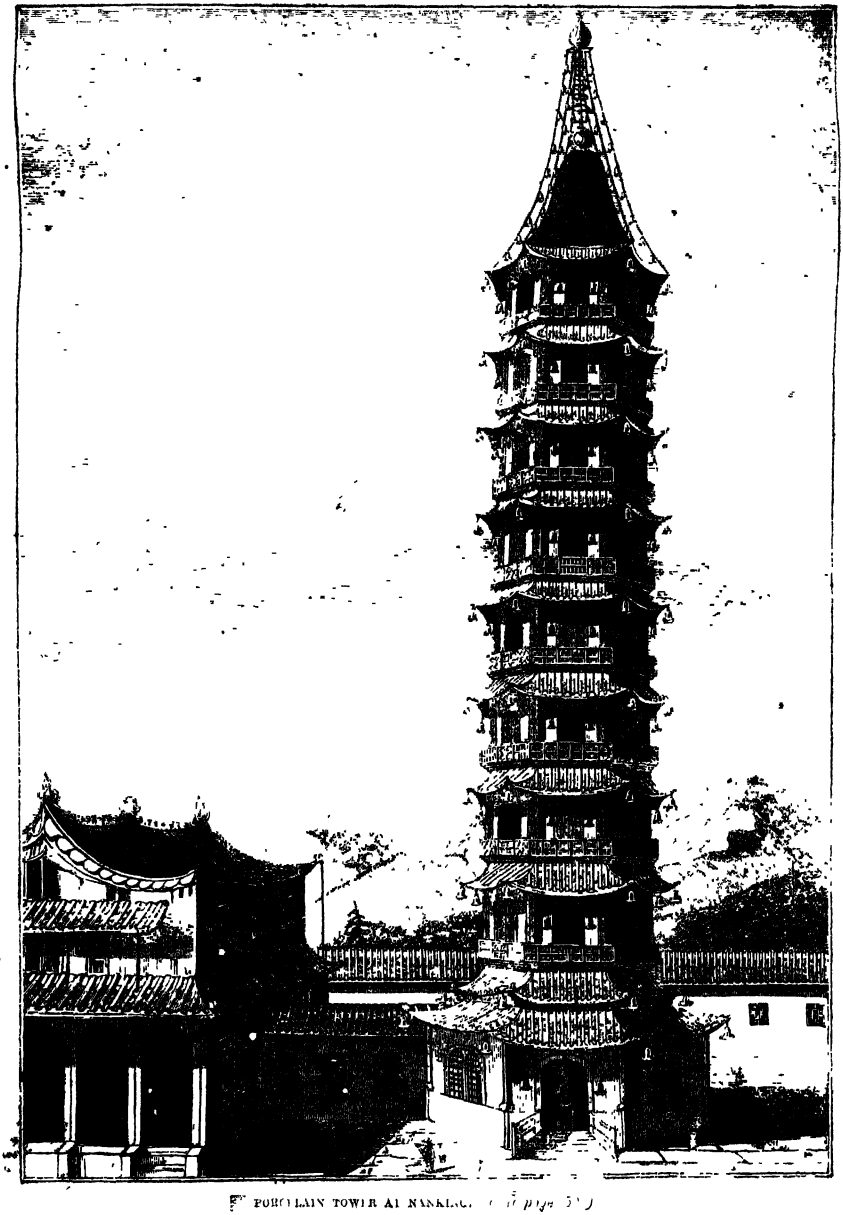
The celebrated Joseph Saliger, engaged also in these calculations, as he had an extremely low opinion of geometers generally, and wished to show them the superiority of a learned man like himself. Viete, Clavius, and others having demonstrated the falsity of his mathematical logic, he became violently enraged with them, and was pursuaded still more firmly that no geometer had one ounce of sense.

There are many other instances upon record of attempts of this kind. One of the most remarkable, perhaps, was that made by a manufacturer of Lyons, named Mathuton, who after having announced to the geometers and mechanicians his discovery of the quadrature of the circle, and of perpetual motion, defied them to prove that he was mistaken, and deposited at Lyons a sum of 3,000 francs, to be given to any one who should refute his demonstration. M. Nicol, a member of the French Academy of Sciences, proved beyond all doubt that he had reasoned falsely, and demanded the promised reward. Mathuton, however, demurred, and said he should also show the falsity of his theory for producing perpetual motion, before he could obtain it. The affair was brought before the courts of law, and decided in Nicol's favour, who handed the money over to the hospital of the town.

About fifty years ago the courts at Paris had to decide upon a similar case. "A man of quality" challenged the whole world to prove the falsity of his quadrature of the circle, and deposited in the bank a sum of five hundred pounds, to be awarded to the person who should succeed in doing so, each having a stake in a wager on the subject. From his solution of the problem he deduced a plain explanation of the Trinity, and said it was evident that the square was the *Father*, the circle the *Son*, and a third figure the *Holy Ghost*. Our readers may, and many doubtless will, come to the conclusion that this "man of quality" was mad, and some others may hint, in a dry waggish way, that he was not the first, but we must remember that metaphysicians hold that there are certain heights of genius, and when a man reaches them, he stands over the abyss of insanity—one step, and he falls in. Such may have been the case in the present instance, and we must therefore preserve our gravity, whilst we relate that this wonderful demonstration was also, in the opinion of its discoverer, fully competent to remove all mystery from the doctrine of original sin, to prove the rotundity of the earth, and exhibit the causes of the declination of the magnetic needle!

Five hundred pounds was no small prize, and there was forthwith a host of competitors. Amongst others was a lady, who thought she could by the aid of common sense alone refute the challenger, and brought the affair before the courts of law. The judges, however, without expressing any opinion with regard to the quadrature of the circle, refused to sanction the disposal of the defendant's money in such a way, at the same time hinting some doubts as to his sanity, whereat he was greatly enraged, and bequeathed his "name and memory to the next age" for justification. The French Institute was, until very recently inundated with voluminous packets, purporting to contain solutions of the quadrature of the circle, so that they have now passed a rule to receive no more on the subject.

About the year 1830 the members assembled in great state to open a paper, which, by desire of the author, had remained under seal for a great number of years, as he alleged that it contained a precious discovery. It was found to be the quadrature of the circle!!



PORCELAIN TOWER AT NANKING.

VISIT TO AN ENCAMPMENT OF LAPLANDERS.

THE writer of an interesting account of a voyage from Leith to Lapland, while sojourning on the island of Tromso, learning that on the neighbouring mountains some Laplanders were encamped, resolved to pay them a visit. For this purpose he procured a boat and rowed over to the opposite shore, where he met with a Lap youth and a Lap girl engaged in driving a herd of reindeers to the encampment. He says:—"The youth had very bright, playful, hazel eyes, rather sunken, and small regular features of an interesting cast. His hands, like those of all Laps, are as small and finely shaped as those of any aristocrat. The simple reason for this is, that the Laps, from generation to generation, never perform any manual labour, and the very trifling work they necessarily do is of the lightest kind. His pæsk (the name of a sort of tunic invariably worn by the Laplanders) was of sheepskin, the wool towards, reaching to his knees. His boots were of the usual peaked shape, a few inches higher than his ancles, and made of the raw skin of the reindeer, the hair being nearly all worn off. On his head was a round woollen cap, shaped precisely like a nightcap, with a red tassel, and a red worsted band round the rim. This species of cap is the favourite one worn by the Laps.

"The dress of the girl was similar in shape, but her pæsk was of very coarse light-coloured woollen cloth, a material frequently used in summer for the pæsks of both sexes, as being cooler than reindeer-skin or sheep-skin. Her head was bare, and her hair hung low over her shoulders. Her features were minute, and the prettiest and most pleasing of any Lap I ever saw either before or since. The complexion was a tawny reddish hue, common to all Laplanders. The legs of the nymph in question were bare from the top of her boots to the knee, and were extremely thick and clumsy, furnishing a striking contrast to the delicate shape of her hands. The twain were accompanied by three little reindogs, and were very leisurely driving the herd onward, each having a branch of a tree in hand, to whisk about, to urge the deer on. The girl had a great coarse linen bag slung round her neck, and resting on her back. This she filled with a particular kind of [illegible] she went along. I asked her what she gathered it for, and she gave me to understand it was used in milking the reins, but in what manner was as yet to me a mystery. I found both the girl and the youth very good-natured. Eyes of the latter especially sparkled with merry humour. They could speak only a very few words of [illegible] understood some of my questions [illegible] readily answered them. They were driving the herd to be milked, and on my telling them I was an Englishman, come from afar to see them and their reins, they repeated the word "Englesk" several times in a tone of surprise, and regarded me with an interest and curiosity somewhat akin to what the appearance of one of their people would excite in an English city. Yet I must remark that, except in what immediately concerns themselves, the emotions of all Laplanders, so far as my opportunities of judging enable me to conclude, flow in a most sluggish channel. I asked the girl to show me the moss the reins eat, and she did so, after a little search, and gathered me some. It is very short in summer, but long in winter. In Sweden I learn that this most admirable provision of nature for the sole support of the deer during nine months in the year (and, in consequence, the existence of the Laplanders also depends on it) grows much more abundantly, and is of a greater length; which is the reason most Laps prefer Swedish Lapmark for their winter wanderings. Coming to a marshy spot where a particular long, sharp, narrow grass grew, I plucked some, and asked the Laps if they did not use that to put in their boots in lieu of stockings. They instantly responded affirmatively. This is the celebrated bladder carex, or cyperus grass (the *carex vesicaria* of Linnæus). I gathered some, and afterwards found it in several parts of the Island of Tromso; but it only grows in marshy spots. The Laps at all seasons stuff their boots quite full of it, and it effectually saves their feet from being frost-bitten.

"Onward we went, driving the herd, in which I gleefully helped, the three little dogs at times barking and fetching up stragglers. The Laps occasionally gave a short cry or urging shout to the reins, and I burst forth with my full-lunged English hallo, to the evident amusement of my companions. The scene was most exciting, and vividly brought to my recollections the forest scenes in "As You Like it." The brilliant sun light, the green grass, the sparkling, murmuring Ely, the picturesque glen, the figures of the Laps, the moving herd of reins, the novelty of the whole was indescribably delightful.

"We at length drew nigh the Lap encampment, consisting of two large *gammes* (summer huts), most rudely constructed of earth, stones, and trunks of trees, and also of a summer tent. Besides these, were two or three extraordinary erections of trees and branches, which I shall hereafter describe. Between us and the encampment flowed a head of Tromsdal Elv, and on the north side of this (the side we were on) were enclosed, circus-like, open places, each of a diameter of one hundred and fifty feet, as nearly as I could estimate. They were formed by stumps of trees and poles, set upright on the ground, and these were linked together by horizontal poles, and against the latter were reared bunch poles and branches of trees, varying *from six to ten feet in height, without the* [illegible] the whole being as rude as well [illegible] enclosure was sufficiently secure to answer the purpose of its builders. On the south side of the Elv, and about one hundred yards distance, was a third similar enclosure.

"Soon we were joined by the whole Lappish tribe, who came by twos and threes, bringing with them all the instruments and appliances necessary for the important business of milking. These consisted of long thongs of reindeer-skin, and also tempen cords of the manufacture of civilised men, for noosing the reins, and of bowls, kits, &c., to receive the milk. The bowls were thick, [illegible] things, round, and of about nine inches in diameter, with [illegible] hand-hold. They [illegible] probably each hold [illegible] and the edges inclined inwards, so as to prevent the milk from spilling over during the operation of milking. The large utensils for receiving the milk from these hand-bowls consisted of four wooden kits, with covers, one iron pot, and a long keg, or barrel.

"All the Lap huts I have seen are furnished with one or more small barrels, containing a supply of water for drinking. [illegible] apa[illegible]

[illegible] lose bes de the fence in the inner portion of the circle, and in their midst was placed another object, which I regarded [illegible] child's cradle! This was the last thing brought from the encampment, which then did not contain a living animal, men, children, and dogs being all assembled in the enclosure. The cradle was ingeniously made entirely of reindeer skin, shorn of hair, and, as it appeared to me, also hardened or tanned by some process. Its shape much resembled a huge shoe of the fashion of the middle ages, having a high back, and turned up at the foot or toe. It was just large enough to contain a child of a few months old, although, indeed, the Lap infants, like those of the "unfortunate" servant gal in one of Marryatt's works, are "such very little ones!" It reminded me strongly of the bark-cradles of the North American Indians, and was equally adapted to be slung at the mother's back on a journey or to be hung up in a gamme, or on a tree, out of the reach of hungry dogs or prowling wolves. The head of the cradle was spanned by a narrow top, from which depended a piece of coarse, common, red check woollen stuff, drawn so tightly over the body of the cradle that one would have fancied the little creature in some danger of suffocation, and it was only by an occasional feeble struggle under the cloth that I was apprised of the existence of a living creature beneath it. Evidently this cover was necessary, for I saw a huge mosquito, the summer pest of the north, settle repeatedly upon it, as though longing to suck the blood of the innocent little prisoner.

"The entire number of Laps now assembled could not be less than forty, men, women, and children included, and the three dogs had been joined by at least a score of their brethren. The men generally, were attired in rough and ragged pæsks either of reindeer skin or of sheep skin; the hair of the latter being worn inwards, but of the former outwards. The women had all pæsks of cloth, but their appearance was so strikingly similar to that of the men, and the hair of both sexes hung down over the shoulders and shaded the face so much that it was in some cases difficult at the first glance to

distinguish the sex of the younger adults. The heads of the women were bare, and they all wore girdles of leather studded with [illegible] brass ornaments, of which they are excessively proud. The men wore caps, as already described, and plain belts, [illegible] with a knife attached in a sheath, and in some instances the women also wore a small knife. The children had miniature pesks of sheep skin, their only clothing. I had read of the generally diminutive stature of Laplanders, and found them to be a truly dwarfish race. On an average the men did not appear to exceed five feet in height, and the women were considerably less. They were most of them very robust, however, and probably the circumference of their chest nearly equalled their height. The complexion of all was more or less tawny, their eyes light-coloured, and their hair either reddish or auburn, and in long lank masses added much to the wildness of their appearance. Some of them wore moustaches and beards, but nature had apparently denied the majority such hirsute signs of manhood.

"The gait or bearing of the Lapps is indescribably clumsy when they are walking on level ground, and is unsteady as that of a person under the influence of liquor; but they appear in the exercise of awkward when engaged in the avocations incident to their primitive life. They are exceedingly phlegmatic in temperament, greedy, avaricious, suspicious, very indolent and filthy, and by no means celebrated for strict adherence to truth. The Nordlanders one and all spoke of them, in answer to my questions, with implied distrust and contempt, and my own limited experiences most assuredly did not tend much towards impressing me with a more favourable opinion. The countenances of most of the Lapps present a combination of stolidity, low cunning, and obstinacy, so as to be decidedly repulsive, yet it is undeniably true that crimes attended with violence rarely occur among them, though I take that as no decided proof of the mildness of their disposition. They also are strict in their attendance at church, whenever opportunity serves, but their conduct immediately on quitting the sacred edifice too frequently evinces that hardly a spark of genuine religion has lightened up the darkness of their souls. Drunkenness has long been and is still their besetting sin, but I am assured that this failing, so common to all uncivilized races, is rapidly decreasing."

DIVISION OF TIME

The origin of the division of weeks, or of computing time by sevenths, is greatly controverted. Some will have it to be taken from the four quarters or intervals of the moon between her changes of phases, which, being about seven days distant, gave occasion to the division. Be the exact way, the division is certainly very ancient. The Syrians, Egyptians, and most of the oriental nations seem to have used it from all antiquity, though it did not come into use in the West till Christianity brought it in. The Romans reckoned their days not by sevenths, but by nunths, and the ancient Greeks by decades, or tenths, a mode of calculation adopted by the French but soon relinquished.

The Jews divided their time by weeks, but it was upon a different principle from the other Eastern nations, God himself having appointed them to work six days, and to rest the seventh, in order to keep up the use and remembrance of the creation, which being effected in six days, he rested the seventh.

Some authors suppose that the use of weeks to the other Eastern nations proceeded from the Jews; and from that the septenary division of days among the heathens of the East was a remnant of the tradition of the creation, and others again imagine it to have been derived from the Egyptians.

The days of the week were denominated by the Jews from the order of them succession from the Sabbath. Thus the next day after the Sabbath they called the first of the Sabbath, the next the second of the Sabbath, and so of the rest, except the sixth, which they call [illegible] preparation of the Sabbath.

The Arabians, [illegible] Turks, the Christian Arabs, Persians, Hindoos, [illegible] Germans, heathens denominated the days of the week [illegible] second, which names are still generally retained among the Christians of the West.

Sunday, from sun and day, was thus denominated by our idolatrous ancestors because set apart for the worship of the sun. It is now more properly called the Lord's-day, because kept as a feast in memory of our Lord's resurrection on this day, and Sabbath-day, because substituted under the new law in the place of the Sabbath in the old law. Sabbath is a Hebrew word signifying cessation or rest. It was the seventh day of the week, held as a feast among the Jews in memory of God's resting on the seventh day of the creation. It was appointed from the beginning by God himself, and was set apart from works of labour, and to be employed in public worship and acts of charity.

WHAT IS NOBLE?

What is noble? To inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than these for me!
Something greater far must enter
Into man's high plan,
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man!

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan
To uplift our fellow being,
And, like man, to feel for man.

What is noble? Is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade?
There's a dignity in labour
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!
He who seeks the mind's improvement
Aids the world, in aiding mind.
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one—but all mankind.

O'er the forest's bent and ashes,
O'er the engine's snorting head,
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread
There is Labour lowly tending
Each requirement of the hour,
There is genius still extending
Science—and its world of power!

Mid the dust, and speed, and clamour,
Of the loom-shed and the mill,
Midst the clank of wheel and hammer,
Great [illegible] are [illegible]
Though, [illegible]
Work [illegible]
Commerce [illegible]
Industry is not a shamed.

What is noble? That which places
Truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps, like angel traces,
That man's mind may follow still!
Lo! O[illegible]
Pio[illegible]
He's the noble—who advances
Freedom, and the cause of man.—CHARLES SWAIN.

NOT AFRAID TO BE POOR.—After Dr Gill had written against a gentleman whose publications he considered erroneous, he was waited on by some of his friends, who endeavoured to dissuade him from persevering, and among other things, they intimated to him that he might lose the subscriptions of some wealthy persons. "Do not tell me of losing," said the doctor, "I value nothing in comparison of the gospel. I am not afraid to be poor."

OUR HOPE IS IN THE CHILDREN.—It is said that, when Peter the Great, of Russia, desiring to introduce English manners into his kingdom sent a number of young men into England, his jester called him a fool. Peter threatened to have him tossed in a blanket if he did not make the assertion good. The jester called for a sheet of paper, and folding and rubbing it hard, desired Peter to remove the impressions there made. His Majesty could not. "Why, then," said the jester, "do you send young men already impressed with Russian habits to England? Send children." The jester was right.

MISCELLANEA.

LITERAL INTERPRETATION.—"Ma," said Wilhelmina, 'I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was.'—"Why, my dear?" said her astonished ma.—"Because he 'slept with his father.' I think if he had been rich he would have had a bed of his own."

AN ACCOMMODATING TAR.—A letter was recently received at a custom-house on the Tyne from a free and easy Jack, requesting a certificate to be sent to his address, at the Sailors Home in Liverpool, or "*wherever, at the time, he may be pleased.*"

EARLY HOURS.—The stately dame of Edward the Fourth's court rose with [illegible] orchard [illegible] were [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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Death of Member ..... from	2	10	0	to 20	0	0
Death of Member's Wife or Nominee from	0	0	0	to 10	0	0
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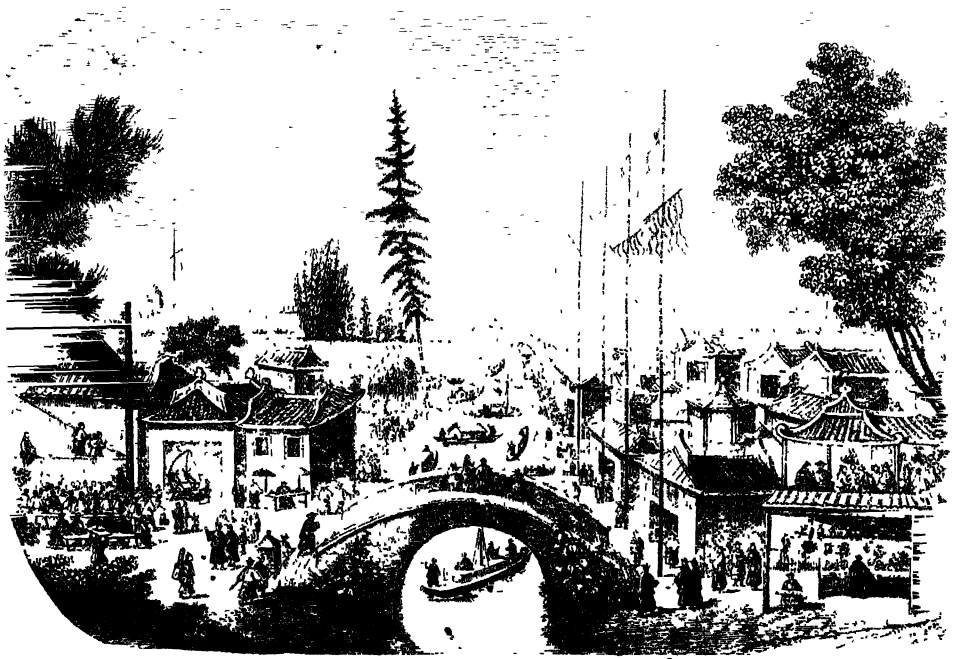
NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., NO. 5.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1851 [PRICE ONE PENNY

CHINA AND THE CHINESE

THE ARTS OF THE CHINESE

As to clothing, the lower orders of the Chinese generally wear an untanned sheep-skin jerkin and nether garment of cloth. The summer clothing of the upper ranks is a long loose gown, of thin silk or gauze, sometimes confined to the waist by a girdle, the sleeves loose, and the neck bare. The breeches are of ample dimensions. The legs are protected by woven stockings of cotton or silk, and the feet by cloth, satin, or velvet boots. As the leather is not sufficiently tanned to exclude wet without many layers, the soles of boots and shoes are very thick. In winter fur jackets and leggings are added to the summer clothing. On the commencement of the cold or hot season, the viceroy of each province puts on his winter or summer cap. The summer cap is a cane of bamboo or chip, covered with a large quantity of red horse-hair, or with silken threads; at the apex is the button, which indicates the rank of the wearer. A dome of velvet or fur, with a broad brim, sharply turned up all round, is used in winter.

The Chinese especially excel in the manufacture of silks. Their exquisite texture and brilliant hues render them the most splendid article of dress among that people. All ranks, from the noble to the peasant, are desirous of wearing silks, and they are employed not only in robes and trowsers, but in caps, boots, and shoes. The silks generally worn by the Chinese are plain, but they are manufactured in every colour, and adorned with beautiful figures. The manufacture, beautiful as it is, is not produced by any elaborate machinery,



EAST GATE OF KOU-SOU, INTERIOR WALLED PART OF THE TOWN OF SOU-CHOU, WHERE THE ROYAL WOOLLEN WORKSHOPS ARE

on the contrary, it is woven in very simple looms, like those of the ancients.

In China the culture of the silkworm and the weaving of silk may be traced to a remote antiquity. The soft wool of the Chinese is celebrated by Virgil as being combed from trees. The manufactures of this substance—then more costly than gold—were patiently unravelled by the artists of Greece, who re-manufactured it with a mixture of some less expensive material. The fabric thus produced, styled "woven air" and "textile cloud," was extremely thin, and Roman moralists were not wanting to denounce its use as indecent.

On the destruction of the Parthian empire in the third cen-

tury, restrictions previously existing were removed; the supply of silk increased, and a rich Roman might escape the charge of extravagant luxury when he was attired in the gorgeous and expensive fabrics of the East. A change was, however, advancing. Two Persian monks, during a long residence in China had carefully considered the advantages which might accrue to the Western World could the silkworm be introduced, instead of the costly and precarious importation of its produce. Their proposal was eagerly embraced by the enlightened Justinian in the sixth century, and after some peril and many attempts, a sufficient number of eggs were enclosed in a hollow cane, and successfully conveyed to Constantinople. Anticipating this result, plantations of mulberry trees had been prepared; after some unproductive attempts, silk enough was produced to show that a proper method had been adopted; the artists of Greece gradually improved, and it was not long before they equalled or surpassed those of China. The profitable monopoly thus acquired, of supplying the Christian world, was retained by the Greeks until the twelfth century, when the Norman Roger, after his conquest of western Greece, carried off among prisoners a number of silk-weavers and spinners, whom he settled at Palermo. Sicilians were now instructed in the process; it was soon acquired by Italians, and the manufacture, in consequence, speedily spread itself over the Western World.

The ancient monarchs of China, who, in their traditionary history, play the part of gods, are said to have been the inventors of the silk manufacture. In remote ages, an example of industry was annually given by the Empress, who fed silkworms with the leaves gathered by her own hands, from trees growing within the walls of the imperial palace. Their produce was afterwards spun and woven by herself. This royal practice appears to have been retained as a pleasant occupation long after its full effect as an example had been produced. A part of the palace is still stocked with silkworms and mulberry trees, for the amusement of the royal ladies, and the Government patronise the manufacture, but the ancient custom of the Empress was discontinued on the accession of the present family.

The velvet of China is surpassed by that of Europe; but their damask, sarsnet, satin, crape, and shawls, are considered superior to the products of these far distant climes. Considerable skill is also displayed by the Chinese in the manufacture of cotton goods, and in a variety of stuffs made of silk and cotton, which are very costly. In the northern provinces, carpets are made of the most elegant description; and in the same district they imitate our woollens, but with little success.

Chinese lanterns are of almost every imaginable form and size. They are made of horn, silk, glass, and paper, and sometimes of a netting of fine thread, overspread with a thick coating of varnish. The frame-work is often carved in the richest manner; the silk which covers it is elegantly embroidered or painted with landscapes, representing nature in her gayest moods and the various decorations of the lanterns are in a corresponding style. As a national ornament peculiar to the Chinese, the lantern does not give place to any similar display, in any other country.

For the working of iron and steel, the Chinese have never attained any celebrity. Their instruments and utensils are all very clumsy. Their steel is badly tempered; and their knives and razors have but an indifferent polish. Their needles, locks, and similar articles are of an inferior description; and they are unable to make good springs. But, whatever they want in skill, they often supply by economy and perseverance. Their implements are adapted for saving every particle, and they are parsimonious with the very filings of their metals. They understand casting in iron, and many of their kitchen utensils, for which we use copper, they make of this metal. Their iron cannon founderies are very numerous, and even the barrel of a matchlock is cast.

The Chinese work in tin very neatly; of this they cast and beat a great variety of utensils. As it is cheaper than copper, it often serves as a substitute for that metal. Chinese braziers and coppersmiths are not, however, frequently met with, because the Government prohibits the use of copper and brass, except for the casting of coin. Their work is therefore restricted to a few unimportant things. Tin plates are imported, chiefly for the fabrication of lacquered ware, in which the people produce a great variety of articles.

Many of the articles in the Great Exhibition were sent from a very ancient manufactory of porcelain. Father Entrecolles, a French missionary, who resided there in the beginning of the last century, states, in his published letters, that there were in 1712 not less than 3,000 ovens, which gave the town during the night the aspect of a vast furnace, with a multitude of chimneys. The chief ingredients appear to have been two kinds of earth, called *petuntse* and *kaolin*, by the combination of which a paste is made. A rich Chinese merchant told the father that the English and Dutch having purchased a quantity of *petuntse*, conveyed it to Europe, for the purpose of making porcelain; but the attempt failed, because they obtained none of the *kaolin*. With a smile at foreign credulity, he added "They wanted to form a body, the flesh of which should support itself without bones."

At that period ancient pottery was in great demand, and bore extraordinary prices in China. The vessels obtained in tombs and other ruins bore marks of high antiquity. Thus it is related that vases were found which gave evidence of having belonged to emperors who reigned between two and three thousand years B.C. Examples are also produced of vases of Chinese origin found in ancient tombs at Thebes, which appear by their inscriptions, to have been manufactured eighteen centuries before the Christian era. One of these is in the British Museum, and another is in the museum at Alnwick, both brought into this country by Sir J. G. Wilkinson. It was not, however, till a comparatively recent date that the fine porcelain, afterwards so celebrated, and so much esteemed in Europe, was fabricated in China.

Ivory is wrought with great elegance, and some Chinese products in this substance are exceedingly ingenious and curious. Thus a thin ball may sometimes be seen containing six, eight, or ten other balls, each one beautifully carved, and yet with no two patterns alike. The writer has seen one which contained no fewer than seventeen concentric spheres. The sort of lace-work which some of these present is very surprising. In looking at them the question arises, How can they be produced? It has been replied, They are made in hemispheres, which are afterwards fastened together in pairs. But, in order to test this, they have been subjected to the action of boiling vinegar, yet without effect. On the other hand, it has been asserted, and that with far more probability, that each set of balls is cut out of a solid mass of ivory. The artist first reduces the substance to a spherical form; he then makes four holes at the four points of the globe, about half or three-quarters of an inch in diameter, but only to the depth, which corresponds with the thickness which the outer globe is to have, and he cuts out through these apertures, with sharp crooked instruments, the second globe. This he treats in the same way; and then a third, a fourth, a fifth, or sixth, and any further number he may intend the primary globe to contain. It is through the four holes, successively formed in each ball, that he contrives by slow, careful, and long-continued labour, to give to all but the first the curious and often elaborate pattern which each one ultimately bears. The first receives easily any design. The average time consumed in carving each ball is said to be about one month.

The Chinese have many musical instruments. One of them called the *kin*, may be styled in English the scholar's lute, from its being generally played upon by men of learning. It has seven strings, with thirteen studs, sometimes of mother-of-pearl, to direct the fingers as to the proper positions they should take. In playing, the left hand presses down the string, while the right hand gives it the requisite touch. The chief peculiarity in the style of performance consists in the shifting and sliding movement of the left hand while the string is sounding. To manage this with grace and variety forms the most admired perfection of the player. The notes are said to be pretty when the instrument is touched by a native; but there is a wild and melancholy dromishness about them which, when heard amidst the rural retreats of the Chinese, might make an imaginative person think he was suddenly carried back some two or three thousand years, and was listening to some of the first efforts of mankind towards art and improvement.

Several kinds of guitar are used by the Chinese. One of

their instruments is string with fourteen double wires, which pass over two bridges, so that there are several notes in duplicate. It is struck with two very delicate hammers, prepared from the bamboo. The violin exists amongst them in its rudimentary state. The clarinet, which is blown with a reed like that of our own military bands, but unlike theirs in having the bell or lower end made of brass and adorned with silken tassels, is a loud and powerful instrument. The Chinese are very fond of the deafening sounds produced by it, and have recourse to them on all exciting occasions of joy, sorrow, or religion. If a native musician is asked to give a foreigner some instruction as to the nature and use of the instruments known among his people, he will try the whole assortment set before him in their turn, but at length he will fasten on the clarinet, and, with looks full of complacency, continue to blow such a peal from the sonorous tube that the visitor is at length obliged to ask that he may be favoured with a truce. The flute is made of bamboo, and has six holes for the fingers, but, like the clarinet, has no key. To other instruments our space forbids us to allude.

Artificial flowers, pillows, and soles of shoes, are made by the Chinese of that delicate material known under the appellation of *rice* paper, from an incorrect notion that rice is employed in its composition. It is, on the contrary, obtained from a malvaceous plant. In the preparation of it for use, the stem of the plant is cut into small pieces in a circular manner, and the cylinder rolled out and flattened. Dr Livingstone first brought from China to Europe a quantity of this substance, which he presented, many years ago, to Miss Jack, who was celebrated for the beauty and accuracy of her artificial flowers. For a bouquet presented by that lady to the Princess Charlotte, she received the royal present of £70. Since that time, not only has the cost of rice paper been reduced, but the size of the pieces increased so as to be upwards of a foot long and five inches across, yet preserving their natural whiteness. The Chinese dye this substance, using the tinted pieces for artificial flowers, and the plain white for their drawings.

These people have a remarkable power of imitation. Give but one of them anything to copy, whether it be a painting, or an old coat, and he will, with uncommon dexterity, soon execute its exact counterpart, even to the holes in the canvas or the patches in the sleeves. The following is an amusing instance of the fidelity of a native artist.—A European lady at Macao was having her portrait drawn, and as the work proceeded she expressed strong dissatisfaction with the performance. "Spose," said the painter, in the peculiar jargon current at and near Canton, "Spose you smile a little, and lookee better." When the picture was done the indignation of the fair one was so great and so discordantly expressed, that the irritated artist naively exclaimed, "If handsome face no got, how handsome face can make?" Our painter Hoppner could have answered the question, as he did when a friend inquired how he was so successful with portraits of ladies of fashion, "I heighten whatever is favourable, and keep down whatever is of an opposite character," and Sir Thomas Lawrence could have repeated and added emphasis to the lesson.

Many of the arts of the Chinese may, in conclusion, be described as ambulatory. Thus the shoemaker carries with him a basket containing his rude tools and his whole stock in trade, a fan and a pipe, with a pair of spectacles, the ends of which have loops attached to them to pass round each ear. Even the blacksmith may become an itinerant. Inclined to try his fortune in a new place, he stows his forge, bellows, anvil, tools, and other articles into a basket, which he slings over his shoulders, and then wends onwards his way. His anvil is slightly rounded at the top; the bellows is a hollow cylinder, with a piston so contrived as to keep up a continuous blast, and with these simple means he will repair cast-iron pots when worn into holes. The cook may be seen in the market, with all culinary utensils for the preparation of viands, while the fruiterer, fishmonger, and butcher are at hand to supply the materials. The streets literally swarm with tinkers of every description, and their occupations extend to the repairing of every article. The dexterity with which they put together pieces of broken porcelain, glass, and other fragile articles, is astonishing. But labour of all kinds is cheap in China. So trifling are the earnings of artisans, that the most industrious do not gain more than about ninepence per day.

It is remarkable that we owe to the Chinese our present systems of bank-notes and banking. Some curious facts on this subject have been gathered by the celebrated Klaproth, from the Chinese annals, which are singularly complete, as the keeping of them has always been a state concern. It appears that in the year 119 before the Christian era, the treasury of the sovereign was so seriously depressed, that its revenues fell below the expenditure of the state. He had, however, a Chancellor of the Exchequer of no ordinary ability, who not only devised, by means of a paper currency, a system of nominal currency. It consisted of pieces of deer-skin, about a foot square, ornamented with painted figures, and with borders, which represented the value of three thousand pieces of sterling, but were only current among the nobles and at court. But of these pieces of deer-skin a large number was issued in a manner which was truly Chinese. From time immemorial, every person who is admitted into the imperial presence, or rather, to speak in the style of the country, into that of the "Son of Heaven," covers his face with a screen or small tablet, because he is supposed to be absolutely unable to bear the blazing light of the Emperor's countenance. At the time now referred to, therefore, whoever was honoured in being invited to the royal repast and entertainments, was obliged to cover the Emperor's screen with one of these articles, or "value in skins," which he was *graciously* permitted to leave behind him.

The plan, thus adopted, appears to have been often followed in after years. In the seventh century so much disorder prevailed in China, that it was nearly without a coinage, and all kinds of things, as clothes cut up, round pieces of iron, and even bits of pasteboard, were used as money. But, in the time of a sovereign, whose reign commenced A.D. 807, he became the founder of banks of deposit and issue. He obliged rich families and merchants who arrived in the capital, to deposit their wealth in the imperial treasuries, for which *paper* receipts were given, that is the time of "voluntary money," and which also became current. Among ourselves banks are generally divided into two great classes—banks of deposit, and banks of circulation. This division, however, is not a very distinct one, for there is no bank of deposit that is not, at the same time, a bank of circulation, and few or no banks of circulation that are not also banks of deposit. But the term, banks of deposit, is meant to designate those which keep the money of individuals and circulate it only, while the term banks of circulation is applied to those which do not thus confine their circulation, but issue notes of their own payable on demand. The Bank of England is the principal bank of circulation in the empire, but it, as well as the private banks in England and Scotland that issue notes, is also a bank of deposit. The establishment of banks, though not without their evils, has contributed, in no ordinary degree, to give security and facility to all kinds of commercial transactions; but in such matters we were preceded, for ages, by the Chinese.

So far back as the tenth, and the early part of the eleventh century, we find, also, that a paper money system, such as it is at present in Europe, was followed in China. Thus there was, at that period, the issue of credit paper as currency, without the guarantee of any substantial pledge, or guarantee whatever. These primitive bank-notes were issued of various amounts. Offices were appointed by the Government everywhere to receive and to issue them. They were to be renewed within seven years, and about one and-a half per cent. was deducted for the expenses of their issue. A scarcity of copper coin is assigned as one reason for this cause; and another is, the want of money to pay the army, which led to this scheme to entice the merchants with the convenience of the practice. The notes thus employed were called "*Coupons*," and from that time to the present, bank-notes have been issued in China under various names; those current now being called "precious paper money." The usual incidents of a paper-money system have appeared in consequence: monetary crises and forgeries have been common for ages, and without the peculiar formalities of our "Gazette," bankrupts have been very numerous.

A Chinese bank-note is a square paper, having on one side an inscription which states the amount for which it is issued, and that it is a note of the Emperor Long-King, of the Ming dynasty. On the other side is an inscription to the following

THE LYRE—OR LABOUR?

Oh, urge me not to strike the Lyre,
Or raise my voice in Song;
It matters not tho' *words* expire,
If *true life* still be strong —
If all my *deeds* be harmony,
Replete with joyous peace,
I *live* a noble melody,
Whose echoes cannot cease.

If, gifted with the power of words,
I weave them into lays,
Upon the wind perchance is heard,
The feeble notes of praise —
Yet, as with tired and toiling feet,
The upward hill we climb,
What heart, in fondness, will repeat
The old, forgotten rhyme?

But if the gracious *act* of good
Fall from my humble hand,
Not all the waters of the flood
Could wash it from the land!
The wavelets, driving on that tide,
Wherein 'all battled strong,'
Shall *tell* it as a living deed,
A fresh, undying song!

Then urge me not in haste to reach
And sound the lyric cords,
Let Labour lend her lusty speech,
To vivify my words!
When, from the sacred depths of all,
A radiant sun shines forth,
A shower of wreathed words will fall,
And *truth* will give them worth.

I would not scatter empty sound,
Melodious though it be,
But seeds, that in a fertile ground
Should gain maturity
Oh Thou! whose wide eternities
With holy hymnings ring,
Teach me, ere this brief being flies,
To *live* the psalm I sing!

THE HISTORY OF THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH

THIS month has just witnessed the completion of what promises to be an important step in bringing about the brotherhood of nations. We refer to the laying down the Submarine Telegraph, which has at length taken place. On Thursday, the 8th of September, the great cable twenty-four miles long, destined to form the key for communication between this country and the continent, was completed at the works of the Submarine Telegraph Company, Wapping. The fabrication of the coil, which employed the workmen day and night for three weeks, was conducted in the following manner. Entering the factory, situated in High-street, the first objects that met the observer's eye were the well-constructed wire-rope machines, each about twenty-feet high, and fifteen feet in circumference, presenting a large iron frame-work in the form of a cupola with a shaft or cylinder in the centre worked by a steam-engine of five horse power. Obedient to the ringing of a bell, lays an eye-witness of the proceedings, the workmen took their places around one of the machines employed in the first process the machines, the action of which was vertical, being set in motion by the steam-engine, the first, or interior, portion of which composite cable consists, was payed out on to the shaft. first layer was composed of four electric copper wires, known as the sixteen wire gauze, each encased in a covering of gutta percha a quarter of an inch in diameter. These placed in the machine, and with the assistance of the manipulators were twisted and plaited in spiral convolutions in the manner of an ordinary rope round the shaft. The next superincumbent coil of this consisted of hempen yarn, previously saturated in a reservoir of prepared pitch and tallow, with the view of what the workmen called "worming" the gutta percha. The gutta percha thus protects the delicate wire, and the hempen yarn, in addition, acts as a cementitious material to the more delicate gutta percha, which ultimately has thrown over it a coat of mail of galvanised wire. This completed the first process; the second part of the performance consisted in hauling off the cable when completed, and passing it, in another compartment of the factory, on to another wire-rope machine, where the cord was completely covered over with ten galvanised iron wires, each wire being about the thickness of a lead pencil, and known as No. 1 galvanised wire gauze. This galvanised iron sheathing, it is believed, will protect and preserve the iron layers from the action of the sea. The appearance of the cable, thus completely encased in a shining coat of galvanised iron, was described as quite silvery. The coil when completed was rolled up into a circle five feet high and twenty feet in circumference, representing a dead weight of 200 tons, the weight per mile of the cable was 8 tons, and its breaking strain 10. Too great praise cannot be given to all parties engaged in its manufacture, especially to the Gutta Percha Company, by whom the gutta percha wires were prepared. The whole of the 100 miles of communication represented by the four wires of 24 miles each were tested, and found true, by Mr. Wollaston in the Regent Canal.

The cable having been thus completed, preparations were immediately made for laying it down. On Saturday, Sept. 20, the Government Blazer arrived at the wharf of Messrs. Blyth and Co., Wapping, for the purpose of conveying it to Dover. The Blazer had her funnel, masts, and boiler removed expressly for the occasion. The transfer of the great mass of cable, though a laborious business, was accomplished very cleverly. This was done by passing it over an elevated revolving wheel above the coil, and thence to another wheel some [illegible] feet in diameter, on to a stage some fifty feet high, overlooking the High-street, and thence through a wooden trough across the street on to the wharf. Here it was hauled, with seamanlike celerity, on to the prow of the vessel over what are termed "chocks," and supporting poles, at the rate of a mile an hour, and then stowed away in coils in the hold. On the following Thursday morning the Blazer arrived in Do when immediately proceedings were commenced at the South Foreland.

At six in the morning Capt. Bullock, R.N., was ready with the steam-ship Fearless and a picked crew to pilot the convoy across the Channel. The morning was calm and sea bright, and the crews of both vessels appeared to be animated with that feeling of adventure naturally enough evoked by an experiment of such enterprise and novelty. The first thing done, there not being sufficient depth of water for the Blazer to be brought near enough ashore, was to convey the extremity of the cable on to the South Foreland coast. The Fearless then steamed ahead, having made fast her towing tackle to the hull of the Blazer, at the rate of two miles an hour out to sea, the men on board the latter vessel paying out continuously the cable over her stern, from whence, by the action of its own weight, it sank into the submarine sand and valley. The track between the South Foreland and Sangate, the corresponding point on the French coast, as presenting, from soundings and surveys, the fewest obstacles and probable disturbances, was marked out by pilot buoys, and was chosen as the best site for the submerging of the wire that could be adopted by those having the best knowledge of naval and marine dynamics. The depth of the sea line at starting points is from 20 to 30 feet, and the maximum depth 180 feet or 30 fathoms. Messrs. Crampton and Wollaston, the engineers, were in charge of the engineering arrangements, and some thirty men, and the necessary batteries being on board, complimentary messages and notifications of progress were sent over the progressing payed out cable, through the waveless depths to Dover. Owing to blunders perhaps not altogether unavoidable, it was found the cable was not long enough; so that, although the French coast was nearly gained, the completion of the undertaking was for a time delayed.

The completion of the undertaking so far was marked with great rejoicings on the other side of the channel. A line of communication between the two coasts was established on Sunday evening, about five o'clock, and the electric wire, after three days had been consumed in stretching it across the straits, was brought up on the French coast at Sangate, about three miles below Calais, whence it was carried underground

to the telegraphic station of the Great Northern of France Railway in Calais. Electric currents were passed from coast to coast, and messages sent the same evening, but on Monday following a series of experiments were tried with the most satisfactory result. Early on Monday morning congratulatory messages to the President of the French Republic were sent direct from England to Paris, also to the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria, at Berlin and Vienna, and messages were also transmitted to London from the principal cities in Europe, who were included in the confidential system of telegraphic communication. During the whole of Monday, the town of Calais presented the appearance of a *fête*, and numbers of the inhabitants crowded on the ramparts, watching with interest and wonder the various experiments which were tried with the submarine wires. In the evening an entertainment was given in the Hotel de Ville, to those English gentlemen, promoters of the undertaking, who were on the spot, and had assisted in its completion. These were Sir James Carmichael, Mr. Crampton, C.E., Mr Wollaston, and Mr. Tatham, of the Gutta Percha Company. M. Mayer, the Mayor of Calais, presided; and, in addition to the English guests, there were present MM. Legros Devot, Reynaud, Le Peple, De Hamel, Councillor of State and Member of the Academy of St. Petersburg; Dupont, Vice-Consul of Russia; and M. Bonhom, British Consul; together with the principal inhabitants of Calais, and the officers of the garrison. During the whole of the proceedings the utmost harmony prevailed, and after dinner the English gentlemen were conducted over the museum of the town, where it was determined that a portion of the electric coil should in future be placed, in juxtaposition with the balloon that the celebrated aeronaut, Blanchard, who, in 1795, made his first *aqua*-marine voyage from Dover to Calais.

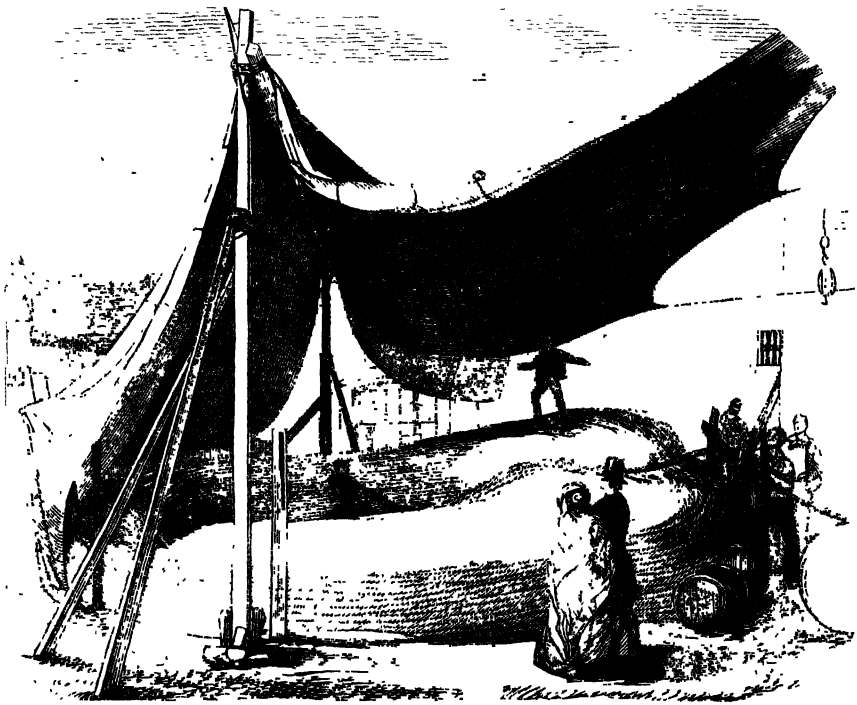
On Oct 18 the great cable, for telegraphic communication was at length completed by carrying it up one mile out of the sea, to Sangatte, on the Calais coast. Telegraphic communication between Calais and the South Foreland the latter about three miles from Dover—was practically, and, for the first time through a perfected sea cable, effected between coast and coast, and it is therefore hoped that no interruption will arise to continuous and successful telegraphic intercourse, when arrangements at present pending are completed. On arriving at the point on the French coast where the extremity of the cable, a mile out at sea, was anchored to the pilot buoy, the Lord Hoxer was joined by the Fearless, Capt Bullock, R.N., who has remained upon the spot until the operations should be completed. Here the end of the submerged cable was hauled up by the workmen on board the steamer, and the additional mile spliced on to complete it, the "join" being secured by iron clamps screwed over it. The inner cores of copper wires were braced together, and the overlapping strands of gutta percha, bituminised yarn, and galvanised iron wire securely interwoven. As calm a state of high water as possible was selected by Captain Bullock for the purpose, so as to prevent the pitching of the vessel from affecting so nice an operation. The part of the cable where the "join" occurs is thought to be as strong as any part where nothing of the kind occurs; but it is curious that it should exist at this particular place, where it will have to contend against the abrasion of shingle on the beach, and other casualties, and which in the experiment of last year saved asunder the gutta percha coble on the rocks around Cape Grisnez. The communication is now perfect between coast and coast, though it suited parties and purposes to say it was so before. It is only fair to mention that the unskilful manner in which the cable was payed out, and which resulted in its short-coming, is generally attributed to the engineers and not to those who piloted the expedition, and who state that one of the chief causes of the cable running short arose from the fact that while the Blazer was being towed out by the Fearless at only two miles an hour, the cable at certain intervals was run out at the rate of four and five miles an hour, which necessarily caused it, from want of regularity in the delivery motion, to take the sea bottom in a series of loops or "shanks," thus accounting for each mile of the cable not covering its allotted mile of sea.

It is not yet known at what precise date the wires to connect the cable at the South Foreland with the telegraph office of the South-Eastern Company at Dover will be completed, but this would be only the work of a day or so, as the connecting wires for the purpose have been manufactured. They consist of the usual copper wires encased in gutta percha, the latter, to protect it, being covered with spun yarn, it being known that gutta percha, on exposure, expands with heat and contracts with cold. These wires, forming about a two inch chord in diameter, will have to be run for about three miles along the coast intervening between Dover and the South Foreland. Some negotiations have been going on between the promoters of the Submarine Telegraph Company and the South-Eastern Railway Company, with the view of establishing some working arrangement, but nothing conclusive has been come to, though it is understood that something in the nature of a toll arrangement for working over each other's wires, similar to the working of railways over one another's lines, will be arrived at. On the other hand, it is said that messages of twenty words may be sent from Dover to Paris, by arrangement with the Great Northern of France and other railways, for 1*s*, being about 5*s*. more than is now charged for a similar message between London and Liverpool, or London and Dover; so that probably, although nothing is yet known as to the tariff, the expense of an imponderable despatch of this kind between London and Paris will come to 20*s*. Should no arrangement be made with the South-Eastern Railway, the promoters have power under their charter to run wires between London and Dover along the high road. Considerable difficulty is of necessity experienced in the adjustment of any tariff in connection with an enterprise so novel, nor is the matter found to be susceptible of such careful estimate, as in the carrying out and construction of a railway. For these reasons it has been found difficult to state with certainty the amount of revenue to be derived from the undertaking, to enable it to pay as a commercial speculation. It has been calculated that the submarine telegraph will be capable of printing 100 messages of 15 words each in 100 consecutive minutes, and that the whole of the communication between Europe, Great Britain, India, and America, might be supposed to employ eight wires twelve hours a day, it would give a return of £96,000 per annum, at a tariff of only one shilling per message of fifteen words. It is calculated, however, that when the four or more cables are completed and in full operation the probable return will be £25,000 per annum, after allowing for working expenses and maintenance of telegraphs and works. The cost of the present cable had amounted to about £16,000, or with contingencies to about £20,000. The probability is that the remaining cables intended to be laid down will cost £20,000 each, which will render a costlier scale of tariff necessary. The sources of revenue calculated upon are the Government despatches, the public, the Press, the messages between London and the principal towns, the Stock Exchange, bankers, merchants, Lloyd's correspondents, markets, India mails, and general messages.

The extension of the telegraphic wire to Marseilles is now looked upon in France as an indispensable adjunct to the completion of the submarine telegraph, since the ramification of the wires between Paris and that port would place the capitals of both countries in instantaneous communication with the Mediterranean. The cost of doing this, by completing the link between Chalons and Avignon, is estimated at under £3,000. On the other hand, the telegraphic communication is now completed from Ostend to Trieste, giving a through stretch of telegraphic communication little short of 2,000 miles. Telegraphic extension is also progressing throughout the east of Europe. Three great routes are now being laid down through the interior of Hungary, and the Turkish Government have come to the determination of laying down the telegraph in Turkey, and it already reaches Brussels, Cologne, Berlin, Vienna, and the Adriatic.

It is a somewhat curious coincidence that, although the establishment of a submarine or continental telegraph originates with British enterprise, England will be the last stage in the transmission, and the last recipient of all its European intelligence, although, from the instantaneousness of the method of communication, the intelligence, whatever the boundaries, may be said to be ubiquitous. It is not to be expected, however, complete the international arrangements for the purpose may

be, that the fluid estafette will find its way without a break from France, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, Russia, since unavoidably, another the practical playing of a game of chess, through the wires, between the chess players of London and Paris.



owing to the intervention of agency and language, communications ultimately intended for this country will be ventilated, and so to speak, alembicated through the remoter continental towns and cities first, and finally filtered through France, and in view of the present system of foreign supervision, it remains to be seen how this undeniable and hitherto unconsidered disadvantage will work for England.

Arrangements are being made for trying, through the instrumentality of the submarine telegraph, some remarkably curious astronomical experiments, and it is considered that facilities for a sidereal observation in all parts of the Continent will be greatly increased by means of it. The South Eastern Railway Company, with a view to the promotion of the object, have consented to carry a wire or wires from their telegraph to the observatory at Greenwich, so as to connect it with the submarine wires, which will also be connected with the observatory at Paris, and simultaneous observations be made between the Astronomer-Royal here and Professor Arago in Paris. The transit of a star over the meridian of London and Paris can thus be notified in a minute, together with the time of its transition. The longitude of both places, and of different places on the Continent can also be easily obtained, and the most accurate records of comparative astronomy be recorded and preserved, hitherto undreamt of, because hitherto impracticable [illegible]e in contemplation by means of the submerged [illegible]ne is the firing off guns simultaneously from the [illegible], the heights of Dover, and the Tower of London; and

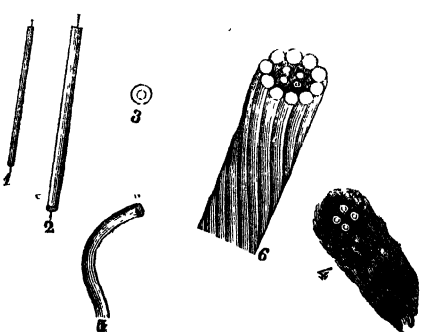


Fig. 1. First layer of gutta
„ 2. Second layer of gut
„ 3. Section of Fig. 2.
„ 4. Wires bound in ya
5. Galvanised iron wi

Fig. 1.

6. Complete rope bound with galvanized iron wire.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

A series of biographies of illustrious men—of men who have nobly dared and done in the sacred cause of freedom—were indeed incomplete did it omit mention of the heroic man whose name heads this article. We propose in this number of The Working Man's Friend to give his portrait and briefly to tell the story of his life.—

Joseph Mazzini was born at Genoa, in the year 1809, at which place his father was a physician, and in the university of which he was a professor. Originally intended for the law, he studied for that purpose at the university of his native

In common, however, with many other distinguished



JOSEPH MAZZINI.

men, such a study was eminently distasteful to him, and he turned aside to other and more congenial pursuits. Before he had reached the age of twenty-one he had become well known and admired for his vigorous contributions to periodical literature, and had already drawn down on himself the suspicious eye of "the powers that be." At this time Carbonarism was in full force in Italy. Mazzini was not long before he perceived the defects of a system which had no creed, no watchword—whose only common bond was that of hatred of the tyrant who ruled with a rod of iron then beautiful and beloved fatherland. Mazzini consequently soon ceased to have connexion with it, and determined instead to found a new national association, which he named "La Giovini Italia," "Young Italy." Its motto was "Dio e Popolo," "God and the People." Its faith was democracy in the fullest and widest acceptation of the term. Nor was this confederacy formed in vain. Around it rallied the truest and noblest of Italia's sons. Of this confederacy Mazzini has ever remained the representative and leader. Its worth and power were seen in the troublous times of 1848, when the Lombard volunteers, and the brave Venetians, and the men of Rome, in its name, struggled and triumphed for a time.

But we are anticipating. In 1830 Mazzini was arrested on suspicion of being connected with the Carbonari by Charles Albert, who, when Crown Prince, was himself a leader of the Carbonari. The authorities at Genoa examined him, and would have set him at liberty. Orders, however, came from Turin, and Mazzini was confined for six months to the fortress of Savona, without being brought to trial, or having any further accusation brought against him. Set at liberty, he commenced that life of exile which has subsequently been his lot. His first resting place was Marseilles. His personal appearance at this time is thus described by a friend who for the first time saw him practising rifle shooting with other strangers in that town. He says—"I went into the ground, and looking round, saw a young man leaning on his rifle, watching

the shooters, and waiting for his turn. He was about five feet eight inches high, and slightly made, he was dressed in black Genoa velvet, with the large republican hat; his long, curling black hair, which fell upon his shoulders, the extreme freshness of his clear olive complexion, the chiselled delicacy of his regular and beautiful features, aided by his very youthful look, and sweetness and openness of expression, would have made his appearance almost too feminine, if it had not been for his noble forehead, the power of firmness and decision that was mingled with them gaiety and sweetness in the bright flashes of his dark eyes, and in the varying expression of his mouth, together with his small and beautiful moustachios and beard. Altogether he was, at that time, the most beautiful *being*, male or female, that I had ever seen, and I have not since seen his equal. I thrilled [illegible] I had heard of what he had done and [illegible] moment I saw him I *knew* it could be no other than Joseph Mazzini."

For nearly two years Mazzini remained at Marseilles, labouring in the cause of Young Italy. A weekly paper was commenced with this title, in which with signal success he made his *debut* as the political teacher of his countrymen. Everywhere enthusiasm was excited. It seemed as if the glorious hour of Italian emancipation was about to dawn.

The following is Mazzini's own testimony to the National Association:—"The Italian youth had found its men. The language which was addressed to it expressed all which it had long felt [illegible] all the secrets of its heart [illegible] its free organisation commenced at every point. In the twinkling of an eye the chain of communication was formed from one extremity to the other of the peninsula. Everywhere the principles of *La Giovane Italia* were preached, everywhere its standard was recognised and hailed. Its members continued to increase, its emissaries were continually in motion, each other crossing from province to province. Everywhere the demand for its publications became louder, presses were set up in one part of the interior, where small publications, dictated by local circumstances, or reprints of what were sent from Marseilles, were thrown off. Fear was unknown, there was no doubt of success. All this was the result of principles, and all this, effected by some young men, without great means, without the influence of rank, without material force, is strong evidence, it appears to me [illegible] ideal they had created."

But Mazzini in Marseilles, a populous [illegible] terior to the powers and principalities of the Continent. The Holy Alliance trembled at the formation of a central Association of Young Europe, consisting of all who, in France, or Germany, or Poland, were struggling against the tyranny by which they were crushed down. Accordingly a demand was made for the expulsion of Mazzini, to which, to the lasting disgrace of Louis Philippe be it known, he readily assented. Nevertheless, for more than twelve months Mazzini managed to elude the police and remain in Marseilles. This, however, [illegible] of some difficulty. During the whole period he never left the room in which he took up his residence, except upon two occasions, when he ventured to take a short walk at night. At length when concealment became hopeless, Mazzini removed to Switzerland, where he organised the expedition to Savoy, which took place in 1834, and failed, owing principally to the treachery of General Ramorino—the same who was shot by order of a court martial at the conclusion of the campaign against the Austrians in 1849." This expedition failing, Mazzini [illegible] for the Swiss Republican Government shamefully stooped to imitate the ignominy of France, and expelled, at the dictation of the absolutist authorities, the men whose only crime was that they had struggled for the possession of their rights. Before leaving Switzerland, Mazzini published in French a small pamphlet which is described by those who have read it, as "the most perfect specimen of his genius," in which the cause of the exile is pleaded with almost supernatural power. About this time also an event took place which led to the infamous charge so often repeated by the despots of the continent and their advocates, that Mazzini sanctioned, or at least connived at, assassination. The real truth of the matter is as follows:—While Mazzini was living in concealment at Ancyron, on the 31st of May a quarrel occurred among the Italian exiles living there, and two of them were killed by a third named Gavioli. The murdered men turned out to be spies of the Duke of Modena, and "the friends of order" pretended that the murder had been committed in obedience to the decree of a secret tribunal of which Mazzini was president. A French paper went so far as to publish the pretended decree, which at the time Mazzini, in a letter published in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, declared to be a forgery. In the November following Gavioli took his trial for the murder, and a verdict of "homicide without premeditation" was returned. One would have thought here the matter would have ended. On the contrary, however, the lie was eagerly circulated by men who must have known it to be false. Crisquet, the ex-Prefect of Police, repeated it seven years after in Paris and in London. In 1841 the lie was again repeated, but Sir James Graham was obliged to confess that he had inquired into the truth of the story, and *that it was utterly without foundation*. So we may trust, as regards the English people, the lie by this time is altogether dead, we only point to it to show [illegible] the hatred felt for Mazzini by the absolutist powers, and to show consequently how great and powerful must be Mazzini himself. For the next eleven years of his life Mazzini found a refuge on our shores. "For eleven years," says Mr. Shaen, in a well-written series of papers which appeared in a contemporary, "he kept up an uninterrupted communication with all parts of Italy, and never relaxed in his labours to infuse into his countrymen his own firm faith in the future of his country, and to prepare them to insure it by adding to their faith a determined will. His was no easy mission—his name had not the weight and authority which the world willingly awards to [illegible] titled descent, to great wealth, or to striking personal success; for these he had to substitute the authority which [illegible] grudgingly yielded to personal genius, truth, etc. He was poor, yet he had to contribute all his [illegible] only at a distance but under the additionally expensive disadvantages of secrecy and frequent miscarriage caused by the powerful and watchful opposition of the despotic courts with which he had to contend. To obtain funds he devoted a portion of his time to literature, and, in this way, he has left scattered through our periodical press a number of articles of inestimable value, which procured him only of continuing his political work, but of [illegible] swering [illegible] which [illegible] only the most needy and least [illegible] of his [illegible]. Not had he contributed to [illegible] from all the self-styled patriots of Italy which, [illegible] worthy to become his fellow-labourer, he could not have missed, his principle and his practice were of truth, of principles that were too absolute and unvarying to be [illegible] by the worldly, the selfish, and the degraded, from whom no country and no cause can be altogether free. The old organisation of the Carbonari was not yet extinct, although it was rapidly losing both its character and its power, and becoming confined to the most worthless of the heterogeneous elements it had gathered together. Mazzini's Association of Young Italy had given it its death blow, and by those who still clung to it he was never forgiven. Some little time after his arrival in England, he was condemned by its remaining chiefs as a traitor to its laws, and sentenced as such to death. The old forms were kept up, the lot was cast, and the selected man was furnished with the necessary funds, and despatched to England to execute the sentence.

The choice had fallen upon one whose character accorded well with his diabolical mission. When he had got as far as Paris, he delayed a short time in order to take part in a robbery, in which he was detected, and, being tried and found guilty, he was sent to the galleys for life. His employers, however, resolved upon another attempt, and a second emissary was started off, who reached London in safety, and at once proceeded to reconnoitre his ground and lay his plan; for which purpose he assumed a false name, and pretended to be an unfortunate political exile, called upon Mazzini, who was at that time living in lodgings at Chelsea. It is a striking illustration of the extent and perfect organisation of the Austrian [illegible] ing Italy that they were able to send to their distant President notice of every particular of this deep-laid plot as it was formed. On the eventful morning Mazzini was out calling

on a friend who lived not far from his own lodgings, when he received a message that a countryman, newly arrived in England, was at his rooms, exceedingly anxious to see him, and waiting his return for that purpose. He at once returned home, and found in his sitting-room his intended assassin. It was his dinner hour, his servant brought in his dinner, and he sat down and quietly ate it while his visitor told his prepared tale. When it was ended Mazzini turned to him, and fixing upon him a look that at once unnerved him, told him his real name, detailed to him the stages of his journey, and then repeated the instructions with which he had been furnished, and which of course disclosed the real object of his journey. The wretched man gave himself up for lost, and, ready to sink in abject terror, besought Mazzini to give him a glass of water. Mazzini handed one to him and when he had drunk it, astonished him by simply telling him to leave the house. He went, but returned no more to Italy. He remained in England, gaining a miserable subsistence as a spy on the part of Austria."

In 1844 an event occurred that brought Mazzini's name prominently before the English public. Sir J. Graham and Lord Aberdeen had excited the indignation of all true Englishmen by stooping to become the spies of Austria and Russia. It came out that Mazzini's letters had been opened at the Post office by their authority, and that the information thus collected was communicated to the foreign oppressors of Italy. At first this was denied by Sir James Graham and his colleagues. In the House of Lords, on the 4th of July, 1844, Lord Normanby asked the Duke of Wellington, head of the Government, whether Mr. Mazzini's letters had been communicated to any foreign power. The Duke of Wellington replied that "he had no knowledge of it." Lord Aberdeen then rose and said "I can more readily answer that question, and I can assure the honourable lord that *not one syllable of the correspondence has been communicated to any body whatever.*" When, however, a committee was appointed the value of the positive denial of the noble lord's was soon found to be but small. The Lords' Committee report has as follows:—"It is true that Mr. Mazzini's letters were taken from the mail, opened under the warrants of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and inspected by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. *Certain parts of the information thus obtained were communicated to a foreign Government.*" But the course pursued by Her Majesty's Ministers [illegible] for us to dwell on here. [illegible] had at their door. There is but too much reason to believe that the British Government was the [illegible] to an ignominious death the brothers Bandiera. The manful fate Mazzini at Milan, in 1844 commemorated in an address of singular beauty and power.

Nevertheless, from the infamy of the British Government some good accrued. It became evident that the British Government and the British people were as one on questions of foreign policy, that the [illegible] English people repudiated with scorn the acts of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs—that the time had come for the realisation of Mazzini's dearest hope, a holy alliance of the peoples.

Accordingly, in 1847 was formed the "People's International League," the objects of which were declared to be—

"To enlighten the British public as to the political condition and relations of foreign countries.

"To disseminate the principles of national freedom and progress.

"To embody and manifest an efficient public opinion in favour of the right of every people to self-government and the maintenance of their own nationality.

"To promote a good understanding between the peoples of all countries."

1848, however, found Mazzini and most of the foreign members of the League more active employment than they had anticipated when the League was originally formed. The revolutionary volcano burst, and all the thrones of Europe seemed about to be for ever overthrown. Mazzini, as soon as the revolution at Milan enabled him to do so, hastened to the scene of conflict, and on his way thither, he attended a meeting of Italians at Paris, at which the National Association was founded, and at which it was decided that their programme should be national and republican instead of dynastic. As President of the new association, he went to Milan, where he was enthusiastically received, and where he started a paper called *Italia del Popolo*, "Italy of the People," at the same time keeping himself aloof from Charles Albert and his friends, in whom he could put no confidence. Shortly after we find Mazzini joining the Lombard volunteers, led by Garibaldi, but Austria had recovered, and a national insurrection was rendered impossible. Once more, then, Mazzini found refuge in Switzerland. While there the revolution broke out in Rome, and Mazzini proceeded thither, where he was made a Roman citizen and a member of the Roman National Assembly. Shortly after, as one of the triumvirs, his name became [illegible]. Once more Rome was, [illegible] withering blight of the despot and the [illegible]. We need not tell the sequel. How France added a name from which liberty had hoped so much, and Rome once more became enslaved. Still, however, though fallen, there is yet hope. There are hearts that yet beat with heroic impulses, and hands that yet dare do heroic deeds. At the final sitting of the Roman Assembly on the 4th of July, 1849, a decree was passed to "constitute provisionally, and until the people shall be enabled freely to manifest its wishes, an Italian National Committee composed of [illegible] citizens Joseph Mazzini, Aurelio Saffi, and [illegible], [illegible] to their number, if necessary, two others [illegible], and appealing to all true Italians to assist them by every possible means in the execution of their labours, and to conform themselves as much as possible to any regulations that may issue in the interest of the nation at large."

Upwards of 160 well known Italians have signed this decree, and again a resident in our midst, Mazzini lives to emancipate his country, and to illustrate the old truth—that there are no obstacles, no limits, to the patriot will—that there is a more potent power even than the armed men, or police, or dungeons of the subverters of human rights.

THE PURLOINED LETTER.

Nil sapientiæ odiosius acumine nimio.—SENECA.

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the two-fold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, *au troisième*, No. 33, Rue Dunot, Faubourg St. Germain. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence, while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening, I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Rogêt. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G—, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome, for there was really both as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had [illegible] dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of [illegible] but sat down again, without doing so, upon G—'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forbore to kindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true, [illegible] occasion with a pipe, and rolled [illegible]

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way I hope?"

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold, were it known that I confided it to any one."

"Proceed," said I.

"Or not," said Dupin.

"Well, then; I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt, he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing out of the robber's possession,—that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well, the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honour of a person of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honour and peace are so jeopardised."

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare—"

"The thief," said G., "is the Minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavour to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the Minister D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognises the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses, for some fifteen minutes, upon the public affairs. At length in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped; leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete—the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

"Yes," replied the Prefect; "and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced, every day, of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G.; "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make a thorough search of the minister's hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"O yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— Hotel. My honour is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced," said I?"

"That is to say of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"I suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *every where*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room; devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is so plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large-knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not: but we did better—we examined the rungs

of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the glueing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bed-clothes, as well as the curtains and carpets."

"That of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered so that none might be missed; then we scrutinised each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the grounds about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-*cover*, with the most accurate admeasurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond a doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is not upon the premises as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough research of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G——. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh yes!"—And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said,—

"Well, but G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the Minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested—but it was all labour lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a *very* liberal reward—I don't like to say how much, precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual cheque for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly, from behind the smoke of his meerschaum, "I really—think, G——, you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. You might—do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How?—in what way?"

"Why—puff, puff—you might—puff, puff—employ counsel in the matter, eh?—puff, puff, puff. Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of spunging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual.

"'We will suppose,' said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would *you* have directed him to take?'

"'Take!' said Abernethy, 'why, take *advice*, to be sure.'"

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "*I* am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to any one who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a cheque-book, "you may as well fill me up a cheque for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunder-stricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a cheque for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocket-book; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the cheque.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hotel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labours extended."

'So far as his labours extended?" said I.

'Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

I merely laughed—but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case, and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the Prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow, for the matter in hand; and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he.

"The more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the Minister had resorted to the

comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the Ministerial hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly, some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filagree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantel-piece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the minister, himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here, the address, to the Minister, was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt; the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived; these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and, while I maintained a most animated discussion with the Minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinising the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. I bade the Minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime, I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile* (so far as regards externals), which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D—— cypher, very readily, by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behaviour of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a *fac-simile*? Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly, and departed?"

"D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the Ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter, I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the Minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself, at once, to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni*, but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms 'a certain personage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack."

"How did you put any thing particular in it?"

"Why—it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. D——, at Vienna, once did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humouredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with my MS., and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words—

"'—— —— Un dessein si funeste,
S'il n'est digne d'Atrée, est digne de Thyest.'

They are to be found in Crébillon's 'Atrée.'"

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.—The tomb of Moses is unknown, but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are [illegible], but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City not one stone is left upon another, but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aque Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun at Tadmor in the Wilderness has fallen, but its fountain sparkles in its rays, as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site save mounds of crumbling brick-work. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir, and if any name should flash through the mist of antiquity it will probably be that of the man who *in his day sought* the happiness of his fellow-men rather than glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility or benevolence. This is the true glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation, imparting to works something of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing them from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition or mere magnificence.

MISCELLANEA.

AN EASY REMEDY.—The attendant of Matthews in his last illness intended to give his patient some medicine, but a few moments afterwards it was found that the medicine was nothing but ink, which had been taken from the phial by mistake, and his friend exclaimed, "Good heavens, Matthews, I have given you ink" 'Never mind, my boy—never mind' said Matthews, faintly, "I'll swallow a bit of blotting-paper"

YOUNG AMERICA. — "Father," exclaimed the hopeful son and heir of a gentleman of our acquaintance, not long since, while the latter was congratulating the youth upon his smartness and scholastic studies—the youngster having attained eight years of age— "Father, I'm an American, ain't I?" "Yes, my boy, you are," responded the delighted parent—"Well, father, you aint are you?" "Not by birth, my son. Well, then," exclaimed young America, in a thoughtful manner "when I grow up to be a man, I will be able *to lick two like you* won't I?" The proud parent's answer is not recorded

ADVICE. There is a well-known custom prevailing in our criminal courts of assigning counsel to such prisoners as have no one to defend them On one occasion, the court finding a man accused of theft, and without counsel, said to a lawyer who was present, 'Mr ——, please to withdraw with the prisoner, confer with him, and then give him such counsel as may be best for his interest The lawyer and his client then withdrew, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the lawyer returned into court "Where is the prisoner?" asked the court "He has gone your honour, said the hopeful legal "himself" "You honour told me to give him the best advice I could for his interest, and, as he said he was guilty I thought the best counsel I could offer him was to 'cut and run, which he took at once."

COLERIDGE ON HORSEBACK.—Coleridge was a remarkably awkward horseman so much so as generally to attract notice He was once riding along the turnpike-road in the county of Durham, when a wag, approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and (quite mistaking his man) thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport, when, as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr C— "I say, young man, did you meet a *mule*) on the road?"—"Yes," replied Mr. C. (who was never at a loss for a rejoinder), I did; and he told me, if I went a little further, I should meet a *goose!*' The assailant was struck dumb while the traveller jogged on.

WITNESSES TO CHARACTER.—"What do you know of his moral character?" asks the president of a court-martial to a sailor in Jerrold's dramatic version of "Black-Eyed Susan" "A good deal," is the answer, "he plays on the fiddle like an angel"—The late Earl Dudley wound up an eloquent tribute on the virtues of a deceased Baron of the Exchequer with this pithy peroration —"He was a good man, an excellent man. He had the best melted butter I ever tasted in my life."

HELP YOURSELF.—Beg, borrow, seek office, fish for place, trust in patronage, wait for old men to do worship to fortune—who does not one or other of these? Who does not expect to rise by the help of others? Help yourself, and God will help you. Nine-tenths of the world live and die infidels of this truth. So destitute are most people of the knowledge or belief of this truth, that give them the slightest indications that they may rely on you, eat you, clothe themselves out of you, and they will do it without mercy. They will drop their tools and their labour, and do it. This it is that makes the world so hedgehoggish The self-helpers know that, in the common run, if they help others they may help and be—eaten up This it is that has spoiled most, if not all, the experiments to apply the science and economies of association to practical human life. Take people as they rise, and put them together in a bee hive community, and one-half of them will turn drones and live upon the rest, because they have not been educated to rely upon themselves, but just the reverse. No wonder that the swarm should be eaten up by these drones, or exhaust itself in an effort to turn them out. Yet men are naturally self reliant The moment a baby can go alone, it [illegible] itself and imitates all kinds of work, proud to be doing something But this disposition is discouraged, and discontinued The rich are ashamed to have their children do anything menial, as if menial and mean were the same word The poor cannot be bothered to teach work to babies, and when their babies get to be old enough they overload them with it unlearned Hence the child comes to maturity educated in sloth, bad health, and reliance on others, or to hate the burden which crushes him, and longs to be relieved entirely from it Self reliance is destroyed every way in work, thought, and opinion Whole classes, we may say races, of men are taught to feed upon others without returning any fair equivalent. They even think themselves generous to leave a little which they don't eat.

RESULT OF CHEMICAL PHYSIOLOGY. Any substance that has to make its way from the human stomach, through the vessels which proceed to the various parts of the body, must be capable of being dissolved by the fluids of the body. An insoluble substance will pass unchanged, or unabsorbed along the alimentary canal and escape from the body in the usual manner, without producing any materially sensible effect A soluble substance, on the contrary, passes into the blood, and if nutritious, nourishes, if poisonous, more or less injuriously affects the functions of life Thus chemists are now familiar with methods by which in their laboratories many soluble poisonous substances can be united with other bodies, so as to become insoluble, and in this new state be rendered capable of being introduced into the stomach without injurious consequences To perform such an experiment in the stomach, is to administer an antidote, of more or less certain efficacy, against a poison which has been previously swallowed. In this way, lime and magnesia are antidotes against oxalic acid, the white of egg against corrosive sublimate, hydrated per-oxide of iron against white arsenic, and so on These several combine with the poisonous substances when brought in contact with it in the stomach, render it insoluble, and consequently inert.

MRS SPECKLES says that the best vegetable pill that has yet been invented is an apple dumpling To destroy a gnawing at the stomach, it is the only pill that can be relied on.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARY.—Your name is a great favourite with all classes. It has been famous both in sacred and profane history It is from the French, and signifies exalted. Its French form is *Marie.*

A STUDENT.—The first number of the "Edinburgh Review" appeared in the 1st of November, 1802. The number of copies printed was 750. This, however, was not enough, and more was speedily printed In 1808 the quarterly circulation was about 9,000, and it is believed to have reached its maximum about 1813, when 13,000 or 13,000 copies were printed

JAMES HARDING wishes us to give him some directions about writing for the press We do so willingly. 1. Use note size paper, but one side of sheet covers the printer's case, and hinders his work 2 Do not write on the back of the paper, as that doubles the time of printing the article—while one side is being "set up," what is written on the back cannot be "gone on with" 3 Write with dark black ink, for faint ink will read with reluctance what he sees with difficulty; and the compositor for the same reason will dislike to set it up 4 Always write a plain bold hand

A POOR MAN'S WIFE.—Dr Rees, late physician of Bellevue Hospital New York, has been making experiments [illegible] the results of the best [illegible] and the whole [illegible] ing the [illegible] out, the wire [illegible] and [illegible] ternal air is one cause of suffering, and the flour thus applied both heals and closes wounds to the atmosphere. The edges of the wounds which remain [illegible] powder, &c, has been most happy in the practice at the hospital.

WIT.—The returns of newspaper stamps published by order of the House of Commons are not to be depended on. One Lincolnshire paper was returned with a circulation of some thousands two years before it was even in existence. One Cheltenham paper is alleged to circulate several is returned with the circulation that [illegible] belongs to the two We have heard of several other cases, but we merely give the [illegible] mens. We believe the returns as regards the London press are more satisfactory We learn from them that the ten daily papers issued morning and evening circulate only [illegible] the number of [illegible] which [illegible] the Times [illegible] the [illegible] the Daily News, [illegible]

A LONDONER.—The present area of the Metropolis, according to the census returns, is 11 850 [illegible] are [illegible] 70 [illegible] females. [illegible] which [illegible] 1,889 were [illegible] and [illegible] March of the present year there were 1 817 houses in the course of erection. In 307,722 houses there resided 2 [illegible] persons, at the rate of 7·7 persons per house, and the estimated value of property rated to the relief of the poor is about £30,000,000 To have a better idea of the magnitude of the Metropolis, compare it with other places or countries The population of the whole of Ireland by the last census was 6,515,794; Scotland had 2,870,784 inhabitants; and Wales, 1,188,821 The great manufacturing [illegible] of Lancashire in Yorkshire and [illegible] in the [illegible] 2,650,000 and 1,750,000 [illegible] people [illegible] is [illegible] the people [illegible] more than [illegible] of all Ireland four-fifths as great as all Scotland, twice as great as all Wales, one-seventh more than Lancashire, and one-fourth more than the entire county of Yorkshire By the Income-tax returns it appears that the assessed rental of the Metropolis amounts to the enormous sum of £19 186,768, but any [illegible] to estimate [illegible] the Metropolis would be [illegible] [illegible] one at that which to judge If [illegible] one will look at the shipping and [illegible] immense range of wharehouses, the [illegible] capital [illegible] trading to [illegible] £15 000,000 of [illegible] the Bank [illegible] to preclude a [illegible] of [illegible] derived by our several gas and water companies, the number and magnitude of our charitable and benevolent institutions, some faint idea of the wealth of the richest city in the world may be formed, but not realised.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office 139, Strand London.

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CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE CHINESE.

THE amusements of the people are both varied and numerous. The following are two of their in-door amusements. One consists in each one of the party guessing at the number of fingers suddenly held up between himself and his antagonist, and the penalty of the loser, each time, is to drink a cup of wine. In still calm evenings, during the continuance of the Chinese festivals, the shouts of the common people engaged at this sport are said to be sometimes so boisterous as to drown all other sounds. The other festive sport alluded to is to circulate a handsome bouquet of flowers rapidly from hand to hand among the guests, while a kettle-drum beats a roll *con sperato* in an adjoining room; whoever holds the flowers at the instant the drum ceases, pays a similar forfeit.

Other games are designed for out of doors. One of these, in times of public festivity, is supplied by an axle, consisting of a heavy piece of wood, and furnished at each end with a wheel formed from a block of granite. The aim is to effect the greatest uprising of this mass. The first feat is to raise it to the knees, the second to lift it in the arms, the third to bear it aloft in the air. Muscular strength and dexterity are alike required for, and promoted by, this kind of exercise.



CHINESE JUGGLERS.

Another, which is a favourite among the middle classes, consists in projecting a ball into the air by a sudden stroke given with the inside of the foot. The art, in this instance, is to drive the ball aloft in a direction nearly perpendicular to the horizon, and as little as possible to discompose

the limbs and garments of the competitor. The game ascribed, in the Chinese Encyclopædia, to an Emperor very remote times, who is said to have invented it for th diversion and exercise of his soldiers

In flying kites the Chinese take great pleasure, and discov in their manufacture no little ingenuity. Not only do th imitate the forms of butterflies, fishes, and birds, but th give them motions bearing some resemblance to those of th creatures the kites represent. Thus, when there is the appear ance of a fish, the tail vibrates and the body assumes an undu latory motion; while the butterfly-kite looks like that insec when agitated by the wind. But the *chef d'œuvre* in th way appears to be an imitation of the fishing-hawk. In th summer, the kites thus formed hover over the river near Canton just as fish-hawks do in creeks and harbours near the sea; an so complete is the resemblance to the pendant mode of thos birds when staying themselves in the air, as often to deceiv the stranger who looks on. By means of round holes, sup plied with *vibrating cords*, the kites are made to produce a lou humming noise, like that of a top. The ninth day of the ninth moon is a holiday specially devoted to this national pastime when numbers may be seen repairing to the hills, for the pur pose of kite-flying; and, after amusing themselves, they let the kites fly wherever the wind may carry them. The swing is also frequently used, resembling our own when suspended from the branches of a lofty tree, and oscillating like a pendulum in the arc of a very large circle.

The Chinese are, unhappily, addicted to gambling from their early years. A table, with a large circle divided into eight portions, is very commonly seen near the places of public resort. On one of the sections the player places his money, and then whirls round a shaft which turns on a pivot like the needle of a compass, hoping it will stop over the section he has chosen. In this lottery, as in others, the prizes are immensely exceeded by the blanks, but should there happen to be a pointing to the division containing the money, the sum staked is doubled.

One boy wishing for half a dozen oranges in this way, the fruit and half the price demanded for it are laid down together. The dice-box is then produced. Should the boy throw the highest number, he pockets his money again, and takes possession of the fruit; if the feat is performed by the seller, he; on the contrary, wins the stakes. In like manner, other eatables are sought, as rice-balls, filled with meat and vegetables, slices of pork, &c., which are stored up beneath the table of the vender, or so displayed in a vessel at hand as to attract the hopes of the hungry. Dice, cards, and dominoes, are all favourite amusements.

In the Chinese Encyclopædia there is a representation of the barbarous practice of cock-fighting. Quails, also, are trained for the same cruel sport; and besides these, a species of cricket. At certain seasons of the year, these insects are exposed for sale in great numbers, about the environs of Canton. They are kept in pans, covered with iron net-work. At the time of combat two of these crickets are placed in a bowl together, and irritated by a straw, when the attack takes place with great violence. The usual result is the retreat of one. Death appears rarely to take place. The passion that prevails for such sports is evident from the fact that hundreds of dollars are often staked on the issue of cricket-combats, and large sums are often paid for those insects who have proved victorious, as they are for successful racers in this country.

Jugglers are numerous in China, and often perform feats of a surprising character.

The Rev. George Smith describes the following performance when on a visit to a wealthy Chinese;—"Aquei conducted us into a room, where he was sitting with his two wives, handsomely attired, looking from a window on a crowd assembled in the street to witness the performance of a native juggler. The latter, after haranguing the crowd with much animation in the Nanking dialect (as is usual with actors), proceeded to one part of the crowd, and took thence a child, apparently five or six years old, who, with struggling reluctance, was led into the centre of the circle.

"The man then, with impassioned gestures, violently threw the child on a wooden stool, and, placing him on his back, flourished over him a large knife; the child all the time sobbing and crying, as if from fright. Two or three older men from the crowd approached with earnest remonstrances against the threatened deed of violence. For a time he desisted; but soon after returning to the child, who was still uttering most pitiable cries, he placed him with his back upwards, and notwithstanding the violent protests of the seniors, he suddenly dashed the knife into the back of the child's neck, which it appeared to enter till it had almost divided it from the head, the blood meanwhile copiously flowing from the wound, and streaming to the ground over the hands of the man. The struggles of the child grew more and more feeble, and at last altogether ceased.

"The man then arose, leaving the knife firmly fixed in the child's neck. Copper cash were now thrown liberally into the ring for the benefit of the principal actors. These were collected by assistants, all of them viewing the influx of the coin with great delight, and bowing continually to the spectators, and reiterating the words, 'Many thanks.' After a time, the man proceeded towards the corpse, pronounced a few words, took away the knife, and called aloud to the child Soon there appeared the signs of returning animation. The stiffness of death gradually relaxed, and at last he stood up among the eager crowd, who closed around him, and bountifully rewarded him with cash. The performance was evidently one which excited delight in the bystanders, who, by their continued shouts, showed their approbation of the acting."

The deception practised in this instance, consisted in the construction of the blade and handle of the knife, which is so contrived, that by making a sawing motion on the throat of the child, a stream of coloured liquid, resembling blood, is pumped out of the knife and handle. All the rest is but a specimen of clever acting.

Fireworks, as they are among ourselves, are especially active to the Chinese. The writer just quoted describes a giant specimen of pyrotechnic skill. A long pole was erected, fifty feet in height, hung round with cases of rockets and other combustibles. On its being lighted at the bottom, there was a rapid succession of squibs, roman-candles, guns, and rockets, which illuminated the sky to a great distance with their igneous masses. After this minor display, a house suddenly dropped with its inmates from one of the arms of the pole. The surrounding fireworks, far and near, were so arranged as to pour in their shot and completely riddle the house. A volley of lesser combustibles suddenly terminated a beautiful cluster of grapes, which lasted for some time, and shed a deep blue light on the houses and walks for some distance around. A shower of golden rain was shortly after followed by an umbrella of fire, which suddenly flew open, amid the loud cheers of the spectators. Soon after, a human figure was impetuously carried round in a circular motion, and received the discharge of the surrounding crackers. An oblique shower of gold and silver followed; after which some rockets pursued their flaming track along the air, in a horizontal direction. These were succeeded by rockets, shot perpendicularly to a great height. The display occupied a quarter of an hour, and was concluded amid the boisterous plaudits of old and young.

In Peking, during the winter, skating, and other amusements on the ice, in which the Emperor takes part, are among the national exercises. Van Braam, who was one of the Dutch mission which proceeded from Canton soon after Lord Macartney's embassy, says:—"The Emperor made his appearance on a sort of sledge, supported by the figures of four dragons. This machine was moved by several Mandarins, some dragging before, and others pushing behind. The four principal Ministers of State were also drawn on the ice in their sledges by inferior Mandarins.

"Whole troops of civil and military officers soon appeared, some on sledges, some on skates, and others playing at football on the ice, and he that picked up the ball was rewarded by the Emperor. The ball was then hung up in a kind of arch, and several Mandarins shot at it, in passing on skates, with their bows and arrows. Their skates were cut off short under the heel, and the fore-part was turned up at right-angles."

Such diversions are quite in the spirit of the Tartars, though their original habits were strongly opposed to the quietude of the Chinese. The labouring classes in the southern province of the empire are robust and athletic, but others who have not their exertion are proportionately feeble. The Chinese, unless

of the military profession, seldom mount a horse; and as no one who can afford a chair ever moves in any other way, the benefits of walking are totally lost. Alluding to personal comfort and ease they say:—"It is better to sit than to walk; it is better to lie down than to sit; and still better to sleep than to do either."

When Lord Macartney's embassy was in China, its members determined on giving a grand ball. Every arrangement was made which it was supposed could produce a favourable impression on the native mind, as the British "tripped it" with their utmost spirit and gaiety,

"On the light fantastic toe."

In the course of the entertainment Sir George Staunton tried to gather the views taken of it by one of the Mandarins, but they were not *very* favourable. "I think," he said, "you English people put yourselves to great unnecessary trouble: we get our servants in China to do all this for us!"

The great heat of the climate during a considerable portion of the year must be regarded as one cause of the general inactivity, which would be productive of great suffering were it not that the people live so much in the open air. In the south they do so, attired in warm clothing, during even the winter months. In the north the weather is too inclement to allow of this practice.

The theatre is another amusement of the Chinese to which we must refer.

The splendour of wardrobes thus used is remarked by a Russian ambassador, nearly two hundred years ago. He says:—"First entered a very beautiful lady, magnificently dressed in cloth of gold adorned with jewels, and a crown on her head, singing her speech in a charming voice and agreeable motion of the body, playing with her hands, in one of which she held a fan. The prologue thus performed, the play followed, the story of which turned on a Chinese Emperor, long since dead, who had behaved himself well towards his country, and in honour of whose memory the play was written. Sometimes he appeared in royal robes, with an ivory sceptre in his hand, and sometimes his officers showed themselves with ensigns, arms, drums, &c."

On most occasions, the costume of the Chinese stage is still magnificent: Gay silks and splendid embroidery are lavished on the dresses of the actors. Most of the serious plays are historical, but for obvious reasons, do not touch on events that have occurred since the Tartar conquest. The moral writers of China frequently warn their readers against theatrical performances, and prohibit their being witnessed by females.

Mr. Fortune describes an invitation accepted by himself and some other Europeans to the house of a Mandarin at Shunghae to see a theatrical performance, and to dine with him afterwards. Alluding to some preliminary hospitalities, he says:—"While this was going on in the house, the players were getting everything ready in the large room where the performance was to take place. In a little while one of them entered the room where we were, carrying in his hand several fine long ivory cards, on which were written a number of the most popular plays of the day, any one of which the players were ready to perform at the command of our host and his friends. We were most politely consulted on the subject, which, as we did not know a single character of the language, and had the greatest difficulty in understanding what was said to us, was not of much use. Having at last fixed on a piece for the evening's entertainment, we were all led into the theatre. The room was large and nearly square, having a platform at the upper end for the actors and band, and one of the sides being only separated from an open lane by a railing, so that the public might also have a view of the play. The centre of the room was filled with guests, and the roof hung a number of lanterns in the Chinese style. As it was early in the afternoon when the play commenced, the lanterns were not lighted, and the piece went on in daylight.

"The play began with some pantomime-like feats. These were succeeded by something which appeared to be very pathetic, judging from the language and gestures of the performers. All was gone through in a kind of opera style, the actors singing their parts with false voices. The feats of tumbling which were now and then performed, were extremely dexterous and clever, and attracted our notice more than anything else, probably because they were best understood.

"The dresses of the actors were superb, and must have cost a large sum of money. There were no females among them, as it is not customary for them to act, but their places were supplied by men or boys, chosen from among those who are most lady-looking; and so well were their appearance and dresses arranged, that it would have required a practised eye to have detected the difference.

The voices of the actors were not musical, at least to English ears, but the whole was in unison with the noisy gong, and the wind instruments, like bagpipes, which are in common use among the Chinese. In fact, noise seemed to be the thing which produced the greatest effect, and we certainly had enough of it.

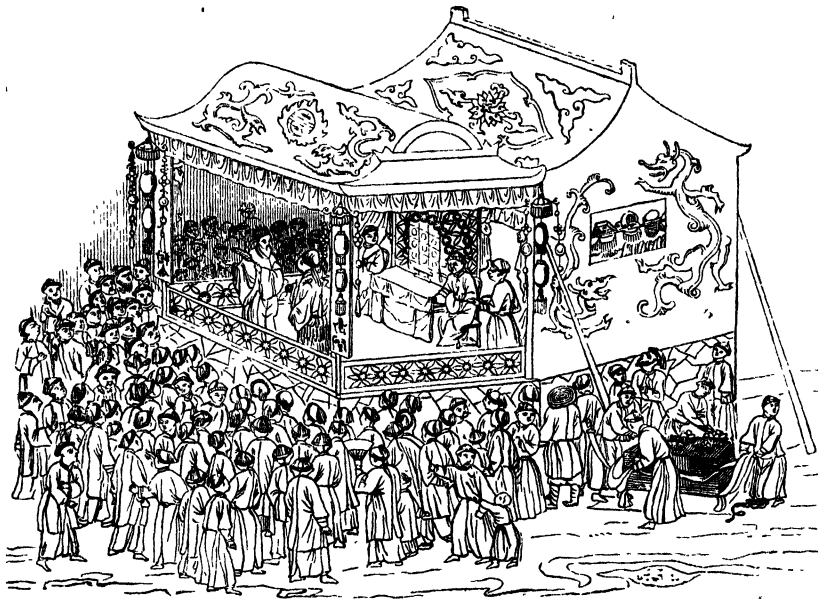
"I was struck by the various figures made by the actors on the stage, intended, no doubt, to represent something like those scenes or pictures which are so much studied in our theatres at home. A quadrant seems to be a great favourite, and was constantly made by them in the different acts. They have no scenery to assist the delusions, only a simple screen, which is sometimes used to represent a room out of which some actor is to make his appearance. Fencing is much practised, and is, perhaps, the most curious part of these exhibitions. Each individual has two swords, which he swings about his head in the wildest manner, at the same time throwing his feet and legs about in a most fantastic way, as if they had as much to do in the business as the hands and arms. The exhibition on day lasted for three hours, and then we left the theatre, and retired into another room."

There are in China a great number of public *fêtes* celebrated at various periods of the year, the majority in honour of some of the gods. That which took place at Canton, in honour of the Tai-Tseou, the god who presides over the safety of houses, has been well described by a French traveller, and may serve to furnish the reader with an idea of what occurs in similar cases all over the empire. For some days previous many of the streets were covered over with red, blue, white, and yellow awnings, which completely intercepted the rays of the sun. Planks had also been stretched across from one house to another, about ten feet above the ground, and upon them were placed images of gods, goddesses, and heroes, in pasteboard. The greater number of these groups of statuettes were representations of combats with sword or spear—a strange manner, one would think, of showing honour to a god so pacific as a protector of houses and families. At intervals splendid lamps or lustres were suspended along the whole way; at the entrance of the streets, and in the passages, altars of pasteboard were raised, adorned with flowers, paintings, and tinsel. Brilliant illuminations, and numerous *sing-song* representations in theatres, got up for the occasion, formed the principal amusement of the *fête*. Something of a religious gravity was lent to the whole solemnity by placing mice inside the statuettes, and thus imparting motion to them, and by the terribly discordant sound of the musical instruments. The music is varied at each festival. In the present case the instruments most in use were gongs, or kettle-drums, whilst at the fire festival stringed instruments only are allowed.

Of all Chinese *fêtes*, however, the most important is that which takes place upon the first day of the new year. The Chinese year commences with the first moon in January, and lasts during twelve moons; and in order that there may be no derangement in the number of moons assigned to each year, at the end of some years the last moon is doubled, so as to make these years consist of thirteen moons. A law of the empire ordains that all the affairs of one year be terminated before the commencement of the next; and any merchant or trader who has not balanced his books and paid his debts by the end of the last moon incurs a heavy penalty. This deliverance from the cares of the closing year is celebrated with great rejoicings, in which fireworks are exhibited on an extensive scale. When the Chinese tradesman has ruled his books, he adorns the space in front of his shop with festoons of flowers, "crackers," rockets, &c., and the noise caused by the explosion of the latter apprises his neighbours that he is now at liberty to make merry. He then invites his most intimate friends into his house, and during three or four hours

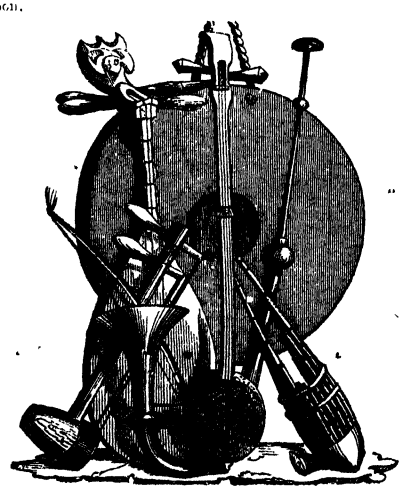
abandons himself along with them to every sort of excess. Whilst these orgies last, the doors are closed, and the windo hung with a sort of a semi-transparent curtain, which protects the inmates from the view of profane eyes. The rich often protract these saturnalia throughout the whole of the first moon.

During the first two days of the year all the shops are closed, and all business suspended; every one clothes himself in holiday garments, and nothing is thought of but amusement.



CHINESE THEATRE.

Some carry about the branches of trees deprived of their leaves, and covered with white flowers called *teou tchoung-fa*, others send presents of sweetmeats, roast sucking pigs, &c., to their friends. Some rush to the theatres, others to watch the sports upon the water. The mendicants daub their faces with black and white paint; and sometimes try to imitate the marks of deep wounds.





CHINESE MUSICIANS.

Just before the close of the year a great number of fantasti paintings, marble tablets, and valuable furniture or ornament of various kinds, are exposed for sale in the streets, at a pric

three or four times higher than that they would fetch in the shops. These are either the property of persons straitened for money to discharge their accounts, or of the rich, who fear being considered people of *mauvais ton* if they keep ornaments of this kind more than one year in their houses.

New year's day is almost the only interval of repose enjoyed by this industrious population. The entire remainder of the year is devoted to labour, except two or three holidays, which those who can, do not fail to make the most of—such as the "Feast of the Dragon," the "Carnival or Masquerade Day," in which the dragon plays the principal part, and the "Feast of the Lanterns." On the night of this last *fête*, the large towns offer an extraordinary spectacle. Every house is illuminated, and every boat upon the rivers and canals covered with lanterns; and the noise caused by the gongs, and other instruments, and the shouts of the people, is positively deafening.

THE PUPIL OF A GREAT MASTER.

"So, mamma, you have had a visit from our neighbour, Mrs Campbell?" said a bright Hebe-looking girl, as she entered the small but neat-looking parlour in which her mother was seated, and began to arrange some flowers in a china vase

"Yes, and she brought me some news, too."

"Of what sort?" asked the daughter.

"She tells me that the pretty cottage at the end of the lane, that has stood empty so long, is at last about to be occupied, and who do you think has taken it?"

"I can't tell, indeed. Is it any one that I know?"

"Yes, one with whom you are very well acquainted."

"Who can it be! Do tell me, mamma," continued the daughter, with increasing interest, "though I am almost afraid from the expression of your countenance that it is some one you are not very fond of having for a neighbour."

"You are quite right there. What do you think of its being James Davenport?" And as the mother pronounced the name she raised her eyes to the face of her daughter, whilst a deep flush passed over her own.

"James Davenport!" exclaimed her companion. "How can that be? He has not, I hope, proved unfaithful to Josephine."

"No, on the contrary, Josephine is to share it with him."

"Oh, I am delighted to hear that! Then Mr. Hardman has relented at last of his cruelty."

"No, not at all. So far from it, he continues to say, as he has always done, that if they want to marry they may, but they must not look for a farthing from him. So now, after having waited for a more cordial assent till their patience is worn out, they have determined to venture on the little they have, and trust to Davenport's talents and industry for bringing him gradually into fuller practice."

"And they are right," said the young girl with animation. "Better to live in a humble cottage, restricted by the closest economy, than in a palace where you are treated only as an incumbrance. And oh," she continued as a glow of pleasure lighted up her beautiful face, "how delightful it will be for me to have Josephine for so near a neighbour!"

On hearing these words, Mrs. Renwick (for that was her mother's name) fixed her eyes on the face of her daughter with an expression of surprise and displeasure, and then said—"Is it possible, Louisa, you can talk of making a neighbour of the daughter of Mr. Hardman?"

"Why not, mamma? you would not surely think of making her accountable for her father's transgressions. It belongs to the Almighty alone to visit the sins of the parents on the children; and no one that has ever looked at Josephine's sweet eyes, her pretty mouth, and her pure and open countenance, so full of artlessness and truth, can believe, for a moment, that she ever was capable of a mean or ungenerous thought."

"I don't pretend to say that Josephine is not a very good, amiable girl, but she is the daughter of the man who swindled your father out of an ample fortune, and drove us from the spacious mansion which we inhabited only a couple of years ago, and obliged us to take refuge in this humble dwelling, where your poor father breathed out the last sigh of a broken heart. When I think of this, Louisa, it is impossible I can ever bear the sight of her. So don't, I beg of you, attempt to bring her here."

"I won't, dear mother, do either that or anything else that will give you pain," returned the daughter, as the tears trembled in the full hazel eyes that had a minute before sparkled with vivacity; "but you will not, I hope, forbid my going to see Josephine, and showing her how much I still love her."

"If the wrongs that you father met with at the hands of hers," continued Mrs Renwick, without replying to her daughter, "were not sufficient to alienate your affections from her, I should have thought that the circumstance of Harry Rostoer's having likewise been so severe a sufferer would at least have had the effect. This was just about the time that you and Harry were to have been married, for your father and I had promised you should be his as soon as you had completed your nineteenth year; but Hardman, unfortunately, with his plausibility and cunning, persuaded your father not only to risk his own fortune, but that of his ward, in the tempting speculation that he held out to him merely as a trap, and now Harry has to make use of a profession that he had before studied merely as a means of gratifying the cravings of an inquiring mind, and has to submit to all the drudgery of a country physician, instead of waiting with his handsome fortune till practice sought him."

"Harry has never once complained of having been reduced to that necessity," replied Louisa. "On the contrary, in almost every letter he speaks with cheerfulness of the insight he is gaining into the science of medicine by the extensive practice in which he is engaged; and often declares his conviction that had he remained here under the enervating influence of wealth, he would never have been anything but a mere dribbler, but having, on the contrary, joined an old experienced physician, who was literally worn out with his extensive practice, he came at once into the experience of years, and constant opportunities of exercising his knowledge."

"All this is very fine and lover-like, but nothing could persuade me that he does not hate Hardman as heartily as I do, and would be mortified beyond expression were he to hear of your renewing your intimacy with his daughter. I hope, therefore, Louisa, that out of respect to his feelings, if not to mine, you will not think of doing so."

"And do you really say, dear mother," asked Louisa with a look of painful anxiety, "that I must not go to see Josephine when she comes so near to me?"

"Suppose you went, and met her father there?"

"And suppose I did, what of it? The encounter might be an unpleasant one to him, but to me it would be of little consequence. I have no need to be afraid of seeing Mr. Hardman, *I* never injured *him*."

"But is it not a most painful thing to see, and have to speak civilly to those we hate?"

"I don't know," answered Louisa with simplicity, "I never experienced the feeling of hate, and therefore cannot answer for its consequences."

"Louisa, you are a most provoking girl," exclaimed Mrs. Renwick, impatiently. "You really have no spirit. I believe if you even had an opportunity of being revenged upon him you wouldn't make use of it."

"There you are mistaken, mamma," said Louisa, looking at her mother with one of her sweet angelic smiles. "Give me an opportunity, and see if I would not have my revenge. But it is of no use talking of a thing that is not likely ever to happen. Mr. Hardman is independent of me, and altogether out of my reach. So only tell me, dear mother, if you will not agree to my going to see Josephine, provided Harry consents to my doing so."

"Well, well," replied the reluctant parent, as she turned away from the lovely face before her, lest she should be induced to give a too cordial consent, "I suppose, if Harry doesn't object, I must not, however disagreeable it is to me to yield."

"And you will write to him immediately?" urged Louisa.

"I have a letter half-written already, and will finish it directly."

"Oh, thank you, dear mother!" cried the sweet girl, as she again pressed her lips on the hand of her parent. "Now we will let the subject drop till the arrival of Harry's answer."

"But mind, you are not to write yourself and coax him," said Mrs. Renwick.

"Oh no, all shall be open and above board!" replied Louisa playfully, as she recommenced arranging her flowers, humming as she did so a lively air, for she knew the generous mind of her lover, and had no apprehension about the result of the application.

The answer to Mrs. Renwick's letter arrived even sooner than they had calculated, and nearly the first sentence was as follows.—"I am delighted to hear that Josephine and Davenport have at last determined to depend upon themselves for happiness. With his talents, diligence, and sobriety, and his amiable wife's industry and moderate desires, there is no doubt of their soon becoming independent. But I am half offended at my Louisa for thinking it necessary to consult me on the propriety of giving a welcome to her friend when she comes into her neighbourhood. Indeed, I cannot imagine what had come over her, for I could have been perfectly sure that her first impulse would have been to fly to her friend, and should have been equally certain of her giving me credit for partaking of the same feeling."

Louisa had scarcely finished reading this letter when their neighbour and chronicler, Mrs. Campbell, came in and announced the arrival of the bride and bridegroom at their little cottage the previous evening.

"Then I may go and see her, mamma," said the warm-hearted girl; and without waiting for a reply, she hastened out of the room to prepare for the visit; nor did she after she was ready venture to show herself in the parlour, lest her mother should start some new objection which would make it unpleasant for her to go.

She found the young bride alone, and was received by her with much affection, though with evident agitation, for this was their first meeting since the change in Mr. Renwick's fortunes had taken place under such circumstances as left no doubt of the fraud which had been practised upon him, with all of which Louisa knew her friend to be fully acquainted. She had not come, however, to recal painful recollections to the mind of the young bride, but to assure her of her sympathy and unaltered affection. With all the tenderness, therefore, of a generous heart, she repressed her own rising emotions, and led her on to talk of her husband, her house, and the beautiful garden by which it was surrounded, and help her to plan some simple alterations by which it might be improved. As they were thus engaged, and had almost forgotten the painful past in the sweet reciprocation of feeling that used to be so delightful to them, a harsh grating voice, which Louisa knew at once to be the well-remembered voice of Mr. Hardman, struck upon their ear, and they heard his step advancing towards the room in which they sat. Louisa was conscious of her friend's looking at her with an anxious eye, but she bore the examination with composure, for in truth she had no bad feelings respecting him to control. She thought of him with pity rather than resentment, for she felt it to be an awful thing for one so near his last account to entail upon himself sins which must inevitably bring a fearful charge against him. As he entered he discovered evident surprise at seeing her, and she fancied she saw a slight increase of colour in his face. She spoke to him politely, though coldly, and sat with composure whilst he conversed with his daughter, whom he met without taking any notice of her change of state or of the short journey she had taken after her marriage. After having answered all his questions, Josephine, by way of changing the subject, inquired how he liked her house.

"Oh, it looks very well!" replied the hard-hearted father; "but I think I see the auctioneer's mark on everything. The usual way things go when people set out beyond their means."

The young bride's colour went and came, but she made no reply to the cruel speech, whilst the father, as if satisfied with the wound he had given, drew his spectacles from his pocket and began to examine some books that lay on a centre table. Anxious to divert the mind of her friend from his cruelty, Louisa began to talk with great animation of some rare and beautiful flowers that had been sent to her by some of her relations, with seeds or roots of which she promised to supply Josephine. Then rising, she kissed Josephine affectionately, and promised to see her again soon; then bowing to the father she left the room. "Oh, how can such a man be the parent of such a daughter?" she exclaimed inwardly, as she bent her steps homeward. But Louisa forgot at the time that Josephine had had an amiable and excellent mother, and that the maternal relation, to a daughter especially, is most powerful.

On her return home she expatiated on the sweet and sensitive behaviour of her friend, the beauty of the house, and on everything she thought likely to please or amuse her parent, but was studiously silent when speaking of her encounter with Mr. Hardman, not to touch upon anything likely to irritate the feelings that had so long rankled under a sense of his base conduct.

Time passed on, and the two young friends enjoyed each other's society almost daily. Indeed, so fully was their former familiarity and confidence restored, that whenever anything occurred either to please or agitate her, Louisa's first impulse was to seek the ever-ready sympathy of her friend. They had, besides, without any explanation having actually taken place between them, become mutually acquainted with each other's feelings with regard to their parents, Josephine clearly understanding, from her friend's silence on the subject, that it was not in her power to ask her to return her visits, whilst the young bride, on her part, was always careful, in an indirect manner, to give Louisa notice if she had any reason to expect a visit from her father. Thus, by mutual delicacy and consideration, the intercourse between these amiable young women continued to be a smooth, unbroken interchange of sympathy and affection, under circumstances which would have involved less delicate natures in continual broils. And yet they were very different in their dispositions. Louisa was all sprightliness and animation, though possessing at the same time a deeply-reflecting mind, and a heart full of warm and generous feelings. She was beautiful; but though it was impossible she should not know she was so, her mind was too strong to put any undue value on her beauty, but wore it as we do a costly brooch, rejoicing in its possession, yet ceasing to think of it when we no longer see its reflection in our mirror. Indeed, though her person might be said to be faultless, her mind was the charm which most excited the admiration of all discriminating observers; and, like the flowers which, though lovely in themselves, are chiefly valued for the richness of their perfume, those who conversed with Louisa remembered only as a secondary excellence the beauty of her form, though all acknowledged it to be perfect.

Josephine was very different. As the daughter of a man of a and grovelling mind, she had enjoyed few opportunities of improvement; and had it not been for the circumstance of having had a mother whose mind was of a finer mould, it is difficult to say how closely she might have assimilated to her unworthy parent, for though her dispositions were amiable, she possessed little native energy of character. Her mother, before her death, had prevailed upon the unworthy father to grant her daughter the advantage of a year's instruction in the same school in which Louisa had been for many years a pupil. The favour was granted grudgingly, though the infatuated father was at the same time lavishing hundreds upon a dissipated son, on whom he had centred all his affections. Whilst at school the intimacy was ripened between the two girls, who had before been only slightly acquainted. Charmed with the modest simplicity and sensitiveness of Josephine's character, Louisa took delight in aiding her, and even after she had left school continued to her such valuable assistance as aided materially in forming the character which eventually gained the affection of Mr. Davenport, a highly-respectable and talented young lawyer.

That fatal scourge, the cholera, which visits young and old, rich and poor, without distinction, was committing its dreadful ravages with unprecedented violence in the town of ——— and its environs, where our two young friends resided, and Roscoe kept writing almost daily to Mrs. Renwick, to give her instructions for the management of herself or his precious Louisa, in case of their being attacked with any threatening symptoms, as well as to encourage them with the assurance that the danger was slight if means were taken to check its progress on its first appearance. These valuable credentials Louisa always hastened eagerly to impart to her friend, that she might derive all the advantage they did themselves from her lover's experience and tender care. She had one morning just put on her bonnet for this purpose, when their neighbour, Mrs. Campbell, entered with a look full of importance, and inquired if they had heard the bad news. On being questioned on the subject, she informed them that Mr. Davenport, being anxious that his wife should have a little fresh country air, had procured a gig and taken her a short ride before he went to the office. The horse, however, had proved an unsafe one, and having taken fright at something on the road, had started off and run with such violence as to throw them both out, and had dashed the gig to pieces; that one of Mr. Davenport's legs had been broken, and his wife had received some internal injury, for she could not bear to be raised to her feet without fainting. She also added that she had just seen them both brought home on a kind of litter. Louisa waited to hear no more, but flew on the wings of affection to the assistance of her suffering friend, still hoping that, as usual, report had greatly magnified the evil. But on arriving at the house she found that, for this time at least, there had been no exaggeration. A physician

had already been there, and had reduced Mr. Davenport's fracture, and she was told that he was lying composed and comfortable; but as the girl who answered her inquiries spoke, she opened the parlour door, when Louisa beheld the gentle, sensitive wife, lying on a couch, the picture of death.

"Why are you here, dear Josephine?" she exclaimed, as she sprang to the side of the sufferer. "Why were you not laid on a comfortable bed at once?"

"I was there," replied the mistress of the house, "but I have just had a message from my father to say that he is very ill with the cholera, and has not a creature with him, for all his people, except one little boy, had left the house the moment he was seized, and as I felt easy whilst lying, I was in hopes I was strong enough to go to him, but fainted when I reached here."

"But why should you think of going?" asked Louisa. "You could do nothing for him if you were there."

"I could at least endeavour to procure some one to wait upon him. It is dreadful to think of his being in the house by himself, and so ill as I am sure he is, before he would think of sending me such a message, for he is not one to complain for a trifle."

As she spoke, the boy that had before been mentioned came bursting into the room, breathless with running, and said, "Mr. Hardman sent me to say he is dying, and you must come to him."

Josephine, without speaking, made

placing her hand on her shoulder to hold her down, said—"Lie still dear Josephine, it is impossible for you to go, and if you even did so, it is most probable your life would be the sacrifice for such exertion."

"But can I lie here and think my father is dying, without creature to do anything for him?" asked Josephine. "Oh Louisa notwithstanding all his faults, he is my parent still," and her pallips quivered with emotion.

"I will go and see to him," said Louisa, "money will do everything, and he has plenty. I will go and find him a nurse;" and, without waiting to give her friend time to reply, she hastened out of the room. As she proceeded, accompanied by the little messenger, who was scarcely able to keep up with her rapid pace, she learnt from him that Mr. Hardman had been taken ill in the night, and had called up the servants, but did not send for a physician till about eight o'clock, that the doctor, as soon as he came, said he had got the cholera, and that then the housekeeper and the girl under her were so frightened that the moment the doctor was gone they left the house. They had now reached the house, the door of which they had scarcely entered when her ear was assailed by the most agonising cries she had ever before heard. In a moment pity got the better of every other consideration, and she flew upstairs to see if she could do anything to relieve a suffering fellow-creature. With a promptness and coolness of judgment that seemed almost supernatural, she turned over in her mind what was most likely to be of service, and without spending time in searching for other aid, she busied herself, with no other assistant than the little boy, in administering the necessary applications. Long and arduously, however, had she laboured before any appearance of benefit seemed to ensue from her exertions; but at length she was rewarded by seeing the sufferer more composed, though she was unable to judge whether his danger was diminished in proportion to the relief he had obtained. At this moment the physician came to make one of his hasty visits, for such was the virulence of the epidemic at the time, that the medical men had only a few minutes to bestow upon each patient as they went their rounds amongst them.

"Am I to die, doctor?" asked the sick man, in an interval of comparative ease. "Can you do nothing for me? Money will be no object in rewarding you if you can only save my life."

"When I left you last I hardly expected to find you alive on my return; but an angel," he added, fixing his admiring eyes on Louisa, whose person was unknown to him, "has come to your aid, and there is no knowing what miracle she may perform; still, however, if you have any worldly arrangements to make, it would be well to see after them while you are able."

The sufferer uttered a deep groan, but a moment after he raised his head and cried, "Who is it that has been helping me? Isn't it my daughter? I've been too ill to notice."

"It is Louisa Renwick," returned our heroine.

"Renwick!" repeated the sick man, "what brought a Renwick here?"

"Josephine is very sick, and I am here in her stead."

"And she has treated you like an experienced physician as well as a daughter," added the doctor.

"I should rather have expected her to put poison in my cup. Oh! I didn't need this," he continued, as Louisa began afresh to rub his cramp and contorted limbs with her beautiful little hands, that were already swollen and blistered by the severity with which she had applied them. "Get out of my sight, or it'll kill me to look on you."

"You had better send for some one to assist you in arranging your affairs—it may do you good by composing your mind," urged the physician.

"Well, well, send for Mr. M——. But oh, doctor, can you not save me?" cried the dying man, who had all his life made money his god, but who now found it wholly unable to give him relief in his last extremity. The little messenger was immediately dispatched for the lawyer, and the physician, after promising Louisa to endeavour to send some one to relieve her, hastened to another scene of misery and death.

Louisa's resolution and self-command seemed to rise in proportion to the demands made upon them, and as the violence of the disease seemed to have gained additional strength from its temporary relaxation, so her energy and activity increased in proportion, and only ceased when the arrival of the lawyer made her feel it necessary for her to absent herself. In going down stairs she met Harry Roscoe, and begged him to return and visit the unhappy man.

"I will come back to him, dearest," said the lover, "as soon as , but you have already exposed yourself

much, and I cannot think of allowing you to incur any further danger."

"Oh, I am not at all afraid!" replied the intrepid girl. "Besides," she continued, turning a look of sweet affection on her lover, "if there be danger, let us, dear Harry, share it together."

"That would do well enough if we had but ourselves to care for, but remember, Louisa, you owe a duty to your mother which forbids your running unnecessary risks. Go home, therefore, my own best beloved, and take care of her and yourself, and I will do all that humanity demands for one who, in truth, deserves little from either of us."

"Then let me go alone," urged the generous girl, "and do you hasten upstairs, for the lawyer has left the chamber; I hear his foot on the stairs."

To this Roscoe made no objection, and our heroine proceeded in the first instance to the house of her friend, to give her all the satisfaction about the sufferer in her power, and then hastened home. But by the time that she had reached the room in which her mother was seated, nature was exhausted, and, completely overcome by the various strong emotions by which she had been agitated throughout the day, and the severe bodily fatigue she had undergone, she sunk senseless on the floor.

Though it was not long before Louisa was restored to consciousness, a high fever succeeded, and the lover returned from the bed of death to watch over the being in whom his very life was centered. But youth and an excellent constitution struggled victoriously over disease, and when sufficiently recovered to begin to think of others, she was told that Mr. Hardman had only lived about an hour after Roscoe went to him.

"And Josephine and her husband?" said she.

"They are both doing well," replied Mrs. Renwick; "and though old Hardman made no change in that part of his will which left his daughter penniless, unless her brother should die without lawful issue, Josephine has already come into undisputed possession of the whole of her father's property."

"Then she is now a rich woman," said the lovely girl, her fine eyes, notwithstanding her debility, beaming with delight. "How rejoiced I am!"

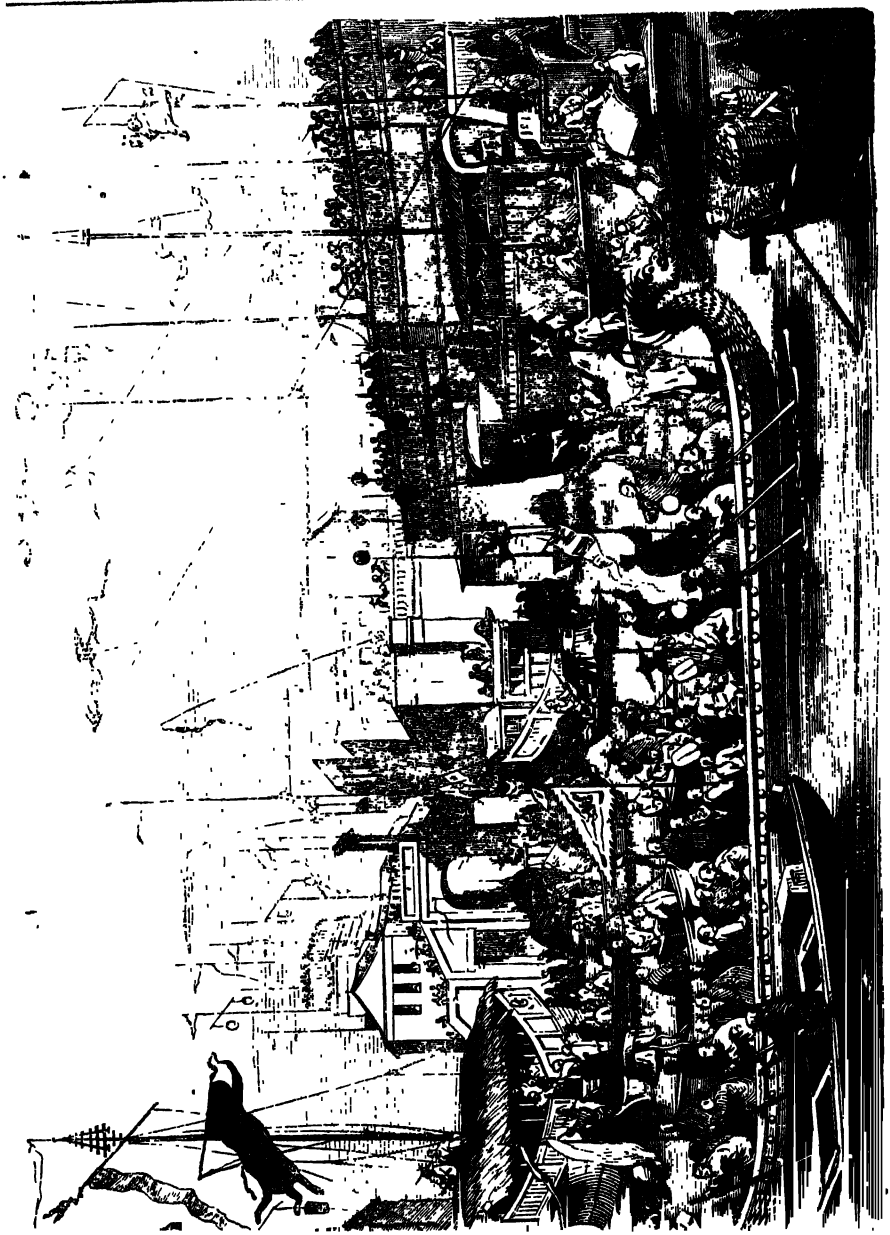
"Not so rich," returned her mother, "as she would have been, if you had not interfered and deprived her of a portion of it."

"What do you mean, mamma?" asked Louisa, in surprise.

"When the unhappy man sent for his lawyer, it was for the sake of adding a codicil to his will, by which he left the sum of one hundred thousand pounds to be divided between Harry and me, according to our respective claims. To this deposition he added that you, by your humane exertions to alleviate his sufferings, had heaped coals of fire on his head."

"Did I not tell you, mamma, that I would seek my revenge the first time I had a chance?"

"You did indeed, my child, and I am a greater gainer than I deserved by the course you have pursued. But I will endeavour, Louisa, in future to follow your example, and act according to the instruction the Saviour has given us, and 'return good for evil.'"



LONDON SCENES.

MR. JONES, THE "RESPECTABLE."

SCENE—*the Street.* TIME—*Two o'Clock, a.m.*

IN the conventional language of our age, a man is considered *respectable*, not so much on account of his intelligence or moral worth, as on account of his property, dress, and outward appearance. Hence, *he* is considered a *respectable gentleman* who lives in a good-looking house, with brass plate and knocker on his door, handsome blinds to his windows, and a smartly-dressed young woman to attend to the baker, butcher, milkman, postman, &c., &c. Hence, too *he* is considered a *respectable tradesman* who sports a plate-glass front with brass or mahogany frames, who keeps well-dressed shopmen or shopwomen, and who exhibits the choicest specimens of the articles in which he deals. And, with a large portion of the community, the person is accounted *respectable*, be he gentleman or tradesman, who meets with a few others of his own standing in society, evening after evening, in some of those *respectable* taverns which abound in every quarter of our metropolis.

With one or two of these *respectable* individuals our artist appears to have met, in the course of his professional rambles. It is evident that the two individuals whom he has represented as "*rather* the worse for drink," do not belong to the working classes. "Mr. Jones," is, perhaps, a principal clerk in a large mercantile establishment, and his friend in the "Chesterfield" one of his juniors. And it is sad to find, "in this nineteenth century," and at a period when institutions abound for the diffusion of light and knowledge, that there should be so many hundreds of this class, and wealthy citizens, and men of standing in society, who degrade themselves by sensual indulgences, instead of partaking of the true "feast of reason and flow of soul," which they might enjoy by means of such institutions.

We were the other day travelling in one of our western counties, when we witnessed several examples of this. The individual whom we shall call No. 1, was a farmer occupying, as he asserted, a considerable estate. In the morning we travelled with him to one of our large towns, and while waiting for the train, and afterwards, during the journey, entered into conversation with him, and, in fact, became rather intimate. As he was afraid of being too late at the station, we had accommodated him with a seat in the chaise in which we were riding; and we found him in every respect an intelligent and apparently virtuous companion. But on returning at night by railway, we had no sooner taken our ticket than we were grasped violently by the arm by a person whose appearance and rudeness left an



impression on our mind that he was a madman; for the transforming power of liquor had been such, that for a considerable time we had no idea that this wretched object was the respectable farmer with whom we had travelled in the morning, but so it was, and a more disagreeable companion we never yet found in a railway carriage. His oaths, and the follies and falsehoods he uttered, were not only humiliating but shocking. He insulted every one in the carriage. He rolled on you with all his weight; every now and then you were in danger of receiving a blow from his walking-stick, or of having your clothes fouled by his almost perpetual habit of expectoration. Though he only went with us about fifteen miles, yet at least a dozen times he wanted his ticket read that we might tell him where he had to stop. Never were we more pleased than when he arrived at his destination and took his exit.

In the same carriage were three gentlemen who felt dis-

gusted with our drunken farmer, and threatened to have him expelled, and yet immediately after he was gone, all their aspirations were for brandy and water; and from their conversation, it was evident that the tavern and the midnight revel were places to which they were no strangers.

The intoxicated yeoman, who stood in so much need of protection, had scarcely left us, before a wealthy individual, much the worse for liquor, and whom we shall call No. 2, entered our box. As he had received more education than the husbandman, and was not so far gone in liquor, we were not so much annoyed. Still it is was evident that both his body and mind were under the influence of strong drink. He did not travel with us very far, but when he was gone, we heard the following remarks concerning him from the brandy and water gentlemen, whom we might have called Nos. 3, 4, and 5. "That," said one of them, "is a thorough good-hearted fellow. He lives in this neighbourhood. I travelled with him the other day, and a real jovial companion he is. He has plenty of money, and he spends it freely, like a jolly good Briton." Our readers know what all this eulogy stands for; it intimates that the "jolly good Briton," No. 2, was fond of drink, of taverns, and of the revellers who congregate in such haunts. "*Goodness of heart*" was tested by fondness of drink, and the amount of property wasted thereon.

Here, then, we had five individuals who looked on themselves as belonging to the *respectable* ranks of society, all of them the worse for liquor, or else applauding the drinking extravagance of our age. We might add, that the only remaining companion in the carriage, whom we might call No 6, was a *respectable* tradesman, who was also more than half-intoxicated, and who very cordially united with the farmer in his oaths and blasphemies. A member of the Society of Friends and his wife were about to join us, but one of the gentlemen went out and barricaded the door, giving as a reason that he did not like their dress. Doubtless, if he had spoken candidly, he would have said that the sobriety and morality for which they were renowned, formed a greater objection than the cut of the gentleman's coat, or the shape of the lady's bonnet.

The facts stated above are very much in harmony with the engraving before us. It is evident that Mr. Jones, the individual sitting on the step of his own door, is not a pauper, nor a London beggar, but a person moving in respectable life. When he went from home in the morning he was able to walk erect, and had perfect control over himself and, probably, transacted business of importance during the day: now he has not strength enough to ring his own bell, and a policeman is performing that office for him. Were it not for his appearance, he would doubtless be taken off to the lock-up, and appear to-morrow morning before the magistrate; but his dress has saved him from that indignity. Mr. Jones is well known to be a *respectable* man.

The other individual, Mr. Snooks, with the cigar in his mouth, who is held by the arm of another policeman, and kept from falling, is evidently a person who does not belong to the masses. The deformity of his hat is rather the effect of a drunken fall, than of age or poverty. The countenance is that of an inebriate; and but for the grasp of the policeman, it is pretty clear, that his merely pointing at his drunken brother would so far disturb his centre of gravity as to lay him flat on the ground.

It is generally thought that policemen are required for the vulgar, the low-lived, the *mob*; and that if these were moral there would be no need of a constabulary force to walk our streets, and keep order. But in the engraving before us, only four persons are represented; two are officers of justice, and the other two are *gentlemen* in a state of intoxication! We have ventured a guess as to their position in society, we may be wrong, but it is evident that they are among the world's "respectable men;" looked up to, most likely, by their families, dependents, and neighbours: yet they are here both at the mercy of the policemen, and if they were dealt with as the laws direct, would spend their night in the station-house, and to-morrow would have to answer at the bar of the justice of the peace for their "drunken and disorderly" conduct.

Some of our readers may think that our artist has been too severe in giving this picture of *respectable* men; but constant observation has proved to us that we have thousands of persons in this Christian land who regard themselves as many degrees above the masses, who nevertheless often indulge to excess in what are erroneously called "the pleasures of the table;" and indeed the imperfect education, the mistaken prejudices, and the pernicious customs of our day are eminently calculated to produce such characters. Wealthy, respectable, and moral people indulge in the drinking customs of our country, and commend intoxicating liquor to their children, and, as a consequence, encourage them to drink. It may be a humiliating sight to see a gentleman drunk on the step of his own door, unable to ring his own bell, and placed entirely at the mercy of the police; but we would remind our readers that it is the use of strong drink which effects this degradation. The liquid fire creates thirst, and produces a most tyrannous appetite. And the desire for these poisons is evidently so strong in those who love them, that many spend every sixpence in purchasing them, and thus beggar their families, ruin their health, degrade their characters, and destroy their souls. A catalogue of the once wealthy and respectable men and women who are now, in consequence of drinking, either insolvents or bankrupts, or inmates of jails, unions, or madhouses, would present a frightful record; and thus, in the streets, the prison, the poor-house, and the lunatic asylum, Wisdom cries aloud, and calls upon the wealthy and respectable classes, upon the working classes, upon *all* classes—to ABSTAIN.

A VISIT TO THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

I HAVE the satisfaction of being a "*millionaire* of a moment"—a respectable personage, in the treasury of the Bank of England, having placed in my dexter hand one thousand notes of £1,000 each, of that establishment, duly signed, and payable on demand. Two more compact and portable little packages, of representative value, than the said sum of £1,000,000 sterling consisted of, it would not be possible to conceive, and even the transient possession of them made me feel immensely respectable, I can assure you. And wherefore not? Could I but have transported myself, and that same little handful, to any spot on earth, would not universal opinion pronounce me to be so? Is there a wiseacre who would not defer to my oracular judgments? Is there a wit who would not acknowledge the superior brilliancy of my jokes? Is there a patriot who would refuse me his vote at the next election? Would not that varied assortment of fine qualities, now latent within me, shine out through the transparent bank paper, like the light through a Chinese lanthorn? Of whose turbot should I not obtain the fin? What Amphytrion would not inquire anxiously, whether my palate relished better venison or turtle? Who would have the hardihood to warm his dining-room, if I said it was better cool? What "intimate friend" would "do" me in the purchase of a hunter? What artist would affirm before me that the precise height of the *Belvidere* Apollo was not five feet six inches and three-quarters?

"Felix et pulcher, et acer;
Felix et sapiens, et nobilis, et generosus——"

But for the very temporary character of the accommodation which I obtained at the Bank of England, I could have tested all these things, I am quite sure, with satisfactory results. As any of your friends who chooses may get a like sum, however, for a sufficiently long period, on the payment of two per

cent. per annum interest, and perhaps a quarter per cen below that even, on depositing Bank Stock Exchequer Bill or some such easily procured commodity, just by way of nominal security to the lender, the experiment may be ma at any time. The worthy gentleman who gave me the mon was affable in the extreme; still, I had an idea that, while was in my possession, he, perhaps, was inwardly repeatin, "Don't you wish you may get it?" and this reflection rathe disconcerted me, and made me feel less like a capitalist than I could have desired.

The Bank is remarkably well worth seeing—hardly any thing in London more so. The focus of the enormous wealth of this mighty nation, where the "*divitiarum majestas*" is a sacred, at least, as it could have been in the days of the Roman satirist, it may well be contemplated with surprise. One can not but wonder, when he finds himself in the midst of almos countless quantities of that fictitious wealth for which al mankind give their toil and thoughts so freely. In the trea sury, in which I stood yesterday, there are £30,000,00 sterling—of which one million is in gold, in bags of £1,000 each and the rest, with the exception of a comparatively small sum in silver, in notes of various amounts, from £1,000 downwards. One little safe, which was opened for us—about two feet by eighteen inches—contained, in a single compartment, £1,000,000 of the notes just specified. The bullion, now about £11,000,000, is kept in fireproof vaults, which are under ground. These are not shown, their position only being pointed out. In an apartment, joining the treasury are the weighing-machines, for the sovereigns and half sovereigns. The accuracy and mechanism of these are wonderful. A specimen of them was exhibited in the western nave of the Crystal Palace. There are ten in the Bank, worked by the steam-engine of the establishment, and about 50,000 a day are weighed by means of them. Each sovereign or half-sovereign is separately weighed, being passed through a tube on to the scale, whence, if full weight, it slides into a receiver on the right-hand, if light, it is jerked into the left. The slightest want of weight will cause it to be rejected, but all the light ones are tested twice, working the machinery at half speed, before they are condemned. After this trial, those which are deficient in weight are clipped by a machine, which cuts them half through, and are thus returned to the parties from whom they were received. They must then be melted down, as they cannot again get into circulation. The mechanism of these weighing-machines is beautiful; but it suggested to me a curious contrast. As I observed the vast number of sovereigns coming "down the spout" to the various scales, I could not help thinking, that all the mechanism known in Ireland seems to perform the converse operation, and to send everything "up the spout." Whether this contrast of ascent and descent results from the levity of the Irish character, and the gravity of the English, I am not prepared to say. I must, however, observe that the Lothbury system is, in my opinion, the preferable.

One of the most interesting portions of the Bank is the "cancel" department. In this, every note of the Company received during the day is cancelled. The operation consists in tearing off the lower right-hand corner, and stamping out the word indicative of the value, as "Five," "Ten," or as the case may be, through which two round holes, like those made by a wadding-cutter are punched. When the notes are thus mutilated, they are sorted, according to amount, into packets of one hundred, the number of each, and the name of the party through whom the Bank received it, entered in a book, and the packets then labelled and put by. In this state they are kept for ten years, and then burned. As the average amount cancelled is £1,000,000 daily, there are thus over £3,000,000,000 always in this department. The object of keeping them is solely to enable robberies and losses to be traced. At any moment the Bank can tell—at a glance, almost, at the books—whether any named note is cancelled, or remains in circulation, and, if cancelled, can produce it (within the ten years), and can tell how it came into the establishment. The Bank never reissues a note, and notes may be, and frequently are, cancelled, which have never passed outside its walls, having only been taken from the issue department to some other. Thus, if one receives £100, dividend on stock, and takes the notes to the Bank-post-bill office, and obtains one of the latter for them, they are sent into the Cancel-office direct, and destroyed without having ever been in circulation. This system, of course, imposes both great expense and great trouble on the establishment, but is a necessary security for the public. The printing-office is remarkable for its exquisite machinery. Ten men are employed in it, each of whom has a plate with two notes engraved on it. No one superintends the printers, and the machine supplies them with the blank paper, as they require it. To commit any fraud here is impossible. Every note of the ten presses registers itself as it is printed. One of the most curious things in this department is the mode in which the blank paper is supplied. When a workman has printed one packet, of a hundred leaves—that is, two hundred notes—he lays it on a piece of copper and thrusts it into a sort of pigeon-hole, of which there are ten at one end of the room. It disappears, and the same quantity of blank water-marked paper instantaneously replaces it, the mechanism being so delicate that the change is effected by the mere weight of the ink on the printed notes. The ink for the plates is very fine, and is made in the Bank, from the charcoal of the vine. All the stationery of the establishment is also manufactured on the premises, and there are large rooms for the making and repairing of the machinery, likewise within the walls. In one of the court-yards men are now boring for an Artesian well. They have got to a depth of about 220 feet, and have pierced through a variety of strata, amongst them one of a heavy metallic ore, a piece of which I brought away with me. Not being a mineralogist, I can't say what it is. The stratum they have now reached is a soft mud, or rather a muddy water, such as was met in boring for the shaft to commence the Thames Tunnel.

After visiting these portions of the Bank, to which only a director can procure admission, we passed through the public offices, which I need not describe. The Cash-office is very beautiful, and so is that in which the stock accounts are kept. The dividend week, during which £7,000,000 are paid over the counter of the adjoining office, must be one during which a visit would repay one. The whole establishment, as I said at the commencement, is certainly one of the greatest of the London sights.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH RAILWAY.

The growth of the railway system amongst us is well worthy the attention of the inquiring student. The history of locomotion is the history of progress. When people are shut up in their own little circle—when the means of transport are few and costly—we have intellectual stagnation. When, on the contrary, transport is easy—when the men of Manchester and London can meet and take counsel together—knowledge is advanced and society benefited. We can scarce wonder at the mental darkness and ignorance of the good old times, when we remember how completely our ancestors were unable to stir from their little villages and towns from the simple fact that there were no roads, nor coaches, nor travelling accommodation whatever. In the hamlet where dwelt the father there dwelt the child. No fresh light broke in to disturb the congenial monotony. All things continued as they were.

Let us just look back to travelling in those days. Long journeys were necessarily performed on horseback. In the twelfth century Peter of Blois said, the yearly proceeds of a fall in Salisbury Cathedral were less than the cost of a visit from Salisbury to London. The herald of the King of Scotland was allowed forty days to proceed from London to the border. Markets were inaccessible for months together, and the fruits of the earth rotted in one place, while a few miles off the supply fell short of the demand. Long after coals were procured in Newcastle, London, even then a capital of importance, was contented with wood or furze, owing to the impossibility of the transmission of coal. "It was easier," says Mr. Francis, in his interesting "History of the English Railway," to send merchandise from the capital to Portugal than to convey it from Norwich to London." In 1565 a new era commenced, owing to the introduction of coaches, the first one being built, according to Stowe, by the Earl of Rutland, about the same time also the roads were made the subject of

legislative enactment; hitherto they had been under no law. In the seventeenth century further, but not very successful, efforts were made to improve travelling; and in 1669, sanctioned by the doctors of the University of Oxford, the Flying Coach undertook to perform the journey from that place to London between sunrise and sunset. "This spirited undertaking," says Mr. Macaulay, "was solemnly considered and sanctioned by the heads of the university, and appears to have excited the same sort of interest which is excited in our day by the opening of a new railway. The success of the experiment was complete. At six in the morning the carriage began to move from before the ancient front of All Souls College, and at seven in the evening the adventurous gentlemen who had run the first risk were safely deposited at the inn in London." In 1706 a coach was started to run from London to York in four days. In 1712 the following advertisement appeared in the Newcastle Courant .—"Edinboro', Berwick, Newcastle, Durham, and London stage coach begins on Monday, the 13th of October, 1712. All that desire to pass from London, or any place on that road, let them repair to Mr. John Baillies, at the Coach and Horses, at the Head of Canongate, Edinboro', every other Saturday, or to the Black Swan in Holborn every other Monday; at both of which places they may be received in the stage coach, which performs the whole journey in thirteen days without any stoppages (if God permits), having eighty able horses to perform the journey, each passenger paying *four pounds ten shillings*, allowing each passenger 20 lbs. of luggage, all above, sixpence per lb. The coach sets off at six o'clock in the morning." Beside the waste of time, there were other expenses attending travelling. The roads were bad and infested with thieves. Gradually, however, these dangers became abated, and the invention of Macadam in 1825 made coach travelling for the first time really delightful. Such was locomotion till within a period within the memory of almost our youngest reader

The precise origin of railroads is unknown. There is no doubt, however, that the wooden tramroad was the first approximation to the modern railway. This great event took place somewhere between 1602 and 1649, and in 1676 had become quite common in our collieries. In 1767 the idea was practically entertained of applying iron to a similar purpose. By this period the discovery of steam had been made, and a Mr. Symington exhibited the model of a steam-carriage at Edinburgh. In 1802 Mr. Trevithick, who seems to have been the most unfortunate of inventors, took out a patent for invention, and in 1804 brought into use a machine of this nature on the railroad of Merthyr Tydvil, in South Wales. The principle was perfect, and yet for years after men still clung to the idea that it could not draw heavy loads. In 1811 the fancied difficulty was overcome by Mr. Blenkinsop, of Middleton colliery, who conveyed coals by the aid of engines with tooth-wheels worked into a rack. Shortly after Mr. Blackett, of Wylam, discovered that the difficulty Mr. Blenkinsop had overcome was altogether imaginary, and on the Killingworth Railway, on the 25th of June, 1814, with an engine constructed under the superintendence of George Stephenson, the success of the principle was proved by a carriage, moving on a slight ascent, drawing after it eight loaded carriages weighing twenty tons. Mr. Francis says, "Lord Ravensworth was called a fool for advancing the money, and Mr. Stephenson laughed at as a coxcomb for attempting that which others in their superior wisdom declared impossible."

The first iron road on which the locomotive was used as the moving power was the Stockton and Darlington Railway. Its engineer was Mr. Stephenson; its originator Mr. Edward Pease. Its act of incorporation was obtained in 1821; it was opened in 1825. We thus reach the beginning of the present system. We had iron roads and locomotive engines, but the benefit of the new system was merely local. In all parts of Wales, and England, and Scotland it had been tried, and with success; but the traveller had not reaped the benefit of the new system—he still travelled as usual—his turn is now to come. "It is now about twenty-eight years," says an anonymous writer, "since a thoughtful man" (this man was Thomas Gray), "travelling in the north of England on commercial business, stood looking at a small train of coal-waggons impelled by steam along a tramroad, which connected the mouth of one of the collieries of that district with the wharf at which the coals were shipped. "Why," asked Gray, "are not these tramroads laid down all over England, so as to

what you will get by it: you will be worried to death for your pains." The words were prophetic, but Gray disregarded the warning, and went to the principal inhabitants of Liverpool and Manchester urging them to adopt the new mode of locomotion. Gray was an enthusiast, and published books, and memorialised Ministers till the world began to deem him that greatest of all bores, a man with an idea in his head.

In 1822 an important step was taken. The survey for the railway between Liverpool and Manchester was made by Mr. W. James, who is a rival with Gray for the honour of originating the railway system. For a time, however, the scheme was abandoned. In a couple of years afterwards the first prospectus of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was published. The estimated expense of the entire line was given at £400,000, and the passenger traffic—that traffic so marked a feature in railroads—was cautiously alluded to. Mr. G. Stephenson was engaged for a survey, and application was made to the House of Commons for a bill. The most determined opposition was made. Foremost in its opposition was, of course, the "Quarterly Review," eager at once bitterly to attack so revolutionary a scheme. In 1825 it said, "The gross exaggeration of the power of the locomotive steam-engine, or to speak more plainly, the steam-carriage, may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned. . . It is certainly some consolation to those who are to be whirled at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour by means of the high-pressure engine, to be told that they are in no danger of being sea sick while they are on shore—that they are not to be scalded to death nor drowned by the bursting of the boiler, and that they need not mind being shot by the scattered fragments, or dashed in pieces by the flying off or breaking of a wheel. But with all these assurances, we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off by one of Congreve's rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate."

This reads ridiculously enough after the splendid results witnessed in our days, but even the friends of railways were not very sanguine themselves. Mr. Nicholas Wood said, "It is far from my wish to promulgate to the world that the ridiculous expectations, or rather professions, of the enthusiastic professor will be realised, and that we shall see engines travelling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, eighteen, or twenty miles an hour. Nothing could do more harm towards then general adoption and improvement than the promulgation of such nonsense." Such was public opinion at the time. Stephenson had to put up with opposition and abuse of every kind. Nothing but evil was predicted. When, before the Committee of the House of Commons, he only recommended a speed of eight miles an hour with twenty tons, and four miles with forty tons, the committee deemed him mad, and he was sneered at as a visionary and a lunatic. Still he kept on his way, and when his engine, the Rocket, driven by that Fox who twenty-five years after built the Crystal Palace, went at a speed of twenty-nine miles an hour, public enthusiasm knew no bounds. The work went on steadily, and on the 15th September, 1830, the Liverpool and Manchester line was opened to the public.

We have neither time nor space to dwell on individual railways. We have seen the system at length successful. The victory was won—science had vindicated herself. We may here mention that 1825 was a great year of railway excitement; that then a capital of £21,942,500 was demanded for railways, of which £219,425 was actually paid. From 1825 to 1830 the railway with the entire commercial interest was depressed. Then the great trunk lines were talked of, and steps taken which led to their ultimate adoption. On the 17th of Sept., 1838, the London and Birmingham Railway was opened the entire distance. In 1841 the Great Western was opened. As an idea of the immense sums of money squandered on these lines, we may state that the parliamentary expenses on the London and South Western were £650 per mile; London and Birmingham £650 per mile; Great Western £1,000 per mile; London and Brighton, £3,000 per mile. And to show how the landlords took advantage of their position, and compelled

the companies to pay them most enormous sums, we state that the prices per mile for land and compensation were—London and South Western, £4,000; London and Birmingham, £6,300; Great Western, £6,300; Brighton, £8,000.

1836 was another era of railway excitement. That year no fewer than 35 railway bills passed the legislature. In 1843 again speculation became busy. That year twenty-four railway acts were passed. The next year thirty-seven additional projects received the royal sanction. The delusion continued to spread. In the first quarter of 1845 52 additional companies were added to the number. We have yet hardly recovered from those times—when porters and paupers were responsible for thousands—when the lust of gold deluged the land—when honour, and morality, and religion seem to have died out in our midst. One thousand four hundred and twenty-eight companies, with a total capital of £701,243,208, demanding £49,592,816 for deposits, were actually registered by 31st October, 1845. The capital of completed railways amounted to £70,680,877. There were one hundred and eighteen lines and branches in course of execution, which required £67,359,325; and there were 1,263 companies projected, asking from the capitalists of England £563,203,000. The promoters of five hundred and fourteen schemes intimated their intention to apply to Parliament in 1846. Never before had such a mania existed. It passed away, blighting many a happy home—sundering many household ties—saddening many a joyous heart. Since then the railway system has been left to develop itself according to the growing want of the people; and we trust that it may be long ere the madness of 1845-6 again occur.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

By Miss H M. Rathbone.

The breakfast things had been cleared away, and the young people of the family were rejoicing in the prospect of a happy country walk, afforded by the leisure of Christmas-day; but it was so intensely cold that Robert Markham, the father, seemed unwilling to stir out, and he stood at the window in an unusually gloomy mood True it was that he was a very poor man, though he often acknowledged that many alleviations were granted to him, and he gradually allowed himself to fall into a discontented reverie, as he gazed on his rich opposite door neighbours, who, wrapt in furs and velvet, were setting off in a handsome coach to church,

"The rich have everything they can wish for, I think," he muttered, half aloud; and that moment, to his surprise, a small man, clad in grey, stood beside him, who replied—

"Follow me," and gave him a pull, which, though gentle, he yet felt could not be resisted; and quitting the cellar they entered the very house at which Markham had been looking.

Here, in an inner chamber, paced to and fro an idiot girl, whose wasted loveliness, and the traces of superior intelligence still visible in her countenance, showed that though thus suffering for years, the time had been when she had been the life and joy of the domestic circle. Her mother sat in the chamber, quietly weeping bitter tears, and on following the handsome coach, Markham, by the aid of his guide, could see that the hearts of all within were every one more or less bowed down by the great trial to them of a sister and daughter so afflicted. Before he could ask any questions his guide had entered another wealthy abode, where around a late breakfast sat a family in great distress; for a letter had been just received conveying the unexpected intelligence of the sudden death of a very dear relative; and while the older members were absorbed in deep sorrow, the younger ones were lamenting amongst each other the sudden disruption of all their long-prepared schemes for a merry day and various joyous evening festivities. In the next house was a widowed mother, a young girl, and two old servants—the latter busily engaged in packing up for the departure by that night's mail of an only son, who, seated between his sole parent and his sister, vainly endeavoured to console them under the melancholy loss of his support and the comfort of his society during a ten years' sojourn in the Indian tropics.

"Alas! I dare not think we shall ever meet again in this life, my son—my only son!" was the sole response of those whose distress no human aid could soothe.

Markham, surprised and ashamed by all he had seen, would willingly, even now, have forborne any further inquisition behind scenes in rich houses. But the grey man gave him no time for parley, and a fourth mansion exhibited the hitherto unknown yet bitter suffering of a little girl, snubbed hourly by fretful self-important, tyrannical nurses, and daily tortured by the painful and undue partiality showed by her parents towards her brother, the heir of their noble house.

As they left this place, Markham heard the poor little girl murmuring to herself—

"Oh dear, I wish I was Nancy Dormer, the gate-keeper's child, for she loves her girls as well as her boys every bit!"

In the adjoining square resided a large family, who were this morning quarelling like so many cats and dogs, their unyielding tempers and perverse dispositions effectually barring out any enjoyment of the lovely holiday which they might have enjoyed, when the toiling merchant had shut up his counting-house for once, and had leisure, though he seemed to have no inclination, to be happy with his wife and children. Their next door neighbours were a baronet and his lady, who had only one child, a grown up son, subject to epileptic attacks; he had had one that morning, and the rest of the day was being spent apart from all friends and festive gatherings by the anxious parents, in sorrowful expectations of a second fit, and in that most painful of all states, suspense, which could neither be avoided nor hastened. Again the grey man traversed the snow-laden streets, and introduced Markham to an artist's home, who—an eminent teacher—had just saved enough to establish his eldest son in business, and to give his daughter a dowry on her marriage, but who had just received a letter by the postman to say that all his savings, which had been lent out, apparently, on good security, were entirely swept away by the failure of the gentleman to whom they had been entrusted.

"Stay," said Markham, "you are merely picking out the worst cases; it should be the average; let me choose for myself."

His guide coldly assented, and in a moment they entered an abode which Markham selected at random; here servants, wife, friends, and children, were anxiously awaiting the return of the head of the house in order to sit down to a luxurious dinner. He had gone out to make a call on an old acquaintance, and no one could conceive what delayed him. He came at length, looking pale and agitated, and with difficulty related that he had been detained by endeavouring to restore to life three young men who had been skating and fallen under the ice. The by-standers had, however, only succeeded, after hours of exertion, in bringing to life one out of the three, and the agony which the gentleman had gone through during this scene, and the distress he had witnessed of the relatives of the drowned boys, had entirely spoilt Christmas-day as a festival occasion, and, through sympathy with him, that of the rest of his family Impatiently Markham chose another dwelling, and there found a terrible scene going on in the anguish of heart with which two grey-headed parents were listening to the sad disclosure that one of their sons had committed a dishonourable, because dishonest, action, which would blast his reputation for life. The sweet sound of singing a hymn then attracted Markham to the opposite side of the street, and entering he saw a pale invalid with placid, resigned features, extended on a couch from which it was evident she would never rise again; and beside her another sister, as yet stronger, but also bearing the death-seal of consumption in her appearance, was singing the more suffering one to sleep, while their father, a widower, seemed praying for strength to bear these heavy impending trials.

The scene was peaceful but very sad, and the next mansion seemed to promise better, for it was now evening, and the sounds of gaiety showed that no pressing cause of grief prevented the seasonable festivities of Christmas; but at the side-table, lonely, neglected, sat a young fair governess, far away from all whom she loved; and whose magnificent salary, and the enjoyment of every external luxury, could not make up for the contempt with which she was treated; while the rest of the party were empty-headed people, caring only for good eating, save the son of the house, who had behaved ill and wasted his youth, and whose heart was now filled with corroding remorse. Five or six more examples only served still further to impress upon Markham the existence of the cross in every one's lot, which is the doom of rich and poor alike; and on entering a superbly-furnished drawing-room he beheld a spectacle from which he shrank, but which his inexorable guide compelled him to look upon. On the brocaded sofa lay a lovely

child some five years old—the darling of every one who knew him—his little features convulsed by terrible pain, and five doctors vainly striving to arrest the torturing suffering, or stay his fast fleeting life. The parents proffered gold, land, and houses to the medical men if they would only save their child, but in vain; and soon a piercing shriek told the spectators that all was over, and the wretched parents childless amidst their splendour.

Markham could bear no more. He fled bewildered, and seemed to outstrip his guide, and his hand was on the latch of his own door, when a kiss restored him to consciousness, and Jane Markham exclaimed—

"Why, father, what a long sleep you've had while we've been out! See, dinner's quite ready, and mother has dished up the plum-pudding."

Markham kissed his child in mute thankfulness, and with a full heart sat down to his clean simple meal, surrounded by healthy blooming children and his dear little crippled boy, to enjoy the luxury of pudding and beef provided by his employer, and feeling that he should never dare again to think his rich neighbours were free from trouble, because they happened to be wealthy.

A HOME PICTURE.

By Francis D. Gage

Ben Fisher had finished his hard day's work,
And he sat at his cottage door;
His good wife, Kate, sat by his side,
And the moonlight danced on the floor
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor—
Her beams were clear and bright
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
Talked love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
And never a dram drank he;
So he loved at home with his wife to stay,
And they chatted right merrily
Right merrily chatted they on, the while
Her babe slept on her breast,
While a chubby rogue, with rosy smile,
On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told her how fast the potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
And the wheat on the hill was grown to seed,
And promised a glorious yield —
A glorious yield in the harvest time,
And his orchard was doing fair,
His sheep and his stock were in their prime,
His farm all in good repair.

Kate said that her garden looked beautiful,
Her fowls and her calves were fat,
That the butter that Tommy that morning churned
Would buy him a Sunday hat,
That Jenny for Pa' a new shirt had made,
And 'twas done too by the rule,
That Neddy the garden could nicely spade,
And Ann was ahead at school.

Ben slowly raised his toil-worn hand
Through his locks of greyish brown—
"I tell you, Kate, what I think," said he,
"We're the happiest folks in town"
"I know," said Kate, "that we all work hard—
Work and health go together, I've found,
For there's Mrs Bell does not work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

"They're worth their thousands, so people say,
But I ne'er saw them happy yet,
'Twould not be me that would take their gold,
And live in a constant fret;
My humble home has a light within,
Mrs Bell's gold could not buy,—
Six healthy children, a merry heart,
And a husband's love-lit eye."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's eye—
The moon shone brighter and clearer
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he hitched up to Kate still nearer,
He leaned his head on her shoulder there,
And he took her hand in his—
I guess (though I looked at the moon just then)
There [illegible]

THE FRENCHMAN AND HIS ENGLISH MASTER.

Frenchman.—No, Sair, I never sall, can, vill learn your evil language. De verbs alone might, should, could, would put me to death

Master.—You must be patient. Our verb is very simple, compared with yours.

F.—Seemple! Vat you call seemple? When I say *que je fusse*, you say dat I might, could, would, should have been. *Ma foi!* 'er seemple dat! Now, Sair, tell me, if you please, vat you call de verb?

M.—A verb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer.

F—*Eh bien!* Ven I say I *can't*, vich I say, I be, I do, or I suffare?

M.—It may be hard to say, in that particular case.

F.—*Pas bleu!* How I might, could, vould, should, am to know dat? But tell me, if you please, vat you mean ven you say de verb is *a* word?

M *A* means *one*, and it is the same as to say the verb is *one* word

F—*Tres bien* Den ven I say I might, could, vould, should, have been loved, I use one verb? Ugh! (with a shrug)

M.—Yes, certainly.

F—And dat verb be one word! I tinks ver long word, vid more joints dan the scorpion have in its tail!

M.—But we do not use all the auxiliaries at once.

F—How many you use *at* once?

M—One at a time. We say I might-have-been loved, or I could-have-been loved.

F—And dat is only von word! Vat you mean by have?

M—*Hold possess* It is difficult to say what it means apart from the other words

F—Vy you use him den? But vat you mean by *been*?

M.—*Existed.* There is no exact synonym

F.—Ver well Den ven I say, I could-have been loved, dat vills to say, I vas-able-hold-existed-loved, and dat is von word! *Sacre!* I sall nevair learn de Engleesh verb, no, nevair—no time

M When you hear me use a verb, you must acquire the *habit* of conjugating it, just as—I love, thou lovest, he loves—and, believe me, you *can't* become familiar with the moods and tenses in any other way.

F—Vell, den
can'test, he can'ts; we can't ye'or you can't, dey can't

M—It is not so Can't is a contraction of the verb *cannot*

F—Vell, den, I cannot, thou cannotest, he cannoteth, or cannots, we—

M—No, no! *Cannot* is two words—*can* and *not*

F.—Den vat for vy you tie him together?

M—I see I ain't careful enough in my expressions.

F—Hold! stop dare, if you please. I sall, vill once more try. I in't, thou ain'test, we—

M—*Ain't* is not a verb, it is only a corruption. I won't use it again.

F.—*Ma foi!* it is all von corruption. May or can I say, I von't, thou vont'est, he von'ts?

M—No; you cannot say so.

F—Vat den? I might, could, vould, should, don't, ain't, von't, can't

M—No, you can't say any such thing, for these verbs are all irregular, and must not be so used.

F—*Mus!* vat you call *must*? I muss, thou mussest, he musses. You say so?

M—No, no, no.

F—Vell, den—I might, could, vould, should-have-been, muss How dat?

M.—*Must* is irregular It never changes its termination.

F—Den vat for vy you call him "irregulare," if he no change? *Ma foi!* he vill, sall—be ver regulaire indeed! Who make de grammaire Engleesh?

M.—Nobody in particular.

F.—So I tinks I might, could, vould, should guess so. I vill, all, muss, can understand nevair, von grammaire vich say de verb be one word, ven he be four, five, six,-half dozen; and den call irregulaire de only uniform verb dat nevair change *Excuses moi, Monsieur*, I nevair, may, can, might, should, could, would study such grammaire no more!

Facts Worth Knowing.—A Spanish journal contains the following singular summary:—"There are 3,064 languages spoken through the world—587 in Europe, 937 in Asia, 276 in Africa, and 1,264 in America. The number of males is nearly equal to females. The average life is 33 years; a fourth of the population die before the age of four years, the half before that of 17 years; such as survive these periods enjoy a measure of health which is denied to the [illegible]

MISCELLANEA.

THE ROSE.—Professor Agassiz, in lecture upon the trees of America, stated a remarkable fact in regard to the family of the rose—which includes among its varieties not only many of the most beautiful flowers which are known, but also the richest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, &c.—namely, that no fossils of plants belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists. This he regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth was coeval with, or subsequent to, the creation of man, to whose comfort and happiness they seem especially designed by Providence to contribute.

A CINCINNATI paper states that three years ago a poor orphan girl applied and was admitted to set type for that paper. She worked two years, during which time she earned, besides her board, about 200 dollars, and availing herself of the facilities which the printing-office offered, acquired a good education. She is now an associate editress of a popular paper, and is engaged to be married to one of the smartest lawyers in Ohio. "We should be disinclined to credit the above if we did not have so many evidences of the elevating influences of the printing office."

A TEA DRINKER.—Douglas Jerrold says:—"Hazlitt, the celebrated writer and critic, usually rose at from one to two o'clock in the day—scarcely ever before twelve—and if he had no work in hand he would sit over his breakfast (of excessively strong black tea, and a toasted French roll) till four or five in the afternoon, silent, motionless, and self absorbed, like a Turk over his opium pouch, for tea served him in this capacity. It was the only stimulant he ever took, and at the same time the only luxury, the delicate state of his digestive organs prevented him from tasting any fermented liquors, or touching any food but beef, mutton, poultry, or game, dressed with perfect plainness. He never touched any but black tea, and was very particular about the quality of that, always using the most expensive that could be got, and he used, when living alone, to consume nearly a pound in a week. A cup of Hazlitt's tea (if you happened to come in for the first brewage of it) was a peculiar thing. I have never tasted anything like it. He always made it for himself, half filling the teapot with tea, pouring the boiling water on it, and then almost immediately pouring it out, using with it a great quantity of sugar and cream. To judge from its occasional effect upon myself, I should say that the quantity Hazlitt drank of this tea produced ultimately a most injurious effect upon him, and in all probability hastened his death, which took place from disease of the digestive organs. But its immediate effect was agreeable, even to a degree of fascination; and, not feeling any subsequent reaction from it, he persevered in its use to the very last, notwithstanding two or three attacks similar to that which terminated his life."

"SECOND-HAND MEN."—A matron dwelling on the banks of the Tees, when under cross examination as a witness at the Durham assizes, turned up her nose at an insinuation that *her* daughter was inclined to wed a widower. "Very likely, indeed," said she, with a toss of her head, "that *her* daughter should marry a *second-handed man*." The poor widowers would likewise seem to be at a discount in America. Four young ladies advertise for husbands in the *Troy Times*, and close with the intimation that "no widowers need apply!"

A FATALIST.—A western American paper publishes the following:—"I knew an old man who believed that 'what was to be would be.' He lived in Missouri, and was one day going out several miles through a region infested, in early times, by very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him, but this time found that some of his family had taken it out. As he would not go without it, his friends tantalised him, by saying that there was danger of the Indians, that he would not die till his time came anyhow. 'Yes,' says the old fellow, 'but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and *his* time was come, it wouldn't do not to have *my gun*!'"

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.—Without the shepherd's dog, the whole of the mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a flock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole stock would be capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd, then, feel an interest in his dog. It is, indeed, he that earns the family bread, of which he is content himself with the smallest morsel. Neither hunger nor fatigue will drive him from his master's side; he will follow him through fire and water. Another thing very remarkable is, the understanding these creatures have of the necessity of being particularly tender over lame and particular sheep. They will drive these a great deal more gently than others, and sometimes a single one is committed to their care to take home. On these occasions, they perform their duty like the most tender nurses. Can it be wondered at, then, that the colley should be so much prized by the shepherd—that his death should be regarded as a great calamity to a family, of which he forms, to all intents and purposes, an integral part or that his exploits of sagacity should be handed down from generation to generation?

LOVE.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendour of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart—a father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach you children to love, to love the rose, the robin, to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God, love to man.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN CASSELL informs his subscribers that for the future the advertising page in THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND will be discontinued. He will thus sacrifice £300 a-year, but at the same time he will be able to secure more room for the insertion of amusing or instructive matter. The sacrifice is great, and he trusts that the readers of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND will spare no exertion to extend its sale, as only a greatly-extended circulation will compensate him for the loss. John Cassell also announces that in the next number he will commence a series of articles on Hungary, illustrated by most superb Engravings. He does this in compliance with the wishes of a large body of [illegible] whose attention has been excited to Hungary by the arrival on our own shores of the illustrious [illegible]

But containing this announcement are inserted in that number, that of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND [illegible] distribute them among th[illegible] make the announcement as public[illegible]

JUVENIS.—George Stephenson [illegible] ful example [illegible] pupil, may come to be. He was born in [illegible] Newcastle, and spent his early years in a colliery. He was never idle, he worked when others slept that he might put by his son Robert's schooling, he [illegible] clothes, he taught the pitm[illegible] them to his poorer kinsmen, and to [illegible] In short, [illegible] ay in the world, omains, and the companion of nobles and great m[illegible]

SARAH wants to know how to use frosted potatoes. [illegible] n, lay them in cold water, and to each pack of potatoes take a quarter of an ou[illegible] water, which may be [illegible] th, we boiled, if the potatoes are so frozen as to be quite unfit for nourishment, they will make starch, and will yield more flour than if unfermented by the icy power. This flour, with an equal quantity of wheat flour, some butter, sugar, a little balm, and a few [illegible] makes excellent bread for tea. If [illegible] and put into a slow oven, it will [illegible]

A SCHOOLBOY.—The shortest river in the world is in Iceland. The glaciers of Kiorsvokul approach the sea-shore, and at their termination have a breadth of from fourteen to sixteen miles. A broad and rapid river, the Yokulsa, is generated in the dark womb of these immense deposits of ice, and rushes out from [illegible] ath them. In its course to the sea, which is scarcely three miles, it has no tributaries. Its temperature is nearly that of the freezing point.

AMATEUR GARDENER.—The best for [illegible] 79 parts, by weight, in [illegible] 100 parts of t[illegible] mult's "Rural Economy," by Law, second we find that he gives this as a correct of the composition of that species of [illegible] Its constituent parts may be set forth as follo[illegible]

Water	793 parts.
ammonia and alkaline, and earthy salts	71 "
residue, chiefly charcoal.....	136 "
Total.....	1000 "

80 parts in the 1,000 of really efficient manure, and that contained in the liquid which is so often wasted, or drained away, or in the steam which is allowed to evaporate, is a very liberal allowance [illegible] contained in the liquid portions.

A. B. C.—There is only one paid commissioner in connexion with the Board of Health, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, whose salary is £1,500 per annum. Dr. Southwood Smith is a paid member of the Board under the Interment Act.; his salary is £1,200 per annum. Mr. Austen, as secretary, receives £600 per annum, and Mr. Taylor, assistant secretary, receives £500 per annum. Mr. C. J. Macaulay holds his appointment as assistant secretary under the Interment Act. With the exception of the treasurer, whose salary is £100 per annum, these are the only appointments above the rank of clerks, at salaries of £100 to £150 per [illegible] There [illegible] guineas per day, [illegible] d two medical superint[illegible] guineas per day. There [illegible] en the persons are engaged. There [illegible] ith salaries ranging from £100 to £150 pe[illegible]

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NOTICE.—Persons can be Members of the Land and Building Society, or of the Benefit Society, or of both Societies, as they think proper.

BRITISH EMPIRE FREEHOLD LAND and BUILDING SOCIETY.

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Seventh.—To purchase a piece of Freehold Land of sufficient value to give a legal title to a County Vote for Members of Parliament.

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Term	Monthly.	Quarterly.	Term	Monthly	Quarterly.
5 Years	£2 4 2	£6 12 4	13 Years	£1 0 8 ..	£3 0 11
10 ,	. 1 4 8 ..	3 13 10	16 ,,	. 0 18 2 .	2 14 4

VALU

	Payment.	Per Week.	Per Month.
Full Share	£120 .	2s. 8d	10s. 6d.
Half Share	£60 ..	1s 2½d. .	5s. 3d
Quarter Share.	£30 .	0s. 7½d.	2s. 8½d

Entrance Fee, including Certificate, Rules, &c , 4s. per Share, and 2s 6d. for any part of Share. No Arrears to pay. Persons can enter on the first Wednesday in each Month.

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The Member being Free to Half the Benefits in Six Months from his date of entering.

	1st Div.	2nd Div.	3rd Div.
	£ s.	£ s.	£ s.
In Sickness, per Week .. .	0 18 .	0 15	0 11
Death of Member	20 0 ..	16 0	12 0
Death of Member's Wife or Nominee..	10 0 .	8 0 .	6 0
Loss by Fire	From £5 to 20	0 £5 to 20	0 £5 to 15 0
Superannuation, per Week .	0 6	0 6 .	0 4

	4th Div.	5th Div.	6th Div
	£ s	£ s	£ s
In Sickness, per Week ..	0 9	0 7	0 7
Death of Member . .	10 0 .	6 0	2 10
Death of Member's Wife or Nominee	5 0 .	3 0	——
Loss by Fire .	From £5 to 10	0 £5 to 10 0	5 0
Superannuation, per Week .	0 4 ..	0 4 ..	——

For Medicine, Gift, Widow and Orphan, Benefits, &c., see and read the Rule

The Entrance Money (which can be paid by instalments) is from 3s to £1 1s 6d., according to age, and the division entered by the candidates

Pay

	1st Div	2nd Div.	3rd Div	4th Div	5th Div	6th Div.
30 Years of Age	2s 7d .	2s. 1d	1s. 7d	1s 4d.	1s 1d	1s. 0d
40 Years of Age	3s 9½d ..	2s. 3½d.	1s 8½d.	1s. 5½d .	1s. 2½d .	——
45 Years of Age	4s 0½d	2s 5½d .	1s 10½d	1s. 7d.	1s 3½d.	——

If under 20 Years of Age, no Levies in the Sixth Divisi

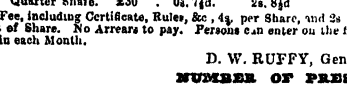
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The Benefit Society has already paid to its Members Benefits in Sickness, Superannuation Loss by Fire, and Deaths, £11,331 7s 11d , and has now a capital of from £5,000 to £4,000 The surplus capital of the Benefit Section vested in the Land and Building Section

Blank Forms and Information for the admission of Country Members, for appointing Agents, &c , can be obtained by letter, prepaid, enclosing three postage-stamps, copy of Rules of either Society, twelve postage-stamps, to

D. W. RUFFY, General Secretary, 13, Tottenham-court New road, St. Pancras, London

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Table Spoons and Forks, per dozen , ...	12s. and 15s.	19s	28s. 30s
Dessert ditto and ditto..	10s. and 13s.	16s.	21s. 2
Tea Spoons.....	5s. and 6s.	8s.	11s. 21s.

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THE
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NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., NO. 7.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1851. [PRICE ONE PENNY.



PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY RECEIVING THE MESSAGE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON, THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

La Napoule is, indeed, only a little place on the Gulf of Cannes, yet everybody in all Provence knows it. It lies in evergreen shades, high palms, and dark orange-trees. That alone would not make it famous. But they say that there grow the richest grape-clusters, the sweetest roses, and the loveliest maidens. I don't know—nevertheless, believe it. It is a pity that La Napoule is so little, and it is impossible to produce enough rich clusters, sweet roses, and beautiful girls; otherwise we should have some from thence into our own country. If since the building of La Napoule all its women have been beauties, without doubt the little Mariette must have been a wonder of wonders, because the Chronicle speaks of her. They called her, indeed, only the little Mariette; yet she was not smaller than a child of seventeen years and over would wish to be, whose forehead reached to the lip of a full-grown man.

The Chronicle of La Napoule had good reason to speak of Mariette. I, in the place of the Chronicle, would have done so too. For Mariette, who had hitherto lived with her mother, Manon, at Avignon, when she came back into her birthplace, turned it almost round—in reality, not the houses, but the people and their heads, and if not the heads of *all* the people, particularly of such whose heads and hearts are always in great danger in the vicinity of two soul-speaking eyes. In such a case it is no joke. Mother Manon would have done better had she remained in Avignon. But she had a little property in La Napoule, she had an estate with a vineyard, and a neat little house in the shadow of a rock between olive-trees and African acacias; so she was no poor widow. In her habitation she was as rich and happy as if she had been Countess of Provence, or the like. So much the worse for the good people of La Napoule. They had never seen such a mischief, nor read in Homer how a pretty woman brought all Greece and Asia Minor into armour and discord

Scarcely had Mariette dwelt fourteen days in the cottage between the olive-trees and African acacias before each La Napoulen knew that Mariette lived there, and that in all Provence there lived no fairer maiden than in that house.

When she went through the town, tripping lightly, like a disguised angel, in her fluttering petticoat, pale green bodice, an orange-flower or a rose-bud in her bosom, and flowers and ribbons waving in the grey hat that shaded her beautiful face, the grave old people became talkative, and the young men dumb, and, right and left, a little window—a door—opened in succession. "Good morning," or "Good evening, Mariette," they said. And she nodded, laughing, right and left.

When Mariette came into the church, all hearts (namely, those of the young men!) left heaven, all eyes the saints, and the devout finger got confused in the pearls of the rosary. That actually must have caused great vexation, especially to the pious. At this time, no doubt, all the young maidens of La Napoule became singularly devout, for it vexed them the most, and they could hardly be blamed for it.

Since Mariette's arrival more than one bridegroom had become cool, and more than one suitor had forsaken his beloved. There was a great deal of quarrelling and scolding, and many tears, good lectures, and refusals. They spoke no more of weddings—only of separations. They gave back love-pledges, rings, and ribbons. The old folks mixed in the quarrels of their children. Discord and strife ran from house to house. 'It was a pity! "It is all Mariette's fault," said the pious maidens; so said their mothers; so said their fathers; and at last all, even the young men.

But Mariette, veiled in her modesty and innocence, like the bursting crimson of a rose-bud in the dark green of its calyx, did not guess all this great misery, and remained friendly towards all. That quieted first the young men, and they said, "Why should you trouble the sweet, harmless child? She is without blame!" Then the mothers said so, then the fathers, and at last all, even the pious maidens. For whoever spoke with Mariette could not help but love her. And before six months had passed everybody had talked with her, and everybody loved her. But she did not know that she was beloved; and before she did not know that they hated her. 'Does the dim violet, often trodden in the grass, know how dear it is?

Now each one wished to atone for his injustice towards Mariette. Pity heightened the tenderness of their good-will. And Mariette found herself greeted more kindly, she laughed more cheerfully she joined more heartily in the country songs and dances.

. . . . . .

But all men have not the sweet gift of sympathy; some are stony-hearted, like Pharoah. This, doubtless, arises from the natural depravity of man since the fall; or, perhaps, because the baptism of these bad ones was not rightly administered.

A memorable example of such hardness was given by young Colin, the richest farmer and householder in La Napoule, through whose vine and olive gardens, citron and orange groves, the cool scarcely run in a day. One thing proved the natural corruption of his heart—that he was nearly twenty-seven years old, and had never asked why a maiden was made. But all the people, especially womankind of a certain age, in which they easily forgive sin, considered Colin the best youth under the sun. His face, his gay, easy manners, his glance, his laugh, had the luck, people said, to please; so that if it had only been necessary to cry to heaven for his sins, he would have obtained absolution. But this opinion of such judges is not well to trust. Thus, while old and young at Napoule had become reconciled to the innocent Mariette, and treated her kindly, Colin was the only one who remained without compassion for the dear child. If the conversation turned on Mariette he was dumb as a fish. If he met her in the street, he was red and white with anger, and shot a consuming glance after her.

When, in the evening, the young people gathered on the seacoast by the old ruined castle for cheerful games or the country dance, or to begin an alternating song, Colin was not wanting. But after Mariette came, the spiteful Colin was quiet, and would not sing any more for all the gold in the world. Pity for his charming voice! Everybody liked to hear him, and he was unsurpassable in songs. All the maidens liked to see the bad Colin, as he was friendly with all. He had, they said, a roguish look which the girls feared and loved, and when he laughed, one should have had him painted! But naturally the often-offended Mariette did not see this at all. And there she had a perfect right. Whether he laughed or not, it was the same to her. Of his roguish look she didn't like to hear, and there again she had a right. When he related stories, and he knew many, and all listened, she tears her neighbours, and threw, first at Peter and then at Paul, pluck leaves, and laughed and chattered, and would not hear Colin. That vexed his proud heart; he often broke off the story, and went away gloomy. Revenge is sweet. The daughter of Frau Manon might well have triumphed, but Mariette was too good a child, and her heart was too tender. When he was silent it made her so. If he was sad, she could not laugh. If he went away, she did not stay long; and when she got to the house, she wept brighter than of repentance than Magdalene, and yet had not sinned half so much.

. . . . . .

The pastor of La Napoule," Father Jerome, a grey-headed man of seventy, had all the virtues of a saint, and only one fault, that, on account of his age, he was very deaf. But, for all that, he preached so much the more instructively to the ears of his Christized children and his penitents, and they heard him gladly. He only preached on two subjects, as if all religion dwelt therein. These was, "Little children, love one another;" the other, "Little children, the dispensations of heaven are wonderful." The "little children" loved each other very dutifully, and hoped in the dispensations of Providence. Only Colin, with his hard heart, would know nothing about it. Even when he seemed to be friendly, he had bad intentions.

The Napoulens go to the yearly fair in the town of Vence. They have a merry life, and if they get little gold, yet they buy many goods. Mariette went also to the fair with Mother Manon. Colin was there also. He bought many nick-nacks and knick-shaws for his friends, but for Mariette not a sous' worth. But yet he was everywhere at her heels. But he spoke not to her nor she to him. One could see he meditated evil.

Mother Manon stood before a shop, and said, "Oh, Mariette, see this beautiful pitcher! A queen need not be ashamed to put it to her lips. Only see, the rim is of shining gold, and the flowers thereon bloom no brighter in the garden, and yet they are only painted. And in the middle is Paradise! Only look, Mariette, how the apples laugh from the trees! one really longs for them. And Adam cannot resist, as the sly Eve offers him one at his cost. And see how charmingly the lamb frolics with the

tiger, and the snow-white dove, with gold-green neck, stands before the vulture, as if he would caress him."

Mariette could not see it enough.

"Had I such a pitcher, mother," said she, "it would be much too beautiful to drink out of; I would put my flowers in it, and always look into Paradise. We are in the market of Vence; but when I see the picture, it is to me as though we were in Paradise."

So said Mariette, and immediately called all her friends to gaze at the pitcher, and soon by the friends female stood the friends male, and at last almost half the population of La Napoule, before the wonderful pitcher. Timidly they asked the shopman, "Sir, how much is it?" and he answered, "It is worth a hundred livres among brothers." Then they were all silent, and walked off.

When no more from La Napoule stood at the shop, Colin came secretly, put down a hundred livres on the counter for the shopman, put the pitcher in a box full of cotton, and carried it off. Nobody knew his wicked plan.

Near La Napoule, on his homeward way, as it grew dusk, he met the old Jacques, the Judge's servant, as he came from the fields. Jacques was a good old man, but rather simple.

"I will give thee some drink-money, Jacques," said Colin, "if thou wilt carry this box to Manon's house, and leave it there. And if any one should notice thee, and ask 'From whom comes this box?' say, 'A stranger gave it to me.' But do not mention my name, or I shall be for ever angry with thee."

Jacques promised, took the drink-money and the box, and went towards the cottage amid the olive-trees and African acacias.

. . . . . .

Before he got there, his master, the Judge Hautmartin, met him, and said, "Jacques, what art thou carrying?"

A box for Mother Manon. But, sir, I dare not say from whom."

"Why not?"

"Because Mr. Colin would be for ever angry with me."

"It is well that thou canst keep a secret. But it is very late. Give me the box. In the morning I shall go to Frau Manon. I will carry the box, and not tell that it comes from Colin. It will save thee a walk, and give me good employment."

Jacques gave the box to his master, for he was accustomed to obey him in all things without gainsaying. The Judge carried it into his chamber, and looked at it by the light with great curiosity. On the cover was written neatly, in red chalk, "To the lovely and beloved Mariette." Herr Hautmartin knew very well that this was only some jest of Colin's, and that a bad trick lurked behind it. So he opened the box carefully—a rat or a mouse might be concealed therein! But when he beheld the wonderful pitcher that he had himself seen at Vence, he was frightened. For Herr Hautmartin was a man well skilled in justice as well as in injustice, and knew that the thoughts and deeds of men's hearts are evil, from their youth up. He saw immediately that Colin wished to bring Mariette into trouble with this pitcher; that when it was in her hands he would give out that it was a present from some lover in the city, and that all good people must avoid Mariette. Thereupon Herr Hautmartin, the Judge, decided that he would put down this suspicion by confessing that he was the giver thereof himself. Besides, he loved Mariette, and would gladly have witnessed that she had more closely observed towards him the command of the grey Father Jerome, "Little children, love one another." Although Colin would fain have been the handsomest man in the town, the Herr Judge had the advantage over him in two things—namely, his great years, and a great, great nose! Yes; this nose, that went before the Judge like a yeoman of the guard, to announce his approach, was truly an elephant among human noses. With this elephant, his good intentions, and the pitcher, the Judge went the following morning to the house amid the olive-trees and African acacias.

"For the beautiful Mariette," said he, "nothing is too costly to me. Yesterday you admired the pitcher at Vence. Permit me, sweet Mariette, to lay that and my loving heart at your feet."

Manon and Mariette were enraptured and astonished when they saw the pitcher. Manon's eyes sparkled, but Mariette was beside herself, and said, "I wish to take neither your pitcher nor your heart."

Then Mother Manon got angry, and said, "But I take pitcher and heart too. Oh, thou fool, how long wilt thou scorn thy good Mok? For whom waitest thou? Will a count of Provence make thee his bride, that thou despisest the Judge of La Napoule? I know better how to care for thee. Herr Hautmartin, I count on having the honour to call you my son-in-law."

Then Mariette went out and wept bitterly, and hated the beautiful pitcher with all her heart. But the Judge struck himself with his flat hand across the nose, and spoke wisely. "Mother Manon, do not overhurry things. The little dove will be entirely submissive when she learns to know me better. I am not impatient. I understand womankind, and before a quarter of a year I will steal into Mariette's heart."

"His nose is too big for that!" whispered Mariette, who, behind the door, heard and secretly laughed. In truth, a quarter of a year had passed, and Herr Hautmartin had not with the tip of his nose pierced into her heart.

The next quarter of a year Mariette had other affairs. The pitcher made her much vexation and trouble, and, moreover, something besides. Fourteen days long they talked of nothing but the pitcher in La Napoule. And everybody said, "It is a present from the Judge," and the wedding is already agreed on. But when Mariette solemnly assured her companions that she would sooner her body should be in an abyss of the sea than marry the Judge, the maidens went away angry, and teased her, saying, "Ah, how happily she will rest in the shadow of his nose!" This was vexation first!

Then Mother Manon went on the cruel principle of forcing Mariette to carry the pitcher to the spring at the rock every morning, to fill it with fresh flowers. She hoped thereby to accustom Mariette to the pitcher and the heart of the giver. But it only led her to hate gift and giver. And the labour at the spring was a real punishment to her. Vexation, second!

Then when she came in the morning to the spring, twice in the week lay upon a ledge of the rock the most beautiful flowers, beautifully arranged, ready to make the pride of the pitcher. And round the flower-stalks a strip of paper was wrapped, and on it was written, "Dear Mariette!" Now some one, the little maiden knew, must do it for her, since in the world now there are no magicians or fairies. Consequently the flowers and the sweet speech came from Herr Hautmartin. Mariette would never smell them, merely because the living breath from the Judge's nose had breathed over them. She indeed took the flowers, because they were better than field-flowers; but she tore the paper into a thousand pieces, and strewed them on the place where the flowers were accustomed to lie. But this did not vex the Judge Hautmartin at all, whose love was as great in its place as his nose in its place. Vexation third!

But at last she discovered, in conversation with Herr Hautmartin, that he was not the giver of the flowers. Who could it be now? Mariette was astonished at the unexpected revelation. From that time she took the flowers carefully from the rock, smelt them, but—who put them there? Mariette, like all young girls—else they are not worth anything—was very curious. She guessed this and that young man in La Napoule. Yet she did not stop at guessing. She waked and watched late in the night—she rose earlier—but she spied out nothing. And yet twice in the week, in the morning, lay the magic flowers on the rock, and wound round them the strip of paper, ever with the quiet sigh on it, "Dear Mariette!" This would have made the most indifferent curious. But curiosity becomes at last a burning pain. Vexation fourth!

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.—It is almost impossible, we think, to overrate the immense moral and political importance of a thoroughly good provincial journal. We hesitate not to say that in many instances the conductors of such publications have it in their power to serve the country more usefully even than some of our prominent politicians and statesmen. When, for instance, misunderstandings arise among large masses of workmen, in such parts of the country as Yorkshire and Lancashire, with regard to their employers, or to the rulers of the country, how important is it that the local press which they read should be under the conduct of good, loyal, liberal, and enlightened men. An injudicious article might keep alive a flame of discontent, when a few words of thorough good sense, dictated by a truly generous and liberal spirit, may keep a country in peace far more effectively than the *posse comitatus*, or a regiment of slaughter-breathing yeomanry.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

THE OPIUM-SMOKING OF THE CHINESE.

The drug called opium is formed of the concrete juice of the poppy. This plant is well known in England, as well as in the southern countries of Europe, but it appears to have come originally from Asia. It is reared most extensively in India, where opium forms the staple commodity of many provinces. The following is the general mode of treatment:—The plants are very carefully kept at a due distance from each other. Should the seed have been too thickly sown, some of the young plants are pulled up and used as pot-herbs, but when they have reached a foot and a half in height, they are considered, when their intoxicating nature, unfit for that use. The plant flowers in February, and the opium is extracted in March or April, according to the period of sowing.

When the flowers have fallen, and the capsules assume a bluish colour, they are wounded with a three-toothed instrument, which is drawn from the top to the bottom of the capsule so as to penetrate its skin. This is done in the evening, and the opium is gathered in the morning. The wounds in each capsule are repeated for three successive days, and generally fifteen days suffice in this way to wound all the capsules in a field, and to gather all the opium. A milky juice, exuding from the incisions, thickens on exposure to the air, and is carefully scraped off with a shell, or a small iron instrument, previously dipped in oil. It is afterwards worked in an iron pot, in the heat of the sun, until it is of a consistence to be formed into cakes of about four pounds weight. These are covered with the leaves of poppy, tobacco, or some other vegetable, to prevent their sticking together; and in this state they are dried and packed away for exportation in chests lined with hides, each containing forty cakes, and weighing about 150 lbs. The drug thus prepared brings in India about fifteen shillings a pound.

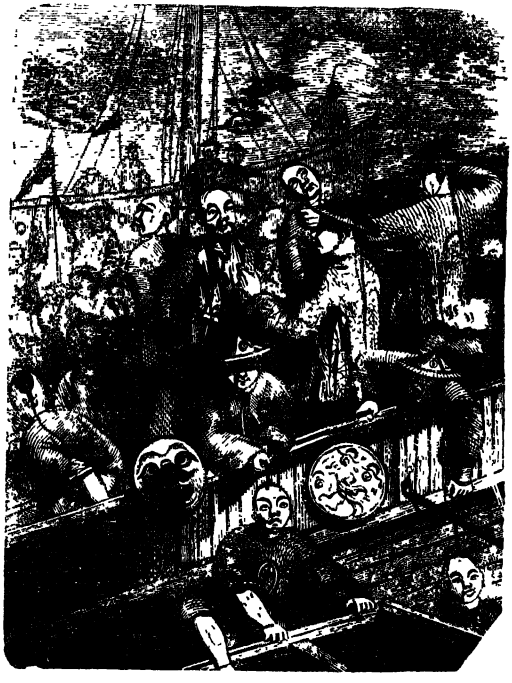


CHINESE SMOKING THE OPIUM.

The consumption of this narcotic drug in China is very great. Within the last sixty or seventy years that of Indian opium has risen from 1,000 to nearly 30,000 of the chests just described. It has actually formed an article of export from India to China, exceeding in value all the tea which that country has supplied for our own consumption, and for exportation to our colonies and to foreign countries. Towards the close of the last century the trade in opium was chiefly carried on in Macao; but in 1802 the English merchants removed it to the island of Lintin,

which then became the great opium depôt. "At Canton," says a Chinese writer, "there are brokers of the drugs, who are called melters. These pay the price of the drug into the hands of the resident foreigners, who give them orders for the delivery of the opium from the receiving ships. There are carrying boats plying up and down the river, and these are vulgarly called 'fast crabs,' and 'scrambling dragons.' They are well armed, and are manned with some scores of desperadoes, who ply their oars as if they were wings to fly with. All the custom-houses and military forts which they pass are largely bribed. If they happen to encounter one of the armed cruising boats, they are so audacious as to resist, and slaughter and carnage ensue."

A few years ago, one of the Chinese cruisers addressed a memorial to the Emperor, in which he stated that "magistrates of districts issue proclamations interdicting the clandestine sale of opium, at the same time that their kindred, and clerks, and servants smoke it as before. The police, influenced by the people in the public offices, became the secret purchasers of opium, instead of labouring to its suppression; and thus all interdicts and regulations became vain." The fact is, that a contraband trade of some millions sterling, in annual value, grew up despite of frequent edicts for its suppression.



CHINESE POLICE ARRESTING THE OPIUM SMUGGLERS.

The taste for opium prevailing in China, which began with the richer and descended to the poorer classes, appears to have been extended with astonishing rapidity. The following imperial edict was issued in 1800:—

"Let the buyers and smokers of opium be punished with one hundred blows, and be pilloried for two months. Then let them declare the seller's name, and in default of this declaration, let the smoker be punished as an accomplice of the seller, with a hundred blows and three years' imprisonment. Let mandarins and their dependants who buy and smoke opium be punished one degree more severely than others; and let governors and lieutenant-governors of provinces, as well as the magistrates of subordinate districts, be required to give security that there are no opium-smokers in their respective districts."

Six years after, more decisive steps were taken, under the direction of an Imperial Commissioner from Peking; the British residents were shut up in their factory, and only released on giving up the stock of opium on board the ships, amounting to 20,283 chests, worth nearly £3,000,000 sterling, the Superintendent of British Trade giving the owners indemnity scrips. The contents of every chest were subsequently emptied into sluices communicating with the river, in the presence of the Chinese authorities and many of the residents of the British and



INTERIOR OF OPIUM SMOKING SHOP.



WOMAN OF OPIUM-SMOKER.

other factories. And men were employed from day to day in hastening the process of maceration until the opium had become muddy and fetid, when the whole of it was washed into the river.

The merchants now withdrew to Macao, and, on being expelled by the Chinese their ships at Hong Kong But the opium trade is still extensively carried on. At Amoy, for example, the large native wholesale dealers are in the habit of strongly manning and arming a boat, in which they proceed outside the boundaries of the port to the six islands. There the foreign opium-vessels lying at anchor are similarly armed and prepared for resistance, in the event of the Chinese authorities attempting to capture them. The native boats return with the chests of opium to Amoy, and may be seen, with some European flag flying aloft, passing swiftly through the harbour, with sails set, and all the crew plying their oars. They always form too strong a force to encourage the hope of successful pursuit, either by the pirates or by the Mandarins. The wholesale native smugglers then dispose of the opium-balls separately to the retail dealers and proprietors of opium-shops No secrecy is observed respecting this article of universal traffic.

The Rev G. Smith, who recently witnessed the state of things, says —"I have seen three consecutive houses, kept by opium-venders. The people say that there are nearly a thousand such establishments in Amoy. Public notices on the corners of streets frequently invited the attention of passers-by to opium 'three winters old' sold in the opposite house. To the better class of these shops the servants of such men might be seen resorting, in order to purchase the prepared drug, and to carry it in little boxes, or, if the quantity were moderate, on little bamboo leaves, to their master, for smoking at his own house. They all asserted that they paid no bribes to the Mandarins, saying that these also smoked opium, and, therefore, were prevented by shame from interfering with the people. They assented to the probability of bribes being paid to the native authorities by the large wholesale purchasers, who go outside the harbour to buy opium from the foreign ships Among other proofs of the full cognizance of the local authorities, as well as of the general prevalence of opium-smoking, may be mentioned the fact of persons being met with in almost every street, who gain their entire livelihood by manufacturing the bowls of opium-pipes, which they publicly expose for sale in every direction.

The opposition now made by the Chinese Government to the opium-trade, at any time, appears to be extremely feeble. Mr. Fortune says, that he had many proofs of this during his residence in China, one of which was as follows.—An admiral, renowned for his valour, was sent with a number of war-junks to a particular station, where the opium-ships were anchored, for the purpose of compelling them to leave the Chinese shores. Gongs were beat, guns were fired—at a respectful distance, however,—and the junks came down with all that pomp and

which seem to form a principal part of their warlike operations

anchor, apparently paying but slight attention to all these threatening demonstrations Presently, a message was sent from the admiral, ordering them to get up their anchors and stand out to sea, and never more *to dare* to enter the waters of his Celestial Majesty, under the penalty of being *completely annihilated*.

A summons like this, in former days, might have had some weight, but now it had none, and the only answer the messengers carried back was, "That the foreign vessels were well armed, and that they would not leave their anchorage." This was quite sufficient to cool the courage of the admiral, who was now in a dilemma, he durst not fight the "barbarians," and if he did not manage to get them out of the way, his character for courage would suffer when the affair was represented at head quarters. He therefore altered his tone, and *requested* the captains, as a great *favour*, to leave the anchorage and ... outside for a day or two only, after which they might return to their old quarters. This was agreed to on the part of the captains of the opium-vessels, and, on the following morning, they got under weigh, and went out to sea. The Chinese, ... on the look out at the time, made a great noise by beating gongs and firing guns, and followed the opium-ships until they were fairly outside. The admiral now sent up a report to his government, to the effect that he had fought a great battle with the "barbarians," and had driven them away from the shores, or very probably, he said, that he had blown some of their vessels to pieces, and sunk the rest in the depths of the sea! In the meantime, even before the report was half-way to Peking, the opium-vessels had quietly taken up their old anchorage, and things were going on in the usual way. Such is a specimen of the way in which affairs are managed in China.

To prepare the opium, a portion is taken and dissolved in a copper ladle, over a charcoal fire. When it is melted, it is poured into a coarse paper filter, and, unless it be of the worst description, it readily passes through this into a small basin placed under it. When it will not pass through the filter, the Chinese account it bad, and it is sold only at a very reduced price. The filtered mixture is put again into a clean copper pan, and boiled slowly over the charcoal fire until the whole of the water is evaporated, and nothing remain but pure opium

The opium is kept for smoking in small cups made for the purpose. The smoker commonly lays his head upon a pillow, has a lamp or candle by his side, and with a kind of needle he raises a small portion of the opium to the candle, which being ignited, he puts it into the small aperture of the bowl of the pipe. The candle is applied to the bowl in the process of inhaling, and the smoke is drawn into the lungs in the same manner as an Indian or Chinese swallows tobacco A whiff or two only can be drawn from a single pipe, and, for continued use, the drug has to be frequently renewed How ... are prostrated to this evil practice. One is ... of Amoy having four or five rooms, in different parts of a square court These were occupied by men stretched out on a rude kind of couch, on which lay a head-pillow, with lamps, pipes, and other apparatus for smoking opium. In one part of the principal room the proprietor stood, with delicate steel-yards, weighing out the prepared drug, which was of a dark, thick, semi-fluid consistency. Here was a little company of opium smokers, who had come hither to indulge in the expensive fumes, or to feast their eyes with a sight of that which increasing poverty had placed beyond their reach

Many persons are said to use this drug "in moderation" In such instances the smoker lies down, but after he has taken a few whiffs, he quietly resigns the pipe, perhaps, to one of his friends, and walks away to his business But, as in other instances, it is difficult to maintain this hold on the indulgence, and frequently this "moderation" becomes excess In China, the spendthrift, the man of lewd habits, the drunkard, and other bad characters, in great variety, slide into the opium-smoker; so that the drug seems to be changeable with all the vices of the country. Opium, doubtless, has its victims in persons who, but for its fascinating lures, might have escaped their ruin, but, in the great majority of instances, it only adds one stain more to a character already polluted

The effects witnessed by Lord Jocelyn as produced on the Chinese at Singapore, he has thus described:—

"A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will give a pallid and haggard look to the face, and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug, after long habit, no language can explain, and it is only when to a certain degree under its influence that their faculties are alive. In the houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening in all different stages, some entering, half distracted, to feed the craving appetite they had been obliged to subdue during the day; others, laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe, whilst the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid, with an idiot smile upon their countenance, too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events."

The sweet charities of life sympathy, affection, and benevolence, are the blessings blended with sorrow, sickness, and infirmity and from the restraints of temper and mutual forbearance to each other arise the kindness and good will ... and the charms of social life.

COLERIDGE AT HIGHGATE.

NOTHING is more interesting than to witness the fluctuation of public opinion, by which the hero of one day becomes the scorn and ridicule of the next. The same law applies to literary reputation. The fleeting Cynthias of the minute are numerous enough. We may say of them, as Byron said of heroes, that—

"Every month brings forth a new one"

In the case of Samuel Taylor Coleridge this was remarkably illustrated. The wits of the Anti-Jacobin could scarce find language too severe. He was all that honest men should shun and abhor. The bitter satire of Byron is almost equally malignant In our own day, by a numerous class, he is reverentially read. He is considered as the only man who has bridged over the chasm between reason and revelation, and laid the foundation of a faith which the acutest rationalism even must accept. Our opinion is different. Christian verities are dependent on no man, for in man's universal heart, as it beats with hope or sinks in despair, do they find a sure and safe response. If it were only by the painful mastery of Coleridge's writings that we became Christians, we should have but little hope for the spread of Christian truth. Coleridge's claim to admiration, aye, to immortality, was, that he wrote the "Ancient Mariner" "Genevieve." As a poet he will live in the memories of men, when the conversational power, for which he was so famed, will be altogether forgotten. Latterly the conversational powers of Coleridge have been brought up before the world by the publication of the lives of Chalmers and Sterling Chalmers says in one of his letters —

"We spent three hours with the great Coleridge. He lives with Dr. and Mrs. Gillman on the same footing that Cowper did with the Unwins. His conversation, which flowed in mighty unremitting stream, is most astonishing, but, I must confess, to me still unintelligible. I caught occasional glimpses of what he would be at, but mainly he was very far out of all sight and all sympathy. I hold it, however, a great acquisition to have become acquainted with him You know that Irving sits at his feet, and drinks in the inspirations of every syllable that falls from him There is a secret, and to me as yet unintelligible, communion of spirit betwixt them, on the ground of a certain mystical and transcendental lake-poetry which I am not yet up to Gordon says it is all unintelligible nonsense; and I am sure a plain Fife man as uncle "Tammas," had he been alive, would have pronounced it the greatest *buff* he had ever heard in his life."

Thomas Carlyle, more in the habit of writing cynically than Dr Chalmers, speaks out very strongly as to the utter intelligibility of what he calls "Coleridgean moonshine." He says —

"Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate-hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle, attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold—he alone in England the key of German and other transcendentalisms, knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what 'the understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and point to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua*. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world, and to some small minority, by no means to all, the most excellent. The good man—he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps—gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings, a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute, expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and sing-song, he spoke as if preaching—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest thing. I still recollect his 'object' and 'subject,' terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province; and how he snuffled them into 'om m-ject' 'sum-m-ject,' with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

"He had knowledge about many things and topics—much curious reading, but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantean transcendentalism, with its 'sum-m-jects' and 'om-m-jects.' Sad enough, for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorance of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them; and you swam and fluttered in the mistiest, wide, unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless, uncomfortable manner. Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again Balmy, sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible, on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless on the eloquent words, till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. One night peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows with us on this old earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantean haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic one, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The mourning sing-song of that theosophico-metaphysical monotony left on you, at least, a very dreary feeling."

It is true Archdeacon Hare, in his life of Sterling, talks of "the occasional ebb and flow" of Coleridge's conversation—but we are inclined to suspect that Chalmers and Carlyle are nearer the mark, and that after all the fame of the old man eloquent must rest, not on the wisdom that fell from his lips, or from his efforts to build up a rational and lofty Christian faith—for which we fear with his dreamy life he was singularly unfit—but for that rare and exquisite poetry which strikes every chord of human feelings, and the response to which will never cease whilst man can live, and hope, and love.

FREEDOM.

BY W C BRYANT.

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crown'd his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou, one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword, thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars, thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee,
They could not quench the life thou hadst from heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep.
And his smart armourers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain, yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward, terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.



LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

...mage whose name stands at the head of this paper has ...o small amount of public attention during the last four ...nd Europe is already watching with interest to see ...ill become of him in 1852. But it must be confessed ...ot only has he no recommendation, save the name of ...parte, and a very small amount of talent of any kind, but h... character as a man is by no means above reproach. He is the son of Louis, ex-King of Holland, the brother of the Emperor, and of Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of the Empress Josephine; and therefore at present stands at the head of the Bonaparte family. He has, however, no claim to be considered heir of his uncle. The latter, in the same breath that he repudiated any claim to ancestral nobility, said also—"My son cannot replace me. I could not replace myself. I am the creature of circumstances."

Prince Louis commenced his historical career at Rome in 1831, at the age of 23, by taking part in a general insurrection of the people of Italy against the despotic power of the Pope. This revolt, however, legitimate in its origin and objects, was carried on with such imprudence and want of energy, that it brought ruin on nearly all its leaders. The Austrians at last interfered, and upon the advance of their forces the Prince immediately fled.

In 1832 he was residing in Switzerland as a political refugee, where his stupid intrigues, carried on in connection with a number of Frenchmen disaffected to Louis Philippe's government, drew upon him the indignation of France, and the distrust of the surrounding states. An event occurred in 1835, which plainly showed that it was the bauble of royalty on which he had set his heart, and that he cared no more for France than for any other country in which a prospect of obtaining this might be opened up to him.



PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON

In this year the young queen, Donna Maria of Portugal, became a widow by the death of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, a son of Eugene Beauharnais, and consequently a cousin of Louis Napoleon. The latter immediately became a candidate for the matrimonial throne of his relative. Rejected with scorn by the Portuguese Queen and Ministry, on the 14th of December, 1835, he issued a bombastic bulletin, in imitation of those of his uncle, denying the rumour which his friends had circulated, that he was the accepted suitor of the heiress of the House of Braganza, and declaring that even if the throne of Portugal were offered him, he would refuse to accept of it. "Sour grapes!" said the fox, when he found the branch on which they hung too lofty for him to reach.

In October, 1836, he "invaded" Strasbourg, at the head of a few miserable adventurers, expecting the whole of France to rise and join him. He was forthwith taken into custody as a dangerous lunatic, but afterwards liberated on his giving his parole of honour to remain in exile in the United States for ten years. In 1838 he broke his word, and came back to Europe, and again setting intrigues on foot, he was obliged to fly for safety to England. Experience did not appear, however, to have taught him wisdom, and in 1840 he embarked with some drunken companions on board a Thames steam-boat for Boulogne, carrying with him a tame eagle with clipped claws and moulted pinions—a fit emblem, it must be confessed, of an expedition intended to subdue France.

He was again arrested and sent a close prisoner to the fortress of Ham. He escaped in 1846, in the disguise of a workman, and again made his way to London. His after residence in this country was comparatively unmarked. His chief associates while here, it was well known, were ladies and gentlemen, bearing aristocratic names, but of very questionable character—speculators on the variations of stocks, gamblers, money-hunters, diners-out, haunters of the saloons of second-rate fashion, and of the nameless resorts of low vice and dissipation. He had no scruple whatever in getting into debt beyond his means of payment, and his most serious pursuit was the study of alchemy, by which he expected to arrive at the discovery of 'the philosopher's stone.' So vigorously did he prosecute this exploded science, in a house which he had fitted up as a laboratory, in Camberwell, and so firm was his faith in the charlatan empiric whom he employed to aid him in transmuting the baser metals into gold, that he actually appropriated his revenues in anticipation, and applied the first million of his gains to paying off the national debt in France, hoping that he might thus purchase the Imperial crown. Upon the first news of the revolution in 1848 he betook himself to France. In June, 1848, he was elected member of the National Assembly for the Department of the Seine, by 84,420 votes, as well as for many other departments in various parts of France. Such is the influence of a mere name over the great mass of the people. A vigorous effort was made in the National Assembly to have the edict still kept in force which excluded the Bonaparte family from the French territory, from the fear that Louis Napoleon might avail himself of the popularity caused by his relationship to the Emperor to aim at the supreme power. M. Ledru Rollin took a leading part in the discussion in opposition to

the claims of the Prince, and laid some force upon the circumstance that the latter had as yet made no public declaration of his sentiments as to the revolution of February, 1848. This objection was removed by the appearance a few days afterwards of an address to the electors of the Seine, declaring his attachment to the cause of democracy, order, and labour He took his seat towards the end of September, 1848, and upon his appearance, no small amount of curiosity was evinced by the other members to get a sight of him.

In December, 1848, he was elected President of the French Republic. 7,326,385 persons took part in the election, and of these 5,334,226 voted for Louis Napoleon One of the first public acts of his Government was his sending an expedition against Rome to subvert a republic, if possible, more legitimate in its origin than that over which he himself presided. The daily waste of life and money, the destruction and dilapidation of some of the finest buildings in the world, are subjects too painful to dwell upon at this present time We hope to enter into them more fully when giving a memoir of Garibaldi. Rome and Italy were again delivered over to the blighting influence of Neapolitan, Austrian, and Papal despotism, and the people of that fine country are now placed in a state of moral and physical degradation, of which an Englishman can scarcely form an idea. Louis Napoleon is fairly chargeable with being the author of this misery and ruin. He has spent the three years and a half during which he has now occupied the Presidential chair in every way to render himself personally popular, in making progresses through the provinces, and delivering fine speeches, which have as nothing and in contin[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] the liberty of the press until [illegible] [illegible] He [illegible] the united and impenetrable Vatican, and has [illegible] condemning capital punishment in the columns of his journal.

When M Kossuth presented himself upon the frontiers, he was refused a passage through, as it was well known that he was the representative of principles diametrically opposed to those upon which the French Government are at present acting. In short, M. Louis Napoleon's career has been a continued lie —a perjury—and he is at this moment as great a reactionist as Francis Joseph or the Czar. The French people will have an opportunity of shaking him off in 1852, and we hope they will do it *con amore*. The fate of this pinchbeck republic may furnish a warning to visionaries in our own country, and convince them that liberty, equality, and fraternity are so many high-sounding words—meaning nothing, or positively mischievous, when political knowledge, public virtue, and education, are wanting among the masses

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION

One of the wonders of modern science is, decidedly, the electric telegraph. Our readers may not be aware that the system of telegraphic communication is old—almost as old as the hills. We find it resorted to by the men of all countries and all ages—by the rude barbarian and the polished Greek alike. For this purpose the Roman used the flag and the banner—the Greek lit fires on the mountain-tops—the untutored Indian ascends some neighbouring hill, where he stands as a signal or a guide, with arms uplifted to the sky. When the Spaniards discovered Mexico, they found an extensive system of communication by means of couriers trained from childhood, whose dress was indicative of the news they bore. The history of our own country supplies us with instances of similar attempts. When the Armada hovered on our shores, beacon-fires were lit, and a fiery warning passed through the land

The Italian historian Strada is generally supposed to have given the first idea of the modern telegraph In one of his essays he gives an account of a correspondence carried on by the help of a loadstone, which, if touched by two several needles, the other, at whatever distance it might be, moved at the same time, and in the same manner He says "that two friends possessed of these needles made a dial-plate, and fixed one in each of them, so that it could move without impediment to any of the twenty-four letters. Upon their separating they agreed to withdraw to their closets at a certain hour, and there to converse. To accomplish this, when some hundreds of miles asunder, each one shut himself up at the time appointed, directed the needle of his dial to every letter of the words he wished to use, making a pause at each to avoid confusion; and his friend saw his own sympathetic needle moving to every letter which that of his correspondent indicated." How far the Jesuit priest knew and foreshadowed the power of electricity remains doubtful. However, in 1684, a mode of communication was mentioned to the Royal Society, by which intelligence was sent from any high place to another as quickly as it could be written. In this "Century of Inventions" the Marquis of Worcester tells us "how at a window, as far as one can discover black from white, a man may hold discourse with his correspondent." In 1794 the French Directory established a system which is thus described —"At the first station, which was on the roof of the Louvre, M. Chappe received in writing from the Committee of Public Safety the words to be sent to Lisle, near which the French army at the time was. An upright post was erected on the Louvre At the top of this were two transverse arms, moveable in all directions with much rapidity. The different position of these arms stood as signs for the letters of the alphabet, and these he reduced as much as possible. Having received the sentence to be conveyed, he gave a signal to the second station to prepare At each station there was a watch-tower, on which telescopes were fixed, and the person on the watch gave the signal of preparation which he had received, and this communicated successively through all the line, which brought them into a state of readiness. The person at the second station received letter by letter the sentence from the Louvre, which he repeated with his own machine, and this was again repeated from the next, with almost an inconceivable rapidity, to the final station at Lisle." In 1795 Great Britain followed the example set by France, and the Admiralty adopted a plan of a six-shutter telegraph, proposed by Lord George Murray. About this time, also, the electric spark was used Arthur Young, speaking of a Monsieur Leonard, says—"You write two or three words on a paper—he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine enclosed in a cylindrical case at the top of which is an electrometer—a small pith ball, a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment, and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball writes down the words they indicate, from which, it appears, he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance. There were other forerunners who from time to time came before the public, but their names were soon forgotten, and their plans died away.

The father of the system at length arose in the person of Mr Cooke, who, having become acquainted at Heidelberg with Professor Moenche, witnessed some experiments intended to illustrate the possibility of signalising by electricity. He came to London, obtained a patent with Professor Wheatstone, and devoted himself to the extension of that wonderful system by which time and space are annihilated, and thought made to travel with the speed of the lightning's flash.

The following is the description of Mr. Wheatstone of this wonderful application of science to practical purposes —

"Here is what may be called a dial with five vertical magnetic needles. On this dial twenty letters of the alphabet are marked, and the various letters are indicated by the mutual convergence of two needles, when they are caused to move. If the first needle turn to the right and the second to the left, 'h' is indicated; if the first needle deviates to the right, and the fourth to the left, then 'b' is indicated, if the same needles converge downwards, then 'v' is pointed to. These magnetic needles are acted upon by electrical currents passing through coils of wire placed immediately behind them. Each coil forms a portion of a communicating wire, which may extend to any distance whatever. These wires, at their termination, are connected with an apparatus consisting of five longitudinal and two transverse metal bars in a wooden frame, the latter being united to the two poles of a voltaic battery, which ordinarily have no metallic communication with the longitudinal bars, on each of which two stops, forming two parallel rows, are placed. When a stop of the upper row is pressed down, the bar on which it placed forms a metallic communication with the transverse bar below, which is connected with one of the poles of the battery; and when a stop of the lower row is touched, another longitudinal bar forms a metallic communication with the other pole of the voltaic battery, and the current flows through the two wires connected with the longitudinal bars, to whatever distance they may extend."

THE RUSSIAN'S DAUGHTER.

AN INCIDENT OF THE GRAND ARMY.

'HE rattling of drums, the sharp discharge of musketry, and he indescribable confusion incident to the movement of vast odies of men, announced the departure of Napoleon from

f the Russian town endless columns poured forth in dark an risthling lines. At intervals came troops of horsemen, thei teeds pawing the ground, and neighing in response to their omrades on the open plain, now more frequently rumbled the rtillery and baggage-waggons, startling the geese by their umber and equipments, and filling them with awe. The gaz us of the mighty conqueror, at whose bidding this vast host and array of warlike munitions had been suddenly evoked as rom some world, unknown or forbidden to all other men. As the Grand Army passed on, in the face of each sol ier might be read the spirit working beneath. The French onscript, fresh from his ploughshare, which he had ever onged to leave for the bivouac and the field, wore upon his ountenance only the expression of exultation and joy. The eteran, on whose breast you might perceive the medal of Austerlitz or Marengo, marched with the mien of a Roman egionary, confident and secure in the genius of his commander as when he heard his clear voice ringing amid the perils of Wagram, or saw him push out in his frail skiff to the raft of Tilsit to dictate terms of peace to two fallen emperors. The aged soldier renewed his youth, the boy's sinews were strengthened like steel, at the sound of the constant watchword, "To Moscow—to Moscow!" It was only in the muttered execrations of the conquered Austrian or Prussian, whom the vicissitudes of fortune had forced into an ungrateful service against their hereditary ally, that you might read the omen which cast its black and glowing shadow over the campaign.

The welcome command of "Halt!" had been given in a cold inclement night, busily engaged in preparing his noon-day officer detached himself from his companions and rode swiftly to the waggon in the rear of the column. Arriving at one distinguished from the rest by its superior size and finish, and by its equipments its peculiar [illegible] the curtain, and said in a low tone—"And how is Paul, now that we are once more on the road to home and Moscow?"

"Alas!" answered the sick man, wearily raising himself on his elbow, "I feel as yet none of that strength which my good doctor promised me when you begged me away from the hospital at Wilna. It is dreadful to lie here, and hear the moving life without, and to feel one's self cut off from it all, to catch the joyful shout of the soldiers, and to reflect that it must be long before one's own voice can be raised in the cry for *la belle France*. But courage, Paul—and don't make your comrades melancholy! How well you look, Pierre! and that cross, too—eh! don't try to hide it, Paul will earn it also if he ever escapes from this waggon. And do you know that the Emperor looked in on me to-day, and was delighted with my stubborn determination to go on with the Grand Army! And as he passed on I heard him humming

'Marlborough s'en
Ne sait quand il reviendra.

That last line—your Paul has had it running in his head ever since. I hope we may *not* return till we have finished our work."

heathenish old Kremlin, and our gay city dames will no longer be cruel, for will we not be heroes of the Grand Army! Adieu! expect me again at evening, and keep your courage up." And the warm-hearted Pierre galloped off.

Left to himself, Paul attempted to sleep, but his feelings had become somewhat excited, and this, with the motion of the waggon, which had once more begun its rude jolting,

opportunity to review these mementoes of my past life," and he carefully opened a small casket which reposed at the head of his couch. "Pierre talks of gay women, but how shall I forget that one who was only dear to me the moment she was snatched away, but whom I loved in a moment sufficiently for a life-time? Now these silent tokens shall bring up to me the dead past, and I will live those days over again. I have not written my thoughts since I entered the army. Sometimes I think I dare not. I am more ambitious than I was then, when I stained the white leaves of this little book with words like these."

He turned over a few leaves of the journal and read to himself in a low tone—"Pierre has just left us—our playground is deserted. The fields look mournful. The birds do not sing as sweetly as they did. I have lost a friend.

. . . . . .

"I am puzzled to account for the interest Middle F—— has recently taken in me. She is, I know, a little older than myself, and her disposition is not calculated to harmonise with mine, for she is bold and ambitious beyond most women, and I am so void of ambition that Pierre says I am good for nothing but a country *cure*, or at best a quiet scholar. Nor can I imagine why my conversation should please her, for I know nothing of the great world, and she has spent half her life in Paris. I shall see her again this evening.

. . . . . .

"So soon! Is it possible she loves me—that her love is returned—that we are henceforth all the world to each other! How little could a prophet ever have foreseen all this! And how little could we have read in those gay scenes and brilliant saloons the secrets of our destiny! I do not blame myself, for I am proud of the affections of a woman so beautiful and gifted, yet she has a haughty and imperious nature, and I know not how it will accommodate itself to the quiet of a philosopher.

. . . . . .

"Daily I feel that something is wanting to that perfect love which I ought to cherish toward dear Victorine. It may be useless in me to indulge the thought, but I doubt if more than my pride and feelings are interested. She loves me deeply, I am conscious, although I am unworthy of such affection. Our characters are so opposite that I must make sacrifices to ensure lasting harmony. I must soar to her views, she must not descend to mine. I will go into the army. I will win honours under the Emperor, I will return, and she shall meet me with a proud and delighted heart, for she shall find her early confidence not misplaced.

"All is settled. To-morrow I start for Brienne. I have written my determination to Pierre. I have resisted the entreaties of my parents. I have bid adieu to Victorine. She weeps, but I can see she is proud of the resolution I have taken. We are to correspond by every post. The rascal Baptiste pretends to be sorry that he cannot go to the wars with [illegible] merely says, 'My son, prove yourself worthy

urge it on me not to be alarmed, and not to distress Pierre with my sorrow, if there be no need for alarm and anxiety? I must hold myself in instant readiness to start at any moment. I must apply for permission to go when necessary.

. . . . . .

"She is dying! I have only seen her once, and then she did not know me, who would die for her! They were holding her in their rude grasp, and when I bid them cease they told me she would destroy herself if her hands were free! They commanded me from the room, but I would not go. I resolved to wait till she returned to her mind. I wished to be the first one whom her reviving consciousness would recognise.

. . . . . .

"After days of gloom and sorrow, and nights of dreary watching, I was at length addressed by my right name. Alas! how feeble were the lips that pronounced it! How mournful in their paleness, and yet how serene and lovely in their expression! I stood at her bedside, her hand in mine—the unseen hand of the grim angel over us both. 'Paul,' she whispered,—'Paul!' I knelt by her, and her last words flowed into my heart, as the last drops of a summer cloud melt into the heart, while the cloud vanishes for ever. 'I have loved you, Paul, deeply and truly—how truly you can never know. I am going to leave you. I will not ask you to remember me, for if you forget Victorine, *she* will not forget to watch over you. You will find some other Victorine, less proud and more loving than the first. Over her, too, I will watch, and will love her for your sake. Honour God—your country. Be your ambition ever noble as now. And when in a few days you go to the camp and the field, bear with you a resolve worthy yourself—to do nothing but what is virtuous and good. And here I have prepared you a little packet. Open it when—when I am gone—and cherish its contents for her sake who loved you so well. Kiss me, Paul—there—let me lean on you, for I am growing very weak ——'

'Quick!' exclaimed the *curé*: 'she is dying ——'

Merciful heaven!" I cried, 'she is falling from my arms! Her eyes—O God, is this death?'"

And as the sick man closed the book, he took from the casket a curiously-fashioned bracelet, on which was engraved the simple legend, "Love, the child of sympathy —V. F." He gazed at it long and earnestly, at times burying his face in his hands and giving way to passionate grief. At length the excitement passed away, and with the jewel firmly locked in his grasp he sank to sleep.

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A few months after the events narrated in these brief notes Paul Dubois and Pierre Chatelet entered the army — the former a prey to a seemingly incurable melancholy. In every engagement they attracted attention by their courage and their singular attachment—ever fighting side by side, each intent upon the safety of the other. By degrees Paul recovered his spirits, and began to mix among the ordinary pleasures of young men. Still it was observable that his actions were regulated by principles higher and more sublime in result than those of most of his fellows. He was wont sternly to reprove all deviations from the laws of honour and morality, all indications of a downward tendency in desire. As his brother officers saw that his character as a soldier became more eminent and admirable by reason of its stern virtue, they unconsciously imitated him. His influence was widely felt. All who knew him loved him. And thus it happened that when in the flush of awakening hopes, and at the very outset of the expedition wherein he had expected to reap a rich harvest of honour, he was prostrated by a fearful disease, his fellow-soldiers felt for him so deep a sympathy, and entreated with so much earnestness that he might still accompany them. And though he daily lost strength, his enthusiasm seemed but to kindle the more. His physician shook his head, but the sick man cared not for the uncomfortable paliet, the unwholesome food, nor the harsh motion of the waggon, so long as the rude soldier who marched by his side chanted the warlike chorus—"To Moscow—to Moscow!"

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I am afraid, *monsieur le général*," said the surgeon to the Chief of Division, "that we shall be obliged to leave our friend, Paul Dubois, as a prisoner of war in some wayside cottage, for he cannot hold out to Smolensk."

"Nay," interposed Pierre, who had just ridden up, "I have been with him constantly on the march, and he is as eager as ever to go on. To leave him here would be even worse than death."

"Ah, my good friend," answered the surgeon, "in that waggon he cannot live twenty-four hours longer. I repeat it, General, our only hope is in leaving him. It is a great loss to the division, and a melancholy fate to so brave and enthusiastic an officer. But we have no alternative."

The General consulted a moment with his staff. "Go then," he said to Pierre and the surgeon, "go to the Lieutenant Paul Dubois, and inform him that in the opinion of the medical staff and his brother officers, it is unsafe and impossible for him to proceed with us. Express my sincere regrets at the circumstances which separate us, and my ardent hope that ere the campaign is over we may meet again under better omens, and see that he is put in comfortable quarters. As for you, Captain Pierre Chatelet, you have full permission to use all time and camp equipage necessary for this purpose, and may you have a favourable report to give me when I next see you! And now, gentlemen, to your patient."

Paul received the intelligence of his destination with less grief than Pierre and the surgeon had anticipated. In truth his illness had in the last few days gone far toward weakening the energies of life and passion, and a languid sigh was all the resistance he offered. The horses were turned into a bye-road. The murmur of the Great Army gradually died away, and at last the eyes of the sick man, as he gazed through the parted curtains, rested only on his attendant and the devoted Pierre. On each side the fields lay basking in the bright sunlight, and in the distance a white cottage appeared, solitary and a grove of tall pines, and at the meeting of the roads which branched out in every direction over the cultivated plain. "And there," signed Pierre, coming to his side, "there is, without doubt, your prison-house, on your road to Fame. Now, Paul, you have, indeed, an opportunity to show the strength of your philosophy and your religion. You know that I cannot be spared from the army. God give us a joyful meeting at a not distant day!"

"We ask permission, may it please you," said Pierre, bowing very low to a comely Russian, who came forward from the house to view the unwonted spectacle of a military equipage at his very door, "to leave with you an invalid officer of the French army. Of necessity his life is in your hands, and I am not miscalculating on the generosity of a subject of Alexander, when I say that I feel he is safe with you. And if, sir, at a future time a ransom shall be required, your demands cannot exceed our willingness."

"A Russian's duty is ever to his fellow men," replied the farmer, lifting the curtain of the waggon, "and therefore the sick man shall be to me as a brother. For your Emperor, and his wars—I detest them. But this is needless now. Catherine," he continued, returning to the door, "bid the servants hither."

In a moment there appeared a fair, slight girl, followed by two or three of the household

"Take carefully now the couch from the waggon," said the Russian, "and lay the stranger in the shaded room. Go, girl," he added, to his daughter, "see that all is ready above."

"Ah, sir!" sighed Paul, as, supported by the arm of the faithful Pierre, he gazed from his couch at the simple but tasteful apartment in which he had been laid, and at the earnest face of the Russian bending over him, "how can I thank you for so unlooked-for a kindness from one whom men would call my enemy?"

"God is all-wise," answered the host, "and I have a son in the army of Alexander. It may be that he will yet have cause to bless a Frenchman."

The rays of the sun slanted through the narrow window, and fell higher and higher on the wall. The regular breathings of Paul told of more healthful sleep than had visited him for weeks "I will leave him now," said Pierre, "and avoid the sorrows of leave-taking. Put away that casket quietly, Baptiste. There let us go."

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Awaking from a long and refreshing sleep, Paul composed himself for a survey of the chamber in which for the pre-

sent he was domesticated. The room where he lay was small, and tastefully furnished, exhibiting in a thousand particulars the tokens of graceful and feminine care. His couch, albeit somewhat coarse, was of the whitest linen; upon the low mantel, the humble chairs, and the frames of the simple pictures, not a stain or speck of dust was visible. One window was open, looking out on green and dewy fields; the song of birds floated cheerfully in; the din of the marching army was no longer heard; the jolting of the sick-waggon was forgotten. The invalid had already begun to retrace his steps to the portals of life.

A light step in the passage, and the Russian maiden came softly in, lingering modestly for an instant on the threshold. "And how has Monsieur slept?" she inquired in the purest French. "We much feared to disturb you last night. Monsieur is very sick, but we can give you rest and quiet, and we can prepare you food, such as is good for the sick; and we have a physician—oh! he is a wonderful man, and he lives but a few versts off."

"Ah!" replied Paul, "perhaps my nurse of last night is the better physician. At least," continued he, in the natural language of compliment, "one kind look from you does me more good than a whole packet of the doctor's drugs. Your air is wonderfully refreshing, too; and really I fancy I begin to have an appetite."

"Monsieur shall not complain of hunger," said Catherine; and, gliding from the room, she soon returned with a small salver, on which were displayed the materials of a meal which, to the eyes of the invalid, accustomed for months to the rude food of the camp, appeared tempting beyond all description. There might have been nothing alluring to the epicure in that snowy bread and plain broth, but the very simplicity, together with the grace of the fair girl by whom they were offered, made them more delicious to Paul than the most costly feast. And Paul's situation caused him to depend upon his nurse for those little attentions which invalids ever exact. Those blue eyes looked only sympathy, those fresh lips opened only in pleasant smiles and pleasant words.

So day by day the hours passed away in that still chamber. As Paul gathered strength, he loved to tell the simple maiden of France, of the broad lands through which he had passed in his marchings, of the many scenes in which his soldier-life had been spent. He grew more fond of watching Catherine's light form as she moved about the apartment, arranging its exquisite order, or when, in the still twilight, her golden hair streaming over her shoulders, she sat by his bed-side singing him to sleep with her ancestral ballads. By degrees her image formed itself on his heart, and lent form and colouring to his deepest reveries. Ah! Paul, Paul, there is a meaning in that simple motto in yonder casket, which you both will have applied to yourselves before you are aware!

The Russian, too, was a frequent visitor in the chamber of the sick man. But his talk was of realities, of truths, which could not fail to urge themselves with great weight upon men interested in the mighty struggle then going on almost within hearing. "Let us," Lossmin would say, "view these things as friends, and from a common ground.

"It is now August, and the frosts of autumn are already beginning to be felt. Your Emperor has not yet arrived within sight of Moscow—the last courier announced to me that he had just left Smolensk. Your army is already suffering famine. You will reach Moscow in September, and you will have left one quarter of your army on the road.

"... your Emperor make peace if he can now that the sword is in sight of the scabbard. As for conquering Russia, it were impossible, though there were no such thing as winter. The moment you retreat, you will find yourselves beset on every side by our light troops and Cossacks. Your Emperor is playing a fearful game—let him look well to his pieces."

"Stay," replied Paul, "you know not our strength—nor our Emperor. He will make peace in your capital. He will pledge Alexander under the shadow of the great cross of St. Ivan. He will receive your ambassadors at Paris before the Cossacks shall have found their way back to their native deserts."

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Days rolled on. August passed away, and September came, bringing golden twilight and sharpening air, reddening the broad fields, and lending a richer shade to the dark pine and hemlock. Paul had escaped from the confinement of his chamber. Although a prisoner, no one could have been more at liberty. And Catherine—whom he used laughingly to call his gaoler—never was minister of justice more lenient. Those long walks—how inexpressibly delicious, in the fresh, sunny air! And the eloquence of the young man—how captivating to a susceptible mind, which had hitherto never opened itself to the rude influences around! Her feelings to the young man, while he lay on his couch of pain, she had easily excused to herself as the ... of ...

when he was absent. Paul, too, was attracted to the gentle girl by stronger inclinations than could lay to the charge of gratitude or alleviated loneliness. Her character, so pure, so confiding, so sympathetic, seemed the full realisation of all he had imagined in his Eutopia of love. So, while he cherished the memory of Victorine, he allowed his thoughts to dwell at liberty upon the Russian maiden. As for Lossmin—his sagacity was somewhat blunted by time—he had outlived romance. If Catherine had had a mother, she might have been warned of her indiscretion—for so a prudent mother would infallibly have termed it—and the good Lossmin might have awaked to the manifest danger of sheltering a handsome French officer under his roof, but the worthy woman had been dead some years, and so Catherine went on nursing the young and growing love.

The visits of the courier began to be more frequent, as the needs of the empire demanded that its inhabitants, and especially those near its great roads, should be acquainted with the progress of the war. The carnage of Borodino, the desertion of Moscow, had been communicated in fearfully rapid ... to the startled inmates of the house of Lossmin, and ..., as Lossmin himself was sitting moodily at his door, a breathless courier placed in his hands a letter from his son, an officer in the Russian army.

"My honoured father," for so the letter ran, "our trust in that God who watches over the destinies of righteous men, and also in our father-sovereign, Alexander, and our own good swords, Moscow is in ruins; our rear-guard have finished their mournful work of desolation, and the French conqueror lords it only over a heap of ashes. He has sought peace, but our brave Alexander has vowed not to sheathe the sword while the enemy remains on Russian ground. ...

"I cannot write more now. We have fallen on fearful times. Our capital is deserted—our hereafter is uncertain. I hope to revisit you soon, when we have chased the Frenchmen over the Niemen; but God is all-knowing. It is said the enemy will endeavour to remain at Moscow. If he attempt it he will perish of famine. We are already closing in on the return roads.—Your devoted son, "IVAN."

"Thus far," exclaimed Lossmin, hastening to read the letter to Paul, "I have spoken truly. Let your Emperor look to his gods, if he acknowledge any, for the God whom we worship will not serve him. And behold," he continued, as a few scattered snow-flakes, brought by the chill north wind, slanted through the air, "behold the winding-sheet of the Grand Army!"

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The winter had set in with unheard-of rigour. The roads were well nigh impassable, and intelligence from the army, although intently looked for, came less often. It chanced upon a wild and stormy night, that Lossmin, Catherine, and Paul were sitting by the huge fire in the dining apartment. The tables had long been cleared, and the remainder of the family had dispersed for the night. The moaning of the wind, and the noise of the drifting snow, naturally turned their thoughts to the two armies engaged in their deadly struggle amid such adverse circumstances.

While thus conversing, Paul exclaimed, "Hark!—a knocking at the great door. And some one shouting—'Help! Quick—a light!'"

The party instantly rushed to the door at which the noise was made. They unfastened and opened it amid the entreaties of the voice to lose no time.

"It is—it is Pierre's voice!" cried Paul, as he eagerly

darted forth into the gloom and grasped his friend by the hand.

"And," exclaimed the latter, "I bring you one Ivan Lossmin, whom I made prisoner near here, who is dangerously wounded, and wished only to die under his father's roof. Quick, for the love of God, or he will perish with cold!"

There was no need of his passionate exclamation. Ere he had finished speaking, Lossmin had gained the rude sleigh, and, lifting thence the helpless form of a wounded soldier, bore him across the threshold, crying, "My son! my son! now has the curse of war come home to my own hearth!"

The wounds of Ivan proved of a less severe character than Pierre had at first feared. Added to the combined influence of cold and hunger, they would soon have proved fatal; but warmth and food are powerful aids to the system, and after a night of sound sleep, in which the eyes of the devoted Catherine were never once closed, he declared himself out of danger, and almost entirely free from pain. And with the two officers at his side, Catherine holding his hand in her own, and Lossmin leaning over the head of the couch, he proceeded, at the earnest request of the latter, to relate the circumstances which had led to this unlooked-for and strange reunion

"We had," said Ivan, "steadily followed the French army on their retreat from the capital. Never was there greater bravery displayed than by the Grand Army in their perilous march across a wasted and hostile country. Daily we drew in more and more closely on their flying columns, and daily our combats became more fierce and bloody.

'At length, after weeks of the closest fighting, those whom we pursued found themselves on the banks of the Beresina, spanned in this place only by a single bridge. It was then for the first time that our corps (for hitherto we had kept much in the rear) saw to what a miserable remnant that army was reduced which had so lately entered our capital. We had yet to learn how much stronger they were in all the energies of despair—those men who looked so haggard and famished.

'It was our design to cut the enemy off from crossing the bridge, and had we kept somewhat nearer them in the pursuit we might have succeeded. But in our attempts we met with a most determined resistance, and a bloody struggle ensued, in which you had well-nigh lost a son.

"I found myself surrounded by three French horsemen, and separated from my ranks. I saw that escape was hopeless, and by a strange fatality aimed a blow at the very one who was to preserve me. He is by my side. It was Pierre. My stroke glanced, and a quick, sharp pain in my breast is all that I remember after. When I awoke to consciousness after the lapse of a few hours, I was in the tent of my captor, and my wounds I found dressed with as much care as could have been expected. But I heard the surgeon declare, as he left the tent, that I was in great danger

"Then I wished to see you once more before I died. I implored Pierre to send me to you. He replied that it was impossible. I then gave into his hands my farewell message to you. He gazed at the name. 'Lossmin!' at length he exclaimed; and asked me if you were my father? I replied, yes. In a moment he had left the tent.

"He returned almost immediately, and enveloped me in the best robes he could procure, and removed me to his sleigh. We had scarcely set out before we were overtaken by that fearful storm in which I had well-nigh perished before we found you last night. And now, my father, do we not owe eternal gratitude to the brave man that has restored me to you and to life?"

"Ah!" said Pierre, "who would not have done as I did?"

"Say no more," exclaimed Lossmin, "we shall part from you with sadness, when you return to your army, taking away your brother Paul, whom you have made free were he ten times a prisoner. So long as you will bless the house of the Russian, remain; and when you would depart, it shall not be without a fitting equipage for the brave soldier."

At the mention of departure, the face of Catherine was instantly shaded; a half-checked exclamation burst from her lips; and before she could recover herself, the watchful eyes of Paul were gazing into her own with more than ordinary meaning. She hastily rose, and without uttering a word retired from the room. She was passing through the great hall to her own apartment, when she felt herself detained by a gentle but firm grasp, to which, for the instant, she could not but yield.

"Catherine—my dear Catherine!" said Paul in a low tone, "forgive me for thus addressing you—my love is my only plea—it is a strong one if you will acknowledge it. Am I presumptuous in imagining that I am not without place in your thoughts? I would have the preserver of my life its constant guardian. Oh, Catherine, do not frown on one who loves you, and fancies you sympathy looks kindly on him!"

"Nay, sir," exclaimed the frightened girl, "so noble, so ambitious, you would not wed the simple Russian maiden! Be content to forgive me—or think of me only as one who aided to restore you to your country and the world. Gladly would I hear of your success hereafter. I will promise more, that I will never forget you, though our destinies are so widely different—"

"No more!" no more!" interrupted Paul. "I will yet earn your love. For you sake I will renounce all ambition for that glory which most men prize, but which you in your pure wisdom look on as empty. Then you will love me—"

"Catherine!" exclaimed the deep voice of Lossmin—for the precipitate flight of the lovers had aroused him to a sudden perception of the truth, and had brought him in quest of them—"Catherine, do you love the young French soldier?"

There was no reply, but the soft eyes were directed upward for a moment, and Paul fancied the small hand in his own ceased to struggle

"It is enough," said Lossmin fervently. "God, I thank thee, that in one day thou hast given me two noble sons! Learn more firmly on him, my daughter, and may Paul Dubois never do aught than bless this hour! My children, I leave your young hearts to their own expressions!"

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In a stately park near Paris there stand two mansions, which, by their resemblance and noble appearance, elicit frequent remarks from those who extend their search after pleasure beyond the gay city. They are tenanted by citizens Paul Dubois and Pierre Chatelet.

A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND.—General Gunning had a most beautiful and accomplished daughter. Her charms attracted many admirers, among others, the Marquis of Blandford, eldest son of the Duke of Marlborough, and the Marquis of Lorn, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll. At first the young lady seemed to favour the pretensions of the Marquis of Lorn, but in a short time she evinced a decided preference for the Marquis of Blandford. The Duke of Argyll, who had married the widow of the Duke of Hamilton, a sister of General Gunning, inquired of the General whether the Duke of Marlborough was apprised of his son's attentions to his daughter, and approved of the projected matrimonial alliance. The General frankly admitted he did not know, but would immediately address a letter to the Duke of Marlborough on the subject, and if he disapproved of the match, he would at once put an end to the affair. Accordingly he wrote a letter to the Duke, and sent it to Blenheim by his groom. He received an answer expressive of the Duke's entire approval of his son's choice, and of his own deep sense of the good qualities of the young lady. General Gunning immediately repaired to the Duke of Argyll, who, having read the letter attentively, expressed strong suspicions of its authenticity. General Gunning then went to Lord Charles Spencer, the Duke's brother, who unhesitatingly pronounced the letter to be "an awkward imitation of the Duke of Marlborough's handwriting." The seal was either an impression from a small seal, which the Duke had ceased to use for many years, or from one copied from it. General Gunning returned home and questioned his wife and daughter on the subject, they assured him the letter was genuine, or they had been imposed on. The General next interrogated the groom, who, impelled partly by threats and partly by solicitations, confessed he had been bribed by Miss Gunning, who had furnished him with the letter. The General then turned his daughter out of his house, and shortly after separated from his wife. Mrs. Gunning published a large pamphlet, entitled, "A Letter to the Duke of Argyll," in which she attributed the forgery to Captain and Mrs. Bowen, whom she had offended by endeavouring to prevent their marriage, at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Bowen's father. But Mrs. Gunning does not attempt to explain how the Bowens became acquainted with the General's intention to write to the Duke of Marlborough, or transmit his letter by his groom. The Duke of Argyll declined all further intercourse with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Gunning, and his niece, Miss Gunning.

MISCELLANEA.

LUMP 'EM.—A young Wesleyan student recently occupied, on Sunday morning, the pulpit of one of their chapels in Manchester, and in his prayer, he prayed for the Queen, Prince Albert, each of the royal babies by name, then proceeded to the Duchess of Kent, and got as far as the King of Hanover, when a blunt, honest countryman, who happened to be a worshipper, tired of this long catalogue, cried out aloud, "Lump 'em! lump em!" A hearty "Amen!" from the congregation testified how feelingly they entered into the countryman's request, to the surprise and confusion of the "mannin black,"

EDUCATION IN AMERICA.—It is by the attention it pays to public education that the original character of American society is formed and preserved. Their Schools were established by law, and are kept up by obliging the inhabitants, under pain of heavy fines, to support them. Schools of superior kind were founded in the same manner as in the more populous. The municipal authorities were bound to enforce the sending of children to school by their parents: they were empowered to inflict fines upon all who refused compliance, and, in case of continued resistance, society assumed the place of the parent, and deprived the father of those natural rights which he used to so bad a purpose. At this very time (in the year 1630) those principles which were scorned or unknown by the nations of Europe were proclaimed in the deserts of the New World, and were accepted as the future creed of a great people. The boldest theories of the human reason were put into practice by a community so humble that not a statesman condescended to attend to it, and a legislation without a precedent was produced off-hand by the imagination of its citizens.

'JIM, does you mother ever whip you?' —"No, but she does a precious sight worse, though."—"What is that?"—"Why, she washes my face every morning."

SLOW AND RAPID COMPOSITION.—Speed in composition is a questionable advantage. Poetic history records two names which may represent the rapid and the thoughtful pen—Lope de Vega and Milton. We see one pouring out verses more rapidly than a secretary could write them; the other building up, in the watches of the dark, a few majestic lines. One leaving his treasures to be easily compressed into a single volume, the other to be spread abundantly over forty-six quartoes. One gaining fifteen pounds, the other a hundred thousand ducats. One sitting at the door of his house, when the sun shone, in a coarse coat of grey cloth, and visited only by a few learned men from foreign countries, the other followed by crowds wherever he appeared, while even the children shouted after him with delight. It is only since the earth has fallen on both that the fame and the honours of the Spaniard and the Englishman have been changed. He who nearly finished a comedy before breakfast now has motionless in his small niche of monumental biography; and he who, long choosing, began late, is walking up and down in his shining robes, and with laurel round his head, in the cities of many lands, having his home and his welcome in every devout heart and upon every learned tongue of the Christian world.

WHAT IS A COQUETTE?—A young lady of more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than graces of mind, more admirers than friends, more fools than wise men for attendants.

AN EDITOR'S REVENGE.—A Donegal paper publishes a short paragraph descriptive of the Earl of Enns' visit to his estates in that quarter. His lordship, it seems, addresses his tenants at great length; but, says the *Ballyshannon Herald*, "As his lordship never had sufficient patriotism to subscribe to his county paper, we shall not occupy our columns in publishing his speech."

ONE MISSING.—The Rev F Coyle, in a lecture on memory, delivered at Adelaide (reported in the *South Australian Register*), instanced stage drivers, whose memory of the orders, and directions given them is remarkable. He once rode outside with the owner and driver of a stage from Troy to the land of knickerbocker: the driver could not have had less than fifty parcels and messages to deliver by the way: but he was at a loss, he knew he had not often *one* parcel, but 'dang him if' he could remember what it was. At when the children came rushing out with 'Welcome home, Pa, but, oh, where did you leave Ma?' "May I be totally scorched, said he, "if I hant forgot Sal!" That was the missing parcel.

ETHAN SPIKE ON THE UNION.—The following (says an American paper) is Ethan Spike's best effort, and it will be read with interest by all who can appreciate true eloquence and patriotism. Ethan Spike is from Down East.—Fellow-citizens we have come up here, every man prepared to take his life in his own six pocket—to preserve the union—that blessed union—let for, bled for, and died for, by our reverend posterity on the fields of Buena Vista, Yorktown, Mahawsky and Waterloo. Thus here glorious union, feller-citizens, is threatened with as much of its life. By whom? Why, by a set of unsarcumsized, mean, nasty critters, who cannot depreciate this blessed perladynum that provides every man a vine and figtree—under which we've sot, and our fathers has sot, and no one has dared to molest or skeer us. Feller citizens—I'm for the union. Yes, *sir!* and though the hull world was again me, though the devil joined the aberlushunists, yet, as Mr. Webber said in his Newburyport letter—"*Hue stallium, sanda Purissima Husto. taglonis, echo, signum ee Bonaraja*"—though pelican towered on ossa, I'd fire fall all was blow! (Hear, hear, and stomping.)

Feller-citizens, I'm in earnest! A crisis is riz! Ar it wakin' up the free, enterrified suvrins of these 'ere stills more suvriner states to the reskew.

"That's a mustelin' of nations,
A wakin up of snakes—
The devil's broken out again,
And all creation shakes."

Yes, every thing is wakin' up, and takin' off its coat. Even the sleepy lion, Daniel Webster, is arousin' and shakin' his tail and mane, and prepares to pay for human rites an democratic usages. The great confounder of the constitution,' as he is justly termed, in his last letter to me, very truly and graphically says—'Ethan,' says he, 'I don't speak as a Massachusetts man not nothin' else—no pen up your turkeys counteract my powers—the hull continent, however bounded, is mine!"

THE DEATH OF A WIFE.—"The death of a man's wife," says Lamartine, "is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, falls upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand were withered—as if one wing of his angel were broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dimmed and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him he misses those accustomed tones which might have smoothed his passage to the grave.

PUTTING THE QUESTION.—'Sally, don't I like you!'—"La, Jim, I reckon so!" "But don't you know it, Sally? Don't you know I'd tear the eyes out of any ton cat that dares to look at you for a second?" "I 'spect you would." 'Well, the fact of it is, Sally, I—"—Now, don't Jim, you're too sudden.' 'And, Sally I want you to—.' "Don't say anything more now, I will—." "But it must be done immediately, I want you to—." 'Oh, hush, do [illegible] to-night, to get ——.' "What, so soon? Oh, no—impossible! Father and mother would be angry at me."—"How'd be mad for doing me such a favour as to m——.' "Ye, dear; oh, what a feeling!"—"But there is some mistake, for all I want to have you do, is to *mend my trowsers!*" Sally could hear no more. She threw up her arms, and, screaming hysterically, fainted away—says an American paper.

PRECOCITY OF INTELLECT.—Having watched the growth of the young mind a good deal, we are less and less in love with precocity, which, indeed, is often a mere manifestation of disease, the disease of a very fine, but weak nervous organisation. Your young Roscioses and all wonders of that kind generally end in the feeblest of common place. There is no law, however, precise and absolute in the matter. The difference of age at which men attain maturity of intellect, and even of imagination, is very striking. The tumultuous heat of youth has certainly given birth to many of the noblest things in music painting, and poetry, but no less fine productions have sprung from the ripeness of years. Chatterton wrote all his beautiful things, exhausted all hope of life, and saw nothing better than death, at the age of eighteen. Burns and Byron died in their 37th year, and, doubtless, the strength of their genius was over. Raffaelle, after filling the world with divine beauty, perished also at 37. Mozart earlier. These might have produced still greater works. On the other hand, Handel was 48 before he gave the world "assurance of a man." Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich drugget, somewhat above the age of 30, and did not even then know that he could write a single line of poetry, yet what towering vigour and swinging ease appeared all at once in "Glorious John." Milton had, indeed, written his "Comus" at 28, but he was upwards of 50 when he began his great work. Cowper knew not his own might till he was far beyond 30, and his "Task" was not written till about his 50th year. Sir Walter Scott was also upwards of 30 before he published his "Minstrelsy," and all his greatness was yet to come.

A negro once gave the following toast. "De Gobernor ob de State—he come in berry little opposition, he go out wid none at all"

Women's teeth generally decay sooner than men's, the reason of which, says some writer, is because of the friction of the tongue and the *sweetness of the lips*

DO IT WELL.—A noble saying is recorded of a member of our British House of Commons, who by his own perseverance and industry had won his way to that high position. A proud scion of the aristocracy one day taunted him with his humble origin, saying, "I remember when you blacked my father's boots." "Well, sir," was the noble response, "*did I not do it well?*"

AMERICAN ADDRESSES.—We deem it useful to remind all who are in the habit of writing letters to the United States, of the necessity of adding, on the addresses of their letters, the names of the county and the state to the name of the locality The utility of this is evident from the fact, that there are in the United States 25 localities called Washington, 24 called Franklin, 23, Salem, 22, Springfield, 25, Canterville, 19, Jackson, 15, Jefferson, 18, La Fayette; 10, Filmore (the name of the present President); 14, Troy, 9, Kossuth, 10, Lowell; 20, Richmond, 18, Waterloo; 22, Columbia; 18, Concord, &c, all scattered over the union, and at immense distances from each other.

ADVANTAGE OF DRINKING WATER.—It is a great mistake to think that beer is necessary for a hard-working man. At the time I write, there are a set of men, employed in draining by task-work in Richmond-park, who are patterns of English labourers. Hard as they work from morning to night, and in all weathers, they seldom drink any beer. They boil a large kettle of coffee in their little bivouac in the park, and drink it hot at their meals, this costs them but little, but they do as hard a day's work upon it as any labourers in England, and have continued to do so for three years past, under all the disadvantages arising from wet and cold to which a drainer is subject. A proof of this may be found in Capt. Ross's recent voyage to the Arctic regions. He says, that on a journey, attended with great difficulty and hardship, he was the only one of the party whose eyes were not inflamed: he was the only one who did not drink grog. He was also the oldest person amongst them, and for the same reason he bore fatigue better than any of them. He adds, that he who will make the experiment on two equal boats' crews, rowing in a heavy sea, will soon be convinced that the water drinkers will far outdo the others. No better testimony to this is required than the experience of the men who work at the iron founderies. This is the hardest work that falls to man to do, and so well do the labourers in this department know that they cannot perform it if they drink even beer, that their sole beverage during all the hours of this hot and heavy labour is water.

THE HONOUR OF THE BAR.—Some of the scandal in which the profession has been involved has originated in the shabby tricks of a few, and more in the *badinage* of the many. Serjeant Davy was once accused of having disgraced the bar by taking silver from a client "I took silver," he replied, "because I could not get gold; but I took every farthing the fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession."

NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY.—One of the delegates of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, from France, who had not acquired the English language very perfectly, observing that a bare country was called a barren one in English, remarked on rising, as he looked round upon the great number of bald heads and venerable men before him, that "he felt very much embarrassed in speaking before so many barren heads."

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.—Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence If you are poor, yet pure and modestly aspiring, keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration and delicacy of behaviour

ECONOMY IS DUE TO OUR EMPLOYERS —"Waste not, want not," is a good old proverb "He that is faithful in little is faithful also in much" A person who takes no care of the materials committed to his hands by his master will never duly husband his own property. Economy and wastefulness are habits that will influence us in all things, both when we are engaged about our own substance or that of another. To waste another's goods is the same as to rob him The loss in both cases is equal, and the principles whence they spring very much alike The man who takes care of his employer's goods is sure to look after his own, and thus is on the road to prosperity. It would be difficult to calculate the immense loss of property that every year occurs from carelessness and want of economy. Some persons are worth nearly half their wages more than others, because they never injure or waste anything The employer being wealthy, or the stock abundant, is no excuse for carelessness. A loss is a loss, and a robbery is a robbery, whether taken from the heap of the miser or the smaller store of the indigent. "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," is a divine command. Heaven allows nothing to be destroyed. There has not been a single drop of water wasted from the creation until now. The decomposed elements of last autumn were the aliment of our last spring. Economy, rigid economy, is one of the laws of nature; and we shall not realise "the good time coming," until we have a careful and economical world. Let this spirit prevail, and not only will the master be saved from loss, but in many instances the servant will rescue himself from the Union.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. ANDREW LEIGHTON, of Clevedon-terrace, South-street, Toxteth-park, Liverpool, writes to complain of our insertion of a poem by his sister, without acknowledgment, in the number of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND for the 1st of November We must plead not guilty to the charge of having intended any disrespect or injustice The poem was sent us, and we inserted it, deeming it very suitable to our columns, and one which our readers would peruse with pleasure. We refer to the poem entitled "The Lyre of Labour." Mr. Leighton states that it was by his sister Marie, and that it originally appeared in the *Preston Guardian*.

MR. HENDERSON has kindly pointed out a mistake which occurred in our number for November 1. We call a Chinese reel, a loom. If our readers turn to page 69, they will be able to make the correction for themselves.

HUMANITAS.—In ancient London, in various parts of the town, public conduits were erected where animals might quench their thirst, there were two on Snow-hill, closely contiguous to Smithfield, one erected in 1489, and the other in the reign of Henry VIII, and called Lamb's Conduit. In the year 1728, however, all the ancient conduits were destroyed, and the reason assigned by the writers of the last century is, that it was the object of the City authorities to compel all persons to pay for a supply of water from the New River, then recently brought to London by Sir Hugh Middleton; since which time no provision whatever has been made for supplying water to the beasts and sheep in the market

SAMPSON.—The length of railways now in operation in the United States amounts to 6,674 miles. We give a statement furnished by an American friend showing the length of line owned by several of the companies owning the largest roads, including branches —

South Carolina	212 miles.
Michigan Central	221 ,,
Baltimore and Ohio	213 ,,
Georgia	210 ,,
New York and Erie	200 ,,
Central Railroad of Georgia	191 ,,

The longest continuous line of railway in the United States is from Savannah to Dalton, 932 miles.

Central Railroad (Savannah to Macon)	191 miles
Macon and Western (Macon to Atalanta)	101 ,,
Western and Atalanta (Atalanta to Dalton)	100 ,,
	392 ,,
From Dalton to Chatanooga is	38 ,,
which will be opened the present year, making a continuous line of	430 ,,

From Chatanooga and Nashville the whole line is under contract, 150 miles to be completed in two years, giving to Savannah a connection through the interior, in one continuous line of 580 miles, to navigable waters flowing into the Mississippi The actual expenditure upon these lines amounts to one hundred and seventy-five and a half millions of dollars. There are now some 8,600 miles more of railroad in progress, and which will, in the proportion of the roads completed, absorb some sixty millions more of capital, to which add the cost of roads finished and in use, but of which the cost is not given—such as the Georgia Railroad, the Michigan Central, the New Jersey, Central New Jersey, New York and New Haven, New York and Erie, and others—and it would probably not be an excessive estimate to assume two hundred millions of dollars as the amount invested, or in progress of being invested, in railroads in the United States. Of this large sum a very small proportion only is held abroad.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE HISTORY OF HUNGARY FOR ONE WEEK.

We regret to announce that, notwithstanding the most careful preparation on our part for the commencement of this History, we are compelled to defer the publication of the first chapter till our next number. The large number of Engravings to be introduced (upwards of One Hundred) has prevented the artists from furnishing those requisite for the commencement. The first chapter, with seven beautiful engravings, will positively appear in our next number, when the History will be continued without interruption till its completion. We trust our readers will excuse this unavoidable delay, remembering that, in consequence of our large circulation, we are compelled to go to press nearly a fortnight prior to the date of publication, which will also account for our having so exten-

sive a list of Answers to Correspondents in the present number

THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., NO. 8.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1851. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE truth of the assertion, that every nation has a mission assigned to it by Providence, is every day becoming more fully recognised. One by one kingdoms and empires have appeared, run their course, and passed away, having fulfilled their destiny with more or less of faithfulness and truth. With them, as with individuals, death is less terrible when its approach has been heralded by slow decay, and its victims sink to rest from a well-spent life of toil, of triumph, of duty. But when "the voice of the weeper wails manhood in glory"—when a people has entered on its career with all the vigour of hardy youth—with the proud consciousness of the power to do and the heart to dare—or is struck down in the fullness of its early pride and beauty—the shock is more severely felt, and men throng to mourn and admire the features of the departed—

> "To mark the mild angelic air,
> The rapture of repose that's there"

So has it been with Hungary. Thousands of the people of this country knew nothing more of her than that she was in existence; but when they heard of her heroic struggle, and of her unhappy fate, the gaze of all Europe was turned towards her. The interest has been still further increased by the advent of her great chief to our shores. People ask with anxiety for information as to the fatherland of this celebrated man, and the cause in which he fought. There is still another circumstance in connection with Hungary which arrests our attention with no small force, and will perhaps contribute more to the instruction and interest which we hope to supply in the following pages than any other. While all other countries of Europe have been verging more and more every year towards an amalgamation of interests, of manners, of institutions, and even of language, Hungary has remained as separate and as distinct as ever. Standing upon the confines of Europe, she has again and again stood the full brunt of the assaults of the Moslem; and whilst her people and institutions have all the calm heroism and solidity of Christian civilisation, their manners,



BATTLE OF MAURIAC BETWEEN THE HUNS AND THE ROMANS.—(*See page* 114.)

their eloquence, and their costume, have all the picturesque beauty and romantic colouring of the "children of the sun." Our readers may therefore expect to find themselves in another hemisphere as they linger over the records of the heroic but unfortunate Magyars. All history is full of matter for deep thought; but that of Hungary has the charm of a romance, with the sober details of sad, but profitable, experience.

The Magyar historians are unanimous in affirming that they derive their origin from the people known as *Huns*, and celebrated for the fury of their assaults upon the Roman empire. They were amongst the number of those fierce tribes who issued from the north and north-east about the fourth or fifth century after Christ, and bore down the degenerate legions by their desperate and ferocious valour. They were the terror of the Greeks and Romans; and as men generally like to disfigure whatever they hate, the Latin and Byzantine writers paint the Huns as hideous savages, ugly and deformed, having small eyes, flat noses, no beards, and a tawny complexion. Independently of the circumstance already mentioned, some doubt attaches to the correctness of this description, from the fact, acknowledged by all, that the Magyars of the present day are types of manly beauty. The frightful ravages committed by the Huns struck terror into the inhabitants of the old and worn-out Roman empire; and Attila, one of their leaders, was celebrated amongst them as "the scourge of God." Wherever he directed his march, blood, havoc, and desolation marked his path, and many a Roman infant ceased its cries and tried to sleep when that dreaded name was uttered by the nurse's lips.

Modern historical and philological researches show that the Finns, the Turks, the Magyars, and also the Mongols, and least civilised Tartar tribes of central Asia, all belong to the same stock. It is true that there exist many striking differences of physiognomy and manners between the Turks and Magyars at the present day, but none that may not be accounted for by the difference of climate, and the mixture of other races.

The original seat of the Huns was the centre of Asia to the north of China, between the rivers Irtisch and Aum. The Chinese annalists ascribe to them an antiquity equal to that of their own nation. Previous to the year 200 of the Christian era many dynasties had in succession reigned over them. They had in those vast *steppes* or open plains an empire of wider limits than that of Rome—kings, "strong in war and wise in council," and legislators, who, if they did not possess the subtlety and *finesse* of modern statesmen, had at least sufficient ability for their age and generation, and the circumstances by which they were surrounded. It must not, however, be for a moment imagined that the Huns were by any means under the influence of what may be termed a *fixed* civilisation—that they applied themselves to the cultivation of the soil, or to manufacturing industry. They were essentially a nomadic, or wandering race, tending their flocks and herds, and spending their whole lives on horseback. War and the chase were the two great national pastimes; and the more effeminate Chinese were forced to purchase peace from their troublesome neighbours by many a heavy sacrifice. In the reign of Pou-nou-Tanjou, about the 87th year of our era, the empire of the Huns was considerably enfeebled. A desolating famine was a prelude to the misfortunes which followed. The Chinese managed to sow dissension between them, and thus achieved by cunning what their arms had proved unable to effect. The Huns separated into the northern and southern tribe. The former was subjugated and remained for a long time enslaved; but it is with the latter that we have to occupy ourselves—for they were the ancestors of the Magyars. The others, harassed by the intrigues of the Chinese, left their country at last, to take possession of Turkey and the Holy Land. It was only by a great series of changes, and after the lapse of many years, that contact with other races, and their conversion to Islamism, deprived them of many of the leading characteristics of their tribe, and moulded the Tartar of the eastern plains into the modern Turk. The northern Huns were attacked afresh by the Chinese; and having been defeated by the Imperial general in several battles, they too abandoned their original seats; and after wandering for many years through various parts of Asia, they at last poured themselves upon Europe like an avalanche. They overthrew all who opposed them. The two empires of the Goths fell beneath their arms, and in 427 they settled, temporarily at least, in Pannonia, and entered the Roman empire both from the east and west. They had many chieftains of more or less celebrity in this exodus; but the most renowned of all was Attila, to whom we have already made reference. By the Hungarians he is called *Etele*. The opinions entertained concerning this extraordinary man are various. His partisans and followers considered him a hero of the highest order, and compared him to Hannibal or Alexander; whilst the Greeks and Romans agree in pronouncing him to be a bloodthirsty monster, "incapable of any dram of mercy," whom no misery could pierce and no prayer could soften. It is clear that he was fierce and relentless as a tiger; and that wherever he passed, neither property, nor life, nor honour remained unspared. From time to time the Greek Emperors at Constantinople purchased a shameful peace by large tribute, but nothing could satisfy the greedy barbarian but the possession of the whole of the two empires. Town after town fell before the fiery valour of the Huns, until all central Europe, save Spain and Italy, was in their hands. On they swept in their dreadful course, like some horrible monster, "tainting and poisoning with pestiferous breath what the voracious appetite could not devour." A short time previous to his setting out upon this expedition, an incident occurred which might well be scouted as a piece of incredible romance, if it were not verified by the unanimous testimony of contemporary historians. The fame of the redoubtable warrior had penetrated the boudoirs of the Roman ladies, and despite the depreciatory reports of their affrighted countrymen, the ardent imagination of the Italian women had pictured the barbarian conqueror as the idol of chivalry, and the very soul of poetry and of love. Honoria, the sister of Valentinian III., had besought her brother to bestow her hand upon Attila, but the Emperor, degenerate as he was, had still some sparks of the ancient national pride remaining, which, centuries before, had dictated the haughty and famous answer, that the daughter of a Roman citizen was too good to be the bride of a king. Enraged at his refusal, Honoria, though only sixteen or seventeen years of age, had the courage secretly to forward a ring to Attila, as a pledge of her love, and a gage of the union which she hoped would afterwards take place, at the same time requesting him to march upon Italy. The rude barbarian at first answered by an expression of cold surprise at so strange a proposal, but six years later it suited his policy to demand her as his bride, and half the empire as her dowry. Valentinian replied that Honoria was already married, and that he had consequently no claim upon the empire. Attila only needed an excuse to commence the war, and, joined by Clodion, a prince of the Franks, who had been deposed by the Romans, and whose brother was a hostage in their hands, he now marched upon Italy. No sooner had he reared his banner, than barbarian hordes rushed from every side to serve beneath it, from the shores of the Baltic, and the banks of the Rhine, the Volga, and the Danube—all gloating with eagerness to seize upon the rich spoils of the falling empire. A small body of Franks, commanded by the eldest son of Clodion, acted as their guides. His army amounted in all to seven hundred thousand hardy warriors, burning with the desire of plunder and conquest, and having unbounded confidence in their leader.

The Romans, on their side, were roused from their "sloth and apathy by *terror* and *despair*; to shame they had long before been lost." The army, under the command of Actius, "the thrice-appointed consul," to whom "the wretched Britains" vainly sent their "groans and tears," took their last stand beneath the Alps—those eternal hills, which had looked down upon so many brilliant victories won by their forefathers. The formidable *pilum*, with which they had conquered the world, still hung at the belts of their degenerate descendants, but the hands that were to grasp it were unnerved by luxury and vice, and the brave and unconquerable will, without which weapons are useless, was wanting too. Theodoric, the King of the Goths, fearing a descent upon his kingdom in Spain, had joined his forces to them, and the united armies awaited the approach of Attila upon the vast plains of Mauriac (now Mury). On the morning of the 1st of July, the opposing forces were drawn up in hostile array, the war-

soldiers of the past, and the fresh youth of modern Europe, standing face to face, panting for the signal to commence the strife for the empire of the world.

The battle was long and bloody. Again and again the fiery Huns rushed to the charge upon their mettled steeds, and were dashed back by the Roman legions, who fought with unshaken constancy. Aetius, in person, performed prodigies of valour, and rallied his faltering troops by deeds worthy of Marius or Cæsar. Theodoric, too, was everywhere, and everywhere was valiant as a lion. Attila proved himself not unworthy his ancient fame. No troops could flinch from the onset under such leaders. During the forenoon fortune appeared to incline to neither side; but towards evening Theodoric was knocked off his horse in the *melée*, and trampled to death under the feet of the furious combatants. Night fell before the victory had declared for either side, but the Romans remained in possession of the field of battle.

In June, 452, Attila set another army on foot, and at last made an irruption into Italy, and carried everything before him. The affrighted inhabitants lost time in fruitless deliberations, without taking measures to make an effectual resistance. Some fled from the mainland to take refuge in the islands of the Adriatic, and there laid the foundation of Venice. Concordia, Pavia, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, and even Milan, fell into the power of the Huns. He was in the midst of his triumphs, when the Pope and the Consul Arienus were sent to treat with him by the Emperor, and he consented, upon being promised an annual tribute, to withdraw from Italy. Upon his return he occupied himself with internal organisation of the vast empire which now owned his sway, and it certainly required a commanding genius to rule under one sceptre so many peoples, differing so much in their manners and their

At last, when crowned with glory, and when he might reasonably look forward to spending the rest of his days ... peace and retirement, he took a step which proved fatal to his [illegible] He became violently enamoured of the [illegible], King of Bourgogne, and married her; but she, on the wedding night, from what motive is not known, stabbed him with a poignard as he slept.

His followers celebrated his funeral rites with great pomp. At the festivities which followed, the bards sang of [illegible] and the warriors made the air resound as they clashed their swords in accompaniment around the body of the fallen hero. In compliance with ancient custom, they enclosed his remains in a magnificent coffin, and declaring that the memory of such a man deserved "not ordinary tears, but tears of blood," they sacrificed upon his tomb the workmen who had erected it, lest they should ever insult the *manes* of the deceased by engaging in any less honourable employment. With Attila, the Hunnic empire fell. It had been erected by conquest, and when the master-spirit which presided over it disappeared from the scene, it at once went to pieces.

The Huns dispersed, and, annihilated as a people, fell backwards Asia, and from that period their primitive name is no longer seen in history. Other tribes of the same family succeeded them upon the political arena, and the history for a long period presents only the spectacle of incessant struggles. Before the entrance of the Huns into Europe, the country, which is denominated Hungary at the present day, and which was the centre of the Hunnic empire, had been peopled from remote ages by the Pannonians and Illyrians, races of Greek origin, with some mixture of Celtic blood. In the northern part, on the borders of the Danube, dwelt the Quadi and Marcomanni, two tribes often mentioned by Cæsar in his Commentaries, who were Germanic in their origin. To the east, in modern Transylvania, Moldavia, and Wallachia, the great nation of the Dacians, belonging to the Thraco-Greek family, had established itself. Last of all, in a corner at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, between the Quadi and the Dacians, were the Jazyges, a people belonging to the Selavonic stock. The Huns found all these people in subjection to the Romans, or Goths. The Hunnic invasion had set in motion many other tribes of the same race, who were then encamped near the shores of the Black Sea, in the way of the Asiatic races in their march towards Europe. The Avars, a branch of the Huns of the south, arrived upon the confines of Europe about the year 558. They resembled the Magyars of the present day, in their physiognomy and general appearance. The lightness of their complexion, and the regularity of their features, attracted the attention of the Greeks and Romans. They wore their hair in flowing tresses, tied with gaily-coloured ribbons, a custom which still prevails among the Magyar peasantry, but in other respects they were dressed as the Huns.

The Avars precipitated themselves upon the Roman empire with the same violence as their predecessors, and established themselves in Pannonia. Their sway extended in 582, under their Khan Bayan, from Thuringia to Italy. In 646, having lost Dalmatia, and some other provinces in succession, they retained possession of Pannonia alone, and the countries bordering on the east. Charlemagne, who had extended his empire as far as the Ebro in Spain, resolved to drive the Avars beyond the eastern frontiers of Europe. It took four campaigns, however, when he was in the zenith of his power, to accomplish this. Having obtained possession of Upper Pannonia, he formed it into a margravate. One division of the Avars then returned to Asia, and the remainder became blended with the rest of the population, so that their famous name entirely disappeared from history. Their ruin was achieved by the same people who had overthrown the Hunnic empire. It was the Franks and Germans who put an end to the Avar domination after it had lasted for three centuries.

Then came the Croats, from the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, to occupy the countries now known as Croatia and Dalmatia. Swatopluk founded in the north-west the kingdom of Great Moravia, and the Bulgarians, who were another branch of the Hunnic race, established themselves in the countries lying to the east. It was about this time, also, that some other tribes of the Slavonic family commenced to settle in some parts of those districts, now known as Hungary and Transylvania.

We must entreat the attention of the reader to the distinctions between these various races, in order that he may clearly understand what follows.

We have now arrived at the invasion of the great Magyar race, which predominates in Hungary at the present day. About the time of the downfal of the Carlovingian dynasty, or dynasty of Charlemagne, in France, a people bearing the name of Magyars, who had previously dwelt in the original seat of the Huns, appeared suddenly upon the frontiers of Transylvania and Moldavia (the ancient Dacia). These also belonged to the Hunnic race, and received as an inheritance whatever rights had been acquired by conquest in the preceding migrations of their countrymen. The Magyars had in succession abandoned their seats on the banks of the Volga, and the shores of the Caspian Sea, at first for want of sufficient extent of territory, and afterwards because Arnhult, Duke of Bavaria, besought them aid against Swatopluk, King or Duke of Great Moravia. When they had entered Pannonia, they sent forward Kusid, the son of one of their chieftains, to make observations, and bring them intelligence as to the fertility of the soil which their forefathers had inhabited, and in which they were now about to settle. Kusid filled a pitcher with water from the Danube, and a basket with some soil and herbage, and carried them back. Upon seeing them his countrymen clashed their arms in token of satisfaction, and moved forward with confidence. Though they thus gave evidence of their desire of bettering their condition in material concerns, they by no means laid aside their arms and warlike habits. Their appearance spread terror upon every side. They cast themselves like a flood over Pannonia, and under the conduct of their chief Almos, they made themselves masters of the vast tract between the Tibissa and the Danube, upon which Attila had formerly pitched his tents. They in like manner defeated the Slavonian monarch Swatopluk, and having put to flight the neighbouring chieftains, they finally took possession of the country which at the present day constitutes the kingdom of Hungary and the principality of Transylvania, a part of Wallachia, and Austria, except Croatia, and the coasts of the Adriatic Sea. This conquered territory now took the name of *Hungary*, according to some from a town called *Hungvar* or *Ungvar*, in which the new-comers had fixed their head-quarters; and according to others, from the name of the Huns themselves. The Magyars called their own country *Magyarorszag* or Magyary.

If any proof were needed of the spirit of liberty which animated the Magyars from the earliest times, it would be afforded by the treaty into which they entered with Almos their chief, upon their settling in their new territory. Almos proclaimed himself the successor of Attila, and wished to obtain from the people an assurance that they would place his son Arpad upon the ducal throne at his own death. In the compact which was made upon this occasion, the king guaranteed the preservation of all the ancient rights and usages of the nation; and that, upon the achievement of any fresh conquest, the land thus acquired should be equally divided amongst all those who had contributed to the success of the enterprise. The people, on their part, swore allegiance to himself and his son, not as irresponsible monarchs, but as freely elected leaders, "first among their equals;" and in accordance with an ancient national usage, the contracting parties, or their deputies, opened with their swords the veins of their arms, and letting the blood flow into goblets half filled with wine, drank it off as the pledge of their faith. He who violated an engagement thus ratified, covered himself with eternal infamy.

Arpad reigned in 891 over little less than a million of Magyars, of whom 215,000 were men capable of bearing arms. He was the monarch whom the national historians delight to honour He occupies the place in the memories of the Hungarian people that Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings, or Richard Cœur de Lion, does in our own, nay, perhaps a higher one, in consequence of the greater tincture of romance and



ATTILA.

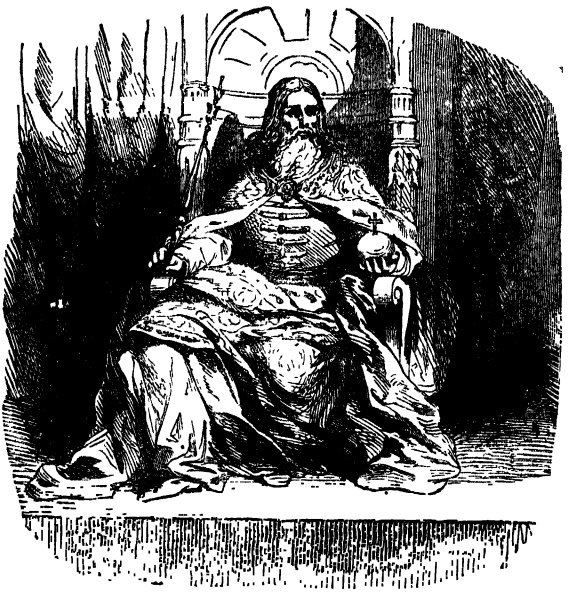


enthusiasm which pervades their character. Louis Kossuth, in one of those spirit-stirring and eloquent bulletins, issued by him during the late war, which have made his name immortal, proved himself a true orator in the highest and best sense of the word, when he addressed the Magyar army as "Warriors of Arpad!" He knew that every heart would awake to the sound, recalling as it did one of the proudest periods of their history, when the swords of their forefathers were never drawn but to conquer.

Arpad greatly added to the strength of the nation by his wise measures for the internal organisation of the new state. For this purpose he convoked an assembly upon a great plain, under the open sky, to deliberate upon affairs of common interest. In this meeting we find the origin of the Hungarian Diet. It is at this time, also, that the political privileges, which the Magyars reserved to themselves alone, to the prejudice of the conquered people, begin to show themselves more distinctly; privileges at that time, however, indispensable to the preservation of their nationality and their conquests. It is a remarkable circumstance, that those countries in which this distinction between the victors and the vanquished has been rigidly preserved, have for the most part proved unfortunate, and fallen under the yoke of foreign nations. Poland, where a few hundred thousand nobles reigned over two or three millions of serfs, is a melancholy instance of the truth of this. Hungary is another, although in it the evil did not prevail to so

great a degree. In Ireland the two races have never become amalgamated, and the result has been unceasing misery. Happily for England, the Normans and Saxons were at an early period completely mingled. In whatever country serfs are found who till the soil, and eat the bread of hardship and slavery, they are the descendants of the vanquished people, and the nobles the descendants of the victorious invaders; and woe to the land in which the two races stand apart, the one slavish, lifeless, degraded; the other proud, brave, and idle, but weak and divided!

This preponderance of the nationality of the conquerors was the cradle of the Magyar nobles, of whom we hear so much. Every Magyar was noble; that is to say, he was one of the masters of the country, or the descendant of one, and so were his children and his children's children. Among themselves there was the most perfect equality. Those of the Hungarians who are not nobles at the present day, are the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants, who were subdued by the Magyars, and who have not been absorbed into the dominant race, or else of those Magyars who, by their refusal to embrace Christianity, lost their title to be considered freemen or nobles. It has been at various times in the power of the House of Hapsburgh to remedy this evil of divided races; but, notwithstanding the various assertions to the contrary, it has always neglected to do so; and we may guess with what motive. Consequently, down to the close of the late war, the Hungarian constitution rested upon a basis exclusively Magyar, or aristocratic. M. Kossuth acknowledges this, and laments it;



STEPHEN.



ANCIENT MAGYARS.

but in the short period during which the Hungarian Diet was independent, in 1848, they took many steps to raise the serfs to a position of freedom and equality; and it must be remembered, that national independence is, above all things, necessary to the progress of internal, social reform.

Let us return to our narrative. The accounts that have come down to us of the ancient Magyars have all been transmitted by their enemies, the Greek or Roman historians, and are, consequently, anything but favourable. They represent them as having been small in size, with a hideous, frightful-looking face, and a voice which resembled the howling of wild beasts. We must, however, ascribe to those who drew this portrait a large amount of blind hatred or stupid credulity, as we can scarcely be brought to believe that such frightful ogres as these could ever, by the influence of climate or situation, be moulded into those forms of manly vigour and beauty by which the Hungarians of the present day are distinguished.

Like the Huns, the Magyars passed their time on horseback. Hence their proverb, *Lóra termett a Magyar*—"the Magyar is born to ride." Like the Parthians, their charges in battle were swift and sudden, and upon meeting with a reverse they retreated with equal rapidity; and they were so expert in the use of the bow and arrow, that they were able to inflict heavy loss upon regular troops, whilst remaining themselves beyond the reach of danger.

The Greek Emperor, Leo, the historian Constantine Porphyrogenetus, Theophylact, and others, bear testimony to their

valour and their stern integrity. Like all the other wandering tribes, they pillaged towns without scruple, but no Magyar ever violated female honour, even in the flush of victory or the horrors of actual combat. They strictly observed any treaty into which they had once entered, and it required more than ordinary provocation to induce them to break the ties of good faith, even in matters of trifling importance.

In their private, as in their political life, the Magyars were simple and unrestrained. They never contracted marriage, but lived with one or more women, constantly and faithfully, as suited their inclination or their means. Hence, even at the present day, *hazasnag, hazasodas*, "to make a house or household," are the words answering to our "wedding" or "marriage." The man calls his wife *feleseg*, "his half." Some of their most common proverbs may serve to give an idea of their general character.

Bujdosas emberneh elete—"man's life is but the passage from one country to another." *Három dolog egeszseges; leget nem enni munkától nem futni, es nem, bujalkodni*—"the three things necessary to secure happiness are, sobriety, labour, and moderation in pleasure."

They measured time by the phases of the moon. Sunday they called *vas*, or *vasarnap*, "the day of iron," because on that day iron was sold, when they dwelt near Mount Altai, in Asia.

They were serious and solemn by habit, but were nevertheless at all times distinguished by their gaiety and good humour. They were fond of consulting sorcerers or necromancers, and of witnessing the performances of showmen and mountebanks, and would often exclaim, when any misfortune befel them, *Pokolban is esik egyszer egy mnep*—"there are *fêtes* even in hell."

Of their religious belief, previous to their conversion to Christianity, we know but very little. One thing is certain, that they adored but one God, for the word *Isten*, meaning God, is the only one they have ever had in their language to express the idea of a supreme being, but what the sentiments were regarding his character and attributes we can offer no information, and can form no opinion. They sacrificed white horses, however, to some idols, but with what particular object is not known. They set a high value on white horses, and upon their first arrival in Pannonia sent one as a present to King Swatopluk.

These are the only traits of the domestic life and manners of this singular and interesting people which have been handed down to us.

After the occupation of Hungary, properly so called, of Transylvania, of Wallachia, as far as the river Aluta, and of part of Austria, the country was divided into a number of districts, each governed by an elective chief. In these there was some resemblance to the municipalities of ancient Rome, but with less unity, less regularity, and greater conformance to Oriental customs. The first National Assembly was held, as we have already said, in the plains of Tibissa, and other meetings of similar character afterwards took place there regularly. Arpad preserved the divisions into counties which had been originally made by Charlemagne, under the name of *Meegye*, or *Varmeegye*. Any people who offered no resistance to Magyar domination remained free—at least we find no mention of harsh treatment used towards those who submitted quietly. Peaceable strangers were freely allowed to enter the country, but the singular idea which first emanated from King Stephen, that unity of language and manners enfeebles and enervates a state (*unius linguæ, uniusque moris regnum imbecille, et fragile est*) afterwards cost the Magyars dearly, as Austria was not slow in paradox to her own benefit.

The Duke Zoltan, who succeeded Arpad, spread the terror of his arms through the whole of Germany, and even Italy and France. In the year 900 the Magyars, attracted by the renown and the riches of Venice, forced a passage across the Alps, and soon arrived on the shores of the Adriatic. They then embarked, and numerous sanguinary battles were fought at Citta Nuova, Equilo, Capo d'Argero, and Chiozza; so that it only remained for them to cross the arm of the sea which es Venice from Malamocco, to become masters of the e of the sea" herself. Consternation spread through the ity, until the Doge, Petra Tribuno, armed the fleet, and, reminding the Venetians of the victory they had achieved over Pepin under similar circumstances, and in similar peril, he led them against the enemy. The Magyars embarked in the first ships they met with, and although possessing a competent knowledge of the principles of navigation, and possessing enough of courage and hardihood, their fleet altogether wanted organisation and proper equipment. The Venetians, therefore, being familiar with the coast and soundings, and possessing consummate maritime skill, attacked them vigorously, and throwing them into disorder, achieved a complete victory. The sea was covered with the wrecks of the Hungarian vessels and the bodies of the dead; and the Magyars returned to Italy to revenge their defeat on the inhabitants. Toxis, the successor of Zoltan, was also the terror of the Christian countries; but Geyze I., who came after him, embraced Christianity, and from that time the manners of the Magyars became softer and more refined.

Duke Stephen, who succeeded Geyze, was the first to introduce Christianity generally amongst the people, and he wrought changes of such importance in the internal organisation of the kingdom, that he demands as much of our attention as our space will allow us to bestow. The ease and rapidity with which the conversion of the Magyar nation was achieved, must, however, be ascribed not less to the national inclination of the people towards whatever was lofty, pure, and elevated, than to his zeal and activity. If one element more than another was largely developed in the genius of the Hungarian people, it was the desire for social and intellectual progress; and it must for ever form a subject of regret that their aspirations have so often been cramped by the blighting influence of foreign domination.

In return for his exertions on behalf of the Christian faith, Stephen received from Pope Sylvester II. a royal crown, and the title of Apostolic King, as his Holiness at that period looked upon the bestowal of these honours as forming a part of his special prerogative. He was canonised after his death, and is [illegible] the saints of the Romish calendar.

The [illegible] clergy, and of feudalism in the surrounding nations, compelled Stephen to organise his kingdom upon the basis of a constitutional monarchy. He established three distinct orders among the Magyars—prelates, magnates (*seniores domus*), and petty *noblesse* (*nobiles servientes regales*). Each of these orders took part in the administration of the country, but at the Diet they simply signified their agreement or acquiescence in the measures proposed. The Palatine was the first personage in the kingdom after the King, he was the [illegible] communication between the latter and the people, and filled the Sovereign's place during his absence. Stephen created also a supreme judge, and treasurer, and other high officers, who composed the order of barons of the empire, or magnates. The chiefs of the ancient Magyar bands were ranged under this head. The primitive republican government disappeared almost insensibly, and the prelates, by working upon the religious feelings of the King and people, managed to secure to themselves a considerable amount of political influence, and a place in the first rank or order.

Stephen [illegible] the a[illegible] which M. Kossuth considers the safeguard of Hungarian liberty. Each of these counties had an independent jurisdiction. The members of the *noblesse* were chosen as public functionaries, and the king himself often appeared at the sittings of the tribunals. The counties were in every respect organised as little republics, and had the right of periodically convoking assemblies, which exercised a direct influence upon the general politics of the kingdom. In short, we do not know that we can point the reader to a better analogy than the federal institutions of the United States of America. This municipal system is held in such reverence by the Magyars, that many of the national writers declare their belief that the spirit of divine truth must have directly inspired Stephen with the idea of its formation. The military organisation of sixty-two or seventy-two county citadels, distinct from the civil counties, was very useful for the defence of the country. The superior commandants had their residence in these fortresses, and hence received the title of *Comites Castri*, or "Counts of the Bailliage." But what is most deserving of attention is the system of national defence. The magnates composed the army of the king (*Kiraly Sereg*), and the ordi-

nary *noblesse* the national army, known at the present day as the *Insurrection*, which was bound to be ready to take the field whenever danger threatened the country. The possession of land in Hungary had an intimate connection with the rights of the *noblesse*. Two leading principles presided in the appropriation of their privileges. The first was something similar to one of our own legal fictions, that the king was proprietor of all the lands of the country. In the full strictness of the Magyar law, that which we call the right of property was among them only the right of possession *(jus possessionarum)*. The second was, that no one, who was not noble, was able to acquire landed property, and consequently was not obliged to defend the country. The entire kingdom was thus divided amongst the warriors—the descendants of the first conquerors. The ordinary condition attached to the bestowal of lands or tenements, was that of military service; and it was understood on both sides that whenever there was a failure of the male line, the property would revert to the crown, a female heir being incapable of discharging the duties annexed to her position. Those who possess an acquaintance with the history of land-tenure in England, will perceive the striking analogy which exists between the Hungarian law and the earlier stages of our own. In these ordinances of King Stephen, we cannot fail to recognise a mind considerably in advance of the age in which he lived, and a wideness of view and comprehensive grasp of intellect which, working in harmony with the genius and disposition of the various races united under his authority, went far to assure a brilliant future for the Magyar race.

His successor, Bela I., governed with great energy, and was the first to give a fixed and definite organisation to the legislative assemblies.

We must now turn our attention for a few moments to other races and other conquests. The reader will doubtless remember that after the retreat of the Avars into Asia, great numbers of Slavonic tribes invaded Europe. Between the years 602 and 641 huge hordes of Croats and Serbes, abandoning their habitations at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, came and settled in the southern part of modern Hungary. Those who established themselves in the centre of the new country called it Dalminium, from a town of that name, and themselves Dalmatians. The Croats, fixing themselves in the country lying to the south-west of Hungary, preserved their original name, as also the Serbes, who retired still farther towards the west. The name of Slaves, or Slavonians, was given by the Venetians to a tribe placed between the Serbes and Croats. Creemir, the first Croat prince, reached a position of great power and influence, and his son Dirzislaw assumed the title of King of Croatia in 970. In the time of Solomon, King of Hungary, Peter Creemir, a man of great talents and address, occupied the throne of Croatia, and being attacked by the Duke of Carinthia, he sought the aid of the Magyars. It was cheerfully and successfully rendered, without any stipulation or reward whatsoever. Sometime afterwards, Zwonimir, successor of this monarch, married Helena, daughter of Bela, King of Hungary. Her husband dying, Helena was driven from the country by a faction roused up against her under the joint influence of religious bigotry and national hatred. She applied to Hungary to interpose in her behalf, and Ladislas, the Magyar King, immediately attacked the Croatians, subdued the whole country in the space of a few weeks, and replaced Helena upon the throne. Upon her death the King of Hungary took possession of the country by the right of conquest and succession, and established a national constitution as the fundamental law of the kingdom. He then bestowed the crown upon Almos, his own nephew, and Minister of the late Queen, as a dependency upon Hungary. Before his death he gave his eldest daughter in marriage to Kalo, son of Alexis Comneus, Emperor of the East.

To Ladislas succeeded Coloman, who was surnamed *Bibliophilus*, or the Book-lover. His reign forms one of the most pleasing pages in Hungarian history, from the success of his efforts to promote the glory and amelioration of his kingdom, and his devotion to literary pursuits in an age when learning was at its lowest ebb. A noble, named Peter, having laid claim to the Croatian crown, was defeated by Coloman, in a series of battles, and after a number of successes gained in conjunction with the Venetians over the Normans, into the details of which our space will not permit us to enter, the latter was crowned King of Croatia and Dalmatia. It was under his reign that the crusades commenced, and the restless longing for change and movement which distinguished the age, sought refuge in the out-pouring of Christian vengeance upon the Saracens. Godfrey of Bouillon, celebrated as the King of Jerusalem, arrived upon the frontiers of Hungary at the head of the Soldiers of the Cross. His character, full of ardent and romantic enthusiasm—his fiery valour, calm, devout, and child-like submission to the Church and the fair sex, and spotless honour—all these were so much in unison with what the Magyars loved, honoured and revered, that Coloman received him with open arms. After a conference, full of cordiality, a free passage through his territory was immediately granted to the Crusaders.

The two succeeding reigns present little worthy of notice, save the continued struggle carried on by the Magyars, in repelling the incursions of the Turks, Russians, and other barbarous tribes of the east and north-west. Europe owes Hungary an eternal debt of gratitude for having repeatedly saved her from the imposition of a religious creed, which would for centuries at least have stayed the progress of Christian civilisation, or from the horrors of a second barbarian invasion.

Under the reign of Geyze II., emigrants from Germany and Flanders settled in Sepuce in the north of Hungary, where they formed a distinct people, and were governed by their own counts. This was another addition to the evils of divided races, so detrimental to Hungarian nationality. When Stephen III. ascended the throne, his younger brother, Bela, was named by the Emperor of the East heir presumptive to the Byzantine Empire, and received in possession the duchies of Sirmia, Slavonia, and Croatia. But afterwards, in consequence of the Empress giving birth to a son, his claim was destroyed, and he became simply King of Hungary. Sometime afterwards, troubles began to break out in Gallicia, now known as Poland; and the country was put under the protection of the King of Hungary. In 1188 Bela III. asserted this claim against Casmir, the old Duke of Gallicia, and for some time the Hungarian King bore also the title of King of Poland. It was in virtue of this right (if right it may be called) that Austria took part in the dismemberment of that unfortunate country. Bela III married, as his second wife, Margaret, daughter of Louis VII., King of France. This lady was the means of introducing into Hungary a great deal of the refinement and elegance which, even at that early period, distinguished the French court. The Magyar youth began to repair to Paris to complete their education, and study foreign manners; and a university, upon the model of that of Paris, was established in Vesprim, a central town of Hungary. After the death of Bela, Henry VI., Emperor of Germany, determined upon sending an army to aid the crusaders in Palestine. At the head of the quota furnished by Hungary, Margaret, the youthful widow, set out in person. What was her motive for this strange undertaking we know not, unless it were that weary longing for rest and consolation in another world, which finely-wrought natures then thought purchaseable only by privation and toil in this. But this picture of female youth and beauty setting out upon a distant and perilous expedition, surrounded by the fierce warriors of the Cross, is one of those pleasing gleams of light which now and then shoot across the heavy darkness of the middle ages. Margaret died in Palestine.

Emete, who succeeded Bela III., followed up the conquests of his predecessor, and subdued Bulgaria and Servia. Andre, a brother of the King, governed Croatia, as a vassal of the Hungarian crown.

We have now arrived at one of the most memorable periods in the history of Hungary, that which witnessed the reform of the constitution. The close resemblance existing between this important event and the grant of our own Magna Charta by King John, must possess the deepest interest for every English reader. Notwithstanding the foreign wars and intestine broils to which Hungary had for centuries been a prey, the real power of the government rested entirely in the hands of the king. The great dignitaries of the state did not hold their offices in hereditary succession, or even for life. They could be at any moment deprived of them for no better reason



MARGARET, QUEEN OF HUNGARY, AT THE HEAD OF THE HUNGARIAN CRUSADERS.—(See page 119.)

than the sovereign's pleasure; but the very fact of their meeting together in the Diet, or great council of the nation, secured to them an influence, which was becoming every day more and more powerful, and promised at no distant day the right, and perhaps the power of taking exception to the arbitrary acts of the monarch. On the other hand the organisation of the counties was going to decay, forming as it did the best bulwark against domestic tyranny or foreign invasion. Things were in this position, when Andre II., a feeble and vain prince, ascended the throne. He carried on war for a considerable length of time against the Russians and the Saracens in the Holy Land, without reflecting upon the evils caused by his absence from his dominions, and the lavish expenditure of blood and treasure which has long contests entailed upon the kingdom. Upon his return he found the affections of the people entirely alienated, and was astonished by the loud and general outcry raised on every side against his extravagance. His quarrels with his son Bela still further increased the number of his enemies. His Queen, Gertrude, a woman of very masculine disposition, but who had acquired this manly vigour at the expense of her woman's tenderness and truth, sought to allay the storm by seizing upon the reins of government in her own name. Her unfaithfulness to the instincts of her sex, and to the commonest dictates of honour and religion, wrought her own and her husband's ruin. She encouraged and aided her brother in an attempt to seduce the wife of a proud and haughty noble, Benedict Bor (the famous Bank Ban) the Palatine of the Kingdom. Enraged at the insult and dishonour, Benedict rushed into the palace, followed by some friends, and struck the Queen dead on the spot. The assassins were executed, but this only irritated the malcontents still more. Andre lost all authority, and with characteristic imbecility, applied to the Pope to re-establish tranquillity. After a long struggle, the Prince Bela undertook to act as mediator between the contending parties; and through his instrumentality, important concessions were obtained from the King, and ratified by him at a Diet held in 1231. He acknowledged the legislative assemblies to have the same rights as himself, and he confessed that those privileges of the *noblesse*, which Saint Stephen had established upon a firm basis, but which his successors had failed to recognise fully, had been violated by himself also. He solemnly confirmed in their fullest extent all the political privileges claimed by the noblesse and the free inhabitants of the country, with the addition of the following clause:—"That every time that the King or his descendants should violate the privileges of the Magyar nation, the nobles should be at liberty to rise up, sword in hand, to

oppose this breach of the law, without being liable to the charge of high treason." This was a concession, at the same time just and dangerous. The right of resistance should be ever present to the eyes of the government; but the people should never look upon it save as the closing scene in a long vista of unavailing remonstrance and entreaty. But when placed in the hands of a powerful and warlike *noblesse*,

'Who sleep with head upon the sword
Their fever'd hands must grasp in waking;"

whose sympathies and occupations are distinct from those of the masses of the population, it sows the seeds of strife, turmoil, and division. In addition to the confirmation of their old privileges, the Magyar aristocracy obtained some new ones. They were declared free of taxes, and none of its members could be placed under arrest except for clearly proved violations of law. They were obliged to arm at their own expense, and attend the King in warlike array as far as the frontiers of their own country, but, if farther, the Sovereign should bear the cost. The latter was forbidden to make any office or employment hereditary, or to commit the administration of the finances to Jews



MAGYARS OF JASZBERENY

or Mahometans; and it was strictly stipulated that a diet should every year be convoked upon St. Stephen's Day.

All these articles, thirty-one in number, were united in a code, and became the basis of the aristo-democratic constitution, which prevailed in Hungary up to the close of the late war, commonly called *Bulla Aurea*, or the "Golden Bull." Andre was the first Magyar King who was obliged to take an oath, at his coronation, to be faithful to the constitution.

Hungary was thus one of the first countries in Europe to obtain effectual guarantees for her liberty; and although her Bulla Aurea, like our own Magna Charta, bears unmistakable marks of its feudal origin, it has, nevertheless, every claim to be considered a reform of true and lasting value. It must not be forgotten that the terms "Magyar nobles," or "free men," at that time included the whole of the conquering nation.

Bela IV. succeeded to his father, Andre II. After he had ascended the throne, he showed great force of character, but, at the same time, a great leaning to arbitrary measures. A calamity fell upon Hungary during his reign, from the effects of which she did not recover for many generations. A tribe of the Hunnic race arose about this time, and rendered itself powerful by its conquests under the leadership of its chief Mogol, or Mogul, whose name it assumed. Under one of his successors, Iengis Khan, it spread terror through the whole of Asia; but that quarter of the world not proving enough to satisfy its ambition, it precipitated itself upon Europe. Poland and Russia bore the first shock of the invasion, but it soon spread to the plains of Hungary, and left them waste and silent as a pathless desert. After having massacred great numbers of the population, the Moguls retreated, carrying with them thousands of captives.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

(*Concluded from Page* 99)

Now on a Sunday Father Jerome had preached again on this subject "The dispensations of heaven are wonderful." And the little Mariette thought, would that it might ordain that I should discover the invisible flower-bringer! Father Jerome was not wrong. On a summer's night, when it had become very warm, the little Mariette was awake early, and could not go to sleep again. She dressed herself, and went out to wash face, breast, and arms in the cool spring; she took her hat, with a desire to wander an hour by the sea. She knew there a retired place for a bath. But, in order to get to the retired place, she must go over the rocks behind the house, and then downward among the pomegranate-trees and the palms. This time Mariette did not get by; for under the slimmest and youngest of the palm-trees there lay in sweet sleep a slender young man—near him a nosegay of most beautiful flowers. Also there was a white paper there, on which, probably, a sigh was left. How could Mariette go by? She stood fixed, and trembled for fear in all her limbs. She would go back again to the cottage. Scarcely had she gone two steps, when she looked again at the sleeper, and remained stationary; yet so far off she could not see his face. Now or never she must discover the secret. She tripped lightly nearer the palm-tree. But he appeared to move. Then she ran back toward the cottage. Yet his motion was only Mariette's timid fancy. Again she took the path to the palm. But perhaps he feigned sleep. Quickly she hastened towards the house. But who would fly for a mere perhaps? She trod with a bold heart the way to the palm. By these fluctuations of her timid and irresolute soul between fear and curiosity, by these hither-and-thither trippings between the cottage and the palm-trees, by degrees her little steps had come nearer to the sleeper, while at once curiosity conquered fear.

"Why should he affect me? The path carries me by him. Whether he sleeps or wakes I will certainly go past" Manon's daughter. But she did not go by, she remained standing, for now the face of the flower-bestower is sufficiently in sight to be certain of the whole affair. Still he sleeps on, he cannot have had a sound sleep for four weeks. And who was it. Now who else should it be but that arrant villain, Colin!

There! it was he who, out of his old enmity to the good maiden, had brought on her so much vexation with the pitcher, and had got her into this vexatious affair with Herr Hautmartin; it was he who came here and teased her with flowers to provoke her curiosity. Why? He hated Mariette. In all companies he behaved towards the poor child in an unaccountable manner. He avoided her when he could, when he could not, he distressed the innocent little one. Towards all the maidens of La Napoule he was friendly, talkative, pleasant—all but Mariette. Only think! he had never asked her for a dance, and she danced enchantingly! Now, there he lay, caught, entrapped! Revenge awoke in Mariette's breast. What disgrace could she do him? She took the bunch of flowers, untied them, and revengefully scattered his present, in just anger, all over the sleeper. Only the paper on which was the sigh, "Dear Mariette!" she took, held, and then thrust hastily into her bosom. She would keep this proof of his handwriting for a future occasion. Mariette was sly. Now she must go. But her revenge seems not yet satisfied. She could not go from the place without punishing Colin's wickedness with something similar. She tore from her hat the violet-coloured silk ribbon, and threw it lightly round the sleeper's arm and round the tree, and tied Colin, with three knots, fast to the palm. When he awoke, how astonished he would be! how his curiosity would be aroused to know who had played him the trick! It would be impossible for him to guess. So much the better. It served him right. Mariette was only too merciful towards him. She seemed to repent her work as soon as she had finished it. Her breast heaved. I really believe that tears came into her eyes as she looked with too much compassion on the transgressor. Slowly she went back from the pomegranate trees over the rocks, often looking round, slowly up the rocks, often looking down at the palm-tree. Then she hastened to the calling Mother Manon.

But that same day Colin played a new trick. What did he do? He would openly mortify the poor Mariette. Ah! she had not thought that everybody in La Napoule knew her violet-coloured ribbon! Colin knew that too well. He twisted it proudly round his hat, and wore it before all the world for a show, like a trophy. And everybody said, "He had it from Mariette." And all the maidens said, angrily, "The wretch!" And all the young men who liked to see Mariette said also, "The wretch!"

"How, Mother Manon!" shrieked the Judge, as he came to Manon, and shrieked so loud that it echoed wonderfully through his nose—"How! did you suffer her? Did my bride present the young farmer, Colin, with her hat-ribbon? It is high time that we should celebrate our wedding. When it is past, then I shall have a right to speak."

"You have the right," answered Mother Manon. "If affairs stand so, the wedding must be soon."

"But, Mother Manon, your daughter refuses her consent."

"Only prepare the wedding-feast."

"But she will not look favourably on me, and when I seat myself by her, the little wild thing jumps up and runs away."

'Herr Judge, only prepare the wedding-feast."

'But if Mariette resists?"

'We will take her by surprise. We will go to Father Jerome. On Monday morning, when it is early and quiet, the ceremony shall be performed. We will persuade him to that. I am the mother. You, the first magistrate of La Napoule. He will submit. But Mariette must not know anything about it. On Monday early I will send her to Father Jerome, all alone, on an errand, so that she will suspect nothing. Then the pastor shall appeal to her heart. Half an hour afterwards we will come along. Then immediately to the altar. And even if Mariette says, No, what difference will that make? The old man cannot hear. But, till then, do not let Mariette or La Napoule know of it."

Very early Mariette went to the spring with the pitcher. No flowers as yet lay on the rock. It was too early; the sun had scarcely come out of the sea. Footsteps rustled. Colin made his appearance with flowers in his hand. Mariette blushed. Colin stammered, "Good morning, Mariette."

"Why dost thou so openly wear my ribbon, Colin?" said Mariette, and set her pitcher on the rock. "I did not give it to the

'Thou gavest it not to me, dear Mariette!" asked he, and was white from inward rage.

Mariette was ashamed of her falsehood, cast down her eyelids, and said, after a while, "Well, I gave it to thee; but thou shouldst not have worn it as a show. Give it back to me."

He slowly unbound it; his vexation was so great that he could not conceal the tears in his eyes, or the sighs in his breast. "Dear Mariette, let me have the ribbon," said he, gently.

"No!" answered she.

Then his anger changed to despair. He glanced to heaven with a sigh, then sadly at Mariette, who quietly and modestly stood by the spring, with downcast eyes and drooping arms. He wound the violet-blue ribbon round the flower-stalks, saying, "Take all then!" and threw the bouquet so spitefully against the beautiful pitcher on the rock, that it fell upon the ground and broke. Glad of the mischief, he went away.

All this Mother Manon, leaning from the window, had heard and seen. But when the pitcher broke she lost hearing and seeing. She had no command of her tongue from astonishment. And as she pressed with violence against the closed window, to call after the wretch, she forced the window out from the crumbling stone, so that it fell with a great noise on the ground, and was shattered to atoms. So many misfortunes would have made any other woman lose her mind; but Manon soon recovered herself.

"Lucky! that I was the witness of his deed!" said she. "He must go before the Judge. He shall outweigh window and pitcher with his gold."

But when Mariette brought in the remnants of the broken pitcher—when Manon saw Paradise Lost, the good Adam without a head, and only Eve's leg remaining, the serpent triumphing unhurt, and the tiger uninjured, while the lamb had all vanished except his tail, as if the tiger had swallowed him, then broke forth Mother Manon, crying, into curses against Colin, and said, "One may see that throw came from the hand of the devil!"

And so she took the pitcher in one hand, Mariette in the other, and went at nine o'clock to Herr Hautmartin, where he was accustomed to sit in court. Then she broke out into loud complaints, and showed the broken pitcher. Mariette wept bitterly. The Judge, when he saw the broken pitcher, and the beautiful bride-elect in tears, scolded in such righteous anger

against Colin, that his nose grew violet-blue, like Mariette's famous ribbon. He sent his constable to fetch the rascal. Colin came, deeply troubled. Mother Manon repeated her complaint with much eloquence before Judge, constable, and clerk. But Colin heard not. He approached Mariette, and whispered to her, "Forgive me, dear Mariette, as I forgive thee I broke, madvertently, thy pitcher, but thou hast broken my heart."

"What does the whisperer there?" with judge-like dignity, said Herr Hautmartin. "Hear your accusation, and justify yourself!"

"I will not excuse myself. I broke the pitcher, though not wilfully," said Colin.

"I believe so, indeed," sobbed Mariette "I am as much to blame as he, for I vexed him and made him angry. He threw the flowers and the ribbon heedlessly. He could not help it."

"What do I hear?" shrieked Mother Manon "Will the maiden be his justifier? Herr Judge, speak! He has broken the pitcher, that he does not deny, and I, on his account, the window—if he denies that, he can go and see it."

"That you cannot deny, Herr Colin," said the Judge; "so do you pay for the pitcher three hundred livres, for so much it is worth, and for—"

"No," said Colin, "it is not worth so much. I bought it at the fair at Vence, for Mariette, for one hundred livres."

"You bought it, Herr Shameless!" cried the Judge, and all his face became like Mariette's hat-band. Yet he would not, and could not say any more; he naturally feared investigation into the affair

But Colin was angry at the speech, and said—

"I sent this pitcher to Mariette on the evening of the fair, by your own servant, Jacques. Jacques is there at the door He is a witness Jacques, speak, did I not give thee a box to carry to Mother Manon?"

Herr Hautmartin would have interposed. But the simple Jacques said —

"Only think, Herr Judge, you took Colin's box from me, and carried what was in it to Mother Manon. The box lies there under your papers"

Then the constable forced out the half-witted Jacques, and though Herr Colin would have had him in, no one would call him back.

"Very well, Herr Judge," pursued Colin; "but this trick shall be your last one in La Napoule. I know more than by this thing that you would ingratiate yourself with Frau Manon and Mariette with my property When you aim at me you would do well to ride over to Grasse for the bailiff."

With that Colin went away.

Herr Hautmartin was very much puzzled in the business, and did not know what to do in his perplexity. Frau Manon shook her head. The thing looked dark and suspicious. "Who will pay for the broken pitcher?" asked she.

"To me," said Mariette, with glowing face, "to me it is already fully paid for!"

. . . . . .

The same day Colin rode to Grasse for the bailiff, and came back the next morning early. But Herr Hautmartin only laughed and talked Mother Manon out of all her suspicions, and swore he would have his nose cut off if Colin were not made to pay the three hundred livres for the broken pitcher. And he went also with Frau Manon to Father Jerome about the wedding, and urged him well to place before Mariette her duty not to refuse the marriage against the will of her mother, as a dutiful daughter. That the good old man promised, although he only understood half that they bawled into his ear.

But Mariette took the broken pitcher to her sleeping-room, and now first truly loved it, and it was to her as if Paradise had been brought into her heart ever since it had been shattered out of the pitcher.

So, when Monday morning came, Mother Manon spake to her daughter —

"Dress thyself up, and carry this myrtle crown to Father Jerome; he wants it for a bride."

Mariette dressed herself in her Sunday clothes, took without suspicion the myrtle crown, and carried it to Father Jerome On the way she met Colin, who greeted her gently and tremblingly, and when she told him where she was carrying the wreath, Colin said —

"I am going that way, too, for I must carry to the pastor the money from the church-tithes." And as they both went along he, trembling, took her hand, and they both trembled as if they had committed some great crime against each other.

"Hast thou forgiven me?" anxiously whispered Colin. "Ah, Mariette, what have I done to thee that thou art so cruel to me?"

But she could say nothing, only "Be quiet, Colin! Thou shalt have the ribbon back again, and I will preserve thy pitcher. I hope it is indeed from thee?"

"Mariette, canst thou doubt? All that I have I would fain give thee. Wilt thou in future be as friendly to me as to others?"

She answered not, but as they went into the pastor's house, she looked at him sideways, and when she saw his beautiful eyes wet, she whispered, "Dear Colin!"

Then he bent and kissed her hand At that moment the door of room opened, and Father Jerome, with his venerable form, stood before them. The young people felt dizzy, and certainly have fallen had they not leaned on each other. I do not know whether it was the effect of the hand-kiss or fear of the old man. Mariette handed to him the myrtle crown. He laid it on her head and said, "Children, love one another!" and touchingly and affectingly entreated the maiden to love Colin. For the old pastor had either, owing to his deafness, wrongly heard the bridegroom's name, or, owing to his failing memory, forgotten it, and thought that Colin must be the bridegroom Under this exhortation of the old man, Mariette's heart melted, and amid tears and weeping she said "Ah, I have loved him for a long time, but he hates me!"

"I hate thee, Mariette!" said Colin "My soul has lived only thee since thou earnest to La Napoule Oh, Mariette, how could I hope or think that thou didst love me? Did not all La Napoule seek thee?"

"Why didst thou flee from me, Colin, and associate with all my companions before me?"

"Oh, Mariette, I went in fear and trembling, with sorrow and [illegible] me, I had not courage to be near thee, and yet it I were not with thee I was unhappy"

While they spoke together thus, the pastor thought they were quarrelling, so he laid his arm around them both, drew them together, and said, "Little children, love one another!" Then Mariette sank on Colin's breast, and Colin put both arms around and both faces shone with quiet rapture. They forgot the or, the whole world. Colin's lips touched Mariette's sweet mouth. Both were lost in each other Both had so lost their presence of mind, that, without knowing it, they followed the delighted Father Jerome into the church, and before the altar.

"Mariette!" sighed he

"Colin!" sighed she.

In the church prayed many worshippers; but with astonishment they became witnesses of Colin and Mariette's marriage. Many ran out before the end of the ceremony, to publish right and left through La Napoule, "Colin and Mariette are married" When the ceremony was over, Father Jerome rejoiced heartily that it had turned out so well, and that the parties had offered so little resistance. He led them into the parsonage.

Soon came Mother Manon, breathless. She had waited long at her house for the arrival of the bridegroom. He did not come At the last stroke of the clock, her anxiety troubled her, and made her set out on the way to Herr Hautmartin's. But a new surprise awaited her. She learned that the bailiff, with all the deputies had taken into custody all the deeds, bonds, and registers of the Judge, and had committed Herr Hautmartin at the same time. "That godless Colin has done this!" was her thought. Now she hastened to the parsonage to inform Father Jerome of the postponement of the wedding She came in smiling, proud of her work, towards the good old man, with his hands on the newly-married pair. Now, in good earnest, Frau Manon lost thought and speech, as she saw what had taken place. But Colin had never in his whole life had thought and speech more than at present. He told of his love and the broken pitcher, and the falsehood of the Judge, and how he had unmasked his injustice at Grasse to the deputies. Then he asked Mother Manon's blessing.

Father Jerome for a long time did not understand it, but when he got a full conception of the marriage by mistake, he raised his hands devoutly, and said, with upward gaze, "Wonderful are the dispensations of Providence!" Colin and Mariette kissed his hands. Mother Manon, out of mere veneration for heaven, gave the newly-married her blessing, but they noticed between them that her head seemed as if it were turn

WHAT A WORKING MAN CAN BECOME.

We hear much of the wretched lot of the poor—that it is too often bitter and bleak we should be the last to deny, yet every day teaches us that with many men it is their own fault that they are poor. It is clear that with energy, and industry, and self-denial, most poor men might be in a better position than that in which they are. Illustrations of this truth come before us every day. Most of our great men have begun life in the humblest circumstances; but while their fellows were frittering away their time and opportunities, they were resolutely fighting the battle of life. Sir Joseph Fox was an engine-driver; Sir William Cubitt was an operative in the employ of Ransome and May, of Ipswich. After all, it is clear that the men who die paupers, and are buried in the pauper's grave are not the energetic—the industrious, but the lazy, the profligate, or the weak. They failed from want of proper knowledge, or self-control, or power; but society did not blast them, and they may not lazily sit and arraign the evils of the competitive system. If they will work honestly and heroically their names may be yet famous in our land.

Just now all England resounds with the name of Richard Andrews, the thrice-elected mayor of Southampton, who greeted Kossuth with such a warm reception when he first landed on our shores. Now, who was Richard Andrews? The son of a poor working wheelwright, at Bishop Sutton, in Hampshire. The earnings of the father in those times, when schools were few and provisions dear, barely enabled him to send his first son, Richard, from about five until he was eight or nine years of age, to a dame-school, at twopence a week. Thus slenderly provided for with education, his mother's father, an agricultural labourer, took him to work at ploughing, turnip-hoeing, thatching, and all the other usual odds and ends of a farm-boy's hard work, at the magnificent wages of 3d a-day, for which he laboured away for nearly three years. He was always, however, on the look out for something better, and when a little more than twelve years old, a chance turned up for him of employment as an under sawyer, at the village of Hitchen Stoke, where, for two years, he worked in the saw-pit at a shilling a day. For this he laboured twelve hours; and, having to walk to and from Hitchen Stoke ten miles, was on foot on in the saw-pit from four o'clock in the morning until nine at night.

The saw-pit led to a better trade, he used to go to the forge to get the tools put in order, and there—it might be from the flying sparks, or the free swing or ring of the hammer, or the warm look of comfort of the forge-fire on a winter's day, or the pleasure of seeing the iron beaten out to any shape, that the wish took hold of him to become a smith; and whilst waiting for the tools, he used to amuse himself trying his hand at heel and toe-tips and hobnails, at which he soon became an adept, and showed such skill at iron, and spoke with such desire to learn the trade, that Mr. Beaumont, then a great stage-coach maker, gave him employment as hammerman under one of his smiths. Here he soon gained the approbation of his master and fellow-workmen; had his wages raised from 5s. to 6s., 7s., 8s., and 9s. a week; and in three years, being four years before the end of his apprenticeship (and a most unusual thing), had a fire to himself, and a hammerman under him.

During the last four years of his apprenticeship, Andrews was considered the first hand in the shop. He made all the heavy coach-axles, which in those days were wrought from well-used wheel-tyres, and he made, too, the whole of the tyres for that immense stage-coach factory, which employed at the time upwards of 100 men.

At a dance at Tichbourne Down, Andrews, then nearly out of his time, met his future wife, who was living at Alresford. She soon, however, went home to Hounslow. Those were not days of railways or excursion trains; Hounslow was forty-seven miles from where Andrews lived; but he walked the distance in a day, and in about a week walked back on one of the hottest days in summer. Three or four months afterwards, his seven years being ended, he rewalked the distance to be married; to this day Hampshire Dick's wedding is remembered in Hounslow; for he put down the immemorial usage on such occasions of setting up a hideous din of pokers and tongs, tin kettles, and cows' horns.

The apprenticeship over, the mystery of smithcraft thoroughly mastered, and Andrews 21 years of age and married, his employer offered him a guinea a week. He knew he was worth more, so he left the shop to seek better fortune. It was the depth of winter, when, on a Thursday, Andrews and a companion-workman set off for Chichester at two in the morning. The distance was 30 miles, but they arrived in time to breakfast in the city, at half-past nine. The companion fainted at the breakfast-table. There was no work to be had at Chichester; so next day Andrews walked back the 30 miles. His former master then offered 25s. a week to engage with him for a year; but he had too recently got over his apprenticeship to wish to bind himself again; so the very next day, Saturday, he started at four in the morning, and by nine had walked the 20 miles to Southampton. This was in 1821; and he had in all the world just 2s. 6d. in his pocket. He, however, got work at Jones's coach factory, at 24s. a week; and having in three weeks saved £2, he returned to Hitchen Stoke to bring his wife and child home to Southampton.

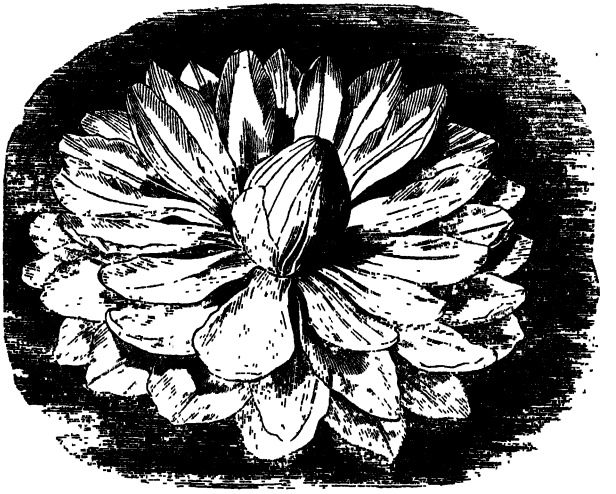
For seven years he worked at the same factory, and got on from the 24s. to earning two guineas a week. He resolved, and kept to it (though his family increased rapidly), to put something, little or much, into the savings bank every week; and at length, having gathered £75, he started, in a little back-street, on the 1st October, 1832, as a master coachmaker, with two workmen. In three weeks the £75 were gone, in first expenses; but repair jobs came in fast, were well and punctually done—a name was earned, and trade grew. In the same year came on the general election, at which the Tories fought their great battles against Reform. The most influential canvassers came to Andrews. They promised him that he should make his fortune by the support of the surrounding gentry if the Tory had his vote. They urged that his was a business depending solely on the gentry, and that if he went against them he must look for ruin. Southampton was then but a fashionable and invalid watering-place, a whole day's fast stage-coach journey from London, it had neither dock nor warehouses, the Peninsular and Oriental Company was not formed, there was no railway, no West India steamboats, no one thought, then, of such a town of trade and manufacture as is now increasing every day in Southampton-water. The odds seemed dead against the man who should go against the gentry. "Give me," said Andrews, "an hour to make up my mind. Come back then, and you shall have your answer." They came, expecting to tick the vote against Reform. Andrews looked up from the forge—"I believe," he said, "Reform to be right, and I will vote for it. I have so far worked my own way without any other help than my skill as a workman, and I have no doubt of getting on in the same way without selling my conscience."

There were abundant grumblings and threats against him, but his first year in business for himself brought him in over £2,000, and within ten years of that election he had laid out £10,000 on the ground and buildings of his factory; and in a single year (1845) he earned more than £22,000, selling upwards of 300 new and second-hand carriages. Travellers by overland route to India cross the desert in Andrews' omnibuses. He built the state carriages for the late Mehemet Ali and the Sultan; has a large trade with the colonies, Mexico, Valparaiso, and Porto Rico, carries on every part of the manufacture of carriages, with the exception of patent axles, on his own premises.

But it was not only on the Reform occasion that Andrews stood by his opinions against his apparent interest. He was one of the members of the Anti-Corn-law League, belonged to its Council, gave a handsome pony-carriage to the League Bazaar in 1844; and in 1842, when the Mayor refused the Town-hall, and a public meeting was violently broken up, Andrews cleared out his carriage-bazaar, which held from 2,000 to 3,000 persons, his workmen mounted guard at the entrance, wheel-spokes in hand, and so Free-trade had a place for its advocacy in the home of a business said to depend solely on the favour of those who were strong monopolists. Threats again there were in abundance of supporting others, and setting up fresh opposition in coach-making, to all of which Andrews used to reply, "Set up as many as you please; coach-building has already grown to be the staple business of the town; the more makers, the more name the place will have for carriage building, and I am certain of getting as good a share of it as I deserve."

THE VICTORIA REGIA.

THE Crystal Palace, after all, had a beginning. Previously other Crystal Palaces had been erected, though not of such gorgeous character, or lofty aim. Amongst these must be mentioned the one built at Kew—a place with which every Londoner or London visitor should be familiar—a place at one time dear to royalty, for it was the favourite residence of George III. For a long time Kew was utterly neglected; visitors were admitted by stealth to the Botanic Gardens, no encouragement was given to them to repeat their visit. But now the case is altered. The place is thrown open to the public, and on a summer day, whether you go by rail, or buss, or steamer, we know no place out of London that will better repay a visit than the Botanic Gardens of Kew and the accompanying pleasure-grounds, lying on the banks of the majestic Thames, far away from London smoke and dirt and noise. No other spot in England can boast such gardens. From all parts of the world seeds and specimens and flowers reach Kew.



VICTORIA REGIA IN PUD

The palm-house, the pride of the Gardens, is built of stained yellow glass, and rejoices in all the majesty and luxuriance of the East. Around you palms and plantains raise their graceful forms; but the wonder of wonders is the gigantic water-lily, the flowers of which we have engraved here. It was discovered accidentally by the traveller Schomburgh, in British Guiana. It is one of the largest, and at the same time the finest of the vegetable kingdom. It opens upon the surface of the calm water something like our water-lily, but in proportions of which we, accustomed to stunted vegetation, can scarcely form an idea. The flowers are not less than a foot in breadth, and the leaves float upon the surface of the water, in the form of large dishes, five or six feet in diameter. The structure of these leaves is very singular. Their shape is that which botanists call *petiolate*—that is to say, the petiole stalk, is attached to the centre from beneath: they are smooth and green at the upper part, and have a raised border of about two inches in breadth all around, like that of a sieve or large plate. Below they are of a reddish colour, and divided into a large number of compartments by very prominent veins, which leave between them triangular or quadrangular spaces, containing the air which helps to support the leaves upon the water, so that birds and other small animals have been often seen running about and pursuing their prey upon them, as if on solid planks.



VICTORIA REGIA IN BLOSSOM.

This marvellous flower, as Tennyson says, "anchored to the bottom," annually exhibits its wonders. In a way that would have charmed the Lady of Shalot, the admiring spectator may see

"The water-lily bloom."

Thanks to science and Sir W. Hooker, and those much-abused people, the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests, the Victoria Regia has become one of us; and buds and flourishes here, in this land of fog, and cloud, and rain, as vigorously as it ever did in that warmer climate where first it sprang into beauty and life.

ODYLE.

Most of our readers, we presume, by this time have heard of odyle. It is the name of a certain property perceptible in highly sensitive persons, of both sexes, by which a peculiar influence is produced on such persons whenever they approach a powerful magnet, or by the sun, the fixed stars, the moon, and planets, chemical action, and, indeed, the whole material universe. The discoverer of this extraordinary property was the Baron Von [illegible]ch, an Austrian nobleman, of great scientific attainments, who had long devoted himself to making experiments with magnets, and whose discoveries have been verified by numerous witnesses in Germany, and by the English translator of his work —Dr. Gregory, Professor of Chemistry, in the University of Edinburgh.

The sensitives, it appears, are very numerous. At first, Reichenbach thought the sensitive state was essentially a morbid one, and that healthy persons were not subject to it. Wide experience, however, has shown this to be a fallacy. Reichenbach finds fully one third of people, in general, to be more or less sensitive. The highest degree of sensitiveness is comparatively rare, but is still common enough even among the healthy.

The peculiar property, called odyle, was first discovered while the author was making magnetic experiments. He found that a certain effect was produced upon the sensitives by making downward passes with strong magnets, having a supporting power of 10 lbs. The Baron says —"The nature of this impression such excitable persons, who may, however, often be justified in regarding themselves as perfectly healthy, is not easily described. It is rather unpleasant than agreeable, and is associated with a gentle feeling, sometimes of cold, at other times of warmth, which resembles a cold or tepid *aura*, or current of air, which they believe gently blows upon them. Occasionally, they experience a dragging or pricking sensation, some complain of headache. Not only females, but also men in the prime of life, are to be met with, who distinctly perceive this influence. It is sometimes very vividly felt by children." To avoid error or deception, a great number of persons were tested, and he has selected a list of nearly a hundred of both sexes, whom he placed under the head of healthy and diseased sensitives. Their avocations and addresses are given. Amongst them we find noblemen and gentlemen, physicians, divines, military and naval officers, [illegible]nt functionaries in the Imperial and public service, tradespeople, servants, and peasants. Aware of the strenuous opposition he would be called to encounter, he has proceeded carefully on the inductive system, and has varied his experiments in every possible way, so as to render his discoveries worthy of the reception of the world.

This property having thus been discovered in the magnet, Baron Reichenbach thought it might also be possessed by other bodies. The same effects he found were produced, though in a less degree, by crystals of quartz, gypsum, alum, borax, and other salts. Similar sensations were also experienced from the end of a wire, whose other end was exposed to a surface connected with the sun's rays. By similar means the solar rays were tested, and it was found that not only the moon, but all the planetary bodies, produced a similar effect. Here we have a clue to the influence produced on lunatics by the moon. Aided in this way, Reichenbach elicited some exceedingly curious results from the varied phenomena of the earth's surface. He also found that chemical action was a source from which this new power could be obtained. During the decomposition of salts, and even in their solution, this agency was liberated, and produced similar effects with those occasioned by magnets, crystals, sun, moon, and stars. The Baron's next step was to attempt to obtain odyle, so as to render it cognisable to vision. For this purpose he selected an inner apartment at Schloss Reisenberg, his residence, near Vienna, which he rendered perfectly dark, and in which, by means of a wire running through a long suite of rooms, he could command a metallic communication with the outer air. Here - not being a sensitive himself—the Baron shut up his sensitives. The lowest class, he found, after being shut up from fifteen to sixty minutes, were enabled to see, what they described as a faint cloud-like smoke, of a greyish-blue colour, that issued constantly from both poles of his large horse-shoe magnet immediately after the armature or keeper was removed. A higher class of sensitives beside this discovered odylic sparks; whilst the highest class of all saw flames issue from both poles of the magnet, from two to six inches in length which then united and ascended to the ceiling, as a luminous cloud or nebula. They described the flames as being very ethereal, and of a lightning-colour; that issuing from the positive pole having a reddish tinge, while the flame from the negative was greyish, tinted with blue. This odyle is described as imponderable. It is influenced by the currents of air or the breath. If the hand is placed over the flame it becomes flattened, and streams around it, rising upward again. Odyle is not magnetism, for it has not the property of imparting polarity to needles, or attracting iron, and can be copiously obtained by chemical action.

By means of this wonderful discovery, many facts now come clearly to be explained. The human body is a vast store-house of chemical action. Odyle is liberated from the entire body, but chiefly from the eye, the inside of the hands, the tops of the fingers, and the lips. Here we have clearly the philosophy of kissing, if not of love-making in general.

We can now also account for other phenomena, which have been a sad stumbling-block to our philosophers in days gone by. In the decaying graves of our brethren, chemical action takes place, and odyle is liberated. A sensitive perceives it; ignorant and terrified, the spectator swears to having seen a ghost, and the village churchyard is said to be haunted ground. The Baron took Mlle. Reichel, a highly-sensitive female, residing with his family, one night to a cemetery, near Vienna, where she saw a dense vaporous mass of odylic flame rising to the height of four fe[illegible] Had the lady been an ignorant rustic, a fearful ghost story would have sprung into existence, and long been greedily believed.

We will give another instance of the odylic exhalation. Some [illegible]s ago the blind German poet, Pfeffel, engaged a young Protestant clergyman, named Billing, as an amanuensis. One day [illegible] they were walking in the garden, Pfeffel observed that as often as they passed over a certain spot Billing's arm trembled, and the young man became uneasy. He made inquiry as to the cause of this, and Billing at last unwillingly confessed that as often as he passed over that spot he was attacked by certain sensations, over which he had no control, and which he always experienced where human bodies lay buried. He added, that when he came to such places at night he saw strange things. Pfeffel, with the view of curing the young man of his folly, as he supposed it to be, went with him that night to the garden. When they approached that place in the dark, Billing perceived a feeble light, and when he drew nearer he [illegible] ghost-like form hovering in the air. Many experiments were tried during several months. Company was brought to the place, but no change occurred. Still the ghost-seer stuck to his story, and at last Pfeffel had the place dug up. At a considerable depth they came to a firm layer of white lime, about as long and as broad as a grave, tolerably thick, and on breaking through that the bones of a human being were discovered. The bones were taken out, the grave filled up, and when Billing was again brought to the place the nocturnal ghost was no longer visible. Reichenbach easily explains the phenomenon. A human corpse is a rich field for chemical changes. A layer of dry quick-lime compressed into a deep pit adds its own powerful action to these affinities. Rain-water from above is added. The lime first falls to a mealy powder, and afterwards is converted by the water which trickles down to it into a tallow-like external mass, through which the external air penetrates but slowly. Such masses of lime have been found buried in old ruined castles, where they had lain for centuries, and yet the lime has been so fresh that it has been used for the mortar of new buildings. The occurrence in Pfeffel's garden is therefore quite according to natural principles, and since we know that a continual emanation of the flames of the crystalline fo[illegible] panics such processes, the ghost-like appearance is thus explained. It must have continued until the affinities of the lime for carbonic acid, and for the remains of organic matter in the bones were satisfied. So, whenever a sensitive passed over the spot, he would perceive the exhalation of which Billing spoke. Ignorance, and fear, and superstition, would give to the luminous appearance the form of a human spectre, and supply it with head, arms, and feet, just as we can fancy when we wish any cloud in the sky to represent a man or demon. Thus the existence and appearance of ghosts may be easily explained. Thus, every day the mysteries of human life are cleared up, and the wonderful is brought down to the level of the commonest understanding. Thousands of ghost stories will now receive a natural explanation, and will cease to be marvellous. We shall even see that it was not so erroneous a-

absurd as has been supposed, when our old women asserted everyone knows they did, that not everyone was privileged to see the spirits of the departed wandering over their graves. In fact it was at all times only the sensitive who could see the emanation from the chemical change going on in corpses, luminous in the dark. Thus do we see for ever destroyed one of the densest veil of human ignorance and error. What our forefathers called witch was often merely a sensitive. It is to be trusted, that we are more merciful in these times, because more knowing, and that we shall cease to persecute men who but truthfully narrate what they see and hear and feel. Our fathers did this, and the result was the perpetuation of ignorance of every kind. It is time now that we learn to listen to new truths with respect, however they may clash with parties and principles with which we have become identified. The world reaps the benefit, and in that we should rejoice.

COMPUTATION OF TIME BY THE ANIMAL CREATION.

This faculty is perfectly unconnected with the external senses, and exhibits so completely the combination of method and judgment, that perhaps nothing in the whole animal system goes so far to prove the existence of mind, and although almost every proof has a reference in some manner to the human race, yet it is not the result of education, but of observation. The peculiarities of the season, and of the periods of migration and of hybernation, do not fall under this head, as the knowledge of them is entirely attributable to instinct, and to that impulse over which the animal has no control, affecting the young as strongly as the old. Recognition of circumstances has no influence on the judgment, for, where any variation takes place, the animal is bewildered and cannot reconcile it to its accustomed practice. Thus, we read of the dog, the constant companion of its master, which remained quietly at home on the Sundays, but followed him to the church on Good Friday, although to outward appearance the two days were the same. The same with the deer in Greenwich-park, which, accustomed to the crowds frequenting the spot, are so little alarmed at their appearance that they feed from the hand, but confine themselves on Sunday to an enclosure set apart for them, and never wander from its precincts, but on Good Friday, when the park is equally thronged, they remain at large. Poultry know the exact moment of feeding time, and domestic animals return of their own accord at the stated period from their pasture. Robins and other little birds, will come regularly at the hour of breakfast to receive their crumbs from the window. An ostrich, at Paris, rang a bell at the door of its enclosure when its food was not brought at the usual hour. We are so accustomed to the presence of our dogs that we almost cease to notice their actions, but the least intelligent of them seem to be perfectly conscious of the arrival of certain periods of time. There is the well-recorded story of the Newfoundland dog which took daily a basket with sundry pence in it to the baker's, and brought back the rolls for the family's breakfast, but on Sundays made no effort to move. The race of turnspits is almost extinct, as their services have been superseded by machinery, but in some places this has not been of long date. These dogs know the roasting-day most distinctly. At the Jesuits' College at Eteche, the cook took one of these dogs out of its turn to put it into the wheel of the spit; but the animal, giving him a severe bite, ran away, and drove in from the yard the dog whose turn it really was. Arago describes something similar; he saw several dogs at an inn, whose duty it was to turn the spit in regular rotation, one of which skulked away, and obstinately refused to work, because its turn had not come round, but went willingly enough into the wheel after its comrade had turned for a few minutes. A dog, which was in the habit of accompanying its master from Paris to Charenton, where he spent the Sunday with a friend, having been locked up on two successive occasions, ran off alone to Charenton on the Saturday evening, and waited there for its master. A gentleman writing from Edinburgh, and speaking of the Scotch shepherd's dog, describes it as one of the most intelligent of the canine family, as a constant attendant on his master, and never leaving him except in the performance of its duty. In some districts of Scotland these animals always accompany them to church; some of them are even more regular attendants than their master, for by an extraordinary computation of time, they never fail resorting thither, unless employed in attending their charge. To a stranger, their appearance is somewhat remarkable in such a spot, and the propriety with which they conduct themselves during the service is remarkable and [illegible]. In one parish great complaints were made against [illegible], as occasioned during divine service by the quarrelling or otherwise unmannerly conduct of the dogs, when it was agreed that all those who had dogs should confine them, and not allow them to come to church. This did very well for the first Sunday or so, but the dogs not at all relishing to be locked up on a day when they were wont to enjoy themselves, were never to be found, they by some instinct knew the Sunday as well as their masters, and set off before them, whither they had been in the habit of going on that day.

LOVE ON.

Love on, love on, the soul *must* have a shrine—
The rudest breast must find *some* hallowed spot;
The God who formed us left no spark divine
In him who dwells on earth, yet loveth not.
Devotion's links compose a sacred chain
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length,
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain
May mar its beauty and not touch its strength.

Love on, love on—ay, even though the heart
We fondly build on proveth like the sand;
Though one by one Faith's corner-stones depart,
And even Hope's last pillar fails to stand
Though we may dread the lips we once believed,
And know their falsehood shadows all our days—
Who would not rather trust and be deceived,
Than own the mean, cold spirit that betrays?

Love on, love on, though we may live to see
The dear face whiter than its circling shroud
Though dark and dense the gloom of Death may be,
Affection's glory yet shall pierce the cloud
The truest spell that Heaven can give to lure,
The sweetest prospect Mercy can bestow,
Is the blest thought that bids the soul be sure
'Twill meet above the things it loved below.

Love on, love on—Creation breathes the words—
Their mystic music ever dwells around,
The strain is echoed by unnumbered chords,
And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound
As flowers keep springing, though the [illegible]
Is oft put forth for worm to feed upon,
So hearts, though wrung by traitors and the tomb,
Shall still be precious, and shall still love on.

PROOF POSITIVE.—Not long since, it seems, a steam-boat, called the Old Kentuck, blew up near the Trinity, at the mouth of the Ohio, where it is a well-established fact that a great many of the mosquitos will weigh a pound, by which accident a lady residing in the name of Mrs Jones lost her husband and her trunk, or both of which an action was brought. There was, strange to say, great difficulty in proving that Mr Jones had been on board at the time of the collapse, that worthy having notoriously been very drunk on the wharf-boat just as the steamer left. Many witnesses were called to prove the fact, until finally a Mr Dietzmar, a German, was placed on the stand. Our friend, J. S, Esq., was attorney for the boat, and elicited from Mr Dietzmar, in examination "Mr Dietzmar, did you know the Old Kentuck?"—"Yah, I wash blowed up mit her."—"Were you on board when she collapsed her flue?"—"When she bust the [illegible]? Yah, I wash dare."—"Did you know Mr Jones?"—"To be sure Mr Jones and I took passenger togeder."—"You did? When did you last see Mr. Jones on board the boat?"—"Well, I didn't see Mr Jones aboard de boat last time." J S fancied his case was safe, and with a most triumphant glance at the jury said. "You did not? Well, Mr. Dietzmar, when last did you see Mr. Jones?"—"Well, when de schmoke pipe and me was going up, we met Mr. Jones coming down."

MISCELLANEA.

CANDID STATEMENT.—An honest lady in the country, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed, "Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone! It am t a week since I lost my best hen, and now Mr. Hooper has gone, too, poor man!"

DR FRANKLIN'S LETTERS TO A LADY.—The *Boston Post* publishes five copies of unpublished letters from Dr. Franklin, which have recently been found in that city. The following one seems to have been addressed to a lady with whom he was on intimate terms previous to his marriage, and who was single at that time:—"Philadelphia, Oct 16, 1756—Dear Katy,—Your favour of the 28th June came to hand but on the 22nd September, just three months after it was written I had two weeks before written you a long chat, and sent it to the care of your brother ward. I hear you are now in Boston, gay and lovely as usual Let me give you some fatherly advice kill no more pigeons than you can eat, be a good girl, and don't forget your catechism, go constantly to meeting or to church till you get a good husband, and then stay at home and nurse the children, and live like a Christian. Spend spare hours in sober whist, prayers, or learning to cipher You must practise addition to your husband's estate by industry and frugality, substraction of all unnecessary expenses. Multiplication—he will make you mistress of As to Division, I say with brother Paul, 'Let there be no division among ye,' but as your good sister Hubbard (my love to her) is well acquainted with the Rule of Two, I hope you will become as expert in the Rule of Three, and when I have again the pleasure of seeing you I may find you, like my grape-vine, surrounded with clusters, plump, juicy, blushing, pretty little rogues just like their mamma Adieu. The bells ring, and I must go among the grave ones and talk politics—B F."

HOW TO DRAW A CONGREGATION.—The *Tribune* says Several years ago we were a resident of North-Western Louisiana, near the confines of Texas. The people were as a general thing not much given to religion. An itinerant preacher happened to go along in the neighbourhood during the dearth of religion, and set about repairing the walls of Zion in good earnest. But his success was poor. Not over half-a-dozen could be got together at his Sunday meetings Determined, however, to create an interest before leaving the neighbourhood, he procured printed handbills, and had them posted up in every conspicuous place in the district, which read to the following effect:—"Religious Notice—Rev. Mr. Blaney will preach next Sunday, in Dempsey's Grove, at ten o'clock, a m, and at four p m., Providence permitting. Between the services, the preacher will run his sorrel mare, Julia, against any nag that can be trotted out in this region, for a purse of 500 dols." This had the desired effect. People flocked from all quarters, and the anxiety to see the singular preacher was even greater than the excitement following the challenge. He preached an eloquent sermon in the morning, and after dinner he brought out his mare for the race. The purse was made up by five or six of the planters, and an opposing nag produced. The preacher rode his little sorrel, and won the day, amid the deafening shouts, screams, and yells of the delighted people. The congregation all remained to the afternoon service, and at its close more than 200 joined the church; some from motives of sincerity, some for the novelty of the thing, some from excitement, and some because the preacher was a good fellow. The *finale* of the affair was as flourishing a society as could be found in the whole region thereabouts.

A CRIMINAL CASE IN TEXAS.—At a late trial, somewhere in Texas, the defendant, who was not familiar with the multitude of words which the law employs to make a very trifling charge, after listening a while to the reading of the indictment, jumped up and said, "Them 'ere allegations is false, and that ere allegator knows it."

A USEFUL MAN.—Benjamin's new paper contains the following:—"To advertisers—We have the pleasure of announcing that we have secured a stout, healthy young man, who will take all patent medicine advertised in this paper, and furnish certificates of any desired stringency, according to price, to the proprietors."

When it was remarked in company how very liberally those persons talked of what their neighbours should give away, who are least apt to give any themselves, Sydney Smith replied, 'Yes, no sooner does A fall into difficulties than B begins to consider what C should do for him.'

PROOF THAT A MAN IS DEAD.—A subscriber to one of the eastern papers a few years ago, being sadly in arrear for the same, promised the editor that if his life were spared to a certain day, he would without fail discharge his bill. The day passed and the bill was not paid. The conclusion, therefore, was that the man was dead—absolutely defunct Proceeding on this conclusion, the editor in his next paper placed the name of the delinquent under his obituary head, with the attending circumstances of time and place Pretty soon after this announcement, the subject of it appeared to the editor, not with the pale ghostly appearance usually ascribed to apparitions, but with a face as red as scarlet Neither did it, like other apparitions, wait to be first spoken to, but broke silence—"What the ——, sir, do you mean by publishing my death?" "Why, sir, the same that I mean by publishing the name of any other person—viz, to let the world know that you were dead." "Well, but I am not dead!" "Not dead? then it is your own fault, for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day if you lived till that time. The day is past, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead, for I will not believe that you would forfeit your word—oh, no!" "I see you have got round me, Mr Editor—but say no more about it, here is the money And harkee, you wag, just contradict my death next week, will you?" "Oh, certainly, sir—just to please you—though, upon my word, I can't help thinking you died at the time specified, and that you merely came back to pay this bill on account of your friendship for me."

IRISH WIT.—"Molly," said a lady to her servant, "I think you'll never set the river on fire." "Indade, ma'm," innocently replied Molly, "I'd never be afther doing anything so wicked—I'd be burning up all the little fishes."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HENRY.—The earthenware manufacture of this country is very large. It is estimated that at the Potteries alone the value of the earthenware produced annually is about £1,700,000, and that the value of the manufactures of Worcester, Derby, and other parts of the country, may amount to about £750,000, making a total annual value of £2,450,000 The value of the gold annually consumed at the Potteries in ornamenting porcelain is £34,400. The quantity of coal consumed annually at the Potteries is 498,000 tons. It is calculated that the present total amount of the export trade in earthenware is about £1,300,000.

THOMAS.—You are quite right. Science is a great help to the unprincipled knave. As a proof, at this time there are in circulation a large number of counterfeit half-crowns, which have been produced from dies in brass and then electro-plated with silver, by which means the base coin has much more the appearance of silver than that produced in the common way by a mould. For instance, the milling round the edge [illegible] ed from the Mint, and it is well known that the greatest difficulty the coiner had to contend against was mill the edge of the spurious equal to the genuine crown. To these brass coin the contractors now in use are of little avail, as they must bend them These half-crowns are the best imitations of the genuine ones yet produced, and they are only to be distinguished from them by the peculiarity of their ring and their lighter weight.

JUVENIS.—It was Luther who said that to rise early and marry young was what no one would ever repent of doing You will find the passage in that delightful book, "Luther's Table Book," where also you will read how he threw the inkstand at the old soul was as much afraid of the Turks then as now-a-days some of our good people are afraid of the Pope.

W J.—Eighty-five thousand six hundred and three emigrants left the ports of the United Kingdom, at which there are Government officers, in the quarter ending September 30, 1851. This is at the rate of 330 a-day, 6,510 a week. 15,963 sailed from Irish ports; 4,378 from Glasgow and Greenock; and 67,962 from three English ports—namely, 10,062 from London, 2,799 from Plymouth, and 54,401 from Liverpool. Many of the Irish emigrants are returned at Liverpool. Of the total number, 66,860 emigrants sailed to the United States; 9,268 to British North America; 6,097 to the Australian colonies; and 1,278 to other places. The emigration has hitherto been greater in 1851 than it was in the corresponding quarters of 1850.

G. G.—The lunar day, or, in other words, the time which the moon continues above the horizon, is of various lengths. While she remains near any of those points of the heavens which the sun occupies during the summer, she, like that luminary, necessarily rises early and sets late, with reference to the time of her coming to the meridian For instance, we will suppose the moon to be in one of the sun's summer constellations, say Taurus or Gemini, with her day about sixteen hours in length. We will suppose her also to be about the full, when she would be on the meridian about midnight. She would, in that case, rise about eight hours before midnight or about four p.m., and she would set about eight hours after midnight, or about eight a.m. But while the moon is near any of those points which the sun occupies during the winter, she rises late and sets early, also with reference to the time of her coming to the meridian. This is a beautiful provision of the Divine bounty, as by these means the full moons are when we most want them—that is, in the winter—by far the most beneficial, for not only is the day, or time of being above the horizon, of the winter full moon much longer than that of the summer full moon but also the moon's meridian altitude is ever much greater in the former than in the latter case, and her light, in consequence, much more intense.

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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER II.

UNDER this terrible calamity, Bela sought in vain for assistance from the Duke of Austria. Hungary was covered with dead bodies and ruined houses, but the King was not discouraged. He introduced a number of German colonists for the cultivation of the soil, and appealed to the people to support him in the carrying out of the measures designed to insure their own safety.



ASSEMBLY OF THE MEMBERS OF THE HUNGARIAN DIET ON THE PLAIN OF RAKOS, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE OPEN AIR, IN 1295

He ordained, amongst a number of other useful regulations the regular holding of the county assemblies. These assemblies were one of the most important of the privileges of the Hungarian people. Their rights, their duties, and their connection with the supreme power of the state, bore, as we have already said, a close resemblance to those of the states of the American Union. The sovereign authority was vested in the King and the Diet with regard to questions of general interest only. If the student reading of the thousand perils and disasters through which the Magyar nation has passed, unparalleled for their number and magnitude in the history of the world, should ask what was the safeguard of Hungarian liberty, while passing through an ordeal so trying, we can give him no other answer than refer him to the county assemblies. The life-blood of manly independence must have coursed quickly through the veins of the Magyar noble, as, with measured tread, arrayed in the splendid national costume, he strode proudly to the hall of council, where kingly power wrought no fear, and kingly smiles inspired no hope, where "the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely" for the common weal was accorded to [illegible] poorest country gentleman. The sittings were all in public, and the eyes of [illegible] There was the h[illegible] fearlessly. The [illegible] the Diet, but his labour was in vain whilst the freely elected representatives of the people were meeting in every county to watch over the public liberty, and whose interests and sympathies, coinciding with those of their constituencies in the midst of whom they lived and deliberated, [illegible] the most effectual guarantee against any betrayal of the confidence reposed

in them. Individuals may be traitors, but no treacherous representative body, save the Irish parliament, has ever been heard of in history. It was in these assemblies that the Hungarians received that political education which has rendered them so much superior to all the nations of eastern Europe. The happy distinction between the legislative and executive powers, the best safeguard of freedom, was recognised in Hungary before any other country in the world.

Bela, when he had in some measure repaired the disasters inflicted by the famine and the invasion, proceeded to chastise Austria for her refusal to assist him in his time of need. Frederic the Archduke was killed in the campaign, and by a treaty entered into at its close, Hungary obtained the whole of [illegible] extension of the frontiers of Dalmatia. Bulgaria was also incorporated with the Magyar kingdom as a dependent province. A short time afterwards the Moguls appeared, but were this time defeated with tremendous slaughter, thirty thousand men being killed in one battle.

It is at this epoch that the House of Hapsburgh, which was destined to exercise so baneful an influence upon the future of the Hungarian nation, first appears upon the scene. There was an implacable rivalry going on between Rodolph of Hapsburgh and Ottochar, the rightful King of Bohemia, and Duke of Austria. The former sought the aid of the Magyar King, and by means of it expelled his antagonist from his dominions, and laid the foundation of his own dynasty. It was the eagle lending his plume to wing the arrow that was to drink his own life-blood. The history of the relations of the Hapsburgh family with the Magyars, Kossuth has well designated, "a continued perjury." But who could foresee in 1278 that results so disastrous would spring in 1848 from this ill-advised connection?

All the national writers agree in their opinion of the great merits of Bela IV. During his long reign he surrounded himself and his kingdom with glory. No other prince has ever encountered greater difficulties, and none ever surmounted them with so much courage and ability. Before his death he gave his granddaughter, Mary, in marriage to Charles Martel, Prince of Salerno, a scion of the House of Anjou—an alliance which paved the way for the accession of a branch of this French family to the Hungarian throne.

There is nothing worthy of remark in the reigns of his successors, until we come to Andrew III., the last of the dynastry of Arpad. The pope, who considered Hungary a fief of the Holy See, opposed his election, and claimed the crown for Charles Martel, to whom we have just been referring. Rodolph of Hapsburgh, on the other hand, wished to place his son Albert upon the throne. Andrew III. espoused Agnes of Austria, and it is upon this marriage that Austria afterwards based her pretensions to the Magyar crown.

With the view of bringing about a reconciliation between the contending parties in these disputes, the King convened a grand Diet of the nation upon the plains of Rakos. This was the first time the great assembly of the Magyars was held in the open air. It is curious to find this singular custom equally prevalent amongst the Poles and Hungarians. The nobles of both countries met on horseback, to deliberate on elect a king, upon a vast meadow, clothed in their most splendid garments, a single gentleman often carrying his whole fortune in his own accoutrements, and the rich housings of his steed. There are a number of interesting circumstances, however, in connection with the Polish Diet, into which at present it is not our province to enter.

Andrew III. died in 1301 without any heir, and with him ended the dynasty of Arpad.

At this period the Hungarian people had made no inconsiderable amount of progress, not in political knowledge only, but in science and the industrial arts. St. Stephen had declared the inviolability of private property, and decreed its transmission from one generation to another by hereditary descent. The Magyars did not reserve to themselves alone the enjoyment of these political rights and liberties. Amongst the free inhabitants of their country were comprised all those stranger populations who had voluntarily submitted to their rule, and even the immigrants who had more recently entered their territory, and claimed to be considered as their guests. [illegible] those of the Hungarians who were convicted of theft or adultery, who sought to escape from military service, or who remained obstinately attached to Paganism, after the rest of the nation had embraced Christianity, were condemned to a state of slavery or serfdom. The laws against stealing, and against the illicit intercourse of the sexes, were more than ordinarily severe; and any freeman who was detected in an amorous intrigue with the domestic of another was sentenced to have his head shaved. Although the sale of women was strictly forbidden after the introduction of Christianity, these rigorous measures were indispensably necessary to root out the old custom of polygamy. The military superintendents (*ewreok*) formed a police service, and travellers were obliged to be provided with a passport or safe conduct. Royal messengers kept up postal communication between all parts of the kingdom, and each county was obliged to furnish them with relays of horses. This was the origin of those post-houses (*vorspann*) which are seen in every part of the country and of which the tourist is obliged to avail himself at the present day. The expenses of the government were defrayed by the revenues of the royal domains, that is, by the cultivation of the crown lands, and the produce of the salt and gold mines, and by the imposition of a small duty upon certain articles sold in the markets. The administration of the finances was conducted with great prudence and ability. As in central Europe, the towns arose, in nearly every case, in the neighbourhood of the great fortresses or castles, and became enlarged and enriched by the extension of industrial employment, and the influx of foreign colonists; as the Hungarians, in general, preferred living in the open country. Many of these towns became in process of time independent of the Chatelain, or lord of the castle, and were then called *free* or *royal*. All strangers paid a tax by way of compensation, for the protection afforded them, and their share in the political privileges, and thus greatly augmented the revenue. The consequence of this fixed internal organisation, and the security afforded to labour and property, was a rapid increase in the commerce and manufactures of the kingdom. The agricultural produce was every year more than sufficient for home consumption, and the utmost attention was given by the government to the promotion of industrial employment. St. Stephen sent shoemakers, carpenters, wheelwrights, &c., at his own expense through most of the towns in his dominions, for the purpose of imparting a knowledge of the manual arts to those desirous of acquiring them. The Magyars were celebrated at an early period for their skill in tanning, and Hungarian leather was in great demand all over Europe; they excelled also in dressing the furs, which formed part of their rich national costume. Their foreign commerce was also extensive. Their merchants had large counting and warehouses at Constantinople for carrying on their trade with the East. They supplied the northern countries with linen, woollen cloth, and arms, and the Germans with corn, cattle, and ale. They received their spices and other foreign products from Venice and Dalmatia, and supported a powerful and well-manned navy for the protection of their commerce.

The foregoing sketch has shewn us a barbarous, nomadic people, from the central plains of Asia, possessing all the coarseness and unbridled passion of the savage state, but full of courage, energy, and self-confidence, precipitating itself upon the worn-out civilisation of the Roman empire, and conquering new seats in the heart of another hemisphere. From the chaos which succeeded the breaking up of the old order of things, it arose a young and hardy nation, girding its loins to run the race of civilisation and progress with the other peoples of modern Europe. We have seen its conversion to the mild doctrines of Christianity; and have watched with interest its growth and improvement in the arts of peace, and its close adherence to the older and sterner virtues of the warrior. We have seen it every day coming out stronger and more self-reliant from the rude shocks and rough turmoil of the middle ages, and gradually building up a constitutional monarchy like our own, a canopy thrown over the head of a great nation to shield it from the biting chill of despotism, or the rough storms of an unbridled democracy—an undertaking the more difficult, because there was then no model to guide in the formation of free institutions. The progress has been [illegible] slow and it may be at times painful, but always

successful. We have now arrived at the era of power, influence, and glory, in which Hungary was the bulwark of Europe against the terrible assaults of the Turks, and its leader in arts, and law, and commerce.

It would be useless, as well as uninteresting to our readers, to attempt in the following pages to furnish a full detail of the various kings who have occupied the throne of Hungary, with their exploits or the incidents of their lives. Our space will only permit us, if we wish to avoid furnishing merely a dry catalogue of names, to seize upon the salient points of the history, and by them to illustrate the growth and life of the nation, the development of her commerce and civilisation, her decline under the influence of foreign domination, and above all the genius and disposition of the people, as displayed in their institutions and manners.

When the Magyars placed Almos, the son of Arpad, upon the throne, it was not so much a recognition of his hereditary right to the succession, as an acknowledgment of the great services of his father, and an expression of their veneration for his talents and virtue. From the same motives they gave up entirely their undoubted right to elect their monarchs, as long as there remained a scion of the house of Arpad to wear the crown; but when at the death of Andrew III. the dynasty became extinct, they resumed the exercise of their prerogative, and four candidates immediately appeared to claim their suffrages. Two of them, Venceslas and Otho, obtained it one after the other, not so much from their intrinsic merits, as because the remaining candidate, Charles Robert of Anjou was the favourite of the Pope, who endeavoured to procure his election by lavish threats of excommunication and anathema. The two former, however, having been successively driven from the kingdom, the Magyars succeeded in overcoming their repugnance towards Charles as the nominee of the Holy See, and chose him as their King. Their dislike to him arose from the obnoxious interference with their constitutional privileges made on his behalf by the Pope, whose sympathies and interests have in all ages run counter to those of the people. The Hungarians, like ourselves, would not be terrified into a surrender of their rights by the thunders of the profligate imbeciles who have so long swayed the destinies of Italy, and who walked slipshod over the necks of kings, when Europe was in its childhood.

Charles was the son of Charles Martel, and nephew of Charles II. of Naples, who was nephew of the celebrated Saint Louis, King of France; and, notwithstanding the unauspicious circumstances under which he ascended the throne, the Hungarians had afterwards reason to remember him with pleasure as one of the wisest and ablest of their monarchs. Notwithstanding his legitimate election, some of the great nobles refused to acknowledge him, and one of their number, Mathew Csak, perhaps better known as Count Trencin, who possessed immense estates at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, refused to do him homage, and shutting himself up in his castle, bid him defiance. The King immediately put himself at the head of an armed force, and proceeded to enforce submission to the national will; but so powerful was the rebel lord, that it was only after a tedious war, and great loss, that he was compelled to surrender. At the siege of the fortress of Saros, which was commanded by Demetrius on behalf of Count Trencin, and was carried by storm after a gallant defence, the sons of Elias Goergey, the Count of the German Colony of Segusc, fought with unshaken courage at the side of the King in defence of the law and the constitution. Little did they think that a man of their stainless race would afterwards make their very name a synonyme through all Europe for whatever is traitorous and base. Arthur Goergey, the regicant of 1848, is the lineal descendant of one of them. As soon as peace was restored, Charles, who was now for the second time a widower, married the Polish Princess Elisabeth, and fixed his residence at the fortress of Visegrad upon the Danube, of which we [illegible]. Crowning the summit of a lofty hill, [illegible] by its picturesque situation, and astonished [illegible] or upon a nearer approach by its grandeur and extent. In the hands of Charles, it became one of the most magnificent royal residences in Europe. He carried to its embellishment all the French taste for what is showy and [illegible] and refined by a diligent study and high a[illegible] classic models of antiquity. Nor was his attention diverted from the work by the premature and lamented death of his two sons, or the constant anxiety caused by the ambitious designs of Paul Subics, who claimed the title of Ban of Croatia and Bosnia.

An outrage, disgusting for its coarseness, and rendered terrible by its sanguinary results, at length disturbed the course of this prosperous and happy reign. Casimir of Poland, afterwards surnamed the Great, the brother of the queen, a man of dissolute habits and violent temper, paid a visit to the Hungarian court, for the purpose of regulating the affairs of the Order of Teutonic Knights under the immediate superintendence of Charles Robert. Falling violently in love with one of the Queen's maids of honour, Casimir brought to bear all the tactics acquired in a long course of dissipation, declarations of the warmest love, prayers, entreaties, and splendid offers, without making any impression upon the cold virtue of the Magyar lady. This unsuccessful wooing inflamed his passion still more, and seizing a favourable opportunity, he obtained by brutal force what purity and innocence had steadily refused him.

The unfortunate girl, overwhelmed with grief, shame, and remorse, fled from the palace and sought relief in pouring out her sorrows to her father, Felix Zacs, a Hungarian noble. Roused to fury by the injury and insult, Zacs rushed to the apartments of Casimir, swearing to wash out the disgrace in the heart's blood of the offender. But the ravisher had fled immediately upon the perpetration of his crime, and the disappointment of not finding him, still further increased the rage of the unhappy father. Losing all command over himself, he entered the room at which the royal family were seated at dinner, and struck the queen with his sabre, cutting off the four fingers from her right hand. In vain the king attempted to defend his wife. Zacs wounded him also, and was about to attack his two sons, when three noblemen with their attendants, entering the apartment, they all fell upon him at once, and cut him to pieces.

The royal vengeance did not rest satisfied with the summary punishment thus inflicted upon Zacs. The gentlemen of the court went armed to his house, and seizing his son, dragged him through the town tied to the tail of a horse, until he died from sheer exhaustion. We may excuse this outrage, committed in the first moments of rage; but nothing can palliate the after horrors, ordered by the king in his calmer moments. Clara Zacs, the unhappy lady whose injuries had been the cause of all, was compelled to walk through the town, having her nose, lips, and fingers cut off; while the crier proclaimed, "Thus is the punishment of traitors!" The king's vengeance extended itself to the second generation, and even further. The grandson of Felix Zacs was banished, and the collateral members of his family were obliged to save themselves by flight from torture or mutilation.

This terrible event occurred in 1336.

Charles Robert's attention was soon turned from this dreadful tragedy to other and more honourable employments. In the year 1285, the Tartar Noguis, the inhabitants of Moldavia, united with the Wallachians, the remains of the Daco-Roman colonies, and commenced to devastate Hungary. Having been defeated in some sanguinary engagements, they at length settled peacenbly between the Danube and the right bank of the Aluta. The two tribes into which they were divided, uniting under one chieftain, they began to cross the river, and whether it was that Charles Robert was alarmed at their progress, or wished to reduce them to a state of complete subjection, he declared war against them, although Bessarab, the waywode, or leader, paid him homage as his suzerain. Despairing of being able to contend against the king in the open field, Bessarab resorted to stratagem. Decoying the Magyar army into a mountain pass by feigning a retreat, he suddenly surrounded them on every side, so that to avoid the destruction of his forces, Charles was compelled to sue for peace. The wily waywode feigned the most friendly disposition, and protracting the negotiations to as great a length as possible, he in the meantime fortified the entrances to the defile, and crowned the heights with men-at-arms and archers, ready to pour down showers of arrows, and roll heavy rocks upon the Hungarian army at the word of their leader. When the Magyars become aware of the full danger of their position, their consternation was great. They saw every odds that can

encourage a soldier, on the side of their enemies—numbers position, and the certainty of a safe retreat Their only hope lay in forcing the entrance of the gorge without delay, but long are they reached it, three fourths of their number were buried beneath the missiles of their assailants, and the king only, and a few nobles, succeeded after a desperate combat, sword in hand, in fighting their way out

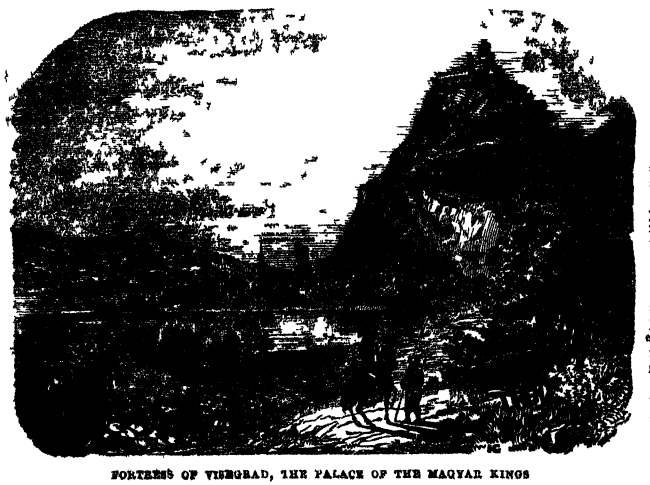
Charles Robert had naturally but little taste for war, and this catastrophe completely convinced him that he would meet with greater success in the smoother field of diplomacy

Upon the death of his grandfather as the heir of Charles Martel he preferred his claim to the Neapolitan crown before the Papal Court at Avignon Clement V, the Pope, pronounced however, in favour of Robert the uncle of the Hungarian king a brave and experienced warrior who was very popular amongst the Italians At the death of the latter, so disgusted was he at the corrupting influence exercised over his own heirs by the French ladies of his court, that he determined to leave the crown to one of his nephew s children He therefore sent an embassy to Hungary, inviting Charles Robert to Naples and requesting him to bring with him his second son Andrew No sooner had the message arrived, than the King set out, accompanied by a numerous and brilliant suite Upon their arrival at Naples, Robert betrothed his daughter Jane, aged only six years to Andrew the son of Charles Robert and declared them his heirs Andrew henceforth remained in Italy with his tutors, and a suite of Magyar gentlemen



COLOMAN

When Charles Robert regained his kingdom he found a splendid field for the exercise of his diplomatic talents suddenly opened up to him Vladislas Lokietel the King of Poland had died during his absence and his son Casimir who committed the outrage already mentioned at Visegrad had succeeded to the throne The latter was undoubtedly a man of great personal bravery and possessed some celebrity as a warrior and patron of the fine arts but he was given to indulgence in sensual pleasures indolent and averse to the transaction of serious business Charles rightly judged that such a monarch would be continually placed in difficulties from which the resources of his own uncultivated intellect would be entirely insufficient to extricate him and that he would naturally look to him as a man of ability, and a near relative, for advice and assistance



FORTRESS OF VISEGRAD, THE PALACE OF THE MAGYAR KINGS

The event answered his expectations He was constantly referred to as an arbitrator in the troubles which at that time distracted Poland, and his great taste, the gentle and winning courtesy of his manners, and his great superiority when thus placed in comparison with their own monarch, gradually won for him the esteem of the Polish nobles, and caused them to listen with a readier ear to representations which the Magyar king caused to be made to them, of the importance of a change in the order of the succession

At a meeting held at Visegrad, in 1335, Charles, in the character



of a mediator, finally succeeded in smoothing away the differences which existed between Casimir and the Order of Teutonic knights. In many similar cases he rendered like services, always acting the part of a disinterested arbitrator, but at the same time, gaining over the *noblesse* by his smooth flattery and the splendour of his presents. He had, however, a dangerous rival in John, King of Bohemia. Having rendered him important services, however, so dexterously did Charles Robert manage, that the Margrave of Moravia, who was the rightful heir of the Bohemian crown, promised his daughter Margaret in marriage to Louis, eldest son of the Magyar King, at the same time engaging to guarantee to him the succession in case Casimir died without issue. The wife of the latter died childless in May, 1339, and the Diet of Cracow proclaimed Louis of Hungary heir presumptive. Casimir himself came to Visegrad, with a magnificent retinue, to announce the good tidings. He was received with the splendour in which Charles delighted, and never was the exquisite taste and lofty dignity of the Magyar King displayed to better advantage than in this celebration of the consummation of his hopes and labours.

His days were now in the 'sere and yellow leaf,' and in 1342 he died after a long and brilliant reign of thirty-two years, in which he had done more for the promotion of the arts, commerce and manufactures of his kingdom, and the extension of its influence, than any monarch who had come before him. The Hungarians before his death had learned to love him with an ardour which [illegible] former dislike. In the greatness of his talents and the splendour of his services, they forgot that he owed his elevation in some measure, at least, to the support of a bigotted foreign priest, and remembered only his devotion to the Magyar nation, and the proud position to which his exertions had raised it. This forms a splendid trait in their character. The willingness to abandon prejudices, this homage to talent, to [illegible] moral worth, without reference to its accidents in the surest evidences of the lofty moral courage, and the high souled devotion to great principles which distinguish the Hungarian people.

Vast crowds amongst whom were Casimir of Poland and the Margrave of Moravia, followed the remains of Charles Robert to the tomb, and by their sorrowing aspect, and lowly-muttered lamentations, furnished the last testimony of their unavailing regret.

But the public grief was hushed or forgotten when Louis I. ascended the throne, amidst universal acclamations, in possession of a genius and aptness for affairs which gave early promise that his career would by its greater brightness obscure the lingering rays of his father's glory. In the commencement of his reign he showed more than usual activity, and in an expedition which he directed against the Saxons, his arms achieved the most splendid triumphs. This people inhabited many towns of Transylvania, to which some of them had come at an early period to submit themselves to the dominion of Charlemagne, others had been settled in different parts of the country at various times as colonists, after the devastations which had been committed by the Asiatic barbarians. Presuming upon the youth and gentleness of Louis, immediately after the death of his father, they refused to pay the public taxes, and the customary tribute exacted from all foreigners. The King, however entered their terri-



VAYVODS, ANCIENT INHABITANTS OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN THE DANUBE AND THE JASSIOSA, SINCE MINGLED WITH THE MAGYARS.—HORSES AND MEN IN MAIL ARMOUR.

tory at the head of a large army, and quickly reduced them to submission. The Wallachians also, who had so successfully resisted his father, acknowledged his sway, and ever after remained firmly attached to him.

An event occurred in Naples about this time which occupied the attention not of Hungary only, but of all Europe, and which, from its interest and importance, demands as much of our space as we can well bestow. Our readers may remember the precocious engagement which was concluded by Charles Robert between his son Andrew and Jane, the heiress of Robert, King of Naples. The young prince, as we have already mentioned, was left at the Neapolitan court at the age of six years, to be brought up under the eye of his intended father-in-law, who, in order to remove all cause of dispute or division, promised that his daughter should succeed him in the kingdom in case she married Andrew. The latter, as he grew in years, prepossessed every one in his favour save his future bride. It is rarely that the human heart will bend its likings or dislikings to accord with the dictates of policy or ambition, and the hatred of Jane towards the youth whom she was expected to love and honour, but had not been permitted to choose, grew every day more violent. She and her young sister Mary were endowed with all the charms of figure and face which poets love to paint as the birthright of the women of the south; but they had also the hot temperament, and longing after forbidden pleasure, which, destroys domestic peace in the lands of sunny skies and starry nights, but is comparatively unknown amongst the denizens of less favoured climes. Jane's beauty won the attachment of the bishop of Cavaillon, a jolly priest and gallant gentleman; called forth the melodious praises of Petrarch, the ardent but dreaming and sentimental scholar, and secured for her the flattering notice of Pope Clement VI., who plumed himself upon being an excellent connoisseur in female beauty, almost as much as upon wearing the triple crown. All this might flatter the vanity of the young princesses, but the bad example of their mother, Margaret of Valois, corrupted their morals; and Phullippine, a depraved woman, who by her influence over Yoland, a half-brother of Jane, obtained the situation of governess in the royal family, finished the work of evil, which she had begun. Jane's dislike to Andrew manifested itself clearly upon the death of the King her father. Acting upon the evil counsel of her advisers, she declared that though her marriage gave him a right to share her bed, she certainly would not permit him to share her throne, and therefore would not concede to him the title of King or allow his coronation. The Pope was the universal referee at that time in all disputes relating to crowns and sceptres, and Clement VI., who was residing at Avignon, was called upon to decide between the husband and wife. In this instance, at least, the successor of St. Peter would ten thousand times rather have waived the exercise of his prerogative. On the one side he feared the great power of Louis, the King of Hungary; on the other, the loss of Jane's favour, to whose beauty his vows and her marriage did not by any means prevent his paying court.

In this dilemma he resolved upon sending Petrarch to Naples to make diligent inquiry into the cause of the quarrel. A worse emissary he could not have selected. Petrarch's disposition was amorous in the extreme, and he was consequently prepared to pardon all faults committed under the influence of that absorbing passion. Louis, hoping to save his brother's rights and Jane's reputation before matters came to an extremity, sent on his side his mother, Elizabeth, a high-minded and amiable woman, possessing great purity and integrity. She therefore set out for Naples, attended by a brilliant escort, but had no sooner arrived than she found it would be impossible that she could exercise any influence at such a court, where all the worst vices of our nature were covered over with a show of refinement which increased their allurements at the same time that it deepened their depravity, and where the frank and open manners of the Magyars were stigmatised as gross and barbarous. Nevertheless she endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation which would in all probability have been lasting, if her efforts had not been frustrated by the harsh sternness of the monk Robert, of the order of St. Francis, Andrew's tutor, being placed in opposition to the puling sentimentalism of Petrarch. Robert governed the kingdom in Andrew's name with great vigour and inflexibility, but having no taste for poetry, looked upon all poets with profound contempt. He therefore received Petrarch with studied indifference, and paid no attention to the Pope's instructions. The former, though he generally employed his pen in pouring out mournful complaints of the coldness of his mistresses, flew to arms, and revenged himself by writing a satirical poem, in which he heaped bitter reproaches upon Robert. Elizabeth was still at Naples, when the titular Empress of Constantinople, Catharine of Valois, provided a lover for Jane in the person of her son, Louis of Tarentum, who, in snatching the first fruits of unlawful love, rendered Andrew still more odious in the eyes of his wife.

The maternal affection of the Hungarian Queen now made her alive to the dangers which threatened her son, and she wished to take him back with her from an atmosphere so tainted with treachery and corruption.

The Greek Empress, however, entreated her to change her determination; the Chancellor of the kingdom, Count of Montescaglioso, an honest and powerful man, and devoted to the Hungarian cause, expressed to her his conviction, that if Andrew remained, matters might still be arranged; and Jane herself, with the ferocious cunning of a tigress, besought her with tears in her eyes, not to deprive her of her husband She therefore yielded to their solicitations, and took her departure.

At last the Magyar ambassadors purchased from Clement VI., with a sum of 41,000 marks of silver, some concessions in favour of Andrew. The amount was not sufficient to obtain all The Pope consented to confer upon him the title of King and crown him as such, but without any stipulation as to the succession at his death.

The Hungarians rested satisfied with this, but did not perceive till too late, that all their efforts would be rendered unavailing by the intrigues of the ladies of the Neapolitan court Agnes de Perigord, Duchess of Durazzo, another member of the royal family, jealous of the success of the Empress Catharine on behalf of her son, determined to counterbalance the influence thus obtained. Supported by the Cardinal de Talleyrand, she obtained from the Pope permission for her son Charles of Durazzo to marry Mary, the younger sister of the queen. Prompted by Catharine, however, Jane refused her consent, and they therefore determined upon carrying off the princess in the night In this there was a fresh insult offered to Andrew, as Mary had been previously affianced to his brother Stephen; and in case Jane died without issue, the succession remained to her sister In this instance he again gave proof of his gentleness and humanity, or as some may think, his feebleness and incapacity, by pardoning the ravisher. About this time a new scandal precipitated the closing scene of this hideous drama The queen's figure began to afford evidence, every day more unmistakeable, of her infidelity to her husband, and the insult and dishonour were rendered deeper by her indifference to her disgrace. Some mentioned Bertrand Artus, the son of the Grand Chamberlain, and the sworn enemy of Andrew, others Louis, Duke of Tarentum, as the cause of it; but Andrew was too proud to exhibit any outward signs of the mortification he felt, Soon after, some courtiers made a banner, with the figures of a block and an axe displayed upon it, and paraded it at a tournament in Andrew's presence, to signify the determination of the court to get rid of him, since they could no longer delay his coronation. On the 18th of September, 1344, he accompanied the queen to a party of pleasure at a country house, near Aversa, and riding out in the country, they stopped to dine at the convent of St. Peter of Morono, some distance from the town. In the evening a messenger came to the royal apartment to summon Andrew, as if for the purpose of delivering to him some important despatches. He had no sooner left the room than the door was closed behind him, and a hand placed on his mouth to stifle his cries. Andrew shook himself loose by a tremendous effort, and ran towards the hall his arms; but he found all the doors shut, and Jane quietly in her bed, paralysed by fear or the noise aroused his attendant, who cried for help; but Artrand d'Artus, the favourite of the queen, victim, and urged the assassins to attack hi struggle, they hung him from the balcony of a rope which the queen herself had

and bleeding body was then thrown into the garden, and the monks, when aroused, had to search for it during the greater part of the bright summer night before they found it.

When the news reached the town of Aversa, the tumult was great. The women rushed into the streets bewailing the murdered king, and the men went in arms to the convent, and forcing the gates, in blind fury slaughtered every one whom they met, without inquiry as to his innocence or guilt. All, in the bitterness of their grief, thought only of avenging the murder, and forgot to bury the body, which lay for many days before it obtained the rites of sepulture.

The queen, after the first flood of hypocritical tears, set out for Naples, and immediately abandoned herself to indulgence in every sort of licentious pleasure. The birth of an infant son awakened the memory of her past delinquencies, and filled the minds of the people with horror and disgust. Louis of Hungary instantly demanded an inquiry of the Pope, with a view to the discovery and punishment of the authors of this lamentable outrage. It accorded neither with the interest nor the inclination, however, of the Papal court to throw any light upon the matter, as the chief offender was the near relative of his Holiness. Cutting short the negotiations, Louis required the Cardinal de Talleyrand, and his nephew, the Queen herself, Catharine of Valois and her two sons, to be delivered up to him, that they might suffer capital punishment. Being anxious, however, to save his brother's honour, he consented that Charles Martel, Jane's illegitimate son, should be educated by Elizabeth at the Hungarian court, and that during his minority, his brother Stephen, Duke of Slavonia, should govern the Kingdom of Naples. But he was resolved in any case to punish the Queen, and deprive her of the crown, and for that purpose levied an army and marched upon Italy.

This dispute has been rendered one of the most famous in modern history, by the means which were now taken to decide between the contending parties. A man at this time sat at Rome in the chair of the ancient tribunes, who united the austerity and the severe and inflexible justice of the ancient Brutus, with the fire of the Gracchi, and the brilliant eloquence of Cicero. Raised from the body of the people, he was their idol; and when he banished from the gates of his native city the lawless nobles, the descendants of their barbarian conquerors, and re-established the reign of pure justice, equal rights, his fellows hailed him as their prophet and their guide. He had humbled the power of the great—and they looked upon him with a jealous eye; but the multitude clung to him as a father. He had become renowned for the largeness of his intellect, and the far-sighted justice of his decisions; and happier than the modern Ciceronacchio, he had gained the confidence of most of the princes of Europe. This plebeian saw crowned heads submit their disputes to his arbitration, and upon him Louis and Jane called, to decide between them. The task was a difficult one. By giving judgment in favour of either, he made the other his enemy. Rienzi temporised, postponed his decision from day to day, either from prudential motives, or with the view of making his finding upon the case more highly valued and more anxiously expected. Jane tried him with gold, but found him incorruptible, and then addressed herself to work upon his affections, flattering the vanity of his wife by rich presents, whilst she assured the Tribune that she sought only an impartial sentence.

At last the day came on which this great trial, wonderful for the demonstration which it affords of the might of moral power, and the force of great traditions, was to take place. Taking his seat upon a throne beneath the mighty dome of the Capitol, with the tribunitial crown upon his head, and the silver ball, the ensign of power, in his hand, he summoned before him the advocates of the rival monarchs, and bid them plead their clients' cause. And when the vast multitude which assembled to witness this strange and thrilling scene, their great law-giver giving judgment between the kings of the earth, it seemed as if some lingering rays of the glory of the old empire cast their mellow light through the hoary ruins that mouldered around, recalling the days when Rome sat the seven hills clothed in majesty, and Jugurtha and rival claimants of a great kingdom, awaited the mand to decide their fate.

ne heard but did not decide. With a hesitation ly not inherent in his character, he declared that he could not pronounce upon so weighty a matter without first consulting the Pope.

Louis could not brook the delay, and he consequently refused any longer to leave the matter in Rienzi's hands, but determined forthwith to right himself by force. Sending forward the main body under the command of Nicolas Herrici, a pious bishop (according to the notions of the times) and a brave soldier, he followed himself at the head of one thousand men, as an avenging corps, in the midst of which floated a black banner, carrying a portrait of his murdered brother. Town after town fell before him; the petty princes of the peninsula sent embassies to seek his alliance, and the Pope alone attempted to arrest his triumphant progress. A legate met him, and threatened him with the anathemas of Mother Church, unless he consented to desist from hostilities, and make peace with the Queen. Louis' reply was characteristic of the man and of the nation to which he belonged. "The Pope," said he, "has no right to place bounds to my vengeance. He promised to punish the murderers of my brother, and his blood still cries against them from the ground. The criminals still survive, and are sheltered and protected by the Holy See, while I, who have taken arms only for their chastisement, am threatened with excommunication. The Holy Father reserves his curses for innocence and his favours for crime. Let him excommunicate me. I make no objection. I don't fear his empty thunders. There is a higher judge than he, who knows the justice of my cause, and will one day review the decisions of the Pope's."

He continued his course, and the Neapolitans began speedily to flock to him. The Queen was deserted on every side, even by her husband, Andrew's murderer, whom she married in less than a month after his death. She escaped in the night, and landed safely upon the coast of Provence.

Upon taking possession of Naples, Louis guaranteed to all the free enjoyment of their liberty and property, except those who had taken part in the assassination of his brother.

This promise seems to have reassured Charles de Du who rested under the gravest suspicions. The Magyar headquarters were then at Aversa, and thither the Neapolitan flocked to pay homage to their new sovereign. Durazzo followed their example. This man was a strange compound of bravery and ambition, carelessness of his own interests, and great perseverance. He was constantly mixed up in low and vile intrigues, and was consequently looked upon with great suspicion by the nobles, although his conduct appeared less equivocal in the eyes of the people. He had drawn upon himself the hatred of the Archbishop of Naples, who appeared before the Hungarian King as his principal accuser.

A grand council of the Magyar barons was summoned by Louis to deliberate upon the guilt of the culprit and the punishment of his crime. The sentence of death was unanimously pronounced. According to the custom of the time, the King was seated at a solemn banquet in the midst of his lords, when the unfortunate Charles was called before him.

"Duke," said the King, regarding him with a stern aspect, "your lot is cast—you shall die within an hour. But you must first listen to the recital of your crimes. You hindered the coronation of my brother by your machinations; you ravished Mary, the sister of the queen, who was promised in marriage by her father, first to me and then to my brother Stephen. You have, it is true, pursued the assassins of Andrew, but only that you might further your own ambitious projects. You were the first to invite me to this country, and the first to desert my standard when I had arrived. You shall now expiate your guilt by an ignominious death."

It was in vain that Charles begged and prayed for life on any terms; the King spurned him from his feet in disgust. He was beheaded on the same balcony from which the unfortunate Andrew had been hanged.

It would seem as if a curse has for centuries hung over the kingdom of Naples. When Louis conquered it, it was as corrupt, as degraded, as void of honour, humanity, and good faith, as now, when the finest intellects in the kingdom are buried in dungeons thirty feet below the level of the Adriatic.

He set to work immediately to introduce some sort of order into the hideous chaos, and afford some sort of security to the unfortunate people who had been so long plundered by the nobles and the court. The task was difficult—but it was one



worthy the ambition of a great man He protected personal liberty, private property, and the fruits of honest labour against open violence of the robber, and the more silent, but no less dangerous attacks of fraud and chicane "Activity, honour justice replaced sloth, jobbing, and corruption, assassination, and dissoluteness of manners, and the people began to revive *

Louis entertained a feeling of deep disgust at the low state of morality which he found prevailing amongst the mass of the people, and the total want of principle of the *noblesse* When, upon making his triumphant entry into the capital the great lords presented him with a magnificent throne he refused it with evident marks of contempt and when the orators appeared with their panegyrics, and the poets came to recite their complimentary odes he refused to hear them

He had to steer clear of two evils He had on one hand to avoid offending the pride of the nobles by too great severity, and on the other hand, to see that the authors of a great crime should not escape with impunity Under the stern severity of the Magyar rule however the Neapolitan barons soon began to regret the gay licentiousness of the old *regime* and long for its return

A deplorable calamity soon occurred which hastened the outbreak of their discontents and enabled them to give form and consistency to their hatred of Hungarian domination A terrible earthquake shook the whole of Italy, burying towns and villages by the shock and close upon it followed a pestilence which spread with greater or less degree of virulence, over the whole of Europe Hungary escaped with little injury but Naples was the very centre of the wide spread desolation Louis travelled through the whole kingdom exposing himself to imminent personal danger, in the attempt to alleviate the sufferings of the wretched inhabitants His labour was however, in vain and after fortifying the garrisons and distributing troops through the country at the earnest solicitation of his ministers he returned to Hungary No sooner had he disappeared than the nobles threw off the mask, and sent deputies to Avignon where Jane had taken refuge, beseeching her to return with her husband, and take possession of her throne But she had no money and in order to raise supplies, she sold the town of Avignon, and the territory attached to it, to the Pope for a sum of 80 000 florins, and even pledged her jewels to fit out an expedition She arrived at Naples, and was received into the town, although the Hungarian garrison occupied the castle, and Louis of Tarentum her husband, put himself at the head of the army Charles Martel Jane's son, being at this time dead Louis wished to marry his brother Stephen to Mary, the widow of Charles de Durazzo, and place them on the throne but the Pope steadfastly refused his consent, and succeeded in inducing the German levies to desert the Hungarian standard This defection

* Matthæus Villani, l I c, 16.

obliged Louis to suspend his operations for some time but in the spring of 1350 he again appeared with large reinforcements, and carried everything before him He was twice wounded at the sieges of two towns, but still persisted in [illegible] At the siege of

cult to keep as it was easy to acquire, and being disgusted with the shameless immorality of the Papal court, at once acquiesced in it The Queen sent him 300,000 florins to meet the expenses of the war but it was returned with the cold reply, that he fought to avenge his brother not to accumulate wealth He immediately vacuated Naples, after having occupied it for six years

that if they met face to face in a general engagement he should not decline the conflict

Marching upon Naples, it surrendered to him without striking a blow Upon taking possession of the town he informed the inhabitants that he would levy a contribution on their goods as a punishment for their treason Thus was the signal of a general outbreak and after a murderous conflict in the streets the Magyars harassed and worn out by the overwhelming numbers of their assailants were compelled to retreat to the citadel The Pope seized this opportunity of renewing his offers of peace on behalf of the Queen At the same time declaring his intention of delivering judgment upon the differences existing between the two parties It was impossible to exculpate Jane from the charges alleged against her but at the same time Clement was by no means willing to have a powerful king as his neighbour instead of a beautiful woman who was anything but niggard of her favours towards those whom she wished to conciliate To end the matter, he forthwith formed a tribunal of his own creatures before whom Jane was arraigned with a mockery of legal procedure, and, in accordance with the advice of her ecclesiastical counsellors, he declared that instigated by *diabolical witchcraft* by an excess of folly, of which she could not divine the cause, she had, *against her will*, ordered the murder of her husband whereupon the Pope declared her innocent of the *witchcraft and its consequences!*" The moment the judgment was pronounced, a letter signed 'Lucifer Prince of Darkness, and addressed to "His Holiness the Pope his representative upon Earth,' fell in the midst of the astonished consistory In the epistle, his Satanic Majesty informed them of the satisfaction with which the accounts of the manifold vices misdeeds, and injustice of the Pope and his cardinals were received by the damned spirits in the infernal regions



SER I, CRUELTY OF JANE I IS OCCUPYING HUNGARY IN CONNECTION WITH THE CZAR

The absurdity of this judgment was apparent to every one but Louis, perceiving that the kingdom of Naples was as diffi-

Such was the negative result of a conquest achieved by the expenditure of blood and treasure It affords one of those useful lessons that men learn from history of the folly of an endeavouring to sway a foreign nation and an alien race by force alone without the aid of moral power and influence Would that the present ruler of Hungary would follow the example of his wiser and abler predecessor, and quietly relinquish what can only be retained by arms and coercion

ISABEL LESLIE.

One calm summer evening, a travelling carriage, drawn by a pair of spirited bays, was slowly ascending a hill in one of the most beautiful and romantic portions of South Wales. Its occupants were a lady and gentleman, who were so absorbed in earnest conversation, that the many beauties of the surrounding scenery were unheeded. As they reached the summit of the hill, however, the driver reined in his steeds in obedience to a signal from his master, and Mr Leslie exclaimed—

"There, Marion, we are almost at home now, have I been too poetical, or too prosaic, in my descriptions of Glenwood?"

The young bride looked hastily from the window, and an exclamation of mingled surprise and admiration escaped her.

"Your descriptions certainly fell very far short of the reality," she replied, with a smile. "I had no idea of anything half so lovely."

For some moments they sat in silence. There was a blending of new and strange emotions in Marion's breast, and she could not give vent to them in words. At length, as her eye wandered round in search of new beauties, it fell upon a simple but tasteful monument of white marble, gleaming out in strange contrast with the deep green turf, and from among the overshadowing trees.

An indefinable thrill passed through the frame of the young wife, and her cheek perhaps grew a shade paler for her husband, marking the direction of her glance, bade the driver go on, and drawing her closer to his side, kissed her fondly as he said—

"The mother of my child sleeps there. You do not tremble, dearest. I know that if her gentle spirit looks down upon us now, she rejoices that my heart is no longer desolate—that her little one is no longer motherless. And look, Marion, for I continued, loving, inside the solemnity of his tone and manner, there is Isabel in the piazza ready to welcome us."

A moment more, and the carriage drew up at the door. The household had all assembled in the hall to greet their new mistress; but the little Isabel had escaped from her nurse, and stood upon the piazza, clinging to a vine wreathed column that supported the roof. Her face was flushed, her eyes sparkled with excitement, as, shaking back her dark curls, she leaned forward to obtain a better view of the new comers; and when Mr Leslie lifted his wife from the carriage, she sprang forward, and, without noticing her father, extended her little arms beseechingly, exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma!"

Tears started to Marion's eyes, and she would have clasped the little creature to her heart with whispered words of tenderness, but the child, after gazing in her face long and earnestly, while surprise, doubt, and finally bitter disappointment were depicted on her own expressive features, broke from her embrace and bursting into tears, ran to her nurse, crying "Take me away, Nanny—take me away."

One pleasant evening in August—it was in May that our young bride first saw her new home—Mr and Mrs Leslie were seated in the piazza, of which we have before spoken, and Isabel was playing on the grass at a little distance. Her father's eyes rested fondly on her, as he watched her graceful movements, and noted her rare beauty, with pardonable pride.

"She is very lovely," he said at last. "Is she not, Marion?"

"She is, indeed," was the reply, and a shade of sadness rested on the sweet face of the young stepmother. "Oh, if she would only love me!"

"Do not say so, my Marion, how can she help loving one so kind and gentle as yourself," said Mr Leslie, earnestly, as he tenderly clasped the little hand that his wife had placed upon his arm while speaking.

"No, Ernest, Isabel does not love me. I have no disrespect or rudeness to complain of—her temper is too sweet for that, but, with all my endeavours, I have not advanced one step in winning her love and confidence. She has no personal dislike to me, it is but her fidelity to the memory of her mother that keeps us apart. Of her she no longer speaks unless it be to Minnie, but it is not because she has ceased to think of her. Every morning she takes her little basket, fills it with the flowers which she has been told her best loved, and goes to her grave, and scatters them

all this, my Marion. Have you ever spoken to her of it?"

"I have felt almost afraid to do so."

experiment, then—and, take any word for it, she will

At the usual hour, immediately after breakfast the next morning, Marion saw Isabel take her little basket, and go to the garden in search of flowers. Throwing on her bonnet, she slowly followed the child, and reached her just as she had filled her basket.

"You have some beautiful flowers here, my little Isabel," she said, adding at the same time a superb moss rose-bud to her fragrant treasures. "Shall we go and sit under the large oak-tree in your mother's grave? Then I will show you how to make so pretty wreaths, and we can hang them in the shade over the grave so they will keep fresh nearly all day. Will you come?" she continued, extending her hand, with a smile. Isabel lifted her large, dark eyes wonderingly to the kind face that was bending over her, and finally, placing her hand quietly in that of Marion, she walked silently by her side to the oak-tree, which was one of her favourite resting-places.

"Now, Isabel, we will hang the wreath on that willow-tree that bends just over your dear mamma's head. There, does that please you?" and shall we make one every morning?"

Isabel made no reply, but her red lips quivered, and her head trembled so violently that her little basket fell from her grasp. At last she flung herself upon the grave, and sobbed convulsively. Marion knelt by her side, and, putting her arm around her, asked—

"What troubles you, dear Isabel? Are you weeping for your mamma, my poor child?"

The little creature struggled with her tears for a moment, then lifting her tiny arms she clasped them around Marion's neck and kissed her over and over again.

"Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed. "I was not weeping for mamma, but I have been so very, very naughty! They told you were my new mamma, and that papa would be angry with me if I did not love you, and then I thought that if I loved you, called you my mamma, I could not love my own poor mamma, and oh, she always loved me so much, and I was at home, would not like me to come here, and bring flowers, and we not wish me to talk of my mamma any more, and so I would love you at all."

An hour afterwards Mr Leslie found them in the same spot, Isabel sitting with a glad cry into his stretched arms, and having her head on his shoulder, murmuring, "God has been very good to me, dear papa. I have two mamma to love me now—one in heaven, and one on earth."

From that hour there was confidence—perfect, entire confidence—between Marion Leslie and the child of her adoption. As years passed on, and the young wife knew that ere long she would indeed a mother, she could not help feeling a slight degree of anxiety as to the effect the arrival of the little stranger might produce upon Isabel, but her uneasiness was wholly uncalled for. All heart rejoiced, when, after a day and night of torturing pain, Mrs Leslie was pronounced out of danger, and the glad tidings of the birth of a son passed from mouth to mouth, but were more overjoyed than she who had been before regarded heiress of Glenwood.

* * * * *

Fifteen years! how long in anticipation—how short in retrospect! Years had passed away, and to our friends at Glenwood they had brought many changes. Marion Leslie had three long years, worn the garb of widowhood, and the same disease that tore her noble husband from her side, laid its heavily upon her first-born. When at length, after many months of suffering, they bore him from the chamber where he had lain so long out into the piazza, that the pure fresh air might play his golden locks, it was with saddened hearts and tears that could not be kept back, for they knew that their pride, their darling, their precious little Willie, might not look upon the roses that were just opening their white and crimson buds upon the soft, green turf—nor on the large old trees, beneath whose swaying branches he had so loved to play. The boy was blind!

His sisters, Marion and Isabel—for another daughter had been added to the household band—a laughing, hazel-eyed little creature who was then four years old, escaped. The latter was now from a lovely child into a still lovelier maiden. She was, indeed, beautiful; but hers was not the dazzling beauty that at once challenges admiration. She would very possibly have passed unnoticed amid a crowd. Her dark, lustrous eyes, were generally so veiled by the heavy lashes that shaded them, that few knew they could flash and sparkle, and she was, perhaps, too pensive and thoughtful for a girl entering upon her

beat quickly, and sent the rich blood to her cheek. Yet beautiful as she was, all loved her for her thoughtfulness, her purity, and for the warm, confiding heart, that found some good in all God's creatures.

Trouble," it is said, "never comes singly," and at the time when we take up again the broken thread of our narrative a shadow was resting upon the spirits of the inmates of Glenwood. Death was again hovering over the dwelling, and this time his destined victim was she who, years previous, had crossed its threshold a trusting, happy bride. Marion Leslie knew that her days, nay, her very hours were numbered, and can we wonder if, when the thought of her orphan children, one of whom was so helpless, so dependent, her heart sunk chill within her, and she wildly prayed that the cup might pass from her!

She was reclining one evening on a low couch near an open window, around which hung, in rich luxuriance, flowering vines that her own hand had trained there, and Isabel sat near her reading. As she paused, her mother's eyes kindled, and a faint flush rose to her cheek.

"Beautiful!" she murmured, "but Isabel, lay aside your book, love, and sit here close by my side. I want to talk with you awhile. I would speak of the evening when we first met. Do you remember it, my Isabel?

"Do I remember it? Indeed, indeed I do, my mother!" was the fair girl's answer, as she bowed her head and her tears fell fast upon the wasted hand that clasped her own. "I can never forget the day that I long ago learned to regard as the brightest in my life—the day that brought you here to be not at once a guide, companion, and a friend. Oh, my mother!—how more than mother how can I ever repay you for all your kindness and affection—for your persevering efforts to win my love and confidence when I was but a wayward child—for the unvarying tenderness that has never allowed you to evince by look, or word, or deed that I was less dear to you than your own children—for the watchful care that has kept my yearning heart from realising that I was motherless!

"Blessings on you, my sweet Isabel! I feel that I shall not be with you long; and were it not for my children, I should welcome the hour of my release. But, oh! Isabel, when I think of them—my poor blind Willie and of my clinging sensitive affectionate little Marion, it is hard—hard to be reconciled to the approach of death!"

Mrs. Leslie had half raised herself from her couch, in the excitement of the moment, but, as she ceased speaking, she sank back exhausted and large tears forced their way through her closed eyelids. Isabel had fallen upon her knees, and buried her face in the pillow, and for some moments the silence was unbroken. At length she raised her head, and looking steadily in her mother's face, she said, in a voice that, though low and solemn was yet calm and firm—

"Mother, I am young, very young, and the words I am about to speak might be deemed presumptuous by a stranger, but you will not so understand them. What you have been to me that—and helping me—will I be to Willie and Marion. Their happiness shall be dearer to me than my own, and I will watch over and care for them even as you would have done. Do you trust me, mother? Will you accept this vow?"

"Will I accept it? will I trust you? Oh! my Isabel, you little dream what a burden you have removed from my heart. You are so young, it is true, but I have such confidence in you, that I can leave my darlings in your charge without a fear or a doubt. God and heaven bless you, my child—your words have removed the last cloud that came between my heart and heaven, and now the pathway to the grave has no terrors!"

She ceased, and Isabel's watchful eye marked the increasing pallor of her cheek.

"You have exerted yourself too much, dear mother," she said; "lay your head upon my breast, and try if you cannot sleep."

Mrs. Leslie complied, and for several hours Isabel supported her in one position, refusing to listen to the entreaties of the nurse, that she might be allowed to take her place.

"She will surely waken if we attempt to move her, Nannie, and she was so very tired. Oh, do let her sleep!"

Just then the physician came in, and, in reply to Isabel's remark, that her mother had slept sweetly for three hours he [illegible] and drew the curtains further back. It [illegible]—they looked upon the face of the dead! [illegible] Sacred [illegible] e that Isabel Leslie made to her dying mother would have been regarded by her under any circumstances, the fact that the words in which it was couched were almost the last that had fallen upon that mother's ear—that, in a few moments after they were breathed, she had exchanged the discordant sounds of earth for the deep harmonies of heaven—rendered it still more so.

Riverside, the estate of Walter Hamilton, lay about five miles to the north of Glenwood. Mr Hamilton and Mr Leslie had been friends in boyhood. Their families had ever been upon terms of the closest intimacy, and it was a rare thing if a week passed without finding Clarence, the only son of Mr Hamilton, quietly seated in the pleasant parlours of Glenwood, reading to, or chatting with, Mrs Leslie and Isabel; or, as was more frequently the case, pleading with the former for a walk or a ride with the latter.

For the last year, there had been more reserve in their manner towards each other, and meanwhile, Clarence Hamilton had been looking into his own heart, and had learned—but we will not anticipate.

At the close of a dark, gloomy day, about six months after her mother's death Isabel sat alone in the library. The large parlours had looked so lonely and dreary after the children had retired, that she had ordered lights in her father's favourite apartment, thinking that change of place might, perhaps, drive away the sadness that weighed upon her spirits. There had been an unusual display of wilfulness on the part of Marion, that day, and she had been obliged to exert her authority more decidedly than ever before, as she had been fancying, too, that Willie was growing paler and more feeble,—and these causes, together with some trifling household difficulties made her feel more oppressively than was her wont the burden of care that rested upon her. She had tried to read in vain, and was sitting by the table, with her head resting upon her folded arms, when the door opened, and Clarence Hamilton entered.

She looked up, and welcomed him with a faint smile, as he seated himself by her side, but, after a few fruitless attempts to maintain a conversation on ordinary topics, he said, "You look sad to night, Isabel, I wish I dared to ask why you are so, as I used to do when we were children together."

"I know no reason why you may not, Clarence," replied Isabel, while the tears filled her eyes, for there was something in his tone and manner that reminded her—she knew not why. Then, trying to speak more gaily, she continued: "There is nothing the matter, except that I sometimes find being the 'Lady of the Manor' rather troublesome dignity. Have you been to L— lately?"

"I have not, was the answer—and the long pause that ensued was broken at last, by Clarence, who exclaimed, "I cannot talk to night upon indifferent subjects. I came here to speak to you of ourselves—of our own intercourse. Isabel—Isabel, why do you turn me as you have done of late? For the last few months I have found it difficult to obtain even a glimpse of you, and never, until this evening have I met you alone. May I not ask, why is this?"

"I have not the leisure I once had, to devote to my friends," was the evasive reply, "and my spirits have not been such as to allow me to mingle in society with any pleasure, either to myself or others."

"And this to me, Isabel?" asked the young man, sadly. "I had hoped that you regarded me with more than an ordinary acquaintance, that friends, as we have been, from our very childhood, I might have claimed the privilege of friendship, and striven to sooth and comfort you in your affliction. But that you have not permitted, and now, I hardly dare ask that you will give me the right to do so for the future. Yet you must know that I love you, Isabel—that I have loved you for years—that the hope of one day calling you mine, is the dearest that my heart has ever cherished. May I not believe that hope is not a vain one?"

Isabel had turned her face away, it was pale as marble, and almost as rigid such was the effort she made to retain her composure, and, so successful was she, that her voice scarcely trembled as she replied, "It may not be, Clarence, we can never be more to each other than we now are, friends."

Young Hamilton rose hastily, and, gazing upon her face for a moment, said "Then I may linger here no longer. I thought I had reason to believe that my love was not unreturned; but it seems I was mistaken—farewell," and, without another word, he left the room.

Isabel's forced composure gave way the moment he passed from her sight. "Oh, my mother, this is terrible!" she murmured, and her slender frame swayed to and fro, in the violence of her emotion. The door had not quite closed behind Clarence Hamilton, and turning, involuntarily, for a last look, he was startled by beholding the sudden change in the countenance and attitude of her he loved. Noiselessly entering the room, he stood again by her side.

"Isabel, I was not deceived; you do love me; and this strange agitation convinces me that some cause, of which I am yet ignorant, occasioned the cruel words you have just spoken. I leave you not again until all is explained."

"Oh, Clarence! I have hoped and prayed that I might be spared the agony of this moment." was the young girl's answer; "I will no longer try to conceal from you that you are dear to me; but there is a bar to our union that can never be removed."

"There can be none that is insuperable. Oh, Isabel! now that I know you love me, I cannot give you up."

"A promise to a dying mother can never be broken, Clarence," and Isabel related to him her last conversation with Mrs. Leslie. Earnestly he strove to alter her determination—to persuade her that duty required no such self-sacrifice; and, finally, he said, "You need not be separated from Willie and Marion, dear Isabel—my home shall be theirs, and you can watch over and care for them as well in one place as another."

"I know, I feel, that Willie's life would be shortened by taking him from Glenwood. Here, he is familiar with everything around him—he can go from room to room, and even, to some extent, about the grounds, alone. It could not be so elsewhere, and he is so attached to his home, that, if taken from it, he would droop and wither like a transplanted flower. No, Clarence, urge me no longer; our paths lie in opposite directions, and God will give us strength to walk therein. Leave me now, I beg, you are but torturing yourself and me by prolonging this interview. Go—and may heaven bless you!" She extended her hand; Clarence raised it, for a moment, to his lips, and Isabel Leslie was alone.

. . . . . .

We pass over the period of ten years in the lives of those to whom our story relates. It was a morning in early spring-time: Glenwood bore much the same appearance that it did when we first looked upon it. By one of the open windows sat a lady, apparently about twenty-seven or eight, engaged in some light embroidery. She did not look in the least sad or unhappy, yet there was something about her face and mien that spoke of past sorrow. You could scarcely tell what, however; for her smile was sweet and even joyous, as she turned to greet a young girl, who, at that moment, approached the window from without—one tiny hand grasping the folds of her riding-dress, while, with the other, she unfastened the little velvet cap that so well became her.

"Oh, sister Isabel! I have had such a charming ride!" she exclaimed, as she laid her cap on the window-seat, and commenced smoothing the long brown ringlets that shaded her bright, animated face. "Ebony was in fine spirits, and we flew over the hills like two madcaps, as we were. Cæsar found it hard work to keep up with us, and I imagine he hopes Miss Marion won't take another ride very soon. And, oh! I have some news for you, Isabel. we passed Riverside, and—what do you think?"

"Pray, don't make me guess, dear Marion. I was never good at riddles."

"Why, then, I learned that Clarence is coming home. Old Lina had every window in the house wide open, I verily believe; and such tearing down and putting to rights again, I never saw in my life."

A slight flush had mounted to the brow of the other sister, but the other one marked it not; and, in a moment, added,

"I wonder if he looks at all as he used to? Lina said he had been gone ten years."

"Do you remember him?"

"Oh, yes! and how handsome I thought he was. Are you not glad he is coming home? I am; for now there will probably be something going on to keep us awake;" and the merry girl bounded away to her room, singing as she went.

Clarence Hamilton was coming back; and how would he come, alone or otherwise? Isabel knew not—they had never met since the interview of which we have before spoken. He left for the Continent the next week. Until the death of his parents, she had heard from him occasionally through them; but, for the last five [illegible] her

A few weeks afterwards, he stood again in her presence no one would have dreamed that the two who there met coldly, but so calmly and quietly—could ever have loved other as they had loved. The interview was not long, and it tinged with sadness on both sides; for Mr. Hamilton had re to look on the graves rather than the faces of his nearest rela Willie's wonted seat, too, was now vacant; and, as his eye f a shorter mound near Mrs. Leslie's resting-place, he need explanation.

"Marion, my own dear sister, why will you no longer co in me? For weeks you have been sad and restless—your grows pale—your step is slow and languid, and, at times, startle me by an unnatural gaiety that is more painful to b than sadness itself. I am convinced that your suffering is mental than physical, yet you evade all my questions. What I done, Marion, thus to forfeit your confidence?

"Oh, nothing, nothing, dearest Isabel! Do not be an about me. I have not felt very well for the last few weeks, will soon pass over."

"You cannot deceive me, Marion. I have read your hea long not to be well aware that something distresses you. I c now demand your confidence; you are too old for that; I only beg, by the love I have so long borne you—by the me of your mother - that you will no longer withhold it from May I ask you a question or two, my own sister, and will answer me truly?" she continued, as she drew the now wo girl to her breast and twined her arms around her.

"I will, I will, Isabel, ask me whatever you wish."

"Then tell me, Marion, do you not love Clarence Hamilt

Marion started quickly from her sister's embrace at this u pected question, and an almost angry flush rose to her very head, then with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she buried he in her sister's lap, and wept more bitterly than before.

"I am answered, darling," said the latter, after she had all her to weep awhile in silence. "Now, tell me all about it."

"Oh, do not blame me, Isabel! Indeed, indeed, I did mean it. I could not, knowingly, have given my affections to unsought. I did not dream that I cared for him, until I wa that—that—"

"That what, dear Marion?"

"That Mr. Hamilton had been a lover of yours before he aproad, and that you refused him. Then my eyes were op and at the same time I felt that he who had once loved c good and noble as you are, even vainly, could never care fo like me."

"You do yourself injustice, my sweet sister. I should that I was bestowing a treasure upon any man, in giving hi hand of my Marion; but tell me, have you ever had rea think Mr. Hamilton loves you?"

"Never, never. His manner is always kind and cour but nothing more. But, oh, Isabel! do not, do not betra I could never look upon his face again if I thought he susp my folly."

"Nay, fear not, dear one. Your secret is as safe with m it were hidden in your own breast. Now, go, let Flora s these dishevelled curls, and try, if for my sake at least, you call your smiles and roses back again," she added, as she te kissed Marion's now glowing cheek.

"Blind fool that I have been!" murmured Isabel, as she the secrecy of her own apartment. "How could I expec one as young, as confiding, as prone to love as Marion, could ciate as freely as she has done with one like Clarence Ham without loving him? Now, once again my radiant dream i —'their happiness shall be dearer to me than my own!' w words of my vow. I have kept it thus far—shall I break it

Not many months afterwards, there was a small bridal assembled at Glenwood. Lovely was the childlike bride robe of pure white, and her luxuriant ringlets unconfined e a simple wreath of the lily of the valley; but scarcely less the pale, spiritual Isabel, with her deep, dark eyes, and tresses, bound with severe simplicity around her beau shaped head. Once only during the evening did Clarence H ton, on looking suddenly up, meet those eyes bent upon hi such a strange expression that his heart thrilled, and the qu thought arose, "Has she quite forgotten that she ever love But the next moment she was receiving her guests with a g dignity that completely deceived him. Two hours late Isabel Leslie was alone in the home of her father.

GARIBALDI.

THERE are times when out of evil Providence can educe good The world s history is rich in illustrations of this truth For instance, the appeal to the sword has often advanced a nation, and yet nothing can be more hostile to the very spirit of that Christianity, which is but another name for true progress than that appeal to the sword It is clear brute force cannot spread opinion—cannot strengthen or weaken truth—has nothing whatever to do with the right of the question by which it is evoked, and yet some of the brightest scenes in the annals of our race are those in which the Hampdens and Washingtons of the past have nobly battled for their hearths and home War



is so fearful a curse—so completely opposed to the inductions of reason, or the teaching of religion—that we must always mourn the necessity which calls it into being—that while we ask, with the poet

'What can alone ennoble fight?

we feel constrained to pause ere we complete the quotation, and reply—

"A noble cause

Yet the men who dare all for liberty claim our admiration It is a fine sight, that of a people struggling against the oppressor—to the best of its power endeavouring to burst its chain and become free In 1849 such a sight was presented to the admiration of Europe For a brief period Rome woke up from her sleep of centuries and recalled the glories of the past Under the guidance of Mazzini it seemed on its way to life and liberty once more The Pope was an exile at Gaeta The Bible, that charter of human rights, was no longer a sealed book once more man stood erect and free But soon came clouds and storm and the bright illusion was destroyed To the eternal disgrace of Louis Napoleon Italian liberty was blotted out by the bayonets of France With her fine words—with her men of chivalrous honour—France could yet stoop to sully a name from which freedom had fondly hoped so much and a yoke abhorrent to the people of Rome was once more placed upon their necks

The short but glorious defence made by the Roman people during that time is familiar to our readers While Mazzini legislated Garibaldi fought with a heroism that deserved success Like Mazzini he was not a Roman, but like him he cast in his

left with that young republic, feeling that there centred the only chance Italy had of regeneration. From his youth Garibaldi seems to have devoted himself to the profession of arms. In 1844 we find him heading an attack upon the squadron blockading Monte Video, under Admiral Brown, and putting them to flight. In 1848, when Italy, under Charles Albert—that traitor in the cause of Italian independence—rose against Austria, we find Garibaldi fighting for his father-land. And when it came out that that cause was betrayed—that Charles Albert was seeking his own weal and not that of his country—that the man who swore with his sons to shed the last drop of his blood in defence of Milan, could yet hand it over to Radetzky without striking a single blow, Garibaldi headed the Lombard Volunteers, who to the last remained faithful to the cause to which they were pledged. This little army established themselves at Lugano. Amongst them, fighting as a common soldier was Mazzini. Then aim was to kindle once more a national insurrection, and a rising did actually take place in the Val d'Intelur. It was, however, in vain, the people had been wearied out. In common with most hereditary bondsmen they had forgotten the truth—

"Who would be free themselves must strike the blow."

But Garibaldi's mission was not yet over, and when Rome rose to do battle for her rights, we again meet him. Of the Roman republic we need not speak here at much length. It suffices here to say, that it was thoroughly Roman in its origin. Of the parties to its first proclamation only one was not a Roman. It welcomed by all the towns in the Roman States. During the time of its continuance, from February, 1849 to June of the same year, there was not a single condemnation to death or exile for any political offence, nor a single newspaper suppressed or suspended. Well, then, might Garibaldi—like Mazzini we believe, a native of Genoa—(probably a friend from youth of the latter)—join the Romans in the conflict they waged with the French, remembered, by 14 000 Roman soldiers against 0 000 French. Much of the glory of that wonderful stand made by the Romans against Oudinot was attributable to him alone. Surprising tales are told of his personal bravery. He was welcomed by the people there as a deliverer on his public entry into that city, May 10, 1849, but against superior force bravery or patriotism avails but little. So Garibaldi found it. After the public buildings had been bombarded—after immense loss had been sustained—on the third of June the French entered Rome. At the same time Garibaldi quitted it with four or five thousand men in the direction of Terracina. His wife in a state of pregnancy, mounted a horse, and shared with him the perils of his flight. Gradually, beneath successive encounters with enemies, and hardships his troops wasted away, and at last he escaped to Genoa, where for some time he seems to have found shelter. But few particulars are known of him, such as they are, however, we have gathered them together here. By a recent American mail we learn that Garibaldi arrived at Panama, by steamer from New York, *en route* for Lima there possibly to wait the time when again the Italian nation will rise up in its majesty and might to break the oppressor's yoke and become free.

THE SCHOOL AND THE SCHOLAR. The school is like the earth in spring time, it requires merely to be sown. But on that sowing depends, perhaps the harvest of centuries. If one single word that falls upon the mind of the child may determine its course for life time, may determine something far higher, whose consequences are felt through ages, for the progress of thought is endless—it reckons its posterity to the thousandth generation,—to the end of days. Therefore the child as a holy thing, for it bears God's unbroken seal on its forehead. Treat it with all truthfulness and care, for care has its reward—if not to-day, hereafter, if not for you, for a coming race. Ye are labourers in God's kingdom. But God's kingdom has no fairer symbol upon earth than a child with its innocence—than a youth with his open countenance. Of such [illegible]

FEMALE COSTUME.

IF manners make the man, it would seem that at this time a large number of the other sex fancy that dress makes the woman, for never in these British Isles, has there been so much attention paid to female costume as at present. We have had the Bloomer committee at Miss Kelly's Theatre, in Dean street. The provinces have been invaded by Mrs. Dexter, Mrs. J. C. Foster and other ladies, more or less talented or public spirited, have also appeared upon the platform in support of Mrs. Bloomer's novel dress. In quarters where we least expected to hear it, the cry of "Pantalettes, and woman's rights" has been vigorously raised —

"To don, or not to don,
The sweet unmentionables, is now the ladies' question.
Whether 'tis nobler in a woman to sweep
The dirty streets with draggling tail,
Or with a pair of scissors cut it off,
And make a pair of pantalettes?
'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished."

At least, so Shakspere says. We prefer to remain neutral in the matter. However, a brief survey of female costume may not be unacceptable at this time. One thing, at any rate, we shall learn from it—that is, the antiquity of the much-abused and neglected skirt. Following the example set us by many wiser and better men we begin at the beginning —

The British female dress first mentioned in history, is that of Boadicea Queen of the Iceni. Dion Cassius gives us an account of her appearance from which we learn that she wore a torque of gold, a tunic of several colours all in folds and over it, fastened by a brooch a robe of course stuff. Females in the lower walks of life were not so elegantly clad but simply arrayed themselves in skins holding with the poet—"when unadorned adorned the most." The dress was not very picturesque or graceful but it had one advantage—it did not entail the necessity of wearing stays. Under the Anglo Saxons, considerable improvements were adopted. The ladies threw aside their bear skins—but not having the fear of Mrs. Bloomer before their eyes we are compelled to state that they adopted that abominable skirt which the strong minded American females who have lately been lecturing at Miss Kelly's Theatre, denounce as the badge of slavery and as the result of the wickedness of that hard hearted monster man. Mr. Planché tells us. The Anglo Saxon females of all ranks wore long loose garments reaching to the ground distinguished in various documents by the name of the tunic the gunna or gown, the cyrtle or kirtle and the mantle. The first and last articles describe themselves but the terms, gown and kirtle, have caused much disputation from the capricious application of them to different parts of dress. We must presume the gunna, or gown, generally means the long full robe, with loose sleeves, worn over the tunic, and the kirtle an inner garment, at this period, as we find it mentioned in the will of Wynfloda, 'among other linen webb and in one place described as white. The sleeves of the tunic, reaching in close rolls to the wrist, like those of the men are generally confined there by a bracelet, or terminate with a rich border, and the mantle hangs down before and behind covering the whole figure, except when looped up by the lifted arms, when it forms a point or festoon in front. The head dress of all classes is a veil or long piece of linen or silk, wrapped round the head and neck." Under the Danes, little alteration was made in the costume. Then woman was not

"Variable as the shade,
By the light quivering aspen made,"

and fashion did not alter every three months, as in these more enlightened times. The only alteration adopted by the Anglo-Norman ladies was that of lacing the gown, so as to make it set close to the figure—a custom, we may suppose, they would have been slow to adopt, could they have foreseen the long series of disasters that would ensue. In the reigns of Rufus and Henry I, the ladies sported outrageous skirts and sleeves. In King John's time, richly-furred pelisses were worn, in winter, under the mantle. The wimple also then came into use. It was a handkerchief worn round the head and chin. Under Edward I, we find the satirists attacking the ladies' skirts. The

authors of the "Roman de la Rose" advise the ladies, "if their legs be not handsome, nor their feet small and delicate, to wear long robes, trailing on the pavement, to hide them; those, on the contrary, who have pretty feet, are counselled to elevate their robes, as if for air and convenience, that all who are passing by may see and admire them." Another poet, of the 13th century, compares the ladies of his day to peacocks and magpies; "For the pies," says he, "naturally bear feathers of various colours; so the ladies delight in strange habits and diversity of ornaments. The pies have long tails that trail in the dust; so that the ladies make their tails a thousand times longer than those of peacocks and pies." At the same time, the tight-lacing, to which we have already referred, continued. In a MS. copy of the "Lay of Syr Launful," written about the year 1300, we have a description of two damsels the knight meets. He says—

"Their kirtles were of Inde sendel,
Ylaced small polif and well"

In the same romance the Lady Triamore is described as—

"Clad in purple pall
With gentyle body and middle small

Female fashions progressed amazingly under Edward III. The gown was cut lower in the waist, and was worn so long, not only in the train, but in front, as to be necessarily held up in walking. Another fashion introduced at this time was the wearing of a spencer, or jacket, or waistcoat, for it resembled all three, faced or bordered with furs, according to the rank of the wearer, and some of the first young ladies of this period are represented in a kind of coat, buttoned down like that of the men, with side pockets, pretty much the same as we have seen in our time. With the exception of stomachers and enormous head-dresses, like frightful towers or steeples, in length about three-quarters of an ell, we find little novelty in female costume, till we come to the reign of Henry VI., when we meet with bishop-sleeves. The troubled reigns of Henry VIII, King Edward VI., and Mary, produced few novelties in dress. Other things occupied the public mind. The country was passing through a transition state. Men were learning to appeal to the real Word of God instead of the counterfeit article that spoke from Rome: the vain and imperious Queen Bess gave an impulse to the subject of dress, to the great scandal of the Puritan censors of the time. Our readers all know the dress of "glorious Queen Bess." We can easily call up the features of that royal lady, with her great ruff and jewelled stomacher, and pointed petticoats. Cynical old Stubbes, writing, says:—"The women have doublets and jerkins as the men have, buttoned up to the breast, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on the shoulder points, as man's apparel in all respects; and although this be a kind of attire proper only to a man, yet they blush not to wear it." "About the middle of this reign," says Mr. Planche, "The great change took place that gave the female costume of the sixteenth century its remarkable character. The lady was imprisoned in whalebone to the hips; the partelet which covered the neck to the chin was removed, and an enormous ruff, rising gradually from the front of the shoulders to nearly the height of the head behind, encircled the wearer like the nimbus or glory of a saint. From the bosom, now partially discovered, descended an interminable stomacher, on each side of which jutted out horizontally the enormous fardingale, the prototype of that modern antique, the hoop, which was banished the court by King George IV." The ruff was the consequence of the introduction of starch, which Stubbes gravely tells us was the invention of the devil. The ruff continued in fashion till Mrs. Turner, who had a principal hand in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, was fortunately hung in one. Under Charles I. and the Commonwealth female costume once more gave way for the introduction of Restoration, which but too well characterized the gay and graceless dames who wore them. With William and Mary came Dutch fashions—the stomacher was restored—the full sleeve was tightened. Under Anne and the first Georges fashions of the most extravagant character appeared—hoops and head-dress completely altered the appearance of our ladies. Addison, in the *Spectator*, speaking of one of the temporary variations of fashion, says: "The whole sex is now dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five." Gradually the more ridiculous features of dress were assuming a more rational form, till the French revolution came and swept away altogether the old style of dress. Fashion ran into the other extreme. Hooped petticoats, high-peaked stays, figured satins, yard-long waists, were abandoned, and, instead, the lightest products of the loom clung round the form, girdled under the arm-pits—altogether forming a dress as ungraceful and inappropriate as ever disguised female charms. At length the fashions of the day are graceful. Whether the ladies of our day will rush into Bloomerism, of course we cannot tell. The advantages are, that it makes the ladies look much younger, and that it does away with the necessity of wearing stays—a matter of importance as it concerns that future which must be wrought out by healthy hearts beating in healthy frames.

ON KOSSUTH'S VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

By Walter Savage Landor.

Rave over other lands and other seas,
Ill-omen'd, black-wing'd breeze!
But spare the friendly sails that waft away
Him, who was deemed the prey
Of despot dark as thou—one, sending forth
The torturers of the north
To fix upon his Caucasus once more
The demi-god who bore
Sad humanity Heaven's fire and light,
Whereby should re-unite
In happier bonds the nations of the earth,
Whose Jove-like brow gave birth
To that high wisdom, whence all blessings flow
On mortals here below.

Rack not, O Boreal Breeze! that labouring breast
On which, half dead, yet rest
The hopes of millions, and rest there alone.
Impiously every throne
Crushes the credulous, none else than he
Can raise and set them free.
Oh, bear him on in safety and in health
Bear on a freight of wealth
Such as no vessel yet hath ever borne:
Altho' with banner torn
He urges thro' tempestuous waves his way,
Yet shall a brighter day
Shine on him in his own reconquered field;
Relenting fate shall yield
To constant Virtue. Hungary! no more
Thy saddest loss deplore;
Look to the star-crown'd Genius of the West,
Side guardian of the oppress'd
Oh! that one only nation dared to save
Kossuth, the true and the brave!

LITERARY NOTICES.

In answer to numerous inquiries, JOHN CASSELL informs the readers of "The Working Man's Friend" that the ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR *will be ready by the 15th of December, price 7s. 6d.; or, handsomely bound in extra cloth, with gilt edges, price 10s. 6d. It is adapted for an easy reference to the Great Exhibition, and contains a complete Catalogue of the Articles exhibited, with the Prices attached to each, and the Names and Addresses of the Exhibitors.*

The appearance of the FRENCH MANUAL *has been delayed, that it may be printed with the greater care. It will, however, be ready by the 20th of December, when it will be published in stiff covers, price 2s., or, neatly bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.*

The HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, *by Dr. R. Ferguson, author of "The History of England," of which work nearly 30,000 copies have been sold, will be ready December 1, price 1s. 6d. in cloth.*

MISCELLANEA.

THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF *LABOUR*.—There is a false notion in the world respecting employment. Thousands imagine that, if they could live in idleness, they would be perfect! This is a great mistake. Every ... ous man and woman knows that not ... so tiresome as being unemployed. During some seasons of the year we have holidays, and it is pleasing on these occasions to see the operative enjoy himself; but we have generally found that, after two or three days' recreation, the diligent mechanic or labourer becomes quite unhappy. Often he sighs over the wretchedness of being idle. The fact is, we were made to labour, and our health, comfort, and happiness depend upon exertion. Whether we look at our bodies or examine our minds, everything tells us that our Creator intended that we should be active. Hands, feet, eyes, and mental powers, show that we were born to be busy. If we had been made to be idle, a very large portion of our bodily and mental faculties would be redundant.

THE ART OF CRUSHING BORES.—Wits have a happy faculty of getting rid of bores. The old men of the sea that sit so heavy upon the shoulders of the Sinbads are cast adroitly into the mire by a dexterous movement of these nimble gentry. Most men of talent are now and then condemned "for want of company to put up with trumpery." George Selwyn had tolerated a prosy old gentleman in the country, that in Dogberry's phrase "would have been most tolerable and not to be endured" in London. In London, therefore, George hurried past him in the street. "Surely," said the gentleman, stopping him, "you remember me?" "Yes," replied Selwyn, breaking away, "and when next we meet in the country, I shall be happy to renew the acquaintance." She Adam's persecutor was an elderly twaddler of the fair sex. He escaped her by manœuvring that the weather was too bad to go out, and when she caught him returning from a walk and accused him of inconsis... "it cleared up" he said, "enough *one*, but not for *two*." The suspected ... of Smith, the author of the "Rejected ... dresses," is more amusing than either. ... was laid up with gout at the house of a country squire. A friend proposed a stroll in the garden. "A stroll!" exclaimed Smith, "look at my gouty shoe." "Ah," replied his friend, "I wish I had brought one myself; but our host is out of the way now." "What difference does that make?" inquired Smith. "You don't mean to say," rejoined the friend, "that you have really got the gout? I thought you had merely worn that shoe to escape being shown the improvements." But nothing ever passed the ingenuity of Lord Norbury. He once, in Dublin, out of formal civility, told an elderly couple that they must pass some time with him at his country seat, which was many miles distant. He copied them one day coming down the avenue in a chaise and pair, the roof loaded with a mountain of luggage. He flew at the door to greet them—seized their hands, shook them with Irish warmth and welcomed with rapture, "This *is* kind —this *is* kind, indeed! Now, I'll take no denial—none whatever—you *shall* stay and dine with me!" When the Abbé Coyar intruded upon Voltaire, with the intention of remaining weeks at the least, the great man endured him till the following day. But the torture of a story interminably long, and intolerably dull, induced him to cut short the narrative and the visit by this interlocutory speech—"Do you know the difference, Monsieur l'Abbé, between Don Quixote and yourself? Don Quixote mistook inns for castles, you mistake private houses for inns."

NEW SATELLITES OF URANUS.—Mr. William Lassell, of Starfield, Liverpool, says—"I have discovered two new satellites of the planet Uranus. They are interior to the innermost of the two bright satellites first discovered by Sir William Herschell, and generally known as the second and fourth. It would appear that they are also interior to Sir William's first satellite, to which he assigned a period of revolution of about 5 days and 21 hours, but which satellite I have as yet been unable to recognise. I first saw these two of which I now communicate the discovery on the 24th of last month, and had then little doubt that they would prove satellites. I obtained further observations of them on the 28th and 30th of October, and also last night (Nov. 2), and find that for so short an interval the observations are well satisfied by a period of revolution of almost exactly four days for the outermost and two and a half days for the closest. They are very faint objects—certainly not half the brightness of the two conspicuous ones, but all the four were last night steadily visible in the quieter moments of the air with a magnifying power of 778 on the 20 foot equatorial.

CLERICAL CELIBACY. A correspondent of *John Bull* communicates the following:—"I happen to know one of our bishops, second in worth to none on the bench, was thus reproved by a noble Romanist lady—'I wonder, my lord, you are not ashamed of having a wife and half-a-dozen children.' 'I should be much more ashamed,' he answered very gravely, 'to have the children without the wife.'"

PATENT MILK.—A very valuable discovery has recently been patented by a French gentleman of some eminence in scientific circles. The discovery relates to the preservation of milk for an indefinite period of time, and it seems eminently calculated to confer a lasting benefit on the maritime interest of the world.

V. B Fadenilke is the inventor of *solidified milk in tablets*. The air cannot exercise any prejudicial effect whatever on this milk, as is too often the case with other milk when it is preserved in bottles. By a process, known of course only to the inventor, the impurities of the milk as it passes from the udder are extracted, and then the milk itself is manufactured into a sort of tablet substance. This solidified milk of Mr. Fadenilke is extremely economical as regards the ordinary wants of life, and it is well adapted for hospital purposes; but its great advantage rests in the milk being useful in long sea voyages. This discovery found a place in the Crystal Palace during the Exhibition; but, unfortunately, it appears to have escaped the observation of the jury. The milk tablets can be grated into a fine powder, and, when put into tea, they will immediately dissolve, without leaving any sediment whatever behind, while the milk itself not only retains its full flavour, but also all its nutritious qualities.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B., and several other correspondents, have suggested the propriety of our publishing a cheap reprint of Kossuth's speeches while he was with us. The suggestion is an excellent one, but received too late. The thing has already been done by the proprietor of the *Weekly News and Chronicle*.

JOSEPH WILSON.—We should certainly dissuade you from publishing. Your aim is good and your views are correct; but you had better leave the advocacy of your cause, so far as writing is concerned, to men of education. Unless a work is well written, it had better not be written at all.

E. G.—The duty paid out of every 20s. spent on tea is 15s., on sugar, 10s; and on coffee, 8s.

DUNS SCOTUS.—The Scotch plaid can boast high antiquity in its favour. Of the several kinds of cloth manufactured in Gaul, one, according to Pliny and Diodorus Siculus, was composed of fine wool dyed of several different colours, which, being spun into yarn, was woven either in stripes or cheques. This is the origin of the Scotch plaid, which to this day is called "the garb of old Gaul."

PETER.—The fashion of cropping the hair came from France in the time of Canute. Till then the Danes took great pride in their long hair. Harold Harfagre—*i.e.*, "Fair-locks"—derived his name from the length and beauty of his hair, which is said to have flowed in thick ringlets to his girdle. He made a vow to his mistress neglect his precious curls till he had completed the conquest of Norway for her love. In England the custom of cropping was never universally adopted; and the courtiers of the French Regent, on William the Conqueror's return to Normandy, three months after his coronation, attended by some of his new subjects, were astonished at the beauty of the long-haired Englesh.

STEPHEN.—The largest diamond in the world is the Portuguese, which weighs 1,680 grains, and is estimated at £5,644,000. The next is the Koh-i-noor, which weighs within a small fraction of 280 carats (a carat weighs between three and four grains), and the estimated value of which is £2,000,000. The next is the Russian diamond, which weighs 195 carats. These are the three largest diamonds in the world.

VEGETARIAN. We believe the cause of the potato disease is yet to be discovered. Many causes have been assigned, but we question whether the right one has yet been found.

R. M. sends us the following questions:—1. How did Sin enter heaven? 2. Is it not possible for it to enter the same way again? Really, R. M. must excuse our declining to attempt to answer such questions, and we advise R. M. not to trouble his head with such. It is the present that concerns us—what is, not what was. In the discharge of daily duty, each one of us has as much as he can accomplish. This world is too busy a one for such laborious trifling and useless inquiry as that suggested by R. M.

T. A.—It is a remarkable fact, that of all the constitutional states of Europe or America, Great Britain is the country in which the people hold the smallest stake in the soil. France, with a population of 32,560,934, had 10,895,582 landed proprietors, or one in three. The United States, with a population of 20,000,000, had 5,000,000 proprietors, or one in four. Belgium, with a population of 5,029,677, had 950,723 proprietors or one in five. Holland, a commercial and shipping country, with a population of 3,500,000, had 400,000 proprietors, or one in nine. Sweden, with a population of 3,574,202, had 300,000 proprietors, or one in twelve. While Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of 27,041,050, have only 633,421, or one in forty of the population, including freeholders and copyholders, with a direct interest in the soil.

—The new law of evidence ... ration on the 1st of November was the act of that veteran reformer, Lord Brougham. It is a very important one. Under the former state of the law the evidence of the parties who may be supposed to know most about the matter was inadmissible.

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THE
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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER III.

New successes compensated Louis for the loss of Naples. He was shortly afterwards called by Casimir, the King of Poland, to his assistance against the Bohemians and the Russians. He thus became acquainted beforehand with the genius of the people over whom he was one day to be called to reign. Although the two peoples had attained almost to the same stage of culture and civilisation, the straightforwardness, frankness, and magnanimity of the Magyars, were more in accordance with the King's tastes and disposition, than the permission of the Diet, who would not, at the same time, bear any part of the expenses of his journey. These conditions well exemplify the jealous *hauteur* of the Polish nobility; but, in imposing them, they committed a fatal error. By prohibiting Louis' residence in his newly-acquired dominions, they taught him to look on them as a distant and dependent province, in whose welfare and prosperity he could feel only a secondary interest. He therefore yielded with indifference to their demand that, in case he or his son Stephen died without having made



BATTLE OF VARNA BETWEEN THE TURKS AND HUNGARIANS.—(*See page 161.*)

the uneasy, restless spirit of the Poles. His partiality for the former was still further increased by the efforts made by the Polish nobles to impose new restrictions upon him in case he came to rule over them. They stipulated that he should be content with the revenues which accrued to the Crown in the time of Vladislaus Loketek, and engage never to attempt to found a right upon the voluntary offerings with which any of his subjects might present him; and, lastly, that he should never visit his new kingdom without issue, they should possess, without interference, the right of choosing their own kings. From that moment, Poland occupied a foremost place in Louis' attention.

Passing over the great war against the Venetians, concerning the possession of Dalmatia, and a partially successful attempt to ask a mediator in the contentions of the petty princes of Italy, we arrive at the death of Casimir, the last of the race of the Piasts, which had given so many great men and great kings to Poland. He was, in many respects, a feeble

and inefficient monarch; but he had the desire to act well, which so often forms a redeeming trait in listless, inconsistent characters. He possessed great personal bravery, and amidst all his indulgence in the grosser vices, a tender and feeling heart, and a devotion to the duties of his station, which made men regret the defects which seemed to be inherent in his constitution, and, in some measure, marred his best efforts. He made open confession of all his faults and weaknesses, but earnestly declared that his constant endeavour was to prevent them interfering with the discharge of his official duties. He died [illegible], without leaving behind some memorials of his zeal for the welfare of the country. Before his time, there were scarcely any fortified towns in Poland, but during his reign, towns, villages, and castles, built with elegance and solidity, arose upon every side. He had great tact in the discovery of merit, and when found, he never failed to appreciate and reward it. He erected a third estate, composed of the *bon geoisie*, or middle class, and if his successors had taken care to foster the new element thus introduced into the constitution, Poland would have made far more rapid progress, and, in all probability, would not, at this moment, be writhing in the paws of the Russian bear. But even Casimir himself did only half the work, or rather neutralised the good effects of what he did do, by signing the fatal measure, at the Diet of Viszlicza, in 1347, which constituted a powerful and idle oligarchy to crush the middle and lower classes.

He committed many other grave political errors, one of which was his making no provision in the family compact, entered into with Louis, that the latter should reside in Poland during some part of every year. Urged by his favourite mistress, a Jewess, named Esther, he granted free admission to the country to the German and Hungarian Jews. As to the justice or policy of this act, different views may be entertained; but it is, at all events, certain that this covetous race has ever since preyed upon or impoverished the Polish country people, so that there only remained [illegible] and tyrannical aristocracy, always engaged in conflicts with the Crown.

Upon the death of Casimir, a deputation of Polish nobles repaired to Visegrad, to request Louis to take possession of the throne, according to the treaties already entered into. He received them in state, surrounded by the barons of his empire; but heard their offer with seeming doubt and hesitation.

"You know not what you ask," said he to them, "and you," turning to his barons—"you know not what you advise. It is difficult to watch over two distinct flocks; and, for this reason, no bishop is allowed to preside over two dioceses. When the Roman empire only counted a few huts as its possessions, two kings were too many to govern it, so, I fear, one king would be insufficient to reign over two great empires."

At last, however, he yielded to the solicitations, and consented to go to Poland to be crowned. The ceremony took place at Cracow, and after it was over, the Chancellor presented him the conditions laid down in the treaty, by which the succession was secured to him. He pledged himself to restore at his own expense all the countries wrested from Poland; to bestow no dignity or public office upon any foreigner, to make good to knights and men-at-arms all losses sustained by them in carrying on war out of the kingdom; and lastly, to impose no new tax upon the property of the Church, or of the *noblesse*. This sort of constitutional charter was accepted by the King of Hungary in 1355, and is considered the first of the "*Pacta Conventa*"* of Poland.

Louis felt, however, that he and the Polish aristocracy could never work together in harmony. They were too restless, proud, and discontented ever to submit quietly to the rule of any one; and they were too powerful to be coerced into sub[illegible].

He committed the government to his mother, Elizabeth; but she, though herself a Pole, found herself unable to carry it on. After the occurrence of numerous scenes of violence, turbulence, and anarchy, into the particulars of which we cannot here enter, he convened a Polish Diet at Buda in March 1381, and invested Zawiza, Bishop of Cracow, and two other noblemen, with the government of the kingdom. Poles were filled with rage and consternation upon hearing his measure. They now found themselves placed under the domination of a haughty and irascible priest, instead of the gentle rule of Elizabeth, and Vladislaus, the viceroy, who succeeded her. The bishop, however, did not long continue to give them cause for complaint. The hotty *debauchee* fell from a ladder, and broke his neck, as he was pursuing a young girl, who, to escape from his brutal violence, had taken refuge in a hay-loft.

Constantly disappointed in his expectations with regard to Poland, the King of Hungary at length determined to abandon her finally, and leave her to her fate. He assembled another Diet at O-Zolyom (A[illegible]) in 1382, and presented to it his daughter Mary, the [illegible], and her betrothed lover, Sigismond, son of the Emperor of Germany, Charles IV. He had given up the hope of any lasting union between the two countries, and he therefore wished to evidence his desire for the welfare of the Polish people, by offering them as their king the man whom, of all the princes of Europe, he deemed worthy of his daughter's hand. But in doing this he severed the bond that seemed so likely to unite Poland and Hungary for ever. Each nation [illegible] pursued its own course, to meet at last as [illegible] misfortune, cousin-german bleeding under the same.

Upon the plains of [illegible], the storm was now brewing which was to put the energy of Europe upon its mettle, and involve her frontier nations in the most terrible and momentous conflict in which men have ever drawn the sword. One of those tremendous crises was now at hand which [illegible] in the history of the world, in which the fate and fortune [illegible] generations depend upon the courage and fortitude [illegible] men, who stand forward with great hearts to stem the torrent, or meet the shock. The stubborn patriotism of Hampden, and a few others like him, secured to us the blessings of a free government, of the happiest combination of liberty and order that the world has ever seen. Thirty thousand British upon the plains of Waterloo saved Europe [illegible] it has not been so happy as many were led [illegible] the battle of liberty may ere long have to [illegible] again, their efforts were none the less pra[illegible].

So, in the fourteenth and fifteen centuries, Hungary and Poland saved our forefathers from the imposition of a false creed, and ourselves, in all probabilities, from the miseries of a retrogressive or stationary civilisation.

The Hunnic nation belonged to that [illegible] times, under the name of Huns-Mogols, or that of White Huns, filled history with their renown, and spread its swarm of warriors all over Europe.

Among the various branches who detached themselves from the parent stock, are included the Turks, who for a long time inhabited Turkistan, and the countries bordering on Southern China, and were confounded with the people known as Tartars. In the tenth century they entered Persia, and Asia Minor, drawing along with them tribes with whom they had allied themselves, or whom they had conquered on their way. The Turks founded many dynasties in these countries, of which the most celebrated were the Gaznevides, the Seldjoucides, and the Ottomans. These branches were subdivided into smaller ones, known as Khazars, Uzes, Ounigours, all of them more or less closely connected with the Magyars by ties of consanguinity. After the dismemberment of the Seldjoucide empire, the Emir, or chief, Othman, or Ottoman, settled about the year 1300 at Karahissar, in Phrygia, and assumed the title of Sultan, at the same time giving his name (Ottoman) to his people and dynasty. His two immediate successors greatly extended the empire of which he had laid the foundation. Orkan conquered the whole of Asia Minor, and in 1355 carried his arms into Europe.

The approach of these terrible fatalists roused the King of Hungary to take immediate steps for the defence of the countries lying between his own dominions and those of the Greek empire, which was already tottering to its fall. His labours were crowned with success by the taking of Buda, and a great victory gained over the Wallachian rebels. In the meantime, whilst the Greek Emperors, Andronicus and Palaeologus, were making vain attempts, in the midst of the intrigues and corruptions of the Byzantine court, to postpone the fall of the ancient empire over which he ruled, the Otto-

* Sealed contracts, or agreements."

mans were marching from triumph to triumph. It seemed as if Providence had hardened the hearts of the Greeks, and blinded their eyes to their impending fate. They were as lewd, as corrupt, as vain, and frivolous, with the Moslem within two or three days' march of their gates, as when Julian, the last hope of the ancient philosophy, was riding at the head of the victorious legions. In a war with the Emperor of the Serbes, they were so foolish as to call in the aid of the Turks, which the wily Orkan immediately granted, taking possession of their names of most of the strongholds of the country, which, however, he retained in his own.

Orkan died, and Amurath, his younger brother, a fierce and haughty warrior, ascended the Moslem throne. Young, talented, and ambitious, he disdained to adopt the subterfuges or pretences of his predecessor. He assumed the tone of a master, and Constantinople trembled. Palaeologus flew to Louis of Hungary for aid, and the latter promised to march to his assistance, in case the other European sovereigns did.

But the ancient fervour of chivalry had already died away. The Pope would not preach a crusade in favour of obstinate schismatics, who scouted his pretensions to the universal bishopric, and the Eastern empire was left to its fate. In the meantime Amurath occupied Servia and Bulgaria, thus sowing the seeds of the tremendous conflicts which afterwards took place between Turkey and Hungary. Louis appears at this period not to have a correct idea of the tremendous importance of the Ottoman invasion, and consequently did not take those precautions which the crisis demanded. His attention also was drawn away by disputes with Venice and Naples, but as these belong more to the history of Italy than of Hungary, and concerned the monarchs more than the people, we shall pass them over, and hasten on. We shall merely remark that Louis was compelled to assist, and that the war with Naples was excited by the execution of Joan, the murderess of her husband, Andrew. Four Magyar gentlemen strangled her with the very rope which she herself had supplied for the assassination of her husband. During these conflicts the Hungarian fleet increased rapidly, and practice gave the Magyar sailors an amount of self-confidence and dexterity which could then be rarely found except amongst the Venetians. Their navy was at this period one of the finest in Europe.

Louis did not survive to receive intelligence of the last of the triumphs of his glorious reign. When the messengers arrived with the news, he was already breathing his last in the Palace of Visegrad. His death diffused mourning and lamentation throughout the whole nation. Through many a year of trial and danger his had been the cool head to plan, and the strong arm to strike for the general weal. Whilst he lived Hungary was the proudest and greatest kingdom in Europe. His dominions extended from the shores of the Baltic to the ports of Byzance, and from the Black Sea to the Gulf of Naples, and his influence was felt, and his anger feared, where his flag had never floated. The strong courted his friendship, and the weak looked to him to shield them from the scathing fury of the followers of the False Prophet. And now, when the sword of the unbeliever was raised to strike, the brave hearts that should bear the first shock of the onset, were heaving with sorrow, as they stood around the gloomy vault in the Royal Alba, while the body of the departed hero was lowered into the last resting place of all the kings of his race.

The Magyar historians love to dwell upon the glories of the reign of Louis the Great, and above all upon the splendour of his palace of Visegrad, in which he fixed his residence during the greater part of his life. They tell, with pardonable pride, of its vast extent, which could afford ample accommodation within it for two kings and many minor princes, with all their suite, of its three hundred and fifty chambers, furnished in a style of dazzling splendour, of its gardens stocked with the rarest exotics, and cooled by the rush of flowing water, of the soft and voluptuous music which every evening, from one of the highest towers, soothed or delighted the courtly guests, and, floating on the breeze, cheered the peasant as he "plodded his weary way" homeward; of the neighbouring mountains, crowned with wood, and studded with pleasant villas or rustic churches, of the pleasant and shady valleys that sloped away to the Danube's edge, and afforded calm and retirement to him who chose to escape for a season from the gaieties of the palace.

It is a subject of more importance to us to consider the changes or improvements Louis wrought in the Hungarian constitution. He had more respect for the rights of the people and nobles than his father, Charles Robert, because he was less wily, more straightforward in his dealings, and had a great dislike to the tricks of diplomacy. In a Diet, held at Buda in 1351, he confirmed the Bulla Aurea, and added twenty-five new articles. After the happy issue of his first campaign in Naples, he established perfect equality amongst the nobles, as an acknowledgment of their services. The distinction between the great seigneurs and the simple nobles was thus effaced, and the name *barones, proceres*, and *nobiles*, were applied equally to all. At the Diet of Rakos, under one of the last kings of the race of Arpad, the peasants and the *jobbagy* (domestic servants) obtained the right of leaving their lords, and taking up their residence upon the estates of another. This was one step towards their emancipation, and it possessed greater weight from the circumstance that in all other countries of Europe at this date the serfs were inseparable from the soil on which they were born. Louis gave full force to this law, and those who fought bravely under his banners not only became free, but in every respect equal to the ancient nobles. The authority and duty of the Palatine, of the judge of the kingdom, of the treasurer, underwent no alteration of importance. The Palatine, Count de Trencin, already claimed the right of governing the kingdom, whenever the throne became vacant—just as the Lord Mayor of London does under similar circumstances in England. Charles Robert struck an injurious blow at the independence of the counties by placing a number of them in groups under one count, instead of each under its own. These supreme counts took rank among the first barons of the empire, and gave place only to the *vaigrodes* or *bans*. These great nobles received their emoluments, as did all other *employés*, in kind, and had besides the right of purchasing a certain quantity of salt. Each county, divided into four districts, had a certain number of puisne or deputy judges, presided over by a superior judge (*jeobiro*). Their assessors, a sort of jury composed of nobles, took part in the deliberations, and returned their verdict upon the case. These were elected by the nobles of the district, and none were qualified who had not real property within the jurisdiction of the court. The king himself named the superior courts, and sometimes even the viscounts, who opened the assemblies, under Charles Robert with the royal permission, and under Louis, when the public safety required it. In these were discussed the legislative and legal affairs of the district, matters of police, and other subjects of general interest, not within the province of the general Diet.

The military force of Hungary at first consisted, as we have already seen, entirely of the barons and their immediate followers, who ranged themselves under the banner of the king and afterwards of the sixty-two bands furnished by the same number of counties or military districts, who were compelled by law to defend the country at their own expense. The Magyars, however bravely they might fight at home, were never disposed to carry the war beyond their own frontiers, even when the king bore the cost, and this was doubtless the cause of the many invasions to which Hungary has been exposed. The old military organisation began, however, in course of time, to fall into abeyance, and Charles Robert endeavoured to introduce a number of useful reforms. He ordained that the inhabitants living in the neighbourhood of the citadels, and every landed proprietor who was not a noble, should furnish his contingent to the general armament. This plan did not, however, answer his expectations, and a sort of militia was therefore created, called *banderies* (from the monkish Latin, *banderium*), upon the plan of the Italian bands of mercenary troops. This was maintained at the expense of the prelates and magnates, who, in their fondness for display, often appeared in the field at the head of a greater number of levies than they were called upon to furnish. Charles Robert permitted them to keep their respective troops distinct, and bring them into battle under their own orders and their own banner.

Besides these, there were the Szeules, who fought as irregular troops, under no orders, when and in what manner pleased

them. These were divided into two corps, archers and slingers. The revenues of the crown lands, it may readily be imagined, were by no means equal to the outlay of princes so enterprising as those of the house of Anjou. They were accustomed to a more lavish and less scrupulous system of finance than they found prevailing in Hungary, and in order to meet the expenses of their long wars they placed heavy imposts upon all persons not ennobled. Thus, for every load of hay or of straw that entered a farmer's gate, he was obliged to pay a tax of eighteen deniers, and hence the name *porta* was given to it. The ninth part of the produce of their labour and industry was a tax which pressed with tremendous weight upon the poorer classes, and acted with a very injurious influence upon the commerce and agriculture of the country. This was not abolished till 1848. The landed property of the nobles could never be sold or alienated in any way, but was strictly entailed upon the male line, upon failure of which, it reverted to the crown. It was therefore almost impossible for any one, who had not a claim to nobility, to become possessor of any land, except as a tenant farmer.

The administration of justice was generally pure, and the forms of procedure simple and direct. The ordeal by fire or boiling water fell into disuse under Bela III. and Andrew IV., and was finally abolished by Lucas Bánfi. These princes also introduced advocates into the courts, appointed mayors for the villages, and magistrates for the government of the towns. The nobles had tribunals sitting in every country for the trial of those of their own order.

The Court of the Palatine, the tribunal of final resort in all cases, changed the place in which its sittings were held four times in every year, for the convenience of those residing in the more remote parts of the kingdom. All legal proceedings took place publicly in open court.

The labour of the strangers who were introduced to fill the place of those massacred by the Moguls, gave a prodigious impulse to the commerce and industry of the nation. The vines of Turkey, the juice of which the Hungarians assert to have been the nectar of the gods (Homer's wine), which not only ministered to the luxury of the table of the day, but with honour crowned the splendid feasts of the Magyar monarchs, owed their origin to an Italian colony placed at Olaszi. The immense wealth of the great lords, the splendour of their feasts and entertainments, and the gorgeous magnificence of their dress and equipages, were not without their effect upon trade, whatever might be their ultimate influence upon the immorality of the people. In the midst of this manufacturing and commercial prosperity, the arts and sciences, and polite literature, were not forgotten. Many of the Hungarians repaired, to complete their education, to the universities of Paris and Bologna, then famed for the learning and ability of their professors. An academy, known as the *Studium Generale*, was founded at Vesprim during the thirteenth century. Ladislaus IV. bestowed upon it an extensive library, and distinguished professors gave instruction in theology, jurisprudence, and *belles lettres*. But as literature was at that time peculiarly the province of the clergy, the national language was, for a considerable period, unhonoured by the notice of the learned. Though Louis the Great spoke the Magyar with ease and fluency, as his mother tongue, still Latin continued to be the language of the refined and the noble. Amongst the learned men of the earlier part of Hungarian history, the names of Rogerius, Archbishop of Spalatro, of Calanus, the historian, Bishop of the Five Churches, Simon Koza, the chronicler, and the German astronomer



SCYTHS. (See *page* 151.)



WALLACHIANS. (See *page* 150.)

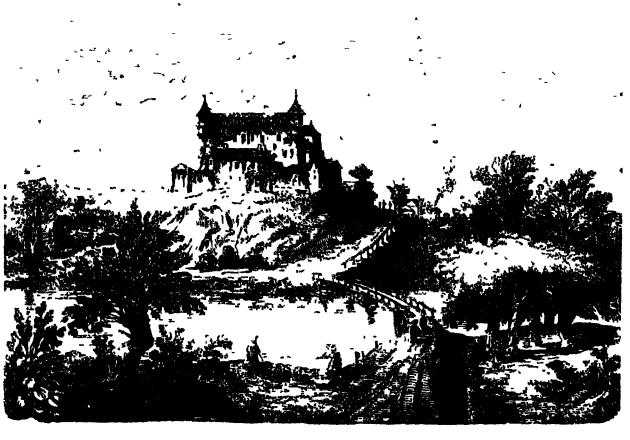
Klingsohr, are mentioned with honour. In 1367, an academy was established in the town of Pecs, and, in a short time attained to such a height of celebrity, that four thousand students are said to have yearly filled its halls. Michas Madius, the Dalmatian chronicler, John Kukeolleo, the Secretary of the King, and many others, of equal note, owed the eminence to which they afterwards attained to the instruction they received here.

Following up the course upon which St Stephen entered, the dynasty of Arpad, at all times, displayed the utmost zeal for the honour of religion, and as Romanism was the only form under which it was then known in Europe, the Popes soon obtained immense influence in Hungary. They established a crowd of religious orders, and as the clergy entirely monopolised the teaching of the young, they secured an ascendancy and an amount of wealth, which remain almost unimpaired to the present day. After the conversion to Christianity, there was but one archbishop, and six bishops, in the whole kingdom. When Louis the Great died there were thirty archbishops, and eight hundred bishops.



CHARLES I. CROWNED IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

As might naturally be expected, from the tincture of romance which pervades their character, the Magyars, above all, were imbued with the poetry of religion. That enthusiastic veneration which the men of all European nations, in their wildest and coarsest moods, entertain for the graceful purity of a fine female character, holier and more beautiful when robed in sorrow, or bowed down by misfortune, in the Magyars found vent in the devout worship of the Virgin Mary. In the palace of the king, and the cottage of the peasant, her image was, at the same time, an ornament and an object of adoration, more, perhaps, as a poetic ideal, than as a household goddess. In the reign of Bela IV., the coin was struck with a portrait of the Madonna, and bore the inscription, *Sancta Maria*. So strongly was this feeling of reverence carried in the people's minds, that the National Diet, in 1458, feared to make any change in the die with which the coinage was stamped, lest it should create a popular ferment.



CASTLE OF OZORVOM.

The Magyars, essentially a warlike people, had never submitted themselves to the government of women; in favour of whom no stipulation was inserted in the original compact made between them and Arpad, but, full of veneration for Louis, they placed his daughter Mary upon the throne, and curiously enough, not only proclaimed her queen, but insisted that she should assume the title of *King*, and sign her charters *Maria Rex*, in all public documents. This seemed to make her accession a special favour dictated by gratitude to her father.

She was married to Sigismond, King of Poland, who assumed the government of Hungary. He was a feeble and worthless monarch, disliked by his wife, and mistrusted by the people. Previous to his marriage, an insurrection of the Croats deprived Hungary of all her ports upon the Adriatic, and the intended bride fell into their hands, and was detained a prisoner, although he made several ineffectual attempts to rescue her at the head of an armed force. She was at length restored to him by a party of Magyar *noblesse*, and he ever after hated her deliverers for having proved themselves his superiors in the field. In continual fear of assassination, he endeavoured to protect

himself by executions and proscriptions, and whenever danger from without obliged him to turn his attention to the defence of his kingdom, his measures were planned without prudence or decision, and executed without energy. The dependant provinces upon the frontiers were consequently in continual hesitation between obedience and separation, and the Magyars were thus frequently involved in harassing and disastrous wars. In the meantime the terrible son of Amurath, Bajazet, surnamed *The Lightning* by the Ottomans, was casting his greedy eye upon the rich plains of the Danube. After having reduced to tribute the feeble court of Byzantium, which he needed only to strike to subdue, he determined to give strength and security to his conquests, by extirpating the hardy and vigorous races who served as a bulwark to the falling empire of the East. He therefore invaded Wallachia. The Magyars made some fruitless attempts to beat him back, and in the meantime the Queen died childless. Sigismond, having secured to himself the succession to the crown, levied a large army in order to revenge upon the Turks the losses which the Hungarians had sustained. But so great was the terror caused by the ferocious valour of the Ottomans, that he found his forces insufficient, and he appealed to all Europe to aid him. Philip the Rash of France, the Count of Nevers, La Tremouille, the Admiral of Vienna, Marshal Boucicaut, and a host of other able warriors, answered to the call, and placed themselves under his banners. The old chronicles dwell with delight upon the valorous exploits performed by these worthy successors of the first crusaders, but their efforts were vain, owing to the want of ability upon the part of Sigismond, so that at the disastrous battle of Necopolis the Hungarians were totally defeated, and twenty thousand men and a crowd of foreign knights were left dead upon that fatal field. Instead of returning to his kingdom to restore the drooping courage of his subjects, Sigismond fled to Constantinople, under the pretence of seeking for soldiers and money. He came back empty-handed and crest-fallen through Dalmatia. He forthwith commenced to make treaties relative to the succession to the crown, in which he violated the rights of the nation, and was consequently seized upon and committed to prison, but was soon afterwards liberated upon his promising to observe the laws of the kingdom. His return to power was marked by sentences of death and proscription. Having become in succession King of Bohemia, and Emperor of Germany, his new dignities gave the opportunity of gratifying his taste for moving from place to place, and weaving intricate webs of diplomacy. He frequently interposed as mediator in disputes in which Hungary had no interest, and then involved her in conflicts, often bloody, in order to enforce his decisions. The disgraceful part taken by him in the Council of Constance is well known. John Huss and Jerome of Prague, the celebrated reformers, were summoned before it, to answer for their heresies, but refused to do so without some guarantee that would ensure their personal safety. Sigismond granted them a safe conduct, signed by his own hand, and upon their arrival joined in sentencing them to be burnt alive. This odious act of perfidy entailed many a year of suffering and disaster upon Germany.

In the meantime Naples and Venice seized upon various strongholds upon the Adriatic, without any hindrance from Sigismond, and it was only at the pressing instance of a valiant warrior, named Nicolas Szentpoli, that he at length made preparations to avenge the defeat sustained by his army at Nicopolis. The war was commenced by the taking of Bosnia by the Hungarian General Peterfi, who pushed on as far as Nissa, where the Grand Vizier occupied a strong position, with an army of twenty-four thousand men. The battle was fought on the 4th of October, 1410, which ended in the total defeat of the Turks, who lost nearly the whole of their

It was on this occasion that John Hollos, the adopted son of Butho, a Wallachian *boyard*, or nobleman, first made himself conspicuous by his valour. He had served in succession under the banners of Francis Csanadi, and of the Cardinal Demetrius, Archbishop of Strigonia; and in this battle, where he [illegible] commanded a troop, his daring attracted the attention of the King, who bestowed upon him the house and [illegible] of Hunyad, in which he had been brought up. The place in which John Hunyadi was born is unknown, and his origin even is uncertain, but as a nation never suffers the early life of its heroes to rest in darkness, but supplies with tradition the deficiencies of history, we shall here present our readers with the story of this great warrior's career as it is popularly received in Hungary at the present day.

Sigismond, after the death of his first wife, had married Barbara de Cilly, a perverse and cunning woman, who poisoned her husband's existence, and disgraced her own sex by her gross licentiousness. He, therefore, very soon began to abandon her society for that of other women. In 1392, he led his army into Wallachia, and when encamped on the banks of the Sztrigy, he met in one of his evening walks a girl named Elizabeth Morsiani, the daughter of a neighbouring boyard, and was captivated by her beauty. The admiration and attention of the king dazzled the simple maiden, and she yielded her honour almost without even a coy refusal. Sigismond then passed on to the scene of the war, where, also, he was equally successful, and upon his return, the beautiful Morsiani again presented herself at his tent, and asked what reward he would bestow upon her for presenting him with a child. "I will load the child with honours," he replied, delighted with the result of his amour, and handing her a gold ring, told her to come to the palace, and the king should mind him of his promise. Some months after this [illegible] Elizabeth married a boyard named Volk Butho, who took her with him into Wallachia, where she soon after gave birth to a son, whom she named John. Sigismond soon again arrived in the neighbourhood, and she repaired to the camp, and presented him with the child and the ring. He received her graciously, and renewed his promises of favour and protection, and told her to come to Buda. Shortly afterwards her husband died, and she was making preparations for the journey, when a crow snatched the ring from her son's hand, and flew with it to a neighbouring tree, whereupon her brother, running to her assistance, shot the bird, and restored the bijou. She appeared before the King in his palace at Buda, and he loaded her with favours. When John had grown up, he bestowed upon him the domain of Hunyad, and sixty villages, and gave him as his coat-of-arms, a crow carrying a ring in its bill, and the young man ever after bore the name of his estate, Hunyadi Janos, or John of Hunyad.

Whether this recital be true or not, it is at least romantic, but can neither add to, nor diminish the glory of his after career.

At the battle of Semendria Sigismond was again successful, and again Hunyadi made the Turks feel the weight of his prowess.

The King died in 1437, and was buried in the Cathedral of Great Varadin. His sole merit amongst the Hungarians was his adherence to the traditional customs of the country, and his having, according to the popular belief, left a son behind him whose great services made him the pride of the nation.

The widow of Sigismond, was as we have already remarked, a woman devoid of honour, or of talent. So vile and degraded did she become, that it is credibly related, that, forgetful of the dignity of her station, and her womanhood, she made the first advances, when the fading of her charms had diminished the number of her admirers. She was the Messalina of Germany. Sigismond left to his daughter Elizabeth and her husband, Albert, Archduke of Austria, the three crowns of which he was in possession at his death. The Diet sanctioned Albert's succession to the throne, but with a great number of restrictions. He did not long survive his coronation, being poisoned, as was commonly believed, by his mother-in-law. He left his wife *enceinte;* but the Diet, and foremost among them John Hunyadi, did not think that in such perilous times they should entrust the government of the kingdom to a young and inexperienced female, but determined upon offering the crown to Ladislaus, King of Poland. He accepted it, and made his entry into Hungary amidst great rejoicings, but without a word of his marriage with the widowed queen, which it was confidently expected would take place. She, deprived of her resources, pledged the crown, which she had in her possession, to the ambitious Frederic III. of Germany, a weak-minded prince, who, by his avarice, was, however, laying the foundation of the future greatness of the House of Hapsburgh.

Now commenced in right earnest the war between the Hun

garians and the Turks. Her traditions, her music, nay, in some degree the character of the people, have received mournful colouring from that tremendous struggle. The ruined churches, dismantled fortresses, and great towns strongly walled, to which the affrighted peasantry from the surrounding country flocked for shelter, are all remains of that age of heroes. The Turks and Magyars were, as we have already stated, sprung of the same stock. Issuing from their native plains, the one settled in Pannonia, and embraced Christianity and its attendant civilisation; the other established itself upon the shores of the Bosphorus, swore by the creed of the Arab prophet, and offered all Europe its choice of the Koran or the sword. Thus the two nations, of same blood, found themselves placed face to face as deadly enemies, after the lapse of many changeful [illegible].

True to the customs of the Asiatic plains, both fought on horseback in a frightful *melee*, thousands of men matched in duels, with the same description of weapons, struggling for life, for quarter was neither asked nor given. To the love of homes and altars was added the additional stimulus of the deadliest religious bigotry, that [illegible] minds natures so hard-favoured as [illegible] Magyars wore the full armour, but when marching against the Ottomans, they resumed their costume and the curved [illegible]. They put on simply a light cuirass, or coat of mail, to protect the breast, and upon the rest of the body the national habit, which in magnificence was in no way inferior to the rich garments of the Turks. They alone were ever ready for the struggle when the rest of Europe seemed paralysed with fear.

In the midst of the rejoicings attendant upon the coronation of Ladislaus, Hunyadi twice defeated the Ottomans. He beat Mezet Bey in a murderous battle in Transylvania, and reduced Drakul, the waywode of Wallachia to submission. In this conflict the Szeules, the descendants of the soldiers of Attila, who remained a separate and distinct people upon the soil [illegible] Hungarian [illegible] Germans [illegible] Romans [illegible] Turkish army, they bore the shock of the Mussulman cavalry in solid squares, firm as a wall, and again and again dashed them back like foam from rock. The Turks sustained a still greater disaster near the Iron Gate, and Amurath II. at last sued for peace. Every voice ascribed the honour of these brilliant victories to the talents and valour of Hunyadi, and Ladislaus named him Count of Temes and Captain of Belgrade. His fame in some degree intimidated the partisans of the Queen, who were agitating for her restoration to the government, but in the midst of the dispute Elizabeth died, and thus set the question at rest. The Ottomans, however, always ready to take advantage of the intestine quarrels of the Magyars, again appeared on the frontiers, burning with eagerness to revenge their recent losses. Having united their forces with those of George Brankowitsch, Prince of Servia, and Drakul, waywode of Wallachia, they again marched to meet them. Hunyadi [illegible] pushed on rapidly, the Turks everywhere retreating before him. At last they made a stand at the foot of the Mountain of Konoviez. At the dawn of day the Magyar army was drawn up in the order of battle, in a long line, the best-born of the country [illegible] shoulder to shoulder, panting for the fray. Hunyadi, [illegible], of lofty stature, and eagle face, as great an orator as he was a soldier, rode out in front, and inflamed them courage by his burning words, till he had wrought them up to the highest pitch of religious enthusiasm and martial ardour. "To die once," said he, drawing his sword, "is a debt we owe to nature, but to die like brave men, on the field of battle, for one's country and religion, is a privilege which the Almighty God bestows on his chosen people only!" Wheeling [illegible] exclaimed, "God is with us! follow me!" and dashed like lightning on the foe. The Magyars instantly charged with wild hurrahs. The struggle was short, bloody, but decisive. There was a rush of steeds, a fierce clashing of weapons, and in a few minutes the Turks were broken "like thin clouds before a Biscay gale," and were flying across the plain in mad confusion. Rendered blind by fanaticism, the Ottomans did not perceive that, however great the valour of their soldiers might be, they had no leader who was nearly a match for the Hungarian general, and continued their attacks from time to time. Being obliged, on the other hand, to suppress an insurrection in Asia Minor, Amurath was obliged, at last, to sue for peace. To increase his chance of success, he endeavoured to gain over George Brankowitsch, the Prince of Servia, to his interest by large bribes. Brankowitsch was fully aware of the great weight which Hunyadi possessed in the royal councils, and therefore addressed himself to him in the first instance, offering him, as a reward for his zeal and the service he had rendered in driving the Turks from Servia, the magnificent estate of Vilagosvar, which, five centuries later, became the scene of the basest treachery. The Magyar, looking upon the gift as an act of pure munificence, accepted it without hesitation. Soon after, the Sultan sent ambassadors to the King to treat of peace, and Hunyadi, yielding to the flatteries of the wily Servian, brought them before Ladislaus [illegible] Diet, sitting at Szegedin. During the discussion which followed, Hunyadi, beginning to perceive that he had been duped, remained silent, and when peace was agreed and sworn to for six years, he gave no sign either of assent or disagreement. The clauses of the treaty were favourable, in appearance at least, to Hungary, which regained possession of all the Dimidium provinces, except Bulgaria.

No sooner [illegible] been signed than Cardinal Caesarini, the Papal legate [illegible] Morea court, received new instructions from the Holy See, ordering him to foment another war against the Turks. He therefore represented to the King that a new league was being formed against the Ottomans, who were now held in check by the disturbances in Asia Minor, and that the Pope would send him succours, and informed him that he had no right to conclude a peace with the infidels without the consent of the Holy Father. Ladislaus pleaded the solemn treaty, and his oath sworn on the holy evangelists; but the Prince of the holy Catholic Church assured him that everything was lawful, when done in defence of the Christian faith.

It is [illegible] to this event that the character of Hunyadi appears in its best light, that he first shows himself vastly superior to his age, and to his creed. To him the dust of the most desperate battle was as the breath of life. From war he had everything to gain, and nothing but his life, and of that he reckoned but little, to lose. How grateful then must it be to every ingenuous mind to see this high warrior, brought up in a loose and often inflexible morality of the camp, contending the shameless ministers of Christ's religion at the foot of the throne, and solemnly calling on the King not to violate his pledged faith. "Sire," said he with all the energy with which the love of truth inspires great souls, "all the priests in the world cannot free you from subjection to the laws of honour. You have sworn to the treaty, and an oath is more sacred than all the bulls that ever were issued."

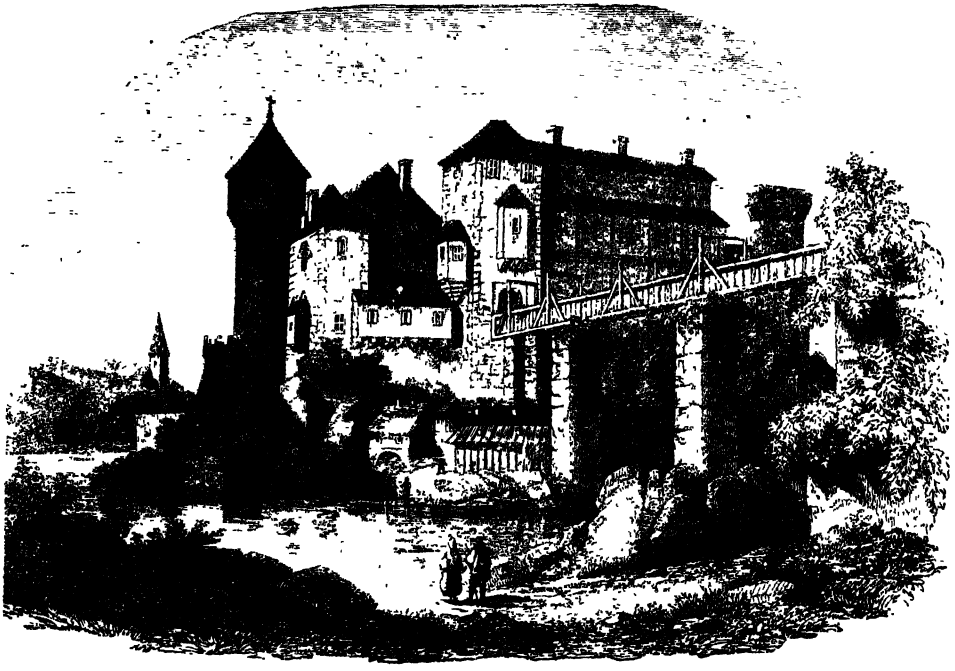
The Poles manifested equal repugnance to the war, but the Diet gave way before the expressed wish of the King. Hunyadi followed him in the expedition which was immediately fitted out, his scruples being quieted, it is said, by a promise that after the successful issue of the campaign he should receive Bulgaria as an hereditary province. We are loth to believe this of a man who had already displayed so much nobility of character, and would rather think with many that, finding himself placed in a [illegible] he [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

furiously upon the wing commanded by Karasi Bey, which instantly turned and fled. Karasi was slain, while vainly endeavouring to rally his troops, whose flight spread terror and confusion through the whole of the Turkish army. Amurath himself prepared to escape, and, tearing open his robe, drew forth the treaty concluded between himself and Ladislaus, and raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed: "God of the Christians! if thou art the true God, avenge the perfidy of thy disciples!" The greatness of his loss made him doubt the truth of his own faith. The rash bravery of Ladislaus, however, and the jealousy of some of the Hungarian barons, soon changed the face of affairs. The latter persuaded him that Hunyadi would appropriate to himself the sole honour of the day, if he did not forthwith take some part in the combat, and, putting himself at their head, he galloped down

he wrote in a strain of bitter irony. "I make you a present," said he, "of a horse of surprising swiftness, I send one to my son also. You will have need both of the one and the other, for you will be beaten."

Brankowitch, the waywode of Servia, who refused to take part in the war, had the mournful satisfaction of addressing the severest reproaches to Hunyadi. Cardinal Caesarini, and a number of Magyar and Polish nobles, paid with their lives the penalty of their treachery or their rashness, whilst Amurath found himself, by his victory, raised to the position of the champion of the laws of nations.

This disaster forcibly presented to the minds of the Hungarians the evil of intestine division, and they therefore with one accord offered the crown to Ladislaus, the posthumous son of Albert, Duke of Austria, and Elizabeth, daughter of



CASTLE OF JOHN HUNYADI.—(*See page* 150.)

into the thick of the *melee*. He was instantly surrounded by the Janissaries, and, his charger falling, he was prostrated under a shower of blows, and trampled to death under the horses' feet. Hunyadi made a desperate but ineffectual attempt to rescue him; the battle was lost, and the head of the unfortunate Ladislaus, raised on the point of a lance, was the signal for the general rout. The Magyars and Poles, mingled in the panic, fled towards the river, and there the carnage was so frightful that the water was dyed with their blood. Amurath visited the field when the engagement was over. "Look at these bodies," said he to Asa Bey, "they were warriors in the prime of life." "Of course they were," replied the old soldier; "old men would not have been guilty of the imprudence which has given us the victory."

Drakul, the waywode of Wallachia, seems to have foreseen the defeat, for, on sending four thousand cavalry to the King,

Sigismond. We have, however, already stated that the child and his mother had, during the disputes relative to the succession to the crown, placed themselves under the protection of Frederick II., Emperor of Germany, who now refused to allow the latter to return to Hungary. Under these circumstances, the Diet, acting in his name, appointed John Hunyadi regent of the kingdom, who, after having defended the state on the battle-field, now wisely governed it for six years. He was the first Governor of Hungary, a dignity which has never since been conferred with similar forms upon any one except Louis Kossuth.

Hunyadi made unceasing efforts to obtain the liberation of the King, but the German Emperor seldom returned any other answer than vain promises or exorbitant demands of money, by way of indemnification. The Governor also found himself hampered by the jealousy of Ulric de Cilly, the uncle of Ladis-

laus, who himself aspired to the regency Hunyadi did not in the meantime, however, relax from his endeavours to humble the pride of the Turks, whom the triumph of Varna had rendered more than usually haughty and overbearing. Though the loss of so many gallant soldiers prevented him from acting on the offensive, and compelled him to use great caution, he nevertheless was successful in various minor encounters with the Ottomans. He then turned his attention to the chastisement of Giska, the chief of the Bohemian bands, and Brankowitsch of Servia, for their defection and treachery in the hour of peril. His moderation, and justice, and integrity in everything, raised him to the highest position in popular estimation. At the disastrous battle of Cassova, he sustained a tremendous defeat, and was near losing his own life. Thrown off his horse, he was seized by two Servians, who began to quarrel for the possession of the golden cross which hung around his neck, when he suddenly extricated himself, grasped his arms, and killed one, and as no single man of ordinary stature and skill in the use of weapons ever stood before Hunyadi, the other immediately took to flight. Even this misfortune did not lessen his popularity. On his return to Hungary the nation again hailed him as the greatest of her statesmen and the first of her military chiefs.



JOHN HUNYADI.

Frederick at last consented to give up the young King, but [illegible] made the guardianship of Count de Cilly, who was [illegible] Hunyadi, Wh[illegible] crowned at Vienna, Hunyadi, and his eldest son Ladislaus Corvinus had a good deal of influence over him, but upon his return, the intrigues of a cabal devoted to Cilly rendered him prejudiced and unjust towards the Regent, although he had previously loaded him with favours, and named him hereditary Count of Bistricz. But this did not prevent Hunyadi from doing his duty, and he now set an example of pure and disinterested patriotism, which, perhaps, no man but Washington has ever followed. A brave warrior, an able statesman, honoured for his public services, and supreme in the affections of the people, nothing could have been easier for him than to have repudiated the claims of a boy, who had not set his foot in the kingdom since his infancy, and who had been educated in a court whose policy was hostile to Hungarian interests. But that great heart did not know what it was to hesitate between the dictates of duty, and the whisperings of ambition. He instantly placed the government in the King's hands, and afterwards signed all public acts simply as Count of Bistricz, and Captain-General of the King and the Magyar Empire.

The barons of Rozgony assigned the castle of Posonia, or Presbourg, to Ladislaus as his residence, and, after the estates had sworn allegiance, he confirmed the ancient charters of the realm. From that time Presbourg became the seat of the Diet, and the place in which all the Princes of the House of Hapsburgh were crowned (for engraving see next number). Ladislaus was obliged to continue Hunyadi in the office of Lieutenant-Governor, but he never afterwards acted towards him with any degree of cordiality. During his stay at Presbourg he was cold, reserved, and cautious; and, very soon yielding to the suggestions of his maternal uncle, Count de Cilly, he returned to Vienna, under pretence of regulating the affairs of the Archduchy of Austria.

THE UNPARALLELED ADVENTURE OF ONE HANS PFAALL.

It appears that on the - — — day of — — (I am not positive about the date), a vast crowd of people; for purposes not specifically mentioned, were assembled in the great square of the Exchange in the well-conditioned city of Rotterdam The day was warm —unusually so for the season—there was hardly a breath of air stirring and the multitude were in no bad humour at being now and then mikled with friendly showers of momentary duration, that fell from large white masses of cloud profusely distributed about the blue vault of the firmament Nevertheless, about noon, a slight but remarkable agitation became apparent in the assembly, the clattering of ten thousand tongues succeeded; and, in an instant afterwards, ten thousand faces were upturned towards the heavens thousand pipes descended simultaneously from the ten thousand mouths, and a shout, which could have nothing but the roaring of Niagara, resounded long, long and furiously through all the city, and through all the country of Rotterdam

The origin of the hubub soon became sufficiently evident. From behind the huge bulk of one of those shapely-domed masses of cloud already mentioned was seen slowly to emerge into an open area of blue space, aque heterogeneous, but apparently solid substance, so oddly shaped, so whimsically put together, as not to be in any manner comprehended, and never to be sufficiently admired, by the host of sturdy burghers who stood open-mouthed below. What could it be What could it possibly portend? No one knew, no one could imagine, no one—not even the burgomaster, Mynheer Superbus Von Underduk

In the meantime, however, lower and still lower towards the earth came the object of such curiosity and the cause of so much smoke In a very few minutes it arrived near enough to be accurately discerned It appeared to be—yes! it was undoubtedly a species of balloon but surely no *such* balloon had ever been seen in Rotterdam before For who, let me ask, ever heard of a balloon manufactured entirely of duty newspapers? No man in Holland certainly yet here, under the very noses of the people, or rather at some distance *above* them noses, was the identical thing in question and composed—I have it on the best authority—of the precise material which no one had ever before known to be used for a single purpose It was an egregious insult to the good sense of the burghers of Rotterdam As to the shape of the phenomenon, it was even still more reprehensible—being little or nothing better than a huge fool's-cap turned upside down. And this similitude was regarded as by no means lessened when, upon nearer inspection, the crowd saw a large tassel depending from its apex and, around the upper rim or base of the cone, a circle of little instruments, resembling sheep-bells, which kept up a continual tinkling to the tune of Betty Martin But still worse Suspended by blue ribbons to the end of the fantastic machine there hung, by way of car, an enormous cocked hat, with a brim superlatively broad, and a hemispherical crown with a black band and a silver buckle It is, however, somewhat remarkable that many citizens of Rotterdam swore to having seen the same hat repeatedly before, and, indeed, the whole assembly seemed to regard it with eyes of familiarity, while the view Gretchel Pfaall upon sight of it, uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise, and declared the identical hat of her good man himself. Now this was a circumstance the more to be observed, as Pfaall, with three companions, had actually disappeared from Rotterdam about five years before, in a very sudden and unaccountable manner, and up to the date of this narrative all attempts at obtaining intelligence concerning them had failed

The balloon (for such no doubt, was) had now descended to within a hundred feet of the earth, allowing the crowd below a sufficiently distinct view of the person of its occupant This was, in truth, a very singular somebody He could not have been more than two feet in height, but the rotundity, little as it was, would have been sufficient to destroy his *equilibrium*, and tilt him over the edge of his tiny car, but for the intervention of a circular rim reaching as high as the breast, and rigged on to the cords of the balloon. The body of the little man was more than proportionally broad, giving to his entire figure a rotundity highly absurd His feet, of course, could not be seen at all. His hands were enormously large. His hair was gray, and collected into a *queue* behind. His nose was prodigiously long, crooked, and inflammatory; his eyes full, brilliant, and acute; his chin and cheeks, although wrinkled with age, were broad, puffy, and double; but of ears of any kind there was not a semblance to be discovered upon any portion of his head. This odd little gentleman was dressed in a loose suit out of sky-blue satin, with tight breeches to match, fastened with silver buckles at the knees His vest was of some bright yellow material; a white taffety cap was set jauntily on one side of his head, and, to complete his equipment, a blood-red silk handkerchief enveloped his throat, and fell down, in a dainty manner, upon his bosom, in a fantastic bow-knot of supereminent dimensions

Having descended, as I said before, to about one hundred feet from the surface of the earth the little old gentleman was suddenly seized with a fit of trepidation, and appeared disinclined to make any nearer approach to *terra firma* Throwing out, therefore, a quantity of sand from he became stationary in an instant He reached, in a hurried and la pocket in his surtout a large morocco pocket book This he suspiciously in his hand; then eyed it with an air of extreme surprise and was evidently astonished at its weight He at length opened it, and, drawing therefrom a huge letter sealed with red sealing-wax and tied carefully with red tape, let it fall precisely at the feet of the burgomaster, Superbus Von Underduk His Excellency stooped to take it up But the aeronaut, still greatly discomposed, and having, apparently, no further business to detain him in Rotterdam, began at this moment to make his preparations for departure, and it being necessary to discharge a portion of ballast to enable him to re-ascend, the half dozen bags which he it, one after another, without taking the contents, tumbled, every one of them, most unfortunately, upon the back of the burgomaster, and rolled him over and over no less than half a dozen times, in the face of every individual in Rotterdam It is not to be supposed, however, that the dignity of Underduk suffered these indignities on the part of the little old man to pass off with impunity It is said, on the contrary, that during each of his half dozen circumvolutions he emitted no less than half a dozen distinct and furious whiffs from his pipe.

In the meantime the balloon arose like a lark, and, soaring far away above the city, at length drifted quietly behind a cloud, similar to that from which it had so oddly emerged, and was thus lost for ever to the wondering eyes of the good citizens of Rotterdam All attention was now directed to the letter, the descent of which, and the consequences attending thereupon, had proved so fatally subversive of both person and personal dignity to his Excellency, Von Underduk That functionary, however, had not failed, during his circumgyratory movements, to bestow a thought upon the important object of securing the epistle, which was seen, upon inspection, to have fallen into the most proper hands, being actually addressed to himself and Professor Rubadub, in their official capacities of President and Vice-President of the Rotterdam College of Astronomy It was accordingly opened by those dignitaries upon the spot, and found to contain the following extraordinary, and, indeed, very serious communication —

TO THEIR EXCELLENCES VON UNDERDUK AND RUBADUB, PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE STATES' COLLEGE OF ASTRONOMERS, IN THE CITY OF ROTTERDAM

Your Excellencies may, perhaps, be able to remember an humble artisan, by name Hans Pfaall, and by occupation a mender of bellows, who, with three others, disappeared from Rotterdam, about five years ago, in a manner which must have been considered unaccountable If, however, it so please your Excellencies, I, the writer of this communication, am the identical Hans Pfaall himself. It is well known to most of my fellow-citizens that, for the period of forty years, I continued to occupy the little square brick building at the head of the alley called Sauerkraut, in which I resided at the time of my disappearance. My ancestors have also resided therein time out of mind—they, as well as myself, steadily following the respectable and, indeed, lucrative profession of mending of bellows, for, to speak the truth, until of late years, that the heads of all the people have been set agog with politics, no better business than my own could an honest citizen of Rotterdam either desire or deserve. Credit was good, employment was never wanting, and there was no lack of either money or good will. But, as I was saying, we soon began to feel the effects of liberty, and long speeches, and Radicalism, and all that sort of thing. People who were formerly the very best customers in the world had now not a moment of time to think of

us at all. They had as much as they could do to read about the revolutions, and keep up with the march of intellect and the spirit of the age If a fire wanted fanning, it could readily be fanned with a newspaper; and as the Government grew weaker, I have no doubt that leather and iron acquired durability in proportion, for, in a very short time, there was not a pan of bellows in Rotterdam that ever stood in need of a stitch or required the assistance of a hammer This was a state of things not to be endured. I soon grew as poor as a rat, and, having a wife and children to provide for, my burdens at length became intolerable, and I spent hour after hour in reflecting upon the most convenient method of putting an end to my life. Duns, in the meantime, left me little leisure for contemplation. My house was literally besieged from morning till night. There were three fellows in particular, who worried me beyond endurance, keeping watch continually about my door, and threatening me with the law. Upon these three I vowed the bitterest revenge if ever I should be so happy as to get them within my clutches, and I believe nothing in the world but the pleasure of this anticipation prevented me from putting my plan of suicide into immediate execution by blowing my brains out with a blunderbuss. I thought it best, however, to dissemble my wrath, and to treat them with promises and [illegible] I knew me good turn of life, an opportunity of [illegible] had me

One day, having given them the slip, and feeling more than usually dejected, I continued for a long time to wander about the streets without object, until at length I

stopped at the corner of a bookseller's stall Seeing a chair [illegible] the use of customers, I threw myself doggedly into it, and, hardly knowing why, opened the pages of the first volume which came within my reach. It proved to be a small pamphlet treatise on Speculative Astronomy, written either by Professor Encke, of Berlin, or by a Frenchman of somewhat similar name. I had some little tincture of information on matters of this nature, and soon became more and more absorbed in the contents of the book— reading it actually through twice before I awoke to a recollection of what was passing around me By this time it began to grow dark, and I directed my steps toward home. But the treatise (in conjunction with a discovery in pneumatics, lately communicated to me as an important secret, by a cousin from Nantz) had made an indelible impression on my mind, and, as I sauntered along the dusky streets, I revolved carefully over in my memory the wild and sometimes unintelligible reasonings of the writer There were some particular passages which affected my imagination in an extraordinary manner. The longer I meditated upon these the more intense grew the interest which had been excited within me The limited nature of my education in general, and more especially my ignorance on subjects connected with natural philosophy, so far from rendering me diffident of my own ability to comprehend what I had read, or inducing me to distrust the many vague notions which had arisen in consequence, merely served as a further stimulus to imagination, and I was vain enough or perhaps reasonable enough, to doubt whether those crude ideas which, arising in ill-regulated minds have all the appearance, may not often in effect possess all the force, the reality, and other inherent properties of instinct or intuition.

It was late when I reached home, and I went immediately to bed My mind, however, was too much occupied to sleep, and I lay the whole night buried in meditation Arising early in the morning, I repaired eagerly to the bookseller's-stall, and laid out what little ready money I possessed in the purchase of some volumes of Mechanics and Practical Astronomy. Having arrived at home safely with these, I devoted every spare moment to their perusal, and soon made such proficiency in studies of this nature as I thought sufficient for the execution of a certain design with which either the devil or my better genius had inspired me In the intervals of this period I made every endeavour to conciliate the three creditors who had given me so much annoyance. In this I finally succeeded—partly by selling enough of my household furniture to satisfy a moiety of their claim, and partly by a promise of paying the balance upon completion of a little project which I told them I had in view, and for assistance in, which I solicited their

By these mean (for they were ignorant men) I found little difficulty in gaining them over to my purpose.

Matters being thus arranged, I contrived, by the aid of my wife, and with the greatest secrecy and caution, to dispose of what property I had remaining, and to borrow, in small sums, under various pretences, and without giving any attention (I am ashamed to say) to my future means of repayment, no inconsiderable quantity of ready money With the means thus accruing, I proceeded to procure at intervals cambric muslin, very fine, in pieces of twelve yards each; twine, a lot of the varnish of caoutchouc; a large and deep basket of wicker-work, made to order, and several other articles necessary in the construction and equipment of a balloon of extraordinary dimensions. This I directed my wife to make up as soon as possible, and gave her all requisite information as to the particular method of proceeding. In the meantime I worked up the twine into net work of sufficient dimensions, rigged it with hoop and the necessary cords, and made purchase of numerous instruments and materials for experiment in the upper regions of the upper atmosphere. I then took opportunities of conveying by night, to a retired situation east of Rotterdam, five non-bound casks, to contain about fifty gallons each, and one of a larger size, six in tubes, three inches in diameter, properly shaped and ten feet in length, a quantity of a *particular metallic substance, or semi-metal*, which I shall not name, and a dozen demijohns of *a certain common acid*. The gas to be formed from these latter materials is a gas never yet generated by any other person than myself—or at least never applied to any similar purpose. I can only venture to say here, that it is *a constituent of azote*, so long considered irreducible, and that its density is about 37 4 times *less than that of hydrogen*. It is tasteless, but not odourless burns, when pure, with a greenish flame, and is instantaneously fatal to animal life. Its full secret I would make no difficulty in disclosing, but that it of right belongs (as I have before hinted) to a citizen of Nantz, in France, by whom it was conditionally communicated to myself. The same individual submitted to me, without being at all aware of my intentions, a method of constructing balloons from the membrane of a certain animal, through which substance any escape of gas was nearly an impossibility I found it, however, altogether too expensive, and was not sure, upon the whole, whether cambric muslin, with a coating of gum caoutchouc, was not equally as good

On the spot which I intended each of the smaller casks to occupy respectively during the inflation of the balloon, I privately dug a small hole, the holes forming in this manner a circle twenty-five feet in diameter In the centre of this circle, being the station designed for the large cask I also dug a hole of greater depth In each of the five smaller holes I deposited a canister containing fifty pounds, and in the larger one a keg holding one hundred and fifty pounds of cannon powder. These—the keg and the canisters—I connected in a proper manner with covered drains, and having let into one of the canisters the end of about four feet of slow-match, I covered up the hole, and placed the cask over it, leaving the other end of the match protruding about an inch, and barely visible beyond the cask. I then filled up the remaining holes, and placed the barrels over them in their destined situation

Besides the articles above enumerated, I conveyed to the *depôt*, I there secreted, one of M. Grimm's improvements upon the apparatus for condensation of the atmospheric air I found this machine, however, to require considerable alteration before it could be adapted to the purposes to which I intended making it applicable. But, with severe labour and unremitting perseverance, I at length met with entire success in all my preparations My balloon was soon completed. It would contain more than forty-thousand cubic feet of gas, would take me up easily, I calculated, with all my implements, and, if I managed rightly, with one hundred and seventy-five pounds of ballast into the bargain It had received three coats of varnish, and I found the cambric muslin to answer all the purposes of silk itself, being quite as strong, and a good deal less expensive

Everything being now ready, I exacted from my wife an oath of secrecy in relation to all my actions from the day of my last visit to the bookseller's-stall, and promising, on my part, to return as soon as circumstances would permit, I gave her what little money I had left, and bade her farewell, indeed, I had no fear on her account. She was what people call a notable woman, and could manage matters in the world without my assistance I believe, to tell the truth, she always looked upon me as an idle body—a mere make-weight—good for nothing but building castles in the air—and was rather glad to get rid of me. It was a dark night when I bade her good bye, and taking with me, as *aide-de-camp* the three creditors who had given me so much trouble, we carried the balloon, with the car and accoutrements, by a round-

about way, to the station where the other articles were deposited We then found them all unmolested, and I proceeded immediately

It was the first of April. The night, as I said before, was dark, and there was not a star to be seen; and a drizzling rain, falling at intervals, rendered us very uncomfortable But my chief anxiety was concerning the balloon, which, in spite of the varnish with which it was defended, began to grow rather heavy with the moisture: the powder also was liable to damage I therefore kept my three duns working with great diligence, pounding down around the central cask, and stirring the

In about four hours and a half I found the balloon sufficiently inflated I attached the car, therefore, and put all my implements in it—a telescope, a barometer, with some important modifications; a thermometer, a chronometer, a compass, a magnetic needle, a seconds watch, a bell, a speaking trumpet, &c &c also a globe of glass, exhausted of air, and carefully closed with a stopper—not forgetting the condensing apparatus, some unslacked lime, a stock of sealing-wax, a copious supply of water, and a large quantity of provisions, such as pemmican, in which much nutriment is contained in comparatively little bulk

It was now nearly daybreak, and I thought it high time to take my departure Dropping a lighted cigar on the ground, as if by accident I took the opportunity, in stooping to pick it up, of igniting privately the piece of slow match, the end of which, as I said before, protruded a little beyond the lower rim of one of the smaller casks This manœuvre was totally unperceived on the part of the three duns, and, jumping into the car, I immediately cut the single cord which held me to the earth, and was pleased to find that I shot upwards with inconceivable rapidity carrying with all ease one hundred and seventy-five pounds of leaden ballast, and able to have carried up as many more In a little while after the match did its work, and an explosion took place, the consequences of which to my creditors I know not to the

It is now high time that I should explain to your Excellences the object of my voyage Your Excellences will bear in mind that distressed circumstances in Rotterdam had at length driven me to the resolution of committing suicide It was not, however, that to life itself I had any positive disgust, but that I was harassed beyond endurance by the adventitious miseries attending my situation. In this state of mind, wishing to live, yet wearied with life, the treatise at the stall of the bookseller, backed by the opportune discovery of my cousin of Nantz, opened a resource to my imagination I then finally made up my mind. I determined to depart, yet live—to leave the world, yet continue to exist in short, to drop enigmas, I resolved, let what would ensue, to force a passage, if I could, *to the moon*

Thus, may it please your Excellences, after [illegible] anxieties, unheard-of dangers, and unparalleled escapes I had, at length, on the nineteenth day of my departure from Rotterdam, arrived in safety at the conclusion of a voyage undoubtedly the most extraordinary and the most momentous ever accomplished, undertaken, or conceived by any denizen of the earth But my adventures yet remain to be related And indeed your Excellences may well imagine that, after a residence of five years upon a planet not only deeply interesting in its own peculiar character, but rendered doubly so by its intimate connection, in capacity of satellite, with the world inhabited by man, I may have intelligence for the private ear of the States' College of Astronomers of far more importance than the details, however wonderful, of the mere *voyage* which so happily concluded. This is, in fact, the case. I have much, very much, which it would give me the greatest pleasure to communicate I have much to say of the climate of the planet, of its wonderful alternations of heat and cold, of unmitigated and burning sunshine for one fortnight, and more than polar frigidity for the next, of a constant transfer of moisture, by distillation like that *in vacuo*, from the point beneath the sun to the point the farthest from it; of a variable zone of running water, of the people themselves, of their manners, customs, and political institutions, of their peculiar physical construction; of their ugliness; of their want of ears, those useless appendages in an atmosphere so peculiarly modified, of their consequent ignorance of the use and properties of speech, of their substitute for speech in a singular method of inter-communication, of the incomprehensible connection between each particular individual in the moon, with some particular individual on the earth a connection analogous with, and depending upon that of the orbs of the planet and the satellite, and by means of which the lives and [illegible] are interwoven with the lives and destinies of the inhabitants of the other, and above all, if it so please your Excellences—above all of those dark and hideous mysteries which lie in the outer regions of the moon—regions which, by the almost miraculous accordance of the satellite's rotation on its axis, with its sidereal revolution about the earth, have never yet been turned, and, by God's mercy, never shall be turned, to the scrutiny of the telescopes of man All this, and more much more, could I most willingly detail. But, to be brief, I have my reward I am pining for a return to my family and to my home, and, as the price of any further communication on my part—in consideration of the light which I have it in my power to throw upon many very important branches of physical and metaphysical science I must solicit, through the influence of your Excellences, a pardon for the crime of which I have been guilty in the death of the creditors upon my departure from Rotterdam. The favor, as the object of the present paper Its bearer, an inhabitant of the moon, whom I have prevailed upon, and properly instructed to be my messenger to the earth, will await your Excellences' pleasure, and return to me with the pardon in question if it can in any manner be obtained

I have the honor to be, &c, your Excellences' very humble servant,

HANS PFAALL.

Upon unfolding the [illegible] of this very extraordinary document, Professor Rubadub, it is said, dropped his pipe upon the ground in the extremity of his surprise, and Manheer Superbus Von Underduk, having taken off his spectacles, wiped them and deposited them in his pocket—a fact forgot both himself and his dignity, as to turn round three times upon his heel in the quintessence of astonishment and admiration There was no doubt about the matter—the pardon should be obtained So at least one, with a round oath, Professor Rubadub, and so finally thought the illustrious Von Underduk, as he took the arm of his brother in science, and, without saying a word, began to make the best of his way home to deliberate upon the measures to be adopted. Having reached the door, however, of the burgomaster's dwelling, the professor returned to suggest that, as the messenger had thought proper to disappear—no doubt frightened to death by the savage appearance of the burghers of Rotterdam—the pardon would be of little use, as no one but a man of the moon would undertake a voyage to so vast a distance To the truth of this observation the burgomaster assented, and the matter was therefore at an end. Not so, however, rumours and speculations The letter, having been published, gave rise to a variety of gossip and opinion. Some of the over-wise even made themselves ridiculous by decrying the

these sort of people, is, I believe, a general term for all matters above their comprehension. For my part, I cannot conceive upon what data they have founded such an accusation Let us see what they say

Imprimis,—That certain wags in Rotterdam have certain especial antipathies to certain burgomasters and astronomers

Secondly,—That an odd little dwarf and bottle companion, both of whose ears, for some misdemeanour, have been cut off close to his head, has been missing for several days from the neighbouring city of Bruges.

Thirdly,—That the newspapers which were stuck all over the little balloon were newspapers of Holland, and therefore could not have been made in the moon. They were duly papers very duly—and Gluck, the printer, would take his Bible oath to their having been printed in Rotterdam.

Fourthly,—That Hans Pfaall himself, the drunken villain, and the three very idle gentlemen styled his creditors, were all seen, no longer than two or three days ago, in a certain public house in the suburbs, having just returned, with money in their pockets, from a trip beyond the sea.

Lastly,—That it is an opinion very generally received, or which ought to be generally received, that the College of Astronomers in the city of Rotterdam, as well as all other colleges in all other parts of the world—not to mention colleges and astronomers in general—are, to say the least of the matter, not a whit better, nor greater, nor wiser than they ought to be



LORD PALMERSTON.

The visit of Kossuth to England has turned the attention of all to the foreign relationships of the country, and to the statesman who presides over them. Perhaps no member of the Cabinet has ever been more prominently before the world than the present Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and who is certainly the most abused man in the Ministry—Sir Charles Wood even having incurred less odium with his budgets than Lord Palmerston. One main source of his unpopularity, however, is creditable rather than otherwise. It is clear that the reactionary and despotic Governments of the Continent hate Lord Palmerston because he refuses England's support to their treason against human rights. Were he more complaisant to them, we should hear less of the mischievous activity of the Foreign Secretary—a cry which the emissaries of foreign powers, not very creditably to ourselves, are easily able to raise. It is only strange that, mischief maker as he has been represented, he has not long ere this been driven from office. Our Foreign Secretary must not only be a cleverer but a better man than he has the credit of being, otherwise his career of office would by this time have been involuntarily closed.

The principles in accordance with which his lordship has shaped his course have been so well stated by him that we cannot do better than reprint part of the speech to which we refer here. In answer to the deputation from Islington and Finsbury, congratulating his lordship on the aid he had given to the Sultan of Turkey, in effecting the liberation of the late Governor of Hungary, his lordship is reported to have said — "There was no question of the great moral power which the Government of this country had over foreign affairs, so long as the Government were backed in the exercise of that power by the public opinion of the people. No doubt the moral power of the British Government was immense, more than people generally imagined, but it would only be effective so long as the people and the Government went together. There could be no doubt that, with regard to its Hungarian policy, the Government had been backed by the people—as was instanced by the fact of the appeals which had been made from all quarters, and from all the large towns and cities in the kingdom, urging on the Government interference in that important question. It was not necessary that England should exercise a power with its armies, with its bayonets, or with its cannon. The moral power, where the Government was backed by the people, would do a great deal more. The moral power was greater than anything else, but even that could not be made effective, unless the Government and people acted in unison. The Government, more especially the Foreign department, were sometimes accused of keeping too much secrecy in diplomacy; but, upon the same ground that men in the ordinary business transactions of life did not make public all the details of such transactions, until the bargains in which they might be engaged were completed, so also was it necessary that the publication of the proceedings of diplomacy should be left to the judgment and discretion of that department of the Government in order properly to transact the business of the nation." This statement at any rate cannot be charged with mystification. The people must decide the foreign policy of Government. Without them the Foreign Office is powerless. If in our name a helping hand be held out to nations struggling to be free, the oppressor may in vain march his bannered hosts to war. A people backed by British sympathy—by such sympathy as America and England are prepared to give the noble Hungarian nation—will not long wear the oppressor's yoke, but must become free. There is no such thing as non-intervention. We cannot isolate ourselves. We are members one of another. We have common hope and joy, and destiny, and aim. God made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth.

Lord Palmerston has long been a public man. In 1809, when Sir R. Peel first entered Parliament, and long before Lord John Russell was known to fame, he was Secretary-at-War. His lordship is an Irish viscount, and was born in 1784. In 1839 he married Lady Cowper, sister of the late Lord Melbourne, a lady whose fashionable *soirees* have done so much to smooth the way to the political triumphs of her lord. Lord Palmerston became a Lord of the Admiralty under the Duke of Rutland in 1807, and with wonderful versatility has retained office in almost every Cabinet that has been formed since then. In the first Grey Cabinet of 1830, Lord Palmerston was Foreign Secretary, an office which he has ever since retained, with the exception of intervals, one of them extending nearly five years, when Sir R. Peel held the reins of office.

Like most of our really great men, Lord Palmerston is a growing statesman. Years have taught him wisdom. His vision has become enlarged. He was brought up in bad company, yet we see in him little that would lead us to suppose that he had been trained under Castlereagh, or had sat at the Council Board with Lyndhurst. This explains his hold of power. The waves of progress, otherwise, long ere this would have swept him away. Instead of idly bewailing the past, he has become obedient to the spirit of the age, and followed it. Peel did the same thing, and when he died every heart was touched, and a common wail of sorrow was heard all over the land. This is the true statesmanship in these modern times. He who would aspire to rule must learn to obey. Great principles must be left free to fructify and bear fruit. A man can not patronise and pet them as he would his poodle. The blunder of statesmanship hitherto has been that it thought it could do this—that it forgot that progress was but the development of one great whole; that it forgot that—

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs"

THE SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The newspapers have recently informed us that a lieutenant in the navy has started for Petersburgh, on his way to Russia to detect, if possible, traces of Sir John Franklin. Lord John Russell has supplied him with five hundred pounds for that purpose. The assistance of the Czar has been graciously promised. It is to be hoped that Lieutenant Pim gallantly may win for us some particulars of the brave men on whose fate so dark a cloud at present rests. Attention being afresh directed to the subject, we propose to give a sketch of what has hitherto been done.

On the 19th of May, in 1845, with good spirits and in robust health, the Arctic expedition sailed from England, her Majesty's Government having deemed it expedient that a further attempt should be made for the accomplishment of a north-west passage by sea from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and having for that purpose fitted out the Erebus, 370 tons, and the Terror, 340 tons, under the command of Sir John Franklin, K.C.H. He was directed by the Admiralty instructions to proceed, with all despatch, to Lancaster Sound, and, passing through it, to push on to the westward, in the latitude of 74½ deg., without loss of time, or stopping to examine any opening to the northward, until he reached the longitude of Cape Walker, which is situated in about 98 deg. west. He was to use every effort to penetrate to the northward and westward of that point, and to pursue as direct a course for Behring's Straits as circumstances might permit. He was cautioned not to attempt to pass by the western extremity of Melville's Island until he had ascertained that a permanent barrier of ice or other obstacle closed the prescribed route. In the event of his not being able to penetrate to the westward, he was to enter Wellington Sound in his second summer. He was further directed to transmit accounts of his proceedings to the Admiralty, by means of the natives and the Hudson's Bay Company, and, after passing the 65th meridian, to throw overboard, daily, a copper cylinder, containing a paper stating the ship's position. It was also understood that he would cause piles of stones, or signal-posts, to be erected on conspicuous headlands at convenient times. In July, letters were written by Sir John Franklin and his companions, all bearing evidence of their buoyant and hopeful spirit. On the 26th of the same month the Erebus and Terror were seen in latitude 74 deg. 48 min. north, longitude 60 deg. 13 min. west, moored to an iceberg, waiting for a favourable opportunity of crossing to Lancaster Sound. Since then a painful mystery has attached to their proceedings. Have they suddenly been buried in the deep, or do they yet live on some frozen shore? We are unable to give any definite reply. The expe-

ditions for their rescue have been singularly barren of results. With one exception, to which we shall presently refer, not a trace of them remains has been found.

At the close of the autumn of 1847, the Admiralty determined to send out three several searching expeditions—one to Lancaster Sound, another down the Mackenzie River, and the third to Behring's Straits. The object of the first, and most important one, was to follow up the route supposed to have been pursued by Sir John Franklin, and by searching for signal posts to trace him out, and carry the required relief to his exhausted crews. Of this expedition, consisting of the Enterprise and the Investigator, Sir James Clark Ross was the commander.

Behring's Straits expedition was composed of the Herald, Capt. Kellett, and the Plover, Commander Moore. The main object of the searching party under the command of Sir John Richard , C.B. was to trace the coast between the Mackenzie the Copper Mine Rivers, and the shores of Victoria and Wollaston lands, lying opposite to Cape Krusenstern. The latter expedition was altogether in vain, not were the others more successful. Sir James Ross reached the three islands of Baffin on the 26th of July, and in a month after Possession Bay, where he landed, and found a memorandum left by Sir Edward Parry, in 1819. On the 1st of September, the ships arrived off Cape York, where a conspicuous landmark was erected. Sir James next examined Maxwell Bay, and the north coast of Barrow's Strait, but as the ice prevented his running for the west, the ships were hove into winter quarters at Port Leopold. In the meantime the whole of Prince Regent's Inlet and the Gulf of Bothnia had been examined, and on the 1st of September, 1849, Sir James reluctantly gave the signal to bear up for England. At the same time that Sir James Ross was engaged in the ice on the west side of Baffin's Bay, Mr. James Saunders, in the North Star, was working his way up the east side, with imminent danger to his ship.

In 1849 the Admiralty had, on the return of Sir James C. Ross, that a more vigorous search should be made. Accordingly, again the Enterprise and Investigator were despatched to Behring's Straits, the former under the command of Captain Collinson, C.B., and the latter under M'Clure. At the same time preparations for the search on the side of Lancaster Sound were made on a large scale. The Resolute was commissioned by Captain Austen, and the Assistance, Captain Erasmus Ommaney, was put under his orders, together with the Intrepid and Pioneer, steam-tenders to the two vessels. Captain William Penny, an experienced whale fisher, was also engaged for the search, and placed in command of the Lady Franklin and Sophia. In addition to these expeditions, fitted out by the Admiralty, several from private sources, showed the interest felt in the search by the public at large. Captain Sir John Ross, now advanced years, sailed in the Felix schooner, and by the munificence of Mr. Henry Grinnell, a New York merchant, the United States sent forth the Advance and the Rescue, under the command of Lieutenant De Haven, U.S.N., and Mr. J. P. Griffin. Lady Franklin also despatched the Prince Albert, under the command of Commander Forsyth, R.N.

And what has been the result of all these costly preparations? We regret to say—almost nothing. On the south side of Beechey Island, in Cape Riley, traces were discovered, where the Franklin ships had wintered in 1845-6. In the inside of the above-named island. Three graves were found of men belonging to the party; and the latest death bears the date of April 3, 1846. Seven hundred empty meat tins were also discovered—a small proportion of the 2,400 canisters with which the ships were supplied. It is probable that the expedition remained there till the end of August, 1846. The absence of all memoranda at the winter station is remarkable, and perfectly unaccountable. Had such memoranda existed, Franklin's career might have existed, and by this time, possibly, he might have been saved.

On November 20, Lieutenant Pim proceeded on his expedition. Russia, as we have already stated, is his first destination. It is known that the Emperor is deeply interested in procuring intelligence of the missing expedition, and has long ago given orders to obtain every information respecting it which could be procured from the natives of the northern coast of Siberia. It may, therefore, be hoped that the more definite mission of our countryman, who is well insured to the life of the Esquimaux, will be so countenanced by the authorities at St. Petersburgh as to enable him to carry out, with the Imperial assistance, a survey of the distant and mountainous lands first described by the Russian navigator Wrangell, and since seen by Captain Kellett, of her Majesty's ship Herald, beyond which it is supposed that Franklin's ship may have been frozen up. God grant that his search may not be in vain!

At a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, Lieutenant Osborne contended that Sir John had reached far to the north-west up the channel. He was [illegible] John and his crews could not have perished within of Wellington Channel, as if they had, the current inevitably have brought down the traces. As to no traces up the coasts of the channel, it should be heard that the shore was precipitory and difficult. Sir John would naturally pass it as rapidly as possible. As to the other supposition, that the engine had failed, he held this to be impossible, as, if it had broken down, Sir John would have undoubtedly left so heavy an article behind. His opinion was, that it was a great northern watercourse, which the expedition had reached, and which many reasons conspired to make him think surrounded the pole. How far these [illegible] time alone can tell. It [illegible] Sir John and his companions may yet be frozen up in some northern sea. Had they perished, some traces of them must have been met with before this. We have, therefore, at present no ground for unmitigated despair—still we may cherish a gleam of hope.

EASTERN METHOD OF MEASURING TIME.—The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measures its length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus, the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his room says, "How long my shadow is coming." "Why did you not come sooner?" "Because I waited for my shadow." In the seventh chapter of Job we find it written, "As a servant earnestly desires his shadow."

ORIGIN OF THE ROTHSCHILD.—The late Baron Rothschild was the son of a Jew at Frankfort of the name of Joseph, he was [illegible] humble circumstances, but very [illegible] to honesty and integrity. At the time the [illegible] the Rhine and entered Germany, the Prince of Hesse Cassel came to Frankfort, and asked Joseph to take charge of his money. Joseph did not much like the undertaking, but the prince pressed it so much that at last he consented, and the treasures were given him. When the French entered Frankfort, Joseph buried the prince's money and jewels in a chest, but he did not hide his own, thinking that if they found no money they would be suspicious and search more earnestly, the consequence was he lost all his own money. When affairs became [illegible], and he could again enter into business, he took some of the prince's money and transacted business with it, which he formerly used to do with his own, thinking it a pity it should be quite useless. The Prince of Cassel had heard of the French cruelty in plundering poor Joseph Rothschild, and concluded all *his* money and jewels were gone. When he went to Frankfort he called on him, and said, "Well, Joseph, all my money has been taken by the French"—"Not a farthing," said the honest man, "I have it all, I have used a little in my business; I will return it all to you, with interest on what I have used." "No," said the prince, "keep it, I will not take the interest, and I will not take my money from you for twenty years, make use of it for that time, and I will only take 2 per cent interest for it." The prince told the story to all his friends, Joseph was in consequence employed by most of the German princes, he made an immense fortune, his sons became barons of the German empire, and one of them settled in England.

MISCELLANEA.

STATIONERS.—Books and paper were formerly sold only at stalls, hence the dealers were called stationers. The Company of Stationers of London is of great antiquity, and existed long before printing was invented, yet it was not incorporated until 3 Philip and Mary, 1555. Their old dwelling was in Paternoster-row

DRUNKARDS.—The phrase "Drunk as a lord," arose out of an older proverb, "Drunk as a beggar;" and we are told it was altered owing to the vice of drunkenness prevailing more among the great of late years Drunkenness was punished in many of the early nations with exemplary severity In England, a canon law restrained it in the clergy so early as A D 747 Constantine, king of Scots, punished this offence against society with death. He used to say, that a drunkard was but the mimic of a man, and differed from the beast only in shape. A D 870. Drunkenness was restrained in the commonalty in England in 975, and by several later laws.

THE ROYAL MOTTO OF ENGLAND.—*Dieu et mon Droit* was the parole of the day given by Richard the First of England to his army at the battle of Gisors, in France. In this battle the French were defeated; and, in remembrance of that victory, Richard made *Dieu et mon Droit* the motto of the royal arms of England, and it has ever since been retained

INK.—The ancient black inks were composed of soot and ivory black, and Vitruvius and Pliny mention lamp-black, but they had likewise various colours as red, gold, silver, and purple Red ink was made by them of vermillion and various kinds of gum. Indian ink is brought from China and must have been in use by the people of the east from the earliest ages, most of the artificial Chinese productions being of very great antiquity It is usually brought to Europe in small quadrangular cakes, and is composed of a fine black and animal glue *Invisible or Sympathetic Ink* is the name given to fluids, which, when written with, will remain invisible until after a certain operation Various kinds were known at very early periods. Ovid teaches young women to deceive their guardians by writing to their lovers with new milk, and afterwards making the writing legible with ashes or soot A receipt for preparing invisible ink was given by Peter Borel, in 1653 Receipts for making it were given by Le Mort, in 1669, and by others

MYSTERY OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.—Lake Erie is only sixty or seventy feet deep, but the bottom of Lake Ontario, which is 452 feet deep, is 230 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St Lawrence, and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, although their surface is so much higher, are all, from their vast depth, on a level with the bottom of Lake Ontario Now, as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the full probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper great lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior to Huron, and from Huron to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is by no means improbable, and will account for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St Lawrence, but in no others. As the falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some such subterranean river, moreover, any periodical obstruction of this river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the Lakes.

When one of Lady Jane Grey's attendants begged, at her execution, that she would bequeath some memorial to her, she gave her this last advice, "Live to die."

TOBACCO PIPES.—When the Golden Lion Inn, at Fulham, was pulled down, in April 1836, a tobacco pipe of ancient and foreign fashion was found behind the old wainscot The stem was a crooked shoot of bamboo, through which a hole had been bored, and a brass ornamental termination (of Elizabethan pattern) formed the head of this pipe

SCAVENGERS OF THE OLDEN TIME.—Wild and shy as hawks are it will scarcely be credited that at one time, the common glides or kites were numerous in London streets In the time of Henry VIII, they were attracted by the offal of the butchers and poulterers stalls and as, on account of their use in removing so offensive a nuisance, they were not allowed to be killed, they became so tame as actually to mingle with the passengers and take them prey in the greatest crowd

PROFESSOR GORINI.—The gentleman, whose province is that of natural history at the University of Lodi made recently before a circle of private friends a remarkable experiment illustrative of his theories as to the formation of mountains He melts, some substances, known only to himself, in a vessel and allows the liquid to cool At first it presents an even surface, but a ferment soon begins from beneath, and gradually a mass is formed, until at length ranges and chains of hills is formed, exactly corresponding in shape with those which are found on the earth Even to the stratification, the resemblance is complete, and M Gorini can produce on a small scale the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes He contends therefore, that the inequalities on the face of the globe are the result of certain materials, first reduced by the application of heat to a liquid state, and then allowed gradually to consolidate In another and more practically useful field of research the learned professor has developed some very important facts He has succeeded to a most surprising extent in preserving animal matter from decay without resorting to any known process for that purpose Specimens are shown by him of portions of the human body which without any alteration in their natural appearance, have been exposed to the action of the atmosphere for six and seven years, and he states that at a trifling cost he can keep meat for any length of time in such a way that it can be eaten quite fresh The importance of such a discovery, if on practical investigation it is found to answer, will be more readily understood when it is remembered that whole flocks of sheep in Australia are boiled down into tallow, their flesh being otherwise almost valueless, and that in South America vast herds of cattle are annually slaughtered for the sake of their hides alone.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARGUS.—The Government Emigration Commissioners would be likely to aid you in emigrating to Australia Application for the general requirements and official form, should be made to the Secretary, 9, New Park-street, Westminster We believe a guide to Australian settlers has been issued by Messrs Chambers, and there are many, of the same class which would afford you considerable information Australia is a country in which the sober, honest, and industrious labourer is sure to succeed, the timid, the discontented, the idler, and the drunkard, will succeed nowhere

T T.—Writing and drawing papers are those on which the greatest care is bestowed The principal distinction in these papers is between [illegible] papers The former exhibit [illegible] while the latter are perfectly smooth and even, in consequence of the mould in which they are made being constructed of very fine copper wire, woven into a sort of cloth—hence the name A difference of colour is observable in writing-paper, the yellow is nearly the colour of the rags from which the paper is made, but the blue tint is given by the mixture of smalt (powder-blue) with the pulp. We frequently see blue-wove writing-paper that one side is bluer than the other, this arises from the smalt settling to the bottom of the pulp, and dyeing the lower surface more than the other The general terms by which qualities (independently of the sizes) of writing-paper are known are *bill*, *yellow-wove*, and *blue wove*, and these are almost universally done up in reams of twenty four sheets each, twenty of which quires make a ream. The size of the sheet of drawing or writing paper is through [illegible] commonly thirty different sizes from *pott* paper, of which the sheet is 12½ inches by 15 to *Atlas* paper, which is called *extra quadruple*, of which the sheet is 26 inches by 36 The common letter-paper sold in the shops however, is seldom of the size of any of the above, it is made There are about 4 or 5 different kinds of letter paper, of which the sheets are made, on an average, about 2 feet by 1½ feet, and are cut into [illegible] and third folds, and the edges on the fold which forms the [illegible] The common *Bath post* of the shops is of the average size which we have mentioned, it is ribbed at the edge, and is the paper used for the folding and printing by hand machines

HAMMOND.—The sceptre royal, which the sovereign bears in the right hand is made of [illegible] inches in length, and [illegible] the top [illegible] globe and cross, the [illegible] of which are erect and [illegible] but the [illegible] flower or is a mound formed of a large amethyst, [illegible] with precious stone, and upon the mound [illegible] *patte* of jewels, with a large diamond in the midst. The sceptre is a mere [illegible] emblem of royal dignity in the crown [illegible] Homer makes it the only cognizance of the Grecian kings, and the Christian church declare that the ancient kings of Rome used no other ensign of royalty The Greek poets describe the gods as bearing sceptres to indicate their empire, and declare that an oath taken on the sceptre was the most solemn that could be sworn The queen-consort's sceptre in England is formed like the king's, but it is shorter

A P.—Widdin is in Turkey, and obtained its notoriety from its having been the receptacle of Kossuth and other Hungarian refugees It is situated on the right bank of the Danube, and contains more than 20,000 inhabitants It is the residence of a pacha, and a landing-place for steamers, many of which are employed in its trade It is defended by two castles, the one new and the other old. The latter is by far the largest, and contains many houses, shops, and other buildings, so that it looks rather like a little town

ROBERT BRYNNE.—The expenses of a patent are still fearfully heavy A bill for the purpose of lightening them was brought in last session but was deferred, owing to the late period at which it was introduced.

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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE of the most tremendous catastrophes that have ever fallen the modern world, occurred about this time. Constantinople and a small territory adjoining it, had, like the wing of an ancient and honourable house, survived the fall of Western Empire, and still preserved in her language, refinement, arts, magnificence, and even in her vices and profligacy, some remains of the ancient glory of the mighty people who

Mahomet II., the son of Amurath II., stormed Constantinople on the 30th of May, 1453. Constantine was the name of the last of its emperors, as well as of its founder, and he proved himself not unworthy of it by fighting on the ramparts and in the breach, from the commencement of the siege until he fell covered with wounds, upon the last fatal day. His kingdom departed with his life. Some few of his subjects rallied round



ALLEGORICAL COURT OF MATHIAS CORVINUS.—(*See page* 166.)

put their feet on the necks of the kings of the earth. Rome had long before succumbed to the strokes of the barbarians. The Greeks, farther removed from the reach of the invaders, continued to drag on a precarious existence, supported and protected by the prestige of an ancient fame, rather than present power. But their hour was now come; the destroyer was at hand, there was no eye to pity, and no hand to save them.

him in defence of their city and their faith, but the great majority were licentious, indolent, and corrupt—more intent upon sensual pleasure and hair-splitting in theology, than their duty to themselves and their neighbours. The Magyar ambassadors who had been sent to mediate between Mahomet and the Greeks, just arrived in time to see the former seat himself upon the throne of his fallen enemy, and divide among his

followers the spoils of the vanquished. "Return to your own country," said he, addressing them, "and tell your King that he must speedily make his choice between war and peace, for as the heaven obeys only one God, the earth must henceforth be subject to one master only."

Ladislaus immediately prepared for war. The Diet voted money, and took all other needful steps, but great as was their zeal, it was scarce sufficient to make them ready for the storm that was now rolling towards the frontiers of Hungary. Hunyadi opened the campaign in spring, and in the first engagement, defeated Ferez Bey near Semendria, in Servia, and returning in triumph to Belgrade, he knighted [illegible], who, though not more than fourteen, had already proved himself by his bravery in battle. Girding on him the sword of Andrew Laczkoff, the companion-in-arms of Louis the Great, he dubbed him Knight, in the name of God, of the holy Virgin, and of all the holy Kings of Hungary.

During all this time the efforts of Hunyadi were constantly frustrated by the intrigues of the Palatine Nicholas Garai, a man of no talents and greatly addicted to tricks of low intrigue, who was entirely devoted to Cilly, the King's uncle. But Ladislaus could not forget that he owed his throne to Hunyadi, and the services which he had rendered to the country were so striking, and so widely acknowledged by the people, that it would have been dangerous to have attempted his removal from the post of Lieutenant-Governor. Perceiving that nothing could be effected by intrigue, the conspirators had recourse to assassination; but Hunyadi escaped the snare. At length, yielding his personal feelings to the interests of his country, he consented to a reconciliation with his enemies, and even to allow his son, Ladislaus, to marry the daughter of the Palatine.

In the meantime, the other nations of Christendom were terrified at the progress made by the Turks, and seemed about to afford efficient aid to the Magyars in their defence, and, in many respects, unequal struggle. A crowd of English, French, German, Genoese, and Venetian knights hastened to Hungary to enlist themselves under the banner of the king. Ladislaus himself furnished twenty thousand men, but who amongst so many renowned warriors and men of illustrious names was to assume the chief command? Hunyadi offered to bring twenty thousand men into the field at his own expense, in case the allied sovereigns allowed him to lead the united Christian forces, pledging himself, in case they adhered to him faithfully, to fight his way to Jerusalem itself. The unanimous voice of the Diet bestowed upon him the wished for post, and Ladislaus, returning from Vienna, without hesitation ratified their decision. As it, however, this short interval of attention to imperative duties had disabled the King for further effort, he secretly made his escape from the camp, and returned to Austria. His flight spread a panic through the whole army, and thousands of soldiers immediately deserted. But Hunyadi was not discouraged. Supported by the monk John of Capistrano, he set out to the relief of the fortress of Belgrade, which was defended by his brother-in-law, Szilagi, against a large besieging force of the Ottomans. Collecting all the boats from the rivers for miles around, he rapidly descended the Danube, destroyed the Turkish flotilla, and threw himself into Belgrade, where he was received with shouts of rejoicing. The siege which followed was one of the most remarkable in history, from the unexampled bravery of the defence, and the terrible renown of the assailants. Europe watched the conflict in dread suspense. Hunyadi not only displayed the highest qualities of a general, but fought in the trenches as a common soldier, killing twelve Turks in one day with his own hand. The Sultan, enraged at his repulse, swore by the beard of the Prophet that he would take the town or die. "It is easy to die," said the chief of the Janissaries, "but not to conquer Hunyadi." At last, after repeated failures, having in a single assault lost 30,000 of his best troops, Mahomet raised the siege in despair.

But Hunyadi did not survive to hear the shouts of joy with which the whole kingdom hailed this triumph. The war-worn soldier who had faced death upon fifty battle-fields, to whom the bravest of a brave people had looked to lead them in the deadliest onset, escaped the thousand dangers of hostile swords to die by slow disease upon the bed of sickness. The hardships of the siege brought on fever, and after lingering for some weeks his iron constitution gave way, and he sank into the grave at the mature age of eighty years. His career is a striking example of how much a man may achieve by the force of his own character, and the strength of an unconquerable will. Most of the great men of the world have received but little from fortune, and left nothing to her that they could themselves achieve by courage and perseverance. "Children of destiny" are, after all, but shadowy phantoms pictured in the day-dreams of indolent enthusiasts. Strength, whether physical or intellectual, is the invariable reward of striving, and those only who have striven faithfully and earnestly, know how noble, and holy, and joyous it is to be strong. Hunyadi was essentially a child of the people. Even if the story of his kingly birth be true, he derived nothing from it of those great features of his character which caused his countrymen to look upon him as a tower of defence against the face of their enemy. To be a successful warrior he needed but a fine figure, a fair face, and a [illegible] blood, though it flowed through the vilest intrigue that ever sullied woman's fame, or stained the escutcheon of a noble, but to be a gallant warrior, a great statesman, a true man of spotless honour, he needed a brave heart, and expansive intellect—precious gifts that crowns and coronets can never bestow. He possessed them both, and never man used them better. Without entering into the abstract question why there was justifiable under any circumstances whatsoever, all will acknowledge that on tented field or in the halls of council, it is the duty of every man to do well what he conceives to be his duty—to consider prudently and honestly, to strike hard, and speak boldly. All this did John Hunyadi. With manners as simple and heart as tender as a child, he won the delight of his immediate friend, whilst his lofty and commanding stature, and lion-like courage, won the affections of the masses. Christendom did not forget to honour its greatest champion. Pope Calixtus III., the head and representative of the visible Church, instituted the feast of the Transfiguration to be a continual memorial of the last defeat of the Mussulmans, and the glory of the departed hero.

When Hunyadi was gone, the intrigues which he had kept in check had free course, and the malevolence which Ladislaus had always entertained towards him upon his family. Its first manifestation was in the appointment of Count Cilly to the government of the kingdom, and Nicholas Uzlaki to the command of the military forces. The garrison of Belgrade, irritated at what they considered to be an insult to the memory of Hunyadi, swore to be revenged both on Cilly and the King. On the other side, the Count openly declared his intention of repairing to Belgrade for the purpose of "making an end of the dogs of Wallachians," as he called the sons of Hunyadi. Upon his arrival, however, the commandant of the citadel refused to admit the foreign infantry who accompanied him; and although this disappointment in some measure frustrated his schemes, it did not diminish the overbearing insolence of his manner. In his very first interview with Ladislaus Hunyadi, he loaded him with threats and reproaches, and then, drawing his sword, wounded him severely on the head and hands, when the friends of the young soldier, rushing in, cut Cilly in pieces on the spot.

This murder was disapproved of, as a matter of course, by every one. There was nothing to excuse it but the gross provocation, or, perhaps, we should rather say the stern necessity of self-defence. The King swore on the Eucharist that no evil should befal Hunyadi for what he had done; but the Palatine Nicholas Garai, the intimate friend of Count de Cilly, at last succeeded in overcoming his scruples, and the two brothers were arrested and imprisoned in Buda, in March, 1457. Without any investigation, or even the form of a trial, Ladislaus was sentenced to be beheaded in the Square of St. George. In the full persuasion that throughout his short life he had in everything acted for the safety and honour of his native country, and in a manner worthy of the great name he bore, the young man walked to the place of execution with the firm and heroic air of a martyr, wearing the purple robe with which the King had presented him when he adopted him as his brother. When the vast crowd which had assembled to witness his execution saw the son of their hero ascending the scaffold, with his hands tied behind his back, they could not refrain from uttering a loud groan of grief and indignation. His ban having been cut off, he uttered a few words in justification of the act for which he had been condemned, and knelt to receive

the stroke of the executioner. Three times the latter missed his aim, through nervousness, and Ladislaus, rising up, told him, in a calm voice, that it was the law to repeat the attempt so often. The King, who was present, threatened the functionary with heavy punishment in case he again failed in the performance of his horrid task, and in another moment the head of his victim rolled towards him along the scaffold, as if reproaching him with this great crime. He could no longer remain in Hungary. Wherever he appeared he was followed by a howl of hatred and indignation, and he therefore took his departure directly for Austria, followed by the curses of the people.

The whole kingdom was roused into a ferment. Hatred to Ladislaus, contempt for his government, and sorrow for young Hunyadi, combined to give rise to scenes of perfect ... thy all over the kingdom, and it soon became evide... that it was no fleeting ebullition of popular indignation, but deep-rooted discontent, which could only be quieted by the death of its author. This took place shortly afterwards. He was poisoned by the Bohemians, when on his way to celebrate his marriage with Margaret of France, daughter of Charles VII. No sooner was the news spread abroad, than the revolutionary movements ceased, and the most earnest desire was manifested by all, to repair as far as lay in their power the injustice done to the Hunyadi family.

The great objection to an elective monarchy is found in the turbulent intrigues to which it gives rise upon the close of each reign. The right of the people to elect their rulers, viewed in the abstract, does not admit of a doubt, but it may well be questioned, whether it is at all probable that in a vast multitude of men, agitated by the passions of avarice, envy, ambition, and selfishness, the might of the strong, and the wealth of the great, will not, in nearly every case, overcome the calm reason and unbiassed judgment of the thinking and right minority. The prize is so splendid, that in the struggle to obtain it men too often become deaf to the voice of honour and patriotism, and the precepts of religion. If ever the truth of this observation was well supported by examples drawn from real life, this is above all. An elective monarchy ruined Poland, and we are greatly mistaken if our readers, before they reach the end of this history, do not arrive at the conclusion that it was the remote cause of the ruin of Hungary also.

At the death of a Hungarian monarch, there was no fixed rule found, either in the constitution or the traditions of the people (often more powerful than any constitution), to guide in the election of his successor. A host of competitors to the throne arose on every side, and each set to work every engine of bribery and corruption within his reach to insure his own election. The quarrels thus raised were often protracted for years, or through the entire space of the succeeding reign, and entailed severe injury upon the commerce and national prosperity of the country.

Upon the death of Ladislaus, three claimants appeared for the Magyar crown—Frederic III., Emperor of Germany, Ladislaus, son of Casimir, King of Poland, by Elizabeth, the sister of the deceased King. A Diet was convoked at Pesth, in December, 1457, and there Nicholas Gara put forward his claims also, grounding them upon his relationship with the royal family, having married the sister of Count Cilly. But Szilagyi, the commandant of the fortress of Belgrade, determined not to suffer injustice to be done to the widow and surviving sons of John Hunyadi, and therefore marched upon Pesth at the head of forty thousand men, declaring that he entertained the utmost respect for the constitutional rights of the Diet, and would not interfere with the exercise of them right of election, but at the same time stated his firm resolve not to allow the Hungarian sceptre to be grasped by the hand of a foreigner.

The foreign ambassadors next appeared to state the wishes of their sovereigns. Among them Charles VII. of France demanded the crown for one of his sons, or for the man upon whom he should bestow his daughter's hand. But Szilagyi cut short the deliberations by surrounding the place of meeting with an armed force; and whilst every one was expecting him to proclaim himself king, he disappointed all by proclaiming his relative, Mathias Corvinus, the youngest son of the great Hunyadi. A shout of assent from the majority of the Diet, testified their respect for the memory of the hero, and their sorrow for the untimely death of his son, Ladislaus. For a few minutes Gara made desperate efforts to retard their decision, but the shouts of the troops, "Long live King Mathias!" put an end to all hesitation.

Mathias was still a prisoner at Prague, when the news of his election reached him, in the keeping of Podiebrad, who refused to release him until he had received 40,000 golden florins, and extorted from him a promise that he would marry his daughter Catharine. Few men have ever had finer intellectual qualities, united with a more commanding personal appearance, than Mathias Corvinus, and when we take into account the greatness of the name which he inherited from his father, we may readily believe that few monarchs have ever ascended the throne under more favourable auspices. Passing over his able and upright suppression of the intrigues which disturbed the commence... of his reign, we find his administration of the internal affairs of his kingdom marked by an ability and broadne... of view that were wonderful in so young a man, and procured for him from his people the title of Mathias the Just. His foreign policy, however, was not so well considered, nor based on so solid a foundation. It seemed to be dictated rather by a thirst after renown as a warrior, than by that wise ... of personal views to the true honour and interests of the kingdom which distinguished the reign of Louis the Great, and gave Hungary so great an amount of influence in the politics of every European state. Having calmed the internal discord in which his accession found the kingdom, he sternly refused the offer of an alliance made him by Mahomet II., and defeated the Turks in many brilliant engagements, and reduced all the dependent provinces, such as Servia and Bosnia, to complete subjection. These successes were, however, in some measure counterbalanced by the loss of the brave Szilagyi, to whom Mathias owed his throne. Having been taken pri... by the enemy, he was remorselessly put to death. The coasts of the Adriatic, most valuable to the Magyar empire as affording it an extensive sea-line, did not appear to possess its true value in the eyes of Mathias, for when reminded that this territory had formerly belonged to Hungary in the time of Louis the Great, and had been lost since his death, and that there was now a favourable opportunity of recovering it, he coolly replied, that he could not now offend the Venetians, as he hoped to form an alliance with them and the Pope against the Ottomans.

The Emperor Frederic III. of Germany, who by the death of Ladislaus had become sole master of all the Austrian possessions, by his wrongheadedness, obstinacy, and incapacity, was continually involving himself and his dominions in misfortunes. But all did not prevent him from proclaiming himself King of Hungary, either through an idle boast, or from a false estimate of his own strength. He grounded his claim upon his having possession of the Hungarian crown, which, as has been already stated, was deposited in his hands as a security for a loan of money by the mother of the late King.

Mathias had just returned from a successful expedition against the Turks when he received the news of Frederic's insolent assumption. He marched against him instantly, defeated him, and was already under the walls of Vienna, when the Emperor sued for peace. It was granted, but only on condition that he should forthwith deliver up the crown, but Mathias was generous enough to pay him in return for it 60,000 gold florins, being about the sum which had been advanced upon it. The King then led back his army against the Turks, and, uniting his forces with those of Venice, he took the town of Jaicza, in Bosnia, by assault. The whole of the conquered districts were placed under the government of Emeric, Duke de Szapolyi.

The satisfaction inspired by these successes was in some measure marred by the death of Catharine, the Queen, without leaving any children. All the sovereigns of Europe hastened to express their sympathy with the King's bereavement. Embassies were sent, laden with splendid presents, and bearing letters filled with expressions of condolement. Louis XI. of France distinguished himself above all others by the courtliness of his message, and the splendour of his presents. The short interval of peace which ensued was employed by Mathias in Transylvania, Moldavia, and Wallachia, all of which he reduced to subjection.

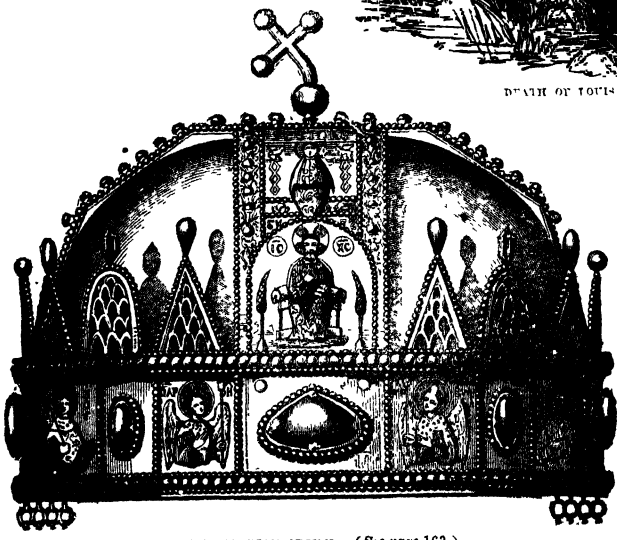
We have now to refer to an episode in the life of this great

King, which must meet with an unqualified condemnation. We doubt much whether even the notions of the age in which he lived, the influence of education and early prejudices, can extenuate a crime so repugnant to the dictates of Christianity. He now undertook a war, which could in no way advance the interests of Hungary, and which, in point of morality, could not defend its shameless cruelty and injustice, even by the poor plea of necessity. He was urged by the Pope to set out on a crusade against the Hussites, then the advanced guard of the Continental Reformation, and to stifle the voice of opinion, and the freedom of religious worship, by the weapons which modern Rome has ever used so adroitly—the sword and the faggot. He undertook the task the more readily, because Podiebrad, the King of Bohemia, seemed disposed to take them under his protection. At the Diet of Agria, held in 1461, this war of extermination was formally declared, and Mathias took the field in person at the head of the Hungarian army, surrounded by the generals, who had received their military training in the late conflicts with the Turks. There was Emeric Szapolyai, an able and experienced officer, never at loss for an expedient in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances, always cool and collected. There was Blaise Magyar, a man of tremendous bodily strength and physical courage—no bad qualifications when gunpowder was in its infancy; there was Paul Kinisi, the Murat of the Magyar army—fiery, brilliant, ostentatious, galloping to the charge with flashing sabre and in splendid costume, with kindling eye and brow of pleasure, like a lover to meet his bride. Like Murat, too, he had been raised for his valour from the ranks, looked upon the camp as his home, and death upon the battle-field as the necessary and only fitting exit from the turmoil of the world.

Wherever such men led, success was sure to follow. The Catholics of Bohemia flew to arms to aid them, and the Hussites were everywhere compelled to give way before the terrible attacks of the "black legions," as the Hungarian troops were called. As in all religious wars, the most terrible atrocities were committed upon both sides; and the Serbes, who followed the Magyars as auxiliaries, inflicted horrible devastation upon the districts through which they passed. In a few weeks, Moravia, Silesia, and Lusatia were all conquered, and, although Podiebrad still retained part of Bohemia, Mathias caused himself to be crowned King of the remainder, at Olmutz, the capital of the first of the above provinces.



DEATH OF LOUIS II.—(*See page* 107.)



THE HUNGARIAN CROWN.—(*See page* 163.)

In the meantime the Sultan had been recruiting his strength, and again commenced the war by laying seige to Negropont, which he stormed. The Venetians, in consternation, appealed to the Magyars for succour, but Mathias refused to interfere, unless they gave him up possession of Dalmatia. He now began to perceive his error in neglecting to promote the growth of a maritime power, and to regret that, in expending his energies and strength in useless war against the Hussites, he had given breathing time to a far more formidable enemy.

Having quelled some internal tumults he now turned his attention in right earnest to the expulsion of the Turks. By their erecting a strong fortress at Szabacs, upon the confines of Sclavonia and Croatia, the whole country was laid open to them. It was absolutely necessary that this should be taken at all hazards. Mathias headed the besiegers in person, and the place was stormed after a desperate defence. This success

was in a great measure owing to the personal valour of the King. Before the assault, he went alone in a boat on the river disguised as a fisherman, and reconnoitred the place. A ball struck the boat, and extinguished the light, but he continued his observations, without the least sign of perturbation. He was the first to mount the breach, and animated his followers by his daring courage. The Turks were finally driven back to their own frontiers, and Mathias returned in triumph to Hungary, and celebrated his victory by his marriage with Beatrice of Naples, a woman devoured by pride and ambition.

He then raised a dispute with Venice, as an excuse for wresting Dalmatia from her, but no sooner had he set out, than the news arrived that the terrible Ali Bey was on the march towards the Hungarian frontiers with a large army. Mathias appealed to the nation to support him, and men of all ranks took up arms with the most fervid enthusiasm. Upon the plains of Kenyermezo, in Transylvania, then took place the most tremendous conflict recorded in the annals of Hungary. In the heat of the battle Bathori received six wounds, and fell under the hoofs of the horses. Paul Kinisi rushed forward, with a sword in each hand, and his armour broken, overthrowing every one who stood in his way, for the purpose of saving him. Making his way through the *melee*, he raised his fallen friend, and carried him out of danger. This exploit inspired the Hungarians with so much enthusiasm, that they precipitated themselves upon the Turks



INCIDENT OF HUNYADI.—(*See page 162*)



with such fury that they took to flight in a few minutes, their tents, baggage, and money-chest falling into the hands of the victors. In the midst of the rejoicings consequent upon this triumph, Kinisi was seen holding the body of a dead Turk between his teeth, and two others in his arms, and thus executing the Hungarian national dance.

Strengthened by this success, Mathias was enabled to detach the famous black hussars to the assistance of his father-in-law, the King of Naples, who was threatened by the Mohammedans with another invasion. There was now a favourable opportunity for striking a heavy blow at the Turks, as two brothers were disputing the possession of the throne of the Sultans. But, far from receiving any co-operation from the other sovereigns of Europe, Frederick of Austria invaded Hungary, and obliged Mathias to relinquish his designs against the Ottomans, and turn his attention to the defence of his own kingdom. An army was despatched against Vienna, under the command of Zelenyi and Szapolyai, which surrendered, after a short siege, in June, 1487.

Mathias continued to reside in Vienna for a considerable length of time, to the great regret of the Hungarians. He there concluded a treaty for the marriage of his natural son, John, with Blanche, of Milan, as he had no children by either of his wives. He soon after lost his old friend and companion, Emeric Szapolyai, and after his death

he himself began visibly to decline. In the presentiment that his end was approaching, he bestowed the government of Vienna upon Stephen Szapolyai, who possessed but little claim to his confidence, and set out, in 1489, to meet the Diet at Buda, where his son John was declared heir presumptive to the throne. He then took his departure, with the intention of returning to Vienna, in order to become reconciled with the Emperor Frederic, but on his way was carried off by an attack of apoplexy.

In addition to his fame as a military leader, Mathias was renowned and admired for his patronage of literature and the fine arts, and was followed to the grave by the regrets, not of his own subjects only, but of the whole of Europe. His remains were transported with great pomp to the vault in the church of the Royal Alba, and an epitaph, of which he himself was the author, was placed over the tomb.

"Mathias, jaceo rex, hâc sub mole sepultus,
Testatur vires, Austria victa meus.
Terror eram mundo, metuit me Cæsar uterque,
Mors potuit tantum sola nocere mihi."*

His reign was distinguished by brilliant victories, without any great conquests or great results, and by the impulse given by his tastes and those of the gay court which surrounded him to the arts and sciences, and the pursuit of whatever was luxurious or magnificent. Everything was sacrificed to splendour of dress, equipage, and furniture. The palace of Corvinus at Buda, of which the foundations had been laid by Simond, was radiant with ornaments of gold and silver; and the Bishop of Castella, the Pope's legate, stated that fifty carriages could not contain the royal plate, all of massive gold, and set with precious stones. The outward pomp displayed at *fetes* and ceremonies corresponded to the internal magnificence of the houses. When John Pius was sent as an ambassador to France, he took with him three hundred horses of the same size and colour, ridden by young men belonging to the first families in Hungary, clothed in scarlet and sparkling with diamonds. "See what a display these nobles make," exclaimed Pessler, "just before the dissolution of their empire!" It seemed as if Mathias foresaw that he would be the last great King of Hungary, and determined that his sun should at least set in glory. It would be in vain to attempt, within the limits of our space, to give any accurate idea of the gorgeous splendour of the royal palace at Buda. Some of the first masters of Italy superintended its erection, or were employed upon the paintings that adorned its walls. It was there the King loved to retire from the fatigues of war or business, to revel amongst the creations of art, or hang over the classic remains of the authors of antiquity. Having a passionate veneration for the works of the ancient Greeks and Romans, he never grew weary of reading them, and surrounded himself with statues modelled after them best sculptures, and at the great court festivals his guests found themselves surrounded by figures illustrating by their costume the mythology, customs, and traditions of the two great nations whose mutilated remains still excite the admiration and astonishment of mankind. (See engraving.)

But Mathias was not only a patron of scholars, but a scholar himself. Unlike many of the grandees of our own day, who think that their conventional rank can confer honour upon letters, he felt that the pursuits of literature would reflect lustre upon himself. Besides his native tongue, he spoke Latin, French, German, and Italian, with ease and fluency, and was familiar with the writings of Virgil, Cicero, Horace, Lucan, Pliny, Livy, and Sallust. He carried on correspondence with the greatest men of his day. He was the intimate friend of Bandini, of Ficini, and of Lorenzo de Medici. In laying the foundation of the great library of Buda, he left a striking monument of his wisdom and greatness. It contained the richest collection of oriental works that could then be found in the known world. Thirty copyists, of great skill in penmanship, were constantly travelling from one part of Europe to another for the collection or transcription of the rarest and most valuable books to enrich the King's collection. He founded an additional university, and by his command the first printing-press was erected in Hungary for the diffusion of literature amongst the people generally.

A crowd of competitors appeared to claim the crown upon the death of Mathias, and notwithstanding the promises previously made to John Corvinus, it was offered to Uladislaus II., King of Bohemia, the son of Casimir of Poland, and Hungarian princess, the daughter of Albert. The most active promoter of his election was the same Stephen Szapolyai, whom Mathias had loaded with favours. The jealousy and ambition of this man in some measure paved the way for the downfal of the empire. John Corvinus, moved by pure patriotism, sacrificed his personal feelings and undoubted political rights, and submitted quietly to the new monarch, who made him Ban of Croatia, Sclavonia, and Dalmatia. Maximilian, son of Frederic III., now laid claim to the Archduchy of Austria, and Stephen Szapolyai, anxious to renew his intrigues nearer home, delivered up possession of Vienna to him and returned to Hungary.

Upon the expiration of the last truce with the Turks, both parties again took the field, but in this campaign the Hungarians, torn by intestine divisions, and headed by an indolent and bigoted prince, sustained several severe reverses. By a series of misfortunes, into the particulars of which our space will not permit us to enter, the great empire of Louis the Great gradually fell to pieces, until there remained only Hungary Proper and a nominal possession of Moldavia and Wallachia, which were in reality occupied by the Turks. A revolution in Turkey about this time deposed Bajazet, and Selim, having been beaten by Hungarians, was about to agree to a truce for three years, when Thomas Bakocz, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Strigonia, arrived in Hungary, bringing a bull from the Pope calling upon the Hungarians to enter upon a crusade against the Ottomans. Some have ascribed this act of the Cardinal to a desire for the honour of the Church and the spread of the Christian faith, while others have alleged, and with greater appearance of truth, that it was owing rather to a desire to be revenged upon the *nobles* for the frequent insults he had received from them on account of his birth, as well as to the great influence which the successful issue of the enterprise would throw into his own hands, as he was already casting his eyes upon the papal throne.

At the call of the legate the peasants flew to arms, but this time it was not to march against the Turks. They declared that they had been ruined by the tyranny and exactions of the aristocracy, and that, as the nobles were more dangerous than the infidels, upon them would they wreak their vengeance. They chose for their motto "God and Liberty," and assembling in immense crowds from every side, swore to exterminate their ancient masters. This revolt was the war of the peasant against his seigneur—of hunger against exacting riches. These men of labour and misery, whose life was a bitter cup of sorrow and trial, were the brothers in misfortune of the followers of William Longbeard, of Jack Cade, and Wat Tyler. Burdened with taxes, incapable of possessing hereditary property, daily exposed to the incursions of the enemy, and the no less terrible exactions of their own landlords, they at length lost patience.

The King was feeble, inert, and cowardly, and had no resources within himself for any emergency. The nobles seemed to have lost their ancient military prowess, and fled in terror to take refuge in the walled towns. There was no union, no organisation, no foresight. Everything seemed to promise an easy victory to the peasantry. Bakocz appeared to be the only one who had resolution enough to face the crisis, and put himself at the head of the armies.

George Dozsa, a Sicilian peasant, a straightforward, blunt, and sincere man, and full of courage, had been named by the Cardinal commander-in-chief of the crusading forces, or, as it now appeared, of the insurgents; but a priest named Lorenzo, or Lawrence, was the soul of the insurrectionary movement. Though devoted to the interests of the people, he sought by his eloquence to induce the nobles to listen to their demand, and at least endeavour to come to an amicable understanding before proceeding to open force.

His efforts were unsuccessful; and, in a sanguinary engagement which soon afterwards took place, the peasants, though the artillery made lanes in their ranks, were victorious. The

* "Here I, King Mathias, lie, buried beneath this tomb. Conquered Austria attests my strength. I was the terror of the world, the two Cæsars feared me, and Death alone could subdue me.'

aristocracy perceived that its existence was at stake, and strained every nerve in preparations to continue the war. The insurgents on their side called in the aid of the waywode of Transylvania, John Szapolyai, who at once granted it; but in a second battle, near the town of Temesvar, the steady discipline of the nobles triumphed over the rude and untrained valour of the rebels, who were totally defeated. Dozsa was taken alive by the victors, and in that awful hour, when all hope of human mercy or relief was gone for ever, he showed that he had a soul worthy of a higher station and a better fate. There was no pity for the base-born serf who had dared to rise up in arms against his lords. "To-morrow," said they, taunting him, "your majesty shall be crowned, but it will be with an iron crown, made by the blacksmith, your sceptre will weigh five pounds, your throne, too, will be large, and you shall recline upon it at your ease. You will then have need of a stout heart." Dozsa's face blanched for a moment, and his hair stood erect upon his head, as he heard of the frightful punishment that awaited him; but, recovering himself quickly, he exclaimed—addressing the crowd whom he saw shuddering at his approaching doom—"Come back to-morrow, and I shrink in the midst of my sufferings! If a single groan escapes my lips, may my name be covered with eternal infamy!"

On the following day he was placed almost naked on a burning throne, and his head was encircled by a crown of red-hot iron, and thus he died, after enduring all with that calm fortitude called forth the admiration even of his enemies.

Vladislaus II. soon after died, and was succeeded by his son, Louis II., who, while still very young, ascended the thrones both of Hungary and Bohemia. The reigning emperor, Maximilian I., of the House of Austria, had affianced Mary, his grand-daughter, to Louis when the latter was only six years old, and at the same time demanded the hand of Anne, the sister of Louis, in marriage for his grandson, Francis I., the head of the House of Hapsburgh to the Hungarian throne doubly.

In the meantime the intestine divisions of the nobles, the poverty and discontents of the peasantry, were fast wasting Hungary, and in the midst of all Paul Tomori, archbishop of Kalocsa, and one of the ablest soldiers in the kingdom, [illegible] by the corruption and disorders which he saw around him, entered a convent, and Soliman I., surnamed *The Magnificent*, the terror of Christendom, ascended the throne of the Ottomans. Whilst the Turks prepared for war with diligence, the feeble and unfortunate King of Hungary, whom disease had rendered old at eighteen, vainly implored assistance from the other European princes. He obtained nothing but barren assurances of sympathy. Verbeczi alone, a man of great courage and ability, but too ambitious, came to his aid with a small body of troops. The Pope, who was now more than ever alarmed for the safety of the Catholic faith, in consequence of the progress Luther was making in Germany, sent him his blessing, and promised that he should have the prayers of the Church for his success.

Belgrade, which had previously defied the assaults of two Turkish armies, led on by the bravest Sultans, was taken by Soliman in 1521, after a sanguinary struggle, and that fortress, the key of the Danube and the bulwark of Hungary, now became the head-quarters of the Moslem.

What was now to be done? The useless discussions of thirty Diets, held since the death of Mathias, had only widened the breach between the people and the aristocracy, and the *noblesse* and the crown. The regular army, so large and well disciplined in the time of Mathias, was now only a shadow of its former self. Indolent and corrupt, the prelates and magnates did not wish to march against the enemies of their country and their religion, but provided mercenary substitutes, so that the weight of the whole contest fell upon the peasantry and the petty *noblesse*. Louis wrote to Francis I. of France, and Henry VIII. of England. The latter sent him a large sum of money; the former sent nothing.

In the meantime it became evident that a great battle must shortly take place, which would decide the fate of Hungary, and it might be of Europe itself. Soliman II. crossed the frontier at the head of 100,000 men, and Louis marched in person to meet him, as several of the nobles refused to take the field unless under the royal banner. Orders were given to Szapolyai to attack the rear of the Turkish army conjointly with the Wallachians. The two armies met near the village of Mohacs, upon the Danube. Louis with difficulty could find generals to command his army. Paul Tomori was at last induced to quit his solitude, and take the lead. Broderics, the Chancellor of the kingdom, urged upon him the propriety of awaiting the arrival of the Transylvanian army, and that of Christopher Frangepan, who was advancing with 5,000 Croats. But the impetuosity of the nobles could brook no delay, and they shouted out to Tomori to begin the onset immediately. "Then, sire," said Perenyi, the Bishop of Great Varadin, turning to the King, "twenty-six thousand Hungarians" (the Magyar army consisted of that number only) "will fall martyrs in the cause of religion under the conduct of our dear brother Paul Tomori. There remains only one thing more to be desired—that the Chancellor Broderics, who is known at Rome, should survive the carnage, that he may plead for them canonisation as saints before the Pope and the cardinals."

The two armies, after skirmishing and reconnoitring for three days, began the engagement in several detachments. At that moment a forest of lances were seen glancing upon the crest of an adjacent hill. Gaspard Rackai set out to observe their movements. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and the Turks seemed still resolved to remain in the camp, but it was only a feint to induce the Hungarians to leave the advantageous position. Paul Tomori at last gave the signal of battle, on the 29th of August, 1526. The army advanced to the attack with loud shouts and beating of drums, and overthrew the first body of Turks they encountered with so much impetuosity, that Andrew Bathe conveyed to the King the assurance of a speedy victory. Their ardour was now redoubled, and they hotly pursued the fugitives, but soon found that they had as yet only defeated an advanced guard, which served to hide the main body of the Turkish army, which stood firm, awaiting the attack. Soliman was in the centre, and had confided the command of his forces to old experienced generals, while 300 pieces of artillery were [illegible] forth destruction upon the confused masses of the Hungarian army. In a few minutes the right wing was swept away, confusion spread on every side, and they were soon flying over the plain in woeful confusion. Broderics, who was [illegible] by the side of the King, stated that at that moment he was [illegible] from his sight, but whether he had fallen by the hands of the enemy, or had been dragged away by his guards, fearing for his safety, he could not say. The left wing still continued the combat, with the heroism of despair, charging up within ten feet of the batteries, and vainly attempting to storm them. After several brave but vain efforts, they were driven back into a marsh, in which the greater number were engulphed. A few escaped, but so astonished were the Moslems at their desperate valour, that they did not attempt to pursue them. Paul Tomori did not survive his defeat, and with him seven bishops, twenty-eight of the higher nobility, and twenty-two thousand men, lay dead upon the field.

It was long before the body of the King could be recovered. It was at last found, with that of his horse, buried in a swamp, [illegible].

The Turks overran the whole country, more as brigands than as conquerors, pillaging, burning the towns, and putting to death those of the inhabitants they did not wish to carry away as slaves. To such a horrible pitch did they carry their cruelties, that mothers were known to bury their children alive, lest they should fall into the hands of the soldiery, or their cries betray them to the hiding-place. "The infants," says the Hungarian writer, Jaszai, "put their little hands together, and promised not to cry, and the wretched mothers, lost in misery and despair, besought God to have mercy upon them, and forgive them the unnatural but necessary crime. Buda was taken and plundered, and the splendid library of Mathias Corvinus committed to the flames; the bronze statues, vellous workmanship, were carried to Constantinople and cast into cannon, and the entire country presented [illegible] of beauty or value to the eye, but all was [illegible]."

The small number of inhabitants who escaped owed their safety to flight. Others submitted to be carried into slavery, or perished in a desperate and courageous struggle, like Mi-

chael Dobozi, a country gentleman, who is still celebrated in the popular ballads. When the Turks entered the district in which he lived, he mounted his horse and rode away, carrying his wife before him on the croup. At length he found himself surrounded on every side, and that escape was impossible. "Surrender your arms," said his wife; "you may one day escape from slavery, and avenge your country; but as for me, I could only find dishonour and infamy amongst the infidels. Dear Dobozi, if you love me, do me a last favour. Get down from your horse, and run me through the body with your sword." The husband shuddered, hesitated, and endeavoured to encourage her by the hope of escape. The Musulmans were in the meantime approaching, and then the heroine dismounted, and exclaimed—"Do you wish me to perish by your hand, or that of the barbarians?" Her husband immediately drew his sword, and stabbed her to the heart, and then, madly rushing upon the Turks, fell, covered with wounds.

More than two hundred thousand men were slain or led into captivity. The victors did not retire until they had destroyed all means of subsistence, so that famine well nigh completed the work of destruction.

The battle of Mohacs was even more disastrous to Hungary than Flodden Field to Scotland. It decided her fate. She had been for a long time envied by Austria, and considered a legitimate prey by some of her own nobles. To the former she fell a victim. That terrible disaster is to this day an object of general mourning amongst the Magyars. On each recurrence of its anniversary the whole nation prays for the repose of the souls of the gallant and true-hearted men who fought so well and died so bravely. Like the Welsh air of "Rhuddlan-Marsh," a piece of Hungarian music has been consecrated to the memory of the great misfortune, and, wedded to harmonious Magyar poetry, sounds like the sighing of the night-wind through the withered branches of an ancient tree.

Here end the bright pages of Hungarian history. Henceforth the record is one of decline and disaster, but filled with many a fair deed of good promise. The dynasty of Arpad expired, after reigning for four centuries, and having given twenty-three princes to Hungary, two of whom were canonised—six were men of great merit—six legislators—some few feeble and inconsistent—not one a tyrant, in the worst sense of the word, and all good warriors. The princes of the other houses were forty in number, and reigned for two centuries. Under the latter the people exercised their right of election with more of vigour than under the House of Arpad. Hungary never flourished so much as in the time of Charles Robert and Louis the Great, and Mathias Corvinus, who proved themselves in everything worthy of the choice of the nation. But it was not the mass of the population which enjoyed the rights of the constitution, but a proud and ambitious caste, who too often neglected their duties to follow their inclinations. Louis the Great laid the foundation of a system which might in time have been developed into another constitution like the British, but those who came after him had neither the wisdom nor the ability to follow up his work. During considerable intervals the kingdom was left in the hands of ambitious regents, who governed in the name of absent kings. There was a continual conflict going on between the magnates, the crown, and the inferior nobility, and at last the first of these succeeded in obtaining the division of the legislature into two chambers—*status* and *ordines*. The former comprehended the prelates and the magnates, who sat in the upper chamber; the latter the *noblesse* of the counties and the delegates of the towns



PRESBURG, ON THE DANUBE.—(*See page* 153.)

to which Sigismond, as a counterpoise to the aristocratic principle in the legislature, gave the right of representation

Mathias the Just gave great proofs of legislative capacity in the reforms which he introduced into the internal administration of the kingdom. Besides the tribunals which sat every three months, he instituted others for the summary punishment of offenders in cases requiring despatch, even when the persons concerned were nobles, who claimed the right of being tried by the King alone. He appointed a judge to represent the King, whose court answered very much to our Court of Queen's Bench. He rigorously enforced the laws against the great lords, who were often in the habit of seizing upon the property of others, and, while a tedious and intricate process was being carried on for its recovery, enjoyed the fruits of their wrongfully-acquired possessions in peace and quietness

The dependent provinces were governed by bans or waywodes, and enjoyed under the protection of the Magyars the same privileges as the dominant race, and were allowed to preserve their municipal institutions In a future number we shall present our readers with a sketch of the position of the Croats, Sclavonians, Serbes, and Germans,



HUNGARIAN IN FULL COSTUME.

when Hungary, "like a bastinadoed elephant, is kneeling to receive her paltry rider." Before commencing the history of the Hapsburgh or Austrian domination in Hungary, we cannot do better than quote the words in which the great Montesquieu characterises her policy, as it appeared in his own day.

"We see," says he, "Austria oppress the Hungarian nobility without intermission She is ignorant of what it will one day cost her. She seeks gold where there is none, and does not perceive the men that are everywhere. A crowd of princes divide her states between them—all the parts of her monarchy act without harmony or co-operation, and fall, so to speak, one upon the other." Previous to the battle of Mohacs the Hungarians had often been beaten, but never before had the enemy taken root in the country. Under the Hapsburgh dynasty—so prodigal of promises, so deficient in performance—the Sultan possessed more power in Hungary than her rightful king. In the midst of the various revolutions which have taken place upon the banks of the Danube, the Magyar people has never been blinded to the evils of foreign rule—has never failed to see that it can give nothing in return for the enormous sacrifices which it requires. But now the right of election ceases to be acknowledged, hereditary right and the law of force meet us everywhere. The king of Hungary is no longer a national

now by another.

We have arrived at a new era. The age of triumph and glory has passed away, and we are now fallen upon evil days,

Diet, which is obliged to employ all its energies in defending itself against his encroachments, to the neglect of the internal affairs of the country.

THE FOUR LACE DEALERS.

M. Brissot, my employer, was an extensive lace merchant of Lyons His establishment was the largest of its kind in France. His correspondents were scattered all over the Continent, but his principal agents were at Paris, which was at that time in a state of agitation and terror, consequent upon that daring act of the Convention—the decapitation, by the axe of the guillotine, of "the Austrian woman," that is to say, Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France.

M. Brissot was in a state of feverish excitement His large establishment presented the melancholy picture of a host of workmen and machinery, and an empty treasury Worse than this, notes were rapidly falling due, and unless he received remittances from his Paris agents, who were very heavily in his debt, there was nothing to save him from that ultimatum whose bare name is so appalling to the ear and mind of all honest tradesmen—bankruptcy.

In this condition of his affairs, M Brissot came and said

"Francois, you are my confidential clerk, and consequently, understand my position without my telling it to you."

"Yes, Monsieur."

"It is in your power, Francois, my friend, to save me. Will you do it?"

"How could you ask such a question, Monsieur, when you know I am devoted to you? Explain to me how I can assist you, or take you out of this extremity, and you may rely upon me"

"I understand you, my good Francois You keep the books, and consequently understand the delicacy of my position, you know that I have a large number of heavy bills to pay within the next thirty days, and that to pay them I have scarcely a franc on hand or in expectation, you know that my Paris correspondents, who are deeply in my debt, and whom I have drawn on repeatedly without receiving any replies, are silent, you know that all my hopes, all my credit, all my reliance, hang on Paris agents, and that unless I hear from them speedily, I am ruined, swallowed up, lost'"

"Yes, Monsieur, I know all that"

"And therefore—"

"And therefore, Monsieur," said I, seeing that he paused, "if you will permit me, I will at once to Paris see those men, obtain what I can from them, then return with the money, and deliver it to you."

"This is what I wished, but had not the heart to ask of you, for it is at the risk of life to enter Paris now The capital is mad with blood, terror reigns everywhere, and Robespierre, that demon of destruction, never raises his finger but to point to the guillotine, and never moves his lips but to pronounce a sentence—and that sentence is death."

"I know all that, Monsieur."

"The gates of Paris are guarded by soldiers, and the walls are environed by his spies. To enter the gates is comparatively easy—to emerge from them, impossible"

"I know it, Monsieur."

"The city is filled with people, one half of whom look on the other half with distrust for every man is either an accuser or a victim"

"'Tis true, Monsieur"

"If you enter Paris spies will hang upon your footsteps—spies who, should you enrage them, would at once denounce you, and never take their eyes from off you, till they had seen your head upon the block and the axe upon your neck."

"I know it, Monsieur, and yet to save you—you, who have ever been to me a benefactor and a father. I will incur this peril, which in my eyes is not greater than the danger of your bankruptcy, your ruin."

M. Brissot's eyes were humid, his whole frame trembled with agitation He threw his arms around me

"I have an only child," he exclaimed, "my daughter, my Pauline. I know that your heart has long worshipped her in secret. Return from Paris, and whether you succeed or fail, she is yours!"

I could only return the pressure of his hand.

Two hours afterwards a passport was in my hand, and myself on the road to Paris.

In two days I was in the metropolis. I showed my passport to an officer at the gate, and was at once admitted.

Paris presented a frightful picture. Everybody was in the streets, which presented the appearance of a gala day. Men and women mingled indiscriminately together in crowds, dressed in the most fantastic costumes. Here was a group, chanting a hymn of rejoicing at the news of a victory by the army, there a crowd, listening to an orator who was trumpeting the virtues of Robespierre, "the incorruptible," and denouncing the baseness of his enemies, at another point was a concourse, following a cart which was conveying a number of victims to the Place de Revolution, where stood the scaffold, the drop, and the axe—the guillotine, look where you would, a noisy, heterogeneous mass met your eye, wild with excitement, and reeking with blasphemy and meaningless joy

I opened a private memorandum-book that I had brought with me, and found the following

M Rosignol, rue Vivienne,	22,000f
M Berthier, rue de l'Etang,	35,000
M Tonnerre, rue St Denis,	90,000
M. Malhouet, rue Richelieu,	28,000
	175,000

So that my first business was to call on M Rosignol, who was indebted to my employer in the sum of 22,000 francs

I proceeded to the rue Vivienne, and after some difficulty—for I was a stranger to the city—discovered the establishment of the lace dealer. But the windows were closed, the doors locked, and the store apparently abandoned I was alarmed, for if M Rosignol were lost, or dead—if he left not effects sufficient to pay my employer's claim, there was nothing to save M Brissot from bankruptcy, for it required every centime of the above one hundred and seventy-five thousand francs to enable him to meet his obligations

I at once knocked at a side-door leading to the upper stories A porter presented himself

"Monsieur," said I to him, "why is the establishment of M Rosignol, the lace dealer, closed?"

The man looked at me in surprise

"Monsieur is a stranger in Paris" he said, slowly, but in tone of respect

"You have guessed correctly"

"Ah! Then you had better apply to the Prefect of Police"

"M. Rosignol has been arrested, then"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"For what?"

"Monsieur had better ask that question of the Prefect"

I was more and more alarmed

"Another word," I said, seeing that the porter was about to retire.

"With pleasure, Monsieur"

"When was M. Rosignol arrested"

"Two days ago."

A passer-by pointed out to me the direction of the Prefect of Police.

While passing down the rue Vivienne, I noticed a gentleman a short distance ahead, whose slight, noiseless step, and quiet, thoughtful appearance, could not fail to command attention His figure was small, his face, pale almost to lividness, his features sharp, and his keen, restless eyes, of a deep, glittering blue. He was dressed in a dark suit, and wore a round hat with a broad rim, which was thrown so far back on his head that it exposed a small forehead projecting with great force over his temples. The expression of his face was that of a man worn out by vigils and meditations. A sinistrous line about his small, bloodless lips warned the spectator that he was in the presence of a man of great intellectual power.

While examining this strange face, the sudden and quick trampling of hoofs on the pavement caused me to look around, and I beheld a horse, who had evidently thrown his rider, dashing wildly down the street, and to my great horror, making direct toward the personage I have just described.

"Monsieur," I cried, "look out—you will be killed!"

The stranger raised his thoughtful eyes, and, evidently still under the influence of his reverie, fixed them half confusedly upon me.

Seeing that he was not aware of his danger, I sprang forward, seized him around the waist, and at one bound was in the middle of the highway.

The horse at almost the same moment dashed, in his wild flight, right over the spot, and speeding down the street, was out of sight in an instant.

A moment later, and the stranger would have been knocked down, crushed, and in all probability slain, by the affrighted animal.

The shock I had given him recalled the gentleman to self-possession. As his mind took in the extent of the danger, he turned his eyes, humid with emotion, and exclaimed—

"Monsieur, you have saved me How can I repay you '

'Name it not," I answered, desirous of avoiding thanks for so trifling a service. "I only performed a duty that I owed to humanity It is sufficient for me that you are safe."

"Nay, Monsieur," said the stranger, "it is a life I owe you Ha! what do I say—a life—I owe you ten, twenty, ay, a hundred lives, each one of which is priceless, because it is a life—that is to say, a soul, formed by God's own hands, and therefore more priceless than all the riches of the world And it is a hundred of such jewels that I owe you from this hour, for having rescued me from the wretched and ignoble death to which you

ed animal was so near consignin

I looked at him in astonishment Who is this man thought I

"In the hour of danger—in the hour of your greatest peril," continued the stranger, taking my hand and pressing it, "call on me, and I will prove to you—whatever the world may say to contrary—that this breast contains a heart overflowing with gratitude '"

So saying, he lifted his hat and made me a profound bow, then turning on his heel, he passed on till he reached the next corner, around which he turned and disappeared.

I reached, in due time, the office of the Prefect of Police, and was shown into the private room of that functionary.

"I desire, Monsieur, ' I replied, "to learn the whereabouts of a certain M Rosignol "

He is in the dungeons of the Con "

"Can I see him, Monsieur ?"

"Yes, '

"When ?"

"To-morrow. '

"At what hour '

"Ten a m At that hour he, with his compeers in treason, will leave the Conciergerie for the scaffold '

At this brutal answer my heart sank, and I was nigh falling With an effort, however, I mastered my feelings, and left the Prefect Once in the open air, that confidence which had been my best and truest friend, returned to me, and enabled me to think The result of my reflection was, that it was necessary for me to see M Rosignol at all hazards. To do this, it was necessary to get an order from one of the members of the Revolutionary Tribunal. I therefore resolved to wait upon one whose name and fame had spread all over France, and who was noted for his sympathy for the masses- Danton I inquired ' address, and posted at once to his house. The porter declined allowing me admittance, but a piece of gold at once moved his surliness, and served as a passport to the chamber of the patriot.

At a round table, covered with books, papers, letters, and writing implements, I beheld a tall stout man with a bold, laughing eye, a pleasant countenance, and large, light whiskers. I had heard his appearance described a thousand times, and at once recognised the bold and chivalrous Danton

"Who are you ?" said he, in a rough voice, "and what do you want with me ?"

"I am a Lyonese," I replied, "and have come to the great patriot, of whom I have heard so much, and who is so popular in my own city, to ask a favour."

The flattery pleased him, and he was in a moment all politeness.

"So, they speak of me in Lyons, do they ?" he said, with a smile of gratified pride. "And how do they call me ?"

"They speak of you as Danton, the Man of the People."

"Ha! they call me *that!*" And a smile of triumph gleamed in his large blue eyes. "'The Man of the People!' They but do me justice. I am *of* and *for* the people—that is to say, the many, the masses, and not the few. The Lyonese but do me justice. But what can I do for you? What is the favour you have come to ask of me ?" he added, with an encouraging smile.

"I have a friend in the Conciergeric, whom it is a desire of my heart to see."

"You are young," he said, throwing a smiling glance at me "this friend—is't a *lady* ' '

'No, Monsieur, a gentleman."

"Ah '" he observed coldly, seeing that he had overshot his mark. "His name "

"M. Rosignol "

'A lace-dealer ?"

"Yes, Monsieur. "

The pleasant expression of his face passed away and was replaced by a disagreeable frown at this answer

"You should beware of such acquaintances, ' he said, somewhat sternly. "These lace dealers are aristocrats Their very business depends upon the aristocracy for an existence

This staggered me. I saw in a moment the necessity of avoiding all argument with this vain but powerful man It was my policy to appeal to his vanity, which was so conspicuously great, and not to his reason, which was as correspondingly small

'It would not be becoming, Monsieur, for a rude, untutored man like me, to attempt to dispute a point with a mind so keen subtle, and enlarged in its views as yours '

"Well, well," he cried, with a condescending smile, "we will say no more about it 'Tis very evident you are no aristocrat, at all events. '

"Who—I, Monsieur ' Oh, I am, like you, of the people The only difference between us is, that God made me a common man, and you a great one !"

"Enough ' " he said, with an affectation of majesty and magnanimity, "you shall not go back to Lyons without having seen your friend. Danton will, at all times, stretch a point to serve one of the people."

As he spoke he drew towards him a slip of paper, on which he hurriedly traced an order to the Governor of the Conciergerie, and then, with an assumed air of condescension, handed it to me.

The order of Danton was enough to insure me the highest attention and respect, and a turnkey at once conducted me to a low dungeon in which were seven persons. As the jailer opened the door these men turned their eyes upon him with an eager, inquiring look

The turnkey now left the dungeon, saying—

"When Monsieur wishes to retire, let him knock thrice and I will open the door. '

The next moment the door closed, the lock was turned, and I was alone with the prisoners A lamp suspended by three chains hung from the ceiling, and threw a dim light around

"Which is M Rosignol ?" I asked, somewhat timidly

A man exclaimed. "You are looking at him, Monsieur "

"'Tis well," I answered "My name is Francois Dumouriez, I am confidential clerk to M. Brissot, of Lyons, in whose name I now speak to you "

At mention of M. Brissot's name, three others of the prisoners raised their heads and threw their eyes upon me.

"Say on, Monsieur," said M Rosignol, in a tone of subdued grief "I am listening "

"Pardon me, Monsieur," said I, "but before I speak further, I would ask a question '

"Ask it, Monsieur."

"Are you acquainted with M. Berthier, of the rue de l'Etang ?"

"Yes."

"With M. Tonnerre, of the rue St. Denis ?"

"Yes."

"And with M Malhouet, of the rue Richelieu ?"

"And with him."

At mention of these names, the three persons to whom I have alluded pricked up their ears, and looked at one another in surprise.

"And can you tell me, M. Rosignol, if those three gentlemen are, like you, in the Conciergerie ?"

"They are '" was the reply.

"I feared it '" I exclaimed. "And are they here ?"

"They are," answered M. Rosignol "Messieurs," he added, turning to the three prisoners, "permit me to introduce you to

Monsieur Dumourier, confidential clerk to our correspondent at Lyons, M. Brissot."

I was thunderstruck.

"Gentlemen," said I, as I recovered my self-possession, "I will not address you individually. What I have to say had better, I think, be said to you generally, as all of you are interested."

They bowed, and I went on.

"Gentlemen," before I begin, permit me to make my apologies for speaking to you on such matters here and in this unfortunate position. Blame not me, but the necessity which brings me here. When M. Brissot requested me to come to Paris and learn the cause of your silence, it was not here, not in the Conciergerie, that he expected me to see, that I expected to meet you!"

"Gentlemen," I continued, struggling to repress my feelings at their frightful position, "will you pardon me for, in obedience to the duty I owe my employer, intruding my presence on your sorrows here?"

They raised their eyes, and by their looks I saw that I was forgiven.

"Gentlemen," I continued, "let me tell you in one word the cause of my presence in Paris. M. Brissot is on the eve of bankruptcy; and unless he can get some money from you, who are heavily on his books, he is lost. Gentlemen, in one word, can you do anything to save him?"

"Monsieur," said M. Rosignol, "I am in debt to the worthy M. Brissot, whom I sincerely love and respect, in the sum of twenty-two thousand francs. Were I free, I could and would cheerfully pay it. But I am a prisoner in the Conciergerie, and condemned to lose my head at ten o'clock to-morrow."

And he turned his head to the wall, murmuring—"My poor wife—my poor children—who will watch over ye now!"

I was like one who feels the ground giving way from under him.

"Monsieur," said M. Berthier, "I honestly owe the worthy man you represent thirty-five thousand francs. Were I free, I could pay it in an hour. But I am a condemned man, and to-morrow, at ten o'clock, I am to die!"

And he turned his face to the wall, murmuring—"My wife—my poor, poor wife!"

I felt like a wretch on a wreck at sea, who sees, without the power of resistance, the waves wrenching his only support in pieces.

"Monsieur," said M. Tonnerre, with an air of dignity, "I compassionate the strait in which my friend and correspondent, M. Brissot, finds himself. I regret it the more, inasmuch as the large dealings between us leave me heavily in his debt. I owe him the sum of ninety thousand francs, which, large as it is, I could easily pay were I but one hour at liberty. But I am, as you see, a chained prisoner in the Conciergerie, and condemned to lose my head at the hour of ten to-morrow!"

And he turned away his head, exclaiming in accents of deep grief—"Oh, Emily—my only, my darling one—could I but see thee once more ere I die!"

As he concluded, I felt as if my blood had ceased to flow, as if my heart had ceased to beat.

"Monsieur," said M. Malhouet, "like my friends here—like every captive in this cell—I am a lost man, and doomed to lose my head at ten to-morrow. I am indebted to your worthy employer in the sum of twenty-eight thousand francs. Were I free, I could discharge the debt in thirty minutes. I sympathise, like an honest tradesman, with M. Brissot in his strait, and if at liberty would at once do my share, as a correspondent and friend, toward relieving him. But I am chained, imprisoned, helpless!"

And, like the others, he turned his face to the wall, murmuring—"My mother—my mother—who will preserve, who will console thee, when I am gone!"

I could make no reply. The terrible intelligence they had given me—the frightful bearing it had on the position of my unfortunate benefactor and employer, had operated on me like a heavy blow. I felt confused, crushed, annihilated.

I staggered to the door, gave the required signal, and a few moments afterward was in the street, reeling like a drunkard.

Suddenly I found my progress arrested by two long pieces of steel pressed against my breast. I looked up and beheld two gens d'armes, with their bayonets pointed at me.

"Where is Monsieur going?" they demanded.

I made no reply, but gazed at them like one stupefied. I fell back a step or two from their guns, and found myself before the entrance of a large building, which I learnt was the Hotel de Ville.

There was a rattling of wheels upon the pavement, and a few moments afterward a carriage drew up before the main entrance of the Hotel de Ville.

A short, slender gentleman, dressed in a suit of plain black, stepped from it, and was passing from it into the palace, when, as my eyes fell on him, all the blood in my body seemed mounting, like hot lava, to my head. In an instant every attribute of my nature, every sense of my intellect, was alive. I had recognised the gentleman whose life I had saved in the morning!

"Who is that gentleman?" I asked of one standing near me

"The Incorruptible, Maximilian Robespierre!" was the reply.

"Thank you!" I replied. "And can one see him? Is he visible to strangers?"

"Of course," answered the man, shrugging his shoulders at my ignorance. "The people have the right to visit him at any hour. And why should they not? Though the Dictator of France, he is nothing more than the people's steward. He says so himself."

"Thank you!" I repeated. And breaking from the crowd I hurried to my lodgings and penned the following note

"M. Robespierre—Fortunately for France, I was this morning the humble instrument of preserving your valuable life. Your noble nature prompted you to say, in consideration of that service, that you owed me a hundred souls in return. I therefore now ask of your gratitude, not a hundred, but *four* lives, who are as precious to me as my own existence. The names of the four men whose lives I have the honour to ask at your hands are M. Rosignol, of the rue Vivienne; M. Berthier, of the rue de l'Etang; M. Tonnerre, of the rue St. Denis, and M. Malhouet, of the rue Richelieu. These men are in cell No 28 of the Conciergerie, and unless previously set at liberty, will perish at ten o'clock to-morrow. They are charged with being aristocrats. I will answer for them that the charge is without the slightest foundation. I ask their lives of you for the one I saved to France this morning.

"Francois Dumourier."

This missive I folded and sealed, and then took to the Hotel de Ville. Seeing a letter in my hand, and therefore taking me for one of the countless spies of the Revolutionary Tribunal, the guards permitted me to pass, and following the stream that preceded me, I soon found myself in the vast reception hall. It was filled with a motley crowd, and to reach Robespierre, who was sitting at a round table, with a number of his colleagues, it was necessary to work my way gradually along the line of spectators facing the slight railing which divided the Tribunal from the auditors. This was in due time accomplished, and I had now to abide my time till the Dictator's eye should by some fortunate chance meet mine.

I had not long to wait. My uplifted hand, holding the letter, attracted the attention of the President of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and his glance falling from the letter to the hand, and from that to the face of the person owning it, settled at length on me, and in an instant he was on his feet.

"Approach!" he said.

The crowd around me at once gave way, and an officer conducted me to the Dictator.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a loud voice, taking me by the hand and turning to his colleagues, "permit me to introduce to you the hero of whom I have already spoken—the instrument, under God, of saving my poor life!"

The members rose and crowded around me, and at the same instant, the vast crowd in the hall thundered forth—

"Gratitude to the preserver of our Dictator!"

I modestly handed Robespierre the letter. The Dictator perused it calmly, and then silently passed it over to a colleague, who at a sign from the former, read it aloud.

"What say you, gentlemen, said the Dictator, "has M.

Dumourier sufficient claims on us to grant him the lives of those four men ?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" resounded from all sides. Not a voice was in the negative.

"St. Just," said the Dictator, turning to one near him, "write out the order of liberation."

I could scarcely see—everything around me began to grow dim.

I hurried to the Conciergerie, presented the order, and shortly afterwards left the prison with the four lace merchants. I shall not attempt to describe their gratitude nor my happiness Enough, that they paid me their individual amounts in full before night fell.

I quitted Paris early the next morning, and two days afterwards entered the establishment of my employer at Lyons, whom I made happy with the gold which was to save him from bankruptcy.

M. Brissot could scarcely control his emotion at sight of the money. He heard the details of my absence with varied feelings; then, taking me by the hand, led me to his house, and there, raising the hand of his daughter Pauline, silently placed it in mine



THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

The recent change in French affairs has excited attention to the claims of the rival aspirants to power in France. The Royalist party was divided by the clashing pretensions of the Prince de Joinville and the Count de Chambord—otherwise called, the Duc de Bordeaux, whose father perished by assassination, but to whom the French Legitimists assert that the throne by right belongs.

The following sketch of the Count de Chambord, the heir of Louis XIV and Henry IV of France, is from the elegant pen of M. De la Guerronniere, one of the editors of the *Pays*.—"The Count de Chambord possesses the finest head of any prince in Europe. The physical beauty of his physiognomy is only the reflection of moral beauty. Frankness, uprightness, benevolence, enlighten his look. Intelligence illuminates his forehead. The *ensemble* of his features presents the harmony and purity of lines

of which the pencil of Raphael, or the chisel of Phidias, can alone reproduce the character and effects. Everything in him, the expression of the eyes, the tones of the visage, the accents of the voice, the cadency of gesture, the movements of the hand, display the manliness of a healthy soul which no breath has dried up, no poison changed, no vice degraded. This soul is seen, and felt, and heard, and this transparency is so luminous that it seems in approaching it that we are only separated from it by a glass. Thus is explained the sort of fascination which this king without a kingdom exercises on all those who approach him His head is discrowned of its diadem, and yet there is on his forehead a sort of halo which is only the escape of internal light into physical life What strikes at the first aspect is neither the perfection of the features, nor the delicacy of the lines, nor the harmony of proportions, nor anything of what constitutes material beauty No it is sympathy, increased by majesty, in a word, something which carries you back to the grandeur of Louis XIV and the goodness of Henry IV. When the prince is on horseback, his open and large breast, which seems to respire life; his strong and supple arm, which holds the bridle with vigour full of *abandon*, gives to ' bearing as much elegance as dignity In seeing him pass thus along the roads of Germany we understand the royal majesty. One would say that he is the equestrian statue of it, reanimated all at once by some new Pygmalion. But Pygmalion does not call himself the people. . . An illustrious lady, much more accustomed to exercise fascination than to submit to it, the Princess de Lieven, one day met the Count de Chambord in the house of the Duchess de Noailles at Ems. She was a competent, and, perhaps rather a severe judge The curiosity of Madame de Lieven was very much excited. The figure of a pretender was wanting to the gallery of her impressions, she laughed with witty and mocking incredulity at the tender enthusiasm which the friends of this new Prince Edward brought from their pilgrimage of fidelity Accustomed as she was to receive, in the familiarity of her elegant conversations, the most illustrious men of Europe, she promised herself to contemplate, without being dazzled, and without emotion, this hereditary grandeur, the pale ray of the setting sun which was about to disappear in time Count de Chambord presented himself The majesty and the goodness displayed as the illumination of his soul on his face first of all struck Madame de Lieven This lady of rank, more difficult to move than the great men whose charm, penetration, and often inspiration she is, was agitated as would have been a simple woman of Brittany In the evening she met M. Berryer, and laughed no more at monarchical tenderness The reception which the Count de Chambord gives to the royalist Frenchmen who visit him in his exile is cordial without familiarity, dignified without pretension, and royal without haughtiness He displays a coquetry of an altogether marked description for the men not belonging to his cause, and whom a sentiment of respect and curiosity leads to visit him It is in particular with them that he gives way freely to the expression of his views, he astonishes them by his knowledge of men and things, and by the richness of his mind, he causes them to forget that he is a pretender and an exile from his country. They fancy that they hear France speaking through his mouth, and that the voice of the present age is heard in his voice, awakening, as it does, all the echoes of past ages."

A chequered career has been his, and a similar fate has attached to all his race. When Charles X. signed the abdication of Rambouillet, the rights of Henry V. were renounced at the same time. When his mother, the ill-fated Duchess de Berri—her Neapolitan imagination fired with the thought of being another Jeanne d'Albert, began the expedition to La Vendée, which was to have resulted in making her Regent of France, when, in reality, it but led her to a lone prison on the banks of the Gironde, the wavering Charles once more guaranteed the right he had already signed away A king without a crown, still French Legitimacy owns the Count de Chambord as its proper head. His age now is about 30. At that age men have gone forth and won immortal fame. At that age, did the Count de Chambord represent a living truth, and not an exploded lie, he might have the great French nation obedient to his will. As it is, we imagine his chance of imperial sway is but small. He belongs to the past. France must seek its future in other men.

WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER?

'WHAT is a newspaper?"—"A paper containing news," is, of course, the ready reply. Softly, my dear sir, if you please The question is a far more difficult one than you have any idea of. Thanks to our lawyers, a very simple question has been resolved into a very perplexing one; and, very recently, Baron Parke gave it as his opinion, that Dickens' *Household Narrative* was a newspaper, while Barons Martin and Platt, and Chief Baron Sir F. Pollock, maintained that it was not. When Lawyers differ, fortunately the majority decides Thus we may congratulate Mr Dickens on the victory he has won in the cause of unlicensed printing—a victory which will not concern him alone.—Mr. Cassell, as publisher of the *Freeholder*, had laid himself open to a prosecution from the Board of Inland Revenue in the same manner Other publishers, also, equally transgressed the law. Fortunately Mr. Dickens has brought the question to a successful issue, and, as a consequence, we may expect the cheap press to become more practical and fraught with real interest than ever. The law will no longer be a scarecrow to frighten the timid degree, been mitigated. It is no longer, but a friend.

From the evidence—given before the Select Committee on Newspaper Stamps of Mr Keogh, Assistant Secretary, and Mr Timms, Solicitor to the Board of Inland Revenue, it appears that the Board consider three classes of publications legally liable to the newspaper stamp - 1 Any paper containing public without reference to price, size, interval of publication to its being published more than once —2. Any paper printed at less intervals than twenty-six days, containing only, or principally, advertisements —3. Any paper containing remarks on public news, printed at less intervals than twenty-six days, where the price is less than sixpence, or the size less than two sheets. The recent decision of the Court of Exchequer has declared that a paper published at greater intervals than twenty-six days, has not the character of a newspaper, though it may be a chronicle of events, bringing up the narrative to a very recent period. decision has relieved the Board of Inland Revenue of a world of trouble. Before, they must have been always in a state of consternation as to what constituted news In his evidence before the committee, Mr. Timms stated that the Queen's speech was "news," and that he thought anyone printing it on a sheet of unstamped paper would be liable to a penalty of twenty pounds. At the same time, by a very delicate distinction, the force of which cannot fully perceive, Mr. Timms is inclined to think that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech is not news Thus their seems to have been no very clear idea as to what was news on the part of the Board. At times, also, their interference became very vexatious. Thus, the *Norwich Reformer*—where only one-sixteenth of the contents came under the description of news—was stopped, whilst no opposition was offered to the publication of the *Athenæum*, and other papers, containing far more than was ever published in the *Norwich Reformer*. As to the third class of publications the Board professes to take cognisance of, little action, it appears, has been taken with regard to them. It is clear, that if it be difficult to define what is meant by news, the difficulty is greatly increased in attempting to define remarks upon news, and in drawing the distinction between remarks upon news and news itself Mr. Timms states, in his evidence before the committee, that there has been very little practice at all in reference to this class of publications, because those "that have come under the notice of the Board, have generally contained public news, and, therefore, they have come under the first definition of newspapers. Parties have attempted to excuse themselves, by stating that their paper is not a newspaper within the third definition, but our reply to that is, 'It is a newspaper within the first definition, because it contains public news, intelligence, and occurrences'" It seems, that with respect to comment on news in cheap publications, the law has been allowed to sleep. It is notorious, that a great number of publications, issued at intervals of less than twenty-six days, and at prices less than sixpence, by philanthropic, religious, political, and other societies, are published without a stamp, and contain comments and observations upon public events If the law had been enforced, *Punch* would have been compelled to discontinue his weekly labours. As it is, we wonder so notorious an offender has not been looked after before this.

Thus the question as to what is a newspaper is not to be answered so quickly or certainly as our readers might at first suppose The Board of Inland Revenue wavered in the application of the law—publishers became bold and daring. The Board threatened—timid men succumbed—the strong, on the contrary, went on as usual. At length, the Board screwed up its courage. It threatened Mr Cassell, and then prosecuted Mr Dickens After a more than usual illustration of the law's delay, Mr. Dickens triumphed On Monday, December 1, the decision was given in the Court of Exchequer. The Chief Baron, and three puisne barons, who had heard the argument, met in the large Court, and as they did not agree in their construction of the Stamp Act, their lordships delivered their judgment *seriatim*, commencing, as usual, with the junior baron The papers tell us, the majority of the judges being in favour of the exemption from duty, the judgment was therefore entered for the plaintiff—a result which seemed to give satisfaction to a densely crowded court We give part of the Chief Baron's argument, as it bore upon what concerns all readers in these newspaper-reading times Sir F. Pollock said, after referring to 6 & 7 of Will. IV, chap 76.—'The material part of the statute is that portion of the schedule A (there is, however, no other schedule) which contains a definition of newspapers It says, 'the following shall be deemed and taken to be newspapers, chargeable with the said duties 1. Any paper containing public news, intelligence, or occurrences, printed in any part of the United Kingdom, to be dispersed and made public' This expression does not differ much from what is found in the first statute that imposed a duty on newspapers—viz., 10th Anne, chap 19, sec 101, and which continued in force till it was repealed by the present statute The language of that statute is—'and for and upon all newspapers or papers containing public news, intelligence, nces which shall be printed in Great Britain, to be dispersed and ade public.' Whatever the statute of Anne meant the statute of William means, and neither more nor less I say ecause by its very title the statute of William IV. is an act to *reduce* the duty on newspapers, and its preamble recites that it i xpedient to reduce them. It must, therefore, be taken that no new duty was imposed, and if, therefore, this publication, the *Household Narrative*, would not have been liable to a stamp duty before the 6th and 7th William IV., it is not so now Now, the 0th George III, chap 9, passed in 1819, an act to subject certain publications to the duties of stamps upon newspapers, by the first ection enacts that all pamphlets and papers containing any public ws, intelligence, or occurrences, or any remarks or observations thereon, or upon any matter in Church or State, printed in any art of the United Kingdom for sale, and published periodically, in parts or numbers at intervals *not exceeding twenty-six days* etween the publication of any two such pamphlets or papers, parts, or numbers (the size is then alluded to), not exceeding two heets, and at (the price) a less sum than 6d, exclusive of duty, hall be deemed and taken to be newspapers within the meaning of he 38th George III. chap 78, and other statutes imposing duties on and regulating the publication of newspapers, and in the rth section it notices pamphlets or papers containing any public ews, intelligence, or occurrences, or any such remarks or ob tions as aforesaid, printed for sale and published periodically, or parts or numbers at intervals exceeding twenty-six days between wo numbers not exceeding two sheets, at a less price than sixence; and it does not make them liable to stamp duty, but acts that they shall be published on the first day of every calendar month, or within two days before or after. It appears to me that is is a legislative recognition that a paper published at greater ntervals than twenty-six days has not the character of a newspaper, though it may be a chronicle of events bringing up its narrative to a very recent period; and I think, as the *Household Narrative* is published at intervals exceeding twenty-six days, it ould be difficult with that statute before us to say it was liable to uty under that act. If it was not then, for the reason already iven, it is not now. I do not see in any of the statutes any distinction between a publication chiefly or wholly consisting of intelligence and one containing such intelligence mixed with other matter, nor do I find anything about the main object of a publication; and I cannot, from the distinction between the two expressions, "containing news" and "containing *any* news," come to he conclusion at which my brother Parke has arrived. Looking, herefore, at the whole course of the statutes on this subject, I think it has been considered by the Legislature that a certain frequency of publication gives to a periodical the character of a chronicle or history, and not that of a newspaper; and however it may afford useful information, as it is not likely successfully to compete with the daily or weekly papers, it has not been rendered liable to the stamp duty. An interval of more than twenty-six days is what I think the Legislature has fixed as the criterion. If the interval be twenty-six days or less, it is a newspaper; if it be more, it is a chronicle or history; and the whole question turns on the distinction between news and history, which has, I think, been settled by the legislature."

Thus the matter stands at present A decision that would have been adverse to Mr. Dickens, would have been almost inoperative, for it would have been a heavy blow to many of our largest publishers, and would have been a sad stumbling-block in the way of cheap literature. Such an interpretation of the law would have been intolerable, still there are difficulties connected with the law as it now stands—difficulties which can only be removed by the affirmation of the principle embodied in the report of the committee, to which we have already referred Apart from fiscal considerations, the committee state that they do not consider that news is of itself a desirable subject of taxation Surely Sir C Wood might carry out this recommendation, and manage to give up the tax on knowledge When mind is concerned—when men are to be stimulated, elevated, and refined—when ignorance is to be destroyed—when the dawn of a new and better era is about to come—surely fiscal considerations ought not to stop the way.

BLOWING BUBBLES.

Half our sorrows, half our troubles,
Making head and heart to ache
Are the fruit of blowing bubbles,
Bright to view, but quick to break

All have played the child imbecile,
Breathing hard to swell the sides
Of [illegible] and vessel,
[illegible] the air it rides.

From the infant's cradle rising,
All the bubble mania show,
Oft our richest wealth comprising
In the bubbles that we blow.

Brilliant, buoyant, upward going,
Pleased we mark them in their flight,
Every hue of Iris showing,
As they glance along the light.

Little castles, high and airy,
With their crystal walls so thin,
Each presents the wicked fairy,
VANITY, enthroned within!

But when two have struck together
What of either do we find?
Not so much as one gay feather
Flying Hope has left behind!

Still, the world are busy blowing
Every one some empty ball,
For the seeds of mischief sowing
Where to burst the bubbles fall

Not for self alone to gather
Is our evil harvest found,
Oft with pipe and cup we rather
Step upon our neighbour's ground

Thus, amusing one another,
While the glistening playthings rise,
We may doom a friend or brother
To a life of care and sighs

Do you doubt my simple story.
I can point a thousand ways,
Where this bubble-making glory
Has its darkness hid in rays!

Yet we'll spare a slight confusion
Caused the world by giving names,
Since a right to some delusion
Every one from Nature claims

MISCELLANEA.

ANECDOTE OF CHANTREY. — Many years before his decease, the celebrated Chantrey attended a funeral at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The graveyard was strewed with human bones, and the gravedigger was adding irreverently to the heaps. Chantrey inquired what eventually became of the remains. The sexton replied with a smile, that, when they became too plentiful, "they were carted off in loads to the Thames." A friend describes the effect of this answer upon the frame of Chantrey as painful in the extreme. His cheeks grew sickly white, and perspiration poured down them. At the moment he looked himself a corpse newly risen from the grave before him. "I will take care," he said, with a shudder, "that they do not cart my bones to the Thames. They shall be undisturbed under my native sod." And, accordingly, there are five pounds per annum for ten poor boys of the village of Norton, so long as they will remember industriously to pluck the weeds and to remove the nettles that deface the gravestone of Francis Chantrey. The sculptor subsequently paid a formal visit to Norton, and carefully selected the spot for his last resting-place. While looking for it he encountered the grave-digger. "I am looking out a place for a grave," said Chantrey, "but I don't mean you to dig it." "I hope I shall," replied the gravedigger, quietly and civilly; and it is likely enough that he did, "for," says a reviewer in the *Times*, "within a year the renowned sculptor was deposited near the humbler family dust that had mingled with the earth before him."

THUMPING WON'T MAKE A GENTLEMAN.—Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Doyle and Yelverton, quarrelled one day so violently, that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man (at the fists, at least), knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming vehemently, "You scoundrel! I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Yelverton, rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, sir, never! I defy you! I defy you! You can't do it!"

TAKE EXERCISE.—The venerable author of "Music of Nature," Mr. William Gardiner, has written a paper for the *Leicester Chronicle*, recommending "exercise." "My father," he says, "was remarkable for his lightness of step at the age of ninety-four. He was regular in taking his walking exercises every day—sometimes twice a day. In approaching a similar age, I look back upon many of his actions as a guide, and have scrupulously adopted his habits. In summer time I walk before breakfast, as I dine in the middle of the day; and after tea I enjoy a ramble in the evening. In the winter, I avail myself of the prime of the day. A little rain never stops me; if I am caught, I accelerate my pace, and return with a slight perspiration, instantly changing my dress for dinner; hence, I never take cold. The best pace is that which accords with the motion of the pulse; if you hurry beyond that you are sooner fatigued. My pulse seldom varies from sixty to sixty-four. What Handel terms *tempo ordinario*, or "common time"—that is my natural pace. If you walk slowly, you may walk all day. I never walk with a stick. Anything carried in the hand destroys the erect position of the body, and interrupts the swing of the arms. The arms are pendulums, which act like the fly-wheel in machinery, to steady the motion. In my walks I prefer undulating fields to a plain road. If windy, I meet it, and return home with the wind at my back. Walk once a day, and you will never have occasion for a doctor and his calomel."

Dr Parr, when a boy at Harrow, had so old a face for his age, that one day his contemporary, Sir William Jones, said, looking hard at him "Parr, if you should have the good luck to live forty years, you may stand a chance of overtaking your face."

THE ASTOR LIBRARY, NEW YORK.—About three years and a half ago, the sum of 400,000 dollars was left by the late John Jacob Astor, for the purpose of establishing and building a public library in New York. He appointed twelve trustees for carrying the object into effect. The bequest was to be applied as follows:—75,000 dollars for the erection of the building, 120,000 dollars for the purchase of books and rare manuscripts, and the surplus—205,000 dollars, and after paying for the site—to be invested as a fund for the support and increase of the library. In September, 1848, the trustees decided upon a site in Lafayette-place, as one in every way adapted for the purpose, affording from its situation, that remoteness from the public thoroughfare so necessary to secure quietness during the time of study. In the following month the superintendent, Dr Cogswell, was appointed by his fellow trustees to proceed to Europe, and purchase, at his discretion, books to the amount of 20,000 dollars. He accordingly went, and the result has been most satisfactory. His purchases having been selected with care and discretion, and obtained at low rates, consequent on the disturbed political condition of Europe in the year 1848, and the reduction of prices attendant thereon. The building is constructed after the style of the Byzantine school of architecture. The first floor contains reading and lecture rooms, with corridors and vestibules communicating, and will accommodate five hundred persons. The whole building will be lighted by five hundred gas-lights, and is the first, of such considerable extent, that has ever been called at once into existence. That of Gottingen, the nearest parallel, was founded more than a century ago, when the whole number of books was less than half the present number. The library will be arranged after the most approved European system, and, should it equal that of Gottingen in completeness and excellence, it will be a credit to the new world.

THE MARTYR BISHOP.—Queen Elizabeth, attacked by toothache, could get no sleep, night nor day, nor could any of her doctors give relief. The cabinet, deliberating what was to be done, resolved to call in "an outlandish physician," but as "he might possibly be a Jew," or, still worse, "a Papist," he was not allowed to practise personally on the Queen, but only to prescribe. John Anthony Fenatus, the foreign practitioner, recommended certain applications, but said, if the tooth were decayed, the Queen had better have it out. Her Majesty, however, would not hear of extraction; her cabinet in vain attempted to reason her into the sacrifice; until, at length, Bishop Aylmer, to give confidence to his sovereign, submitted to have a tooth drawn in the royal presence, and Elizabeth then consented to the operation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

JOHN COOKE.—If you want to improve your mind and have but little time, instead of reading books on the cultivation of the mind, do it at once. It is true that "Todd's Student's Manual" is designed for those whose business is study only; but it is equally useful to those who can only study in the intervals of business, and John Cook must be unfavourably situated indeed, if, with a little self-denial and perseverance, he cannot study in the scientific manner there recommended.

J. L. wants to know how the skin can be got off potatoes without paring them? The best way is to skin them after they are boiled.

AMICUS wishes us to recommend him the best book on Nineveh. This is rather a difficulty. Layard's great work has formed the groundwork of so many others, that we have not here space enough to enumerate them. The best of them, we believe, is an abridgment of his larger work, recently done by Mr Layard himself.

J. WATKINS wants to know the best method of making paper maps adhere to calico. The only thing requisite is great care. It requires a tact only got by experience.

ADAM W.—The new series of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND will be bound up in half-yearly volumes.

A READER FROM THE FIRST.—No reform as yet has taken place in the patent law. The expense of registering is very small.

DAMON.—The population of the county of Durham is 408,896; of London, 2,361,640; of Manchester, 228,437, of Salford, 87,514; of Newcastle, 89,145, of Glasgow, 333,657.

A SUFFERER complains of his tendency to blush. We presume he is a young man. He will get over it in time. We had the same weakness, we never do it now. We have had another letter, from another sufferer, on the same subject. Our advice is, don't think about it, and do nothing to blush for.

A SINCERE FRIEND wishes to study the Greek, Latin, and French languages. We advise "A Sincere Friend" to master one language first, studying so many will only confuse him. He says he has got the "French Lessons" published [illegible] let him master them, and then try Latin and Greek. If, however, he will at once make a dead set at all three, we recommend him the introductory works of the Rev. Mr. Arnold—he will find none better in the English language.

R. N. has had a dispute with a friend about the meaning of the word *selfish*. The one deems it a virtue and the other a vice. The former is the wrong use of the term. A proper degree of self-love is enjoined by reason and revelation. It lies at the very foundation of human nature. The excess of it we denominate selfishness. We therefore always use the term selfish in a bad sense. When we speak of a selfish man, we speak in the language of censure.

GEORGE HALL wants to know how we reconcile the contradictory statements of two different writers in THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND—on of them stating that a perfect knowledge of th French language may be acquired without th of a teacher, and the other stating that no language can be acquired without a master. We at once admit there is an anomaly here, but it is one that does not concern George Hall and our readers. The fact is, that many men acquire a practical knowledge of modern and ancient languages without the aid of a teacher. To the complete mastery of a language a teacher may be essential. Be this, however, as it may, George Hall need not give up in despair. A man without a teacher will be able, with ordinary industry and ability, to pick up as much of a foreign language as will enable him to read its authors with profit.

G. W. H. sends us six questions at once. This is really too bad. We are happy to answer all questio[illegible] G. W. H. [illegible] know h[illegible] the morning (a question which he surely can answer for himself), or what we think a tolerably genteel height (a question decidedly of a private character), we really feel that we have some right to complain. Our correspondent must be more merciful.

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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER V.

IT would be tedious, if it were not endless, to enter into the details of all the base intrigues by which Stephen Szapolyai, the perfidious defender of the national cause, now sought to obtain the vacant throne. We shall merely introduce into our rapid narrative such details as are furnished by the national historian, Paul Jaszay.

The Szapolyai were a family of German origin, whose military services procured [illegible] favour of Louis the Great, and gaining over Peter Perenyi, one of the officers of the household, he got possession of the crown, and thus, from the prestige attached to the insignia of power, secured the royal authority without opposition. He felt, however, that his authority must rest on a more solid basis to prove lasting. This he found in his relationship with Verboczi, who was connected with his family by marriage, a man who had acquired immense popularity by his ardent love of country and brilliant eloquence.



SIEGE OF AGRIA, BY THE TURKS.—(See page 182.)

anged their names from Hecus to that of th domain apolya, in Sclavonia. They were then called Z dlyai, the al s having the same value amongst the Mag as the *de* the titles of the French nobility

While Solyman, at the he d of the Ott m arm, was com- itting the most frightful devastations in every t of the ngdom, Szapolyai remai ued). at the ad of forty thousand me fortune ould give him a fair opportunity of aiming at the crown. By

The winning manners of Szapolyai completely gained him over to his interests.

Sigismond, King of Poland, the brother-in-law of Szapolyai, had it entirely in his power to put an end to all disputes, by openly declaring for him, and thus have avoided the possibility of a civil war. But by vacillating between two part which by this means inflicted upon his neighbou he sought to ward off from h own kingdom.

Ferdinand of Austria, supp ted by the Emperor Charles V.

at that time in the zenith of his power, hastened to seize upon the Bohemian crown, and wrote to his sister, the widow of Louis II, asking her to use every means in her power to advance his pretensions to the throne of Hungary She responded to her brother's appeal with an amount of talent and energy rarely displayed by one of her sex, and, thanks to the treachery of Stephen Bathori, the Palatine, her efforts were crowned with success. Bathori convened a meeting of the Diet at Presburg, and there the supporters of foreign interests found themselves in the majority, and proclaimed Ferdinand "*the restorer and saviour of Hungarian liberty.*" The Croats also intimated their intention of supporting his claims.

He was, however, well aware that his foreign birth and education would damage him seriously in the eyes of the of the people. He therefore issued a proclamation expressing his devotion to the interests of Hungarian nationality, and containing, amongst others, the following remarkable clause:—"That they should pay no attention to the argument put forward by his adversaries against his claim to the throne, viz., that he could not speak the Magyar language, inasmuch as two of his predecessors had governed the country with ability without having known anything of the national tongue." He promised at the same time to protect and honor this valorous nation, and the *Magyar language*" This is worthy of attention in connection with some of the events which preceded the late war of independence and to which we shall refer in due time.

In consequence of the promises put forward in this manifesto, Ferdinand was proclaimed King, and invested with the crown of St. Stephen, which Perenyi, proving false to Szapolyai, placed in his hands.

The country was now placed in the hands of two rival princes, each supported by a large body of the nation, but neither worthy of the office to which he aspired Better materials for protracted civil war, discord, and anarchy, never existed, for neither had the energy or the ability to bring the struggle to a speedy close. Szapolyai can hardly be blamed for wishing to defend in his own person the electoral rights of the nation, when a vacancy had occurred in the throne; but when he undertook a task so difficult, he should have shown more of energy, and above all of self-reliance While Ferdinand was straining every nerve to bring his enterprise to a successful completion, Szapolyai was reposing on his laurels, and relying upon foreign aid, even though it should be that of the Turks, to extricate him from every difficulty.

Finding himself abandoned by Sigismond, he wrote to the Doge of Venice, the King of France, and other European sovereigns, asking for assistance Francis of France was at that time engaged in a tremendous struggle with Charles V., whose enormous power threatened to overwhelm the minor states of the European Continent, but he agreed to supply King John, as Szapolyai was now called, with a subsidy of 30,000 louis a month, to assist him in carrying on the conflict with the Archduke of Austria.

Ferdinand, who feared delay might work defeat, assembled a large army upon the frontiers of Austria in order to support his claims by force. Szapolyai was not wanting in personal courage, but he was indolent, and without decision of character; and, besides, had few soldiers, and his treasury was empty. The Austrians took possession of Buda without striking a blow, and the national King was obliged to fly, first to Transylvania, and then Poland. An unfortunate man has few friends ever; and John found himself abandoned in his flight by everyone but John Banfi, a high-minded Magyar noble. In Poland he found another staunch supporter, Jerome Laski, Palatine of Siradia. The latter was an able and high-spirited man, headstrong and courageous, ready—like most of the Poles—to risk everything for anything. He said to John without hesitation—"There remains but one man to whom you can look for support—it is Solyman, the Sultan. I will set out, and ask him to espouse your quarrel." "Alas!" said the unfortunate Szapolyai, "the remedy would be worse than the disease." The Sultan at first refused to listen to the proposals of the Poles, alleging that he himself was master of Hungary; but afterwards perceiving that he would in Frederick encounter a formidable adversary, he determined upon siding with the weaker party. It is passing strange, and "wondrous pitiful," that Hungary, who had so often saved Austria from the Moslem, should so often be compelled to seek in the arms of the Moslem protection from Austria. The unfortunate Hungarians, however, had then as much to fear from the alliance of Turkey, as from the open expression of her hatred. The Ottoman army soon crossed her frontiers, and there renewed, as friends, the ravages which they had formerly committed as enemies. Szapolyai repaired to the Sultan's camp, and did him homage, on bended knee, for the kingdom which was no longer his. Solyman marched as far as Vienna, under the walls of which he encamped for a few days, and then suddenly retreated. He had no sooner departed than Frederick again took possession of Buda, and again Szapolyai invited the Ottomans back. So great were the devastations committed by both parties, that the Magyars did not know which to dislike more, the Austrians who came to attack them, or the Turks who came to defend. Solyman, who was as unfortunate in sieges as he was successful in battle, was repulsed before Koszeg, which was defended by a Croat chief devoted to the Austrians, and retreated, carrying with him thirty thousand captives as slaves.

The war still continued,—victory inclining now to one side, and now to the other, until both kings had exhausted their strength without deciding their quarrel. At last a treaty was concluded by which Szapolyai was to occupy the throne while he lived, and at his death it was to revert to Ferdinand, and in case he left any children, they were to be placed in possession of a revenue suitable to their rank and birth As his offspring, therefore, could not succeed him, Szapolyai laid aside all thoughts of marrying, and would have continued all his life in single blessedness, had not his courtiers worked upon his vanity, and persuaded him that it was the duty of a prince, circumstanced as he was, to strengthen his kingdom by an alliance with the family of some neighbouring sovereign. He turned his eyes towards Poland. Sigismond, the king of that country, more fortunate than his brother Uladislaus II, of Hungary, had succeeded in raising Poland to a high position amongst the nations of Europe in the arts and sciences and civilisation, and effected the happiest transformation in the habits and life of the people. He had one daughter, the offspring of his marriage with Bona Sforza, of Milan If women envy beauty in their own sex, as many say they do, she was envied by all the ladies of the court, and admired by all the men But her personal charms formed but a very small part of her recommendations to popular respect and veneration. She had manifested a devotion to science and learning, very unusual amongst the women of that age, and combined all the mild charity and devout piety of a nun with the strictest attention to the duties of everyday life. She had learned in the midst of prosperity, and surrounded by the thoughtless licentiousness of a gay court, to perform with uncomplaining fidelity the hardest tasks that the sternest stroke of adversity could impose. The miseries of the poor upon her father's private estates were the subjects of her daily solicitude, and the poor serf, sunk in hopeless poverty, came to look upon her as little inferior to one of the ministering spirits before whose images he had been taught to bow down and adore. The principles of government were a portion of her daily study, more from a love to the people as *men*, and as such, essentially noble, than from any expectation that she would ever be called upon to rule.

Such was the woman whom Szapolyai obtained as his wife. She was worthy of a better lot—worthy of a union with a soul whose aspirations were as lofty, and thoughts as pure and dignified, as her own.

The Hungarians hailed her arrival in the country with universal acclamation, and though impoverished and harassed by five years of war and disaster, they welcomed her with gorgeousness of pomp and display worthy of the days of Mathias Corvinus. In the midst of all these rejoicings, two of the nobles, Majlath and Balassa, stirred up a revolt in Transylvania, a piece of treachery the more disastrous and less excusable, as Isabella already gave promise of an heir to the crown, around whom the national party might rally, and thus put an end to foreign interference and intestine division. Scarcely had the rebellion been put down, than the Queen brought forth a son, and in a month or two afterwards the King found himself dying. In his last will he named George Utjssenovics, Bishop of Great Varadin, and Peter Petrovics,

Count of Temes, guardians of John Sigismond, his son. He had scarcely signed it when he expired.

He was a man who was evidently not born to rule, and he grasped at the sceptre more from childish vanity and love of display, than from a desire for power. His unfortunate position drove him to the commission of acts opposed by his judgment, and at which his heart revolted, and compelled him to seek protection from the worst enemy of himself and his kingdom, to the great humiliation and misery of both. He had but one virtue, stoicism under misfortune, but he did not exercise even for this. His people ascribed it to lethargic indifference, or imbecility.

An infant, a woman, and a monk, were now at the head of affairs, and although, after the death of King John, the Diet of Rakos appointed the Queen and Valentine Frank to the regencies, Martinuzzi and Isabella alone held the reins of government, in the name of the young Prince.

Martinuzzi occupies so prominent a position in Hungarian history at this period, and the information concerning his early life furnished by the Magyar historians is so very scanty, that we must content ourselves with presenting to the reader such details as have been collected by M. Bechet, a French historian. "The family of Martinuzzi was one of the most illustrious in the kingdom, but, either through the troubles of the times, or bad management of their affairs, they had not the means of affording him in his infancy an education suitable to his birth.

"He was born in 1482, in the Castle of Nemezna, in Croatia, of which his father bore the name, with the title of Count, but the castle and the name were all that remained to him of the honours of his ancestry. The young Ujsenovics having been born after his father's death, his mother perceived that he would early have to contend against the twofold disadvantages of poverty and orphanage.

"Under these circumstances, she determined to secure for him a patron and protector, who might aid him even more effectually than his father could have done had he been living. She therefore requested her brother, James Martinuzzi, Bishop of Scandona, in Dalmatia, to become his sponsor at the baptismal font, and to interest him still more in the future progress of his godson, she changed his name to Martinuzzi, which he ever afterwards bore."

Nevertheless, his uncle soon afterwards abandoned him. After many changes he found an asylum in the house of the Szapolyai, but in a menial situation. The dull and degrading nature of his duties soon disgusted him, and he entered the convent of the Hermits of St. Paul, where he made himself known to King John when he fled thither after his defeat at Arta. The unfortunate monarch had not then many friends, and Martinuzzi soon gained his confidence to such a degree, that he became his daily companion. He then made him his ambassador, and soon after his spy. His monk's cowl, the humble respected than even the royal purple, preserved him from the many dangers incident to such a character.

When Szapolyai had retrieved his misfortunes, and resumed the throne, he did not prove ungrateful to his former friend, but admitted him to his council. But this was not enough to satisfy the ambition of Martinuzzi. So well did he manage his intrigues, that he soon became Bishop of Great Varadin, Waywode of Transylvania, and Treasurer of the Kingdom. He soon supplanted all the courtiers who in turn gained the ascendancy over the feeble-minded King, and became virtually master of the kingdom. He had, however, a great soul, far too great for the station and duties of a monk. He was not merely a polite statesman, or a well-read scholar. He never sought peril, but when it came he was not afraid to meet it. He was often present on the battle-field, and at last learned to win battles himself. He was particularly clever in the discovery of the secrets of his enemies, but had the art, so important to diplomaticians, of enveloping his own in the most profound mystery, and paid no regard to the sanctity of an oath. In a word, he possessed all the qualities requisite to make a man great, but hardly any of those that make a man good.

The Austrian faction, which of all things feared the yoke of the Turks, immediately upon the death of John, called upon Ferdinand to assert his rights, and he therefore wrote to Isabella demanding the fulfilment of the treaty concluded by her late husband, and at the same time promising her private estates in his own dominions. Although this treaty had been concluded without the knowledge of the nation at large, and in direct violation of its acknowledged rights, Isabella felt some scruples about breaking it. She felt that she was unfitted for the turmoil of the stormy existence which was then opening up before her, and, as she had no love for power, she looked back with longing regret to the pursuits of quiet usefulness which the days of her maidenhood were spent. She could anticipate with unmixed pleasure her retirement from the pomp and bustle of the court into some peaceful rural solitude, in which she might devote her whole time to the education of her son, and make herself the friend and consoler of the poor peasantry around. She therefore determined upon giving up Hungary to Ferdinand, and hastened to inform Martinuzzi of her intention. The wily priest, seeing at a glance that such a step once taken his occupation was gone, endeavored to divert her mind, steadily opposed himself to it. "I will never," said he, "betray the interests of my ward; I do not respect a treaty signed by King John under fear of coercion, and against the will of the nation. He had no right to convey away his son's claim to the crown, and place Hungary under the rule of a stranger."

His pressing his zeal, and reproached Isabella for her indifference to the welfare of her country. She yielded at last, since the minister had possession of the treasury and the army, and was supported by Solyman, the Turkish sultan. An Austrian army was sent to besiege Buda, but was repulsed with loss, and forced to abandon the enterprise. In the following year Roggendorf marched anew to attack it. A conspiracy formed to assassinate Martinuzzi failed ignominiously, and just as the Turks were being driven back from his gates, the banners of the Ottomans were seen in the distance upon the plain. The Sultan had sent his vizier, Mehemet Pacha, to the aid of the young King, whose dominions he hoped one day to incorporate with his own empire. A terrible battle was fought under the walls of Pesth, in which the besieged, sallying from the town, took the side of the Turks. The carnage was frightful, the Danube being half filled with the bodies of the dead. The town itself soon became the scene of the conflict, and soldiers, inhabitants, women, children, all, in short, who were not Turks, were mercilessly slaughtered. Roggendorf, mortally wounded, took refuge in the isle of Czeplokoz, and there died.

Solyman did not immediately enter Buda, but he expressed the liveliest impatience "to embrace the child on whose behalf he had undergone so much fatigue, and passed through so many perils." Isabella, naturally timid, and excessively fond of her son was reluctant to trust him in the hands of the Sultan, but Martinuzzi, who was fearful of irritating him, succeeded in overcoming her scruples. The royal infant was taken in the arms of his nurse, riding in a magnificent carriage, to Solyman's tent, who received him with all outward marks of affection, then turning to his own children, charged them "to love John Sigismond as they would their own brother." In the meantime, whilst the *cortège* that accompanied the young King was thus engaged, the Turkish troops entered the fortress, disarmed the guard, and took up a position in one of the principal quarters of the town. The young Prince was then sent back, but it was in vain that the Queen wrote a letter, complaining of the Sultan's perfidy. "If you have sufficient experience to govern a kingdom," said he, "why have you not enough strength to defend it? Go to Transylvania; you can there live in peace, which it is impossible for you to expect here, your son shall be my waywode in that province, and you shall be his guardian. Martinuzzi and Petrovics will aid you with their advice." He then named the lawyer Verbocsi, the supreme judge of the inhabitants of Buda. The latter died in a few months afterwards, regretting bitterly on his death bed the equivocal part which he had played towards the close of his career.

The Queen was, as we have already stated, much more attached to her son than to the crown, and she therefore set out for Transylvania immediately. Upon her arrival upon the frontiers, several of the nobles of that province refused to allow her to enter, and fearing that if they did so, they might incur the anger of the Sultan. She was, therefore, obliged to call upon Martinuzzi for assistance, which was rendered so effectually, that Isabella speedily found herself surrounded by

a knot of steadfast friends, but the monk retained all the real influence in his own hands.

Solyman in the meantime remained in Hungary, and Ferdinand loaded him with presents, and asked him to bestow upon him the investiture of the kingdom. He gained nothing from this, however, as the Sultan received the presents but refused the investiture. Hungary, during the next hundred and fifty years, was the scene of continual struggles between the Turks and the Austrians, both inflicting upon the inhabitants all the direst evils of military violence and rapine. To increase these horrors an army was sent by the Electors of Germany to take part in the struggle, but which produced no better result than the prolongation of the struggle and the decimation of the unhappy people by famine and carnage. The Christian belligerents showed no more humanity than the infidel Turks. When a town was taken by either party it was invariably burnt, as the surest means of preventing its occupation by the enemy. Ferdinand of Austria, having exhausted his treasury, levied supplies for the support of his army upon the Magyar population, and Solyman did likewise, with, if possible, less scruple, while both massacred the peasantry with as little remorse as if they had been wild beasts. The evils inflicted upon Hungary by the reckless and insane ambition of the imbecile House of Hapsburgh have been too great to allow us to hope that so infatuated a family can ever expiate them. The regeneration of Hungary must be the work of abler and purer hands.

The Five Churches, Royal Alba, and Strigonia, fell into the power of the Turks, and half the kingdom was soon groaning under the arbitrary government of pachas, and the German and Austrian armies were forced to retreat

Ferdinand was at length successful in obtaining a truce of five years, but only on condition that Hungary should in the



I—(See page 144.)



ISABELLA SZAPOLYAI.—(See page 179.)

interval remain divided between the two parties. He also managed to gain over Martinuzzi to his side. The latter, finding that the Queen had given the Sultan an unfavourable opinion of him, feared to trust himself any more in the Turkish camp, as he was well aware that Solyman recked no more of cutting off the head of an archbishop than that of a vizier. He also doubtless hoped to gain more of dignity or profit from supporting the cause of the wily Ferdinand than from the faithful discharge of his duty towards the widowed Queen and her orphan son. Isabella, hearing of his treachery, appealed to Solyman for aid, who forthwith sent an army to chastise the perfidious minister. Ferdinand sent another to support him; but Martinuzzi, suddenly becoming reconciled to the Queen, took the field in person, and beat the Austrians in several pitched battles. Ferdinand was exasperated beyond measure, and the Sultan, astonished at the prelate's military talents, sent an embassy to effect a reconciliation with him, and to congratulate him upon his success. All this increased the pride and hauteur of the Bishop, and rendered the position of the Queen every day less endurable. Daily subjected to fresh proofs of his insolence and ingratitude, she was an object of pity even to her enemies, and whilst Martinuzzi surrounded himself with a pomp and magnificence but little in accordance with his sacred office, she was compelled to content herself with an establishment suited neither to her birth nor her present position.

The former, whom we must in charity suppose to have had the national cause at

heart, in some degree at least, now broke off his negotiations with Ferdinand, who instantly besought Charles V. to assist



the best soldiers in Europe. Castaldo marched rapidly towards the Tibissa, and entered into communication with Martinuzzi. But the Monk was already engaged in negotiation [illegible] the Sultan, fearing that if Ferdinand once became master of the country, he would deprive him of all authority and influence.

The Spanish general offered to Isabella, in the name of the Archduke, the duchies of Oppeln and Ratibor to hold in her own right as absolute sovereign, in case she resigned all claim to the Hungarian crown, and affianced her son to one of Ferdi-



JOHN BATHORI.—(*See page* 134.)



GEORGE BOCSKAI.—(*See page* 181.)



[illegible]—(*See page* [illegible])

um. General Castaldo was instantly sent to head the Austrian forces, in conjunction with some Spanish troops, at that time

n's daughters. She accepted [illegible] the efforts of Martinuzzi to dissu[illegible]

Ferdinand offered him the Archbishopric of Strigonia—he still made strenuous attempts to induce the Queen to change her resolution. But she steadfastly refused. "The die is cast," said she, "and if Ferdinand breaks his word upon him will the shame fall."

At length the day arrived on which she was formally to sign the act of abdication, and consign herself and her son to the obscurity of a petty princedom in Silesia. The Diet of the nation was assembled in an old abbey near Kolosvar to witness the ceremonial—no longer the united body of brave and enthusiastic men who sat with Louis the Great around the council board, and followed him to the field to carry out their deliberations at the point of their swords. It was now "a house divided against itself;" part, bribed by foreign gold, applauding the step which promised to advance their personal interest, and only a small minority mourning over the downfall of the country, and the wrongs and humiliation of a gentle and amiable woman, wife of their national sovereign.

When Isabella handed over the crown and the sceptre, the young Prince cried bitterly, in the simplicity of childhood regretting far more deeply the loss of the baubles than the power of which they were the symbols.

Solyman, indignant at being made the dupe of all parties, assembled an immense army and invaded Hungary. Mehemmet, finding all his efforts to prevent the Queen's abdication in vain, had renewed his negotiations with the Sultan, when his schemes were discovered by the partisans of Ferdinand, and duly reported at the Austrian Court. It was resolved that he should be forthwith put out of the way in a manner that would for ever prevent his interference in politics. He at that time resided in the Castle of Alvintz, a strongly-fortified dwelling, and well supplied with all the munitions of war. It was to this he retired to repose after the fatigues of business, but Castaldo, the Austrian general, had at all times free access to him, in consequence of his oft-repeated, but hypocritical, protestations of friendship and devotion. [illegible] Ferdinand to five conspirators, Palavicini, Ferrara, Monaco, Piacentino, and Scaramonta, who repaired to the castle on an appointed day. The gates were opened, and Don Lopez, a Spanish colonel, and some soldiers, entered. Palavicini went towards the apartments of the Bishop. Zerilla, Castaldo's secretary, accompanied him, carrying some pipes, as if about to present them for Mahomet's use. As he [illegible] comply with their request, Lopez clubbed him to the neck with his dagger, while Palavicini had open his skull with a blow of his sabre. "What is this, my brother?" said the prelate, and the same moment dropped dead.

Thus perished a man who was born in poverty and obscurity, but before he died made himself wealthy and great. Without doubt, when Ferdinand caused him to be assassinated, it was less with the intention of re-establishing the bulwarks of Christianity, and protecting Hungary from the assaults of Islamism, than of ridding himself of the last champion of Magyar freedom. No one could deny Martinuzzi the possession of great talents, and too much made use of by great men, but from their servant he, by degrees, became their equal, and, at last, their master. He had no friends. Like Napoleon, he was incapable of such a feeling as friendship; but never was there a man who knew better the art of winning the crowd, and attaching it to his schemes. He was ambitious in the highest degree, and patriotic in spite of himself, because his own interests coincided with those of his country. So that, amidst all his treacheries, deceit, and tergiversation, his ulterior aim was ever the triumph of the national cause and the downfall of the enemies of Hungary. A great leader, and an intrepid soldier, he knew how to unite his prudence with a calm dignity, equally removed from fiery rashness or foolish caution. On occasion he was flying from his enemies by forced marches, when his carriage was overturned in crossing a stream, and the gentlemen of his suite remarked to him in terror that it was a bad omen. "Pshaw!" said he, "that broken-down chariot does not rule my destiny—it follows the course of that one!" (pointing to the sun), "which you see shining there in the heavens."

Ferdinand had some difficulty in obtaining absolution for the murder from the Pope, but was at length successful, and then prepared to march against the Turks.

The Poles at last began to manifest some interest in the fortunes of Isabella, as the Archduke was failing to fulfil his engagements towards her, and even refused to pay her the yearly stipend which he had promised. It was in vain she sought for assistance from the European princes. They all pitied her, but none offered to aid her by an armed force—the only argument that would have any weight in the eyes of the Austrian Duke. The intervention volunteered by the Poles was feeble and ineffectual, and, as a last resource, she was compelled to appeal to Solyman.

He agreed to support her, as he had often before persecuted her, from motives of selfish policy. Mehemet Pacha, the Ottoman General of the Cavalry, entered Hungary at the head of one hundred thousand men. Temesvar was carried by assault, notwithstanding the heroic defence of Losonczi, who defended the place for Ferdinand. The arrival of Maurice, Duke of Saxe, soon after revived the courage of the Germans and Spaniards. But this reinforcement did not terrify Mehemet, who advanced to lay siege to Agria, with full confidence in his own good fortune.

Agria was a town founded by St. Stephen, and the garrison was commanded by Dobo for Ferdinand. It was but badly fortified, but it was defended by the best soldiers of Hungary, and the inhabitants, roused by the remembrance of so many brilliant victories achieved by their ancestors, prepared for a desperate defence. When the enemy appeared the whole population assembled in the market-place, and swore with frantic shouts to the observance of [illegible] articles. "The word *capitulation* shall be pronounced by any one but to reject it, he shall be put to death. When the provisions are all consumed we shall eat one another, and the women shall be chosen by lot. The women shall occupy the posts in repairing the walls, and shall follow their husbands and fathers in the breach, and in the sallies."

Mehemet made up close to the ramparts, and summoned the inhabitants that if they surrendered they should be numbered among the best beloved subjects of the Commander of the Faithful. The besieged, without uttering a word, raised four poles upon the ramparts, and placed on the top a coffin covered with a black pall, as their only answer. This sad token of proud but desperate defiance had scarcely disappeared, when the Turkish artillery opened its fire upon them with such tremendous vigour, that whichever way the garrison looked nothing could be seen of the surrounding country, but was smoke and circling flame. In a few minutes the citadel was dismantled, the roofs of the houses beaten in, and the Turks, yelling their scimitars, rushed to the assault with frenzied cries shouts of "Allah il-Allah—there is but one God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God!" Planted firmly in the breach, the Magyars awaited the onset with levelled pikes and drawn swords, and eight thousand of the bravest of the Ottomans slain in the first few moments of the conflict attested their desperate valour. Mehemet, enraged at this unlooked-for check, four times in succession urged on his troops to the charge, and four times were they beaten back, diminished in numbers, wounded, bruised, and weary. In the heat of the battle the Magyar women were seen hurling down huge stones, or pouring boiling oil on the heads of the assailants, and exciting or cheering them their relatives by their tears or their praises. Astonished and confounded by so vigorous a resistance, Mehemet broke up his camp, and retreated with precipitation.

Isabella now renewed her applications to Solyman, who made still greater preparations for a demonstration in her favour; but the officers of Ferdinand, by their cruelties and exactions in Transylvania, rendered her still more [illegible]. Nothing so surely works its downfall in the long run as unrestrained despotism. There is a limit to the endurance of the most slavish of mankind, and when it is once passed, the reaction is instant and disastrous. So in Transylvania, the inhabitants, harassed and annoyed by the tyranny of the creatures of Austria, rose in insurrection, and called upon Isabella to put herself at their head in 1556. Her misfortunes had bestowed upon her new charms, and her son, who already gave indications of future excellence, won the hearts of all who saw him.

They took an oath of fidelity to the mother and son, which was proof to all the intrigues of Castaldo, the power of Ferdi-

nand, and the caprice of fortune. After having appeased many revolts fomented by the Imperial Court, Isabella convoked a Diet at Cibina, and there received the homage of the nobles and people. But, unhappily, at this moment, the disease was at work, which ere long was to cut short her reign and her life.

The abdication of Charles V., and his retirement into convent, after having resigned all worldly power and dignity excited the astonishment of Europe. To his son, Philip II he left the kingdom of Spain, the Low Countries, and his possessions in the Italian peninsula, but all his efforts were not sufficient to prevent the election of his brother Ferdinand to the dignity of Emperor of Germany. The latter believed that the mere title would supply him with power sufficient to retain all his old conquests, and acquire new ones To Solyman, the elevation of his old adversary formed a new motive for again attacking him; and aware of the dissensions caused by religious differences in Germany, he proclaimed himself, as if sarcastically, protector of the Catholic faith.

All this had but just taken place, when Isabella died, at the early age of forty years. Her life, from the period of her marriage, was but a series of misfortunes, and never woman deserved them less. She was the gentlest of her sex, and with the patient endurance of a woman, she united the courage and devotion of a martyr. She gave up the crown to carry out the plighted faith of her dead husband, and resumed it only when Ferdinand had violated his solemn oaths, and even then acted in a manner which clearly manifested her integrity, straightforwardness, and truth.

After her death, her son, John Sigismond, was in danger of being crushed by his enemies, and Poland at last interfered on his behalf Whilst negotiations were being carried on, with the view of reinstating him in his rights, Ferdinand of Austria died, and Maximilian II, his son, succeeded him on the throne, and immediately declared his intention to assert his father's claim to Hungary and Transylvania But the nobles rallied round Sigismond, and his cause made rapid progress Maximilian sent two able generals against him, who gained many victories over the Turks and Transylvanians. Solyman, irritated by the defeats of his lieutenants, determined to visit the scene of war in person. Having arrived, he determined, as the first of his operations, to lay siege to Sziget—a town upon the frontiers of Sclavonia, built in the middle of a marsh, and approachable only by a narrow causeway. Nicholas Zrinyi, a scion of the illustrious Croat family of Sabics, commanded the garrison, and made every preparation for a vigorous resistance, although his resources were extremely limited He had only three thousand soldiers, but they were all picked men, and had the most unbounded confidence in the courage and talents of their leader.

The artillery of the Turks had not played upon the town for many hours before the slender rampart which surrounded it was levelled to the ground, and the besiegers entered it sword in hand. There was a stern conflict in the breach, but the garrison, overpowered by numbers, were obliged to take refuge in the citadel, and leave the inhabitants to their fate. Zrinyi had now only six hundred men remaining, the rest having fallen in the encounter, but with these he determined to hold out to the last extremity The Turks kept up a continued fire of their heaviest cannon, and made use of every possible contrivance to set the place on fire, but in vain. Solyman, enraged beyond measure at so unexpected a resistance, and fearing that if he were baffled in an enterprise apparently so trifling, it would dim the glory won in forty years of warfare, summoned his generals to his tent. "Good-for-nothing scoundrels!" said he, in a fury, "if Sziget be not taken in one hour, I will fill up the ditch with your heads, and march the army across your carcases to the assault." He was not able to say more; the violence of his anger brought on a fit of apoplexy, and he died that night He was the soul of the Ottoman power. Since his time, it has been gradually declining; but during his lifetime his very presence seemed to convey an assurance of victory.

His death would have had a fatal influence in damping the courage of his troops, had the news been immediately announced to them, but the vizier, in obedience to the dying orders of his master, strangled the physician, and the attendants who waited upon him, before they left the chamber. The body of the Sultan was then clothed in royal robes, and placed sitting on an elevated throne in front of the camp, and within sight of the scene of conflict, and the trumpet immediately gave the signal for a general assault. The soldiers imagining they were now about to fight under the eye of their Sovereign, whom they saw only from a distance, advanced to the attack with redoubled ardour An unforeseen event, however, saved them from the dangers of the breach—the fort had taken fire, and the fortifications, which had hitherto withstood the artillery, gave way before the flames, burying many of the garrison in the ruins. The stores of every description were consumed, and when Zrinyi assembled his men, he found that, out of six hundred, he had only two hundred and seventy able to fight But not one face in the little band lost its colour at the sight of their dreadful situation. "My friends," said Zrinyi, addressing them, "we must bid each other farewell, and die in the midst of the enemy. It is our duty to teach the infidels what the heroism of the Christians is Let us show them that it is better to die like us than conquer like themselves!" He was answered by a shout of assent, and, retiring for a few moments, he came forward, dressed in a splendid uniform. "We should dress as for a banquet," said he, smiling, "for to-night we shall enter Paradise." He then went from rank to rank, embracing each man separately, and bidding him an everlasting farewell. He then opened the gate, lowered the bridge, and, leading his men outside of the fort, awaited in silence the approach of the enemy. The Turks hesitated for a moment, suspecting some stratagem, but, becoming reassured, rushed furiously to the attack. Zrinyi fought with great coolness, dealing death with every stroke. At length he was wounded in the neck, and the blood gushed out in torrents—still he fought with unshaken courage. Another stroke of a scimitar severed the sinews of his legs, and he held his foes at bay upon his knees, till a bullet passing through his brain laid him dead at the feet of his enemies. The rest of the garrison were cut to pieces. Four men only survived, who steadily refused all offers of quarter, till their arms were wrested from their hands, and they could no longer fight The Turks then entered to take possession of their conquest, but found nothing save a mass of blackened ruins to reward them for a siege of thirty-three days, twenty fierce assaults, and the loss of thirty thousand men.

Whilst these brave men were shedding their blood in the cause of Austria, an army of ten thousand men, under the command of the Archduke Charles, was within thirteen miles of Sziget during the siege, and another of a hundred thousand under the command of the Emperor himself, within two miles distant, and neither offered to move to their assistance. Upon receiving the news of the disaster, Maximilian, forgetting that he owed the support of the national party to his promises to repel the invasions of the Turks, retreated to Vienna, leaving Hungary a prey to the most horrible convulsions. The Grand Vizier knew better than he the loss that Austria had sustained. Sending him the head of Zrinyi, he thus wrote:—"I forward you as a testimony of my good-will the head of the greatest and bravest of your generals. You will feel his loss before long His remains have been interred with all the honours due to such a hero."

The inaction of the Austrian armies led soon after to the fall of the fortress of Gyula, and a third of Austrian Hungary

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

abandoned public life, and retired to their estates; or went over to the camp of George Bocksai, a powerful noble of Transylvania, whose family had ever been devotedly attached to the national cause. Tovok, Drugeth, and some others, united to dethrone a prince whose mea[illegible] nd whose policy promised, at no distant day, to dismember nd ruin a state, the interest of which he had sworn to protect. he conspiracy was, however, discovered, and the authors of . banished. This defeat, and the intrigues of Behessi, who ossessed great influence with John Sigismond, but was



secretly bribed by the Austrians, at last induced the young King to conclude a treaty with Maximilian upon the following ter[illegible]s:—That John [illegible] should renounce the title of King and take that of Most Serene Prince, that Transylvania [illegible]ny, and that part of the Hungarian frontier, which he then possessed, he should enjoy during his lifetime, [illegible] at his death it should [illegible] Austria. If the Sultan should take umbrage at the conclusion of a treaty of this nature without his knowledge, and should drive him from his dominions, that he should have the castle of Oppola in Silesia, as a place of refuge. Lastly, that if John Sigismond should die without issue, the states of Transylvania should elect a prince, who would be dependant on the Court of Vienna.

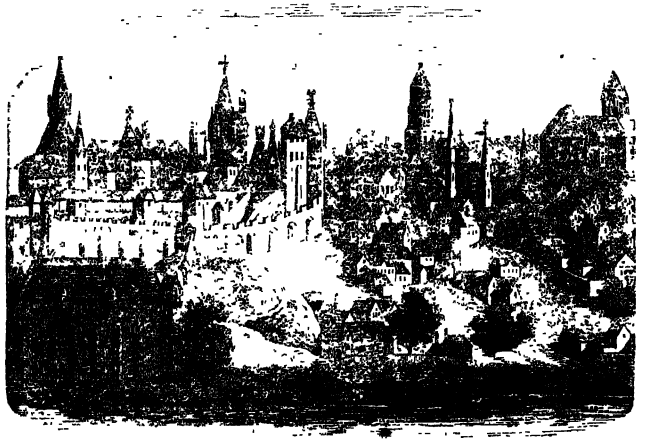
Like all the kings chosen from the rank of the oligarchy in the later days of Hungarian history, Sigismond had more regard for the splendour of his house, and the possession of a precarious title, than for the prosperity and happiness of the country. A marriage was about this time upon the *tapis* between himself and a niece of Maximilian, which seemed likely to give rise to new difficulties, when his death, in 1571, put an end to all uneasiness on that ground. With him ended the short-lived dynasty of Szapolyai. He was a staunch supporter of religious liberty, but in politics as weak and feeble as his father.

The Transylvanians elected as his successor a man in every way worthy of the Hungarian throne--Stephen Bathori. His past achievements and services to the state at once procured for him the suffrages of the people, and even Maximilian himself confirmed his election. The reign of Bathori in Transylvania, however, did not last long. He was soon after called to the throne of Poland, from which Henry of Valois had fled upon receiving the news of the death of his brother, Charles IX. The Polish Diet had then declared the throne vacant. It was in vain that Maximilian endeavoured to purchase their votes; Bathori ca[illegible]ed everything by the weight of his character. The Emperor the[illegible] made preparations to assert his claims by force of arms, w[illegible]n his death put a stop to the expedition which he had f[illegible]ted out for the purpose. Thus placed in peaceable possess[illegible]on of the throne, Bathori re-established dis-

cipline in the army, and silenced, for the time at least, the contentions of the nobles. The long peace which they had enjoyed under the two Sigismonds, rendered the Polish army little better than a horde of undisciplined cavalry. By the introduction of well-trained Magyars, and by paying attention to the science of artillery, a vast improvement was now effected.

Bathori practised in his government those principles of toleration, which were promulgated for the first time in the history of the world in the fifteenth century. He declared "that to God alone belonged the right of controlling men's belief, and that he was not impious enough to interfere with him."

At the same time with Bathori two other sovereigns ascended the thrones of their ancestors—Amurath III., at Constantinople, and Rodolph, as the heir of the Austrian Cæsars. The latter had been crowned King of Hungary at Presburg in 1572. He was the slave of his passions, capricious, fickle, and "variable as the shade by the light quivering aspen made." Unable to rule himself, he was beyond all doubt unworthy to reign over even a fallen people. Pimped, every week of his sickly, miserable existence, in some new, and always gross amour, unredeemed by one trait of tenderness or feeling, so vile was his sensuality, that the princesses of the most profligate court of Rome, of the first kingdom in Europe, has come to be "a of a profligate age loathed his alliance, and spurned the shaking of the head amongst the nations," and through many offer of his hand. Like most other *roués*, he was avaricious even of [illegible] lawlessness, and stingy. He liked animal pleasure of all other things oppression, and in fortune, the black eagle of Austria with his reach, but he liked to get it cheap. If it cost much he would have none of it, or make others pay for it. He was [illegible] with wings in darkness furled."





a very fair specimen of the disposition and capabilities of all the men of his race. The very best that can be said of any Prince of the House of Hapsburgh since Charles V. is, that he was not a bad man. Their virtues have all been negative. They have sometimes abstained from doing evil, but they have seldom, if ever, done good. The genius and talents of the whole line seem to have been centred in one man, and when he died, the greatness of the family died with him. His effo [illegible] which he ruled.

It would be a painful and, in many respects, a useless task to follow out the details of the "battles, sieges, fortunes," of which Hungary, during the reign of Rodolph, was the scene. Every day added new names to the long and glorious list of her martyred patriots, men who feared the moral degradation of a slavish life more than the sword of the foreign conqueror, or the eternity of the Father of all mankind. But the tongue that tells of the thousand glories of her declining age, must tell too in sadness and humiliation of the many traitors who forsook her, and of the many false hearts who denied the land of their birth, and dishonoured the bones of their dead fathers by their falsehood and villany. Whilst Rodolph, in company with his friend Tycho Brahe, followed the course of the stars in a lonely tower at Prague, the Turks were overrunning the land, until the crescent floated from the walls of the proudest cities. In the streets of Buda and Royal Alba, the burying-place of royalty itself, the long drawn cry of the muezzin, as he called the followers of the Prophet to their evening prayer, disturbed the Christian priest, as with bated voice he chanted the hymn of the Virgin, and implored her intercession on behalf of the afflicted kingdom.

MIGNIONETTE.

BY MISS H. M. RAIDI

CHAPTER I.

Mrs Wright was the mistress of an excellent free-school for girls in the small market town of Evesham, and her strong mind, original turn of thinking, and lady like deportment, rendered her company generally acceptable to all classes. For a few years she had lived alone, while fulfilling the duties of her arduous post, but long before our story opens she had taken under her charge the orphan daughter of a poor curate, whose church, though situated in the village of Hyde, five miles distant, she had commonly attended, in preference to the Puseyite chapel-of-ease which supplied the spiritual needs of the inhabitants of Evesham. Left in utter destitution within a year of her marriage, Mrs Leslie, the young curate's widow, died in giving birth to a little daughter only two months after her husband's death, her last moments inexpressibly cheered by the assurance of Mrs. Wright that her helpless child should never want a friend so long as the good schoolmistress's life and health were spared. It was in an orderly, comfortable home, possessing a sunny back garden, filled with fruit-trees and old fashioned flowers, that the little girl grew up, her childhood carefully yet judiciously cherished by her second mother, and the clean, tidy servant who had been in her service nearly twenty years. The child, called after her maternal parent by the fanciful name of Mignonette, fully justified the appellation as she advanced in life, by her sweet temper, gentle sportiveness, and a kind of quiet grace which seemed inherent, and which pervaded every movement. To qualify her as a governess to teach young ladies of the higher rank, was the object of Mrs. Wright's ambition, and to accomplish this purpose she worked early and late, that she might engage the best masters for her *protégé* which the little market-town afforded, while she made a point of her visiting at such houses as she thought likely to benefit her mental advancement and improve her manners.

So simple, modest, well skilled in all housewifely accomplishments, and fond of being useful without boast, Mignonette at seventeen had become a sweet, loveable girl, and grown so dear to her kind friend, that Mrs Wright perpetually found excuses for refusing the many advantageous offers which were made to her of different eligible situations.

One evening Phœbe, the old servant entered to take away the tea things, and, after clearing her throat three or four times rather loudly, as was her wont when about to say anything she deemed of importance, she remarked—

"I dunna think Miss Minonet is as well as she should be, Mistress Wright."

"What reason have you for supposing anything is amiss with her?" her mistress asked, somewhat anxiously.

"Well, she doesna sing her bits of songs as she used to, and when she takes her sewing in her hand it's mighty little work that she gets through, though she sits at it a couple of hours together; and when she has a book I've seen her look at the same page for a whole evening. You may take my word for it, mistress, she is either sick or in love."

'In love—what nonsense!" muttered Mrs Wright to herself, as Phœbe left the room; and she remained absorbed in uncomfortable meditation until Mignonette came in with a fragrant bouquet of clove pinks and jessamine, which she gave to her friend, and then took her favourite seat on a low stool at her feet. Mrs Wright looked at her fondly and attentively, and, struck with her unusual gravity and paleness, she said—

"Mignonette, are you ill? You look paler than you used to do."

"No, indeed, I am quite well, thank you, dear mother."

"Then, do you feel unhappy about anything, my child, that you seem so grave and silent this evening?"

"I grave!" said Mignonette, in surprise, with a light, happy, laugh, whose mirthfulness seemed to give the lie to such a supposition. "No, mother; I am perfectly happy. How could I be otherwise in this pleasant home? It is you, I think, that are fanciful to-night."

"Least of fancy that my new cambric handkerchiefs, Mrs. Ross gave me, are not yet hemmed, Mignionette."

The young girl blushed deeply, and, notwithstanding her protestations, burst into tears, and buried her face on her kind friend's knee, who, now certain that Phœbe's suspicions could not be altogether wrong, soothed her tenderly, and entreated her to confide in one whose indulgence and readiness to sympathise she could not doubt.

At length, with much difficulty, Mignionette confessed her fears—nay, her certainty—that her sight was failing, and her consequent dread of becoming blind—an idea too startling to Mrs. Wright to allow her to admit of its possibility until a full detail of all symptoms showed her that there existed only too sufficient cause for considerable anxiety.

The next morning, before school commenced, Mignionette accompanied Mrs Wright to the house of Mr Ross, a very clever young surgeon, who divided the town and county practice of Evesham pretty equally with its senior physician, Dr. Hope. Most kind in manner, his benevolence and energy in his professional duties, his high principles and well-cultivated mind, caused him to be exceedingly liked and looked up to by all his patients, and, as acceptable in society as in his medical capacity, he visited no one so often as Mrs Wright and sweet Mignionette. Only long practice now enabled him to suppress his agitation on hearing what had occasioned the latter to apply to him for advice; and his voice shook when he gently and cautiously communicated to her his opinion that cataract was forming in both eyes, and of a species that rendered it doubtful whether a cure would eventually be possible.

"But it *is* possible?" said Mrs Wright, who, pale as marble, never lost her composure for an instant during the examination.

"Quite possible," was the answer. "Only it is right you should be warned of the danger that exists, that it may not be. I trust you will allow me to see you often, Miss Leslie, that I may do all that human skill admits of in alleviating this intermediate stage of your sufferings."

"Certainly—thank you—thank you!" Mrs Wright replied, and, with one grateful glance from Mignonette, they both returned home, sadly enough, the younger one perhaps, the former of the two, for to her the dread prospect had long been comparatively familiar.

It is one of the compensations of sorrow, whether it come in the form of bereavement or illness, that it draws forth so largely the disinterested benevolence of friends, neighbours, and acquaintances. And peculiarly did it prove so on the present occasion. No sooner did the news, kept concealed as long as it was possible, of Mignonette's too probable fate get about, than the greatest courtesy and the warmest kindness was shown, not only to herself, but to Mrs Wright, to whom so many parents owed obligations on account of their children which could never be repaid. And those attentions were the more welcome, that Mignonette's hitherto blooming health gave way, and a sort of low fever hung long about her, which needed all the care and kindness which she so abundantly received. Game, hot house fruit, and the use of their carriages were freely offered by the gentry, the school children, who loved the young girl because she was so lovely in person, and so very kind to them at all times, brought her the sweetest flowers that their home-gardens and the fields afforded, or picked wild strawberries and blackberries, and gathered the ripest hazle-nuts, while the butcher, whose wife had once been attended by Mignionette through a long illness, daily brought the small dainties which he thought might tempt Miss Leslie's feverish appetite, and the schoolmaster, who had little spare time, yet contrived to come over three or four times a week, from the village where Mr. Leslie had officiated as curate, to read to his suffering daughter, whose darkening sight precluded her from this great source of enjoyment to the sick when alone.

Edward Allingham, the schoolmaster, was at this time some five-and-thirty years old, and was always received with pleasure by Mrs. Wright, who admired him for his honest, self-denying, studious character, and valued his thoughtful conversation, sound judgment, and gentle, though sometimes abstracted, manners. Less generally popular than his clever friend, the young surgeon, Edward Allingham and Mr Ross were yet very intimate, and few days passed on which they did not meet at one or other of their respective homes, or at a favourite haunt in the country, where they had erected a seat under three old plane trees of curious growth, and where they mutually liked to fancy themselves in Greece, conversing with Plato and his followers.

Almost daily Mr. Ross visited his interesting patient, and Mrs. Wright could not but perceive with pleasure the sentiments of love

and admiration which he felt for Mignionette, and honoured him for the self-command with which he resolutely refrained from communicating them to their object at a time when, though suitable opportunities presented themselves with tantalising frequency, such a revelation could only have been distressing to her. Many months passed over, and as her mind became more and more resigned to whatever might hereafter be the will of Heaven regarding her, Mignionette grew stronger, and when total blindness came upon her it found her resolute and patient, and, though still unequal to such exertion, yet capable of bearing the journey to London, which had then become necessary. But new difficulties arose. The expenses of her long illness, and her inability to work, had, despite the kindness of their many friends, reduced the finances of Mrs Wright to their lowest ebb; and feeling sure that Mr Ross would never accept payment for his long attendance, she could not bear to ask him to lend her the requisite money; so, after much cool

appeared very flourishing, whether he would become her temporary banker. Often as he had called upon her, she had never seen his abode, and she was surprised to find how very plainly his two rooms adjoining the school-house were furnished, containing, indeed, only the most necessary articles for daily use, and she almost hesitated whether to name her object in coming. But Allingham, who appeared delighted to see her, preparing coffee for her with ready alacrity, and doubling up his morning dressing-gown to make a cushion for one of his two very uncomfortable chairs, asked so many questions about Mignionette, and when and how he was going to London, that she took heart, and made her application. It was the first time she had ever been so placed, and she fancied her heart beat audibly as her audition panted [illegible] moments before it replied. When he spoke, however, it was to express his utmost will ngness to help her as far as lay in his power, explain that the claims of his old mother upon his salary made him [illegible] he could not do all that was required, and then retreated to be told how much would be necessary. Mi and she hoped five and twenty pounds might suffice, and, although Allingham at all, she took her leave, he promising to call with the money at [illegible] evening, and hinting that whenever he should [illegible] could spare

"How shall I manage it?" he thought, on her departure. "I must not trench on my dear mother's portion, and I have never saved anything beyond my quarter's pound, in case of [illegible] and they will go but a small way. I [illegible] must give up coals for the next half-year, and live first on oatmeal gruel, then would save five to ten shillings, and then there is my college prize—they are the only handsome books in my possession, but they are so valuable they ought to bring a tolerable price. I must take them over to Squire Gretton's to-night, for there is no time to be lost. There's my grandfather's watch, too, I shall not like parting with that, even as it was to me on his dying bed; but if he can still see me, I think he would not disapprove of my selling it in such a cause."

By this time Allingham was equipped for his expedition, and, putting by the Eschylus, which he had selected for his evening's recreation before Mrs. Wright's visit, he tied up his five large, octavo volumes in morocco bindings, and, slinging the heavy package over his shoulders he was, after a walk of two miles, ushered into Squire Gretton's dining-room. The receipt of a five-pound-note from that gentleman, in exchange for his precious books, gladdened his heart, and he then walked to Evesham with a light step to dispose of his watch. But in this matter he was less successful, and four guineas was all he could obtain from the grasping pawnbroker, for whom his unbusiness like habits proved no match. How to increase the eleven pounds which his little hoard and the proceeds of his only valuable property amounted to, was the next consideration, and he went to the rector of the parish to see if a half-year's salary could be advanced him, and was well pleased to receive it, without any comments being made or questions asked. But, after deducting the large proportion of it necessary to aid in paying the annuity which he had for years been endeavouring to purchase for his mother, and after putting aside the smallest sum absolutely necessary for himself to live upon during the ensuing six months, he only obtained five pounds more, and now nothing remained but clothing, of which he possessed only a very moderate supply. He could not endure the thought of taking less than twenty pounds to Mrs Wright, though he too plainly saw that the five-and-twenty would be out of the question, and, late as it was, he returned to Hyde, and, stripping his bed of [illegible] ket and the counterpane, and taking his new cloth cloak with its fur collar, which his mother had given him for winter wear, with a pair of shoes which he fancied he could do without, he again set out for Evesham, and proceeded to the house of Mr. Ross. His friend, who had been kept up long past midnight by a scarlet fever patient, was not in bed, and admitted him in great surprise, which was not a little increased when he learned his errand, and perceived by the articles he brought that Allingham must be in great want of the money he asked for. But as his friend's extreme

Quixotic generosity was well known to him, he naturally supposed he had met with some especial case of distress, and he kindly gave him the three guineas which Allingham requested, and which made up the much-desired twenty pounds, and then, waiving all further discussion at that time of night, persuaded him to remain where he was until morning.

(To be continued.)

PREMATURE INTERMENTS AND THE UNCERTAIN SIGNS OF DEATH.

Nothing can be more horrible than being shut up in a living tomb, with life still animating the frame, yet being buried as one of the dead. Where interments have been sudden, undoubtedly such melancholy catastrophes have occurred. We have collected some well-authenticated cases. At any rate they may teach us how carefully to watch the signs of life that may exist though the trace of it be invisible in the corporeal frame. The mysterious principle may be intact, the silver chord may not be loosed, though to the eye even of affection it may seem that the spirit has gone forth, and that dust has [illegible] to

Peter of Philip Doddridge, an eminent lawyer of London, in the city of Westminster, while a Member of Parliament, died a sudden death, on which occasion, he had narrowly escaped the melancholy fate of being buried alive. He had [illegible] convulsion. His respiration had ceased, [illegible] throbbed, his limbs were perfectly rigid, [illegible] face in the embrace of death. The family and friends all, with the exception of his [illegible] Mr D., however, would not relinquish [illegible] hope, and continued to apply, from time to time, every means he had at hand to restore vitality, and finally succeeded in administering a small quantity of brandy, which immediately restored him to life and the command of his limbs. He lived many years afterward, and was wont to relate, with [illegible] that he was supposed to be dead. He said that though he was perfectly unable to move his finger or give the least sign of his being alive, he could hear, and was conscious of every thing that was going on around him. He heard the announcement that he was dead, and the lamentations of his family, the directions for his shroud, and all the usual preparations for his burial. He made desperate efforts to show that he was not dead, but in vain, he could not move a muscle. [illegible] and the immediate presence of a face more appalling to humanity than any other earthly terror could not move the [illegible] body to perform the slightest of its functions. At last he heard Mrs Doddridge call for the brandy, with a delight [illegible] for her which the horrors of the situation [illegible] He felt that he was saved. He humorously observed, "that it was little as brandy could do to restore him to life, as it had produced his living death." Mr Doddridge was unfortunately addicted to the intemperate use of ardent spirits, and a fit of intemperance had, no doubt, produced the condition from which he was relieved by the perseverance and love of his wife, who administered, at the last moment, the powerful stimulant which restored him to life. Otherwise his fate would have been that of many others, who have been buried before life was extinct.

Another instance of prevention from the horrors of premature interment occurred in America, and has been related by Mrs. Child in her "Letters from New York." It is an additional proof of strong conjugal affection, and of the necessity of retaining the body, where there remains the least doubt of the

extinction of life. The uncle of Mrs. Childs was attacked in Boston with the yellow fever, and considered as dead. His affectionate wife, however, did not abandon all hope, but continued with him during his illness, contrary to the strances of her friends, and persisted in refusing to allow his body to be taken from the house for interment. "She told me," says Mrs. Childs, "that she never knew how to account for it; but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to e appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct.

"Two calls, at intervals of half an hour, had been made with the death-carts, to take away the dead bodies, and the constant cry was, as usual on such occasions, 'Bring out your dead;' but her earnest entreaties and tears induced them reluctantly to grant her another respite of half an hour. With trembling haste, she renewed her efforts to restore life. She aised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed he onions on his feet. The dreaded half hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. Again she renewed her entreaties so desperately that the messengers began to think that a little gentle force would be required. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will, but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such force and strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, she promised that, if he should show no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bedpost, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be passing through the streets. Hopelessness came over her, she dropped the head she had been sustaining, her hand trembled violently, and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally the position of the head had become slightly inclined backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into the nostril. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp— a struggle—his eyes opened, and when the death-men came again, they found him sitting up in the bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health."

Many additional cases are recorded of persons apparently dead, who have been so fortunate as to escape the horrors of premature interment. Among these is the case of the elegant Lady Russell, that mentioned by the celebrated Odier of Geneva, and one by Dr. Crichton, physician to the Grand Duke Nicholas, now Emperor of Russia. Lady Russell remained for the space of seven days and nights without any signs of life, and her burial was prevented only by the violent grief of her husband. On the eighth day, as the parish bells were ringing for church, Lady Russell suddenly raised her head, and to the amazement and indescribable joy of Lord Russell, told him to get ready to accompany her to church Her recovery was rapid and complete, and she lived many years afterwards, and had several children.

"I knew a girl," says Odier, "twenty-five years old, named Ellen Roy, who narrowly escaped being buried alive. She lived at a distance of two leagues from Geneva. For some years she had been subject to nervous attacks which frequently deprived her of every appearance of life; but after the lapse of a few hours she would recover and resume her occupations as if nothing had happened. On one occasion, however, the suspension of her faculties was so protracted that her friends called in a medical man, who pronounced her dead. She was then sewn up in a close shroud, according to the barbarous custom of the country, and laid upon the bedstead. Among those who called to condole with the parents was a particular friend of the supposed deceased, of her own age. The young woman, anxious to take a last look at her friend, ripped the shroud, and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek. While she was kissing her, she fancied that she felt her breathe. She repeated her caresses, and being shortly assured of the fact that her friend was not dead, she applied her mouth to that of the girl, and, in a short time the latter was restored to life, and able to dress herself."

'A young girl," says Dr. Crichton, "in the service of the Princess of ——, who had for some time kept her bed with a nervous affection, at length, to all appearance, was deprived of life. Her face had all the character of death—her body was perfectly cold, and every other symptom of death was manifested. She was removed into another room, and placed in a coffin. On the day fixed for her funeral, hymns, according to the custom of the country, were sung before the door; but at the very moment when they were going to nail down the coffin, a perspiration was seen upon her skin, and, in a few minutes it was succeeded by a convulsive motion in the hands and feet In a few moments she opened her eyes, and uttered a piercing scream. The faculty were instantly called in, and in the space of a few days, her health was completely re-established. The account which she gave of her situation is extremely curious. She said, that she appeared to dream that she was dead, but that she was sensible of everything that passed around her, and distinctly heard her friends bewailing her death; she felt them envelope her in the shroud, and place her in the coffin. This sensation gave her extreme agony, and she attempted to speak, but her soul was unable to act on her body She describes her sensations as very contradictory, as if she was and was not in her body at one and the same instant. She attempted in vain to move her arms, to open her eyes, or to speak. The agony of her mind was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found that they were about to nail down the lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which resumed its power over the corporal organisation, and produced the effects which excited the notice of those who were about to convey her to a premature grave."

The Leipsic *Chirurgical Journal* records the following distressing event as having occurred to an officer of artillery, who was a man of gigantic stature, and robust make. Being mounted on an unmanageable horse, he was thrown from his back, and received a severe contusion on the head, which rendered him insensible He was successfully trepanned, bled, and other usual means of relief adopted, but he fell gradually into a more and more hopeless condition of stupor, and was finally believed to be dead. The weather being sultry, he was buried with indecent haste, in one of the public cemeteries. He was buried on Thursday, and on Sunday following, the grounds, as usual, being thronged with visitors, an intense excitement was produced by the declaration of a peasant, that while he was sitting on the grave of the officer he had distinctly felt a motion of the earth as if some one was struggling beneath. Of course but little attention was at first paid to the man's assertion, but his evident terror, and the dogged obstinacy with which he persisted in his story, had at length their natural effect upon the crowd. Implements were hurriedly procured, and the grave, which was very shallow, in a few moments was so far thrown open as to render the head of the occupant visible. He was then apparently dead, but he sat nearly erect in the coffin, the lid of which, in his furious struggles, he had partially uplifted. They conveyed him to the nearest hospital, and there he was pronounced to be still living, although in a state of asphyxia. In a few hours he so far revived as to recognise his acquaintances, and in broken accents spoke of his agonies in the grave. It appeared that he had been conscious of life for more than an hour, while buried, before he relapsed into a state of insensibility. The grave, it seems, was filled loosely with a very porous earth, and some air was thus admitted. He heard, he said, the footsteps of those over his head, and endeavoured to make himself heard in turn. It was the noise and tumult within the grounds which appeared to awaken him from a deep sleep, but no sooner was he awake than he became fully aware of the horrors of his position. This man would have lived, no doubt, for he was doing well, had it not been for some silly experiments with the galvanic battery, which was applied without any necessity, and he suddenly expired in one of those ecstatic paroxysms which its application is said occasionally to superinduce.

HUSBANDS.—It may be said generally of husbands, as the woman said of hers, who had abused her, to an old maid, who reproached her for marrying him,—'To be sure he is not so good a husband as he ought to be, but he is a powerful sight better than none."

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

To most men, in their childhood, natural history is a passion; few, however, are enabled to devote themselves to it in after life. The world calls them from roaming beneath God's heaven and on God's green earth, and they become denizens of the crowded city, classed among

"Creatures, whom the soul would flee,
And with the sky, the air, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, and of stars, mingle, and not in vain."

An illustrious exception, however, we have in the subject of the following sketch:—

John James Audubon was born in Louisiana about the year 1782. He was of French descent, and his parents, perceiving early the bent of his genius, sent him to Paris to pursue his education. While there he attended schools of natural history and the arts, and in drawing took lessons from the celebrated David. He returned in his eighteenth year, and his father soon after gave him a farm near Philadelphia, where the Perkiomming creek falls into the Schuylkill. Its fine woods offered him numerous subjects for his pencil, and he here commenced that series of drawings which ultimately swelled into the magnificent collection of the Birds of America. Here too he was married, and here was born his eldest son. He engaged in commercial speculations, but was not successful. His love for the fields and flowers, the forests and their winged inhabitants, was readily supposed, unfitted him for trade. At the end of ten years he removed to



AUDUBON.

There were then no steamboats on the Ohio, and few villages and no cities on its shores. Reaching that noble river in the warm days of autumn, he purchased a small boat, in which, with his wife and child and two rowers, he leisurely pursued his way down to Henderson in Kentucky, where his family resided several years. He appears at first to have engaged in commerce, for he mentions his meeting with Wilson, of whom till then he had never heard, as having occurred in his hunting-room in Louisville the spring of 1810. His great predecessor was procuring subscriptions for his work. He called on Audubon, explained the nature of his occupations, and requested his patronage. The merchant was surprised and gratified at the sight of his volumes, and had taken a pen to add his name to the list of subscribers, when his partner abruptly said to him in French, "My dear Audubon, what induces you to do so? your own drawings are certainly far better, and you must know as much of the habits of American birds as this gentleman." Wilson probably understood the remark, for he appeared not to be pleased, and inquired whether Audubon had any drawings of birds. A large portfolio was placed upon the table, and all its contents exhibited by the amateur ornithologist. Wilson was surprised; he had supposed he was himself the only person engaged in forming such a collection; and asked if it was intended to publish them. Audubon replied in the negative; he had never thought of presenting the fruits of his labours to the world. Wilson was still more surprised, he lost his cheerfulness, and though before he left Louisville Audubon explored with him the neighbouring woods, lent him his drawings, and in other ways essayed to promote his interests and happiness, he shook the dust from his feet when he departed, and wrote in his diary that "literature or art had not a friend in the place."

Audubon must soon have abandoned or neglected his day-books and ledgers, for in 1811 we find him with his rifle and drawing-paper among the bayous of Florida, and in the following years making long and tedious journeys, searching the forests and prairies, the shores of rivers, lakes, gulfs, and seas, for the subjects of his immortal work, of the publication of which, however, he had never yet had a thought.

On the 5th of April, 1824, he visited Philadelphia, where the late Dr. Mease, whom he had known on his first arrival in Pennsylvania, presented him to Charles Lucien Bonaparte, who in his turn introduced him to the Lyceum of Natural History. He perceived that he could look for no patronage in this city, and so proceeded to New York, where he was received with a kindness well suited to elevate his depressed spirits, and afterwards, ascending the Hudson, went westward to the great lakes, and in the wildest solitudes of the pathless forests renewed his labours. He now began to think of visiting Europe; the number of his drawings had greatly increased, notwithstanding a misfortune by which two hundred of them, representing nearly a thousand birds, had been destroyed. "Happy days and nights of pleasing dreams" followed, as he retired farther from the haunts of men, determined to leave nothing undone which could be accomplished by time or toil. Another year and a half passed by, he returned to his family then in Louisiana; and having explored the woods of that state, at last sailed for England, where he arrived in 1826. In Liverpool and Manchester his works procured him a generous reception from the most distinguished men of science and letters; and when he proceeded to Edinburgh and exhibited there his four hundred paintings, "the hearts of all warmed toward Audubon," says Professor Wilson, "who were capable of conceiving the difficulties, dangers, and sacrifices that must have been encountered, endured, and overcome before genius could have embodied these, the glory of its innumerable triumphs." "The man himself, at this period," writes the same eloquent author in another work, "is just what you would expect from his productions; full of fine enthusiasm and intelligence, most interesting in his looks and manners, a perfect gentleman, and estcemed by all who know him for the simplicity and frankness of his nature."

His reception encouraged him to proceed immediately with his plans of publication. It was a vast undertaking, which it would probably take sixteen years to accomplish, and when his first drawings were delivered to the engraver he had not a single subscriber. His friends pointed out the rashness of the project, and urged him to abandon it. "But my heart was nerved," he exclaims, "and my reliance on that Power on whom all must depend brought bright anticipations of success."

Leaving his work in the care of his engravers and agents, in the summer of 1828 he visited Paris, and received the homage of the most distinguished men of science in that capital. The ensuing winter was passed in London, and in April, 1829, he returned to America to explore anew the woods of the middle and southern states. Accompanied by his wife he left New Orleans on the 8th of January, 1830, for New York, and on the 25th of April, just a year from the time of his departure, he was again in the Great Metropolis. Before the close of 1830 he had issued his first volume, containing one hundred plates, representing ninety-nine species of birds, every figure of the size and colours of life. The applause with which it was received was enthusiastic and universal. The Kings of England and France had placed their names at the head of his subscription list, he was made a fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, a member of the Natural History Society of Paris, and other celebrated institutions, and Cuvier, Swainson, and indeed the great ornithologists of every country, exhausted the words of panegyric in his praise.

On the 1st of August, 1831, Audubon arrived once more in New York, and having passed a few days with his friends there and in Philadelphia, proceeded to Washington, where the President and other principal officers of [illegible] gave him letters of assistance and protection to be used all along the coasts and inland frontiers where there were collectors of revenue or military or naval forces. He had previously received similar letters from the King's Ministers to the authorities of the British colonies.

The ensuing winter and spring were passed in the Floridas and in Charleston; and early in the summer, bending his course northward to keep pace with the birds in their migrations, he arrived in Philadelphia, where he was joined by his family. The cholera was then spreading death and terror through the country, and on reaching Boston he was himself arrested by sickness and detained until the middle of August. "Although I have been happy in forming many valuable friendships in various parts of the world all dearly cherished by me," he says, "the outpouring of kindness which I experienced in Boston far exceeded all that I have ever met with," and he tells us, with characteristic enthusiasm, of his gratitude to the Appletons, Everetts, Quincys, Pickerings, Parkmans, and other eminent gentlemen and scholars of that beautiful and hospitable city.

Proceeding at length upon his mission, he explored the forests of Maine and New Brunswick, and the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and chartering a vessel at Eastport, sailed for the gulf of St Lawrence, the Magdalen Islands, and the coast of Labrador. Returning as the cold season approached, he visited Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and, rejoining his family, proceeded to Charleston, where he spent the winter, and in the spring, after nearly three years' travel and research, sailed a third time for England.

The second volume of "The Birds of America" was finished in 1834, and in December of that year he published in Edinburgh the second volume of the "Ornithological Biography." Soon after, while he was in London, a nobleman called upon him, with his family, and on examining some of his original drawings, and being told that it would still require eight years to complete the work, subscribed for it, saying, "I may not see it finished, but my children will." The words made a deep impression on Audubon. "The solemnity of his manner I could not forget for several days," he writes in the introduction to his third volume, "I often thought that neither might I see the work completed, but at length exclaimed, 'My sons may;' and now that another volume, both of my illustrations and of my biographies, is finished, my trust in Providence is augmented, and I cannot but hope that myself and my family together may be permitted to see the completion of my labours." When this was written, ten years had elapsed since the publication of his first plate. In the next three years, among other excursions, he made one to the western coast of the Floridas, and to Texas, in a vessel placed at his disposal by government; and at the end of this time appeared the fourth and concluding volume of his engravings, and the fifth of his descriptions. The whole comprised four hundred and [illegible] plates, containing one thousand and sixty-five figures, from the bird of Washington to the humming-bird of the size of life, and a great variety of land and marine views, and floral and other productions, of different climates and seasons, all carefully drawn and coloured after nature. Well might the great naturalist felicitate himself upon the completion of his gigantic task. He had spent nearly half a century "amid the tall grass of the far-extended prairies of the west, in the solemn forests of the north, on the heights of the midland mountains, by the shores of the boundless ocean, and on the bosoms of our vast bays, lakes, and rivers, searching for things hidden, since the creation of this wondrous world, from all but the Indian who has roamed in the gorgeous but melancholy wilderness." And, speaking from the depth of his heart, he says, "Once more surrounded by all the members of my dear family, enjoying the countenance of numerous friends who have never deserted me, and possessing a competent share of all that can render life agreeable, I look up with gratitude to the Supreme Being, and feel that I am happy."

In 1839, having returned for the last time to his native country, and established himself with his family near the city of New York, Audubon commenced the publication of "The Birds of America" in imperial octavo volumes, of which the seventh and last was issued in the summer of 1841. The plates in this edition, reduced from his larger illustrations, were engraved and coloured in the most admirable manner by Mr Bowen, of Philadelphia, under the direction of the author.

Audubon was too sincere a [illegible] to be content with inglorious repose, even [illegible] information more than was ever dreamed of by [illegible], and while the "edition for the people" of his "Birds of America" was in course of publication, he was busy among the forests and prairies, the reedy swamps of the southern shores of America, the cliffs that protect the eastern coasts, by the currents of the Mexican Gulf, and the tide-streams of the Bay of Fundy, with his sons, Victor Gifford and John Woodhouse, making the drawings and writing the descriptions of "The Quadrupeds of America," a work in no respect inferior to that on birds.

Audubon's highest claim to admiration is found laid upon his drawings in natural history, in which he has exhibited a perfection never before attempted. But he has also indisputable claims to a respectable rank as a man of letters. Some of his written pictures of birds, so graceful, clearly defined, and brilliantly coloured, are scarcely inferior to the productions of his pencil. His powers of general description are also remarkable. The waters seem to dance to his words as to music, and the lights and shades of his landscapes show the practised hand of a master. The evanescent shades of manners also, upon the extreme frontiers, where the footprints of civilisation have hardly crushed the green leaves, have been sketched with graphic fidelity in his journals.

After his many travels, Audubon died peaceably at his residence in New York, on January 27, 1851. He had arrived at a ripe old age. Two sons survive to deplore his loss, and to prosecute the science in which the father won such fame.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—We see it stated in correspondence from Leipsic that the catalogue of books for the fair in that city shows that in the short space of time between the Easter fair and the 30th of September, there were published in Germany no less than 5,869 new works, and that there were on the latter date 1,130 new works in the press. Nearly five thousand new works in one country of Europe in one half-year! How impossible it would be for us strangers, having their own life to live—their own literature to read—to keep on the advanced lines of a national mind exhibiting this prodigious literary activity! The amount of intellectual labour dimly represented in the catalogue appears to have had, on the whole, a healthy impulse. Of the 3,860 works already published, more than half treat of various matters connected with science and its concerns. That is to say, descending to particulars, 106 works treat of Protestant theology, 62 of Catholic theology, 36 of philosophy, 205 of history and biography, 102 of languages, 194 of natural sciences, 118 of military tactics, 108 of medicine, 169 of jurisprudence, 101 of politics, 184 of political economy, 83 of industry and commerce, 87 of agriculture and forest administration, 69 of public instruction, 92 of classical philology, 80 of living languages, 64 of the theory of music and the arts of design, 168 of the fine arts in general, 48 of popular writings, 28 of mixed sciences, and 18 of bibliography.

TRIUMPH OF LABOUR.

Onward! is the mighty voice,
Onward! is no dreamy theorie;
Millions faint, and pine, and die;
Yet a brighter dawn draws nigh

What is life? the toilers say
Though hands of cunning skill array
Regal head with regal art,
Tyranny hath not a heart

Such as [illegible] thine
Honest toil! to God's stubborn mine,
Thine the grain and thine the gold,
Thine the wealth of field and fold

From the quarry's granite rock
Thou hast torn the massive block,
And upheld with arm of might
What the artist soul had planned

Reared God's holy temples high,
Towering to God's holy sky,
And built the solemn senate hall,
Towering the empire's fate

Idleness, and greed, and crime,
Base born deeds of by-gone time,
From model, render stern,
Fail to claim its claim to glory.

Over earth's remotest seas,
Treasure-laden argosies
Soon to prosper, and the sail
Golden fruit of Labour's hand —

But the dawning day appears,
Earth and sky assure of cheers,
War and famine, woe and moan,
Shall be change to regal gladness.

Proud oppression's power shall cease,
Into their hands in calm decline
Of kings and lords a down-trod race,
Weary-eyed Labour's patient reign

And they, in blood-dyed robes
Emperor, chief of royal mobs,
Bid long reign of tears and sorrow
Ends before the brightening morrow.

Still, the conquest to be won,
Is by thee, O, Nature's son!
Whose hand at anvil, or at loom,
Or wells, or weaves, the time to come

When valleys rich and hill sides fair,
The inmost powers of earth and air—
The circling sea, the teeming river—
Shall be thy heritage for ever

Image of Power Creative! free
Nature owns no prince but thee,
No right on earth but God's and thine,
No other crowns or thrones Divine

KEEP MOVING ONWARD.—Cobbett said he despised a man who was contented with his condition. We do not like the boldness of this expression, but we hold that a man should always be seeking [illegible] so, therefore, in all cases, for the very largest profit and advise no farmer to be satisfied, while in a fair race, his neighbour is so much as the length of his nose before him. We advise every farmer, in the religious sense of the term, to be content with his condition, and thankful for all the blessings which God gives him, but we advise no man to be satisfied when he can honestly mend his condition, until that condition is amended. In the competition of life never cross your neighbour's path so as to take the road from him, never throw him down, never run him over if he falls down, have the magnanimity to help him up; but never try to hit yourself up by pulling him down, or try to stand upon his shoulders, give him fair play and cheer him on if he comes out first, but determine to look no efforts, if you are beaten, to come out first next time. Don't mind the lazy dogs who are always croaking and crying out, "You'll fail, you'll fail." Those fellows do not get their eyes open in nine days, indeed they never get their eyes open, but are always lying in the way of other people. If you get sixty bushels of corn this year per acre, resolve that next year you will [illegible]

THE PRESS AND THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

Mr. F. K. Hunt, in his "History of Newspapers," says. Those who enjoy the liberty of these our latter days owe a great debt of gratitude to the press. This debt has not been imposed by one great act, or on one grand and showy occasion, but has been growing up day by day and year by year, since the time when the Long Parliament showed the people what publicity for public proceedings would do for the common good. The very thought of those old times calls up a recollection of the good and brave, and clever men who have been contributors to this great and excellent work. We call to mind the indefatigable Prynn, with his pen that never tired, and his heart that no punishments could break, the republican Lilburn, schooled under the rod of a tyrannic monarchy, yet ready to denounce a tyranny and hollow commonwealth, the noble-souled Milton, with the genius of a poet, the patient endurance of a political martyr, and the strong and lofty mind of a republican statesman, and the clever and ready Marchamont Nedham, careless and irregular, perhaps, in days of mingled toil and suspense, but yet well able, when at liberty to do so, to use his pen against an ancient tyranny, which the people were striving to cast off. And painful memories have forced them upon us, for who can overlook the wretched martyrs, Twyn and others, who were made victims when Charles II turned the palace of Whitehall into a huge bawdy-house, and employed the Cavalier L'Estrange to find out, and to send to the gaol and the gallows, the men who dared to sign in type for the stern republican-hearted commonwealth, which preceded a debauched and degraded restoration. Then, again, we recollect Tutchin, goaded by the brutality of Jefferies to a career of political pamphleteering, which gave many an opportunity of revenge upon the enemies who had inflicted mischief upon him. Next following in the list come the sturdy Defoe, who wrote so fully and so well, the bitter and witty Swift, the ambitious and sceptical Bolingbroke, the graceful and correct Addison, and the versatile Steele, and the rest, who gave a polish and a perfection to writings on current topics for public prints, which they had before needed, and the limits of which we trace in our modern leading articles. Wilkes and Churchill, with all their vices, present themselves for a share of our esteem, and, to a catalogue of newspaper worthies, who could omit Sam Johnson, with his reports from the lobby, and Chatterton, with his contributions that failed to keep him in bread? A Lord Mayor beckons us from the Tower, to remind us that his incarceration gained one step in advance, whilst the eloquent Erskine pleads in Westminster Hall, and the humbler hero, William Hone calmly but manfully boards an intolerant judge at the Old Bailey. And so we come from name to name—human stepping stones, as it were, through two centuries—here to our own time. As we approach the present day, the number of the labourers in the field of the press becomes greater and greater, and our gratitude has to be spread over a wider space. The germs of liberty, planted under the shadow of the press in the earlier days of its existence, have scattered the elements of their multiplication on all sides, and these newer vitalities have been true to the ancient stock. Within the present century, whenever a great truth has demanded to be known, there has been found a man ready to put it into words, and a printer bold enough to put it into type. When-[illegible] has been no lack of lawyers to prosecute, and (sometimes) of juries to convict; as witness the number of victims offered up at the shrine of intolerance by George the Third, Castlereagh, and Eldon. Gaols have from time to time been filled, but still the ball rolls on, and liberty is the winner in the end.

A NEW DISCOVERY.—Some attention has been excited by the alleged discovery, by an engineer of some celebrity, named Andraud, of the means of *seeing the air*. "If," he says, "you take a piece of card, coloured black, of the size of the eye, and pierce with a fine needle a hole in the middle, you will, on looking through that hole at a clear sky, or a lighted lamp, see a multitude of molecules floating about, which molecules constitute the air." We shall see whether the theory will obtain the sanction of the Academy of Sciences to which it has been submitted.

MISCELLANEA.

PLAYFULNESS OF ANIMALS.—Erdl, who has bestowed great attention to the habits of the crustacea, says that he has seen the Cancer Moenas play with little round stones and empty shells, as cats do with a cork or a small ball. Dogs, particularly young ones, are carried away with the impulse, rolling over and chasing each other in circles, seizing and shaking objects as if in anger, and enticing even their masters to join in their games. Horses, in freedom, gallop hither and thither, snort and paw the air, advance to their groom, stop suddenly short, and again dash off at speed. A horse belonging to one of the large brewing establishments in London, at which a great number of pigs were kept, used frequently to extend his glance [illegible] ground with his mouth [illegible] pig came within his reach, he would seize it without injury, and plunge it into the water-trough. The hare will gambol round in circles, tumble over, and fly here and there. Brehm witnessed one which playing the most singular antics with twelve others, coursing round them, feigning death, and again springing up, seemed to illustrate the old saying of 'mad as a March hare." The same thing [illegible] rabbits, and many others of the rodentia, and on warm days fish may be seen gambolling about in shoal water. Carp in early morning, while the mist still hangs on the water, wallow in the shallows, exposing their broad backs above the surface. Whales, as described by Scoresby, are extremely frolicsome, and in the [illegible] leap twenty feet out of the water. Small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersets. The Americans call it the "mad bird," on account of these singularities. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, and throwing little stones and pieces of wood in the air, endeavours to catch them again, or pretends to avoid them, as if afraid.

THE GREAT VALLEY.—The Mississippi valley has no parallel on earth. Its length may be estimated at no less than 2,500 [illegible], and its main breadth is from 1,200 to 1,500. There are many facts to prove that it was once covered with a vast ocean, and that the great change was brought about by repeated and long-continued volcanic convulsions. This valley is the most delightful, the richest, and the largest portion of the earth, and capable of sustaining a population of 100,000,000.

AN ODDITY.—Among the peculiarities of Cavendish, the celebrated chemist and natural philosopher, was his excessive dislike of women. On the authority of an old inhabitant of Clapham, it is stated that Cavendish would never see a female servant, and if an unfortunate maid ever showed herself she was instantly dismissed. He was in the habit of ordering his dinner daily by a note which he left on the hall table, whence the housekeeper was to take it, and such was his horror of the sex that, [illegible] one day met a maid-servant on the [illegible] with a broom and pail, he immediately ordered a back staircase to be built.

A THEORY OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.—According to all account, the aurora borealis takes place after a thaw. By this means then, a proportion to the rapidity of the thaw, the immense quantity of negative electricity bound there in the earth, and accumulated moreover on its warmly kept snow-covered surface, is liberated and finds its way into the upper regions by creeping up the sides of the numerous hills and mountains of these places, or is carried up by the rising vapours to the region of the positive electricity flowing above our atmosphere towards the equator, as does the negative below. By these means the aurora borealis takes place: it is the union of the positive and negative electricities in a different clime, [illegible] under different circumstances, and no doubt for different ends. Its sensible effect upon [illegible] must be obvious, considering the disturbance caused by the quantity of the fluids brought into action from a state of rest. The shape of an arch [illegible] accounted for by the atmosphere's forming a ring round the earth, and the circumference of the earth be[illegible] wed towards the poles, the arch of the atmosphere at the poles must naturally be more contracted and lower in proportion than the arch which it forms nearer [illegible] round the equator, and the electricity of the upper regions, floating [illegible] way, will present to our view the [illegible] bo[illegible].

HIGH LIVING AMONGST THE MONKEYS.—A writer in the current number of the *Westminster Review* expresses, from experimental knowledge, his incredulity as to the strength of the maternal instinct in the [illegible]. "This instinct," [illegible] ubt a very amiable and charming [illegible] ly self-sacrificing, delightful to contemplate. But we confess we have never seen it proof against a shot in the hinder parts, nor indeed do we believe it can be. The larger monkeys certainly [illegible] off th[illegible] ble, but we have heard with pain [illegible] the natives assertions which, [illegible] nfess, throw strong suspicions on the purity and disinterestedness of their motives. The natives assert that they carry off them dead, or, if they are wounded, at [illegible] ably put them out of pain, cover them over with leaves, and let them [illegible] o, like the babes of the wood, for so [illegible] days, but that, when they consider that their deceased friends have become sufficiently tender, they assemble and enjoy the epicurean feast, and that all then apparent sensibility really arises from their *liking their monkeys a little high!*"

A SAXON NOBLEMAN'S HOUSE.—The Saxon thegne built his "hall" from the woods of his demesne, by the labour of his bondsmen, it was thatched with reeds or straw, or roofed with wooden shingles. In plan it was little more than its name implied, "capacious apartment," which, in the day time, was adapted to the patriarchal hospitality of the owner, and formed at night a sort of stable for his servants, to whose rude accommodation their master's was not much superior, in a small adjoining chamber. There was, as yet, but a slight perception of the decencies of life. The fire was kindled in the centre of the hall, the smoke made its way through an opening in the roof immediately above the hearth, or by the door, windows, or eves of the thatch. The lord and his "hearthmen"—a significant appellation given to the most familiar retainers - sat by the same fire at which their repast was cooked, and at night retired to share the same dormitory, which served also as a council-chamber.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D G says that he has a plot of land joining his neighbour's house, that his neighbour has put a side window in, facing his land, and that he is told, if he lets that remain, his neighbour will be able to prevent his building so as to interfere with that side-light. He wants to know if that representation is correct. We believe it is.

S E wishes to know if the series of "Lessons in French," and the "French Manual," published at our office, are the same size? We beg to inform him that they will be the same size, and will be bound together for sale. They will be ready by the 20th.

W. C. asks if a railroad is in formation in Norway? Yes.—W. C. then asks if a smith could better himself there? This is a question we really cannot answer. W. C. also wants to be told the best way of getting to Norway. We [illegible] owestoft to Denmark, fro[illegible] by the [illegible] means of steamers. If W. C. lives in Yorkshire, his best plan is to go by a Hull boat to Hamburg, thence to Kiel by rail, thence to Copenhagen by [illegible] way. In the winter W. C. w[illegible] uld be from five to six days. [illegible] depend [illegible] the personal habits of W. C. him[illegible]

addition to the stock of gold [illegible] ared during the year 1851 is

From California	£15,000,000
[illegible] Russ[illegible]	4,000,000
[illegible] Various	1,000,000
	£20,000,000

As to the year 1852, it seems certain that the production must be greatly increased, even over that of 1851, as in California the mines turn out richer every day, and in Australia there are indications of the mines leaving all others upon earth far behind in productiveness. The "standard of [illegible] new a cause. It seems to us that the [illegible] it be in the direction of continuing human labour as the only standard of value.

A CAMBRIAN.—The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge published some very good [illegible] tal maps, which are still to be had, we [illegible] Chapman and Hall's, [illegible] Baldwin's, in the "Row." The [illegible] on Asia [illegible] ld, we should imagine, suit him.

[illegible] ats to know where he can learn to draw? We should recommend him to join one of the drawing classes at one or other of the various mechanics' or literary institutions in London or its neighbourhood.

THOMAS asks us the question, whether Greyson and Co, and not Messrs. Greyson and Co, is a right address? Certainly.—Thomas also wants to know what is high treason. High treason is an offence against the security of the commonwealth, or of the king's majesty, whether by imagination, word, or deed, as to compass or imagine the death of the prince or the queen consort, or his son and heir apparent, or to deflower the king's wife, or his eldest daughter unmarried, or his eldest son's wife; or levy war against the king in his realm, or to adhere to his enemies by aiding them; or to counterfeit the king's great seal, privy seal, or money; or knowingly to bring false money into this realm, counterfeited like the money of England, and to utter the same; or to kill the king's chancellor, treasurer, justice of the one bench or the other—justices in eyre, justices in assize, justices of oyer and terminer—when in their place and doing their duty, or forging the king's seal or privy signet; or diminishing or impairing the current money. High treason subjects the offender to the severest punishment exacted by the laws of the realm.

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THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

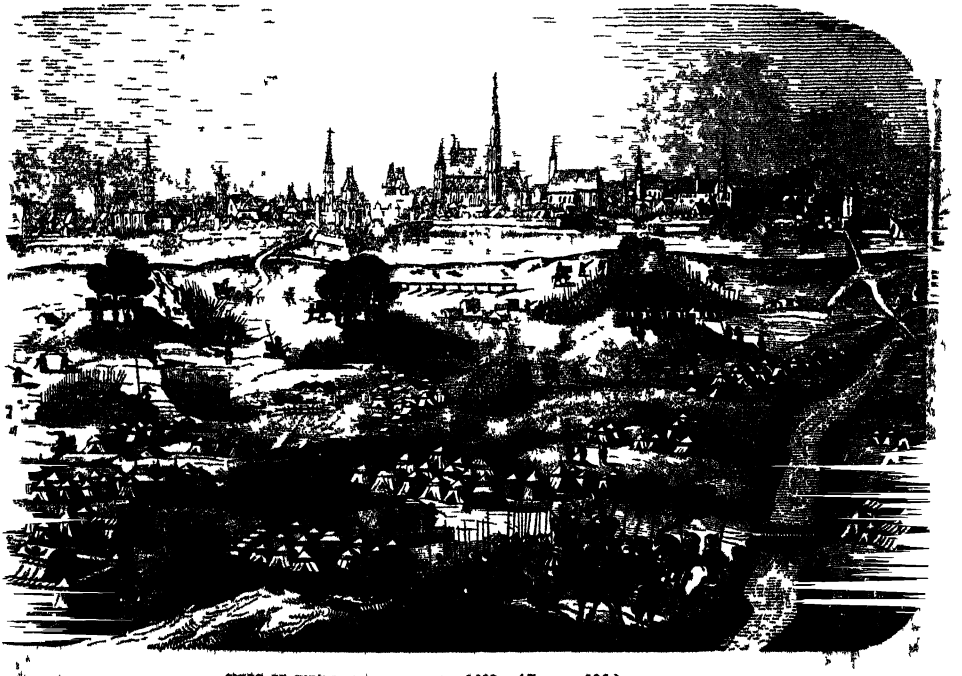
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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER VI.

national institutions perished one by one To the rgetic remonstrances of the Diet the Emperor responded by ue promises, intended to pacify them, while he asked for plies. The money once voted, the promises were forgotten, the constitution trampled under foot At last he broke ugh a custom of which the Magyars were particularly years to elapse from this period without ever convoking a meeting of the estates of the realm

It may be easily imagined that in such a state of things, when the co-operation of the people, accustomed from the earliest period of their history to share in the administration of the country, was now but an obstacle to the evil designs of



SIEGE OF VIENNA BY THE TURKS, 1689.—(*See page* 196)

to appear in person at the meetings of the the Archduke in his stead. Provoked by his neglect, or contempt, they passed a resolution declaring their intention to vote no more money, until ir grievances were redressed. The reply of the characteristic. He informed them that their precautions e useless, as he could do without them, and allowed four

the prince, the kingdom became a prey to discord, rapine, and murder, and the occupation of the Turks was still further prolonged.

The government of Transylvania, after the death of the illustrious Bathori, had passed into the hands of Christopher, his brother, who in turn transmitted it to his son, Sigismond. The latter, far more attentive to his personal interests than

those of the province over which he ruled, gave up his throne, bought it back again, and again renounced it; making himself the toy of the flatteries and fallacious promises of Austria. To obtain the hand of an archduchess, he delivered up Transylvania to the Emperor, and very easily took it back again, after having ignominiously dismissed his wife.

In the midst of these capricious freaks, Ferhat Pacha took the command of the Turkish forces stationed in Buda, and Sinan, the Grand Vizier, persuaded the Sultan to quiet the perplexities of the janissaries by employing them in a war against Hungary.

It lasted for five years, and was signalised by the atrocities of the Turks, and the imbecility of the Austrians. The Croats on this occasion suffered as much as the Magyars; and when they complained to Rodolph of his repeated violation of their national rights, they obtained no better redress than a promise that John Draskovics, a man attached to the House of Hapsburgh, but animated by the sincerest patriotism, should be appointed ban.

It was Hungary that proved the salvation of the Croats. Nicholas Palfi, George Zrinyi, and Forgush, had intimidated the Turks, whose fanaticism was on the wane, by their desperate valour. After having driven them from a great number of towns, Palfi, acting under the orders of Schwartzenberg, laid siege to Arabon. In reply to the first summons, the Pacha who commanded the town replied that, until the weather cock upon the tower of the church would crow three times, the Magyars need not hope to take the place. In an hour afterwards the gate was blown open by means of a petard, and an end soon put to the bravadoes of the Pacha; for Palfi, entering the breach at the head of a forlorn hope, overthrew all who attempted to oppose him, and slaughtered great numbers of the Ottomans. Arabon was thus retaken in 1598. Pesth was also stormed in the same manner by Hungarian generals, acting under Austrian orders.

Religious dissensions now came into operation to augment the evils of the foreign invasion. The reformed doctrines had been making rapid progress in Hungary, despite the efforts of Rodolph to arrest it. His gloomy and fanatical temperament led him to regard Luther, Calvin, and Socinus, as but one degree removed in affinity from the Prince of Darkness himself. The proselytes to the Protestant faith were more numerous in Transylvania than anywhere else, in consequence of the greater freedom there enjoyed under the national princes. In all matters of religious belief, the Turks allowed a perfect liberty. Rodolph at last began to imagine that he might turn these religious animosities to good account, and, by acting on the old principle of "divide and conquer," by hallooing on Catholic against Protestant, and Protestant against Catholic, he might be enabled himself to walk slipshod over the necks of all. He at one time declared his intention of protecting the Catholic faith in its pristine purity; at another he expressed his astonishment that anyone could expect him to interfere with the exercise of a prerogative which every man received directly from the Almighty—the right of judging for himself in all matters of opinion. He in this manner fostered the flame of religious animosity, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the whole nation divided into two hostile parties, ever ready, upon the slightest provocation, to commit the most frightful violence.

By surreptitiously inserting an article in the decrees of 1604, forbidding the Diet to take religious questions into consideration, he committed an error, which was well nigh putting a to a close the domination of his family in Hungary. To submit of an edict this would have been to deliver up the consciences people to be controlled by the diets of a foreign despot. A people to be controlled by the diets of a foreign defended by a Magyars, therefore, attacked by the Turks, and from their proto Germans, believing that they had more to fear the Sultan, not more than their enemies, sought the alliance of

Stephen Bocksa very desirable, but as the less of two evils. warrior, assembled the son of George, a brave and able the Porte, and soon the discontented, obtained succours from It was in vain that found himself at the head of a large army. trian generals, attempted and Count de Belgiojoso, the Austhey were every where beaten, and to oppose his progress. They were Emboldened by success, ged to retreat.

the 29th of March, 1603, in the partisans of Bocksai assembled on presentatives of all the great castle of Szecsencz. The families of the country w

Turck, Szecsi; and Bocksai was proclaimed King of Hungary, Transylvania, Moravia, and Wallachia, and Count of the Sicules. The Sultan approved of the measure, and Bocksai soon saw himself master of the whole of the upper part of Hungary.

Rodolph was terrified by his disasters, and when the revolutionary assembly offered to come to terms with him, he eagerly grasped at the proposal. Peace was soon after made by Illeshasi and the Austrian plenipotentiaries upon the following terms:—"1. The question of religion shall remain as it was in the reigns of Ferdinand and Maximilian, and the arbitrary clause introduced into the laws by Rodolph shall be expunged. 2. Mathias shall be Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, having a palatine under him to be hereafter appointed. 3. Bocksai shall preserve the dignity of Prince of Transylvania and of part of Hungary, but in case he shall die without leaving issue those provinces shall revert to the Emperor."

It may be said that after such brilliant success, the revolutionary party should have obtained greater concessions from the Emperor; but it must be remembered that so dreadfully had the country been torn and distracted by civil war that all who had its welfare really at heart were most anxious to avoid taking any step which might lead to the renewal or prolongation of hostilities; and so strong was this desire for repose that it led also to the conclusion of a treaty with the Sultan, fixed to last for twenty years.

Let us glance at the state of dismemberment in which Hungary was placed at the close of the war. Hungary, Croatia, Sclavonia, and their frontiers, comprised in all superficial extent of 4,427 square miles, and Transylvania 736. Of these

The Sultan possessed	1859
Bocksai in Hungary 1346 / in Transylvania 736 }	2082
And Austria	1222
	5163

Bocksai did not long reign. He died in 1606, and was succeeded by Sigismond Rakoczi, who soon after abdicated in favour of Gabriel Bathori.

The tyranny and incapacity of Rodolph did not bring evils upon Hungary alone. Austria itself at last began to find his government intolerable. In 1609 the Archduke Mathias placed himself at the head of a conspiracy which the Magyars supported, and succeeded in wresting the crown of the two kingdoms from Rodolph, his brother. The Hungarian Diet seized this opportunity of procuring a redress of their grievances; and before they proceeded to the coronation of Mathias they presented a "bill of rights" for his signature. The preamble contained the following words:—"It is now time that justice were done towards us; our grievances are of eighty-two years standing, and we are tired of high-sounding words and vague promises." Mathias, taken by surprise, and still in doubt as to the security of his new position, had no alternative but to sign the charter, with the intention, however, of breaking through it upon the first opportunity.

It contained the following articles:—"1. Religious liberty is guaranteed: the king shall propose four candidates for the dignity of palatine, two Catholics, and two Protestants, upon one of whom the Diet shall confer the office. 3. The crown, now kept at Prague, shall be sent back into Hungary, and shall be entrusted to two guardians, chosen from among the laity. 4. The Chamber of Finance of Hungary is independent of that of Austria, and shall be presided over by a native. 5. The Jesuits shall not be allowed to p the country. 6. No dignity or office of state shall be conferred upon a foreigner. 7. The king shall reside in the country, or during his absence be represented by the palatine, who shall be invested with full powers to act in his place."

The Roman Catholic clergy, fearing the loss of their influence if the liberal party were suffered to triumph, protested against the new compact with all their might. But George Thurzo, the Palatine, a man of great talents, and strict impartiality, frustrated all their intrigues and machinations. Acting throughout upon the principles of enlightened toleration, he induced the Diet to intercede with the Emperor, to induce him to grant religious liberty in Austria. But his efforts were less success-

ful in Croatia. The Croats declared that they separate entirely from Hungary than suffer "the Lutheranism" to come amongst them. The indefatigable whilst their own interests are at stake thing in their power to sow the seeds of discord. In the midst of these commotions a revolution broke out in Transylvania, which threatened for a while to furnish new elements of strife and division. Bathori was driven from the throne in the midst of his debaucheries, and Gabriel Bethlen, an able general, and a statesman of consummate ability, elected in his stead. His moderation and prudent counsels prevailed over the tergiversations of Austrian policy and through his influence the peace with Turkey was confirmed. Soon after, in 1619, Mathias died, leaving the crown to his cousin, Ferdinand II.

At the accession of this prince, the Austrian States were groaning under the tyranny of the clergy, among whose blindest adherents was the new Emperor himself. He said on one occasion, "that he would sooner beg his bread than yield an inch to the perverse principles of Lutheranism." It soon became apparent, therefore, that the Hungarian Diet would have to seek new guarantees for the preservation of their liberties. Before his coronation, they had made the Emperor not only swear to respect religious freedom, but acknowledge their right to elect their sovereigns. But all their precautions could not guard them against the subtle tactics of the Viennese court, and to such a pitch was religious persecution carried that Gabriel Bethlen felt it his duty, notwithstanding his mild and conciliating disposition, to interfere on behalf of the Magyars. He set out with a large army, and his march to the gates of Vienna was a series of triumphs. Aided by the Bohemians, who were also alienated from Austria, he took possession of Presburg, where the crown of St. Stephen had been deposited, and was there proclaimed King of Hungary. But, fearing to shut out all hope of reconciliation, he concluded a truce with Ferdinand, and returned to his own dominions. This act of rare moderation was not appreciated by the Austrians. They ascribed it to fear rather than to integrity, and continued to follow their old course. Bethlen again took the field, and was this time as successful as before. Ferdinand was obliged to surrender at discretion, and Bethlen was about to exact severe retribution for so shameful a breach of faith, when his death in 1629 relieved the Emperor from all anxiety. George Rakoczi, his successor, did not display any remarkable talent, and Ferdinand was allowed to follow his inclination, which led his death in 1637.

Ferdinand III., his son, succeeded him, and his reign presents nothing but a continued series of tumultuous and intrigue

of personal encounters. Even the Emperor thought the exactions of the Hungarian prelates exorbitant, and felt himself compelled to interfere. In the midst of the deliberations upon one occasion, the Palatine, John Draskovics, a man of Croatian origin, threatened "the clergy" his sword and strike off the head of any who should dare to injure the Catholic Church. These disturbances were still raging when Ferdinand III. died in 1656, having some time before caused his son Leopold to be elected King of Hungary.

Having been educated for the Church, Leopold was narrow-minded and as intolerant as the Church could require. He was jealous of his rights, aspired to be a despot without possessing any of the talent which alone can make despotism tolerable. He acted in everything under the direction of the Princess Lobkowitz and Portia, the deadly enemies of the Magyars; and to add to the misfortunes of the latter, the Turkish Vizier, Achmet Kiuprili, broke the truce, and entered Hungary at the head of a large army, plundering the towns and slaughtering the inhabitants. But the ancient valour of the Magyars was not dead, it only slumbered. Nicholas and Peter Zrinyi, Nadasdi, Esterhasi, and a many others, disputed every foot of ground with the Turks, and notwithstanding the immense superiority of the latter, they were worsted in several sanguinary battles. Nicholas Zrinyi, above all, a worthy descendant of his gallant ancestor, who died upon the bridge of Sziget, distinguished himself by the most brilliant triumphs. In testimony of their admiration of his valour, Philip IV. of Spain, bestowed on him the order of the Golden Fleece, and Louis XIV. fixed a pension on him for life. At last Count Montécuculli was placed at the head of the imperial and royal armies in Hungary, and John de Coligny, and the Marquis de la Feuillade, joined him with six thousand French troops. A great battle was fought in 1664, near Kormend, a village on the frontiers of Styria, in which the Turks were totally defeated, and the Sultan was obliged to sue for peace, which was at once agreed to.

Torn by religious animosity, ruined by the extortions of the foreign soldiery, despoiled of their national rights, treated as wild beasts by the two powers, which were constantly at war.

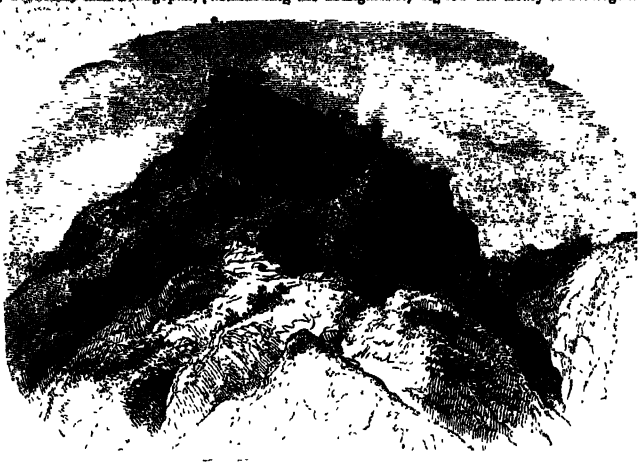
But adversity had not as yet so broken the spirits of the nobility as to cause them to sink into slavery without a struggle. A great conspiracy was organised by Francis Vesselenyi, the Palatine—a man of great talent and influence. Nearly all the great nobles, Catholic as well as Protestant, entered into it. The greatness of their misfortunes had caused them to forget their differences, but at the moment when the plot was ripe for execution, Vesselényi died, and his accomplices finding that they had been betrayed by a servant sought safety in flight. Their property was instantly confiscated (this was a measure always peculiarly pleasing to Austria, as she has always been in great want of ——). Christopher Frangepan Peter Zrinyi the Ban of Croatia, who had achieved so many brilliant triumphs over the Turks, Francis Nadasdi and even Lattenbach, the governor of Styria were brought to trial, and executed at Vienna. A great number of men slightly compromised and some entirely innocent, were thrown into prison. Among these was the unfortunate Balthasar Zrinyi, the brother of the Princess Rakoczi, and the last of his family. His only crime was that he bore an illustrious name. He ended his days in prison, forgotten by every one even his own relatives, who believed him to be dead long before.

The vengeance of the Austrian government extended itself even to the female relatives of the conspirators. The widow of the Palatine Vesselenyi the beautiful Mary Szecsi, had remained shut up in her castle of Murany, after her husband's death. Charles of Lorraine the Austrian general, came to summon her to surrender; and thinking resistance vain, she opened the gates, and her castle was filled with Austrian garrison. But scarcely had Lorraine departed when a sergeant at arms of the Austrian court appeared at the castle arrested her, and took her to Vienna where she died in a filthy dungeon. Frances Rakoczi the husband of the charming Helena, succeeded in obtaining a pardon by giving immense bribes to the ministers of Leopold and Emerik Tokoli then only thirteen years of age, took refuge in Transylvania.

These cruelties excited universal indignation. The county assemblies protested against the course pursued by the Emperor, the Archbishop of Strygonia, Szelepcsenyi, who was also Lieutenant General of the Kingdom, was consulted by the Austrian Court as to the best means of overturning the constitution, and evinced his indignation by instantly resigning his office. The administration was then confided to a German named Caspard of Ampringen. Almost at the same time, Lobkovicz was banished from Vienna, and replaced by John Hocker—a man, if possible, still more arbitrary.

We cannot enter in to all the details of the religious war which was now carried on against the defenders of civil and religious liberty in Hungary. The French Court at last interfered, in the belief that it might be able to turn the struggle to its own profit. Acting under the advice of Catholic ministers, Leopold had sought to render the crown hereditary by persecuting the Protestants, and making inroads upon the privileges of the Hungarian nobility. The long war in which Louis —— at that time engaged with Leopold, seemed to afford a favourable opportunity for the recovery of their lost freedom; and to the former they therefore applied for aid, which was afforded feebly and tardily. At length the Poles and Magyars uniting, the Austrians were beaten in two pitched battles. Exasperated by their defeat, they wreaked their vengeance on the defence less peasantry, who were obliged to fly for refuge to the woods and mountains. At last, after many alternations of success and failure, the command of the revolutionary army was placed in the hands of Emerik Tokoli, and from that moment "Victory sat on the helms" of the patriots.

Emerik was the son of Count Tokoli, the friend and companion of the unfortunate Zrinyi, Nadasdi, and Frangepan, who were beheaded in 1676. More fortunate than they, Tokoli fell sword in hand on the field of battle, leaving his son to avenge his death, and assert the cause of his country. Pre-eminent for his talents, his valour, and his patriotism, the young Emerik took the field, carrying a banner in his right hand upon which were inscribed, in letters of gold, the words "*Pro aris et focis.*" All the free-born men of the nation gathered around him, burning to avenge the wrongs of a century of misgovernment. The war lasted for six years, during which the Austrians were six times defeated. The Magyars overran Moravia, and even penetrated into Austria itself, until at last the Emperor was forced to sue for peace; but he was above all things anxious to secure the submission of Hungary as a preliminary to all subsequent arrangements. But Tokoli having ascertained that the negotiations were but a pretext to gain time for the formation of underhand plots, therefore broke off the treaty, and, following the advice of the French ambassador, called in the aid of the Turks. Kara Mustapha, Grand Vizier of Mahomet IV., responding to the appeal, entered Hungary, in 1689, at the head of 200,000 men. The national party forthwith proclaimed Tokoli king; but, as it was not vain honours that he sought, he refused to accept any title but that of prince. In the meantime Louis XIV., abandoning the Hungarians, signed the treaty of Nimeguen,



FORTRESS OF MURANY.

and Leopold was thus enabled to direct his whole force to the subjugation of the Magyars. He entrusted the command of his army to Charles, Duke of Lorraine, who, however, was unable to prevent the Turks laying siege to Vienna in July, 1689. Tokoli cannot be made responsible for this celebrated attack, as he was strongly opposed to it; but the hope of a



NICHOLAS PALIT.



FRANCIS TESSELENYI.—(*See page* 195.)

rich booty caused the Ottomans to disregard his remonstrances. It was the freedom of Hungary he sought, and not the downfal of Austria. John Sobieski, King of Poland, anxious to gain the favour of the Emperor, who had opposed his election, came to the aid of Austria, and charging upon the Turkish host at the head of the Polish cavalry—the proud corps whose boast it was "that if the sky should fall they would bear it up on the points of their lances" —chanting loudly "Non nobis domine," &c., utterly routed them. After the battle Leopold asked Charles of Lorraine in what manner he should receive Sobieski. "With open arms," was the noble answer, "for he has saved the empire." But the Emperor barely murmured a few words of empty acknowledgement, and this was the only reward the Polish hero ever received for saving Christendom.

After the defeat of the Turks, the Imperial armies marched in triumph into Hungary. Visegad, Eperies, the Five Churches, and Szeguedin, were carried by assault. The Duke of Lorraine, Louis of Baden, Maximilian of Bavaria, and Eugene of Savoy, performed prodigies of valour, and displayed consummate military skill, and it is the union of so many great generals alone which can account for the repeated defeats of the Ottomans.

The Sultan, enraged at the repeated failures of his Vizier, recalled him, and sent Solyman Pacha in his place. The latter immediately marched to the relief of Buda, at that time besieged by the Imperialists, but was defeated under the walls, and the city soon after surrendered, after having been in the possession of the Ottomans for a century and a half.

As our next Number will bring us down to the period of the war of independence in 1848, perhaps this may be the best opportunity of entering into a few details of the history of



GEORGE BRANKO.



EMERIK TOKOLI.



JOHN DRASKOVICS.—(*See page* 194.)

this celebrated town, the name of which appears so often upon the pages of Hungarian history, It was the residence of Attila, and the favourite resort of all the early Hungarian kings. By Mathias Corvinus, who was as great a lover of splendour and decoration as Louis XIV. in later times. But his love of the beautiful did not prevent his paying the strictest attention to his duties as a sovereign. His memory is still dear to the Magyars, and around it is woven many a web of popular tradition, which charms us by its graceful beauty and delight, by the simple but fervent character of its veneration. The traveller, on passing out of Buda, cannot fail to observe the remains of an old and massive wall which runs from an angle of the fortress towards the part of the town called Christineville. It is related that these ruins are those of a viaduct which Mathias commenced to erect across the valley on a level with his palace, in order that he might thus have easier access to the mountains on the opposite side, in which he was in the habit of hunting. Having, above all things, an indomitable resolution, whatever the King willed, he forthwith proceeded to execute, despite any obstacles that might stand in the way. The causeway was, therefore, immediately commenced, but an insurmountable difficulty soon arose, which bid fair to prevent its completion. It was, of course, necessary to obtain the consent of the various proprietors, through whose lands the proposed viaduct was to pass. Of these there was an old woman, known in the neighbourhood under the name of *Vasfogubaba*, whom neither threats nor entreaties could induce to part with her little garden; because, as the tradition goes, the possession of the herb vervain gave her the power of opening all locks, and breaking all fetters and shackles. It was in vain that the King, enraged at her obstinacy, called her before him and swore that, unless she consented to receive a fair price for her piece of land, he would shut her up for life in the *Czonka Torony*, or Bastille. The hag laughed at his threats, and replied, with great *sang froid*, "Do you want my garden for the good of your people or the glory of your kingdom? Is it to avoid the effusion of blood, or bring joy to the hearts of the sorrowful, that you seek to despoil the poor woman of her heritage? No, no; it is that you may more readily make war upon the innocent animals, and spend in hunting the hours that others spend in labour. Go on, go on, my lord! but the loss of the crown would be nothing compared with the price this mad freak of yours will cost you."

The King, irritated by the boldness of her speech, ordered her to be shut up in prison during the remainder of her life. The guards forthwith removed her, and as she left, she laughed in mockery at the King. They put her in prison, and placed fetters upon her; but on the following morning, when Mathias looked out of his window across the valley, there he saw her at work, as usual, in her garden. His anger knew no bounds. He ordered her to be confined in a dungeon still deeper, and under a still stricter watch; but all was in vain—she escaped again. At last, Mathias declared that if he again saw her out of prison, the gaoler should expiate his negligence by his life. Two keepers were accordingly executed, but with no better success; and at last, to avoid being any longer the butt of popular ridicule, the king resolved to shut her up himself, and to place the royal seal upon the door, which formed the only means of egress from the prison, and was strongly defended with iron. But to his surprise, he found that his signet ring was gone, and the old sorceress, thrusting out her withered hand through the bars of her cell, there was the ring twirling round on her finger. "Seal it up! seal it up!" said she, with a sneer. "but every time I want to visit my little garden, I will borrow it from you again." "Vile sorceress!" said the King, placing the ring on his finger, "your hopes shall be disappointed; I won't yield to you, should it cost me my crown." He then sealed up the door and walked rapidly away. "Open the door wide!" shouted Vasfogubaba, seeing him depart, "and release me, or you shall curse the dawn of the morrow."

But Corvinus paid no attention, but retired to his chamber, hoping that he would henceforth be delivered from all annoyance

The day began to break. The lofty peak of St. Gerard, and the surrounding hills, were casting their shadows on the golden surface which the rising sun had shed on the broad bosom of the Danube, when the messengers of evil tidings arrived in the royal palace. Beatrice, the beloved daughter of the King, was the mother of a still-born child; and thus, in one moment, his long and fondly-cherished hopes were blasted. He rushed towards the chamber of the Queen, but scarcely had he approached her bed when he stopped suddenly, uttering a groan of terror and despair. He found himself standing face to face with the hideous Vasfogubaba. There she stood, enveloped in the folds of her large cloak, and darting, now on the King and now on the Queen, withering glances from her dull and glassy eye, and murmuring some unintelligible incantation. Mathias did not move or speak, and the old woman slowly retired without molestation. But the viaduct remained unfinished, and her garden untouched; but the Queen had no more children.

In the mountains which surround Buda, there is a retired and picturesque spot, which the Magyars call *Szepjuhaszne*, or the "Pretty Shepherdess," in memory of an adventure which here befel Mathias Corvinus. Every legend which concerns this monarch, as we have already said, is still listened to with as much interest by the Magyars as if it were the recital of an occurrence of the present day.

The place to which we have referred is a deep and shady valley surrounded by precipitous heights, overgrown with flowers and wild vines, and cooled by a softly-flowing stream of flowing water. In this delightful retreat Mathias erected a hunting-lodge. On a slight elevation close at hand there stands a large and wealthy monastery, dedicated to St. Paul. The King was in the habit of paying frequent visits to it when riding to the chase—often passing whole hours at a time in company with one of the monks named Gregory, who, from being a canon in Strygonia, became general of his order.

Very different from Charles Robert or Louis the Great, Mathias was too much a man of the world to have any faith in the professions of temperance and self-denial made by the monks. He had tasted all the pomps, pleasures, and follies of life, and therefore paid but little heed to the devout homilies of the holy superior, and remained quite incredulous as to the asceticism of his pious hosts. It is related of him, that having passed a day in 1472 with Gregory, he saw, in passing through the corridor of the monastery, some of the produce of last year's vintage in casks, waiting to be placed in the cellar. He thereupon remarked that Tristian, the rigid General of the Order in 1363, in restricting the repast of the monks to two dishes, should also have placed some limit to the depth of their potations.

Upon one occasion the King arrived at the convent at supper-time, accompanied by his suite, and wearied with the chase. One of the monastic rules was, that every person seeking admittance should knock, and wait until the porter had obtained permission from the Superior to bring him in. The brother who then held the keys, upon looking through the chinks of the grating, at once recognised the King, but instead of opening the gate, rushed to the refectory to inform the Superior of the unexpected visit. Gregory rose from the table, and hastened to receive the royal guest. He knelt at his stirrup, and besought him not to impute the delay in admitting

punctuality. "What say you, my lords and gentlemen," turning to the nobles who accompanied him, "would not you do well to follow so good an example? I should feel but too happy to have my orders executed with such fidelity and respect."

We have already alluded to the King's want of belief in the austerity of the monks. He resolved to convince himself of their dissimulation by coming upon them unawares and in disguise. With this intention he one evening wrapped himself up in his cloak, and entering the chapel, was gliding stealthily towards the body of the monastery, when he was perceived by a monk, who seized him and dragged him towards the infirmary. The brother then recognised him, and, terrified at his indiscretion, poured forth volleys of excuses, and implored pardon in moving terms, and offered to go and inform the Superior of his Majesty's presence, but Mathias sternly forbade him. Very soon the bell sounded the hour, and the monks began to assemble to perform their devotions. Mathias with his guide remained concealed behind one of the pillars of the chancel. When mass was over, all threw off their garments, and presented their backs to the lash of the Superior. This functionary

performed his duties with a holy ardour, sparing neither the scourge nor the penitents. The King, smiling, whispered to his companion—"How is this? Is this monastic justice? Does the superior give all the blows and get none himself?" "Sire," replied the monk, "if your Majesty will have a little patience, you will see him get his share also." "I hope so," was the reply, "for example is generally more efficacious than precept." Very soon the Superior knelt down and received a due allowance of moderate flagellation from the hands of one of his subordinates, and the King was satisfied.

About the year 1512, a famous sculptor, known in the convent as Brother Vincent, assumed the cowl, and henceforth devoted all the time he could spare from his prayers to the embellishment and decoration of the chapel. There are still extant numerous accounts of the wonders wrought by his indefatigable chisel; but only one fragment of his works remains to corroborate their testimony. Many of his brethren also distinguished themselves by their literary labours. During these prosperous days the convent had five hundred inmates; but when Solyman took possession of Buda, in 1541, after a sanguinary struggle, consummated by murder, pillage, and devastation, the monastery was levelled to the ground; the curious and valuable collection of rare manuscripts was scattered or destroyed. The Order of St. Paul, or, as it is sometimes called, that of the Hermits of St. Paul, was abolished in 1784, by Joseph II., and its revenue applied to the endowment of the Hungarian clergy.

We must not here forget to mention the legend from which this delightful valley derives its name. It is another charming story, of which Mathias is again the hero. In the good old days of Hungarian history, the mountains to the north of Buda were covered with immense forests, where the hardy oak and odoriferous linden-tree flourished in all their vigour and beauty. The declivity descending towards the villages of Kovacksi and Budakeszi was covered with meadows fragrant with wild flowers. It was in this vast forest that Mathias followed the chase, and in the meadows the Queen's flocks grazed.

On one occasion the King separated from his attendants, and, issuing from the wood, found himself opposite the royal pasturage, and stood for some moments wrapt in admiration of the beauty of the scene which surrounded him. In the distance were Buda and the great plain of Rakos, and at his feet the Danube rolled on in calm and quiet splendour. On every side smiling villages, fertile valleys, lofty forests, and lofty mountains, met his eye, all radiant with the light of the summer sun. Very soon, however, his attention was drawn to an object more attractive than the landscape. Looking in the direction of the straight pathway which led towards the royal park, he perceived the young wife of the principal shepherd going towards the cottage, after having carried her husband his breakfast. In passing the King, she gracefully curtsied to the handsome hunter, without suspecting in the least who it was. The King followed her to her abode, and pretending that the mountain air and exercise had given him a very sharp appetite, begged of her to supply him with something to eat. She forthwith told him to sit down under a large oak close at hand, and she would there bring him a dish of *tarho* (a milk thickened with rennet), which she had prepared for her own breakfast. He thankfully accepted the offer, and sat down on the grass. The girl entered the cottage, and returned in a few minutes with the *tarho* and two wooden spoons, one for herself and the other for her guest; and, sitting down by his side, and holding the dish on her lap, they eat until all was finished. Before they had done, Mathias had obtained from his pretty hostess the history of her whole life; and she had learned from him that he was one of the royal huntsmen, and that his name was Nicholas, and that he considered her the prettiest woman in the world, not excepting the Queen, whom he had often seen. "Seen the Queen!" exclaimed Theresa; "how fortunate you are!" and she immediately insisted on his describing her. But he steadfastly refused to do so, unless she consented to reward him for his trouble by a kiss, which she consented to do sooner than suffer him to depart without having gratified her curiosity. The stipulated recompense had scarcely been paid when the sound of the horn announced the approach of the royal hunting party. Mathias cast down his eyes, assured Theresa that if he were discovered he would be severely scolded for his absence, and proposed to exchange a large partridge with her for another kiss. She agreed, and he immediately afterwards departed.

When Sandon, the shepherd, returned in the evening, from placing the sheep in the fold, his wife showed him the partridge, and told him frankly all about the handsome huntsman, and the favours she had bestowed upon him. Sandon's brow grew a little darker while listening to the narration; but he eat the partridge with a very good relish, several times remarking, however, that he considered it rather dearly purchased.

In the meantime the visits of the King became every day longer and more frequent, and as Theresa invariably gave her husband a full and true account of all that passed in his absence, they determined to lay the matter before the Queen. As Nicholas was in the immediate service of the King, they believed that it would require powerful influence to affect him, and they were afraid to complain to his master lest he should look upon it as mere trifling. They therefore set out for Buda one morning at an early hour, dressed in their best clothes, and when the Queen was informed that her chief shepherd craved audience of her, she gave orders that he should be admitted directly. But it was not, as she imagined, some important communication respecting the flocks that he had come to lay before her. On the contrary, he commenced with some embarrassment, but with an air of offended dignity, by informing her that he found it harder to take care of a wife than of all the flocks on the banks of the Danube. This opening amused the Queen so much that she pressed him for an explanation. Theresa here broke on the conversation, and insisted upon telling the story herself; and expressed herself with so much freedom and *naivete*, that the Queen felt great interest in the affair, even before she had the slightest suspicion that the King was one of the leading actors in it. When the recital was finished, she asked for a minute description of this handsome huntsman. The sketch given by Theresa was true to the life—a young man, fresh complexion, large black eyes, aquiline nose, and hair the colour of hazel, flowing in long tresses upon his shoulders, he was well made, with broad shoulders, and of middling height. The Queen recognised in a moment the original of the portrait; and told the young couple that she would visit their cottage in the evening, at the hour when Nicholas was expected to arrive, as she would like to speak to him herself. Sandon and his wife retired full of cheerfulness and hope, believing that an end would now be put to their anxiety. About sunset, Beatrice, the Queen, arrived at the hut of the shepherd, dressed as a peasant girl. She told Theresa to be ready with a candle in the adjoining room, to come to her whenever she called her, but not to show herself sooner. She then sat down in the dark, and awaited the arrival of the huntsman. At nightfall the King arrived alone, and when the sound of his horse's feet was heard, the inmates of the cottage made all ready to receive him. He dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and entered. Fortune seemed to smile far more graciously upon him than he had dared to hope; for, no sooner had he got inside the door, than he found himself clasped in the arms of a female. He was delighted—proffered a thousand vows of love, kissed and hugged her a hundred times over, when, at a preconcerted signal, the door of the adjoining apartment opened, and Theresa, coming forth with the lamp, Mathias discovered, to his astonishment and chagrin, that he had been all the time caressing his own wife.

The story adds, that the Queen treated the whole affair very good humouredly, and made Theresa a great number of rich presents, as did many of the surrounding nobility also, who, hearing of the adventure, came to visit the rustic beauty, from whose lap the King had eaten his plate of *tarho*.

Having said thus much of the legends connected with the town of Buda and its neighbourhood, we shall now confine ourselves to a short sketch of its history. Attila was the first of the Hungarian monarchs who fixed his residence in it, and it was improved and extended by his successors. It was during the reign of Bela that the fortress was built on the summit of the rock, and it soon after was made a "free" or royal" town. Louis the Great built there a magnificent

palace, and often lived in it in preference to Visegrad. It was in the gardens of this residence that those splendid tournaments were given by Sigismond, in which the bravest chevaliers from all parts of Europe jousted. Sigismond also laid the foundation of the fortress, known as the *Czonka Torony*, the bastille of Hungary, in which all state prisoners were confined. It was here that Ladislaus Corvinus, the son of Hunyadi, was imprisoned previous to his execution. By Mathias Hunyadi the fortress was still further enlarged and embellished, so that in his time it was one of the most splendid palaces in Europe. The gardens extended almost to the neighbouring mountains. On the side of the river a terrace of porphyry overhung the water, and presented a spectacle of great magnificence. Numerous statues in bronze—amongst



GABRIEL BETHLEN.

others, a group of centaurs—were placed in various parts of the building. In the great hall there were three colossal figures—that of the King, leaning on his lance, that of his father, and that of his brother, who was beheaded. The royal baths surrounded the gardens, and were in no way inferior to those of the East.

The cathedral, commenced by Bela IV., and finished by Mathias, was a *chef d'œuvre* of Gothic architecture. Art, luxury, grandeur, were all three combined in Buda. But the palmy days of Hungary were never destined to last long. The great battle of Mohacs, fought against the Turks in 1526, decided her fate. It is related that, before the unfortunate Louis set out for the field, a deformed wretch—half man, half demon, presented himself at the palace gates, and asked to see the King. The more the guards repulsed him, the more obstinate he became. At last, the King hearing of the circumstance, sent his aid-de-camp to see him in his place; but the stranger detected the deceit, and broke out into loud bursts of laughter, after which he shouted to the astonished officer: "Go and tell your proud master that I have but to announce to him a plain prophecy: in one month Louis will be glad to exchange his spacious palace for a narrow chamber!" In four weeks afterwards the battle of Mohacs was lost, and Louis was engulphed in a marsh. For a long period afterwards, whilst Hungary was governed by princes of the House of Hapsburgh, the Turks never once ceased to infest the country, and Buda, a prey to continual devastations, remained for 150 years in their hands, who made it a second Stamboul. In 1686 it was as we have stated in the commencement of the present chapter, owing to the valour of the Hungarian family; but a bomb falling into the midst of the powder, entirely destroyed the palace of Mathias Corvinus;

and there only remained of the whole town two churches, and the tower of the Dominican convent. The Emperor Charles II. caused some repairs to be made in the fortifications, and they were completely restored in the reign of Maria Thèresa. The castle is the residence of the Palatine. In the chapel are the crown of Hungary and all the other insignia of royalty. They are guarded by a captain and sixty veteran grenadiers, placed under the orders of two supreme guards, who are chosen by the King and the Diet from amongst the first nobles in the country. There is another relic preserved in the church of St. John at Buda with religious care—the arm of St. Stephen. On the 20th of August, in each year, all the great dignitaries of the country, civil and military, assemble in the church to assist at the ceremony of the coronation and of the death of this great man.

All these reminiscences of the ancient glory of their country excite the courage of the people, and infuse into them high and chivalrous feelings of nationality. The peasant, as he jogs to the market, hums with lively voice,—

"*Till Magyar, all Buda meg.*"
"The Magyar lives still, for
Buda still is standing"

Never was there a people harder to bow down by misfortune than the Magyars. Their implicit confidence in the power of individual valour leads them to hope against the most unpromising prospects. Forsaken they may be, but it is impossible to cast them down. They unite, in a singular contrast, a calm goodness of heart and an irritability of temperament which the most trifling cause rouses to action. Liberal and generous towards their adversaries, they have never abused the confidence they may repose in them. Faithful to their religious creed under every vicissitude of fortune, they have fulfilled the duties it imposes without feebleness and without ostentation.

Every religious reform which has taken root amongst them has found its chief support in the progressive character of the people, and their ardent love for nationality, not in the impulse of a blind fanaticism. The adoption of protestantism shews above all the desire of Hungary to separate herself from Austria, an absorbing Catholic power. It is for this reason that it has been called *Magyar Vallas*, the Magyar faith, and the men who profess it have been at all times distinguished by the greatest toleration for their neighbours of a different faith. Although modern civilisation has made great progress amongst the inhabitants of the towns, the peasantry remain much as they were when the Turks took Buda. Their usages may be less refined than those of Western Europe, but they are purer and more dignified. For them their own country is the height of perfection and the height of happiness. Tied, as it were, to the soil on which they were born, the Hungarians are seldom found in foreign countries until the late misfortunes have driven out so many of them. To them there is peace and safety nowhere but in their own country. Hence the proverb—"Out of Hungary there is no life; or, if there is life, it is altogether of another kind."



PRINCESS RAKOCZI (HELENA).

MIGNIONETTE.

BY MISS H. M. RATHBONE.

CHAPTER II.

It seemed as if the idea of losing the privilege of watching over Mignionette caused Mr. Ross to redouble his attentions. He called twice daily, and thought of everything that could contribute to her comfort during the long stage-coach journey from Durham to London, bringing air-cushions of different shapes, a high foot-stool of his own contrivance, whose hollow inside held the various cordials and condiments which he thought might be necessary, and providing Mrs. Wright with abundance of cloak-wrappings, interesting books to read to her patient, and letters of introduction to the great London doctor, to a lady friend, whom he fancied would be a comfort to both the travellers, and to the mistress of the lodgings which he had engaged for them. The good schoolmistress wondered whether Mignionette had any suspicions of the young surgeon's sentiments, and, anxious to know before they set out, she said to her, on the eve of their departure, "Mignionette, if you recover your sight, you will owe it to Mr. Ross, for I am sure he saved your life in the fever, and that we should never have ventured to undertake this long journey without his help and encouragement."

"I do, indeed, owe him more than I can ever repay, mother, and I wish we had anything to give him that he would care for when he comes to take leave of us this evening. Don't you think, as it is getting late, that I had better go to bed before he comes, and then he can see me upstairs?"

"No, my dear, unless you feel too tired to stay, I think you had better remain where you are awhile longer." For Mrs. Wright, whose serious anxiety could not prevent her from admiring Mignionette's personal appearance just then, thought she was now looking so very pretty in her nicely-frilled white dressing-gown, her pink-bowed little cap, and her pale, sweet face, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, that she did not like that Mr. Ross should not also have the pleasure of seeing her on the sofa, while Mignionette had her own reasons for wishing a different arrangement, but she dared not say more.

A knock was soon heard, and Phœbe showed in not only Mr. Ross, but Edward Allingham, who had both come to spend this evening with their friends—a circumstance which embarrassed Mignionette, who wished to speak to the former alone; and she felt pained to see him looking so depressed, though as assiduous as ever in trying to keep up her spirits. But it was a difficult task to all the party that night to seem cheerful, and it afforded a seasonable relief, by giving them something to laugh at, when Phœbe, who had cried herself nearly blind the two preceding days, and who thought good eating a panacea for all misfortunes, brought in an extraordinary supper of her own contrivance, and enough to feast a dozen guests. The visitors both took something to please the kind-hearted old servant, and then rose to say farewell, Allingham bidding adieu with expressions of evidently heartfelt hopes, which the rest did not experience, and a sort of happy, though feeling, manner, which contrasted strongly with the irrepressible agitation of Ross.

"[redacted] I not forget me?" the latter said, in a low tone, as he held her hand [redacted] to part with it,

"Oh, no! no! do I not owe everything to you?—and I promise that you shall be the first to hear if any good befalls me."

She could say no more; and the young surgeon, afraid of exciting emotions which might be injurious to her, commanded himself so as to take leave without any further expression of his feelings.

The next day he sent to ask Mrs. Wright particularly how she seemed, but he did not appear himself until just in time to silently hand them into the coach, and after one low "God bless you, Mignionette!" to return home and dream of what life would be in the future if this fair girl were his companion.

Allingham could not leave his school to pay this parting compliment, and lavished his cares upon Mrs. Wright's favourite dog, which she had confided to his charge in preference to that of Mr. Ross, because the latter had no garden, and could not, she knew, take the dog out on his professional rounds.

The two friends continued to meet occasionally at the three plane-trees, but less frequently as winter approached; and in November Allingham was taken so ill, that his friend spent almost every evening and most part of every night at Hyde; nor could he feel at all astonished at Edward's attack when he found him sleeping with only one blanket in a room without a fire, a broken window, badly mended with paper, and the temperature almost at freezing-point. These pressing wants were soon supplied, and, in answer to his repeated inquiries, Allingham told him how it came to pass that he was in such a destitute condition, a communication which seemed to throw a cloud over his friend; and their intercourse, without Edward's knowing why, henceforth became less intimate, though not less kindly.

At length, after anxiously watching the post for more than three weeks, a few lines from Mrs. Wright conveyed the joyful intelligence that Mignionette's sight was restored, and that she was going on as well as possible. In the first tumult of his joy, Ross thought he would write to Mignionette at once and offer her his hand and heart; but on the whole, waiting for the sweet possibility, he preferred of acceptance from her own lips, and, though he wrote to Mrs. Wright, he once more refrained from betraying his sentiments.

The Rector, Allingham, old Dr. Hope, and many others, wrote then to Mrs. Wright or Mignionette to congratulate them on the great blessing which had been vouchsafed them; and a fortnight later, on the day the travellers were expected at Evesham, a crowd of persons had assembled round the school-house, when the coach drove up, and the clear, liquid young voices of eighty children sang one of their prettiest hymns as Mignionette entered the house, looking brighter and lovelier than ever.

Again did Ross and Allingham hasten to spend a pleasant evening with these dear friends, and rejoice with them in their happiness; and a few nights later the former came by himself, and, taking the opportunity when Mrs. Wright had left the room, he told his love, and entreated Mignionette to set the seal on his happiness by pronouncing that magic word, which he fondly hoped was to herald years of peaceful bliss.

"Oh, Mr. Ross, what can I say? It must seem so ungrateful to refuse the only request you have ever made me, and, oh! I am so very sorry that you ever saw me, for I cannot do what you wish—it is impossible! and yet—and yet—"

"Mignionette!" said Ross quietly, though he looked deadly pale, "answer me truly—why is it impossible? Do you love some one else? Can it be that I have so deceived myself, and that you do not care for me?"

"Oh, I esteem you, and prize your friendship more dearly than words can tell!"

"Then you love some one else? Answer me, Mignionette."

"Yes!"

There was a long silence, which the poor girl thought would never end, and then Ross took her hand, and kissing it many times, quitted the house without another word.

Mrs. Wright's displeasure was at first considerable, and sadly increased Mignionette's distress, who wept bitterly, as she thought of all she owed her faithful medical friend, and the great pain which she had been compelled to inflict upon him. But the schoolmistress thought so highly of Edward Allingham, that when she learned that he had won the young girl's first affections, and that, having at the close of the present year purchased his mother's annuity, he would in future be able to devote the whole of his salary to Mignionette, and support her comfortably, she soon gave way, and made her child feel as happy as she could under the sense of what Ross must go through on her account, by a glad and free consent.

It was many months before Mignionette and the young surgeon met again; not that he had withdrawn his friendship, or ceased to feel an interest in her, but the trial of renewed intercourse to his own feelings was too great to be borne for a much longer period to come. Neither did his intimacy cease with Allingham, but rather became deepened, and he took a generous pleasure in contributing to the furnishing of his friend's house, and in providing a small, good-toned piano-forte, as his own especial present to Mignionette.

That he should decline attending the marriage, excited no wonder; but after it had taken place, both Edward and Mignionette felt deeply the loss of his society, and did all that lay in their power to induce him to come to Hyde; while Mrs. Wright, who thought him acting unwisely as time went on, spoke still more freely to him, and tried to rouse him from the state of apathetic misery into which he had sunk. Their endeavours all seemed useless, and he refused to visit Mignionette when she was ill the following autumn.

Nor did the birth of a little daughter to his friend, some time afterwards, exert any influence in changing his determination. At church, in the market-place, and in the street, he now and then saw Mignionette, when he would shake hands with her warmly, remark how fine the day was, and disappear before she could reply; and so matters went on until the baby was just twelve months old, and beginning to suffer from teething. It was Christmas eve, when the anxious parents in much distress were bending over the crib of their first-born, and forced to acknowledge in bitter anguish that its feeble frame seemed sinking under a feverish state of things that had succeeded a violent attack of croup the preceding week.

"Edward," said Mignionette, "though Dr. Hope is a clever man in his way, he is not so young and ready to improve upon old ways as he once was; and you may think it strange, but I can't help fancying that he is not treating baby rightly. She seems to me very weak, and as if she needed nourishment instead of so much calomel and antimony."

"You may be right, love; but what shall we do? Would you like me to call in the doctor from Cole-Orton?"

"Oh, no, Edward! I have more faith in Mr. Ross than in anyone else, and I think he would not refuse to come if he knew that your baby, that *my* baby, was dangerously ill."

This last word overset her composure, and her husband, to reassure her, immediately wrote a note to request his friend's good offices, and old Phœbe, who was helping Mignionette to nurse the child, said she would take it quicker than anyone else could, whose heart was not in the business like hers.

Having no other messenger readily at hand, Allingham thanked her and let her go, little thinking how soon she would return.

By a stroke of good fortune, as Phœbe afterwards declared, she found Mr. Ross visiting a patient in the village, and in twenty minutes after she had left the school-house, he stood beside the sick child; and, asking a few questions in his customary clear rapid way, he immediately gave fresh directions, and himself administered food and medicine. Without knowing what Mignionette's opinion had been regarding Dr. Hope's treatment, he changed it at once, and giving it small doses of some mild soothing medicine, alternating with beef-tea and chicken-broth, he succeeded in a few hours in procuring a slight alteration for the better. During that long night, sitting in the closest communion of thought, feeling, and interest, which can engage human beings, and talking to Mignionette as if they had never been separated, he was surprised to find how completely his sentiments towards her seemed to undergo a change. His seeing her look so much older, and engaged in the fulfilment of a wife's and mother's duties, so realised the irrevocable barrier between any nearer connection, and altered their mutual relations, that he soon felt he could henceforth visit Hyde without risking his own peace or her comfort. Cold and frosty broke the morning of Christmas-day, and the pale sunshine found the watchers still uncertain whether the child would live, and the hour for service was approaching, when Ross, laying his hand on that of Mignionette, said—

"A change has taken place in the last twenty minutes—the baby is better—indeed, I think it is out of danger."

Allingham clasped her in his arms in great agitation, as he murmured, "Thank God, thank God, for so great a mercy!" and wringing the hand of Ross, the latter, with a lightened heart, and feeling more happy than he had ever expected to do again, went away to see after his other patients; even able to think it possible that he too might some time enjoy the blessings of wife and children, provided only, he could meet with some one as good and as lovely as sweet Mignionette.

WHITFIELD'S ELOQUENCE.—Of English preachers Whitfield was far the first. Many have surpassed him as sermon-makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. His influence was the same whether addressing the most learned or the rudest auditory. Garrick used to weep, and Hume said he was worth going twenty miles to hear. But the greatest proof of his power is, that he could gather and keep around him in awed silence the whole of Bartholomew Fair. For a time in England he was decried and abused, caricatured by Hogarth, and ridiculed by Foote; but he soon lived down such hostility by the nobility and blamelessness of his character, as well as by the wonderful effects of his eloquence and zeal. Since Cowper's worthy panegyric of him, as has been the case with Bunyan also, men of taste and learning have forborne to speak of the great Methodist preacher otherwise than with admiration and praise.

LORD JEFFREY.

In the days when "George the Third was King," the *Edinburgh Review* was a great fact. All writers tremblingly waited its decisions. From them there was no appeal. We live in other times now. The reading public has risen in intelligence, and cares less for the verdict of the critic. Consequently, to us the *Edinburgh* can never be what it was to our fathers.

The proud position the *Edinburgh* gained, undoubtedly was in no small degree due to its editor, Lord Jeffrey. The story of his life may be briefly told. He was the eldest son of George Jeffrey, Esq., one of the Court of Session in Scotland, by his wife, the daughter of a Mr. Loudoun, of Lanarkshire, and was born in Edinburgh on the 23rd of October, 1773. He was educated at the High School of his native city, and at Glasgow University, but completed his university education at Queen's College, Oxford. In 1794 he was called to the Bar, where he soon became distinguished for the vigour of his eloquence and the wit and boldness of his invective. He attended debating clubs—spoke with readiness and knowledge;—and with no other introduction than his own talents, formed the acquaintance, at the Speculative Society, of Sir Walter Scott, then a young man busy with his "Minstrelsy," and of the Rev. Sydney Smith and Lord Brougham, both ardent for distinction in the Church and at the Bar. Acquaintanceship soon ripened into intimacy; and at a late supper after a debate at the Speculative Society the *Edinburgh Review* was projected by Smith, and approved of by Jeffrey and Lord Brougham. Assistants were soon found; and in October, 1802, appeared the first number of the new periodical, under the editorial care of the Rev. Sydney Smith—its original projector, as he is called by Lord Jeffrey, "and long," he adds, "its brightest ornament."

The success of the new Review was beyond the expectation of its founders—and after a few numbers, beyond all precedent in publications of a similar nature. Nor is this to be wondered at when we look at the character and variety of its articles, and contrast its vigour and wit with the tame productions of any publication then at all approaching it in matter or in manner. The new Review contained the views and thoughts, most fearlessly expressed, of a young and vigorous set of thinkers, on some of the most important subjects of the day, connected with politics, religion, jurisprudence, and literature. The writers flew at all kinds of game:—nor was it difficult to see from the first (what was indeed obvious afterwards) that the politics of the Whig school gave a turn and colour to the whole character of the Review. "The Review," said Jeffrey, "has but two legs to stand on: literature no doubt, is one of them—but its *right* leg is politics."

Mr. Sydney Smith was the editor of the first three numbers; and would, no doubt, have continued his editorial care, had not his views of promotion in the Church called him away from Edinburgh to London. On Mr. Smith's retirement, Mr. Jeffrey took his place; which he continued to fill without interruption till late in the year 1829, when he was elected to the office of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates—a judicial appointment of distinction at the Scottish Bar, hardly to be held, it was thought, in conjunction with the editorship of a party Review. He continued, however, to write occasionally, not on politics it is understood, but on literary subjects, from which his judicial functions could not be held by any means to have excluded him.

His retirement from literature as a part of his profession gave him fresh opportunities of distinction in his original pursuit of the law, and in the line of politics to which he seems to have been especially partial. He was elected member of Parliament for his native city—was listened to in the House more for his reputation's sake, and for what he *might* say, than for anything that he said, or for his manner of delivery:—and soon growing weary of attendance even in a "Reformed House" (to which he had so long looked forward, and which he had in a great measure contributed to bring about), he asked from Lord Melbourne (1841) what he had long coveted—a seat on the Scottish Bench—received the appointment, and retired to Edinburgh and the beautiful scenery of Craigcrook.

A few further particulars of his life may not be thought unimportant. He was chosen in 1821 Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; was twice married, first to the daughter

of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of St. Andrew's, and secondly, to the daughter of Charles Wilkes, Esq., of New York, grand-niece of the famous Wilkes "and *Liberty*." Let us add (what future ages will no doubt care to know), that he was swarthy in countenance and diminutive in stature.

Lord Jeffrey is to be looked on as an editor and as an author, not as a Dean of Faculty or even as a Judge. "Envy must own" that he conducted the *Edinburgh Review* with admirable tact and skill, and that he showed great judgment as to the writers whom he brought about him. He was well supported by men like Sydney Smith, Mackintosh, Brougham, Horner, Allen, and Hazlitt. His subjects were well chosen for the time, and generally maintained consistent principles both in politics and in taste; but his great object, it should not be concealed, was to attract attention and to draw readers. We are not, however, to tax him with all the editorial errors of the Review. Let us remember his own apologetical defence to Sir Walter Scott, that he was a "feudal monarch who had but slender control over his greater barons, and really could not prevent them from occasionally waging little private wars upon griefs or resentments of their own."

Lord Jeffrey's position as editor led him now and then into more than one unpleasant quarrel. Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge seldom spoke of him except in terms of hatred and contempt; and his memorable duel at Chalk-farm, in 1806, with Mr. Moore, partly occasioned by a clever application of a passage in Spenser to Tom Little's Poems, will long be remembered by the "Little's leadless pistol" of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and the contemporary epigram which ends—

"They only fire blank cartridge in Reviews."

The quarrels with the Lake school were never made up; but the author of "Little's Poems" and the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* were afterwards reconciled, and the critic even courted by a friendly dedication.

The great defect in Lord Jeffrey's editorship of the *Edinburgh Review* was his short-sightedness in appreciating the merits of Scott, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others. He praised Scott for a time, but a cold notice of "Marmion" threw the future novelist into the arms of the *Quarterly Review*.

We are now to look on Lord Jeffrey as an author:—and it is somewhat singular, we may observe, of one who has written so much, that he is not an author in any other sense than as a critic in a review. This cannot be said of any of his leading associates, or of any of the opposition writers in the *Quarterly*, or indeed of any other writer who has exercised one half the influence in literature that Mr. Jeffrey possessed. His legal as well as his editorial duties must, it is true, have left him very little time for anything else:—and we are not, perhaps, to suppose that he was without the ambition of being an author, or that he wanted leisure for the due consideration of any subject of importance. We may attribute more justly his not appearing as an author in his own person to an unwillingness to endanger his high reputation by the production of a separate work, and to some fear of the "wounded great" who were ready to ask him on all sides and with every kind of weapon. He is, therefore, to be judged by the four volumes of his "Essays," or contributions to the Review, which he was induced to collect and revise in the year 1843. These volumes, he tells us, form less than a third of what he wrote in the Review; but they, no doubt, embrace his best productions—those, in short, by which he was willing to stand. His friends would have made a somewhat different selection; one that would have represented the history of his mind and opinion, and that would have thrown more light on the history of critical judgment in this country than can be gathered from his volumes as they at present stand.

These "Essays," it must be confessed, are not very remarkable productions. They are little distinguished for subtlety of opinion, nicety of disquisition, or even beauty of style. Though printed uniformly with the contributions to the same Review of Sydney Smith and Mr. Macaulay, they have not made the same impression on the public mind, nor been read with the same avidity. So that, while the essays of Mr. Smith and Mr. Macaulay are now in fourth editions, the public have been content till very recently with a single impression of Lord Jeffrey. Yet his "Essays" will more than repay perusal. His paper on Swift is the best elucidation of the Dean's character that we have yet received:—while his articles on Penn and the Quakers exhibit qualities of mind not easily to be found in authors of even greater celebrity.

CONQUEST THROUGH LABOUR.

WORKERS for men, whoe'er you are,
No matter what your sphere,
Who still for human progress war,
And bow with hearts sincere
Before the heavens' high arching dome
Of Light and Truth, and God the home—

Take courage! brief as is our life,
And though our task be great,
Our strength is equal to the strife,
And we shall yet defeat
The foes that stop man's upward road
To holiest freedom's high abode.

Around us countless millions bend
O'er dull mechanic toil,
Their labour's best and highest end
Grim Poverty to foil,
That, wolf-like, still pursues their way,
With dread persistance, day by day.

Within their minds, chill, bleak, and dead,
There dwells no inner sight—
No intellectual sun-rays shed
Their vivifying light;
A polar winter ever keeps
Its empire in those gloomy deeps.

From glorious Shakspere's words there shines
No orb to light their sky,
While Milton's brave and god-like lines
Pass unregarded by.
They never wake to find their souls,
Yet Life to Death unceasing rolls.

What then? Although the night be dark,
And our worn courage droop,
We wait not for the morning lark,
But still, upborne by hope,
And strong in faith that scorns delay,
We hasten on the coming day.

Yon flower, whose sweetness lures the bees,
And sheds its perfume round,
So frail, it quivers in the breeze,
And vibrates with a sound,
Wrought through the earth its skyward course
By resolute and constant force.

Green vales and gentle slopes arise,
Upon old ocean's breast;
Like brightest stars in clearest skies,
They in their beauty rest;
And, strong as beautiful, they form
A sure protection from the storm.

Those isles beneath the restless waves,
Minutest insects reared—
Myriads of builders filled their graves
Ere the first peaks appeared—
Peaks that the sun migh tip with gold,
Firm rock where shifting waters rolled.

Do not these things a lesson teach
Of patience, courage, power?
Though far from land, we're sure to reach
The distant hoped-for shore.
If to our work we prove but true,
There's nothing that we may not do.

Our earth shall yet an aspect wear
Of nobleness and truth,
When all shall human life revere,
Wise age and earnest youth;
And the old Eden less be known
Than that which shall the Future crown.

HOME—SWEET HOME!

In the daily papers we have just seen an account of a meeting of the workmen of the metropolis for the purpose of putting down the brewers' monstrous monopoly. One of the speakers suggested that the workmen present should drink less beer; that with the money thus saved they might raise capital and start a brewery on their own account. The suggestion, so far as it went to the saving of money and its power as capital, was a good one; but the hint to the workmen to start a brewery on their own account was of a very different character. Workmen can make a better use of their savings. Nor do they need breweries, nor the strong drink made in them. No class of men feel the ill effects of strong drink more bitterly than workmen. When the husband is an intemperate character, the happiness of the family is gone for ever; home is robbed of all its charms. When the wife and mother has unhappily adopted the same fatal practice, the curse weighs more heavily still. We read of poverty and wretchedness — of mutual recrimination—and too often of a cruel brutality that ends in death.



The picture is a melancholy one, but the worst feature in it is that it arises necessarily from the compulsory and social customs of working men. They make the transition easy from what is called good companionship to habitual intemperance. The punctual and obliging youth by them is made a sot. The results are — idleness—loss of time and money—want of punctuality, dispatch, ingenuity, contrivance, trustworthiness, and other qualities, so desirable to a working man. The victim stays away from work because he has been drinking; gradually his master becomes tired out; the man gets the "sack," and for the rest of his life he becomes a prey to rags and poverty and want.

Such instances, we fear, are far too common, and our artist has selected one of them. In this melancholy picture there is a history involved, which, if fully revealed, would make our hearts ache. Here we have an operative or mechanic dismissed from work for drunkenness. He is probably a good workman, and could earn high wages; and his master, knowing his value as an artisan, has borne with him until all patience is exhausted, and at last is literally compelled to send him away. But this is not all; his miserable wife is evidently a partaker of his sin. Look at her dress, her countenance, and that disgusting pipe in her mouth; and yet she is a mother, and has an innocent baby in her bosom, whom she is nourishing from her breast, although she has spent the money which would have supplied it with shoes and stockings, and other warm clothing. The prospects of the child of such a father and mother, and especially its future life, should it arrive at mature years, are too dreary for us to anticipate; we tremble to survey its hereafter, either in time or eternity.

We have under our eye a case which just illustrates this representation, and shows that the artist has not been guilty of the least exaggeration. The young man to whom we refer was, when a youth, remarkably steady, and though he often went to the alehouse to fetch home his drunken father, yet always refused to taste strong drink. We should say that his father was once the member of a Christian Church and his mother, who is lately gone to heaven, was eminently pious. The boy received a good education, his friends were respectable, there he learnt his business, and became a very superior workman. But, alas! the love of strong drink by degrees prevailed, and until at last he settled down in absolute drunkenness. His increasing drunkenness for liquor led him to a little low ale-house, and here he became fascinated with the landlord's daughter, and eventually took her "for better and for worse."

The last place we should recommend a young man to go to for a wife is a gin palace, a tavern, or an inn. The bodies and minds of such women have generally been deeply polluted. Of course they have been educated in the school of strong drink, and the company they have had to associate with has been of the most immoral character. "Filthiness, foolish talking, jesting, blasphemy," and "other things which are not convenient," are the discourse which they have been doomed to hear. Well, the lass referred to above came from one of these academies of Satan, and is now a degraded a drunkard as her husband. Two or three children they have drunk into the grave, and the one they have left has no prospect for the present or the future world. Hundreds of masters would be glad to have this young

THE WORKING M

of th
day
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s

orkman, because he is such an excellent hand. As
again has he been employed, but his drunke but
caused him to be dismissed. We lately saw hi for
vice of an employer who would gladly have m elf, his
foreman, transferred the whole management o ce they
business to his hands, and have paid him first-rate wage y. How
he continued the slave of his old vice, and was sent ch
his drunkenness; and now, while we write, both hin cannot help
wife, and child, would be starving, but for the pitt vails.
can obtain from the parish, or the hand of cha efit of all our
painful is the thought that we have myriads of ery young man
our country at the present time, and which w man of rags and
nor relieve so long as the love of these liquors r and had as good

We have given the picture above for the bo in his present por-
readers, but especially for the young. To e your folly, or have
we would say—Look at this scene. That it you could imagine
wretchedness was once as merry as you perience has taught
prospects. Could you then have shown h ot debasing, degrading,
trait, he would either have laughed at physically, socially, men-
burnt with indignation at the thought tha s cannot effect, and we
him capable of ever sinking so low. But it is in the entire disuse
is that there is nothing in the way f ursing, and ruining mankind, both also say—Do you see that
ally, and morally, which strong dri her bosom, and the pipe in
feel persuaded that the only safegu believe that she is one of the
of these poisons.

To young women we would for some parts of her filthy dress,
unsexed being with the infant the inhabitant of a savage land.
her mouth? You can hard e, and much less a Christian, unless a
daughters of England. But —the flower of the village. And yet it is probable that once she
he would rather pass for her innocence, her bridal attire, and her
There is scarcely a femin promising a youth, were matters of gene-
nent in her features. ngratulations, and applause; and who then
was a fine young wom day of her wedding, at a change so vicious, so foul, so disgusting,
happy union with s place? But the husband became fond of
al conversation, c ered at the public-house; the wife went after
lared to dream th st stayed out for hours in the wind and the rain
would ever tak ome. Then she waxed bold enough to enter, by
drink, and loit took the glass and sat down by his side, till at
him, and at fi f-respect was gone, all hope fled, and now she
o lead him a at our artist has represented. One of the worst
nd by she in the scene is, that she seems content with her lot.
ast all se er a pipe and plenty of strong drink, and she asks for
all th g more. Her only Eden or heaven is in the wretched-
atures of debauchery. Some, who have studied human nature,
ave h us, that to raise a debased man is hard, but to elevate a
othi cious woman is ten thousand times harder. And as preven-
ess tion is so much better than cure, we would press the prin-
ll ciples of temperance on all, but especially on the attention of
young women.'

CHEVALIER CLAUSSEN'S FLAX-WORKS.

All the world at this time has heard of the improvement made in the manufacture of flax by the Chevalier Claussen. In the beginning of December of this present year his flax-works at Stepney-green were opened to public inspection. The following is a brief account of what the Chevalier has done:—

His invention may be classified under the following heads:—The preparation of long flax for the linen manufacturer; the conversion of flax and hemp into substances resembling cotton, wool, and silk, capable of being spun and manufactured upon existing machinery; and bleaching vegetable fibres, yarns, and fabrics. It must be understood, before giving a brief description of the different processes employed, that Chevalier Claussen's patent terminates with the chemical part, and that his object is to produce flax and cotton (that is, a substance resembling cotton) in a state fitted for the operation of the existing flax, cotton, or woollen machinery. To comprehend the advantages of the invention, we must allude occasionally to the present system employed. At present the flax-straw is steeped in streams or pits of water. By these means it is fermented, and the woody part separated from the fibre. This process occupies from ten to twelve days, and great care has to be observed to prevent the fermentation being carried to too great a height, in which case the fibre itself would be partially destroyed. To shorten the time, steeping in hot water has also been tried, and the separation has been effected in 60 hours, but the risk of injuring the fibre is perhaps augmented. The straw of the flax is of course lost, and the operation tedious. Chevalier Claussen, by his method, takes the flax-straw as it comes from the field, but he proposes that the farmer should mechanically separate the straw from the fibre by the use of a very simple machine, which pounds or breaks the straw, and effects their separation; this reduces the substance to one-half its bulk, and the straw may be returned to the soil, or, mixed with cake, crushed seed, &c., be used as cattle-food. Now, the stem of the plant consists of three parts—the shove or wood, the pure fibre, and the gum, resin, or glutinous matter which causes these fibres to adhere together. The first has been got rid of by the farmer by the process described, and it remains to remove the third constituent, namely, the glutinous substances. Chevalier Claussen contends that the present system of steeping in water, either hot or cold, will not effect this, as a large portion of them are insoluble in water; but he has recourse to chemical agents. The fibre is either boiled in weak caustic soda for two hours, or steeped in a cold solution for 24 hours. It is then "soured" in a bath consisting of 500 parts of water to one of sulphuric acid, washed, dried, and further cleaned, scutched, and so on, through the ordinary modes of manufacture. The flax obtained in this way, being free from all colouring matters, may be bleached afterwards with greater ease, and, as the plant need not be cut till ripe, the grower has the advantage of fully ripened seed, and a greater weight per acre of pure fibre. It is calculated that from four tons of flax straw, one of fibre may be obtained. From this 15 per cent. of long fibre is prepared by the method described, leaving 75 per cent., which, with a further reduction of 15 per cent. in the ensuing processes, may be converted into 60 per cent. of flax-cotton, at a value of £56 per ton. On the old system five tons of straw will yield one of fibre, from which also 15 per cent. of long fibre may be obtained, but the remainder is not worth more than £7 a ton. We will now pass to the most interesting part of Chevalier Claussen's invention—the conversion of this 75 per cent. of fibre into a substance resembling cotton. The fibre is first cut into short lengths by a circular-knived cutting-machine. The appliances for the metamorphosis of flax into cotton are very simple, consisting of four wooden vats, containing solutions which will presently be named, and an open wooden box, or cage, rather, made of strip of wood, which, by means of a rope and blocks, is suspended from a small carriage running along a transverse beam overhead and thus can be lowered and raised, successively into and from the four vats. The cage, being partly filled with the cut flax or wast "tow," is lowered into the first vat, containing a solution of col water, and 10 per cent. of common carbonate of soda. It remain in this about a quarter of an hour, by which time the liquid ha permeated by capillary attraction every part of the small tube The cage is then hoisted up and lowered into the next vat, con taming one part of sulphuric acid to 200 parts of water. Th acid, by its superior affinity to soda, forms a sulphate of soda wit it, and liberates the carbonic acid, which in its escape acts mecha nically by its elastic force, and separates the fine flax filamen from each other. Mr. Hudson, in his report to the Royal Ag cultural Society on this experiment, explains the action ve graphically. He says, "The flax fibre soaked in the solution sub-carbonate of soda was no sooner immersed in the ve containing the acidulated water than its character became at on changed from that of a damp rigid aggregation of flax to a lig expansive mass of cottony texture, increasing in size like leavenn dough or an expanding sponge." It is then immersed in a seco bath of carbonate of soda solution, and if only required to be us in an unbleached state, may be washed and dried. If, however, is to be bleached, it is immersed in a fourth vat, containing a sol tion of hypochlorite of magnesia, and in about fifteen minu attains the colour, as in a previous similar time it had acquired t texture, of cotton. In fact, it goes in brown flax, and in less th one hour comes out white cotton. It is then washed, drained baskets, dried in cakes, hanging across iron horses in stoves heat to 98 deg. Fahr., and is then ready to be tortured by "devilling "combing," and all the other operations incidental to cott manufacture. The time of draining and drying is not more th twelve to fifteen hours, so that the whole process, from the ti

the flax is brought to the pounding-machine to when it is converted into a cotton similar to, say, a bale just landed from America, allowing the cold-steeping process, would not exceed 48 hours. Chevalier Claussen affirms that this "British cotton" may be manufactured as low as 2½d. per lb., which would readily sell for 4d or 6d. per lb; and to show the field open to flax-growers, gives the following statistics of importation in his paper read before the Royal Agricultural Society. The value of flax fibre imported he places at £5,000,000; seed for crushing, £1,800,000; seed for sowing, £200,000; oil-cake, £600,000; and hemp, £1 500,000, making a total amount of £9,100,000. With regard to the profits of cultivation, Mr. Druce, on a piece of land in Oxfordshire, found it amount to £8 6s. 2d per acre on 5a 2r 36p grown in flax Chevalier Claussen, in his pamphlet on the subject, adduces at length the different advantages, and combats the different objections against flax cultivation, and points out the superiority of his process over any of those already used, but even an enumeration of them, beyond what we have said, would occupy too much space, and as the further processes of manufacture do not belong to his invention, we will, having brought flax into the state used by manufacturers, and, by further change, into the state of an American bale of cotton just landed on our shores, conclude our description.

THE MORAL EVILS OF WEALTH Orville Dewey says I am obliged to regard with considerable distrust the influence of wealth upon individuals I know that it is a mere instrument, which may be converted to good or bad ends, but I more than doubt whether the chances lead that way Independence and luxury are not likely to be good for any man Leisure and luxury are almost always bad for every man I know that there are noble exceptions But I have seen so much of the evil effects of wealth upon the mind making it proud, haughty, and impatient—robbing it of its simplicity, modesty, and humility—bereaving it of its large, and gentle, and considerate humanity, and I have heard such testimonies, such astonishing testimonies to the same effect, from those whose profession it is to settle and adjust the affairs of large estates, that I more and more distrust its boasted advantages, I deny the validity of that boast In truth, I am sick of the world's admiration of wealth Almost all the noblest things that have been achieved in the world have been achieved by poor men—poor scholars and profound men—poor statesmen and artists—poor philosophers, and poets, and men of genius It does appear to me that there is a certain sturdiness and sobriety, a certain moderation and restraint, a certain pressure of circumstances that is good for a man His body was not made for luxuries it sickens, sinks, and dies under them His mind was not made for indulgence—it grows weak, effeminate, and dwarfish under them It is good for us to bear the yoke—and it is especially good to bear the yoke in our youth I am persuaded that many children are injured by too much attention, too much care, and by too many servants at home, too many lessons at school, too many indulgences in society, they are not left sufficiently to exert their own powers, to invent their own amusements, to make their own way—they are often insufficient and unhappy—they lack ingenuity and energy—because they are taken out of the school of Providence and placed in one which our own foolish fondness and pride have built for them Wealth, without a law of entail to help it, has always lacked the energy even to keep its own treasures—they drop from its imbecile hand. What an extraordinary revolution in domestic life is that which, in this respect, is present d to us all over the world! A man, trained in the school of industry and frugality, acquires a large estate, his children possibly keep it, but the third generation almost inevitably goes down the rolling wheel of fortune, and there learns the energy necessary to rise again. And yet we are, almost all of us, anxious to put our children, or to ensure that our grandchildren shall be put, on this road to indulgence, vice, degradation, and ruin This excessive desire for, and admiration of, wealth, is one of the worst traits in our modern civilisation We are, if I may say so, in an unfortunate dilemma in this matter. Our political civilisation has opened the way for multitudes to wealth, and created an insatiable desire for it; but our mental civilisation has not gone far enough to make a right use of it

LITERARY NOTICES.

MR CASSELL announces, in answer to numerous inquiries, that by permission of the Postmaster General the "French Lessons" can now be had through the Post-office, on receipt of seven postage-stamps.

On January 3, 1852, will be published by John Cassell, price Twopence, the First Number of a New Series of "The Illustrated Exhibitor," under the title of

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This work, though published at so small a price, will greatly surpass everything that has yet appeared, even at double the sum The Engravings will form a Gallery of Fine Art The first artists in the world will be employed upon them and the printing, and all the details, will be executed with the greatest care, a new Printing Establishment being fitted up expressly for the purpose of bringing out this New Series of THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR The First Number will be ready with the Magazines for January, 1852 Monthly Parts, price 8d., or, when Five Numbers 10d each

THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART will not only form a Gallery of Fine and Illustrations, but will also contain admirably-written articles on a variety of subjects interesting and instructive to all classes, arranged under the following heads —

I *Works of the Great Masters* —Copies of the most celebrated Works of the Great Masters of all Nations in Painting, Sculpture, and other branches of Art

II *The Portrait Gallery* which will be enriched with Biographical sketches and Reminiscences The portraits will be engraved with the greatest care by first-rate artists, and together with the biographies, will prove of deep interest and profit

III *Historical Events* —Each article will be accompanied by a splendid Engraving As the most striking events in the history of other nations, as well as our own will be included, this will prove a medium for the communication of much valuable and instructive information

IV *Architecture* This department will comprise the finest specimens of Architecture of Europe including the cathedrals and other ecclesiastical buildings of England and the Continent Norman castles, noble residences public institutions and other buildings possessing claims to architectural taste and beauty

Useful Discoveries, Inventions, and Improvements —This department will embrace a vast range of subjects, and as the articles will be illustrated in practical style and illustrated and explained by suitable drawings and engravings it will be deeply interesting to all who desire information on such subjects, but especially to mechanics and mechanics

VI *The Principal Manufactories and Laboratories of England and the World* — Under this grand object of the recent Exhibition the Industry of All Nations will be fully carried out—namely, *the development of the Useful Invention* It will include minute descriptions of the various processes by which the raw materials with which the earth abounds are made to supply the necessities, and to minister to the comforts and elegancies of life The Literary Illustrations will be numerous, and the descriptions will be written in a truly educational style such as to convey instruction and entertainment to family and general readers

VII *Local and Domestic Scenes* —These will include some of those events which occur in our towns and in familiar life, which are well deserving a place and which admit of beautiful pictorial illustration such as to make them ornamental to the internal arrangements, of Government establishments and domestic life, &c &c

VIII *Remembrances of the Great Exhibition*—consisting of Pictorial and Literary illustrations of the most interesting objects in Art and Science for which object would not be found in Volume the First Although THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR retains a larger and more choice selection of the valuable illustrations the World's Fair has been ever before exhibited yet the various and unique articles still to be introduced will be found worthy the reader's attention

IX *The Ladies' Department* —This curious and useful portion of the work will be under the superintendence of one of the principal *femmes de chambre* of the day, and will be made peculiarly acceptable to female readers as it will be accompanied by a series of illustrations of the most useful and elegant designs in embroidery and every kind of ornamental needlework the latest fashions in dress, &c., &c.

It must be obvious to the most casual observer that the specimens of art and manufacture recently collected in the Great Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations have wonderfully improved the taste of all classes of the community, and have inspired them with a love of the beautiful, a [illegible] which no lecturer or books, however well written, could possibly have done The object of the ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART will be to combine lucid writing and pictorial illustration, adorning itself at once to the understanding and the eye And should this New Series, published as it will be at so low a price, answer the description given in this Prospectus, it will evidently be the greatest literary undertaking of the present day The bringing out of each weekly number will involve a large outlay, but JOHN CASSELL relies with confidence on the support of all classes of the community he believes that this his publican on will be truly national in its character, and will secure not fewer than 200,000 subscribers.

MISCELLANEA.

PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENT IN BUILDING OPERATIVES.—The improvement in the condition of the building operatives of this country has been, and we sincerely hope will be, progressive. Mr. Macaulay shews us that, in the seventeenth century, the ordinary pay of a skilled workman was 6s. to 7s. per week, whilst the ordinary pay of a labourer was 4s. per week, and on referring to the table of the prices of wheat, given by Adam Smith, it is seen that, during the Commonwealth and subsequently, a workman must have paid about as much for his bread as he now pays, while he received rather less than one quarter of his present wages. "If we look back," says Mr. Smirke, in an interesting paper on the subject, "to so recent a period as the year 1810, I have it, on excellent living testimony, that the wages of a good mason in London were only 4s per week who now receives from 30s to 33s. In the year 1800 wheat was, on an average of five years as appears by the tables given in Tooke's History of Prices 90s 6d per quarter, and, indeed, during a year of great scarcity about that period, the quartern loaf, for which we now pay 7d or 8d., cost 1s. 10d."

'HOW TO JUDGE OF A BOOK.—A worthy tobacconist in the High street of Auld Reekie was complaining one day of a book which a very erudite doctor had published. "It's a bad one," said he. "How?" said his friend, "I always thought Dr. Finlay had been a worthy, good man." "It's the worst book I ken," said the shopkeeper, "it's owre big for a penny worth o' snuff, and it's no big enough for three bawbees' worth."

THE civilisation of antiquity was the advancement of the few and the slavery of the many.—In Greece, 30,000 freemen and 300,000 slaves—and it passed away. True civilisation must be measured by the progress, not of class or nation, but of all men. God admits none to advice alone.

YANKEE BELL-RINGER.—A tall, awkward-looking fellow, just from the Green Mountains of Vermont, came on board one of the splendid North River boats at Albany. His curiosity was amazingly excited at what he commenced "peeking," as he called it, into every nook and corner of the boat. The captain's office, the engineroom, the cabins, the barber's shop, all underwent his inspection; and then he went on deck, and stared in amazement at the lofty beam, the chimney, and the various "fixins." But at last he caught sight of the bell. This was the crowning wonder, and he viewed it from every position—walked round it, got down on his hands and looked up into it, exclaiming "Wal, reely, this beats the bell in our meetin'-house!" By this time the attention of the captain and several passengers was attracted to the "greenie." "How much would you ask to let a feller ring this bell?" "You may ring it for a dollar, sir," said the captain. "Wal, it's a bargain—all fair and agreed, and no backing out." "It's a bargain, sir," said the captain. Our hero went deliberately and brought a seat, and took hold of the bell-rope, and, having arranged everything to his satisfaction, commenced ringing—very slowly at first, and gradually faster and faster—till everybody on board thought the boat was on fire, and rushed on deck, screaming with alarm. There stood the captain, and there sat the "Vairmounter," ringing away—first slow, and then fast, then two or three taps at a time. The passengers began to expostulate; the captain said it was a bargain. But the passengers became urgent that the clangour should be stopped. All the while there sat our hero undisturbed, ringing away more ways than a Cockney chimne ringer ever dreamed of. At last the captain began to think it time to stop the simpleton, but his answer was—"A fair bargain, and no backing out,' and he rang away for dear life. "Well," says the captain, "what will you take to stop?" 'Wal, captain, I guess I sheant lose nuthin' if I take five dollars and a free passage to New York, but not a red cent less. "Well, walk down to the office and get your money and passage ticket, said the captain. After that we all went to sleep.

If every person were to count fifty each time before taking a glass of beer one hundred before taking a glass of wine, and one thousand before taking a glass of grog there would not be so much intemperance in the land.

A FERTILE SUBJECT.—The *Hants Independent* announces a forthcoming lecture, by the Rev J W Wyld, on "Fudge!" We shall not be surprised to find this eccentricity of the lecture room extend, and to see notices, in various provincial papers, of orations on 'Oh!' 'Pooh pooh,' 'Pshaw,' 'Fiddle,' and 'Stuff,' "Nonsense."

A TOBACCO VICTIM.—A gentleman travelling on an unfrequented road in Maine, and passing a solitary shanty, was arrested by a loud cry of—"Hallo there! I say! Murder! the Longs Gridirons! Brimstone! Hallo!" and a man was seen rushing in great haste wearing a leather apron, but without a coat, and approaching the traveller. What is the matter—what is the matter? 'Oh I'm out to tobacker,' he replied. 'Got any about yer?'

GEORGE STEPHENSON.—Born in a small cottage in Newcastle, and dying owner of the fine estate of Tapton, commencing life on a coal-heap and ending it in a mansion, mending the peasant's clocks to pay for his son's schooling and living to see that son a senator during in his youth in the mine of Killingsworth, and amusing his age in a horticultural contest with a Duke taught arithmetic at fourpence a week, and planning the most difficult railways in the kingdom consulted by the Premier, receiving honour from Kings, a kind son, a faithful friend, and a loving father, the name of George Stephenson is one to which all men delight in doing homage. His life was a lesson to the world.

'Southey, in his 'Omniana,' relates the following:—When I was in Lisbon a nun made her escape from a nunnery. The first thing for which she inquired, when she reached the house in which she was to be secreted, was a looking-glass. She had entered the convent when only five years old, and from that time had never seen her own face."

'Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?' said an Illinois magistrate to the masculine of a couple who stood before him. "Well, squire," was the reply, "you must be a green un to ax such a question as that ar. Do you think I'd be such a plaguy fool as to go to the bar hunt and take this gal from the quiltin' frolic if I wasn't conscriptiously certain and determined to have her? Drive on with your bizziness."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

R W wants to know if there is any deception in electro-biology, and whether it will do any good? To the latter part of the question we reply, all knowledge must, directly or indirectly do good. The first part of the question is also easily disposed of. There is no deception for deception is impossible. Individual cases may be cases of deception. When general laws are arrived at, they are deduced from facts to which belief cannot be refused, and in which deception cannot successfully be carried on.

JOHN COOK.—You should write on one side at a time, and ought to be able to write without lines.

A GREAT ADMIRER asks—"Does the Lord Mayor of London, by any constitutional right possess the claim to govern England when the throne becomes vacant? If so, has that right ever been called into exercise, and when?" We must answer this question in the affirmative. On the death of a king of England the officers of the Government appointed by the deceased monarch cease to hold any authority, and the only legal magistrate in the kingdom is the Lord Mayor of London, whose office continues till the expiration of the period of his mayoralty, and is not affected by the demise of the king. The Lord Mayor is in consequence the President of the Council till the proclamation of a new king, and this authority has been acknowledged. When, on the death of Queen Elizabeth, James VI, King of Scotland, was declared her successor, and invited to take possession of the English throne, the first signature to the invitation was that of Robert Lee, Lord Mayor of London. The same high authority was exercised by the Lord Mayor of London previous to the accession of William III. to the throne of England.

A ZEALOUS SUBSCRIBER had better consult his Bible than us—or, perhaps, he had better not trouble his head about the subject. All the Bible tells us of Mary is, that she was the wife of Joseph. Nothing else is said of her. "A Zealous Subscriber," we can imagine, will draw from the silence of Scripture a very obvious inference.

T G I.—Lord Palmerston cannot declare war on his personal responsibility.

COMO.—We cannot answer your question very satisfactorily. Rock salt is chiefly exported. The export is immense—we believe somewhere about 4½ million bushels to Europe, and 5½ to America.

WILLIAM M KAY.—Free passages are given by the Emigration Commissioners, under certain restrictions but the Commissioners have only a that and when the colonies provide the necessary funds for the purpose. New South Wales and South Australia are at present the only colonies which supply the means for emigration. The Government emigration officer, in Glasgow, is Captain Patey, R.N. Our correspondent had better apply to him, or to the office of the Emigration Commissioners, 9, Park-street, Westminster.

R H (Halifax).—Gray and Davidson were builders of the largest organ in the Exhibition. It is now erected at Gateshead church. The next in size was Willis's organ.

C W. P.—Lord Carlingford became Lord Privy Minister on the death of Lord Clarendon.

VIATOR.—By the last number of the *Illustrated London Chronicle* we find that printers' wages in Van Diemen's Land are 8s. per day. As a general rule, we recommend no artisan going out to America. The man who goes to America with the expectation of being employed in his own trade, should be a first-rate workman; but indeed a man can make quite as good a living in this country.

W BROOKHOUSE.—We should think Australia would suit you. We cannot recommend any recent work on emigration, but we believe a hand-book, containing the latest information on the subject, will shortly be published by Mr. Cassell.

THOMAS.—The Act of Parliament you refer to came into operation on the 1st of November last. It states:—'If any person shall keep, or suffer to be at large, within fifty yards of any public road, any dog, without being muzzled or having a log of wood fastened to the mask, of sufficient weight to prevent such dog from being dangerous, such person shall be liable to be fined; and any magistrate may order any dangerous dog so kept to be destroyed."

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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER VII.

IN the ranks of the imperial army, which defeated the Turks under the walls of Vienna, and took Buda, there was a crowd of Magyars, some of them the most illustrious men in the country, Esterhazi, Batthyanyi, Nadasdi, Palfi, &c., whose valour contributed in no small measure to these memorable successes. But in place of making any return for these valuable services, the counsellors of Leopold determined rather to take



advantage of them more completely to subjugate Hungary. They seemed entirely to forget that it was the oppression and injustice of Austria that had driven the Hungarians to throw themselves into the arms of Turkey, and that, after having supported all the horrors of war through a great number of years, they were at last obliged to save themselves from conquest by the sacrifice of their goods, and even of their lives.

The imperial armies soon overran the whole of Hungary, and everywhere the national party was compelled to submit

to them. But in a lonely castle, in a far-off corner, a woman was found worthy of the land that bore her, and the great man who wooed and won her as his bride. It was Helena Zrinyi, the daughter of Peter Zrinyi, who had been beheaded at Vienna, and widow of Francis Rakoczi (see engraving in last number).

After the death of her first husband, who left two children by her, Francis and Juana, she received the hand of one of her old suitors, Emeric Tekeli. The royal army surrounded the castle, and soon [illegible] to submission by the [illegible] her of the [illegible] husband, but she bravely repulsed their efforts, and made preparations for defence with as much vigour and determination as Emeric could have shown had he himself been present.

The Sultan determined to wreak vengeance upon Tekeli for the defeat of his Vizier, and therefore caused Caran to be erected

and dragged off to Constantinople. One of the ablest defenders of Hungary was thus removed from the scene of action, and was subjected to the humiliation of defending his conduct before the throne of a foreign despot, whilst his country was in the meantime suffering all the violence of a foreign soldiery.

Having once put down all opposition, the Austrians showed themselves by no means disposed to repose on their laurels, and endeavoured to remedy, by a wise and liberal system of administration, the evils and misfortunes of so long a war. With a tiger-like cowardice, which seems to cleave to every generation of the Hapsburgh family like an evil demon, they had set their hearts on blood, and were determined to glut their appetite for revenge in the gore of the helpless and unarmed. The public edifices were converted into prisons, and crammed with men, women, and children, indiscriminately, who were left to die by inches in the pangs of hunger, or waste away through the miserly attendance upon a state of moral putrefaction. Those, whom any one could be found to accuse, were executed, those whom none accused were tortured to force them to accuse themselves, and if they did so, they were executed; and if they did not, they were racked until they were dead, so that in any case death was certain. General Caraffa, who presided over these infamous proceedings, was another Haynau for savage ferocity. At Eperies, the scaffolds were erected close under his own windows, so that he might feast his eyes upon the dying agonies of his victims without the trouble of moving from his room. Thirty executioners, adepts in the invention of new modes of torture, were employed at the various scaffolds in this one town during thirty consecutive days, and received 600 florins as the reward of their horrid labours. When, at length, a general cry of execration was raised all over Europe against this horrid barbarity Leopold pretended that they were committed without his knowledge, but the [illegible] of the Golden Fleece upon Caraffa, is the reward of his services.

Persecuted by the Turkish pachas, and deprived of the support of his country, Tokoli retired to Nicomedia in Asia Minor, where he could only deplore in silence the misfortunes of Hungary. But he had left an avenger in the person of Francis Rakoczi (*see engraving in last number*), his stepson, who had been shut up with his mother in the Castle of Munkacs, but they had at length been compelled to yield to superior force. Rakoczi's education had been confided to the Jesuits, but he was fortunate enough to escape the contaminating influence of the flexible morality of his instructors. Having obtained permission to travel in foreign countries, during his journey he fell in love with the daughter of the landgrave of Hesse Rheinfels, and married her. Upon arriving in Paris, he was introduced to Marshal Villeroi, who at once perceived the talents and fiery bravery of the young Magyar. By painting in strong colours the degradation and misery of his country under Austrian rule, and [illegible] to the [illegible] of a speech of [illegible] suggested [illegible] would be likely to [illegible] ate intrigues of Louis XIV., and advised him forthwith to return [illegible] on his arrival there he found the whole [illegible] agitation, as it was suspected, and not without foundation, that the Viennese Court had it in contemplation to abolish the Magyar constitution, and incorporate Hungary with the other hereditary states of Austria. But the opposition of Paul Szechenyi, and the fear of causing a formidable insurrection, caused the execution of the project to be deferred for the present.

But the Hungarians were not content. The whole nation seemed determined not to [illegible] bondage, but to strike a last blow for [illegible] their wrongs, their sufferings, and their glory, was still fresh in the minds of the people. All eyes were turned to Rakoczi, with that instinctive homage to great talent, which seems inherent in men of every land. Experience taught the Magyars, sadly, but profitably, that [illegible] and was to lean on a broken reed, and that they should themselves work out the salvation of their country. They had before implored the assistance of the Turks, but dearly had they paid for it.

rise against Austria, and trust to their own resources for success.

Never was there a man better fitted to head such an enterprise than Francis Rakoczi. He was young, ardent, and energetic, full of the fire and enthusiasm, so necessary in struggles, by which there is much to gain by success, and little to lose by failure. An ardent patriot, and of dauntless personal courage, his whole career was a splendid example of disinterested integrity. He was offered the crown of Poland and refused it, without hesitation, that he might wholly devote himself to the service of his native land. What he said of himself, in his own memoirs, was perfectly true. "The love of liberty, and the wish to deliver my country from a foreign yoke, were the sole motives of all the public act of my life." Having been betrayed by a French officer, Rakoczi fell into the power of the Austrians, and was for some time kept a close confinement in Vienna. Having succeeded in [illegible] escape, he took refuge in Poland, where he time, closely occupied in making preparations for struggle.

His appearance in Hungary was the signal for a [illegible] rising. He was invested with the title of Prince and the famous Nicholas Bercsenyi was given the command in chief with Magyar armies. The old national flag was [illegible] bearing the words, "For God, for country, and for liberty." Men of all ranks threw themselves into the [illegible] to devote [illegible] a manifesto drawn up, very much resembling the American Declaration of Independence. It commenced as follows: "We, the undersigned representatives of the Hungarian people, hereby [illegible] known to all men that, even in spite of the efforts of the perjured House of Austria [illegible] despotism, in violation of its oaths, and its [illegible] to destroy our laws, annihilate our [illegible] and [illegible] people, and subject the most illustrious of our countries [illegible] ignominious, and shameful death, - we, [illegible] and illustrious Lord, Francis Rakoczi, [illegible] Prince determined to appear in arms for the assertion of the Magyar nation." This celebrated document was signed at Paris, with the signatures of [illegible] attached to it. We subjoin *fac similes* of those of Rakoczi and Count Bercsenyi, which stood at the head of the list.

The power of Austria thus received a [illegible] blow. The Hungarian army marched from victory to victory, until they pitched their camp within a few hours' march of Vienna. The Emperor, in dismay, knew not where to look for succour. Humiliated and spurning, he sought the mediation of [illegible] and said that Holland and England, but with no more effect. Another enemy than Rakoczi, in the zenith of his success, delivered him from his difficulty and embarrassment. He died on the 8th of May, 1705. His life, like that of all statesmen, was troublous and redoubtable, and his last moments were darkened by the recollection of a thousand great crimes. He was personally a bad man, but he was always a man of one purpose, and was thus often led into the perpetration of many wickednesses which his own heart must have [illegible] prompted. Dearly did he pay for the [illegible] of his [illegible] and of [illegible] which he shared to such a fearful [illegible] his soul [illegible] but no deathbed repentance could heal the wounds which he had inflicted upon Hungary, rest the victims who fell under the stroke of the executioner of Eperies, or hinder his memory from going down to posterity blackened with the execration of an entire nation.

Joseph I., who succeeded his father, was a man of mild, conciliatory disposition, and immediately upon his accession published an amnesty for all past offences, and made very favourable offers as to the future. About the same time, a [illegible] generals obtained some advantages, and, if the grievances of the Magyars had not been of long standing, it is extremely probable that they would have accepted his proposals and laid down their arms. Rakoczi was anxious that they should come to terms when they could do so without loss or disgrace, but despite his persuasions, the Diet, at a meeting held in June 1707, pronounced Joseph a traitor, formally deposed him, declared the throne vacant, and in the adjoining room the time playing "Rakoczi's March," the Hungarian National [illegible].

The Austrian Court now determined to endeavour to w

upon the personal feelings of the head of the revolutionary party, and for this purpose sent Juha, his siste[illegible]l John Palfi, his friend, to persuade him to come to terms To the tender entreaties of the former, whose husband was in the Austrian service, Rakoczi was near giving way. After a long and affecting interview, he remained for some time in gloomy silence, and at last exclaimed: "Terrified, wearied, panic-struck, destroyed by the sword, or driven into exile one by one, I see my friends and supporters disappearing from my side Slowly and stealthily, but surely, the merciless hand of foreign force, led with the blood of my fri[illegible] pursued [illegible] us with the extirpation of tyrants." [illegible] by Louis XIV., who had hitherto supported him, and secing divisions every day showing themselves in the Diet, he at last began to hesitate. He saw that his part in the great game he had played so bravely was now drawing to a close, but he determined that he should retire with dignity and honour He was again offered the throne of Poland, and [illegible] his power into the hands of his [illegible] quitted for ever the country he had loved so well, and strove so hard to save. It was in vain that the highest magnate in the country were sent as a deputation to induce him to re-assume his office, he gave them no answer save to reproach them for their mutual dissensions, and their refusal to treat with the Emperor of Austria, whom they might have done so with honour and advantage. It was in vain that Joseph himself made him the most dazzling offers, in case he chose to reside in Vienna He steadfastly refused them all, and at the same time expressed his unmitigated disgust at the bad faith which for centuries had distinguished the House of Hapsburgh

Though born amongst the highest of Hungarian aristocracy, Rakoczi had little of the aristocrat about him He was too great a man to live in bondage to petty conventionalisms His whole life was guided in abeyance to great principles *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*, was a motto ever on his lips, and he uttered nothing which he did not feel It was impossible that he could ever have lived [illegible] to an absolute prince His spirit was [illegible] He would have have everything progressing All his statements were characterised by severe and truthful brevity, wholly unsuited to the atmosphere of courts Whatever he thought he would do; and what he thought true he would say, let others think as they might, and in truth by the secret of his greatness An accomplished gentleman and man of the world, he was distinguished by his lofty and dignified, but brilliant and winning, courtesy of the Magyar nobleness, but with this was united a republican simplicity of manners. He won the attachment of all around him by his gentleness and benevolence, and his stern observance of the law and the constitution drew towards him the hearts of the people

He went first, accompanied by a few private friends, to Poland, and thence to France For nearly a century and a half, the latter had kept up communications more or less intimate with Hungary. During the long and glorious reign of Louis XIV, in the greater part of which Hungary was in a state of complete prostration, Paris was the general resort of the Magyars whom the troubles of the times obliged to fly from their own country. In the various accounts which have come down to us of festivities and splendour of the Court of the Grand Monarque, the names of Hungarian nobles are constantly recurring The King [illegible] wishing to efface the remembrance of his many desertions of their cause, frequently invited them to court, and the French nobility vied with one another in showing them kindness and attention

The great Conde invited them to his seat at Chantilly, studied with them the military tactics of the Turks, [illegible] was then as fickle and as foolish as now, and the Hungarian mania raged for a time as strongly amongst the frivolous aristocracy as any folly of the time There were boots worn *a la Transylvanie*, and the unfortunate Zrinyi, who was beheaded at Vienna, gave his name to a sort of cloak, which was called the "Zrinyi cloak," a garment of great richness and beauty Sympathy with Hungary was then "genteel" Now it is decidedly "low," and this to noblemen makes all the difference in life. Rakoczi lived in the closest intercourse with all the great personages of the court There was never a reunion, a ball, or hunting party, at which he was not present. He became the intimate friend of Madame de Maintenon, and of Madame du Maine. Madame Dunoyer, in one of her letters, says—"There is no good society here without Prince Rakoczi." After having passed six years in the midst of this gaiety, he determined upon going to Constantinople, in order to be near his native country, towards which his heart still turned with longing and regret. There he died, in April, 1735, at the age of sixty years, in a quiet, rural retreat, far away from the bustle of camps, or the follies and intrigues of courts. Far from entertaining any feeling of chagrin at the disappointment of his hopes and the failure of his enterprise, his last moments were soothed by the most sublime of all philosophies—the resignation of a Christian. "I thank thee, Almighty God," said he, during the last hour of his life, "that thou hast deprived me of all power, and of all that men long for here below that thou hast brought me to die in this lonely corner of the earth, where everything around me puts a restraint upon my ambition, and prevents me ever again reposing any confidence in the power of the mighty!"

Whilst the leaders of the revolutionary party were thus wandering in exile, Joseph I himself was drawing near his end He died in 1711, without ever having had time to sign the treaty concluded after Rakoczi's departure This treaty granted an amnesty for all past offences, and guaranteed the maintenance of the constitution in its full integrity, both in Hungary and Transylvania The Prince of the latter, Apafi II., had a short time before very foolishly resigned his power into the hands of the Austrians But the question of religious grievances, as well as most of the other causes of discontent, were reserved for the consideration of a Diet, to be afterwards convoked This was [illegible] to procure the assertion in all [illegible] The final settlement of the questions in dispute was postponed until a favourable opportunity might enable her to revoke what she had already accorded

Joseph was succeeded by his brother, the Archduke Charles, who was celebrated for his dispute with Philip V. about the succession to the crown of Spain Enfeebled by this war, he continued the enmity of Scarlimau, and restored to the Hungarians their own and the other assigns of loyalty. This comes somewhat [illegible] Hungarians, but it was prompted by a deep, far-sighted policy He well knew the frank and chivalrous character of the Magyars, and as he, for want of male issue, would be compelled to leave his throne to his daughter, the celebrated Maria Theresa, he was anxious to secure for her the support of Hungary, which, in the troubled state of Europe, he would stand greatly in need The event justified his expectations The Diet met at Pressburg in 1722, and proclaimed her the heiress of the Hungarian crown with one voice After a long war with the Turks, in which he met with various vicissitudes of success and failure, Charles died in 1740

Maria Theresa now ascended the throne, under the name of Mary II She was married to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Francis of Lorraine, and to him she committed the government of her states, with the title of Regent and Co-Emperor

She was one of the most celebrated characters in the history of the eighteenth century, and few female sovereigns ever trod a shorter path in the field of politics, and none with so great success A woman or empress possesses a double hold on the allegiance of her subjects, to the ties of legal homage are added those of chivalrous gallantry Never did woman better avail herself of these two than Maria Theresa She flattered, entreated, and commanded, as suited the occasion or the persons with whom she had to deal She was of lofty stature, and possessed all the charms of face and figure to which women owe so much of their influence, and she was always graceful, winning, and dignified, even when meditating some ruse or intrigue. She was destined to undergo terrible trials.

Scarcely had she ascended the throne when she saw the whole of continental Europe making preparations to attack her, as all the neighbouring courts were dissatisfied with the Pragmatic Sanction, as the treaty was called, in virtue of which she succeeded to the imperial crown To unravel the webs of diplomacy which led to this would require a volume, and we doubt much whether even this could make it clear to the minds of our readers. Be this as it may, however, it would be folly

for us to attempt it in the narrow limits of our space, even if the detail had the smallest chance of proving either interesting or instructing. It is enough to say, that from every side armies prepared to march upon Austria, and make it their prey. The empire was invaded from every side, and Maria Theresa fled to take refuge in Hungary. And now the Magyars proved themselves worthy of their ancient fame, as gallant gentlemen and brave soldiers. Faithful to their oaths, and forgetful of all their wrongs, they determined to stand by the exiled Empress in the hour of peril. She convoked a Diet at Presburg, and appeared before it dressed in mourning, and carrying her infant son in her arms. Womanly dignity and maternal love seemed to beam through her face, as she addressed them in sorrowful and imploring accents: "I am attacked from every side by my enemies; I am deserted by my friends; I see my empire on the brink of dissolution. The safety of my country is wrapt up in that of myself and my children. Nothing remains to me but my faith in your attachment, and in the strength of your arms. I place myself and my infant under your protection. You are my last hope, and I rely on your courage and fidelity." The appeal was irresistible. The whole assembly sprang to their feet, and drew their swords and clashed them fiercely, while the lofty hall rang with the wildness of their shouts. The Empress, for the moment, terrified by the loudness of the acclamation, trembled and turned pale, till the members rushing towards the throne, crying out—"Our lives and fortunes are at your service!" reassured and delighted her. The haughty body, which had never given way to the menaces of despotism, was quite vanquished by the prayers of the helpless woman; and Maria Theresa thus found the proudest of her triumphs in the excess of her misfortune. A painting of this memorable scene is still preserved in the Gallery of the Luxembourg, from which our engraving



CHARLES DE LORRAINE.

on page 209 is taken.

The noblesse immediately took up arms, and brought into the field a large and valiant army of their tenants and dependents. The Croats also rivalled the Magyars in zeal and devotion, and distinguished themselves by their ferocious valour, under the command of Baron Trenck. Charles Batthyanyi defeated the allied armies, commanded by the greatest generals of the age, in several desperate encounters, and Nadasdi, in 1744, forced the passage of the Rhine, notwithstanding all the efforts of the French Marshal Crequi, who had promised his sovereign to take possession of the left bank of that river, to prevent him. Everywhere the Magyars were victorious, and the coalition was at last compelled to confess itself beaten, and sign the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, by which the Pragmatic Sanction was fully recognised.

Scarcely had peace been proclaimed, when war broke out between Austria and Frederick the Great of Prussia; and having lasted for seven years, ended by the cession of Silesia to the latter. Austria determined to recompense herself for this loss by the partition of unfortunate Poland. Taking advantage of the internal dissensions which raged in that unhappy country, the minister of the Empress proposed to Anne of Russia and the King of Prussia to divide it between them. The base act was forthwith accomplished, and in virtue of the ancient claim of Hungary to the provinces of Gallicia and Lodomeria these



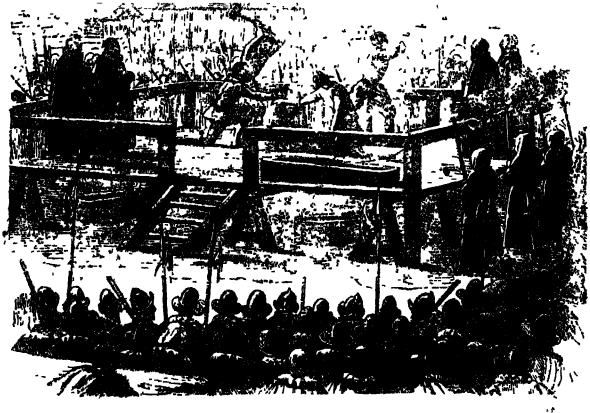
ARREST OF TOKOLI. (See page 208.)

two fell to the share of Maria Theresa. The war now over, the Empress made her court the gayest in Europe. To masculine strength of mind, she, as we have already said, added all the charms of female grace and beauty, and she drew around her all the great men of the age. Vienna became the centre of literature and art, fashion and gallantry. But ever none did she exert so great a fascination as the young Magyar nobility, who, after having carried the empire triumphantly through the dangers of a bloody war, now thronged to pay homage to the genius which had inspired them with enthusiasm. Around about the throne of this second Semiramis, music, beauty, poetry, and love, severally spread their enchantments, and under their influence despotism ceased to be hideous, and slavery seemed to lose its degradation and deformity. The Hungarians began to forget the evils which still weighed upon their country, and with some the reticency went so far that they became ashamed to speak their national tongue.

Maria Theresa's favourable disposition towards the Magyars was extended to all the men of merit in the country. She confided to Charles Batthyanyi and Antony Baltai, a churchman, but both Hungarians, the education of her son Joseph, of whose training she was extremely careful. Under their tuition he became one of the greatest emperors that has ever sat upon the throne of the Hapsburghs. His disposition, like all the sovereigns of his family, inclined towards absolutism, but still this *penchant* was not sufficiently powerful to cause him to forget the lessons of his early years. Maria Theresa died in 1780, and her son succeeded her. His whole reign was a series of unsuccessful attempts to do something great.



OLYMPUS PACHA.



EXECUTIONS AT UPERIS.—(*See page* 210.)

He was above all things anxious to emulate Frederick the Great, if not in deeds of arms, at least in something that might be thought equally worthy of admiration. But he soon found that something more than imitation, however successful, is necessary to make a man great, and that to be like Frederick, he should not only do as Frederick did, but have Frederick's energy and talent. He was, however, a man of great benevolence and goodness of heart, and in all his doings at least meant well. His toleration in matters of opinion was beyond that of any other prince of his age. It was his ambition to be at the head of the free, inquiring philosophy of the eighteenth century, but he did not perceive that, far from having the true spirit of a philosopher, an enthusiastic love of truth, apart from all considerations of self, egotism and vanity at the bottom of most of his achievements in the field of science.

He despoiled the clergy of many of their rich domains, and they forthwith set to work to spread disaffection amongst the people. They were particularly successful amongst the Magyars, whose manners and language the Emperor had attempted to modify; and these were points on which they were most jealous of any interference. Doubtless many of the reforms which he tried to introduce were useful, and perhaps needful; but still the nation had not projected them for its own benefit, and this they rightly considered was an objection which should stand good in the eyes of all the world. Joseph issued a decree, suspending the Hungarian Constitution, taking the crown out of the country, and enjoining the use of the

German language in all public assemblies and in all official documents. Here were three distinct and weighty causes of offence. Under the voluptuous and conciliatory reign of Maria Theresa, the Magyars had begun to neglect their language and even to despise it, but when the use of it was openly proscribed by a foreign despot, the reaction was instant and energetic. Violent opposition broke out all over the kingdom. Torrents of invective were poured forth upon the Emperor, and an appeal to arms was openly threatened if the obnoxious measures were not instantly revoked. Joseph was astonished, and for the first time in his life began to imagine that he was wrong, and that the various systems of state polity which he had framed upon philosophic principles were erroneous. The revolt of the Low Countries, breaking out at the same time, completely terrified him, and he immediately proceeded to withdraw his unconstitutional reforms. Discouraged, sick, and in doubt, he signed with a trembling hand the decree which annihilated his projects, and worse still, he signed it in Magyar, the very language the use of which he had recently forbidden; and the document, which testified to his tardy repentance, was deposited in the Chancery of Buda, to be in all time to come a trophy of the victory of the national will over despotism.

Joseph II. died in 1790, after a war which he had been carrying on against the Turks. He gave orders that the following inscription should be placed upon his tomb.:—"Here lies Joseph II., who was unfortunate in his best enterprises." Leopold II., the brother of the deceased Emperor, succeeded him. The Diet had not been convened for nine years, when he called it together upon his accession. The Magyars, in return for this recognition of their ancient constitution, crowned Alexander, the fourth son of the Emperor Leopold, Palatine of the kingdom. It was the first time that this dignity had ever been conferred upon any member of the Hapsburgh family. Leopold then declared that, although Hungary [illegible] one of the hereditary states of the Imperial Crown, it was nevertheless a free country—should be ruled according to its own laws and usages, and that religious liberty should be guaranteed, and that in all acts of administration the Magyar language should take precedence of every other. Leopold died in March, 1792, just as the French revolution was beginning to terrify and astonish all the crowned heads of Europe.

Francis I., his son, ascended the throne in troublous time A compact, which had been entered into between his father and the King of Prussia, at Pilnitz, in which they pledged themselves to march to the assistance of Louis XIV. of France, and restore to him all the powers which had been wrenched from him by his people, so far from benefiting that unhappy monarch, still further exasperated the revolutionists, so that, upon his death, they cast themselves upon Austria and Prussia like a flood. As a strong effort was made to [illegible] the principles of the revolution through the [illegible] nations, the Hungarians, at an early date, attracted the attention of the Assembly and the Convention. They had all along, like most other lovers of liberty all over the world, sympathised with the struggle in France, and a constant correspondence was kept up between the liberal party in both countries by means of newspapers and letters. A great party was soon formed in Hungary, whose principles were republican, and whose avowed object it was to overturn the existing institutions. Like most originators of similar movements, they were distinguished by the ardour of their enthusiasm and the purity of their motives. Their leader was a man named Joseph Martinovics, at one time a Franciscan monk, remarkable for his great learning and love of liberty, but possessing great flexibility of conscience. He had organised under his direction a vast conspiracy. For the dissemination of his views, he distributed an immense number of tracts, such as the "Citizen's Catechism," and other publications of a similar character. But, having been betrayed by a servant living in the house in which the principal conspirators met, the leaders were arrested, and some of them condemned to death—others to long terms of imprisonment. The Emperor determined to crush the movement in the onset by inflicting upon them the full rigour of his vengeance. Sigrai, Laczkovics, Hajnoczi, and others, being led to the place of execution, beheld all the preparations without moving a muscle. Sigrai laid his head upon the block, and the executioner struck him three times without despatching him. A roar of indignation and disgust ascended from the crowd around. "What is the matter?" asked the confessor, addressing Laczkovics. "Nothing!" was the reply, "the people are displeased at the executioner's want of dexterity!" "There is a greater crowd here," he added, looking around, "than would be present at the coronation of a king!" He exhibited the same unshaken firmness when it was his own turn to die. The Maygars looked upon him as a martyr. About the same time the Palatine Archduke Charles was killed by the explosion of an infernal machine near Vienna—it was said, at the instigation of the Court party, who suspected that he was aspiring to the throne of Hungary.

Francis I., in the meantime, was carrying on a bloody and unsuccessful war against the French. The genius of Napoleon overthrew his best generals and bravest armies. His resources becoming exhausted, he was obliged to convene a Diet for the purpose of raising supplies. The county assemblies, while they voted the necessary amount of money, took the opportunity to protest strongly against involving Hungary in wars in which she had no interest, and which cost her such an immense expenditure of blood and treasure. The feeling of the people all over the country ran strongly against the incessant wars with France, and the general outcry filled the Austrian Government with alarm. But when, at length, Napoleon entered Austria as a conquering invader, and threatened before long to march upon Hungary, the old hatred of the presence of the foreign soldiery produced a tremendous reaction, and all classes seemed to be animated with horror of French rule. Vienna had been taken, Francis driven from the palace of his fathers, and the meanest grenadier in the French army was a master in the house of the proudest Austrian noble. The *esprit de corps* of the Magyar noblesse inspired them with indignation and disgust at horrible a profanation Arms, men, and money, were freely voted to the Emperor, but even Maygar bravery was powerless before the legions led on by the "Grand Empereur."

In opening the campaign in 1808, Buonaparte determined to work upon the patriotic feelings of the Hungarians, and their old hatred of Austrian rule, to induce them to make a diversion in his favour He therefore issued a bulletin in the following terms, promising them independence

"Hungarians! the Emperor of Austria, unfaithful to the treaties and ungrateful for my generosity towards him, has attacked my armies after three consecutive wars, and above all after that of 1805 I have repelled this unjust aggression Hungarians! the movement for the recovery of your independence has arrived. I offer you peace, the safety of your territory—of your liberty, and of your institutions. Assemble in your National Diet, upon the plains of Rakos, according to the custom of your ancestry, and make known to me your resolutions—NAPOLEON."

Exciting as this must have been, the Hungarians now know too much of Napoleon's character to trust to his professions. They suspected that he was too deeply occupied in laying the foundations of his own dynasty, to care much about the liberties of any nation. They had, besides, the fate of Poland before their eyes, and they remembered how often Louis XIV. had urged them to make war and then abandoned them. They found themselves now in the presence of a great military genius, whose iron hand crushed every people that came in his path, without hesitation and without remorse. From Francis they could hope for concessions by working on his fears; but what did Napoleon know of fear—and where were the battalions that could stand firm when the drums of his grenadiers beat the *pas de charge?* To adhere to him would be to exchange a feeble despot for one stronger and more unrelenting.

They therefore maintained a cold reserve for a long time, and when at length it became necessary that they should take one side or other in the tremendous struggle in which all the rest of Europe was then involved, they took up arms for Austria, and remained faithful to her in all her after vicissitudes of fortune. But Napoleon still marched in triumph over the Continent, and was not slow to punish Hungary for her rejection of his offers. Crossing the frontiers, his army bombarded Presburg; and Eugene Beauharnois defeated the Archduke John in a sanguinary battle at Gyor (Raab). The

countries bordering on the Adriatic were immediately incorporated in the French Empire.

The Emperor of Austria, reduced to the last extremity, was obliged to bestow the hand of the Archduchess Maria Louisa upon his conqueror; but he never ceased to devise in secret new means of resistance. In 1811 the Diet was assembled at Presburg. The Palatine opened the session with the following significant words:—"It is not the safety of your country only that must now occupy your attention, *the existence of the whole monarchy is at stake.*" This, then, was the second time that Hungary was called upon to save the Austrian Empire; and again did the Diet vote arms and money. But this was not sufficient. The Viennese Cabinet wished to extricate itself from its financial difficulties by the imposition of a new tax to be levied on each person all over the country. This proposal was instantly rejected, with strong protests against the gross want of good faith in commercial matters which has always distinguished the Austrian Government, and which, at that time, had driven Hungary to the verge of bankruptcy. The recent proceedings in Vienna, in which the Government attempted to fix the price of stock at the point of the bayonet, and transport everybody who will not buy and sell at that rate, across the frontiers, is nothing very new. In 1811 the Emperor, by one stroke of his pen, reduced all bank-notes to one-fifth of their former value, to diminish the run upon gold, and thus brought thousands of families all over Hungary to beggary.

In the meantime, the campaign in Russia, the battle of Leipsic, and the crowning victory of Waterloo, broke the might of Napoleon, and reinstated the Austrian Emperor in all his possessions. His manner towards Hungary was instantly changed. In the days of his misfortune, it had been timid and conciliatory; it was now tyrannical and overbearing.

There was little internal progress and development in any kingdom in Europe during the wars which raged at the commencement of the present century. The dangers from without were too pressing to allow much attention being bestowed upon the arts of peace. All that men sought was to preserve their independence. In Hungary everything remained stationary or if there was any movement it was retrogressive. The Diet was constantly on the watch to prevent the loss of what it already possessed, and never thought of seeking more. The Emperors, fearing or thinking the whole nation, pushed their policy of centralisation to its utmost limit. The Royal Chancery was removed to Vienna, and placed under the direction of German ministers. In its place was created a *Council of Lieutenancy*, the members of which were the creatures of the Emperor, and all their acts were performed by his dictation. The regular army was first organised at this period, and recruited from all classes of the people, and placed at the disposal of the Imperial Government, although the cost of its maintenance was levied in Hungary alone. The Emperor was constantly complaining of the want of money, and the Diet endeavoured to meet his necessities by working the gold and salt mines which abounded in the country, and by the sale of the domains of extinct families, which in ancient times, under the rule of the Magyar kings, had been bestowed as rewards upon those who distinguished themselves by their eminent public services. Not satisfied with this, the Government commenced to sell letters of naturalisation to a crowd of foreigners, although such a proceeding was a manifest violation of law, and as the nobles, as we have already said, refused to pay the proposed capitation tax, the whole weight of it fell upon the unfortunate peasantry, who were thus oppressed not only by the heavy rents and dues of their seigneurs, but by the equally merciless exactions of the Imperial Court. A decree of Maria Theresa had, it is true, reduced the contributions payable by the tenant to his lord, but she neutralised the effect of this otherwise beneficial measure by establish a network of custom duties all over the country which seriously crippled industrial and commercial operations.

Intellectual life there was none. The institution of the censorship destroyed the influence of the press, and the miserable education of the clergy was not without its effect upon that of the people. No new schools or universities were established, and the old ones were suffered to go to decay.

It was in the reign of Maria Theresa that Transylvania was erected into a great principality, and received a constitution very similar to that of Hungary; and it was she, also, who established the "Hungarian Guard" and the Order of St. Stephen, for both of which only the high aristocracy are eligible.

It was after the fall of Napoleon that the Hungarians began earnestly to turn their attention to internal reforms. In 1815 they called the attention of the Emperor to the disordered state of the country, foolishly imagining that he would be found as well disposed in a time of perfect tranquility as when his throne was in danger and he was in daily want of money. In 1822 the movements of the *Carbonari* in Italy gave great uneasiness to the Cabinet of Vienna, and the Emperor determined to dispense with the aid of the Diet, and raise supplies for the repression of these conspiracies by the royal power alone. To this attempt the county assemblies opposed the most vigorous resistance. This was the commencement of the struggle, which was closed for a *time*, at least, by the surrender of Georgey in 1849. But for the present the battle-field was not to be the ground of conflict. The times were changed, and the Magyars endeavoured, by a vigorous resistance in their national assemblies, to secure the establishment of their rights upon a firm basis. After a long contest, the Court party gave in, and Francis I. assembled a Diet in 1825. Some supplies were voted, but the utmost care was at the same time taken to guard against any acknowledgment of the Emperor's right to exact them without the free consent of the Diet. It was at this meeting that Count Stephen Szechényi delivered his famous speech in the Magyar language, which, for the first time, thoroughly roused the whole nation to a due sense of its position, its rights, and its duties.

Szechényi was one of the most remarkable men in Hungarian history. He was still young when he made his *debut* in the political world, and had few advantages of fortune or position to recommend him to public notice. He had served as an officer in a regiment of Hussars during many years of the earlier part of his life; and during the tremendous wars of the empire, upon a hundred battle-fields, all over Europe, in danger, defeat, and disaster, the young soldier had pursued his studies with an ardour and industry which would have been deemed worthy of a student in the quiet halls of Heidelberg or Gottingen. He was one of those high-born nobles who fought in the ranks of European despots against Napoleon, from hatred to military despotism, and in the belief that they were winning peace and liberty for their native land—men, whose ideas of national greatness and freedom were drawn from the great models of antiquity, just as they drank in the inspiration of beauty from gazing on the proportions of the Medicean Venus. Forty years of perjury, despotism, and espionage, have cooled the ardour of many hearts that then beat high with enthusiastic hope, and have clearly shown to the world that they who expect moderation and good government from absolute princes, might as well seek to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles.

Upon returning from the army at the close of the war, he travelled in France and England, and during his stay in each of these countries, paid the closest attention to its political institutions and mode of government. Upon his return home, he entered the arena of politics with the determination to remedy, as far as in him lay, the evils which afflicted the country, and to kindle a feeling of forced nationality amongst the members of the Diet. His disposition was cautious and calculating. He was opposed to all violent movements, and as he knew the adversaries with whom he had to contend, he strove to oppose to their subtle tactics the calm strength of gradual development. Above all, he was anxious that the contest should be prolonged. He saw that Austria desired nothing so much as that Hungary should descend from the dignity of constitutional resistance, and stake her existence upon the chances of an armed struggle.

He saw that the Magyar language, being excluded from all public assemblies, and official documents, stood a fair chance of perishing in a few years, and he resolved, in conjunction with Paul Nagy, to use the most vigorous efforts for its restoration. His first step was the delivery of a brilliant and powerful speech before the Diet, in the national tongue. Everyone was taken by surprise, and as much delighted by his eloquence as by the boldness of the effort. The Diet sat

for two years, and Szechényi was, during the whole time, the leader of the opposition, or rather of the party of progress. Francis I. was at length obliged to recognise the use of the Magyar language, to acknowledge the independence of the country, and to promise to assemble the Diet every three years, and to observe strictly the fundamental laws of the kingdom. To crown the glorious consummation to which his efforts had contributed so large a share, Szechényi assigned, out of his private fortune, the sum of 60,000 florins for the establishment of a scientific academy, upon the model of the French Institute. Nor did he relax from his efforts when the sittings of the Parliament were over. He now made the press a medium for the dissemination of his views upon political subjects, and his writings created the liveliest sensation, not in Hungary only, but all over Germany. They were the means of causing many of the Magyars to take an interest in political affairs, who had long before fallen into the state of slothful indifference, so prevalent in all countries subjected to a foreign yoke. By many of the old nobles he was denounced as a dreaming revolutionist, as he offended their pride by exposing all the defects of their character with an unsparing hand. But the good sense of the majority of the people triumphed over all opposition, and he has since been acknowledged by all to be the regenerator of Hungary. He next turned his attention to projects for the development of the material resources of the country, and he was mainly instrumental in establishing a company for the steam navigation of the Danube. Industry and commerce seemed everywhere to arouse themselves, and the whole nation to be about to push on vigorously to intellectual conquests and economic reforms.

Szechényi was just the man for the crisis. No one could be better fitted to arouse the nation from the state of somnolency which is so sure a precursor of death. In his writings he exposed the vices, follies, and ignorance of the people in a manner that made them laugh, and yet be ashamed of themselves. In the Diet he was more of a diplomatist than an orator. His speeches were interspersed with quotations, *bon mots*, anecdotes; but at the same time appealed no less to the reason than the feelings of his audience. His discourses were generally delivered in a tone of fatherly advice or tender remonstrance, and he thus gained many over to his side whom stern denunciations would have exasperated and alienated. He in all his labours sought to reconcile the interests of monarchy and liberty; and he believed that not only could this be done in union with Austria, but that in it lay the hopes and safety of Hungary. The moderate men of all parties listened to him with respect. But events did not heed him. They were evermore progressing towards results, bloody and disastrous, perhaps, but full of promise for the future.



BATTLE OF GYOR, 1809.—*See page 211*

When the news of the revolution in Paris in 1830 arrived, all Hungary seemed electrified, and the sympathy felt for the triumph of the French people was a source of great uneasiness to the Cabinet of Vienna. The "Marseillaise" was sung in the streets of Pesth, and the nobility went in crowds to France to behold in person the scene of so many successful insurrections. In the same year another Diet was assembled for the purpose of procuring supplies, of which the Viennese Government then stood greatly in need. The liberal party were anxious that the Hungarian soldiers should retain in service the feeling of nationality, and therefore wished to make it the condition of their vote that the Hungarian regiments should be commanded by Hungarian officers exclusively. This the Government would not allow; and it required all the

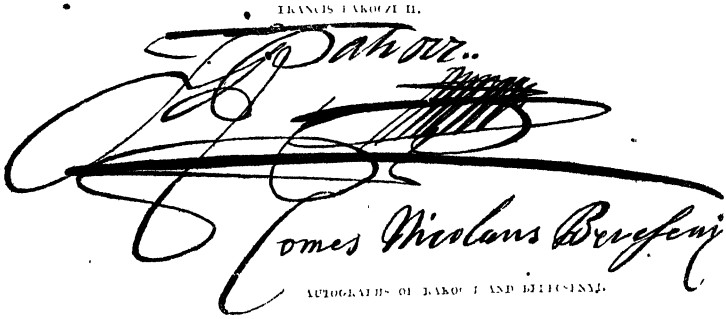
influence of the Archduke Joseph to obtain the grant of any sum whatever.

The representatives for some time afterwards were occupied in the revision of the constitution. In the Lower Chamber, or House of Commons, composed of the petty *noblesse*, all reforms were carried without difficulty; but in the Upper House, in which the magnates and clergy sat, the majority belonged to the conservative party, were allied to the Government, and opposed the most obstinate resistance to all movements in advance.

The insurrection in Poland now broke out, and gave a new stimulus to the free tendencies of the day. The Poles and Magyars were ancient and natural allies. Their geographical position brought them into frequent and close communion, but not nearly so much so as their similarity of character and of institutions. They had reached their prime of glory and of strength together, under the same chiefs, and, step by step, they had gone down the hill from the same causes. This traditional alliance, strengthened and cemented through the lapse of centuries, by a community of successes and misfortunes, had left in the hearts of both peoples an undying belief in the identity of their interests and their future. The Magyars always called Poland, *Testver-hon*, or "brother country;" and, on the other hand, the Pole called himself the "Magyar's brother." So that when the news arrived of the revolution in Warsaw, the youth of Hungary expressed an unanimous desire to march to the assistance of the insurgents. Each county demanded permission to levy troops, to be maintained at its own expense, as long as the war should last. Some of them proposed to furnish two thousand soldiers, and had all done the same there would have been an army of one hundred and four thousand men placed at the disposal of the Polish generals. But Austria laid the cold hands of diplomacy upon these generous hearts, and the expenditure was forbidden.



FRANCIS RAKOCZI II.



AUTOGRAPHS OF RAKOCZI AND BERCSENYI.

MRS. KIRKHAM'S BOARDER.

"Boy, you *will* break my heart!"

"Mother, you would break not only my heart, but my spirit also; yet, if I can help it, you shall do neither!"

"No impertinence, Edward! Again I command you to take this note to your teacher;" and as Mrs. Kirkham spoke she bent down, and, with flashing eye and knitted brow, looked hard in her son's face.

Edward Kirkham did not reply, and for a few moments both were silent. The little porch upon which mother and son stood was shaded and entwined with the creeping wild rose and scarlet trumpet-flower—the bees hummed merrily amongst the fragrant blossoms, and from the spreading branches of the tall trees near, the morning song of joyous birds floated forth. Mingled with these sweet sounds came the silvery gurgle of "Blue Stream," which passed through the village, flowed down the fair meadows, and widened as it entered the deep wood. As these melodies of nature broke the stern silence Edward Kirkham's heart seemed touched. The fierce scowl left his face, and, turning away from his mother's steady gaze with suffused eyes, he murmured

"*Please* don't ask me to take that note, mother, I *cannot* do it."

"I don't *ask* you, I *command* you to do it. Ned, will you obey me?" Mrs. Kirkham spoke harshly, sternly, as one who expected rebellion, and she seemed not surprised when the answer came.

"In all things reasonable I will obey you—in *this* matter, never!" Young Kirkham's head was high as he spoke, and turned full upon his mother's face.

"And do you look that way upon your widowed mother? you whom I have carried in my arms, my first-born, my only boy?" The widow's lip quivered, but she did not weep. At last Edward Kirkham seemed moved; again he spoke in the language of entreaty.

"Mother, I love you!" he pleaded, "I will do anything for you, but I cannot go back to school with that note."

"Your boyish whims *shall not* interfere with you. obedience to me. Ned, take the note and I forgive you—disobey me, and your cross not my threshold *again*." Mrs. Kirkham set her teeth firmly together as she spoke these bitter words, her fierce temper was fully up, but the same spirit lived in her son.

"Very well, I'll drown myself in 'Blue Stream' etc I carry that cringing note to your school House. Mother, *you* have no respect for your son, but he has some for himself, and turning away, Edward Kirkham was about to descend the step when his mother laid her hand upon his arm.

"Boy!" you *have* a fearful temper," she muttered, "but you threat *shall not* frighten me from my duty. My command still rests upon you."

"Does it?" carelessly returned the boy, springing down into the road.

"Take your books,' called Mrs. Kirkham from the porch, flinging the school-satchel after her son, "and don't come home until you have obeyed me," then going in, she closed the house-door with a violent bang.

For a moment Edward Kirkham stood irresolute, and then a sudden thought flashing through his mind, he picked up the satchel, and his slender, boyish figure soon disappeared among the trees. Two little girls sat upon the top rail of an old moss-grown fence, near the entrance of the woods. They were evidently expecting some one. they had merged their long walk that bright June morning, and their school-books were idly scattered about. When Edward Kirkham approached, they raised a shout of joy.

"I told you, Mabel, he would come,' said the younger of the girls, springing to his side, then, looking up in his face, she artlessly inquired, "What ails you, Ned? What *does* make you look so sad?"

Not much, Allie, dear—never mind just now; but here, take care of my satchel while I tell Mabel something down by the spring yonder."

"And not me too?" asked Allie, looking reproachfully at her brother.

"It is nothing that *you* would care about hearing—nothing funny that I am going to tell Mabel—and we won't be gone long," and with this promise and a bunch of wild flowers the little girl was satisfied.

"I will tell *you*, Mabel," said Edward Kirkham, as he walked away with his cousin, "as you are two years older than Allie, and not so childish; besides, I know that you will always love me."

"To be sure I will, dear Ned," returned Mabel Lynn, pressing close to her cousin's side.

"I believe you, Mabel, darling. You know I am nearly sixteen (and the boy proudly raised his head). Well, this very morning, mother ordered me to take a mean, cringing note of apology to Master Jones, an apology for an offence I never was guilty of; it would have been a disgrace to me to have offered it. I told mother this, but she believed me in the wrong, and urged, until at last she looked and talked more like a fiend than a woman."

"Ned! Ned!"

"Hear me, Mabel! She ordered me from her house, and I shall not darken her doors again. I stopped to tell you this, and bid little Allie and yourself good bye."

"Where are you going, Ned? Are you *never* coming back again?" gasped Mabel, eagerly clutching her cousin's arm.

"Don't ask me *where* I am going. Don't ask me *when* I am coming back, I can't tell you, Mabel, darling; but promise always to love and remember me."

"Always! always!" returned the affrighted little girl; and then sobs choked her voice, and, burying her face in her sunbonnet, she cried passionately. When at last she checked her grief, her cousin reminded her of Allie—he bade her dry her eyes, and they returned to the fence. In vain did Mabel Lynn implore her cousin to tell her where he had so madly resolved to go—in vain did she try to soften his boyish wrath against his mother. Edward Kirkham was firm, and ere they reached Allie she had ceased to plead.

"Good bye, my sweet Allie!" said Edward, fondly kissing his little sister, and then, turning to Mabel Lynn he kissed her often-blushing lip, and, with an effort to suppress tears, to hide the tears, he turned away.

"Ned, why do you bid us good bye? Ain't you coming home to dinner?" asked Allie in surprise.

"No, darling, no!" and Edward hurried toward the woods. Allie Kirkham looked after her brother in mute amusement, and for a moment seemed lost in thought; but directly a bright butterfly sprang up before her, and the gay-hearted little girl forgot Ned's "queer behaviour" in her merry chase. Mabel Lynn was sad and silent all the morning, she said nothing to Allie of Edward's strange determination, although it sorely troubled her heart. Edward Kirkham did not come home for dinner, and when evening shades darkened the valley he was still absent. Mrs. Kirkham grew uneasy, the little girls frightened, and when a second day had nearly worn away, and Edward came not, she began to think it was something more than "one of Ned's mad freaks." Ere a third day fleeted by, the villagers went forth to seek Edward Kirkham. Mrs. Kirkham's passion had now gone, and her heart seemed wrung with agony. Not until the close of the fourth day did any [illegible] upon the disappearance of Edward Kirkham. A [illegible] was then furnished to the mystery. The jacket of Edward Kirkham was found floating upon the waters of "Blue Stream," and on the bank near by lay his handkerchief and school-satchel—his footprints were traced in the soft earth close down to the stream's edge. "Blue Stream" was dragged, but the body of the poor boy could not be found, there was little doubt but that it had been carried far down and lost in a wider expanse of water. Mrs. Kirkham now fearfully realized the truth of her son's threat, and for weeks was like one bereft of sense. Suddenly she resumed her stern, calm composure, and after listening with whitened cheek to Mabel Lynn's tale, forbade that her son's name should *ever* be mentioned to her again. The villagers respected her grief, and Edward Kirkham was remembered by them only in silence, or in tearful whispers at their own firesides. Mrs. Kirkham felt that she had provoked that storm of passion in which her proud, yet noble-hearted boy, had rushed into eternity; and with this conviction she was miserable. Mabel Lynn and Allie [illegible] spoke to each other of Edward, and as months flew by their pale, sad faces, told how truly they yet mourned for "poor Ned!"

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Seventeen years had fleeted by since Mrs. Kirkham's fearful bereavment—seventeen long years. Mingled webs of mercies and chastenings, joys and sorrows, had passed over the village. It had changed; its houses were more numerous, and a spirit of life and

activity had sprang up in its very midst which seventeen years before slumbered. There was a change in the inhabitants, an absence of well-known familiar faces, a presence of new and strange ones. In her old home Mrs. Kirkham still lived. Her step had grown heavy and her eye dim. Silver threads glistened from beneath her widow's cap. The weight of years was beginning to press hardly on Mrs. Kirkham, though her spirit had lost none of its energy. Time and bitter grief had softened her fierce asperity of temper, and Mary Kirkham, sorely chastened, deeply sorrowing, was a subdued and altered woman. Allie Kirkham—the gay little Allie of seventeen years before—was a widow. Childless and alone, her mirthful spirit saddened, Allie Dale returned to her mother's house poorer than when she left it. Mabel (still Mabel Lynn) lived with her aunt. Her brow was smooth and fair, as in earlier years, yet her large black eyes had a mournful gaze, and her cheek was very pale. Many wondered that the gentle and lovely Mabel Lynn had passed thirty years of her life unought, unknown, yet Mabel was calmly cheerful, and repined not at her lonely lot. To her aunt's heart she was very dear. Allie and Mabel were Mrs. Kirkham's treasures—all the old lady had.

Mrs. Kirkham grew poor. She had never been wealthy, but now her little fortune seemed fleeting fast away. Unless help came soon, "the homestead" must pass into stranger hands, and this Mrs. Kirkham shrank from. Mabel and Allie bent over their needles from morn till even, but their labours seemed in vain. Prospects darkened—money lessened. As a last resort, Mrs. Kirkham decided to take a boarder—a gentleman boarder—and for his use she would appropriate her best bed-chamber, a pretty room, over the neat little parlour. With the aid of her old dome-tic she could manage household affairs, and her niece and daughter might still pursue their sewing. Allie and Mabel approved of this, and the next week the following notice appeared in the village paper:—"A pleasant room and boarding for one gentleman to be had on reasonable terms." Apply to Mrs. Kirkham's. No one responded to this advertisement, and for the fourth and last time it filled a corner in the *Weekly Herald*. This time it was successful.

A stranger whom the stage had brought to the village a half-hour before carelessly picked up the paper. Sylvester Trelan—for so he had booked his name—read this notice twice, walked the hotel piazza some dozen times, and then, having apparently arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, desired to be shown the way to Mrs. Kirkham's. During a walk of some minutes, Mr. Trelan asked many questions of his little guide concerning the Kirkham family, expressing his determination, if he liked them, to remain some weeks. I don't know, reader, what pleased Sylvester Trelan so much at the cottage, but this I do know, that, after gazing round the pretty chamber, with its old-fashioned red and green carpet, long white window-curtains, and neatly-made bed, with snowy Marseilles quilt, and after a brief conversation with Mrs. Kirkham, he engaged to be her boarder for several months, at least until autumn.

Sylvester Trelan was a tall man. His figure was good, his eyes dark blue and piercing, his features regular, and when he smiled he looked pleasant. But he was not handsome. His compl deeply bronzed, and he wore his dark brown hair in thick clust ing masses over his brow; which, added to his habitually ..... expression of countenance, rendered him rather unprepossessing in appearance. Sylvester Trelan had travelled much, his home had been in foreign countries, and therefore, when he chose, his conversation became singularly interesting and pleasing. He was wealthy, and paid generously, and Mrs. Kirkham was well satisfied with her boarder.

Alice and Mabel did not like him, at times his manners were strangely abrupt, and, ere Sylvester Trelan had been two weeks in her house, Mrs. Kirkham adopted their sentiments, her feelings underwent a sudden and violent change toward him.

"I heard something in the village to-day which interested me exceedingly," said Mr. Trelan to Mabel Lynn, as he sat with her one evening upon the porch.

"Indeed! what was it?" listlessly asked Mabel.

"An old tale to you, I presume; I refer to the drowning of Mrs. Kirkham's son, years ago."

A deep flush spread over Mabel Lynn's face, and her voice quivered as she spoke:—

"An old tale,' indeed, and one full of misery. Don't talk to me of Ned, Mr. Trelan; you don't know what heart-rending memories your remark has awakened."

"I am surprised, Miss Lynn; you talk as if you loved this Kirkham."

"Loved him! Yes, child as I was, I loved him dearly, sir; he was my cousin—my brother. Oh, Ned! Ned!" and Mabel Lynn wept bitterly.

Mr. Trelan looked troubled, earnest, and perplexed.

"Pardon me; I knew not this subject was so painful to you."

"You might have known," quickly returned Mabel; then, checking herself, she added, "Promise never to mention this subject in this house again, especially to my aunt, we *never* speak to *her* of Ned."

Ere Trelan could reply, they were summoned to tea.

As Mrs. Kirkham took her seat at the tea-tray, Mr. Trelan fixed his large blue eyes intently upon he

"Madam," he said, in a low, thrilling tone, which caused Allie Dale to start, and Mabel to look imploringly upon him, "madam, I heard to-day, for the *first* time, of your son being drowned near this village, many years ago."

A quick contraction of the mouth, a deadly pallor of the cheek, and otherwise Mrs. Kirkham was calm.

"Talk not to *me* of Edward Kirkham," she said, hoarsely; "he went to the bar of his God, a wretched suicide."

"And pray,' Mrs. Kirkham, "*why* did he commit suicide? had he just cause for it—was he unhappy?" coolly asked Trelan.

Mrs. Kirkham's hand trembled violently, and she sat down the coffee-pot. Allie Dale burst into tears, and Mabel leaned back in her chair, and covered her eyes. Notwithstanding this, and the horror-stricken looks of the old servant, who, fly-brush in hand, stood as if petrified, Trelan calmly repeated the question, "Had he cause?"

"Oh, misery! yes—but who are *you*, that *you* dare speak to me of Ned?"

Mrs. Kirkham rose from the table with a sudden shudder, and Alice followed her. Sylvester Trelan's confused apology was lost upon Mabel, she seemed scarcely to hear it. Shortly after, when he took his hat and left the house, Mabel sought her aunt. That night, the first time for seventeen years, Mrs. Kirkham spoke to Allie and Mabel of *Ned*.

. . . . . .

It was a stormy eve—fleeting clouds darkened the face of heaven, and wailing winds and dashing rain sounded mournfully together. Mrs. Kirkham sat alone in her parlour. The small lamp threw its rays full upon her face, it was pale, sad, and anxious. For a long while she was silent, and then, the mother's heart throbbing wildly within her, she moaned forth her grief—

"Oh, Ned, my precious lost boy! would that my tongue had been palsied, ere it spoke those bitter words! Oh, miserable child, and yet more miserable mother!" Tears burst forth, and Mrs. Kirkham laid her head upon the table.

"Did you address me, madam—" asked Sylvester Trelan, stepping from the deep window recess, where he had been standing unob erved.

"Address *you*! No! I knew not that you were in the ed Mrs. Kirkham, hastily subduing her grief, and cham.

"You appeared to be mourning for your-

"Don't mention his name to me again," violently interrupted Mrs. Kirkham, her whole frame trembling with emotion.

Sylvester Trelan covered his face with his hands, and muttered, "It is well!" When he looked up he was alone.

"It is cruel, unaccountable, his behaviour," said Mabel Lynn, as she listened, with flushed cheek, some minutes after, to her aunt's incoherent tale. "Why this man seeks thus to torture you, I know not."

"Mother!" exclaimed the impetuous Allie Dale, fondly kissing Mrs. Kirkham's faded lips—"mother, Sylvester Trelan shall stay here no longer. Let me this very night bid him seek other lodgings, it matters not if we are poor—better so than have your feelings crushed."

"Allie! stay a moment. Our poverty *does* matter much; we cannot so hastily cut from us the means of support; but I promise you, if Sylvester Trelan mentions my boy to me again, he leaves this house for ever."

"I am satisfied," murmured Allie.

Another evening was stealing over the village; not a dim, misty, weeping one, as that of yesterday, but radiant with golden light, balmy and fair. Allie Dale sat upon the porch-step; nature

was joyous, but she was not; and, whilst the birds sang, she sighed.

"You are sad this evening, Mrs. Dale; and wherefore?"

Allie turned, and saw Sylvester Trelan a shiver of dislike crossed her, and she answered, proudly—

"You need not ask, Mr. Trelan. Permit me to inquire why you have twice cruelly wounded the heart of my mother?—twice, and not two weeks have flown since you entered our family. *Why* have you done this?"

"For my own satisfaction," hurriedly returned Mr. Trelan.

"Is your heart of adamant? You know what agony to my mother is the mention of Ned: even Mabel and myself have never dared to advert to him, by word or look, for years; and yet *you*, a stranger, coolly delight in her misery."

"Not so—not so; I have an object in view," said Sylvester Trelan, with strange emphasis.

Allie Dale did not reply. Again she sighed, and again her companion inquired the reason of her grief.

"I will tell you," she answered suddenly, "although you have no feeling. To save mother, Mabel, and myself, from bitter poverty, I have partly consented to wed one I can never love; and now a path of wretchedness lies before"

"Be comforted, Allie—Mrs. Dale! In that path you shall *never* walk. *I* will save you, so help me, Heaven!"

Allie looked up through her tears at Sylvester Trelan, but he turned away from her earnest gaze, and left her alone.

An hour later, Sylvester Trelan entered the parlour where sat Mrs Kirkham, Allie, and Mabel. A chill silence followed his entrance. It was broken at last by Trelan

"Mrs. Kirkham, I wish not to torture you, but I implore you tell me, *do you yet love your son*?" As Sylvester Trelan paused, his frame shook with violent emotion.

"In mercy, speak not his name again to me!" gasped Mrs. Kirkham.

"In mercy, answer my question, and I pledge my sacred honour that I cease to trouble you."

"Man! tormentor! you have pitilessly torn my bleeding heart since you came to this house; now leave it, and take my answer. I love my dead boy with a mad, passionate, undying love!" Mrs Kirkham almost screamed these words out, and then clasping her hands tightly together, she pressed them on her brow.

"I have probed your heart but to heal. Oh, *mother! mother!* I have ever loved you, I have pined for you, mother! Behold your son!" And, with a convulsive sob, the strong man threw himself on his knees before Mrs. Kirkham

"My son!" exclaimed the bewildered woman, looking wildly on Trelan. "Alas! no—my poor son was drowned!"

"Mother he was not, I tell you! *I* am your son. I *am* Edward Kirkham! In a moment of fierce anger, I vowed to be dead to you, and left my clothes and satchel on the bank, that you might think I slept beneath the waters. Oh, mother, forgive me!" As Edward Kirkham spoke, he swept back the masses of dark hair from his brow, and his high, bold forehead was uncovered. A deep, red scar glowed upon it. As Mrs Kirkham's eye fell on this, she uttered a scream of joy

"You *are* my Ned! That scar was on your brow in childhood. I know you now. Oh, child, for seventeen long years parted from your mother, you are mine again! My God, I thank thee!" And Mrs. Kirkham's arms were wound around her son's neck with a wild, rapturous endearment.

Allie and Mabel knelt by Edward Kirkham; and when his mother's head was on his shoulder, and then soft kisses fell upon his cheek and lip, the weary wanderer of seventeen years acknowledged, with a grateful heart, that God had richly blessed him.

"I have gathered wealth, I have brought home gold, mother. It is yours. You are poor no longer. Sweet sister! darling Allie! you shall never walk in the wretched path of which you told me one hour ago."

Some weeks after, there was a wedding in the "old homestead," and Edward Kirkham took to his true and noble heart the fair Mabel Lynn. Allie Dale ever smiles when she speaks of Sylvester Trelan, and her mother declares it to be a blessed day upon which he crossed her threshold. There was no small excitement and joy in the village when it was known that the long-lost Ned Kirkham had come back; and down to the present time the villagers regard "Mrs. Kirkham's Boarder" with wonder and

MONASTIC INSTITUTIONS AND THE POOR.

The monasteries of England once held about one-fifth of the rental of the kingdom, and their dissolution, by throwing their immense wealth into the hands of the territorial aristocracy, contributed materially to the building up and fortifyin of our civil constitution, by rendering them better able to withstand, in those days of absolutism, the enormous prerogative of the Crown. For as wealth is power, the distribution amongst the nobility and gentry of revenues amounting to one-fifth of the kingdom, must have sensibly affected their weight in the balance. Respecting this event, *Hallam* has the following remarks:—"A very ungrounded prejudice has obtained, and notwithstanding its increasingly manifest falsity, it still lingers, namely, that the alms of the monasteries relieved the poor throughout the kingdom, and that the present parochial system took its rise, and was necessitated, by the dissolution of these beneficent foundations. It cannot be denied that many impotent poor did receive support in this way. But the blind cleemosynary spirit generated by the Romish Church, is notoriously the cause, and not the cure, of beggary and wretchedness. The monastic institutions could never answer the ends of local and limited succour, meted out in just proportion to the demands of poverty. Their gates might indeed be open to such as knocked at them for alms, and came in search of streams, which, however, must always be too scanty for a thirsty multitude, but nothing could have a stronger tendency to promote that vagrant mendicity, and thus to perpetuate the enormous evil which very severe statutes were enacted to repress. It was, and always must continue to be, a hard problem to discover the means of rescuing those whom labour cannot maintain, from starvation. The regular clergy were in all respects ill fitted for this great office of humanity. Even while the monasteries were yet standing, the scheme of providing for the poor *had been* adopted by the legislature, by means of regular collections, which, in the course of a long series of statutes, ending in the 43rd of Elizabeth, were almost insensibly converted into compulsory assessments. The first act for the relief of the impotent poor passed in 1535 (27 Hen. 8, c. 25). By this statute, no alms were to be given to beggars, on forfeiture of ten times the value, but a collection was to be made in every parish. The compulsory contribution, properly speaking, began in 1572. (14 Eliza. c. 5.) But by an earlier statute (1 Edw. 6, c. 3), the bishop was empowered to proceed in his court against all refusing to contribute, or *dissuading others from doing so.*" Hallam adds: "In particular districts, it is likely some had cause to regret the cessation of monastic hospitalities, but it is by no means probable that the poor in general were placed in a worse position by that event; nor are we to forget, that the class to whom the abbey lands passed, have been distinguished at all times, and never more than in the first century after that transference of property, for their charity and munificence." It should seem, then, that the common cry as to the former times being so much better than the present, is nothing more than a mistake, arising from ignorance of what the former times really were. Our high civilisation has had a double effect. It not only finds out means to relieve want, and suffering, and to delay, if not even wholly avert, their approach, but also to enhance our ideas of what form the comforts and necessaries of life. And hence what would once have sufficed to sustain life, would now be rejected as unfit for food. The dietary of our poor-houses is vastly superior to that which, three or four centuries ago, would have been considered almost dainty fare for ordinary men.

ADVICE.—There is a well known custom prevailing in our criminal courts of assigning counsel to such prisoners as have no one to defend them. On one occasion, the court finding a man accused of theft, and without counsel, said to a lawyer who was present, "Mr. ——, please to withdraw with the prisoner, confer with him, and then give him such counsel as may be best for his interest." The lawyer and his client then withdrew, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the lawyer returned into court. "Where is the prisoner?" asked the court. "He has gone, your honour," said the hopeful legal "limb." "Your honour told me to give him the best advice I could for his interest, and, as he said he was guilty, I thought the best counsel I could offer him was to cut and run, which he took at once."

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

We write in the midst of Christmas melodies and music. This recals to us the memories of the masters of that divine art. Foremost amongst them was Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, whose short career—he was but 38 when he died—came to a close at Leipsic, November 3, 1848. "The boy," wrote Goethe of young Mendelssohn, "was born upon a lucky day." He was born at Hamburgh, February 3, 1809, where his father—he son of the celebrated philosopher—was an opulent merchant. Isaac Taylor lays it down as a rule, that genius is on the mother's side. In this case the rule holds good; the son was worthy of the mother, and grew under her tender care. We need not tell the readers of "Coningsby," or "Lord George Bentinck—a Political Biography," that Mendelssohn came of that Hebrew race which, according to Mr. Disraeli, numbers amongst its sons the poets, and orators, and artists, of every clime.

Mendelssohn's youth was one of early development. He soon became a good classical scholar, mastered most of the European languages, and, as he said himself, "got into music, he hardly knew how." But there lay his chiefest power, and his father's house was one where all artists met a ready welcome. His mother, too, was able to give him his first musical lessons, increasing them by a minute daily. He was then transferred to Paris, where he received instruction from Madame Berger, of whose musical taste he always spoke in the highest terms. Then, in Berlin he was placed under the care of Zieter, the friend of Goethe, for the science of music, and of Berger, for the piano-forte. He was also, for a short period, a pupil under Hummel. Nature had given him a singular vivacity and willingness of finger, which made all the combinations of keyed instruments easy to him. His quickness of ear and memory was prodigious, his sense of time unimpeachable. He acquired, too, without trouble, that general knowledge of instruments which befits an orchestral composer—himself playing fairly on the violin, apparently seizing and arranging ideas as quickly as he learned manual processes, and unconsciously forming a style when boys are mostly writing school exercises. His "Piano-forte Quartettes," published in 1821, and probably composed a year or two earlier, as distinctly mark a way of their author's own as his last concerts or the last issue of his "Lieder ohne Worte." The easy circumstances of his parents permitted Mendelssohn to travel, and England, Germany, France, and



FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

Italy, were the countries he explored. Though he had tried his hand at opera-writing in Berlin, it was in England that his fame was established. Our Philharmonic audience was the first to recognise the rare beauty of his overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." In 1834, Mendelssohn accepted the musical directorship at Dusseldorf, accompanied with some charge of the opera, conjointly with Herr Immerman—the last appointment, however, he soon relinquished. In 1837, shortly after his marriage with a young lady from Frankfort—Cecilie Jeanrenaud—the daughter of a Protestant clergyman, he took up his abode at Leipsic, as director of the concerts. There he was honoured with the degree of Doctor, by the University of that

town, spent his happiest days, and wrote the larger portion of his works. There, with occasional visits to Berlin and to England, where, at the Birmingham festival, his "Elijah" was produced, and to Switzerland, where he went to mourn the loss of a beloved sister, in whose fate he saw a presage of his own, he resided till his death.

Mendelssohn's contributions to music we cannot attempt to chronicle here. The stores of orchestral music were enriched by him with three grand symphonies. We owe to him two oratorios—the "St. Paul," and the "Elijah." The amount of his concerted vocal music and single songs is extensive. His theatrical music—produced for the Court of Prussia—displays no common versatility and dramatic power. So much for his works; we must now speak of Mendelssohn as a performer. An accomplished critic in the *Athenæum* said, "He might, on the strength of his executive powers alone, have challenged the admiration of Europe. His mechanical facility on the piano-forte was prodigious, his expression true and deep, without a tinge of grimace or caricature, his style was unapproached to and animated by that vivacity which also gave such a charm to his demeanour, his readiness, science, and humour, in extemporising, were unsurpassed. He preferred, however, the organ to the piano-forte; since, on that nobler instrument, his ideas, always cast in large orchestral proportions, amplified by every resource of consummate learning and experience could be most thoroughly expressed by his vigorous hand. His memory was prodigious, and his fancy inexhaustible."

It now only remains that we speak of Mendelssohn as a man. Genius is not necessarily the feverish thing it is drawn by some. A genius may discharge the common duties of common life as well as an ordinary individual. There is no law forbidding him to be a citizen, and the head of a family. There is no necessity that compels a genius to outrage all society, and to become the slave of passion and vice. The higher the genius, the higher and holier is the life. Those who rant about genius being free of all laws, being a law unto itself, should think of John Milton, and have the decency to be dumb. Another instance against this manifold sentiment was exemplified in Mendelssohn's daily life. He was an affectionate son and brother, an exemplary and devoted husband, a wise and indulgent father. He remained faithful to old friends with a constancy rare even among those who are less brilliantly tempted to fickleness. His wit was as ready, his spirit as playful, as his sense was sound. Nor was he a mere musician. Few men possessed tastes and sympathies embracing so wide a circle of pursuits and objects. We can only add here that, as is the case with most men of really great endowments, Mendelssohn's personal appearance was winning in the extreme. Nature had gifted her favourite with one of the brightest and most expressive countenances ever bestowed upon genius. His friends all declare that, as a likeness, the best portrait extant is meagre and pedantic. His *matters* little. Men of genius have immortality in their work. Their features become forgotten, but their ideas can never die.

GUN-COTTON.

A week or two since, a paragraph went the round of the papers, which we trust, for the credit of the softer sex, was not true. A Swiss peasant girl fancied that she had some cause for anger with her lover, and resolved to gratify her passion. Accordingly she folded some gun-cotton in his cravat, knowing well that as he smoked, some ashes from his pipe would be sure to fall upon it. The result is soon told. A few days afterwards the victim of female revenge was found with his head blown to atoms.

After this our readers may think the discovery of gun-cotton an event to be deprecated. Here, however, we must differ from them. The man who invents the most rapid and the most effectual means of destruction, as regards war, is the greatest friend of the interests of humanity. Before gunpowder was invented war was far more of a favourite pastime with kings and people than now; when gunpowder was discovered, and the art of murder consummated, and such butcheries as Austerlitz and Waterloo perpetrated, governments began to reflect that the game was too costly. Thirty years of peace have served to give birth to better ideas in Europe. The folly of war is every day seen in a stronger light, and it is very clear that if any man could invent a means of destruction by which two nations going to war with each other would see large armies destroyed and immense treasure wasted on both sides in a single campaign, they would hesitate before proceeding to war. We may be sure that all possible means of conciliation and concession would first be tried. Thus we see extremes beautifully meet, the man who invents the most murderous instruments of warfare in reality furnishes the most potent arguments for peace. In Exeter-hall itself it would be impossible to find a more genuine peace apostle than he. To this class of peace advocates does the inventor of gun-cotton most assuredly belong. It was first discovered by M. Schonbein, of Basel, a professor of chemistry at Berlin. He found that by immersing the common flax-cotton in equal quantities of nitric acid and sulphuric acid, and then washing it and drying it, that an explosive power was obtained quite equal to that of gunpowder. It explodes at 400 deg. Fahr., while gunpowder explodes at 600 deg. In consequence of this, gun-cotton may be fired on gunpowder without igniting.

This peculiarity results from the minute divisions of the cotton fibres, for gunpowder dust will explode at a much lower temperature than grained powder. Gun-cotton may be prepared in various ways. When prepared according to Schonbein's receipt, it must be done as rapidly as possible by pressing the cotton in the mixture with a glass rod. When this is done it is taken out and as much as possible of the mixture is squeezed out of it. The cotton is then washed in successive portions of water, until it looses all taste of acid. It is then pressed in a linen cloth, and dried. Saw-dust, wood-shavings, and any body consisting principally of carbon, may be rendered explosive by preparations in a similar way. It is stated in a report of the Parisian Academy of Sciences, that "if we are to believe the statements that have been made by persons of high respectability, the explosive cotton of M. Schonbein is a perfect substitute for gunpowder, possessing weight for weight, much more strength than that article, and at the same time being free from the many serious objections which attend the manufacture of gunpowder. On the other hand it does not appear that any of the specimens of other discoverers have given fully satisfactory results, that is to say, they are by no means of so destructive a property as the cotton of M. Schonbein." In France the manufacture and use of gun-cotton have generally been forbidden on account of the danger attendant. It is probable, however, that gun-cotton will supersede powder for the purposes of blasting, for which it possesses the important advantage that it does not generate smoke. At present, however, it appears to be unsuitable for military purposes. The Governments of England and France have both declined to use the gun-cotton because it is alleged that it explodes with such a small degree of heat, that after a few discharges a musket will be so hot as to go off the moment the charge was put in the barrel.

Solomon long since said, "there was nothing new under the sun." Gun-cotton is no exception to this general rule. At the meeting of the Parisian Academy, to which we have already referred, M. Pelouze, one of the members, said, "Although M. Schonbein has not published the nature or mode of preparation of his cotton, it is evident that the properties which he assigns to it can only apply to xylondine. M. Dumas, as well as myself, made this remark in the origin of the first communication of M. Schonbein. Reasoning on the hypothesis that the gun-cotton is nothing else than xylondine, I may be permitted to say a few words with respect to its history, and some of its properties. Xylondine was discovered, in 1833, by M. Braconnet, of Nancy. He prepared it by dissolving starch and some other organic substances in nitric acid, and precipitating these solutions in water. In a note inserted in the "*Comptes Rendûs de l'Academie des Sciences*," in 1833, I showed that the xylondine resulted from the union of the elements of the nitric acid with those of starch, and explained by this composition the excessive combustibility of the substance produced. I ascertained, and this I think a very important result in the history of the application of xylondine, that instead of preparing it by dissolving the cellulose, it might be obtained with infinitely greater facility and economy, by simply impregnating with concentrated nitric acid, paper, cotton, and hemp, and that these organic matters thus treated took fire at 180 degs., and burnt almost without

residuum, and with excessive energy; but I think it right to add that I never had for an instant an idea of their use as a substitute for gunpowder. The merit of this application belongs entirely to M. Schonbein. Eight years ago, however, I prepared an inflammable paper by plunging it into concentrated nitric acid. After leaving it there for twenty minutes, I washed it in a large quantity of water, and dried it in a gentle heat. I have recently tried this paper in a pistol, and with about three grains pierced a plank two centimetres (about three quarters of an inch) in thickness, at a distance of sixty-five metres."

M. Schonbein disposed of his patent-right in England for £40,000. Lately we have not heard so much of the wonderful effects of gun-cotton. We can easily imagine, however, that should war break out, it and Warner's long-range could soon be brought into play, so as to make the destruction not merely immense but sure. With death thus a mathematical certainty, we question whether any amount of pay or glory could reconcile even "high-spirited youths" to their untimely fate. From this discovery, also, another truth looms out—the old truth of the superiority of mind over matter—of mental over brute force. A man of science gets an idea, and with that idea he goes to work, and rocks are blasted, and solid masonry levelled to the earth, and the pride and [illegible] comes a ruin and a wreck. In such times man seems elevated into a nobler life—to be invested with more awful attributes, breathe a diviner air.

UNROLLING A MUMMY

A Gloucester paper describes as follows the unrolling of a mummy at Edgeworth Manor-house: "A few weeks ago we noticed the commencement of unrolling a mummy, which had for a long time been in the possession of Edmund Hopkinson, Esq., of Prior's Hill Mansion in this county, and it having been determined to make a further investigation of this curious relic of antiquity, on Thursday it was again drawn from its temporary retreat, and once more submitted "to the garish light of day." The operations were conducted principally by Mr. Rumsey, surgeon, of this city, and, in the absence of a more scientific account, which can only be drawn up when the numerous emblems, hieroglyphics, and inscriptions, have been decyphered, we give a general description of the appearances. That the rank of the person was high cannot be doubted, from the number and great beauty of the cases, or sarcophagi, enclosing him. Two massive sarcophagi of sycamore wood, the outside one eight feet long by three feet high, and two feet ten inches wide, the thickness of the wood being nearly three inches, and the surface, ends, and sides of which were elaborately covered by symbolical and other signs and inscriptions, were succeeded by a third, made of the finest cedar, on which probably the history of the person is described on a narrow fillet of hieroglyphics running down the front and round the sides. Inside all these was the magnificent case of gummed linen, as much in thickness, the rich painting on which seems to have been laid on a coating of something like papier mache. On this case appear to have been depicted the funeral rites, the judgment of the soul of the deceased, the deities whose peculiar province was the care of the departed, with frequent representations of the greater deities, Osiris and Isis. There were no less than 280 yards of bandage round the body, in alternate layers of longitudinal bands, crossed as a figure of 8 around the shoulders and legs, and of circular bands enclosing the whole body. The interstices between the limbs were padded with pieces of linen of various shapes and sizes; and more than 20 scarfs, six of which were fringed, were ingeniously applied between the layers of bandages, so as to give roundness, uniformity, and steadiness to the whole mummy. The eyes had been replaced by oblong masses of linen neatly rolled inserted within the lids, and steeped in the same fluid composition which had imbued all the bandages and scarfs. The brain had been removed through the nostrils, and this operation had somewhat injured the nose, which was not well defined. The teeth were in excellent preservation, and the eyebrows and a few scattered hairs on the chin and face were very distinct. The nails on the fingers and toes were also in good preservation. The whole surface of the body was of the darkest brown, almost black, smooth; the wrinkles of the skin, the form of the limbs, and even the expression of the countenance, well retained. The skin itself was covered with a saline efflorescence, which had probably resulted from the application of the hot bituminous injections, after the body had been steeped, usually for seventy days, in strong brine. There is reason also to suppose that the body was dried at a high temperature previous to bandaging. The removal of the inner layer of linen, coated with hardened bituminous gum, so as not to injure the body, was a matter of considerable difficulty, and severely tried the patience of the operator on both occasions. There were no papyri or inscriptions among the bandages, no amulets, scarabæi, rings, or jewels, about the person. The art of the embalmer seems to have been less carefully exercised in this instance than that of the casemaker and painter. The hard bituminous matter in which the body lay has been analysed by Mr. Whinfield, chemist, of the city, and found to consist of about two-fifths of aromatic resinous matter, and the remainder of a pure and fine asphalt or bitumen. It is supposed the gummy resinous matter contained the turpentine of the cedar and myrrh.

BENISON UPON THE OLD YEAR.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

Live thee well, thou venerable year!
Grief-full hearts shall weep o'er thy silent bier,
For many a pleasant day we've known
In [illegible] days which now are flown,
And [illegible] hours, active mirth
Have spent with friends of long-tried worth
In [illegible] scenes of grief and care,
For us have offered many a prayer.

And for all the rich gifts thou bestowed while here,
We bless thee, and thank thee, thou brave Old Year!
For thy music and sunshine, and fragrant flowers,
And chirping of birds in their leafy bowers,
For fresh, sweet smiles, whose gladness cast
A gleam of light o'er our anxious past,
For voices responsive from fond hearts true,
And words of wise counsel, we bless thee too!

For the hour which to high pure thoughts gave birth
For the hope which such ointment around us shed
Rays of sweet comfort when torn hearts bled,
For every kind deed and each gentle tone,
And the tender memories thou made our own,
And [illegible], oh mercies of each and of all in most dear,
We [illegible] gladly thank thee, thou brave Old Year!

But mostly for every time-hallowed word,
Which aught of good in our souls hath stirred,
[illegible]all, for the cheering and holy creed
Th[illegible]

For [illegible] we most bless thee, Bride
And our requiem sing, o'er thy

[illegible]D THEIR BEING ALL THINGS.—The feel

[illegible]ordering (conscientiousness) is the most important regulative [illegible]action of all the others, within the [illegible] is right. It makes others as we would they should do to us," and [illegible]recently above all things. It is painfully evident to all who thin[illegible] upon the subject, how much the world needs proper cultivat[illegible]n, exercise, and direction of this faculty. It disheartening [illegible]contemplate the vast area which "Vanity Fair occupies, in [illegible]ich each acts a part, each wears a mask, endeavours to [illegible]ceive his neighbour by passing for something or less than he [illegible], and each is satisfied with [illegible] doing or doing craving for [illegible]nction, not excellence—to appear, not to be Praise is the g[illegible]nd desideratum; and as to be virtuous is often too troublesome, th[illegible] semblance is assumed of whatever will best secure the approbatio[illegible] of society. The development of a large conscientiousness [illegible]n alone counteract the wide spreading and infectious tendency

MISCELLANEA.

WANT OF CONFIDENCE.—A little Frenchman loaned a merchant five thousand dollars when the "times were good." He called at the counting-house a few years ago in a state of agitation not easily described. "How do you do?" inquired the merchant. "Sick—ver sick," replied monsieur. "What's the matter?" "Detimes i de matter." "Detimes! what disease is that?" "De malade dat break all the merchants, ver much." "Ah! the times, eh? well, they are bad, very bad, sure enough; but do they affect you?" "Vy, monsieur, I lose de confidence." "In whom?" "In everybody." "Not in me, I hope?" "Pardonnez moi, monsieur but I do not know who to trust at present, when all de merchants break several times to pieces." "Then I presume you want your money?" "Oui, monsieur, I starve for the want of l'argent." "Can't you do without it?" "No monsieur, I must have it." "You must? Oui monsieur," said dimity breeches, turning pale with apprehension for the safety of his money. "And you can't do without it?" "No monsieur, not von leetle moment longare." The merchant reached his bank-book, drew a cheque on the bank to the and handed it to his visitor. "Vat is dis, monsieur?" "A cheque for five thousand dollars, with the interest." "Is it bon?" said the Frenchman, with amazement. "Certainly." "Have you l'argent in de bank?" "Yes." "And is it pantaramte convenient to pay de sum?" "Undoubtedly. What astonishes you?" "Vy, dat you got him in dees times? Oh yes! and I have got plenty more I nothing that I cannot pay at a moment's notice." The Frenchman was perplexed "Monsieur, you shall do me von leetle favour, eh?" "With all my heart." "Vell monsieur, you shall keep de l'argent for leetle vear longare." "Why, I thought you wanted it?" "Tout au contraire, I no want de l'argent—I want de grand confidence. Suppose you no got de money, den I want him ver much; suppose you got him, den I no want him at all. You comprehenez, eh?" After some other conference the little Frenchman prevailed upon the merchant to retain the money, and left the counting-house with a light heart and a countenance very different from the one he wore when he entered. His confidence was restored and although he did not stand in need of the money, he wished to know that his property was in safe hands.

COAL GAS.—To Dr Clayton, the Dean of Kildare, the honour is due of having first obtained gas from the distillation of coal. The gas produced by the distillation of coal is not uniform in its composition. Its illuminating constituents are light carbide of hydrogen and olefiant gas, but many other gases are evolved during the process, most of which tend to diminish the illuminating power; whilst others, such as ammonia and sulphide of hydrogen, are injurious to health. By the assistance of chemistry the composition of coal gas was elucidated, and the nature of its poisonous and useful ingredients ascertained. The chemist, therefore, gave on this knowledge means to the manufacturer for separating the deleterious compounds by the process of purification the cyanogen compounds, with the sulphide of hydrogen, ammonia, sulphurous acid, hydrochloric acid, and carbonic acid, are arrested

Scientific improvements are still going on with relation to gasworks. From coal naphtha a number of interesting oils have been lately separated, which have long been favourites with the cultivators of organic chemistry. Benzol, one of them, readily vapourable, that, when common air passed through the tank containing this oil, it becomes so highly charged with carbohydrogen as to burn with a brilliant light. This, doubtless, will bring benzol into more general use. The consumption of gas is enormous. The following statistics give us an insight into the extent to which this branch of industry has attained. In England 6,000,000 tons of coal are annually employed for the manufacture of gas, and from £12,000,000 to £15,000,000 sterling expended in its production. In London alone 500,000 tons of coal are annually used, producing 4,500,000,000 cubic feet of gas and 700,000 chaldrons of coke, of the latter 12,000 chaldrons are consumed in manufacturing the gas, and the remainder sold for fuel. Upwards of half a million houses in London burn gas, and the length of the main arteries for conveying it is 1,000 miles. The capital employed in the metropolis for the production of gas is £4,000,000.

THE beauty proper for sublime art is lineaments, or forms, or features, that are capable of being the receptacles of intellect.

PAT AT THE POST-OFFICE.—The following colloquy actually took place at an eastern post office.—Pat. "I say, Mr Postmaster, is there a letther for me?" "Who are you, my good man?" "I'm myself—that's who I am." "Well, what is your name?" "An what do we want wid the name? Let it on the letther." "So but I can find the letter if there is one." "Well, Pat Byrne, if we must have it." "No name for Pat Byrne." "Is there no way to get in the No, sir." "Well for ye then isn't I'd teach ye better manners than to insist on a gentleman name but we didn't get it after all—so I must away and ye'll find the bit is my name Byrne."

LORD BROUGHAM now and then lets fall unpremeditated words, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together on mountain heights, and by its own weight, however small, a mass changes, but in the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habit have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

CHOICE TEXTS.—"A text for bachelors—"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." A text for aristocrats—"The rich and poor meet together, the Lord is maker of them all." "He hath made of one blood all nations of men." A text for idlers—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall not stand before mean men?" A text for the timorous—"The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion."

HE who disdains to look closely after the economy of his house and the habits of his servants, would require some more assured source of income than the works of his own hands.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z.—Cocoa is the cacao of the West Indies, and is the seed of the cacao-tree. Twenty-three millions of pounds are consumed in Europe, and it is the general beverage of Spain. Cocoa-trees are from 40 to 60 feet, with leaves 10 or 12 feet long, with six or nine clusters of 10 or 12 nuts near the top. They produce timber, covering for houses, oil, arrack, and cordage. The oil is used and preferred all over the East for light and soap, and excellent candles and soap are made from it in London, clearer and sweeter than tallow or whale oil. *Coker*-nuts is a corruption.

A SHOEMAKER.—A master has a right to regulate the hours in which his apprentice works. The law would interfere in a case of great hardship, but not otherwise.

FRANCIS LAKE.—We fear there is no great demand for schoolmasters in the colonies.

J. L.—The moment any man sets his foot on English ground he is free. This is not merely a popular boast. It was the glory of Granville Sharp, the philanthropist, that in a suit which he carried on at his own expense and under great disadvantages, he established the fact that the assertion is sound law.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE WEST.—There is no periodical or magazine worth anything. We have at present a short time a handbook for emigrants which is issued from our office.

T. R. M. wants to know if we, or any of our correspondents, can inform him of some cure for his tendency to sleep at night. Directly he takes up a book he falls asleep. If his malady does not arise from over-exertion, over-eating, or ill health we fear that his case is hopeless.

R. G. sees two or three estimates of the value of the Koh-i-noor. In his bewilderment he asks us to reconcile the conflicting statements. This we will easily do. The conflicting estimates are made by different parties, and based upon different calculations. If R. G. wishes us to tell him which is the right one, we must decline answering the question. We believe the value is imaginary more than real.

R. M. BANCROFT.—You can get a French smack at any of the foreign booksellers in We cannot tell you what the price is, but it cannot be very expensive. The French for THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND is *"L'Ami des Ouvriers."*

S. J.—Light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles a second. We question whether the electric telegraph be this.

COTTAGIANA wants us to tell him how the crystallization of sugar is made, such as is on the hairdresser's shop next door to the robemaker's, corner of Chancery-lane. Had he not better apply at the hairdresser's than to us?

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER asks what is the legal authority of the President of a Republic like Louis Napoleon? In such a case we should say Louis Napoleon has no legal authority to rule by might, not right—by the arms, not by the laws, of France. Our correspondent the reader as if we are advocates of total abstinence surely "A Constant Subscriber" could not have been a very constant reader, or he would not have needed to ask such a question.

HENRY.—The Mississippi well deserves the name of the Great River. Its navigable rivers alone show a navigation of 20,000 miles, while their entire length is 51,000 miles. Thus—Mississippi and tributaries, not including those given below, aggregate length, 4,125 miles; Red and all tributaries, aggregate length, 1,125 miles; Arkansas, do., do., 5,510; White, do., 1,058; Ohio, do., do., 10,750; Missouri, do., do., 12,170; Illinois, do., do., 1,270; Wisconsin, 675. Total Mississippi, with all its inlets, 50,525; outlets bayous, in all, 485. Total length of the Great River, with all its parts, 51,000 miles.

WILLIAM IMLAY.—Cannibalism is decreasing. There are, however, barbarous tribes amongst whom it prevails; but we hear very little of it in these times.

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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER VIII.



HUNGARIAN COSTUMES—HUSSAR AND PEASANTRY.

We have now almost reached the period in which the Magyars were driven from the even ground of constitutional resistance, and compelled to leave their struggle to the doubtful arbitrement of the sword. Step by step we have followed the details of the contest between the Diet and the Emperors, from the days on which Szapolyai signed the treaty with Rodolph of Hapsburgh, to those on which Szechényi sought to break the yoke of feudalism and set free the serfs. In a few years more Austria draws the sword to put an end for ever to the murmurs of discontent, and stifle the voice of constitutional agitation. This is the last argument of kings, and force only can repel force. Before pursuing any further the details of these ill-fated but heroic efforts, we think it may not be amiss to take a cursory view of the countries bordering on Hungary, the races by which they are inhabited, and the political institutions and social life of Hungary itself, previous to 1848.

Something of this sort we feel to be necessary in order that the reader may clearly understand what is to follow.

It was the inherent excellence of the Hungarian constitution which preserved it for so long a period against the machinations of Austria. The strong feeling of individual independence which the Magyars inherited from their forefathers, the Huns, has been at all times an effectual guarantee against any encroachments upon their personal liberty, and their attachment to their institutions, republican in their origin, saved them from destruction by the open violence of Leopold, or the lying diplomacy of the hoary deceiver Metternich.

Despotism is always grasping. No matter how great man's power, he longs for more. Austria was not a field big enough for the exercise of Austrian tyranny. It hungering for three hundred years to thresh Hungary with the same iron flail; so that there has been a continued series of attempts on the part of the Emperor to establish absolutism all over his dominions. To these the Magyars opposed the county assemblies, and the county assemblies the Diet. Both of them, from the very fact of their existence, at all times possessed the confidence of the people; for there was at all times perfect freedom of election. It cannot be denied that the franchise was confined to the privileged classes to the *noblesse*, but we have already remarked upon the large amount of the population which was comprehended under this term. Besides, its very constitution was democratic. It was not derogatory to the dignity of anyone belonging to it to enter into business, to pursue a manual occupation, or to cultivate the soil. In short, the *noblesse* was, to all intents and purposes, the people. It was they who were called upon from time to time to prove the sincerity of their devotion to their fatherland, by flinging away their lives in battle against the Turk. Like the Spanish hidalgos, they were engaged in a perpetual crusade. The community of danger and misfortune tended gradually to level all distinction of ranks. They who had combatted side by side in the ranks of war were equals in peace. All were Magyars, all freemen. Anything that made a man more than these was adventitious of necessity, and was considered of trifling importance.

When the invasions of the Turks had ceased, a new contest began. It was then necessary to provide against the more peaceful, but not less insidious and not less dangerous, inroads of Austria. The necessity of carrying on a constant resistance was another bond of union.

These then, were the men, who, previous to the revolution of 1848, had the right of electing the deputies to the Diet, the viscounts of the counties, the judges, and all other functionaries of an inferior rank. The intentions of Austria were shown by the appointment of supreme court to supersede the viscounts, and the repeated attempts made to get the nomination of the palatine into the Emperor's hands.

The Diet had under its control the general administration of the country. To it belonged the right of making all laws, and to the Palatine, and the Council of Lieutenancy over which he presided, the duty of putting them into execution. Although the inferior counts were appointed by the king, it was the viscounts who exercised all the authority of the situation, and inasmuch as they were elected by the people, they possessed their entire confidence. They also presided in the absence of the count at the quarterly meetings of the county assemblies. Here all questions of local interest were discussed and provided for, and, also, those of a higher order, which were under the consideration of the Diet. Here, also, projects of reform were brought forward and elaborated, new laws adapted to the necessities of the times were proposed and discussed, and instructions were drawn up for the deputies whom they sent to the general Diet, which were to regulate their voting and advocacy on all occasions. It was thus that the young men of Hungary received their political education; and while supported by so many bodies scattered over the whole country whose organisation and mode of action was similar to its own, and who, besides, possessed the confidence of the people in its several localities, the Diet was encouraged to persevere in its defence of the national independence.

In the ranks of every aristocracy, there are men found, who, whatever may have been their political training, love the glitter of court better than the applause of the people, or the welfare and independence of their country. The tendency of free institutions is to elevate the masses and bring down the mighty; to look upon man as a being in himself great and noble, to attach greater value to personal merit, and less to the accidents of birth, or property, or hereditary rank. Freedom always tries to raise human nature; despotism to lower it. I deprecate it. As the despot is himself the fountain of all honour, he is naturally anxious that those distinctions which he bestows should possess great importance, and be anxiously sought after, whilst those that men win by their own exertions should be underrated or despised. As a natural consequence of this, those who value themselves upon their titles or possessions only are induced to gravitate towards him as the centre of their system, and come gradually to look upon the untitled and the poor as beings of an inferior order. But as the latter compose the vast body of every nation, they of course have greatest interest in the national welfare and independence. The high and privileged orders, are anxious as far as possible to separate themselves from the *canaille* and rise towards the monarch. The round of court pleasures has greater charms than the labours of public life. Looking upon themselves in the light of superior beings, they are anxious, as far as possible, to make it appear that their interests too are separate.

So in Hungary there were many who, like Esterhazy, valued ease and court honours and favours too much to offer any resistance to the usurpations of Austria. The free towns were nearly all under their immediate control, but fortunately for the liberal interests, each of these towns, being inhabited by foreign colonists, had only one vote, whatever might be its population.

Originally, the Diet was a single assembly, presided over by the palatine, or the dignitary next to him in rank, afterwards, to facilitate the transaction of business, it was divided into two legislative bodies. In the first or upper chamber, sat those whose rank entitled them to a seat, or private persons, who appeared for themselves either in person or by proxy; such as the bishops, the barons, the guards of the crown, the governor of Fiume, a great sea-port, and the civil and judicial counts. In the lower chamber sat the deputies elected by the entire body of the nobles, and by the towns, and these were presided over by an official called *personalis*, and who was supposed to represent the king. Each county and each town sent two representatives, but, in the towns, the right of voting was restricted to a fixed number of the middle classes. This chamber took the initiative in the passing of all laws. The magnates, or upper house, might affirm or reject them upon examination, and the king had a veto as in England. All the sittings were in public, and everyone might enter who wore the national costume, with the sabre at his side.

Besides the representatives of the towns and counties, the lower chamber contained one or two deputies from each district, such as those of the Jazyges, the Cumans, the Hayducks. There was one deputy from the town of Fiume, one from Buccari, and, last of all, three deputies only from Croatia, one of whom sat in the chamber of magnates, the exclusive attachment of that province to its municipal institutions preventing its sending a larger number. The town of Sepusa, the military frontiers, and the districts adjoining the royal domains, remained up to the revolution of 1848 unrepresented.

The two chambers communicated to one another their acts and consultations by messages, and when any question of grave importance arose, they met and sat together, and the sittings were then called *sessiones mixtæ*, or mixed sitting. On these occasions, no one member of either house had any greater importance than another. Each possessed only one vote. It is but right to add that on many important questions numbers of the magnates gave a sincere and consistent support to all liberal measures.

One should be present at one of the elections of viscount of deputies, or of other functionaries of a similar kind, to understand fully the extent of a Magyar's willingness to sacrifice, on every occasion, personal interests to his desire for the public good. The scene that presents itself in the chief town of each county, on the morning of the election, is one of the most [illegible] in the world.

Before the sun rises the crowd is so great, that

seems as if the whole population of the district had crowded in to witness the ceremonial. Every lane, every street, and every avenue, is filled with an anxious and expectant multitude. Elector, or non-elector, each has his candidate, whose claims he supports with as much warmth and energy, as if his life or fortune was staked upon the result. The interval preceding the arrival of the country electors, is occupied with arguments, guesses, and speculations, as to the prospects of each nominee.

At last, the coming of the electors from the country engages the attention of all. They come in in long files, mounted in carts drawn by three or four horses. Each file is divided into several groups, one for every village or district, and is preceded by a flag, bearing the national colours, and the names of the candidates whom the voters intend to support, and headed by a chief called *Kortes*, around him ride all the most influential men of the locality, each wearing on his shoulder his most gorgeous pelisse, and carrying his heavy sabre at his side. They thus wind their way through the crowd, bands of music, more remarkable for loudness than harmony, playing national airs all the time.

As each vehicle passes in front of the town-house, the passengers, surrounded by their bundles of hay, intended as provender for their horses, and not less ample provision for themselves, in the shape of bread, milk, cooked meat, and bottles of wine, in case the election should be prolonged for more than one day, loudly cheer their favourite candidate. Looking at these tall, sunburnt fellows, with long moustachios, embroidered jackets, and flowing pelisses, strolling about with lofty and graceful air,—and one listening to their wild acclamations, and watching their fierce gestures, it would require no great stretch of imagination to fancy oneself in the midst of a detachment of Tartar horse, or a Mameluke fresh from the plains of the East.

A new *cortège* appears presently. It is composed of the electors of the chief town itself, who are coming out to join and to assist in the preliminaries. At their head rides the city *nobleese*, distinguished by their rich costumes, the gold bullion on their epaulettes, their curved sabres, with hilts chased and set with diamonds, tight pantaloons, ornamented with curious designs, finely embroidered on the cloth, red boots, bright spurs, and caps of the costliest furs, the aigrettes of which glitter in the sun. They are preceded by a splendid band, playing Rakoczi's march, and other national airs, while superb cavaliers surround them, sword in hand, and keep off the crowd. Seats are placed in front of the town-house, the supporters of each candidate appear in the balcony and urge the claims of their favourites in the glowing, oriental style, for which Hungarian eloquence is so remarkable. Murmurs of assent or disapprobation arise from the audience, and in the passionate struggle which follows, and in which each man believes his own cause to be that of his country, swords are often drawn and blood shed. At last some Hercules arises, and, like as a lion, his disposition is like the honey of the *steppe*, and he is the tulip of spring (the favourite flower of the Magyars) for chivalrous and lofty courtesy.

"*Vagyosk a tulipam,*
Nagyan lesz a vice-ispan."—
"The tulip is in flower,
Nagan shall be viscount,"

was the burden of an admired song at a recent election.

At last, the candidates present themselves, and are carried on the shoulders of their partisans through the crowd. It is announced that the election will take place at an early hour in the morning, and all peaceably separate. At the appointed time, the same crowd and same scenes present themselves. Old men, women, and children, are all there, and all believe themselves interested in the result. At last, the palatine arrives, with some men of influence in the county, who act as his assessors. Their entry is hailed by thunders of applause, and then succeeds a religious silence. The president then officially announces that three years having elapsed since the last elections, the term of office of the various public functionaries has expired, and concludes by putting the formal question, "Whom do you wish to be viscount?" The names of the different candidates are shouted forth from various parts of the crowd. A poll is demanded by one of them, and the voting follows as in England. After the election of the viscount, comes that of the chief justice and other functionaries, and then, in a precisely similar manner, that of the deputies.

This short and imperfect sketch is sufficient to prove to us that the Hungarians were, at least, not unworthy of freedom; and to be unworthy of freedom, is the only thing that can deprive slaves of a claim to our sympathy. But the misfortunes of the Magyars are not those of a remote epoch, they are of to-day, as fresh in the hearts of the people as confidence in the valour and the remembrance of their greatness; and the nearer they are, the closer at hand is the day of retribution.

At the time of the great wars against Austria and the Turks, armies were raised *en masse*. The whole people rose in a body, with an enthusiasm of which we in England at the present time can have but little conception. Taking up arms was not only a patriotic, but a religious duty, and as such was faithfully fulfilled. In later times the military ardour of the people has of course not been so great, but enlistment has been always voluntary, and recruits easy to be obtained. The republican organisation of the country, and the military spirit which so strongly pervades the character of the Magyars, has ever caused them to look on war rather as a pastime, full of fierce, but pleasurable excitement, than as an evil occasionally necessary, but [illegible]

[illegible] is called on by detachments [illegible] and the time chosen is, as with us, usually during fairs, or some festival which attracts great numbers of people to the principal towns. It is to the hussars that the task is mostly committed of bringing them [illegible] under the iron yoke of military discipline. Their [illegible] uniforms, dashing chargers, and jovial and soldier-like language, soon work upon the excitable imaginations of the rustics. They [illegible] by the Hungarians, in full national [illegible] playing their favourite national airs. Halting frequently they form a circle, and planting the standard in the centre, dance around it, jingling their spurs to keep time with the music, and charming the bystanders by the richness of their dress and the agility of their movements. The dance is at times slow and solemn, at others lively and animated, and often full of fierce gesticulation and martial enthusiasm. The crowd are delighted, [illegible] young men, unable any longer [illegible] the shako and the sabre, join in the dance, and become soldiers. Very often mere children present themselves for enrolment. The officer of the party caresses them, and promises to enlist them when they grow bigger, and not mere children. The others are content

stirring airs, and the horsemen assume the most studied and warlike postures, as if to leave nothing undone to complete the fascination. But notwithstanding their natural leaning towards a military life, the young Magyars are not always found willing to exchange their liberty for its gaudy trappings and so-called freedom from care. M. de Geiando tells a story of a young man of Jaszbereny which well exemplifies this. "He was," says he, "elegantly formed, and seemed born to be a soldier. He seemed to follow the movements of the dances with the closest attention. The officer observed the animation which lighted up his countenance, and rode up and down before him several times, as if for the purpose of fascinating him. He approached the young man almost involuntarily, possessed with the vague idea that I might in some way assist in making him proof against the temptations of the seducer. 'Does your grace,' said I, with a doubtful air, 'wish to become a hussar?' 'Aye,' he replied, musingly, 'I would have splendid accoutrements and a fine horse;' but then added,

after a short pause, 'but I have a very good horse myself already, and, better still, I can ride him whenever I please.' He immediately went away, as if to guard against the possibility of his yelding.' But disappointments like these do not discourage the hussars, who reap ample harvests from among the lively groups who join in their dances, and feel the wild strains of the music warming their blood like wine.

The first hussars who appeared in France were Hungarians under Louis XIV., and from that time the uniform and the name have spread all over Europe. The regiments raised by



HUNGARIAN MOWERS.



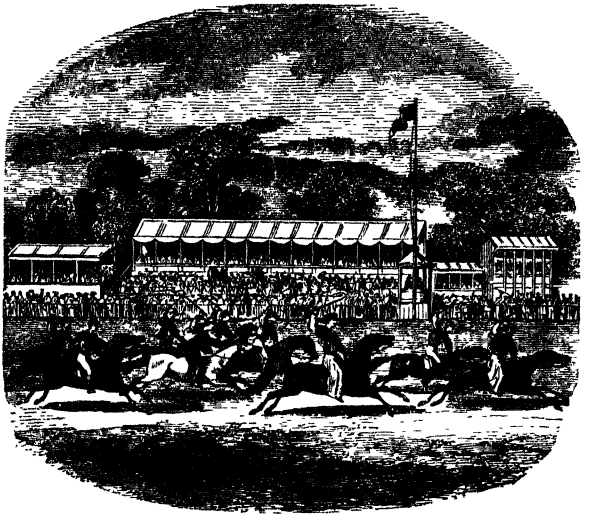
SCLAVONIANS IN HOLIDAY DRESS.



CROAT GIRL IN HOLIDAY DRESS

CROAT WOMEN.

Esterhazi and Berecsenyi, the companions in arms of Rakoczi when in exile, still retained the names of their founders in 1792. Every corps coming under this denomination has ever since worn the long, flowing tress or plume hanging from the



HUNGARIAN RACE-COURSE.

cap, taken from the head-dress of the Magyar peasantry in the eighteenth century. The name *hussar* comes from *husz*, twenty, and *ar*, price—literally, "worth twenty." In remote times, when war was proclaimed, the magnates led into the field twenty foot soldiers for one horseman, whose equipment alone cost as much as that of the whole of the others; and afterwards, when this mode of recruiting had disappeared, the name still continued in use. At the present day the regiments of hussars in the Austrian service are altogether composed of Hungarians, and their uniform is nothing more than their national costume. The word "shako," meaning a military cap or helmet, is one of Hungarian origin, as also many others of a similar kind.

The Magyars, except the very wealthy, have little taste for travelling. They are content to pass their lives in their own country, occupied in training their horses, or cultivating their farms or estates. Except to ride to the county town, to attend the fairs or the elections, they seldom go from home, and then they seize the opportunity of gratifying their curiosity, and, at the same time, seeing their old friends.

The fairs are the great centres of union. They are often held in villages of no importance, except for the goodness of the situation. Here men of all ranks meet, and pass the day in groups in the street, discussing the news of the day, and talking over the affairs of local interest. They read but little, and the fairs are, therefore, to them what our newspapers and liberty of the press are to us, and, perhaps, as powerful in effect; for in addition to the mere verbal communication of a sentiment, necessarily elevated by the influence of a practical political education, it is accompanied by oriental energy of gesticulation, impassioned glances of the eye, and intonation of the voice. To these also must be referred the astonishingly accurate knowledge of public affairs which the Magyar peasant is always found to possess, and the importance which he attaches to these periodical meetings is well illustrated in an amusing anecdote related by M. de Gerando:—"I was travelling one day, and commenced a conversation with the driver, by asking him what he knew of my country—France? 'I know,' he replied, 'that your nation is better taught, more powerful, and more fortunate than mine; and I know also that it is as brave as mine; for Napoleon said, 'With the French grenadiers, and the Hungarian hussars, I would conquer the world!' 'Did Napoleon say that?' said I; 'and how did you come to know it?' 'What!' said he, with a haughty toss of his head, 'do you think I don't attend the fairs?'"

Travelling in Hungary is very rapid, but still, as a French traveller facetiously remarks, "one never gets to his journey's end." The means of progression are not wanting, certainly. There is an "Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic Post," in every direction; but the charges are exorbitant. Many persons, therefore, take advantage of the relays



THE CSIKOS.

of horses established upon the principal lines of route, by merchants, by which they are enabled to travel night and day. The magnates, of course, think it beneath their dig-

nity to travel with any horses but their own, and these are sent forward, to be ready at regular intervals some days before the journey is commenced. The postilions are hussars, who maintain a continued shouting and cracking of their whips the whole way. Their horses resemble a cross between the Arab and the Barb, not large, but lively, strong, and muscular, capable of enduring great fatigue, and, in all respects, admirably adapted to the service of light cavalry.

Another means of locomotion, the *elofogo*, or *vorspann*, was an obligation imposed upon the peasantry to furnish a complete set of horses to the traveller at each stage, in return for the small sum of one florin, which goes to the municipal fund. This impost was abolished by the county assemblies in later times, but the practice still exists; for the peasantry being excessively fond of riding, and often not knowing how to employ their leisure, prefer riding a stage for a florin, with the chance of something extra from the generosity of the traveller, to sitting idle at home.

This is, in many respects, an expeditious mode of travelling, but still has its inconveniences. When once the carriage starts, the whole stage is performed in a gallop if the tourist has no objection; but the hussar will adapt himself without hesitation to all his caprices; he acts as a cicerone the whole way, pointing out the remarkable places on each side of the road, and recounting the legends connected with them. But, once arrived at the end of the stage, it is impossible for him to tell when he can start again. When the carriage stops before the door of the *kisbiro*—a petty magistrate, or village mayor, charged with the duty of attending to the *elofogo* —the man who should ride the next stage is very likely absent in the fields, the horses are grazing in the meadows, and nothing is in readiness. In that case the kisbiro makes his excuses with an air of formal politeness, and declares that he will himself go in search of the absent postilion. He then arranges his caftan on his head, twirls his moustachios, adjusts his pelisse, and stalks off at a dignified pace, jingling his spurs as he goes. In the meantime the villagers remain seated at their doors, with the gravity of senators, eyeing the traveller. To crowd around him, or ask questions, would be beneath their dignity. If they see that he needs any assistance, it is instantly offered, but with dignified reserve. After some minutes of silence, perhaps, one may remark, *Nagy szekér*, "It is a fine carriage," and the others reply, *Nagy ám*, "Yes, it is a very fine one," and, in nine cases out of ten, these will be the only remarks made, unless questions are asked by the tourist himself. The Magyar seldom indulges in idle words. Unless he has something of importance to communicate, he remains silent.

At length the kisbiro returns, often after a long absence, and with him four or five small but hardy horses. The postilion is usually a tall, bronzed, hardy fellow, with enormous moustachios, booted and spurred, and armed with a long whip, decorated with red and white rosettes. He mounts, and starts away at full speed. All men, of whatever rank, who meet the traveller on his way, salute him as a brother; and amongst the Magyars themselves, in the [illegible] life, the most excessive politeness prevails. We [illegible] a country gentleman, who once went to make a request of a magnate, who was his neighbour. He raised his hat, and held it in his hand, while he spoke. The magnate begged of him to put it on, as it was extremely cold. "I shall do no such thing," replied the other, "I know the respect which I owe you." "How so?" was the answer, "are we not equal—both nobles?"

"Doubtless we are, but I am a plain gentleman, and you are a great lord."

"I am no greater than you; our privileges are the same. I am perhaps richer than you, but that is all."

"True, you are."

"Then it is to my purse that you take off your hat."

"Ah, you're right," said the squire; "you are richer than I, but there is no other difference between us," and immediately put on his hat.

The herds of the plains of Hungary form a number of distinct [illegible] habits and mode of life. They are very numerous, hardy, active, and from their skill in horsemanship, and expertness in the use of their weapons, make fine soldiers. Our space will not permit us to enter into details regarding any of them except the *csikos*, or horseherds, and as these played a prominent part in the late war, we shall adopt the vivid sketch of them furnished by an eminent writer:—

"The csikos is a man, who, from his birth, somehow or other, finds himself seated upon a foal. Instinctively the boy remains fixed upon the animal's back, and grows up in his seat as other children do in the cradle. The boy grows by degrees to a big horseherd. To earn his livelihood he enters the service of some nobleman, or of the Government, who possess in Hungary immense herds of wild horses. These herds range over a tract of many German square miles, for the most part some level plain, with wood, marsh, heath, and moorland; they rove about where they please, multiply, and enjoy freedom of existence. Nevertheless, it is a common error to imagine that these horses, like a pack of wolves in the mountains, are left to themselves and nature, without any care or thought of man. Wild horses, in the proper sense of the term, are in Europe, at the present day, only met with in Bessarabia; whereas, the so-called wild herds in Hungary may her be compared to the animals ranging in our large parks, which are attended to and watched. The csikos has the difficult task of keeping a watchful eye upon these herds. He knows their strength, their habits, the spots they frequent; he knows the birthday of every foal, and when the animal, fit for training, should be taken out of the herd. He has then a hard task upon his hands, compared with which a grand-ducal wild boar hunt is child's play; for the horse has not only to be taken alive from the midst of the herd, but of course side and sound in wind and limb. For this purpose the celebrated whip of the csikos serves him; probably, at some future time, a few splendid specimens of this instrument will be exhibited in the Imperial Arsenal at Vienna, beside the sword of Scanderbeg and the Swiss 'morning-stars.' This whip has a stout handle, from one and a half to two feet long, and a cord which measures not less than 18 to 24 feet in length. The cord is attached to a short iron chain, fixed to the top of the handle by an iron ring. A large leaden button is fastened to the end of the cord, and similar smaller buttons are distributed along it at distances, according to certain rules derived from experience, of which we are ignorant. Armed with this weapon, which the csikos carries in his belt, together with a short grappling-iron or hook, he sets out on his horse-chase. Thus mounted and equipped, without saddle or stirrup, he flies like the storm-wind over the heath, with such [illegible] the grass scarcely bends under the horse's hoof, [illegible] horse is not heard, and the whirling cloud of dust above his head alone marks his approach and disappearance. Although familiar with the use of a rifle, he despises such a troublesome article of [illegible], and guides his horse with his voice, hands, and feet—nay, it almost seems as if he directed it by the mere exercise of the will, as we move our feet to the right or left, backwards or forwards, without its ever coming into our head to regulate our movements by a leather strap. In this manner he pursues he chases the flying herd, until at length he succeeds [illegible] the animal which he is bent on catching. He [illegible] his whip round in immense circles, and throws the cord with such dexterity and precision that it twines around the neck of his victim. The leaden button at the end, and the knots along the cord, form a noose, which draws closer and tighter the faster the horse hastens on. See how he flies along with outstretched legs, his mane whistling in the wind, his eye darting fire, his mouth covered with foam, and the dust whirling along, aloft, on all sides! But the noble animal breathes shorter, his eye grows wild and staring, his nostrils are reddened with blood, the veins of his neck are distended like cords, his legs refuse longer service—he sinks exhausted and powerless, a picture of death. But, at the same instant, the pursuing steed likewise stands still and fixed as if turned to stone. An instant, and the csikos has flung himself off his horse upon the ground, and inclining his body backwards to keep the noose tight, he seizes the cord alternately with the right and left hand, shorter and shorter, drawing himself by it nearer and nearer to the panting and [illegible], till at last, coming up to it, he flings his leg across its back. He now begins to slacken the noose gently, allowing the creature to recover breath, but hardly does the horse feel this relief, before he leaps up, and darts off again in

a wild course, as if still able to escape from his enemy. But the man is already bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh; he sits fixed upon his neck, as if grown to it, and makes the horse feel his power at will, by tightening or slackening the cord. A second time the hunted animal sinks upon the ground; again he rises and again breaks down, until at length, overpowered with exhaustion, he can no longer stir a limb."*

The csikos, of course, serve in the cavalry, and make some of the best horse-soldiers in the world. They are of middle height, generally well formed, and possess surprising agility. No sooner had the Diet declared war in 1848 against the Emperor of Austria, than they ran to arms from all quarters of the kingdom, and ranged themselves under the national banner. They then formed a body of light cavalry that was the terror of the Austrian and Russian soldiers. Galloping to the charge with the swiftness of [illegible] shouting loudly, *Elyen a Magyar szabadsag!* ("Hurra for Hungarian freedom!") they flew past the ranks of the enemy, striking the dragoons from their saddles with blows of the leaden ball at the end of their lassos, which they threw with unerring dexterity, and then, while their victims in wondering ignorance of the nature of the instrument by which they had been wounded. In the pursuit, after a victory, they were fiercer and more unrelenting than the Cossacks, cutting down without mercy all who crossed their path. At the horse-races, also, which frequently take place on the plain of Rakos, they display a talent in the pursuits of the turf that would do honour to many an English jockey.

The remainder of the present chapter we shall devote to a short sketch of the various races who have found a home in Hungary, and who have figured prominently in the recent struggle.

In Hungary, the hordes of barbarians who marched to the destruction of the Roman empire made their rendezvous, and great numbers of the Sclave race established themselves there at that period. More recently, it became the refuge of nomade tribes, who had been driven out from their own territory by more powerful neighbours. The pilgrim and crusaders also passed through it on their way to the Holy Land. And, last of all, it was here that the defenders of Christianity and of Western Europe assembled to repel the assaults of the Turks and Moguls. Of this heterogeneous mass of race, all speaking different languages, no one had a great preponderance over the others, either in culture or in civilisation. Nor did the dominant people show itself desirous of extending the use of its idiom; and the early kings showed themselves desirous of perpetuating the distinction of language and manners, believing that in them lay the guaranty of their dominions. This diversity has, therefore, come down to the present day, and has been, in a great measure, the cause of all the misfortunes which Hungary has undergone. It has given rise to the dissensions and broils which have for centuries afforded a pretext for the interference and encroachments of foreign powers. Let us take a rapid view of these various races, and their manners and customs.

Croatia lies to the south-west of Hungary, and comprises an area of about 162,000 square miles, and contains a population of 490,267 souls. It is divided into three small counties, part of which belonged, before the battle of Mohatz, to Upper Sclavonia. It did not receive this addition until the accession of Ferdinand, the first prince of the House of Hapsburgh, who wished in this way to reward the services rendered by the inhabitants to his cause.

The Croats, like the Serbes, are ignorant, and coarse in their manners. Their physical training may in some degree account for this great defect in the national character. He is exempt from their earliest youth are untaught and untended. The mother, when she feels the pangs of approaching labour, retires to some secluded place, and gives birth to the infant alone and unaided. She immediately returns to her work, and pays it no further attention than to supply it with daily nourishment. As a natural consequence the men are physically, perhaps, the finest in the world—tall, strong, robust, and well-made, but violent in temper, and ferocious in their aspect. Those on the frontiers are distinguished by their courage and military ardour. All the able-bodied men of this district are obliged to serve in the frontier guard for a short period, after which they return to their previous occupations. In time of war or *insurrection*, as the levy *en masse* is called, every Croat takes up arms, and serves in whatever capacity may be assigned to him. It was by this means that Jellachich, the ban, was enabled to bring such large forces into the field in the late war to aid the Emperor of Austria in crushing Hungarian and Italian freedom; and if the Croats had made common cause with the Magyars, Austria would have been utterly overthrown. The Croat possesses the Russian virtue of steadiest endurance under fire. Those who have read a graphic description of the terrible battle fought between the French and Russians under the walls of Moscow may form some idea of the ferocious energy of their resistance against any force, no matter how great. They may be mowed down with grape shot, decimated by musketry, or ridden down by cavalry, but still they will not move from their position. The Croat infantry has, therefore, always formed an important part of the Austrian army. In the long wars of succession in the reign of Maria Theresa, and during those waged against the French Republic and Empire, these fierce battalions acquired great renown. They have but a small body of cavalry, mostly belonging to the irregular guard of the ban. To this body and some other regiments is also confided the defence of the frontiers bordering upon Turkey. Their uniform is very rich, covered profusely with gold and embroidery.

The inhabitants of Croatia build their own houses, which, however, are nothing more than miserable cabins, with one apartment for the family and another for the domestic animals. The furniture seldom consists of anything but a few vessels of earthenware, two or three knives, a table, and one or two chairs. Their pleasures are coarse and sensual, and their domestic life unhappy. The dominant religion is Catholicism, which, however, amongst them is nothing more than a stupid mixture of fable and superstition.

The Slavonians, or Slavonic family, dwell to the south of the Drave. Sclavonia was originally a Turkish province, and it was in the year 1687 that Leopold I. granted to a crowd of [illegible] on the left bank of the Danube, and demanded an asylum amongst their neighbours. The request was granted, and, as a return for their services against the Turks, they were invested with civil rights. But they very soon gave signs of their intention to abuse the hospitality of the Magyars, by endeavouring to form a province, independent of the rest of the kingdom. As Austria was ever on the watch to take advantage of discord such as this, in order to rivet her own yoke more firmly, pretended to recognise Servia as an independent state, and established at Vienna a Serbe chancery. The remonstrances of the Hungarian Diet however, induced her to forego her design.

The country known as Servia at the present day comprises the counties of Baty, Verocza, Temes, Torontal, Posega, and the military frontiers, containing 385,742 Magyars, 357,198 Wallachians, 1,985 Greeks, 14,549 Jews, and 5,691 French—altogether 1,116,427 inhabitants, besides 1,295,093 Serbes, and 500,000 Croats or Sclavonians.

The Serbes are generally tall, robust, and capable of enduring great fatigue and privation. At the children are bathed in the rivers in winter as well as in summer, and run upon the snow and ice with naked feet, and without any other garment than a shirt. When they come in the mother gives them a small quantity of *sligovecza*, a sort of brandy made from prunes, to warm them.

The costume of the Serbes differs but little from that of the Magyars. In some districts, however, it very much resembles that of the Turks, many of whose customs they still retain, such as that of sitting cross-legged, and allowing their [illegible]. They are very hospitable, and always manifest the liveliest joy upon the arrival of a stranger. Food is immediately prepared and set before him, and before he goes to bed the mistress of the house washes his feet. Their food is principally vegetables and milk during the summer, and meat during winter, usually pork, but their favourite dish is *sauer-kraut*. They make also a sort of pudding from flour mixed with milk and lard. They are generally very ignorant, and remarked for their cunning and mendacity. Literature they have none, and their only musical instrument is a sort of hurdy-gurdy.

The other Sclavonic races to the north of Hungary do not differ so much from the Magyars as the Croats and Serbes.

* Schleanger's "War in Hungary."

They have succumbed to the influence of the conquering race, and have in great part adopted their manners and dress. It is a remarkable circumstance, that in those districts in which the Hungarians are in the minority, the Sclaves are coarser, more uncivilised, and more wretched in their style of living. The most uncultivated are the Drotostat, or vagabond tribe, somewhat resembling our strolling tinkers, who earn a livelihood by mending the household utensils of the country people.



THE KORLES, OR LEADER OF THE COUNTRY ELECTORS.

In a previous chapter we have mentioned the settlement of great numbers of German colonists in Hungary and Transylvania. In the former they no onger form a compact and distinct settlement. They are scattered in the north in the county of Sepuse, and towards the south in the neighbourhood and even in the midst of the Serbes. In Transylvania they have preserved their manners and physiognomy. They are distinguished by their industry in agricultural labours, and numerous other handicrafts—a circumstance which fully justified the observation of Joseph II., when giving Maria Theresa the result of his observations upon the people of the country through which he had travelled. "I have seen one industrious Saxon, and one hundred idle Wallachians." The Wallachians certainly have a close resemblance to the inhabitants of Spain and Italy in their hatred to work of any kind. The *far niente* is *dolce* to them also, and whenever they do apply themselves to labour of any kind it is merely to prevent their dying of hunger. Between the two extremes of German covetousness and Wallachian laziness and improvidence, the Magyars and Sicules pursue a wise and happy mean. They have no repugnance to labour, but they do not pursue it farther than may be necessary to secure a decent livelihood for themselves and their families. The Germans, on the contrary, are ever greedy of gain, and spare no pain or fatigue to heap up riches. Although the Germanic race has preserved its distinctive characteristics of manners and physiognomy in Hungary, it is well known that there is none easier of fusion with other peoples, as is proved by the case of the ancient Franks, who became absorbed in the Gauls, and in that of the modern Alsatians, who have become entirely French since the annexation of their province. If the Transylvanian colonists have preserved the distinctive characteristics of their origin, it must be attributed to the circumstances in which they were placed at their first entrance into the country. The Hungarian kings assigned them a separate territory, with permission to regulate their internal affairs in whatever manner pleased them. This they took advantage of to frame a set of exclusive and intolerant laws. Whilst every German could claim the right of citizenship wherever he fixed his residence, no Hungarian was allowed under any circumstances to purchase a house in a German town, and the Wallachians were excluded with still greater rigour. Then came the Reformation to widen the breach still farther. Whilst the Transylvanians became Calvinists, or still remained in the Roman Catholic Church, the Saxons, following the example of the German States, embraced Lutheranism.

The policy of the Viennese Cabinet has always been to foment these divisions, to perpetuate the antipathies of the different races, so that the Germanic element in Hungarian nationality has contributed but little at any time to its extension or elevation. When the German deputies were obliged to accompany those of the rest of Transylvania to remonstrate with Emperor Francis upon their numerous grievances, they feigned illness upon their arrival at Vienna. Upon hearing of the circumstance, the Emperor laughed heartily, and exclaimed, "School fever! my brave Saxons did not wish to cause me any pain,"

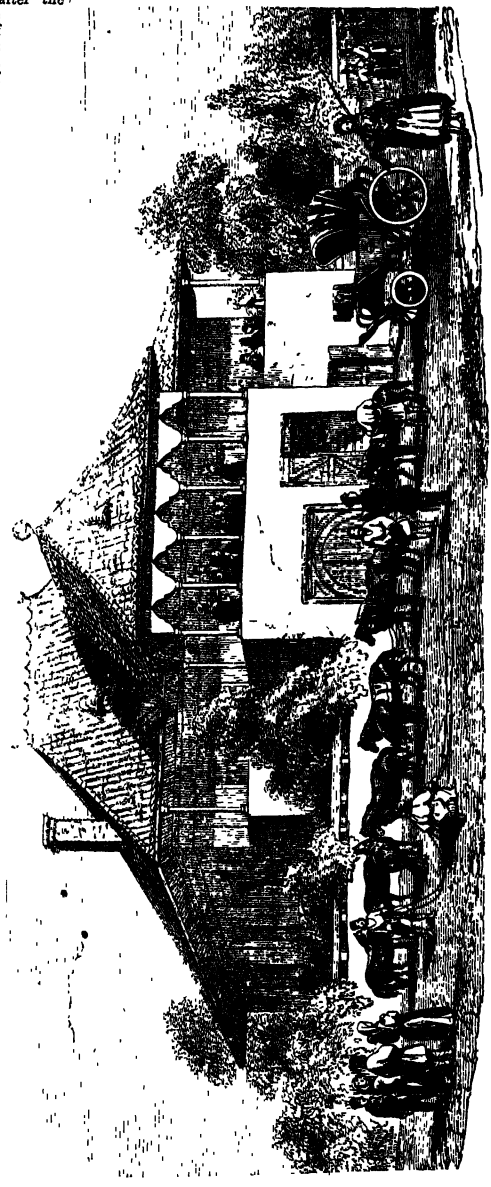
Under the name of Germans we may include those colonies which were drafted into Hungary from Suabia, Franconia, and Bavaria — some at the time of Charlemagne, others in the eighteenth century, after the districts bordering on Austria, these Germans are called Suabians by the Magyars. Under the reign of Maria Theresa, after the seven years' war, a great number of French, from Lorraine and Belgium, went and settled in the south of Hungary, on the banks of the Tibissa and Zemes, where the Magyar population had been exterminated by the Turks. But these soon became mingled with the rest of the people, and the French language totally disappeared. Besides these regular colonies, great numbers of emigrés, teachers, priests, and others, fled into Hungary from France at the time of the revolution in 1793, who have still preserved their national manners and language; but they too are now fast disappearing into the mass of the German population.

The GYPSIES are found in great numbers in Hungary, under the names of *Czigany*, or Bohemians. According to the old Magyar historian, Pray, they were driven out of Asia by Tamerlane, and wandered into Hungary through Thrace and Macedonia. They, as is well known, practise the art of divination, and assert that they came originally from Egypt. Like their confrères in various other countries, they persist, notwithstanding all the efforts made to reclaim them, in following a nomade life; but, receiving no education, having no home, no fortune, and no friends, they are generally half-starved, wretched, and degraded. The czigany delights in festivities of any kind. On ordinary days, whenever he does not leave his encampment on the borders of the steppe, or near the river, or at the edge of the wood, he may be seen lounging about amongst his fellows, his breast bare, exposed to the heat of the sun in summer, and the rigours of cold in winter, his only clothing being a sort of dirty, ragged shirt, which is never washed from the day on which it is made to that on which it falls to pieces on the shoulders of the wearer. But on Sundays he cuts a very different figure. He will not appear in the towns and villages, to join in the sports and revels of the people, and tell their fortunes, without assuming very different costume. He then dresses as a Magyar, and, finding himself thus gorgeously dressed, he assumes the bearing of a magnate. He does not pay much attention as to whether the details harmonise with one another. Something brilliant he must have—perhaps the embroidered coat of a noble placed over a pair of tattered pantaloons.

The czigany are the musicians of the common people, playing at dances, fairs, and all other places of amusement, and they seem to enter into the spirit of the national airs with as much fervour as the Magyars themselves.

The WALLACHIANS are the descendants of the ancient Dacians, who were conquered by the Romans under Julius Cæsar. Their country lies to the east of Hungary, in which they were found and subdued by the Magyars, and were, for a considerable period, treated as serfs. Under the government of the Princes of Transylvania, however, a considerable number were ennobled, for their valuable military services, and from that period participated in all the privileges of the Magyar *noblesse*. Traditional dissensions had for a long time previously divided the two races; but far from being oppressed by the Magyars, the Wallachians were, on the contrary, treated with a leniency and impartiality unusual in the earlier periods of modern history. In a single county, that of Marmaros, the number of nobles, according to the latest accounts, were, Wallachians, 350, Sclaves, 717, and Magyars, 483, which proves, at least, that they were not systematically excluded from the higher grades of society. They made various applications to the Austrian Court to be recognised as a distinct people, but their efforts were in vain, until the revolution of 1848.

In our next we shall resume our narrative, and follow the revolution to the overthrow of the national party in 1849.



POST RELAY IN MOLDA WALLACHIA.

REVERSE OF FORTUNE THE TEST OF CHARACTER.

"Do, Edith, have done rubbing up old plate and arranging that glass! One would suppose you intended giving a splendid entertainment, from the satisfaction you appear to take in your occupation. I wonder that you do not call Moses, and let him attend to it, instead of degrading yourself to such a menial employment." And as she thus addressed her sister, Grace Dormer, wrapping a splendid Cashmere around her, threw herself into an elegant velvet *fauteuil* with the air of a spoiled beauty.

'How I wish, dear Grace, you would throw aside your airs fashion, and, realising our present position, come and assist me, for do you not know I have persuaded papa to dismiss Moses?"

"Well, Edith, for a young lady who sets herself up as a pattern of wisdom, I must say you have acted like a fool. Why, what are we to do without Moses?"

"Dear, dear Grace, how many things you will be obliged to do without—articles you have supposed indispensable to your happiness! but, my dear sister, this is not all You will find those who were most forward to flatter and caress you in prosperity shrink from you now that misfortune has reached you"

"You need not be preaching to me, you can do as you like; but I assure you I am not going to spoil my hands with hard work Did not George Augustus Stillwell say last night that I had the prettiest little hand in the world? And that just reminds me I am engaged to walk with him, so I must away and dress" Thus saying, she arose and walked out of the room, with the air of a princess.

Edith Dormer sighed and a bright tear-drop was seen to rest on her cheek; but hastily brushing it away, she resumed her work of arranging all the china, glass, and plate, they possessed, upon a large table in the centre of the room, to the best advantage, for a auction.

While Edith was thus engaged, the door opened, and a gentleman, apparently about fifty, entered, and seemed surprised to find the room thus occupied He said he presumed he was under a mistake; but he was told that he should find Mr Dormer there

Edith requested the stranger to be seated, and said she would call her father, as he had not yet been down stairs, having been quite ill through the night.

While she was absent the stranger took a general survey of the apartment, and could not forbear exclaiming, "It is no wonder honest men suffer when they trust men living in such extravagance," and a frown gathered upon his brow, but just then Edith entered, and said her father would not detain him long, but would e him in a few r

Whether it was the sweet voice of Edith, along with her gentle manner, that soon cleared the brow of Mr. Claireville, or he ashamed to appear unamiable before a lady—whatever the cause, he soon forgot his irritation, and entered into conversation with her. He managed to introduce the subject of her father's failure, and by the interest he manifested, and the kind tone in which he inquired of their arrangements, he drew from her her views and feeling She said she did not regret the splendour and luxury of which they would be deprived; for these she had never cared—but she firmly hoped her father would be enabled, by giving up everything, to satisfy every creditor. After a few other remarks, Mr. Dormer entered, and Edith retired, leaving them to the free discussion of their business.

Mr. Dormer in early life had married a belle a most lovely and fascinating being, but in saying this you have said all She was selfish and ambitious—living for fashion alone In marrying Mr. Dormer—though she could not entirely resist the influence of his fine and noble character—it was her ambition that was gratified, as his immense wealth enabled her to become a leader of fashion, and thus was the first wish of her heart realised.

Mr. Dormer became aware, when too late, how incapable his wife was of constituting his happiness; but, being blessed with two lovely children, he endeavoured in then society to forget his disappointment. Happy was it for Edith she was not born a beauty—on the contrary, she was a very ugly baby—so that her mother gave her over to the charge of a nurse, and but for the fond care of her father she had been desolate indeed.

Edith had now attained her eighteenth year, and there were few that could look upon her without being interested. She was rather tall and delicately made, having full, dark eyes, and chesnut hair, added to a complexion dazzlingly fair; but her chief charm consisted in the intellect that was stamped upon her brow, at once causing respect and admiration, her father often laughingly calling her his ugly baby. For some time before Mr. Dormer's failure, Edith had remarked a care and restless anxiety in her father that caused her many a pang, for with all her fond persuasions she could not draw from him the cause of his uneasiness. But when night after night she refused invitations for amusement, to remain at home and cheer his loneliness, he at last confided to her the cause of his trouble, the fear of bankruptcy.

Care and anxiety had affected Mr. Dormer's health, and for some time he was unable to attend to business. Mr Claireville, being one of his principal creditors, had waited several days to see him in regard to a settlement, until, worn out by impatience and perhaps unconsciously led on a little by curiosity, he sought him at his residence, and fortunately first encountered Edith.

He inquired of Mr. Dormer if that was his daughter he had heard his son speak of so often as the most beautiful and accomplished young lady he knew, the belle of every party.

Mr. Dormer sighed, and said, no; he must mean Grace—that was his eldest daughter, Edith.

Mr. Claireville had many reasons for inquiring about the family and their arrangements, but one most important one was the happiness of his eldest son. He had heard him talk in such rapture about the beautiful Miss Dormer, that he had become quite curious to see her—above all, he dreaded that his present admiration should deepen into a strong attachment, and thus he constantly warned him against marrying a fashionable woman.

Frank Claireville, under a gay and careless exterior, carried calm and sober judgment That he admired Grace Dormer more than any lady he had ever seen, he acknowledged to himself, but when he saw her surrounded by the gay and fashionable men of the day, charming all by her wit and beauty, he could join in with sportive jest and ready repartee ness catching the admiring eye of Grace, he felt he dangerous ground, and, withdrawing himself from her, shake off the influence of her beauty, for well he knew that she who lived alone in the admiration of crowds could never be happy as the star of a domestic home; but had she been all his judgment approved, the admiration he felt for her would have ripened into deeper sentiment.

* * * * *

It was in the evening of the day of Mr. Dormer's auction the B——street was alive with carriages. The elegant and wealthy Mrs Stapleton had thrown open her house to the world of fashion her magnificent mansion reflecting one blaze of light Who, have seen the gay and beautiful, decked in all the taste and extravashion, would have believed beneath the rich folk and satin many carried an envious and malicious spirit Alas, that it should be so!—many there that night exulted in t downfall of the Dor

But among the guests was one who, buoyant with hope and an expated enjoyment, had sought the gay scene fully expecting meet there the beautiful sisters—great, then, was his disappointment and sorrow when the intelligence of Mr. Dormer's bankruptcy was first communicated to him.

Charles Douglass was an orphan, the son of Mr. Claireville only sister, who, having married unfortunately, soon died broken heart, bequeathing to her brother's care her last and treasure Faithfully did Mr. Claireville fulfil the trust. He learned to love the little Charles, and determined to educate him for a lawyer, thus giving him the power to become an eminent useful man, knowing that to a high and noble spirit there is noth so galling as dependence. Deeply did young Douglass feel uncle's kindness, and by attention and the closest application his studies endeavoured to profit by it.

Charles Douglass, unlike his cousin Frank, loved with the approval of his judgment, and had he been master of that which would have enabled him to follow the desire of his heart would have selected Edith Dormer from the world, as the above all others possessing those qualities which would insure happiness But, alas! Charles Douglass was poor, and, shutting heart to all save the exquisite enjoyment of her society, he never any outward sign manifested a preference for her, but he refused an invitation where he thought it likely to meet her, for could not forego the pleasure of seeing and conversing with he so passionately loved.

There was another heart that could not as easily recover tranquillity. Young Claireville, when he heard of the failure,

the rest of the world, was perfectly amazed; but, unlike the generality of mankind, true to the impulse of a generous nature, could not endure the thought of Grace deprived of that station she seemed born to fill, and determined to offer himself at once, and secure to her the continuance of all to which she had been accustomed. Hearing his father was the principal creditor, he wished to consult with him on the subject, and decided upon the night of the party as most convenient to do so. Mrs. Stapleton resided a few doors from Mr. Clareville, and Frank, after escorting his mother and sister there, slipped away to have a few moments quiet conversation with his father.

Fortunately for father and son, there was no reserve between them, and Frank unhesitatingly addressed his father by asking his intentions in regard to Mr. Dormer, and acquainting him with his own respecting Grace. It was a long time before Mr. Clareville answered. He at length said:—"I am happy, my dear son, to see you are above the foolish notion of the day, that children should not confide in their parents, and I will be frank with you in return. I am not one of those who consider that in securing their own interest they have only done their duty, and that is all that is required. No; I have always looked upon it as extremely selfish and unfeeling to secure ourself at the expense, without considering the misery we may be bringing upon others. I have never yet had a debtor to settle with that, when I found his misfortunes originated from a complication of circumstances, and not from dishonesty, I have not endeavoured in some way to secure to him the opportunity of regaining his position; and though I may not have reaped any particular advantage from thus acting, I have never yet lost anything. In regard to Mr. Dormer's affairs, I have been much troubled. His difficulties have arisen from the non-arrival of two of his vessels, which are supposed to be lost. He had depended upon their valuable cargoes to meet his payments, but their not being here in season has obliged him to stop. Of course he intends paying everything, and I am afraid he will have very little left for, too, have thought much of his daughters, but, Frank, it is very hard to break the web of folly fashion has woven around us, and to become that which God intended we should be—useful members of society. I tell you, Frank, misfortune to the character is what fire is to gold—refining it from that base alloy which would otherwise render it useless. Thus they are sometimes blessings in disguise. And now, my dear son, as I have your happiness alone at heart, I will offer Mr. Dormer a situation at a moderate salary, which will enable him to live, and then, should other means, and, at the end of a year, Miss Grace be deprived of any portion of fortune, you shall wed her with my fullest approbation."

. . . . . .

And how did Grace and her mother bear their change of fortune?

Alas for Mrs. Dormer!—her mortification cause her a severe fit of sickness; but Grace did not fully realise the change until settled in her new home, then, as she looked around her, and found everything for their comfort had been provided, but of the plainest kind, she sighed as she thought of the luxurious couches and chairs, and the splendour to which she had been accustomed, wondering how her father and Edith could appear so happy. Mr. Clareville's offer had been gratefully accepted by Mr. Dormer, for he felt it was better to be employed, and trusting still that all was not lost, with a mind now free from anxiety, began to hope that in losing a fortune he might yet find domestic happiness.

Edith had assumed the management of the household, and had arranged everything with the greatest neatness and taste. She had procured for her mother a plain but comfortable chair, and, drawing it near the fire, she placed a small table beside it, upon which lay some of her own beautiful books, and, while engaged upon some useful piece of work, endeavoured by pleasant conversation and the most devoted attention, to beguile her from painful reminiscences, and cheer the tedious hours of illness. At first all that Mrs. Dormer could think of was—what would that one think and this one say? and how glad that vulgar Mrs. Tallman would be, now that she had no fear of being eclipsed by taste, where money could procure everything else; but gradually she seemed aroused by the affection of Edith to think of better things, and conscience began to assert her sway, by asking—why should Edith thus devote to her her time and attention, when she had always neglected her from her birth, preferring Grace?

One evening Edith and Grace had been invited to a large party. Edith persuaded her sister to remain at home, and hear a very interesting book she intended reading aloud. It was a stormy night; therefore they did not fear interruption. Edith, as usual, had drawn the table near her mother; her father was sitting in the opposite corner, his face beaming with love for his wife and daughters, while Grace, carelessly seating herself on a low seat by his side, had gradually become so much interested in the book, that, drawing closer and closer to him, she rested her arm upon his knee, her face turned upwards, with her lips slightly apart, as if afraid to lose a word. Oh, she was the embodiment of a painter's dream, as she sat there in her unconscious loveliness! They had all become so deeply engaged in the story that none heard a ring at the door, and thus the two gentlemen that now entered appeared spell-bound, as if afraid to move for fear of disturbing the lovely scene before them—they were Charles Douglass and Frank Clareville.

Charles had not seen Edith for some time, and had chosen a stormy evening to visit her, being certain of finding her disengaged. Meeting his cousin, he inquired where he was going in such haste? Having answered, he said he would accompany him; and thus they had stood for a moment, each unconsciously tightening that bound him. As the sweet voice of Edith fell upon Charles' ear, the wish arose in his heart that he might thus listen to her for ever, while Clareville, as he gazed, sighed and thought, "Why is she not always thus?" A bright flush suffused the cheek of Grace as she arose to greet her visitors, and Frank would have given worlds, had he possessed them, to know whether it was called forth by pleasure, or embarrassment at being taken by surprise. Edith welcomed them with frank cordiality.

Young Charles he said he regretted having disturbed her in such an agreeable occupation, although he considered by far the most rational way of spending the evening. Frank said it had always been his custom, and was happy now at having an extended audience, and she glanced at her mother as if

[illegible] to the conversation of a highly educated and tried friend that accompanied the remark made at [illegible] heart pulsate with a quicker bound.

"Do you know," said Grace, "I was considering how much happier I have been to-night than if I had gone to Mrs. Jones's party. Indeed, I begin to think the approbation of those we esteem much more to be valued than the approbation of thousands."

As she spoke she caught the eye of Clareville fixed upon her with such a lightning glance of joy and approval, as again sent the eloquent blood in burning blushes to her cheek. And why was it that glance made Grace so happy?

She had not felt the many defalcations of her former friends had, though seemingly unconscious of any change, she had more closely studied the characters of those she met, and with disappointment she did so. But with regard to Frank Clareville it was different. The closer she watched his general bearing in society, the more fully was she convinced of his superiority, until at last she acknowledged to herself that the esteem of him who had never flattered her follies was worth all the admiration he could lavish upon her. That glance was the turning point in Grace's character.

It was not long before Grace learned to assist her sister in the care of the household, so necessary in their present circumstances, and in a short time was rewarded by the sweetest of all pleasures, the consciousness of fulfilling her duty.

And how fares it with Charles Douglass?

Why, Dame Fortune, in one of her fickle moods, had at length given him an opening whereby to make a name.

In overlooking some old papers in the office of the lawyer with whom he was studying, he found an old deed entitling a Mr. James Seymour to a large property, with the copy of a lease to a distant branch of the family for fifteen years, from George Seymour, deceased. Mr. Seymour dying in the meantime, he could not recover the property for want of the original deed. This he knew from part of the property having been offered for sale, and the purchase of it prevented by there not being any title-deed for it.

He determined at once to seek out Mr. James Seymour, and, if possible, to restore to him his rights, but he knew he must be cautious in his proceedings, for the present possessor was not only wealthy, but one that would not easily part with that which he had

so long considered his own. And now to discover Mr. Seymour. After many fruitless inquiries, he began to despair of finding him. One evening, at Mr. Dormer's, he was particularly thoughtful. He had been directed to a family of the name, and had immediately sought them out, but they had removed, and he lost all trace of them. He knew, from many circumstances, that if it was the one he was in search of, they must be fearfully reduced. He was pondering in his heart the changes of life and its disappointments, when he was aroused from his reverie by Grace playfully asking him if he was "conning over his maiden speech with that rueful visage? If so, she was sure she did not wish to hear it."

Charles good-humouredly replied that the object of his thoughts had more influence over his maiden speech than she was aware of He then said he had been very anxious to find a Mr. Seymour, but thus far had been unsuccessful, and he could not but regret it, as it was of importance to him.

"I do wonder if it can be Mary Seymour's father! But here comes Edith, and she can tell you more about them than I can, as Mary is a *protegé* of hers"

Charles then asked Edith what she knew of the Seymours?

Edith said very little, excepting they were very poor, and, she judged, had seen better days. In former times she had given Mary work, but now she could only recommend her to others.

All he heard from Edith concerning them but redoubled his anxiety to discover if it was the one he was in search of, and, after taking the directions, he set out at once, to be satisfied After traversing several lone and dismal streets, he found the house as directed—and a poor, dilapidated place it was.

Knocking at the door several times, it was at length opened by a little boy, who timidly asked, as if half afraid of the answer, what the gentleman wanted?

Charles asked if Mr. Seymour was in?

The little boy replied, "Please walk up stairs as high as you can go, and you will find him;" and then hastily retreated into a back room, leaving Charles in the dark Nothing daunted, he groped his way up the stairs until he found he could go no farther, when, directed by the sound of voices to a door on the right, he cautiously felt his way toward it and knocked.

A soft voice said, "Come in!"

There, before a miserable fire, sat a young girl sewing, while in one corner sat her father, with many a line of care and sorrow furrowed upon his brow, and in the other his wife, endeavouring to warm her chill and wasted frame by the few remaining embers.

As Charles entered, the young girl arose and handed him the only unoccupied seat; then hastily resumed her work, as if fearful of losing a moment—and she was so, for their daily bread depended upon her exertions.

It was some minutes before young Douglass could speak, as he surveyed the apartment, where everything was scrupulously neat and clean, even in the midst of poverty, and thought of the millions that were wasted, and for what?—to pamper a depraved taste for extravagance, while but a small portion would carry happiness and comfort to the homes of many such as this. Shaking off the influence of the scene before him, he inquired if this was Mr. James Seymour, the son of George, deceased, for, if so, he had something of importance to communicate?

The person he addressed hesitated before he answered, then said, "I am! But what you can have to communicate to my advantage I cannot surmise, unless you can restore to me the lost deed." And, for a moment, a ray of hope shot across his pallid face—but it as suddenly died away, and was replaced by a settled look of care and disappointment as he said, "But that cannot be, as I have searched in vain for it, and have given up all expectation of finding it!"

"But it is to bring you that very deed I am here!" said Charles. "And to offer you my services in recovering your property gratuitously," he added, as he handed him the deed to look at.

Mr. Seymour took it and examined it, then hastily covered his face with his hands, while his frame was shaken by fearful agitation; but, recovering himself a little, he caught Mary by the hand as he said, "Come here, child, and kneel with me to call down blessings on the head of him who has been the first to speak one kind and cheering word of comfort for years!"

Charles Douglass, after a few consoling remarks, arose to [illegible], giving Mr. Seymour his address, charged him to [illegible] as early as possible. Many were his ruminations [illegible] vicissitudes of life as he contrasted the expectations of the man he had just left, now living in a garret, while he was the heir of thousands.

The next morning Charles acquainted his friend, the lawyer with the case, and requested permission to undertake the suit His friend not only congratulated him upon the opening before him, but promised, if he gained the cause, to take him in as a partner. Here, then, was a double motive for exertion—the pleasure of assisting the worthy, and gratifying Edith Dormer. His heart beat quickly as he thought of her; but, not trusting himself to indulge in hopes that might be disappointed, he prepared to proceed at once in the business.

The case was decided in favour of Mr. Seymour; and he found to his amazement, the property had increased so greatly in value that he was now master of an immense sum. Turning to Charles he grasped his hand firmly in his, and said, "For this I am indebted to you, but I shall not express my gratitude by empty thanks. I not only consider you a tried friend, but I place my business in your hands, and you shall be rewarded liberally!"

And now, under the firm of Sheldon and Douglass, Charles found as much as he could attend to. His disinterested conduct had not been lost, and he soon reaped the reward of his generosity

Mr Dormer was now an altered man. His daughters married the high-spirited men they had learned to love in more opulent days. Happy in the bosom of his family, he almost blessed the loss of that fortune which had been the means of restoring to him his wife's undivided affection. Deprived of the society of her fashionable friends by her position, and confined by illness, her loneliness was only cheered by a few of Edith's friends, who, admiring her fine and noble character, still considered it an honour to be classed among them. Thus, she had ample time given her for reflection, and, as she learned to value the attentions of the world for what they were worth, she began to appreciate the treasure she possessed in her husband's unchanging love; and, as she still saw him honoured and respected by all, she was prouder of being his wife than she had ever been in the zenith of their prosperity.

WIN AND WEAR.

By T. Mills.

There's no royal road to greatness
Men must ever *climb to fame*,
All the wealth in misers' coffers
Wouldn't buy a deathless name
Is a noble goal before you?
Would you great achievements dare?
Brother, then, be up and doing—
Brother, you must "Win and Wear"

Toil and labour, never stopping
Till you make the prize your own;
For, you know, 'tis "constant dropping
Wears away the hardest stone."
Never slack sublime endeavour,
Nor midst cheerless toil despair;
If you'd rise above your fellows,
Brother, you must "Win and Wear!"

'Tis the lesson Nature teaches
All throughout her wide domain;
And the text from which she preaches
Is "that labour lead to gain."
Moral worth, and honest merit—
Brighter crowns than monarchs bear—
These you never can inherit—
Brother, these you "Win and Wear!"

A Last Look.—There is a feeling that resembles deat the last glance we are ever to bestow on a loved object. girl you have treasured in your secret heart, as she pass on her wedding day, it may be happy and blissful, lifts u laughing eyes, the symbol of her own light heart, and leav that look darkness and desolation to you for ever. Th your father-spirit has clung to, like the very light of you istence, waves his hand from the quarter-deck, as the gig ship bends over to the breeze; the wind is playing throug locks you hand so oftentimes has smoothed; the tears dimmed his eyes, for mark! he moves his fingers over th and this is a last look.

M. THIERS.

AMONGST the victims of the recent *coup d'etat* in France was no less a personage than the renowned statesman and politician, Thiers. Probably by the time this meets the reader's eye, he may have sought refuge on our hospitable soil; for to England flee for protection the exiles and refugees of every clime. Under these circumstances, we imagine our readers will gladly welcome a portrait of M. Thiers, and a short narrative of his life.

Louis Adolphe Thiers was born at Marseilles on the 26th Germinal, An. V. of the Republic (16th April, 1797). By his mother's side he could trace his descent from an old and honourable family of merchants, who had fallen into extreme poverty. His father was one of the working classes, and, if we



LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

are not mistaken, followed the trade of a locksmith, or seller of old iron. When the University was reorganised, by the assistance of some of his mother's friends, young Thiers obtained a *bursary*, or exhibition, at the Imperi l Academy at Marseilles, where he pursued his studies for some years with great assiduity. In 1815, at the age of eighteen, he left to enter the Faculty of Law at Aix. Here he met with a young man, who, like himself, was sprung from the people, and like him also was destined to attain to great celebrity, with whom he was soon on terms of intimate friendship—Thomas Mignet, who has since become so famous both as an historian and as a publicist. The friendship thus formed has never since been interrupted. While paying sufficient attention to the Digest and the Civil Code, to enable them to pass their examinations with credit, Theirs and his companion were passionately devoted to literature, philosophy, and history, and the former became the chief of a republican party in the college, denouncing the government of the Restoration, and dwelling in gloomy language upon the splendid reminiscences of the Republic and the Empire. He thus created the dislike of the professors and the surveillance of the police, but, on the other hand, was more than recompensed by the admiration of his schoolfellows. About this time he won a prize offered by the Academy at Aix, but which was refused him on account of his democratic opinions. The prize was deferred till the following year, when a brilliant essay from Paris carried it off. Greatly to the surprise of all, it was found the essay was the production of Thiers himself. After this affair he became an advocate, and practised for some time at Aix, but here he found his low birth and extreme opinions against his progress, and accordingly he left it, with Mignet, to fight the battle of life in Paris itself. Here for some time he lived in great obscurity; but the expulsion of the orator from the Chamber of Deputies led to an acquaintance that resulted in M Thiers becoming one of the editors of the *Constitutionnel*. While filling the office his great talent became known, and he contributed to the *Moniteur* the commencement of the "History of the French Revolution," which at once placed him in the first rank among the literary men of the day.

About this time, by the generosity of Baron Cotter, a rich millionaire, he became one of the proprietors of the *Constitutionnel*. This increase of wealth led to a corresponding change in life Thiers quitted his mean apartments and set up for a man of fashion In 1828, becoming tired of the effete liberalism of the *Constitutionnel*, in conjunction with Armaud Carrell, he started the *National*. We now approach an eventful period of his life. Thiers was foremost in attacking the Polignac administration, and materially aided that revolution which placed Louis Philippe on the throne. Thiers had his reward—he was made Councillor of State. In the next ministry formed, Thie was made Under-Secretary of State, and during th.. time he was elected Deputy for Aix, and made his *debut* in parliamentary life. When the ministry of Casimir Perier was formed, instead of joining his colleagues in opposition, to their surprise, he violently attacked them all In 1832 Thiers became Minister of the Interior, under the Presidency of Marshal Soult. This office he did not long retain, disgusted with some of its duties he became Minister of Commerce and Public Works Thiers, however, returned to his former office, when the Parliament passed its measure respecting clubs, of which he was a warm advocate. Shortly after, an attempt at insurrection was made in Paris, and Thiers fought personally at the barricades In consequence of a misunderstanding with Thiers, Soult retired from the ministry, and after several attempts to find a suitable head, that office was filled by Marshal Mortier, and Thiers continued in his old place. In consequence of the violent measures adopted by the government, after Fieschi's attempt on the life of Louis Philippe, Guizot, accompanied by Marshal Soult, retired from office, and Thiers was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, and President of the Council which office, however, he resigned, in consequence of finding himself in opposition to the King with respect to intervention in Spanish affairs He then took a tour in Italy, and kissed the Pope's toe. Thiers' successor in office, Count Mole, being compelled to resign, Soult and Thiers were once more requested to form an administration, but, as they could not agree, Thiers retired into the ranks of the opposition, alternating his time between politics and history Since the accession of Louis Napoleon, Thiers has been busily engaged in plotting to bring back the Orleans family to France We presume his activity in this respect excited the animosity of the French President Happily, however, instead of becoming a prisoner of state, Thiers contrived to be a refugee, which character he sustains at this time

It now remains, that we speak of Thiers as a historian Of all the native historians, who have written on the French Revolution, the two most distinguished are Thiers and Mignet Both are remarkable for the impartial tone of their narratives, considering how recent and exciting are the events of which they treat—for the accuracy of their details, for the skill with which they compare and sift conflicting evidence, and the general justness of their conclusions, and for the manner in which they trace step by step the most fearful political convulsion known in these modern times They do not mix themselves up with the strife, but stand aloof as lookers on They enlist neither under the banners of the Gironde nor the Mountain; they sworn neither by king nor people, but though they are thus alike in many points, yet there are many in which they differ Thiers is more of the journalist—Mignet, of the philosopher. In their various delineations of character, Thiers exhibits the most worldly tact—Mignet the most metaphysical acuteness. To the general reader, Thiers's work will always present more attractions than that of Mignet, for this plain reason, that, although it contains less of what is called the philosophy of history, it is of a far more animated and dramatic character. There is a shrewd, business-like air about it—although, here and there, the author would evidently desire to be thought a profounder reasoner than he is Hence, the secret of Thiers's historical works. Thiers, the historian, is a perfect *fac-simile* of Thiers the statesman—an adroit, keen, ready, man of the world, with no strong passions or prejudices to warp or lay aside his judgment. This praise, however, must be modified when we speak of his yet-unfinished "History of the Consulate." There, his passions and prejudices as a Frenchman have had full scope.

ELECTRO-METALLURGY.

Our readers have seen, in shop-windows, beautiful works art, all shining, as silver or gold. By means of electro-metallurgy these articles are made In the daily papers, we rea that, last month, a banquet was held in Birmingham, in honor of the discoverer of electro-metallurgy Mr Spencer the gave the following graphic account of the origin of the experiments, which resulted in the discovery of the art metallurgy —

"In September, 1837, the British Association for th Advancement of Science met in Birmingham, and durin the week of its sitting I attended the chemical section when I heard Dr. Bird state that while he was repeatin an experiment of Dr Becquerell's he had met with a very u expected result. After having passed a feeble voltaic curre for a considerable period through a disc of clay, moistened wit a salt of copper, he found, on breaking it up, that the meta contained in the cupreous salt was reduced, and in a crystallin state, in the interior of the clay disc. Now, the remarkabl part of this gentleman's communication consisted in the sup position that the crystals of copper had originated out of con tact with either of the metals employed in generating the cu rent. At that time (1837), I had sufficient acquaintance wit the leading principles of electro-chemical science to enable m to judge of the importance of that statement, should it b true, while on the other hand it was so contrary to all analog not to say experience, that I could hardly help suspecting th the gentleman had fallen into some mistake To resolve th doubts I had on this score, I determined to take an early oppo tunity to repeat the experiments in the manner they were de scribed by their author, and it was while I was repeating tho e periments, that I was led, step by step, to the discovery the electrotype Moreover, the apparatus which I adopted f these operations, in 1837, is the same as that now sold in th shops as the 'single cell electrotype apparatus' I began September, 1837, and in little better than a month I arrived a knowledge of that wonderful plastic power of metallic dep sitions, which we possess in galvanic, or voltaic electricity. was then that I discovered that branch of metallurgy, whi has since been designated the electrotype, but whi implies the practical application of electro-chemistry most of the metals used in the arts. There are sever gentlemen now present who saw those experiments operation at the time, but as many attempts have been ma to deprive me of the credit of the discovery, let me not accused of egotism in thus distinctly stating the particula and dates of my proceedings. A statement was made in t *Mechanics' Magazine* in 1814, and most industriously disseminated through out all Europe, to the effect that I had copied i experiments from a letter written by a Mr Jordan, and pu lished, I think, in the June number of that print for 18 Nothing could be more absurd than this last charge, in fact had never seen the letter until it was thus pointed out; and i had I could not have obtained anything practical from it. M claims have been usually admitted as dating from May, 18 because at a public meeting of the Polytechnic Society, he on the 9th of that month, a letter was read from me to t secretary, which is entered on the books of the society, a mentions some of the results of the discovery, and also tha had been engaged in perfecting the process for a considera period. The latter fact was spoken to by several members th present, some of whom had been made acquainted with my e periments at the first meeting of the society in October p vious. Along with this letter a number of voltaic specime were shown to the meeting, consisting of medals and copp moulds, and specimens of engraving, all of which had b formed by the electrotype. In a conversation which ensued explained the process to the meeting, and further showed so specimens of silver plating and guilding which I had with i I have hitherto forborne to give public denial to those sta ments to which I have referred until this evening In su porting a claim of this nature, however, there is a higher pr ciple than mere personal vanity. I feel that my honesty of p pose is involved should I fail in supporting that to which, in first instance, I laid claim, and which I never suspected wo

be questioned. I have always felt it to be degrading to science to clog its history with considerations merely personal; yet, looking at its past history, I fear that controversies of this character must be pronounced inevitable."

But our readers, possibly, may wish to learn a little more of electro-metallurgy. The process may be described in the following manner:—

When a galvanic current is passing through a solution of metallic salt, it separates the metal from the other chemical elements, and precipitates it in a fine layer, which solidifies into a film or sheet. When an ornament of white metal is to be coated with silver by this means, the metal foundation, properly prepared, is dipped into a chemical solution of silver, and a galvanic current is passed through it. The result of this action is, that the solution is decomposed, and a fine film of metallic silver becomes deposited on the surface of the article suspended in the liquid, the thickness of the deposited layer being determined conjointly by the duration of the immersion, the strength of the solution, and the strength of the current. In the progress of the operation the solution becomes exhausted of its silver; and, to keep up the supply, plates of pure silver are suspended in it; the silver dissolves in the liquid as rapidly as the deposition on the articles takes place, atom for atom. If the article—whether a piece of table-plate, a button, or a trinket, is to be coated with gold instead of silver, a process generally similar to the above is followed, the nature of the solution being the chief point of difference.

Mr. Dent has coated the balance-springs of chronometers with gold, by the electro-metallurgic process, to protect them from damp. Professor Christie has proposed the same treatment for magnetic needles. Medallions are sometimes coated with copper as a means of preservation or of beautifying. The medallion is first coated with black-lead, and then exposed to the action of copper (in the state of sulphate or some other salt), the metal of which is precipitated on the medallion by a galvanic current. Fruit, small twigs, leaves, seeds, and other vegetable specimens, may be similarly coated with copper, either for ornament or for the purpose of illustrating the size and form of the object. Insects, too, such as butterflies, may be thus coated with a metallic film, and it is a striking proof of the [illegible] selves, that the exquisite frame-work of the insect's wings is exhibited almost as distinctly as in the natural state. Ornamental baskets, whether made of wicker or of wire, are coated in a similar manner. So likewise are lace and other articles made of woven fibres. In England, indeed, electro metallurgy has arrived at a high state of perfection, and has done much to adorn many an English home.

A STRANGE HISTORY.

A PRIVATE letter, written by an English lady, who has recently visited the United States of America, to a friend in this country, gives the following interesting account of a lady whom she met with at an hotel in Boston:—

Mrs. de Kroyft was a bride, a widow, and blind, in a month. Her history, as she related it to me, is as follows:—When she was eighteen she became attached to a young man, without fortune, who was studying for the medical profession. Having no money herself, his friends wished him to marry a young lady of property, who was supposed to have a *penchant* for him. This stimulated her ambition, and she resolved to make herself superior to her rival mentally, since she could not vie with her pecuniarily. Accordingly, she contrived to raise twenty dollars per annum to pay for studying at Lima College, where she remained four years, carrying off the first prizes.

The next year they were to be married, on the 25th of August. A short time before this her intended husband was seized with a spitting of blood. It ceased for a time, and he was better. After a little it returned, he was told he had but a short time to live. On hearing this she went and lodged in the same house, nursing him night and day. When their wedding-day arrived, he said he should die happier if he could once call her his own. They were married, and he died four days after. The necessity for exertion which had hitherto supported her was gone; she gave herself up to grief. This added very much to an inflammation that had settled in her eyes since her night watchings. One morning she awoke, and could not open them. The doctor told her she would open them in a day or two. A week elapsed; still they remained the same. One morning the doctor forced them open, and exclaimed "My God! you are blind!" She thought before nothing could exceed her misery; but this terrible announcement seemed to absorb everything else. She could not believe that she should never see again. The endeavour to realise it seemed to benum every feeling. She was roused from this state of lethargy by the kindness of her college companions, who, when they heard of her misfortune, collected fifty dollars among themselves, and sent one of their number to give her the money and nurse her for a fortnight.

At the expiration of this time she was well enough to walk about and to feel that, if she could not find some way of exercising her powers, she should go mad. She is one of those energetic spirits who find it much easier to do than to suffer. Besides, her father was not well off, and had nine children younger than herself. Through the influence of Senator Backus, she spent a year at the New York Institution for the Blind, to try if she could learn music sufficiently to teach it. In this she failed. This disappointment with her blind hopes and fears of sight (for she says she could never accustom herself to be blind), so preyed upon her spirits, that she could neither eat nor sleep, and often spent the greater part of the night in walking in the garden. She was a constant mourner between two graves—in one lay buried her affections and hopes; in the other a world of light and beauty, in which she might have found consolation. A friend of hers, Dr. Nott, sent her to a water establishment, where she remained six months, made many friends and recovered her health. Still she was no nearer finding some thing to do, to secure herself an independence, now became the great passion of her life. During her stay at the above-named institution, she had, by means of a grooved card, written a great number of letters to her friends, in which she described, with considerable eloquence, her feelings and sufferings, and her sources of consolation. These she was induced to publish by subscription. She wanted on the managers of the institution, who gave her the influence, and set down their names for several copies. From thence she went to the City-hall; they gave her the [illegible] went on boldly, with her prospectus, her hand and a guide, and called on all the principal merchants for dollars in advance.

In a very short time she possessed a thousand dollars, which was quite sufficient. She brought out her first edition of 1,000 copies September, 1849. These she delivered herself to the subscribers most of whom never expected to see her again, but gave to her dollar because she was blind. They were so pleased with her or her book, or both, that they recommended her to their friends. She brought out another thousand, disposed of them quickly, the another. Now she is selling the fourth thousand, and expects, the end of the year, to have disposed of them all, and to be worth one thousand dollars towards the four thousand that she thinks will secure her from want. She secures all the profits by selling herself. She travels from one town to another, taking a pretty girl as a guide, and a boy to carry her books—goes to all the stores tells her tale, and solicits them to buy her book, and does it handsomely—to use her own expression—that very few decline the purchase. When she sells thirty she returns, considering that day's work. Sometimes she does this in an hour and a half—sometimes in three hours. She sold 500 at Washington.

She was introduced to President Taylor, Mr. Clay, and the principal members of the Congress, and their wives, through Mr. Bell, wife of the Secretary of the War Department. This has established an institution for the blind in Tenesse, and consequently took a great interest in her. She says she went in style to sell her books in Washington. Mrs. Bell, and after her many of the other ladies, took her books and her in their carriages, went round the city, sent the footman in with a book to every house likely to buy it, left the book to be looked at, and called for the book coming back. Very few returned a book under such favourable auspices. Those people gave her letters of introduction to the friends in other places. She has a very nice note from Henry Clay, another from President Taylor, with his signature outside which is a very important document. By showing this, she and her attendants travel free of expense all over the States, that is, in public conveyances.

MISCELLANEA.

HUMOROUS INCIDENT OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—"There's nothing like an obliging disposition," I thought to myself, one day, when, travelling in a railway car from Boston to Worcester, seeing a gentleman putting himself to considerable trouble to land another gentleman, who had fallen asleep, at his destination. "Passengers for Needham!" cried out the conductor, "the cars stop but one minute." "Hallo!" exclaimed a young man in spectacles, at the same time seizing an old gentleman by the shoulders who was sleeping very soundly, "here's Captain Holmes fast asleep, and this is Needham, where he lives Come; get up, Captain Holmes—here you are" The gentleman got upon his feet, and began ... eyes, but the young man forced him along to the door of the car, and gently landed him on the road-side Whiz went the steam, and we began to fly again. The obliging young man took his seat again, and said, with a good deal of satisfaction, to somebody near him, "Well, if it hadn't been for me, Captain Holmes would have missed his home finely. But, here he has left his bundle," and the young man, picking up a paper parcel, threw it out of window, and directly discovered another bundle in a handkerchief, which he also threw out. "Well," he said again, "if it hadn't been for me, Captain Holmes would have missed his bundles finely" When we stopped at the next station, a lady began to rummage under the seat where Captain Holmes had been sitting, and exclaimed, in great alarm, "I can't find my bundle!" "Was it done up in a piece of brown paper?" I asked "Yes, it was, to be sure," said the lady "Then," said I, "that young man yonder threw it out of the window at the last stopping-place." This led to a scene between the obliging young man and the old lady, which ended in the former taking the address of the latter, and promising to return the package in a few days, provided he should ever find it. "Well," said the obliging young man, "catch me doing a good natured thing again! What can I do for that old woman if I cannot find her bundle?" Whizz, went the steam, ding, ding, ding, went the bell; the dust flew, the sparks flew, and the cars flew, as they say, like lightning, until we stopped again at the next station; I forget the name of it now, but it would be of no consequence if I could remember it An old gentleman started up and began to poke under the seat where Captain Holmes had sat. 'What are you looking for?' I inquired. 'Looking for?' said the old gentleman, 'why, I am looking for my bundle of clothes." "Was it tied up in a yellow pocket handkerchief?" I asked "Yes, and nothing else," said the old man. 'Good heavens!" exclaimed the obliging young man, "I threw it out of the car at Needham; I thought it belonged to Captain Holmes." "Captain Holmes" exclaimed the old fellow, with a look of despair, 'who is Captain Holmes? That bundle contained all my clean clothes, that I was to wear at my son's wedding to-morrow morning. Goodness gracious! what can I do?" Nothing could be done but to give his address to the obliging young man as before, and console himself with a promise that the bundle should be returned to him, provided it was ever found. The obliging young man was now in a and made another solemn vow never attempt to oblige a man again. The next station was his landing-place, and as he went towards the door of the car he saw a silver-headed cane, which he took hold of and read the inscription on it, "Moses Holmes, East Needham" "Well," again exclaimed the obliging young man, "if here isn't Captain Holmes' cane!" "Yes," said a gentleman, who got in at the last station, "and the old fellow is lame, too. He will miss his stick.' "Do you know him?" inquired the obliging young gentleman. "Know him! I should think so," replied the gentleman; "he is my uncle." "And does he live at East Needham?" asked the obliging young gentleman. "Of course he does, he never lived anywhere else." "Well, if that don't beat everything," said the obliging young gentleman, "and I put him out at Needham, just five miles the other side of his home.'

MAKING CASKS BY MACHINERY.—A patent has been taken out by Mr. Rosenborg, the inventor, for machinery which is worked by steam power at the patent cooperage works in Wenlock road, City-road, London. Every day the extraordinary number of 400 casks is produced, the number of men and boys on the premises employed in the operation not being more than twenty five This will afford some idea of the rapidity of the process. Memel planks are cut into shapes by the circular saw, and then rendered into perfect staves by a most ingenious and novel machine, by which they are formed with the greatest accuracy They are then placed in a circular machine, called a trussing machine, by which they are brought together and formed into a cask, and the hoops being immediately fixed, the work is complete. The rapidity of the process is perfectly astounding, and is a fresh proof of what the ingenuity of a practical as well as a scientific man can produce.

IDLENESS AND VICE.—Great examples to virtue, or to vice, are not so productive of imitation as might at first sight be supposed. The fact is, there are hundreds that want energy for one that wants ambition, and sloth has prevented as many vices in some minds as virtues in other Idleness is the grand Pacific Ocean of life, and in that stagnant abyss the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil Vice, indeed, abstractedly considered, may be, and often is, engendered in idleness, but the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle, and cease to be idle

THE LANGUAGE OF YOUNG LADIES.—The Rev. A. Peabody, in an address which has been published, enlarges upon the use of the exaggerated, extravagant forms of speech used by young ladies—saying splendid for pretty, magnificent for handsome, horrid or horrible for unpleasant, immense for large, thousands or myriads for any more than two. "Were I," says he, "to write down for one day the conversation of some young ladies of my acquaintance, and then to interpret literally, it would imply that, within the compass of twelve or fourteen hours, they had met with more marvellous adventures and hairbreadth escapes, had passed through more distressing experiences, had seen more imposing spectacles, had endured more fright, and enjoyed more rapture, than would suffice for a dozen common lives."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENT

N.—We must decline answering many of t questions referring to the "French Lessons They need no explanation. They are compl in themselves.

A FACTORY OPERATIVE asks us what is o opinion of Joseph Barker. We really cann answer the question. We do not know the pri at which Croly's "Life of George IV" was pu lished, nor do we recommend it. He then as us the best work on ethics. If he had said wort we could have answered. Let him get Macki tosh's "History of Ethical Philosophy;" he w there see reference to the chief ethical write to which he can refer at leisure; or, if he can get that, let him get the "History of Ancie and Modern Philosophy," published by C Knight in his shilling series—the best book the subject that has appeared in our time.

A MINER.—We cannot answer your questi but we believe Audubon's works are published a very expensive form. The engravings nec sarily would make them very costly.

ROBERT MACKENZIE.—THE WORKING MA FRIEND will be complete in 26 numbers, mak a handsome half-yearly volume.

CAUSALITY, If his disposition answers to ame, will soon see that parties offering to him, with a comparatively trifling expense, i possession of from £5,000 to £50,000 a year, and must be quacks who enrich themselves at expense of the public. In these days of fi competition there is no such royal road to rich In Europe we have no California; here, at le man lives by the sweat of his brow or brain. is only by industry, per-severing, self-denying, intelligent, that wealth in this age can be acqui and secured. Unhappily—that is, if riches the great end of life—the course we have rec mended does not necessarily lead to wealth. man may possess every virtue under heaven yet be poor.

EMILY.—The Chinese were the first people appear to have had a knowledge of the marin compass The earliest notice of it in t records bears the doubtful date of 2634 years Many circumstances contribute to the impres that the mariners' compass was first made kn in Europe through the communication of Moorish invaders of Spain, although the kn ledge of it has been brought direct from Ch first through Marco Polo, and afterwards by Gilbert, the physician to Queen Elizabeth.

J. C wishes to know if brothers' children ot lawful cousins, as well as sisters. Most cidedly.

O.—We are almost surprised you should had to ask our advice. If you read newspape and you ought to read them, for newspa teach men precisely the practical knowledge want—you would hear of building and fri and societies. These are precisely what want, only be sure and join one that has res ble names attached to it, and that does not use too much. Your own good sense sh teach you to moderate your expectations.

JAMES LEADER.—The answer we have giv will suit your case We know nothing o rank to which you refer Nor can we ente the merits of particular societies. We sh say, as a general rule, the less they promis more they are likely to perform.

J. S. B.—I is usual to grain oak in distem and to varnish it over when thoroughly dry

F. G. C. asks in what way it would affe country if the National Debt were paid off I answer, very agreeably: much in the sam as, supposing F G C were over head an in debt. If some kind Samaritan were to p debts for him. If F. G. C. pays £5 a y taxes, he would, after the National Debt settled, only have to pay £2 10s.

A. B. C.—There is only one paid commis connection with the Board of Health Chadwick, whose salary is £1 500 per a Dr. Southwood Smith is a paid member Board under the Interment Act; his sal £1,200 per annum. Mr. Austin, as secr receives £600 per annum, and Mr. John T assistant-secretary, receives £500 per annu

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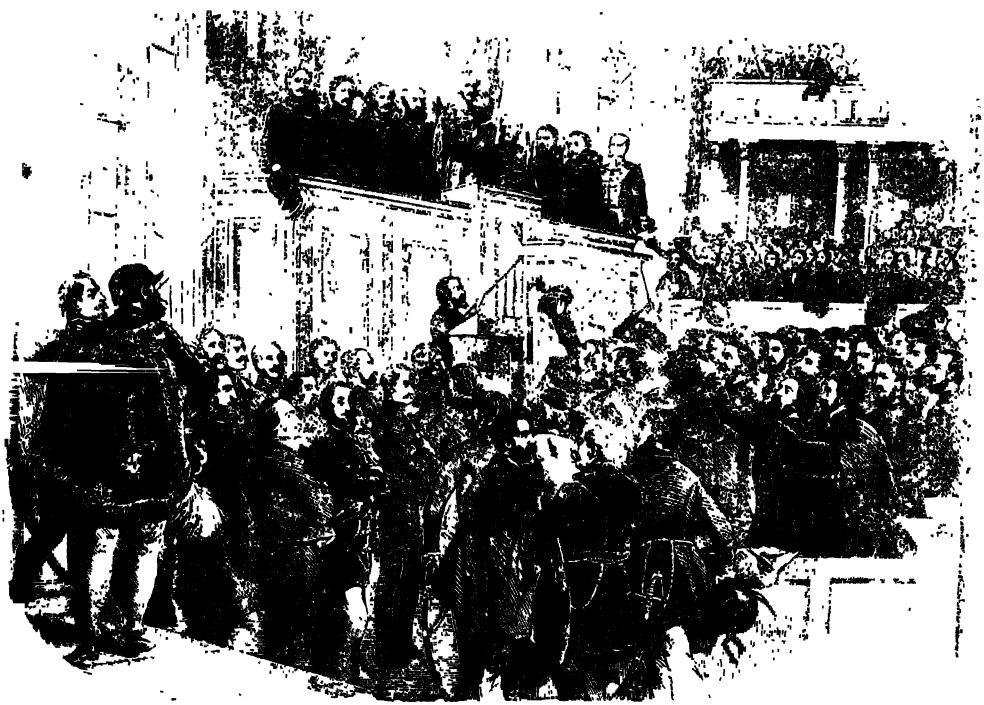
THE
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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER IX.

A DIET was convened in December, 1832. The Government perceived at the very commencement that the minds of the people were greatly biassed again d that unless they could succeed in the beginning i doing away with the se unfavourable impressions, the ld prove anything but favourable to Austria. The mi stry therefore proce ed a desire to co-operate with the li ral party in lightening or removing the burdens of feudal n. The king propos d to



MEETING OF THE HUNGARIAN DIET ON THE 5TH OF JULY, 1848.

the two houses the revision of the *urbarial* code. This was a law passed in the reign of Maria Theresa, under the name of *Urbarium*, fixing the extent of the farms and the amount of the rents. For every two hundred acres of land the occupying tenant was obliged to pay one-ninth of the produce, and one hundred and twenty days' labour, some lambs, a little honey, butter, and bees'-wax. This would not, however, have been considered exorbitant, if the peasants were n any way protected from still further exactions on the part of their lords But when a serf had any cause of complaint gainst his seigneur, he w d t l g his charge in the court of the vice-count, t 's town, in all prob lity a , and before a tribunal composed of those whose rank and prejudices would operate very seriously against them leading a favourable ear to his complaint.

On the contrary, when a noble had found any cause of offence in a serf, he had but to lay his accusation before the bailiffs of the village, who could forthwith imprison him, and inflict upon him five-and-twenty strokes of a stick or whip, according to the sex of the culprit.

The nobility paid no imposts; all fell upon that class of the community whom the ancient acts designate with truthfu

simplicity, *plebs misera contribuens*—"the miserable populace which pay the taxes."

Such was the system into which the Government now proposed to introduce some reforms. Whatever were the motives which prompted it, the design itself was at least praiseworthy. But it showed itself unwilling to carry out these auspicious beginnings, by bringing all its influence to bear to oppose the return of any of the patriotic party at the next election. But notwithstanding all its efforts, the Diet was composed in the main of liberals.

Szechényi opened the session by another attack upon the feudal privileges of the noblesse. He represented to them in glowing colours the injustice of remaining exempt from the lawful burdens of the state, of entailing upon the unfortunate serfs all the toil and labour, and reserving to themselves alone the fruit and the shade. He pointed out to them the British aristocracy as an example in the highest degree worthy of imitation, who, in the possession of unparalleled influence and boundless wealth, submit themselves without a murmur to share with their fellow-subjects the toils and dangers of war, and claim in peace no exemption from the rule of equal law and fair contribution to the revenues of the exchequer. He endeavoured to impress upon them that it was their duty to keep pace with the spirit of the age by freeing themselves at one blow from the yoke of antiquated prejudice. And that he might not disgust them by too sudden and too violent a change, and knowing that great principles are not to be asserted and established by incidents in themselves of little importance, he proposed the construction of a suspension-bridge across the Danube, to connect the towns of Buda and Pesth, to pay the expenses of which a small toll should be levied on each passenger. This, though apparently a measure of no great weight, assumed, from the results which it involved, the garb of a great political position, round which the battle of the new social revolution was to be fought. It nobles as well as peasants paid the toll, it would be an admission, however slight, of the principle of the liability of all to public taxation. The party of the oligarchy at once perceived the drift of the proposal, and the Országh, the highest judge in the kingdom, declared, with horror in his eyes, like Lord Eldon at the passing of the Catholic Emancipation, that he never would set a foot upon a bridge which promised to be the ruin of the ancient constitution of Hungary. The measure was nevertheless carried, and the ice was broken.

Szechényi next endeavoured to bring about some change for the better in the social condition of the peasantry, but the Government now succeeded in forming a party in the assembly to oppose him. Count Joseph Dessewffy, a man of considerable abilities, put himself at its head as the avowed partisan of the court, and styled himself and his followers conservatives. By his instrumentality three very important measures were rejected, having for their object the abolition of compulsory labour, amongst the serfs, a revision of the codes of law, and [illegible] ation of a regular system of popular education. By [illegible] clear of the last of these the youth of the co[illegible] left in the hands of the clergy, who were proverbially ignorant, lazy, and matter-of-fact, at least to this portion of their du[illegible]

After a session, which lasted during three years, the Diet was closed in May, 1836, but not without having effected some needful reforms. To the peasant they had accorded the right of selling what belonged to him, of removing from one district to another, they protected him also from arbitrary punishments on the part of the seigneur, diminished the rents, and reduced the number of days of forced labour from one hundred and twenty to fifty-two each year. Article 10 took away judicial power from the seigneur, and Article 13 gave the peasant the right of proceeding against the noble, and even against his own landlord, in the ordinary courts of justice.

The last subject which came under discussion was which of all the dialects of the kingdom should be the official language of the Government. Our readers may remember that the predominance of the Magyar language was always a point, regarding which the Hungarians were more than usually jealous. Not that they had ever been desirous to impose its use upon peoples of another race, but they wished to protect themselves as far as possible from the inroads of the Sclavonic and C[illegible] [illegible] around them. They were a[illegible] that the language of the administration should be intelligible to all, and that the use of the Latin in official documents should be abolished for that of a tongue known at least to the majority of the population, and that, by the adoption of uniform and well-regulated system in the writing and promulgation of government acts, men of every race, whether Magyars or not, might be eligible for employment in the various departments of the public service.

When once the Latin, which could only be understood by the lawyers and a few of the educated, fell into disuse, who could be better fitted to take its place than the Magyar? Certainly not the Sclavonic, for it was the language of the Russian autocrat, and the jargon of his boors, and would open a way for his encroachments, nor yet the German, for it was understood only by a very small number of the population.

It was therefore resolved and carried, "that the tribunals of Hungary, properly so called" (thus excluding Sclavonia and Croatia) "should deliberate and pronounce judgment in Magyar upon all subjects which should be laid before them in that language, and that on and after the 1st of January, 1844 no one should obtain any public office, or receive the diploma of an advocate, who was ignorant of it." In all this, we can see nothing but an endeavour to bring about that amalgamation of races and languages which has been productive of so much good in England, and the want of which has exercised so baneful an influence in Ireland. But a union of race in Hungary centering in the Magyar language and institutions, was the very thing which the Austrian emperor wished to prevent, as it was in direct opposition to his cherished scheme of a great empire having Vienna as its capital, and the German as the *ruling* tongue.

Louis Kossuth was present at all these debates. He was then thirty-one or two years of age, having been born in 1802, at Monok, in the county of Zemplin. He was the son of Aaron Kossuth and Caroline Weber. The early death of his father, and the limited means of his mother, prevented his receiving a good an education as would have been otherwise afforded him. He was, however, sent at a very early age to the Calvinistic College of Sarospatak, and afterwards finished his course of law at the University of Pesth. In 1832 he returned to Monok, and was appointed honorary attorney for the county. He was, at this time, a great sportsman, and, we believe, for a time, rather addicted to gaming. When the Diet was assembled in 1833 he was appointed proxy for an absent magnate, and had thus a right to take part in the debates, but not to vote. Nearly three hundred advocates attended the Diet in a similar capacity. The triumphs of Szechényi first inspired Kossuth with the idea of winning honest fame in the political arena—taught him

> "To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
> From the idle he fondly had knelt to before."

The fowling-piece and the billiard-table were now for ever abandoned for the pen and the sword. His debut in the chamber was anything but auspicious. He certainly had in him the [illegible] materials of a great orator—the weapons of parliamentary warfare—but he was not as yet trained to use them with effect. His first speech was delivered with painful sense of embarrassment, and there was nothing in it to attract the attention of the audience, but the extreme awkwardness and hesitation of the speaker. But he was determined to succeed. Everything by labour and practice, and that he might in the meantime aid the cause he had at heart, he conceived the idea of publishing reports of the proceedings of the chambers, which had up to that time remained partially or wholly unknown to the great mass of the population. He, therefore, with great diligence and perseverance, distributed manuscript reports of the speeches of the deputies, and particularly those of the opposition, as more in accordance with his own sympathies. Finding the demand for his paper daily increasing, he endeavoured to diminish the labours of transcription by setting up a lithographic press, which, of course, multiplied the copies with greatly-increased rapidity. The alarm of the Government was instantly excited, and the publication of the journal prohibited. The ministry were, however, obliged to give way before the clamours of the opposition, and the interdict was removed upon condition that manuscript copies only should be circulated. The liberal party now increased their efforts to procure a good circulation, and the partisans and admir[illegible]

whom Kossuth thus gathered around him ever afterwards adhered to him through all the vicissitudes of his "strange, eventful history."

When the Diet closed in 1836, Kossuth still diligently continued his paper. He now resolved to report the proceedings of the county assemblies, the constitution and duties of which we have already described. They had previously acted separately and without concert. By making known to each the proceedings of the others, he wished to enable them to bring their strength to bear unitedly on the popular side. This was more than the Government had anticipated. They had feared the printing-press before, they now [illegible]. He was seized, and kept in [illegible]. Having been then brought to trial, he was sentenced to four years' imprisonment. He was shut up in a building at Pesth, called the *Neuhaus*, and having obtained books, he made so good a use of a copy of Shakspere and an English dictionary, that he acquired our language as he has since spoken it with such tremendous effect in this country and in America. When the Diet met in 1839, his imprisonment was declared illegal, and the supplies were refused until his liberation, which soon after took place. He had, however, spent three years in prison, and came out worn in mind and body. The welcome he met with from the people was sufficient to dispel the gloom which oppressed him. A vast crowd assembled to hail his return unto liberty and to labour, and accompanied him with [illegible] torches and loud acclamations through the streets of P[illegible].

Instead of intimidating the liberal party, the persecution of Kossuth only irritated them more and more every day. During the sitting of the Diet, some young men had formed a society or debating club for the discussion of political questions. They were at once pounced upon by the Government, and their leaders were thrown into prison. Almost at the same time, Baron Wesselenyi, one of the most intrepid defenders of Hungarian freedom, was arrested. His fierce denunciations of the Austrian ministry and the feudal excesses of the Magyar nobles, had raised up against him a host of enemies. He was seized, brought to Buda to be tried, and sentenced to three years imprisonment. He lost his eyesight before the term had expired, and died of the implacable enmity of Austria.

Two of these severities were inflicted at the instigation of Palh, Chancellor of Hungary—a man who possessed neither patriotism nor diplomatic talents. He was, however, in every way worthy of his master, Francis I., upon whose head three bankruptcies in succession had borne it down to the maledictions of the whole nation. He died in 1835, in the midst of the dissensions of the Diet, and left the crown to his son Ferdinand, who had been already crowned king of Hungary in 1830, under the name of Ferdinand IV.

Francis was a narrow-minded man, possessing no claim to distinction beyond the indomitable perseverance which he displayed in the struggle against Napoleon. He was vulgar, coarse, and egotistic, an enemy of literature and science, and unable to speak his language with any greater correctness than the rudest of his peasants. Revolution, reform, and civilisation, seemed to him to have the same meaning, and that to be danger—to his throne and dynasty.

As Ferdinand was labouring under mental debility when he ascended the throne, the administration of the Government was committed to the hands of the Archduke Louis, and Prince Metternich. No two men could have been better fitted to precipitate the catastrophe which was now impending, the one by his Machiavellian cunning and deceit, and the other by his rigid and inflexible obstinacy.

The policy which was adopted at the commencement of the new reign was marked by greater leniency towards the political prisoners, and greater willingness to accept the propositions of the Diet. Those who knew Austria well, however, knew her reluctance to yield one jot to anything but stern necessity, and her secretly-formed determination that each concession should be the last. Half measures, temporisation, and evasion, were the order of the day. The cause of this vacillation and irresolution is found in the materials of which the Austrian empire is composed. A very small part of the population is of German origin. The vast majority is Magyar, Sclave, Italian, and Wallachian. The Magyars form the only really compact body on the whole, and number 5,472,910; the Germans scattered through the various provinces, 7,833,157; the Sclaves, 17,760,159; the Italians, 5,596,000. The empire can, in fact, scarce be called Austrian, when only three millions are Austrians properly so called. Only one sort of policy could enable the Government to maintain its ascendancy over such a heterogeneous mass, and that is expressed in the maxim of Machiavelli, *Divide et impera*, by setting one race against the other, it was enabled to trample upon all. Hungary, however, was always the greatest difficulty, for it was better organised, more united, braver, and richer, than any of the other provinces which owned its sway.

Whilst the Magyar Diet was engaged in the struggles, of which we have given a rapid sketch, the national interests were defended in Transylvania with equal courage, but not with so great success. The States of this principality had not been convened since 1811, although, according to the terms of the constitution, the sovereign was bound to convoke them every year.

The Diet at last assembled in 1834, and for a long period maintained an animated contest with the central Government.

In the meantime the exertions of Szechenyi had given a sensible impulse in Hungary to trade and industry. Steam-boats began to appear on the rivers, and railroads to intersect the country. The nobles began to adapt themselves to the spirit of progress, and the value guaranteed to bills of exchange [illegible] by gentlemen, very materially restored their confidence. They soon fell into the hands of brokers, who fleeced them without mercy. For want of a national bank, the establishment of which had been constantly opposed by Austria, they were compelled to pay an enormous discount to greedy Jews.

The intellectual progress did not lag behind the material. Books began to multiply. Reading became more general. The theatre was enriched by historical plays, recalling the [illegible] of Hungary, and were nightly enacted before [illegible] of the youth of the country. And thus homage to the rising genius of the nation partook more than ever of the colouring of modern civilisation from the circumstance that now, for the first time, did the Hungarian ladies bring the sagacious traits of oriental etiquette, and lend their presence to temper the fierce impulses of patriotic fervour with the grace and sentiment of female beauty.

In the meantime Kossuth had taken up his residence at Pesta, and there became editor of a journal called the *Pesth Hirlap*, or "Pesth Journal." The first number was issued in January, 1841. It was at first published four times a week, but soon became a daily paper, as the circulation rose rapidly, until it reached twelve thousand. In 1841 the ministry was changed, and a quarrel with his publisher deprived Kossuth of the vote of his journal. He thereupon determined to devote his attention to projects for the material amelioration of the country, [illegible] the entire emancipation of the serfs, and [illegible] Hungarian trade from the restrictions imposed by Austria, the chief of which was that no Hungarian manufactures should be exported to Austria, and none but Austrian imported into Hungary. For this purpose he formed an association called the *Bedeckgift*, the members of which pledged themselves to use nothing of Austrian manufacture until the tariff was reformed.

The effects of this were soon felt. The Austrian manufacturers began to remove their factories into Hungary. The court took the alarm, and appointed imperial paid commissioners to preside over the counties instead of the counts. The agitation now became general, and at the head of it were Kossuth and Louis Batthyanyi. The former was daily rising in popularity and importance, and, despite all the efforts of the court party to prevent it, he was elected in 1847 member for the county of Pesth. Immediately upon the meeting of the Diet an act was passed abolishing the feudal services of the tenantry, and the immunity of the nobles from taxation.

Austria now endeavoured to secure the support of the Croats and other Sclavonic races by flattery and conciliation, and thus range them against the Magyars, but, notwithstanding all their efforts, the Diet contained amongst its members some of the most distinguished men of the Liberal party, and abated nothing of its opposition to the court. The final settlement of the question as to which should be the official language of the administration, was one of the first subjects which occupied its attention. The former Diet had discussed this delicate question

with great tact and prudence, and the present one displayed signals of reserve and circumspection; but the Croats, excited by Austria, and anxious to overturn all other nationality, to found a Sclave dominion upon their ruins, used every means to frustrate the pacific intentions of the opposition. Nothing was left untried—intrigues, bribes, and menaces. So that it required all the eloquence of Gabriel Blonzal, the leader of the Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, to prevent the total overthrow of the constitution. A law was at last carried, containing the following clauses—"The official language of the Diet shall be, henceforth, exclusively Magyar. It shall, however, be lawful for the deputies of those provinces who do not speak Magyar to continue the use of the Latin for six years from this date. All public acts emanating from the King or the tribunals shall be rendered into that language. The tribunals and higher offices of the administration in the adjoining countries shall address all writing to the Hungarian tribunals in Magyar, and the answers returned shall be in Latin. The Magyar language shall be taught in all the schools of the dependent provinces, and shall alone be admissible in those of the interior and frontiers of Hungary Proper."

This was the law of which the Croats complained so loudly, but with no better reason than if one should, in this country, find fault with the desire of the Government to make English the language of the United Kingdom, as richer, more copious, and in every way better adapted to the wants of the age than any other of those in



VESSPITNYI.

The question of mixed marriages next occupied the attention of the Diet. In the interval which had elapsed since the preceding session, the Roman Catholic priests had, in many instances, refused to celebrate the marriage of any couple who did not belong to their own church. It was now enacted that all such marriages should be valid, if they but received the sanction of a Protestant minister. Chapter IV. of this Session confirmed and extended the enfranchisement of the peasantry. When the taxation of the nobles came under consideration, Szechenyi seized the opportunity of expressing his sentiments upon it in a manner which at least had the merit of originality. He appeared in the Chamber of Magnates on the 28th of October, 1841, in splendid uniform, his breast covered with stars and ribands of the various orders to which he belonged. "It is now thirty-three years," said he, "and eleven days since I was sent to the camp of Marshal Blucher. I arrived at the dawn of day, and at the entrance of the tent found a soldier occupied in powdering his hair before a looking-glass. I was rather surprised, but, on passing on a little further, I found a page engaged in the

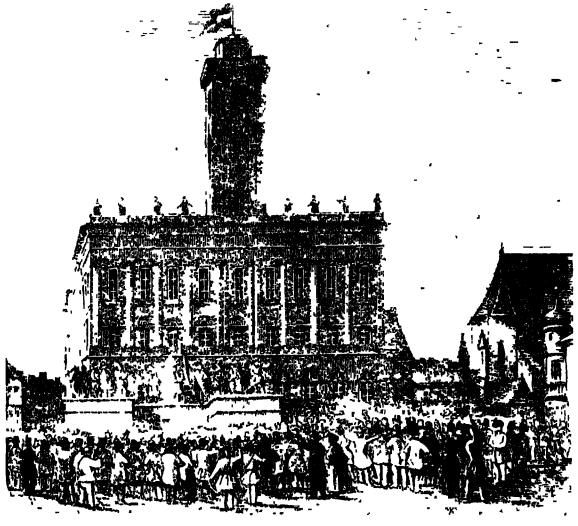


FRONTIER GUARD OF THE BAN OF CROATIA.

same way. At last I reached the tent of the old general himself, and found him, like the others, dressing his hair also. 'General!' said I, 'I should have thought this was the time to put powder in the cannon, and not in the hair.' 'We hope,' was the reply, 'to celebrate a grand *fête* to-day, and we must, therefore, appear in our best costume.' On that day the battle of Leipsic was fought. For a similar reason, gentlemen, I appear here to-day, dressed in this singular manner. I believe that we are, to-day, about to perform one of the brightest acts in the history of our nation." His address was received with loud acclamations, although the measure he supported was but partially successful.

The opening of the Diet at Presburg took place under circumstances of great pomp and splendour. The King and Queen, and all the members of the royal family, were present. There were the Archduke Francis, heir-presumptive to the throne, and the Archdukes Francis Joseph (the present Emperor), Albert Charles, Ferdinand, and Leopold. Each of these returned answers in the Magyar language to the addresses which were presented to them. The Queen alone, the sister of the late King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, answered in Latin.

About this time the palatine, the Archduke Charles, died, to the great regret of the whole nation, and Stephen, the governor of Bohemia, was unanimously elected to succeed him. His father's services, his youth, and talents, and kindly disposition, had rendered him deservedly popular. When he was sworn into his new office he added, in an impressive manner, the following words to the



POLITICAL MEETING IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.



RECRUITING FOR THE WAR IN 1848.

usual form of the oath:—"I solemnly promise that the sole object of my life shall be to show myself worthy of the confidence the people have reposed in me."

After the election came the debate on the address. The conservative party and the deputies from Croatia, Sclavonia, and Fiume, were desirous of still adopting the hackneyed language of compliment and adulation. But the Diet was indignant at the substitution of imperial commissioners in the place of the counts, and wishing to make up for all the omissions of the preceding session, voted an address, which set forth all their grievances at length, and in indignant language. It was finally adopted by the lower chamber, but the magnates refused to affix their names to it. The deputies then deposited it amongst their archives, and left the Emperor unanswered. This first declaration of hostilities was, in a great measure, the work of Kossuth, who had now become the first orator of an eloquent nation. It was in vain that Szechenyi opposed him, and declared that, although there was nothing he had so much at heart as the progress of the nation, yet he did not, by any means, desire it upon a basis that was not in accordance with the principles of the constitution. He was the elegant and courtly representative of the high aristocracy. Kossuth was the man of the people, and they followed and revered him as their prophet and guide.

The question of language was now again brought up, and this time was the cause

of the fiercest contest that ever raged within the walls of the Diet. The Court deputies, in particular, distinguished themselves by the fierce animosity of their harangues. They charged the Magyars with desiring not so much the assertion and preservation of their own nationality as the downfall and subjugation of that of others.

In spite of all these intrigues, however, a number of laws were passed, and ordered to be laid before the Emperor, in order to receive his sanction, which decreed the exclusive use of the Magyar language in the public assemblies, courts of law, schools, colleges, and official documents, but allowing the Croats to use their own language upon all occasions except in their communications with the Hungarian authorities, and that all Hungarian ships should carry the national tri-colour flag.

The taxation of the nobles now came again to be considered, when the news of the revolution in Paris came like a thunderbolt to interrupt their deliberations. The whole nation seemed electrified, and Kossuth saw at a glance the use which the national party might make of an event of such momentous importance, not to France only, but to the whole of Europe. He now came forward as the man of the crisis, and placed himself, with that self-confidence which always distinguishes great souls, in the van, as the leader of the revolution which was now impending. The tide was now beginning to ebb, and he did not for a moment hesitate to seize the helm, and undertake the guidance of the vessel of state over the stormy waters of agitation to the calm of self government and constitutional freedom. The weight of his personal character, and his great eloquence, had secured him the respect of all parties in the chamber. It was therefore amidst profound silence that he ascended the tribune to address the house on the third of March, 1848. The question under discussion was a financial one. A pin might been heard dropping as the orator began. "I give," said he, "my entire and unqualified approbation to the motion of the deputy for Gyor, but unusual circumstances render it our duty to pass beyond this secondary question, and I now call upon the house to follow a course of policy worthy of the responsibility which now devolves upon it, of the momentous events which are already looming in the future. Looking at the question in this point of view, I shall not enter into any details regarding the Bank of Vienna, further than to say that the fears already manifested as to the value of its notes, and the motion now before us, ought to be more than sufficient to induce the Government to restore the confidence of the public in an institution, in the stability of which so much of their property is involved. I say, without hesitation, that the bank cannot be kept out of danger as long as the Government continues to follow a line of policy which, by creating an enormous deficit each year, forces it to make sacrifices which must in a short period prove inevitably the cause of another bankruptcy.

"If, on the contrary, it now turns over a new leaf, we shall henceforward have no cause for anxiety, and I now call upon you to solve, once for all, the problem which involves so much of our happiness and prosperity. Everybody knows the powerful influence which Austria has always exercised in Hungary, by means of her financial system, and this can never be done away with until the accounts of the Bank of Vienna are published, until we know not only the amount of the Hungarian revenue, but the purposes to which it is applied; and that we may have this done in a satisfactory manner, the Minister of Finances *must be a Hungarian, and responsible to this diet only.* Otherwise our monetary affairs will ere long be plunged into an intricable confusion.

"I have already stated my conviction that until the King is surrounded in every part of his dominions by constitutional forms, we can never feel assured of the welfare of our country in the future. It is evident that our form of government being in opposition to that which prevails in the other provinces of the empire, we shall be continually liable to unconstitutional menaces and attacks. I repeat it, that where our interests come in contact with those of more powerful states, [illegible] should be established between them by [illegible] of all the which they perform in common, without prejudice to our independence; But I be origin and development of the bureaucratic system at Vienna, which builds its tottering power upon the ruins of the liberty of the neighbouring states, and I have no hesitation in asserting, that he who shall have the courage to substitute a new constitutional organisation in place of the mechanism of the old Government will prove the second founder of the Hapsburg dynasty.

"We have heard to-day of the downfal of thrones sustained by the talents and energy of great statesmen, and that the people are now in possession of an extent of liberty, which a few weeks ago they never dreamed of. We, on the contrary, have been for three months rolling the stone of Sisyphus, and I cannot look upon the waste of strength and talent which has taken place in the fruitless struggle, without the deepest anguish."

He concluded a powerful and eloquent speech by calling on the Diet to demand from the Emperor a constitution for the whole empire, and an independent ministry for Hungary. His resolution was carried unanimously in both chambers, and the whole affair produced the profoundest sensation all over the kingdom. Nothing was more necessary in a monarchy comprised of so many various races, differing so widely in their traditions and habits, than a uniform system of government, popular in its origin, and firm and impartial in its administration. The bureaucratic centralisation of Vienna was preying upon the vitals of the nation, and destroying all that was graceful in private life, and manly and upright in the discharge of public duty. The capital was the head quarters of a great army of public functionaries, dependent upon the monarch for their daily bread, and fearing the growth of municipal institutions and local self-government, as they feared poverty and destitution. To this vast body of state-paid men the nation was nothing, and the court was everything. The pest of espionage—the sure offspring of functionarism—invaded the privacy of domestic life, and destroyed the peace of families. Confidence and self-respect were banished from society. The nobility became proud, selfish, cowardly, and deceitful, and the people crouching, mendacious, and degraded. To impose life and health into this mass of [illegible] to progress, and substitute [illegible] on the faded hues of exhaustion and decrepitude, were the objects Kossuth had in view, and when he appeared on the dark and horizon, the prostrate nation hailed him as its saviour and restorer.

On the tenth of March, 1848, the people rose in Vienna, and overpowered the Government. Metternich fled, and the Emperor granted a constitution, and swore to it. The Hungarian Diet seized the opportunity to send a deputation to plead their cause at the foot of the throne, and for the purpose chose Kossuth, Louis Batthyani, Stephen Szechenyi, and Joseph Czinski. They obtained an audience of the Emperor, and prayed him to appoint an independent ministry for Hungary, who should enjoy the confidence of the people. Their request was granted, and Louis Batthyanyi was appointed president of the council, with power to choose his colleagues. In this ministry Kossuth received the portfolio of finances. The people of Buda and Pesth received the news with acclamation, but their triumph was destined to be but short-lived. The court party could never place confidence in a ministry which, though including many of the moderate party, numbered Kossuth and Szemere amongst its prominent members.

The royal family, having recovered from their stupor, were loth to acknowledge the empire to be only a collection of confederated states, and resolved to seize the first opportunity of withdrawing from the engagements into which they had entered, under the influence of fear and coercion. In the meantime, however, the persuasions of the Archduke Louis induced the Emperor to confirm the appointment of the new Magyar Ministry—on condition that the Minister of Foreign Affairs should always reside at Vienna.

From this moment the aspect of Hungary was changed. Trade and commerce seemed to have received a sudden and powerful impulse. The Diet, driven on by the force of public opinion, displayed an amount of energy and activity before unknown. Reform succeeded reform in rapid succession. The old abuses of feudalism were speedily numbered amongst the things of the past, and in their pla [illegible] stitution, the offsp [illegible] of mode [illegible] nised the equality of all classes of citizens, guaranteed to every one the full and free exercise of his political and social

rights, leaving the nobles in possession of their rank and station, but raising the law above all. The Emperor closed the session in person, on the eleventh of April, with these words:—"It is with extreme pleasure that I have again come amongst you, for I find my beloved subjects the Magyars always the same.'

The work of political reform was begun. The principles had been laid down; but they were not to be carried into execution without great opposition and great difficulty. The revolution of 1848 had roused the other nations which were subjected to Austrian rule, as well as Hungary. The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom sought to regain its independence, the [illegible] the brink of insurrection, refusing any longer to submit to the H[illegible]an Diet; and in an assembly convened at Rudovicz, the [illegible]ch of the Greek Church proposed to establish relations w[illegible] Austrian Government as a distinct state. The Cabinet of Vienna being obliged to maintain a fair face toward the Magyars, at first pretended to turn a deaf ear to the seditious of the prelate and his adherents, but when the news arrived that the Croats had risen in arms against the new ministry, it did all in its power to stir up an insurrection among the Serbes also. A war of surprises and [illegible] now broke out, and the districts bordering on the [illegible] on the Danube and Tibissa became the scene of [illegible] guinary engagements. The Magyars at one time de[illegible] Serbes, and at another the Serbes took terrible revenge. Torrents of blood were shed, and the most frightful atrocities perpetrated, without promising a successful issue to either party. The whole country became a great field of battle, and generation yet unborn will lament the waste of blood and money caused by this unhappy struggle.

Austria, in the meantime, was meting a the Croats to simulate excesses. A Diet was convoked at Zagrabia, and presided over by Baron Joseph Jellachich, which manifested the bitterest enmity against the Hungarian ministry, and refused obedience to the laws which had been recently enacted. They resolved that they would take part with the Emperor of Austria against the Magyars, and called the peasantry to arms. They appointed Jellachich general of their forces, and the emperor conferred on him the dignity of Ban of Croatia. Jellachich was until then a subaltern officer, but he now became a powerful auxiliary of the Austrian Government, and his combination of the charms of the Archduchess Sophia rendered him completely subservient to the views of the court. The Hungarians knew his character, his deceit, and dissimulation, and immediately upon hearing of his appointment they foretold that the question must now be decided by the sword alone.

On the 5th of July 1848, the Magyar Diet again resumed their sittings, but this time removed to Pesth, further into the interior of the country. They had previously met at Presburg. The Palatine Archduke Stephen, whose popularity was still at its height, was received with enthusiasm, and every one appeared prepared to meet the exigencies of the crisis with energy and resolution. Kossuth was the first to ascend the tribune. "Gentlemen," said he, "in ascending this tribune, in order to summon you to save your country, I feel the responsibility imposed upon me, in its full weight and importance. It seems to me that God is holding in his hand the trumpet of judgment, and is proclaiming that the weak and faint-hearted are to be cast back into the tomb, and the brave and energetic are to enjoy life everlasting. Yes, gentlemen, God has placed the existence of Hungary in our hands. It is for you to decide whether she shall perish or be saved. However widely-different your political opinions may be, the love of country, of national honour, of liberty and independence, is a sentiment [illegible]ry one is ready to defend with his life and fortune. I shall not attempt to excite your enthusiasm on this point, for I believe it exists already. When I tell you that your country is in danger, perhaps I am telling you what you know [illegible]ice the revival of our liberty, the veil has been rent which had from yourselves the position of your own affairs. You can now see with your eyes the frightful situation in which you are placed."

He then dwelt upon the state of the army and the volunteers, and continued "After the dissolution of the last Diet, the Hungarian minister found the treasury empty and the country defenceless. He has fathomed with terror the abyss that yawns at our feet. I was one of those who long ago called the attention of the Government to the grievances under which we laboured, and the defects in our constitution, who demanded that justice should be done towards the people, and now, perhaps, it is too late to commence reforms. Can patriotism and enthusiasm ward off the danger *now*? The nation and the Government deferred the doing of their duty too long, and now, when they have taken the first step in the right direction, the bonds of nationality are beginning to break asunder.

"Such are the circumstances under which we have assumed the reins of administration, in the midst of a [illegible] insurrection, of the exasperation caused by reaction, and the [illegible] passions which the accursed policy of Metternich has left [illegible] as an heritage to blast and destroy us." He then spoke of the combination formed amongst the Sclavonic tribes of the north.

"The Croats have risen in revolt. It is many years now since we assured the Austrian Government that in encouraging these intrigues amongst the Sclaves, it was nourishing a serpent in its bosom which would one day destroy the reigning dynasty. The Croats think that by taking advantage of the [illegible]sis they can take upstairs with impunity [illegible] nation. If we had given them any [illegible] this unbelievable determination, I would be [illegible] you to appease their anger by redressing their grievances, instead of repressing their rebellion by force. But you all know that when we were ourselves unable to obtain all the liberties which of right belonged to us, we refused none of them to Croatia.

"Since the reign of Arpad Hungary has never enjoyed a privilege which the Croats have not shared, and not content with awarding them a share, we have often bestowed upon them special favours at our own risk. I have read in the history of Ireland that England despoiled that country of certain political rights, but it is the Magyars alone who have granted to a small province more than they themselves possessed. Where then can we find the cause of this insurrection? Nowhere! Was it the last Diet which altered the relations between the two countries? Did it not on the contrary begin a new era? Did it not obtain her rights, not for us only, but for the Croats also? They enjoy the same liberties with ourselves. The Hungarian nobility is pledged to redemnify them for the abolition of the dues payable by the peasantry. The right of using their own language in their own assemblies has been specially received to them. Their municipal privileges have been extended. They can manage their elections in whatever manner they please, they can send representatives to the Diet to deliberate in common with us for the safety and welfare of the two countries. The last Diet said to them, 'Regulate your elections, elect your deputies, we do not interfere with you.' We cannot then find in the past any cause for this insurrection. Shall we look for it in the present? The ministry is now responsible to the people for the manner in which [illegible] transacted. It is Diet has decreed that the Croats [illegible] use their own language in their official documents, and in all that relates to the internal administration of the country. All that it insists upon is that they shall henceforth receive from the ministry and the Hungarian counties all official communications in the Magyar language, accompanied by Sclavonic administration."

Kossuth then explained the importance attached by the Croats to the office of *ban*, or governor, and continued — "Nevertheless, we, the ministry, have not for a moment hesitated to ask this insurgent ban to take his seat at the council board and deliberate in concert with us upon the best means of quieting the discontents of his countrymen. We have invited him to state their demands in person, and have declared that if in our power we will comply with them, and if not we will make them a cabinet question.

"But he has not complied. He has returned an insolent answer to our invitation, he has placed himself at the head of the insurrectionary party, and threatens to inflict upon the countries all the horrors of a civil war. I do not deny Croatia has just grounds of complaint. But abuses imputed to the old government, not to us. On the contrary the Magyars, in addressing their representation to the Austrian Government have always made common cause with the Croatians. We are still ready, I repeat, to adjust the affairs of Croatia,

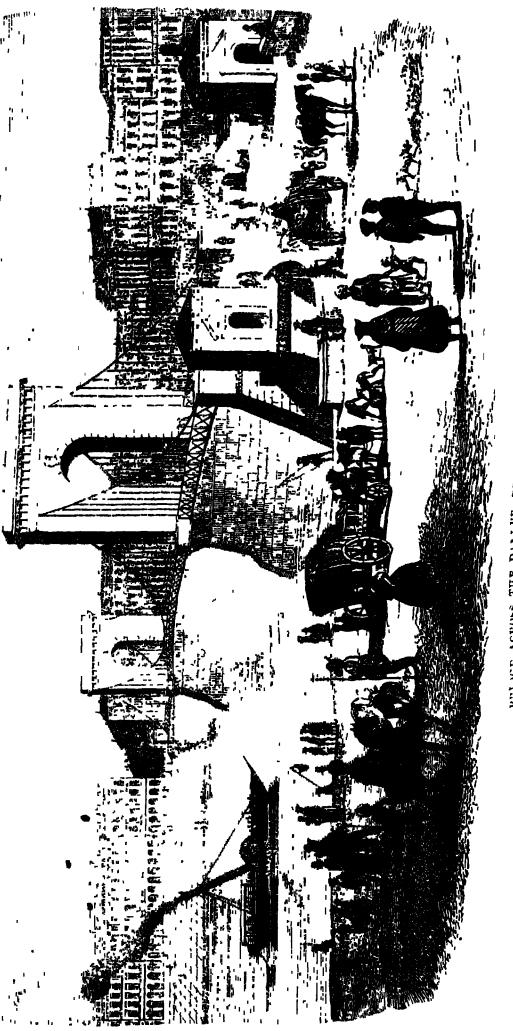

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we will never put Jellachich upon the same level with the king of Hungary. The king can pardon; the duty of Jellachich is to obey. We declare our belief that the only way to put an end to these unhappy differences is for the Emperor to act as mediator between us. Let him command the Croats to summon their provincial Diet. Let their representatives, lawfully chosen, present themselves in the central Diet of Hungary, and there make a plain statement of their grievances, and if their demands are just and reasonable, we pledge ourselves to comply with them, or to retire from office."

He then laid before the Diet a statement of the force at the disposal of the government, and, though expressing his belief that the rebels would not venture to cross their own frontiers, he called upon the Assembly to put the country in a state of defence. For this purpose it would be necessary to raise 200,000 men, and to vote 12,000,000 florins, as a loan or extraordinary contribution. The whole house rose in a body, and shouted with one voice, "We vote them! we vote them!" It was one of the most magnificent episodes in the history of a grand and chivalrous nation. Kossuth was overwhelmed with emotion. "You," he said, with tears in his eyes—"you have elevated ourselves, and I prostrate myself before the greatness of the people!" He then left the tribune, amidst thunders of applause.

The Palatine Stephen then made a short speech, in which he held out the hope that a reconciliation might still be effected; and in the name of Ferdinand, the Emperor, he formally denounced the conduct of Jellachich and the Croats as traitorous and illegal; and it was even believed for a while that the former had been degraded and outlawed by the Emperor himself.

The Ban was summoned to render an account of his doings to Ferdinand, and for this purpose formally presented himself before him at Innspruck. They had an interview in private, and the consequence was that the baron received new testimonies of his Sovereign's favour, and was ordered to return to his post. The Emperor then recommended that a conference should be held in Vienna, to arrange the points in dispute between the Croats and Magyars. Louis Batthyanyi appeared on behalf of the latter, and Jellachich on that of the insurrectionists. Their efforts to bring about an amicable settlement were unavailing. "We shall see you again on the banks of the Drave," said Batthyanyi to the Ban, on parting. "No," was the reply, "I shall visit you on the banks of the Danube."



BRIDGE ACROSS THE DANUBE, BETWEEN BUDA AND PESTH.

Upon his return, Jellachich resumed the command of the united armies of Croatia and Slavonia, and called upon all the savage herds of the military frontiers to range themselves under his banner. In a few days he found himself at the head of 54,000 men. The Austrian government secretly sent him supplies of money, arms, and ammunition.

THE SHOEMAKER OF ST. AUSTELL,
OR INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A METAPHYSICIAN.

A LARGE proportion of those whose names are "[illegible] on the cliffs of fame" have reached their positions of eminence and usefulness from the lowest conditions of indigence, and amidst constant depressions of spirit from the ceaseless cravings of want. In the pressure of external trials, and the drudgery of toilsome occupations, the inner man has been separated from grosser employments, and consecrated to the purposes and pursuits of knowledge. The desire to know—the eldest born of wisdom—awakened their energies, braced their spirits, held weariness in check, and grew rich on the spare moments of time economically preserved and industriously employed. It was not genius, blazing, but transient as a comet, taking one truth, or a class of truths by intuition, and expiring in the splendour of its conceptions, but the determination to know, to "intermeddle with all wisdom," to grow rich by the patient and steady accumulation of thought, that made them avaricious of time, and prodigal of health and strength and rest. Industry performed the office of stoker to the intellectual fires burning within them, and fidelity to the one absorbing object of desire gave light in the gloom of discouragement, a man's joy to every step of their ascent, and a graceful dignity to the coronets of honours of their triumph in reaching and recording their names in the Temple of Knowledge.

It is no less profitable than gratifying to trace the progress of the development of the mind; especially when, unaided by fortune or education, but, guided by its own aspirations, and the energy of its own determinations, it works its way to posts of honour and positions of influence in the intellectual and moral world. The republic of letters is free for all. The knowledge of the alphabet entitles all to the rights of citizenship. Freedom to roam through the whole unbounded continent of learning is secured by these twenty-six letters. Their possession is already initiated into the secrets of wisdom, and has the passwords to its profoundest mysteries. The mind is its own world. It may be a desert dismal with ignorance and vice, or a garden rich and beautiful with the fruits of knowledge and virtue. In an age and country like ours voluntary ignorance is a crime of fearful magnitude. Contented ignorance is a sin against self and society. Knowledge is power. It is also a treasure more priceless than gold. But like gold, it is found in grains, seldom in lumps, and is obtained by digging. When one sees a man possessed of "much gold," he is not altogether sure that a large proportion of it is not alloyed with the dust of fraud and dishonest gains. The jewel that sparkles on the coronet of wealth may have been placed there by oppression and violence. But learning stands free of all suspicion. Its possession is a stamp of honesty, and a passport to reputation and usefulness. Wisdom is the principal thing. "Therefore get wisdom, and with all thy gettings, get understanding." Exalt her, and she shall promote thee. In her hands are riches, and honour, and life. But if she be despised, thou shalt be lightly esteemed. Knowing our letters, the literature and "languages of the babbling earth" are all within the reach of desire, industry, and application. With these, the key of the Temple of Knowledge is in our hands. Shall we open its doors, and survey its magnificent and gorgeous palaces? At least, let us trace the progressive career of one who, unschooled, ignorant and vicious; but, animated by a *desire to know*, patiently and resolutely worked his way up the hill, and sat down to enjoy an ennobling and virtuous repose on "the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar." We portray the fortunes of an humble shoemaker, whose perseverance in self-improvement was [illegible] that has placed him in the front rank of the profoundly eminent men of the last qu[illegible]

[illegible] was born in the parish of St. Austell, Cornwall, on the 3rd of March, 1765. His parents were extremely poor. His father's occupation fluctuated between tillage and "streaming for tin." When not turning up the soil of the farm, he was examining the deposits of mountain streams, and selecting, by the processes of washing and pulverising, such parts as were valuable for the ore they contained. Diligence and care, even in this toilsome occupation, yielded him such success, that, in the course of a few years he was able to take a better residence, and engage in the business of a common carrier for a brewery in his neighbourhood. At this he found employment for some time; and, with the prospect of a permanent engagement, with steady accumulations, might have anticipated ultimate competency. But industry and integrity are not always a guarantee of success, nor a protection against the frauds or dishonest carelessness of others. The brewer, a lover of pleasure more than of business, and wasted in prodigal living more than was yielded by the gains of trade. Bankruptcy soon followed, and several pounds due to the poor carrier went down into the gulf with his employer, and, what was worse, left him without fodder for his horses, or food for his children—bereft at once of employment and means of subsistence. He had to strike out a new mode of "making both ends meet."

Poor as were the parents, they were pious, and were not only sensible of the importance of education to their children, but solicitous to impart it, to the limited extent their circumstances would allow. For a while the two sons were sent daily to a school, in which the charge for reading was only a *penny a week*. But Samuel seemed careless of this opportunity of learning to read. Books were disagreeable things. He had a talent for doing nothing, and he gratified it by playing truant. He loved the sunning fields and the lonely woods, with their murmuring rivulets and singing birds, and he carried his heart *there* to find "sermons in trees and books in *brooks*." Whatever his disregard of book-learning, he was shrewd enough in other things, and his shrewdness had a bent of mischief that was generally more successful in getting him into scrapes than in getting him out of them. But it sometimes left him "unwhipt of justice." His wild pranks were a grief and annoyance to his excellent parents, and compelled them to practise the spirit rather than the letter of the proverb, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child." On one occasion, having incurred his father's displeasure, he was threatened with the rod; and he knew it was not merely "a promise made to the ear." But he believed it would be "better kept in the breach than in the observance." Such sentences were generally carried into effect at night, when the culprit was unbreeched and in bed. Apprehensive that the visit to keep him from spoiling would not be overlooked, no, the rod spared when it was paid, he prevailed on his elder brother to exchange places with him in the bed for the night. It proved another case of the substitution of the innocent for the guilty, and poor Jabez smarted under the lash, as unconscious of the fault that incurred the punishment, as of the trick by which it had been transferred to his own shoulders. On another occasion, for some offence, his father gave him a note to carry to his schoolmaster. Suspecting it to contain an order for a flogging, payable at sight and unwilling to be a party in the transaction, the latter never reached its destination. He subsequently confessed that, to escape the rod, he spoiled the note.

A trait of character that gave direction to his life, and success to his plans, was developed at an early period of his youth. It was no ordinary energy of will, sustained by a quality of *sticking* to what he attempted. Perseverance, even against his books, and in truants from school, became a habit—a bad application, it must be confessed, of a very important quality of the mental constitution. At illustration of this disposition while very young, has been preserved among the records of his early life. Noted among the tin mines of Cornwall, and familiar with their operations, he became ambitious of embracing the profession, very soon after he was breeched and he resolved on sinking a shaft for himself. Accordingly, he organised a company, of which he was captain, and with a pickaxe, a rope, and a board for a bucket, he commenced his work. They had been engaged at the shaft for some time, and had gone some distance below the surface, when his mining operations were brought to a sudden halt. He was at the bottom, digging away with a right good will, one day, when some one threw a handful of earth upon him. This was a great offence to his dignity, as the presiding genius of the undertaking; and, in a dictorial way, he [illegible] the offender to desist. A larger handful of [illegible] clattering down upon him was the only response to his order. Greatly incensed, and vowing to give the offender a sound drubbing, he ordered them to draw him up, when, to his utter mortification, he found himself face to face with his father, who had just discovered the mining ambition of the youngsters, and regarding more as a trap for his cow than a mine of wealth, peremptorily ordered the captain to put the dirt back in its place.

It was not long, however, before he was mining in good earnest. Tin ore is commonly lodged in masses of stone. These are gathered and pulverised in the stamping mill, from whence the material is carried by a small stream of water into shallow pits prepared for its reception, where the gravity of the metal causes it to sink, while the sandy particles pass off with the stream. The

puts are called *buddles*. Children are employed to stir up these deposits, and keep them in agitation until the process of separation is complete. These children are called *buddle-boys*. At eight years of age Samuel Drew became a buddle-boy, his father receiving three-halfpence a day for his service. Like his father at the brewery, his first earnings were lost by the insolvency of his employer. But a new master came and advanced their wages to twopence. This increase had a powerful effect in augmenting the self-importance of the boys. It came near ruining one of Samuel's companions. The little fellow, having lost his parents, had been taken by an aunt and kindly cared for as her own. But, like too many others, his virtues were not proof against the temptations of sudden fortune. He was so elevated by this addition to his income, that he went home and gave his aunt notice that as soon as his wages become due, he should seek new lodgings and board himself! Its effect on young Drew was to make him aspire to the rack not of torture—but of a higher step in the refining process. But, although he remained two years in the pit, he was never promoted beyond the rank of buddle-boy.

Young as he was, with such dispositions, and associated with vicious children, he could not fail to be influenced by their conversation and example. He was rapidly descending into vicious habits. To augment his danger and accelerate his ruin, the only being on earth who understood his disposition and knew how to restrain it from ill, and guide it "in the good and right way," had been removed from her place in the family. His mother had gone down to the grave, and there was now scarcely a heart to love him, or a hand stretched out to sustain and encourage him. She had early discovered that the levity of his feelings unfitted him to receive instruction through the ordinary channels. He was therefore taken under her own charge. She taught him to read and write, at least, all he learned of either during his youth. But his moral nature was the field she cultivated with most avidity. The good seed of religious truth was deposited in his heart, and it never lost its vitality. In later years the harvest of that sowing was abundant and glorious.

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The death of his mother introduced a new phase in the life of Samuel Drew. In the second year of his loneliness his father married a widow, who for some time had presided over his domestic affairs as housekeeper. She was a worthy woman, but the transition to the mother's place was not at all agreeable to the children. A regular warfare of petty annoyances, in which Samuel took the lead, was commenced, and reached their consummation in his expatriation from his father's house. The act that precipitated this end was certainly as provoking in character as it was delib[illegible] in purpose and graceless in execution. Soon after her marriage, on an occasion when some of her female acquaintances were visiting her, he provided himself with a vessel of water, bored a hole through the partition, and while they were at tea discharged a volume of water upon them. This insult to her dignity and hospitality was a little more than her human nature could bear, and the husband and father was compelled to transfer the culprit where he would either cease his annoyances, or else find new victims for his experiments.

At the age of ten years he was apprenticed to a shoemaker at St. Blazey, about three miles from St Austell. It was not long after this change in his affairs before his father removed to a greater distance, and left him to cultivate his vicious propensities unrestrained by the presence and influence of family and friends. His new home was situated in a beautiful valley, adjoining the mansion and grounds of one of England's wealthy families. But he was too young and ignorant to enjoy the picturesque in nature, and too constantly occupied with the drudgery of his daily tasks to be sensible of anything beyond the pressure of discomfort and want. He was regarded rather as a convenience to subserve the wishes of others, than as a member of the family. His master, to the trade of shoemaker added that of farmer, and when there was no work up, there was always [illegible] in the field. Alternating these [illegible] ing that he stood a fine chance of being a different shoemaker, or a very poor farmer. Besides this, his personal discomforts were numerous. To the comforts and conveniences of life he was an entire stranger, and, passing his days in rags and wretchedness, he became almost as reckless of life as he was careless of his own character, and of the rights of others. One of his chief troubles was with his mistress. She was disposed to add to his other offences in the family that of servant. He knew remonstrance would avail nothing, and he had recourse to the shrewdness and mischief that exiled him from home. She insisted that he should bring water for the family; but somehow or other the pitcher always met with an accident in his hands, and he had always a plausible reason for it. But it happened so often, that a standing order was issued to release him from bringing water, except when he evinced a perfect willingness to do it. But his taste sought a wider field than the shop and farm of his master. He became a leader of the vicious boys of the parish, and soon[illegible] a follower of more depraved and wicked men. From robbing birds' nests, he proceeded to depredations upon the gardens and orchards of the neighbourhood, and ultimately, while yet a boy, to assist in smuggling. Under these circumstances, with no abatement of the bad treatment he always received in his master's house, he absconded in his seventeenth year, with the intention of entering a man-of-war. He was led to this selection of his future, by occurrences that, as little as he thought of it in its conception and frustration, had no small share in determining his subsequent career and his ultimate eminence.

During his apprenticeship, a few numbers of the "Weekly Entertainer" were brought into his master's family. It contained many tales and anecdotes, which he read with great avidity. He was especially interested with the narratives of adventures connected with the American war. Paul Jones, the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard, excited his mind with a profound attraction. They mingled with his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night. He longed to be in a pirate-ship—a thought natural to his perverted tastes and vicious habits. There was also in the house an odd volume of the history of England during the Commonwealth. These were read again and again, until, having nothing else to read, they palled on his taste, and he turned aside to low and corrupting pleasures. It is true, there was a Bible in the house, but the command to read it on the Sabbath, apart from a natural distaste [illegible] was a [illegible] but to obedience. With books, [illegible] turn to rectitude. But he had them not, and in the absence of means to gratify a disposition to read, he almost lost the ability. Still his reading gave direction to thought and supplied the material. It was under the influence of thoughts thus born in his mind, that he abridged his apprenticeship by flight, and steered his course to Plymouth. When he set out on this adventure, he had but sixteen pence halfpenny, and went by his home to mercave his store. His father was absent, and his mother, at a loss what to do, declined, but persuaded him to stay all night, hoping his father might get home, and detain him, or transfer the matter of supplying his wants from herself. The next morning, to the dismay of his family, he was gone. But the "providence that shapes the ends" of life had rendered the consummation of his plans, checked his downward course, and turned his feet paths of virtue, usefulness, and honour. His first night from home was spent in a hay-field. The next morning, a ferry and his breakfast took twopence of his stock of cash, and filled him with dismay at its probable early consumption. Passing through Le Leare, with a view of replenishing his purse, he sought employment at his trade, but to provide the necessary implements nearly exhausted his means. He was soon reduced to an extremity of hunger truly painful. His fellow-workmen, seeing he did not quit his work for dinner, as they were accustomed to do, made some inquiry as to where he dined, when one of them facetiously replied, "At the sign of the mouth, to be sure." He endured the gibe, but to appease the urgent cravings of hunger, drew his apron-strings, and compressed his stomach into a smaller circle, and stitched away with the best heart he could summon to his aid. The next day, his employer, discovering he was a runaway apprentice, dismissed him from the shop, advising him to return to his master. Ere he left the door, his elder brother came in pursuit of him. His father, having accidentally heard where he was, sent for him. The message came at the time of need. He only consented to return, on condition that he was not to be sent back to St. Blazey. His indentures were subsequently cancelled.

Mr Drew ever after considered this as the turning-point of his destiny. In late periods of life, when fame, fortune, and family were his, he was accustomed to refer to these circumstances as occasions when his future destiny trembled on the beam, and a hair might have turned it down with a force that would have depressed and ruined him for ever.

For some months after leaving Liskeare, he remained with his

father. He then went to the neighbourhood of Plymouth, where for two years or more he pursued his trade with increasing profit to himself, but with very little improvement to his moral character. During this period, he came very near losing his life in a smuggling adventure. But it is said, on the authority of one familiar with him at the time, there was a surprising mental development, especially in his readiness at repartee, and his powers of reasoning; so striking, indeed, that few were bold enough to provoke the one, or engage the other. It made him prominent among his craftsmen, and gave great importance to his opinions. It was not from books, for he was still careless of them, but the friction of intercourse with men, the collision of mind with mind, that elicited thought, and awakened a faculty hitherto slumbering in the repo of a profound ignorance. We shall see how, following this thread, he was led out of the labyrinth of his various propensities, into a straight path of intelligent rectitude and virtuous activity.

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In January, 1785, he removed to St. Austell, and became foreman, in his branch of trade, to a young man who carried on the business of a shoemaker, a saddler, and a bookbinder. It was here, and under these circumstances, that he renewed his acquaintance with books, and prosecuted the advantage under every conceivable discouragement. Speaking of his ignorance at this time, in after life, he said, "I was scarcely able to read, and almost totally unable to write. Literature was a term to which I could annex no idea. Grammar I know not the meaning of. I was expert at follies, acute in trifles, and ingenious about nonsense." His writing was compared to the "traces of a spider dipped in ink, and set to crawl on paper." On this foundation he began to build, and the finished superstructure was of magnificent proportions—glorious in its adornments, and durable as time.

The shop of his master was frequented by a better class of persons than he had ever been brought into contact with, and the topics of conversation were above the standard of his information. He listened to their discussions with a deep and painful consciousness of his own defects. Sometimes he was appealed to to decide a doubtful point. The appeal flattered, but humbled him. The desire to know was born in his mind; and he set himself to seek knowledge. He examined dictionaries, added words to his small stock, and treasured them with a miser's care. Books came to be bound; he read their titles, and gleaned ideas from their pages, and truth began to dawn on the darkness of his mind. "The more I read," he says, "the more I felt my own ignorance; and the more I felt my ignorance, the more invincible became my energy to surmount it. Every leisure moment was now employed in reading one thing or other." He could command but very little leisure. Lank poverty and clamorous want cried out against every pause in his employment. "From early chime to vesper bell," and deep in the night, he was doomed to hammer heel-taps, and stitch on soles, while his own soul was alive with the desire to know. "Where there's a will, there's a way." He had "the will," and he found "the way." He was obliged to eat, and he would make it a meal for soul and body. He took a book to his repast and crammed ideas in his mind and food into his stomach, at the same time. Digestion in both departments was not incompatible with stitching. In this way, five or six pages were mastered at a meal.

At an early stage of his new intellectual life, a gentleman brought "Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding" to be bound. It was a new conception to his mind. He had never heard of it before. He pored over its pages with a fascination as profound as a philosopher's joy at a new discovery, a sensation as new and thrilling as a child's over his first toy-book, and drank in his reasonings with a zest as transporting and heartfelt. It was as when a new star blazes in the telescope of the astronomer. But its magnitude was greater than a star. It was a new world with its suns and systems, that filled his soul from horizon to zenith with brilliant images and gorgeous hopes. The continent of mind was spread out before him. What world he not have given to own that world of thought! "I would willingly have laboured a fortnight to have the books." Could his desire be more forcibly expressed? Again, he says, "I had then no conception that they could be obtained for money." How priceless did he consider them. But they were soon carried away; and his mind felt as if the sun had gone down in the early morning. Yet they left a luminous track behind them, rich and glorious as a western sky when the sun has gone to waken the song of gladness in other climes. Years passed before he saw the Essay again, yet the impression was never lost from his mind. "This book set all my soul to think, to feel, and to reason, from all without, and from all within. It gave the first metaphysical turn to my mind; and I cultivated the little knowledge of writing which I had acquired, in order to put down my reflections. It awakened me from my stupor, and induced me to form a resolution to abandon the grovelling views which I had been accustomed to entertain." Heretofore no specific object, besides the general one of improvement, had guided his efforts. Locke awakened his enquiries, and concentrated his mental energies. Its influence was powerful upon every period, and on every undertaking of his subsequent career.

About the same time that another and a sublimer change was wrought in the moral nature of Mr. Drew. A mother's hand had scattered the seeds of life over the soil of his young heart. In childhood and youth it seemed to have fallen on stony ground. It had brought forth no fruit unto righteousness. But now the seed had germinated long after the hand of the sower was still in the grave. The apparent instrumental cause of his religious quickening was the remarkably triumphant death of his brother. This awakened reflection on the folly and wickedness of his own life, and the aimless nature of his pursuits. These impressions were strengthened under the ministry of the then youthful, but now world-known and honoured, Adam Clarke. Coincident with these things, the deathless work of that

> "Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
> Sweet fiction and plain truth alike prevail"

The Pilgrim's Progress gave shape to his thoughts, and direction to his life. The infusion of the religious element into his nature was a most important epoch in his existence. It gave tone to his feelings, sprightliness and vigour to his mind, purity and decision to his character. It brought him into a new atmosphere of being, placed new and vaster objects before his mind, and stirred the profound depths of his intellectual and moral nature with higher aspirations, and a more ennobling ambition. Old things were passed away; and a new life, stretching outward and upward, blending usefulness and happiness, the rewards of virtue with the conquests of duty, was mapped on his soul in lines of fire traced by the finger of God. Henceforth, in the contemplation of his life, we perceive not only a new direction, but a fuller development of mental energy, and trace the application of his powers to subjects, respecting truth, duty, and God, that religious conviction alone could suggest or support. He is no longer ambitious to tread the deck of a pirate-ship. The past is forgotten, or exists as a mournful remembrance. A purer principle is implanted in his nature. It has taken root in his heart, its foliage and its fruits distinguish and adorn his subsequent career.

It is not to be supposed that his difficulties either in getting bread or books had ceased. They were still at the flood tide. He was still "inured to poverty and toil." He had entered into business for himself, but on a scale exceedingly limited. Dr. Franklin's "Way to Wealth," of which he possessed a copy, was his chart. "Poor Richard" gave pithy but very excellent advice to poor Sammy Drew. Eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, "the sound of his hammer" might be heard. He had borrowed five pounds to begin business, and it was only at the expiration of a year that he was able to return it. But his business, and his own character for industry and integrity, were established. He was in the *way* to wealth. His desire, however, was not mordinate. He only wished to be able to spare some moments from constant toil to the purpose of reading and study. In a few years, this object was accomplished, and he found himself at liberty to pursue his long-cherished scheme of mental improvement. But the best-concerted schemes sometimes fail. His were nearly wrecked by politics. He was saved by an incident as singular as it was effectual. During the American war everybody was a politician. In his boyhood he took sides with the Colonies. He had not yet changed his opinions; and there was danger of political discussion engaging his attention, to the exclusion or detriment of his more important mental occupations. From this hazard he was preserved by an incident, which we will describe in our next number.

GENERAL CHANGARNIER.

LEDRU ROLLIN, says the author of the "Revelations of Russia," when a member of the Provisional Government, was one evening much occupied, when an African general, who refused to give his name, was announced as desiring a private interview. Ledru Rollin replied that he was engaged till two in the morning; to which the stranger rejoined, that he would wait. When at length the general (whom Ledru Rollin did not know personally) was admitted, he introduced himself as General Changarnier, and then proceeded to explain that, for several years past, the dream of his life had been the invasion of England; that he had sent agents to levy plans, survey harbours, and obtain information on the minutest points connected with the topography and defences of the country. Basing his calculations on these data, he judged the capture and destruction of the British metropolis feasible, was anxious to attempt it, and came to entreat of Ledru Rollin the means of putting his project into execution. Ledru Rollin remarked, that such matters were not within his province; but Changarnier answered him, that, nevertheless, he could collect 12,000 men belonging to regiments which had served under his orders in Africa, and obtain for them means of transport on his (Ledru Rollin's) sole order. The general expressed himself further satisfied that, with this force, he would be able to make a swoop on Woolwich, burn the shipping in the docks, and destroy or capture astonished London. He added, that, in case of failure he permitted Ledru Rollin and his colleagues to disavow him, and pledged his word of honour as a soldier that, if he were tried, hanged, or shot, he would die without criminating his employers. Ledru Rollin replied that he had also entertained the notion that France must some day avenge the disasters of Waterloo, but that at present peace with Great Britain was the wish and policy of the French people, and that in any case it appeared to him that it was only on a fair field, with an armed enemy, that France could vindicate her honour; not by an act of piracy, or by barbarously injuring the lives and property of peaceful citizens.



GENERAL CHANGARNIER.

This strange story should, at any rate, interest Englishmen in General Changarnier. His recent incarceration in Ham, by Louis Napoleon, has also added a fresh notoriety to his name. A French writer has supplied us with the particulars, which we here translate:—"On the morning of the *coup d'état*, at five minutes past six, the Commissaire de Police rang at the door of the house of the General, No. 3, Rue de Faubourg St. Honoré. The porter, as usual, asked, 'Who's there?' The reply was, 'Open the door, I wish to speak with you!' The porter, however, refused to open. It was evident he was on his guard. In the same house, and beside the entrance door, is a grocer's shop. The commissaire was struck with the idea that the shop might communicate with the court-yard of the house. He entered, asked in an imperative tone for the key of the door that communicated with the court, and obtained it. He thus penetrated into the house, followed by his agents. The porter had, however, already given the alarm by ringing bells which were hung in the General's apartments. His servant was found on the landing-place of the first story, above the *entresol*. The key of the apartment, which he had in his hand, was taken from him. The commissaire opened the door and entered. At the same moment a bedroom-door was opened, and the General appeared in his night-shirt, and with a naked pistol in each hand. The commissaire rushed to him and put down his arms, saying, 'What are you about, General? we do not seek your life; there is no need to defend it!' The General remained calm, gave up his pistols, and said, 'I am yours; I will dress myself.' The General was dressed by his servant, and said to the commissaire, 'I know that M. de Maupas is a gentleman; have the kindness to say to him, from me, that I hope his courtesy will not allow him to deprive me of my servant, whose assistance is necessary to me!' His request was at once granted. On his way to prison, in the vehicle, the General spoke of the event of the day. 'The re-election of the President was certain,' said he; 'he had no need to resort to a *coup d'état*. He gave himself much trouble for no purpose.' On another occasion he said, 'When the President has a foreign war on his hands, he will be glad to seek me, to give me the command of the army.'"

Of Changarnier little is known, beside his African campaign and his political career, since the revolution of 1848. He still remains a prisoner in Ham. It is to be hoped that there he will plan something better for the world than an invasion of England—that he may become conscious that the time has come to bury the memory of Waterloo—and that he may learn that England and France must henceforth seek a higher and holier rivalry than that which in time past waged between them on the battle-field or on the ocean's wave, dyed red with blood.

THE MODEL PALACE.

THERE is probably no spot in the British dominions more beautiful than Chatsworth—nothing so perfect of its kind as the palace of the Duke of Devonshire It stands peerless, if not unparalleled, and nothing of princely magnificence can surpass it without the many natural advantages, which so abundantly contribute to its perfection in grandeur and beauty

The valley that embosoms this noble structure is of surpassing richness, rural simplicity, and beauty The pure and silvery Derwent winds its way in prolonged circuits, as if reluctant to leave a scene so enchanting, and pays, in the deep green of her borders, her silent and treasured tribute for the honour of passing amid such richness and splendour, and returns, proud to have added to their perfection and charm

We never saw the sun throw its beams with such mild loveliness, or the stars of night rest so satisfied in their moonless splendour through their midnight watchings, as over the enchanting valley of Chatsworth.

Prepared for this scene by a brief sojourn at the romantic gorge of Matlock Bath, and a drive through rich fields to this first lukedom of England, we were expecting almost wonders, and, having seen it, we are not at all surprised that Victoria, as she entered the lofty conservatory with coach and four, amid fourteen thousand lustres pouring their effulgence upon her, exclaimed, 'Devonshire, you beat me!'

In rising a slight eminence, you command a view of the palace of Chatsworth, the most perfect structure of its kind in the world Not so spacious, not so imposing, as many of the seats of royalty, or of nobles of the realm, but as a whole for its beauty, order, scenery, cultivation of art, and aids of science—incomparable

It is an autumn day —a bright, bland, mild, September morning We drive to the inn, just without the upper gate of the park of Edenson, kept chiefly for visitors at the country residence

In ascending the hill from Edenson, you have a full view of nearly the whole of Chatsworth The first and most imposing object is the mountain back of the palace, looking in flowing majesty directly upon its turrets N[illegible] from its almost countless chimneys [illegible] —the evidence of life and industry within Next you look back upon the sweet little village of Edenson, with its neat Gothic spire and clustered dwellings in the Tudor, Elizabethan, and Swiss styles, giving an air of rural beauty and antique simplicity to the scene There is the home of the more favoured of his lordship's tenants.

On the loftiest peak of the mountain is the *Tower*, where *ladies* were formerly indulged in the spectacle of the chase, when some poor, doomed buck, became the sport and the victim of a hundred hounds, and scores of horses and noble riders, in the wonderful

Another, and perhaps *more* deserving object that rises at a distance, radiating brilliantly the morning sun, is the *Conservatory*, of glass, covering several acres, and securing in its ample enclo all the climates the earth knows, with land and water to meet the wants of all vegetable growth

Casting your eye up the winding Derwent and along its beautiful curves, you see embosomed in native oaks, beech, and chestnut, and richly cultivated shrubbery, what is called the "kitchen-garden" You would think a prince lived there It is nearly a mile from the palace Here are productions enough for an army, and fruits choice enough and abundant enough for the banquet of kings and nobles and ladies in the times of Elizabeth and Leicester Such peaches mellowing in the sun, such clusters blushing on the vine, with endless varieties of fruits and flowers, we never beheld before. A single peach-tree in bearing, and so be very old, and yet perfectly vigorous and fresh, branches more than seventy feet

Shrouded in the wood, on the top of the mountain, is the perfect model of a Swiss cottage, retired enough to win the most devoted recluse, and too lovely not to be enjoyed as a permanent residence On the loftiest summit possible for such purposes, are gathered exhaustless resources of water, there reserved and held tributary to the claims, necessities, beauties, and fancies of the valley below. From the flag-tower you realise the wisdom of his selected spot. Its view is commanding and perfect

From this elevated position, the whole of Chatsworth lies before you—hills, vales, flocks, herds, winding drives, flowery paths, the silver stream, wide-spread waters, gardens, lawns, and jets, the conservatory, Flora, its church, and the noble PALACE—[illegible] of its kind. Not an object, not a thing, but is in good taste and in keeping, adding to its perfectness and its charming grandeur and beauty

We will come, however, to more than simple description of scenery We will approach the *Palace* in sober reality. Of this we must more particularly speak, and it shall be no fancy sketch, nor fancy drapery of description

It is natural for us to desire some knowledge of the nobleman upon whose princely estates we are resting. It will not do, however, alway[illegible] tions of men. M[illegible] may be hazarded by too strict examination of their tenure It would seem that the present Duke of Devonshire is a bachelor of about sixty His claim to his title and estate being early disputed by other members of this noble family, it is said that he bound himself not to marry, that, at his decease, the dukedom should descend in the direct line of his opposing claimants This, with five other palaces, left in undisputed possession for life, Devonshire accepts as the substitute for a WIFE And, with it all, we do not approve of his decision in the least It is somewhat doubtful whether the duke is satisfied fully himself, for it is said that he is not now the man that he was when these princely estates first came into his possession Yet he evidently desires to promote the highest good of his numerous tenantry He liberally aids all who wish to emigrate to America or the colonies, and has even proposed to reside permanently on his estates in Ireland, that he may contribute to the relief of that miserable people

Prepossessed in favour of the noble duke, we hasten to his palace We pause to gaze on its vast dimensions Before us is the massy and richly-ornamented square pile of the old house, with its rusticated base, beautifully fluted Ionic columns, pilasters, elaborately adorned friezes and pediments, all surrounded with an open balustrade, divided into sections, and surrounded with urns, vases, and statues A new wing is thrown out from this venerable square, in Grecian style, with elevated cupolas, projecting considerably forward about midway, breaking its vast extent Then there is the magnificent temple soaring aloft, with its open colonnade, giving a beautiful finish to this wing, and a striking counterpart to the massive pile at the north. This gigantic structure, taken in connection with its grounds ornamented as they are, presents a scene of unrivalled richness and beauty

We entered the stately doorway, and registered our names in the superb "Sub-Hall" Antique busts and figures, with splendid gilt vases, imparted an imposing air to this introductory apartment His grace was leaning easily on his elbow, in familiar chat with a young relative, and, with a benignant smile, made us quite welcome to his princely mansion. From this, we ended by a flight of stairs to the north corridor, which is enriched by a costly tessellated pavement of most elegant de[illegible] variegated ornaments, inlaid with beautiful marbles, &c., which [illegible]dly are antique statues and busts, and r[illegible] ments From this apartment we are conducted into the "Great Hall," all gorgeous with the costliest of ancient paintings, by Verrico and Laguerre, presenting the most prominent scenes in the life of Julius Cæsar,—his Passage of the Rubicon, Voyage across the Adriatic, his Sacrificing at the closing of the Temple of Janus, his Death at the foot of Pompey's Statue, and his Apotheosis, or Deification The last occupies the ceiling, and is splendidly executed The Gallery, defended by a series of open balustrades, is carried round three sides of the [illegible] Hall", the centre of which is adorned by one of [illegible] marble slabs, eleven feet by seven, supported by a superb carved gilt stand, and bearing descriptions historical and in honour of the pal[illegible] and family of Devonshi[illegible]

From the [illegible] we passed to the south, through a beautiful archway which gives an airy lightness and great elegance to the southern extremity, by which we were introduced to the "State Rooms"

No language can do justice to these magnificent apartments—so numerous, so spacious, so splendid The door-cases are of the Derbyshire variegated alabaster, panelled, and richly ornamented with foliage and flowers The windows are of solid plate glass, without sashes, and the furniture throughout of the richest character. There are two sets of magnificent gilded chairs, in which royalty once sat, and was crowned—the rich and prided perquisite of this noble house, in virtue of its official re-

lation to the throne These rooms are lined with costliest wood, stored with beautiful cabinets and carvings, hung with paintings of the finest schools, both ancient and modern, and fitted with Gobelin tapestries of the cartoons of Raphael You pass on from room to room of vast dimensions, the Ante-Room, the Music Room, the Red Velvet Room, the White Room, the Library, with others, till you reach the chapel, literally fatigued, and amazed, and confused, by the dazzling splendour that has filled and pained, as well as delighted, the eye You welcome the chapel as a place of repose, and from its silence and pictured scenes of solemnity and of grace divine, you are charmed almost to the devotion and realisings [illegible] mourning

In no part of Europe have [illegible] paintings uniformly so choice, so well selected, and so beautifully arranged France, with the prided galleries of her capital, has nothing so perfectly complete, and no specimens of artistic excellence rivalling the superb pencillings of these royal saloons There is nothing here of inferior or ordinary execution to offend the eye of the most cultivated, but a peerless excellence in every department

The Chapel and Library we could hardly consent to leave The first is perfectly chaste and appropriate for the kind of service to which it is consecrated [illegible] brought "dissent" somewhat from the [illegible] our hearts, we trust, would not rebel, and refuse them union with the true worshippers of God in this noble house of devotion The Library is of large extent and exquisite finish, and is one of the finest rooms of the kind that we ever saw, surpassed by that of Blenheim only by the flowers [illegible] that [illegible]

The Sculpture Gallery next claims our attention We leave the Chapel for this extended apartment From these galleries we obtain a [illegible] approbation But there we [illegible] more that we did not expect to meet The room is stored well of chisselled beauty and, almost speaking divinity Some of the most celebrated pieces of design and art to be found in the world adorn this Gallery, and little, if anything, of Continental grandeur can be met [illegible]

Next in succession to this gallery comes the "Orangery" in perfumed attractions and wonderful beauty This [illegible] noble room one hundred and eight feet by twenty-seven, and twenty-one feet in elevation Here we met the cherished trees of the Empress Josephine [illegible] and cherished by her own hand of Malmaison And who would not pay a tribute of affection to the memory of unfortunate and injured Josephine, while breathing the fragrance of these nobly bedded flowers As fresh and fragrant for ever may be the memory of this gifted Empress, the only [illegible] seen in the crown of her imperious and prejudged lord How was she [illegible] Rhododendron arboreum, [illegible] in one year upwards of two thousand of the loveliest flowers

From the enchanting room we passed near the private apartment of our noble host But visitors of any kind are debarred the honour of more than a [illegible] of these halls and saloons of luxurious pomp and noble pride They are said to be in good keeping with the palace rooms, and to have witnessed, in latter days, scenes of surpassing bounty, extravagance and courtly honours A change is said to have come over these, and, at this moment, they are graced and cheered with virtuous beauty and talented worth, and the untired, of just and generous aspirings, are the favoured and welcomed guests of these ancestral chambers

We must pass to the apartments of flowers, of which it is in vain to speak The extent, the variety, the beauty, the magnificence, cannot be pictured You are decoyed alone almost unconscious of the change, till you find you feet treading silently on the velvet lawn—soft, verdant, fresh - enriched and cooled by the unseen spray thrown from the many jets, or sent abroad from the giant cascades, far above the palace, as if to defy the scorching heat and drought of the seasons, and to secure ever-continued freshness to these gardens of beauty, and scenes of science and art

Our attention is soon attracted to the south, where rises that "mountain of glass" first seen from the hill of Edgcumbe Suddenly, you are in the midst of rocky defiles, beneath frowning cliffs, where rounded and water-worn blocks of grit stone strewed in every direction, wild scenery, and irregular, never seen by man before, or invaded at all by his hand, save to open these winding defiles for your feet, Al[illegible] bankment, and every part of its wavy outline, and even the plant rare exotics, shrubs and flowers, are growing luxuriantly, the whole bounded by magnificent beech, lime, and sycamore trees, with others, in almost endless variety

Leaving this scene of [illegible] attempting the rivalship of wild Nature [illegible] achievements, you meet a stone archway, through which the "drive" passes into an immense open area, where breaks upon you wondering eyes THE CONSERVATORY that matchless structure, in all its grandeur, truly a sea of glass, whose waves are just settling and smoothing down from the commotions of the storm

Such is its mechanical arrangement, that, to the eye, it seems to "undulate" along its giant dimensions, and almost persuades you that it must be a swelling mountain of the ocean.

This magnificent and unexampled structure has a central curved or arched roof, sixty seven feet high, with a span of seventy feet, resting on two rows of iron pillars twenty-eight feet high Floral and every choice production of the varying latitudes, have here their native soil and genial temperature, adapted to the nature and necessities of every species and every part of the globe [illegible] tributary to this countless collection of vegetable [illegible]

The form of this immense edifice is a parallelogram of two hundred and seventy-seven feet by one hundred and twenty-three The iron sash-bars sustaining the glass of this structure would extend forty miles, while they actually contain seventy thousand square feet of strong glass, capable of resisting the elements in wintry storms, and [illegible] artfully arranged "in zig-zag lines" as to produce the optical delusion to which we have referred

This mountain of glass may be illustrated by comparing it to three square hall-cases [illegible] each end, the extreme base of the upper one resting on the apex of the other two, or, we may say, that the long central part of the upper dome is a semi-cylinder, which, when joined to the semi-cylindrical transverse ends, form groups of the respective angles

The structure is indescribably magnificent It was here his gracious pleasure for his mother Queen Victoria to dine at night, in torch and [illegible] through the rocky defiles, with courtly attendance, direct here [illegible] through the mountain of glass while [illegible] a thousand lamps [illegible] their blaze from shrub and tree, and pillar and cornice, reflecting and reflecting, and mingled in more than moonday brightness, to receive and honour the mouth [illegible] and the loyalest sovereign of earth Never did Victory wear a crown and the sceptre of more [illegible] ing the splendours of her own princely dwelling

On returning from the *Conservatory*, we ascend the steps of the "great terrace walk" which [illegible] round the immense area with the [illegible] church We wend our way among rock-work, passed the [illegible] [illegible] which, the *Eucalyptus* then, descending, a succession of steps [illegible] by the yew, to the "Stud," we met [illegible] fragment of rock, strewed in wildest confusion, yet decked profusely with plants and flowers

From all [illegible] you can [illegible] full and enchanting view of the widely bay of Cadswith, the [illegible] jets and fountains in full play, and [illegible] [illegible] still at the palace When and are [illegible] and nothing of the kind is known to surpass the beauty [illegible] the scene

The [illegible] situated in the centre of the large [illegible] sheet of water throws its great column two hundred and sixty-seven feet, or [illegible] above, its torrents of rain, and flowers of spray, and fleecy clouds, reflecting far the wide lawns and gardens Multitude, of more modest pretension, send forth their *jets d'eau* from pool, and grove, and garden, and mountain precipice, and [illegible] lofty oaks, far up the crags, and from the cliffs, seen, in the distance, like so many cones and pyramids, and curves and segments, of pure light and snow, reflecting the sunbeams of the morning with enchanting brilliancy, and, as we gazed upon this wondrous scene, each moment bringing to view some new attraction, some fleecy *jet d'eau*, amid the woods of the mountain, suddenly, and indeed almost [illegible] enough, to our ears, the great cataract came thundering down the rocks and crags of the mountain and the lofty precipice, a literal flood of waters And, as by magic, they soon died from our sight, burying themselves in silence beneath the garden views and lawns of nobility below [illegible] as if conscious of wrong in disturbing [illegible] charms of this lovely r[illegible]

In this veritable sketch we have but selected a few from the vast [illegible] of wonders of Nature Science, and Art that crowd and adorn this [illegible] domain this proud memorial of Devonshire, and highest gem of English nobility

MISCELLANEA.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.—Any ear may hear the wind. It is a great leveller; nay, rather, it is a great dignifier and elevator. The wind that rushes through the organ of St. George's Chapel at Windsor has first passed through the barrel-organ of some poor Italian boy; the voice of Alboni and that of a street-singer have but one common capital to draw upon—the catholic atmosphere, the unsectarian air, the failure of which would be the utter extinction of Handel, Haydn, and all the rest. The air, or atmosphere—the compound of nitrogen and oxygen, to which we are all so deeply indebted sometimes plays the musician of itself, and calls upon Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, upon the ocean and the forest; and they, like invisible but not inaudible performers, make glorious music. Sometimes the shrouds of a ship, as she rolls upon the tempestuous deep, raise wild and piercing sopranos to the skies, sometimes the trees and branches of a forest of gigantic pines become mighty harp strings, which, smitten by the rushing tempests send forth grand and incessant harmonies—now anthems, and anon dirges. Sometimes the waves of the ocean respond, like white-robed choristers, to the thunder-bass of the sky, and so make Creation's grand oratorio, in which "the heavens are telling," and the earth is praising the glory of God. Sometimes the deep calls upon deep, the Mediterranean to the German Sea, and both to the Atlantic Ocean; and these, the Moses and the Miriam of the earth, awaken rich antiphones, and from opposite choirs, responding from side to side in Nature's grand cathedral, praising and adoring their Creator and Builder. Were man silent, God would not want praise.

THE LIPS.—Leigh Hunt says, of those who have thin lips, and are not shrews or niggards—I must give here as my firm opinion, founded on what I have observed, that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humour and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-humour and grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face, it can the least conceal its sensations. We can hide neither ill-temper with it, nor good; we may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavour to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another, or, rather, it expresses the same emotions but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of trembling tenderness, of a sharp sorrow, of a full breathing joy, of random of reserve, of a carking care, of a liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression in the eyes—as many lights in a city reflect a broad lustre into the heavens. On the other hand, the eyes may be supposed the chief movers, influencing the smaller details of their companion, as heaven influences earth. The first cause in both is [illegible] represented

EPITOME OF FRENCH LIBERTY.—Universal suffering and vote by bullet.

VALUE OF TIME.—Lord Brougham, the most indefatigable man in England, often does not quit his study before midnight, and he is always up at four. Dr Cotton Mather, who knew the value of time in everything, was never willing to lose a moment of it. To effect this purpose, he had written upon the door of his study, in large letters, 'Be brief. Ursines, a professor in the University of Heidelberg, wishing to prevent the idlers and babblers from interrupting him in his hours of study, had written at the entrance into his library, 'Friend, whoever you may be, who enter here, be quick with your business or go away.' The learned Scaliger placed the following phrase upon the door of his cabinet "My time is my estate.' The favourite maxim of Shakspere was 'Consider time too precious to be spent in gossipping. Friends are the real robbers of time,' said Lord Byron.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—Presence of mind is often shown in quick conception of some device or expedient, such as we usually suppose to be an emanation of superior intellect. This has been repeatedly exemplified in rencontres with the insane. A lady was one evening sitting in her drawing-room alone, when the only inmate of the house a brother, who for a time had been betraying a tendency to unsoundness of mind, entered with a carving-knife in his hand, and, shutting the door, came up to her and said "My sister, an odd idea has occurred to me. I wish to paint the head of John the Baptist, and I think yours might make an excellent study for it. So if you please I will cut off your head." The lady looked at her brother's eye, and seeing in it no token of jest, concluded that he meant to do as he said. There was an open window and a balcony by her side, with a street in front, but a moment satisfied her that safety did not lie that way. So putting on a smiling countenance, she said, with the greatest apparent cordiality, "That is a strange idea, George; but would it not be a pity to spoil this pretty lace tippet I have got? I'll just step to my room to put it off, and be with you in half a minute." Without waiting to give him time to consider, she stepped lightly across the floor, and passed out. In one short moment she was safe in her own room, whence she easily gave the alarm, and the madman was secured. A lady one day returning from a drive, looked up and saw two of her [illegible] on a [illegible] five and the other [illegible] on the outside the garret window, which they were busily employed in rubbing with their handkerchiefs, in imitation of a person whom they had seen a few days before cleaning the windows. They had clambered over the bars which had been intended to secure them from danger. The lady had sufficient command over herself not to appear to observe them, she did not utter one word, but hastened up to the nursery, and instead of rushing forward to snatch them in, which might have frightened them, and caused them to lose their balance, she stood a little apart, and called gently to them, and bade them come in. They saw no appearance of hurry or agitation in their mamma, so they took their time, and deliberately climbed the bars, and landed safely in the room. One look of terror, one tone of impatience from her, and the little creatures might have become confused, lost their footing, and been destroyed.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARY wishes for a cure for scandal. We wish we could gratify her. So long as people are ignorant, and foolish, and uncharitable, they will talk scandal. If, instead of professing Christianity, men and women led Christian lives, we should have less scandal. When that happy time comes—when the Bible shall be a rule of life, and not a mere storehouse of theological dispute, scandal will die out amongst us. In the meanwhile Mary must console herself by reflecting that the people who talk scandal, instead of being better, are weaker and worse than their neighbours.

O OWERS.—You will find a good account of the constitution of the United States in Lord Brougham's work on "Political Philosophy," or in De Tocqueville's work on "American Democracy." Your other question we cannot answer at this time.

J H R.—Members of Parliament are not paid for their services. If they were, many of them would get very little by it. Members serving on committees are paid for their attendance.

J M BUTTINGHAM.—The price of covers for 'The Illustrated Exhibitor' is 1s. 9d. Some fine whitening powder will remove grease from drawing paper. It must be laid on the spot with another paper over it, and a hot iron must be drawn across it.

R GALT.—The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky is one of the largest in the world.

HAM wants to know what we think of the present gentleman's hat. Our opinion is rather in its favour. When a man is well dressed, a good hat adds immensely to his appearance. We believe—though we [illegible] little stress upon that—that George the Fourth was of the same opinion. However well a man may be dressed, a shabby hat will give him a shabby appearance. At any rate, the present hat is better than the unseemly felt hat it aimed to be substituted for it. That seems to us, at any rate, to be utterly indefensible.

AN EMIGRANT.—On the 1st of January, 1845, there were 29,191 convicts in Van Diemen's Land. In December, 1850, the number was 21,447. Last year the gross expense of the convicts was £153,180 1s 6d; and the produce of convict labour, £13,935 14s. 6d.

A CONSTANT READER.—We really do not know it. 'Knight's Pictorial History of England" is to be had in shilling parts. We believe not. It is a first-rate work, and one that everyone who can afford it should have.

B B.—The glass manufacture is divided into three principal branches—bottle glass, flint glass, and window glass, the latter being again divided into three descriptions.—1 Crown glass, blown into the shape of large globes, and afterwards opened out into circular flat plates. 2 Sheet glass, blown in the shape of long cylinders, and afterwards opened out into circular flat plates. 3 Plate glass, cast on large iron tables, used in the rough state for skylights, &c., and, when ground and polished, for windows and looking-glasses, cabinet furniture, &c.

A HOUSEWIFE.—According to Dr. Playfair, the hard London water may be easily softened by adding caustic lime. The proportions required are one part of lime water to five of common water, and this reduces the hardness to the same degree as that of water after being boiled. The process of softening water by means of caustic lime has been tried, and found practicable, at the Chelsea Water Works. One pound of chalk, when calcined, will produce 9 oz. of caustic lime, which will make 40 gallons of lime water, and be sufficient to mix with 360 gallons of ordinary London pipe water. The *Builder* says "We know of cases in which this method is now regularly and successfully adopted in household practice, of course on a small scale."

L R.—We cannot answer such questions as you propose. The prices of indexes you can get better by looking into journals professedly commercial than by writing to us.

G W H.—Half the penalty goes to the informer.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London

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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER X.

THE court had now recovered from its fright, and showed itself disposed to oppose the Magyars openly, and withdraw the concessions which the emperor had already made. The army of Jellachich was in the meantime encamped on the right bank of the river Drave, prepared to cross it upon the first signal. The Hungarian Diet, as a last resource, sent another deputation to Ferdinand, to implore him to keep his promises and save the country. They arrived at the palace the deputies returned as they had come, having obtained nothing. As soon as they had left the palace, they put red plumes in their caps, and quitted Vienna immediately. The last hope of reconciliation had failed, and the revolution had set in.

On the ninth of September Jellachich crossed the Drave with his army. The news arrived in Pesth on the fifteenth [illegible] prevailed amongst all classes on hearing it. But Kossuth and his colleagues having lost all con-



STORMING OF BUDA.—(*See page 262.*)

of Schoenbrunn, with Pasmandi, the president of the Diet, at their head, and obtained an audience. "Sire," said Pasmandi, after having presented his colleagues, "we have come to-day, in the name of the fidelity which we have shown to your ancestry, to beseech you to maintain our rights. Your Majesty knows that Hungary is not a conquered province; it is a free nation. You have sworn to defend its privileges and independence." But the Emperor had a reply prepared, and fidence in the Emperor, sent in their resignation in a body. It was announced in the Diet, amid general consternation, that Count Adam Teleki, who commanded the Hungarian troops, had surrendered to Jellachich, without striking a blow, alleging, as an excuse, that he could not fight against a man who had sworn fidelity to the same flag as himself. Batthyanyi then advised the Diet to call upon the Palatine to put himself at the head of their army. His proposal was favourably

received; and, after some moments of general silence, Kossuth ascended the tribune, and stated his opinion that the army should not be placed at the disposal of the Palatine until he had solemnly pledged himself to march without hesitation against the enemies of Hungary, and not yield an inch of her territory without disputing it to the last extremity; and expressed his conviction that the insurgents would not dare to attack an army which had a prince of the royal family at its head.

Stephen accepted the charge without hesitation. He set out the same evening for the Croat army, and demanded an interview with Jellachich, and the place of meeting which he appointed was in a steamboat in the midst of Lake Balatan. The Ban, confident of the support of the Emperor, refused to see the Archduke, who immediately forsook his post, and fled out of Hungary altogether.

A messenger of Jellachich was about this time arrested by some Hungarian exiles, and his despatches addressed to the Emperor, on being examined by the Diet, revealed a long course of treachery on the part of Ferdinand. It appeared that the Ban had been all along in his confidence, and from the commencement of the disturbances had been acting under his instructions, even when he had publicly denounced him as a rebel and a traitor.

The Diet now resolved upon addressing itself to the Emperor no more, but to the Austrian Assembly, but in this body the Sclavonic element predominated so largely, that it refused to receive the Magyar deputation by a majority of twenty-five. Louis Batthyanyi now laid down all his powers, and a National Defence Committee was elected, of which the Diet appointed Kossuth president.

On the 22nd of September the Emperor issued two manifestos, the one addressed to the people, and the other to the army. The former denounced the conduct of the Hungarians in the recent events, and accused them of abusing the concessions of their sovereign by disturbing the tranquillity of the empire. Count Lamberg was by the latter appointed Imperial Commissioner, and commander-in-chief of the Hungarian army, with full powers to carry the Emperor's orders into execution without consulting the Diet. But no sooner did the proclamations appear in Buda and Pesth than they were torn down and trampled under foot by the populace, with the strongest expressions of indignation and contempt. Count Lamberg arrived while the excitement was at its height. On reaching Buda, he had a few minutes' conversation with the governor of the fortress, and then ordered his carriage to drive on to Pesth. He was just upon the bridge which connects the two towns by a crowd of workmen and armed peasants. He was recognised by a student who had seen him at Vienna, and [illegible] to pieces with [illegible] sabres. His dead body was with difficulty rescued from the hands of the infuriate mob. The foul murder excited the horror of everyone, and the Diet was amongst the first to denounce it. One good purpose it might, however, have served. It might have shown the Government the temper of the people, and warned it from taking any step which might still further irritate and arouse them. It was not yet too late to go back. There was yet room for reconciliation and amendment. The blood of the murdered man did not cry from the ground for vengeance, but for peace and reform, and if Ferdinand had but heard it aright, Austria would have been at this moment a mighty and puissant nation, safe in the hopes and affections of a warlike people, and not, as she is, a by-word and a shaking of the head all over the world.

Immediately upon hearing of this outrage, the Emperor placed Baron Adam Recsey, an old military man, of fierce and arbitrary temper, at the head of a new ministry, formally dissolved the Diet, and appointed Jellachich Commissioner Plenipotentiary in Hungary, with the command of all the forces in the kingdom. Anything more atrocious than this could not be calculated to incense the Hungarian people and arouse their anger, cannot well be imagined. The mask was now thrown off. Jellachich was no longer the champion of Croat nationality, but the servant of Austrian despotism, engaged in [illegible] against the liberties of a free people.

In the meantime the Ban pursued his march, and on arriving at Stoyal Alba, he found the Hungarian army [illegible]. Their army was in truth [illegible] old men and boys, half armed, or having only scythes stuck on the end of poles, sabres, and rusty muskets, with but few officers, most of whom had never seen the face of an enemy in their lives. But the hussars were there in great force, a body of the finest cavalries in the world, mounted on fiery steeds fresh from the plains, and in the full glories of sabre and shako, dolman and pelisse. Kossuth did all that man could do to rouse them courage by his fiery eloquence. But his efforts were unnecessary. All were panting for the fray, burning with impassioned animosity towards Jellachich and the Croats. General Moga had the immediate command of the Hungarian forces. The struggle was long and bloody. The troops on both sides rushed together, and fought hand to hand with scythes and bayonets, inflicting the most frightful wounds, and dying in the silence of the most intense hatred and ferocity. Quarter was neither asked nor given, and for many hours it seemed as if the extermination of one party alone could decide the day. But the fiery valour of the hussars carried everything before it. In the very first charge the cavalry of Jellachich was driven off the field, and precipitated into a marsh, where thousands of the men and horses were drowned or smothered. The hussars then fell upon the infantry, wheeling about, and coming on and again to the onset with irresistible impetuosity. The Croats were completely broken and routed, and the Ban begged a truce of three days. It was granted, upon condition that both armies should remain in their positions to abide the result of the negotiation. In the meantime the news arrived that a second revolution had broken out in Vienna, that Count Lamberg, the Minister of War, had been murdered, that the Emperor had fled, and that the city was in the hands of the people. Immediately upon hearing this, Jellachich broke through his agreement, abandoned his position in the night, and having levied contributions on the inhabitants of Gran on his way, appeared suddenly and unexpectedly under the walls of Vienna. A close alliance was now entered into between the Magyars and the Viennese. Then cease and then cease, for it was a crime were the same—freedom and resistance to arbitrary power.

Jellachich united his forces with those of Prince Windischgratz, and commenced a combined attack upon the revolted city on the 28th of October. The inhabitants trusted confidently in the Hungarians to follow the Croats and come to their assistance. But the Hungarian army, mainly composed of undisciplined peasants, numbered only twenty thousand men, and Moga, the commander-in-chief, even as a soldier of the Austrian army, he rated about as being only against his old masters. At last Kossuth arrived in the camp, and gave him positive orders to march to the relief of Vienna, and the army immediately broke up its quarters at Stuhl-Weissenburg, and advanced upon Schwechat. But the delay was fatal. The city had surrendered on the 30th. Upon receiving the intelligence that the Magyars were coming to their relief, the besieged, under the command of General Bem, had defended themselves with renewed courage. But Windischgratz divided his army into two parts, one of which he cast against the Magyars, whilst with the other he rained shot and shell into the city for two days without intermission. The Hungarians gave battle to the division which marched to meet them, but were defeated, owing to the superiority of their opponents both in numbers and discipline, and were obliged to fall back upon the Leitha; whilst the Viennese were compelled to submit themselves at discretion to all the horrors of military violence.

To compensate for this failure the Magyar army soon after achieved a signal triumph over the Croats. When advancing upon Royal Alba, Jellachich had detached ten thousand men from his main body under the command of Roth and Philippovitz, with orders to invade and ravage the southern provinces of Hungary. Casimir Batthyanyi and Maurice Perczel, deputy of the Lower Church, were sent in pursuit of them, at the head of the National Guard.

It was on this occasion that Arthur Görgey, then a major serving under them orders, first distinguished himself. He was a stern, cold, reticent man, possessed of the most splendid military talents, and physical and moral courage of the highest order. Cruel, unrelenting, and remorseless,—he was the very embodiment of the genius of war, divested of its gaudy trappings, and reduced to the naked symmetry of a deadly science.

The iron strength of his will, and the inexhaustible resources of his fine intellect, at once marked him as the man that was to save or ruin Hungary. To him Batthyanyi committed the immediate command of the forces at their disposal. Owing to his able tactics, the Austrians were completely out-generaled, surrounded, and forced to surrender at discretion. Now that it gave proof of its strength, the Diet determined to show itself merciful also. Roth and Philippovitz were allowed to reside at Pesth on their parole, whilst the common soldiers were all dismissed to their homes. But there was one amongst the prisoners who was reserved to a more ignominous fate. Count Eugene Zichy, a rich Hungarian magnate, was arrested in his travelling-carriage, and amongst his baggage were found confidential letters, written to him by Jellachich, and proclamations signed by the same individual, calling upon the peasantry to throw off their allegiance to the Diet and repair to his standard. These Zichy was engaged in distributing. There was no excuse for a traitor whose rank and birth and education should have made him as dishonour as he feared a wound. So palpable an violation of the first duties of nature and religion called for condign punishment. A court-martial was held to try him for the offence, and Goergey acted as president. The offender in vain pleaded his rank and titles. The impassible judges heard him with cold and silent contempt, and on his being pronounced guilty sentenced him to be hanged in five minutes. The order was executed on the spot. This event excited a profound sensation all over Hungary, and doubtless kept many a wavering adherent to his duty, and at the same time gave every one some idea of the stern determination of Goergey's character.

Vienna having submitted, military preparations were made on an immense scale for the subjugation of Hungary. Six week, however, were suffered to elapse without any renewal of hostilities. The interval was employed by the Austrian ministers in endeavouring to induce the emperor to break up the federal union which had hitherto existed between Austria and Hungary, and make the latter entirely subject to the will of arbitrary power. But Ferdinand could not overcome his scruples. He remembered his oath, sworn at his coronation, and began to fear, now all had ended at the close of a long fight, and was beginning to dread the loss of the crown, to dishonour his early hairs by perjury. He therefore resolved to abdicate, and his brother, Francis Charles, renounced his right in favour of his own son Francis Joseph. The latter ascended the throne and is now the emperor.

The Magyar people, all the time, remained loyal. They refused to recognise it. They declared that a body could not relieve the sovereign from the duties imposed upon him when he became the chief magistrate, pronounced the abdication null and void, and continued to promulgate all the laws in Ferdinand's name.

Early in December, the Austrians had completely made ready for the campaign against Hungary. Their purpose of the empire was to furnish its contingent to a general and simultaneous invasion. So that the Magyars were attacked on the north by General Schlick, on the south by Count Wallachians, and the revolted Slavonians in Transylvania by Hermannstein and Puchner, and lastly, Windischgratz advanced with the main body of the Austro Germans on the side of Austria.

To all these, the Hungarians could only oppose some battalions collected in haste, and strong rather in their patriotic enthusiasm than in their numbers or discipline, and wholly unused to war. Meszros commanded in the north, Perczel, and Count Batthyani, advanced against the revolted hordes of Servia and Croatia. Goergey was placed at the head of the main body of the Hungarian forces. He was a native of Scepuse, born in 1818, and had acquired his military training in the service of Austria. In this he saw no prospect of rising, and his pride not suffering him to play a secondary part in anything, he embraced the national cause, rather from ambition than patriotism. Here there was a fair field opened to him; and when the war broke out, his transcendant talents raised him in a few days to the highest position in the revolutionary army. He wished to be great, not that he might see men bow down and worship him, for he regarded popular applause with the profoundest contempt, but that he might himself look down upon all men.

The greatness of his genius justified his appointment. With the small number of men at his command, he found himself utterly unable to cope with the overwhelming forces of Austria, and, therefore, in the opening of the campaign fell back upon the Tibissa, which he knew would be a strong position in the wars between the Hungarians and the Austrians. Windischgratz, marched on without meeting with any opposition until he arrived under the walls of Pesth, when a deputation was sent to him, headed by Louis Batthyanyi. They still hoped that it might be possible to bring about a reconciliation. But the Austrian general haughtily declared that he could not treat with rebels, and arrested Batthyanyi, on his presenting himself with a flag of truce in the camp. But instead of advancing, he lost a great deal of valuable time at Pesth, and thus gave the Hungarian government time to complete its measures of defence. The activity which it displayed has met with few parallels in history. At the commencement of the war it had neither powder, small arms, nor artillery. But factories arose all over the country as if by magic, and brass and iron, saltpetre and charcoal, were speedily manufactured in immense quantities. The Diet had in the meantime transferred their sittings to Debreczin, an old town in Upper Hungary, where they could deliberate in security. A spirit of earnestness and determination seemed to pervade the whole body. There was now no retreat but with submission and slavery. "Their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour," were pledged to the cause of their country, and the sword alone was to do right between them and their enemies.

The Magyar generals were at this time reinforced by the addition of two Poles, Bem and Dembinski, men of great military experience. The former had already distinguished himself by his gallant defence of Vienna against the overwhelming forces of Windischgratz and Jellachich. The latter was in Paris when the Hungarian envoy extraordinary to the French Republic offered him a command in the Magyar army. He accepted the proposal, and placed himself at the disposal of the Diet.

When the news of the Viennese revolution reached Transylvania, the whole country was in a flame. Those of its inhabitants who were Magyars and Sicules, of course declared for the Diet, but the Saxons, and Wallachians of German origin, sided with the Austrians. The Wallachians now believed that the time had come for them to erect their country into a separate state, independent of Hungary, and under Austrian protection. The two latter mentioned peoples, instigated by Austrian agents, committed the most horrible atrocities upon the Magyar population.

In the beginning, however, Bem had collected an army of six thousand men, and by a series of able manœuvres, surprises and stratagems, he completely drove the Austrians and their Russian auxiliaries out of the country, and subdued the Wallachians. His rapid success, which secured to Hungary the occupation of the whole of Transylvania, was the astonishment of Europe.

When the Magyar Government had abandoned the capital, and Bem was beginning to inflict the most terrible severities upon the Austrians and Germans who were compelled to remain behind. But their indulgence of this predilection, so characteristic of Austrian success, for the persecution and torture of the unarmed and unresisting, cost him dear. Goergey took advantage of his delays to achieve several signal successes. Twenty times when the two imperial generals, Schlick and Goetz, believed that they had him in their clutches, and needed only to strike in order to annihilate him, they would find, to their astonishment, that he had slipped through their hands and was hanging on their rear, or their flank, in fact anywhere but where he was expected to find him. Whenever a small corps was detached from the main, he was sure to pounce upon it and cut it to pieces. By such tactics as these he succeeded in harassing and fatiguing the enemy, while he gave the Diet time to organise their forces and make all necessary preparations for a vigorous defence. After having driven back the enemy to the foot of the Carpathians, he fixed his headquarters in Kesovia, in Upper Hungary. In the meantime, in other parts of the kingdom, the national cause met with severe reverses. The fortresses of Leopoldburg and Petzk fell into the hands of the Imperialists. General Simovich then proceeded to lay siege to Comorn, and, in another direction the [illegible] upon the almost impregnable

fortress of Petervaradin; but in the south, the Hungarian generals laid siege to Arad and Temesvar.

Windischgratz now resolved to act upon the offensive, and marched upon Debrecin with all the forces he could collect Jellachich took up his position at Szolnok, whilst the Prince and General Schlick co-operated in the attack upon the new capital.

The plan formed on the other side by Dembinski, who was now commander-in-chief of the Hungarian army of the centre, directed General Netter to take Szolnok, and from that position attack the right wing of the enemy. Goergey had orders to support Dembinski himself in a movement against the main body of the Imperial army.



HUNGARIAN GENERALS IN THE LATE HUNGARIAN WAR.

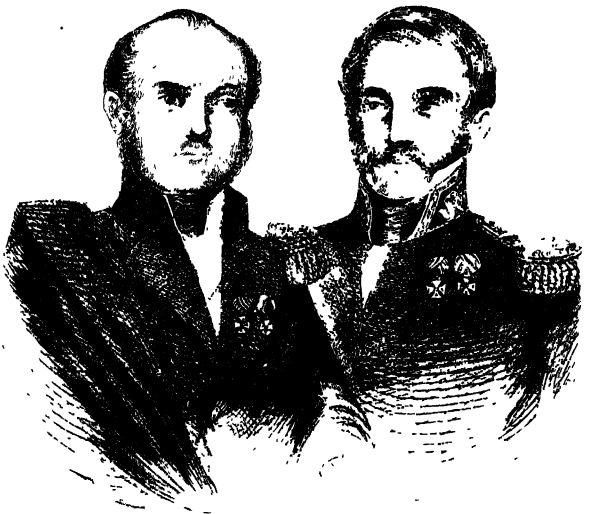
Antony Vetter — Vetter, Georges — George Klapka
Louis Aulich — Count Casimir Batthyanyi — Richard Guyon.

This plan, if successfully carried out, would have proved the destruction of the imperial armies but the ambition and bad faith of Goergey ruined all

A desperate battle was fought at the village of Kapolna a few days afterwards. The Hungarians, headed by Dembinski in person, displayed the most heroic courage, coming on to the charge under a tremendous fire of artillery without wavering. The village was again and again taken and retaken. Every room, every wall, and every garden was defended by either side with the fiercest obstinacy. The old Pole flew in person through the ranks, encouraging the men by his voice and example But strange and humiliating to relate Goergey's division remained the whole time passive spectators of the engagement, acting under the orders, and having implicit faith in the military skill, of their general, who looked on without remorse at his countrymen engaged in all the horrors of a bloody fight in the plain below him, without moving a foot to their assistance. His pride had been wounded by the appointment of the Polish general to the chief command, and he determined to thwart him as far as lay in his power. A coolness between the two generals thus arose, at a

time when union and co-operation were imperatively necessary. Dembinski was a taciturn and reserved man, giving his orders with stern gravity, and taking no pains to make himself agreeable. Goergey, on the other hand, was surrounded by a

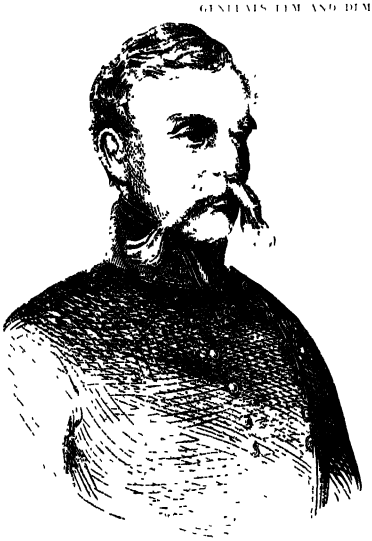
The result of the battle was, that the Hungarians were worsted; and Windischgratz, thinking that the war was now over, offered large rewards for the heads of Kossuth and a number of other revolutionary leaders, and despatched a special



GENERALS LEMBERG AND DEMBINSKI.



PRINCE LASKIEVICS.



GENERAL HAYNAU.



BARON JELLACHICH.

coterie of generals, whom he had attached to himself by his winning and graceful manners, and he knew how also to work upon the enthusiasm of the Magyars, without bringing the stern restraints of military discipline too prominently forward.

messenger to Vienna with the joyful tidings. But he had counted too confidently upon the faint-heartedness of the Hungarian people.

After the action, Dembinski rode up to Goergey, and asked,

in a tone full of sternness, "What should be the punishment of a general who disobeys the positive orders of his superior officer?" "Death!" was the reply, delivered in a tone of equal hautcur. But Dembinski saw that Georgey had too large a body of partisans to make it safe for him to vindicate his authority by any heavy stroke of discipline. But by suffering this betrayal of the national interests to pass over unnoticed, he struck a heavy blow at his own authority, for Georgey's party, encouraged by this success never desisted from their intrigues until they had obtained the appointment of their favourite to the chief command.

At the same time a disagreement between Windischgratz and Jellachich led to results disastrous to the imperial cause. The badness of the weather, and the difficulty of quartering or manœuvring regular troops in a marshy and uneven country, had weakened and disheartened the Austrian forces. In the north the able tactics of Georgey, and a victory gained at Tokai by Klapka, raised the spirits of the Hungarians. General Schlick was forced in a few days to abandon all the positions which it had taken him three months to gain. Georgey pursued closely, and coming up with him at Gyongyos, offered him battle. To his great joy it was accepted, as he saw that he now had the Au[illegible] It was one of the most fiercely contested [illegible] the whole war. The greater part of the Austrian army was formed into squares, to enable them to resist the charges of the Hungarian cavalry, but the precaution was useless, for the hussars broke them in succession, and swept away the men like corn before the scythe of the mower. Eight entire squares were destroyed, seven standards were captured, 3,200 [illegible] and six thousand left dead upon the field, whilst the Hungarians did not lose more than two thousand killed, wounded, and missing. The checks sustained the main masses of the army, so that this division of their army was almost entirely lost. Disaster now followed upon disaster. The weak division in Pesth, from Comorn, and [illegible] were routed with great slaughter at Nagy Sarlo. General Weldon was sent in all haste to supersede the feeble Winterberger, but he met with no better success. Jellachich, reduced to despair by his losses, abandoned the main body of the army at Pesth, and hurried at the head of the Croats to his own territory.

The weakness of Austria was now manifested to the world. Her mighty battalions were driven like sheep before small armies of undisciplined peasants. Nothing now could prevent the Hungarians from marching on the capital, and dictating their own terms in the streets of Vienna, but foreign aid. Aid foreign and was sought. The degenerate descendant of Charles V. saw himself compelled to implore the protection of the Russian autocrat, but when he signed the degrading supplication, he virtually became the vassal of the Czar, and bent homage for the throne of his ancestors, and acknowledged himself to be "his man in life and limb and earthly honour." The conflict now became the strangest the world ever saw. The two greatest military powers of Europe were about to effect the destruction of a little nation, whose population was [illegible] greater in number than the standing armies of the two empires, and when we find that even in the [illegible] of these tremendous odds, the Hungarians did not decline the contest, let no man say the age of chivalry is fled. The spirit of liberty is deathless as man's soul, and burned no less brightly on the plains of Hungary in 1849, than in the narrow defile at Thermopylæ two thousand years ago.

While the negotiations were being carried on between Austria and Russia, the Diet, which now held its sittings in the Protestant Church at Debreczin, in reply to the proclamation of Windischgratz, formally declared, upon the motion of Louis Kossuth, the deposition of the House of Hapsburg from the throne, and elected Kossuth himself Governor-General of the kingdom. He immediately set about the formation of a ministry. Batthiany was appointed President of the Council, Casimir Bathyanyi was recalled from the army to take the portfolio of foreign affairs; Sebastian Vukovitz was appointed Minister of Justice, Francis Duschek, Minister of Finance, Michael Horvath, of Public Worship; and, lastly, Goc[illegible], with the command of the army, received the [illegible].

Immediately after the formation of this ministry, a question arose, upon which the fate of Hungary depended. Two courses were open—either to follow up the late successes, march upon Vienna, take possession of it, and dictate terms to the emperor in his own palace, or to lay siege to Buda. Nothing was easier than the former. The Austrian forces were scattered and panic-struck, and the negotiations with the Czar were not yet completed. The whole struggle might thus have been ended, before a single Russian soldier had left his quarters. Had the ministry, or the Diet itself, pronounced positively upon the course to be adopted, Hungary might have been saved, and despotism crushed [illegible]. But with that infatuation which has so often destroyed the hopes of the best and bravest, they placed in Georgey's hands the power of following the dictates of his own [illegible] during the remainder of the campaign. Georgey was [illegible] Kossuth's popularity and elevation, and, utterly unprincipled as he was, determined that, rather than Hungary should triumph under his government, she should be enslaved for evermore. This man had the head of a god and the heart of a demon, and, with characteristic treachery, he pretended that before marching [illegible] Vienna it was necessary to take Buda, which still [illegible] in the hands of the Austrians. We may feel surprised at the folly and blindness of this was not apparent to every one the slightest reflection must have told him, however he might be ignorant of military tactics, that if Vienna had once fallen, Buda could not hold out, that when total dependence was placed in the blow, it was madness to be [illegible] attacking at the hinder [illegible]. But such was the confidence in the [illegible] general's skill and integrity, that the Diet assented to his proposition, and thus [illegible] the fate [illegible].

While Weldon was making his escape, and collecting the scattered remnants of his army, Georgey proceeded to invest the fortress of Buda, and summoned Hentzi, the Austrian General, to surrender. The attempt was hazardous, for the fortress [illegible] on the other side of the river. It was therefore determined to lay siege to the [illegible]. But there was no necessity for it, and they had [illegible] to Comorn. The [illegible] proposed to [illegible] and the Russians were already [illegible] Austrian territory, encamped on the [illegible], when [illegible] was communicated to the [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] with which it was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

lofty dignity, and appealing with grand but touching pathos to the sympathies of all the free nations of the world. They asked for aid, not so much for their own sakes as for that of freedom and self government, they implored the great powers of west e Europe to atone for their apathy towards Poland, by saving another nation placed in similar peril from being crushed in the embrace of the northern bear. But England, France, and America, looked on with folded arms, and left Hungary to her fate. She, however, resolved to make the best resistance in her power, and, if unable to conquer, at least to die without dishonour.

Preparations were in the mean time being made to crush her on the most gigantic scale. In the north, the main body of the Russian army was placed under the command of Prince Paskewitz in the north west of the Russian dominions and in the command of General Grabbe were prepared, to cross the frontier. The Austrian army advanced from the west, under the ferocious Haynau, who had superseded Welden in the chief command. He was seconded by a body of forces under the command of General Panmuine. Nugent opened the campaign in the south-west, and he too at first with success was seconded by troops of the Austrian army, under the command of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria. Hungary was thus completely hemmed in on every side!

Perceiving that the passes of the Carpathian Mountains were very narrow, and with regard to Dembinski with a very small force to prevent him. At the same time, the Austrian forces under Count Wallmoden, Haynau, Puchner, and Jellachich, were to advance from the west and south, and by the overwhelming force of numbers which they would bring to bear upon the Hungarians, crush them at once. The Austrian army, which was to act on the offensive, consisted of 170,000 men, and the Russian army of 80,000 men, making a total force of 250,000 men. The Austrian army was commanded by General Haynau, and the Russian army by General Paskewitz. The Austrian army was divided into three divisions, each of which was commanded by a general. The first division was commanded by General Haynau, the second by General Nugent, and the third by General Panmuine. The Russian army was divided into two divisions, each of which was commanded by a general. The first division was commanded by General Paskewitz, and the second by General Grabbe. The Austrian army was divided into three divisions, each of which was commanded by a general. The first division was commanded by General Haynau, the second by General Nugent, and the third by General Panmuine. The Russian army was divided into two divisions, each of which was commanded by a general. The first division was commanded by General Paskewitz, and the second by General Grabbe.

[illegible] before the Russians under Grottenheim and Sudrs. The Government recalled him, with the intention of putting him at the head of the army, believing that he would carry out their [illegible] Georgey. His popularity, [illegible] expectations, but before the order reached him he had engaged the enemy at Temesvar, where his little army was utterly routed and he himself covered with wounds, from which he never recovered, and died in Turkey, shortly after the close of the war.

Georgey, soon after arrived from the north, closely pursued by the Russians under Paskewitz, and the Austrians under Schlick. Debreczin, defended by Nagy-Sandor, fell into the hands of the former, and the fortress of Great Varadin, a few days after experienced a similar fate. In the meantime Georgey took up a position at Vilagos, a town near Arad, where the Magyar Government still held its sittings. The divisions of Bem and Dembinski having been dispersed after the defeats of Szoreg and Temesvar, nothing remained but Georgey's army.

But Georgey's force of Kossuth rendered it impossible to hold out much longer. The disobedience of the former to the orders of the executive had already exasperated him much, the Hungarian deposed them even to lend an ear to the [illegible] proposals of the Russians. From an interview which took place with him at Arad, he saw that the only hope of safety of such as lay in putting an end to the unfortunate dissensions which had already well nigh ruined. He told the people, it was their own power to establish in the Generals hands, to whom he was the people's choice. Had he taken this step two months previously, it might have saved the country, but even now nothing but absolute necessity could [illegible].

But Georgey's negotiations with the Russians had already reached a dangerous stage, and he was beside, the impossibility of holding out longer, as forty-four thousand men, with [illegible] of love of liberty. After having issued [illegible] to them, and having heard the decree of the dictatorship, he [illegible] camp to General Rudiger, surrendering his [illegible] surrendered, but on the express [illegible] that the Russians should [illegible] Georgey's sword to a Russian general. While this [illegible] consulted the safety of his own life, it exasperated the Austrians, a band of them imbecility and disgrace, determined to [illegible] of their vengeance upon the companions whom he [illegible] betrayed. He then concentrated his army in Vilagos, and [illegible] to them that further resistance was impossible, and that [illegible] no resource but to surrender to the [illegible] army. The [illegible] that followed the announcement [illegible] tremendous shout of despair and [illegible] were heard on both sides. The grief of the hussars, whose [illegible] were [illegible], was distressing to witness. [illegible] men. Some cried for vengeance on the traitors who had thus abused his newly acquired power, others [illegible] their manes around the necks of their horses, the [illegible] embraced their children, others split the heads of their [illegible], and threw [illegible] themselves, to escape the humiliation of [illegible] to the enemy. Some of the officers broke their swords [illegible] at the feet of the triumphant general's feet [illegible] and declared to him, with tears in his eyes, that [illegible] themselves to death. "This is [illegible]," was the stern reply.

The main [illegible], with [illegible] except two, all the other [illegible] Georgey.

Those [illegible] of the fortress of Arad and Petervaradin, [illegible] by [illegible] of the dictator, surrendered soon after. Klapka, [illegible] the garrison of Comorn, refused to [illegible] and [illegible] by holding out to extract from [illegible] as to respect the ancient constitution of the country. [illegible] Austrians [illegible] on every side, and cut off from [illegible] of assistance, he at last capitulated on honourable terms. But here also the Austrians committed a gross breach of faith. It was expressly stipulated that the common soldiers should be permitted to return to their homes, but no sooner had they laid down their arms, than they were [illegible] into the army.

Kossuth, with about 5,000 men, crossed the frontier at Orsova, on the eighteenth of August, after having received from [illegible] a promise that he should be treated

as the guest of the Sultan. This known at Constantinople, the ambassadors of Austria and Russia at once demanded that they should be given up. A message was at once sent to the Hungarians that their only safety lay in their becoming Mahomedans, and subjects of the Turkish empire. Bem and Kemety adopted the advice, but Kossuth, it is said, would not listen to it with the abhorrence of his family. On the first of October, the Sultan declared that he would not consider himself bound by the usages and customs of hospitality, until he knew how far England and France would support them, and that in the interim he would consent to their being kept as prisoners in some distant part of the empire. At the end of October the fleet of Admiral Parker entered the Dardanelles, and there was an end at once of the threatenings of Russia and Austria.

All now was over. Austria had triumphed by Russian aid, and Hungary, "like a bastinadoed elephant, was kneeling to receive her paltry rider." All that unaided valour could effect against force and treachery had been done. The Magyars may look back to that sad period with sorrow, but they need never feel ashamed of it. They are now the vassals and subjects of the imbecile and perjured house of Hapsburg, but it is only for a time. The cruelties which were inflicted



EXECUTION OF THE TRAITOR, COUNT ZICHY. (See page 259.



at the close of the war; the horrible executions on the 6th of October, at Arad; have raised between the two countries a gulf of unutterable hatred, which nothing can ever bridge over. Too much innocent blood has been shed, too many acts of cowardly ferocity have been perpetrated, to encourage the hope that aught but the sword can settle the quarrel.

When all was over, Louis Batthyanyi, who since his arrest by Windischgratz had been kept in close confinment, was dragged from his dungeon to Pesth, and condemned to be hanged. He sought to escape so ignominious a death by cutting his throat with a poignard. The wound was perceived and tied up; he then begged of [illegible], but his request was refused. Lord Waterford [illegible] without assistance to the place of execution, dressed in black, pale and worn-looking, but still with unshaken courage. He mounted the scaffold without the slightest tremour, and crying out, *Eljen a haza!* "Fatherland for ever!" he fell dead. In his last interview with his wife he prayed her to bring up their children true to Hungary, and in hatred of Austria.

On the same day that Batthyanyi was executed at Pesth, the fortress of Arad was the scene of slaughter unequalled in the annals of despotism. Thirty Magyar generals, men of high rank and valiant attainments, were all put to death together. They died as they had lived, hurling defiance at their murderers. Nagy-Sandor cried out, when the executioner was putting the rope round his neck, *Hodie mihi, cras tibi*, "It is my turn to-day, it will be yours to morrow." John Damianitz, the Murat of the Magyar army, and the terror of the Austrian soldiery, expressed his regret that he should be the last to mount the scaffold. "Must I," said he, "who was always the first in fire, be the last here!"

Amongst those put to death by the Austrians after Goergey's surrender are the following.—Count Louis Batthyanyi, Prime Minister; Ladislaus Csanyi, Minister of Commerce; Baron Sigismond Perenyi, President of the House of Peers, Baron Jeszenak, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Nyitra; Szatsvay, Member and Secretary of the Diet; Prince Woronyiczky, Czernus; Councillor of State, Major Murman; Major Abancourt. Among the prisoners of war given up by Russia to the Austrian executioners were Generals Aulich, Kiss, Damianich, Count Leiningen (cousin of H.M. Queen Victoria), &c. &c., who were hanged or shot at Arad on the 6th of October, 1849.

[In our next number we shall conclude the History of Hungary, giving a short sketch of Kossuth's reception in England.]



ARREST OF JELLACHICH'S MESSENGER.—(See page 253.)

WHAT PERNICIOUS LITERATURE CAN DO.

"Give me the songs of a people, and I will tell you their character," said **Fletcher, of Saltoun**; but the test now is of a different kind. We are more readers than singers. Our character can be gathered better from our books than our songs. Hence the importance of our literature. By it we stand or fall. *Scripta literæ manent.* It proclaims our moral worth, or want of it—our greatness or our littleness—our glory or our shame.

Where a healthy literature prevails, the effects are soon seen in the general intelligence and morality of the people. In these days the real preacher is the book. The pen reaches further, and its impression tarries longer than the living voice. To the chapel or the church, comparatively speaking, but few go. The book comes to all, appeals to all, influences all. If sophistry is to be advanced—if the worse is to be made appear the better reason—if immorality is to be dressed in bewildering charms—if Satan himself is to be transformed into an angel of light for this purpose, nothing is so effectual as the book. Every day this truth is being illustrated.

An extraordinary instance of the ill-effects of reading the trashy publications which now swarm in the country was brought forward at the Liverpool Assizes last week. Frederick Jones and William Walker, two boys, were charged with having, at Heaton Norris, assaulted Ellen Wood, by presenting a pistol at her, with intent to rob. They were also charged with assaulting, in a similar manner, Harriet Beckett, at Levenshulme, near Manchester, with intent to rob her. To both indictments the prisoners pleaded guilty. Mr. Wheeler, the barrister for the prosecution, wished to call the attention of the magistrate to a statement of a somewhat extraordinary nature, which would be made, with his lordship's permission, by Mr. Sadler, the chief constable of Stockport, to which town the witness belonged. The learned judge having expressed his willingness to hear the statement, Mr. Sadler said,—

"Both prisoners, whose ages are sixteen years, were born, and have always resided, in Stockport. This is the first time either of them has ever been in custody or charged with any offence whatever. Up to about twelve or fifteen months ago they were extremely well-conducted boys, and ever since that period they regularly attended their work, never absenting themselves a single day from their employment, or an entire night from their houses. Unfortunately about that length of time since, these lads were sent to work under a man of the name of Johnson, who, I find, had been in the habit of purchasing a number of pernicious publications, such as 'Jack Sheppard,' 'The London Apprentice,' 'Paul Clifford,' 'Claude Duval,' 'Reynold's Miscellany,' 'The London Journal,' and other similar trash, which narrate and detail the daring exploits of celebrated robbers. All these papers were usually read by Jones and Walker, and a visible change in their conduct perceptible. There is little doubt that this course of reading has been the sole cause of leading the two prisoners on to the commission of crime, as proof of which I may remark that they have never been known to associate with thieves, or to frequent any place where known thieves resort to, and to determine this, I have directed the most particular inquiry to be made. Against their social condition, for their sphere has been favourable and free from any transportation on the part of their relatives to lead them in crime. Walker lost his mother many years ago, and his father in 1840, but has since resided with his brother, who is a teacher in a Sunday-school, and a man of remarkably good character. Jones has lived with his grandmother, a kind and amiable old woman. Perhaps I ought to remark to your lordship that, although I have, during twenty years in the police, witnessed numerous instances where the baneful effects of reading such publications have been apparent in leading youth into a career of crime, yet I never met with one which could be traced so clearly and conclusively as the present, unaccompanied as it is by any apparent intention to murder plunder a means of obtaining a livelihood. Both prisoners, as I before stated, had never left employment up to the last hour required from them on the very evening of their apprehension."

His lordship thanked Mr. Sadler for the information, and on reading the deposition, that it would probably be his duty to transport the prisoners, but, after the information of which he was now in possession, he thought that a term of imprisonment might lead to their reformation and return to honest habits. At a later part of the day the prisoners were sentenced to imprisonment for six months, after an admonition.

Such facts as these speak volumes. Two hitherto steady lads, the sons of respectable parents, get hold of some of the pernicious literature of the day, and, in consequence, commit crimes which place them in the felon's gaol. These lads evidently were lads to whom good books would have been a lasting benefit. Had their youthful imaginations been fired by the exhibition of the higher and holier elements of our common humanity—had they read of the industry which has worked its way till it was crowned with wealth and honour and rank—of the pursuit of knowledge which no difficulties could impede or render nugatory—of the lofty philanthropy which sought and recovered its wretched victims as they languished forgotten and trampled on by their fellow-men—of the piety which has counted the world's gain as dross, that it might lead back an alienated world to its Father and its God, they would have been stirred up to imitation. In their humble way they would have sought to make their lives sublime, and the attempt might have been successful. Parents would have had reason to bless the authors. Many of [illegible] had [illegible] platform. But [illegible] models [illegible] part [illegible] the [illegible] invested with meretricious charms characters essentially bad, and in the case of these lads we see the result. But how much is there we do not see? How many a one is led astray and undone for life, of whose ruin the world never hears; and how many are there besides who are morally blasted, though they commit no overt acts? How much the tone of public morals is also undermined? These questions we cannot attempt to discuss now—we merely refer to them. One thing is clear—that a healthy literature makes a healthy people, and a vicious literature the reverse. Let young men and women mind what books they read. Let fathers and mothers mind what books they put in their children's hands. Let them remember that if a good book be a great blessing, a bad book may be equally as great a curse.

THE SHOEMAKER OF ST. AUSTELL.

(*Concluded from page* 252.)

[illegible] friend one day remarked to him, "Mr. Drew, more than once I have heard you quote that expression,—

'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

quote it as being true; but how are we to understand it?" "I will give you," he replied, "an instance from my own experience.

When I began business I was a great politician. My master's shop had been a chosen place for political discussion, and there, I suppose, I acquired my fondness for such debates. For the first year, I had too much to do and to think about to indulge my propensity for politics; but after getting a little ahead in the world, I began to dip into these matters again. Very soon I found myself deeply into new-paper argument as if my livelihood depended on it. My shop was often filled with loungers, who came to canvass public measures; and now and then I went into my neighbours' houses on a similar errand. This encroached on my time, and I found it necessary sometimes to work till midnight, to make up for the hours I had lost. One night, after my shutters were closed, and I was busily employed, some little urchin who was passing the street, put his mouth to the key-hole of the door, and, with a shrill pipe, cried out, 'Shoemaker! shoemaker! work by night and run about by day!'

"And did you," inquired his friend, "pursue the boy with your stirrup, to chastise him for his insolence?"

"No, no. Had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, saying to myself, 'True, true! but you shall never have that to say of me again.' I have never forgotten it; and while I recollect anything, I never shall. To me it was the voice of God; and it has been a word in season throughout my life. I learned from it not to leave till to-morrow the work of to-day, or to idle when I ought to be working. From that time I turned over a new leaf. I ceased to venture on the restless sea of politics, or trouble myself

about matters which did not concern me. The bliss of ignorance on political topics I often experienced in after life; the folly of being wise my early history shows."

It is not often that a boyish freak confers such a blessing upon man and the world. It was sport to him, but a life's blessing to his intended victim. It checked and cured a bad habit, and gave a fresh impetus to the struggle to ascend the hill of knowledge Thanks, a thousand times, for that piece of midnight mischief!

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar"

This is the utterance extorted by the pangs of intellectual labour. How exquisitely must it have been felt at each stage of his course, every step of his ascent, by Mr. Drew. Between the point on which he stood, and the foot of the hill, what vast fields stretched their broad and interminable lengths before him. Each was fresh with flowers, alluring to taste, attractive to the eye, fair to the vision, and flattering to hope, as "the tree of knowledge" to the mother of the human race. But when he essayed to enter,

"Chill penury repressed his noble rage,
And froze the genial current of his soul."

Industry and economy had "broken the neck of his difficulties," and left him with some degree of leisure to pursue his ruling passion—the acquisition of knowledge. Possessed of the opportunity of improvement, he increased his efforts, and enlarged his plans of acquiring information. Fugitive thoughts—those first and best teachings of truth—were preserved with an avaricious care. Even while at work, he kept writing-materials at his side, to note the processes of his mind, and fix, beyond the possibility of forgetfulness, the outlines of arguments on such subjects as engaged his attention for the time. But he had not as yet fixed upon any plan of study, any one subject or science that was to engross his efforts or absorb his powers. His one desire was to know, to grow in wisdom and knowledge. He was on the shore The broad sea of truth was before him He wished to sound its depths, not to skim its crested waves. We shall see what determined his choice —

"The sciences lay before me. I discovered charms in each, but was unable to embrace them all, and hesitated in making a selection. I had learned that

'One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit'

At first I felt such an attachment to astronomy, that I resolved to confine my views to the study of that science, but I soon found myself too defective in arithmetic to make any proficiency Modern history was my next object; but I quickly discovered books and time were necessary than I could either purchase or spare, and on this account history was abandoned In the realm of metaphysics I saw neither of the above impediments. It never theless appeared to be a thorny path, but I determined to enter and accordingly began to tread it."

Poverty selected the field on which he was to win his triumphs, and carve his way to usefulness and honour. It was indeed a thorny path, hedged with difficulties. He entered it with a giant's energy. The immaterial world, with its empires of being, its unfathomable entities, uncaused causes, endless organizations, mysterious laws, and chainless powers, was the world through which he was to roam with the freedom of a free-born citizen The map of that world already existed in outline in his own intellectual and moral being. His own being was the door of entrance to that world of spiritual existences of which

"Millions—walk the earth unseen
Whether we wake or sleep"

In such a study the heaviest draft would be on his own mental organism. Reading was the smallest part of its labour Reflection—deep, earnest, protracted reflection, in which the soul turned inward upon itself, surveyed, as in a mirror, the unseen world of life, activity, and immortality, was the first and ceaseless demand of the subject. The difficulties of his start in the pursuit of knowledge, and the energy that triumphed over them, had eminently qualified him for the toils of his new career. Reading filled his leisure: reflection occupied him while at work. He possessed, in a remarkable degree, the power of abstracting his mind from surrounding objects, and fixing it, like a leech, upon whatever subject occupied his attention. He could read and rock the cradle, and his profoundest mental investigations were often carried on in the din of domestic affairs. His works, which have given his name to fame, and will waft it to immortality, were written, not in the solitude of the study, but amidst the hammering of heel-taps and the cries of children. He had no study—no retirement. "I write," he said, "amid the cries and cradles of my children, and frequently when I review what I have written, endeavour to cultivate 'the art to blot.'" During the day, he wrote down "the shreds and patches" of thought and argument. At night, he elaborated them into form and unity. "His usual seat, after closing the business of the day, was a low nursing chair beside the kitchen fire. Here, with the bellows on his knees for a desk, and the usual culinary and domestic matters in progress around him, his works, prior to 1805 were chiefly written."

The first production of Mr. Drew's pen was a defence of Christianity, in answer to what a celebrated Irish barrister, with singular felicity and force of language has called "that most abominable abomination of all abominable abominations, 'Tom's Paine's Age of Reason.'" It was elicited by circumstances no less attractive in their nature than they proved to be beneficial to the spiritual interests of one of the parties. Amongst the friends drawn to Mr Drew by his literary pursuits and the attractions of his expanding intellect, was a young gentleman, a surgeon, schooled in the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, and Hume. Confirmed in infidelity himself, he sought to shake the religious convictions of the pious and strong-minded, but humble shoemaker. They had frequently discussed abstruse questions of ethics; especially the nature of evidence, and the primary sources of moral principles When "Paine's Age of Reason" appeared, he procured it and fortified himself with its objections against Revelation, and assuming a bolder tone, commenced an undisguised attack on the Bible Finding his own arguments ineffectual, he proffered the loan of the book, stipulating that he should read it attentively, and give his opinions with candour, after a careful inspection. During its perusal the various points of its attack on Christianity were [illegible] in their discussion. Mr. Drew made note of these [illegible] they closed, the surgeon began to waver in his confidence in the "Age of Reason," and the ultimate result was that he transferred his doubts from the Bible to Paine, and died an humble believer in the truth of Christianity, and in cheerful hope of the glory, honour, and immortality, it brings to light The notes of Mr Drew were subsequently remodelled and offered to the public. Its appearance produced a powerful impression on in behalf of religion, then most virulently assailed by the combined forces of French Atheism and English Deism It placed its author upon commanding ground as a profound thinker and a skilful debater, and attracted to him a larger and powerful friends. This firstborn of his brain was published in 1799. It was followed in rapid succession by several other pamphlets; one a poem of six hundred lines, rich in thought, but too local in subject, and less fanciful than popular taste in "the art of poetry" required; the other was a defence of his church against the attack of one in whom the qualities of author, magistrate, and clergyman were blended. His defence was as successful in refuting the assault, as it was, in the mildness and manliness of its spirit, in converting the assailant into a personal friend

In 1802, Mr. Drew issued a larger work, a volume alone sufficient to stamp his name with immortality. It was on the [illegible] of Immateriality of the Human Soul." It is a masterpiece of profound thinking, acute reasoning, and logical accuracy. The English language boasts no superior work on the subject.

It made a strong impression on the public mind, and attracted a large number of learned men to the object, but profound, metaphysical of St. Austell. The history of the volume furnishes an interesting page in the life of authorship. When finished, it was offered to a Cornish publisher for the sum of ten pounds. But he could not risk such an amount on the work of one "unknown to fame" It was then published by subscription, and the edition was exhausted long before the demand for it was supplied. Many years after this, Dr. Clarke said Mr. Drew was "a child in money matters." The occasion before us justifies the remark. Afraid of the risk of a second edition, he sold the copyright to a British bookseller for twenty pounds, and thirty copies of the work. Before the expiration of the copyright, it had passed through four editions in England, two in America; and had been translated and published in France. The author survived the twenty-eight years of the copyright, and it became his property. He then gave it a

final revision, and sold it for *two hundred and fifty pounds*. A fact that proves its sterling value.

His "Essay on the Soul" was followed, in the course of a few years, by another work, not less abstruse, and certainly not less important to the future destiny of the human race: "The Identity and General Resurrection of the Human Body." His former work had surprised the critics of the day. This confounded them. They knew not what to think of the man; and they were afraid to adventure in a review, upon the vast and profound ocean of metaphysics, over which he sailed with the freedom of a rover, bearing a flag that held out a challenge to the world. The editors of several Reviews, as did also the publisher, courted a criticism of the work. But they could find no one able and willing to attempt it. At length one of them ventured to ask the author for a criticism on his own work, as the only person competent to do it justice. The request stirred his indignation. "Such things," was his reply, "may be among the tricks of trade; but I will never soil my fingers with them." But it went not without a notice. It was reviewed in two works. But the verdict of the public is recorded in the fact of the rapid sale of nearly fifteen hundred copies.

The improvement of Mr. Drew's circumstances has been spoken of. He had not grown rich. The gain of *a little time* for mental pursuits, was all the wealth his literary labours had secured. His publications gave him fame as an author, and attracted friends, ardent and anxious to assist him, but they contributed very little to his release from the daily avocations of his shop. He was still poor; and, to gain daily bread for himself and his family, he was compelled to "stick to his last." Even at this period of his life, he concluded a letter to a distinguished antiquarian of London, with the remark: "I am now writing on a piece of leather, and have no time to copy or correct." Yet, in reading his pages, while the mind is stretched to its utmost tension to compass the depth and elevation of his thoughts, it is almost impossible to realise that they were written on a piece of leather in the midst of his workmen, or in the chimney corner, with a bellows on his knee, and with one foot rocking a brawling child to sleep. It is, nevertheless, a reality; and adds new confirmation to the hackneyed remark, that "truth is stranger than fiction." As late as 1809, Professor Kidd, of Aberdeen, wrote to him as follows. "When I read your address, I admired your mind, and felt for your family; and from that moment began to revolve how I might profit merit emerging from hardships. I have at length conceived a way which will, in all likelihood, put you and your dear infants in independence." The plan of the Professor was to induce Mr. Drew to enter the lists for a prize of twelve hundred pounds for an essay on "The Being and Attributes of God." He entered, but did not win, much to the sorrow of his kind-hearted adviser. But the work, in two volumes, was subsequently published, and augmented the fame of "The Metaphysical Shoemaker."

By the agency of his friend, Dr. Clarke, he was engaged to write for several Reviews, "receiving—guineas for every printed sheet." He also commenced lecturing to classes on grammar, history, geography, and astronomy. Several years were spent in these employments. They paved his way, and prepared him to enter a larger field of labour, on a more elevated platform of life.

In 1819 he was invited to Liverpool, to take the management of the Imperial Magazine, published by the Caxtons. He accepted it, and parted with his awl and ends. This was a new enterprise, both to the editor and the proprietor. But it succeeded to admiration. His own reputation attracted seven thousand patrons at the start. Whatever may have been the tastes of Mr. Drew as to dress, he had never been in circumstances that allowed of much attention to his personal appearance. The family of Dr. Clarke, who now resided near Liverpool, and who were warmly attached to him, set themselves to reform his costume, and polish his manners. An epigram of the Doctor's comprises a full-length likeness of the figure he presented.

"Long was the man, and long was his hair,
And long was the coat which this long man did wear."

He was passive under the management of his young friends; and they did not pause until a manifest change in the outside man was effected. When he next visited St. Austell, he was congratulated upon his juvenile appearance. "These girls of the Doctor's" he said, "and their acquaintances, have thus metamorphosed me." His residence at Liverpool was abridged by the burning of the Caxton establishment. The proprietors resolved to transfer their popular editor behind them. He accordingly repaired to the metropolis. Here all the works issued from the Caxton press passed under his supervision. He augmented his own fame, and multiplied the number of his learned friends. Of his labours he says: "Besides the magazine, I have, at this time, six different works in hand, either as author, compiler, or corrector. 'Tis plain, therefore, I do not want work; and while I have strength and health, I have no desire to lead a life of idleness; yet I am sometimes oppressed with unremitting exertion, and occasionally sigh for leisure which I cannot command." But leisure came not till the weary wheels of life stood still in 1833.

A Chinese proverb says, "Time and patience will change a mulberry leaf into a silk dress." They have wrought greater wonders than this in the intellectual and moral world. As illustrative of their power in any pursuit of life, how attractive and impressive are the incidents in the history of the poor Shoemaker of St. Austell. Through then agency, vice, ignorance, and poverty were transmitted into virtue, knowledge, and independence;—a youth of idleness was followed by a manhood of industrious diligence, and an age dignified by success in the noblest aspirations that can swell the human breast. To the student, the lover of knowledge, the aspirant for literary distinction and usefulness, such histories have a voice whose utterance is a melody of encouragement. Drew's life is a beacon blazing on the coast of time; himself a star of the first magnitude, brilliant in the firmament of truth, serene in its orbit, endless in the sweep of its influence.

GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

In 1848, the name of Cavaignac became familiar to the British public. As an African general we hardly knew of his existence, but when the terrible June of 1848 came and deluged Paris with blood, Cavaignac was regarded in France, and in other lands, as the asserter of law and order. He it was who saved society for the time. He it was who guarded the young Republic in its hour of danger. Had it not been for him, Paris would never have remained for Louis Napoleon to trample under foot. The storm raged in its fury, but Cavaignac had taken precautions, and its rage was powerless. We soon heard, on this side of the water, that Paris was tranquil, that confidence had returned, that the bustle of trade was once more perceptible, that the streets were no longer filled with armed men.

Yet, at the time, the outbreak was terrible, and threatened to shake society to its very base. The evidence taken before the Committee of Inquiry, appointed by the French Assembly, bears witness to this. Lamartine says, we are aware his conviction was that there was little of conspiracy or premeditation in them. The troubles of the 15th of May, when the populace broke into the Assembly, he attributes to chance; the movements of the 23rd of June he considers as spontaneous. Lamartine says, the insurrection had no general; his opponents said it had many, and not only generals, but directing politicians, as Caussidière and Louis Blanc. Lamartine says, that the most eminent and dangerous parties did not intend, or promote, the insurrectionary movement; that of the 23rd of June springing from the national workshops, and the money allotted them. By attacking the barricades and the insurrection on the first night, Lamartine thinks they would have been put down without the terrible struggle and efforts, necessitated by the military force not having acted at first. On this point General Cavaignac and Lamartine differed. There seems, however, to be little doubt that the plan of the majority of the extreme party, as early as the 16th of April, was to seize the government and make Ledru Rollin dictator, or head of a Committee of Public Safety. The scheme failed, from Ledru Rollin's own want of resolution. Meanwhile, Caussidière, who still continued Prefect of Police, was conducting intrigues and plots of the most diabolical character. It gives an idea of what the state of Paris then was, to be told by the Director of Police that there were at that time four divisions of the metropolis, all working under distinct authorities and against each other; the prefecture was all but openly favouring the Communists; the Mayor of Paris, who had also his agents, was endeavouring to crush them; the Home-office was at open war with the Mayor —for Ledru Rollin retained his whole influence there through the subordinate officers, even after he had quitted the depart-

ment; and, lastly, the Executive Committee was labouring to effect an impossible union, and to avoid an inevitable collision between the contending parties. Certain proofs of complicity were brought against Caussidière, Proudhon, Louis Blanc, and others. General Cavaignac seems to have made a wise suggestion, when he advised the cancelling and suppression of a mass of inflammatory evidence. Throughout the proceedings, Cavaignac seems to have been firm and unflinching. In reply to a deputation of journalists, who waited on him while Paris was in a state of siege, he referred unreservedly to the fears



GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

which the threatened outbreak of the Legitimists excited in his mind. He spoke of entire battalions of the National Guard, which were ready to rally round that cause, but declared that he would use all the powers with which he was invested to establish the Republic. "I am not," said he, "a Republican of the eve, and I have faithfully served Louis Philippe. If I said the contrary, all my acts would belie my words; but I have accepted the present mission, and I will, without weakness, fulfil it." On the 10th of December, 1849, Cavaignac's dictatorship expired. France chose not him, but Louis Napoleon, for her President. His candidature was based on the interests of order and security. He sought to be the Washington of France. The son of a member of the Convention—of a regicide—and avowedly proud of his father, he has always been a sincere Republican. He entered the army, and after serving six-and-thirty years in Algeria, and rising from being a subaltern to being a general, returned to Paris to take the command of the army—National Guard and Guarde Mobile—in suppressing the insurrection of June. His friends say of him, that they do not know a man whose word is more true, whose heart is more disinterested and upright, or whose spirit is more just and clear, than that of General Cavaignac; but France preferred Louis Napoleon.

To this fact it is, perhaps, to be attributed that Cavaignac became one of the victims of the recent *coup d'état* Happily, however, Cavaignac was not dealt with so severely as the others He was liberated from prison, and has since become a married man. We read that he is now in Paris, enjoying himself in his new character.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN AMERICA.

The electro-magnetic telegraph, which, by the way, was invented by Mr Ronalds, who published his discovery and experiments in 1823, has worked a revolution everywhere; but no country has felt its effect so greatly as America; and no other country possesses an equal length of telegraph line, or can boast of equal cheapness or regularity in the transmission of information. With us the telegraph has hitherto been the instrument of the Stock Exchange, and the slave of commerce and the rich, rather than a universal agent used by all classes of the people.

A recent visitor to the United States—Mr. Watkins—says—"I noticed with interest the tall, red or white poles, surmounted by insulators, and bound together by long lines of telegraphic wire, planted like trees through many of the main streets of New York, of Boston, of Philadelphia, of Baltimore, and contrasted this sacrifice of the feelings of street commissioners with the ridiculous regulations enforced at home, by which the ordinary telegraphic wires laid through towns are, to the great injury and obstruction of the enterprise, buried in the ground under flags and pavements. In riding out amongst the forests too, far away from any cleared country, along roads cut straight out of the woods for miles, there again were rough poles, and a single, thin, dangling wire, stretching away into the distance. There were wires under the rivers and over them, across prairies and over mountains. Indeed, the single wire telegraph, erected at a cost of some £20 or £30 a mile, is pushed out everywhere, almost in advance of the population, the pioneer of civilisation.

"There are now above 11,000 miles of telegraphic line in the States. You may transmit information from Quebec or Montreal in the north to New Orleans in the south, a distance of 2,000 miles, or 4,000 miles there and back, and have your reply in about two hours, including delivery and all delays. You may telegraph from New York to Fond du Lac, in Wisconsin, a distance by the telegraph route of 1,500 miles, or 3,000 miles there and back, and have your reply delivered to you in an hour, including all delays. A tenth of the time would suffice for mere transmission and reply, but we refer to the practical interval within which, in the most adverse average circumstances, the message may be sent, written out, and delivered, and the reply received, transmitted, written out, and placed in your hands by the messenger. Your message is not, however, rivalled by written. The printing telegraph is much in vogue, and, although, in our own country it has made no progress, and has been considered rather as a toy, or pretty trifle for experiment, than as adopted to everyday working, and its accidents, in the United States its inventor appears to have so perfected it, that its action is certain and unexceptionable. It is relied upon for a large mass of important daily intelligence, including the price list of stocks and funds, and the market rates for staple commodities."

People in America buy by the telegraph, and sell by it, order their beds at hotels, and their clean linen from home, by it, notify all domestic wants of urgency by it, use it as the fairy wand by which distant relatives and friends are brought to speak to them, as it were, under their very windows, and at their doors, from the other side of a mighty country. And, in fine, it serves them universally from the cottage to the palace, if such a thing be allowed in so "practical" a country. Mr Watkins says—"An old woman, the mother of a labourer in Wisconsin, addressed me, in the steamer, on Lake Erie, to ask if the telegraph had been extended to Fond du Lac. She had come all alone from some out-of-the-way place in Maine, and was on her way to Fond du Lac to join her son, she said; and she wished to telegraph him from New Buffalo, on the east side of Lake Michigan, to meet her at Chicago." A glance at the map will show the wonder of this. New Buffalo has sixty miles of water between it and Chicago, and Fond du Lac is 350 miles north of Chicago. Fond du Lac is a place of yesterday, and yet it is placed within a few minutes, in point of intelligence, of New York, Boston or Philadelphia.

Thus prices are equalised; the only distributing element being cost of conveyance. Labour flows at once to the place where a demand exists for it. A broker, consul, or employer, has merely to telegraph to some great centre, a thousand miles off, with the word high wages, cheap bread, and good privileges, the newspaper gets hold of the intelligence, and the stream turns in that direction as truly as water in coming to its level.

The secret of this extensive use of the telegraph is the low charge, stimulated, of course, by the locomotive and enterprising habits of the people, and by the special demand for economy of time in so wide and so new a country. But the connection between the telegraph and the press is the great aspect of this question:—There are in America some 2,500 separate newspapers published daily, weekly, or at other periods. The total circulation of these newspapers averages one million copies per day. Now see the working of this cheap telegraph. The steamer from England comes in at New York or Boston, say at two o'clock; at a quarter to four the heads, or leading "items of news, are printed and circulated in New York by an issue of thirty thousand evening papers. And in two hours the same news is transmitted, printed, and in circulation all over those parts of the Union where the telegraph and the daily papers exist. Thus you may be sleeping and musing at some out-of-the-way place, in a newly-settled state, having the events of two months ago in your head, when an "extra" of the local paper is put into your hand, and you learn, perhaps, as "important news from Europe," that Lord Palmerston has put on "a stiff upper lip" to Russia, that a horrid accident happened on the Great Western Railway; or that some Italian songstress is coming over by next packet. This news is, perhaps, an hour, or at most two or three hours, old in New York, while a passage of nine-and-a-half days has brought it from England.

This telegraphic communication is outstripped only by the diffusion of light, and, just as in the beautiful and glorious phenomena of nature, rapidity of progress is accompanied by universality. Not one line or course of country only, but the whole Union, far and near, accessible or otherwise by travel, is thus made by it to ring with the same intelligence, to weep at the same woes, to rejoice at the same successes, and to discuss the same [illegible] information on the same day.

[illegible] change therefore, that news is taking the place of mere leading articles, and that the truth, the daily history of the world and its leaders, little and big, is becoming, happily, of far more interest than the cloudy speculations and dreary pointless abuse with which the hacks of political parties still disfigure the press of America! Men are now reading for news, desiring to form their own opinions, and requiring, in connection with the data they search for, and now obtain at first hand, no better speculations than their own. "I confess," says Mr. Watkins, "to have been startled over and over again by being questioned, far away from those places which seem to me to be the cycles of population and intelligence, on some English or Continental events of which my letters of three days back contained no mention, and by hearing daily, from the mouths of the humblest, discussions upon what was passing, which showed, to use an Americanism, that every one was 'posted up' to the latest date with all the important news of the world."

The telegraph, during Congress time, supplies all the principal daily papers with two, three, or sometimes five columns of debate per day, throughout the session. We do not wish to draw any parallel between the systems pursued by the telegraph companies of the States and of England. The telegraph company have reduced their charges very recently, for messages not exceeding twenty words, and for distances of 100 miles and under, to 2s. 6d., and for distances over 100 miles, to 5s., and 3d. for every additional word. This is a great step. That the English scale of charges can ever approach the American, with profit in the [illegible] upon which we have considerable doubts.

The New American Telegraph Line stands in a similar position [illegible] Electric Telegraph Company. It has the largest extent of communication under its command; and, though competed with, has the great run of business in its extended district between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and the South and West. It connects with O'Reilley's Atlantic, Lake Ohio, and Mississippi Telegraphs. It transmits information to some 400 through stations, and works over several thousand miles of wires. The directions issued by this company to parties sending messages are:—"Write your messages plain, so that it can be read by the operator; also give dates, full address, and signature, *as no charge is made for either.*" The practice of making no charge for addresses is at once a curtailment of one-third of the cost of short messages as charged with us. But even with this concession, and with low rates also, the company notify to the public, that they "respectfully solicit a share of telegraphic business, and, in return, every effort will be made to give satisfaction to their numerous patrons."

THE BIRTH OF THE SNOW-DROP.

FAR away among the vine-clad hills of sunny France, there lived a poor woman with her only child. She was a soldier's widow, and gained a scanty subsistence by working in the vineyards. Little Renie was only able to follow his mother in her labours; but he loved to sit under the vines and see the rich purple clusters of grapes that hung among the green leaves like bunches of amethysts.

The widow dearly loved her little son, and often, seating him upon her knee after the labour of the day was over, she told him of his father; how he was a good man and a brave soldier, who had died fighting for his country; and then she would sob and press the child to her bosom, as she related how handsome the soldiers looked, marching on to the sound of fife and drum, and how not one of that gallant band ever returned again.

Renie was much too young to understand all this; but as he grew older, he learned that his mother had left her home with a young soldier, and that her father never forgave the marriage, or saw his daughter again. The old man was living still in a distant province; but, though the heart of the lonely widow yearned for home, and with a mother's pride she longed to show her boy, yet she knew the stern nature of her father, and dared not seek him to plead again for the pardon so often denied.

At last the poor widow fell ill, and though it was the season when the rich hue of the grapes deepened into perfection beneath the warm sunbeams, she knew full well that she should not live to gather them.

The dying mother bade little Renie come very near to her, and then, in faltering tones, whispered that she must leave him, and perform a long, dark journey, alone. But the child, with violent sobs of grief, clasped his arms about his mother's neck, praying to go with her, and not to be left behind.

Then the widow, whose strength was failing fast, comforted the child, murmuring, "I will not leave you for ever, my son; we shall meet again—in my Father's house."—She spoke no more, and soon poor little Renie was an orphan.

The peasants made the poor widow a grave in a quiet spot, and gave the little boy a home among themselves; but day after day he threw himself upon his mother's grave and wept, refusing to be consoled. Children gathered about and pressed him to join their sports, kind women drew him to their bosoms and promised to cherish him, strong-hearted men raised him up and bade him be of good cheer, but Renie turned from them all to the cold, damp sod, exclaiming, "She will not leave me for ever, my mother will come back. I will wait for her here."

When they saw all their comforting words were of no avail, they left him, trusting that the natural joyousness of childhood would [illegible] his grief; but when weeks passed on and brought no [illegible]ge, they learned to respect the child's sorrow, and the [illegible] gatherers, as they returned from the vineyards with baskets of the beautiful fruit, paused in their vintage song as they saw little Renie with his arms clasped about the wooden cross upon his mother's grave.

The leaves at length dropped dry and sere, and the snow rested upon the hills; then Renie himself fell ill, and for many weeks he could not rise from the little cot where a kind peasant and his w[illegible]fe nursed him tenderly; during the tedious hours of illness, his mother's image was ever before him; and remembering her words, 'We shall meet in my Father's house," he resolved, when he grew strong again, to go and seek her, as she did not return to him.

The snow had not yet melted in the valleys, though the sun was shining warmly, when Renie feebly turned his steps once more toward the spot where his mother slept. He knelt down before the little cross, and his warm tears fell fast upon the snow, when, lo! just where the tears had fallen appeared a tiny blade, struggling to pierce the crusted ground. The boy tenderly scraped aside the snow, that the little plant might feel the sun, and another warm shower of tears fell upon it as he did so, for he remembered his lost mother's love for the flowers.

When Renie came again to the grave, he saw with surprise a group of lovely white blossoms, that seemed to bend sorrowfully over the sod. The child knelt beside them, and a strange feeling of peace crept into his heart.

"My mother has sent them from the land where she dwells," he thought, "to show that she has not forgotten me;" and a smile of hope beamed on his sad pale face, as he looked fondly on the flowers.

But when the peasants beheld this mysterious little plant blossoming in the midst of the snow, and of a kind they had never seen before, they were filled with astonishment and awe.

"It is sent from the spirit-land," they whispered, "and born of Renie's tears.—See how each snow-white drop quivers upon its stem, like a tear about to fall! His mother knows his sorrow, and would console him thus."

Gradually the grief of the little boy became more subdued, and hope and cheerfulness beamed upon his face once more. He loved to water and nurture the tender blossoms, and soon the grave was covered with the delicate and graceful flowers, gently bending towards the earth.

The good curé, who dwelt among these simple peasants, loved the little motherless boy, and spoke often to him, explaining how the child must one day join his mother, but she could no more come to him. Renie listened to the good old man with interest; still, the words of his mother seemed ever present with him:

"We shall meet in my Father's house."

And so one day the boy filled a basket with tufts of the spirit-flowers, as the peasants called them, and going to the curé, said firmly "My mother has sent me many messengers. See, I take some with me to show the way, and I go to seek her in her father's house, where she told me we should meet again."

Then the good cure drew little Renie towards him, and told him of that heavenly Father's house, where his mother awaited his coming, and as he dwelt upon the love and goodness of that all wise Parent, and the eternal happiness prepared for his children, the boy was comforted, and dared not wish his mother back to the home of that earthly father who had cast her off.

As the kind teacher went on, and spoke of the loneliness, and perhaps the remorse, of the old man who had refused to forgive his child, little Renie's heart swelled with tears; and as a sense of peace filled his own bosom, he longed to impart it to others. Suddenly he looked up with a brightened countenance.

"I will seek my grandfather," he said, "and carry these sweet flowers to him. They are messengers sent to console us both. And when I tell him my mother has gone home to her heavenly Father's house, he will not be angry with her any more, but love me for her sake."

The good cure blessed the little boy; the peasants gathered around with gifts and many kind wishes, and then Renie, after a last visit to his mother's grave, started on his journey, carrying with him the precious flowers.

He met with much kindness on his way; for all who listened to his simple story willingly aided the little orphan boy. Many wished to purchase the strange and beautiful blossoms which he carried, but Renie would not sell them. He regarded them with a love too holy to barter them for money. But whoever did him a kindness was rewarded by a little tuft, and if he met any one in sorrow he offered his simple tribute, strong in the faith of its power to soothe.

The twilight was fast fading into night when Renie entered a shaded lane, and, softly opening a wicket-gate, carried his treasured flowers to the well to water them, ere he sought a shelter for the night. The little garden into which he had entered was overgrown with weeds, and the low-roofed cottage wore an air of desolation. In the porch sat an old man who, with thin, silvery hair floating on his shoulders, leaned heavily upon a staff, and, with mournful voice and shaking head, constantly murmured to himself—

"My child! my child! I have driven you from me, and now am I [illegible]bereaved! I shall never see you more—my child, my child!"

Little Renie heard these words—a gleam of joy illumined his heart. Lifting his basket of flowers, he stood before the old man, saying, as he offered them—

"Grandfather! see—I bring you consolation!"

The poor old man was for a time bewildered; but when he had heard Renie's story, and read the letter of the good curé, he clasped the child in his arms, and shed over him tears of mingled penitent sorrow and gratitude.

The weeds were uprooted, and the precious flowers planted in the garden, where they grew and flourished in luxuriant beauty. When Renie, with his grandfather, went to visit his mother's grave, tufts of the lovely blossoms met them at every turn, like the footprints of angels leading them on, and each one to whom Renie had given the flowers came out to welcome them as they passed.

When the next spring-time came, the hills were covered with the delicate blossoms, and for many years the peasants named them "Renie's consolation."

MISCELLANEA.

HOW TO SUBDUE MAN!—In the course of a book just published in America, and which is entitled the *Reveries of an Old Maid*, we are told that the weapons to subdue man are not to be found in the library, but in the kitchen! "The weakest part of the alligator is his stomach. Man is an alligator. Let the young wife fascinate her husband with the teapot! Let her, so to speak, only bring him into habits of intoxication with that sweet charmer, and make honeysuckles clamber up his chair-back and grow about the legs of his table—let the hearthrug be a bed of heart's-ease for the feet in slippers, and the wickedness of the natural enemy must die within him." What excellent wives some of these old maids who write books would make.

BOOK AUCTIONS were by no means common during the seventeenth century. They became fashionable at its close, and the death of Dr. Francis Bernard, who was an eminent physician, made them important. His library was sold in 1698, and produced no less a sum than £1,600. Upon this occasion, a well-known collector of books being recognised in the crowd which attended the sale, was appealed to by the auctioneer, "*Arch*" Millington, as he was called, who remarked that there was an important observation written in the volume he was about to sell, in Dr Bernard's own hand. The consequence of this intimation produced a spirit of rivalry among the bidders, but when the book was knocked down at a high price, the purchaser read, to his astonishment—"*I have perused this book, and it is not worth a farthing.*"

LADY'S POSTSCRIPT.—The most striking illustration of the saying that the pith of a lady's letter is the postscript, which we ever heard of, was that of a young lady, who, having gone out to India, and writing home to her friends, concluded in these words:—"*You will see by my signature that I am married.*"

HOW TO PAY A LAWYER.—An old lawyer of the city of New York tells a good joke about one of his clients. A fellow had been arraigned before the police for stealing a set of silver spoons. The articles were found upon the culprit, and there was no use in attempting to deny the charge. Lawyer G—— was applied to by the prisoner as counsel, and, seeing no escape for his client, except on the plea of insanity or idiotcy, he instructed the fellow to put on as silly a look as possible, and when any question was put to him, to utter in a drawling manner the word "spoons." If successful, the fee was to be twenty dollars. The court proceeded to the trial; the charge was read, and the question put to the prisoner, "Guilty or not guilty?" "Spoons," ejaculated the culprit. The court put several questions to him, but "Spoons, spoons," was all the answer he would give. "The fellow is a fool," said the judge; "let him go about his business." The prisoner left the room, and the lawyer followed in his wake, and when they got into the hall the counsellor tipped his client on the shoulder, saying, "Now, my good fellow, that twenty dollars." The rogue looked the lawyer full in the face, and, putting on a grotesque and silly expression, and, winking with his eyes, exclaimed "Spoons," and then walked off.

NON-RESISTANCE.—William Meade, a companion of Penn, and a co-defendant with him in a government prosecution, was, although an old Cromwellian soldier, a stout partisan of the doctrine of non-resistance. Nevertheless, it is reported of him that, being challenged one night by three robbers in a lane, he laid about them with his oaken stick, to their utter discomfiture. He was questioned on this account at a monthly meeting. "The Spirit of the Lord was upon me," was his defence; "and I could have beaten seven of them." Of course the accusers had no more to say.

A GOLDEN RULE.—"I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back."

A WISE PRIEST.—A German priest was walking in procession at the head of his commissioners, over cultivated fields, in order to procure a blessing upon the crops. When he came to one of unpromising appearance, he would pass on, saying, "Here prayers and singing will avail nothing, this must have manure."

THE FAMILY OPPOSED TO NEWSPAPERS.—The man (says the *Boston Commonwealth*) that don't take his county paper was in town yesterday. He brought the whole of his family in a two-horse waggon. He still believed that General Taylor was President, and wanted to know if the "Kamschatkians" had taken Cuba, and, if so, *where* they had taken it. He had sold his corn for twenty-five cents—the price being thirty-one—but upon going to deposit the money they told him it was mostly counterfeit. The only hard money he had was some three cent. pieces, and those some sharper had "run on him for half-dimes!" His old lady smoked a "cob pipe," and would not believe that anything else could be used. One of the boys went to a blacksmith's shop to be measured for a pair of shoes, and the other mistook the market house for a church. After hanging his hat on a meat-hook, he piously took a seat on a butcher's stall, and listened to an auctioneer, whom he took to be the preacher. He left "before meetin' was out, and had no great opinion of the "sarmint." One of the girls took a lot of seed-onions to the post office to trade them for a letter. She had a baby, which she carried in a "sugar-trough," stopping at times to rock it on the side-walk. When it cried, she stuffed its mouth with an old stocking, and sung "Barbara Allan." The oldest boy had sold two "coon skins," and was on a "bust." When last seen he had called for a glass of "sody and water," and stood soaking gingerbread, and making wry faces. The shopkeeper, mistaking his meaning, had given him a mixture of sal soda and water, and it tasted strongly of soap. But "he'd heard tell of soda and water, and he was bound to give it a fair trial, puke or no puke." Some "town fellow" came in, and called for lemonade with a "fly in it," whereupon our "soaped" friend turned his back, and quietly wiped several flies into his drink. We approached the old gentleman, and tried to get him to "subscribe," but he would not listen to it. He was opposed to "internal improvements," and he thought "larnin' was a wicked invention, and culterwaten nothin' but vanity and vexation." None of his family ever learned to read but one boy, and he "teached school awhile, and then went a studying diwinity."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENTIAN.—Monks and friars are the same. There is little difference between a holy friar and a holy monk.

INQUIRER.—We recommend you Professor De Morgan's arithmetic and algebra. They are hard books to understand, but they contain the principles of the science. You must be prepared to work at them.

C. H.—We are sorry that you are not pleased, but we really cannot help it. We have to consult the taste of the many. We cannot alter our plan for individual readers.

ORIGINAL.—All freshly-printed works have a peculiar smell. If damp, hold them to the fire, and that will remove the smell of which you complain.

ELI CATTERALL.—You must pay the person you had the coals of. You say you bought them of the son; consequently you must pay the son.

A CONSTANT READER wants to know how to pickle red cabbage. We recommend a Constant Reader to buy a cookery-book. However, we will answer this question for him for once. Cut the cabbage into small pieces. After removing the outer leaves, put it into a sieve, and sprinkle it with salt and saltpetre. Let it drain for twenty-four hours; then squeeze it until it is very dry. Put it into a jar with whole pepper and salt, and pour cold vinegar over it. Mind not to boil the vinegar.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—The Government Emigration-Office is No. 9, Park-street, Westminster. We can give you no information respecting the Quebec and Halifax Railway.

RICHARD GEORGE is informed that the nineteenth century is called the nineteenth century because such is the fact. A child is in its first year, and is described as such long before its first year is completed Custom and reason alike sanction such a mode of speaking.

D. J. wants to know if there is any substance capable of destroying the growth of the hair, without injuring the skin?—Not that we are aware of. The only plan is to have the hair plucked out with the roots.

T. EGLETON.—There are so many Temperance Benefit Building Societies, that we really cannot answer your question.

F. H REVELL.—There is no occasion whatever for enrolling a Mutual Improvement Society.

GALLIA.—There are many Italian grammars, but they are intended to be used with the aid of a master. A work was published a few years since in London, and we dare say can be still had of the publishers, called "Italian without a Master." Possibly that may suit you; but we cannot say anything either in praise or censure of the book, as we know nothing of it.

JUVENIS.—If you would get on in life; if you would prosper in the world; if you would be a man; learn to say, No. The men who fail in the battle of life are the men who say, Yes. Their ruin is inevitable. Sooner or later they become the prey of idleness and vice. Remember the language of Holy Writ:—"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

AN INQUIRER.—We cannot answer your question. For all that we know to the contrary, the society you refer to is a very respectable one; but we know nothing of it. You must exercise your own discretion in such matters.

A FACTORY OPERATIVE has written to complain of not having his questions answered. He takes it for granted that we refused to answer them as too trivial, and then blames us for answering other questions which he conceives more trivial. Now this is uncharitable. A Factory Operative might conclude that we do not answer questions when we cannot, or when answers to them would be libellous. Again, a Factory Operative might conclude that, now and then, owing to the press of matter, a letter may be mislaid, or overlooked. If a Factory Operative, instead of rushing to the conclusion that we thought his letter trivial, taken the trouble to repeat his questions, they would have had a better chance of being answered. As it is, we think the questions have been answered, though they were not answered directly. We are, owing to our large impression, always obliged to be some time in advance.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE
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AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER XI.

MARTIAL-LAW was immediately established in full vigour all over Hungary. Every one suspected of the slightest leaning to liberal opinions was treated with unsparing vigour. No act was too dastardly for Haynau, who was now placed in command of the Austrian armies. The flogging of Madame de Maderspach for sheltering her own nephew, and the suicide of her husband in consequence of the disgrace, are too well known in England to need any comment.



SURRENDER OF GOERGEY AT VILAGOS

No law is now known but the will of the Emperor. He still calls himself King of Hungary, but Hungary is a kingdom no longer. She is nothing but a conquered province. The coarse jest of the soldier is heard in halls and bowers that beauty and rank once graced. There is now no Diet, no county assemblies, no press, no bar, and no pulpit for anyone but the Jesuits. All trials are held by military officers, sitting with sabre at their side, and surrounded by bayonets. All civil tribunals are abolished, all traces of the ancient constitution have been carefully effaced; thousands of young men of the best families have been forced to serve in the ranks of the Austrian army as private soldiers, the objects of daily tyranny from the brutal minions of a foreign despot; through the length and breadth of the land the voice of wailing is heard in the hamlet and hall. The youth of the country have died on the battle-field, are wandering in exile, or, worse still, are pining in prison; and in the march of the hideous ruffians who disgrace the military profession by the coarseness of their brutality, many a happy maidon had reason for ever to rue the day when the cause of her country was lost. Numerous Hunga-

rian ladies wear deep mourning, under a vow never to cast it off until their country's independence shall have been achieved. Others wear the national colours in the various articles of dress, and all decorated with bracelets and necklaces made from the coins issued during the government of Louis Kossuth. Mr. Spencer states that, whereas, when he visited Hungary in 1847, the German language was universally cultivated, in 1850 he found it as universally neglected. Everywhere he found excitement and discontent. The peasants are everywhere overawed by sabres and cannon. They cultivate their farms in sullen listlessness. All that can make life happy, or labour tolerable—liberty and security—all are gone. But Hungary is nevertheless said to be tranquil. *Solitudinem faciunt et appellant pacem.* Nothing is left but hope. Many of the country people are said still to believe, with all the glowing fervour of oriental fancy, that Kossuth has gone to the plains of Asia, and will soon return, in might and majesty, with an army of their ancestors, the Huns, to drive out the Austrian invader for ever. The red rain of slaughter has fertilised the soil; and we feel right well assured that hosts of brave men will, when the time comes, start again into action, like the sleeping warriors in the enchanted cave, and wipe out the memory of defeat and disaster, not merely in the bloody triumphs of the sword, but in the wisdom, and moderation, and farsightedness, which alone can make nations truly great.

Goergey has reaped the reward of his treachery. He lives in retirement, upon estates bestowed on him by the government, diligently employed in the study of chemistry. His name is never mentioned in Hungary but with a shudder, and will be handed down to history for the execration of posterity, with those of the Catalines and Louis Napoleons and Arnolds. Mr. Brace, an American gentleman, whose imprisonment by the Austrians last summer excited some stir, and whose sympathies with the cause of independence are characteristic of the great nation to which he belongs, has furnished the following graphic sketch of this extraordinary man, which we shall here present to the reader:—

"There is much truth in the remark, 'Goergey never had the least sympathy with either the virtues or the weaknesses of his countrymen.' A man of cold, stern nature, of few words and tremendous deed, he always laughed over the Magyar fire, and eloquence, and patriotism. Despite the falseness he displayed at last, there is something striking about his character. If he were a traitor, he was no common one. His career commenced in a characteristic way, by hanging up, when he was only a major, one of the first noblemen of Hungary for treachery, as sternly and indifferently as if the man had been a runaway drummer. The affair made a great noise, and brought his name very prominently before the public. His after course was consistent with this—as cool in a discharge of grape, his officers say, as he was at the council-board. They have told me they have often seen him, in the midst of a fearful charge around him, sitting quietly on his horse, with a pistol in hand, but not for the enemy. The moment he saw a man flinch he shot him, as unrelentingly as if he had been a dog. He seemed to others utterly cold and indifferent to what men usually long after. He always professed, amid his most splendid achievements, he would rather be teaching chemistry than leading an army. When Kossuth sent him on one occasion 200,000 guilders (100,000 dollars), to make a provision for his future, and, in order not to offend him, enclosed it to his wife, he sent it back with the remark, 'If I fall, I shall not need it, and my wife can be governess again, as she was before; if we are conquered, and I escape, I can be professor abroad; if we conquer, and I survive the victory, I need no money now!' After one of his great victories, the ministry sent him certain declarations and orders of honour; he put them aside with a sneer, 'such gew-gaws were not the things for a republic!' People have told me that, after the storming of Ofen, the only words on the lips of the people and the army were 'Goergey! Goergey!' but, with all the demonstrations before his quarters, he never even showed himself, and remained coldly within, expressing himself, that 'this very bombardment was the ruin of Hungary!' He always sneered at everybody, even the friends that idolised him; and was almost the only man in Hungary who was perfectly indifferent under Kossuth's eloquence. Amid the splendidly-dressed Hungarian officers, he always appeared in his old major's coat, and in boots which he had not taken off, perhaps, for a week. A lady told me that she met him, after the taking of Ofen, in a vile-looking coat, with a great hole in one of the elbows. She remonstrated with him for wearing such a thing. 'Poh!' he said, 'I shall be known through all my rags!' 'Ah!' said she, pointing to the rent, 'see the Diogenes peeping through the hole!' at which he seemed very unusually disconcerted. And I have no doubt the lady hit the matter exactly. It was not that he was indifferent to people's opinion. He took this very course to show his own pride. His ruling trait seems to have been a mean, selfish, pride. He was unspeakably jealous of Kossuth; and would rather see Hungary a hundred times ruined than it should conquer under him."

Kossuth and his followers were sent first to Shumla, and thence to Buda, on the 11th of April, 1850. Kossuth occupied the apartments over the barrack gate, and spent his time in laying out the garden attached to his prison, and in the study of English.

Austria threatened to occupy the Moldavian provinces of Turkey, in case the Hungarians were liberated; but on the 22nd of August, Soliman Bey came to Kossuth, announced his freedom, kissed his hand, and said, "Go; you will find friends everywhere now; but do not forget those who were friends when you had but few." The United States sent their steam-frigate the Mississippi, to convey him to America. In her he came as far as Gibraltar, and thence to England in the Madrid. Louis Napoleon, no doubt at that time meditating his *coup d'etat*, refused him permission to pass through France.

Madame Kossuth had the utmost difficulty in escaping. For months she wandered through the country, often whole days without food, and obliged to seek safety from the Austrian police in the fidelity of the peasantry. Nothing but woman's heroism and devotion could have sustained her under the almost incredible hardships which she endured. Forty thousand florins were offered by the Government for her capture, and death was the punishment marked out for those who harboured her. The following account of her arrival at the end of her weary journey, with a faithful female friend, may not be uninteresting to our readers —

"It was night when they entered Belgrade. They knocked at the door of the Sardinian Consul, who had recently been stationed in that frontier town by his King, whose whole heart sympathised in the Hungarian cause, and who had formed a friendly alliance with M. Kossuth for the freedom of Italy and Hungary. The Consul had been advised by Kossuth that two females would probably seek his protection, but not knowing them, he inquired what they wished of him? Madame L—— replied, 'Lodging and bread.' He invited them in, and Madame L—— introduced him to Madame Kossuth, the lady of the late Governor of Hungary.

"It will readily be perceived that the Consul could scarcely believe that these two miserable beings were the persons they represented themselves to be. Madame Kossuth convinced him by showing him the signet-ring of her husband. In his house Madame Kossuth fell ill, but received every possible kindness from her host. They learned that all the Hungarians and Poles had been removed from Widdin to Shumla; and, notwithstanding that it was in the midst of a severe winter, they decided upon proceeding at once to the latter place. The Sardinian Consul applied to the generous and very liberal Prince of Servia, in whose principality Belgrade is, for his assistance in behalf of the ladies, and in the most hospitable and fearless manner he provided them with his own carriage and four horses, and an escort, and in this way they started through the snow for Shumla. Their journey was without any apprehension of danger, for the British Consul-General at Belgrade, Mr. F——, had provided the party with a passport as British subjects, under the assumed names of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Bloomfield; yet the severity of the weather was such, that Madame Kossuth, in the ill state of her health, suffered very much. Often the snow was as deep as the breasts of the horses, and not unfrequently, four oxen had to be attached to the carriage in their places. A journey which, in summer, would have required but a few days, now was made in twenty-eight.

"On the twenty-eighth day a courier was sent in advance o them to apprise Governor Kossuth of their approach. He was ill; and, moreover, on account of the many plans of the Austrians to assassinate him, the Sultan's authorities could not allow him to leave Shumla, and go to meet his wife. The news of her deliverance, and her approach, occasioned the liveliest satisfaction to all the refugees; the Hungarians and Poles went as far as the gates of the city to meet this heroic martyr of the cause of Hungary. It was night when the carriage neared the city; as it entered the gates she found the streets lighted up with hundreds of lights, green, white, and red, the colours of the Hungarian flag, and was welcomed with the most friendly shouts from the whole body of the refugees.

"When Madame Kossuth descended from her carriage, she found herself in the presence of her husband, who had risen from his bed of illness to receive the poor 'Maria F——' of the plains of Hungary. In place of receiving her in his arms, M. Kossuth, overcome by feelings of admiration for the sufferings which his wife had undergone, and by gratitude for her devotion to the cause of her country, threw himself at her feet and kissed them. She endeavoured to speak and offer her husband consolation and tranquillity, while her own poor feeble heart was ready to burst with emotion. Her voice failed her, and, amid the reiterated shouts of the Hungarians and Poles, this heroic woman was carried to her husband's apartments."

Kossuth's arrival at Southampton created the most intense excitement. Crowds thronged the quay to meet and welcome him. He was forthwith taken to the Mayor's house, and, from the balcony, delivered a short speech to the people. He spoke twice again in this neighbourhood, at a *dejeuner*, at Winchester, and again at a banquet in Southampton.

Upon his arrival in London, he took up his residence at the house of a Mr. Massingherd, in Eaton-place, and on the following day he set out to Guildhall, to receive the address of the Corporation of London. Vast crowds lined the way, and greeted him with enthusiastic cheering. In reply to the address, he made one of his best speeches.

On the second day after his landing at Southampton, M. Kossuth accepted the invitation of a London committee, representing the Trades Unions, to receive an address from them at Copenhagen House, on Monday, the 3rd of November. Accordingly, on that day, about twelve thousand working men assembled in Russell-square, headed by banners, and marched in procession to Copenhagen House, where they found M. Kossuth already arrived. Temporary hustings had been erected in front of the house; and M. Kossuth, attended by the Chairman of the Central Committee, made his appearance before the vast crowd assembled round them, variously estimated from twenty-five to one hundred thousand persons, at three o'clock, when he delivered a speech from which we give the following extract;—

"Gentlemen,—I most warmly thank you for your generous sentiments of active and operative sympathy with the freedom and independence of my native land, so closely connected—as you have rightly judged—with the freedom and independence of other nations on the European continent. (Cheers.) It is to me highly gratifying to know that a large party of the present meeting belongs to the working classes. (Cheers.) It is gratifying to me, because, if to belong to the working classes implies a man whose livelihood depends on his own honest and industrious labour, then none among you has more right to call himself a working man than I so to call myself. I inherited nothing from my dear father, and I have lived my whole life by my own honest and industrious labour. (Cheers.) This my condition I consider to have been my first claim to my people's confidence, because they well knew that, being in that condition, I must intimately know the wants, the sufferings, and the necessities of the people. And so assuredly it was. It is therefore that I so practically devoted my life to procure and to secure political and social freedom to my people, not to a race, not to a class, but to the whole people; besides, I devoted all my life for many years, by the practical means of associations, to extend the benefit of public instruction to the working classes, and to forward the material welfare of the agriculturists, of the manufacturers, and of the trading men. (Cheers.)

"Among all the enterprises to that effect of that time of my life, when I was yet in no public office, but a private man, there is none to which I look back with more satisfaction and pride than to the association for the encouragement of manufacturing industry—to its free schools, to its exhibitions, to its press, and to its affiliations. Besides conferring immense material benefits, it proved also politically beneficial by bringing in closer contact and more friendly relations the different classes of my dear native land, by interesting the working classes in the public political concerns of our nation, and by so developing a strongly united public opinion to support me in my chief aim, which was conserving the municipal and constitutional institutions of my country—to substitute for the privileges of single classes the political emancipation of the whole world, and substituting freedom for class privileges—to impart to the people the faculty of making the constitution a common benefit to all—for all—in a word, to transform the closed hall of class privileges into an open temple of the people's liberty. (Loud cheers.)

"Allow me, firstly, to congratulate you on the attention which you have hereby proved that you devote to public matters and to the interests of your country as well as to the freedom and glory of humanity. May this public spirit never decrease; may every Englishman for ever feel that it is the basis of all constitutional organisation, be it under a republican or a monarchical form; that it is the public opinion of the people which must give direction to the policy of the country, and that it is, therefore, not only the right, but also the duty, of every honest citizen to contribute to the development and expression of that public opinion, of which the legislative as well as the executive authorities are, and must be, faithful representatives.

"Allow me, secondly, to congratulate you on the just and happy instinct with which, bestowing your attention on public concerns, you have seized the very point which really is the most important among all in which the mind and heart of Englishmen can be interested. That point is the freedom of the European continent. I said it in the Common Council of the city of London, I repeat it here; there is none among your internal questions which outweighs in importance the external. (Cheers.) And how may be summed up the external interests of the British Empire on the European continent? It is to be summed up in this question—By which principle shall the continent of Europe be ruled, by the principle of freedom or by the principle of absolutism? Can England, or can it not, remain indifferent to the approaching struggle and final decision of this question? And, if it cannot remain indifferent without losing its position in the world, endangering its own freedom, and hurting its own interests, with which principle shall England side—with the principle of freedom or with the principle of aggression? Shall it support the rights, freedom, and happiness of nations, or the oppressive combinations of arbitrary governments? (Cheers.) That is the question—a question the most urgent and the more important that (*i. e.*, because) no man, of whatsoever party, can dissimulate, still less deny, that the situation of France, of Italy, of Germany, of Austria, of Hungary, of Poland, and of Russia is so unnatural, so contrary to the human and national interests of the respective people, that it is utterly impossible it can endure. Yes, no man can dissimulate the conviction that France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and Hungary are already on the eve of those days when the great, and I hope final battle of these adverse principles, will be fought out. (Loud cheers.)

"By taking such a view of the brotherhood of people you are the interpreters of my most warm desires, and by assuring me to hope and to be resolved for the future, that Russian intervention in the domestic concerns of whatever country shall by England not be permitted more. (Loud cheers.) By this you have anticipated all that I, in my humble quality of a representative of the principles of freedom, in the name of my country, and in the interests of all oppressed nations, have again and again entreated from the people of England since I have been here. And here I meet again another noble idea of your address, where you say that the name of my country is linked in your prayers and in your hopes with the name of other nations. Bless you for that word? You ennoble my name, and my country's by it. Yet you speak the truth. The very moment that Russia first interfered in Hungary our struggles grew to an European height; we struggled no more for our own freedom, our own independence, but altogether for the freedom and independence of the European continent. Our cause became the cause of mankind. My nation became the martyr of the cause of European freedom in the past; of other nations it will be the champion of that freedom for the future. I, for my own part, but whom my people and the public opinion of the world consequence, great, but bible; serious

for the personification of my people's sentiments, I know where my place is I know what duties are entailed upon me I shall insure the sympathies of England by my devotion to my country's European cause England will find me faithful to that place and to those duties which my people's confidence having assigned to me, foreign violence could hinder me from exercising, but whose legitimate character no violence should destroy I but also hope that, while Hungary and I are aware of the solidarity of our cause with the cause of European freedom and independence, and while Hungary is resolved to stand manfully in its place, the other nations, and England itself, will not forget that the freedom and independence of Hungary are indispensable to the independence of Europe against Russian encroachment and preponderance, and so neither the other European nations nor England will allow Russia again to interfere in order to uphold that detested house of Hapsburg, with which, exasperated, alienated, Hungary will never, through time, have any transaction, unless to trample it, expulse it, or to hurl it in the dust (loud cheers)'

At Manchester and Birmingham he was *feted* with the utmost enthusiasm and addressed crowded audiences His last speech, previous to his departure for

He sailed for the United States in a few days afterwards, and his progress ever since has been one of unbounded triumph We have been brief in this sketch of his sojourn in England, because fuller and more detailed accounts have been given of his progress in the daily press than our limited space would allow us to insert With a short sketch of his oratory from the pen of an able writer, we shall take our leave of Louis Kossuth as a man, and confine our remarks during the remainder of the chapter to his connexion with the present position and prosperity of the cause which he advocates

'Let us say a word or two of the man and his oratory, and the eloquence for which he is so remarkable Well proportioned and good-looking his features being soft and agreeable, he is far more winning than commanding His power amongst his own people must have rested on persuasion No great man ever existed, perhaps, who did not at least fascinate those immediately around him That he has a strong will there can be no doubt but it acts by love rather than by violence Kossuth is a self sustained man



PRINCE WINDISCHGRATZ

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under Kossuth from the parish of Marylebone

was delivered in the Hanover-square Rooms, in reply

See him sitting quiet, unmoved, in a public assembly, in no wise seeking to attract attention, but thoroughly self-possessed an



LOUIS KOSSUTH AT COPENHAGEN HOUSE.

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for eloquence.
is earnest, but
terrible; serious,

not dull; continua
nad as a man wi
accentuation is su
distinguished fro
better than acce
tender of poetry.
of poetry, unless
harp, and gener
than poetry. It
if reading it, mo
peaking a foreig
vords to waste—
relief that by m
ending forth ide
ay, and cannot
ounded periods.
rational harar
tudied speeches
ore like the ne
han the involv
eriods of Broug
into the enthusia
re have ever hea
ffect speaking
yndhurst. His
orm in their ton
many and striking
nd any orator we
wn—but we re
emblies as Lord
is manner be is
peeches. His or
Pott, and is forci
is striking illust
quence. The man

That we should
ave been expre
various argument
gainst him, can
vords he must sta
horoughly, and f
eject him; but le
with eagerness, a
To ascertain the
lleged to have ta
have never had m
difficult task, but
ll sources of inf
othing allowed to
nterests of a party
have all the cha
must necessarily b
nd everything fav
which they allow to
f credit.

It is establishe
Kossuth possessed,
onfidence of the
olitical questions
oice is most entitl
emigods" who die
nder the walls of
ey knew that the
nchanted." The
he people of Hunga
his is not denie
arties that they all
iddle classes and th
punty assemblies an
fiherents. But at th
ever found favour in
magnates. He has h
imself to the highes
proo of transcendant
who rise in this way
jealousy and dislike,
certainly those of Hu

as beseems his condition, but not
ope, nor prosaic and plodding. His
o his pronunciation. In this he is
foreigners, who acquire pronunciation
. He has, we infer, been a careful
tion, however, does not take the form
such poetry as Pope's. It is pointed,
sentences are short. It is more logic
hearing, whatever may be the effect
than sentimental. In one sense,
e is an advantage to him. He has no
deceive himself and others into the
words, he is expounding truths or
speaks well because he has much to
ords in saying it. His oratory has no
tone and manner more like the con-
Mr. Tierney than the elaborate and
Burdett or Earl Grey. It is much
pointed speeches of Lord Lyndhurst,
parenthetical and carefully wound up
ore like the pungent words of Cobden
amation of Bright. Of all the speakers
peeches, as pure offerings of the in-
ntellect, are more like those of Lord
and voice are quite silvery and uni-
those of that noble lord. There are
ts and differences between Kossuth
ard—for everyone has a manner of his
no one whom Kossuth so much re-
speaking in the House of Peers If
, it is entirely not the matter of his
pears to be unprepared and without
its truths, for its fine sentiments, for
f abstracted ideas, not for its vehe-
is purely intellectual."

seriatim the various opinions which
Kossuth and his policy, and the
anders which have been put forward
be expected. By his own acts and
all. Let him who has examined these
hem wanting, by all means at once
ke heed how they listen to calumny
low to seek out the refutation of it.
e or non-existence of facts which are
ce in a remote country with which we
mmunication, must be at all times a
ficulty is still further increased when
are systematically shut up, and
but what is garbled to suit the
ything coming from persons who
intercourse under their controul,
d with some degree of suspicion,
to the other side of the question,
ecessarily entitled to a double degree

nd the possibility of doubt that
continued to possess, the unlimited
of the Hungarian people. In all
terests are the weightiest, and their
ttention. They are "*the unnamed*
the smile of victory on their lips
nd fainted and faltered not because
that close upon them "unchronicled,
are always right, always true; and
man, gave their hearts to Kossuth.
ave. It is acknowledged by all
him as their future deliverer. The
nobiles supported him also; the
wer chambers were his warmest
time it cannot be denied that he
s of the *haute noblesse* and wealthy
sprung from the people, and raised
ion in the state by the unaided
and eloquence. Upon all men
bility of any country look with
of England perhaps the least, but
as much as any other in the world.

It was the terrible nature of the crisis alone that induced the high priests of feudalism to admit the clever *parvenu* to the highest seat in their synagogue. They bore him patiently, and obeyed him with reverence until all was over, then they returned like hogs to wallow in the mire of absolutism, and not content with that, they must needs cast some of the filth upon him. They could never forget that one of the first fruits of the revolution was the destruction of many of the most valuable but most oppressive privileges of the aristocracy, and the making all men equal before the law. Their hearts were never with it, and they have consequently taken the earliest opportunity of wreaking their spleen against him who animated, and directed it.

His advocacy of a republic in Hungary must also be necessarily distasteful to them, and in truth the propriety of his doing so has been disputed by many whose motives are above the reach of suspicion. This much, indeed, is certain, that a republic can never meet the wants of a country whose traditions are monarchical, and which has been accustomed to be controlled in all things by the centralised government in the metropolis. It is strange that in discussing the great political changes of our day more attention should not have been paid to the influence of these two facts. It is strange that men should look for the hardy growth of republican institutions in the land where, since the days of the Grand Monarque, the king was the state, and Paris the fountain-head and centre of power, and honour, and fashion; where the will of the sovereign has for ages regulated all things from a declaration of war down to the committal of a drunkard in a country village; where the people have ever been accustomed to pay and obey, and where the simplicity of a commonwealth must seem flat, stale, and unprofitable in the eyes of a gay and excitable population, in place of "the pomp, and pride, and circumstance" of royalty. And it is strange too that men should feel surprised at the prosperity of the model republic across the Atlantic, when they remember that the first settlers were men nurtured in the love of English liberty, grave, austere men, who were accustomed in all things to think for themselves, and act as they thought; men who feared the loss of freedom more than the solitude of the unexplored forests of the far west, more than the terror by night, the arrow that flieth by day, or the pestilence that walketh in darkness. For more than two hundred years their descendants were accustomed to elect their own rulers, to discuss their own affairs, and regulate the expenditure of their own taxes, to sit in council to-day, and hold the plough or wield the axe to-morrow. They knew nothing of monarchs, or ministers, or standing armies. They were their own rulers, and their own soldiers, and their own police. No king had ever been amongst them, and they knew well that neither king nor aristocracy was necessary to their safety, welfare, and progress. When they were forced into war, they carried on a sanguinary campaign of seven years in duration, better than any despot in Europe, with his vast and disciplined military force, his ministry, bureaux, and commissaries, could ever do it, and when all was over they elected their governors and houses of representatives, as they had been accustomed to do before, and all went as calmly, as prosperously, and as securely as if nothing of the kind had ever happened. They had received the best kind of political training—the education of experience. The case of Hungary is very similar to that of the United States, and there is every reason for believing that, inasmuch as republican institutions have now become racy of the soil in America, so also they would take root and flourish on the plains of Hungary. The county assemblies are precisely analogous to the House of Representatives for each state; the viscounts are the governors; and nothing could be easier than to turn the palatine into a president. The county assemblies were composed of men freely elected, who deliberated upon the affairs of the district; and it was they who chose the Diet, which discussed and enacted the laws which were to govern the entire nation. The influence of a monarch who was rarely seen in the country, who ruled at the distance, surrounded by bayonets, was but little felt, and any undue exercise of his power was at all times sternly resisted; in short, the parallel is complete up to the period of the revolutionary war. But here, when the Hungarians were affording the highest proof of the fitness for self-government, it suddenly ceases. The Americans were assisted in their struggle by the

most warlike nation in Europe. The Magyars, on the contrary, had to contend, single-handed, against the two greatest military powers in the world. But they had displayed no less valour in the conflict, and have left a splendid example of heroic fortitude in defeat.

The point which Kossuth has most strongly dwelt upon, is the necessity of carrying out, to its fullest extent, the doctrine of non-intervention, which has now become so great a favourite with the English people. If their loud assertion of this principle means anything, it means that they are anxious that all the nations of the world should be left to manage their own affairs, in whatever manner pleases them. It acknowledges the right to choose its rulers to be inherent in the people themselves, and no more a matter for the consideration or dictation of a foreign sovereign than the domestic affairs of a private individual are for those of the Government of his own country. But if England, while abstaining from interference herself, do not cause other powers to do so likewise, her policy, from being sound and enlightened, becomes selfish and degrading. Nations have duties towards other nations, as well as members of society towards one another. It is unwise and unjust to interfere with a man's disposal of what is his own, but it is cruel to allow another to ravish from him the fruits of his industry and labour whilst we stand calmly by. Every man who is not with the cause of freedom, is against her. To allow the interference of Russia, in the quarrel between Austria and Hungary, was as impolitic as it would have been to have interfered ourselves. Every time that we tamely suffer the triumph of brute-force over right, we do something towards the demoralization of the human species—we lead the masses to applaud and trust in fraud and violence, and to believe in the final triumph of the wrong doer. No darker cloud ever hung over the future of Europe than the Russian empire, as it is organised at the present day,—a vast extent of territory, as large as all the rest of Europe, with an immense population, thinly scattered over its almost boundless surface; a cringing, crouching, degraded, and brutalized people, whom the priests of a faith which professes to be Christian teach from the cradle to reverence the seigneur as their owner, and the emperor as the vicegerent of their God; but hardy, robust, capable of enduring any amount of fatigue, or cold, or hunger. Nearly a million and a half of these men are armed—drilled into the highest state of military discipline. Their religion is a misty and debasing superstition, their education nothing, save the use of an uncouth jargon, picked up in the discomfort of a smoky cabin. The highest duty of their code of morality is implicit obedience to the will of their superiors, and to die in its execution their surest path to the heaven of the saints. They have all the fanaticism of the Saracens, without their chivalry, their poetry, or their learning. At their head is a mendacious, slavish, champagne-drinking, gambling nobility, born and nursed in an atmosphere of tyranny, and worshipping only at the shrine of power and money. Their God is the autocrat Nicholas. His smile can set up, and heads fall at his frown. He is the caliph of the Greek Church. Never was there an organisation so powerful for evil, so dangerous to Christian civilisation and European liberty. Ages must roll over before the moral force can ever gain the ascendant in Russia—before the other nations of Europe can ever hope to act upon her by any other arguments than those of force. She presents the strange spectacle of a Government far in advance of the people, filled with the fraud and cruelty of barbarism, but in possession of the military discipline and science of western civilisation. The Czar is a man of vast projects, of boundless ambition, and unscrupulous in the use of means to bring about the end he has in view. He looks with a gloating eye upon the rich plains of India, and every year spills torrents of blood in the defiles of the Caucasus, in the attempt to get nearer to our possessions in the East. Turkey is tottering to her fall, and he wants but a European war to occupy Constantinople. Napoleon the Great, the man of far views and deep-laid projects, prophesied that Russia would never be content till the Cossacks of the Don watered their horses in the Thames. She has already blotted out one from the list of European kingdoms, and who can tell which will be the next?

Is it wise, under such circumstances, to lay a trap for our own feet—to look calmly on the growth and aggrandizement of an enormous system of brute-force, hostile to all the principles of politics and religion, for the promulgation of which so much of the best blood of England has been shed? Austria already the minion of the czar; Hungary lies bleeding at feet; and the degenerate nephew of the conqueror of Austerl and Borodino sues with 'bated breath for his approval of slaughter and proscription of the bravest and best of a gre and chivalrous nation. To curb the pretensions of the Cza to afford free course to the self assertion of national indep dence—it is not necessary that England should bombard Petersburg, and land an army upon the shores of the Bal Enough of the prestige of victory still remains to give weig to the simple expression of her opinion, even if it were backed by that instinctive deference which is always render by the vilest and coarsest, to a long course of enlighten policy, and a consistent following of the principles of truth justice. Had England acknowledged the independence Hungary early in the struggle, she would have sa her from ruin and misery, and Austria from self-degradati Russia would have hesitated to interfere in the face of su opposition. Now that these two powers have been tw suffered to annihilate the liberties of independent nations, is not to be expected that they will pause in their career conquest and annexation until all the smaller and weak kingdoms of Europe are merged under the same iron yoke.

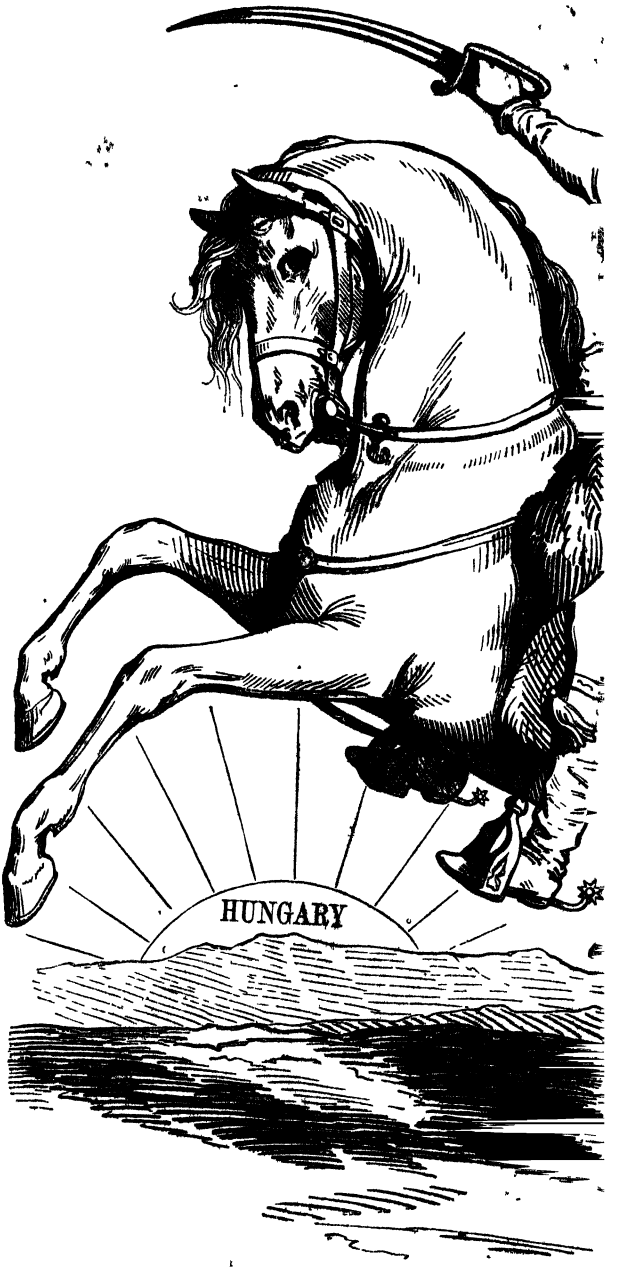
What may be the ultimate result of the struggle now go on in Europe, it is impossible to say. The issue is, of cou in the hands of Providence and of the people. It is greatly be regretted that the latter should be so often slow to ex themselves on behalf of humanity, and should be always re with sympathy and assistance only, when sympathy assistance are well-nigh useless. When the tide has eb the boats and the men are ready; but the patriots strugg afar off with the boisterous waves, exclaim, as they sink sorrowing despair, "Ah! why did they not take it at flow!" We confess we have our doubts of the success issue of Kossuth's mission to this country and America. O he who roused the enthusiasm of the people by his win eloquence is far away, the enemies who have leagued to h him down, and blacken him with slander, remain behin instil their poison daily into the public ear. The mass the people, from want of education, of reading, and discipline, are proverbially as fickle as they are excita When the occasion which aroused them has passed away, principles which they applauded at too often forgotte disregarded, and, like an impatient audience in a theatre, tramp with impatience for the curtain to rise upon and scene and different actors. Our aim in the performance of task which is now closed has been to assist in taking this reproach from their character, and by placing before yes, however imperfectly, the great men who lived fought and laboured in the history of a heroic nation inspire an admiration for liberty and truth which shall not only enthusiastic, but lasting. When the people beg take an interest in foreign affairs, they will enlarge their sympathies and purify their own hearts, and promote growth of that "*solidarity*" which as yet, we fear, exists in name. They will feel that their interests and tho suffering humanity all over the world are identical, and will hate despotism as they hate evil. Safe in our own Island, in blest repose under the joint reign of liberty and let us not survey the storms which rage around us in a calmness and security. Neither the Christian nor the lanthropist can look upon millions of men, with imm minds, shut out from literature, from security of lif property and domestic happiness, ruled by the sabre bayonet, without the deepest emotion. Let us ask ours Can this fearful state of things be remedied by the argu of the philosopher, or the preaching of the divine prece the Author of our religion? Argument is replied to bullet, and the representative of Christ upon earth has le himself, all over Europe, with the worst abominations of c and slavery. The priests and the despots are combin gether for the destruction of everything allied to freed mind or of body. The people have cast off the church, a has sought refuge in the arms of their enemies. Crown mitres have at last forgotten their differences, and have together for the annihilation of opinion.

Surrounded thus by everything that can dispirit and

rten, the suffer… …ns of Europe ask in
pair, where she … …ity for succour, or
at shall aid the… …ir great peril? Let
write or speak … …will, or deprecate it
so earnestly, … …ot conceal from our-
the painful f… … the answer, whether
od back from … …ins of Marathon, or
defile of Ther… …, from the walls of
reaw, or the h… …of Breed's, whether
ght in the lore… …tory, or the impulses
the human heart… …ill the same,—"The
rd is the last re… …f the oppressed." The
small voice … …manity may ask in
der accents, wh… …the remedy is not
se than the dis… …ut the sounds which
reverberating in ou… …from past ages, and
fern brothers, a… …ish of steeds and the
ht of battle.

This will doubtle… …to many a painful
ss; but it is not t… …a truth for all that.
cannot disguis… …ot that the enmity
cking in the hear… …e people against the
ernments of Eur… …find vent at length
bloody struggle … …records of the past
years are writte… …od, and too deeply
e easily effaced. … …t in our power now
revent the strug… …it we may use our
endeavours to … …its horrors. Let
discard henceforth … …or ever the delusion
diplomatic secresy … …has wrought and
tinues to work … …evil. Secresy is
ays a liar and … …ver. Publicity is
ays truthful and … …t. As we would
allow a fellow ci… …be tried and dis-
nd of, even for the… …t crime, alone and
ided, let us not a… …er allow our minis-
o decide upon the… …f nations in the ob-
city of cipher, or … …cesses of a foreign
e. As long as w… …h accordance with
eternal and un… …able principles of
h and justice, w… …I have nothing in
"notes" that we … …feel ashamed of.
ign nations will t… …spect our consis-
y. Our ministe… …cease to be un-
lar; for the poli… …all being based on
same immutable f… …ion, no despot can
that a change in… …dministration can
any benefit to hi… …the old system has
in existence for… …n hundred years,
ook at the state o… …pe at the present
Let us now try … …w one, which the
eans are carryi… …so successfully,
e what its effects … …e. The principle
which the presen… …matists act is in
t contradiction to… …own laws of mo-
y and religion. T… …stice for justice
is the path of hon… …do it only when
its one's interest … …n the long run,
the damnation of … …ion as well as of
dividual. The lat… …the course which
matists follow, … …which the *Times*
ates.

not simple men … …that diplomacy
reat science, which … …but the initiated
mprehend. At … …it is a system of
and chicanery, ne… …ather the cunning
fox than the … …intellect of the
It takes not into … …ration the inter-
f the masses, but … …ms of monarchs;
e fate of kingdo… …been decided by
as of a harlot, or … …ow of a dice-box.
our own law it … …wisely said that
ver is worth reta… …an be grasped by
ck of ordinary u… …anding, so it may
erted with equal truth that whatever is
an international correspondence is a fit
pt for the deliberation and approval of the
ited and thinking part of the population.





Notwithstanding all that has recently taken place, there is no cause for despair. Though it be true that from the shores of Biscay to the banks of the Don, absolutism reigns and the people lie wounded and beneath the yoke, the bow of promise is already hanging over the cloud. The enormous standing armies which the despots are obliged to maintain to protect them against their own subjects will soon work the ruin of their masters. The enormous sums necessary to pay and support them causes a yearly deficit in the revenues of kingdoms, where commerce languishes in the arms of lawless violence; and whether the crash of bankruptcy come next year or in ten years hence, come it assuredly will. The dry earth has not been suffered to drink up the blood of the innocent and unoffending shed on the scaffolds of Milan, and which filled up the hollows around the roots of the trees on the Boulevards. It has risen up to heaven to implore providence to avenge the wrongs of the unfortunate, and set at nought the councils of the princes of the earth. The people of Hungary are panting for a renewal in space in the France will be slow to forgive the covering of the third of December, and res of [illegible] of the struggle have been sent to die by i[illegible] let the slaughters o swamps of Cayenne. [illegible] the poor exiles wh have not wholly failed his [illegible] but he has fastened a bayo[illegible]ches in the noisom and while he opens the g[illegible]e keys of St. Pete to the *Chasseurs de Vincenn*[illegible] Holiness the Pope stabs his own subjects w[illegible]et in his girdle also butcheries and cruelties in [illegible]tes of the kingdom forth the horror and execr[illegible]e with one hand, h world. Everything port[illegible]ith the other. The temporary triumph of desp[illegible] Naples have called nearer. When it c[illegible] a of the civilised the people of England [illegible]nds a crisis, every how far the great pri[illegible]otism is bringing it Kossuth have taken root [illegible]t will be the duty o will bear fruit in their acts [illegible] America to show

It is, of course, impossi[illegible]ples enunciated the issue of an armed strug[illegible]n their hearts, an nothing which history tea[illegible]le to calculate upon clearness, as that the gov[illegible]eggle; but there is for support upon a milit[illegible]arches with so much volcano, and knows no[illegible]ment which leans engulphed. A standing force stands over a gerous, doubly dangerous moment it may be separated from [illegible]n, and arra[illegible]my is always dan the people. And yet when its interests are position upon which the arm[illegible]ed against, those of Austria are at this moment precisely the [illegible]nies of France and clemency of pay, too great str[illegible]t placed. A defi a something light as air catastrophe which will h[illegible]tness of discipline, from their thrones. may precipitate the

In the interval, the dut[illegible]rl the two despots England is plain. It is to [illegible] for what time may bring for[illegible] of the people of gently to obtain and diffuse true with pati[illegible] nature and duties of government, labo[illegible] misled by the specious theories of de[illegible] but to learn all from history, to te[illegible] give no cause for rejoicing to t[illegible], of their cause by the adopt[illegible]tion of wild or crude view[illegible] this kind furnishes a triu[illegible]o regard the masses as "[illegible] still further postpones that "[illegible] which so many brave hearts hav[illegible]ut their blood to hasten, when [illegible]nd sceptres shall be numbered am[illegible]ings of the past, and the people sh[illegible]ir law and government in the pur[illegible]r own hearts, and the correctne[illegible] own judgment.

JULIA.

"Thou art, weary, perhaps," said the young Antonius to his companion, a pensive girl, who languidly reclined upon one of the rich couches that lined the spacious apartment, "thou art weary, for thou seemest to have lost thy relish for the story of the old Greek, shall I amuse thee with one of the Idyls of Theocritus, or with the eterner music of some of our own poets? Or wilt thou leave this too-heavily-scented atmosphere, and this glare of artificial light, and seek with me our accustomed seat beside the fountain? The moonlight is making a pavement of brightest mosaics beneath the avenues of limes and olives, such as the lapidary Sylvius might imitate in vain And dost thou not hear the cool plash of the water? Come, my Julia, thou art drooping to-night, the sweet air will revive thee' and the youth pushed aside, as he spoke, the scroll from which he had been reading The movement aroused the maiden from the reverie into which she had fallen, and she started up, with an evident desire to disguise her abstraction

"What! leaving me so soon, Antonius? I thought thou hadst never tired of thy noble old Grecian

[illegible] sweet, thou art the weary one I wager thee a dozen [illegible] vent the strug- heard one word of that fine passage to which I [illegible] endeavours to thy attention What ails thee of late? [illegible] heard henceforth to be an inattentive listener And thou hast [illegible] plomatic secrets too I fear my old rival, Otho, has been ply- [illegible] inues to work a so, or if thou hast any anxiety, confess it to [illegible] ye a liar and Rosa' and he playfully pointed, as he [illegible] ye truthful and ved in the centre of the ceiling of the apart- [illegible] llow a fellow si, the Romans, indicated silence, and was a sort [illegible] l of, even for the never was uttered beneath it should be regarded [illegible] led, let us not an, [illegible] decide upon the ," said Julia, rising "thy jealousy may [illegible] ty of cipher, or bles me not It is not the hour for supper [illegible] As long as we is just lighted his pharos, so thy friend will [illegible] sternal and un hour' [illegible] and justice, w of going," rejoined the youth, 'that was [illegible] 'notes" that we was only asking thee to go to the garden [illegible] gn nations will t from the flowers an aroma far sweeter than [illegible] . Our minister are pouring forth Come, thou shalt then [illegible] ar; for the poli yes are less glad than they were wont to be [illegible] the immutable f rm winningly around the slender waist of the [illegible] hat a change in

[illegible] s trustingly towards her companion, and, [illegible] o throw her *stola* over her shoulders, they [illegible] ok at the state [illegible] he lighted chamber, and were soon hid [illegible] Let us now [illegible] mes of the garden [illegible] leans are carryi Antonius, said Julia, as she sat [illegible] e what its effects at basin, in the centre of which [illegible] which the presen innumerable columns of water, [illegible] contradiction to own l[illegible] a cause of my seeming dis- [illegible] and religion. T stice for [illegible] nded girl Thou remem- [illegible] the path of hom do it only [illegible] ther's villa, and how [illegible] me's interest' n the long ri[illegible] that our whole system [illegible] damnation of tion as well as o[illegible] n acting as a check [illegible] ividual. The latter the course which [illegible] beings Thou [illegible] atists follow, which the *Times* theory was a [illegible] ites.' mmple of [illegible] not simple men that diplomacy obscu- [illegible] pat science, which but the initiated zzled [illegible] mprehend At of it is a system of [illegible] nd chicanery, n ther the cunning [illegible] fox than the intellect of the [illegible] It takes not into ration the inter- [illegible] the masses, but ms of monarchs; [illegible] e fate of kingdo been decided by [illegible] n of a harlot, or w of a dice-box. [illegible] our own law it h wisely said that [illegible] er is worth reta an be grasped by [illegible] n of ordinary u nding, so it may [illegible] rted with equal truth that whatever is [illegible] n international correspondence is a fit [illegible] for the deliberation and approval of the [illegible] d and thinking part of the population

vided in order to restore him to his Creator's favour again—nothing less than the sacrifice in his stead of one whom they called the Son of God. The earnestness with which they spoke touched me, for tears were on their cheeks as they pronounced the name Jesus My curiosity was awakened, I told them that I had overheard their discourse, and constrained them to relate many more things to me in regard to this new doctrine There was a strange fascination about it, which seemed irresistible It appealed to my heart as well as to my head, and to my inward consciousness as no other philosophy had ever done Again and again did they repeat to me, at my command, what they had learned, until my interest becoming more aroused, I was induced to go disguised and sit as a listener at some of their assemblies"

"Thou!" exclaimed Antonius, starting up from the attitude of attention he had assumed, "thou, frequent with slaves and plebeians these treasonous meetings of the Nazarenes! My proud Julia thus lower her patrician blood! Away with it! Thou wert disgusted, I hope, and hast no inkling now after the levelling fanaticism'

"No, Antonius, I was not disgusted, never, *never* saw I anything so noble as the solemn, earnest, wrapt manner of the grey-haired teacher, or heard I anything so imposing in its persuasive eloquence, as the words that fell from his lips Our Seneca himself never gave utterance to a philosophy purer or more reasonable"

'And how comes it, interrupted *Antonius*, "that this astonishing eloquence has laid hid in this obscurity? This is not wont to be the case with true merit, and it seems thy orator has lived to hoary hairs But I forget, thou art no frequenter of the forum and how shouldst *thou* know what eloquence is?'

'But thou hast taught me the art of reasoning, Antonius, and I could not detect any sophistry in the discourse of the old man"

'And art thou ready to credit the novelties these accursed Christians put forth because thy woman's wit could not unravel their sophistries See, from beneath yon plane-tree the statue of the Stagyrite seems to frown upon thee, that thou settest thyself up to be wiser than he Rely upon it, these doctrines will not long stand sifting I have never heard of them, except among the vulgar who are *not* accustomed to give reasons for their belief, they will not among scholars and philosophers But I am forgetting my engagement with Plautus I must leave thee now, but I will talk with thee on this subject again, and ease thy mind which it delights me to find is, after all, no more heavily burdened

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It was a day of high festival at Rome, and the magnificent city looked still more gorgeous in its holiday array The porti- fill'd with groups of earnest talkers—white bearded senators and dignified patricians, the streets were lined with a busy multitude—young boys, who had not yet donned the *toga virilis* priests in their robes of office, gambolling children, slaves hurrying hither and thither laden with delicacies for the supper of many a disciple of Apicius The public gardens were filled with revellers the statues were hung with garlands of flowers, the air rang with the sound of musical instruments Here a group was gathered round a gaming-table, there another was watching some dice-players who sat upon the broad marble edge of a fountain here a knot pressed round a band of Grecian dancing girls, there, some Roscius was calling forth peals of applause from his noisy auditors The magnificent baths were emptying forth their voluptuous loungers, who, amid an atmosphere heavy with sweet perfumes, reclining upon silver seats inlaid with ivory and cushioned with the damask of Oriental looms, and beneath vaulted ceilings, rich in all the gorgeousness which Roman architects could devise, had been storing for the exertion of the evening part of the day.

[illegible] me was endeavouring to forget that its young Emperor, [illegible] seeming humanity had, at his first accession to the throne, [illegible] the hopes of the people so high, was likely to prove him- [illegible] f Caligula Great had been the rejoicing when to his [illegible] whose imbecility had rendered him successively the [illegible] most infamous wives, succeeded the apparently [illegible] he youth, Nero But his evil propensities were [illegible] and as soon as a theatre vast enough for [illegible] itself, they were brought into full play. [illegible] ans were to witness acts of barbarity in [illegible] human and unnatural son became the [illegible] and hated as she was—a thrill of

horror ran through the public heart, and men trembled for the future which the parricidal deed presaged.

But the delight which Nero took in pleasures of a refining and softening nature, still held out a promise which the most desponding were fain to grasp. The apartments of the imperial palace echoed to the tones of his lyre; and when he showed himself in public, acting as his own charioteer—as was his constant custom—his delicate and almost girlish appearance aroused the enthusiasm of the multitude, and made them forget what was past.

The sun was still some hours high, as Antonius sauntered up and down a lofty and cool arcade, arm and arm with a friend with whom he was in earnest conversation. A sudden movement among the crowd that jostled through the thronged ways, and oft-repeated cries of "The Emperor!—the Emperor!" induced him to advance forward in order that he might see the cause of the excitement. At that moment, the imperial chariot, glittering with gold and jewels, appeared, guided by the emperor himself, who dexterously managed the fiery and impatient horses. The multitude swept aside with the utmost speed, to leave an unimpeded way for the imperial cavalcade. An old blind man, confused by the noise, and not knowing whither he was going, had advanced with extended hands half-way across the paved street, but a short distance before the advancing chariot. Antonius sprang forward to drag him back. "Let him alone!" cried the Emperor, who perceived his design, "let him alone, I will teach him to give way, since he does not choose to do it of his own accord." The hand of Antonius was on the old man's shoulder, but the plunge of the horses at that instant felled the latter to the earth. The chariot wheels passed over him, and left mangled body to be picked up by the attendants behind.

There was horror depicted on the faces of the crowd, that closed together after the passing of the imperial chariot, as the waves close behind the ploughing keel, but no execrations were uttered. Silence suddenly fell upon the hitherto noisy multitude the spirit of festivity was interrupted, and men retired to their homes to brood unseen over the outrage that they had witnessed.

A more than usual quiet succeeded the festive day, and as the twilight deepened into darkness, Julia summoned into her private apartment her two most confidential servants.

"Think you there will be no risk, Glaucus, in my going with you to-night?" said she, turning to the freed-man who had first entered.

"My mistress need fear none," he replied. "The *Via Sacra* is so retired, that it is almost empty at night."

"Then attend me in half-an-hour; Marcia will have me in readiness by that time."

Glaucus withdrew, and the female slave began at once to loosen from the head of her mistress the jewelled fillet that circled it, letting fall as she did so a luxuriant mass of rich hair upon the fair shoulders from which the upper dress had been thrown aside.

The fire with which Julia's dark eyes had once gleamed was tempered now to an unwonted softness; the pride that had lurked formerly about the lines of her finely-cut lips seemed all gone, the consciousness of her beauty's power no longer betrayed itself. The maiden's spirit was undergoing a marvellous change; it was no wonder that Antonius had of late remarked it.

Marcia proceeded to unclasp the sparkling armlets and necklace, and to unbind the rich zone about the slender waist of her young mistress. All marks of rank were carefully laid aside, and when Glaucus appeared, according to her command, she followed him beneath the carved archways and over the tessellated pavements of magnificent apartments, with as heavily a sandalled foot, and a dress in no respect different from that of the female slave beside her. They passed through a group of unquestioning servants in the inner court below, and threaded the mazes of the garden, until they reached a door in the high wall, through which they passed to a private street beyond. They hurried rapidly along, and were soon before a low-browed passage, which they entered. The ascent of several stair-ways brought them to a small apartment, partially filled by persons in the same plebeian garb as themselves. It was an assembly of Christians, met in "an upper chamber" for prayer. Julia knelt with the lowliest; she had been there often before, and had not listened in vain to the instructions of the aged teacher, she had learned humility. She hung with an intensity of interest, such as she had never known before, upon the prayer that was poured forth from the very soul of the venerable teacher, until, through the influence of its glowing fervency, she felt, when she arose from her knees, that she had been holding an audience with the Eternal. The simple hymn of praise which followed, sung with low and suppressed voices, touched her as never music of harp or viol had done—so earnest was the devotion it breathed And when the white-haired old man, bowed down with many years of toil and peril and persecution, but with an eye still flashing with his one absorbing theme, addressed the little audience with eloquent words of holy comfort and hope; when he spoke, with the wrapt ardour of one inspired, of "Christ and him crucified," of his glorying in the cross of Christ, of his readiness to be offered up, to seal with his own blood, if need be, his attachment to this most holy faith—Julia felt as if she too were willing to become a martyr.

The speaker had drunk largely of the spirit of Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, whose companion he had been in some of his sufferings and persecutions, and whose place he had assumed as teacher to the disciples in Rome, since the aged veteran himself was no longer able, by reason of the rigour of his imprisonment in chains, to teach "in his own hired house all that came unto him."

Suddenly the quiet of the assembly was interrupted by the tread of heavy footsteps without. In a moment more the door was thrown open, and two men entered, bearing between them a dead body. The females present shrank back with terror as they carried it past them, and laid it down in an open space in the centre of the chamber, where, having laid aside the covering of the face, they revealed the well-known features of an aged disciple who had often sat in their midst—the old man who had, but a few hours before, perished under the wheels of the imperial chariot. The mangled corpse had been thrown aside hastily by the attendant guard, and it had not been known to the Christians that any of their number had been the victim, until accident discovered it to two of them, who had sought out the body, disrobed it of the bloody clothes, wrapped it for the grave, and now bore it to the place where they knew the brethren were assembled, that fitting obsequies might be performed before they should consign it to its humble tomb. Few present had heard anything of the transaction of the afternoon; no word of it had reached Julia's ear, and she listened with a thrill of horror to the recital And when the narrator proceeded to say that the noble youth who had attempted to rescue the blind old man was Antonius Severus, Julius heard no more, the idea that he too had been crushed beneath the chariot-wheels drove the blood with one bound back to her heart, and she sank swooning to the floor.

Her attendants speedily bore her away; and when with returning consciousness she was assured of her groundless fears regarding Antonius, she was able, though still pale with agitation, to return to her home. The sudden apparition of the ghastly face of the dead man had startled her most painfully, for she had a womanly dread of such sights, unbefitting her Roman blood, which had often been the jest of her young companions when compelled by them to be present at the gladiatorial spectacles.

She ascended to her chamber—one of the loftiest apartments of the house—and was surprised to find it flooded with a ruddy glare of light. She parted the heavy drapery that fell over the window, and the glow of flames in several directions met her eye. At first she thought them only the bonfires which were closing the day of festival, but as she gazed, tongues of flame mounted high into the air, and a confused and tumultuous swell of voices came, borne by the night-wind, to her ear. The conflagration was evidently spreading rapidly, and, filled with alarm, Julia flew along the passages to the supper room, where she knew she would still find her father over his Falernian. Just as she reached the door, it was opened by Antonius, who came out, and hastily closing it behind him, advanced to meet her. As he did so, his eye fell upon her disturbed face and menial dress, which the bronze lamp, suspended from the ceiling overhead, revealed. He gently put her from him again, and holding her at arm's-length, keenly surveyed her.

"Not cured yet of your liking for the fanatical Nazarenes!" he said, reproachfully, as his hand still grasped her arm, "this will not do, Julia; you strangely forget your rank and dignity. If my expressed desire is not sufficient to deter you from exposing yourself in the public thoroughfares after night with no protection but that of slaves, for the sake, too, of attending unlawful assemblies, it would be well to ask yourself if it is no compromise of female propriety."

Julia shook off the hand that still held her arm, and drew her

fine figure to its full height, until, even in her disguise, she looked queenly.

"Can Antonius for a moment allow himself to harbour the idea that Julia would ever do anything that could call in question her maidenly dignity? I had thought his confidence too perfect for that." The tears started to her eyes, and she turned away to hide them.

Antonius was possessed of a quick and somewhat dogmatical temperament, and he felt really angry to find that his wishes had been so little regarded; he was therefore about to pass on without a further word, had not Julia detained him.

She hurriedly communicated to him her alarm, and led him to an upper window that commanded a view of that part of the city where the flames were raging. The simultaneous fires at various points were as inexplicable to him as they had been to her, and it was evident to him, from the speed with which they spread, that great danger threatened the city. Leaving Julia to divest herself of the obnoxious garb she wore, he hastened back with the tidings to the supper-room, where the guests had risen from the couches, and were gathering their togas around them, preparatory to their departure. In a few moments they were all gone, and Antonius and Fluvius, the master of the house, were left alone amidst the luxurious tables and the trains of hurrying slaves. Fluvius sought with all haste an open balcony, where he found his daughter surrounded by a crowd of frightened attendants, while Antonius hastened away to ascertain the extent of the danger. A startling scene met the eye of the gazers! lurid flames illuminated the whole sky, and clouds of murky smoke were gathering thickly above them. The street beneath was filled with flying crowds of women and children, and cries and exclamations of terror arose from them continually, as they fled fearfully by. Slaves loaded with household utensils and furniture went groaning past, and many vehicles, filled with whatever could be snatched from the doomed dwellings, thronged the thoroughfares. Hourly the light grew more brilliant, until it rivalled that of noonday; and more distracting and frightfully distinct became the sight to the occupants of the balcony. The roofs of the houses all around them were covered with persons gazing like themselves with bewilderment and awe upon the increasing conflagration.

With but little intermission, the night was passed by Julia and her father on the balcony; and as it grew towards morning, it became apparent, from the roaring and crackling of the flames, that they were making progress towards them. For hours Julia had watched for the return of Antonius, and her anxious eye had sought in vain for his well-known figure among the living tide that swept through the street beneath.

"My child," said Fluvius, "we have been long enough idle spectators, it remains for us now to look to our safety; for unless the gods interfere, the fires will reach us. Would Antonius were here, that he might conduct thee to the villa!"

"Ha! thy wish has brought him. See! there he comes!" exclaimed Julia; and the two descended together to meet him. After replying to their eager inquiries, he added that he feared there was foul influence at work, for that he himself had seen soldiers resisting all attempts to extinguish the destroying element, saying that they had authority for so doing.

"The gods forbid!" ejaculated Fluvius, "nevertheless, Antonius, I would have you bring hither your sister—she is the only one you have immediately dependent upon you for protection—and with her and Julia, proceed at once to the villa, their safety must be our first concern."

"We go not without you, father," interrupted Julia, throwing her arms at the same time round the neck of the old man.

"Nay, my child, I must remain here while my presence can be of any avail. What could these terrified menials do towards the preservation of my property? I will follow when I can do no service here."

Julia acquiesced; Antonius brought thither his sister, and in a short time the chariot was awaiting them in the court below.

It was with great difficulty that the charioteer could make his way through the obstructed streets, and it required his utmost pep in check the impatient horses, frightened as they he roaring and flashing of the fires. They met with ays in their slow progress towards the city gates, and od many sights which made them turn away, sick at antic horses plunged madly about—children were ... from whom they had been separated—and distracted mothers, as wildly searching for their children.

The sun was just beginning to touch the turrets of one of the imperial palaces, near which they passed, when a strange sight caught the eye of Antonius. He grasped the arm of Julia, and in speechless indignation pointed to the open tower where stood the Emperor, arrayed in the habit of an actor, apparently reciting something with a tragic air, and accompanying himself on the harp, which he held in his hand. To their eyes he seemed the demon of the scene, gloating over the destruction going on around him.

Antonius felt a shudder pass over Julia's frame, and his own brows knit sternly, as he said—"Talk of a just God in heaven! either there is no God, or he concerns not himself with the affairs of men, but leaves them to the government of chance. The blind old man who perished yesterday, I have been told, was a model of virtue, and a Christian; yet is he allowed to be crushed beneath the wheels of yonder wretch, who lives prosperously on, to riot as he now does on human agonies. Call you this justice?"

But Christians believe in a judgment after death, where all these seeming contradictions will be righted," said Julia, earnestly. "Before no fabled Rhadamanthus will yonder wicked prince be called on that day to stand, but before that holy and just being, who will reward him and his victim each according to their several deeds."

With all the speed Antonius could make, it was several hours before he could return again to the city; the villa being some Roman miles distant, and the detentions in the thronged way being many. Fearful was the havoc the insatiable element had made during his absence. He passed near the house where he and his orphan sister had dwelt; it had been swept over by the flames, and everything combustible about it had been consumed. He sought the street in which Fluvius lived, but the flames were raging throughout and all around it so frightfully, that he was driven back, and all attempts to approach it were in vain for many hours. Not until the close of the day, when the work of desolation in that part of the city had been completed, was it safe to enter into the midst of the smoking ruins.

During all this time, had Antonius been searching unsuccessfully for Fluvius among the maddened crowds that rushed distractedly through the streets; and now, over prostrate columns and broken architraves—over demolished porticoes and the dismembered wrecks of Rome's proudest works of art—he urged his difficult and dangerous way towards the desolated mansion, so late the abode of luxury, and the scene of the most generous hospitalities. The massive walls were standing uninjured, but begrimed with smoke, and the interior was an entire wreck. He thought to find his friend lingering about his ruined dwelling; but he sought in vain. Bands of plunderers were at work, picking up what the flames had failed to consume. The smouldering fire was still gleaming up fitfully, and he turned away to the garden, still light as day, notwithstanding the approaching night, from the conflagration raging beyond. The heavy foliage was shrivelled—the shrubbery trampled down by hundreds of feet—the statues thrown from their pedestals—the basin of the fountain emptied of its water and filled with blackened cinders.

He pursued his way, in the hope of finding Fluvius, or some of the household slaves who could give some tidings of him. Loud lamentations at length broke upon his ear, and following the sound, he soon discovered a group of the latter in a remote part of the garden. The cause of their grief was quickly explained: they had seen their master enter the house after the flames had seized upon it, to secure, as they supposed, some scrolls on which he set a high value, and which, in his confusion, he had forgotten, and they watched in vain for his return. They had rushed into the burning building to rescue him, but the suffocating smoke had driven them back, and they could do nothing to save him. He had fallen a sacrifice, and his own beautiful home had proved to him a funeral pile.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

HEIGHT OF MOUNTAINS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—It has usually been considered that Scawfell and Helvellyn, in Cumberland, are the highest English mountains; but from the measurement of the Ordnance surveyors it appears their altitudes are surpassed by two other mountains in Yorkshire—Whernside and Ingleborough, the former of which is 4,050 feet and the latter 3,987 feet above the level of the sea.

EMILE GIRARDIN.

THE recent *coup d'état* in France has not merely affected the men of the sword, but the men of the pen. Nor do we wonder at this. No despotism can last where free thought exists. The ruler who would reign despotically must gag the press; otherwise, he would seek to rule in vain. Napoleon the Great was so conscious of this, that to repress the irony, and eloquence, and ready wit of Madame de Stael, was a matter he deemed of the first importance. Napoleon the Little, in the same spirit, has exiled Emile Girardin from the land of his birth. Nothing exists so powerful in this world as a free press. We do not wonder, then, that in France the tyrant of the hour should seek, by brute force, to subdue—what can never be subdued for long—the written and spoken thought of man.

Emile Girardin has long been known in France—aye, more, in Europe—as the conductor of the *Presse*, a journal which, till the 24th of June, 1848, had a circulation of upwards of 70,000 subscribers. When Paris was placed under the dictatorship of General Cavaignac, and was declared in a state of siege, a great change was made in the state of the press. The caution-money and the stamp having been done away with imme-



M. EMILE GIRARDIN.

diately after the revolution of February, a host of newspapers sprang into existence. They were of all shades and characters, and trusting to their large circulation for a remuneration, they were sold at the lowest possible price. A tolerably-sized paper could be had from a halfpenny to a penny. In June, the caution-money being revived, more newspapers ceased to appear. At the same time, a number of reactionary and revolutionary journals were also suppressed. The most remarkable of these were the *Presse* of Emile de Girardin, and the *Assemblée Nationale*. The loss experienced by the proprietors of these newspapers was of course very great. The *Presse* gave employment to a great number of persons. Almost 200 were employed in delivering it to subscribers and selling it in the streets, and about 600 or 700 were engaged in printing and publishing and writing for it. We do not know what was the number of persons connected with it when Girardin's journal was suppressed by Louis Napoleon. Possibly its circulation may not have been so great; but still it was large—so large as to be a power which Napoleon was afraid to tolerate. As a business paper the *Presse* held the first rank; and its money and commercial articles were written with the greatest care. In general and political news it nearly equalled the *Debats*—a paper which has been supposed to stand at the head of the French press.

But we must now speak of the editor himself. Girardin is, perhaps, the cleverest newspaper writer in France. Any cause he undertakes has in him a most powerful supporter. He spares neither time nor pains. Of most active habits, he works fifteen or sixteen hours a day. His opponents tremble at his biting sarcasms. A man of great courage and energy, he gives no quarter. He had much to do with the downfall of Louis Philippe. This he did by writing on finance, and thus attacking the weak points of the French Government. He clearly demonstrated that, unless some change was immediately made, France would become bankrupt. To his political opinions we can not give much praise. Self has always predominated; and the only wonder is that he has never become entangled in legal prosecutions. The style of M. Girardin is very difficult to foreigners. In some respects it resembles that of M. Dumas, his articles being often composed of long strings of detached words and sentences. The difficulty to persons not thoroughly conversant with French consists in the inversions and entanglement of his style, which often cause his meaning entirely to escape the reader.

Girardin, though thus the victim of injustice, does not

retire beaten from the contest. It was rumoured that he was going to America; a tempting offer having been made by the proprietor of a French newspaper existing in that country. A later account says that he will establish in Belgium a paper, to which we doubt not that his popularity will ensure [illegible]. The literary man in France has a different position [illegible] which he has in this country. The anonymous there does not exist—a writer signs his name to his articles. Consequently he writes in his best style, and aims at brilliancy and power. If he be successful, his name becomes familiar. It is a possession in itself. It brings to him riches and rank and fame. In England the literary man has no such inducements. To spur him there is no such golden future. His name is never heard. Through life he wears a mask, and his personal existence is never known. It is only in France, then, such men are principalities and powers, before which the proudest representatives of ancient dynasties turn pale, and to which all men submit. And it is only in France, then, Captain Sword is compelled to urge war with Captain Pen—a war difficult for brute force to continue long—a war in which its defeat is sure.

We have spoken of the power of the press in France as that which is its due; but we must make an exception; we must not be understood as speaking in praise of lighter French literature. The best exponent of the feelings and manners of a nation is to be found in its lighter works of fiction; for they at once take their colouring from the ideas prevalent at the time, and tend also to reproduce them. The French, however, protest strongly against any such criterion being used in judging of them. And well they may, for it would rank them in the lowest scale of morality as a nation. There is a story told of a traveller who, having hastily to quit Paris, and wishing to take some books to read on the road, selected, without examination, some thirty or forty volumes with the most inviting titles; but, on opening them, they proved to be so thoroughly licentious and disgusting, that the traveller threw them out of the carriage window to escape being suspected of reading works so utterly profligate. Things have mended somewhat since then, but the Parisian press still teems with publications of the most demoralising tendency. Such of them as are translated into English are not only the best, but also the least objectionable, of their class; but anyone reading even them may picture to himself the low tone of morals prevalent in France. The drama is quite as bad; and some years ago the most popular light piece on the Parisian boards was one in which three of the characters were *aux petit soins* with each other's wives. Yet, in spite of all this, it is affirmed by a good authority that the immorality said to be so prevalent in Paris is almost wholly confined to the extremes of society, and that no better wives are to be found than those of the middle classes.

PEACE OR WAR?—We are not inobservant of the talk of many of our "Peace Society" friends. But in our grave judgment the tendencies of not a little of that talk are anything but wise, anything but *humane*. We have a deep horror of war—of the war which destroys by the sword. But we have a deeper horror still of the war that destroys by the many thousand forms of lingering death that are ever taking place beneath the dark wings of the demon of absolutism. To die in the battle-field may be terrible—to die in the night, and loneliness, and foulness of the dungeon is a thousand-fold more terrible. We lament that thousands should perish as seamen or soldiers; but we lament with a sadder grief that millions should be dwarfed in mind, corrupted in heart, thrust down from their place as men, to be used up as so much mere material—and all that a certain family may rule, or that some lunge possessor of power may continue to possess it. Absolutism is the upas tree of the mind. It inverts every principle of morals. It knows nothing of religion except as an engine of state. Man ceases to be man as subject to its pressure. We have no wish to see the world at the bidding of such masters. The cost must be great that should not be freely incurred to put it in far other hands. To bear with absolutism, wherever it can be put down, is to be false to humanity and to God.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

THE Americans are getting ready their Exhibition to be held next summer. It will not beat that we held in Hyde-park; but, for all that, it may be a very successful one. We trust it may be so. We trust that it may foster the spirit of good-will which our own intended to cherish among the nations of the earth. We trust that it may promote the reign of industry and peace, and human brotherhood.

But our readers may wish to know what has become of the Crystal Palace. That, and its wonders, they cannot have forgotten by this time. Some curiosity respecting it must prevail in the minds of the millions who gazed upon its pomp and splendour. We believe that we may state, for their gratification, that the Crystal Palace may at last be said to be cleared out. By this time every package is gone, all the partitions removed, and the vast area open from end to end. In a few days the public will no doubt be admitted once more into the interior. They will be able to contrast the present deserted aspect with what it was a few months ago, and to estimate how far the gigantic structure is worth preservation, and what purpose of utility, amusement, and instruction it may serve. The wooden panelling which closes in the ground-floor is now exposed, and looks rather unsightly. Many of the columns, too, have their lower parts unpainted, for the work of decoration was overtaken by the exhibitors bringing in their goods, and the evidences of the rapidity with which the preparations for the opening were carried forward are now bared to the eye of the most cursory spectator. While the public are thus about to test by actual inspection whether they will keep the Crystal Palace, the Government are collecting such information upon the subject as may be demanded from them when it comes on for discussion. The Lords of the Treasury have appointed a commission of three members to ascertain the cost of purchasing the building, of keeping it in repair, of making it a permanent structure, of removing it to some other situation, and generally, the purposes to which, if retained, it could best be applied. The commission consists of Lord Seymour, Sir William Cubitt, and Dr. Lindley, and it is now actively engaged in taking evidence on all these points. Lord Seymour, says the *Times*, has hitherto shown far more affection for the iron [illegible] in front of the Crystal Palace than for one of the greatest architectural achievements of his age, but he has recently given some tardy evidence of regard to public opinion, which induces us to hope that at the last moment he may hesitate to incur the obloquy which after times will attach to the destruction of such a building. At the Society of Arts the series of lectures suggested by Prince Albert is in course of delivery. Dr. Whewell has in eloquent language expounded the general principles and philosophic results of the Exhibition. Sir Henry De La Beche has given an elaborate review of the minerals and mining processes displayed. Professor Owen and Mr Jacob Bell have discoursed before the Society on the departments of the Exhibition, of which they were most competent to treat, and Dr. Lyon Playfair has again, from the chemical display in Hyde-park, enforced his views on industrial education. The intention of the Government with reference to the construction of a National Gallery in or near Hyde-park, the necessity which exists for remodelling the School of Design and providing more suitably for the accommodation of the students; the crowded state of the British Museum, which renders more space unavoidable, are all considerations more or less mixed up with the disposal of the surplus, and which point to a combined movement, whereby those closely associated interests may be brought together and appropriately provided for. The Royal Commission possess under their new charter the most ample powers, and the tendency at present seems strongly in favour of concentrating round the Crystal Palace collections and institutions which would bring into closer and more intimate relations with each other the most eminent men in science, in art, and manufactures, all over the world. Under the care of Lieutenant Tyler, the Trades' Collection is making rapid progress. There is little doubt that this trades' collection will be preserved from becoming a mere useless show buried under glass cases. Every means will, it is said, be used to render it a really practical thing, the rendezvous of all novelties, accessible to experimentalists, and free from the deadening influences of an antiquarian character. Sir Stafford Northcote is preparing for the Royal Commission an elaborate report, in which a large and highly interesting mass of statistics connected with the Exhibition will be included. Almost the only point on which

re still remain much in the dark is the statement of expenditure. There is one subject of unmixed satisfaction to the promoters of his great undertaking, and which now, at the close of their abours, they are permitted to realise. The foreign exhibitors have cleared out of the building, on the whole well pleased with he treatment which they have experienced while their contributions remained there. The handsome presents from the French Government to the Prince Consort, Lord Granville, and Mr. Dilke, are evidences of this feeling among our nearest neighbours. The complimentary letters from foreign commissioners, which from time to time have been published, are further proofs of this happy feeling, and even the following return of presents given to he police in charge of the building, is not without its significance and interest in the same direction.—In money from France, £28 12s.; Great Britain, £16 2s. 6d.; Portugal, £5, North Germany, £5, Canada, £3 3s., China, £1; East India, £30 (to Superintendent Pearse), amounting altogether to £88 17s. 6d; besides other presents of shawls, bonnets, pen-knives, snuff-boxes, &c., distributed, with the above exceptions, to eleven sergeants and seventy-three constables. The medals awarded at the close are now in rapid progress of distribution, and the dissatisfaction which some of them, not always unfairly, created, has gradually given way to a feeling of acquiescence in the general impartiality of the decisions. When another exhibition, however, takes place, it seems extremely doubtful whether, after the experience of 1851, any awards of prizes will be attempted. An ingenious discovery of Wheatstone's, improved by Sir David Brewster, has enabled the skilful photographer to produce pictures of the Exhibition as complete in everything but colour as those formed upon the retina of a spectator's eye. You have the image of every object as it stood, its amount of projection, the atmosphere and perspective of the interior, all realised before you with the vividness of an actual scene, though with a spectral effect It is he place as it would be seen by moonlight. The philosophic explanation of this singular discovery would occupy more space than we can now conveniently devote to it, and a personal visit to Mr Claudet, the well-known photographer, in Regent-street, will be the simplest method for all who are interested in this subject to gratify their curiosity. Here it will be sufficient to say that he effect is produced by taking two Daguerreotype or Talbotype impressions of the same object, at an angle corresponding with hat at which you look with each eye. These pictures are placed n one frame, and slid into an instrument called a stereoscope, which somewhat resembles an opera-glass in shape On looking at them through the stereoscope the two pictures are seen as one, and that, to use a bold expression, looks exactly like the ghost or spectrum of the original to which it refers. Wheatstone's discovery is now about twelve years old, but the remarkable application of it which we now record, and its extended publicity, are due to the Great Exhibition, where the stereoscope was brought by an ingenious French optician.

IGNITION OF NATURAL GAS ON CHAT MOSS.

A CORRESPONDENT has favoured us with the following:—"Not having seen any account of the ignition of natural gas on Chat Moss, I beg to give you the result of my visit there a few weeks since. It appears that the gas has been brought to light by the process of boring for water. A short time ago the workmen commenced, and for the first sixteen feet the boring was through moss and mossy substances; then came about sixteen feet of marl; after which there were two or three feet of sand; and whilst scooping through this portion of the earth the gaseous matter made its appearance. The first indication of it was by a sudden noise or report, though not very loud, accompanied by a slight sulphurous smell. A stream of gas then floated along the surface of the ground, and a lighted candle having been applied, the gaseous air immediately took fire, and was converted into a blaze of considerable dimensions. A long pipe, of about ten or twelve inches in circumference, was then procured and inserted in the ground for two or three feet in depth, and ascending upwards for about thirty-five feet. The gas, being thus conveyed above the level of the neighbouring forest-trees, is allowed to burn with all its force, and exhaust itself in the desert air. I was told, that it had been burning for the previous week, with one or two short intermissions, when the flame was extinguished by the high wind and storms, which are of no ordinary character within the confines of Chat Moss. On Wednesday night the flame appeared to be eight or nine feet in length, and had a yellowish cast, mingled occasionally with beautiful tints of blue; and the light thrown out by it was strong enough to enable me to see the time by my watch at a distance of about one hundred yards. On putting my ear to the pipe the sound of the gas travelling through it was distinctly heard, and resembled the noise that would arise from a quantity of water rushing along. I am informed, that a similar bore has since been made on the Moss within two hundred yards from the same spot, but not with the like result; no gas or gaseous matter being discovered. I send you this statement simply as facts, without troubling you with scientific comment. To me, the blaze of light was curious, and the whole scene interesting; but what is the nature of the gas or its particular qualities? Whether it arises from decomposed trees and vegetable matter, or from mines of coal or cannel, or from the vasty deep, or how near akin it is to the oldfashioned Will-o'-th'-wisp, I give you not my speculations. I simply record an account of my visit. I may add, that the *locus in quo* is on the right side of the railway as you proceed from Liverpool to Manchester, and within two hundred yards of the Barton oss-station."

A MERRY HEART.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

'Tis well to have a merry heart,
However short we stay;
There's wisdom in a merry heart,
Whate'er the world may say
Philosophy may lift its head
And find out many a flaw,
But give me the philosophy
That's happy with a straw!

If life but brings us happiness—
It brings us, we are told,
What's hard to buy, though rich ones try
With all their heaps of gold!
Then laugh away—let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth!
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth.

There's beauty in a merry laugh—
A moral beauty too—
It shows the heart's an honest heart
That's paid each man his due.
And lent a share of what's to spare
Despite of wisdom's fears,
And made the cheekless sorrow speak,
The eye weep fewer tears.

The sun may shroud itself in cloud,
The tempest-wrath begin,
It finds a spark to cheer the dark,
Its sunlight is within;
Then laugh away, let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth,
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth!

THE ANCIENT USE OF A KISS.—A Roman woman in the ancient time was not allowed to drink wine, except it were simple raisin wine; and, however she might relish strong drinks, she could not indulge, even by stealth: first, because she was never intrusted with the key of the wine cellar; and, secondly, because she was obliged daily to greet with a kiss all her own as well as her husband's male representatives, down even to second cousins; and, as she knew not when or where she might meet them, she was forced to be wary and abstain altogether, for had she tasted but a drop, the smell would have betrayed her. "There would have been no need of slander," says Polybius. So strict were the old Romans in this respect, that a certain Ignatrus Mercurius is said to have slain his wife because he caught her at the wine cask—a punishment which was not deemed excessive by Romulus, who absolved the husband of the crime of murder. Another Roman lady, who, under the pretence of taking a little wine for her stomach's sake and frequent infirmities, indulged somewhat too freely, was mulcted to the full amount of her dowry.

MISCELLANEA.

DOMESTIC LIFE.—Pleasure is to a woman what the sun is to the flower; if moderately enjoyed it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves—if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary for the full development of her charms as the shade and the shadow are to the rosé, confirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE—Who seeth not how great is the advantage arising from this knowledge, and what misery must attend our mistakes concerning it For, he who is possessed of it, not only knoweth himself, but knoweth what is best for him. He perceiveth what he can do, and what he cannot do; he appliеth himself to the one, and gaineth what is necessary, and he is happy; he attempts not the other, and, therefore, incurs neather distress nor disappointment.

ERSKINE puzzled the wits of his acquaintance by inscribing on a tea-chest the words "*Tu doces.*" It was some time before they found out that the wit of it lies in the literal translation—"Thou tea chest."

THE CRISIS OF AFFAIRS.—Certain editors are always writing about the "crisis of affairs," and we believe no editor could write unless he had a crisis; but what the editor of the *Go-a-head-Journal* really calls a "crisis of affairs" is—"Having to write whilst the baby is crying—your wife is asking you for the hundreth time what yo will have for dinner—the butcher is d claiming in the hall, loud enough for the Deaf Asylum to hear him, that he will not give any more credit—the servant is scrubing the floor over head—the water is coming into the cistern—two hurdygurdies are playing opposite your window —and the printer's devil is knocking at the door for copy. That is something like a 'crisis of affairs,'" he says, "which America may thank its stars it isn't the editor of a paper, or else it might be troubled with such a crisis regularly once a week."

HOW TO GET IT.—The following is not new, but it is both good and true. Parents, "tame them to death," themselves the cause —Mother I want —I haven't got any —I know there's some I saw it when you er—Well, you don't hurts children. Child ing), I do want a piece; mother, mayn't I have a piece? Mother—Be still. I can't get up now, I'm busy. Child—(Still crying.)—I want a piece o cake. Mother—(Rising hastily and reaching a piece.)—There, take that, and hold your tongue! cut it up quick. I hear Ben coming. Now don't tell Ben you've had any. (Ben enters.) Child—I have had a piece of cake; you can't have any. Ben—Yes, I will; mother give me a piece Mother—There, take it, it seems as if I never could keep anything in the house. You see, sir, if you got any more. (Another room.) Child—I've had a piece of cake! Young sister—Oh, I want some too. Child —Well, you bawl, and mother will give you a piece; I did.

ONE WAY TO NULLIFY A BAD LEASE.—There is a shrewd and wealthy old Yankee landlord away down in Maine, who is noted for driving his "sharp bargains"—by which he has amassed a large amount of property. He is the owner of great number of dwelling-houses, and it said of him that he is not over-scrupulous in his rental charges whenever he can find a customer whom he knows to be responsible. His object is always to lease his houses for term of years, to the best tenants, and get te utmost farthing in the shape of rent. A diminutive Frenchman called on him last winter, to hire a dwelling he owned n Portland, and which had long remained mpty. References were given, and the Yankee landlord ascertaining that applint was a man "after his own heart" for tenant, immediately commenced to "jew" im. He found that the tenement appeared to suit the little Frenchman, and he placed an exorbitant price upon it; but the lease was drawn and duly executed, and enant moved into his new quarters. Upon he kindling of fires in the house, it was found that the chimneys wouldn't "draw," and the building was filled with smoke. The window sashes rattled in the wind at night, and the cold air rushed through a hundred crevices about the house, until now unnoticed. The snow melted upon the roof, and the attics were drenched from leaking. The rain pelted, and our Frenchman found a "natural" bath room upon the cellar-floor—but the lease was signed, and the landlord chuckled—"I hav ben vat you call humbug vis zis vile *maison*," muttered our victim to himself a week afterwards—"but *n'importe*—ve sall see, ve sal see!"—Next morning he rose bright and early, and passing down town he encountered the landlord.—"A-ha! *Bonjour, monsieur*," said he, in his happiest manner. "Good day, sir. How do you like your house?" "Ah! Monsieur—elegant, *beautiful*—magnificent! *Eh bien, Monsieur*,—I hav but ze ono regret—" "Ah! What is that?" "Monsieur—I sal live in zat house but tree little year." "How so?" "I have find, by vot you sal call ze *leese*, you hav give me ze house for but tree year, and I hav ver mooch sorrow for zat." "But you can ..ave it longer, if you wish—" "Ah, Monsieur—I sal be ver mooch glad if I can hav zat house *so long as I please*—eh, Monsieur?" "Oh certainly—certainly, sir."

Tres bien Monsieur! I sal walk right to your offees—an you sal give me vot you call ze leese for zat *maison* jes *so long as I sal vant ze house.* Eh, Monsieur?" "Certainly, sir. You shall stay there your life time, if you like." Ah, Monsieur, I hav ver mooch tanks for dis accommodation." The old leases were destroyed, and a new one was delivered in form to the French gentleman, giving him possession of the premises for "such period as the lessee may desire the same, he paying the rent thereof promptly," &c., &c. The next morning, our crafty landlord was passing the house, just as the Frenchman's last load of furniture was being started from the door; and an hour afterwards a messenger called on him with a "legal tender" for the rent for eight days, accompanied with a note as follows: —"Monsieur, I hav bin shmoke—I hav bin drowned—I hav bin frees to death in a period as

as so I
v give you so key]—*Bonjour, Monsieur*" It is needless to add that our Yankee landlord has never since been known to give up a bird in the hand for one in the bush!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MALCOLM writes word he is a married man, aged 31, and wants to know if he has any chance of getting a situation in America as a draper's assistant. We answer, none whatever. We recommend none to go to America unless first-class workmen, and they can get work more easily, and live quite as well, at home.

S. A. wishes to acquire conversational powers. He says "I have a larger amount of knowledge perhaps than most I meet with, yet I show so wretchedly in company, I am ashamed to go into it. My sentences are so undignified, and clumsily, and often tardily, constructed, that nothing can be more remote from elegance." We can only recommend S.A., to go more into society, and to seek to talk. Practice makes perfect. He can write very well, and, if he accustom himself to talking, in time he will speak very well.

W. F.—If you wish for THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND in Melbourne, you must get some bookseller there to procure it for you as it comes out in volumes.

W. W. S.—You had better get some bed-room cheap, and then join an institution like the Whittington Club, Arundel-street, Strand, where you can take your meals, and have access to lectures and classes, and books, besides the magazines and newspapers of the day.

JAMES JACKSON.—Pontifex Maximus is a pagan title, and was assumed by the Emperor for time being. Pope Alexander VI. died of poison.

COMUS.—An Index is published to THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH.—The latest accounts from Australia make no mention of a want of shoemakers. But we learn from the immigration agent at New Zealand that there is a demand for them there.

J. E.—The price of Jonathan Dymond's essay on the "Principles of Morality" is 4s. 6d., it is published by Charles Gilpin.

S. J. B.—It is difficult to say what the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill empowers the Attorney-General to do. Certainly, at present no steps have been taken under it.

REV. THOMAS TAYLOR.—In the last number of the "Colonization Circular" we learn that an extensive establishment has been formed at Sydney for the reception of orphan immigrants, and that arrangements have been made for the reception into it of all UNMARRIED FEMALES who may come to the colony unaccompanied by friends or relations. There is a matron in charge of the establishment, under whose care the females will be placed; and they will receive the advice and assistance of a committee, comprising clergymen of the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, and the Church of Rome, and other members who, from their official position, or general experience, are well qualified to form a correct opinion of the characters of applicants for servants, and to advise immigrants accordingly as to the engagement at which it would be most conducive to their interests to accept. We have no later information on this subject.

JOHNSON B.—Facts are in favour of the financial legislation of later years. In spite of reductions of taxation year after year, the receipts keep up almost to the highest point at which they ever reached. A more gratifying picture still is the diminution of expenditure, which is carried so far by judicious retrenching, as well as by the constant falling in of the expensive leases left upon the country by previous misgovernment, as to leave as a surplus upon the year, of income over expenditure, of more than three millions and a half pounds sterling—the greatest amount ever yet known or realisable, even in the days of the abandoned stinking fund.

ADOLPHUS.—You have read himself sufficient Latin to understand the Latin phrases in general use without the aid of a master. All he needs is a grammar and dictionary.

HAMILTON.—The Lollards were usually regarded as disciples of Wycliffe, but they seem to have been rather a sect of foreign origin, whose opinions are guessed coincident with those of Wycliffe. The name is derived "probably from ... Lollhard, the German Reformer, who ... at Cologne in 1322, for holding opinions ... similar to those held by the English Lollards ... thirteenth century.

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THE
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CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

THE LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, AND RELIGION OF CHINA.



CHINESE FAMILY PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN, IN 1851.

According to tradition, the ancient mode of communicating ideas among the Chinese was by knotted cords, employed to express the will of their sovereigns, and aid in social intercourse. The next step was the invention of symbols, about two thousand six hundred years before the Christian era, and appears to have been suggested by appearances in the heavens, the footsteps of birds and beasts on the sand, and the veins on the back of the tortoise. The present system of writing, so far as regards the formation of the characters, originated from various sources. One was a resemblance to natural objects, in which any of them were described by rude imitations; such as an idle schoolboy among us will sometimes trace on his slate, but which requires the appendage of "a mountain," "a moon," or "a cat." Another was from comparison, or a borrowed use of words, which have hence acquired a literal and a figurative meaning, as the character for "a fierce boar" denotes also "a brave warrior." Others were the association of ideas, reversing or inverting the symbol, and a variety of modes, the detail of which would not interest the reader. The elementary principles of the language, based on pictorial representations of familiar objects, and abstract conceptions symbolized, are two hundred and fourteen; or roots, the simplest form to which a character can be traced. Its oral properties consist of four hundred and eleven monosyllables, modified by five tones. "Symbols," it was remarked by a late eminent Chinese scholar, the Rev S Kidd, "Symbols presented to the mind in conversation, or to the eye in reading, constitute more valuable vehicles of thought than alphabetic signs, and are, moreover, of great importance to the preservation of language in its original purity. China, though the subject of numerous political changes, which generally exercise corresponding influence over modes of speach, has retained the same written tongue through all periods of her history. It is, doubtless, owing to the symbolic mode, that there are not as many written languages as provincial dialects, and that one medium, addressed to the eye, has been, for many centuries, understood through out China and several neighbouring countries."

The Chinese have their figures of thought in composition, as well as ourselves and other people. Two or three instances cannot fail to be acceptable. They have, for example, comparisons whereby instruction or reproof is veiled under the form of allegory. Mencius, a disciple of Confucius, desirous of convincing the sovereign that it was his own fault if he did not acquire universal dominion, proceeded in the following manner:—"'Should any one say to your majesty, I have strength to raise three thousand castles, but am unable to take up a feather; I can discern the smallest atom, but cannot see a cart-load of hay, would your majesty credit his assertion?'—The *king*. 'Certainly not; it is an absurdity.' 'Yet,' replied *Mencius*, in what other light can the conduct of your majesty be viewed, who takes care of animals, but utterly neglects human beings. That you do not extend your dominions is, therefore, not because you are unable, but unwilling.' The king inquired the difference between unwillingness and inability. *Mencius* 'Should your majesty command your servant to haul this mountain into the sea, he would justly reply, 'I am unable.' His inability would excuse his disobedience. But if, when ordered to pluck that flower, he should return the same answer, his disobedience would arise from unwillingness, not from inability. Your majesty's conduct is exemplified not in failing to remove the mountain, but in refusing to pluck the flower.'"

When conversing with another prince, whose attention he wished to direct to his misgovernment, Mencius related a parable, which will, doubtless, remind the reader of Nathan's appeal to David:—"'One of your majesty's servants entrusted his wife to the care of a friend during his absence at Tsoo, and found her on his return perishing with hunger and cold. What ought the husband to do?'—*The king*: 'Discard his perfidious friend.'—*Mencius*: 'What must he done to a superior officer who cannot rule those under his control?'—*The king*: 'Let him be deposed.'—*Mencius*: 'And since there is no regular govern-
t within the borders of your majesty's dominions, how is
vil to be corrected?' The king, without replying to the
turned aside, and entered into conversation with his
ants."

e following is a specimen of another kind of composition.—

"The philosopher perambulating a mountain forest, approached a tree adorned with noble branches and luxuriant foliage, beneath which woodmen stood with their axes, but did not attempt to cut it down. On inquiring why the tree was permitted to stand, he was told it was useless, and hence it was allowed to complete the period ordained by heaven. The philosopher left the mountain, and visited an old friend, who was delighted to see him, and ordered a goose to be killed for his entertainment. The servant said, 'There are but two, sir; one dumb, and the other possessed of its natural voice; which am I to kill?' 'The dumb one,' replied the master. On the morrow the disciples of the philosopher asked him where he would choose his position, since the same reason—the want of utility—was alleged for the preservation of the tree and the destruction of the bird. Their master, smiling, said: 'If I pursue a medium between possession of talent and the want of talent, I shall appear to be what I am not, and how then can I escape trouble? But if, by reason and virtue, as in a magnificent chariot, I ascend into the presence of the great Parent of the universe, controlling affairs, but not depending upon them, I can never be involved in calamity."

The Chinese have many proverbs. The "excellent sayings," as they are called, of the Chinese philosophers, are held in the highest veneration. Confucius is styled "the instructor of ten thousand ages"—"the perfect sage," and they speak of his precepts as "the glory of ancient and modern times." The following are some of the maxims and sayings of this singular people.—"The loftiest building arises from small accretions.—Let me fulfil my own part, and await the will of heaven.—Frugality is not difficult to the poor, nor humility to the low.—The best swimmers are oftenest drowned, and the best riders have the worst falls.—The people are the roots of a state; if the roots are flourishing, the state will endure.—The blind have the best ears, and the deaf the sharpest eyes.—The mandarin is not so secure as the husbandman.—It is better to suffer an injury than to commit one.—He who is willing to inquire will excel, but the self-sufficient man will fail.—Anger is like a little fire, which, if not timely checked, may burn down a lofty pile.—He who is clothed in silk, is seldom a rearer of silk-worms.—Every day cannot be 'a feast of lanterns.'—If men will have no care for the future, they will soon have sorrow for the present.—Kind feeling may be paid with kind feeling; but debts must be paid with hard cash.—Produce much, consume little labour diligently, spend cautiously."

A resemblance has been traced between some of the Chinese maxims and the Proverbs of Solomon. The following are instances:—

CHINESE MAXIMS.	PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.
"Virtue is the surest road to longevity; but vice meets with an early doom."	"The fear of the Lord prolongeth days, but the years of the wicked shall be shortened." (x. 27.)
"The heart is the fountain of life."	"Out of the heart are the issues of life."—(iv. 23)
"Honours come by diligence; riches spring from economy."	"The hand of the diligent shall bear rule; but the slothful shall be under tribute."—(xii. 24.)
"If you love your son, give him plenty of the cudgel; if you hate your son, cram him with dainties."	"He that spareth his rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."—(xiii. 24.)
"The slow horse is fated to receive the lash; the worthless man will ultimately get his deserts."	"A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back."—(xxvi. 3.)
"A virtuous woman is a source of honour to her husband; a vicious one causes him disgrace."	"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband; but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness to his bones."—(xii. 4.)
"When mandarins are pure, the people are happy."	"When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn."—(xxix. 2.)

"The rich man's wealth is his strong city; the destruction of the poor is their poverty."—x. 15.)

"A man without money is a reptile; but with money a dragon."

Maxims are often written in China, on silk or paper, or carved in wood, and hung in pairs, on the walls of dwellings and temples, as ornaments. In ancient times, before the invention of paper, documents were written on slips of bamboo. On these characters were inscribed, prior to the invention of pencils and ink, with a pointed instrument.

The principal religion of China is Buddhism, or Boodhism. It prevails also in Burmah, Siam, Ceylon, Japan, and Cochin-China. Its founder is said, in the Burmese books, to have been a son of a King of Benares, that he flourished about 600 years B.C.; and that, in various ages, he had ten incarnations. The Boodhists do not believe in a First Cause, but consider matter eternal, and that every portion of animated existence has its own rise, tendency, and destiny, in itself. They suppose a superior Deity raised to that rank by his merit; but he is not governor of the world. The lowest state is hell, the next souls in the form of brutes, both being states of punishment, and that the state above—that of man—is probationary. They believe that there are four superior heavens; below these, twelve others, and that there are six other inferior heavens. After these comes the earth; then the world of snakes; then thirty-two chief hells, and one hundred and twenty hells of lesser torment. The great motive for doing good and worshipping Shudda, is the hope of obtaining absorption into the nature of the god, and being freed from transmigration.

The Chinese Empire is full of Buddhist temples, and swarms with the priests of that system. They profess to renounce all domestic ties—take a vow of celibacy—shave their heads—dwell in temples—abstain from animal food—and subsist on the voluntary offerings of the people. The gods they worship are "the three precious Buddhas." They are generally represented half-naked, with woolly hair, in a sitting posture, one holding an egg in his lap; one adorned with a sacred thread, and one with his finger upraised, as though employed in the work of instruction.

In front of the three images, or in a separate temple, is an image of Kwang-yin, the goddess of mercy; on one side in a niche, the god of war, and in the other, the protectress of seamen. A high table, for candles and incense, stands before the images, and in the centre of the temple is a large iron cauldron, for burning gilt paper in; on either side the hall are placed a bell and a drum, to arouse the attention of the god, when important persons arrive to engage in his service, and a few cushions and mats, on which the worshippers kneel, make up the whole furniture of a Bhuddist temple. They have no Sabbaths, nor periodical sessons of rest, they observe the new and full moon, with special solemnity; and keep, on the whole, one hundred and sixty-two fast days every year; besides the matins and vespers of each day.

"At a famous Chinese pagoda," say some visitors, "a pagoda situated among granite rocks, on the sea-shore and consisting of various attached temples, with places for offerings, all in the grandest style of nationally fantastic architecture, we met a mandarin of high rank, coming to worship, with a long train of attendants. We were not allowed to follow him into the shrine, whither he went to prostrate his magnificence before a deaf, dumb, blind, lame, dead stock, which a man who durst not have looked him in the face, had they met by the way, may have carved out of a piece of wood, and when he had finished his work, gathered up the chips, and made a fire with them to boil his paddy-pot.

"But, we had an opportunity of witnessing the antic tricks exhibited by another personage, of no mean rank, at the same temple. Immediately on his arrival, he put a white robe over all his other clothing. While he was doing this, a man brought a large wooden tray, on which were laid two ribs of fat pork, a boiled fowl, and a baked fish. These were placed upon an altar table before the idol, together with a teapot, and five porcelain cups. The worshipper first poured water out of the pot into each of the cups. He then produced a bundle of incense-sticks, rolled in sacred papers, which, having reverentially lighted, he fixed them one by one—there might be thirty in all—before the idol, on either hand of it, and in various niches, both within, and on the outside of the building; at each act making certain grotesque, but grave gesticulations, as though an invisible divinity dwelt in every hole and crevice where he could stick a splinter of sandal-wood. After this performance, he went and kneeled down in front of the altar where the provisions had been deposited. A servant on each side of him did the same; and all three repeatedly bowed their bodies till they touched the ground with their foreheads. This part of the service was accompanied by three loud strokes upon a bell without, and as many on a great drum within, by a boy in attendance.

"Some sacred scrolls of paper, which had been carefully counted, and put into a kind of fire-place on the outside of the temple, were now set in flames, by a scroll of the same hallowed



GODDESS OF MERCY.

character, which was lighted at one of the incense-sticks. Finally, a parcel of small crackers was opened, and the train of them suspended before a hole in the wall, at the back of the fire-place. One of these, being ignited, communicated with the next to it, and on went the blaze, the fume, and the explosion, till the whole had been dissipated, and left nothing but the stench behind.

"Here ended the ceremony. The water was poured back from the little cups into the teapot, and the tray and its savoury contents were carried away again. We were informed that the spirit of the god had regaled itself on the spirit of the food, and the latter, not being a whit the worse for wear, was taken home

by the devout owner for his own use. This is genuine Chinese thrift. *All the while,* a company of gamblers were seated on the floor, within the same sanctuary, playing at cards with quite as much devotion as the idolater and his menials were playing at religion. Better employed than either party were a few lads, in the joy of youth, romping and racketing at their own more commendable, and not less intellectual pastimes; though our presence somewhat interrupted the indulgence of their mirth, that they might amuse their curiosity with looking



CHINESE GOD OF WAR.

at the strangers, and wondering—if even a Chinese child can wonder, born and brought up as they are in dogged indifference, to everything not Chinese—wondering, we say, what two outlandish fellows could be doing there, who were neither gambling, nor worshipping, nor playing, like themselves."

The Buddhists hold the doctrine of transmigration. We give a representation on the opposite page of the changes which are believed to take place. At the top appears the king *Chuen lan.* He is sometimes exhibited reading from a book the history of the persons who have been brought before him for judgment. Some, whose conduct was wise and good while they lived, he rewards, and they are seen in a state of repose, or proceeding to its enjoyment. Others are condemned and sentenced to be sent to the place of everlasting torment, or back into this world. In the lower part is a demon torturing men, and changing some into beasts. Sometimes "the great wheel of transmigration" appears, which is thought to have the power of breaking the bones and softening the bodies, so as to prepare them for the change they have to undergo. On the right are various



THE PROTECTRESS OF SEAMEN.

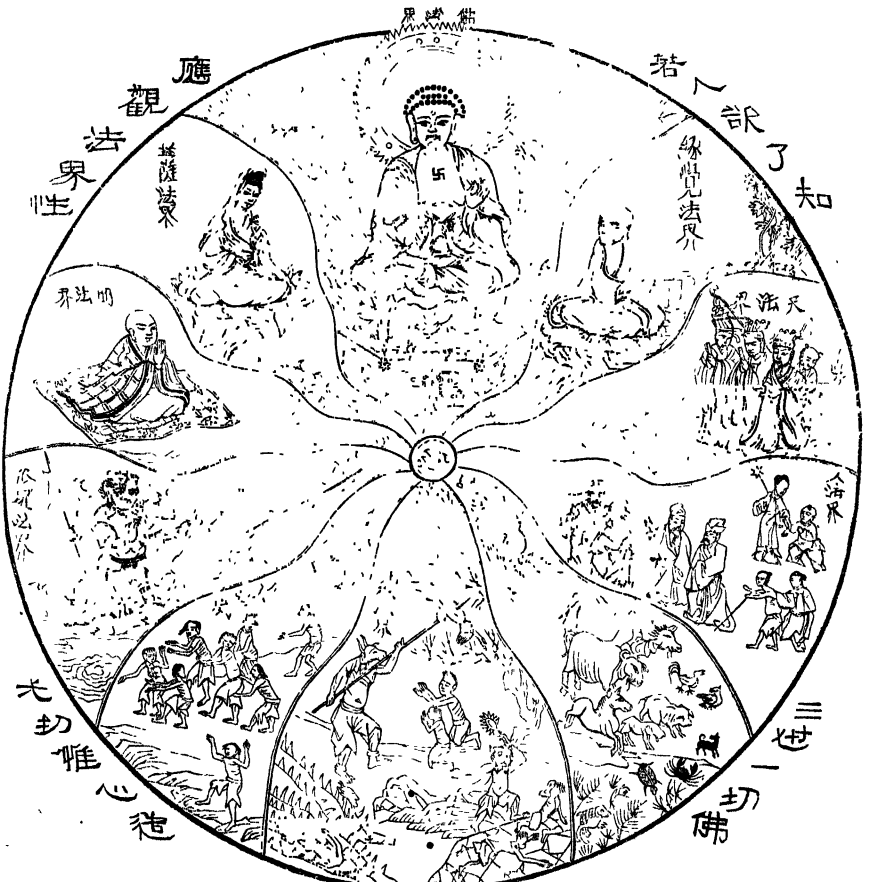
animals, showing that in these instances the change has been effected.

Another religious system which prevails in China is that of Confucius, who was born B.C. 549. It is the one most honoured by the learned. The works of Confucius constitute the class-books of the schools, and are the ground work of the public examinations. Hence all who make any pretensions to literature pride themselves in being considered the disciples of that philosopher. There are 1,560 temples dedicated to him, and 62,000 pigs and rabbits annually sacrificed to his memory;

though his worship is also practised without temples or priests, or indeed any form of external worship, every one being left to adore the King of Heaven, the supreme God, in the way he likes best. The system of Confucius is the state religion. The emperor is Pontifex Maximus, and the mandarins form the only priesthood.

According to the precepts of this philosopher, children are bound to sacrifice to their deceased ancestors; all persons

Other singular and superstitious arrangements are made. As here it is impossible to obtain comforts without money, so it is supposed that in the invisible state there is for it the same necessity. Hence those who wish to benefit the departed, must not only feed them once in the year, but supply them with cash for unavoidable expenses. In order to remit money, they procure small pieces of paper, about four inches square, in the middle of which are fastened patches of tin foil, or gilt leaf,



THE HALL OF FUTURE JUDGMENT.

must therefore present offerings to their manes, on the anniversary of their parents' death, as well as at the annual feast of the tombs. The object of these gifts is not a little strange; it is exclusively the support of the departed individual. The hosts are supposed to feed on the provisions offered up, contenting themselves, however, with the more subtle and imperceptible parts of the food, leaving the others to be devoured by the worshippers; though the Chinese affirm that there is no more taste in the offerings at the close of the ceremony than in the white of an egg.

which represent gold and silver money. As these are set fire to, it is believed that they are transformed into real bullion, and pass through the smoke into the invisible world. Such large quantities of this sacrifice paper are used, that Dr. Medhurst, to whom we are indebted for the fact, states that it constitutes a great article of trade and manufacture, and even affords employment to many myriads of people.

He says also, "Besides transmitting money to the distressed and indigent spirits, the Chinese think it necessary to provide their ghostly friends with clothes, and other articles, adapted

for their use in the shades below. With this view they cause coats and garments to be delineated on paper, which pass through the fire as certainly and regularly as the paper money into the abodes of spirits. Others construct paper houses, with furniture, cooking utensils, and domestic slaves, all ready for use on their arrival, and, in order to certify the conveyance of the estate, they draw up writings, and have them signed and sealed in the presence of witnesses, stipulating that on the arrival of the property in Hades, it shall be duly made over to the individuals specified in the bond, which done, they burn it with the house, and rest assured that their friends obtain the benefit of what they have sent them.

"When the priests have gone through their service, and the ghosts are supposed to have been satisfied, a signal is given, and the rabble rush forward to scramble for what the spirits have left, which is all the material part of the food. It is amusing to see the eagerness and agility with which the mob seize on these leavings, for, although the stage is generally twenty feet high, with the boards projecting about two or three feet beyond the head of the poles, the more expert manage to mount the high table, and engrossing what they can for themselves, bear it off, imagining that food over which so many prayers have been said must be attended with a blessing. It is curious, however, to observe how hypocrisy creeps into a religious service of so anomalous a character. The provisions consist of fruit and confectionery, with rice and vegetables, piled up in basins and baskets, which, to the eye, appear full to overflowing, but, in reality, the hollow of each vessel is filled with coarse paper or plantain stalk, and the provisions are only thinly scattered over the top On being remonstrated with for thus deceiving the ghosts, the worshippers reply that the spirits invited to the feast know no better, and by this means they make a little go a great way."

The popular superstition of China assigns three souls to each person; one of which, at death, passes into the world of spirits. The second dwells at the tomb of the deceased, into which, as its new abode, it is formally inducted at the funeral by the ceremony of drawing some little ribbons or a flag at the end of a stick. The third is supposed to occupy the ancestral tablet, which consists of an erect wooden plane, about twelve inches in height fixed on a stand, and ornamentally inscribed with the names and date of the deceased. It is carefully treasured in some common temple of ancestors, in those cases in which a family possesses sufficient wealth to have such a temple, or in the family dwelling, in the case of poorer families. In the latter instance, it is placed in juxta-position with the household gods, and receives the offerings of incense, eatables, gilt paper money, and miniature garments, in common with the idols.

The worship of the ancestral tablet is the only custom of a strictly religious kind universally observed by the literary as well as by the uneducated part of the community. It forms also one of the most formidable to the progress of Christian missionaries.

In addition to the sects of Buddha and Confucius already noticed, there is a third—that called Taou. Its founder was Laou-tan, commonly called Laoutsze, who was contemporary with Confucius; but the Taou, or Reason itself, they say, is uncreated and underived. Though the period of his life is described as first stated, he is said to have existed from eternity, and to him they even ascribe the creation of the world. Thus the following declaration is made: "The venerable prince, the origin of primary matter, the root of heaven and earth, the occupier of infinite space, the commencement and beginning of all things, farther back than the utmost stretch of numbers can reach, created the universe."

The Taou sect worship a variety of idols, some of which are imaginary incarnations of eternal reason, and others rulers of the invisible world, or presiding divinities of various districts. Among the rest are the "three pure ones," who are first in dignity; the "pearly emperor and supreme ruler;" the most honourable in heaven; the god of the north, the god of fire, with lares and penates, genii and inferior divinities without number.

JULIA.

(Concluded from page 284.)

For six days and nights, the flames raged throughout the distracted city; and not until open spaces were cleared, by the levelling of vast numbers of houses, was a stop put to their ravages. Multitudes perished beneath the falling walls; and the Campus Martius, and other public places, were filled with masses of wounded and terror-stricken people. Temples, palaces, the most magnificent monuments of art, and the spoils of many foreign conquests, were swallowed up in one common ruin, and when it was at last stayed, the imperial city had the appearance of having been sacked by a ruthless army. Murmurs rose wild and loud against the Emperor, whose wretched ambition of becoming the founder of a new city, called after his own name, it was said, had led him to plan the destruction of the old one Unwilling to be thus clamoured at, he cast about for others on whom he might fasten the fiendish act, and he was not long in selecting the innocent Christians—the professors of the "foreign superstition." as it was called—to whom the debased and ignorant populace were ready to impute all sorts of wickedness – as the perpetrators of the hated deed. And while he tried to stifle the discontents that were rife among the people, by ordering at once the rebuilding of the city on a scale of grandeur that should far outshine its former glory, with wily tact, this monster of cruelty turned the tide of vengeance against the Christians, and poured out upon them the utmost of his demoniacal fury They were hunted down like wild beasts; they were tortured with every species and device of barbarity which the most ferocious ingenuity could invent, they were thrown as food to the animals in the amphitheatre, they were extended upon crosses, they were wrapped in garments saturated with tar and pitch, then bound to stakes and scattered through the public gardens, and even in those of the Emperor himself, and, when the darkness of night drew on, fire was applied to them, and by the light of these human torches were held the most fearful orgies! Every day witnessed new persecutions, and the infuriated populace and soldiery seemed determined not to give over their bloody work until not only every Christian, but all on whom the remotest suspicion had fastened, should be swept away.

It is not difficult for us to enter into the feelings of the Pagans, so far as to imagine the apprehensions with which they must have looked forward to the ultimate issue of the conflict. At the close of the second century, the members of the new sect were not more formidable from their numbers and station, than from their irresistible valour. Carrying in their hand the life they valued so cheaply, the martyrs lavishly exchanged it for the treasures of eternal glory, but besides this, in itself an abundant recompence, they bought over the hearts of men. With such a price they seduced the world into imitation of their virtues: the same violence that took heaven by force prevailed over earth, and vanquished hell. Nothing could have been devised better adapted to display the power of the new faith, than submitting its professors to martyrdom. Not proof against the generous enthusiasm of his victim, the executioner often caught the flame—gazed upon the dangerous spectacle of the power of true religion, till his heart burned within him; and, fairly overwhelmed by the trial of faith and hope, hastened to undergo the death which his hands had inflicted on another. It was, perhaps, the frequent experience of this which led many of the Pagan officers to avoid capital punishment, and to employ the more efficacious method of bribes and entreaties. There was, moreover, a spirit of combination among the Christians—an earnest energy, and a desire to extend their Master's kingdom at any risk to themselves, that must have suggested gloomy forebodings to the more thoughtful worshippers of Jupiter. There was undoubtedly a falling-off in the devotion of the Pagans, independent of the injuries inflicted on their religion by Christianity; a deistical philosophy was gradually taking the place of polytheism; yet the vigour of the persecutions shows that the "new dogma" was by no means looked upon with indifference, nor did the world tamely allow itself to be surprised into Christianity. Because a rationalist emperor placed together in his palace the statues of Orpheus, Abraham, Christ, and Appolonius, and because a few of the more learned heathens delighted in the same eclectic worship, we are not to infer with Gibbon, that

indifference gave the death blow to Paganism, and that Christianity only stepped in to enjoy the triumph. For one martyr to the unity of God among the Pagans—for one Socrates—how many might be numbered among the followers of Jesus to those who bled in the cause, let us ascribe the honours of the victory. So also Tertullian, "Theirs is the victory, whose was the fight: theirs the fight, whose was the bloodshed."

It is told of one of the Antonines by Eunapius, that he was in the habit of declaring publicly, that before long all the temples would be converted into sepulchres. From the well-known connection between cemeteries and places of worship among the Christians, it is clear that the imperial statesman foresaw the future ascendancy of our religion.

In the history of all religions or sects there is a period when they come into collision with, and are violently opposed by the old forms which they are to supersede. Incensed at the disciples of the new faith, who despised the sacrifices of sheep and goats, and who, although almost naked, smiled at the imperial purple, the priests and devotees of the old Roman superstitions persecuted them with great virulence.

Among the earliest sufferers in Rome after the completion of the inspired canon, was Ignatius, who was devoured by beasts in the Coliseum, A.D. 107. Of his martyrdom we have a short narrative, expressed in language sufficiently indelgant and obscure to stamp it as the work of uneducated persons, and professing to be the production of the martyr's personal friends. In addition to these "Acts" published by Usher and Ruinart, we have the epistles of Ignatius written to seven churches while on his way to Rome, in this respect he imitated his apostolic friend, who had departed this life a few years earlier. These epistles have happily come down to us uncorrupted. From these "Acts" and epistles we learn all that is known of the last days of Ignatius. While the Emperor Trajan was passing through Antioch on his way to Armenia, he observed that a portion of his subjects rendered him imperfect homage, so that the lustre of his recent victories seemed to suffer some diminution. His indignation being roused, he issued an edict commanding the Christians to sacrifice to the gods, under pain of instant death. Ignatius, fearing for the church over which he was bishop, presented himself before Trajan, and after a short conversation, too well known to need repetition, was sentenced to death. He was placed under the care of soldiers, to be conducted to Rome; during the journey he contrived to visit Polycarp, his fellow disciple in the school of St. John. He also wrote to the church of Rome, requesting them to make no attempt to save his life.

The non-resistant courage of such men as Ignatius and Polycarp was, through the grace of God, an instrument for arousing sympathy for the truth; and at last, from the force of circumstances, the church of Rome rose from the catacombs, and established itself upon the Vatican. As she became powerful, she became desirous of spreading a belief in her superior sufferings and sanctity amongst the other churches, and for this purpose she went down into the catacombs for the bones of saints and relics of martyrs, and to the regions of fiction for legends with which to impress the superstitious. But we return to our story.

Sick to the very soul—loathing the imperial family with all the horror that a virtuous nature could feel—his heart swelling with indignation against the venal Senate, who upheld all these inhuman excesses, Antonius strayed gloomily along the dismantled streets. He had forsaken the city on the night of the fatal day that had brought such desolation to the home and the heart of his beloved Julia, and had only occasionally returned to inquire into the fate of friends, and to render them assistance. The household of which he had been a member, had gone to their possessions in a distant province, and he came now to search after the missing Marcia—Julia's favourite attendant—who, it was feared, had perished in the general slaughter. On every side of him were evidences of the merciless persecution that was raging against the Christians. here, the crushed bones of one who had been torn to pieces by dogs, there, the burnt stake and chain and smouldering ashes. The spirit of stern indignation rose high within him, as he thought of those whom he firmly believed to be innocent, thus inhumanly murdered, and he ground his teeth, and clenched his hand, internally flinging defiance in the face of the persecutors. Not that he himself had any sympathy with the Christians, beyond that which a generous humanity felt for the innocent and suffering victims of tyrannical power. His God was the indefinite *Providence* or *Fate* of the Stoics, and his religion he found in the writings of the philosophers, over which he pored while most of the youth of Rome were revelling in vice and voluptuousness.

While thus indulging a train of most bitter thought, he was suddenly startled by the conversation of a group of idle soldiers, near whom he happened to be passing.

—— "But she is a patrician's daughter," said one.

"And what matters that," rejoined a fierce-looking centurion, "if she be a Christian? The imperial edict is, to spare none."

"How know you that she is a Christian?" asked the other.

"Her female slave would not deny the charge, even when perishing by torture, and that is proof enough. Why look ye, fellows! They say no man in Rome had a rarer taste in wines than the old Fluvius, and I warrant ye, his villa is well stored with Massic and Lesbian fit for Bacchus himself. Let us to the work to-night, and, when we have done, we will drag out the dusty amphoræ which have not seen the light for many a year."

The coarse ribaldry which followed fell, too, on the ear of Antonius, and his first impulse was to draw his dagger, and plunge it into the heart of the wretch who spoke, but a second thought [illegible]d him, and gathering his toga close about his stately figure, he strode away. A few moments later, he was pursuing his way to the villa, whither his fleet-footed steed soon brought him.

Julia's heart had been crushed by the blow which deprived her of her father, and but for the mysterious support—mysterious and inexplicable to Antonius—which she appeared to derive from the exercise of her new religion, it had seemed to him that she would altogether have sunk beneath it. He shrunk from being the bearer of such tidings as he had now to communicate, but there was no time allowed for delay. He sought the apartment occupied by Julia and his sister, where he found the latter doing all that kindness could prompt to soothe her companion's silent sorrow. Julia was lying with closed eyes upon one of the silken couches, pale, and touchingly lovely in her subduing grief. She was only made aware of the presence of Antonius, by his lifting her passive hand to his lips, when she started up with an expression of interest, which her face had not worn for many days, and asked for news of Marcia. Fain would Antonius have concealed the truth, but her inquiries were too searching for evasion. When she learned that her fears had been more than realised—that her devoted attendant who had been to her as a sister in the new faith, and an instructor, had fallen a victim to her steadfastness in that faith—she sank back again with a groan of anguish upon the cushions.

Antonius knew not how to comfort her, and did not attempt it—he could only kneel at her side, and regard her with silent compassion. He hesitated long before he could bring himself to add to her already accumulated sorrows, by telling her of the conversation he had overheard, and of his absorbing anxieties for her safety, but time was not to be wasted, and as gently as possible, he broke the startling intelligence.

"But," he added, after he had finished the recital, "if thou wilt but assure them that thou art no *professor* of this Nazarene creed, and consent to kiss the image of the Emperor—a mere form, which thy safety requires thou shouldst do, even though thy heart detest him—then these rioters can have no pretext for proceeding to any violence, and they dare not. But cling to this foreign religion, my Julia, and nothing can save thee from them but flight; for suspicion has fixed itself upon thee, and my arm is powerless to arrest the wretches, who can show as their warrant the edict of the Emperor. Renounce this faith, it cannot be the true one, since its author has not power to shield its professors from destruction, as thy poor Marcia is proof, but perished herself ignominiously. Think of the dishonour to thy patrician birth, of thy life, my Julia, of thy life, of its preciousness to me, and renounce—renounce it!"

There was intense earnestness and energy in the tones and gesture of Antonius, as he still knelt at Julia's side, and clasped her delicate hands between his own. The fearful words seemed at first to have stunned her, and she lay as if deprived of life, pale and motionless as the Parian statues that stood in niches around the apartment. Her eyes were closed, and her lips compressed and he could only see that a terrible struggle was going on in that young bosom. For some moments he gazed thus; at leng h

she slowly raised herself, and with an air sublime and fervid as the inspiration of a Pythoness, exclaimed—

"Can I dare I renounce the inmost convictions of my soul? Thou who art searching through all philosophies after truth, wilt *thou* counsel renunciation, when my heart tells me I have found it? What were my life worth, purchased at such a cost as this? No, no, I cannot perjure myself before my God, not for the sake of my own life, nor even, Antonius, for *thee!*"

A lofty heroism breathed through every line of her fine Roman face as she spoke, and Antonius, whose confidence in the strength of human principle had long been giving way, felt a sudden glow of admiration warm his bosom as he looked upon that noble brow, and read in the depths of those lustrous eyes a determination which danger or even death could not shake

"Could *my* philosophy enable me to do this" murmured he to himself, "would even Seneca be thus firm to principle?"

Julia continued, "I will fly to Etruria, on the banks of the Arnus there is a small estate cultivated by one of my father's freed-men Thither will I flee with one or two faithful attendants, until this fearful persecution be stayed"

Antonius interrupted her "Nay, thou shalt not brave the perils of such a flight alone Besides, what would it avail for us remain behind? The ruffian tools of the Emperor would wreak their vengeance for thy escape on this beautiful villa, encouraged to do so by thy flight, which they would regard as positive proof that thou art what they suspect thee to be—a Christian Wilt *thou* consent to go, Antonia?" he asked, turning to his sister, who all the while had sat by in silence A warm flush overspread the cheek of the young girl, to flee as if she were a Christian, she did not like—for as yet she knew nothing of the sect beyond its association with the vulgar plebeians

"It is not as a Christian I would fly," said Antonius, who understood her feeling "Julia *must* go, I am her only protector now, and Rome is such a scene of riot, debauchery, and murder, that I would not take thee thither, or go myself again, until something more human wears the imperial purple Yes, let us all seek together those quiet shades, where fire and sword shall not penetrate There shall our nuptials be, my Julia"

"And there, exclaimed Julia, with sudden enthusiasm, throwing one arm round Antonius, and the other round his sister, "there we will examine together the new religion, and compare it with the old philosophies, and with the aid of the sacred scrolls which mine own hand has copied, we will seek and find the truth after which Socrates and Plato, and all our wise men have groped so long"

Within a few hours the little party had gathered together what



CHINESE TEMPLE —(*See page* 291)

silver and gold and valuable things could be carried with them, had bidden farewell with aching hearts to the beautiful villa, the scene of so much happiness to them all, and were leagues on their way towards their place of refuge.

Julia's hopes were realised. Antonius became a Christian The overwhelming arguments of the Apostle of the Gentiles, who had perished a martyr to his faith in the same barbarous persecution from which Julia had fled, and whose letter to the Roman believers had been the companion of her flight, could not be resisted by a mind so clear, and so open to conviction as his He turned from the Dialogues of Plato, to find infinitely more than the "*Phædo*" could teach, in the pure and powerful reasonings of Paul. Peace long brooded over the home of the exiles, and before the second persecution of the Christians burst forth under the cruel Diocletian, God, in his mercy, had gathered them all to that home from which they should no more go out for ever



To close our portrait gallery of French statesmen and generals, and by a sad fatality in France, these two words have become synonymous with men intimately connected with the modern French history We will give a few particulars regarding them

Pierre Antoine Berryer was born at Paris on the 4th of January, 1790 His father occupied a high position as an advocate, and though a zealous advocate of reform in the constitution, was horrified by the excesses of the revolution When all danger was past, he confided his son to the care of the Oratorians of Sicily Young Berryer distinguished himself there by his great fluency and his religious enthusiasm. After leaving college, he led for some time a life of great gaiety, and at the age of twenty-one married Madamoiselle Gauthier against the will of his friends Towards the close of the empire he was called to the bar, though a passionate orator, of great energy and argumentative power, up to 1814 he had taken no interest in politics, when he became devoted royalist. On the return from Elba he sided with the Bourbons, and, after the Hundred Days, exerted himself vigorously in opposition to the reactionary policy of the king He pleaded with his father and Dupin in defence of Marshal Ney, and also for General Debelle, and when unsuccessful in preventing his condemnation, he obtained a commutation of the penalty He was also successful in saving General Cambornne In defending Generals Cannel and Drouandieu also who were accused of an attempt upon the life of the king he distinguished himself by an attack upon the ministry, Decazes, whom he accused of fomenting the insurrections of Lyons and Grenoble Under the ministry of Villele he contended strenuously for the liberty of the press contributing to the *Journal des Debats*, the *Drapeau Blanc*, and *La Quotidienne* The office of Procureur General was offered him in the hope of quieting him, but he refused it When Polignac was placed at the head of affairs he joined the ministry, and was elected member for Puy by a large majority, and addressed the Chamber on the first time in March, 1830 When the revolution of July occurred he took the oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe with great reluctance, and remained in the ranks of the opposition When the Duchess de Berry attempted to raise an insurrection in La Vendee, Berryer travelled down to see her in

the night, and vainly attempted to dissuade her from her enterprize. He was arrested as an accomplice in the plot, and was kept in confinement for three months, but was at last liberated by an order of the Court of Cassation. He has since distinguished himself by his strenuous advocacy of all reform movements.

Count Molé was born in 1780, and at an early age exhibited the talent which won for him his high rank in after life. His youth was passed in escaping the terrors which then ravaged France; some part of it was passed in Switzerland and Engl In 1806 he published his first work, "Essays on Morals and Politics," which secured for him the patronage of Napoleon, who immediately conferred upon the young author the office of auditor to the council of state. From this time his promotion was rapid. Almost every year fresh dignities were heaped upon him; and in 1813 he was appointed minister of justice. When the restoration came, Molé accepted office under the Bourbons, and was elevated to the Chamber of Peers. In 1817 he became minister of marine. Then we find him separating himself from the ultra-royalists, and, in 1822, opposing the project of the king relative to the crimes of the press. When the revolution of 1830 took place, Molé was one of the leaders of the party which sought monarchy for its own sake, as the only sure protection against the horrors of anarchy. Their object was to preserve the peace of Europe at every sacrifice short of the immediate honour and interest of France; to secure sufficient administrative strength to the government; and to check vigorously all the anarchical tendencies which naturally spring from a revolution. To this party belonged Casimir Périer, Guizot, Thiers, Molé, and in fact almost every man who had any pretension to statesmanship in France. Louis Philippe was naturally disposed to take part with these conservatives, but circumstances compelled him to temporize with the men of the movement, to whom he had been chiefly indebted for his throne. In 1836, on the resignation of Thiers after nine months hold of power, a new ministry [illegible], at the head of which was Count Mole, M. Guizot being also a member of the cabinet. During his administration of affairs Louis Napoleon made an attack on the French monarchy, which ended in his capture and deportation to America, after having, it is said, pledged himself to remain in that country for ten years. Molé commenced his administration by measures well calculated to win popularity, he released Prince Polignac from his captivity, and permitted him to retire from France; he granted an amnesty to the state prisoners who had not been too deeply implicated in the recent disturbances, and he brought to a successful issue the negotiations for the marriage of the Duke of Orleans. But difficulties gathered around his career as a minister. The king demanded from the nation large dowries for his daughters, and splendid donations for his sons; and, in 1839, a powerful coalition, headed by Guizot, Thiers, and Odillon Barrot, assailed, and ultimately overthrew the ministry of Count Molé. Once more, however, the services of Count Molé were required. In the revolution which sent Louis Philippe to die an exile in a foreign land, Count Mole was sent for by the king. However, this but precipitated matters, Count Mole was very unlikely to succeed in forming a cabinet. Precious time was lost; suspicions of the king's sincerity began to be circulated, and finally, after a long delay, Molé refused to accept office.

Odillon Barrot comes appropriately next. He was born at Villeport, department of Lome, 1790. His father was Member of the Convention, and of the Council of Five Hundred. The son was educated at Paris in the College of Louis the Great, and during his youth was remarkable for his military propensities. When his education was completed, he applied himself to the study of law, and at the age of twenty-three, practised as an advocate in the Court of Cassation, and early distinguished himself by pleading successfully the cause of some Protestants who refused to decorate their houses at the procession of *Fête Dieu*. In the Revolution of 1830, Odillon Barrot acted a distinguished part. He was of opinion that the king should be changed, but the monarchy preserved. His desire and that of those who acted with him was large measure of electoral reform at home. At the same time they were anxious that France should actively support the cause of liberty and nationality in Belgium and Holland. They proclaimed it to be their purpose to surround the monarchy with Republican institutions, and with the same aim Odillon Barrot seems to have shaped his public conduct, and with that aim to have materially contributed to the downfall of the man he had helped to place upon the throne. A series of demonstrations was organised under the name of Reform banquets, which were designed to give concentration and force to public opinion. Paris set the example of these demonstrations; the banquet at the Chateau Rouge, at which Odillon Barrot was present, was the first manifestation of the new movement, the object of which was declared to be "to arm union, order, and discipline against the disorder and anarchy out which the government had fallen." On the 19th of January, 184 a reform banquet was proposed, but prevented by government interference. It was then resolved that a general one should be held on the 20th of February. This also was prohibited by ministers. On the evening of the day on which the prohibition appeared, the leading deputies of the opposition, and the principal members of the committee of management were assembled at the residence of Odillon Barrot. They decided that the banquet should not be held, and that Odillon Barrot should impeach ministers. However, the people decided otherwise. Angry crowds gathered in the streets; to all observers it was apparent that a storm was thickening in the horizon. The plot grew firmly. At length, after blood had been shed, the king consented to accept a reform cabinet, of which Thiers was appointed premier, and in which Odillon Barrot became Minister of the Interior. This was too late. Odillon Barrot became persuaded that some further sacrifice was necessary, and he got the feeble and frightened king to abdicate in favour of his grandson, with what success the reader knows well. In terror in weakness, in contempt, died the monarchy of July, – that monarchy which promised so fair and was to have lasted so long.

Andre Marie Jean Jacques Dupin was born at Varzy, in the department of Nivernais, 1st February, 1783. The violent and illegal arrest of his father during the night by the emissaries of the Republic, made a deep impression upon his youthful mind, and gave him that love for legal forms which he afterwards pushed to degree bordering on madness. After his early education, given him by his mother, he came to Paris to study law in the Academie of Legislation. While his companions were wild with militant enthusiasm, rushing to reviews and parades, he was working hard in a lonely attic in the Rue Bourbon Villeneuve. He soon became an accomplished lawyer, passed his examination with credit, and at the age of twenty-three was chosen Dean of the New Faculty which Napoleon then established. His progress at the bar was rapid, that at the age of twenty-eight, in 1811, he was appointed Avocat General of the Court of Cassation. Some time afterwards he was selected with some others to classify the laws of the empire. He was above all things a great advocate; his political talents are not nearly so great. He was elected a representative during the Hundred Days, and strenuously opposed the succession of Napoleon's son. After the restoration he returned to his duties at the bar, and distinguished himself by his manly defence of those men whom the imbecile Louis XVIII. was hunting to death. His defence of Marshal Ney was considered a masterpiece of legal argument. He was put down by the court martial, and not allowed to follow his own course. He was similarly engaged at the trials of Wilson, Hutchinson, and Bruce, the heroic deliverer of Lavalette. He distinguished himself for several years by his opposition to the arbitrary proceedings of the Bourbons. M. Dupin has since been engaged in all the great legal cases which have [illegible] France, and though never in any ministry for any length of time, his political career has always been marked by attachment to liberty, reform, and constitutional monarchy. He was elected a member of the French Academy in June, 1831, in place of Cuvier, deceased. He has written many works, most of them on legal subjects. Since the above was written, Dupin has won himself lasting honour, by relinquishing his post of Procureur general to the Court of Cassation. In his letter to Louis Napoleon he thus states his reasons.—"To the President of the Republic, I regret exceedingly that, previous to the publication of the decree which I have read this morning in the *Moniteur*, you had not heard my opinion with the same kindness you have sometimes manifested towards me. I should have tried to demonstrate to you, not merely in the private interest of the children, the greater part minors, of the late king, of whom I am one of the testamentary executors, but in the interest of your own government, that those who have suggested that measure are not acquainted with the facts; and that they have disregarded all the rules of law and equity. In fact, there is an extreme exaggeration (at least to the amount of half) in the estimate made of the property of the Orleans family. In *law* the decree violates the

essence the very principle of property. This right of property was recognized, after a solemn discussion, in the person of the late king, by the 22nd and 23rd clauses of the law of the 2nd March, 1832; and in the person of his children by the very acts of the revolution of February, by the decree of the constituent assembly of the 25th October, 1848, and by the law of the national assembly of the 4th February, 1850, promulgated by your government, and authorized the loan of 20,000,000 on that property by your minister of finance. Thus, public right, will, special laws, contracts, all have recognized in the hands of the princes of the house of Orleans their right to the property which the decree of the 22nd of January deprives them of all at once, and in a manner so absolute that the sacred rights of the tomb, the burial ground of Dreux, are not even excepted. If the constitution of the 15th January was in vigour, the senate might be appealed to in virtue of the 26th article, which permits that body 'to make opposition to the promulgation of laws which are contrary to the inviolable character of property.' In the present state of things, the only resource is to appeal to you, Prince, and to invoke your wisdom and the magnanimity of your own feelings when they are again consulted and more deliberately listened to. But if these rigorous measures are to be maintained, a great scruple arises from the depth of my conscience. As Procureur-general to the Court of Cassation for nearly twenty-two years; as the principal organ of the law in that high branch of jurisdiction; charged as I am by the government to proclaim the constant respect to right, and to require the reversal and the annulling of the acts which violate the laws, or which constitute the incompetence or the excesses of the government—how shall I be able henceforth to exercise the same firmness, if acts are introduced in our legislation which are in contradiction with those principles? I feel myself bound, therefore, to tender you my resignation But I pray you, prince, and in an earnest manner, not to misunderstand my motives. The resolution I have adopted has nothing to do with politics. As president of the late Assembly, I rigorously kept myself apart from parties and their fatal divisions, and limited myself to maintain, as much as I individually could, the legal and moral doctrines on which the essential order of civilised society reposes After the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, against which it became my duty to protest, as I have done, I awaited the judgment of the people appealed to by you. After that solemn judgment I adhered frankly to the immense powers which were the result of that appeal, considering them as the strongest guarantee that could be presented to preserve or re-establish those principles which a wild Socialism had endangered and menaced, and, as a public functionary, my co operation was loyally given to you. But, at the present moment, and on a question of civil right, and of private rights, of natural equity, and of all Christian notions of what is just and unjust, and which I cherish in my soul for more than fifty years as *jus inconsulte* and as magistrate, I feel myself absolutely called on to resign my functions of Procureur-general."

Of Lamoriciere we have but left ourselves room to write that he was the popular brother-in-law of Thiers, and was appointed commander of the national guards, when Louis Philippe, in his hour of distress and despair, accepted the reform cabinet. These men, thus versed in public affairs; these renowned leaders of great parties in the state, have thus been made the victims of the man who now seeks to rule France with a rod of iron We cannot suppose that his sway will last long; we cannot suppose that a high-spirited nation will long permit itself to be governed defiance of all custom, and precedent, and right. We cannot suppose that that old French spirit which has struck down so many an ancient wrong, has for ever abandoned France.

NOT KNOWING WHEN TO LEAVE OFF.—There is a whole class of things which, though good in themselves, are often entirely spoiled by being carried out too far and inopportunely. Such are punctiliousness, neatness, order, labour of finish, and even accuracy. The man who does not know how to leave off will make accuracy frivolous and vexatious. And so with all the rest of these good things; people often persevere with them so naptly and so inopportunely as to contravene their real merits. Such people put me in mind of plants which, belonging to one intry and having been brought to another, persist in flowering those months in which they or their ancestors were used to flower in the old country.

ELIOT WARBURTON.

In his last book, "Darien," poor Eliot Warburton, whose melancholy death in the wreck of the Amazon has robbed literature of no common intellect, paints a terrible catastrophe akin to that in which he perished.

Here are the scenes:—

"A ROUGH NIGHT.

Almost instinctively he made his way first to Peel-house, where he heard the well-known voice of a fisherman Madden Ray, calling to Tam and Parten to "come out and hearken, for there was gruesome sounds from the say, and mirit guns that were stilly now." Tam was neither disposed nor quite able to move from his warm bed at such a summons; but Partan, who now habitually slept in his chimney-corner, staggered out into the storm, and down to the shore through showers of salt spray. Tinwald and Madden accompanied him, and beheld a sight that was terrible even to their practised eyes. The sea, thrown mountains high, and tortured into strangely awful shapes by the force of the whirling wind, was lighted up at intervals by a wan moon, as the black, rushing clouds for a moment revealed her pallid face within its shroud. All that could be seen, even close at hand, was but by glimpses—all that was heard was but ejaculations. Partan, after a few minutes, seemed thoroughly recalled from the effect of his potations. One excitement counteracted the other, and he was now roused into a seaman's interest in the scene before him. He lay down upon the shore, and kept his eyes steadily fixed in the direction of the sand-bank. The first gleam of light that passed over the sea revealed to him that the black hull of a large ship was stationary in the midst of the topsed billows.

"To the boat! there's a brave ship struck!" he cried, as he started to his feet with wonderful alacrity, and limped away towards the little harbour. But none followed him. The fishermen continued to gaze in awed silence on the stormy sea, which every moment appeared to grow more furious, and to shake the very shore with its mighty waves.

"Is there na Christian man amang ye that will run a risk to save a sailor's life?" exclaimed Partan, reproachfully.

"Here's I for one!" shouted Madden Ray, the fisherman who'd first summoned him, and whose children were crawling about, trying to steady their tottering little feet in the storm.

"Hoot awa, man!" screamed his wife; "the chiel's daft, an' sae are ye, to face the wrath of heaven in sic a night!" and a pair of stout arms were folded round the volunteer's neck, while two or three smaller pairs encircled his legs.

"Is there na ne'er-do-well amang ye?" shouted Partan again, "that will take chance wi' me to save yon puir perishing folk; and maybe women and bairns amang 'em in the waves?"

Swilltap, the publican's son, stepped forward at this appeal, but instantly knocked down by his indignant sire. Tinwald then raised his voice, and conjured all, for the love they bore him, for the honour of old Scotland, for the sake of heaven, not to leave strangers to perish on their own shore without one brave effort to save them. "We want but one," he continued, "but one who can hold a helm or pull an oar."

"It's na use—it's na use!" sternly exclaimed the oldest fisherman, "na boattie in Scotland could live in sic a say. It's God's will sent the creatures into yon extremity, God's will be done!"

"His will be our speed, then!" exclaimed Alice, who had only waited to muffle her delicate form in a plaidie, and had joined the group "'His will be done!' as Master Ray says, and let us do it Partan, 'the battle is not always to the strong;' you ken weel that I can hold a tiller; and if you and the young laird row, we may yet be in time to save."

"The villagers had remained impassive to the adjuration of mercy and of heaven, but one electric impulse seemed to stimulate them all as Alice spoke. The old fatalist was the first one to fling off his doublet, and thrust it into his wife's face; all down to young Swilltap followed his example, and moved towards the boat.

"Not sae, not sae, bonny laddie!" was the cry; "there be hands, though not hearts, here, better fitted for sic wark," They seized upon the largest of the fishing-boats, and were about to launch her from the blocks, when Partan interfered—

"Not her!" he shouted; "as Master Ray says, she wadna live; but the Bonito boattie will swim as long as twa planks hand thegither. Come, wi' a will, lads; heave all," and the gallant little craft was hurried from her rest into the water, that leaped and

foamed even in this sheltered cove. Tinwald jumped on board, and others would have crowded after him, but Partan stopped them, and chose only three of the youngest and stoutest.

After a little preparation, they were off, followed by a cheer that stuck in the throat of friends, parents, and lovers who tried to utter it. In a few minutes a bit of a spritsail was run up, and the Bonito, after some impatient curvets in the calmer water, bounded like a gallant courser into the raging sea. As she rose over the first few waves, her tiny sail was visible above the foam, but then became lost in the dark confusion of the elements

The minister of Sandilee had by this time reached the scene of action, and readily availed himself of the occasion to summon his little flock to prayer. Only snatches of his words were heard through the storm, but the full hearts around him could well supply the rest.

He was yet speaking when the first streak of dawn appeared The face of the preacher became distinct, then the shore, and at length the tossed sea opened to view. Every eye was turned towards the sandbank, and the hull espied by Partan's practised eyes was now visible to all The Bonito was nowhere to be seen.

But soon the shouts of her brave crew were heard. She had performed her daring task, and returned to the little cove just before daybreak. The result of her adventure had been a single man rescued from the wreck, and, as he was found with handcuffs on his wrist, the old superstition against the rescue of drowning men revived in full force. None of the fishermen, hospitable as they naturally were, showed themselves desirous of receiving so suspicious a guest, and so, with one accord, they bore off the exhausted and half-drowned man to Tam's house.

A TEMPEST.

Profound silence settled over the Bonne Esperance and all her desperate crew. The stern vigilance of Lawrence had given place to the license claimed at first by a new-made captain The watch, having drunk almost as deep as their comrades, were all asleep at their various posts. Even the helmsman nodded at the wheel, only started now and then into wakefulness, as the neglected ship came up to the wind, and her sails were shaken But the wind soon died away; the very heavens seemed to be asleep, and the stars to twinkle drowsily. A vast dark curtain of clouds rose slowly up the northern sky, and soon, but imperceptibly wrapped the ocean in a double night. Still the drunken freebooters slept on, it might have seemed a ship of death, with a black and universal pall spread over it. The white sails towered up into the darkness like gigantic ghosts, and ever and anon small tongues of lambent flame would hover, spirit-like, over the mast-head The sea began to heave and swell portentously, with a long and measured motion, that lulled the sleepers into a yet deeper slumber, and, all the while, a strong current bore the ship swiftly and helplessly along, as in a dream.

Suddenly the wild storm of the tropics awoke, and burst upon the world of waters with terrific uproar. Thunder shook the heavens with prolonged roar, and sheets of lightning wrapped the gleaming sea in one wide flame. The waves were roused instantly to fury; but, ever as they rose their crests, were whirled away by the tornado, and scattered into clouds of spray.

The best prepared ship could scarcely have endured that fierce and sudden storm; but the brigantine had every sail set to the previous gentle breeze, and every hand that should have helped her was relaxed in sleep. Instantly as the hurricane assailed her, she was struck down on her beam-ends; the sea rolled over her in all its force; the decks had been strewn with the drunken revellers, who were now helplessly drowned as they lay; even the watch were only awakened by the wave that carried them away into the raging waters. Almost instantly all was over, and but two living creatures interrupted the sublime loneliness of the stormy sea.

Alvarez, like the rest of the ship's crew, had been asleep, his dreams haunted by the loud brutal songs and impious jests of the pirates. Suddenly, in his dream, it seemed to him as if those shouts of revelry were changed to shrieks, and at the same moment he had become, he knew not how, involved in their orgies. He seemed to reel and stagger, and the bowl of wine that they had been sitting round seemed to gush up like a great fountain, and pour down upon him and all the revellers, washing them away in its red torrents. Startled by the sudden sense of drowning, he awoke to find himself on the angry sea, with wreck, and ruin, and destruction all around.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

As the king's officer came forward in his turn, his speech was interrupted by a cry of "Fuego!" from the forecastle; a thick volume of smoke, at the same time gushing up from the hold, diffused a sulphurous stench. The ship had been set on fire by one of the quenchless fire-balls that the buccaneers were accustomed to make use of in extremity. It had fallen among bales of silk, which for some time smothered the fierceness of the flame; but it had the more extensively and subtly done its work, and the fire was proportionately destructive. The boats were immediately lowered, and those on board had barely time to put off when the galleon was on flames from stem to stern. Even the wounded buccaneer and the sick English sailor had been saved. The boats rowed fast towards Alvaro's ship, and almost immediately after they had reached her the galleon blew up, and no trace was left of the gallant ship but a few seething planks, and some bubbles on the calm water in which she had gone down.

A dreadful pause for a moment ensued. Then one of the Spaniards cast off his grappling irons and stood away, but carried with him a shower of unquenchable fireballs, which the Buccaneers had flung upon his decks and into his hold: every man on board only thought of extinguishing them, and the ship ran away before the wind. Then Lawrence, with his pistol still presented to his magazine, shouted to his men, and they leaped upon the deck of the other Spaniard, whose crew all unnerved by the still threatened explosion, scarcely offered any resistance. In a few minutes they were conquered, slain, flung overboard. The remaining Spaniard was now on fire forward, and her sails burned up rapidly into three pillars of flame. The despairing crew had retreated to the lofty poop, and were trying to lower their boats, but Lawrence ranged up alongside, and poured in a steady fire of musketry, under which they fell fast. The flames had now eaten their way aft, and were creeping up to the poop. The Buccaneer stood away to avoid the explosion which must soon take place, and the miserable Spanish crew threw themselves into the sea There for a few minutes they remained floundering about, but they were soon suddenly twitched under water, and then quickly ensanguined waves showed that the sharks were busily at work The friar's dark form was still to be seen on the ship, relieved of the flames, that towered up behind him all at once they ceased, as if concentrating all their efforts below, and then shot up into the sky, scattering far and wide every remnant of the ship

In fact, she was like those who have lost dear relatives at sea, and who love to soothe their sorrows by sitting on the shore and watching the waves as they come and go, in some dreamy expectation that somehow they may bring tidings of those who have gone down among their fellows. Such was the news that Isabel waited for by the ebb and flow of life's great stream in London."

LETTERS FROM CALCUTTA.—No. V.

A very general prejudice exists in England against servants who have many relatives so near at hand as to be likely to become frequent visitors, and it is not unusual when hiring a servant to state that "no followers are allowed"

This injunction would be extremely ridiculous in Calcutta where every domestic in your establishment is constantly visited by the different members of his caste, who are called *Bhaees* or brothers. During the early days of my novitiate, or as it is here styled griffin-hood, I was greatly puzzled to understand how it was that all my servants had so many brothers. Not a day passed but some one had a brother married or dead, sick, or giving a dinner. If I inquired the reason of an unusual assemblage in the "compound" the answer was always—"My brothers," and if one fell ill or wanted a holiday, he sent a brother to supply his place. At length I discovered that these followers were in very few instances relations, but merely members of the same union This system is destitute of the inconveniences it would produce at home, and has even many advantages The absence of a servant from any sudden cause may as suddenly be supplied, while the whole household may be assembled at an hour's notice; the sircar or head man who selects them being responsible for the honesty, which is the principal point, all of them being pretty equally skilled in the mysteries of their various callings.

Servants hired for the day are called *Tocas*, and but for them the mistress of an establishment would often be in great straits, for when a servant wants a holiday he will have it, however inconvenient it may be to his employers. Thus the cook will disappear on the day when a dinner party is to take place, and the ayahs invariably retire or feign illness when the mistress is taken ill. If a servant's application for leave is refused, he will feign sudden sickness with such admirable art, that though you are convinced of the falsehood, you find it impossible to detect him. He will groan and writhe as though in the last stage of cholera, and you are glad to send him out of the house lest he should expire on the spot. Another favourite excuse is the illness or death of relatives. A man will come, in the agony of grief, entreating permission to visit his parents up the country, and who have most probably been dead some years, or it will be to attend the burying of a wife or child, when he is really going to a caste dinner, where he will make himself really ill by intoxication, a vice too common among the Bengalees, and will plead his intense grief as a reason for his prolonged absence.

I have not found the Hindoos disposed to introduce their Bhaees at the expense of others, but of course they prefer being associated with their own set, as they can economise by eating together However, when a fair chance opens, they are not slow in availing themselves of it, and the favour of "your honor" is solicited by a written petition. These petitions are the productions of native writers whose knowledge of English composition being rather confused, these documents are sometimes extremely amusing. Here is a specimen:—

"To ——, Esq.

"The humble petition of Paluan,
Coachman of Mr ——

"Sheweth,

"That your petitioner begs to state your honor that your coachman will not soon recover, on which your carriage and harness will spoiled, therefore your petitioner inform your honor, hoping kindly take a substitude from your petitioner, he will supply you a good coachman, and as he had been employed under your protection, he will give you such man as like him. And your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall ever pray."

Here is another from my Dirzee or Tailor, sent in consequence of my having given some work to another party.

"To the Mem.

"The humble petition of Tuckeeboolla,
Tailor in your s

"Most humbly sheweth,

"That your petitioner take the liberty to communicate his cases before you. Your poor petitioner take your service in hopes of support with his family, in consequence humbly begs that your honour would be so much graciously pleased to grant him the works which you are wanted to give out another tailor, because he had shop in his own house, he can made gentleman's and lady's works well

"I am, Mem, your most obedient servant'

A tailor is as necessary a member of a Calcutta household as a Cook. During eight months of the year nothing that will no wash can comfortably be worn. The frequency of washing and the mode—which is to dash the articles on a rough stone till they are clean,—create weekly dilapidations, which require the constant labour of one person to repair. The Dirzees are all Mussulmans, and live in a large village on the river side, about six miles below the city, to the great inconvenience of their employers, but evidently to their own satisfaction. Nothing will induce them to reside nearer to the scene of their labours, and every morning at sunrise, these men may be seen trooping across the plain in long straggling files, while, every evening at sunset, they, in the same order, return to Dirzee-land. The wages of a Dirzee, if hired by the day, are four annas (about sixpence) but he is generally employed regularly at from seven to nine rupees per month, according to his skill The hours of labour are from 9 to 5, during which time he takes no food, but is allowed half-an-hour for smoking, and, if he is piously disposed, for his mid-day prayer and ablutions. They are neat and clean in their dress, quiet and almost stealthy in their movements. There, in the corner of the common sitting-room, or in the verandah of every house, they may be seen squatted on a mat amid heaps of silk and muslin, engaged in every kind of needle-work, from the humble darning of stockings up to the mysteries of a coat or a ball-dress. They have no stock in trade, and carry with them only a thimble, scissors, and measuring-tape, carefully wrapped in a small housewife; the necessity for pins and lead pincushions is obviated by the extraordinary use they make of their toes, and which would greatly astonish those who are accustomed to depend exclusively on the cunning of their hands. They are very clever imitators, but cannot design or make any alteration of which they have not an example. Their work is remarkable neat, but too firm for slight materials, and almost hopeless to unpick; they persist in stitching everything, and will put as firm a seam to fine muslin as to long-cloth. All this neatness and precision is obtained at the expense of speed; their slowness is sadly tormenting to any one accustomed to the activity of European needlewomen, nor is it of any avail to hurry them. They will tell you that they have done as much as usual, that mem so and so's Dirzee does no more; and they will receive a sharp scolding with an imperturbable face, which seems to have "nothing will hasten me" written in every feature

You will perceive that the position of the Hindoo tailor is very different from that of his English brother. He knows nothing of the sweating system, nothing of fluctuating wages, and nothing of nights as well as days of toil. Like all the other castes, his is nothing less than a trade-union, against which it is useless to struggle, for he will not work longer or for less money than he has agreed with his bhaees to do. Though the

he receives will appear to you extremely small, yet it is more than sufficient to pay the rent of his palm-leaf hut and to provide his daily meal of rice and curry. The father of the family is the head of each establishment, both he and those he employs being frequently rich—the possessors of houses and the givers of entertainments. But they know very little improvement in their craft, and nothing of advancement in their social position—as was the father, so is the son, and so will he be to all future generations, so long as caste exists and as ancient custom and the faith of the false prophet holds him in bondage.

Closely allied to the dirzee is the chikan wallah, or embroiderer of muslin. This man, who is also a Mahommedan, enters your apartment with a profound salaam, seats himself on the floor as near to you as proper respect will allow, and without speaking or being spoken to, opens his package and displays his stores to your admiring eyes These are the loveliest India

in dresses flounced and sprigged all over, either in white or colours. Babies' frocks and caps loaded with the finest embroidery, chemisettes, mantels, lappets, and pocket handkerchiefs of the beautiful pine-apple fibre, more delicate than French cambric, and covered with wreaths of hemstitching. All the treasures of "the West End," and of the embroiderers to the royal family, are imitated and out done.

If you are known to be a new comer he will ask a high price, but the true value in this land of cheap labour is soon learnt, and you may be sure that he will not depart without selling something Articles worth a guinea in Regent-street, may be had for one third and as none of these men can resist the sight of gold, you have only to show him a sovereign, and he will give you half his stock in exchange. The patterns are all drawn on the muslin with a red liquid, and specimens are marked in the same manner on strips of parchment They will copy anything you show them, and appear never to make a mistake, or deviate in any way from the pattern. Most of the work is done up the country where labour is cheaper than it is even in Calcutta. The men who hawk the goods are frequently wealthy, having purchased houses and land with their profits, some possessing whole villages inhabited by their workmen.

The very cost of living in this country for men whose daily expenses may be, and often are, confined to the purchase of rice and ghee, is so small, that apparently trifling profits accumulate rapidly When once a surplus capital is secured, it may be invested at enormous interest, and not unfrequently the humble looking being who is crouching at the feet of the purchaser of his wares, is possessed of an annual income which would enable him, if he chose, to assume the position which he seems to regard with so much respect and reverence.

EMIGRANTS' HOME AND GOVERNMENT STATION AT BIRKENHEAD.

UNTIL the present time, the free passengers sent out by Government to our Australian colonies have been collected in London and shipped from that port for their destination, which, as a large number, if not the majority of them, came from Ireland, necessarily entailed considerable inconvenience on the passengers, and much waste expenditure of the public funds. The attention of the Commissioners of Emigration having been called to that fact, they have resolved to establish a station in this neighbourhood, at Birkenhead, as a more convenient locality for persons proceeding from the sister island and from the north of England and Scotland, than the metropolis With the view of carrying out their intentions in this respect, they chartered the Mangerton, belonging to Messrs Barton and Brown, of Cook-street, annexing this condition, however, to the contract, that the commissioners should not be at any expense in providing such a depot as they required for the accommodation of the emigrants till the period of their embarkation.

This home has accordingly been fitted up, in one of the dock warehouses, at the south-eastern corner of the great float—the free use of which has been kindly granted by the Birkenhead Dock Warehousing Company—by Messrs John S De Wolf Co., through whose courtesy we have been able to inspect The lower floor contains a number of tables, forms, and other conveniences for a great hall, or general [illegible] has only a brick floor, and as the wood partitions about [illegible] rough and unpainted, the place has somewhat of a temporary, naked, and cheerless aspect. If the experiment—for as yet the thing is necessarily only an experiment—should succeed, it is intended to lay down a boarded floor, to increase the accommodations at present afforded, and to give it a greater appearance of comfort and stability. This applies, we understand, to every part of the "home," which, till the contemplated improvements are effected, will continue to look "raw" and uncomfortable

On the floor above are large dormitories— one, for married persons, containing 74 berths, with bedding and bedroom requisits complete, another, for single females, containing 50 berths, each intended, we believe, for the accommodation of two persons, and the third, for single men, about the same size as that for unmarried women, and capable of accommodating as many sleepers The whole of these looked clean and airy, and the rooms seemed to be well warmed and ventilated.

Within the building, on the ground floor, is an emigration office, where the business of the emigrants is transacted under the superintendence of Mr. Smith, whom the Government commissioners have deputed to manage the embarkation by the Mangerton, and who also undertakes the duty of exchanging all moneys belonging to the emigrants, where required, for colonial currency, an arrangement which cannot fail to be highly beneficial to the parties concerned, who might otherwise be liable to the notorious frauds so frequently practised by disreputable "dollaring" agents in this town upon the unwary Moreover, the emigrants, in order to prevent the risk of their being duped by sharpers, are not allowed to leave the "home," until the sailing of the ship, without his permission, nor are strangers admitted to the building without an order for that purpose from authorised parties To enforce these regulations, a police-officer is constantly stationed at the entrance-gate. Adjoining the office alluded to is a provision store, whence the daily rations are served out in conformity with the dietary appointed by the commissioners; and in front is the cooking establishment, excellently fitted up, and conducted in the most quiet and orderly manner. There is a washhouse and drying-shed adjoining the building, in which we saw several of the female emigrants busily engaged in preparing for their approaching departure.

The Mangerton, which is to convey the emigrants to South Australia, is a substantially-built, full-rigged ship, of 960 tons old, or 1100 tons burthen; new measurement. She was constructed at Quebec is classed A 1 for six years, and is nearly new, having been previously out one voyage. She has a poop [illegible], and is roomy and commodious throughout, her between decks being nine feet high, and measuring about eight to the beams. Her berths are constructed to carry 166 married males females in the mid-ships, 90 single adult males in the after and 80 females forward. We understand that the whole of these berths are engaged; and, reckoning upon non-adults in the usual way, it may be estimated that the ship will carry about 340 persons.

All the internal arrangements are admirable, and the accommodations superior to those generally provided in emigrant ships. Every precaution has been taken for the due separation of the sexes, to preserve decorum, and to secure the efficient protection of females during their long voyage, and for the sick, two excellent hospitals, for males and females, have been furnished with every requisite which experience could suggest.

We saw a considerable number of the emigrants, who looked cleaner, better clad, and more healthy and cheerful than persons in similar circumstances ordinarily appear. We were informed that they are chiefly from Ireland, and must have been drawn from the most vigorous and desirable classes of its population. Several passengers however, are from different parts of England, who have been sent down to the "Home" by the Emigration Commissioners. This is a step in a right direction we hail with pleasure. According to the evidence given before Mr. Sidney Herbert's Emigration Committee, in the last session of Parliament, a most frightful state of things prevails at our emigration ports The emigrant is robbed right and left before he leaves this country. The emigration sharpers at Liverpool have now become so numerous, and their gains so considerable, that th[illegible] positive necessity to endeavour to expose their frauds, and to destroy them root and branch "Mothers," says the *Liverpool Albion*, "with their helpless offspring, come here to avail themselves of those facilities which Liverpool affords to emigrants, but, instead of obtaining that protection and sympathy which their helpless condition demands, they are frequently robbed of that portion of their hard earnings which their husbands transmitted for the purpose of bringing them out to their new homes Those," continues our contemporary, "who have inquired into the awful prevalence of prostitution in this town with a view to its prevention, are aware that a very large proportion of these unfortunate women came here with unspotted characters and innocent hearts, and having been deprived of their little savings by the cruel system above referred to, they were driven to a life of infamy by the demands of hunger" We fear that emigrants themselves have to thank themselves for many of the ills they bear, they are weak and ignorant. What is needed for them are emigrant homes. We rejoice to find that so far as Government is concerned in this matter, something has been done

LITERARY NOTICES

JOHN CASSELL *informs his readers that a New Weekly Newspaper will appear on Monday, March the First, under the name of* THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER. *It will be published every Monday Afternoon, price* FOURPENCE, *and will contain Monday Markets It will be then, as now, the Organ of the Freehold Land Movement but it will also aim to be the best General, Family, Commercial, and Literary Newspaper existing* THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER *will advocate Free Trade in Land, Religion, and Labour the Organ of a great and growing movement, it must ensure extensive support No pains will be spared to make it a first-class paper, and published at so small a price*—OFFICE 335, STRAND.—*Order of Newsmen*

The volume of JOHN CASSELL'S LIBRARY *published on the 1st inst. comprised an interesting and instructive work, entitled, "The History of the Steam-Engine, from the Second Century before the Christian Era to the Time of the Great Exhibition." Each department of the subject rendered familiar to the general reader by explanatory diagrams and engravings of ancient and modern steam-engines. Price 7d., in stiff covers*

JOHN CASSELL *also informs his readers that the First Volume of* SCRIPTURE LIBRARY FOR THE YOUNG *is now ready, in ornamental cover, embellished with Twelve Beautiful Engravings, price 1s. 6d.—"The Tabernacle its Priests and its Services."* LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

1 *Rearing of the Tabernacle.* 2. *Mount Sinai.* 3 *Altar of Burnt Offering.* 4. *Brazen Laver* 5. *The Golden Candlestick.* 6 *Table Shewbread* 7 *Altar of Incense.* 8 *High Priest in the Tabernacle* 9 *Priests* 10. *Levites* 11. *Nadab and Abihu.* 12. *Feast of Tabernacles.—The Second of this Series of Books, "The Life of Joseph," is ready in a few days.*

MISCELLANEA.

THE ROSE.—Professor Agassiz, in a lecture upon the trees of America, stated a remarkable fact in regard to the family of the rose, which includes among its varieties not only many of the most beautiful flowers which are known, but also the richest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, &c; namely, that no fossils of plants belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists! This he regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth was coeval with, or subsequent to, the creation of man, to whose comfort and happiness they seem especially by Providence to contribute.

TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE.—The Rev J B Owen, M.A, of Bilston, in the course of a lecture recently delivered in the Corn-hall, in connection with the Church of Eng[illegible] Institution, and which has since been published in a separate form, upon "Popular Insurance," related an anecdote strikingly illustrative of the power which lay in the hands of working men to promote their own social comfort and independence, if they would only exert it. A Manchester cotton printer was, on his wedding day, persuaded by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale as her share. He rather winced under the bargain, for though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard, and he, poor man, was seldom out of the public-house as soon as the factory closed. The wife and husband saw little of each other except at breakfast, but, as she kept the [illegible] of her, and made her [illegible] a selfish allowance for housekeeping and the demands upon her, he never complained. She had her daily pint, and he, perhaps, had his two or three quarts and neither interfered with the other, except, at odd times, she succeeded, by dint of one little gentle artifice or other, to win him [illegible] or two earlier at night [illegible] then to spend an entire evening in house. But these were rare occasions. They had been married a year, and, on the morning of their wedding anniversary, the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some shame of remorse, as he observed, "Mary we'n had no holiday sin' we were wed, and, only that I haven't a penny i'th' world, we'd take a jaunt to the village to see the mother?" "Would'st like to go, John?" asked she, cheerily answering [illegible] "If she'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat." "Thou stand treat" said he, with half a sneer; "has got a fortun', wench?" "Nay," said she, "but I'n gotten the pint o' ale!" "Gotten what?" said he. "The pint o' ale," was the reply. John still didn't understand her, till the faithful creature reached down an old stocking from under a loose brick in the chimney, and counted out her daily pint of ale in the shape of 365 threepences (s.e., £1 11s. 3d.), and put it into his hand, "Thee shalt have thee holiday, John." John was ashamed, astonished, conscience-smitten, charmed. He wouldn't touch it. "Hasn't thee had thy share? then I'll ha' no more," he said. They kept them wedding-day with the old dame, and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of series of investments that ultimately swelled into a shop, factory, warehouse, country-seat, a carriage, and, for aught we knew, the mayor of Manchester at last.

MR. HUME'S CLAIMS UPON POSTERITY—Mr. Disraeli, in his "Life of Lord George Bentinck," pays the following high compliment to the veteran Member for Montrose:—"Mr. Hume towers among them (his own party) without a rival. Future Parliaments will do justice to this remarkable man, still the most hard working Member of the House of which he is now the father. His labours on public committees will be often referred to hereafter, and then, perhaps it will be remembered that, during a career of forty years, and often under circumstances of great provocation, he *never lost his temper*.

THE FIRST SHAVERS.—The practice of shaving probably originated at first from it being found that the beard afforded too good a hold to an enemy in battle; and for this cause shaving was originally practised among the Greeks, who continued in it until Justinian's time, when long beards came again into fashion, and so remained until Constantinople was taken by the Turks. The Romans appear to have derived the custom of shaving from the Sicilians, who were of Greek origin, and the refinement of daily shaving was first introduced by no less a personage than Scipio Africanus. At the close of the Republic beards were rare, and some of the Emperors lived in great fear of having their throats cut by their barbers. For the sake of hiding the scars on his face, the Emperor Hadrian wore a beard, and this, of course, brought that appendage again into use, but the custom did not long survive him.

COOLNESS.—The following orders, conveying great comfort to the souls of the passengers who heard them were given by the captain [illegible] boat, when she was about to engage in a race with another steam boat. "Rosin up bear, and tell the engineer to shut down the safety valves. Give her gross. Gentlemen who haven't stepped up to the captain's office and settled will please to come to the ladies' cabin till we pass that boat or bust. Fire up! Le[illegible]

The *Daily Mail* was [illegible] other day, and he and a little girl [illegible] seven years of age, ask an [illegible] man. "If he would be her father [illegible] son, as she was the reply. "Oh precocious country woman [illegible] Hume,' don't you know, if you'd b[illegible] I sha[illegible] off for l[illegible]

A Lu[illegible] pe[illegible] tablished at Circle[illegible] ville Ohio. The editor in his prospectus says:—"Our terms are two dollars a year. Gentlemen who pay in advance will receive a first-rate obituary notice in case of death."

VERACITY.—A mortal fever prevailing on board a ship, at sea, a negro was appointed to throw the bodies overboard. One day, when the captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the forecastle a sick man, who was struggling violently to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrated against being buried alive. "What are you going to do with that man, you black rascal?" said the captain. "Going to throw him overboard, massa, 'cause he dead," replied the negro. "Dead, you scoundrel?" says the captain. "Don't you see he moves and speaks?" "Yes, massa," said the negro. "I know he say he no dead, but he always he so nobody know what to 'bleve him."

A REASON.—A minister was walking out [illegible] day, and as he passed two little boys, one of them made a bow. As he turned his back, he heard the following amusing conversation.—"Why, John, didn't you know that was parson M?" "Yes, of course I did." "Well, why did you not make a bow to him?" "Why, my mother don't belong to his church."

LOGIC.—A gentleman asked a country clergyman for the use of his pulpit for a young divine, a relation of his. "I really do not know how to refuse you," said the clergyman, "but if the young man should preach better than [illegible] my [illegible] would be dissatisfied with [illegible] and if he should preach worse, why I don't think he's fit to preach at all!"

"QUARTER! QUARTER!"—In a recent sketch of an old pensioner's death and career, it is said that he was the man (a Highlander in Picton's brigade) who when a little Frenchman at Waterloo cried 'Quarire, Quartre!" answered, 'Quarter ye? We have no time to do tat, sae ye maun gien be contented to be cutted in twa.' This is of a piece with the story of a Frenchman who was hanged at Tyburn, exclaiming 'Misericorde! ah, Miser-i-corde!' 'Measure the cord!" said the indignant hangman, 'measure it yourself!"

SMALL TALK.—Nobody abuses small talk unless he be a stranger to its convenience. Small talk is the small change of life: there is no getting on without it. There are times when "'tis folly to be wise," when a little nonsense is very palatable, and when gravity and sedateness ought to be kicked down stairs. A philosopher poor figure in a ball room, unless he leaves his wisdom at home. Metaphysics are as intrusive in the midst of agreeable prattle, as a death's head on a festal board. We have met with men who were too lofty for small talk, who would never talk of their servants or—the weather. They never condescended to play with a ribbon or flirt a fan. They were above such trifling: in other words, they were above making themselves agreeable, above pleasing, and above being pleased. They were all wisdom, all gravity, and all dignity, and all tediousness, which they bestowed upon company with more than Dogberry's generosity. A man who cannot talk is no more business in society than a statue. The world is made up of trifles, and he who can trifle elegantly and gracefully is a valuable acquisition to mankind. He is a Corinthian column in the fabric of society.

SIR J FRASER A RECOMMENDATION.—A Madrid journal contains the following:—General Shelly, on passing a review of a cavalry corps, a few days ago, had this dialogue with a soldier:—'Which is the best horse in the squadron?' said the general. 'The horse No —, general.' 'What qualities has he which makes him the best?' 'He runs and leaps well, has no defect in his limbs or health, is fat, carries his head high, has good blood, and is in the prime of his age.' 'And who is the best soldier in the squadron?' 'The best soldier is I de T.' 'And why is he the best?' 'Because he is an honourable man, is obedient, clean, takes care of his equipments, his arms and his horse, and is exact in the accomplishment of all his duties.' 'And to whom does the best horse belong?' 'It is mine, general.' 'And who is the best soldier?' 'Your humble servant, general.' The general laughed, and gave the man a present of money, which he received with imperturbable gravity."

THE PIOUS ROGUE.—"Have you more of which your conscience should be purged?" said the venerable Father Anselm, addressing a kneeling sinner at the confessional. "Yes, holy father," replied the penitent; "I have committed the foul sin of theft, I have stolen this watch; will you accept of it?" "Me!" exclaimed the pious priest—"me receive the fruit of thy villany! How darest thou tempt me to the commission of so abominable a crime? Go instantly, return the watch to its owner." "I have already offered it to him," replied the culprit, "and he refused to receive it again, therefore, holy father, I beseech you to take it." "Peace, wretch!" rejoined Anselm, "you should have repeated the offer." "I did repeat it, holy father; and he persisted in the refusal!" "Then I must absolve thee from the sin thou hast committed." The purified Catholic had scarcely departed, when the astonished father discovered that his own watch had been stolen from the place where it had been deposited near the confessional.

When Lord Holland was dying, George Selwyn called at Holland House, and left his card. It was carried to the dying statesman. Glancing at it for a moment, he observed with a mournful pleasantry, "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him up, if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead he would like to see me."

WHY don't you put on a clean shirt?" said a swell the other night to his companion; "then the girls will smile upon you as they do upon me." "Everybody can't afford to wear a clean shirt every day as you can," was the reply. "Why not?" said white collar. "Because," said so. ——, "everybody's mother is not a washerwoman."

HUMAN HAPPINESS.—There is no point in human existence on which any child of Adam can place his finger, and say, "Then I was happy!" When the stream of life is gliding most pleasantly along, there will still be found some under-current crossing its progress, and which, if not seen foaming on the surface, is too surely felt troubling its onward tranquillity.

A GOOD RIDDANCE.—At Lowell, a young married girl and a bachelor ran off, the husband saw them as they got seated in the cars, gave them three cheers, waved his hat, bade them enjoy themselves if they could, and then went home a happy man.

The story is told of a certain New Zealand chief, that a young missionary landed at his island to succeed a sacred teacher deceased some time before. At an interview with the chief, the young minister asked, "Did you know my departed brother?" "Oh, yes! Me deacon in this church." "Ah, then, you knew him well, and was he not a good and tender hearted man?" "Yes," replied the pious deacon, with much gusto, "he very good and very tender. Me eat a piece of him."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WELL-SPENT SUNDAY.—The return of every Lord's Day (says Bishop Wilson) brought along with it an especial blessing, either ... advice or some reproof; some duty I had forgot, or some sin I had unwarily fallen into. These I received as messages from God, and ordered my life accordingly, and now I have the comfort of doing so, when I most stand in need of it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROBIN HOOD will find much of the information he wants in Miss Strickland's "Lives of the English Queens."

AUSTRALIA wishes to go to Australia. He is twenty-one years of age, writes a good hand, and can serve as a house-painter—not a very lucrative profession in Australia. We, however, recommend him to go: he has a better chance there than here. The cost of the voyage is—steerage, with provisions, from £15 to £20. It is not at all likely "Australia" can procure a Government pass, but "Australia" will be better informed on this subject if he writes to J. Walcot, Esq., secretary to the Emigration Board, No 9, Park-street, Westminster. We may as well tell "Australia" that the commissioners do not place money in the hands of emigrants; they, on the contrary, exact certain payments from the emigrant, according to age and ... stances, and, having made these payments with certain regulations, they are taken ... charge of and sent out.

A WORKING MAN writes to complain of the ... us to observe, ... He says, that we do ... "A Working Man"

... humble opinion, I differ to the ... as "A Working Man" proves ... We will ... A Working M... by reminding him of the epitaph ... on an grave of a German student. It is short, but expressive—"I was well, I took physic, ...

A B—A "Handbook on Lingraration" is now preparing at our office, which will contain all the information you need. It will shortly be ready.

X Y Z wishes to know how to get rid of spots and pimples on the face. In most cases, we believe, they arise from unhealthy habits, and indigestible food. Few people who live temperately, take plenty of exercise, and wash themselves thoroughly—not merely the hands and face, but the body as well—are troubled with them. Children require much more sleep than grown-up people. We suppose the reason why people oversleep themselves is that they are lazy and sleepy, or tired, and X Y Z, if he had thought of the question a moment, would have come to the same conclusion, and thus saved us the trouble of answering it.

RAMSDEN.—In writing for the press, in order to have a word printed in Italics, it is usual to underline it. In sending a contribution to a periodical, it is unnecessary to send anything by way of preface, or introduction: the piece will speak for itself. Writers often do—generally, ... regards the acceptance or rejection of the article, it matters not a pin.

HENRY SNOOK (what a name!) will find the Gazetteers in most of the cheap sixpenny atlases. As to an atlas, we hardly know what to recommend. He had better ask the nearest bookseller, and he can tell him the price. The atlas must depend upon the price Snook feels inclined to pay for it. We may recommend one that costs £5, when Snook may not feel inclined to pay more than 5s.

A CONSTANT READER of "THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND" would have done much better if he had gone to the parish clerk, and asked what were the marriage fees, than written to us. We believe in some parishes, at certain times of the year, marriages are performed gratis. We believe the fees vary in different localities, and that you get the blessing of a wife much cheaper in some parishes than in others.

J W—It is a figure of speech when ... the heart with intellectual or moral gifts. You ask, Do our thoughts lie in our hearts or heads? We should say the latter. The brain seems to be the seat of the reasoning faculty. Accordingly as the brain is developed we find intellectual power; but the brain itself is but matter—we must trace thought further still, to the inspiration ... might ... when the earth rolls round we do not roll off. The answer is, we are kept on its surface by the law of gravitation, which attracts all matter to the surface of the earth, and by means of which the stars and planets roll harmoniously in their pathway along the heavens.

S. F.—If you wish to learn French, you should procure the "French Lessons" and "French Manual" published at our office. They have been extensively used, and with the utmost success.

J. S. D. wishes to know if any of the descendants of the poet Sir J. Denham are living; and, if so, where they reside? We cannot answer the question, perhaps some of our correspondents can.

H. T.—A striking instance of the folly and ignorance of people at this time of enlightenment, as we call it, is seen in the rise and progress of *that detestable delusion called Mormonism*. The *New York National Police Gazette* contains a mass of disgusting details relative to the proceedings of this sect at the Salt Lake. A correspondent of that paper, writing from Utah, says:—"The pluralist wife system is in full vogue here. Governor Young is said to have 90 wives. He drove along the streets a few days ago with 16 of them in a long carriage, all of them having each an infant at her bosom. It is ... Heber C. Kimball, one of the Tri... Council, and the second person in the Trinity, has almost an equal number, and among them ... ...

THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., No. 20.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BUDA ON THE DANUBE.

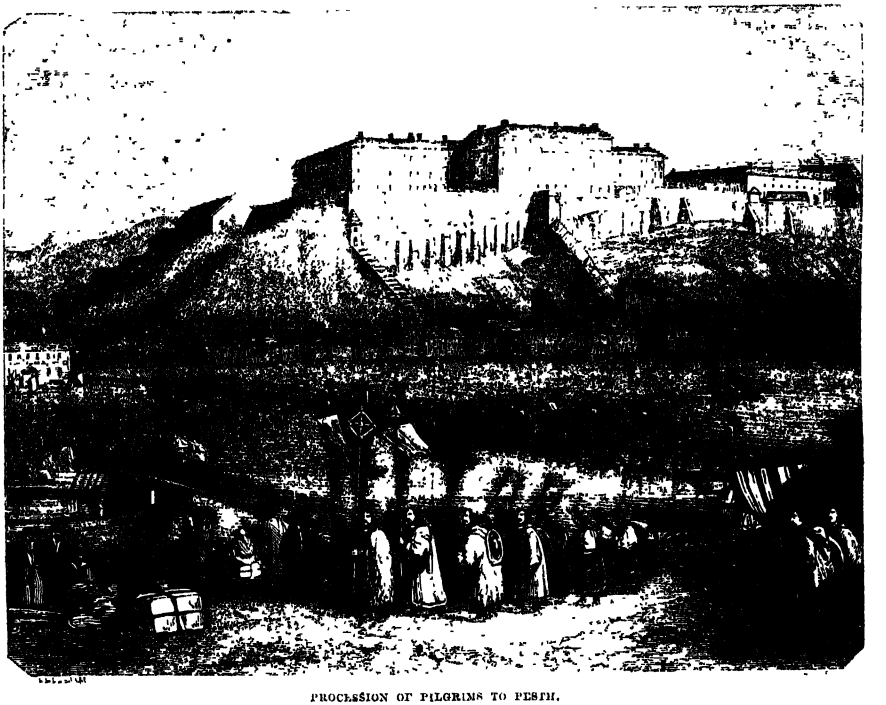
BUDA is also called *Ofen* by the Hungarians, and stands on the right bank of the Danube, opposite Pesth. The palace and citadel which crown a lofty eminence, were almost entirely rebuilt by Maria Theresa. Its churches partake very much of the oriental style of architecture—their towers being rounded off abruptly, like the domes of the mosques, and covered with lead. Buda is the present capital of the kingdom, and is the residence of the Prince Palatine, and the other high functionaries of the government. The crown of St. Stephen, to which the Magyars attached an almost superstitious importance, was kept in the imperial palace, but disappeared during the late war.

The higher nobility live in Buda only during the winter; and during the summer it appears almost deserted.

Pesth is situated at the extremity of an immense plain, and is the largest town in Hungary. The houses being all built of a sort of granite, and the streets being in general wide and regular, it has a very fine appearance. It possesses a good many large woollen manufactories. The University was once very flourishing, having a revenue of £35,000 annually—a very large sum in a country like Hungary, and having 1,700 students on its books.

A bridge connects Buda and Pesth, and makes them in reality one town; the inhabitants of both join on all civil and religious *fetes*. From the heights of Buda, the view is, perhaps, one of the most magnificent in the world.

The great religious devotion of the Hungarians, causes those of them who are Roman Catholics to pay more than ordinary attention to the ceremonies of the Church. Processions are, therefore, of frequent occurrence, and the great taste of the people for show and magnificence in matters of dress makes these ceremonials surpass those of any other country in the world in the splendour of costly decoration. The crowds of pilgrims which annually assemble from all parts of the country to offer their homage at the shrine of the Virgin, and Catharine, the patroness saint of the kingdom, have often astonished strangers. Our engraving represents a band of these passing across the bridge on their way to Pesth, with the banners and crucifixes, and all the other paraphernalia of Romanist devotion.



PROCESSION OF PILGRIMS TO PESTH.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

By Xantmus.

Nearly all nations naturally attach great importance to marriage ceremonies, associated as they generally become, in the memory of almost every individual, with the chief event of his life; and the attendant festivities, sacred and profane, are so variously modified by climate, civilisation, and whatever contributes to the formation of national peculiarities, that it may not prove an uninteresting task to compare the nuptial celebrations of other countries with those of our own. They present every variety, and though affected more or less by the indolent, or poetic, the energetic, or superstitious temperaments of different nations, we think it will generally be found that in proportion as women are reverenced, and as civilisation becomes far advanced, marriage festivities are conducted with proportionally increased solemnity and simplicity. Let us see how such matters are arranged in the South Sea Islands. There, if the union contemplated is between parties of rank, four large piles of plantains, yams, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, fish, cakes, bananas, with a baked pig on the top of each are, early in the morning, arranged in front of the house of the bridegroom, and the spectators assemble round them decked in new dresses, and their bodies anointed with sweet oil. Then the bride, closely veiled in fine matting made from the bark of the mulberry tree, is brought to the same place, and her feet, hands, and face being first anointed with sandal wood and tumeric, she takes her seat, and mock duels with clubs are performed in her presence, followed by boxing and wrestling matches, after which the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by their friends, who sing as they walk, enact a sort of procession before the spectators, who greet them with loud acclamations. The bridegroom then commences a dance with his young men attendants, during which the bride is led into her future habitation, the heaps of provisions are next distributed or scrambled for, succeeded by another boxing match, and the lighting up of the abode of the bridegroom, with singing and dancing in the evening, conclude these somewhat barbaric festivities. Those of the Tartar races are quite dissimilar, yet equally unlike our own, and as each man may possess four wives, it is not surprising that the affair becomes one of barter, and the price of a woman, varying, according to her beauty, from 20 to 500 rubles, is first determined upon between the father and the suitor, after which the latter is permitted to pay his respects in person to his future bride. When the price agreed on has been all disemboursed, the young woman's companions come to her father's house the evening before the wedding, and the female ones offer condolences on her quitting the parental roof, which are responded to by two male friends, who sing songs meant to inspire her with happy hopes for the future. The following morning the young couple stand up in presence of the mollah, who asks if they will wed one another, he next repeats a prayer, and bestows on them the nuptial benediction, and the bride is then seated on a carpet, and carried to the house of the bridegroom, where festivities are continued for many days, consisting chiefly of dancing and music. The Russian peasants, though near neighbours to the Tartars, have customs on such occasions peculiar to themselves, and which are believed by some antiquarians to be derived from the Greeks. The lover, accompanied by his bride-man, goes first to the lady's abode, and the friend says to the mother, "show us your goods; we have money." He is then permitted to enter the bride's apartment, and afterwards gives the lover a description of the girl and her possessions. The next day the lover exacts a similar privilege, only he experiences more difficulty in inducing the bashful fair one to show herself, if he is then satisfied, the betrothing is not long delayed; on which occasion the young people kneel to receive the father's blessing who places one of the household saints on their heads during the ceremony; rings are interchanged, and the bride gives out handkerchiefs to her female friends for them to embroider, and which she presents on the wedding day to her husband and his friends. On the preceding afternoon she is conducted to the bath, her companions singing lamentations, at the prospect of losing her, while they walk through the village. The same parties thus chaunt before setting out to church:—"A falcon flies in pursuit of a dove. Charming dove are ye ready? Your mate is come to seek you." "Yes," is answered, with sighs. The saint's image accompanies the party to church, and when the priest's benediction has been pronounced, the bridegroom by legal rights takes his bride by both ears and kisses her; the young maids remove her virgin head-dress, replacing it with the marriage insignia, and then all return home to make merry, and the bridegroom throws nuts on the ground to indicate his renunciation of all boyish sports.

Less poetical than weddings thus accompanied by song, the African observances would not be at all relished by the English fair sex. Not only is the nuptial engagement an affair of merchandise, in which the bride's father sells his daughter for so many oxen, and slaves, but the girl's nominal consent is not considered necessary, and as soon as ever the price is paid, and perhaps on the same evening, the young girl selected is decked in a white veil of her own weaving, and attended by her own friends she goes to the bridegroom's house, where she takes off her sandals, and a calabash of water is given to her; she knocks at the door, which being opened, discloses the bridegroom seated in state, surrounded by the elders of his family; going up to him, she kneels before him and pours the water over his feet in token of her entire submission to his will. In curious contrast to this insulting want of even decent attention towards the bride amongst the swarthy Africans, are the antique ceremonies observed by the superstitious Hindoos, but they are so tediously long drawn out we must endeavour to compress our account of them as much as possible. The father makes the proposal on behalf of his son, which is always done on a lucky day, before a reply is given, the bride's father pays a similar visit, after which, with great pomp, the other parent accompanies his son, who makes gifts to the bride, one of which is a piece of silk to be worn on the wedding-day; his father then presents four to six guineas with some betel to the bride's father, saying. "The money is thine and the girl's mine." The answer is *vice-versa*, and a Brahmin repeats a certain formulary which closes the betrothment. A lattice-work bower is now built in the court-yard, and from ten to thirty days, festivities are carried on, and friends call, and the interval so spent is equivalent to our reading of the bans in the church. Offerings are made to propitiate the god of marriage, and the young couple ride on elephants to return their friends visits in the evenings, when fire-works and illuminations add to the pomp kept up in all conceivable ways. For fear any evil eye should have been turned upon the lovers during these evening processions, a piece of cloth is torn in two in their presence, and the pieces thrown in opposite directions; and on the wedding-day Brahmins arrange themselves on a raised platform, surrounded by jars of water, the two largest being placed on it by the lovers, and prayers are offered up to bring down the deity into one of them. The sacrificial fire is then kindled, and oil, butter, rice, incense, &c., are thrown into it. The nuptials are performed by a Brahmin, who at the conclusion breaks a cocoa-nut in two, and then blesses the tali, or piece of gold, worn by all married women, which is placed round the bride's neck by the bridegroom, who swears before the fire to take care of his wife. All present sprinkle rice, mixed with salt on, over the shoulders of the newly-married, and repeat prayers as they do so, which is their mode of bestowing a benediction on the union.

Amongst the Turks, marriages are generally those of convenience, and are arranged by the parents in presence of a notary, the bride's dowry being her own to reclaim in case of separation. On the eve of the wedding, she goes to a public bath, where she is met by a large company of friends and relatives, and, in bathing costume, she walks round the bath; her bridesmaids, similarly attired, singing, as they walk beside her, a sort of epithalamium. Every one then salutes her, and presents her with jewels and other gifts, in return for which she kisses their hands. The succeeding morning she puts on a red veil, bordered with yellow, and in a close carriage, which entirely screens her from view, she is conveyed to the bridegroom's house, preceded by trees borne aloft, from which hang waving festoons of gold and silver thread, while musicians and mountebanks divert the people, who give a luminously on the string of horses loaded with the bride's effects, and her relatives, richly dressed, who follow in carriages.

Festivities are kept up for some time; but as the sexes are not allowed to intermingle, they can hardly be called of a social order, and chiefly consist in performances to be looked at, such as puppet-shows, dancing with castanets, and optical deceptions.

Marriages amongst the North American Indians form rather an exception to the rule of increased simplicity, in proportion to the advance of civilisation, for their festivities regularly brief and simple. A young "brave," whose courage has been tested in many skirmishes, who can exhibit plenty of scalps, and who is a good hunter, easily wins the favour of his Indian bride, and then seeking her father, while she stands by, he offers presents to the old man, who, if he is pleased with them and with the suitor, takes the hands of the young couple, and, joining them together, the quiet ceremonial of the union is completed, and is followed by a little feasting.

In Spain the warm climate and romantic temperament of its people are exhibited in the poetical ceremonies attendant on courtship and marriage. When a mutual understanding has taken place between the young people, a night is appointed for the betrothment, and the lover seeks the fair one's abode, which is decorated with festoons of flowers. He is accompanied by torch-bearers, musicians, and attendants, who form a circle round the house, and a serenade is performed of the most flattering kind; and when she has been sufficiently wooed, the coy maiden opens a little window, and asks what the gentleman wants? This leads to another rapturous burst of musical tenderness, and at last the lady throws down the garland from her hair, and promises everlasting constancy, the musicians immediately strike up a triumphant allegro; the windows are illuminated; the maiden and her parents come out and conduct the serenaders into the house; and firing of guns and shouts of joy resound through the calm, delicious night-air of Valencia. The day of the marriage is celebrated with musical entertainments, horse-races, and divers other amusements, and at midnight the bridegroom bears away by main force the bride, who is detained as long as possible by companions, to the beautiful arbour adorned for the retirement on the terrace upon the roof of the house.

The wooer of the Swiss cantons commences his courtship by the more truly romantic offering of a bouquet of flowers, gathered on the brink of a precipice, and to see his beloved, he is often forced to journey many leagues over the mountains at night, exposed to the risk of being waylaid by jealous rivals. When the object of his nocturnal wooing has been accomplished, the [illegible] is fixed, and, preceded by musicians and b[illegible] m[illegible] decked in gay ribbons, the young people walk to church, followed by a woman bearing a basket of flowers. The bride is dressed in a plaited apron, red hose, a floral crown, and a [illegible]macher, upon which are inscribed her Christian and surname, and the date of the year, and the chief bride-man holds her by her apron. When the religious forms are completed, the spectators obstruct the way of the bridal party, who are obliged to give them wine before they can proceed to the village public-house, where the festivities are to be held. Here Swiss dances are succeeded by the appointed person taking off the bride's virgin crown, and [illegible] cracking indicates that the young couple must not expect to be free from mankind's common portion of ill fortune during their future career. Food is also distributed to the poor in the adjoining meadow, and, with the simple fervour of religious faith in mountainous countries, the newly-married are then conducted to the bridegroom's house, which everybody enters, after first kneeling down and praying for the welfare of the young people.

The Illyrians and Dalmatians are descended from [illegible] mixed races of men, that a great number of curious nuptial observances yet linger amongst them, and vary in the different provinces, although the main ceremonies differ little from the Swiss and Spanish customs, which we have already described. One of these varieties is one common amongst the Romans, and still kept up by the Morlachians, of presenting the bride, after the marriage is consummated, with a sieve full of walnuts or almonds, which she throws amongst the bystanders, to signify that plenty will prevail in her house. The Illyrians usually appear well armed, and have their hats adorned with peacock's feathers, in compliance with ancient prejudices, on nuptial occasions; and, even now, bloody encounters are too common, when rival suitors insist on such trials of skill. As their wedding lasts several days, each guest is daily furnished with a small tub of water wherewith to wash himself, and each leaves in the tub some money for the bride, which thus augments her little dowry, of one cow and her wearing apparel. In some districts a ridiculous custom is observed, of the parents depreciating their daughter in set speeches before she is conducted to the house of the bridegroom, who says, in return, to the young wife, "Well, I shall find means to bring you to reason, and to begin with you in time. I shall let you feel the weight of my arm." He then pretends to beat her, though this part of the business is not always confined to a mere form. Another curious ceremony at Illyrian weddings is during the wedding dinner, in the midst of which, all the company rise up, and the bride is expected to throw over her husband's house a cake, made of hard coarse dough, the higher she can do this, the happier will the marriage prove and if the cake falls on the other side without breaking, it is considered a convincing proof that she will make a good housewife. The firing of pistols is common in these provinces on festive occasions; and, sometimes for a week before the wedding, a bride is expected to kiss all the men who come to see her, in token of the regard which she shall henceforth feel for the sex of her husband, and, on the day of her marriage, the bridegroom's friends ride forward and present her with a white silk handkerchief, which she returns, and the messengers [illegible] to the rest of their party, amongst whom the [illegible] and who, ranging themselves in a circle, partake of refreshments, amidst the discharge of fire-arms. On arriving at the bride's abode, the attendant maidens fasten an apple, encircled with flowers, to the top of the standard-bearer's lance, and, on reaching church, the bride is the last to alight, though she has the privilege of assisting her father-in-law to dismount.

The marriage ceremonies of the Tyrolese are more interesting, for they are evidently dictated by a truer sensibility. It of this nation beseeches the sanction of his parents to his choice, for them to reply—"Go, earn thy wife. To be a good father, a man must be able to get bread for his children;" and the young man dutifully obeys the mandate—the operation of which frequently banishes him to distant countries, with merchandise to dispose of, or other commissions, entailing the expenditure of a long period of time, much trouble, and patience. If, after this trial, he persists in his constancy, the father and son array themselves in their best apparel, and with presents of honey comb, [illegible] on sweet-scented plants, fine fruits, and cakes, made by some beloved sister, they visit the future bride, to whom the father says, "God bless thee, lovely girl, who remindest me of the days of my youth. I have a son; he loves thee. Wilt thou be a happy one?" She modestly replies, and the lover is then introduced, lays his gifts at the feet of his mother-in-law, when singing by the young maidens present, and a frugal repast follows; and in the evening the lover serenades the fair one for whom he has so long waited. Music forms an important item in the wedding-day festivities, [illegible] choolmaister addresses a complimentary speech to the bride, who afterwards delivers to her future spouse the ribbons for his garters, in token of submission. In church, before the priest pronounces the final benediction, the white-robed bride and gaily-decked bridegroom kneel to receive their parents' blessing, and after the marriage dinner, the head of the family offers up a solemn prayer for the happiness of the young couple, and, as the evening wears on, dancing begins, and the bride, in return for their congratulations, presents flowers to each of the young men; while the bridegroom, in like manner, gives different coloured ribbons to the fair maidens, who, in turn, have offered him their good wishes.

It is said, and it is greatly to her credit, that in no country are matches of interest less common than in Holland. When a maiden of the Netherlands has signed her consent to her lover's proposals, her apartment is decorated with garlands, and in country places a triumphal arch is erected before the house, and, for some days, the betrothed receive visits of congratulation every forenoon from friends and relatives, who are offered wines and liquors, which on these occasions are termed bride's tears, bottles of which, decked with white and

green ribbons, and square boxes of sweetmeats, are also sent round to all acquaintances, instead of bride-cakes. The marriage day ceremonies present no new features, unless it be the invariable presence of blanc-mange at the banquet, which is called "the bride's strengthener;" and at the conclusion of the ball the bridegroom is generally forced to promise the bribe of a second treat before he can obtain possession of the lady, which treat is given at the young couple's expense several days after the wedding.

The length of this paper warns us to draw to a conclusion, which we shall do by describing the Hebrew ceremonial of marriage; for what reader needs a recapitulation of the observances of a private English wedding, whose unpretending customs are not the less heartfelt, that they present no barbaric or sentimental, or degrading features, worthy of the pen of the historian? On the night preceding a Jewish marriage, the steward of the bridegroom sleeps with the latter, in order to prevent any evil spirit from having access to him, and when morning breaks, they both adjourn with other male friends to the house of the bride, and are ushered into a room where all the men of the family are assembled. Everyone bows his head to the east as he takes his seat, and a solemn pause of silence precedes the prayers and benedictions then offered up on behalf of the lovers, this little service ended, the bridegroom's steward bears the gifts of the wooer to the women's apartments, where he presents the usual set of presents to the bride—viz., two pair of shoes, one pair of hose, a silk pocket-handkerchief, and a prayer-book. She returns the compliment, by sending to the bridegroom an embroidered bag, for holding the Jewish symbols of faith, which are daily used by the male Hebrews; these are the Zepholim, or certain holy chapters written out on parchment, and leathern straps worn round the arms, with sacred words inscribed on them; she also gives him a Thalis or wrapper, to be used at prayers, and a white shirt or tunic, which he wears at his wedding feast, and once a year on the festival of the Reconciliation, and in which he is buried. When the interchanging of gifts is over, the blast of a trumpet is heard, and the bridegroom is conducted in procession to an apartment wherein is a canopy, beneath which he takes his place. Then the trumpet sounds again, and the bride enters in procession, and after walking round the room three times, to the blasts of the trumpet, she is placed beside the bridegroom, and the priest also stepping under the canopy, reads the marriage contract. The bridegroom puts a ring on the bride's finger, who is then closely enveloped in a thick veil, and is not allowed to be seen again until the following morning; a glass of wine is next brought in, which is consecrated by the priest, and by him delivered to the bridegroom, who drinks the wine, and the glass is placed under his heel, for a sign, that as it could no more be intact, so should his fidelity never be sundered. Another pause of solemn silence ensues, which is broken by loud joyful acclamation while again the trumpet sounds; all present embrace the bride and bridegroom, and each other, and a lively banquet closes the wedding festival of the young Hebrews.*

* Some account of a Swedish marriage, whose rites possess the tenderness and poetical simplicity of the far-north, would not have been here omitted, were it not sacrilege to trespass on a theme which has been so exquisitely portrayed by Professor Longfellow, in the notes to his "Voices of the Night," and which must consequently be too familiar to English readers to need repetition here.

POETRY.—It has long been an easy thing for hundreds of men and women to write verses which have almost the air of poetry. Poets, we know, are rarities, but what tribes of poetasters there are! And if you compare the average verses now with the average of the last century, or even later, how excellent they seem! The poetical commonplaces of our day are of a higher mood. People write verses so correct and musical, so polished in diction, so picturesque and fanciful, that, if not actually *diamonds*, these verses are the very best of paste. It is the same in most things. Elegance has become democratised. The general standard is raised. In manners, speech, furniture, elegance, and literature, things are now commonplace which not long ago were exclusive. It is with poetry as with oak carving, the real work of labour wedded to art is possessed only by the few, but imitation of oak-carving by machinery is to be had cheap enough.

THE MUSIC OF OTHER DAYS.

"We shall be very happy here," said Louisa Burnet to her brother, as they sat down in a neat apartment, the furniture of which they had just been putting in order; "I only wish your room was as neatly furnished."

"As I shall be asleep during the most of the time spent in it," said her brother, "the furniture is a matter of little consequence. The room is every way comfortable."

You must have your office neatly furnished."

It is furnished as I desire it to be, except in regard to books."

You will soon be able to purchase some books. I do not intend to spend another penny for any article of dress this season."

"I had rather go without books than have my sister experience the slightest want."

"You have made such a sacrifice for me, that I must and will deny myself for your sake."

"I shall not permit you to do so, my dear sister. I shall cherish my only earthly treasure just as carefully as I choose."

"I wish," said Louisa, with a tear in her eye, "that our poor mother could know how pleasantly her orphans are situated, and what prospects are before them."

"Perhaps she watches over us now as tenderly as when she tabernacled in the flesh. Her spirit may be present now."

A feeling of awe stole over the mind of the gentle girl. She closed her eyes and remained silent, while her brother gazed upon her beautiful countenance, and resolved that however the world might go with him, no thorns should lie in her pathway, if he could remove them, that no storm should beat upon her head, if he could shelter it.

If," said Louisa, "the spirit of our departed mother be near what joy must it give her to see the son of her solicitude and prayers so tenderly guarding her daughter, and—" her full heart would not allow her to finish the sentence; she leaned her head on her brother's bosom, and wept tears of gratitude and joy.

"I trust our mother would approve what I have done, but I am promoting my own happiness as well as yours."

"You were ever the most self-sacrificing of beings, except my mother."

"Not half so much as yourself, but let us avoid a dispute, even upon such a question. Is there anything else that needs attention here? To-morrow, I wish to give myself heart and soul to the labours of my profession."

"There is nothing else for you to do. If anything occurs, I can attend to it without troubling you."

"How will you employ yourself during the long days?"

"I have the books which your kindness has furnished, and my sewing, and this beautiful landscape to look upon, and I shall have to watch the hour which will bring you to me."

Mrs Hales came to the open door, to inform them that tea would soon be ready. A tear rose to her eye, as it fell upon the affectionate brother and sister. It was not unobserved by Louisa, who invited her to be seated.

"I must sit down with you a moment," said the widow, "for he reminds me of a dear son."

"Is he no longer living?" said Louisa.

"He was so kind and attentive," not seeming to notice the question, "that it was often said to me, after my husband's death, 'What a comfort you have in your son!' I had no more thought that he could ever leave me, than you have that your brother can desert you."

Louisa clung closer to her brother's hand, and made no remark. The words of the widow would imply that her son was a wanderer she feared to ask her. The silence became painful. Burnet said, "Your son is not living?"

"He is not. He died among strangers whether he ever was brought to see the error of his way, and to ask pardon, is known only to God. May you never know anything like the heartaches I have felt for that child. My bitter experience makes me feel anxious when I meet with the young and innocent; and my view of the dangers which lie in wait for them leads me to urge them in the language of Divine Wisdom, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.' If I had not felt so much confidence in my son, if I had prayed for him more, perhaps he would not have fallen. Excuse me for obtruding

my troubles. I did not intend to speak of them when I sat down. I love to see young persons happy. I hope you will enjoy many happy hours under this roof. It has been to me the scene of many mercies."

She then invited them to walk down to tea. The sister laid on the arm of her brother, and looked up to his face with an expression which told how entire was her confidence that he would ever be the faithful supporter and guide which he now was, and had pledged himself to the departed one to be.

The table was spread in an apartment which was shaded by the convolvulus, and sweet-scented honeysuckle: an air of perfect neatness pervaded the apartment. A spirit of subdued cheerfulness reigned in the little circle. They felt that there was sympathy between them. They felt that there were some quiet and peaceful spots even in this storm-swept world

The father of the orphans died when Richard was six, and Louisa three years of age. The mother—a woman of energy, affection, and faith—though left with slender means, supplied the necessities of herself and children. The wants of the minds were not sacrificed to those of their bodies. The son received the advantages of a collegiate education, though at the cost of great self-denial and sacrifice. He was not insensible to those sacrifices, and resolved that they should not be made in vain. A most diligent attention to his studies secured him the highest standing in his class, and a steady and successful resistance of the temptations of a college life, gladdened the heart of his devoted mother. After completing his collegiate course, he engaged in teaching, pursuing, at the same time, the studies of the law He had paid the debts contracted by his education, and was just prepared to enter upon his professional duties, when his mother was called away O death, why dost thou delight to enter those families which, after long struggles are just prepared to live!

The brother and sister were now alone in the world, and were wholly destitute of pecuniary means. Louisa resolved that she would not be a burden upon her brother The labours of a school, or even the drudgery of domestic service, she would willingly bear, sooner than interfere with his professional prospects He was as firmly resolved that she should not lead a life of toil, and that she should not be separated from him An eligible situation was promptly declined by him, because it would involve a separation. The arguments urged by him to induce a concurrence with his plans, failed to move her. She yielded to an appeal to her affection, and his entreaty that she would not leave him alone

It was decided, after many consultations, that he should establish himself in the village of L——, where the prospects of success were far less promising than the hopes held out by his ardent affection to his confiding sister. Lodgings were engaged, and they removed thither With some of the events of the first day of their residence, the reader is already acquainted.

Richard was not without his fears that his resources would prove inadequate to the supply of his sister's wants, but he carefully concealed them from her knowledge. To her inquiries respecting his success, he gave encouraging replies "Why," thought he, "should her fair face be clouded with anxiety? Why should shadows fall upon her path?" It should not be his should be the toil and care. Beautiful, oh brother, is thy fond affection! but far better were it that it be not exercised at the expense of truth

. . . . . .

The summer flowers had displayed their beauty and exhaled their fragrance and departed; and a russet hue began to steal over the landscape, which was viewed, each pleasant evening, by Richard and Louisa, from the heights that overlooked the village. The sister leaned a little more heavily upon the arm of her brother as she ascended the eminence, and her cheek acquired additional transparency. There was something in her general form and carriage which attracted the attention even of the unobserving rustic, and produced a feeling that she was not long to be an inhabitant of earth

The devoted tenderness of Richard for his sister won for him the respect even of those who fail in the lesser duties of affection, upon which so much of the happiness of life depends.

It did not, however, in the same proportion, promote his professional prospects A share of the legal business of the place, perhaps as large as he could reasonably expect, found its way to his office; but the returns were not sufficient to meet his expenditure. This fact he deemed it necessary to conceal from his sister, at the frequent expense of truth.

Mrs. Hales, who loved him for his devotion to his sister, and loved that sister with almost a mother's love, was pained at the deception practised upon the unsuspecting girl. On a fitting occasion she reluctantly called his attention to his fault. "Would your mother," said she (she was well acquainted with their history), "approve of such a course towards one who confides in you with her whole heart?"

"She would not," was his reply, "but what can I do?"

"Tell her the exact truth, and see how nobly she will bear up under it. Give her the privilege of sympathising with you, and of feeling that she has your entire confidence."

"In her feeble state of health it would crush her It is better far that she be kept in ignorance. It is a heavier load for me, but that I care not for, if she is not burthened."

"She cannot always be kept in ignorance, and when the discovery is made that she has been deceived, the pain will be far greater than a knowledge of what you are concealing can occasion."

'That discovery need not be made."

"It will be made There is that in your manner which she will observe, and nothing but the true statement of the case will satisfy her My young friend, permit her to share with you the burden which an all-wise Providence has laid upon you."

"It was by my urging that she consented to come here."

"No matter, confidence—permission to sympathise with those she loves, is all that the heart of woman asks for. I tremble for the happiness of that dear girl, and for your own. He that can resist the claim of duty, though it be in consequence of the pleadings of strong affection, may be led to neglect it from other causes"

"I am sorry, deeply sorry, that it is necessary for me to depart from the truth in any degree, but in my sister's state, the knowledge of my situation would crush her. It would not be safe to tell her the truth."

'It is never safe to do wrong"

'I beg you will say nothing to Louisa on the subject."

'Forgive me for interfering thus far—nothing but my strong affection for her could have induced me to do so. You may be assured I shall not allude to it again"

"Thank you I doubt not your motives are of the kindest nature I regret that inevitable circumstances forbid my following your advice. I hope soon to be relieved from the sad necessity"

"How have you been to-day?"

Louisa's room one evening, and stooped to bestow the kiss which she held up her lips to receive.

"Much as usual I have been rather lonely, but that is of no consequence now that you have come, sit down near me you look worn"

"I have been hard at work to-day"

'You have not to return to the office this evening?"

"It is not absolutely necessary that it should be so,"

"Do not think of it then, stay with me and rest"

'I need a little exercise," said he, throwing his arms in the manner of one performing gymnastic exercises.

'After tea you must take a walk"

'And leave you still longer alone?"

'You will not be gone very long, and it is of more consequence that you should preserve your health, than that I should not be lonely, I will lie down and rest while you are gone, so that I can sit up with you till I wish to retire"

"You will be ready to go immediately after tea," said a young man, now their fellow boarder, as they were seated at the table. Louisa turned to her brother with an inquiring look. The blood mounted to his temples, but she did not observe it.

"My sister insists on my taking a walk then, but we can despatch that business in a few moments. I can take the office in my way. You have the papers in readiness?"

"Yes"

Mrs Hales saw the look of intelligence which passed between the young men, and was satisfied that something was going forward which was to be concealed from the knowledge of Louisa. Her confidence in the moral rectitude of young Hyde was by no means strong, and she had for some weeks marked, with pain, the influence he seemed to be gaining over the mind of Burnet. When they had gone, she followed the lone girl to her chamber, and sat, for several hours, by her side, conversing with her about her dear mother, skilfully suggesting those consolatory

supports of faith which it was probable she would shortly need in a higher degree than at present. When the evening was far spent, she was constrained to leave her, in order to attend to domestic duties.

Hour after hour passed, and Richard came not. She replenished the fire and trimmed the lamp, and watched for the pausing of every footstep. Her anxiety would have been most oppressive, but for the belief that his absence was occasioned by the necessary calls of business. The hour of twelve had passed. All sounds without had been hushed to silence, except the dreary sound of the winter blast through the leafless branches of the locusts which stood before the house. A footstep was heard, it paused. The street door was opened. He had come, his step was in the passage. In her impatience, she rose to meet him at the door of the apartment, but he entered his own room, which was an adjoining one, and closed the door. "He thinks I am asleep," thought Louisa, "and he will not disturb me. I will step to his door and bid him good night." She opened the door. Mrs. Hales was standing in the passage. "Do not," said she to Louisa, "stand in the cold, go back to your room, do."

This was said with an earnestness which led Louisa to suspect that her brother was ill. "I must see him before I sleep," said she, advancing to the door.

"Do go to your room, dear, and see him in the morning."

"He must be ill, or he would have looked in upon me, or would come out on hearing my voice. Brother!" rapping at his door.

There was no reply. She lifted the latch, and the brother stood before her, haggard and half unconscious of his condition, while the fumes of alcohol revealed the cause, and convinced Louisa of what no human testimony could have convinced her. She was supported to her room by her sympathising friend, who sat by her bedside till the gray of morning, making no attempt to hush her moanings. A furious storm then arose, and the snow and hail beat heavily against the windows, and tore the branches from the trees. The agitation of the elements was not greater than that which tore the soul of the guilty brother, now that the delirium was over, and the dread reality was fully revealed to his perception. He rose and went to his office. He did not appear at the breakfast table. An hour or two later, Louisa requested that he might be sent for. "Tell him," said she, "to come to me without delay, if he would not have me die." He came. There was no word or look of reproach. She took his hand and kissed it, and laid it upon her burning forehead, and closed her tearless eyes. He then could gaze upon her face. He saw traces of sorrow, such as carried agony to his soul. She soon became delirious, and the physician was called. His medicines failed to check the burning fever in her veins. Day after day, and night after night, Richard remained by her bedside, watching the rapid wearing away of life, and feeling that his conduct had been the cause. He was assisted by Mrs. Hales, whose heart was softened towards him, in consequence of the keenness of his anguish.

The crisis passed. The fever abated. Reason resumed her throne, but the extreme prostration of the patient gave but little hope that health would be restored. As she became able to converse in whispers, it was only to thank Richard for his kindness. One day when he had expressed a strong hope of her speedy recovery, she said, "My dear brother, you must not deceive yourself, I shall not be with you long."

Her slow and measured words seemed to carry conviction to his mind.

"And I shall ever have to reflect that I have been your murderer," said he, in a tone of bitter self-accusing.

"No, you are not to cherish such a thought. I have felt, for some time before this attack, that I should not live long. I never expect again to see the spring blossoms, or to hear the spring birds. I am not afraid to die. My chief, my only regret in leaving this world, is in leaving you alone, and," her lip quivered, "you know what I would say."

It was the first time she had alluded to the event of the night preceding her illness.

"If you and I were to live on earth a thousand years, the scenes of that night should never be repeated."

"Tell me—do not deceive your dying sister—was it the first and only fall?"

A terrible temptation is before thee, O young man! Yield not to it, even at the bidding of thy deep affection. Hold on to the truth, and there is hope for thee; yield, and the chain already thrown around thee shall be riveted.

With his eyes closed, for how could he look in hers and utter an untruth, he said, slowly, and as she thought, solemnly, "It was the first time; it was accidental, and yet I might have avoided it. I have been greatly to blame."

"Promise me; and remember the promise when I am lying in the grave, that you will never again suffer the cup to come near your lips."

"I promise."

Of what value was the promise from lips that could deceive so trusting a sister?

Time rolled on. The sun began to ascend higher in the heavens, the southern gales seemed to betoken the breath of spring, the fair girl still lingered with her friends. One day the air was so mild that the window was opened, and the breeze of heaven again stirred her locks.

'I should like to see another flower," said she, "I should like to be buried when the violets are fresh in the graveyard—but this is folly. I desire that our mother's God shall do with me as he sees fit. He will reward you for all your kindness to me. He only knows how kind, how very kind you have been to me."

'And He only knows how cruel I have been to you."

'Brother, I implore you never to make such a remark again. To-morrow, I will tell you how I wish you to dispose of my things, and what I wish you to do for yourself. I am exhausted now, I feel disposed to sleep."

Before he had closed the shutters, she was in a tranquil sleep, from which the fervent kiss impressed upon her forehead did not awaken her. He sat down before the fire. A strange sensation of fear oppressed him. He rose, from time to time, and went to the bedside. Louisa was in a deep, untroubled sleep. At length, sleep stole over him as he sat in his chair. It was disturbed by dreams of suffering inflicted on Louisa by his hand. A shriek, whether in reality, or in his dream, he knew not, awoke him. He rushed to her bedside, the deep sleep of repose had been followed by the deeper sleep of death. The breath had departed. The spirit had returned to God who gave it.

In the morning, Mrs. Hales found him sitting beside the cold form of Louisa. The conviction that he had murdered his sister, and that he was destined to be an outcast and a wanderer seemed fixed in his mind.

. . . . . .

The remains were borne to the church. Every one present except the solitary mourner was in tears. He sat gazing upon the pall, and did not change his position during the whole service. No tear fell from his eye as the coffin was lowered, and the sods fell upon it. Some who knew his kindness to her, were surprised, the observing saw that it was the tearless agony of despair.

He returned to his lodgings, and immediately commenced preparations for his departure. His attention was confined to articles belonging to himself. His hand was not laid upon a single article belonging to the departed one.

"Where are you going?" said Mrs. Hales, as she noticed his preparation.

"I know not. The mark of Cain is upon my brow."

"Do not leave me in my affliction," said she, weeping; for the loss of Louisa was to her as the loss of a daughter beloved.

"I cannot stay here. I have nothing more to live for."

"Live to do good."

'To do good to the indifferent and heartless, when I was false to her who was an angel, and loved me as man was never loved before! Do not hinder me. I must leave this place, or go mad."

Without bidding her farewell, he took his departure, very general surprise and regret were expressed by the inhabitants of the village. Subsequently, there were occasional rumours of a reckless course in the dissipation of London, but at length these ceased, and it was not known whether he was among the living or the dead.

Nearly a score of years had passed. Many of the elders of the village had been carried to their long home. Their children had come to manhood, and were bearing the burden and heat of the day.

It was a summer's evening, and a man whose clothing indicated poverty, and whose haggard features told of scenes of intemperance and vice, entered the village inn. It was the once respected, beloved Richard Burnet. No one recognised him. He sat in a corner of the bar-room till, as the evening wore away, the inn-keeper advised him to pass along, as he had no accommo-

dations for such as he. He rose and went to the churchyard, and passed the night upon the turf that covered the ashes of his sister.

The next evening he stood in the street opposite the house Mrs Hales. He was gazing upwards at the windows of the chamber from which, nearly twenty years before, the beautiful and pure had been carried forth to return no more. He was recognised by Mrs. Hales, who still lived, enjoying a cheerful old age through the supporting influences of a Christian hope. She urged him to enter, he did so. To inquiries respecting himself, he gave no replies. He would listen while she spoke of his sister. Right skilfully did she appeal to his seared conscience through the love which still dwelt in his heart for the memory of Louisa. But there was no working of the countenance, no indication of feeling, unless it were that of dark despair. Suddenly rising, he said, "It is of no use, my heart will never be changed." Without any act of courtesy, he left the house, and passed on, as if about to leave the village. As he was passing a house in the outskirts of the village, the sound of music fell on his ear, and arrested his progress. He stood before the open window, while a young lady played and sung a song that his sister used often to sing to him when their mother was with them, and when nought but pure affections and high purposes had a place in his bosom. He leaned on his staff, and the tears ran down his cheeks. The music ceased, and the young lady came to the window. "Sing that again, if you would save a soul," said he. The young lady complied with the strange request. When the last note had struck his ear, he turned and walked hastily to Mrs Hales. She met him at the door, his eyes were still wet with tears. "I have come," said he, "to ask leave to go to her chamber, to pray there."

Without speaking, she led the way to the chamber, and took from a drawer Louisa's Bible. "This was *her* Bible. That mark is just as she left it. That was the last place she read."

With a trembling hand he took the volume, and opened it at the place indicated by the mark. A passage on the page was marked by a pencil. With difficulty he read, "I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." He was left alone in that chamber. He kneeled down, and prayed earnestly for the gift of repentance and for mercy. Many days were spent in that chamber in the reading of her Bible, in weeping, and in prayer. Fearful was the soul-struggle that was going on there. For a long time the issue was doubtful. Sometimes it seemed that the waves of despair must overwhelm him, but one day he came forth from that chamber with a smile upon his countenance. The change of appearance was scarcely less marked than that of the former dweller amid the tombs, when he was seen sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind.

He supplied the place of a son to the aged widow, and was the prop of her few remaining years. A life of uniform rectitude showed the thoroughness of the change in his moral character, and gave impressive weight to his oft-repeated warnings to the young, of the danger of suffering the claims of any affection, however pure, to interfere with the higher claims of conscience and the word of God.

THE GRATEFUL NEGRO.

Although not a day of our lives passes over that we have not many opportunities of proving our affection for those who are dear to us, by little acts of kindness, forbearance, and consideration, it is not often that we are called upon to give our friends such a painful testimony of our love as that referred to in the declaration of our Saviour, when he says, "Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friend." But none of us now can tell what the future will bring forth, or what we may be called upon to do; and the following very striking instance of grateful attachment is a teaching instance of how unexpectedly we may at any moment be placed in circumstances which will fully test the sincerity and disinterestedness of our affection:—

The father of the late revered stipendiary magistrate of Liverpool became second mate on board a merchant-vessel bound for the West Indies when he was only seventeen years of age, and on one occasion, the ship being anchored at some miles' distance from Jamaica, he was sent in a small boat to execute some small commission on the island. The little skiff was still three miles from shore, when she suddenly turned over, and six people immediately found themselves struggling for life in the deep, rough waves, one of these persons being a negro called Quamina, to whom the second-mate had shown great kindness, and had taught to read. Both, unknown to each other, strove to reach a cask of fresh water, hoping it would enable them to keep themselves from sinking until another boat from the ship should put off to their assistance. Quamina was the first to reach it, but he had only just laid hold of it when he perceived that the second-mate was nearly exhausted; and seeing that he must perish before the boat could arrive, he pushed the little cask, too small to sustain more than one, within his friend's grasp, and, hastily bidding his benefactor farewell, the negro relinquished his own hold, and perished in the deep waters.

Our admiration is excited for both parties in this true incident; for the young second-mate, who conceived a disinterested friendship for the negro, had so unostentatiously given up his leisure-hours to bestow on him the valuable gift of knowledge; and still more for Quamina, whose love and gratitude, when he was thus placed all at once in circumstances alike overwhelming and distracting, forgot himself, and generously sacrificed his own life to save that of his kind friend.

GOOD TEMPER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguish'd birth,
Or thousands gained a year.
It lends the day a new delight—
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content;
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn—
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born—
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away—
To snatch the brow from care;
Turns tears to smiles, makes dulness gay—
Spreads gladness everywhere;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer-dew,
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud,
When threat'ning storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins.
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves conflicting foam—
So comes this seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity?—
Good temper—nothing more!
Good temper! 'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

ST. GILES'.

THE sketches we have already given, and others which we may give, are not intended to be comic. It is no part of the writer's purpose to attempt to be funny, for what fun can there be in poverty and crime? If any expect slang, and highly-coloured pictures of low life, they will look in vain for them in these pages. A wise gladness and philosophic merriment will be all that is attempted; and if we succeed in directing attention to the poor of London—often more industrious and



THE PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR OF ST. GILLS'.

worthy as a class than we care to give them credit for—a step in advance will have been taken, which others, with better means than we, may do well to improve.

Politest of readers, were you ever in St. Giles'? Didst ever, in idle mood, turn from the great thoroughfare of Oxford-street, and lose yourself in the mazes of Seven Dials? If a lady, of course, you will say "Impossible;" but if a gentleman—now don't deny it—and a resident in London, or even a visitor for a few week, you will equally, as a matter of course, have strolled into that miserable quarter lying midway between London proper and the West-end. For our present purpose it will be sufficient, however, to assume that you have merely a traditionary knowledge of this famous, or infamous—just according to the sense in which you use the words—locality. To St. Giles', then, having provided ourself with a thick pair of boots, and thrown a mackintosh cape over our arm—for it is always muddy, and very often rains there—and being, moreover, accompanied by a respectable individual who has taken office under the Metropolitan Police Commissioners, and does duty in various styles of costume—we wend our way through Drury-lane, reeking of bad fish, worse fruit, old clothes, foul gutters, barbers' shops, and a questionable populace. Out into Broad-street—a wide, dirty, rambling, and neglected thoroughfare between Holborn and Tottenham-court-road—and leaving New Oxford-street to the right, we pause opposite the church of St. Giles'-in-the-Fields.

Before we enter the purlieus of the quarter traditionally said to be the favourite of the poor Irish in London, and now somewhat shorn of its foul proportions, consequent on improve-

ments in the neighbourhood, let us look around. Rising high up into the murky sky, the spire of the famous church, rebuilt by Henry Flitcroft in 1784, attracts our attention. In the yard around it, covered now with the rank luxurious vegetation which seems to thrive in foul air, or in equally foul vaults beneath the edifice, were buried—Richard Penderell, famous in history as the preserver of Charles the Second, after the battle of Worcester, and for which service his descendants still receive a pension from the country; (!) the witty Sir Roger L'Estrange (died 1704); the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury; the dramatic poet Shirley, who died in 1804. The church itself was originally the chapel of the Hospital for Lepers, founded by Matilda, queen of Henry the First, in the year 1101. It was erected into a parish church by Henry the Eighth, after the dissolution of religious houses; and at the north wall was the place of public execution. Here suffered Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, in the reign of Henry the Fifth, and Babington with his accomplices, in the time of Elizabeth.

But enough of the past. The novels and poems of the last and preceding centuries are as full of allusions to the infamous history of St. Giles' as are the works of the Jack Sheppard



THE BEGGAR FAMILY OF WHITECHAPEL.

the year of the Great Fire, Andrew Marvell, who died in 1678; and the infamous Countess of Shrewsbury, who "held the house of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, while he killed her husband in a duel."

St. Giles'-in-the-Fields—the old church was literally "in the fields"—bears the bad reputation, in spite of its stocks and its pound, its cage and its roundhouse, its whipping-post and its gallows—all of which pleasant appliances it boasted of possessing till the beginning of the present century—of having been twice robbed of its communion-plate, once in 1675, and lastly

class of modern writers. Here dwelt the vicious Jonathan Wild. It was in St. Giles' that the scene of the immortal "Monsieur Tonson" was laid, and in Bowl-yard, "over against Dyot-street," the criminals took their last draught on their way to the "triple tree" of Tyburn. It is with the present of St. Giles' we have to do.

Whether it be owing to the influence of association, the dilapidated look of the houses, or the miserable appearance of the people one sees in some neighbourhoods in London, it certainly seems as if vice and foul weather were intimately

associated. This fact particularly strikes you in St. Giles'. A gloom appears to hang about the streets; an unhealthy odour is exhaled from the doorways; the gutters reek with filth; and a terrible look of discontent and wretchedness seems settled on the faces of its unwashed population. Poverty leers out of its numerous gin-palaces, and crime loans unabashed against its street-posts. Vice receives its first lessons in its mother's arms, and profligacy peeps from under brows not yet in teens. The thief and the receiver pass each other openly in the broad day, and nod familiarly to the policeman at the corner. It must be understood that in London and elsewhere a most perfect acquaintance exists between the protectors and the breakers of the law. It is only when a crime has been committed that the latter are in jeopardy; till then they are as free on the Queen's highway as you and I. Most charitable of readers, would you have it othe.

There is character in St. Giles'- peculiarity in the houses which line its streets, and distinguishing marks in the several ranks of its people. Cast your eye along the dusky pave. The majority of the doors, darkened every now and then by passers to and fro, lead to gin-shops—not taverns, but literally gin-shops, where the whole business is carried on for ready money, and the customers stand, one and all, to drink before the bar. And, that there should be no impediment in the way of the drunkard or the thief, you will notice that in the miserable shops which line the way are bought and sold every conceivable article of ornament, apparel, and household use. Nothing is too rich, and nothing too mean, for the dealers in stolen goods. In St Giles' a market equally exists for the gold-watch picked from the pocket of a lord, and the tattered rags gathered from the dunghill and the sewer. Even the food sold here partakes of the squalid character of the pl and viands, the very sight of which makes the stomach of the visitor heave with disgust, are certain of finding customers in the grimy courts and alleys of St Giles'.

The St. Giles' of daylight diff ally, however, from the St. Giles' of the night season as does light from darkness. By day, it is simply a miserably low neighbourhood, abounding in old clothes' shops, marine stores, "dolly shops," bird catchers, ballad-sellers, street-stalls, low public-houses, rags, filth, and squalid poverty; but by night who shall describe it? Many have ventured to give on its outer features; but no one man, except he be of the fraternity to which our friend of the "detective force" belongs, has ever ventured to sound the depths of its horrible iniquities, has ever dared to explore the inner life of its night-cellars, where sham cripples, begging-letter impostors, ballad-singers, vagrants, and lost women, congregate in unholy revelry, or sat in its thieves'-kitchens, where youths are elaborately educated in crime. It, as the poet says,

> "Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen,"

one would think a single night in St Giles' would save the intending felon; but it is to be feared that the context of that famous quotation is too often the consequence of a close inspection of the villanous orgies of St Giles', and that many "embrace" the filthy siren without even the initiatory processes of "endurance" and "pity."

It must be understood, however, that we speak here only of the "back settlements" of St. Giles', for this parish, like others, contains its goodly houses for the well-to-do and the industrious, and numbers at least half-a-dozen lords among its

But the
streets, know nothing, and care somewhat less, about the inhabitants and the doings of Seven Dials.

St. Giles' and Whitechapel—and what we have said of the character of the first will apply in many respects to the last—are the great rendezvous of professional beggars—people who would rather beg than work. Here, in dim cellars, where filth and darkness are next kin, are congregated whole hordes of such characters as the artist has depicted. Men without honour, women without virtue, children in whose little faces shine the premature cunning that grows out of such associations. Can it be that that wretched woman, tattered and worn and furrowed with sin, ever gambolled in green fields in her innocent girlhood? Oh, no! we shame humanity by thinking it. Look at her side for the portrait of what she was. They are types of e. other—lost in youth, hardened and callous in womanho depraved and miserable in age. People like these ne knew the comfort of a home, or, if they did, have long outli the memory of it. The life of such women is told in a few s tences—is written in the pictures the artist has drawn. either of the groups sketched by the graphic pencil of artist there may be read the story of a life—poverty, decepti immorality, disease, callous wretchedness. Who would c to inquire further? Who dares lift the veil, and expose inmost thoughts and habits of such as these? Not one of —that's certain. And yet why should we shrink back fi the performance of so obvious a duty as the raising up help for these lost, degraded beings? It is a duty, ignore it as will. How many of us dare look this evil in the face—d follow the wanderers home—dare trace the polluted stream

Can it be that the fair denizen of St. Ja
feel the slightest interest in the welfare, or the ill-fate, of l miserable sister of St. Giles'. Senators are silent as to t occupations and condition of the very lowest grades of t people, and it is only when some popular author, who l purposely made himself acquainted with the facts, introdu his reader to the population of St Giles', or Jacob's Isla that the world of well-to-do folk can be brought to believe lives in the very midst of so foul a pestilence. Then for a li while—just while the novel is fresh, and the newspapers m extracts—its polite readers are anxious to learn somethi of this pauper population, which gets its living
know how, and is quite unacquainted with the inside of workhouse. Inquiries are made of visiting clergymen a
manies; blue-books are searched fo
nd penny-a-liners suddenly bec
portant in virtue of their knowledge of low life, and schr are set on foot and societies are formed, with lords and M.I for committee-men, for the "amelioration of the conditio the poor," the building of school-houses, and the free distri tion of Bibles. But before the second edition of the novel announced the fervour has subsided, young ladies begin feel rather disgusted with the sickly details they were at fi so eager to listen to; gentlemen vote the statistics a bore; t prospectuses of the societies lie undistributed at the printer who ultimately uses them as waste-paper to pack parcels a and the miserable victims of vice and want are left much they were before—to themselves, with no sympathisers b the poor priest and the scripture-reader.

Do we who call ourselves "society"—we who are cognisa of the fact, that these denizens of the lowest haunts of Sout ark, Whitechapel, and St. Giles', are bringing babes in the world only to be initiated into vices like their own—be no part in the moral evil? Do we, who look calmly on an yet take no steps to stop the moral contagion and prevent t onward flow of that deadly stream—do we, too, not sha the shame? Oh, proud of heart, and noble of lineage, w clothe yourselves in fine linen and fare sumptuously eve day, look on this picture, and shudder at the results! But yo care not for the vicious—why should you? Wrap yourselv in the apathy of your wealth, and wake not from the dream your high station till fever, bred in the squalid, overcrowde courts and cellars of St. Giles'—fever bred of filthy dwellin, and uncared-for people—swoops down upon the costly couch of St. James'! And you, oh, clever legislators and improve of the city-ways! think for a moment, that for every haunt crime uprooted to make room for splendid dwelling-plac
open streets, the teeming cellars of poverty a... ...
filled the fuller! In a great city crime and poverty are inevi able. For the unsteady of purpose and the weak in principl temptation lurks in every street, and vice puts on her mo attractive garb. But should the number of the vicious excu the apathy of the good? No! Should the degree of shan prevent inquiry? No! Should the stolid ignorance of th crowd make feeble and of no avail the voice of ed cation? No! Should the unthankfulness of the mor leper prevent our pouring the balm of pity and assistanc into his wounds? No! Should the worse than indifferenc of the unbelieving close the hand and still the voice charity and religion? Emphatically, No! We have grow
... It is a serious subject, and we shall crowhile sum it.

JOHNSON JEX.—A STUDY FOR THE MILLION.

LATELY, at Letheringsett, near Norwich, died a learned blacksmith, worthy of something more than provincial fame. Altogether this man, whose name was Jex, seems to have been an extraordinary character. A short account of his life and of his mechanical inventions will doubtless interest our readers, for *he* did not belong to the "crowd of those who are faithfully stamped like bank-notes, with the same marks, with the difference only of being worth more guineas or fewer." A single sentence may serve to give a comprehensive description of this remarkable man—he was pre-eminently "an original thinker." He took nothing for granted, but reasoned deeply upon every subject that presented itself for his consideration.

Johnson Jex was the son of William Jex, a blacksmith, and was born at Billingford, in this county, in or about the year 1788. In his boyhood he was sent to a day-school, but he has often been heard to say that although he was *sent* off to school for years, he never *went* three months in his life. He frequently walked to Foulsham instead, to look in at the shop window of Mr Mayes, a watchmaker, who resided there He did not even learn to read or write at school, but taught himself afterwards. His mechanical talent manifested itself at a very early age When about five years old he was left alone in a at his grandmother's, at Cley-next-the-Sea, and employed his time in taking a lock off a drawer with an old knife, "to see what was in it."

With regard to Jex's first experiment in clock-work, the following anecdote is related. When about twelve or thirteen years of age, a watchmaker went to his mother's house to clean her clock. Jex watched him while he took it in pieces, cleaned the works, and put them together again. No sooner had he left, than the boy determined to try whether he could not do the same. He at once went to work, and completed his task with all the skill and exactitude of an experienced hand. (He had not mention this circumstance till several years afterwards.) From that time he began to turn his attention to watch and lock making, and, *without having served an apprenticeship* naturally attained great excellence in the art. When about thirteen years old he became acquainted with Mr Mayes, of whom mention has already been made. Mr. Mayes' attention was first attracted towards Jex by frequently observing him look in at his window. He at length asked him what he wanted. Jex replied, "he wished to see *that thing*"—pointing to a newly-invented instrument for cutting clock wheels. Mr Mayes showed it him, but did not allow him to touch it. Jex declared he "could make one like it," and accordingly did so in about a month. Mr. Mayes was delighted with the talent and ingenuity displayed by the boy, and from that time took great pleasure in showing him anything connected with his business At his death he left Jex a legacy of £50, as a proof of the high esteem he entertained for him.

In early life Jex was by no means robust in health, and he afterwards declared his belief that working at the bout hammer, at the blacksmith's anvil, had been the means of strengthening his constitution and saving his life. Some particulars of Jex's early history are given in Young's "General View of the Agriculture of the County of Norfolk." We subjoin the following extract, written about the year 1802. "Under the head Implements, I must not conclude without mentioning a person of most extraordinary mechanical talents, Mr. Jex, a young blacksmith, at Billingford, at 16 years of age, having heard that there was such a machine as a waymeasurer, he reflected by what machinery the result could be produced, and set to work to contrive one; the whole was his own invention. It was done, as might be expected, in a roundabout way, a motion too accelerated, corrected by additional wheels, but throughout the complicity such accurate calculations were the basis of his work, that when finished and tried it was perfectly correct without alteration. His inventive talents are unquestionable. He has made a machine for cutting watch pinions, a depthening tool, a machine for cutting and finishing watch-wheel teeth, of his own invention, a clock-barrel and fusee engine, made without ever seeing anything of the kind. He made a clock, the teeth of the wheels cut with a hack saw, and the balance with a half-round file. He has made an electrical machine, and a powerful horse-shoe magnet. Upon being shown by Mr. Munnings a common barrow-dull, the delivery by a notched cylinder, he invented and wrought an absolute new delivery; a brass cylinder, with holes, having moveable plugs governed by springs which clean the holes or cups, throwing out the seed of any size with great accuracy; and not liking the application of the springs on the outside of the cylinder, reversed the whole, and in a second, now making, placed them most ingeniously within it. He has not yet failed in anything he has undertaken; he makes everything himself—he models and casts them in iron and brass, having a powerful wind-furnace of his own invention. It is melancholy to see such a genius employed in all the work of a common blacksmith. However, he is only 23 years of age, and I am mistaken greatly if he does not ere long move in a much higher sphere. This is not a country in which such talents can long be buried; a mind so occupied has had no time for vicious habits; he is a very sober, honest young man, and bears an excellent character."

Unhappily for the interests of science, the talents which excited admiration at so early an age, and which expanded with the growth of years, were destined to remain for ever buried in obscurity. Shortly after Young's notice of him was written, Jex removed to Letheringsett, near Holt, where he worked as a common blacksmith till within the last thirty years. Since that time he has employed workmen in the practical part of his business, but he continued till his decease to live in the house adjoining the blacksmith's shop. His mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, was his companion until her death, which took place about twenty years ago. Since then Jex has led a life of complete solitude—*a scientific anchorite*. No monk, bound by the vows of his order, ever devoted himself more completely to the service of his church than did Jonathan Jex to the pursuit of science For this he "lived, moved, and had his being" His thirst for knowledge of every kind was so great that no obstacles in the way of its attainment appeared insurmountable. His natural taste for mechanics led him to the greater part of his time to this branch of and some of his inventions were evidences of a splendid intellect conjoined with the power of severe and continuous application.

The first watch ever constructed by Jex was made after he had settled at Letheringsett, for his friend the Rev. T. Munnings, of Gorget, near Dereham. *Every part of this watch, including the silver face, and every tool employed in its construction, were of Jex's own making.* At Mr. Munning's request he engraved inside the watch these lines —

> "I, Johnson Jex, a blacksmith bred,
> With some strange crankums in my head,
> And tools on which I could depend,
> By me invented for a friend
> This time-piece made from end to end.
> If this your mind should still perplex,
> Behold my name—'tis Johnson Jex"

This watch was stolen by housebreakers, and the particular escapement adopted by Jex in its construction cannot now be ascertained It is believed, however, to have resembled that known to watchmakers as the "*horizontal escapement*," as he actually made a "ruby cylinder" for this watch. This fact was mentioned to Arnold and Earnshaw, two celebrated London watchmakers. The former declared that a ruby cylinder could not be made out of the metropolis, and that only two or three Italians in London could make such a thing. Mr. Earnshaw said it might be *possible* to have a ruby cylinder made in the country, but it was not probable, and he expressed a great wish to see the "Village Blacksmith" who had achieved such a triumph of skill, offering at the same time to show him all possible attention It was through the advice of Mr. Munnings that Jex once exhibited some agricultural implement of his own invention at the Holkham Sheep Shearing. Owing, however, either to its complicated structure or to some personal pique between Mr. Munnings and Mr Coke, its value was not appreciated. This so disgusted Jex that he declared he would never again bring his inventions before the public, and to this resolution he firmly adhered.

One of the greatest efforts of Jex's inventive powers was the construction of a gold chronometer, with what is technically termed a "*detached escapement*" and compensating balance, which was made long before he ever saw or heard of the "*de-*

'ached escapement—the principle of which has since been so successfully applied by Arnold and Earnshaw. Jex turned he jewels himself, made the cases, the chain, the mainspring, nd indeed every part of the watch except the dial. The very nstruments with which he executed this wonderful piece of nechanism were of his own workmanship. It is only by watchnakers themselves that this triumph of skill can be adequately ppreciated. *They* know that no single man is ever employed o make a complete chronometer, but that different parts of the nechanism are entrusted to different hands, and that many are mployed upon a single watch. Several watchmakers refused o give credence to the statement when first told them, that ohnson Jex, a blacksmith, had made a chronometer by his own nassisted skill—more especially when informed that he had isdained to tread the beaten path, a servile imitator, but had plied an entirely new principle in its mechanism. The late Ir. Cozens, of London (whose name is familiar to most watchnakers), actually furnished Jex with the gold in its rough state, rom which he manufactured the chronometer. It was made or the late Sir Jacob Astley. By a curious coincidence it fterwards fell into Mr. Cozens' hands, and was purchased as curiosity by Mr. Blakely, of Norwich, in whose possession it till remains. Inside the case are engraved the words, "An riginal invention, by Johnson Jex." This chronometer was xhibited a few years ago at the Norwich Polytechnic.

Such was Jex's thirst for information, and such was his reolution to clear away every obstacle which impeded his proress, that, wishing to read some French works on Horology, e mastered, *unassisted*, the French language, when about 60 ears of age! He then read the books in question, but found hat they contained nothing that was new to him, he having ecome thoroughly acquainted with the subject by previous tudy of English authors.

Another of Jex's inventions was a LATHE of extraordinary ower and ingenuity, which remained in his possession until is death. By means of this lathe he was enabled to cut the eeth of wheels mathematically correct into any number, even r odd, up to 2,000, by means of a dividing plate. He also conructed a lathe on a minute scale for turning diamonds, which s very complicated in its structure. He likewise invented an ir-tight furnace door for his own greenhouse, so admirably onstructed that the fire would keep lighted from Saturday ight till Monday morning, thus obviating the necessity of his ttending to it on the Sunday.

About ten years ago he invented a method of opening greenouse windows for Mr. Cozens Hardy, by which means they an be set open at any required width, and so fastened that the ind has no power over them. The contrivance is *extremely imple*, and yet so effective that it deserves a patent, and ought o be *universally adopted*.

In addition to being a watchmaker, Jex was also an iron and rass founder, a glass blower, a maker of mathematical instruments, barometers, thermometers, gun barrels, air guns, &c. The latter he considered extremely unsafe, one of them having urst in his hand, after having been submitted to a severe roof. Jex understood electricity, galvanism, electro-magnetism, &c., and had a thorough knowledge of chemistry as far as he metals are concerned. He had in his workshop an electrical machine, which he once employed in a ludicrous way. He had been very much annoyed by a dog which kept contantly paying him visits, and was decidedly "more free than welcome." Jex resolved to cure the dog of its propensity, nd accordingly charged his machine, and then baited the ire attached to it with a piece of meat When next the dog ppeared it eagerly seized the dainty morsel, but a severe hock in its nose so terrified the poor animal that it instantly ook to its heels, and from that time forth was never seen in ex's yard.

Amongst other sciences, Jex understood astronomy, and ould calculate the time by the fixed stars. In taking astroomical observations, he was accustomed to make use of his wn door-posts and a chimney opposite. His knowledge of stronomy, *as of everything else*, was SELF-ACQUIRED.

He made telescopes and *metallic reflectors*, which are universally acknowledged to be extremely difficult of construction. He puzzled his brains for some time on the question of "perpetual motion," but at length gave it up as unattainable.

We feel ourselves utterly incapable of doing justice to Jex as a man of science. It is probable that comparatively few his successful experiments were ever made known to any ot person; consequently many of his most important inventi have doubtless died with their author. It is melancholy reflect upon such a waste of talent. He was often urged a more suitable field for the exercise of his powers, but co never be induced to leave the secluded village in which he h fixed his home. He never visited London; and it is even heved that he was never out of the county which gave l birth. He had a great dislike to travelling, and never r a railway tram, although he lived within twelve miles o station.

Some sixty years ago, when he was a mere boy, Jex fi heard steam spoken of as a motive power of irresistible for The boy thought its power was over-estimated, and resolvec test it by a most original experiment. He first partially fil a gun barrel with water, which he stopped up with a stro plug. He then put the barrel into the blacksmith's forge, r in process of time steam was generated, and the plug of cou forced out. Jex needed no further experiment to prove power of steam. He was a first-rate arithmetician, and co work very complicated calculations. His reasoning pow were of the finest order, nevertheless, paradoxical as it n appear, he was in some things extremely superstitious. I instance, he would never *begin* anything on a Saturday, and used to say that therein he followed his mother's example. was naturally a timid man, and excessively afraid of contagi yet he lived in a state of filth which was almost sufficient itself to generate disease. He never allowed a woman to en his house for the sake of cleaning it, and his rooms consequen contained the accumulated dust of years. His disposition v shy and retiring, but whenever he met with any one wh tastes were similar to his own, he would converse for ho with the greatest delight upon any subject connected with t arts and sciences. He was a man of the strictest integrity, r of unimpeachable veracity. He was *entirely* destitute of love of money, and sought out truth *for its own sake*, and w no view to any personal gain. Such an example is rare indc in this grasping and selfish age. He was kind in his manı to the poor, and rarely sent a mendicant away without reli He was naturally very humane, and of which the following one proof. He used to keep bees, but could not endure t idea of being obliged to burn them in order to get the hon He therefore invented a new kind of beehive, which entirely p vented the necessity of perpetrating what he considered to an act of cruelty.

As a proof of the sterling uprightness of Jex's dealings, must mention a highly characteristic incident. He was fc of music, and meeting with a second-hand barrel organ, pi chased it for £6. When he got it home he fancied the pr he had given was below its real value, and he therefore se the person of whom he had bought it £2 additional. This m be thought by some too trivial a circumstance to be record here, but it will not by those who remember that very " tensive prospects may be seen through small openings." T character of J. Jex is one in which the moral philosopl may find ample scope for the exercise of his analytical powc He was a "man of mark," whose giant intellect burst the b riers of opposing circumstances, and forced for itself a w into light and liberty. He reminds us forcibly of Bur familiar lines—

> "The *rank* is but the guinea's stamp,
> The *man's* the gowd for a' that."

Jex's personal appearance was prepossessing. He was abc the average height, and well proportioned. He had a pleasi expression of countenance, and when engaged in conversatic a very animated one. His eye was bright and intelligent, a he had a *remarkably* fine head, a cast of which has been tak by Bianchi, a Norwich artist.

Johnson Jex was addicted to no vice whatever, but thou strictly moral in all his actions, we fear he was not goverr by the higher principles of religion. On this subject, howev it behoves us to be silent, remembering that his immo spirit is in the hands of that Being who can alone discover t secret springs of action in that most wonderful of all mechr isms—*the human heart*.

Jex was hardly ever known to attend public worship. T

last sermon he heard was one preached many years ago, at Cromer, by the Rev. W. Brock, with whom he was personally acquainted. He listened with marked attention, and afterwards expressed himself highly delighted with the sermon.

In 1845, Jex had a stroke of paralysis, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. His intellect gradually lost much of its original power, and the last year or two especially, a very marked alteration was perceptible. He was again attacked with paralysis in November last, and his death took place on the 5th of last month. His remains are interred in Letheringsett churchyard.

Thus lived and thus died Johnson Jex, whose history forcibly exemplifies the truth of Gray's lines—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

THE WORKMEN OF EUROPE.

M. Blanqui, the great French political economist, in an article on the Exhibition, expressed his regret that we had not an exhibition of workmen as well as of manufactures last year. The idea is a very good one—but unfortunately now it is an after thought. The time has gone by for its realisation. We can now have only a mental review of the workmen, whose wonders a whole world came to see. M. Blanqui attempts something of the kind. We abridge his sketch for the edification of our readers. He begins with the Englishman. The English workman, he says, is a being apart; having his manners, his habits, his vices, his virtues, his pride, his modes of working, and his amusements, peculiar to himself. His mirth and his gloom resemble no other. The miners, the spinners, the weavers, the builders, the stokers, all the workmen engaged in manufacture, have almost nothing in common with those employed in agriculture. The workmen engaged in manufacture all evidently identify themselves with the regularity of their ...chines, under the influence, I had almost said despotism, of the division of labour. They are compelled to go and to come, forward, and backward, like the machines *which employ them*, the machine commands and they obey. Their task is regulated with mathematical precision, and their arms make as many movements as the brake-wheels make revolutions. After some time the result is a species of automatic life, a frightful monotony, from which the workman only escapes in his leisure moments by strong and gross excitements, by intemperance, which leads to drunkenness, and this drunkenness itself is of a gloomy and savage nature.

The manufacturing system has likewise profoundly modified the character of the English workman. He lives less in the midst of his family, and belongs much more to his fellow-workmen than to his children. His existence has ceased to be domestic. From the commencement he enrolled in one of the thousands of societies which abound throughout the country, and which, if need be, easily assume the attitude of coalition. The workman's forum is the meeting-place of his trades' union; it is the club of which he forms part, the economic and industrial association to which he is affiliated. These associations are reckoned in England by thousands, they form veritable tribes, which have their regulations, their prejudices, their exigencies—nay, even their superstitions. The spinners and the printers of Manchester, the hosiers of Nottingham, the cutlers of Sheffield, the smiths of Wolverhampton, the potters of Burslem, the colliers of Newcastle, the ribbon weavers of Coventry, the cloth weavers of Leeds, form as many industrial armies, obeying the voice of their chiefs, each ranged under his own banner, and in reality distinguished by a kind of peculiar physiognomy easily recognisable.

The wives and children of these workmen generally follow the vocation of their husbands and fathers. They thus get inured to them at an early age, at least in those branches of industry which admit of the employment of women and children, and they at last acquire faults and physical and moral qualities which are really characteristic. Their costume never varies; a spinner, a mender, a collier, a smith, are always nearly dressed in the same manner, and even their hair, particularly amongst the women, is arranged according to their vocation with invariable regularity. Their minds, incessantly bent upon the same object, eventually acquire a gift of second sight, which often, without instruction, leads them to discover improvements of important details. It is seldom, however, that their thoughts travel beyond the regions of the factory and of material enjoyments, and it is a distinctive trait in their character, that none of them dream of making their fortune as politicians, neither does ambition penetrate their souls. They like labour for its own sake, and it is a great point of self-love with them to devote themselves to it conscientiously and perseveringly. There is a great deal of affinity between them and their machines. They have little initiative, of taste and ideas, and they are infinitely less artistical than ours.

The French workman is nearly in every respect the opposite of the English one. His dependance, proud and haughty, always resembles a concession, and he deems himself attached to a temporary yoke rather than to a permanent workshop. His exactness and his stability nowise partake of the English fatality and resignation; he would be ever ready to go, and to give notice, rather than to receive it. He is more gay, more lively, more talkative, more of a reasoner; and, since the contagion of politics has entered our manufactories, he has become imperious, cavilling, *important*, and rather occupies himself with the government of the state than that of his looms. Among many, business is looked upon as an affair of circumstance and of necessity, they occupy themselves with it because it is necessary to live, and hitherto politics have not yet discovered the secret of supplying masses of men with a livelihood without labour, but their minds are, in reality, elsewhere, and in quest of perpetual and undeniable amelioration.

The real French workman is the workman of art, and it must be said, whatever may be their faults, such are the Parisian workmen. There are excellent workmen throughout France; there are only perfect ones in Paris. Our weavers of cloth and our spinners of cotton resemble, in many respects, the English workmen of their categories, but the Lyonnese workman, the designer of Mulhouse, the operative manufacturer of shawls, he who makes the ribbons of St Etienne, have always required to receive from Paris *the secret influence*, either by means of the design, or by the idea of the *order explained*, to reach perfection. Paris is like a large school of taste, which gives the tone and the colour. It is there, in fact, that are formed in innumerable schools of design, mostly gratuitous, these legions of ingrates, so intelligent and so able, who have acquired their talent in establishments maintained by governments which, every ten or fifteen years, they take so much pleasure in upsetting.

If you examine well, you will find in the provinces a host of remarkable special manufactures. Doubtless excellent guns are made at Chatellerault, and at St. Etienne, but it is in Paris alone that beautiful arms are made. Watchmaking is carried on very economically and very ingeniously in Franche-Comte; but it is in Paris that the finishing-stroke is put to these watches, and it is there only (I am only speaking of France) that they are worthy of their name. Good locks are unquestionably manufactured in Picardy, and which are not dear, but the great lockmakers—the masters of the art—are all in Paris. It is thence that all inspira-

The Chamber of Commerce of that city is now engaged in printing a book which will be exceedingly curious, and which will clearly explain this economic phenomenon; it is a faithful statement of all the professions exercised in that great city, street by street, and, to some degree, man by man; an analysed register of that ingenious, intrepid, and capricious ant-hill called the workpeople of Paris.

There will appear, for the first time complete, the nomenclature of these ancient branches of industry, whose products, known under the name of Parisian articles, are spread over the entire world, and which know no rivals. Nowhere is such furniture made; nowhere are toys, bronzes, paper-hangings, tapestry, articles of fashion, umbrellas, ornaments, and those thousands of trifles which represent millions in value, produced better than in Paris. This vast industrial encyclopædia comprises entire streets of the capital, the streets St. Denis and St. Martin, the street of the Faubourg St. Antoine, the street Geoffroy, the street Bourg l'Abbe, the two streets of the Temple, where more than one unknown genius produces master pieces at wretched prices, and frequently imparts value to nameless materials—to lucifer-matches, for instance, which absorb, it will hardly be believed, the whole timber-yards. But the greater part of these branches of industry are nearly entirely domestic, they are carried out, like the works of the milliners and lacemakers, in circumscribed workshops, in which the most skilful mechanical resources frequently

secure the independence of the workman, who is paid by the piece, and who manufactures articles for which he has received or furnished the raw material according to the extent of his small capital. It is this mode of labour, common to the Parisian and the Lyonnese workman, which imparts to both a peculiar physiognomy amongst all the races of French and foreign workmen London does not produce the immense variety of articles that are made at Paris. Mechanism governs everything, and individual labour does not strive to seize on that part of its domain in which all the marvels of our capital are produced, under the inspiration of the taste which distinguishes its artists. Sevres, the Gobelins, the Savonnerie, are the types of that brilliant school of decoration whose lustre has shone over the entire of French industry, to the eternal honour of those who have laid or strengthened their foundations.

The more I study the question of workmen employed in manufactures, the more I remain convinced that the true vocation of ours is to excel in those branches of industry which can do without protection, and live an independent life by inspiring themselves with the sacred fire of art. The English so thoroughly understand the French superiority in this respect, that for some time they have made unheard-of efforts to encourage, amongst the good workmen, the study of drawing, and the cultivation of the beautiful, so necessary to the useful. Wanting their own, they borrow our workmen, thus implicitly admitting that neither the progress of machinery nor the low price of freights, nor the abundance of capital, can compensate for the absence of taste, which is also a creator of value. Open the lists of the jury awards, and you will see how powerfully this peculiar French element of wealth has weighed in the balance; which has charmed the judges, after having excited the admiration of the entire world The works of the Lyonnese will probably remain the most brilliant souvenir of this memorable struggle

A third family of workmen has appeared with *eclat* on the great stage of the Universal Exhibition, these are the workmen of the German region, in which are comprised all those of Prussia, of Austria, and those of the other German states They are less known, and have hitherto made less noise, than the French and the English, because they are less agglomerated, less compact German manufacture, with the exception of that of some towns or valleys renowned for their industrial establishments, is, as it were, lost and drowned in the wave of rural populations, which are the predominating element of that portion of Europe. But the German workmen have just proved of what they are capable, and the world has beheld with admiration a host of products created by them, worthy to compete with those of the most advanced nations The Imperial Printing-office of Vienna has obtained a council medal, whilst the National Printing-office of Paris has only obtained the prize one. The Prussian founders have covered themselves with immortal glory. The Austrian cabinetmakers have appeared to me likely to become more redoubtable rivals to those of the Faubourg St. Antoine than those of any other country in the world.

Hitherto, however, these skilful men have only been imitators in everything. The German workman invents little, but he copies marvellously well—not servilely, but by imparting to his works peculiar stamp of *naivete* They are less mechanical than the English, and less artistical than the French; but they rather incline to the French style, wanting, however, their elegance, which they sometimes happily replace by the natural and the simple, when they do not degenerate into mannerism. Their habits are, generally, tolerably temperate The English eat, the Germans intemperately, by day, by night, I had almost said at meal-times, in bed—it is frightful; and if this habit would persist in developing itself, Germany would become uninhabitable One of my greatest apprehensions is to see the ruinous taste penetrate into our workshops, where it injures and stupefies the children, and causes amongst them more serious ravages than is generally believed The German workman likes much more in the midst of his family than the other workmen of Europe; and although the absurd spirit of communism is at this moment infecting the German world beyond all conception, the old fundamental qualities which distinguish it will struggle a long time against the tendencies of the evil genius which has been introduced, it must be admitted, into Germany by the students and the universities. The German workman is patient and thoughtful; he has much more sensibility than the English workman; much less elegance than the French one. He likes to infuse sentiment into his works; and I might mention works in Bohemian glass, toys of Nuremberg, porcelain of Saxony, even printed calicoes and clocks, which bear strong evidences of this tendency, which might be called pastoral, if it did not frequently degenerate into the trivial and vulgar.

On the whole they are a race of men now very much advanced. They have gradually profited by the discoveries and processes of France and England, and, after having, for a long time, made common woollen cloths in Silesia, they now manufacture very fine ones at Aix-la-Chapelle. The abolition of barriers between German states, consequent on the establishment of the Zollverein, has contributed, in no trifling degree, to give to German industry an impulse which has not ceased to grow under the influence of the habits of order and economy of its manufacturing population, and by the aid of the numerous hydraulic movers spread over the whole surface of the country Germany will not arrest its progress in so noble a path, and, notwithstanding the efforts which have been made to allure it to the beaten track of protection, it will complete its interior enfranchisement by the speedy conquest of freedom of commerce

The Spanish workmen do not deserve the fourth rank in the great working family of Europe, judging only from the actual importance of the products which they have sent to the Exhibition; the Belgian and the Swiss would have the right to take precedence. But Belgium and Switzerland gravitate in the orbits of France and Germany, and their workmen, nearly equally distributed between agriculture and manufactures, are not so original as those of Spain. Spanish workmen are, more than is generally imagined, choice men, remarkable for vigour as well as suppleness, and nearly all of proverbial sobriety I have been surprised on going through the manufactories of Catalonia, at the frugality of their habits, and their liveliness, and their admirable aptitude for labour. Their intelligence and activity are well calculated to surprise those who judge of Spain from the reputation of indolence and effeminacy enjoyed by its inhabitants. The Gallicians, the Basques, and the Asturians, are first-rate workmen; those of Andalusia not less so, and I have found in the province of Valencia, unjustly renowned for its idleness, workmen endowed with as great an energy and ingenuity as those engaged in our silk manufactures of Lyons and Avignon. The contagion of Socialism has not yet penetrated amongst these vigorous and poetic populations. They are, doubtless, much behindhand as regards education, and do not possess all the resources of machinery of the English workmen; neither are they endowed with the indefatigable and serious perseverance which characterise them; but they are eminently fitted for industrial pursuits, and the sacred light of ancient art which has shone in Spain is on the point of being rekindled amongst them The two last expositions of Madrid, although very incomplete, have raised the most legitimate hopes in this respect. The Spanish workman is in the path of progress, since the fall of the regime which favoured idleness and recklessness in this country, as soon as the greater portion of the convents were transformed into factories, other manners commenced to prevail, and I know robust monks who have become excellent spinners.

Spanish industry cannot fail to revive, in conditions compatible with the country, thanks to the peculiar facilities which the workman is assured of finding in the mildness of the climate, the abundance of raw materials, and, above all, the richness of its mineral products It will be long before Spain will have to dread the invasion of the doctrines which have perverted the moral sense of the other working populations of Europe. "The workman of that country," according to the expression of M. Ramon de la Sagra, "knows not yet to curse the hand that pays him; he accepts labour as a duty, never as a yoke; he obeys from conviction and from habit, and he preserves his pride and his integrity in the humblest station." Would I could say the same of the Italians; but there is no longer an Italy. Italy no longer belongs to herself, and does not know herself; and but for the vigour of Piedmont, which her recent misfortunes have not yet been able to cast down, and which carries in her bosom the destinies of the Peninsula, we should have to look to the past rather than glimpse at the future for the glory and prosperity of the Italian workman.

MISCELLANEA.

IRON VESSELS IN THE INDIAN SEAS.—An iron vessel, called the Three Bells, which has just arrived from Australia *via* Calcutta, furnishes a very satisfactory proof that the objection against the use of iron in the Indian Seas on account of the impossibility of preventing it from fouling can be effectually overcome. The Three Bells was coated with the protective paint which has lately been brought into use, and she has returned, it is said, without any barnacles and with less fouling than in any copper vessels coming off a voyage [illegible] This vessel was built at Dumbarton for the Australian trade, but her first trip was to the St. Lawrence, on which occasion she made the passage from Quebec to Glasgow in 15 days and 11 hours. She is 730 tons, old measurement, and her hold is divided into five water tight compartments. Her run from Calcutta was 111 days

SMOKING AND PARALYSIS.—A leading medical practitioner, at Brighton, has lately given a list of sixteen cases of paralysis, produced by smoking, which came under his own knowledge within the last six months. Then, the expense is ruinous. Many young men smoke eighteen cigars per diem, besides what they give to their friends. Not long ago, I heard an inveterate smoker, whose entire income could scarcely have amounted to three hundred a year, declare that his cigars alone cost him one hundred and fifty. He drew the long bow, of course, but if fifty was the truth, it was bad enough. A curious phase in the disease is the taste for short, dirty pipes, black with age, use, and abomination, which has crept in lately. Every third dandy you meet h[illegible] these in his cheek. The cutty and the cigar hold divided reign. Several speculators, during the last year, traversed Ireland, buying up sackloads of these indigenous productions, which they sold again in London at an enormous premium. The peculiar atom, so much coveted, is only to be met with in specimens of the *dhudeen*, which have passed through many months in successive generations, and have become family relics. Even in Boston, in the United States, in the land where, according to some naturalists, children are born with lighted [illegible] their mouths, there is a law against smoking in the streets, and penalties inflicted on the offender. With all our respect for our transatlantic brethren, and their matchless energies, we scarcely expected to have received from them such a le[illegible] offensive civilization. The remarks of Cob, the water carrier, on this subject, in Ben Jonson's play, two hundred and fifty years ago, are as applicable in 1851, as if they were written the day before yesterday.—"By God's me, I marvel what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this same filthy, roguish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers. There were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight. One of them, they say, will never 'scape it. By the stocks, an' there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it be cut whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe! Why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it. It's little better than satsbane or rosaker."

A CUMBERLAND DISH.—Two calf-feet after having been well cleaned, are boiled for two hours, and then potatoes in quarters are added, with onions, pepper, and salt, letting them boil the usual time. When this is poured into a large dish, it will make a dinner for four persons, and will cost only eightpence. What is left will make a cold jelly for supper.

INDIAN CAVE TEMPLES.—These cave temples bear a very striking resemblance, as regards internal form and arrangement, to our own old Norman churches, having, like them, the threefold division into nave and aisles, as also what answers to the apsidal termination. Over the nave is a waggon vault, the aisles being formed with a flat roof. In the most ancient of these viharas and chaityas, we find but little ornament and no idolatrous statues, whereas in the latter and, to us perhaps, the most interesting st[illegible] greater magnificence and artistic display, the walls and roofs being covered with frescoes, the pillars sculptured, and the interiors having a multitudinous array of statues, which, by the l[illegible] fined to images of Buddha himself, but represent his followers of both sexes. These [illegible]ale and female saints were regarded with about the same amount of [illegible] awe and foolish veneration as is accorded to the saints of some Christian calendars.

THE AVOCATIONS OF MR BARNUM.—It is impossible to repress a feeling of [illegible]nishment at the activity and speculative enterprise of Mr Barnum. The following are only a few of his employments.—He owns Iranistan, a sort of Moorish Palace, near Bridgeport, Connecticut, which cost about 150,000 dollars. There Mr B resides with his family, going down to New York by railroad in the [illegible]nd returning before dark. He owns the American Museum in New York, and "Barnum's Travelling Menagerie, [illegible]ne hundred and [illegible] He sent three ships [illegible] Indi[illegible] Ocean, to obtain wild animals. One was lost on her return. The next brought the [illegible]ag elephant & that co[illegible]poses this menagerie. [illegible] [illegible] way with [illegible] [illegible] curiosities. He had the Bateman children, and a dramatic [illegible]ny of St James's Theatre in London—a body of not less than fifty persons employed by him. He has the Chinese Family, and their attendants, now at the Albert Gate, London, employing ten per[illegible] He is getting up an immense [illegible]anorama of the World's Fair, having [illegible]rpse[illegible]lebrated artists to London, for the purpose of sketching it on the spot. He is the General Manager and the working Director of Phillip[illegible]ntant Fire Annihilator Company f[illegible] United States, and is driving, with his accustomed energy, that invention to a height of popularity. He is, and has been, for years, President of the Fairfield County (Conn.) Agricultural Society. He is President of the "Pequannock Bank," and regularly attends its preliminary meetings. He is an Odd-Fellow—a Son of Temperance—a "member of the Temperance Temple of Honour"—a Rechabite, and a popular [illegible]mperance lecturer—assiduously attending to all the duties appertaining to all these positions. Last of all, he is to be, it is said, the Governor of one of the States!

NEWSPAPERS IN OMNIBUSSES.—Within the last few days the conductors of the Islington omnibusses have introduced the use of the daily papers. A good sized bracket is placed against the top or end of the vehicle, in which these papers are placed, and a request is printed underneath that all passengers using the journals will, when done with them, replace them in the bracket, and also deposit a penny for the reading in a small box affixed above.

WISE GAIETY *v.* FOOLISH GRAVITY.—It was a saying of Paley that he who is not a fool half the time, is a fool the whole time. Robert Hall, who held a similar opinion, on being reproached by a very dull preacher with the exclamation—"How can a man who preaches like you talk in so trifling a manner?" replied, "There, brother, is the difference between us—you talk your nonsense in the pulpit—I talk mine out of it." The eminent Dr. Crotchet being in the midst of a frolic on [illegible] and seeing a dignified un[illegible] approaching, exclaimed, "Stop! we must be grave now!

DURATION OF LIFE AMONG THE CLERGY.—The following is an extract from the *Medical Times*.—"This paper was the first of a series of communications which Dr. Guy proposed addressing to the society on the duration of life among the members of the several professions. A preliminary inquiry into the subjects, based on the facts extracted from the obituaries of the 'Annual Register,' was brought under the notice of the British Association in September, 1846, and was subsequently published in the ninth volume of the 'Statistical Society.' In that essay it was shown that the clergy are longer lived than the members of other professions, though they do not live so long as the rural population of England, and not so long by several years as agricultural labourers. The facts contained in the [illegible] tended to confirm the results established in the former essay, by showing a very favourable duration among the clergy, but detailed comparisons of one profession with another were necessarily reserved till the completion of the contemplated series of papers. The essay was illustrated by several tables, among others, by tables comparing the clergy of cities and towns with those of rural places, the married with the single clergy, and the clergy of past times with those of the present day. It resulted from these tables, which were admitted to be based in some points, on too small a number of facts, that the clergy of rural districts had an advantage of more than two [illegible]d towns, and the married of more than five years the single. The duration of life among [illegible] last three centuries appears to have been remarkably steady, with signs of recent improvement. The last table of the series contrasted the average age, at death, of popes, archbishops, bishops of the Established Church, and Romish saints. The popes, being appointed very late in life, attained the greatest mean age, exceeding that of the archbishops and bishops by about one year, the latter surviving the Romish saints by about two years. This observation of life in the case of the saints of the Roman calendar may probably be attributed in part to celibacy, in part to the ascetic practices to which some of them were addicted."

SOUND ADVICE.—"Know," said Sir W. Raleigh to his son, "that flatterers are the worst kind of traitors, for they will strengthen thy imperfections, encourage thee in all evils, correct thee in nothing, but so shadow and paint thy follies and vices, as thou shalt never, by their will, discover good from evil, or vice from virtue. And because all men are apt to flatter themselves, to entertain the addition of other men's praises is most perilous. If thy friends be of better quality than thyself, thou mayest be sure of two things—first, that they will be more careful to keep thy counsel, because they have more to lose than thou hast, the second, they will esteem thee for thyself, and not for that which thou dost not possess."

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—A Swiss journal furnishes us with the following romantic tale of real life.—A married couple, who had for several years lived in a state of anti-conjugal harmony, determined to part, and made an appointment with each other to meet at a notary's to sign the deed of separation. To arrive at the office of the man of law they had to cross a lake, and, as it happened, they both embarked in the same boat. On their passage a storm arose, and the boat was upset. The husband, being a good swimmer, soon reached the shore in safety. On looking round to see the fate of his fellow-passengers, he distinguished his wife still struggling for her life, and in imminent danger. A feeling of his early affections returned to him, and plunging again into the water, he swam to her and succeeded in rescuing her. When she recovered her senses, and learned to whom she owed her life, she threw herself into his arms and he embraced her with equal cordiality; they then vowed an oblivion of all their differences, and that they would live and die together.

BOOKS FOR THE FIRE.—Young readers—you, whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor encrusted by the world, take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you! Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to

pect that what you have been accustomed
o think unlawful, may after all be innocent, and that may be harmless which
have hither'o b
gerous? Has it
fied and impatient under the control of others? and disposed you to clam in that self-government without which both the laws of God and man tell there can b
virtue, and consequently no happn
Has it tended to abate your admin
and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, yo
vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you have felt that such were the effects that it was intended to produce—throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear on the title page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend: young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood book-ca

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN FOSTER wishes to know if we can recommend the National Emigration Association as a safe investment. We really must decline answering such questions. If you wish to emigrate, put by your money, and go out as an independent man, and then you can choose for yourself.

WILLIAM asks if the shape of a man's head is true criterion of his mental faculties? Yes, but it does not follow from this that the pretensions of phrenology are true. There are certain general classifications about which there can be no doubt. The broad head of the man of science, the lofty forehead of the idealist, are true criterions of character. About the skull of the idiot or the savage there can be no mistake.

J. R. SOUTHTOWN.—We believe you can only get Drew's works now at the second-hand bookshops. We are not aware that they have been republished lately.

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER says he is twenty-three, and finds his hair turning grey. He wants to know if the hair can be preserved from turning grey. We fear not, we know of no remedy. The hair of some men turns grey very early. As

healthier life he leads, the less likely is the hair to turn grey.

S. H. asks us what we think of the plan recommended by a contemporary, viz., to copy out from some standard writer 30 or 40 lines every morning, and forcing the memory to supply as

recommend the plan. You want to gain conversational power. That can only be got by practice. Get clear ideas upon conversational subjects, go into society and express those ideas. PRACTICE makes perfect. You will learn to talk in time. If there are any intelligent women in

get—if it is to be got by you at all—the grace and the ease and the vivacity you want.

S. B.—Acts of Parliament take their title from the year in which they are passed. The instance you give—37 Hen. VIII. c. 25—means the twenty-seventh year of Henry VIII., the 25th chapter. You ask if the Queen can create a Lord Mayor?—Certainly not. Is the title conferred on mayors of cities?—Certainly not. We have only
d Mayors in England—t'
London and of York.

E. PLURIBUS UNUM.—We much question whether the coin you possess is a genuine one. At any rate, we cannot tell its value without seeing it.

SYMPATHIZER.—The government inspector of
only inqu
they have happened. We fear these terrible disasters arise either from the cupidity of the masters or the recklessness of the men, and c
not be prevented by Government or Governme
Our attention has been called to t
matter, for it has been our duty to attend inquests held on lives thus lost, and our opinion is, if men and masters are thus negligent, it is in vain that Government-inspectors inquire into such matters, and show how they may be rem died.

C. DASH.—If you want information respecting the American liners, you had better write to Tapscott and Co., Liverpool, emigration agents.

L. W. X.—The operation for restoring the nose is frequently performed. You had better call at one of the London hospitals, and learn the particulars there.

M. I. K.—We are not aware that Gibbon wrote anything beside his great work, the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." We cannot answer your other questions.

A CONSTANT READER wishes to know what is the precise meaning of the terms master and *journeyman*. In the dictionaries he will find a master defined to be one who has servants, and the same authorities declare a journeyman to be a hired workman. An artist working by the day or week on his employer's premises may be considered as a journeyman, but we don't think in
ich a title would be applied to him.

CASCA.—There is no index published with the "Illustrated Exhibitor." The covers for the volume are 1s. 9d., and may be had at our offi e or of any bookseller. THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND will make two half-yearly volumes.

SAMUEL KOHEY.—"Tacitus's Annals"—not Letters, as you write—and "Cæsar's Commentaries" are both translated into English, and may be had in many forms. We recommend you the translations which have been published by Mr. Bohn in his Classical Library.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We should be glad to oblige you and three of your friends, but we really do not know the form in which "Our Evenings" is published.

A. B. wishes to know if we can recommend him how to acquire information relative to emigration, more especially as to Australia, New Zealand, and America. A "Hand-book" will speedily be published at our office, that will contain all the information he wants.

C. A. S. writes "Suppose I married a deceased wife's sister, who is a minor, and she also died in her minority, leaving a personal estate, who would become possessed of it?" Her nearest relative.

AN ACTRESS writes to us to know what is the best paint for the cheeks? We really are so little accustomed to paint ourselves, or to mix with ladies who do, that we really cannot answer her question. When we first read the question, we did not observe the signature, and were going to write in a very moral way. However, we know actors and actresses must paint, if they did not, at a distance their faces would be hardly discernible; and so we do not censure our actress, but only regret that she must have recourse to a custom so destructive of all personal charms as the use of paint.

L. B.—We are not afraid of a
with you. We stated that at this time the real preacher is the press. You ask what advice is a minister? Why, preach on, and a power that has been a blessing to the world, and we trust will long remain so. We say that the pen reaches
abides longer than the
oice, and you then ask is it then of a
importance? We beg respectfully to an
We
but in fact, we

E. H.—It may be the fault of the people. It may be the fault of the ministers. That is a question we do not care to discuss. The Rev. George Gilfillan tells us "the pulpit ought to expand and become less of an egg-cup and more of an arena." Both languages may be true or not. The question is one we cannot discuss in our pages.

M. M. P.—The master, if he promises to give up his apprentice's indentures, we presume is morally bound to do so. What the law may compel him to do is another thing, and one that we cannot undertake to declare.

A. C. wishes to know if he, when of age, is legally liable for a warrant of attorney he was foolish enough to put his name to when a minor. We believe not.

W. W.—The Supplementary Numbers of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND are published as usual, and may be had at our office, or by ordering them of any bookseller.

L. S. B.—It is true the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is passed, but it does not follow that the bill must be carried out because it is passed. Parliament could have enough to do were it to see that all the laws it made were put into action. The attorney-general for the time being would have hard work of it.

L. RAY.—The Hamiltonian system is a system of teaching languages by getting the learner to begin not with the grammar, but with reading at once. Several Greek and Latin books in accordance with the system are published by Taylor and Walton, Gower-street. The system is named after the inventor. If you want a really good Latin Dictionary, you must get Riddle's.

ENQUIRER.—There is no work of the kind you mention. The time is too recent for the historian. The revolutions of 1848 and 9 have yet to be worked up into history. Publications have appeared on the individuals, but not aiming to
more than narrate fac

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., NO. 21.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LION HUNT IN SOUTH AMERICA.

To we home sportsmen, who content ourselves with the slaughter of excitements of August and September, who think a brace of grouse or partridge sufficient reward for a day's who follow the timid hare, the wily fox, and the dappled with as much speed and art as though they were really worth the catch ing we know little of the real pleasures of hunting while we know positively nothing of the adventurous excitement of the chase when a lion is the game To realise what we never saw is almost—nay, quite, impossible An extract, therefore from the accounts of one who has joined in these perilous sports may not be uninteresting We quote a passage from 'Stevenson's Residence in South America —

At Villavicencio I was highly entertained in hunting a *Paq* or Chilian lion On our arrival, the people were preparing to destroy this enemy to their cattle several dogs were collected from the neighbouring farms, and some of the young men of the surrounding country were in hopes of taking him alive with their lassos, and of afterwards baiting him in the village for the diversion of the ladies; whilst others were desirous of signalising the prowess of their favourite dogs All of them were determined to kill this ravenous brute, which had caused much damage, particularly among their horses

"At four o'clock we left the village, more than twenty in number, each leading a dog, and having a chosen lasso on his arm, ready to throw at a moment's warning About a mile from the village we separated, by different by-roads, into five or six parties, the men taking the dogs on their horses, to prevent the possibility of the scent being discovered by the lion. All noise was avoided; even the smoking of cigars was dispensed with, lest the smell should alarm their prey, and they should lose their sport. The party which I joined consisted of five individuals. After riding about four miles, we arrived at a small rivulet, where a young colt was tied to a tree, having been taken there for that purpose We then retired about three hundred yards and the colt being alone began to neigh, which had the desired effect for before sunset, one of our party placed in advance let go his dog and whistled, at which signal three other dogs were loosed, and ran towards the place where the colt had been left We immediately followed, and soon found the lion withhis back against a tree, defending himself against his adversaries

On our appearance he seemed inclined to make a stand, and attempt an escape The lassos were immediately in motion when four more dogs came up, and shortly afterwards their masters, who, hearing the noise had ridden to the spot at first



A LION HUNT

the woods would permit them. The poor brute seemed now to fear the increase of his enemies However, he maintained his post and killed three or four dogs, at which the owner of one of them became so enraged that he threw his lasso round the neck of the lion when the dogs, supposing the beast more secure sprang on him, and he was soon overpowered, but so dreadfully wounded and torn, that it became necessary to put an end to his life The length of this animal, from the nose to the root of the tail, was five feet four inches, and from the bottom of the foot to the top of the shoulder, thirty-one inches. Its head was round, and much like that of a cat, the upper lip being entire, and supplied with whiskers; the nose flat, the eyes large, of a brownish hue, but very much suffused with blood; the ears short and pointed It had no mane The neck, back, and sides, were of a dusky ash colour, with some yellowish spots, the belly of a dirty white; the hair in his natural state

…ly. Each jaw was furnished with four cutting, four canine, …grinding teeth, each of which was fixed and fitted …ce, and very strong roots.

…ed in the girths of the saddles of two …, which was thus dragged to …, where we arrived about nine o'clock, and were re…ed by the inhabitants with shouting and re…cing. …ainder of the night was spent in dancing and …

…informed me that the favourite food of the lion …, watching a good opportunity, it jumps upon …its prey, which it worries tearing the flesh with one …it secures its hold with the other after sucking the …ings the carcase to some hiding place, covers it with …, and returns when hungry to devour it If it enter a …where horned cattle are kept the bulls and cows imme… form a circle, and place the calves and young cattle in …; they then face their enemy boldly and not unfre… oblige him to retreat, on which the bulls follow him …often gore him to death It would therefore appear to be …from fear than choice that he is attached to the flesh of …. The animal is seldom known to attack a man so timid …of the human race, that he runs away at the appearance …child, which may, perhaps be accounted for from the abun…ce of cattle supplying him so easily with food, that he is …in want."

LECTURES TO WORKING MEN

ON GLASS

Monday, February 9, a lecture on glass of so interesting a …ter, as to render a report of it peculiarly suitable to our …, was delivered at the Museum of Practical Geology Jermyn …, by Dr Lyon Playfair, C B F R S, professor of chemis… In commencing his lecture, Dr Playfair briefly alluded to …stence of the Museum of Practical Geology and the valu… collection it contained of raw materials furnished by the …al kingdom Wishing that the benefit of this collection …ld be diffused as widely as possible the Director, Sir H… De la Beche, had suggested, that in addition to the usual courses …ures, daily given in the theatre of the Museum for ad…ance to which a charge is made, it would be productive of …good if a course of lectures were occasionally given for …ulative benefit of the working classes, and that to at an …e which would suit their convenience In accordance …h this suggestion, the various professors attached to the …ment readily undertook to deliver a course of six lectures …, the evening of Monday, at eight o clock This was the first …e of the course

The lecturer then proceeded with his subject which he …ded into two parts, First the composition of glass or the …ials of which it is formed and secondly some of the …ical processes employed in making glass fit for ordinary …. Glass is of great antiquity, and its origin is shrouded …ry. Various stories have been told as to its accidental …very by sailors, who, whilst cooking their dinners on the …s of the river Belus, produced such a heat as to fuse the …s of kali or soda (on which their cooking utensils were …ed, together with the sand of the shore thus producing …. This, however, is not probable as the heat thus ob… would have been sufficient for the purpose That the …yptians were well skilled in glass-making is evident from …s found with mummies, the surfaces of which are …ed with blue glass. The Romans were well supplied with …, many of which have also been discovered in …ovations now going on at Pompeii, and the lecturer requested his …s to visit the Museum, and inspect, at their leisure, …interesting memorials of the glass manufacture of other …s contained.

…ass until 1567 that glass was manufactured in Eng… …, and about three years after, that its use became general …ing the reign of Elizabeth, of that period, …ion of his master to take the glass out of …ers, and drink it with his wife's health, and all drank up with some …, which it was customary to use, lest by the …ck of the vessel from the country they should be shattered …d destroyed by the wind and rain. Thus serves to show in …what infancy the art of the window glass of those days …may have been.

…In 1661, it was but little used in Scotland, its use being con…fined almost to the royal palaces The advancement of chemi…cal …, mechanical science, however, soon led to improvements in th… manufacture of glass.

…e of a me… …tal faculties? Glass exists under two distinct forms; the one …t is that t… the other vitreous or glassy. The former may be co… …ere fine crystals of white sugar-candy. The latter to ba… …t of th… in which glassy state the particles are not arranged …in the …metrical form as in the crystalline state of sugar-candy. …t t… basis of all glass is silica (flint or sand), infusible alone …e …herefore, requiring to be mixed with some material that will serve to melt it The addition of lime will do this, but the glass thus produced will not be transparent, we must, therefore, have recourse to soda, if we wish a transparent glass, or to … ood ashes or potash

The properties of glass are, that when silica is mixed with either of the above-named substances it melts, and assumes the consistence of a thick syrup, and in this state can be moulded and fashioned, by various means, into every conceivable variety of shape and form Unlike two pieces of metal, those of glass adhere together, thus enabling it to be blown, rolled, or drawn out and even spun into articles of furniture and dress. Certain desirable properties which glass should possess, are freedom from colour and the capability of resisting the action of hot and cold water Chemical glass also must be capable of withstanding the action of acids and alkalies. That is the best glass which has the most silica in it, but then this is difficult and expensive to obtain, because of the high temperature required to form it On the other hand, that is the worst glass which contains too large a proportion of the flux or melting material such glass being too readily acted upon The great art of the manufacturer is to adjust the due relation of the constituents so as to get the glass of the kind required for the particular purpose to which it is to be applied

The sand used must be very pure That obtained from Alum Bay in the Isle of Wight St Helens, in Lancashire, and Leighton Buzzard, in Bedfordshire, is considered the best, but our glassmakers send even to Australia and to America for this raw material.

The alkaline substances used must also be as pure as possible When potash is fused with silica, the glass obtained has a dull tint but possesses freedom from colour Soda gives transparency to the glass made with it, but communicates a greenish colour Lime, when pure, gives brilliancy and toughness to glass made with it—a glass less liable to break If too large a proportion of lime be employed, the pots in which the materials are melted become injured.

Red lead, or oxide of lead, is employed in the preparation of flint glass This material renders the glass very fusible. It also imparts great brilliancy, but at the same time a great degree of softness, if the proportion used be too large.

Saltpetre oxide of manganese, arsenic, and other materials, are also used in the preparation of glass, but these are more accessories than necessary ingredients, and are usually added for the purpose of removing colour, and impurities of various kinds from the glass

The process of annealing, which all kinds of glass are made to undergo, consists in exposing the glass to a continuous but gradually decreasing temperature, for a period proportionate to the kind of glass, the size of the mass to be annealed, and the purpose to which it is intended to be applied. When this process omitted, the glass would be totally unfit for use, on account of its extreme brittleness The theory of this annealing process may thus be explained —During the natural cooling of the glass, it is evident that the external layers or surface must grow hard first, and must then tend to prevent the contraction which the internal portions of the glass would, if unrestrained, assume. There would then be always a powerful strain between the inner and outer parts of the glass, which would result in a repeated and troubling of the glass by the application of very slight causes The lecturer exhibited a number of specimens of this kind, some of large dimensions, of bottle glass, which, having been allowed to fall while in a heated

...ir melted state into cold water, had acquired a supernatural hardness to fracture. The moment the tail end of this globule of glass was broken off, the whole of the remainder fell to powder with a smart explosion. Had this globule of glass been ...the end might have been broken off, without affecting the ...part.

Dr. Playfair then proceeded to point out the classification of glass, and the various recipes employed in the manufacture of the various kinds enumerated. These particulars are given in the accompanying diagrams, copied from those referred to by the lecturer.

CLASSIFICATION OF GLASS

A Window-glass (sheet, crown, coloured)
B Painted window-glass.
C Cast or plate-glass
D Bottle-glass.
E. Chemical (Bohemian),
F Flint or crystal
G Optical.

VARIOUS RECIPES FOR GLASS

Ingredients.	Bohemian	White	
		French	C o
Quartzy Sand	100	100	1)
Carbonate of Potash	1..	—	)
Carbonate of Soda .	—	—	
Sulphate of Soda	—	3 t 4	—
Lime	1"	30 t	
Oxide of Lead	—	—	
Oxide of Manganese	1	..	—
White Arsenic	°	—	1
Nitre			3)
Charcoal or Coke			—
Cullet	—	t	—

Ingredients	Ir n		Flint	
	1		t (ba	An er
Quartzy Sand	1.0	100	30)	)
Carbonate of Potash	10		—	—
Carbonate of Soda	—		1	)
Sulphate of Soda	—			
Lime	—		1	0
Oxide of Lead	3/	)		
Oxide of Manganese	1½	—		—
White Arsenic .			1	—
Nitre	13	—		9
Charcoal or Coke .	—	0 6	10	4..
Cullet .	—	—	—	

OPTICAL GLASS

	Guinard	Bontemps
White sand, ...	400	360
Carbonate of potash . .	100	
Carbonate of soda .		120
Carbonate of lime		84
[illegible]	20	
[illegible]	20	
[illegible] of manganese	1	
[illegible]		6

...-GLASS

	English	Foreign
...[illegible] ...	100	160 170
... ...	90	30 40
...[illegible]	80	30 40
Cla...	80	100 100
...	100	100 .

...proceeded to describe the furnaces in which the ... are placed, containing the materials of ... kind of glass is formed. The pots or crucibles, of ... Staffordshire clay mixed with the ... ground pots, or ... These, notwithstanding ... of glass, pots require great care, and ... annealing process in order to remove ... bodies to sustain the heat to which they ... these pots are placed the ingredients, ... melting is finished, and the "metal," as the ... has become free from bubbles of carbonic ... the potash, soda, &c., employed, the ... surface are skimmed off, and the fluid ... to receive any shape that may be given to it.

The tools employed in the glass manufacture ... under review, the fewness and simplicity of ... striking. These tools are, the *blow-pipe* or *blowing-pipe*, ... hollow tube or pipe; the *ponty* or *pontil*, a solid rod of ... with which the workman handles the glass whilst working; ... the *pucellas* a tool resembling a pair of sugar-tongs, and which is used to fashion and form the glass into the various shapes of which it is susceptible; the *shears* or *scissors*, which are used to cut and clip the glass whilst in its soft state; and lastly the *battledore* a flat piece of iron which serves to flatten the soft glass. These tools and a flat table of iron, or slab of iron on a wooden stand (technically called a "marver" corruption of the French word *marbre* a marble plate having originally been used) constitute the means in the hands of the workman whereby he is enabled to present us with the almost endless variety of shape and form his plastic material is capable of assuming.

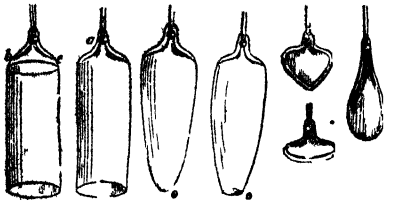
The mode of making the various kinds of glass ... under the notice of the lecturer.

As we have recently given in the pages of "The Illustrated Exhibitor" a full account of many processes, especially of flint glass making, illustrated with a large number of engravings, we shall be the more brief under this part of the learned Professor's lecture referring our readers to pages 4 and 5 of that work for further information.

Manufacture of crown glass.—For this purpose the workman dips the end of his blowing rod into the pot of melted glass, and having rubbed it on the marver until it acquires a cylindrical form he then proceeds to take a further portion from the pot and having first blown it into a pyriform or pear-shaped bulb he rapidly flings the bulb up into the air, ... above his head, blows it in an ascending direction. The result of the operation is a flattening of the pear-shaped bulb, the part most distant from the blowing-tube or attachment striking down in virtue of its own weight. Another workman now attaches the ponty to the bottom of the blown tube, and the blowing tube is detached by dropping water on it. The hot glass near its connection with that tool, the ... attached to the ponty is then twirled round his head, and the workman by which means it expands and flies out, assisted by continual treatment the size required when it is taken to the annealing furnace and then cooled. The part to which the ponty was attached is that which we call the "bull's eye," and which necessarily exists in the centre of every sheet of crown glass.

Manufacture of sheet glass.—In this case the workman proceeds as before but instead of attaching the ponty to the other side of the glass, by lowering rapidly the blowing-tube he makes the bubble of glass to assume a kind of ... form he then causes the blowing-tube to describe a line by swinging it to and fro in a kind of pit, ... of the pendulum of a clock. From time to time, ... curved motion is taking place, the workman ... the bulb of pasty glass and the result is, that, ... the force of the breath and the effect of the ... glass bubble elongates, until it acquires a ... shape, the bulb of glass being kept in continuous ... in order to prevent its shape from becoming irregular. When a cylinder of the desired size is obtained, ... is again heated, when the workman by ... causes the glass to burst, and thus an opening is made. The cylinder is now closed at one end, and open at the other; hence, inasmuch as it is desired to ... it into a ... plate, the other end must be opened also. To effect this, the cylinder, being laid horizontally, is surrounded at the ... by cut with a string of ... glass, and this sudden ... of heat immediately produces a fracture in the required ... Sometimes the sheet is employed to cut ...

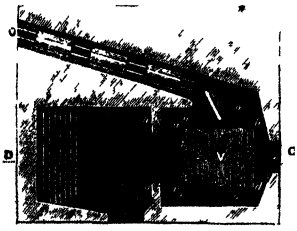
of the cylinder in the first case The following diagram gives a representation of each of the various forms successively assumed by the glass in the operations above-mentioned The



cylinder is converted into plate by the following method — Being placed horizontally upon a table a drop of water is drawn along the upper part of its surface in a straight line, through its entire length, and a piece of red hot iron being made rapidly to follow the water track a fracture immediately results



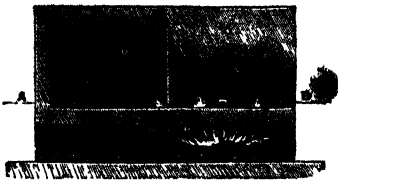
The cylinders are then, one after the other placed in the aperture o of the furnace shown in the annexed diagram, and



are gradually thrust forward on guide rods as represented, into the hottest part of the furnace As the cylinders reach the flattening table v, the workman lays hold of them with an iron rod, and places them on the table This table is formed either of cast iron, or of a thick slab of glass, covered with plaster of Paris to prevent adhesion The cylinder being now quite soft, the workman readily converts it into a plate of glass, as shown in the accompanying diagram.



The annexed diagram shows another view of the furnace, v being the flattening table, which is the hottest part, whilst u is the annealing chamber, into which the plates are transferred from the flattening tube v. This annealing chamber is of a lower temperature than the other part of the furnace, from which it is separated by a slight brick-wall. For this purpose,



tools of the following shape are used When the annealing



chamber is quite full, the temperature is gradually lowered, and the sheets of glass removed for use

In this way, not only sheets of glass, but also flower-shades, clock shades, goblets, vases, and an endless variety of glass articles are made

The lecturer's description of the above process of making sheet glass occupied so much time, that he was not able to go into the account of bottle-glass manufacture, and but briefly to mention the flint glass and plate-glass manufacture Bottle-glass will be treated of in a future lecture, and the subject of flint glass will be found, as we before mentioned, fully explained in "The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art

The manufacture of plate or cast glass is performed by ladling the fluid contents of the pot into smaller pots, called *cuvettes*, and these, after having been heated, so that their contents may be as fluid as possible, are removed from the furnace by a particular apparatus, and swung over a flat table of bronze which has been previously heated the fluid glass is then poured over the metal table, and subjected to the action of a powerful roller A uniform sheet of plate-glass is thus obtained, in the same way as a sheet of lead or other metal The plates of glass are then annealed, after which they are ground smooth, and lastly, polished by means of colcothar, a substance formed by exposing sulphate of iron (copperas) to great heat

The lecturer here noticed a discovery of boron which has recently been made in America—a discovery of great importance to the glass manufacturer, who, if the price of boron is reduced, will be able to avail himself of the use of this material to enable him to employ oxide of zinc (instead of lead)—an ingredient which gives great whiteness and brilliancy to the glass

Dr Playfair then touched on optical glass, the great improvements in the manufacture of which has been of great service in the construction of good microscopes and telescopes, thus leading us to a more intimate acquaintance with the wonders of creation

The lecturer next instructed his auditory in the way of making imitation gems, some fine specimens of which he exhibited. The following is a full account of the preparation of the strass, which, being itself free from colour, is the base of the various gems, which are formed by the simple addition of the substances enumerated to the colourless strass.

STRASS OR PASTE

	No 1.	No. 2.
Rock Crystal	300	—
Sand	—	300
Red Lead	470	—
Carbonate of Lead	— .. .	514
Potash	163	96
Borax	22	27
Arsenious Acid.....	1 .. .	1

ARTIFICIAL GEMS.

Topaz, No. I —Strass, 1000, Purple of Cassius, 1, Antimony Glass, 40 parts.

Topaz, No II.—Strass, 1000, Oxide of Iron, 10 parts.

Ruby —Strass, 1000, Oxide of Manganese, 25

Emerald.—Strass, 1000; Oxide of Copper, 8; Oxide of Chromium, 0·2.

Sapphire.—Strass, 1000; Oxide of Cobalt, 16.

Amethyst.—Strass, 1000; Oxide of Manganese, 8; Oxide of Cobalt, 8; Purple of Cassius, 0·2.

Aquamarine.—Strass, 1000; Oxide of Cobalt, 0·4.

Carbuncle.—Strass, 1000; Oxide of Manganese, 4; Purple of Cassius, 4; Antimony Glass, 500.

The last point touched on was the process of silvering mirrors and other kinds of glass. The method still most generally adopted, is that of placing mercury or quicksilver on a flat piece of tin-foil, then carefully laying the glass thereon: the mercury and the tin unite to form an amalgam or mixture, which attaches itself as a coating to the back surface of the glass—thus forming a mirror. In driving off the excess of mercury by heat, the vapour produced is very prejudicial to the health of the workmen; hence, the introduction of the new process—which is applicable also to glass vessels and ornaments, to which the old process cannot be applied—namely, by using a solution of silver in nitric acid, mixed with grape sugar or essential oil of cloves and cassia, by which means, pure *silver* (not quicksilver, as in the other case) is speedily deposited, of great brilliancy and beauty, and without the slightest injury to the health of the workman.*

Dr. Playfair concluded his lecture by referring to the valuable uses of glass—its application to our comforts and to the extension of our knowledge—and retired amidst the acclamations of the 500 working men, who thus gratefully acknowledged the intellectual treat afforded them.

* A detailed account of the new processes employed in silvering glass, will be given in "The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art."

THE GENIUS OF YOUNG.

The Author of the "Night Thoughts."

The more the human mind contemplates the subject of poetry, the more deeply is it impressed with the might of its power and the immensity of its domain. Between poetry and the sister arts there may be an occasional comparison, but there can be little competition. For while it is common to them all to be conversant with the taste and the imagination, poetry alone lays hold of the whole circle of the mental faculties, and calls them each into its appropriate exercise. In Milton's "Paradise Lost" there are specimens of as sublime reasoning as was ever addressed to the human understanding, while the instances of beautiful imagery are as abundant as the finest imagination ever invented. The *Poet*, according to the original meaning of the word, is a *Creator* and a *Combiner*. He is the true architect of thought, who plans, arranges, constructs, adorns, and distributes into harmonious proportions. He "builds the lofty rhyme." To our own perception the dignity of genius never appears more imposing, unless we except those instances of extraordinary scientific ratiocination and invention, which have bowed the very heavens to the intellect of man, and laid bare their mighty mechanism, or seized, combined, and applied the elements of earth in such ways as can never cease to astonish us, however familiar we may become with their operations.

Great inventions and discoveries are counted by centuries, while poets of some kind appear from generation to generation, and not a few illustrious ones have from time to time adorned the world. It will be found, too, that the most *natural* poets have been the most successful, those who have touched the actual chords of emotion which the hand of the Creator has strung in the interior of man, or copied with a faithful pencil the ever-varying features of the external world. Human passions are so strange and strong, so various and vivid, that he who truly deals with them, he who in the progress of his imaginative creation departs not from the principle of verisimilitude as concerning the passions of the human soul, can never fail to arrest attention and secure admiration. Hence the perpetual triumphs of Shakspere, who wrote of man, to man, and for man to the end of time. Those rich flowers of his fancy were but incidentally scattered by the way. The grand march of his mind was through the interior of the soul of man. Other poets have been skilful and powerful in the delineation of particular passions, whether profound or impetuous, tender or terrible, gentle or cruel. Like the insect which spins its web out of its own bowels, they have woven together threads that have been painfully drawn out of their own hearts. Whatever the theme they have chosen, they have essentially described or illustrated the same set of passions. Whether they sing in the major or minor key, the character of the tunes was the same. Byron is always reproducing himself with his train of fiery passions, his pride, misanthropy, defiance of God and man, illicit love, vaulting ambition, self-torture, and destructiveness in general, relieved over and anon by all that is beautiful in creative poesy. Moore, over whose birth, according to the doctrines of astrology, the planet Venus must have presided in solitary beauty, is forever melting away in the passion of romantic, oriental love, while his lines flow like the music of a bird that just opens its mouth to let forth strains that seem all but involuntary. Campbell, amid all his elegant conception and polished execution, constantly betrays his love of liberty and hatred of despotism, and is never satisfied until by some single creation, like that of the ode, he can give vent to the smouldering fires of patriotism within his breast. Those spirit-stirring odes of his, if they do not, like the "Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming," prolong the pleasing enchantment of the mind in the perusal, do rouse all that is excitable in our bosoms. They are as perfect, as polished, as expressive as those beautiful forms of statuary, which have conveyed to us the conceptions of the Grecian mind, while in animation they surpass them, as burning words surpass the cold marble. Cowper may always be found communing with the sweet charities of domestic life, describing the most obvious and simple features of external nature, or marking with his gentle satire the follies of society, with an occasional strain against every form of oppression. The genius of Thompson spreads itself out over the whole panorama of Nature, giving us one vast and varied picture, the colours of which are found to be very enduring.

Now, in analysing these and similar productions of the muse-inspired mind, or of genius as it produces other results, whether in the walks of painting, sculpture, architecture, or the drama, nothing strikes us more agreeably than the element of *likeness*. It seems to be an original principle of our nature to be pleased with resemblances. The accurate painting of a flower, a shell, or even a vegetable esculent—the sculptured imitations of animals, either of the fierce or gentle class—the pictorial representation of the homelest scenes of peasant life—the poetic delineations of life even in poor and coarse aspects, as in the pages of Goldsmith, Burns, and especially Crabbe—the dramatic imitation of the actions and manners of men and women who have figured on the real stage of the world, whether in comic or tragic strains—all these never fail to interest, and that in proportion to the perfection of the resemblance. But this is only one element of pleasure, however widely diffused. A celebrated critic, ... perhaps too strong a tendency to generalisation, has said:—"The chief delight of poetry consists, not so much in what it directly supplies to the imagination, as in what it enables it to supply to itself; not in warming the heart by its passing brightness, but enkindling its own latent stores of light and heat; not in hurrying the fancy ... by a foreign and accidental impulse, but in setting it in motion by touching its internal springs and principles of activity." Then this must be done by striking a note to which the heart's living affections will instinctively respond, by rousing one of a large family of kindred impressions, by "dropping the rich seed of fancy upon the fertile and sheltered places of the imagination." Hence the power of what may be called reminiscent poetry, or that which leads us back to past scenes, or in the fertility and truth of its imaginations so describes things to us that we instantly recognise their likeness to what we have ourselves experienced. The scenes of childhood and youth—the fireside enjoyments—the rural walks—the sail over the bosom of the lake—the mineralogical, botanical, piscatory, inventatory excursions—the wanderings among the sweet and solemn woodlands, vocal with the music of the heaven-taught warblers—the old school-house, and even the "old oaken bucket," in which we drew the sparkling waters from the deep fountain below—all these are animating themes, however minute, and we feel a kind of reverence for him who can reproduce them to our view.

The poetry of Young is not without its tenderness. How could it be otherwise when the spirit of affliction had so often troubled the fountain of feeling in his heart? The reading world is familiar with the apostrophe to the "Insatiate Archer," by whom the peace of the poet was "thrice slain." Hence the solemn tone which pervades most of his poetry. He seems to luxuriate in a kind of delicious melancholy, which gives a character and zest to the productions of his muse, and awakens our sympathy for one who has been so often placed in the furnace of affliction. His imagination, unlike that of Milton, which invites the light of Heaven's day into his soul, rather woos the night for its creations, and solemnly invokes

"Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters twine
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
Assist me! I will thank you in the grave."

With the whole strain of the poet's reflections, whatever be the scene, the solemnity and stillness of night seem congenial. Hence there is a profoundness of contemplation, a seriousness of manner, a sublimity of thought and devotion, even a weight of instruction in his poems which deserve the highest commend-

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good account. Young had an alcove in his garden, with a bench so well painted in it that at a distance it seemed to be real, but upon a nearer approach the illusion was perceived, and this motto appeared: *Incredibilia non decipiunt. The things unseen do not deceive us.* Nor was he destitute of wit, for occasionally he indulged in an epigram keen and caustic, as when hearing of the ridicule the infidel Voltaire had cast upon Milton's allegorical personages of Death and Sin, he extemporised the following —

Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
Thou seem st a Milton with his Death and Sin!"

Much of his poetry is, in fact, seriously epigrammatic strong figurative, yet sententious and striking, it has fastened itself with a firm grasp on the readers of the English language, and while Dryden, of the same century, preceden in the race of fame, and Swift, nearly contemporaneous in birth with Young, are comparatively neglected, except by scholars, Young maintains his place among the living classics of the language, read, meditated, and admired. The truth is that with all his turgescence and want of that simplicity which is the charm of some writers, he strikes deep into the soul of his fellow man, and we find, in fact, that what seems

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intent to publish a meagre [illegible] writing a full and satisfactory memoir, like those of Pope and Dryden, a letter which is chiefly taken up with indulgence of empty speculations, in settling trifling dates or narrating unimportant circumstances, with not the slightest attempt to do justice to this lofty genius, or to investigate the philosophy of his poetry.

Johnson does indeed say that "the Universal Passion" is a very great performance, and bestows positive though brief praise, on the "Night Thoughts." Here indeed he confesses there is "original poetry, variegated with deep reflection and striking allusions, a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue, and every odour." The style and sentiment of these "Night Thoughts" are peculiarly favourable to the use of blank verse, so that the poet exhibits judgment as well as genius in the composition of this work, and all the reverent emotion, that seems to fill his soul, then a boldness of thought, and a freedom of utterance which illustrate that the flight of that genius is not impeded or restrained by wing. Time, Life, Death, Immortality, with all their transcendent grandeur, their mighty adjuncts and vast consequences, constitute the themes on which he dwells, and while he handles the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." If he be not so exact, he is always copious. If there be lines that might be excepted to, or amended, there is great power in the work as a whole, for in this there is a magnificence like that described to a Chinese plantation, the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity. If there be a failure in any portion of his works, it is in his "Last Judgment." Not that it does not breathe the spirit of genuine poetry in its conception, but that many of its details are not graphic, powerful, and striking, but that it is a subject to which neither painter nor poet can justly aspire. Inspiration itself barely touches it, and moves on to things more intelligible to man, more suitable for his investigation. It is sparing of description, and Young is most descriptive of poet. Things great, visible, tangible, audible, must necessarily be dwelt upon to set forth a purely spiritual process, quite different we may presume, from any thing the imagination has conceived, or is capable of conceiving. The idea of limbs dangling in the air in pursuit of their flown limbs is deeply incongruous, and would be ludicrous, but for the solemnity of the theme and our respect for the intentions of the author. So the comparing the assembling of the atoms of the human body to the collection of bees into a hive, and the thinking of a pan, has been justly censured by Johnson. Some of these descriptions present extreme cases of [illegible] of metaphor, which is a characteristic of Young's [illegible] for these, and the preacher is there, and it is impossible for a [illegible] mind to study these strains without being deeply affected; but it would seem difficult for a thoughtless and not to be misled serious by the same study. They pro-

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our moral nature.

Swift observed that if Young in his natures had been more gay or more severe, they would have been more pleasing, because mankind are more inclined to be pleased with ill-nature and mirth than with solid sense and instruction. This may be true, but he would no longer have been Young. Doubtless there is a class of readers who would rather feast on the failings and follies of others than be delighted with their virtues. Such would be more gratified with the scorn and the vein of Byron's muse than the gentle inspirations of Cowper, or the serious strains of Young. But the fame founded on such a basis is evanescent. Doubtless the shade of that proud peer of the realm of poesy would gladly exchange all its earthly honours and posthumous fame for the conscious sense of the world of retribution of never having written a line to impugn the sense of virtue, or to invest vice with such enchantment as none but such a poet is capable of creating. He differs must be the feelings of him who, while he held the pen of composition in his hand, felt the weight of responsibility of his heart and sent forth to an admiring world "a line which, dying, he would wish to blot," no sentiment which in the land of retribution he would wish to recal. If were preferable even to be subjected to the charge of being gloomy, were the heart made better by that sadness, than to jest at sacred things, and deride the hopes founded upon the sublime revelation from God to man.

The contrasts of Young constitute one secret of his impressive power. Thus —

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!

An heir of glory, a frail child of dust,
Helpless, immortal, insect infinite
A worm, a god—I tremble at myself!"

No man can attain to the true dignity of his nature without a long and patient introversion of the observing faculties. If "the proper study of mankind is man," the greatest proficiency is attained by studying ourselves, by descending into the interior chambers of the soul, and observing the operation of its complex machinery. Nobly does Young say—

"Man know thyself, all wisdom centres there
To me no man seems ignoble but to man!"

If Michael has fought our battles, and Raphael has sung our triumphs, and Gabriel has spread his wings from distant worlds to bring messages for the benefit of man, why should he live so far below his dignity?

Young followed in the track of Milton when he taught us to believe more firmly in the proximity of celestial spirits to the dwellings of humanity. In yielding our faith to such a [illegible] we are led along by a poet's fancy, we are

which speak of the "angels as ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation." A beautiful idea is that of the sacred interlinking of those heavenly ones with us poor visible pilgrims of earth. How often, when fainting in the wilderness, like the poor Egyptian mother, has the angel of hope appeared to revive our spirits, and point to some grateful fountain in the desert, unseen by us, because our eyes were dimmed with tears. And so, under the same kind Providence, we are taught that friendship is something more than "a name."

> "Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene,
> Resumes them to prepare us for the next
> All evils natural are moral goods,
> All discipline indulgence, on the whole."

There is, in fact, in the poems of Young a mass of true philosophy, which, were it but drawn out in scholastic form, would constitute quite a volume of sound instruction on good ethical principles. The purity of his productions is most exemplary, considering the license indulged by his contemporaries, and the fact that the age of Anne had by no means freed itself from the pestiferous influence of the age of Charles II., the royal debauchee, who enthroned vice in his court while he banished virtue to seek a refuge among the despised Puritans. Dryden himself sometimes dabbled in pollution nor was Swift altogether free from the charge of puerility the baser passions of the human heart But the most bitter enemy of Young could never bring such an accusation against him.

How much domestic experiences—in fact, the general fortunes of a man's life—have to do with shaping and colouring his works as an author, it is not necessary to discuss The connection is as important as it is undoubted of this the history of authors is abundant proof In his preface to "The Complaint," Young says that the occasion of this poem is real, not factitious, and the facts mentioned did naturally pour those moral reflections on the thoughts of the writer

Much of the character and achievements of the executive portion of our race depend on the intellectual discipline of the mind, not alone the intellectual but the moral discipline to which men are subjected The trials in every department of exalted action have been the test and the crucible Such names as have been given to us doubtless at once immediately suggest a train of trials, the last of which has been disclosed to the world How great a portion has been endured in secret, we can only conjecture Like two great names in England's literary history—Milton and Scott for the latter was a thorough English loyalist, though a true Scotchman What burdens those men carried through life! On genial tempers such discipline has the happiest effects On the sullen and morose it descends like water on the rock Many a tender thought, many a touching description, have we from our author, in consequence of the heart crushing he experienced by its repeated bereavements

Some authors have a peculiar faculty of diluting until its spirit and vigour have almost evaporated all thought may be original, it may be valuable but they spread it out as a goldbeater expands gold leaf, until it becomes illusive palpable. Not so with Young His wire will be found works a great amount of real bullion weighty and valuable Nor is he wanting in variety For, although his poetry calls upon the ear there may be a seeming sameness in it, there is, in fact, in the staple of it great diversity of thought, as well as richness of metaphor There are poets who have had a finer ear for the harmony of numbers, and the impressive melody of well-chosen cadences, but who are deficient in that sustained vigour which characterises Young

He has a peculiar versification, so much his own, that it would be recognised by the ear as soon as the face of a friend by the eye, on the repetition of a half-dozen lines, even if they had never before been read He is no copyist, except from the book of nature and the heart of man "He seems to have read up," says Johnson, "no stores of thought or diction, but to owe all to the fortuitous suggestions of the present moment. Yet I have reason to believe that when once he had formed a new design, he then laboured it with very patient industry, and that he composed with great labour and frequent revisions. His verses are formed by no certain model."

His antithesis, which is perpetual, is not the polished and carefully balanced antithesis of Pope, but of Young, sudden striking, weighty, and making a constant demand on exclamation points. Witness this bold succession of lines:

> "Is it in words to paint you, oh ye fallen?
> Fall'n from the wings of reason and of hope!
> Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
> Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
> Lovers of argument, averse to sense,
> Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains!
> Lords of the wide creation, and the shame!
> More *senseless* than the *irrationals* you scorn,
> More base than those you rule, than those you pity!
> Deepest in woe from means of boundless bliss,
> Ye cursed by blessings infinite! because
> Most highly favoured most profoundly lost!
> Ye motley mass of contradiction strong!"

A reader who should travel through the pages of Young at consecutive sittings, would feel that an overwhelming impression was made upon his mind What it would definitely and distinctively be, it might be more difficult to say than what it would *not* be It is certain the sense of the obligations of virtue would not be lessened, the consciousness of immortality would not be enfeebled the anticipations of the retributive period would not be impaired, nor the dignity or the destiny of man be diminished in their apparent importance.

His poetry is not only descriptive, but didactic, and that in a different sense from the didactics of Pope It is a serious improvement on the ethical tone of that ambitious poet, for it reverently draws from a higher source the motives for obedience to the lessons it inculcates

In all his works, says Blair, "the marks of strong genius appear His Universal Passion possesses the full merit of that name Conciseness of style, and lively description of sentiment is particularly requisite in satirical writing Of this his compositions Though his wit may sometimes be thought too sparkling and his sentences too pointed, yet the vivacity of his fancy is so great as to entertain every reader In the Night Thoughts, there is much energy of expression in the first place there are several pathetic passages and scattered through them all happy images and allusions will present themselves occasionally

If the terms have pronounced, description be a good test of poetical imagination, distinguishing an original from a second rate genius a creator from a copyist, then must unquestionably stand high in the tuneful tribe, In many lines exemplifies a spirit of bold conceptions, and a correct originality in his chosen style of composition, with an imagination inventive and luxuriant, indeed, if not "all compact the very excursions of which while evidential of communion with the upper world the principle of virtue, and the detestation of falsehood and hypocrisy, an imagination which, if sometimes it does violence to a delicate and fastidious taste never violated our moral sense, or tinges with a blush the cheek of innocence

His poetry is the effusion of a mind that held communion with exalted thoughts and solemn associations In some parts it rises into the dignity and grandeur of the epic, for that method which essentially reveals in the mind of Milton, the "ways of God to men"—seems to have been more akin to that of Young, and thus was his spirit ever kept in view in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, having little of the fear of God before its eyes It was an age of *freethinkers*, men who, in the plenitude of their vanity, boasted in that self-bestowed Young demanded of them to "look on truth unbroken and entire, on truth in the system of God.

> *Art* like half sentences confound, the whole
> Conveys the sense, and God is understood,
> Who no in fragments writes—human race,
> *Read his whole volume* haply *then* reply!
> Just this is *thinking free*, a thought that grasps
> Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour"

Let the reader peruse the dozen succeeding lines in Night VII, "The Complaint," and he will be struck with their power and sublimity If, indeed, my criticism should allure him to the perusal or reperusal of the whole volume, I shall not have written in vain.

LORD GRANVILLE.

GRANVILLE GEORGE LEVESON GOWER, the present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the second Earl of Granville, was born in the year 1815, and consequently is of a far more juvenile age than the veteran statesman whom he has displaced As Lord Leveson, his lordship had a short political career in the House of Commons, which terminated in 1846 His lordship has sustained various public characters as Deputy Lieutenant of North Shropshire, as Master of the Buckhounds to the as a Commissioner of Railways and as Under- y of State for Foreign Affairs The Great Exhibi- s the means of bringing him more directly into public



LORD GRANVILLE (POLICE LEVISON GOWER)

life His active exertions as one of the Royal Commissioners did much for the advancement of that great and glorious undertaking At the same time, his lordship took an active part in the business of the nation, he being one of the readiest and most pleasing speakers on the ministerial side in the House of Lords But the events of the last few months have made his lordship more of a public character than ever At the end of last year rumours of a split in the Cabinet became very common. The knowing ones said that Palmerston and Grey were on the worst possible terms, and that Grey was to be kicked out Then other men, equally knowing affirmed that the ministerial difficulty was the ballot However, on

immense astonishment of the public, it was stated publicly in the *Times* that Lord Palmerston had resigned office, and that Lord Granville had been nominated in his place. The wisdom or necessity of that step we care not to discuss now Lord Palmerston's own expression of approval of the recent *coup d etat* in France was a mistake, but one which was shared in by the Ministers as well If he was faulty in this respect, so also was the Premier himself We must suppose that the change has been made as much on personal as public grounds We regret the change The merit of Lord Palmerston was that he was pre eminently a British Minister—that he watched over British interests—that he defended British rights. Of Lord Granville we may hope less, else why do the reactionary Governments of the continent rejoice in his elevation to office This is a fact calculated to excite suspicion, so is another fact which has recently come out—viz, that his wife is a very firm Roman Catholic Those who have read—and who has not?—Michelet's Priests, Women, and Families," will regret that the Secretary for Foreign Affairs should have chosen a Roman Catholic as his wife

In August when the grand fetes took place at Paris to commemorate the Great Exhibition, Lord Granville made a speech which won for him great popularity His lordship addressed the company in French, and throughout the whole of his exceedingly interesting address, delivered with great feeling and

tinued applause He said, "Monsieur le Préfet and gentlemen —Permit me, in very indifferent French, but with heartfelt sincerity, to thank you, in the name of Prince Albert and of the Royal Commissioners, for the honour which you have just done them As to me, gentlemen, the impressions of my youthful days, the bonds which I have since contracted the remembrance which you have been pleased to preserve of him whose name I bear, and who devoted so many years in cement ing the union between England and your lovely France, which he had learned to respect and to love as a second country of his own all this gentlemen, causes me to feel at the same time exultation and embarrassment at having the honour so little merited by me of being the organ of the Commissioners before this brilliant assemblage, at a fete of which the magnificence is only equalled by the cordiality of your reception The desire had caused itself to be felt in England to attempt there one of those which they have adopted for the purpose of dissipating the prejudices which might still arise, and for the choice which they made of the persons who have aided in the execution of the plan with so much skill and conciliation. We never entertained the pretension of getting up an English exhibition of the industry of the world, but we considered it as an influence honour to be able to offer to other nations the means of displaying their own exhibitions as integral parts of that great work Gentlemen we have also to thank the French exhibitors for the splendour and elegance which they have imparted to the Exhibition by their products They have more than confirmed their ancient reputation for the invention and good taste which prevail in the execution of their manufactured goods I trust that the sacrifices of time and money which they have made will not be altogether lost to them, even in a commercial point of view I hope also that they will not feel



PAINTING ON THE CASKET PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT LOUIS NAPOLEON

grand National Exhibitions which had so well succeeded in France, and which had been marked by such useful results Prince Albert had thought that that idea could be enlarged and its advantages extended if at a moment when all countries were drawn closer together by the progress of science and by the spread of education, they were invited to exhibit together their products so varied in character It appeared to him that such an exhibition would serve to mark the progress of civilisation in its present state, and that whilst it taught us to render thanks to the Creator of all things for the benefits with which He loaded us, it would also prove to us how much the common happiness could be increased by the union, not merely of individuals, but of nations I am specially charged by Prince Albert as well as by my colleagues on the Commission to thank Prince Louis Napoleon and his Government for their most ready co-operation, for the sage and enlightened measures

my jealousy to wish our people profit in some degree by the lessons which they have given us Our thanks are due, above all to those men so distinguished in sciences arts, and manufactures whom France sent over to us as members of the jury

Besides the portrait we have given of the new Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs we have added an engraving of an elegant casket of porcelain de Sevres presented by the present of the French Republic to his lordship, in consequence of the urbanity displayed by him, as one of the Royal Commissioners during the Great Exhibition The casket is of ebony and is decorated with nine pictures representing scenes in the life of Rubens In the one engraved being the principal one, we have Rubens taking the portrait of Marie de Medicis in his picture of the apotheosis of Henry IV.

NORAH.—A STORY OF IRISH COURTSHIP.

Norah Cooney sat spinning in her mother's humble cabin. Since daybreak she had worked at the wheel with unresting fingers, but the song with which the girl was wont to beguile labour of its wearying sameness had not once in all those hours been heard in the little room, and the hum of the wheel was almost mournful without that pleasant accompaniment. But Norah had no heart to sing this day, though it was one of the very brightest and pleasantest, though the cabin was re- [illegible] with sunlight, there was not a ray to cheer her spirit—Norah's heart was almost breaking

very day a letter had come from Tim in America, urging his mother and sister, more importunately than ever, to hasten before autumn set in to that good land of his adoption—that land which, according to his representations, was literally overflowing with milk and honey. And Tim, the gallant, brave-hearted, industrious Tim, had added to his entreaties an inducement which, of itself, was powerful to coax every thankful shade to the brow of mother and sister—Tim had married with a Yankee girl! The bride, too, sent word by Tim, that she begged her dear mother, and her sweet sister Norah to come with all haste over the waters, where they would share one home for his sake who was so dear to them all.

Great as was her love for Ireland, Mrs. Cooney had now resolved to obey that call—she would emigrate. Norah did not finished reading the letter when the old woman expressed her determination, her readiness to go to that foreign land. The fact that Tim was prospering there, and that John, the eldest boy, had frequently written to tell all the glorious beauty of the strange land, of the "room and to spare," the work and the pay, now settled her mind on a point that had long been mooted by Norah and herself. John went a married man, from the Emerald Isle, in a way we shall see well—but his wife was a fiery sort of a Kathleen, and he himself was diffi[illegible] sant person, altogether, from Tim the darling boy whom the mother and sister had seen depart from the old home with so much sorrow. All the eldest son's persuasions, if urged on the day of doom, would never have induced them to break that tie of habit and natural love of country which bound them to the native land. But Tim's words were more like magic, and Mrs. Cooney said that another week should see them on the great ocean on their way to him.

There were some reasons why, however, of a modern imagination, there should have been more grief than joy and curiosity in Norah's heart.

As the day drew near it closed and the bright of the setting sun streamed so gaily in at the window, the air sweet [illegible] grew sadder and more solemn, and more than once the tears kept back all day, so blinded her eyes that she could scarcely see to go on with her work—yet she would not rest from the labour, so the tears were forced back—and once she tried to sing, but that was a feeble, unsuccessful effort, that even if it had not been interrupted by the opening of the cabin door, would of itself have soon died a natural death.

The individual about to enter the cabin paused as he opened the door, and preparatory to introducing his person, gave a single rap. It was Felix Lever, Norah knew, for this was the half-familiar, yet respectful mode of his entrance, always, to that cabin. Felix had been Tim Cooney's intimate friend, and the only reason that they had not emigrated together, was the deep, passionate love of Lever's old grand parents for their native land. In his ardent longing to emigrate, the young man had urged every reason for them seeking another home and a better living in the new world, but their attachment to the "auld place" was beyond the reach of argument. Felix might have talked on for ever to no purpose. The possibility of going without them and leaving the old people with no one to look after and care for them, never occurred to him, or if the thought did once intrude itself on his mind he banished it at once and for ever—resolving that he would always cleave to the parents of his dead mother, through poverty and hardship, to the end, whatever that might be.

After Tim departed, Felix had fully performed his duty to in need of his help, or "*just to see had they heard from Amerikay since the last.*"

The sight of this fine fellow, who had been just a brother to Norah since John, and more especially since Tim left, caused an involuntary explosion of all that grief which had been lying so heavily on her heart. Felix paused a moment, quite overcome with surprise at her distress. He had never heard her sob so piteously before—and he had seen her when she was in heavy sorrow too.

Seeing that she did not look upon him, the youth gathered courage, and thinking that he might in some way comfort, at least help her, if she needed aid, he went in and sat down beside Norah, and just as he was going to venture a word, she lifted up her head—her foot was gently beating again on the foot-board of the wheel, and her hands busied with the work.

The sudden and unexpected exercise of self-control so astonished Felix, that he quite forgot what he would have said, and there was nothing left for Norah but to speak—so she said, but it was with that desperate effort which most of us have made when we feel we must say something at a time when we would give almost the world for power to creep away in silence and unnoticed.

'I'm a fine gu[illegible]t like a fool, what did you stop to see me do it for.

If need we was sick, Norry shall I go find yer mither now he answered, rising as if to go. He kept his eyes fixed on her so kindly, and withal with such a tender look of inquiry, as if he felt for her in her sorrow, whatever it was, that the girl felt compelled, as it were, to say—

'Stay, Felix, till I tell you, we're going to Amerikay, that's all.'

The *that's all* was spoken with such a trembling, despairing tone as told that it was the very climax of a stern fate.

Och, don't be [illegible]the saying *that* don't be laavin; could live and—there be dark days enough without that happening, Norah.

After a silence of some seconds, he added—"Did you hear from Tim the day?

'Yes, this morning, an mither *will* go. Tim's got married, Felix, to one o' thim Yankee guls."

The palpeen' will not be comin' over here with the like o' her.

"No, we're going to them, I said. Find out when the first vessel goes. We must go in that."

"An' laave this cabin, and the nice comfortable things that's bin yer own yer own an' yer out, ever an ever so long! Faith an' we can't at for the ould folks I'd be afther going along wid ye mavourneen. It's not worth much to live away from yees, ayh.

She looked up so proudly when he said this, that Felix, who had never in his life dared to speak of marriage with the girl, dared to do it now. And never was a warmer, truer heart offered to young maiden than that laid before Norah Cooney in the self same hour when the necessity of parting was upon them.

"Go, Norah, for ye must," he said; "but tell me afore ye do it, that ye'll take the thought o' me deep down in yer heart, where none o' thim foreigners will get at it. Give me the token that ye love me, an' that ye'll be thrue to me when ye get to that great new world over the sea. It's not much I am to ask the like of you, but I've a thrue love that's better nor the best cabin in Ireland with heaps of turf and potatoes! Just say that ye'll keep me in mind till I come afther ye, Norah Cooney."

"I'll say it, Felix, an' I'll keep the oath—the Holy Virgin forget me if I forget. It's many an' many a time I'll think o' yees, an' the thought'll keep the home sickness away from me heart, which even me own mauther, an' Tim that's so dear, couldn't keep off, darlint. When ye *can* come, ye will—it's enough, that—don't say no more."

They parted that night with smiles, for the bitterness of Norah's sorrow was gone; and, in a few days later, when Felix's hand clasped hers for the last time, they parted with smiles also—smiles which hid the gushing tears—smiles which, when they faded from the face, went down deeper into the natures of these two, to attend in their hearts the hope that [illegible] path which she

to which they were hasting, a light was glowing that cast no shadow. In the new home which the widow and her daughter were seeking, "a warmer fire than any ever made of peat, cast its ruddy light abroad—love! love! what an annihilator of time, and distance, and separation, and hardship it was to that Irish girl! what a cheerful, hope-inspiring friend it was to Felix Lever when he was parted from the dear object of his affections! it cheered him through all the trials which compassed him, and though he could not fight himself free from those trials, he combatted manfully with them, and kept his eyes fixed on the one bright point of the future. He was a fine fellow, that Felix Lever, industrious, religious, and cheerful, and kind always, and if ever poor mortal deserved a blessing, it was surely he.

Norah was a very pretty girl, indeed, and Tim, who clasped her so fondly in his great powerful arms when they met at last, was not slow in saying the same to her face—for Tim was a privileged mortal, he always said what was in his mind, and from boyhood he had been extravagantly fond of his sister. Since John and he had left Ireland she had grown very pale-cheeked and fair, she always was, and her dark hair curled on her neck now as it used to when a child; but Norah was become a woman—experience and love, those mighty developers, had made her so, and neither the Yankee nor the Irish sister-in-law might compare with her in point of beauty.

A hearty welcome did the emigrants receive when at last they arrived at their new home, and gladly was room made for the new comers in Tim's little cottage. The brother was not yet astonishingly rich in worldly goods, but his house was certainly an improvement on the cabin where he was born and bred—the neat habits which Mary, his wife, had brought home to her father's farm-house, were such as made the most of all the worldly goods which he had been enabled to gather together and endow her with on their wedding day; and so the cottage had a far more comfortable and pleasant set off than the cabin had in its best days.

Norah was naturally swift and handy with her needle, and it was not necessary for her to go out to service through Tim's influence she found employment enough at home in the needs of her own station to keep her constantly busy. And Tim himself, who was in the summer time a gardener in the winter also became metamorphosed into a tailor, not a man, and plied his needle with a commendable diligence. As to the mother of all, it was arranged that she should her time between the two sons' families—of course, for Norah Tim's house was a constant abiding place.

So were they settled, contentedly and comfortably in their new homes, and Norah turned to her toil with patience looking forward to the time when Felix should come and make their household joy complete—he alone was wanting to perfect her happiness. There was nothing, she constantly assured him, for the poor to do, but to come to this good land where work and pay in abundance were to be had; and how he longed to obey her call, and how piously he hushed the longing in his filial piety, I need not say.

There was a cousin of Miss Tim Cooney, a young blacksmith, who lived in the same village with them. He was a shrewd, industrious man, who was bent on making money, which, in his wise prudence, he laid up and never did any one look better than he when following his *pretty cygnet* calling. All the girls in H— thought so, and there was not one in his sphere of life who could not have summoned up sufficiency of love for him to have warranted marriage any day he had chosen to ask for it. But the blacksmith had not fixed his heart on any of his own kin, nor lost his heart to any of his own country, Norah Cooney alone answered to his idea of perfect beauty and worth in woman. He had seen her often in his frequent visits at Tim's house, had been enchanted more than once by her touching song, nothing so lovely had he ever heard as her "Kathleen O'Moore." "The Exile of Erin" was invested with the very soul of music as it came from her lips. From listening to her songs, from watching her quiet ways, her gentleness, her care for the poor mother, her affection for Mrs. Tim, his cousin, for her womanliness in the performance of duty, it was, that Miles Brewer loved her, and thought what a jewel of a wife she would be. But Miles had no courage to tell her of it, and no incident turned up in his converse with Norah that would lead directly to the broaching of that subject. There was nothing left for him but to speak with Tim's wife about the matter, and, alas! for his hopes, they were completely knocked on the head by the asking. Think of such an answer as this being returned him when at last he broached the subject.

"It's too bad, Miles; but did'nt you know it afore-hand? Norah left her heart behind her when she came from Ireland; she's engaged to marry some man there as soon as he can come to America."

"No! is that so. Some drunken brute of a Paddy, I'll be bound. Do, for pity's sake, break up the match, Mary. I *must* have her."

What you must *not* do, Miles, is just this. I won't have you calling Tim's countrymen names. I've heard my husband often speak of Felix Lever, and he never would consent to the match if it wasn't a good one for that young angel, as one might call her.

"Now, forgive me, Mary! If all Irishers were like Timothy Cooney, I wouldn't have had reason for speaking so disrespectfully but you know well enough what they are."

It's all the fault of the Government,' interrupted Mary.

But about this I don't promise to do anything. 'Twouldn't be right at all, at all. You wouldn't want me to say anything to her, Miles, if you were in your senses, but what man in love ever was in his right mind.

Miles turned away without answering his cousin, for his trouble was very sore. He did not really wish to make disturbance or mutiny in a prepossessed heart, but I would not affirm that he did not cause his stout back over and over again, as he wended his way back to the forge. Fortune, however, had an idea of befriending Miles Brewer, even if fate did apparently set her face against him. Every month he prospered more and more, till he became quite the model money-maker of H——, and, in the Irish democratic neighbourhood, people took a great deal of pride in proclaiming to each other that he began life and built with scarcely a cent at command.

Three years passed away and Felix and Norah were separated still and no tidings—there was little prospect of their ultimate union. The letters, which at first had been so frequent and so full, became more rare, during the last six months had not come. The lonesomeness and sorrow of exile, during the first two months by this silence of Felix, gave way to the close of the half year to a settled doubt of his truth. What was living Norah knew, for emigrant from her native country in abundance had during three months resided in the house, it was great even for a moment to harbour such a thought, but even after that thought became a bitter and settled conviction, the young girl's natural courage and strong will enabled her to bear the grief of desertion with more calmness and calmness than a colder-hearted, weaker mortal could have shown. Blest would she have been, indeed, had one word of assurance come to her in those days, that accident, sickness or poverty, had prevented his greeting; but, though the word and assurance came not, though her faith was shaken through her love returned trembling and fearful to her heart, she had no reproaches, no tears, no boisterous sorrow for other eyes and ears whatever she may have suffered was locked up within her own soul.

Believing that Norah was really deserted, and watching her calmness and indifference, Mary Cooney began to have her own thoughts as to the probabilities of her cousin's success, if he endeavoured at this time to make an impression on Norah's heart—and it was owing to her suggestions that Miles Brewer's visit to her house became quite an every day affair. And certainly, whether she regarded him as a suitor or not, there was a great deal of cordial kindness in Norah's greeting to the blacksmith, there was nothing of the coquette about her, certainly, and the gentle hearted maiden, perhaps, laid the charge of the long, long conversations she held with Miles, to an ordinary courtesy and friendliness, be that as it may, Miles, to his cousin thought that the way to her affections was now quite clear, and the lover went on with his building, and clung to his industrious habits.

The day came round when his house was finished; and his courage had arrived at the superlative degree, and that day saw the blacksmith, now a very frequent visitor at his cousin's, walking arm-in-arm with Mary, and Norah beside him, down the new street where his building stood in all its grand com-

plisteness. It was the finest shop and house in H——, decidedly. Miles was very proud of this building; he had exa great deal of calculation and thought on its arrangements, as well as money in carrying these arrangements out; and very eagerly and eloquently did he expatiate to his fair stemers on the uses and capacities of the whole place. From one room to another he led them, until at last they paused, that is, Miles and Norah, for Mary now took the opportunity to disappear to a pretty balcony leading from an upper chamber, and there, for the first time in his life, Miles Brewer spoke of love to woman. It was a twilight fitting for the tale of constant and patient love he had to tell, a sweet June twilight, so soft and warm, that it alone was enough to subdue the heart; and that story of love could not fall idly on the ear of her who listened to it.

Miles had not counted vainly on the turn affairs had taken in his favour of late—he did not have to ask for naught. Norah listened with a clear conscience to his pleading, and feeling absolved from all prior obligation, answered him as he had prayed she would. So she walked arm-in-arm home with Miles Brewer, his betrothed—and there was great joy in the household that night when they saw how the blacksmith had at last won.

An early wedding-day was appointed, and the intervening time seemed to Norah to have taken wings, when she sat down alone in the cottage the evening preceding it, to make some trifling, final preparations. Miles' house was all set in order Norah herself had helped in the furnishing; and she, with the intended husband, had arranged all the place till it looked quite "palace-like," as the mother said.

John's wife, who lived in C——, had heard a report respecting Norah's speedy marriage, and being opposed to the match, as she had been to Tim's also, and a free-spoken woman besides, she said so much, and caused such disturbance in the family, that Tim had forbidden her the house John, of course, took his wife's part, and poor Norah, who had been almost convinced by Margaret that she *was* committing and deadly sin in giving up all thought of Felix Lever, was not sorry that things had come to such a decided pass—for now she could settle with her own conscience, and compose her mind, which it was, indeed, very needful that she should do—and thus, with a prayer on her lip for poor Felix, she could listen composedly to the soft words of another.

It was while she sat alone in Tim's house, waiting and wondering how it could be that Miles and her mother, and Tim and Mary, could be so late in returning from the fair, which was held that day in a neighbouring town, that Margaret Cooney passed in the darkness to the window in the back of Tim's cottage, where, discovering that Norah was really, as a friend had told her, quite alone, she tapped at the door, and then, without any bidding, quietly walked in. Norah was vexed to see her in the village, so far from C——, at that unseasonable hour; she doubted not that her sister-in-law had come to attend the wedding, though in the full consciousness that she would be a most unwelcome guest; much surprised, therefore, was she when Margaret laid her hand on her arm, saying hurriedly and impatiently, "You must go with me."

I don't know anything about your musts," said Norah, removing herself further from her sister-in-law

"What if I've to tell you something about Felix Lever, that you've lied to so meanly? What if I tell ye he's livin' an' come over the great sea to this place, just to see the girl who is gone an' proved false to him? What if I tell ye, Norah Cooney, that he's been at the death-door with the *fraver*, on' that he's down at my house this minit, an' that I've come here for nothing on earth but to hear what ye've got to say for yourself!"

"What! Margaret, that I don't believe ye—that's all!"

"Come along, thin, yourself, an' see. No! yer afraid to come! afraid to venture to yer own brother's house, 'cause that bothering Yankee has beguiled you; more'a the pity! Come along, I say; don't be a fool outright! Oh! if ye could a' seen him cry when I told him of yees! If ye'd heard him pray that I'd come this distance to fetch ye to him, maybe ye'd not stand there looking at me as if ye was a piece of stone, and not a bit more of heart in ye, I do believe."

that ye're speaking truth, and not intending to deceive me. Swear it to me by yer hope in the Virgin, and I'll go with ye to Felix an' it were to the other end of the earth."

"Yis—if it's the last words I iver speak in this world, Felix is down there in C—— with John now, an'—there! hear thim carts! I promised to go in 'em. We haven't a minit's time. Will ye go—or wont ye?—I must be off!"

Norah never paused a moment to think of the possible results of that night's excursion. Halting only a moment at a neighbour's to tell them whither she was going, that Miles and Tim might be at rest when they heard of it, ten minutes more found her in the cart with Margaret, and on the way to C——, a distance of only sixteen miles.

It seemed rather like a tribunal of justice than anything else (to both those women as they went their way) to which they were rapidly speeding—and Margaret's eye was as constantly fixed on her companion as though she had, indeed, the conduct of a prisoner in her charge.

. . . . . .

Before nine o'clock the next morning there was a great tumult in the house where John Cooney lived—a greater excitement prevailed there when Norah entered it in the night time, and fell fainting, and with a heart breaking almost with the weight of its recovered love, and sorrow, and repentance; wilder than when in that still hour poor Felix listened to her confession, and clasped her to his breast, and pleaded where no pleading was needed to convince, his sickness and poverty, and *his* trust in *her*.

Tim and Mary and Miles Brewer were there; fearful of much, they scarcely knew *what*, however, from the extraordinary circumstances of her nocturnal departure, they had started in the first morning train for C——, and there they were all gathered together, astonished, enraged, and far from speechless. The prosperous Miles was a striking contrast, indeed, to the poor, pale, ill-dressed, and almost despairing Irishman; he looked, too, handsomer now in his wrath than r before, and noisily, and with a great and quite apparent consciousness of his superiority to the whole group, did he argue the point, that this was his marriage-day, and he'd not put up with such a low performance; Norah Cooney was his by promise, and his she should be.

They all talked, but to no purpose, till the brothers and Mary finally reasoned Miles into quiet, when Tim said,

"It's agreed now, ye'll all lave it with Norah. It's a bad business, we all know—and we're sorry it happened. Felix here is almost like a brother to us; and Miles Brewer is a man to be proud of for any woman in the land. But we'll lave it to her. This is your wedding-day, Norah Cooney—which man shall be your husband?"

There was a deep silence in the little room, when he finished his speech, and it was many minutes before Norah lifted her head and spoke. But she had strength at last, and she said, so solemnly, that her hearers were awe-struck,

"If I'd died afore this day 't would have been a happy thing; but I'm punished for thinking falsely of Felix Lever. I gave him my heart. I had n't the right to take it back without he gave me the leave. Miles, I knew him from the time when I was a child; I promised myself to him afore I knew ye was in the world. Oh!—oh forgive me! I can't be false to him now! If he'd take me back to his heart, and thrue, kind thought, I'd be richer nor if I had all the gold in the world. He's of my own country; and, God forgive me! I'd not lave him now for any other, though ye would a' done great things for me; and you are a noble man, Miles Brewer, a better man than I deserve to marry."

A wild struggle went on in the heart of Miles as he listened to that low-spoken, solemn confession; but his excellent generosity conquered every other emotion as she ceased speaking. He came forward, then, and leading Felix from the corner where he stood, weak and irresolute in his grief and his love, to whom Norah was, he joined their hands together—but his voice was not clear, nor were his eyes quite dry, as he said,

"God has joined—man shall not sleave asunder. Norah, I don't love you the less that I freely give you to him now; but you love him better than me—and it's right you should marry. Boy, I wish you a happy life with her."



PROJECT FOR AN ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH FROM EUROPE TO AMERICA BY WAY OF ICELAND

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH BETWEEN EUROPE AND AMERICA

THREE hundred years ago there were no turnpike roads in England, and the only mode of travelling expeditiously was the mode equestrian. London, in the reign of Elizabeth, was so badly paved and miserably lighted, that the favourite, and, indeed, only comfortable way of passing from the City to the West End, was by the river, either by night or day. And thus the "silent highway" came to be, for years afterwards, the chief scene of metropolitan traffic. Even within the memory of living men the journey from London to Edinburgh was a matter of such serious import, as to occupy three days, and the voyage from England to New York was considered a quick one if accomplished in six months. Now, however, things have changed mightily; within the last twenty years steam has made itself paramount, and the magnetic wire carries instantaneous messages from one end of the country to the other. The journey from the capital of England to the far north of Scotland is made between the rising and the setting of the sun, and the trip to America is considered rather slow if the steam-ship between Liverpool and New York is above ten days on the passage; nay more than that, the English Channel has been if not exactly bridged, at least made a medium of communication between our tight little island and the continent of Europe. We have already spoken at some length—*at page 70*—of the history of the Submarine Telegraph. Of its influence in producing a better understanding between nations, and solidifying the peace of Europe there can be but little question. The gutta percha covered wire lying at the bottom of the sea is as it were the cordon of intelligence and the coil of enterprise, destined to carry forward the civilisation of all peoples.

The entire success of this first experiment has naturally caused many to speculate on the further extension of the telegraphic system, and thus we find that it is only will England and Ireland be united by a submarine wire, but that it is proposed to carry a telegraph wire across the Atlantic Ocean even to the shores of the great American Continent itself.

The particulars of the proposition, which may be called great in more senses than one, are by no means complicated. The plan by which the Atlantic is to be spanned, and the old world united to the new, will be seen at once by a glance at the engraving. Having ascertained the best points on either side to which the telegraphic wire could be attached, M. Dumoulin proposes that a rope similar to that between Calais and the South Foreland should be extended completely across the Atlantic Ocean. Instead however, of letting the rope fall to the bottom of the sea, as is the case with the present Submarine Telegraph, he thinks that it should be suspended by buoys placed at certain determinate distances apart—say thirty feet—and allowed to sink in the water more than forty feet at its lowest point of deflection. At that depth the water is ascertained to be perfectly still whatever the state of the weather. This system of suspension will be perfectly understood by reference to the letters in the engraving. A, B, C, are the fixed buoys to which the rope is attached by means of the iron braces A D, B E, and C F. And in this way the telegraphic wires could be carried from buoy to buoy till the entire distance was accomplished.

The manner of constructing the rope is not essentially different from that already adopted—namely, that of a series of electric copper wires insulated in gutta percha, prepared yarn, and

from. In the long letter which M. Dumont, the of this grand scheme, addresses to the world the medium of the *Illustration*, he enters fully into particulars of his scheme, and shows how all objections may be met, and all difficulties of wind and tide may be overcome; and so great is his faith in the eventual success of his project, he goes not only into the probabilities of the case, but seems attempts to show how such a plan would prove as a commercial speculation He is a wise king before he goes to battle, sits down to count the cost to contemplate for an instant the effect of a Submarine between London and New York We have already the speech of our gracious Queen can be put into the President of France within an hour of its de the House of Lords I may, then, a message from a in the City traverse the breadth of England fr and the great Atlantic Ocean and bring delivered is to his correspondent in New York Potsdam, or Phila dia, in about the same time as one take to eat his dinner or walk half a dozen miles! The mind fails to comprehend the greatness of the undertaking, and we begin to despair of its accomplishment But when we recollect that many doubted the success of steamboats, and disbelieved in railroads which we call to mind that some things we use daily in our houses and our shops—the watch, the clock the gas lamp, for instance—were puzzles and mysteries to the who lived before us, when we look around us and perceive that every day is bringing forth new discoveries in art and science—in many a system of mnemonics, again, a special agency in physic—in a discovery, which in part explains away the mysteries of superstition and romance, which we call up all these and compare them with the knowledge possessed by even the wisest of our forefathers, we begin to have faith in the realization of a scheme which would be nothing less than an epoch in human history than the discovery of electricity itself

* Odyssey — Sharpe

ABD-EL-KADER AN AUTHOR

ABD-EL-KADER has become an author The wild son of the desert, now that the sword has been wrested from his hand has taken up the pen It is no uncommon thing for the man of right strokes to be the man of powerful words Napoleon and words in him like Austerlitz battles In compliance with the request of a French general Abd el Kader has employed some of his time, in the captivity in which, to the shame of La belle France he is still kept in giving a very interesting account of the Arab horses of the desert in which he describes the number of days they can march with fatigue, the distance they can accomplish in a day, their power of enduring hunger and thirst the manner of breeding feeding, and training them, together with other curious and interesting matter, of which the following is a specimen

"Although all the horses of Algeria are Arab by race many have fallen from their nobility because they have been too often employed to plough, to carry and to draw burdens and in such labours, which is a thing never done amongst the Arab of old. At this point our Arabs say it is enough for a horse to wall on a ploughed field in order to lose all its merit, and they tell the following story. 'A man was riding on a thorough bred horse He was met by his enemy, who was also mounted on a noble courser Then pursued the other, and he who gave chase was distanced by him who fled. Despairing to overtake him, he cried, 'I ask you in the name of God, has your horse ever been at plough? He has been at plough during four days' 'Well' mine has never ploughed; and by the head of the prophet I am sure of catching you!' The fugitive continued his chase. Towards the end of the day Ben-Aïssa began to lose ground, and the pursuer to gain it, and at last he succeeded in combatting him whom he had at first despaired of overtaking. My own father, may God have pity on him, was accustomed to say, 'There has been no blessing on our land since we have made our horses beasts of burden and of the plough. Did not God make the horse for the course, the ox for the plough, and the camel to carry burdens? There is nothing to be gained in changing the ways of God!'"

SMILE UPON THE FALLEN.

Oh! smile upon the fallen!
It perhaps may heal a smart;
It may cause a flow of gladness,
To warm the frozen heart;
And cause a gloom to change into
A smile of other years,
When everything was happiness,
And all unknown were tears.

Oh! smile upon the fallen!—
Think not because 'tis so,
That in their hearts no feelings live,
No sweet affections flow,
Think not because their deeds were dark
Grim feelings haunt them still;
Remember thou repentance true
The darkest heart may fill

Oh! smile upon the fallen!—
The heart that's suffer'd scorn
Though crush'd has tender impulses;
Though trampled on may own
Rare gems as bright as ever lived
In hearts that ne'er have known
The pangs the pains the hopeless hours,
The fallen one may own

Oh smile upon the fallen —
Look kindly in their face
There are plenty who can frown on them
But few the smiles they trace
Why then should'st thou thy grim look add
When thou a smile may'st use
A smile which may into their hearts
A ray of hope infuse

Oh! smile upon the fallen
Who knows but from above
The angels may be looking on
With smiles of happy love?
And then perchance the fallen one
May offer up a prayer
That Heaven may bless thee in thy plans
And send thy life be fair

Oh smile upon the fallen!—
Remember drooping flowers
Do raise their heads when suns do smile
And nourished by kind showers
Then smile upon the fallen one —
It perhaps may heal a smart
It may cause a flow of gladness
To warm the frozen heart

LITERARY NOTICES

THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER *a New Political Independent Paper, will be published every Wednesday, at 4d per quarter—On Monday, March 1,*

It will be published as a Weekly Newspaper, THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER *As its name indicates, it will, in the first place, be one of the Great Freehold Land Movement In addition to its principles will be illustrated with engraved Plans of Estates and various Societies a weekly list of the prices of the different Societies the improved value of allotments the prices at which allotments have been sold different estates notices of Building, Life Insurance and other Societies for the promotion and encouragement of provident habits &c But to these and similar topics will have due space—*

*II—*THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER *will form a complete guide on the occupation of allotments, whether by building or for gardening or other agricultural purposes*

III—As a Commercial *Paper, it will prove to be one of great importance and value to the trading community, not only as it will present a faithful record of the commercial o as all the Monday's Markets up to the time of going to press*

IV—Although THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER *will be the Organ of the Freehold Land Movement, it will be a first-rate general Newspaper, independent in principle and will exert itself to the utmost to bring the Election Freeholder within the reach of every industrious and virtuous citizen*

Order of any Newsvender THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.—*Office, 335, Strand.*

MISCELLANEA.

If history be philosophy teaching by example, the skilfully constructed fiction is no less so, nay, being more familiar and domestic, its lessons come more nearly home to the heart; and those who cannot entertain a sympathy for monarchs, heroes, and legislators, readily participate in all the woes and triumphs of individuals moving in their own sphere, and subject to the same casualties which they have themselves experienced. No wonder, then, that this species of literature is so popular

WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO.—Creevy was at Brussels during the battle of Waterloo The suspense all that day was intolerable, the rumours were all unfavourable, and the non-appearance of our army in retreat on Brussels offered the only faint object of hope. Early the next morning Creevy went to see the Duke of Wellington, who had returned in the night "The duke rejected all congratulation, and said it was a dreadful business thirty thousand men destroyed It was a d——d near thing, Blucher and I thought we could do it, but it was a d——d near thing" Here was no vanity—no boasting

It is astonishing how chilling the words of age fall upon the glowing enthusiasm of youth As we go on through life, doubtless we gather all the same cold truth it is by degrees, not all at once, as when the freezing experience of many years is poured forth, like a sudden fall of snow upon our hearts Lucky, most lucky, that we cannot believe the lesson which the old would teach us, for certainly if we were as wise when we come into life as when we go out of it there would be nothing great and very little good done in the world we mean that there would be no enthusiasm of wish or of endeavour

VALUE OF A WIG —The following story is related of Count La Borde When among the Arabs, he saw a very fine mare which he wished to purchase, while the bargain was going on (another was bargaining, he not speaking Arabic), hearing a talk, the Arabs thronged round and jostled him rather rudely He drew his sword, as quick as his ready steel flashed came forward the rummah and cobba of the Arabs, he was borne back by numbers burning with rage he plucked his head dress (oh, shade of the undauteous sun, his wig and all came too), and he cast it amidst the crowd. They fell back in terror from this man of wondrous make—"*Ya wallah*, the Kaffir has pulled his head off, God help us, God pardon us" This gave time to appease all anger; the Count replaced his wig, which had proved to him a better defence than the triple shield of Ajax, or the petrifying head of Medusa B—— Back-bish, and all was forgotten

EDUCATION BEGINS WITH LIFE — Before we are are aware, the foundations of the character are laid, and no subsequent instruction can remove or alter them. Linnæus was the son of a poor Swedish clergyman. His father had a little flower garden in which he cultivated all the flowers which his means or his taste could select. Into his flower garden he introduced his little son from infancy, and this little garden undoubtedly created that taste in this child which afterwards made him the first botanist and naturalist of his age, if not of his race.

"Is that clean butter?" asked a [illegible] of a boy [illegible] market.

replied the [illegible] "for mam and Sal were more than two hours picking the hairs out of it last night"

SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS —If you cannot be happy in one way be happy in another, and this faculty of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humour are almost the whole affair Many run about after felicity, like an absent man looking for his hat while it is on his head or in his hand

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS. There are ten daily papers published in London of an aggregate circulation of 6 000 while in New York only one quarter there are 12 with an aggregate circulation of 1 000 Of the New York papers 60 000 are sold in the city of which [illegible] distributed over the country Of the London papers [illegible] are sold [illegible] and second day The [illegible] of [illegible] disproportion between [illegible] consumption of the [illegible] The [illegible] each [illegible] paper [illegible] are sold at [illegible] New York [illegible] sold [illegible] and the other [illegible] of Middlesex [illegible] obtain [illegible] in the journals of the two counties [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] The virtual monopoly enjoyed by the [illegible] (the representative of much [illegible] county or [illegible] has no parallel in France or America where every man can [illegible] journal in any [illegible] life to his opinion and [illegible] The total number of stamps issued to the [illegible] —Metropolitan [illegible] 21 079 [illegible] 1 000 9 074 Wales 611 252 Scotland [illegible] Ireland 1 000 501 total 7 063 251 or on an average 2 to a person The average of England and Wales is 7 for England 2 and for Ireland 0 93 or not quite one for each person If the support of the newspaper press be as much as the tax of one penny on each journal would be the most intelligent Scotland next and Ireland last This tax however, cannot be allowed The cost of [illegible] on newspaper [illegible] which added [illegible] £1,650 011 12 1d in Great Britain Of the London weekly papers, the cheapest papers average 110 671 class papers (*Bell's Life in London* and *Era*) 13 37, Church of England papers 973 Wesleyan, 1 998 Dissenting 11 47 Roman Catholic 4,666 other newspapers included under the above head 111 total 80 146 Were the whole number to remain in London every family would have its weekly paper The cheap papers owe their immense circulation almost entirely to their cheapness and they have fetched down the sale of their higher priced and better conducted rivals amazingly thus the *Weekly Dispatch* printed 471 and the *Sunday Times* 257 000 stamps in 1830 the number in 1836 It is remarkable that the English Church and the several sections of Nonconformity should support collectively only eleven papers devoted to their interests, and, with one exception, it is barely supporting A whatever department of the newspaper press we look, we find an amazing disparity between the number of papers circulated and the numerical state of the class they represent, and that disparity can be attributed only to the system of which the penny stamp appears to be the most obnoxious feature

FAST ENOUGH FOR A SHILLING.—A gentleman from Leeds, when in London, recently asked a cabman how much he would charge for conveying him to a certain place [illegible] spence," was the reply The [illegible] the [illegible] charge was one shilling, and confident as the result of that knowledge, [illegible] into the cab, telling the driver he would pay no more than the latter sum With a look that plainly indicated that the genius of the whip thought his customer "no gentleman," he drove on his vehicle in the required direction, but at a pace so slow that the gentleman inside lost all patience, and putting his head out of the window inquired what he could not be driven faster "Why [illegible] and the cabman, slightly turning his head and looking over his shoulder at it is fast enough for a shilling', I think [illegible]

A YANKEE DESCRIPTION —A writer in *Yankee* describing the eloquence of one Rufus Choate, says—"He [illegible] commence like an eagle soaring from his eyrie and continue it onward and upward higher and higher on the mountain-tops, up higher and higher till, and still higher, until he became the companion of the cloud Often when he finished a period in his happiest and most thrilling style, the listener would involuntarily look up to see if the thunderbolt he had launched from his lips had not penetrated the roof of the hall What wonderful men and things do America produce!

FACETIÆ POLITENESS —A good story is told of a very polite sheriff, who came on some time outdoor by a person it was the [illegible] of his duty to hang 'Sir,' said the gentleman in the [illegible] was carefully adjusting the rope really your attention deserves my thanks In fact, I do not know of one I should rather have hang me Really, said the sheriff, "you are pleased to be complimentary I do not know of another individual it would give me much pleasure to hang"

VISIBILITY OF THE AIR —An interesting paper by M Andraud the engineer, who is so well known to the public by his experiment with compressed air as a substitute for steam on railways, was presented to the last sitting of the Academy of Science This paper is entitled by the author Aeroscopie, or the visibility of the molecules of the air M Andraud proves that by a very simple contrivance the air is rendered visible By taking a piece of card coloured black, and piercing it in the centre with a fine needle, this [illegible] fact is established If we look [illegible] this hole at the sky on a fine day, [illegible] having a ground-glass, we see a multitude of little transparent globes moving in the midst of confused nebulosities These little globes, some of which are more transparent than others, are molecules of air Some of them are surrounded with a kind of halo These latter, says M Andraud, are the elements of oxygen, while others are the elements of azote. After continuing the observation for a time we shall see small points [illegible] themselves, and disappear infalling. They says M Andraud, are [illegible] of the This phenomenon of vision, it is [illegible] to remark, passes within the eye itself; the molecules of air which are observed are those which float in the liquid which occupies the anterior part of that organ. According to the author of this paper, the discovery is not [illegible] phenomenon, but may [illegible] portant purposes in [illegible]

MAN.—Every man is greatly ... ; for he who possesses the divine ... of a soul is a great being, let his ... in society what it may. He may be ... the most business—may make no show—be ... scarcely known to exist—but yet he may ... more truly great than those who are ... universally so called; for greatness consists ... force of soul—that is, in the force of ... its moral principle and love, and ... may be found in the humblest condi... The greatest man is he who ... right with the most invincible ... who resists the sorest tempta... from within and without—who ... the heaviest burdens cheerfully—... is calmest in storms and most fear... under menaces and frowns—whose ... on truth, on virtue, and on God, ... unfaltering

KEEP COOL.—We are one of those who love a joyful face. If there is anything of which we may be prodigal without cost or prejudice to ourselves, but with a great deal of benefit to others, it is of our smiles. Smiles are contagious, and so are their opposites, gloomy and unpleasant looks. Do try, each and every one, to carry a cheerful face. What if our path be beset with perplexities—don't mind. There's no use in fretting, though you are in debt, and business is dull, and the banks will not discount, and your friends can't lend. Getting vexed with yourself and everybody else won't help the matter—no, not a bit. If the girl you adore gives you the mittens, or you have got married, and find yourself egregiously taken in, keep cool—fretting won't bring back the one, or make an angel of the other. If your trunk is lost in travelling, or some pickpocket relieves you of your superfluous bank-bills, take it easy—fretting won't afford any consolation for your troubles. Keep cool, then, and not needlessly worried.

GOOD AND BAD NEWS.—Bad news ... the action of the heart, oppress ... lungs, destroy the appetite, stop the ... digestion, and partially suspend all the ... functions of the system. An emotion of ... shame flushes the face, fear blanches, joy ... illuminates it and an instant thrill elec... trifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs ... the pulse into a gallop. Delirium imparts ... great energy. Volition commands, and ... hundreds of muscles spring to execute ... powerful emotions often kill the body at a ... stroke. Gallo, Diagoras, and Sophocles, ... died of joy at the Grecian games. The ... news of a defeat killed Philip V. One of ... the Popes died of an emotion of the lu... dicrous on seeing his monkey robed in ... pontificals, and occupying the chair of ... state. Muley Moloc was carried upon the ... field of battle in the last stages of an in... curable disease, upon seeing his army give ... way, he rallied his panic-stricken troops, ... rallied back the tide of battle, shouted vic... tory, and died. The door-keeper of Con... gress expired on hearing of the surrender ... of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers ... have often died in the midst of an impas... sioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep ... emotion that overpowered it had suddenly sub... sided. Ampere, the young Parisian, died ... when he heard that the musical prize for ... which he had competed was adjudged to ... another. The case of Hill, in New York, ... is among the memory of all; he was ap... prehended for theft, taken before the po... lice, and, although in perfect health, mental ... agony forced the blood from his nostrils.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A TRIFLING STUDENT.—You will find what you want in Morewood's "History of Inebriating Liquors and Distillations."

J. F.—The History of England will not be published in THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, as there is already one written expressly for the "Working Man's Library." It is by Dr Fergusson, and has already gained great praise and had an enormous sale.

THOMAS ATBURY.—The FREEHOLDER newspaper will appear on the 1st of March, and be continued weekly. It will contain Monday's corn and other markets.

A CONSTANT READER.—Scotland belongs to Europe. It was known to Europe before America. It belongs to an European monarch. Its literature is European. It has nothing whatever to do with America.

X Y Z says "Having to write a dissay upon the Persecuted Nonconformists and the Revolution of 1688, I shall feel obliged if you will advise me what books to read for the purpose." If X Y Z has mixed up the two questions, we think he has done wrong. The subject, both are put in enough at a time. The materials for the Puritan tiful enough. Neal's "History of Price's "History of Nonconformity," Hanbury's "Memorials of Independency," Hall's "Story's "Steps of our Forefathers" will give him what he wants for his essay on the Persecuted Nonconformists. The other essays must be written after consulting Hallam, Macaulay, Mackintosh, and Professor Smythe's "Lectures on Modern History," where he will get reference to all that is worth reading on the subject.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE BEGINNING wishes to get rid of superfluous hairs. There is but no way—pluck them out.

J I.—A landlord has no right to stop a footpath which has been in existence more than a hundred years. We dare say your question was overlooked, but we must beg your patience and that of the rest of our correspondents. They must give us time.

BENJAMIN LONG.—We can make no promise till we have seen the manuscript. You are aware the subject is of mere local interest, unless it be very pleasantly and powerfully handled, but we can say nothing about it until we have seen it.

I B asks the amount of scholarship necessary to enter a young man eligible for the situation of bankers clerk? Very little we imagine. A little skill in arithmetic and the ability to write a good hand.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—There is not the slightest prospect of discontinuing THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND. The volume will be completed in 26 parts, but the publication itself will go on as usual.

A GRATEFUL INQUIRER wants to know the process of naturalisation in France. We refer him to Lord Brougham. One thing is clear, that to be naturalised in France he must cease to be an English citizen. But, unless he has any particular reasons, we recommend him not to apply for naturalisation in France at present. Let him wait and see what Louis Napoleon is about.

A WORKING MAN.—You may purchase a camera obscura at any philosophical instrument maker's, but we cannot tell you the price, as you may get them at all prices.

AN ECONOMIST.—There are books published professing to show how a man may live in London on £50 a year, but you can find out for yourself how cheaply you can live far better than any book can.

A Z wishes to know the best guide to the continent of Europe. There is no one volume we can recommend. A Z must procure Murray's Guide-books. They may be depended upon. A. Z.'s next question is very difficult to answer. We really cannot name the *least* sum a person *must* spend in travelling over Europe. Travelling is an expensive pleasure, and the more money one has to spend when travelling, the more agreeable the journey is. In the north of Europe one may travel, we believe, more cheaply than elsewhere; but it is impossible to name a sum as the probable expense of a ramble through Europe. A. Z. must get Murray's Guide-books and form ...

E. M. C.—The best side for warts is burning them off with caustic.

W. W.—You had better take the advice of some *respectable* solicitor; but mind what you are about, or you may be robbed right and left.

PHONE wants to know if he may use a shower-bath immediately after a warm bath? We say, Try. If it agrees with him, Phone will soon find it out.

M. M. wants to know what we pay contributors to our pages? We have no fixed scale of remuneration. Some contributions would be dear at any price.

A WORKING MAN.—THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER will be a family man's newspaper. It will not merely be the organ of the Freehold Land Movement. It will be popular in its tone and character. Everything relating to the people's progress will be given. It will aim to instruct, and elevate, and guide the million.

J W. misunderstands the drift of our article on pernicious literature. Study by all means the lives of bad men as well as good. You may learn from the one as well as from the other. We only protest against putting into the hands of the young before their principles are established—when, in the language of the poet, they are wax to receive and marble to retain,—works holding up to admiration and imitation the vicious and deprived. This is very different to the knowledge of evil which necessity in land upon us to acquire. J W, we think, will see his mistake.

R. BUCHANAN.—Paine's gas is not portable.

A CONSTANT READER.—Forestalling, as an offence at common law, is described, in a statute of Edward VI, to be buying or contracting for any merchandise or victual coming the way to market, or dissuading persons from bringing their goods or provisions there, or persuading them to enhance the price when there. This offence was abolished by 7 and 8 Vic, c 24, entitled "An act for abolishing the offences of forestalling, regulating, and engrossing, and for repealing certain offences passed in restraint of trade."

S D.—We are not aware that there is any demand for plate-layers in Australia, but there is a great demand there for labour at this time, in consequence of the settlers abandoning their occupations and marching off to the "diggings."

T. W asks what tartar on the teeth arises from? We take the answer from a medical work just published by Mr Canton. He says "From the want of proper attention to cleanliness, more especially in persons the secretions of whose mouths are in a vitiated condition, a smaller or larger proportion of the salts held in solution in the saliva, with other extraneous matter, such as, according to Maude and other microscopic observers, infusorial animalcules and their skeletons, are deposited on the teeth, whether natural or artificial, and, when so precipitated, are commonly called tartar, or by some a salivary calculus, or secretion." Persons suffering from fever, or salivation, whether arising from constitutional causes or from the exhibition of medicines, and those whose digestive apparatus in any part is out of order, are peculiarly liable to this secretion, but it may be met with in all states of health and at all ages.

TEXTOR (Dedsborough).—The letters V D M after the name of Matthew Henry, and other preachers, stand for *Verbum Dei Minister*, Minister of the Word of God.

JOHN GREGORY.—The "dead languages" are languages that have ceased to be spoken, as Latin, &c. The Latin names of the months are as follow: Januarius, Februarius, Martius, Aprilis, Maius, Junius, Julius, Augustus, September, October, November, December.

J S (Frome) thinks there is no effectual remedy for the plague of bugs but using the bedstead itself as the most suitable trap for them, and taking it to pieces and cleansing it thoroughly two or three times in a season. He says that all lotions and ointments, however powerful, will only keep them from the bedstead for a short period, and that meantime they take refuge in the walls, &c.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE
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SKILL AND INDUSTRY.

UNITED, they are strong and powerful; divided, they are weak and powerless. The first may be deemed as the head, and the last as the hands; the one invents, adapts, controls, improves, digests—the other carries into effect and operation. Twin sisters, as the artist has delineated them, they together do the work of the world; separated, they effect nothing. Skill without Industry is as a chained prisoner in an impenetrable tower. Industry without Skill is as a ship on a stormy sea, without a rudder or a hand to guide. Or they may be likened to a master and a servant—the one commands, the other obeys, or to an engine and its driver—one possessing power alone, and the other will to guide that power onwards whithersoever he pleases. Skill is the mainspring which, in its efforts to escape control, unwinds itself, and so sets the wheels of Industry in motion. Skill is the overseer, Industry the labourer, the one cannot act without the other, and neither are independent. Skill is the teacher, Industry the scholar, Skill is the maker, Industry the seller, Skill is the poet, Industry the workman; Skill is the brain, Industry the thews and muscles, Skill theorises, Industry practises, Skill is the monarch, and Industry his willing subject.

How, happy, then, is the condition of him in whom the qualities of skill and industry are united. But it must not be supposed that these inestimable gifts—better than genius, because more certain of appreciation, and more adaptable to the wants and wishes of mankind—are the property of any one class or section of men. Among the rich and educated, Skill takes the form of a statesman, a lawyer, a divine, a teacher, to whom Industry is the faithful handmaid; among other classes it comes in the guise of the workman anxious to understand and conquer the principles of his work, whatsoever it be. With these, Skill and Industry united, form honourable labour, and that labour, rightly directed, is honourable, there can be no question, be the workman whomsoever he may.



A GROUP IN BRONZE, BY JOSEPH GAFFIL, VIENNA.

The rich, in his father, his friend or himself,
By head or by hand must have toiled;
And the brow that is canopied over with pelf,
By labour's own sweat has been soiled.

Let us illustrate our meaning by a little fable.

Once upon a time, there dwelt a poor man in the depths of a forest, who earned his bread by felling trees. And he worked very hard indeed, and it was only by great efforts that he was enabled to procure subsistence for himself and his family. All day long through the bright summer days, and in the midst of the cold dreary winter, the sound of his axe might be heard re-echoing through the solitary woods. And he was known to all the country round as Old Industry. His family was one of the most ancient in the world, and he could have traced his genealogy (if he had known anything of that noble science, which he did not) right back to Adam, the first worker. And so, from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, he had gone on just as his father had done before him, hewing down the giant trees of the forest and by great labour dragging them to the edge of the river, on which, with much more labour, he contrived to launch them, so that they might float down to the distant town, where they were sold to make houses and ships. Now, it happened that one day, while Old Industry was thus employed, a young stranger, of fair and noble aspect, came into the wood, and stood and watched the labourer at his work—at rather disconcerted the old fellow at first to see the stranger looking on, especially as he came day after day and gazed curiously at his operations without conversing, or even so much as saying "God be with you" when he came or went. So the old man

AN AMERICAN HEROINE.

THERE are many incidents recorded in the history of the American Revolution, in which acts have been achieved, and courage of the most daring character displayed, by females, which would have done honour to the stronger sex, but in the life and character of the extraordinary woman before us, history is without parallel.

Like Joan d'Arc, we find an humble girl of seventeen inspired with an ardent patriotism and resolution to stand forth in the defence of her injured country, offering her services in the garb of a *continental soldier*, determined to aid in the struggle for freedom, or to perish a noble sacrifice in the attempt

Deborah Sampson was born at Plympton, a small village in the county of Plymouth, Massachusetts, on the 17th of December, 1760 She was the granddaughter, by the maternal side, of William Bradford, for many years Governor of the Colony of Plymouth.

At the time of the marriage of Deborah Sampson's parents, her father was a respectable farmer, but through losses and misfortune he became so reduced as to be induced to make trial of a seafaring life, and having made one voyage to Europe which proved to be tolerably successful, he started on a second, but alas! it proved to be his last, the vessel was wrecked, and Mr Sampson with several others were lost

The mother of our heroine, by her industry and economical management, kept her family together as long as she was able, after her husband's decease, but sickness and other misfortunes obliged her to give the children into the hands of kind friends who had offered to take charge of them

Deborah was only five years old when she was adopted into the family of a lady of the name of Fuller, who promised to take charge of her education

She had not been more than three years in her new home, when, to her great sorrow, she lost her benefactress by the epidemic then raging, the small-pox Her mother now removed her into the family of Mr Jeremiah Thomas, of the same town The lady of Mr. Thomas perceiving in Deborah a great propensity for reading and study, gave her every opportunity to indulge in it. She remained in that benevolent family until she attained her sixteenth year, when she was released from her indentures, and became her own mistress. She then engaged herself to work in the family of a farmer one half the time, in payment for her board and lodging, the remainder was spent in school.

In a very few months she was regarded as a prodigy, her proficiency being so rapid.

She was notorious for her frequent interrogatories relative to natural history, especially the cultivation of plants, which became conspicuous in her early years, and which, from the delicate effect it frequently has on many of the softer passions, induces us to notice it here. This appears to have been the case with her inquiring mind, she has often been heard to express her astonishment when she has found one of her companions most anxiously perusing some novel or romance formed on some love-story. She has often said that her mind was never more effectually impressed with the power, wisdom, and beneficence of Deity, than in the contemplation of his works These traits, we may venture to affirm, are some of the primeval exertions of those endowments which are so peculiarly characteristic of rectitude and worth, the leading principles of life.

The operation of affairs in the colonies at this time began to wear a gloomy aspect, not only affecting the minds of men, but appearing most sensibly to interest the females Deborah Sampson never passed a day without inquiring the state of affairs, and seemed to enter into those inquiries with a spirit of indignation and astonishment

[illegible] of the inhabitants of Massachusetts, and particularly those of Boston, after the passing of the Port Bill, can better be imagined than described Deborah, though not an eye witness of this distress, was not insensible to it, her mother and sisters were residing there, and she was continually hearing of the unprovoked insults of the inhabitants by the enemy, and the probability of their soon being in a starving condition These startling relations filled her patriotic soul with an enthusiasm which strengthened and increased with the ment of the object after which she aspired. She had frequent opportunities of viewing the American volunteers as they marched from one post to another; every time added additional stimulus to her determination; and the time had now arrived to carry into execution those plans which had long been maturing in her chivalric mind. During her residence at the farm, her employer permitted her to keep a few chickens, from which indulgence she had saved a few dollars.

She now determined with that small sum to purchase some material which she could convert into a suit of male attire; and

dingly procured some fustian, and when secure from observation made it up into clothing suitable for her purpose; as each article was finished she hid it in some secure place till the whole was accomplished.

She then made known to her employer that she was going where she could be better paid for her labour, and, tying her new apparel in a bundle, left the house to enter upon a new and to her a most hazardous enterprise.

On the morning of her departure from the farmhouse, she rose before the sun, and retiring to the shelter of the nearest wood, assumed the garb in which she dared the most dangerous exploits. She took her course towards Taunton, in hopes of meeting with some one who was going directly to head-quarters She reached Taunton soon after six o'clock the same morning, and the first person she unwelcomely met was a near neighbour of her late employer This was at first like an electric shock to her, but he passed on and did not recognise her. She proceeded on to Bellingham, knowing there was a recruiting party there, and engaged herself as a continental soldier during the war The general muster-master was doubtless glad to enroll the name of a youth whose looks and mien promised to do honour to the cause in which he was engaged.

She entered her name as Robert Shurtliffe, and became one of a party who were ordered to Worcester, to join the company of Captain Thayer of the Uxbridge regiment, to which she then belonged.

The fair authoress relates an incident which occurred during her stay at Worcester, which will not be out of place in this nar

She says —"The regiment not being ready to depart, and Captain Thayer being much pleased with the appearance of his new recruit, gave him a home in his family While in the house of Captain Thayer, a young girl, visiting his wife, was much in the society of the young soldier. Coquettish by nature, and perhaps priding herself on the conquest of the bloom-

she suffered her growing partiality to be perceived Robert on his part felt a curiosity to learn by new experien how soon a maiden's fancy might be won, and had no scruples in paying attentions to one so volatile and fond of flirtation, with whom it was not probable the impression would be lasting This little piece of romance gave some uneasiness to the worthy Mrs Thayer, who could not help observing that the liking of her fair visitor for Robert was not fully reciprocated. She took an opportunity of remonstrating with the young soldier, and showed what unhappiness might be the consequence of such folly, and how unworthy it was of a brave man to trifle with

feelings of a girl The caution was taken in good part, and it is not known whether the courtship was continued, though Robert received at parting some tokens of remembrance, which were treasured as relics in after years"

The company being ready they were ordered to West Point, to be detached into their proper companies and regiments. It fell to the lot of Robert to be in Captain Webb's company of light infantry, in Colonel Shephard's regiment, and in General Patterson's brigade. On the second day after their arrival they drew their accoutrements, which were a French fusee, a knapsack, a cartridge-box, and thirty cartridges Her next business was to clean her piece, and to exercise once every morning in the drill, and at four o'clock P.M., on the grand parade. Her garb was exchanged for a uniform peculiar to the infantry of those times, it consisted of a blue coat, lined with white, and white wings on the shoulders, and cords on the arms and pockets, a white waistcoat, breeches or overalls and stockings, with black straps about the knees, half-boots, a black velvet stock, and a cap, with a variegated cockade on one side, a plume tipped with red on the other, and a white sash about the

The martial apparatus, exclusive of those in marches, was a gun and bayonet, a cartridge-box, with white belts. They did not remain long at West Point before they received orders to join another part of the army then lying at Harlæm near New York. As the infantry belonged to the rangers, a great part of their business was scouting, which they followed in places most likely of success.

After remaining at Harlæm but a few days, they were ordered to White Plains, where they, in turn, kept the lines, and had a number of small skirmishes, but nothing uncommon occurred at either of those places.

Early in July, Captain Webb's company being on scout in the morning, and headed by Ensign Town, came up with a party of Dutch cavalry from General Delancy's corps, then in Morrisiana They were armed with carbines and broad-swords. The action ...menced on their side. The Americans withstood two fires before they had orders to retaliate. The ground was warmly contested for a considerable time, at length the infantry were obliged to give way till a reinforcement arrived, when the enemy made a hasty retreat. Our fair soldier says she suffered more from the intense heat of the day than from the fear of being killed, although a soldier at her left hand was shot dead, and three others wounded near her. She escaped with two shots through her coat, and one through her cap

During their stay at White Plains, Generals Washington and Rochambeau removed their main armies to the southward, and orders were soon received that the part remaining near New York should immediately repair to Williamsburgh, Va. They accordingly marched to the city of New York, and embarked in ships to Jamestown, where they landed and marched the short distance to Williamsburgh and joined the main troop

On the next morning after their arrival, General Washington ...ed the armies on parade, whe... read to the soldiers, after which General Washington, placing himself immediately in front of the ranks, said —"If the enemy should be tempted to meet our army on its march, the general particularly enjoins the troops to place their principal reliance on the bayonet, that they may prove the vanity of the boast which the British make of their peculiar prowess in deciding battles by that weapon"

After which the American and French commanders each personally addressed their armies

Our young soldier happened to stand within ten yards of General Washington when he made the above remarks, and in after years she has frequently remarked that, "he spoke with firm articulation and winning gestures, but his aspect and solemn mode of utterance affectingly bespoke the great weight that rested on his mind."

The soldiers were before mostly ignorant of the expedition upon which they were going, but from the information received by the affectionate addresses of their leaders, every countenance, even of many who had discovered a mutinising spirit, wore an agreeable aspect, and a mutual harmony and reverential acquiescence in the injunctions of their commanders, were recognized through the whole. The phalanx composed the advanced guards, and was commanded by the Marquis Lafayette Our heroine was one of this company, and by reason of the absence of a non-commissioned officer she was appointed to supply his place. After these preliminaries had been adjusted, they took up their march toward York-Town. They came within two miles of it, about sunset, when Colonel Scammel, the officer of the day, brought word for the armies to halt at that point. The officers and soldiers were strictly enjoined to lie on their arms all night.

Such language (strange to say) seemed perfectly familiar to our fair soldier, it did not even excite in her a terror, although it was a prelude to imminent danger.

Anticipating no greater danger than she had before experienced, although she foreboded a great event, she acquiesced in the mandates of her officers with a calmness that might have surprised an experienced soldier.

Next morning after the roll-call, they were reviewed, and went through the quick motions of loading and firing blank cartridges and the exercise of the broad-sword. They formed in close column, displayed to the right and left, and formed again. The grand division then displayed, formed by platoon and were ordered to march in the best order; which soon brought them in sight of the enemy's works. The next day Colonel Scammel, while reconnoitering, was mortally wounded, and taken prisoner, by a party of horse in ambuscade

York-Town being now strongly invested by the allied armies, they began to form their lines and prepare their works; the French extending from the river above the town to a morass, where they were met by the Americans on the right, and their hard labours began.

For more than a week were they employed throwing up their works, sustaining frequent and heavy cannonading from the besieged

This came near proving too much for a female not yet twenty years of age, but, being naturally ambitious, she was unwilling to submit, although her hands were in such blisters she could ...rely open or shut them. Many apparently able-bodied men complained of their inability, and were relieved, this, instead of being an example for her to follow, proved only an incentive to her exertions, and she was resolved to persevere as long as nature would sustain her efforts. On the ninth day they completed their entrenchments, when a fierce cannonade and bombardment commenced, which lasted all night without interruption Next morning the French opened the redoubts and batteries on the left, and a tremendous roar of cannon and mortars continued that day without ceasing

Our heroine had never before seen the main armies together, but now, brought into view of them, and led on to a general ...., he describes the ground as actually trembling beneath her from the tremendous firing from both sides, which had been kept up for a day and a night. She describes the ...ght scenes as solemn and sublime to the highest degree, perpetual sheets of fire and smoke belching as from a volcano, and ... ... skit

Two bastion redoubts of the enemy having advanced two hundred yards on the left, which checked the progress of our forces, it was proposed to reduce them by storm, and to inspire emulation in the troops, the reduction of one was committed to the Americans and the other to the French

A select corps was chosen, and the command given to Lafayette, with orders to manage as he thought best. Our heroine was one of those who marched to the assault with unloaded arms, but with fixed bayonets, with unexampled bravery attacking on all sides at once, which, after some resistance, the Americans were complete victors of the redoubts of the enemy. As they were leaving the fort, one of the soldiers clapped our heroine on the shoulder, exclaiming, "*My lad, you are somewhat unslightly behind*" Not knowing what it meant, she at that moment took no notice of the remark till an opportunity presented, when she found the left skirt of her coat hanging by a string, which must have been the effect of a broad-sword, or a very close shot. Matters now appeared to be coming to a crisis, and nothing less than inevitable ruin, or an entire surrender awaited the British commander; he, however, on the 9th of October after three weeks' storm, accepted the terms of capitulation

Our young soldier was within sight, when the British commander presented his sword to the illustrious Washington, and in her relation of the scene has often remarked the magnanimity which Washington displayed through the whole of this trying scene His country was saved! Thus was the grand pillar of war shattered to its base, and an ample foundation laid for the establishment of peace secured to a free people

After a long and tedious march to the head of the Elk river, as well as a disagreeable voyage by sea, we find our heroine at her old quarters at West Point. On the arrival of the troops, a colonnade was ordered to be commenced, on which she worked against the most robust and expert soldier till the whole was finished As soon as she found more leisure, she determined on writing to her mother, for at times she felt unhappy at the distress her long absence, or supposed death, must have caused her. The following is a very true copy of the letter now in existence.

"*May*, 1782.

"DEAR PARENT,—On the margin of one of those rivers which intersects and winds itself so beautifully majestic through a vast extent of country of the United States, is the present situation of your unworthy but constant and affec-

tionate daughter —I pretend not to justify or even palliate my clandestine elopement

"In hopes of pacifying your mind, which I am sure must be afflicted beyond measure, I write you this scrawl. I am in a large but well-regulated family. My employment is agreeable, although it is somewhat different and more intense than it was at home; but I apprehend it is equally advantageous.

I have become mistress of many useful lessons, though I have many more to learn. Be not troubled, therefore, about my present or future engagements, as I will endeavour to make that prudence my model, for which, I own, I am indebted to those who took the charge of my youth Heaven grant that a speedy and lasting peace may constitute us a happy and independent nation; that I may once more return to the embrace of a parent whom I love.—Your affectionate daughter

'DEBORAH SAMPSON"

The perusal of the above original letter will prove that Deborah Sampson was not without a mind superior to many she was obliged to make her associates, and that modesty and virtue was the talisman under which she was to surmount the greatest difficulties The business of war at all times is nothing less than devastation, rapine, and murder, and in the war of the Revolution these principles were never better exemplified. Hence the necessity of scouting, which was the common business of infantry to which our heroine belonged.

A request was made by two sergeants and herself to leave of their captain to retaliate on some refugees and Tories for their outrageous insults to the inhabitants beyond their lines.

He replied —"*You three boys have contrived a plan this night to be killed, and I have no men to lose*" He, however, reluctantly consented, and they beat for volunteers Nearly all the company turned out, but only twenty were permitted to go; near the close of the day they commenced their expedition They passed a number of guards, and went as far as East Chester undiscovered, where they lay in ambush to watch the motions of those who might be on the plundering business. They quickly discovered that two parties had gone out, and whilst they were contriving how to entrap them, they watched two boys who had been sent for provisions to a private cellar prepared in the wood One of them informed them that a party had just been at his mother's, and were gone to visit the *Yankees* who were guarding the lines Concealing from them that they were Americans, they accompanied them to the cellar, or cave, which they found well stored with provisions, such as bacon, butter, cheese, crouts, and jars of honey They made a delicious repast on the spot, and afterward filled their sacks with as much as they could carry.

Dividing into two parties of ten each, they sent out centinels, and again ambushed in a place called in Dutch, *Vonkonte* About four o'clock the following morning they had a sharp skirmish with some Tories, shots were sharply exchanged, but on approaching their enemy sufficiently near, they found horses alone—their riders had fled.

Our heroine mounted an excellent horse, and with her party pursued the enemy to the edge of a swamp, here they begged for quarter, and were let go They soon came up with another party, about thirty in number, who seemed inclined to give them some trouble. Shots were exchanged for some few minutes, when one of our party was wounded, which made it necessary to retreat, at this moment the dauntless young soldier felt a severe blow just above her knee, and exclaimed to her comrades that she was wounded, but not very severely, but at the same instant she thought she felt something unusually warm trickling down her neck, and putting her hand to the place, found the blood gushing from the left side of her head freely She said nothing, as she thought it no time to talk of wounds, unless mortal. Her boot, from the motion the ball had made, was filled with

She told one of the sergeants that she was now so wounded she could ride no farther, and begged they would leave her in the woods where they were at that moment, to this her comrades would not listen, but took her before one of them on his horse. A thousand thoughts at once darted through her mind, as she had always thought that she would rather die than that her sex should be disclosed to the army

They at length, after riding in this painful state for six miles, came to the French encampment, near what they called *Crom Pond*. She says it was to her like being carried to a place of execution. They were conducted by an officer of the guards to an old building, at that time bearing the name of hospital, in which were a number of invalids, whose very looks made her blood chill in her veins. The French surgeon came and prepared to dress her head, she said nothing of the other wound she had received, she requested the favour of more medicine than she needed for her head; and taking the opportunity, with a penknife and a needle, she extracted the ball, using the same precaution which the surgeon had for her head. She remained in the hovel for three weeks, and by strict attention both wounds were perfectly healed, one without the knowledge of any one but herself.

In the spring of 1783, peace began to be the general topic, and was actually announced by Congress. In the month of April, General Patterson selected her for his attendant and aid, as he had previously become acquainted with her heroic fidelity, and on the 19th of the same month cessation from hostilities was proclaimed, and the honorary badge of distinction, as established by Washington, conferred on the brave soldiers, of which our heroine was one of the recipients. The general became daily more attached to his new attendant, and treated her more as an equal than a subordinate, her manly deportment, blended with the milder graces of her sex and youth, filled him with admiration. General Patterson, with a detachment of 1,500 men, was ordered to Philadelphia for the suppression of a mutiny among the American soldiers Having some affairs of her general to arrange, she did not go till four days after, when she rode in company with four gentlemen through the Jerseys and part of Pennsylvania In passing through one of the villages in Jersey, at the hotel where they were to remain for the night, there happened to be a ball, the young soldiers were invited to join the party, where the youthful appearance and good manners of our heroine made her the lion of the evening. Little did she think that her winning manners would that evening make a tender impression on one present, who would subsequently reveal to her the emotions she felt on her account They were detained at this place two days on account of a duel between Lieut Stone and Captain Hitchcock, when the latter was killed

On their arrival in Philadelphia, she found the troops encamped on an eminence about half a mile from the city, where they had been despatched on account of an epidemic of that time raging there She had not been here many days before she was selected as one of its victims, and removed to a place called a hospital, provided during the raging of this malady Death itself could not have presented a more gloomy aspect, and to her it seemed not far distant, as multitudes were daily carried to their last home She was placed in a room with two young officers of the same line, both of whom soon died, and left her alone to ponder over her wretched situation. Her disease seemed increasing, and at last she became so low, that the attendant, believing that she was dead, had summoned the sexton to perform the last office. At this moment one of the nurses coming in wetted her lips with cold water, which once more rallied the small remains of nature, and she gave signs of life. The nurse informed the physician that Robert was still alive, he approached her bed, and putting his hand into her bosom, was surprised to find an inner waistcoat tightly compressing her breasts. Ripping it up in haste, he was still more astonished, not only in finding life, but that Robert Shurtliffe was a female in the attire of a soldier. He had her removed immediately into the matron's apartment, and from that time to her recovery, treated her with all the care that art and experience could bestow. The amiable physician had the prudence to conceal this important discovery from every breast but the matron.

Our heroine slowly recovered and became a welcome guest in many wealthy families, still known only as a continental soldier. We must be permitted to digress for a moment to relate an incident without which this sketch would be bereft of one of its most attractive features. During their stay at the village in Jersey, and attendance at the ball before mentioned, our heroine became acquainted with a young lady from Baltimore, who was on a visit in that place This lady was the daughter of a gentleman of wealth, and possessed considerable fortune in her own hands. At the ball our fair soldier was her partner in the dance, and it so happened that they met several times during the short stay of the soldiers At first the young

lady attempted to check the impulse as the effect of a giddy passion, but at length suffered it to play about her heart unchided.

She followed the gallant young soldier to Philadelphia, and hearing he was then in the hospital, suffering from the epidemic then fatally raging there, she despatched a messenger with a basket containing some choice fruit, and the following letter:—

"Dear Sir,—Fraught with the feelings of a friend who is, doubtless beyond your conception, interested in your health and happiness, I take the liberty to address you with a frankness which nothing but the purest friendship and affection can palliate. Know, then, that the charms I first read in your countenance brought a passion into my bosom, for which I could not account. If it is from the thing called Love, I was before mostly ignorant of it, and strove to stifle the fugitive, though I confess that the indulgence was agreeable. But repeated interviews with you kindled into a flame I do not blush to own, and should it meet a generous return, I shall not reproach myself for its indulgence—I have long sought to hear your residence: and how painful is the news I this moment received, that you are sick, if alive, in the hospital.

"Your complicated nerves will not admit of writing, but inform the bearer if you are in want of anything [illegible] can purchase to conduce to your comfort, if you recover, and think proper to inquire my name, I will give you an opportunity, but if death is to terminate your existence, then let your last senses be impressed with the reflection that you die not without one more friend, whose tears will bedew your funeral obsequies. "Adieu."

Some have been charmed, others surprised by love from an unsuspected source, but our heroine alone can describe the effect and perturbation such a declaration had on her mind, she humbly returned her gratitude, at the same time saying she was not at that moment in the want of anything with the exception of health.

In the evening she received a basket [illegible] fruit, a bouquet of fragrant flowers, and [illegible] favours were very frequently repeated during her illness. But she knew not in whose bosom this flame was glowing, or whose heart continued so much worth.

Her health now being nearly restored, she was at times exceedingly distressed, fearing that a discovery had been made during her sickness.

Every zephyr became an ill-fated omen, and every salutation a mandate to summon her to a retribution for her imposition on the male character. The physician, who had been so tender and kind to her during her severe indisposition, was now waiting an opportunity to divulge to her his suspicion of her sex. He often found her dejected, and as he guessed the cause, introduced lively conversation. He took an opportunity to introduce her to his daughters, who were much pleased at the attentions of gallantry of so handsome a young soldier, little suspecting that then gallant, on the strength of whose arm and sword they had depended, was a female.

After she had prepared to join the troops, the doctor, availing himself of a private conference, asked her if she had any particular confidant in the army. She replied, "Not one!" and trembling, she would have disclosed the secret, but seeing her confusion, he waived the conversation. After joining the troops, General Patterson, with two other officers, having occasion to visit Baltimore, took her with them.

On the next day after their arrival, she received a note requesting her company for a few moments at a certain place. Though confident she had before seen the writing, she could not conjecture from whom it came. Prompted by curiosity, she went to the house as directed by the note, and being conducted into an elegant drawing-room, was struck with admiration on finding alone a beautiful young lady of about seventeen years of age. After the usual compliments on both sides, the young lady very frankly [illegible] herself the author of the anonymous letter, and rehearsed her sentiments with that unreservedness which evinced the sincerity of her passion, and the elevation of her soul.

This confession was the strongest evidence that the young lady possessed all she had declared, her effusion flowed with that affability, prudence, and dignified grace which might have fired the breast of an anchorite—inanimate nature itself would have waked into life, and even the superstitious cowled friar might have revoked his vows of celibacy, and have flown to the embraces of an object exhibiting so many charms in her eloquence of love. Deborah remained in this school of philosophy [illegible] two days, promising to visit her young friend frequently. General Patterson and his brother officers, having some business with General Washington, proposed making a hasty visit to Mount Vernon, our heroine begged that she might accompany them, in order to give time for reflection on which way to act in this, to her most trying affair, and next, as she used to say, to take the last look at the illustrious chief whom she so ardently loved. Having returned to Baltimore, she, according to promise, paid a visit to her [illegible] found, feeling as she [illegible] hath many [illegible] to [illegible] of the mask, or [illegible] a passion which she feared had too much involved the happiness of one of the choicest of her sex. After thanking her kind friend for her generous esteem, and many evasive apologies—that she was but a stripling soldier, that, had she inclination, indigence would forbid her settling in the world; the innocent girl replied, that sooner than a concession should take place with reluctance, she would forfeit every enjoyment which was only in her power to bestow. But she added, that

as the only obstacle, she was quickly to be possessed of ample fortune in her own right, and finally intimated her desire that she would not leave her. Touched with such a pathetic union of love and beauty, our fair soldier was thrown off her guard, and her feelings gave vent in a flood of tears. She told the lady she must go to the North to arrange some affairs, and apply for her discharge, and in a few months would return, when, if she could conduce to her happiness, she should be supremely happy. Thus parted two lovers, more *sensible*, if not more *constant*, than perhaps ever distinguished the soil of America. Immediately after their separation, the young lady sent a messenger after our heroine with a present of twenty-five guineas, six linen shirts, and a watch, which is still in the possession of the descendants of this extraordinary female. The [illegible] with then attendant, Robert, had arrived in Philadelphia, the following day General Patterson sent for our young soldier to his apartment. He was alone, and calling her to him, thus gracefully addressed her—"Since you have continued nearly three years in the service of your country, always vigilant and faithful, and, in many respects, distinguished yourself from your fellows, I would only ask—does that martial attire which now glitters on your body conceal a female's form?" She was overwhelmed by the interrogatory, and fell on her knees before him, the good man raised her up, and pressing her to his bosom, presented her with a letter, saying, "Here is your full change, obtained the other day at Mount Vernon from our beloved father, the illustrious Washington, and here is a sum of money to defray your expenses to your family, your unrivalled achievements deserve ample compensation, return to your friends, and assume that garb which you had aside to aid in the struggles of your country."

The young soldier stood before him suffused in tears, but earnestly requested, as a pledge of his virtue, that strict inquiry should be made of those with whom she had been a messmate. This was accordingly done, which proved perfectly satisfactory to her officers who, with the men, were thunder-struck at such information.

Thus ended the military life of Deborah Sampson, the continental soldier of seventy-six.

Her mother being still living, she returned to her home as an asylum from the clumsy which necessarily would follow such a singular life, and to assume a course of life which only could be an ornament to her sex. Shortly after her return she commenced teaching school, which continued for four years, when she [illegible] married Benjamin Gannett, a respectable [illegible], Massachusetts, by whom she had three children. She lived to a great age, her husband, who outlived her, obtained a pension during the remainder of his life by an act of Congress, entitled "An act for the relief of [illegible] widows or orphans, where there [illegible] served in the war of the Revolution."

No pains have been spared to place these historical facts in their proper light, they have been compiled from Congressional documents, and other equally authentic sources.

ST. JAMES'S

THE *habitués* of St. James', albeit the adjoining parish to St. Giles', are a distinct race; a purer, brighter, finer, and, withal, a richer kind of human clay; a porcelain highly decorated with gold and colours, and not to be confounded for an instant with the ordinary earthenware of common mortals. Look on and admire, oh connoisseurs in thorough bred humanity. Is it not a beautiful sight to see, caracolling in Rotten-row, or treading, with "stately step and slow," the pavement of Pall-mall, those beautiful specimens of refined and delicate womankind which grace the London season—a short four months, from April to July? And yet, oh philosophic observer, they are of the self-same dust as yon shivering wretch upon the highway-side, who pleads in rags and self-abasement for the wherewithal to feed his miserable babes at home. There's something in the thought that silk-and-satin-clad woman cannot bear to entertain; but it is none the less true, for all that.

St. James's! A host of images rise up at the words; and for a moment we indulge our wandering fancy. For more than two hundred years the chosen residence of the aristocracy, the path has peculiar claims on our regard—for here monarch d senator, prelate and poet, lady fair and warrior brave, h lived and made merry and died. Change upon change. Dynasties flourish and decay, and the outward face of the quarter loses all likeness of what it was; and yet is St. James's still the same—still gay and glorious as of yore.



ST. JAMES'S.—COMING FROM CHURCH.

The palace, as a matter of course, is a prominent object in the thoughts of all wanderers about St. James's, though no part of the original edifice—once an hospital dedicated to St James, and converted into a manor by Harry the Eighth—remains, except the ugly, patched old red brick gateway facing the street, and a part of the building now called the Chapel Royal Yes, just one other relic in the initials H. A., engraven on the chimney-piece of the old presence-chamber—Henry and the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. This palace, with various alterations and improvements, buildings up and pullings-down, has been the London residence of our sovereigns from the reign of



ST. JAMES'S.—THE PORTAL OF THE PALACE.

William III to that of Victoria. The first monarch was driven hither by the fire in Whitehall, which destroyed the whole of that palace, except Inigo Jones's Banquetting-house, and her Majesty left St. James's to inhabit Buckingham Palace, a building which has ever since been declared unfit for the residence of a married sovereign. That the expensive pile, erected by the "finest gentleman in Europe," is *not*—spite of recent additions—fitted to fulfil all the purposes of a palace, may or may not be true; at any rate, the Queen's Drawing-rooms are still held in St James's, Buckingham Palace possessing no suite of rooms large enough for such purposes.

The old palace is sacred to many memories. Within its walls died Mary the Catholic, and Henry Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I. Here was born the "merry monarch," and in a room in the palace the unhappy and misguided Charles I took leave of his children—two of whom afterwards ascended the throne—on the day before his execution. The last night of his life he passed here, and in the morning walked bareheaded through the park, guarded and gazed upon, to the scaffold at Whitehall. In this house was born the old pretender, son of James II. and Mary of Modena, conveyed, it is said, in a warming-pan to her Majesty's bed-chamber. The Princess, afterwards Queen Anne, declared that St. James's Palace was much the properest place to act such a cheat in" To the readers of the secret history of the English Court, many curious, and some not most delicate, revelations may be sought in the annals of St. James's. Enough for the present if the above Queen Caroline, wife of George II., died here. Within these walls the royal profligate, George Augustus Frederick, first saw the light, and danced, a pretty chubby boy, upon his mother's knee!

In St James's Chapel—the Chapel Royal, on the right from the entrance—service is performed daily, at eight in the morning and at noon—by the choristers and Queen's chaplains. This has been the private chapel of the palace from the reign

of Anne to Victoria, and in it have been celebrated no fewer than four royal weddings, besides that of the great Sir Christopher Wren, whose marriage to his second wife, Jane Fitzwilliam, is stated in the register to have taken place on the 24th of February, 1676.

In the park at the back—originally the private grounds of the palace, but now recognised as the people's property, inalienable for ever—royalty once disported daily, and in the "Mall," the gravel walk from Constitution-hill to Spring-gardens, we have preserved the memories of Charles II, whose favorite recreation was carried on there, and Nell Gwynne, whose garden overlooked the spot where her royal lover used to amuse himself with his dogs, and feed the ducks in the water. The "Mall," however, where Charles played at the once fashionable game to which it owes its designation, is now Pall Mall.

St. James'-street, St James'-square, and St James'-place, have changed vastly in appearance, but not much in character, from the time of the second Charles. It it boasted its great men and its fine houses then, it has no lack of either now. We walk down St James'-street, a street of palaces, and think of Waller and Pope, who resided here. We glance at St James'-square, and muse of the time when Johnson and Savage walked round it for want of a lodging, brimful of patriotism, and resolved to "stand by their country." Our steps lead within sight of the houses in St James'-place, the backs of them looking into the park, and, thinking of Addison (who lived here in 1700), remember that we have a living poet in Samuel Rogers, who lives there still—one who is not only a poet, but a rich man, a banker, and a connoisseur. His house overlooks the park, you may know it by the pink curtained verandahs.

We pause a moment in our walk as we think of these things, and we are gazing curiously at a couple of old gentlemen who stand at the windows of the Conservative Club-house, when our thoughts are suddenly brought back to the present by a small cold splash on our darker cheek. It comes from the wheel of Lady Fitzwanbanch's carriage, as it dashes homeward from the *chef d'œuvre* of Wren, the church of St. James', Piccadilly. We are in the wilderness, and fully awake to the passing scene. Out pour the throng of well-dressed worshippers from church porch and chapel-royal, "miserable sinners" in satin, and lace, and broadcloth, and fine linen, in richly-appointed vehicles, or on foot, with a man-servant behind to carry the books, just as our artist has depicted them.

Where are the poor? They show no face in the gay street among the proud and wealthy, but slink back to their dim, fireless hovels, or stand aloof and gaze, quite unthought of by they who, half an hour ago, knelt down and prayed that the Great Father might defend and pity the widow and the orphan, might "comfort and help the weak-hearted, and raise up them that fall," might provide for the desolate and oppressed, and "succour, help, and comfort, all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation."

Do we say that there are none among all that crowd who have open hands and charitable hearts? God forbid! But we do say—and it is the shame of our time that it can be truly said—that, in spite of our numerous charities, and our hospitals like palaces, private benevolence, the goodness which [illegible] out want, the perseverance which becomes acquainted with the homes and condition of the poor, the large-hearted charity which is not afraid of the opinion of the world, is rarely to be found among the habitues of St James'. It is no part of our purpose to enlist the feelings of the poor again the rich, many of whom are charitable to a fault, and credulous beyond conception, but [illegible] classes may [illegible] the *very* poor.

The poor? Oh, my friends, the poor are most carefully driven out of the way by the frown of the great man, the beadle.—The greatest man (in his own estimation) in the greatest—that is, the richest and the proudest—parish in London, is the beadle. The beadle of St. James'! No wonder the little boys run away as they see him, staff in hand, coming out of the churchyard. We have a kind of awe of him ourself, he is so great and important a personage.

The winter's sun is shining brightly, and the clear air is very dry and cheerful. The houses have a quiet, comfortable look, and the shops are close shut up. From where we stand we watch the carriages as they dash by, and the pedestrians, as they saunter homewards. It is a fine sight. No hurry and bustle as on other days,—all is quiet, orderly, subdued gaiety. No policemen, no poor, no traffickers in the streets. No poor? Yes, one old sweeper, standing, with expectant hand, by the highway-crossing; but the weather is too dry for folks to think of him.

A couple of hours, and the short winter sun has set, and lights begin to stream from behind red damask curtains, and night comes on. Few pedestrians are seen in the streets, and the silence is only broken now and then by the rattle of distant wheels. The club-houses windows shine out upon the road in broad patches of light, one after another the street lamps are illuminated, loud knocks at the doors reverberate through the air; a policeman or two stand at the corners, and night sets in. night, like a pall that falls on beds of down and curtained wealth, and hides from sight and banishes from remembrance unhealthy hovels and naked wretchedness. A few brick walls and darker streets alone divide them. Do the words of comfort spoken from a thousand pulpits, the words of blessing and of hope, carry the same meaning to all hearers and all hearts? or do not the holy words become perverted

understandings, He hath filled the rich with good things, and the hungry he hath sent empty away? How [illegible] is the thought!

BENJAMIN DISRAELI'S OPINION OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

(*From "The Biography of Lord George Bentinck."*)

Nature had combined in Sir Robert Peel many admirable parts. In him a physical frame incapable of fatigue was united to an understanding equally vigorous and flexible. He was gifted with the faculty of method in the highest degree, and with great powers of [illegible] which were sustained by a prodigious memory, which [illegible] his acquisitions with clear and fluent elocution. Such a man, under any circumstances, and in any sphere of life, would probably have become remarkable. Ordained from his youth to be busied with the affairs of a great empire, such a man, after long years of observation, practice, and perpetual discipline, would have become what Sir Robert Peel was in the latter portion of his life—a transcendant administrator of public business, and a matchless master of debate in a popular assembly. In the course of time the method which was natural to Sir Robert Peel had matured into a habit of such expertness, that no one in the dispatch of affairs ever adapted the means more fitly to the end. His original flexibility had ripened into consummate tact; his memory had accumulated such stores of political information, that he could bring luminously together all that was necessary to establish or illustrate a subject; while in the House of Commons he was equally eminent in exposition and in reply—in the first, distinguished by his arrangement, his clearness, and his completeness, in the second, ready, ingenious, and adroit, prompt in detecting the weak points of his adversary, and dexterous in extricating himself from an embarrassing position.

Thus gifted and thus accomplished, Sir Robert Peel had a great deficiency, he was without imagination. Wanting imagination, [illegible] was [illegible] No one was more sagacious when dealing with [illegible] before him—no one penetrated the [illegible] with [illegible] accuracy. His judgment was faultless, provided he had not to deal with the future. Thus it happened through his long career, that, while he was always looked upon as the most prudent and safest of leaders, he ever, after a protracted display of admirable tactics, concluded his campaign by surrendering at discretion. He was so adroit that he could prolong resistance even beyond its term, but so little foreseeing, that often, in the very triumph of his manœuvres, he found himself in an untenable position. And so it came to pass that Roman Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and the abrogation of our commercial system, were all carried in haste or in passion, and without conditions or mitigatory arrangements.

As an orator, Sir Robert Peel had, perhaps, the most available talent that has ever been brought to bear in the House of Commons. We have mentioned that both in exposition and in reply he was equally eminent. His statements were perspicuous, com-

plete, and dignified, when he combated the objections or criti- of the propositions of an opponent, he was adroit and acute; no sp aker ever sustained a process of argumentation in public assembly more loudly, and none as debaters have united in so conspicuous a degree prudence with promptness In the higher efforts of oratory he was not successful. His vocabulary was ample and never mean; but it was neither rich nor rare. His speeches will afford no sentiment of surpassing grandeur or beauty that will linger in the ears of coming generations He embalmed no great political truth in immortal words His flights were ponderous, he soared with the wing of a vulture rather than the plume of an eagle, and his perorations, when most elaborate, were most unwieldy In pathos he was quite deficient, when he attempted to touch the tender passions, it was painful His face became distorted, like that of a woman who wants to cry, but cannot succeed Orators certainly should not shed tears, but there are moments when, as the Italians say, the voice should weep The taste of Sir Robert Peel was highly cultivated, but it was no originally fine, he had no wit, but he had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and an abundant vein of genuine humour Notwithstanding his artificial reserve, he had a hearty and merry laugh, and sometimes his mirth was uncontrollable He was gifted with an admirable organ—perhaps the finest that has been heard in the house in our day, unless we except the thrilling tones of O'Connell Sir Robert Peel also modulated his voice with great skill His enunciation was very clear, though somewhat marred by provincialisms His great deficiency was want of nature, which made him often appear, even with a good cause, more plausible than persuasive and more specious than convincing He may be said to have gradually introduced a new style to the House of Commons, which was suited to the age in which he chiefly flourished, and to the novel elements of the assembly which he had to guide He had to deal with greater details than his predecessors, and he had in many instances to address those who were deficient in previous knowledge Something of the lecture, therefore, entered into his displays This style may be called the didactic

Sir Robert Peel was a very good looking man He was tall, and though of late years he had become portly, had to the last a comely presence Thirty years ago when he was young and ithe, with curling brown hair, he had a very radiant expression of countenance His brow was very distinguished, not so much for its intellectual development, although that was of a very high order, as for its remarkably frank expression, so different from his character in life The expression of the brow might even be said to amount to beauty The rest of the features did not, however, sustain this impression The eye was not good, it was sly, and he had an awkward habit of looking askance He had the fatal defect, also, of a long upper lip, and his mouth was compressed

One cannot say of Sir Robert Peel, notwithstanding his unrivalled powers of despatching affairs, that he was the greatest statesman that this country ever produced, because twice placed at the helm, and on the second occasion with the Court and Parliament equally devoted to him, he never could maintain himself in power Nor, notwithstanding his consummate Parliamentary tactics, can he be described as the greatest party leader that ever flourished among us, for he contrived to destroy the most compact, powerful, and devoted party, that ever followed the British statesman Certainly, notwithstanding his great sway in debate, we cannot recognise him as our greatest orator, for in many of the supreme qualities of oratory he was singularly deficient But what he really was, and what posterity will acknowledge him to have been, is the greatest [illegible] that ever lived

Peace to his ashes! His name will often be appealed to in the scene which he loved so well, and never without homage even by his opponents

This estimate, observes a contemporary, is not essentially unfair, but it is far from being perfect or complete The intellectual and personal qualities of the great departed are dealt with, on the whole, in a fair spirit, but his high minded devotion to the rights and interests of the people are utterly overlooked. The writer adds—

"The one grand quality omitted by Disraeli, is the moral courage and self devotion of the great minister What Lord George Bentinck and Mr Disraeli have called perfidy, we should designate as lofty and patriotic heroism The biographer somewhere states that Sir Robert Peel was a man being constantly educated. It is true; and every step of his education was marked by rise in the position and the prospects of his country and his countrymen. He had the devotion and the grandeur of mind to avow his errors, and to act upon his new convictions. He did this at the most cruel sacrifice. For this he broke up old ties and old friendships, which it must have wrung his heart to sunder. For this he placidly submitted to the humiliation of confessing error, and to the insults of those who, like Mr. Disraeli, could conceive no higher motive for a minister changing his sentiments than the bullying of out-of-doors importunity, or the mere idle fickleness of a wanton temperament Sir Robert Peel had his own reward in his own breast Thoroughly a man of the day, as Mr Disraeli calls him, he saw with supernatural clearness what must be in his day—what ought to be—what would be He saw, when they actually came before him, in all their distinctness, the good and the evil, and to the good he clave with a strong power of will, and a mighty disregard of party prejudice and party intrigues—even of old association, and those habitual trains of thought so difficult to break—which proclaimed the very sublimity of self-sacrifice. Many of the members of the House of Commons did not understand Sir Robert Peel, and they raised a cuckoo cry of 'traitor,' round the Minister But his self-sacrifice was understood by the people It penetrated deep into the masses It was discussed and acknowledged in the 'humble homes of those who earned their bread by the sweat of their brow,' and suddenly Sir R Peel became invested with a degree of deep and hearty popularity founded upon gratitude, of which few or no examples are to be found in our history It was when the fatal catastrophe arrived which removed him from us, that a striking visible token of this sentiment, amounting almost to affection, was given. Sir Robert lay in Whitehall, and the rumour was noised abroad that the injury was dangerous—mortal From that time forth till all was over, in the day and in the night, a sad and silent crowd kept watch near where he lay. They were poor men and women They were always going and coming, yet always there. We watched them at midnight and at noon They whispered the bulletin to each other, and spoke softly of the great spirit about to pass away There were many in tears Mr Disraeli, going and returning from the house, must have seen this gathering Did it read no lesson to him? Was he not struck with the truth that no army which ever guarded a palace was half so grand, so touching, or so significant a spectacle as the group of poor people performing that solemn voluntary vigil?

I CANNOT DO IT

"I cannot do it," 'tis a phrase,
Which I record with deep regret
As spoken and pondered by the lazy
A want of energy of mind
You cannot do it? Yes, you can!
The secret to success lies here—
"First prudently consider your plan,
Then resolutely PERSEVERE!"

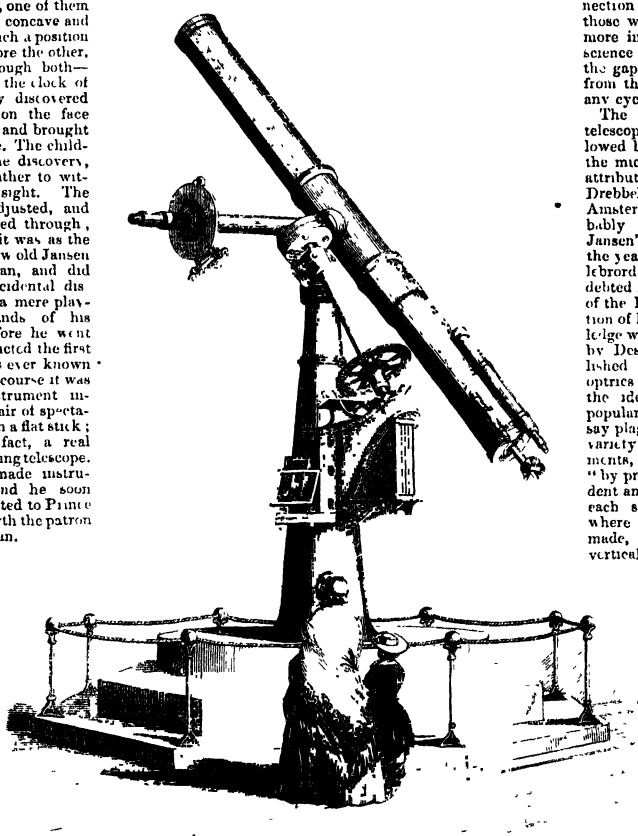
Try, earnestly and promptly try,—
As yet you know but half your skill,
The numbered difficulties fly
Before a bold determined will—
Like clouds before the swelling breeze,
Driven onward till they disappear
Seize, energetically seize,
Each favouring moment—PERSEVERE!

Thus will the wonder you'll achieve,
Like long your very self surprise,
Discard the words—"I cannot"—leave
Ah! many a bright hope buried lies
Entombed in the unworthy grave
Which they have dug for genius here!
Resolve, then, not to be the slave
Of coward ice, but PERSEVERE!

Your motto "Onward!" sing, delve, toil,
Turn the unwilling soil,
Conquer every hindrance tardy,
And victory shall reward your toil.
The pitiful, ignoble strain,
"I cannot do it," hence forbear!
And know whoever would obtain
A deathless name, must PERSEVERE!

THE TELESCOPE.

More than two hundred and fifty years ago the children of Zecharian Jansen, a poor spectacle-maker, were amusing themselves in their father's shop at Middleburgh, an ancient town in Holland. Now the children of the poor in the sixteenth century were as badly, if not worse off for playthings, than they are now; and so it is no wonder that the young Jansens, for want of anything better, amused themselves with the spectacle-glasses from their father's shopboard. And thus it happened that one day, while they were spying through the glasses at the objects outside the house, one of them chanced to put a concave and convex lens in such a position—holding one before the other, so as to look through both—that, on gazing at the clock of the church, they discovered that the figures on the face were made larger and brought nearer than before. The children, pleased at the discovery, called their old father to witness the strange sight. The glasses were re-adjusted, and the old man looked through, and sure enough it was as the children said. Now old Jansen was a shrewd man, and did not allow the accidental discovery to remain a mere plaything in the hands of his children, for, before he went to bed, he constructed the first telescope that was ever known in the world,—of course it was a very rude instrument indeed—merely a pair of spectacle-glasses fixed on a flat stick; but it was, in fact, a real dioptric, or refracting telescope. A more neatly-made instrument of this kind he soon afterwards presented to Prince Maurice, henceforth the patron of the poor optician.



LARGE ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE, INVENTED AND MANUFACTURED BY MR. A. ROSS, HEATHERSTONE-BUILDINGS, HOLBORN.

The accidental discovery of the instrument which was destined in after ages to add so much to the knowledge and pleasure of mankind, soon became known to the scientific in Europe, and, before the birth of the seventeenth century—for the occurrence related happened about the year 1590,—Galileo, Kelper, Bacon, and other philosophers, commenced those investigations in astronomy which Descartes, Hook, Leibnitz, Newton, Herschell, Arago, and others, carried forward with such success, that not only was a regular system of starry-worlds developed, but new planets, stars, and comets revealed to the astonished gaze of the scientific. And not to the scientific alone was the telescope, thus fortuitously discovered, of immense utility, for by its aid the navigator was enabled to pursue his voyage with greater certainty, and a great field of amusement and instruction opened to the people.

It has often been remarked in the history of science, that what severe and painful study and investigation had failed to accomplish, has been effected by apparent accident. Boyle, Bacon, Dee, and Digges, invented instruments by which minute objects were made to appear nearer; yet it remained, as we have seen, for the children of a poor optician to discover the telescope.

To pursue the history of the telescope, and trace the improvements made in its construction as each explorer marked its deficiencies and capabilities, would occupy too much space. We may, however, run rapidly over the principal facts in connection with it, leaving those who would become more intimate with the science of optics to fill up the gaps in our narrative from the pages of almost any cyclopædia.

The discovery of the telescope was soon followed by the invention of the microscope, which is attributed to Cornelius Drebbel, of Alkmaer, near Amsterdam, who had probably obtained one of Jansen's telescopes about the year 1600. To Willebrord Snell we are indebted for our knowledge of the laws of the refraction of light, which knowledge was much improved by Descartes, who published a treatise on Dioptrics in 1637, in which the ideas of Snell were popularised—some even say plagiarised. After a variety of delicate experiments, Snell found that "by prolonging the incident and refracted rays on each side of the point where the refraction is made, and drawing any vertical line, the parts of the two rays comprised between the above point and this vertical line, always preserve a constant ratio to each other, whatever the obliquity may be." In 1663 the celebrated James Gregory published still further discoveries in optical science, in which he gave some hints which led to the after invention of the reflecting telescope. In the same year appeared Mr. Boyle's "Experiments and Considerations on Colours," a work "full of curious and useful remarks on the then unexplained doctrine of colours." The discovery of the phenomena called the inflection, or bending from the straight line of light, is due to Grimaldi and Hooke about 1665—72, both philosophers probably making independent discoveries. In 1669 Dr. Barrow gave to the world his *lectiones opticæ*, or lectures on light; and in 1682 the celebrated German philosopher, Leibnitz, published a work on the "principles of optics, catoptrics (reflex vision, as in

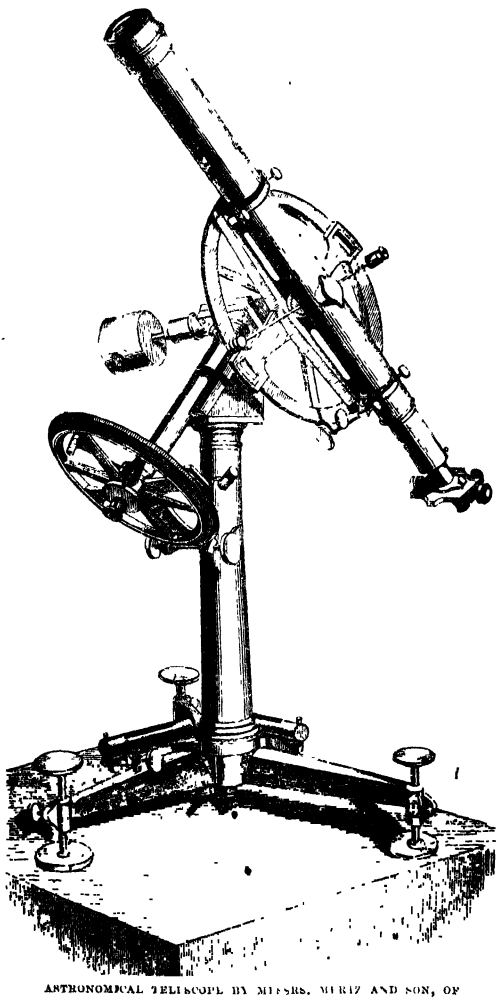
mirror), and dioptrics," a work in which the discoveries and speculations of those who had written before him are compared, analysed, and explained.

But we come now to speak of the greatest hero of them all. We have seen that, previously to the time of Newton, the properties of light which had been discovered related principally to its reflexibility, its refrangibility, and the heat which it occasioned when concentrated in the foci of lenses and mirrors, but that scarcely anything had been ascertained with regard to the immediate nature of light itself. It was reserved for our great philosopher to anatomise light and colours, and reveal this grand secret. It has been too usual to refer the date of his principal optical discoveries to the year 1704, when his treatise on optics was first published, but the truth is, that his discoveries in this science constituted the subject of his lectures for the first three years after he obtained the mathematical professorship at Cambridge—that is to say, from 1669 to 1672; that he communicated a synopsis of his interesting discoveries to the Royal Society in February, 1672; that the publication of his letter in the Philosophical Transactions involved him in a controversy with some foreigners, which was so repugnant to his modest and quiet disposition, that he resolved to publish no more on the subject for some time; and that, in consequence of this resolution (so honourable to his feelings, and so unfortunate for science), his book on optics was laid by for more than *thirty years* after it was prepared for publication, and did not make its appearance till 1704, the year above specified.*

Newton's theories gave to the world new ideas of the uses and applications of the telescope. In the year 1670 he constructed and publicly described a reflecting telescope, in which the errors and inconvenience of the coloured rays, and the unequal refraction of light, were first obviated. From his discourses and writings may be traced nearly all subsequent discoveries and improvements of the telescope, and to his energy and perseverance is due almost all that we know of the nature of light.

From the after writings and discoveries of the philosophers Hadley, Short, Bouguer, Dr. Brewster, Dolland, Count Rumford, Wollaston, and Maskelyne, not to mention the profound disquisition of living writers, the world has at last come to a knowledge of the principles of optics—a knowledge more important than our limited space will allow us to enlarge on.

We have thus seen that the latter end of the sixteenth century was the era which gave to the world a power of viewing other worlds which God has hung up in the skies, and which, but for that power, would be, to our unassisted vision, but so many bright specks in the heavens. But for the discovery made by Jansen's children, in the little town of Middleburgh, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, Newton, Herschell, and Professors Arago and Airy would have lived almost in vain, at least as far as astronomical researches are concerned.



ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE BY MESSRS. MERZ AND SON, OF MUNICH.

The principle of all telescopes is just this:—By means of a combination of glasses (lenses), the power of the eye to discern distant objects distinctly is increased, by so much as the size of the instrument and the perfection of the lenses admit. All that is effected by a telescope is to form such an image of a distant object, by means of the object lens, and then to give the eye such assistance as is necessary for viewing that image as near as possible, so that the angle of it shall subtend (extend under) at the eye, and be very large compared with the angle which the object itself would subtend in the same situation. This is effected by means of the eye-glass, which refracts the pencils of rays, so that they may be brought to their several foci by the humours of the eye.

The reason why a distant object viewed through a telescope is more distinct than if seen by the naked eye is, that the pupil of the eye takes in a larger number of rays of light than is possible with the unassisted vision, in fact, as many more rays in proportion as the object-glass is larger than the pupil of the eye itself. The object in this case appears as brilliant as if the eye were as large as the object-glass of the instrument. In this paragraph we merely re-state, in somewhat plainer terms, the facts contained in the last. The magnifying power of the lenses used in the telescope may be augmented to a considerable degree, because the focal length of the object-glass, with respect to that of the eye-glass, may be greatly increased. The larger glass is termed the object-glass, and is placed at the end of the instrument furthest from the eye.

* Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

Every visitor to the Great Exhibition will have noticed the large equatorial telescope which stood in the western central avenue. It, together with great improvements and excellence in the other optical instruments, exhibited by Mr. A. Ross, obtained the Council Medal. We give a view, and subjoin a description of this instrument, as furnished by the inventor.

"This instrument is supported on a round cast-iron pillar, 10 feet 9 inches high, the base forming part of the height, is extended to the diameter of 9 feet, the diameter of the bottom of the pillar is 2 feet 3 inches, and that of the top 1 foot. The pillar is in two portions, the joint being 1 feet 6 inches from the bottom of the base. These are fastened toge her by eight screw-bolts and nuts passing through flanges 3 inches aside from the shafts of the pillar. This joint is to obtain an approximate m[illegible] [illegible]. The polar-axis, of cast-iron, is 6 inches [illegible] long, and the flange by which it is connected to the declination-axis is 18 inches diameter. The inner, or male declination-axis, is 3 feet 6 inches between its bearings, and the outer, or hollow axis, is 7 inches diameter, both of cast-iron. The inner axis and its flange is attached, and turns one casting with the central hollow-cylinder, to the flanges of which the corresponding gun metal flanges of the telescope tube (which is of copper) are bolted. The fittings of the declination axis are cylindrical, and it is secured from falling out by a steel ring 1 inches long, fastened by cross pins to the male-axis. There is a counter-sunk cavity in the outer-axis to receive this, and a second counter-sunk cavity of larger diameter to receive a steel plate, which is fastened by eight steel screws against the end of the steel collar. This plate serves to adjust the endshake of the axis. The declination-circle is 2 feet 8 inches diameter, and regulated by an endless screw having an eccentric lever for gearing, also a bevel-gearing at each end of the screw for Hook's-joint adjusting-rods. There are two other radial arms, with clamp-screws, for securely fixing the telescope to the circle after the verniers are set to the reading by means of the endless screw. The upper part of the polar-axis fits into a coupling-block having a hemispherical bottom. This is supported by an annular projection from the top of the pillar, having a corresponding annular hemispherical cavity. The whole is bound together by bolts and nuts, which pass freely through holes in the block, having spherical ends which bear in corresponding cavities in their washers. The other end of the polar-axis terminates in a beam pivot or hardened steel, which bears in a corresponding hardened steel cup which is attached to dove-tail slides, having motions in rectangular directions. These are supported by a very strong bracket projecting from the main pillar. The dove-tail slides are employed in the final adjustment of the polar-axis, both to the meridian and latitude. The diameter of the hour-circle is 2 feet 3 inches, and [illegible] to Professor Airy's plan, which avoids computation [illegible] telescope to a star. The [illegible] is [illegible] [illegible] ration of wheels is regulated by a [illegible] governor—the ball being suspended by four springs, as recommended by Professor [illegible]. This has been wrought by a system which [illegible] radii of curvature of the lenses, and ensures the perfection of the spherical surfaces, the result of the process being determinate with reference to the construction and manipulatory processes."

Telescopes of a superior description to those in ordinary use were also exhibited by Messrs. Mertz and Sons, of Munich, of one of which we also present an engraving and description (page 349).

It is well known that the instruments of the Optical Institute in Munich, manufactured under the direction of Messrs. Mertz and Sons—formerly Utzschneider and Fraunhofer—have been supplied to almost every observatory in Europe. Two instruments of unusual excellence were exhibited by them in the Great Exhibition of all Nations—a small refractor and a microscope. The former is also furnished with a telescope for the discovery of comets, having an object-glass of six inches in diameter, and which, notwithstanding its small focus, gives a clear and distinct reflection of an object at a large magnifying power. On this account it must be appreciated as a most excellent work of art.

The mechanism of the instrument is explained by the accompanying engraving. The oblique axle is regulated according to the angle of latitude, and is therefore parallel with the earth's axis: the circle attached to it gives the right ascension of the star which is visible in the telescope, while the upper circle placed at right angles to it—gives its declination. The angle between the two oblique axles cannot, in this instrument, be varied beyond 30 degrees, and consequently this instrument can only be used between the 30th and the 60th degree of longitude. The workmanship and execution of this instrument is remarkable. Of the microscope we may say that it is a model of optical and mechanical excellence, and that it has a magnifying power of 1800.

The high name which the Munich Optical Institute has gained is certainly not groundless, when giant telescopes at Pulkowa, Newcambridge, Bogenhausen, and Cincinnatti—at Dorpat, Kiew, Kasan, Berlin, and Washington—have done immense service, not to mention the innumerable small refractors of England, Germany, Holland, Russia, Italy, North America, and even the Cape of Good Hope. The Institute is now occupied in completing an object-glass of more than fourteen inches diameter.

From the foregoing brief account of the history and construction of the telescope, it is hoped that an insight will be gained by many which will lead them to further research. It is obviously out of our power to treat of the science of opticsa science which must be studied by aid of diagrams and much practical knowledge—in a short paper like this. Enough of we have alluded to, is but to our reader's knowledge of this noble instrument which

> Scans the sunbeam, pierces the depths of earth,
> And tracks the unwritten charters of the sky.

THE DOG AND DEER OF THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS

The attachment of dogs to particular bodies of men and their love of music, has often been noticed. The following particulars of a Newfoundland dog and a couple of deer which followed the fortunes of the band of the 79th regiment of Highlanders will not be uninteresting. The introduction to the regiment of this noble animal, for noble and generous it became, the Newfoundland dog assuredly is, was characteristic of the attachment displayed by the commander to the soldiers, and especially to the band. It first belonged to Lieut. Keith Macland of the 79th, who presented him to a gentleman in Quebec, who thought he would get him as a present and used him to draw sleighs, the dog, however, disliking this sort of work and returning to the quarters of the band, and no threats or inducements would cause him to leave them. So determined was the animal to remain with the band, that after volunteering into the band twice, he would fly at him, thinking, doubtless, they might prevent his taking him away. Fortunately, the gentleman never returned for him. The Cape Barracks are, like Stirling Castle, built on a height. If any of the soldiers happened to be out, and got tipsy, the dog, "Cameron," used to attend that individual in preference to all others, and manifest every anxiety to get him into barracks—pulling him by the sleeve, and so on. When it chanced that a soldier fell among the deep snow, the dog redoubled his exertions to get him home. He makes a round of the Castle daily, very often twice in the forenoon and afternoon, calls at the gate, the guard room, the sentinels, &c., doubtless to see that all is right, and they are attending to duty, and, apparently satisfied with his inspection, returns to his own quarters in the band-room. As may be supposed, he is a regular frequenter of the cookhouse, where he is generally regaled with a bone from the cooks, who are all fond of "Cameron." He prefers the quarters and the company of the band, and seems to take delight in the music. When the band stops, he very often lies down like a lion, in their front. A handsome collar is, we understand, now preparing at Edinburgh for "Cameron," the regimental dog of the 79th Highlanders, with a suitable inscription.

Two stags have, at separate times, been attached to the regiment, and both them and the dog preferred the company of the band. The first deer was presented by Colonel Holdridge, of the Royal Engineers, to the officers, about the year 1842, at Gibraltar. It remained with the regiment only for about six

or eight months. In this short time it became much attached to the soldiers, but sometimes caused a good deal of trouble as it used to eat, or at least destroy, the men's belts when they chanced to leave them out. Notwithstanding this, he was a great favourite with the men; and on a field-day, such as the celebration of Her Majesty's birth-day, his antlers were dressed up with green ribbands—the facings of the regiment—and it was interesting to see with what pride he tossed his antlers, and marched with the band to the martial music

One day a Spaniard came up, and having very probably never seen an animal of the same kind before, he displayed some evidences of fear or amazement and ran off, when the stag gave him chase. As he ran, he was heard to call out lustily, "For any sake to save him from the Highlandman's goat!" The stag used always to take his place in front of the band, along with the drum-major. One morning, to the grief of the whole regiment, he was found with his throat cut, among the rocks at Windmill Hill, Gibraltar, in 1843. The Governor, it seems, had another deer, and it was thought they had fought, and that the antler of his adversary had penetrated the throat of their favourite.

The second deer was, in the year 1844, also presented by Colonel Hardinge to the officers, and like its predecessor, gave early evidences of its decided partiality for the head of the Regiment, and on all occasions marched with the band, and attended them in quarters. He used to carry on amusing pranks with the civilians, especially with the vigorous and worthy Moors, to the amusement of the soldiery. He generally fed by the Light Company, chiefly on beans, and for two of the men in that company he showed great partiality, so much so that he would run after them, and follow to the voice. He remained with the regiment in Gibraltar for about eighteen or twenty months. His death was also of an unexpected and tragical kind. A retired sergeant, who held the situation of key-sergeant or locker-up, who kept the gates, &c., was in the habit of going round with an escort, whose muskets were generally loaded. Early, one morning, as he went his usual round with the escort, at Lamport Ditch, Gibraltar, the deer, probably enough in amusement, attacked them, and the sergeant, with but little of the spirit of the soldier in him, ordered the beautiful animal to be shot, which was reluctantly, but with the promptness of military discipline, carried into execution. It is said the sergeant was soon thereafter reduced, and that he ultimately lost his situation of key-keeper. The Hon. Colonel Maude, the officers, and indeed the whole regiment, deeply regretted the death of the animal, which, although a great favourite, fell, as we have related, by the arms of its kind friends and benefactors.

The race of the Newfoundland dog is peculiarly famed for sagacity, and the one who is to have the regimental collar put on him in Stirling Castle, is as great a favourite, and promises to be a worthy representative, in the gallant 79th, of the attached and beautiful animals who have gone before him. Nor can it be forgotten that both the dog and the deer are most appropriate types of, and attendants on, a Highland regiment—the one a free inhabitant of the mountain ranges in the Highlands, swift of foot, and at all times alive against a surprise; yet, when brought to bay evincing the most unbending courage. The other, scorning fatigue, affords fidelity cannot be bribed, and whose determined bravery is such that he master. All of these qualities, we need scarcely add, have been exemplified in the aggregate by our Highland regiments, and in looking on the dog and the deer, we are irresistibly reminded of the heather hills and the fidelity and courage of our soldiers.

HUMAN AFFAIRS.—"There is no unmixed good in human affairs," says the historian Alison, "the best principles, if pushed to excess, degenerate into fatal vices. Generosity is nearly allied to extravagance—charity itself may lead

justice is but one step removed from the severity of oppression. It is the same in the political world: the tranquillity of despotism resembles the stagnation of the Dead Sea, the fever of innovation, the tempests of the ocean. It would seem as if, at particular periods, from causes inscrutable to human wisdom, a universal frenzy struck mankind; reason, experience, prudence, are alike blinded, and the very classes who are to perish in the storm are the first to rush to fury.

VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

Gentle slumber's sweet oblivion
Softly stealeth o'er each sense;
Dark-some cares and daily labours,
For awhile, are banished hence;—
To the lands of dreams I wander,
Bathe in bounteous floods of light,
And my centred being revels
'Mid the visions of the night.

Back again to joyous childhood,
With one gladsome leap I bound,
And the peals of merry laughter
Thro' the ringing woods resound.
Childish playmates are about me,
Now it altered in my sight,
Childish games have lost their folly,
In the visions of the night.

Or perchance the old companions,
Who were found in youthful years,
Pour afresh their fond assurance
In my all too willing ears.
Early loves and early friendships
Their then sunny sides" to light,
And their *shadows* dare not venture
In the visions of the night.

Or the group that forms "our household,'
Gladdeth noiseless turn my dreams,
Shedding radiance all unwonted,
Murmuring love in very streams!
Lingerings have found an utterance—
Earnest eyes are beaming bright,
While the secret heart revealeth,
In the visions of the night.

Waking life is *too* prudential—
Too reserved in word and deed,
Trusting *not* that honest accents
To all honest issue lead,
But believe me, 'twere more happy,
If with souls attuned aright,
We would drop the veil of *seeming*,
As in visions of the night.

But the breezy morning cometh,
With her thousand wakeful songs,
And I hear the hum of labour,
Which to working life belongs.
May each action be as earnest
And each tone as true and bright,
And its fact is bright a halo
As the *visions* of the night!

LITERARY NOTICES

THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER, *a New Weekly Commercial, Political, and Family Paper, will be published every Monday morning price 4d., or 1s. 4d. per quarter.—On Monday, March 4, will be commenced as a Weekly Newspaper,* THE FREEHOLDER AND

place, by the Organ of the Great Freehold Land Movement. In addition to sporting progress, &c. its pa[illegible] the illustrated with engraved Plans weekly list of the pr[illegible] rights for allotments, the improved value of allotments, the pric[illegible] allotments have been sold on different estates, notices of Building, Life Insurance, and other Societies for the promotion and encouragement of pr[illegible] dent habits, &c. But while these and similar topics will have due space—

*II.—*THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER *will form a complete guide as to the occupation of allotments, whether by sub building, or for cultivating, or other agricultural purposes.*

III.—As a Commercial Paper, it will prove to be one of great importance and value to the trading community, not only as it will present a faithful

of all the Monday's Markets up to the time of going to press.

IV.—Although THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER *will be the Organ of the Freehold Land Movement, it will be a Liberal general Newspaper, independent in principle, and will exert itself to the utmost to bring the Elective Franchise within the reach of every industrious and virtuous citizen.*

Order of any Newsvendor.—Office, 335, Strand.

MISCELLANEA.

THE Chinese have a saying, that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

BAIN'S ELECTRIC CLOCK.—Few contrivances can be more remarkable than Bain's electric clock. It has no weight, no spring, no escapement, no winding apparatus nor necessity for being wound up, no agency within itself for putting or keeping the hands in motion The invisible power which actuates it is outside the clock—outside the house, even in which the clock is contained In a garden or other piece of ground is dug a hole four or five feet deep, into this hole is thrown a layer of coke, then a layer of earth, and then a few zinc plates A feeble but constant galvanic current is generated by the contact of the earth with the coke below it and the zinc above it, without the aid of any other battery, and this current conveyed in doors by copper wires The wires form a coil round a magnet, and the electro magnet thus formed is made to constitute the bob of the pendulum of the clock Delicate and beautiful mechanism enables electric apparatus to give a vibratory motion to the pendulum, and the pendulum in its turn to give motion to the two hands of a clock The only "winding-up" required by this extraordinary clock is a feed of zinc to the earth battery when it shall have become oxidised by long use, but one of the clocks has been already known to go three or four years without any such winding-up This is not a "perpetual motion," certainly, but it is a most instructive approximation towards

SABBATH AT ALL TIMES By differ at nations every day in the week is set part for public w Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews. Add to this the fact of the diurnal revolution of the earth, giving every variation of longitude a different hour and it becomes apparent that every moment is Sunday somewhere

OUGHT TO BE ENCOURAGED.—An American paper says—"We are anxious to collect the autographs of all our subscribers, and therefore request all, whether in city or country, to enclose the amount due in a letter, with their several signatures."

OUTWARD BEAUTY.—"I cannot understand," says Frederica Bremer, the popular Swedish writer, "the importance which certain people set upon outward beauty or plainness I am of opinion that all true education—such, at least, as has a religious foundation—must infuse a noble calm, a wholesome coldness and indifference, or whatever people may call it, towards such like outward gifts, or the want of them And who has not experience of how little consequence they are, in fact, for the weal or woe of life? Who has not experience of how, on nearer acquaintance, plainness becomes beautiful, and beauty loses its charm, exactly according to the quality of the heart and mind? And from this cause I am also of opinion that the want of outward beauty never disquiets a noble nature, or will be regarded as a misfortune It never can prevent people from being amiable and beloved in the highest degree, and we have daily proof of this

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A WORKING MAN is desirous of obtaining a daguerreotype portrait of a dear friend, and asks us to teach him how the process is conducted We refer him to an interesting article on photography which appeared in No 7 of "THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART."

[illegible] correspondent goes on to ask—What is the [illegible] of metal rusting? What is the cause of [illegible] opposition? Why does one thing [illegible] a particular [illegible] it? If it is owing to the particular [illegible] which are generated? If the same smell will be produced if those gases are brought together by any other means? If not, why not? What is the cause of a human body beginning to decompose as soon as it is dead? Really, our correspondent must have pity on us so [illegible] crooked little things asking questions in one letter [illegible]

C O wants to k [illegible] Wales to get a situation in a London countinghouse He would not be likely to succeed without some good introduction and the salary would very much depend on his own capability With regard to the second query, we cannot undertake to give medical advice

R H asks what is the proper method of obtaining a patent—how is an invention to be registered—and what is the expense attending each process The expense is enormous There are five and thirty stages to be gone through before you can get your patent You begin with the Queen and the throne and end with the Deputy Clerk [illegible] hundred pounds of stamp [illegible] and it is surely no very great encouragement to the inventive genius of our country If R H is in earnest, he must prepare a petition to the Queen, and add to that a declaration which must be made before a Master in Chancery

J WIGNALL JUN.—"Robertson on Life Assurance," London, Simpkin and Marshall Price 3s 6d

A MANXMAN.—The Isle of Man is most probably the "Mona" described by Cæsar as being in the middle passage between Britain and Ireland It is called, in the language of its ancient inhabitants "Ellan Vannin"—the Isle of Man The word "Mona" is supposed to have been originally "Mon"—isolated or lonely—Cæsar having [illegible] present arms of the island—three legs proper united at their thighs, and clothed and spurred—is somewhat uncertain, but the account that the inhabitants of the island are of mixed race of Britain, Scotland, and Ireland, it has an equal right to perplex us much The legs being armed not *self defence*, and their position *spread* But it may also be observed that, whichever way you turn them two of the legs present the nearest a knee [illegible] position, and the third as in the act to kick the *rest* of which is, that, while the relative impossibility of action she was also able to defend herself Her motto is an Icelandic Dimeter—"*Quocunque loceris Stabit*"—"Which-ever way you throw it, it will stand" It appears extremely welcome to the style and intention of the arms is in whatever way you transpose the three words, their meanings is the same for, view the [illegible] the whole The occult meaning of the arms of the Isle of Man is regarding with late the attitude imply, humility, energy, and fortitude, and the motto being remarkably significant when this country consisted of three independent kingdoms The arms and motto are still used on the coin of the Island

S G—Is the sabbath kept with that propriety and strictness in the United States as it is in England?—Yes

PERRY is anxious to acquire a knowledge of short-hand and asks us to recommend the best [illegible] we know of—He cannot do better than practice phonography for simplicity, accuracy, and completeness we think it far beyond all other methods. A very good little book on shorthand is published by Odell, Prince-street, Cavendish square at 1s The Latin grammar you mention though not quite equal to Arnold's, is a [illegible] ied that, [illegible] know, the manufacture of [illegible] injurious to the health.

A COUNTRY FRIEND had better obtain Nuttall's French Dictionary It may be obtained for [illegible]

H. HARBORD.—The third volume of the History of Ireland will be published on the first of March This answer will also inform Grantham Giddey.

W. K. T.—To the first question we can give no reply, as we are not parties to the patentee's secret Sperm oil is obtained from the blubber of the spermaceti whale. The Supplementary number of the Working Man's Friend is still published in its old form.

A LABOURING MAN will see by the answer to H Harbord that it is our intention to publish a third volume of the History of Ireland. We thank him sincerely for his good wishes

J C—No, we think not. But a water company is not obliged to supply you unless it chooses

A FARMER'S SON is recommended to try again. [illegible] wish

J W should read Paley's Evidences, and Doddridge's Commentaries on the New Testament

W. W. M—The better method would probably be to make the scholar so far acquainted with his own language as to be able [illegible] ming to spell the words, before you attempt to teach him the principles of punctuation

JOHN TRADDELL is thanked, his valuable suggestions shall be borne in mind.

T H—1 For want of means 2 Age and [illegible] unsteadiness of body 3. The matter is under consideration 4 The "Illustrated Exhibitor" *will* form half-yearly vol

WILLIAM MARCH puts a q[illegible] would better form a "case" for

A[illegible] Arabi[illegible] introduced into Spain whence it came to England, and that before the Greek writer Diophanes, published his system, which appeared about the year 800 of the Christian era The science may be defined as a general method of [illegible] divided into two kinds—viz., *numerical* and *literal Numeral algebra* is that wherein all the given quantities are represented by *numbers*, only the unknown quantity expressed by some *letter* or other *symbol Literal algebra* is [illegible] ressed by

J HOLT—There is no way of [illegible]

G F HEWHIPS.—Shellac dissolved in naptha

SOUTH SAXON.—Apply to Mr Wyld, geographer to the Admiralty, Charing-cross, or you may get a cheap one at Bradshaw's, Fleet-street

A GRATEFUL INQUIRER should read Dr Lardner on the Steam Engine The second question is answered above, and, to the last we believe that no fees are required Naturalization is to be acquired by residence and good conduct

JUNIUS BRUTUS.—"THE WORKING MAN'S [illegible] published in half-yearly

EMMA is anxious to know the meaning and pronunciation of the phrase "vis-a-vis" It is a term in dueling, and is used to signify the opposite partner in a quadrille. It is pronounced *vee-a-vee*, and means literally "face to face"

E C—Members of Parliament pay all the taxes to which their position as gentlemen entitles them The only and great privilege is freedom from arrest during session

A SUBSCRIBER wishes to be informed how he is to reduce tortoise-shell to a liquid, and make the shavings into a solid piece Heat and great pressure in moulds are the principal medium in the manufacture of tortoise-shell The bones or plates are separated from the back of the turtle (*Chelonia Nobriatus*) by heat, and afterwards flattened, smoothed, and united at their edges by the same means fragments and fibre united by pressure into a solid mass

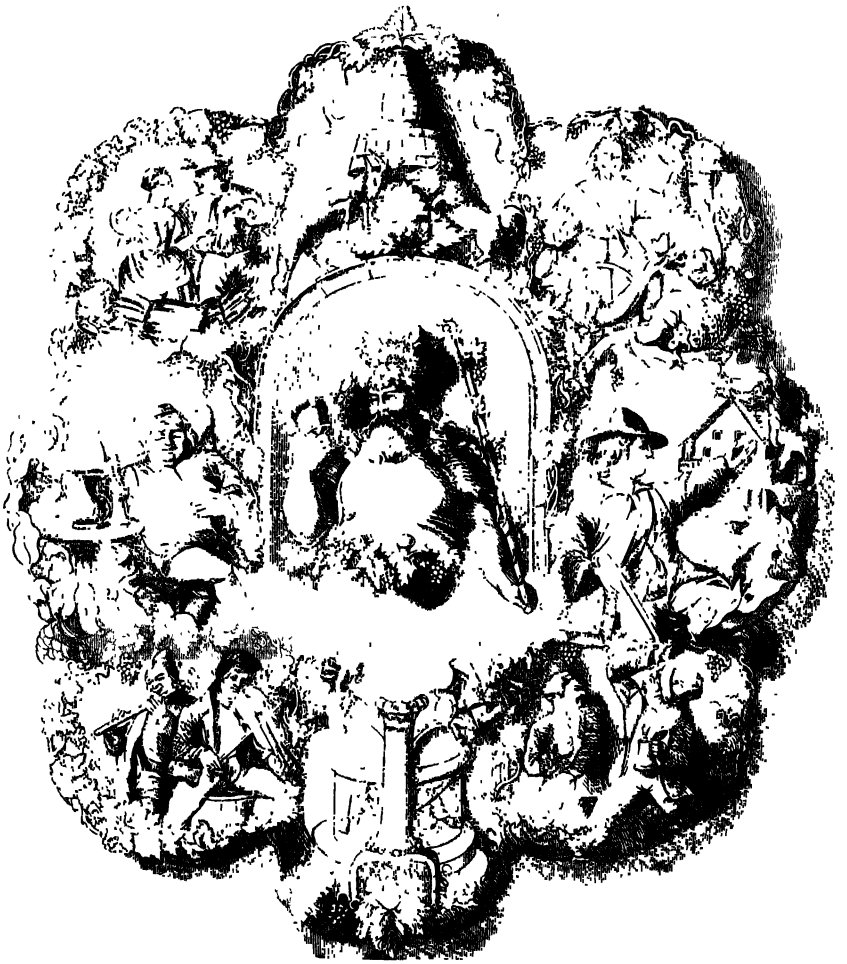
All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., NO. 23.] SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MALT AND HOPS.



BACCHANALIAN SHIELD.—M. KRAUSZ, OF ROSACH, GERMANY.

IF a magistrate were asked to say, in three words, what brought the greatest number of persons before him, his answer would be "Malt and Hops;" if a doctor were requested to inform us what causes the majority of diseases among his patients, he, too, would reply, "Malt and Hops," or, if he were as conscientious as he is clever, he would, probably, use the word "alcohol" instead, and if the undertaker really acknowledged his best friends, in a worldly point of view, he would hang a

personification of malt and hops over his chimney piece Malt and hops, most potent of good fellows in the estimation of some, are, to the comprehension of others, a pair of red-nosed, noisy, rattle-pated, swaggering sots, whose room is better than their company. Which is the better conclusi

The Germans have the character of being a thoughtful, meditative people, much given to tobacco and philosophy. Generally they are sober people too, but among them, more especially among the young and the inexperienced, the student and the man of the world, there are not a few inveterate beer-drinkers and wine-bibbers. The word beer is the same in their language as in ours With them, therefore, as with us, there are songs and pictures- noisy, table-thumping, uproarious, chorus-exciting songs, and jolly, highly-coloured pictures—in praise of the delights of tippling Thus, too, they as well as we have the

nectar," "good-bodied stout," "fine pale ales,' and a hundred others, no doubt familiar to our readers, in which the drinking practices of mankind are excused, if not actually approved, and thus society has come to countenance a vice more destructive in its consequences than it is willing to admit.

In the great Exhibition of all Nations, there appeared, among other curious things from Germany, the cast of a shield representing a bacchanal—called in the catalogue, Gambrinus —and the effects of drinking Now, as the effe temperance are, unfortunately, not confined to any one country, we thought a good purpose might be served by giving a representation of this drunkard's shield Let us examine it In the centre, standing beneath a kind of archway, which may be considered as the entrance to the beer cellar, is the deity of strong drink, the personified representation of malt and hops. He is represented as a lusty fellow, with a long beard and a protuberant belly, showing that beer at least fattens if it does not strengthen the drinker His head is crowned with hop leaves, in his right hand he bears a foaming glass, and in his left a little hop pole, round which the tendrils of the plant are clinging. Beneath him is the copper wherein the ingredients of the beer are boiled together, the steam from the chimney of which rises upwards, and conceals the lower part of the bacchanal Just above the copper, on the right-hand side, we see the demon of Despair squeezing the oil of madness into the drunkard's cup, while opposite to him is the little god of Mischief exulting in the success of the other's endeavours On the front of the copper itself a pair of figures are engraved, the one representing Folly bestriding a broomstick, and the other Senility bearing a withered branch upon his shoulder The arms of the beer drinker are, as they should be, at the top of the shield. They consist of a wash tub properly surmounted by a barrel and pail. The supporters are a goat and a barking dog, the emblems of lust, irritability and danger Between the feet of the animals appears the crest of the set, a sick cat with a bruised face'

The pictures round the shield are intended to show the effects of beer drinking On the left-hand side we have a peasant vainly endeavouring to persuade a maiden to accept his love, and offering a full pot of the liquor as a further inducement in his behalf But the maiden is putting out her hand towards the fatal draught as if she wished to banish it for ever from her sight. He who would win her heart must have better claims than those

On the other side we have a company of workmen making merry at the alehouse. The centre figure sits astride a beer barrel, and trolls forth a roaring drinking song, in which the others join in chorus—the song of fools.

> Out of the tavern I've just stepped to night
> Street! you are caught in a very bad plight
> Right hand and left hand are both out of place—
> Street, you are drunk, 't's a very clear case

"

> Moon, 'tis a very queer figure you cut
> One eye is staring, while t'other is shut.
> Tipsy, I see, and you're greatly to blame,
> Old as you are 'tis a horrible shame

> Then the street lamps, what a scandalous sight!
> None of them soberly standing upright,
> Rocking and staggering why, on my word,
> Each of the lamps is as drunk as a lord.

> All is confusion. now isn't it odd?
> Nothing is sober that I see abroad
> Sure it were rash with this crew to remain
> Better not go to the tavern again.

In contrast to this roystering company, we have below them, in the next department, a fresh-coloured youth, who is bidding adieu for ever to the alehouse and its foul delights. He is setting out, staff in hand, upon the pilgrimage of life, and begins his journey with a good resolution. On the other side of the shield we see the old publican with the empty beer-vessels beside him, sleeping off the effects of then too potent ' ' pi ' ' of time wasted and talents misapplied. That there should be wanting no incentive to drink, the aid of music is called in, and to the sound of fife and fiddle the poor of intemperance drink away their senses, till, at the close of the "glorious evening," they quarrel and fight, as seen in the last compartment of the shield.

Around the whole composition there is a border of hop blossoms and leaves intertwined, with the broad leaves of the tobacco plant in the centre, emblems of sensuality and stupidity.

This is the German view of malt and hops, and a tolerably correct one it is But there is also an English one, which is no like and so true, that we are tempted to quote it. The lines to be found in the fourth book of Cowper's "Task."

> Pass where we may, through city or through town,
> Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
> Though lean and beggar'd, every twentieth pace
> Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
> Of stale debauch, forth-issuing from the styes,
> That Law has licens'd, as makes Pemp tance feel
> There sit, involv'd and lost in curling clouds
> Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
> The lackey, and the groom the craftsman there
> Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil,
> Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
> And he that kneads the dough, all loud alike,
> All learned, and all drunk! The fiddle screams
> Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd
> Its wasted tones and harmony unheard
> Hence the dispute whate'er the theme, while she,
> Lull Discord, arbitress of such debate,
> Perch'd on the signpost, holds with even hand
> Her undecisive scales. In this she lays
> A weight of ignorance, in that of pride,
> A ' ' ' ' ' ' ' the eternal poise
> ' ' ' ' ' ' '

but perhaps we speak too generally. The sixty years that have passed away since Cowper wrote them have seen arising in the world a new power—a great and wonderful principle—a truth acknowledged from throne to cell—the power and principle of strict sobriety But to return to the words at the head of our paper—

Are Malt and Hops, in the shape of beer or ale, good or necessary to the health or comfort of the people? We believe not, and we will give our reasons for believing so.

We spoke of a magistrate's experience as tending to prove that drunkenness is the prolific parent of crime. Who doubts it, let him give us his attention for a little space "Wine," says Caleb Stukely, in *Blackwood's Magazine*—and by wine, we believe, he meant all intoxicating liquors, including malt and hops, as a matter of course—"wine, whose praises are clamorously rung around the festive board, and whose virtues supply the song with brilliant thoughts and ardent syllables, what need of eloquence and verse to sound the same, whilst murder and seduction bear ghastly witness to thy potency!" Is there a greater crime than these? Name it, and drunkenness shall claim it for a child!" The novelist is no magistrate, but he appears to have been an excellent judge Again, Chief-Justice Maule, addressing James Ford, who was convicted of murder at Chester in 1843, says—"Your offence—*like most of those we have met with in this court*—was brought on by excess and intemperance." Mr. Wontner, the governor of Newgate, declared that, out of every hundred prisoners confined in that gloomy prison, ninety nine committed their crimes whilst under the influence of drink Sir Matthew Hale has given it as his decided opinion, that "if the murders, robberies, riots, adulteries, and other enormities, were divided into five portions, four of them would be found to be the result of excessive drinking" The celebrated Judge Erskine, when sentencing a gentleman to six months' hard labour for a crime committed during intoxication, declared that ninety-nine cases out of every hundred arose from the same hateful cause. Judge Pattison, addressing the grand jury at the Norwich assizes, said, "If it were not for strong drink, you and I would have nothing to do." and Justice Coleridge, at Oxford, remarked that no single case had been brought before him of a prisoner charged with the commission of offences, but what the love of liquor has had to do with it, in one way or other Baron Alderson, when addressing the grand jury at the York assizes in 1841, Judge Wrightman, in his address to the jury at Liverpool, in 1846, the Hon A Alison, sheriff of Lanarkshire, Mr Sheriff Bell, of Glasgow—have all and severally declared that they were satisfied that nine-tenths of all the crimes committed in this country were referrible to the influence of intoxicating drinks And so we might multiply evidences from the mouths of the highest personages in the realm.

But to take another class of witnesses against the drinking practices of Great Britain Dr Buchan, a most undoubted authority, declares that "malt liquors render the blood sizy and unfit for circulation." Think of that, ye fat beer-bibbers! He goes on to say, that there are "few great beer-drinkers who are not phthisical (that is, wasting by disease), brought on by the viscid and acescible nature of strong ale. Those who drink acid spirits or wine, run still greater hazard, as these liquors inflame the blood, and tear the tender vessels of the lungs to pieces" Dr Beddoes says that vinous liquors—that is, all kinds of fermented and intoxicating drink—acts as a two-edged sword. By its first operation it promotes indigestion, and its second depends on its change into vinegar, which change, wine, however genuine, always undergoes in the stomach Dr John Pye Smith gives it as his firm conviction that alcoholic liquors, instead of imparting strength and vigour, as many foolishly suppose, only urge and stimulate to a more rapid and vehement outlay of power, just as spurring whipping a horse does not increase his capability of working. Dr. Garnet declares that the idea of wine or spirituous liquors assisting digestion is false, and that pure water is the only drink necessary for man or beast. Dr Cheyne, Dr. Rush, Dr M'Nish, and numerous medical men in the United States, the result of their extensive experience, that spirituous liquors are unnecessary, hurtful, and dangerous to their [illegible] that the use of them produces diseases in the body to which there had appeared no previous tendency; that the drinkers of malt liquors are especially liable to apoplexy and palsy, and sudden death, that danger lurks in every cup, and death is concealed in the bottom of every tankard, that instead of invigorating the system, the use of alcohol—take it under whatever name we may—disguise its effects as artfully and as carefully as we may—excuse ourselves as cleverly as ever we may—assists, nay, even promotes, the great majority of diseases to which mankind are subject, and that in numerous instances it is the sole and only cause of premature old age, idiotcy, madness, and death!

These are very serious opinions, and we do not well to neglect their warnings

Take another phase of the subject The lovers of malt and hops are fond of saying that beer and ale are good for the health and spirits Are they? Let us glance at a few of the vile things they use to *improve* these favourite beverages The brewers themselves admit the existence of various drugs and nauseous ingredients in their beer, the offices of which are to produce the necessary intoxicating qualities. In one pot of "heavy," most worthy and jolly swilltub, you can have a taste of capsicum pepper, cocculus-indicus (*poison*), liquorice juice, sulphate of iron (*copperas, poison*), salt of steel, nux vomica (poison to rats), opium (*poison*), green vitriol (*poison*), alum, tobacco-water and salt, which are severally used to give a false appearance of age, smartness, colour, bitterness, pungency, or a fine head to the delicious draught "Ah! but," says the lover of malt and hops, "I will take the regular home-brewed instead the real old English October I'm fond of old customs, and like to see in the kitchen of the labourer nothing better than the good old fare of our forefathers, the flitch of bacon, the barrel of flour, the home-made bread, and the cask of strong ale" "Be careful, my friend, lest the cask of strong ale do not swallow up all the rest," we think we hear some staunch abstainer exclaim. But, if even you drink "home-brewed," and brew it yourself, using nothing but fine malt and hops, still you cannot prove that you derive any good from the draught It does not impart strength, because it *injures* the digestive organs, it does *not* quench the thirst, as water does, because it induces you to drink when you are *not* thirsty, it does not improve the health or appearance, but *produces* undue corpulency, which is a disease, and a dullness of mind, which finds gratification only in sensual indulgences Drink your draught of "home brewed," my friend after this, and be happy over it if you can!

Taking a lower [illegible] still, the mere money value of temperance, see, oh [illegible] of John Barleycorn, how heavily you tax yourselves that you may emulate the hog in its grossness, and the goat in its sensuality You actually paid, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty, no less a sum than £121,702 3s as a duty to Government on hops alone You wasted not fewer than 43,107 acres of rich land in that one year in the cultivation of 18,537,669lbs of this useless weed You consumed, or rather destroyed, in the making of sixteen million, eight hundred and forty six thousand barrels of beer, good corn enough to feed a nation—to wit, forty one millions, five hundred thousand bushels of malt Oh! ye unconscionable tipplers

Did it do you any good—all this guzzling, I say? Did the beer you drank, besides the 2,900,000 gallons of rum and the 1,800,000 gallons of brandy and the 25,850,000 gallons of gin, whisky, and other British compounds, which you poured, all hot and fiery, down your throats—improve your health, make your homes more comfortable, quench your thirst, or fill your pockets? Ask yourselves that, when you go next to the White Swan or the Jolly Beggars, and it strikes us forcibly you will pause before you spend your customary sixpence Did all this drinking improve your health? "Well," say you, "I don't see that it did **me** much harm." Did it not? You are wrong, my friend, just a little wrong in [illegible] of yourself, as you may see by the facts and figures prepared for your especial benefit Facts and figures, my friend, there is no getting over them.

"*If there be anything in the usages of society calculated to shorten life, the most powerful is certainly the use of immoderate drink*" These words form the conclusion to which Mr. Neison, the actuary to a well-known assurance office, and the author of a work called "Vital Statistics," has come to, after [illegible] having made various strict and minute [illegible] the ratio of mortality among the different classes of society He gives the

average length of life, after the commencement of intemperate habits,

Among	Beer-drinkers	24·7 years
„	Spirit-drinkers	16·7 „
„	Drinkers of both	16·1 „

Therefore, drink away; you have only one-and-twenty years to live, at most.

But our author goes further than that; for he shows the average duration of life among different classes of persons after they have commenced a course of intemperance.



THE HOME OF THE PARLOUR TIPPLER.

Among	Mechanics, working, and labouring men	18 years
„	Traders, dealers, and merchants	17 „
„	Professional men and gentlemen	15 „
„	Females	14 „

"These curious and remarkable results," Mr. Neison goes on to say, "exhibit a rate of mortality for which the most careful observers will be generally unprepared. When intemperate lives are occasionally accepted by life-offices, the rates of premium charged by them fall greatly short of what would be indicated by the figures; and it is to be feared that a careful examination of their experience must show that the arbitrary mode by which such peculiar risks have been estimated has led them into unprofitable speculations. Throughout the whole range of the inquiry, it will be seen that the rate of mortality is frightfully high, and unequalled by the results of any other series of observations made on any class of the population of this country. Sanitary agitators have frequently excited alarm about the wholesale havoc in human life going on in the badly-conditioned districts of some of our large cities; but no collection of facts ever brought under attention has shown so appalling a waste of life as is exhibited in the tables I have given."

See, now, that you pay for this indulgence not only by disease and poverty, but that it actually shortens your lives, oh, devotees of Bacchus! Is it not a serious thing to think that for every sovereign you spend in spirits, you pay fourteen shillings to the state; and that for every twenty shillings you lay out in tobacco, sixteen of them go to support the revenue! Put away the filthy weed, and the filthier glass, my friend, and you will save the tax.

The money spent in strong drink, the sacrifices to the shrine of Malt and Hops—what will it not buy? Just calculate what a penny a-day will do for you. For a penny a-day you may insure your life for the sum of sixty pounds—a sum which would not leave your wife dependent on the parish were you taken away from her; a penny a-day will provide for the little boy, now dancing on its mother's knee, a little fortune by the time he is twenty-one—fifty pounds to go into business with; a penny a-day will induce you to save more, and when you find that you can do as well without your glass and your pint, you will begin to think that you can do without

mother.' 'Would'st like to go John,' she replied, 'then I'll stand treat.' She put her hand up the chimney, and from beneath a loose brick drew forth an old stocking, from which she poured three hundred and sixty-five three-pences, the sum reserved for her daily pint of ale. They had their holiday, and the husband, touched with his wife's conduct, declared that as she had not had her ale he would never touch that beverage again. They began to save, and took a small shop, which grew into a large one. In its turn this expanded into a factory, the factory became doubled and trebled, and people began to talk of this man's carriage, and his country house;



THE HOME OF THE BEER-SHOP SOT.

any at all; and so you will become a respectable member of society. Listen to a little story recently told by the Rev. J. B. Owen, in the Town-hall, Birmingham.

"A working man in the north of England married a factory girl. After their wedding, both of them went to work, and the wife stipulated that out of her earnings she should have a pint of ale daily. The husband consented, and consequently she had her pint—he, his quarts. The anniversary of the marriage-day arrived, and John, looking ruefully at his wife, exclaimed, 'If it were not that I hav'nt a penny in the world, lass, we'd have a holiday, and go to yon village to see my

and he rode in his carriage at last, the honoured Mayor of one of our principal manufacturing boroughs.

Now, there is an example for you; go thou and do likewise. My friends, let us be serious; let us look the evil in the face like men. During the present century, there has been spent in intoxicating liquors almost as much money as would have paid the National Debt twice over. In this good city of London there are 180,000 gin drinkers, who spend annually upwards of three millions of money in that one kind of liquid fire. The gin-shops, as you all knew, are greater in number than the bakers or the grocers. Make up your minds, and

put the money that you waste in drink into your own pockets, instead of into the of those publican or the state. Look round among your acquaintance. We will presume that you are a sober man yourself. Well, you are a sober man only in part; put away the temptation altogether, and when you have earned a right to be critical—look round, as we said, among your acquaintance, and see what havoc strong drink is doing.

Take a peep into your late friend Robert A. B. C.'s bedroom, as he goes into it half drunk, very late at night, or very early in the morning, as the case may be. The artist has attempted to delineate such a home as your friend, the parlour tippler has. Bob is a capital companion a jolly fellow, a "regular brick;" at least his companions all say so. He sings a good song, can make a neat speech, dresses well, and smokes the most undeniable Havanas. Bob is an acquisition to the tavern parlour, and is on terms of intimacy with the landlord—there's no getting on at all without Bob. But is he a good husband, or a good father, or a good man? If he were he would not leave his poor wife and sick child alone all the long winter evenings, while he makes merry in a pothouse. Faugh! How the fellow stinks of stale ale and tobacco. Cut his acquaintance, my friend, as soon as you can, and don't return his nod in the street till he reforms altogether. Such companions will do you no good, take my word for it. From respectability to poverty, from moderation to sottishness, from the parlour to the taproom, from virtue to vice, from temperance to drunkenness is but a step. How narrow the step and how small the space between the state of the parlour tippler and the beer-shop sot. Be careful how you make it.

LECTURES TO WORKING MEN

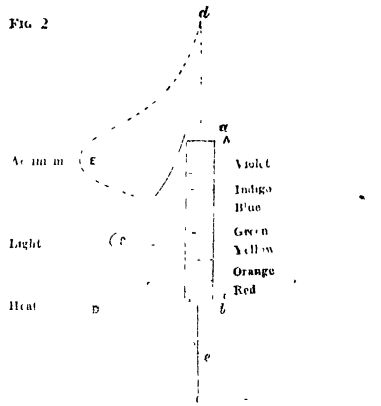
PHOTOGRAPHY

On Monday, February 23rd, Mr. Robert Hunt, Professor of Natural Philosophy, delivered a lecture on this interesting subject at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street. The lecture commenced with expressions of regret that the term Photography did not accurately express the true nature of the art he was about to illustrate. Photography means, *writing or delineating by light*—a term which would be applicable if the whole of a ray of light acted to produce the effect, but as the researches of science have shown that only one part of the sun's ray is called into action in the exercise of the art, it would have been preferable to have employed the term heliography—*written or delineated by the sun*—as given to this art by M. Niepce. Custom has, however, sanctioned the employment of the term photography, which is, therefore, used to denote the subject of the present lect

Mr. Hunt then proceeded to describe the solar spectrum—the discovery of Sir I. Newton, who found that when a ray of white or colourless light was made to pass through a prism of glass, it became decomposed or divided into seven colours which are more distinctly perceptible if we place the prism in a hole in the window-shutter of a darkened room, and receive the impression of the spectrum produced on a sheet of white paper placed in the room. The following diagram shows the ray of light entering the room, and which, but for the refracting or bending power of the prism would pass direct to the spot w without suffering any alteration, but which, in passing through the prism, becomes decomposed into the seven so called prismatic colours. Further researches led to the establishment of two



other colours, the one, called the extreme red, represented by *b* at the extremity of the red ray in the next diagram, the other,



shown at the upper part of the violet ray, called the lavender. Sir David Brewster has, however, most satisfactorily shown that there exist in reality only three prismatic colours, blue, yellow, and red—these producing, by combination with one another, the violet, indigo, orange, and green—as secondary colours. By means of the above diagrams the lecturer proceeded to point out wherein consisted the difference of the colours and in various parts of the spectrum. It is found by means of a thermometer, that the heat we get from the sun resides in the lower or red portion of the spectrum, as is indicated by the more curved lines at B—the greatest amount of heat being found in the extreme red. We also find that the light obtained from the sun has its seat spread over the curved lines from C, but that its chief point is in the yellow colour, as above shown. Lastly we find, that, by placing a piece of paper, moistened with a preparation, such as a salt of silver, readily affected by the sun's rays, that the part of the spectrum which has most influence in producing chemical changes or effects is comprised in the lines proceeding from B—the greatest change being effected at the violet colour, the piece of prepared paper turning quite black at this point, whilst at the yellow part of the spectrum it remains unchanged and unacted upon. It will thus be seen that in the exercise of the art of photography, we have to do chiefly with that part of the solar spectrum which produces chemical changes, or, in contra-distinction to heat and light, *actinism* * We also see that the results of photography are effected not by light, or the luminous principle of the solar ray, but of the other principle associated with light and heat in those rays.

It was in the year 1556, that chloride of silver, or horn silver as it was then called, was first observed to be blackened by exposure to the sun's rays, and other peculiar influences which the alchymists noticed led them to fancy that the subtle element Light was one of the most important agents in giving to nature her infinite variety of form. They thus considered that "gold differed from silver in nothing but in having the globules of the mercury, whereof it consists, penetrated through and through, and being more fully saturated with the sulphurous principle, or the 'rays of light.'" It was reserved for Scheele, a native of Stralsund, in Swedish Pomerania, to analyse the action and study the influences of the differently coloured rays of light. He discovered that the chloride of silver spread on paper was speedily darkened in the blue rays, whilst the red rays produced but very little or no change. M. Berard, Sir H. Englefield, and others, made some further researches on the subject, but it was Mr. Wedgwood, the celebrated porcelain manufacturer, who first turned the discovery to any practical account. Mr. Wedgwood wished to take copies of painted windows in

* Derived from the Greek word, *actus*, a ray

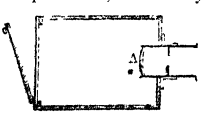
churches, &c., and for this purpose he made use of white paper, or white leather, moistened with a solution of nitrate of silver By placing paper so prepared against a window—the subject of which he wished to have a copy—he succeeded in obtaining a perfect representation, but the reverse of the original, as regards light and shade—the light parts of the window allowing of the free passage of the light, which produced a darkened effect on the prepared paper, whilst the coloured parts, not allowing of the passage of the light so readily, appeared light in the copy taken This, in fact, was a negative proof, as we should now term it. Notwithstanding that Wedgwood had secured the able assistance of Sir Humphrey Davy, he could make no further progress in the matter The copy of a painting, or the profile, immediately after being taken, was obliged to be kept in a dark place, and could only be looked upon by stealth, as it were, or by candle-light The reason of this will be evident, when we consider that what light had once done it could again effect, and the exposure of one of Wedgwood's pictures to daylight, would have been to produce a further alteration of the light parts of the picture the whole ultimately becoming black All attempts made at that time to fix or protect the picture from the action of solar light entirely failed, and the failures of these two eminent men discouraged all further experiments at that time (1802) in England

In 1814, M Niepce, of Chalons-sur-Saone, in France, commenced his investigations on the subject of the chemical agency of light, with the view of fixing the images obtained by the camera obscura In 1824, M Daguerre began a series of experiments, with the same object in view In 1829, Messrs Niepce and Daguerre agreed to work together on the subject, each communicating to the other the results hitherto obtained by them M Niepce died in 1833, when his son joined Daguerre in his investigations The result of these researches was, that M Daguerre discovered, in 1838-9, the method of obtaining pictures on metallic plates, and of so fixing them that they might be exposed to the light of day without undergoing any alteration

In 1834, Mr. Henry Fox Talbot began some experiments, with the view of rendering the images of the camera obscura permanent, and on the 31st of January, 1839, six months prior to the publication of M Daguerre's process, Mr Talbot communicated to the Royal Society, a method of taking sun pictures on paper, with the mode of preparing the paper, and using the pictures obtained Some of the pictures first obtained by Mr Talbot were then exhibited by the lecturer

The learned professor then proceeded to speak of the camera obscura, the darkened chamber or box the invention of Baptista Porta The simplest form of camera that can be used, is a common cigar-box, blackened in the inside, with which, and a spectacle-glass for a lens, the lecturer stated he had himself taken a great number of pictures. The annexed engraving represents the camera in its simplest form, it is merely a common box,

FIG. 3

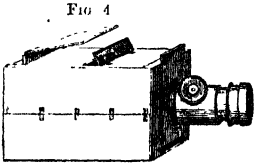


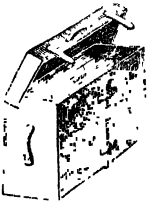
painted black in the inside, having a glass lens placed in a hole cut in the front part—the hinder part being placed on hinges, to allow of its falling back to receive the prepared paper, glass, or metal plate, to be acted upon The light [illegible] external object, in passing through the lens, gives a [illegible] representation of that object on the back of the camera Some of these cameras are made of mahogany and other expensive materials, but this is not requisite, serving only for ornament, not for real utility A very good lens may be purchased for a few shillings at any respectable optician's. *Achromatic* lenses are the best, as by the use of these we are enabled to obtain pictures free from the coloured rays or fringes which are apt to show themselves in pictures taken with a common lens The term *achromatic* means *free from colour*, and this kind of lens is made by combining together, as the lecturer showed, two different glass lenses—as for instance, one of crown glass, and another of flint glass, whereby the coloured rays (as shown in the diagram of the spectrum), formed on the passage of light through one lens, are again united, or brought back to form the original white or colourless light, by being made to pass through a second lens of a suitable kind

The annexed diagrams exhibit one of these highly-finished cameras, so constructed, that it may be taken to pieces and packed up with all the necessary articles used (such as prepared paper, glass plates, &c), in a leathern case, thus forming a very portable photographic apparatus, which the traveller may take with him on his journey, and employ in delineating the scenery [illegible]

FIG. 5.

FIG 4





Landscapes, drawings of plants, sketches of machinery, portraits, &c &c, may readily be taken by means of this simple instrument, the fixing of which is neither difficult nor expensive

The lecturer then proceeded to give some explanation of the mode of preparing the paper for photographic purposes, impressing, once for all, on the attention of his auditory, the necessity of paying particular care to the greatest cleanliness in all photographic experiments The method first employed was that of dipping a piece of paper in a solution of common salt, and afterwards in a solution of nitrate of silver, by which means a chemical decomposition or change took place, as represented in the annexed [illegible] in the formation on the surface of the paper of [illegible] chloride of silver —

Common Salt, or Chloride of Sodium.

Nitrate of Soda } { Chloride of Silver.

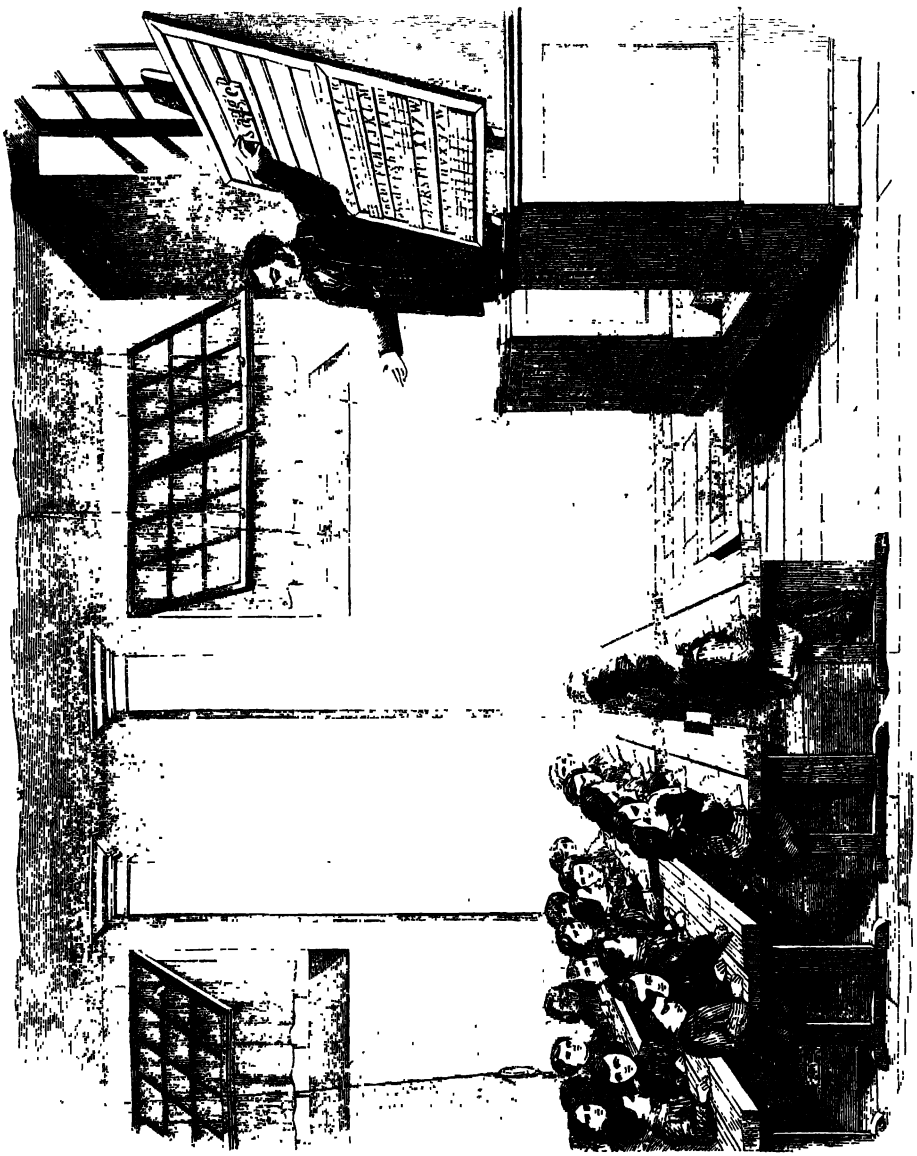
Nitrate of Silver.

the chlorine of the common salt leaving the soda with which it was united, and joins itself to the silver, forming chloride of silver the nitric acid, with which the silver was united, entering into combination with [illegible] forming nitrate of soda

We now find that [illegible] is better for purposes of photography than chloride of silver This is obtained by first washing one side of the paper with a solution of nitrate of silver, and when dry applying a solution of iodide of potassium * By this means a chemical decomposition takes place, as in the former instance, except that in this case iodide of silver and nitrate of potash are the results obtained As the nitrate of potash is very soluble in water, it is readily removable by pouring water over the paper, the iodide of silver being insoluble, remains on the surface of the paper By the subsequent employment of a mixture containing gallic acid [illegible] gallo-nitrate of silver, and acetic acid, the [illegible] action of light, that if it be placed in the camera, and the light from any external object be permitted to enter the box through the lens, a correct representation of the object will be obtained As the picture, although impressed on the paper, requires to be brought out distinctly, the paper, on its removal from the camera, is washed with a mixture of the same kind as that last mentioned, after which it is washed first in distilled water, and then in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, by which means any portions of

(*Continued in page* 361).

* We give the names by which these materials are called in ordinary [illegible] as we are aware that it is difficult to obtain [illegible] in many cases. It will say, for instance, *not* [illegible] Some of the preparations have [illegible] for instance, sulphate of iron [illegible] but readers were to ask for operas they would get an *impure* sulphate of iron, which would not answer their purpose so well It would not be at all worth while to enter any account of the mode of making the preparations used in photographic experiments, as our readers will get them cheaper and purer than [illegible] respectable chemist's or optician's, whose [illegible] prepa[illegible] and sell the



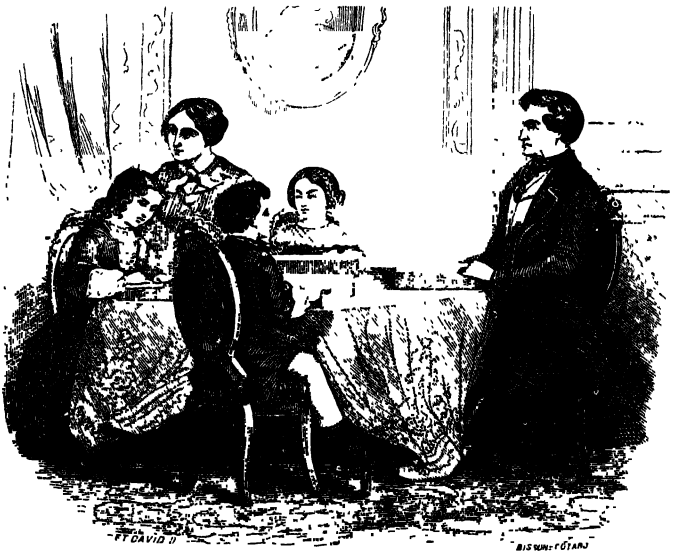
PRIMARY INSTRUCTION.

TOLOSA'S METHOD.

ALL who have anything to do with the teaching of the young, must have experienced great difficulty in fixing the attention of the pupils for any length of time on the subject before them. It requires considerable effort and long training to enable even adults to concentrate their faculties and bring them to bear upon one point; and it is well known that he who can do this readily has comparatively but little difficulty in mastering any department of knowledge. But in the young the mental as well as physical constitution being much weaker, and the resolution less powerful, the thoughts have a natural tendency to rove from point to point without dwelling long upon any. The teacher's duty is to combat, and if possible overcome this tendency.

Various plans have been devised from time to time to aid him in his task. St. Jerome, nearly fifteen hundred years ago, suggested the employment of moveable letters, made of wood or ivory, for teaching children to read. M. Tolosa has adopted his idea, and carried it out into practice, with, of course, many improvements. The use of moveable letters is, of course, nothing new in these days of printing; but he has gone further, and proposes to impart instruction by means of them, not in spelling only, but in grammar, arithmetic, geography, &c.

The case, which M. Tolosa calls the "Spelling Compositor," is at the same time a book, and a printing press on a small scale. All the letters of the alphabet, the points, Arabic numerals, &c., are distinctly inscribed on small blocks of wood, which can be fixed at pleasure in the compartments formed by parallel divisions running across a large board, or upon the divisions themselves, by means of small mortises. In this way any combinations of letters may of course be made. Our first engraving represents a school receiving instruction upon M. Tolosa's plan. The desks are placed so, that three boys may sit abreast, but of course the number may in all cases be regulated to suit circumstances. The middle place is occupied in each by a monitor, who superintends the operations of his two companions. Every boy has before him a Spelling Compositor, and the master has one of large dimensions placed in a conspicuous position against the wall of the room. He arranges the letters one by one, forming syllables and words, and the pupils perform the same process on the board before them. To do this properly, not only closely fixes



INSTRUCTION IN A FAMILY BY TOLOSA'S SYSTEM

their attention upon the words and the letters which form them, but requires a considerable amount of dexterity and promptness. The other engraving exhibits the same mode of instruction as it may be pursued in a family.

By this method, the ennui which was in a great measure inseparable from the old modes of instruction, is completely removed. The child's tact, attention, and perception, are brought into complete activity. He sees, understands, and acts. And this is not all. Everything which can instil into the infant ideas of order, of geometrical magnitude, must be productive of useful results.

If experience should justify the expectations which are formed of this system, there is no doubt that it will wonderfully simplify the process of primary instruction, and will doubtless come into extensive use all over Europe.

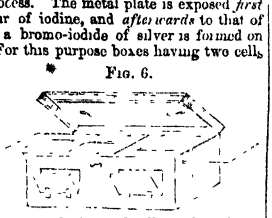
(Continuation of Photography from page 359)

the iodide of silver which have not been acted upon are removed (as their remaining would prove injurious), and the picture is now fixed, and capable of remaining unaffected by any subsequent exposure to the light. The picture thus obtained is, in fact, formed of pure silver in a very fine state of division. It is a negative representation of the object (the shades and lights reversed), from which thousands of positive pictures, or pictures resembling nature, may be taken; thus resembling the copper plate of the engraver, from whence, when once engraved, any number of pictures may be taken.

The lecturer then spoke of the method of obtaining daguerreotypes, or photographic pictures, on silvered plates of copper. As a description of this process has been given in the *Illustrated Exhibitor* we shall not say more respecting it here,

except to notice the use of bromine as an accelerating or quickening agent in the process. The metal plate is exposed *first* to the action of the vapour of iodine, and *afterwards* to that of bromine, by which means a bromo-iodide of silver is formed on the surface of the plate. For this purpose boxes having two cells or divisions are used, the one containing iodine, the other bromine, as shown in the accompanying engraving. The learned professor next explained the collodion and albumen processes, which we are particularly noticed in the *Illustrated Exhibitor* (No. 7), we, therefore, shall not dwell on them here. He then exhibited some collodion pictures, which were taken *instantaneously*, and which we found, on close inspection after the lecture, to be very superior specimens of photographic art.

Fig. 6.



There is one point which we must not forget to mention, the more so, as it will appear very strange to the *great* majority of our readers, it is the circumstance that it is not the brightest and clearest sunshine which is most favourable to photographic experiments. Mr Hunt stated, that in England the months of March, April, and May, are usually far more favourable to these operations than June, July, and August. In tropical climes, where a brilliant sun is giving the utmost degree of illumination to all surrounding objects, all photographic preparations are acted upon more slowly than in the climate of England, where the light is less intense. As a remarkable instance of this fact, a circumstance may be mentioned, which is curiously illustrative of the power of light to interfere with the actinism. A gentleman well acquainted with the daguerreotype process, took with him to the city of Mexico all the necessary apparatus and chemicals, expecting, under the bright light and [illegible] of that climate, to produce pictures of superior excellence. Failure upon failure was the result, and although every care was used, and every precaution adopted, it was not until the rainy season set in that he could secure a good daguerreotype of any of the buildings of that southern city.

When the daguerreotype was discovered, the celebrated French philosopher, Arago, expressed his regret that the scientific men who, at the time of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt, collected so much valuable information respecting that ancient country, had not been then in possession of the ready means which photography would in the present day have afforded them, of taking copies of inscriptions, pictures of ruined temples, pyramids, &c., drawn by the pencil of Nature herself. The expression of these regrets led the Government of France to send out competent persons, supplied with every photographic requisite, to effect those desirable objects, in [illegible] but also Central America, explored for the [illegible]. The result, however, was the interfering action of the clear light of the sun in these countries, that the expeditions proved almost entirely failures.

If two engravings be taken, the subjects of which it is desired to copy, by means of photography, and a piece of *yellow* glass be placed between the prepared paper and one of the engravings, and a piece of *blue* glass between the other engraving and the paper, it will be found that the copy obtained by the latter is very far superior to the other, thus proving that it is not the principle of *light* residing in the *yellow* ray, but that of *actinism*, or the chemical principle in the *blue* ray, which is the photographic agent.

The learned professor next spoke of the various modifications of the photographic art, such as the cyanotype, chrysotype, &c. In the cyanotype the paper is first moistened with solution of tartrate of iron, and afterwards with prussiate of potash, in which case a blue coloured ground is obtained. In the chrysotype a solution of tartrate of iron is also first used, and afterwards a solution chloride of gold.

The amphitype pictures obtained by Mr. Talbot were next noticed, those pictures possess the property of appearing as negative pictures, if backed with white paper, and of positive when backed with a black substance.

Mr Hunt then briefly referred to the very important applications of photography now made to the registering of magnetical, thermometrical, and barometrical observations, but it would be impossible for us to do justice to this important subject without illustrations. We shall, therefore, give in the *Illustrated Exhibitor* a full account, with illustrations, of the instruments used in the Greenwich Observatory, for this purpose. Suffice it, for the present, to state that, by means of photography, the sun is made to register correct accounts of those magnetic disturbances, which he himself produces, in relation to our earth. The height of the mercury in the barometer and thermometer, at all times of the day and night, are also accurately registered by the same means.

A TIGER HUNT.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN MUNDAY.

"At four P.M. (so late an hour that few of us expected any sport) Lord Combermere and nine others of our party, mounted elephants, and taking twenty pad elephants to beat the covert, and carry the guides and the game, proceeded towards the swamp pointed out as the lurking-place of the buffalo-devouring monster.

"The jungle was in no places very high, there being but few trees, and a fine thick covert of grass and rushes. Everything was favourable for the sport. Few of us, however, expecting to find a tiger, another man and myself dismounted from our elephants, to get a shot at a florikan, a bird of the bustard tribe, which we killed. It afterwards proved that there were two tigers within a hundred paces of the spot where we were walking. We beat for half an hour steadily in line, and I was just beginning to yawn in despair, when my elephant suddenly raised his trunk, and trumpeted several times, which my Mahout (elephant driver) informed me was a sure sign that there was a tiger somewhere 'between the wind and our nobility.' The formidable line of thirty elephants, therefore, brought up their left shoulders, and beat slowly on to windward.

"We had gone about three hundred yards in this direction, and had entered a swampy part of the jungle, when suddenly the long wished for 'Tallyho!' saluted our ears, and a shot from Capt M confirmed the sporting *eureka!* The tiger answered he shot with a loud roar, and boldly charged the line of elephants. Then occurred the most ridiculous but most provoking scene possible. Every elephant, except Lord Combermere's, (which was a known staunch one) turned tail, in spite of all the blows and imprecations heartily bestowed upon them by the mahouts. One, less expeditious in his retreat than the others, was overtaken by the tiger, and severely torn in the hind leg; while another, even more alarmed, we could distinguish flying over the plain, till he quite sunk below the horizon. The tiger, in the meanwhile, advanced to attack his lordship's elephant, but, being wounded in the loins by Capt M.'s shot, failed in his spring, and shrunk back among the rushes. My elephant was one of the first of the run-aways to return to action, and when I ran up alongside of Lord Combermere (whose heroic animal had stood like a rock), he was quite *hors du combat*, having fired all his broadside. I handed him a gun, and we poured a volley of four barrels upon the tiger, who attempting again to charge, fell from weakness. Several shots more were expended upon him before he dropped dead, upon which we gave a good hearty 'whoo! whoop!' and stowed him upon a pad elephant. As Lord Combermere had for some minutes alone sustained the attack of the tiger, a three-quarters grown male, the *spotta opima* were duly awarded to him.

"Having loaded and re-formed line, we again advanced, and after beating for half an hour, I saw the grass gently moved about one hundred yards in front of me; and soon after, a large tiger reared his head and shoulders above the jungle, as if to reconnoitre us. I tally-ho'd, and the whole line rushed forward. On arriving at the spot, two tigers broke covert, and cantered quietly across an open space of ground. Several shots were fired, one of which slightly touched the largest of them, how immediately turned round, and roaring furiously and lashing his tail, came bounding towards us; but, apparently alarmed by the formidable line of elephants, he suddenly stopped short, and turned into the jungle again, followed by us at full speed. Those who had the fastest elephants had now the best of the

sport, and when he turned to fight (which he soon did), only three of us were up. As soon as he faced about, he attempted to spring on Capt. M.'s elephant, but was stopped by a shot in the chest. Two or three more shots brought him on his knees, and the noble beast fell dead in a last attempt to charge. He was a full-grown male, and a very fine animal Near the spot where we found him, were discovered the well-picked remains of a buffalo.

"One of the sportsmen had, in the meantime, kept the smaller tiger in view, and we soon followed to the spot to which he had been marked It was a thick marshy covert of broad flag leaves, and we had to beat through it twice, and were beginning to think of giving it up as the light was waning, when Captain P's. elephant, which was lagging in the rear, suddenly uttered a shrill cry, and came rushing out of the swamp, with the tiger hanging by his teeth to the upper part of its tail! Captain P's situation was perplexing enough, his elephant making the most violent efforts to shake off his back-biting foe, and himself unable to use his gun, for fear of shooting the unfortunate Coolie, who, frightened out of his wits, was standing behind the howdah, with his feet in the crupper, within six inches of the tiger's head We soon flew to his aid, and quickly shot the tiger, who, however, did not quit his gripe until he had received eight balls, when he dropped off the poor elephant s mangled tail quite dead The elephant only survived ten days, but it was shrewdly suspected that his more mortal wounds were inflicted by some of the sportsmen who were over zealous id him of his troublesome hanger-on

'Thus in about two hours, and within sight of camp, found and slew three tigers, a piece of good fortune rarely to be met with in these modern times, when the spread of cultivation, and the zeal of English sportsmen, have almost exterminated the breed of these animals. Four other sportsmen of our pa returned to camp this evening, having been out for four days in a different direction, they only killed one tiger, but he was an immense beast, and was shot on the head of Colonel F's elephant, which he wounded severely This is considered the acme of tiger shooting' '

IMPROVEMENTS IN ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS.

A PATENT has been enrolled by Pierre Armond Lecomte de Fontainemoreau, of Finsbury and Paris, of an improvement in electric telegraphs. The invention sought to be secured consists in the application to electric telegraphic apparatus of a key-board, similar to that of a pianoforte, in conjunction with a toothed cylinder combined with a ratchet-wheel and levers, put in motion by keys or hammers, by means of which it is ely requisite to place the finger upon a series of keys, on which signs, letters or numbers are written, to effect the transmission of intelligence. The arrangements of mechanism for carrying the invention into effect are as follows.—Beneath the key-board is set a cylinder or axis, from which projects a series of radial rods, equal in number to the keys, and set in a helical line around the cylinder, for the purpose of enabling each of the rods, during the rotation of the shaft, to be stopped by a catch attached to the particular key lowered The lowering of any one of the keys is caused to take effect on a horizontal bar, also placed underneath the key-board (which is so arranged as to rise to its former position when the key is released from pressure,) which bar, in its descent, liberates a ratchet, which gears into a ratchet wheel on the rotating shaft, and thus allows the shaft (which is set in motion by clockwork) to revolve until a second rod, corresponding with the key which has been lowered, meets the stop on that key. On the lowering of another key a similar effect is produced, and the shaft is turned through an angle proportioned to the length of the arc of the helix between the two keys which successively stopped its motion; so that if the cylinder is provided with an electric interrupter which opens and closes the circuit every time one of the teeth of the rachet-wheel passes through, the effect produced will be identical with that produced by the rotation of a dial provided with as many signals as there are keys in this apparatus, but with increased advantage. The rotation of the cylinder being uniform, and regulated to the greatest speed that the efficient working of the receiving apparatus will permit, a communication once established between the receiver and transmitter continues to subsist, independently of any irregularity in touching the keys, provided time be given for the hand of the dial to run over its divisions. The clock-work for setting the cylinder in motion must be wound up from time to time, but its use may be altogether dispensed with, and spring substituted for it, on which the bar, actuated by the keys, may be caused to take effect so as to produce on the ratchet-wheel a propelling power which should slightly exceed the average force required to be exerted

LITERARY NOTICES.

WITH the present WORKING MAN'S FRIEND is issued the last number of the MONTHLY SUPPLEMENTS To a certain extent, the two volumes devoted to the "Literature of Working Men" have been well received by the general public, and, considered in reference to their influence in developing the literary talent of many who would otherwise have had no medium for the publication of their thoughts, the design may be considered to have been highly successful That the pleasant relation subsisting between the Editor and his friends, however, should in newer [illegible], it is proposed that occasional articles from working men shall be inserted in the FRIEND, and that the Premises for Ingenuity shall be continued monthly, as before, with, it is hoped, fresh vigour and more originality than ever. To this end we invite the cordial co-operation of our subscribers.—March 6th, 1851

JOHN CASSELL'S SYSTEM OF NATIONAL EDUCATION, which he proposes to establish without asking for any special Act of Parliament The only assistance he intends to seek from the Legislature is, the repeal of the iniquitous and obnoxious tax upon the medium through which he proposes to convey his system of Education to the people, namely, *Paper* On Saturday, April 5, John Cassell's System of National Education will be inaugurated by the publication of *the first number of the* POPULAR EDUCATOR, in sixteen pages of double crown quarto, price ONE PENNY The whole system will be developed through the medium of *Weekly Numbers*, one penny each, or in Monthly Parts 5d or 6d each, according to the number of weeks in each month This System of National Education will include English Grammar, French, German, and Latin, Mathematics, Geometry Arithmetic, and Algebra, Astronomy, Geography, Geology, Natural History, Botany, Physiology, Chemistry Mechanics, History, Biography, Political Economy, Music, &c &c Every section of the system will be explained in the most where it is necessary, illustrated with suitable diagrams The whole will be written in a style sufficiently familiar to be perfectly understood by any child or youth who has merely learned to read, and which will at the same time interest and instruct both parents and children, and tend to promote universal education upon sound principles, and by an expeditious method Teachers and writers of first rate attainments are engaged to develop John Cassell's system of National Education, under the editorship of Professor WALLACE, A.M., of the University of Glasgow, Collegiate at the University of London, and author of various popular and works THE POPULAR EDUCATOR can be ordered through any bookseller

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SANDWICH ISLANDS.

EXTRACT FROM THE NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.

The view of the shore from the anchorage was charming. Toward the south, as far as the eye could reach, a verdant plain was spread out before me, whose shores were washed by the ocean; and to the north-west the land rose gradually toward the interior, until far inland the snow-capped summits of Mounaloa and Mounakea reached an elevation of nearly sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Along the shore the cocoa-nut tree waved its feathery branches to the refreshing trade-wind, and the thatched roofs of the village of Hilo peeped here and there from among the deep foliage in which they were imbedded, while just beyond the landscape was occasionally studded with fields of the coffee-plant and waving sugar-cane.

I landed upon the beach opposite the town, in the mouth of a beautiful little stream, called Waia-loa, which, rising a short distance from the coast, supplies the royal fish-ponds, and then empties into the bay. No sooner had I set foot on shore, than I was surrounded by a crowd of natives, some of whom were leading very good-looking horses, which they pressed me to hire. I declined the offers of several, who, in half-English, half-Kanaka, asked me to give their steeds a trial. Some of my companions, however, who were desirous of testing their mettle, mounted forthwith, and set out toward the village at full speed. But they did not go far before they found their beasts were given to the vile practices of stumbling, shying, and balking, several were thrown before they had advanced more than a few hundred yards, but their fall being upon the sandy beach, they escaped without injury.

I was much diverted with the costumes of the natives who followed me in my walk. Some were entirely naked, with the exception of the "maro;" some had on only a shirt, or a piece of tapa cloth, covering the back and breast, and extending down as far as the knees; others a jacket or straw hat as the sole article of dress. Proceeding along the beach, I soon arrived at the mouth of another little stream, called Wai-Kama, which I crossed in a canoe that was very civilly offered to me by one of the natives; after which, a short walk brought me to the edge of the village.

Hilo contains about eight or nine hundred inhabitants, but as the houses are much scattered and surrounded by a dense tropical vegetation, the dwellings, for the most part, are hidden from the view entirely, or their thatched roofs only are seen peeping up from their verdant nests. This peculiarity, together with the quietude that reigns around, gives a rural air to the place, which is quite inviting to one who has been long subjected to the confinement and monotony of a life on board ship. Indeed, the waving branches of the trees, and the rustling of the green leaves, stirred by the refreshing sea-breeze, together with the perfume of sweet-scented flowers that filled the air, produced in me sensations indescribably pleasing—sensations that no one can realise who has not been long sent abirom these natural companions of man's existence.

Strolling through the village and surrounding country, I passed many very pleasant days in visiting the habitations of the natives, and witnessing their primitive mode of life. Their houses are constructed after a very simple method. A square spot is cleared and marked out of the size requisite for the building; then rough posts, formed out of saplings, are placed in the ground, a short distance from each other around this, and upon the top of these, rafters are secured. The frame as it thus stands is then thatched with the leaf of the pandanus-tree, the sugar-cane, and fern. The cane and fern are used for the roof, and the pandanus-leaf for the sides. A door in front, and one in the rear, afford light and air to the occupants, the purely native-houses having no windows. One-third of the interior is occupied by a rough staging, about a foot and a half high, covered with several layers of mats, and screened off by a curtain of tapa cloth, or calico. This is the common bed for the whole family.

Their household utensils are as simple as their houses. Calabashes of different shapes and sizes supply the place of iron and crockery-ware, so that their tubs, bowls, pitchers, plates, &c., may be said to grow upon the same vine. They require no utensils for their simple cookery, for this is prepared by a baking process under heated stones. The principal articles of their diet consist of fish and the root of the taro. The first, before cooking, is enveloped in several layers of large leaves, well secured at each end; and the last is simply baked and eaten as the potato, or, after baking, is mashed up, kneaded out, and mixed with water, in a large calabash, until it becomes of the consistency of mush. In this state it is called "Poi," and is the national dish of the country.

To see the avidity with which this is consumed, one would suppose it to be the most palatable food in existence. It was quite diverting to behold a half-dozen or a dozen natives gathered round a large calabash of this article, and to witness with what surprising rapidity each one in his turn would dip two fingers of the right hand into the vessel, and convey a large portion to his mouth, which was held wide open for its reception. To give a zest to this repast, a little salt fish, or salt water, is usually at hand, of which each occasionally partakes.

Wherever I went I was greeted with smiling faces, and received the national salutation of "Aloha," or welcome, and I scarcely ever remember to have passed a house without having been invited to enter. I almost invariably found the family to be very numerous, in proportion to the size of the domicile. They were generally quite unoccupied, some lolling about the mat floor, others fast asleep under a piece of tapa cloth. As soon as I was seated, the female part of the household, with the natural curiosity of the sex, usually approached to scrutinize the dress and appearance of the "Kaihouri," or stranger. They would examine me from head to foot with the utmost particularity, every now and then exclaiming, "Maiki!" pretty, when they noticed anything which met with their approbation.

The young girls, though a little dark, were often quite handsome, and usually very interesting. Their glossy raven hair, falling unconfined upon the shoulders, and frequently curling in natural ringlets; their dark lustrous eyes, as soft as a gazelle's, and full of expression, their teeth of matchless whiteness and regularity, embellished faces that appeared only to know how to smile. And the villanous dress which civilisation has placed upon their backs, consisting of a single loose gown, unconfined at the waist, could not altogether hide their fine figures and well turned limbs, which they appeared very fond of displaying to the best advantage. But the charms of these island beauties last only for a short period; a few years after puberty, the sylph-like form of the girl changes to the gross *embonpoint* of the woman, and the features become coarse and masculine.

Indolence appears to be the besetting sin of the natives. Their wants being few, they have no motive for exertion, and hence the greater part of their time is passed in listless idleness. And not until their wants, either real or artificial, are more numerous, and it requires exertion to satisfy them, will civilisation make much progress, and intelligence be propagated to any extent among these islanders; for labour appears to be the natural stimulus to the energies of man—the first link, as it were, in the chain which advances him in the scale of being.

At the edge of the village is the beautiful little river Wai-Rouka, which, descending rapidly over its rocky bed, through wild and picturesque mountain-passes, forms two beautiful cascades just before it empties itself into the ocean. The stream above and below these cascades is the common bathing-place for the whole village. From early dawn until evening, it is thronged with swimmers of both sexes, and of all ages and sizes, some of whom are seen sporting like so many porpoises in their natural element, some diving from cliffs twenty or thirty feet high, while others are reclining upon the rocks and basking themselves in the broiling-hot sun.

But the greatest diversion here, especially among the young girls, was to plunge into the stream above, and allow themselves to be swept down by the rapids over the cascade. Whether this preference was caused by a species of savage coquetry, arising from a desire to display their sylph-like forms to the best advantage, I will not pretend to say; but certainly these island beauties, as free from the incumbrance of dress as was their mother Eve before the fall, appeared to be highly pleased when they attracted particular attention.

I often passed an idle hour sitting upon the banks of Wai-Rouka, witnessing the graceful movements of these Naiads,

as they fearlessly sprang into the stream, were swept down over the rocks by the boiling rapids with the speed of a race-horse, until arriving at the edge of the cascade they were launched off into the white foam; then plunged into the calm deep basin below, and, still visible, sank down, down through the crystal waters, until suddenly rising again to the surface, they shook the diamond shower from their flowing tresses, swam toward the the precipitous rocky walls that shut in the stream on each side, nimbly clambered up their side, and joyously returned to perform the same feat over again.

Wai-Rouka, arising in the snow-capped summit of Mounakea, is beautifully picturesque along its whole length. Gathering volume as it descends in its rapid course toward the lowlands, it is seen rushing through deep ravines, boiling over rocky beds, spreading out into placid basins, and tumbling over huge precipices, until it empties itself into the ocean. Its most celebrated fall, 'Ka-wai-anue-nue,' or the Rainbow-Cascade, so called from the numerous rainbows formed in its spray, is about two miles from the village. Here two broad sheets of water, separated a few feet by a verdant knoll, tumble over a precipice of one hundred feet, and joining quickly in their descent, spread out into one sheet of silvery foam, which falls into a calm basin below, surrounded by lofty banks which are covered by the rudest and most luxuriant vegetation. From this elevated spot there is a fine view of the village and bay, as well as of three extinct craters, just back of the former, which are now clothed in verdure, and present the appearance of three regularly-formed colossal mounds, placed in a row.

The ancient custom of eating raw fish is still continued in this island; nor is it confined only to the lower class of people. I had an opportunity of being an eye-witness to this, for while strolling out one evening a short distance from the village, I was caught in a heavy shower of rain, and took refuge in a chief's house, near at hand. Here I found a party consisting of about twenty individuals, squatted upon the mat floor, and feasting upon raw shrimp and 'poi,' which was served up in calabashes, as is the usual custom. As I entered the house, the governor of the island was about taking leave, doubtless well filled with the delicious repast. Dogs are also eaten, and considered a great delicacy.

During my stay I was invited to a dinner, after the native fashion, given by Mr. P——, an American, who has resided for many years upon this island, and whose kindness to strangers is only equalled by his hospitality. The dinner was given at his country-house, a few miles from the village, and was served up under the umbrageous boughs of a grove of bread-fruit trees. Every article was prepared *a la* 'Kanaka,' that is, first enveloped in leaves, and then baked among heated stones, covered up with earth. Our fare consisted of fish, pig, chickens, turkeys, etc., etc.; but the most curious dish of all was a baked dog! No vulgar cur, I assure the reader, but of a species peculiar to the island, which are reared with the delicacy of an infant, and fed upon 'poi,' until considered in good condition for eating. I must say that the idea of eating dog was somewhat revolting to me at first, but seeing others partake with great relish, my curiosity got the better of my stomach, and as I thought in all probability it might be the only opportunity I would ever have of tasting such a delicacy, I soon had a goodly slice smoking on my plate. 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte,' for I soon found doggy very tender, very juicy, and most delightfully cooked.

Before closing my remarks on Hawaii, I cannot refrain from mentioning the names of the Rev. Mr. Coan and the Rev. Mr. Lyman, American missionaries, from whom I, as well as my associates, received the kindest attention during our stay. It was a beautiful sight to behold these voluntary exiles from their native land, far removed from the turmoil of the busy world, its vanity and ambition, devoting themselves body and mind to the spreading of the religion of the cross among these poor islanders. Although their abodes were humble, they were nevertheless the scene of contentment and happiness. Their wives share with them their exile, and lighten the dull monotony of their changeless life, and smiling children are rising up around them, who perhaps in some future day will be ready to carry out the good work their fathers have commenced. Mr. Coan is the pastor of Hilo, and has likewise several parishes in the interior under his charge, all of which he visits at stated periods, performing the journey on foot, which is not a light task in this climate.

Mr. Lyman devotes his attention principally to a native school, where about fifty boys are instructed in the usual branches of a common education, and are taught to relinquish their old habits, and conform to the usages of civilized life. The latter circumstance is calculated to be of more benefit to the cause of civilization than at first might be supposed. Constrained by example and precept at an early age to conform to the customs and usages of enlightened nations, these youths form habits which are carried with them when they have finished their studies, and return to their homes, in different parts of the island, where they become nuclei of light to those around them, diffusing their knowledge more or less according to the influence they are capable of exerting in their spheres.

The day appointed for our departure from Hilo having arrived, we were all obliged to be on board at an early hour, and our ship was immediately placed under sailing orders, which in a man-of-war completely severs all communication with the shore. The wind, however, did not prove favourable on that day for clearing the mouth of the harbour, at the entrance of which is a large shoal. The day after it still continued in the same quarter, and for seven successive days thereafter we were obliged to do penance on board ship, in sight of the charming scenes where we had been revelling for several weeks.

Some of the gentler sex took pity on our imprisonment, and swam off to pay us a visit of condolence. As they were not permitted to come on board, they played around us for several hours, delighting the crew with their easy and graceful movements through the water, and the dexterity which they showed in diving for buttons or pieces of money. If any article was thrown overboard, they darted after it with such rapidity that they always got beneath it in its descent through the water, and invariably caught it in their two hands, held out close together for its reception. Some time afterwards I learned that when these poor girls returned on shore they were arrested and imprisoned in the calaboose. Their kindheartedness toward the 'Karhouries' had induced them to break one of Kamehameha's laws, which prohibits women from visiting ships, unless by special permission from the authorities.

On the eighth day of our detention, the wind came out fair, and at seven o'clock in the evening we lifted our anchor, and stood for Lahaina, island of Maui. All the following day we skirted along the north-eastern coast of Hawaii, near enough to have a fine view of its picturesque scenery, embellished with numerous silvery cascades, foaming over its precipitous cliffs, and tumbling into the ocean. Many of these cascades had a fall of several hundred feet, and one of them, which possessed the greatest volume of water, was judged to be at least eight hundred feet in height.

On the morning of the second day after our departure, we entered the 'Pailola' passage, between the islands of Maui and Molakai, and at meridian came to anchor off the town of Lahaina, which is upon the first-named island. Lahaina, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, is situated at the foot of a range of mountains, which, rising gradually from south to north, reach an elevation of six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The northern part of the range is broken by gorges of several hundred feet in depth, with nearly perpendicular walls. These mountains are quite destitute of vegetation, and if they were not in some measure relieved by the verdure of the gardens in the town, and the cocoa groves along the shore, the place would present a truly desolate appearance. I was only enabled to take a glimpse at Lahaina, for our stay was so short that I could make but one trip to the shore.

I visited the royal palace, the residence of his Hawaiian Majesty before the removal of the court to Honolulu. This is an extensive building, in the form of a parallelogram, surrounded with balconies, and constructed out of a species of coral rock, a very handsome and durable building material. The American mission church also attracted my attention. This is beautifully situated on the border of the royal fish-pond, across which on one side through a lofty cocoa-nut grove,

American, that it occurred to me that it [illegible] it could be wafted over sea and land, and set down in one of

our country villages, no one would be able to tell it from a *bona-fide* Yankee meeting-house.

Lahaina is a great resort for whalers at certain seasons of the year, for the purpose of refreshment. Vegetables are quite abundant, and the Irish potato is cultivated in great perfection on the highlands of this island. The latter is of the greatest service to the whaler in his long voyages, for while his potatoes hold out he has no fear of the scurvy.

Leaving Lahaina at an early hour in the afternoon, on the morning of the next day we came to anchor off Honolulu. This town is situated on a plain about nine miles in length, composed of alluvial soil resting upon a stratum of lava. At the back of the town, and about two miles from the beach, runs a chain of lofty mountains, broken at one part by a deep gorge called the valley of Nuannu.

The whole face of the country shows the effect of volcanic agency; and although no living volcanoes have existed on this island since the memory of man, several extinct craters are still visible. Among these, Punchbowl Hill, at the back of the town, upon the summit of which a small fort is erected, and Diamond Hill to the eastward, are the most striking, as they still retain all the characteristics of living craters, so far as their form is concerned.

Honolulu has about nine thousand inhabitants, among whom there are about seven hundred foreign residents, principally English and American. The houses of the foreigners are mostly built of wood, some few, however, are constructed of coral rock, which is procured from a shoal at the entrance of the harbour. This building material has come into use within a few years, and is now used for all substantial edifices, such as stores, warehouses, and public buildings. The native population use the grass house, as in Hilo, but with many additions and improvements, borrowed from the whites.

The principal hotel in the place having no accommodations for lodging, I was obliged to rent a native house during my stay. I found this kind of domicile exceedingly cool and agreeable in that warm climate, for the thatched walls did not altogether prevent the air from circulating through the apartment, and in the stillness of the night the music of the breeze sighing through the thatched walls sounded pleasantly to the ear.

My next-door neighbour, with whom I soon formed an acquaintance, was a colonel in Kamehameha the Third's army. For a gentleman occupying so high a station, he led a somewhat singular life. His principal occupation was to sit at his door, squatted upon a mat, with nothing on save a loose robe of yellow pongee silk, until toward evening, when he would retire for a short time to the house, and reappear arrayed in a civilised garb, mount his horse, and gallop off on a ride. Upon his return, coat, pantaloons, shirt, shoes, stockings, &c., &c., were immediately laid aside for the yellow silk robe, and he would again resume his seat at the door until it was time to retire for the night. During my stay I did not observe that he varied this monotonous mode of life in the least, with the exception, perhaps, that once or twice he preferred to take his seat for a few hours under a tree near his house, instead of at the door, which was his favourite position.

The European and American society here is excellent. The stranger is received with the open arms of hospitality, and treated with the utmost kindness and attention during his stay. Dinner parties, evening parties, and pic-nics, fill up every idle hour.

Riding is a very favourite amusement among the ladies, and scarcely an afternoon passes but you can see several equestrian troops sallying forth to enjoy a gallop in the country. The Pali is the favourite ride, and if the stranger has a fair "cicerone" for his companion, this will probably be the first place he visits. Leaving the town, in a few moments he enters the lovely valley of Nuannu, blooming with the freshness of spring, and shut in on either side by lofty and precipitous mountain walls. Nuannu is formed by a break in the chain of mountains running parallel with the coast, and is about half a mile wide at its entrance, and seven miles long, passing transversely from the southern to the northern side of the chain, and contracting gradually until it terminates abruptly in a precipice of more than a thousand feet in depth.

The view from this spot is truly sublime. Above on either side tower the peaks of the mountain to an elevation of fifteen hundred feet, and far, far below, the eye rests upon a verdant plain, whose shores are washed by the ocean. The beholder might dwell for hours upon this scene with increasing delight, were it not for the strong wind that rushes through the narrow pass, with almost sufficient force to knock one down. The Pali, independently of its scenery, is celebrated as having been the scene of an awful tragedy in 1795.

Kamehameha of Hawaii, subsequently Kamehameha the First, surprised Kalamikupule, king of this island, and his followers, near the entrance of the valley, made a charge upon them, and drove them toward its termination. Kalamikupule and many of his party were slain, and the remainder, rather than surrender to the enemy, threw themselves off the precipice and were dashed to pieces below. This action was the decisive blow which placed Kamehameha in possession of the whole group of islands, which afterward in honour of him took the name of Hawaiian.

Scarcely a party makes a visit to the Pali without encountering one or two showers by the way, for the clouds hanging over the summits of the mountain peaks disperse their forces to the valley very frequently during the day. But these showers are so light and so much a matter of course to the residents of the place, that they appear to be rather a source of enjoyment than inconvenience, for they freshen the air, lay the dust, and produce a succession of the most brilliant rainbows I have ever beheld.

Equestrian exercise is a very favourite amusement of the inhabitants of this island, both male and female. Saturday is the great riding day, when every available horse in the town is brought into requisition. The riding-dress of the females is exceedingly picturesque: it consists of one of those bewitching little Panama hats, tastefully trimmed with ribbons and flowers, and jauntily set on one side of the head, a gay-coloured dress, and long scarlet cloth used as a skirt, which is wound round the waist and falls down in graceful folds so as to conceal the feet. They ride astraddle, sit their horses exceedingly well, and appear to be perfectly fearless from the manner in which they dash along. The favourite ride is over a level road to the eastward of the town, and from four o'clock in the afternoon until sundown, this is thronged with parties numbering from fifteen to twenty, cha[illegible]ging in the most break-neck style imaginable.

His Majesty Kamehameha the Third being absent on a visit to [illegible] Island, his consort, Queen Kalama, honoured our ship with a visit. As she came alongside, the yards were manned, and in a few moments after her reception on deck a royal salute was fired. The queen, at the time of her marriage, is said to have been the handsomest woman in the Hawaiian group, and she is even yet a remarkably fine-looking person. She was dressed in the European fashion, and her toilet, without being gaudy, was exceedingly elegant, and arranged with much taste. Her suite consisted of John Young, premier, a tall and remarkably fine-looking young man; Kehuanoa, governor of Oahu; Paki, chamberlain, a man of colossal stature, all of whom were in full-dress military uniforms; also R. C. Wyllie, minister of foreign relations, a Scotchman by birth, and Mrs Judd, wife of Dr. Judd, [illegible] Many of the principal people of the place, both natives and foreigners, visited the ship on this occasion, and the deck presented quite a gay scene.

After her majesty had made the tour of the ship, she was invited to partake of a handsome collation, and soon after the band struck up a quadrille, and the quarter-deck was brought into requisition as a "salle de dance."

In about two hours her majesty took leave, apparently highly delighted with her visit, and soon after the remainder of the company followed her example.

Almost every writer who has visited these islands has given some account of the American missionary establishment. Unhappily, their remarks have often savoured of harshness, and blame has been bestowed where praise was justly due. It is not my intention here to go over a field so thoroughly gleaned by others, for my visit to the islands was too limited, and my time too much engrossed by other matters, to look into the subject deeply. I would remark, however, that although extraordinary success may not have crowned the labours of the missionaries here, their success has been as great, if not greater, than it has been in other parts of the world. The difficulties they have to encounter are manifold; and one of the greatest of these, in my opinion, is the bad example shown to the islanders by the depraved population which commerce and adventure are constantly bringing to their shores.

MISCELLANEA.

DISTRIBUTION OF SEEDS.—Perhaps no part of the economy of nature is more wonderful than the provident care evinced in the preservation of seeds against the destructive influences with which they are likely to come into contact. The provision for their distribution is scarcely less admirable.—"Not only are the winds and the waters and animals put in requisition and unconsciously employed in the operation of sowing and planting, but the seeds themselves are endowed, in many cases, with certain mechanical properties which aid their dispersion. Thus, the awn of an ear of barley is so sensible to moisture, that it lengthens in damp, and shortens in dry weather, and by this alternate extension and contraction, aided by the short and thick-set prickles by which it is serried, it will, in the course of a few mornings, drag away the seed to which it is attached to some distance from its present stalk. Thus, again, the seeds of the thistle and dandelion have a species of downy wings attached to them, by means of which they float through the air, and are carried by the wind to great lengths. And thus, too, the pods of the broom and furze are furnished with an elastic spring, which, on being acted on by the head, forcibly ejects the seed, and with a considerable report to a distance from the spot. 'Who,' says Sir J. E. Smith, 'has not listened, in a calm and sunny day, to the cracking of furze-bushes, caused by the explosion of those little elastic pods, or watched the [illegible] of innumerable seeds floating on the summer breeze, till they are overtaken by a shower, which, moistening their wings, stops them further flight, and at the same time accomplishes its final purpose by immediately promoting the germination of [illegible] beneath? How little are children aware as they blow away the seeds of the dandelion, or stick burs in spite upon each other's clothes, that they are fulfilling one of the great ends in nature. Even man himself serves to waft the larger kinds of seeds from their native soil to far distant shores. While many cases, also, plants drop and disperse their [illegible] weather only which is just the kind of weather most favourable to its success for the seed, according to the farmer's adage, 'loves a dry bed'—there are some plants, natives of arid deserts, which act according to a different economy. Thus the cup of one plant of the desert has springs to close in dry weather, and to open only in the coming of moisture. Thus, also, the seed-vessel of the rose of Jericho is rolled by the winds along the wilderness until it meets with a moist spot, and then, and not till then, it opens and parts with its seed. How wonderful is all this arrangement and contrivance! Here is not the footprint of blind chance, but the finger of God."

A million of blades of grass makes a meadow, and millions of grains of sand make a mountain, the ocean is made up of drops of water, and life of minutes.

DO IT AND BE DONE WITH IT.—There is a very sensible German custom—concentrating the coughing and nose-blowing during the service-time at church. The clergyman stops at different periods of his discourse, stops back from the pulpit, stands and blows his nose. The entire congregation imitate his example, and disturb the service at no other time.

THE LABOURS OF A CONSCIENTIOUS M.P.—In the "Life of Edward Baines," late M.P. for Leeds, occurs the following report of a week's occupation, which will afford some idea of what an honourable member must undergo who conscientiously intends to do his duty to his constituents—a duty which obliges him to read all the blue books, and hear all the argum[illegible] submitted to his attention.—*Monday*. Ro[illegible] at six, much refreshed by two successive good nights' rest. Read parliamentary papers and reports till eight, from the hour of post till half-past eleven, corresponded with constituents [illegible] tended the House to present petitions, but standing low on the ballot-list, had not been called when the House adjourned at thr[illegible] mittees till four. Ho[illegible] lebate continued till nearly m[illegible], real business then began, continued till three in the morning, when the House adjourned. Walked home by morning twilight, pined a little after domestic comfort, soon forgot all cares, public and private, in sleep.—*Tuesday*. Rose at seven, read over petitions to be printed that day, [illegible] correspondence after the arrival of the post with ten letters. Attended the House at half-past eleven. In luck- name drawn out of the jar early—got on petitions afterwards attended committee till three. House resumed at five, sat till two o'clock next morning.—*Wednesday*. Rose at seven, attended to correspondence till twelve, walked till two, applied at [illegible] respecting the repeal of duties, and at the War-office for a soldier's discharge. Attended the House at five, sat till half past eleven.—*Thursday*. Rose at half-past six, resumed perusal of Poor-law reports—quite overwhelming. (A bill should be introduced to enable members to read and think by steam power.) Attended the morning [illegible] from [illegible] to five, committees. The House [illegible] sat till half-past one o'clock in the morning.—*Friday*. Resumed perusal of documents at eight, attended committee from twelve to four. The House sat at five, continued the sitting till three the next morning. A great deal of business done after midnight.—*Saturday*. Pretended [illegible] morning papers of course, [illegible] in taking exercise, and in reading and pondering over the copious parliamentary bill of fare for the next week.

A PARALLEL.—'About half a century ago,' says Sir J. B. Head, in his "Faggot of French Sticks,' there lived in a country village in England as maid-servant, a pleasing-looking young woman, of such delicate sensibilities, that, to use her own expression, 'she couldn't abear to see a [illegible] killed.' She married the butcher. At about the same period Napoleon, who cared no more for the effusion of human blood than the stormy petrel cares for the salt spray of the Atlantic Ocean, determined, from similar sensibilities, to cleanse Paris from the blood of bullocks, sheep, pigs, and quadrupeds of all sorts, by suppressing every description of slaughter-house within the city, and by constructing in lieu thereof, beyond the walls, four great public *abbatoirs*, besides smaller places of execution for pigs, and also for horses.

VISIBLE ROTATION OF THE EARTH.—Exceedingly interesting are the new experiments about the earth's rotation but it is said that a little more brandy in your water than usual will cause the rotation of the earth to be distinctly visible.

SYRIAN HOSPITALITY.—The Hon. F. Walpole, in his "Travels in the East," gives many illustrations of the national hospitality of the Arab tribes.—"Among the good qualities of the Arab," says he, "which name I apply to all the inhabitants of Arabistan, hospitality is universal, all may come, eat and drink, and be welcome. This is everywhere the case, of such as they have, all, even the lowest, are not invited, but have a right to partake. A poor man starts on a long journey, he takes a little bread in his breast, in the evening he arrives at a village. He is fed with what they have, he lodges as they lodge—in any house he chooses to enter. On the morrow he goes his way, with a fresh store of bread for the day's use. This is a fine quality, and one to which we must allow its due merit. The Scriptures relate of men of the town inviting to their houses the stranger they found lying in the gate or in the street. Such with us would be a strange case, not so in the East, where it would be but natural. During my stay at Latakia, where I resided four or five months, it was my endeavour in all things to live as a native, which I did by letting everything take its course. A stranger would come and pass a night, his donkey or horse was tethered in the yard, he sat, related stories, told the news of the place, and slept on the mats in the public reception room. In the morning, before daylight, he was on his way. The Ansayrii villagers would do the same, but these all considered themselves especially belonging

ARSENIC EATERS.—A letter from Vienna contains the following singular statement.—"A poisoning case at Csilli has given rise to the publication of some interesting facts respecting the arsenic eaters of Lower Austria and Styria. In both these provinces it appears to be a custom among the peasantry to consume every morning a small portion of the deadly poison in the same manner as the eastern world consumes opium. Dr. Tschudi, the well-known traveller, publishes an account of several cases which have come to his knowledge. The habit does not seem to be so pernicious in its results as that of opium eating. It is commenced by taking a very small [illegible] half a grain, every morning, which is gradually increased to two or three grains. The case of a hale old farmer is mentioned, whose morning whet of arsenic reached the incredible quantity of four grains. The effect it produces is very curious. The arsenic eaters grow fat and ruddy—so much so, that the practice is adopted by lovers of both sexes, in order to please their sweethearts. It relieves the lungs and head very much, also, when mounting [illegible] hills and entering into a more rarefied atmosphere."

THE CHINESE BARBARIANS.—Every boy in England is taught to believe that the Chinese consider him a little "barbarian." The belief may be said to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength. They who go to Canton go out with that impression—they who return bring it back. The term usually exasperates the man to whom it is addressed. More than once it has provoked active hostility. Mr. P. P. Thoms, however, contends that the whole thing is a mistake—that the Chinese describe us by no such word. He declares that the word *man*, which Gutzlaff and Morrison translate "barbarian," means simply "southern merchant."

ATLANTIC SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—There seems nothing really impracticable in such an undertaking. We have been assured that the same two gentlemen who first suggested and commenced this enterprise have expressed to some of our eminent engineers and capitalists their conviction of the feasibility of establishing a single line of communication between this country and America for a less sum than was paid for making a single mile of the expensive portion of the Great Western Railway. The proposition was first to extend it to Ireland—thence to the south-west coast, the nearest point for the American continent, and where the bold rocky coast offers depths that secure its safety from anchors, and thence to the nearest point on the American coast, considerably under 2,000 miles. Choosing the months of summer, and an experienced American and English captain, accustomed to the track, such a line, it was averred, might with very simple machinery be paid out night and day, with perfect safety, at the ordinary speed of the steamer. The vast importance of such an object is not to be weighed against a sum of £100,000, which, we are assured, would more than accomplish it if a single wire were only to be employed. The successful completion of one line would of course be speedily followed by that of others. This once accomplished, the extension of the line across the American continent to the Pacific would follow certainly, and we should have the astounding fact of a communication from the shores of the Pacific, crossing America and the Atlantic, and touching our shores in ...astant of time.

GEORGE WHITFIELD.—Of Englsh preachers Whitfield was by fa the first Many have surpassed him as sermonmakers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator His influence was the same, whether addressing the most learned or the rudest auditory Garrick used to weep and tremble at his bursts of and even the cold Hume said he was worth walking twenty miles to hear But the greatest proof of his power is, that he could gather and keep around in awed silence the whole rabble of Bartholomew Fair. For a time in England he was decried and abused, caricatured by Hogarth, and ridiculed by Foote, but he soon lived down such hostility, by the nobility and blamelessness of his character, as well as by the wonderful effect of his eloquence and zeal. Since Cowper's worthy panegyric of him, as has been the case with Bunyan also, men of taste and learning have forborne to speak of the great Methodist preacher otherwise than with admiration and praise.

EQUALITY.—"Lor, sir, them as torks about hequality don't no nothing about it," said the driver. "Spose we were al equal at this here minute—why, we should be jest like old Rhodes's cows a grazing, why, we should all on us get a good feed, and jest as we'd done, some precious thief or other would quietly drop in and milk us!"

HISTORY OF THE PENNY.—According to Camden and Spelman, the ancient English penny was the first silver coin struck in England, and the only one current among our Saxon ancestors. In the time of Ethelred, it was equal in weight to threepence. Till the time of King Edward I the penny was so deeply indented that it might easily be broken, and parted, on occasion, into two parts—these were called half-pence, or into four—these were called fourthings, or farthings.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDWIN PLANT and others wish to know from what source they can obtain the best information relative to New Zealand and other fields of emigration. We shall shortly publish a little work which will contain the information required.

G. W. wishes to be informed whether an apprentice is free to leave his master when he has arrived at 21 years of age This is rather a nice question Apprenticeship being a mutual contract between a master and an infant (in law this word signifies a person under 21), it appears to us, though we have no legal authority for our opinion, that such agreement is no longer binding after the apprentice has arrived at his majority. If the *man*, however, acquiesce tacitly in the act of the *infant*, he cannot afterwards withdraw from the contract till the period of his apprenticeship has expired. Indentures are determinable by the consent of all parties, and by the bankruptcy or death of the master; but not where the widow carries on the business.

The master may chastise, but cannot discharge his apprentice without the consent of the latter. If an apprentice, whose premium does not exceed £10, run away from his master, he may be compelled (20 Geo. II, c. 19), to serve beyond his term for the time he absented himself, or make suitable satisfaction, or be imprisoned for six months Apprenticeship in England is usually for seven years, in Scotland and Ireland five or three years is considered sufficient to teach a lad the most difficult trades.

All genuine cocoa is dietetic, but the kind that suits some constitutions is not fitted fo... the nibs, crush them with a rolling other ...ner for six or eight hours.

... wrought at farm work, and wishes to obtain a situation in or about a printing office He would stand but a poor chance, as the printers are very jealous of the introduction of any who have not served an apprenticeship to the trade In the large establi... London they would not work with a "non unionist." We do not know the origin of th... ...se of Sinclair

A READER is informed that in the First Volum... of the ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR there are n... wer than a dozen views of the Crystal Palace

J. D. S is desirous of procuring a work on th... art of Letter Writing, with a number of form... or writing to relations, friends, &c &c Now... J. D. S writes a very sensible letter

should advise him and ... good style, to read attentively ... as the Rambler, Spectator, Ch... Letters to his Son, and the Correspondence Pope and his friends Proper study of the would enable him to write with ease and pe... propriety. If, however, he wishes to be informe... s to the proper way of addressing letters ... trangers, &c, he may buy a "Complete Lett... Writer" for a shilling The best of such book... s now publishing by Charles Knight.

... ...'s stomach is out of order, or he woul... not feel the symptom ... describes. He ha... better apply to a physician

J. W is informed that we shall shortly pub... lish a serial work, devoted to Grammar, Geo... graphy, History, and the essentials of a good ... cation.

P. P.—The celebrated discovery, by Oe... ...t a magnetic or compass needle may, throug... agency of a voltaic current, be invested wit... artificial polarity, gave rise to the electr... Telegraph of Professor Wheatstone and M... Cooke, who patented their first invention in 183... The first telegraphic line on which the electri... ire was laid was the Blackwall Railway, th... econd from London to West Drayton, and th... ard from London to Portsmouth. In Germany, ... the same year, Dr Steinheil constructed an ... lectric telegraph between Munich and Bogen... ausen, in America also in 1837, Professor Mors... nted an instrument capable of ... ain results on paper by means of electricity ... ...ame various improvements being afterwards mad... on the telegraph between Baltimore and Philade... phia was the result. In 1837, Mr. Davy, of Lon... don, obtained a patent for an electric telegraph in 1840, Professor Wheatstone patented his elec... tro-magnetic telegraph; in the same year, M... Bain patented a clock set in motion by elec... tricity, and in 1842 propounded his plan fo... working telegraphs, in 1843, Mr. Cooke specifie... his patent for the mode of insulating the electri... wires by suspending them in the air upon posts ... ...t boards of wood or iron; and in 1846, th... Telegraph

...hich the last improvements in the science ... e been adopted. A modification of Messrs. ...eatstone and Cooke's telegraph is used on ...rly all British lines of railway, except the ...reat Western

W. W.—We should imagine there would be no ...ifficulty in the case. In London it is quite ...ommon.

A WORKING MAN cannot get into the Excise ... any other government employment without the interest of members of Parliament or other influential persons. Persons under 30 are eligible.

We really cannot undertake to interpret ...reams.

BUDA.—The battle of Waterloo was fought on ... 18th of June, 1815. The question as to "What ...onstitutes a man?" is one which would occupy a ...age, at least, to answer.

ELLEN, who thinks that ladies are not so ...industrious as they used to be, may glean someth...ing from the following. A lady of Cambridge ...ook the trouble to count the number of stitches ...he put in her husband's shirt. Here they are ...stitching the collar, four rows, 3,000; sewing the ...nds, 500; sewing on the collar and gathering to ...he neck, 1,204; button holes and sewing on ...buttons, 150, stitching wristbands, 1,228, sewing ...the ends, 64; button holes, 148, hemming the ...slits, 264; making the front, with the holes for ...the studs, 4,653; gathering the sleeves, 810; ...setting on wristbands, 1,464, stitching shoulder ...straps, three rows each, 1,980; hemming the ...neck, 390; sewing the sleeves, 2,564; setting in ...sleeves and gussets, 3,050, taping the sleeves, ...526; sewing the seams, 1,818; setting side ...gussets, 424, hemming the bottom, 1,104, in all ...no fewer than 26,299 stitches in a plain shirt.

J. B—Apply to the Colonial Office. A letter addressed to the secretary will elicit the infor...mation you require.

J. C—Cleaning an oil picture is rather a ticklish job," and in taking off the varnish you may also take off the surface of the paint, and leave a raw unfinished glaring effect behind, by no means like what the artist intended Even professional picture cleaners occasionally do great damage to valuable paintings Try the effect of rubbing a small portion with your finger, and sponging afterwards with soap and water

RICHARD HART wishes us to give our opinion ...no fewer than eight several subjects,—Electrology, Electricity, the Pedometer, the quantity of rain that fell during the last astronomical year, the origin of the term, "Alfred" ...ich he has read in an American publication, the botanical name for Monkshood, and what is the best ... a bad breath. To all of these we can ...ply to only the last two "Aconite" ...and "a clean stomach and clean teeth." ... I advise Richard Hart to read more and write less

W. W should apply to an attorney. Prope... of various kinds is often left unclaimed for ye... If it consist of stock—that is, money in the funds,—there is a register of unclaimed dividends kept in the Bank of England, which may be examined for a small fee.

T. W. wishes to know how he may get a child admitted into Bancroft's School at Mile End. The presentations to this school are in the gift of the Drapers' Company; the interest of a freeman of that company is therefore indispensably necessary—preference being given to the children of persons connected with the drapery trade The St. Ann's Society School is open to the children of civilians. Procure a prospectus of the Secretary, Charlotte-street, Mansion House

J BARROW asks several questions as to the ...ncome and expenditure of Great Britain since the Revolution of 1688, for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of the National Debt at various periods from that to the present date. We cannot afford space for a full detail, but we may state that in 1688 the National Debt was about £600,000; in 1700, it was near 16,000,000; in 1750, upwards of £72,000,000; in 1800, it had increased to £481,699,919; in 1816, its highest point, £865,000 000; and in 1850, the National Debt had *diminished down* to about £800,000,000; the *annual* interest of which is *merely* TWENTY-EIGHT MILLIONS sterling.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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...d, London.—March 6, 1852.

THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., No. 24.] SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

CHARITY.

—Home
Is the loved retreat of peace and plenty,
Where, supporting and supported,
Polished friends and dear relations
Meet and mingle into bliss"

So sang Thomson, the poet of the Seasons, and we all acknowledge the truth of the description. If we look back on the memories of our lives, does not the picture of Home stand out in bold relief from among all the cares and sorrows with which we may have been encompassed? There, amid the friends

"There is in every human heart,
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow."

Home! there is, perhaps, no word in the English language to which we respond more warmly. In far-off lands—amid the solitudes of ice-bound wastes or in the depths of torrid forests—you chance to meet a countryman, you clasp his hand and call him Brother, for you can talk together of home and mingle sweet memories of youth in your discourse,



A MEDALLION IN BRONZE, BY MOHRING, OF BERLIN, AFTER TIECK.

with whom we have lived in familiar intercourse; there, surrounded by influences which make alike the palace and the cottage holy ground; there, encompassed by the tender ties of love and duty—may we find the truest sympathies and the most enduring faith. Who shall pretend to calculate the worth and beauty of that love which teaches the child to lisp its first accents of goodness and virtue? who shall sound the depths of that whole-heart remembrance which brings the wanderer back after years of absence and ill blood?

Images of that quiet cottage in the village or that dusky house in the great city rise up in the mind, and the heart is softened by the remembrance—softened and chastened too. The rough hard man, whom the world has so severely handled, has become a child again in spirit, and the light of love is upon his heart, shining calmly and still through the twilight of a thousand softening recollections. In the homes of the virtuous Charity has her abiding place. Not that kind of charity which seeks reward for well doing; which boasts of its good-

ness, and loves to see its name in subscription lists in morning newspapers, —but that which "vaunteth not itself." That charity only is true which follows the doctrines of Him who once upon a mountain taught the people—"to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep ourselves unspotted from the world."

It is in the power of few of us to practise that largeness of charity which redresses the injured; relieves the distressed, cherishes the forlorn, and comforts the suffering, because few of us have the necessary means of fortune; but it is in the power of every one of us to beget in himself that favourable disposition of mind which prompts us to be tender of others' feelings; to be careful not to offend, to adjust our manners to that of those with whom we have to do, and to "provoke one another to love and good works" a charity like this is independent of all mere pecuniary aids, and is above all money calculations. The kind word spoken in season, the gentle voice; the sympathising glance the "drop of cold water given in the name of the Lord," are so far from valueless, that of themselves they form the essence and spirit of true charity Money and gifts are not the most efficacious forms of charity, unless accompanied by the spirit that "suffereth long and is kind," that "knoweth no evil," and breatheth no reproach, and is "kindly affectioned one towards another in brotherly love."

Many more arguments in favour of this good, great, and desirable virtue, will suggest themselves to the reader on examining the picture. Here we see a matron surrounded by the objects of her charity On one side is the maiden she has rescued from sickness and almost death, on the other, with his face turned lovingly towards her, is a youth whom she regards affectionately, while by her side and at her feet young children play in the confidence and innocence of their hearts

The original, by Mr. Mohring, of Berlin, was exhibited in the Crystal Palace

What higher virtue than this —the charity which blesses he who gives and he who receives? what nobler exercise of the faculties with which we are endowed, than to strew the path of pain with flowers, and help the y on their wearisome pilgrimage through life:

"Full oft from what man xplore,
Advantages arise,
Good often will from evi
Mercy oft comes in garb e
The Christian to e

"Blessings which daily w ive
Too oft unviewed wi nkles eves
But if withdrawn or vei grieve,
And learn at last, when lost, their value high to prize"

LETTERS FROM CALCUTTA.—No VI.*

Of all the cities that I have hitherto visited, I have found Calcutta the most difficult to form such an intimate acquaintance with as to enable me to give a description of it, not because its plan is one of great intricacy, or that it contains any unusual variety of features, but because it is impossible to walk in the streets at any hour, or to ride in an open carriage during the day. As the health of horses suffers as much from the climate as that of human beings, it behoves us to take great care of them, and as nothing can compensate for the loss of the evening drive on the plain, no one will risk it for the sake of "perusing the city," and thus many persons may reside for years in Calcutta without knowing more of it than may be seen on their way to church, or to visit a friend, and this little is but a peep through the closed venetians of a carriage But this is no great loss: as far as the native city is concerned the streets, with some few exceptions, are narrow and dirty, with but little of an oriental character. There are no handsome shops, and every window is closed with green venetians to exclude the blazing sun. There is neither pavement nor pitching, but a thick covering of red sandy dust, rising in clouds if the least breeze prevails, and where sidewalks should be are open gutters, which though kept tolerably clean by the street sweepers, are still anything but agreeable either to sight or smell; add to this, that the streets are encumbered with a swarming native population, not remarkably decent in their habits, and accustomed to wash, shave, cook, smoke, and sleep in the open air, and you will see that a walk in search of the picturesque, if once taken, would scarcely be repeated.

The approach to Calcutta is extremely imposing, and the general appearance of the European part of the town fully justifies the appellation of the city of palaces. It seems at first a mass of large mansions fit for the abodes of princes, pillars and balustrades, arches and porticos, everywhere meet the eye, all glittering white in the sunshine, and interspersed with the rich green foliage of magnificent trees. The stranger having come up the river in the steamer till within sight of the city, will transfer himself to a covered boat, or Beauleah as it is here called, and will be landed perhaps at the Prinsep's Ghaut, a structure in itself so handsome as to give him no mean idea of the place of his destination. Broad flights of steps, guarded by lions carved in stone, lead from the river's edge to a succession of pillars and cool colonnades, the shade of which he will find extremely welcome while he waits for his baggage, or listens to the intolerable clamour of a hundred half naked coolies ready to pounce on his luggage or hustle him into a Palkee Through the arches, he will look on a broad green plain, equal to Hyde-park in extent and beauty, crossed by several broad roads and dotted with large evergreen trees Immediately before him is the impregnable fortress of Fort William, covering an immense space of ground, but the rows of cannon whose murderous mouths gape on him would scarcely offend even a member of the Peace Society, as they have long been used only to salute some important personage, or to announce the arrival of the mails from Europe The maydam or plain is bordered on the side opposite the river by the handsome mansions of Chowringhee The west end of Calcutta presents very much the same appearance as Park-lane, or the houses in the Green-park, except that each stands alone in the midst of what is here called a compound, *i.e.*, a court-yard and garden, which is laid out with flowering shrubs and trees, and has always a number of low flat roofed offices for the accommodation of the native servants. At the head of the plain, and commanding a view of its entire extent, stands the residence of the Governor-General, with its dome and statue of Britannia, and its four arch gateways surmounted by the sphynx and the British lion The rows of handsome buildings which surround it on three sides are called Government-place To the east and west are the Esplanade, with the Town-hall, the courts of Law, the Treasury, and other government buildings. Passing Spence's Hotel, said to be the best in Asia, and the old cathedral, and proceeding through Council-house street, we shall enter Tank-square, called by the natives Lol Diggee, in the centre of which is an immense tank or reservoir of water, its borders being planted with tropical plants and trees. The broad gravel walk round is neatly kept, and but for the intolerable heat would be an inviting promenade. At one corner of this square lies the site of the famous Black Hole, in which, during our early struggles for dominion, 146 Englishmen were imprisoned, only 22 being found in the morning to have survived the want of air and space, painful in all countries, but doubly destructive in this burning clime. The room has long since disappeared. On one side of this square stands a handsome range of houses called Writer's-buildings, formerly the residence of the young civilians who came out as embryo magistrates. On the other side is the old government house, now converted into a kind of bazaar, or emporium of all kinds of European goods, and a favourite resort of the ladies. Everything is extremely dear, the rupee passing for the shilling; a miserable crushed and faded bonnet which in some London bye-lane would perhaps be marked 10 shillings, being here priced 15 and 20 rupees, but we have no choice between the Exchange-hall and the French milliners, whose prices are still more exorbitant.

Most of the houses in this immediate vicinity are very spacious, with lofty rooms and wide verandahs, and were formerly occupied by the merchant princes, who, as far as they now exist, have taken flight to the various beautiful suburbs with which Calcutta abounds; though many of the government officers and principal professional men still reside here. They

* Letter No V appeared in p 300 of this volume

are all flat-roofed and without chimneys, fires being scarcely needed in the city.

Several important streets lead out of Government-place; of these the principal are Court-House-street, where are the chief jewellers' and confectioners' establishments,—Cassitollah, full of furniture and coach-building workshops, and of shoe-making establishments, all of which are kept by Chinese, who are very clever in these arts. Dhurmtollah is another of these great thoroughfares, and would be a handsome street but for the bazaars which in all their filthiness occupy a great part of it. At the entrance are, on the one side, a handsome mosque built by a son of the celebrated Tippoo Sultan, and on the other a Roman Catholic church, and about half a mile further on is the principal chapel of the London Missionary Society. Continuing a little further on in this street, we shall come into the Circular-road, which is nearly six miles in length, and incloses the city on all sides, except that which is bounded by the river. It is a broad and picturesque road, on the borders of the jungle, shaded by cocoa-plantain, and other tropical trees, with here and there a large on interspersed amid the clustering native huts. Here we shall pass a large Mohammedan cemetery, distinguished by the sculptured turban and crescent on the crowded tomb Further on is the Protestant burial ground, which ten years ago was enlarged and supposed to have been made sufficient for the wants of the community for many years to come, but is already full, so great are the ravages of death here We shall also pass the Baptist Mission press and chapel. Numbers of mosques and tombs meet the eye in every direction, which add greatly to the picturesqueness of the [illegible] they are painful evidences of the [illegible] people. Immediately outside this road is the great Mahratta ditch, which was the old fortification of the city This is the boundary of Calcutta, and the inhabitants of the city are frequently styled the people of the Ditch Having passed the roads leading to the military stations of Barrackpore and Dumdum, shall cross one of the many suspension bridges which thrown across the canal which unites the city with the great Salt Lake lying to the eastward, and may return to the point from whence we started by the Strand-road, running close along the river, or the Chitpore road

ch perhaps is more amusing, as it leads us through the principal bazaars of the native town

In making such a circuit as I have described, nothing strike you so much as the denseness of the population, each bye-lane pours out its swarms as from a hive, and every principal street has the semblance of containing a gathering mob You would imagine that everybody was out of doors, yet, if you look into the huts and shops, you will see nothing but the black faces and gleaming eyes of groups squatting round a hookah, the constant companion of both sexes and of all ages, or stretched at full length on the ground These crowds have not the least idea of getting out of the way before a carriage, and they will suffer the horses' heads to touch them ere they will turn aside, and this, notwithstanding the screams of the syce or groom, who is continually shouting to them in Hindustani, "Ai! right hand fellow—ai! bullock fellow ai! dirt fellow"—and so on, according to their position or occupation. The Hindoos are all fatalists, and the fact that so few accidents occur must be ascribed to their good fortune, and to the carefulness of the drivers.

The appearance of the people is very striking to a stranger's eye. You will see every shade of colour, from black to yellow; and every variety of clothing, from the scanty waist cloth of the cooley or porter, to the flowing muslins of the fat baboo, a name given indiscriminately to every one above the rank of a mechanic. Children, even as old as six or seven years, are generally quite naked; and, during the hot weather, the taste of the labouring classes seems to lead them to cover the head very carefully, and let the rest of the person take its chance. Women of the lower orders, (and only such are seen in the streets) wear only one long piece of cloth, which is fastened round the waists, and brought up across the breast and over the head, thus enveloping the whole form. It is frequently of bright colours, and sometimes gracefully arranged, but in general nothing can be more unpleasing than the appearance of these degraded creatures, especially when they are old.

This part of the town contains many Hindoo temples and large mansions inhabited by the great Hindoo families, each of which has an idol's house attached, and situated on one side of the usual central court. It is impossible to pass through the native town without feeling as St. Paul did at Athens, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry—especially during any of their festivals, when they carry their gods in procession, with frantic leaping and shouting, and the deafening clash of drums and cymbals. But we must hasten on, for the sun is getting too high for safety, and if the noise and crowd have not wearied you, the abominable odours of these undrained and filthy streets will make you rejoice to turn into Tank-square once more, and hail with delight the spires and domes of the European town. As for *purity*, however, the drainage of Calcutta is so bad that no one would desire to linger in any part of it, and the Board of Health would probably discover sufficient cause for the abounding of disease, apart from the climate.

After the first novelty has worn off, the streets of Calcutta are by no means agreeable. As I have said before, there are no inviting shop-windows, and no pleasant faces peeping from those dull-looking venetians, no European's walk, and no ladies are ever seen, in them. There is nothing but dust and dirt—creaking bullock carts, and palanquins which glide noiselessly along on the shoulders of the bare-footed and [illegible] bearers, and from them colour and shape give the [illegible] coffins, while we shall look in vain for the gay panels and liveries of the English carriage—those used by business men being as ugly as they are convenient, and all, even when really handsome in shape, are painted of a dark colour. The custom of the natives to wash both their persons and their clothes in the public thoroughfares, and at all hours of the day, is another very disagreeable feature. Nor must I omit to mention the myriads of kites and carrion crows for ever cawing and squealing and searching in the gutters for offal, not the adjutant bird, the gigantic crane—of which there are always a few on the bank of the river and the garden of the government house. During the season of the [illegible] they [illegible] great numbers, and perched on the loftiest buildings [illegible] for ornamental urns. Some of smaller variety yields the beautiful marabout feather.

Calcutta, a few statues of former governors, a handsome column on the upper part of the plain, erected in honour of General Ochterloney, who signalised himself in the Nepaul war. Of churches there are, within the limit of the ditch, six Episcopalian, six Roman Catholic; one Armenian, one Greek, two Independent and two Baptist chapels

To the public schools and colleges, I can only refer at present for want of space, leaving the notice they merit to a future letter

LECTURES TO WORKING MEN.

THE UTILITY OF GEOLOGICAL MAPS.

On Monday evening, March 1, Professor Ramsay delivered a highly-instructive lecture on the Utility of Geological Maps, at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street—being the fourth of the course of lectures now in progress of delivery at that institution

[illegible] our readers, that there has for some time past been in course of preparation a most complete map of the geological condition of this country, from actual survey made by competent individuals, who are still engaged in the work, the expenses of the survey being paid by a grant of money annually voted from the public purse by the House of Commons—a grant respecting the utility of which there can be no differences of opinion.

The object of the learned professor's lecture was to show the great practical value derivable from such a map, by means of which we are enabled to obtain correct information regarding the great sources of our national wealth, coal, iron, and other mineral productions.

Our report of the lecture will necessarily be a brief one, as it would be impossible for us to follow the lecturer

throughout, without reference to the splendid collection of coloured diagrams illustrative of the geological strata of various sections of our islands; and a lengthy report will not be needed, inasmuch as the pith of the whole subject resides in a very small compass. We will, therefore, first give a copy of one of the diagrams, illustrative of the succession of geological strata occurring in Great Britain, and having named some of those parts of the country where certain of these strata may be found, proceed to point out the useful results to be obtained from the construction of correct geological maps.

SUCCESSION OF STRATA.

Pleiocene	New Red Sandstone
Crag	Permian
Eocene Freshwater	Coal
London Clay	Millstone Grit
Chalk	Mountain Limestone
Upper Greensand	Old Red Sandstone
Gault	Devonian
Lower Greensand	Killas
Wealden	Ludlow Rocks
Portland Stone	Silurian
Kimmeridge Clay	Wenlock Rocks
Coral Rag	Caradoc Sandstone
Oxford Clay	Llandeilo Flags
Bath Oolite	Cambrian
Inferior Oolite	Hurnant Limestone
Lias	Metamorphic
Keuper	Granitic

Beginning with the strata at the top of the list, and which are of the most recent formation, we find these deposits occurring in the Isle of Wight and the adjacent counties of Hampshire and Dorsetshire; they appear in the metropolis and in its vicinity—the valley of the Thames, comprising the entire county of Middlesex, with portions of Essex, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex; they reappear in the crag of Norfolk and Suffolk, and are traced in Yorkshire, and in part of Scotland. The chalk succeeds, occupying portions of Sussex, Surrey, Kent, Hants, Dorset, Wilts, and dipping under the valley of the Thames, occurs north of London, in the counties of Hertford, Bedford, Buckingham, Oxford, Norfolk, Lincoln, and York. The local deposits of the weald fill up the interval between the chalk hills of Surrey and Sussex, known as the North and South Downs, and appear, to a slight extent, in Wiltshire The oolite system follows, and commencing with Isle of Portland, pursues a devious and winding course through the heart of England, from our south-eastern to our north-western shores; proceeding through the counties of Dorset, Wilts, Berks, Gloucester, Oxford, Rutland, Northampton, Lincoln, and York, where it terminates in the vicinity of Scarborough The lias succeeds in order, and commencing at Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, follows a similar and uneven course, in the same direction, through the counties of Dorset, Wilts, Berks, Somerset, Gloucester, Warwick, Leicester, Nottingham, and Lincoln, into Yorkshire, where it is traced to the sea-coast, and the cliffs of Redcar, near the mouth of the Tees. The new red sandstone, the succeeding member in the series, commencing in the vicinity of Exeter, and pursuing a similar direction through the midland districts, traverses the counties of Devon, Somerset, Warwick, Stafford, Nottingham, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Cumberland, where it gives place to slaty rocks of older date. The magnesian limestone, an associate deposit, is developed from the Trent to the Tyne, in the counties of Nottingham, Shropshire, York, Westmoreland, and Durham The coal formation, the next in the sequence, follows no regular course, but is distributed in local areas, called basins from their forms. The principal, commencing with the south, are those of Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, North and South Wales, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland, and in Scotland, those of the Forth and Clyde, with others in various parts of Ireland The old red sandstone is developed in Devonshire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, and Shropshire; and in Caithness, Cromarty, and other parts of Scotland. The silurian, the succeeding term in the order, occurs in Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, Radnorshire, Montgomeryshire, Caermarthenshire, Breconshire, Pembrokeshire, and Monmouthshire.

The Cambrian and Cumbrian systems consist of masses of subcrystaline and slaty rocks, developed in the county of Cumberland and in Wales, and the mica-schist, gneiss, and granite formations occur in the Highlands and western isles of Scotland, and in Ireland; the whole series forming, with one or two trifling omissions, a complete epitome of the physical geography of the whole earth, and in the comparatively limited extent of a few hundred miles, comprising such deposits, and bestowing such blessings as in other and less favoured regions are only to be met with spread over extensive continents and much larger areas of the surface of the earth.

A reference to a geological map will serve to show that different strata, as well as different minerals, are found not in each, but in different districts. Thus—Staffordshire, for instance, possesses beds of coal and iron, and the island of Portland abounds in the valuable limestone named after it; but there is neither coal nor iron in Portland, nor Portland stone in Staffordshire.

Each of these various strata is distinctly characterised by the presence of certain species of fossil remains, which lived and died on that particular strata, and the presence of these fossils is the surest indication we possess of the peculiar nature and character of each strata

The lecturer pointed out that these strata were of two kinds; the one formed by the action of fire, and thence termed igneous; the other by deposits of earthy substances carried into the beds of seas of fresh-water lakes by the various streams running into them, and which strata, by the action of natural phenomena, become either elevated or depressed, as the case may be.

One of the most important uses of a geological map, is to guide us safely in our search for coal and other mineral treasures, and thus prevent the great loss both of time and money which sometimes occurs from our want of that information which the study of geology and such maps are calculated to afford us.

Some of our coal fields are beginning to be exhausted—as, for instance, in Staffordshire, and it becomes a matter of great national importance to know where fresh search should be made, with any probability of success, for this valuable mineral production. Thus, for instance, there often occur in the coal districts what are termed *faults*, or dislocations, which interrupt the continuity of a bed of coal. The strata, which once were continuous, become dislocated or displaced, either by the subsidence or falling down of the strata on one side of the fault, or their elevation on the other These interruptions are sources of considerable difficulty, and often suddenly deprive the miner of the treasure of coal which he has found An accurate geological survey of the strata is the best guide to direct us where and at what particular points to sink the shafts, so as to get at the coal contained in the strata which have been dislocated by the occurrence of these faults.

So also with regard to the "dip" of strata, a man may be aware that coal has been found on his neighbour's estate, and he may, therefore, expecting to find some of this useful fuel on his own property, set about digging for it without success, and at a great outlay It may be that the dip goes away from his estate, or that, though the coal does actually pass under his land, he does not sink his shaft at the right spot *

The Northampton folks once thought that they had got hold of a valuable bed of coal, and a company was formed, and a large expenditure of money made to no purpose They had found some shale which bore resemblance to the shale of coal measures, but had they examined the fossils brought up from the lias strata in which they were boring, they would have known that the coal, if any, was far too deep below the surface to be worked with profit at the point where they were sinking. Of course no coal was found; so the sharp adventurers, after expending £30,000, finding that the gold was going and the coal not forthcoming, hit on the roguish scheme of *putting some real coal down the shaft*, which, when drawn up, was paraded through the town with colours flying and bands of music playing. The shares rose to a premium—the speculators sold out—and the bubble burst.

To prevent such disappointments and waste of money and of time, one of the surest means is that of constructing geological maps from accurate survey of the various strata of which each particular district is formed.

* up the other" In this case the edges represent the "dip," and the line course of the strata. It would be of no use to look for coal *outside* the n, however near the "dip," nor would it pay to sink through the dist represented by the middle of the basin to get at the coal beneath.

THE CHANCELLOR DE L'HOPITAL DURING THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

THE Chancellor dé l'Hôpital was one of the finest characters to be met with in French history. He for a long time filled the office of Chancellor under Catherine de Medicis during one of the darkest periods of her government, and, although himself a sincere Catholic, he endeavoured by his wise counsels to moderate the furious bigotry of the queen against the Huguenots His efforts were, however, in the long run, unsuccessful; and when it was found that he could not be gained over so as to take part in the execution of the infamous design of the guises, he was in 1569 dismissed from the chancellorship. "I am," said he, in writing to the queen soon after, "more than sixty five years old; I have a son-in-law and five small children dependent upon me for support; my house is falling into ruins; and if your majesty does not assist me, I must endure with patience for the few years I have to live."

When the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place, he was living in retirement at the Chateau of Vignay, in the environs of Etampes, with all his family around him, except Madame Herlant de l'Hôpital who was in Paris. The populace of the town, suspecting him of favouring the Huguenots, surrounded his house, and hung a great number of his tenantry. His servants were arming themselves and making preparations to defend the chateau, but he would not hear of it. On the contrary, he gave orders to open the great gate and admit the mob, lest the other should not prove large enough; and calmly said, that if his last hour was come, he was prepared to meet his fate with courage and resignation. While his family were in this state of dreadful suspense, their alarm was still further increased by seeing a small troop of cavalry approaching in the distance, for such was the dreadful state of the times that it was impossible to say whether they would prove friends or enemies. But, on their arrival, it turned out that they had been sent by the queen specially for the defence of the chateau.



Our engraving is taken from a painting exhibited by M. Decaisne, in 1850, at the Palais National in Paris, and was the object of general admiration. The silent and calm heroism of the old man; the agonized despair of the women and children; the excited anxiety of his son-in-law; and the compassion of the domestics are depicted with wonderful truth.

THOMAS MOORE.

A BRIGHT star has fallen from the glorious constellation of genius which shone with such brilliancy when George III. was king. Of those who, forty years ago, poured out such a glittering tide of song—Byron and Southey, Wordsworth and Campbell, Coleridge and Scott, Tom Moore and Rogers, only the last remains among us. Thomas Moore, the author of the Irish Melodies, died at his cottage at Slopperton, near Devizes, in Wiltshire, on Thursday, the 26th day of February, 1852, in the 72nd year of his age.

For nearly sixty years has Thomas Moore been before the world as a poet. He was born on the 28th of May, 1780, in Angier-street, Dublin, where his father, a strict Roman Catholic, carried on a grocery and spirit business. As a child, young Moore is said to have been remarkable for personal beauty, but his appearance in after life hardly carried out the promise of his infancy. He was short, with a rather heavy, expressive, but not handsome face, which, however, lightened up wonderfully when engaged in animated conversation, or singing his own ballad poetry. He was educated at Dublin, and one of his first noted peculiarities was a fondness and a talent for private theatricals. The act of Parliament having opened the University to Roman Catholics in 1793, the young poet immediately availed himself of his opportunity. The year following his admission, while still a child, he wrote and published a paraphrase of "Anacreon's Fifth Ode," and then proceeded to the translation of other odes by the same poet, for which he vainly hoped the university board might deem him "deserving of some honour or reward." Disappointed in his expectation, he nevertheless continued his task, and occupied himself in improving his verses and illustrating them by learned annotations, until he reached his 19th year, when he quitted Ireland for the first time, and set out for London "with the two not very congenial objects of keeping his terms in the Middle Temple and publishing by subscription his translation of Anacreon." The translation duly appeared in 1800. It was dedicated to George IV., then Prince of Wales, who, we may remark, received no further honour at the poet's hands.

The Anacreontic paraphrases—for they were little more—so took the public taste, however, that they were speedily followed by other and still more attractive verses. In the days of the Prince Regent it was not unusual to reward poets with official posts. Thomas Moore had therefore the misfortune to obtain the patronage of the government of the day—a government he had already shown his willingness to serve by the publication of several political squibs and pamphlets. In 1803 he was appointed Registrar to the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda, a singularly inappropriate situation for a man whose imaginative mind was imbued with classic lore and poetical romance. It has been an enlightened custom to reward literary genius by such cruel contrivances! Theodore Hook in his youth went to the Mauritius, under government auspices, and when he died in his age, government seized upon his rags to compensate itself for the natural results of its own unjustifiable folly. Moore accepted the post, went out to the islands, took a glance at them, appointed a deputy, made a rapid tour through the United States, and came home again.

The effect of the voyage was to subdue the admiration with which he had previously regarded "American institutions," and the publication in 1806 of two volumes of "Odes and Epistles." The well-known "Canadian Boat Song" owes its origin to this tour. In his passage down the St. Lawrence, Moore jotted down in pencil, upon a fly leaf of a volume he was then reading, both the notes and a few of the words of the original song by which his own boat glee had been suggested. The volume was given at parting to a fellow-traveller as a keepsake. Years afterwards the book found its way back to its former owner, who, to his great surprise, discovered that the *music* of this celebrated glee was actually as much his own as the words. In the original note to the song the reader is informed "that the words were written to an air which the boatmen sang to us frequently." Extraordinary as it may appear, the air had never been heard at all until Moore presented it for all time to the lovers of plaintive song and romantic imagery.

Two years after the publication of the sketches descriptive of the poet's travels, the world was taken by storm by the "Works of the late Thomas Little," a gentleman "who gave much of his time to the study of the amatory writers." There is reason to believe that Moore heartily repented ever having written these poems, which are of a character scarcely to be defended. In fact, Moore himself, in one of his prefaces, which contain, as it were, the history of his life, acknowledges them to have been "the depravity of an imagination which had become the slave of the senses." Thomas Little is little read by the present generation.

Soon afterwards, a savage review in the *Edinburgh*, of a republication of "Juvenile Songs," &c., led to the celebrated rencontre between Moore and Jeffrey, at Hampstead, when the great critic, as Byron asserted, stood valiantly up—

> "When Little's leadless pistol met his eye
> And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by."

The affair was ultimately made up, mainly through the intervention of Mr. Rogers; and at his house Moore shortly afterwards made his first acquaintance with Byron and Campbell. The long and affectionate intimacy between the subject of this sketch and the author of "Childe Harold," which resulted from the meeting, we need not more than allude to. Moore about this time married. His wife was a Miss Dyke, a lady of strong sense and character, as well as great beauty and amiability. The last survivor of their offspring is unhappily no more.

The publication of "The Irish Melodies" commenced in 1807, and, continued at intervals, was concluded in 1834. They have been translated into Latin, Italian, French, and Russian, and are familiar as proverbs amongst the fair countrymen of the poet, and indeed wherever English is understood and music loved. A lengthened criticism of these admirable songs—now sparkling—now plaintive—here glowing with fervour—there laden with pathos—all teeming with exuberant illustration—is scarcely needed here. It is difficult for the critic to refer to them in too high a tone of panegyric. It may be true that force and dignity are wanting to some of those lyrics, that occasionally fancy labours until art becomes too evident in strained and frigid similes, that ornament at times overlays sentiment until nature pants beneath the glittering encumbrance, but it is equally certain that universal literature does not present a lovelier and more affecting tribute to a nation's minstrelsy than is found in "The Irish Melodies" of Thomas Moore. The love of country that pervades and inspires his theme, his simple tenderness of feeling, that at once strikes the heart as instantly to melt it, his facility of creation, linked with the glad appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature—the grace, the elegance, the sensibility, the ingenuity, that are never absent—the astonishing and thoroughly successful adaptation of sense to sound, of sweetest poetry to thrilling music—are claims to admiration which the most prosaic of his species will find it impossible to resist or gainsay.

His great success determined Moore to attempt a poem of the dimensions which Sir Walter Scott has declared to be "the regular poetic standard;" and in 1812 he determined to write an Indian poem. Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, accompanied the poet to the Messrs. Longman, and through his intervention the great sum of 3,000 guineas was settled as the price of the poem, not one line of which was as yet written. Moore then retired to Mayfield Cottage, a desolate but beautiful place in Derbyshire, and after a long and hard struggle with a coquettish muse, forth—a

—came "Lalla Rookh." Its success ran rapidly through several editions, placed upon a higher and surer pedestal than ever. The bright fancy and immense command of imagery of the poet were now at their climax. The tales were the triumph of poetic beauty, but not a few old judges stigmatised their taste by preferring Fadladeen and his criticisms, even to the Fireworshippers, or the tribulations of the Peri. We need hardly say that the judgment of these tough old critics has now a far greater number of adherents than it once commanded.

In the autumn of 1817 Moore visited Paris with Mr. Rogers, and arranged the materials for his celebrated "Fudge Family," a satire written on the plan of the "New Bath Guide." Its popularity was almost equal to that of Lalla Rookh, and the

poet was everywhere received with the greatest favour. In 1819 he went abroad with Lord John Russell, and visited Lord Byron in Venice. He had made the acquaintance of the "poet among lords" in 1812, as we have seen, just after Byron had written his "Childe Harold;" and the meeting in Venice served to cement a friendship, which, already warm, lasted till death divided them.

Returning from Rome, Moore took up his abode in Paris, in which capital he resided until the year 1822. The conduct of the deputy in Bermuda had thrown the poet into difficulties, and until he could struggle out of them, a return to England was incompatible with safety. There were not wanting friends to run to the rescue, but Moore honourably undertook to provide for his own misfortunes. Declining all offers of help, he took heart, and resolutely set to work for his deliverance. After much negotiation, the claims of the American merchants against him were brought down from 6,000 guineas to 1,000. Towards this reduced amount the friends of the offending deputy subscribed £300. The balance (£750), was deposited "by a dear and distinguished friend" of the principal in the hands of a banker, to be in readiness for the final "settlement of the demand." A few months after the settlement was effected, Moore received £1,000 for his "Loves of the Angels," and £500 for the "Fables of the Holy Alliance." With half of these united sums he discharged his obligation to his benefactor.

Great poets are, for the most part, masters of prose. In 1827, Moore appeared before the public as the author of a prose romance. The "Epicurean," intended originally to be written in verse, retains the essential beauty of a poem. It reproduces the feeling and fancy of "Lalla Rookh," its soft and glowing colouring, and all its erudition. The spirit is borne along in the perusal with a soothing, dreamy, fascinating motion, yet is sustained throughout by lofty, wholesome, and consolatory thought. In the "Epicurean" Moore made amends for the levities of his youth, and for once the fancy of the poet was sublimed by the moral and religious aspirations of the teacher. Love had ceased to be mere gallantry. It is here the noblest, purest, best of human passions. The discontent of the Athenian philosopher has uneasy longing after immortality, his communion with the devoted Alcithe, more angelic in her nature than the angels of the poet—her Christian martyrdom—his own death, are all described with masterly skill and with the finest perception of moral and artistic beauty. If the eye of the sensualist is too palpably evident in many of Moore's metrical compositions, it is altogether invisible in the ethical romance which is consecrated to piety alone. Seldom has poet ever presented herself in more [illegible] guise.

In 1831, previously to the publication of "[illegible]nem," Moore wrote a "Life of Sheridan," in 1830 he issued his "Notices of the Life of Lord Byron," and in the following year the "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," in all the biographies sustaining his well-earned position. In his "Life of Sheridan" he did not shrink from the difficulties of his task. To borrow the language of a critic of the time, "he did not hide the truth under too deep a veil, neither did he blazon it forth." With regard to his "Life of Lord Byron" much might be said. The memoirs entrusted to Moore for publication were sold to Mr. Murray for £2000; but the relatives of the lord, fearful of too great exposures, induced Moore to stop their issue. It is to be regretted that he listened to the persuasions of those who were actuated rather by a sense of their own importance than by any regard for the dead poet. Moore recalled the manuscript and destroyed it, though he had to borrow from Messrs Longman the money with which to repay Mr. Murray. There were, and are to this day, many opinions as to the moral right which Moore or the relatives of Byron had to take the step they did.

The History of Ireland, published in "Lardner's Cyclopædia," and occasional political squibs—the last of which, referring to the Anti-Corn-law League, appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*—were the final works of the great bard.

For many years in the enjoyment of a pension conferred upon him by his political friends, Moore quietly resided in his cottage near Devizes, in Wiltshire, from which he occasionally emerged to find a glad and hearty welcome among the best-born and most highly gifted of his countrymen. During such temporary separations from home it was the habit of the poet to correspond daily with his wife. The letters written at these times, and abounding with interest, are preserved, to be incorporated, we trust, in the diary of his life, upon which Moore, as lately as 1847, was busily engaged, and which even then had made great progress. Mrs. Moore survives her husband, but his four children have preceded him to the grave. His eldest son died in Algiers, in the French military service. His second son, John Russell Moore, the godson of the late Premier, died, it is believed, in India. For many months before his own decease the health of the poet was in a declining state; and his dissolution, when it came at last, was not unexpected by his immediate friends. Peace be to his manes.

To enter into a critical disquisition of his merits as a poet, would be beside our purpose. "Within his sphere," says a recent writer, "he is unapproachable. He has little in common with the stormy passion of Byron; the philosophical grandeur of Coleridge is unknown to him, the muse of Scott and his own are scarcely kindred cousins, his productions have as little of the dreamy and mystical splendour of Shelley as they are allied to the elaborate and rather fatiguing epics of Southey, but within the circle of his own uncontested dominion he has poured forth strains as exquisite as any fancy ever clothed in sparkling words, or touched the human heart of man. The mind of Moore, from the moment that he took pen in hand, may be said to have been always in a state of pleasure. He has written dances as well as songs, and dealt with themes both sacred and profane; he has described the loves of angels and the holy piety of erring mortals; but, whatever the employment, one condition of feeling is always manifest. Most musical, most happy was his genius, and music and joyousness are careering in almost every syllable that he spoke. If what we have said be true, it is not difficult to ascertain the appropriate place of Thomas Moore among the worthies of his time. The poet of the Fancy, not of the Imagination—now delighting by ingenious creations, now astonishing by daring imagery, now melting by simple tenderness, and now winning every heart by the sheer utterance of soft melody—there is more of enchantment than of power in his verse, and less of the dignity of his vocation visible in his march than of positive pleasurable emotion. Of all the passions of the human heart, Moore has been chiefly, if not exclusively, engaged in delineating the passion of love. Other poets have recurred at intervals to the subject which he never quits, but, much as the author of 'Lalla Rookh' has dallied with the heart's paramount passion, he has never ventured into its most solemn depths, or busied himself with its loftiest emanations. More contemplative, but less brilliant and excited spirits, have found entrance to the mysteries to which, from first to last, he had neither ability, nor temper, nor force of will to penetrate."

Strictures have been made on the moral tendency of several of Moore's poems. It is certain that he has said much to encourage the hatred of the Irish towards "the cold-hearted Saxon,' and to urge them on to "flesh every Irish sword to the hilt.' It is a fact, also, that his Anacreontic effusions have done much to keep alive the fatal drinking customs of our country. It is to be lamented that in writings of such exquisite purity as those of Byron, Shelley, Moore, and others, there should be found passages calculated to excite and foster some of the worst passions and feelings of our nature. On this subject the late Bishop Porteus remarks, "The contagion of a licentious publication, especially if it be in a popular and captivating shape, knows no bounds; it flies to the remotest corners of the earth, it wings its way into the cottage of the peasant and the shop of the mechanic, it falls into the hand of all ages, ranks and conditions."

LENGTH OF THE DAY.—That the day is longer or shorter as you go north or south of the equator, is a familiar fact to our readers. Off Cape Horn, fifty-six degrees south latitude the days in mid-winter are about nine hours long. The longest day in London is sixteen and a half, at Hamburgh seventeen hours, at St. Petersburgh, the longest day has eighteen hours, and the shortest five, at Tornea, in Finland, the longest day [illegible] and a half

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

MANY years ago a young man was walking home from his place of business, when he met with a little adventure. He was a quiet, well-dressed youth, with something of a gentle sadness in his manner that was far from disagreeable. And his habits were so regular that his landlady used to prepare his tea punctually at seven o'clock every evening, just as the muffin was ready there came his knock at the door, as



regularly as clockwork, indeed, rather more regularly than the widowed lodging-house keeper's clock, which required a good deal of looking to and some nice calculation before the truth could be fully arrived at. But on this evening the tea was made, and got cold on the hob, and the muffin dried almost to a cinder before the fire, and the good old lady began to be in great fear for the safety of her regular lodger. Hours passed away; the young gentleman's slippers

young gentleman found his way to Paradise-row, Pentonville; and the landlady at last went to bed in great trepidation, and left her door partly open, that she might wake up at his first knock, for our regular young lodger from the city was far too regular to require a latch-key. The landlady went to bed and fell into an uneasy sleep, and woke at intervals and listened; but no young gentleman came home that night. And when he did come in the morning, his eyes were bloodshot, and his clothes were soiled with travel; and he was, moreover, accompanied by a man somewhat older than himself, at whose face and appearance the good old landlady looked somewhat curiously—not to say suspiciously.

No words of explanation were asked or offered; for there was that in the faces of the two that effectually awed the

arrulous old lady into silence. The lodger led his guest to s own apartment on the first floor, which both entered. reakfast was ordered, and in course of time it came and as despatched—not an ordinary breakfast, with just an egg two and a cup of coffee, but a real substantial meal, with illed chops and ham, and cold beef and brown bread and utter. Of course, the landlady was immensely curious to now what all this might mean; but as no conversation passed tween them while she was by, her curiosity was by no eans allayed. Indeed, it was only excited the more, as e noticed how voraciously the stranger eat of the various ands on the table—now a chop and a great gulp of coffee; en an immense slice of cold beef with a piece of bread to

lady fixed upon him. The mutual glance was instantaneous, and the landlady withdrew in evident confusion, closing the door behind her.

"I should know that woman anywhere," says the stranger, in a harsh voice, and dropping his eyes upon the ground; "it won't do to stay here."

The other made no reply, but looked towards the door, and nodded slightly. Meanwhile the landlady, who had heard the observation of the stranger, went noisily down stairs, but presently crept stealthily back again with the maid servant. "Look there," she whispered to the girl, and pointed to the keyhole; "do you think that you would know that man again?"



natch; and again a rasher of hot ham, large enough for wo. It was very strange. And she noticed too, that the ppetite was all on one side of the table; and that the lodger—whom we will call Joseph Praed—sat quite quietly in his easy chair, balancing a cup of coffee in his hand, and watching the other as he eat and drank. A smile came every now and then on Joseph's face, which otherwise was sad and gloomy, but the landlady was so accustomed to her young odger's silent moods that she durst not question him at such imes. At length the breakfast drew to a close, and the stranger lifted up the corner of the tablecloth to wipe his nouth, raised his head and encountered the eyes of the old

The girl stooped down to the orifice and put her eye to it; not for the first time that morning, but scarcely had she been a moment in that position, when the bell from within was violently pulled. Mistress and servant started back aghast; but quickly recovering their presence of mind, crept down stairs again. "Do you go up this time, Hannah, and take a good look at this horrid man: there can't be no good in such goins on, I'm sure."

But by the time the maid got up stairs, both the young men had vanished, and she heard the key turn in the lock of the lodger's bedroom.

It was certainly curious—very curious. "For Mr. Joseph

to go and stay out all night, and then come in in the morning lookin' as aggard as a ghost, and bringing back with him such a wild vagabond-lookin' felter, with his face all covered with hair, and nothing but rags on his back. Don't you think, Hannah, we better send for the p'lice?"

"I'll tell you what, ma'am," replied the maid, who was unwilling to annoy the young lodger who had given her so many presents, and always spoke so kindly to her—"I'll tell you what; hadn't we better wait a little, an' see what they do by-an'-by?"

But little time, however, was left for cogitation, for the bell rang violently again, and Hannah going up hurriedly, heard a strange voice inside call out, "Hot water!"

All that day the two women passed quietly up and do stairs, and wondered greatly to themselves what it all meant. It need scarcely be said, that all manner of guesses were made, and all kinds of strange suggestions were hazarded, and that not one of them approached the truth. Dinner-time passed, and tea-time and supper, but no further summons to the bedroom. And in spite of the most persevering peeping and inveterate listening at the key-hole, they remained still in a state of the most disagreeable suspense and uncertainty. At length, while they were both in the kitchen, thinking whether this mystery would ever be cleared up, Mr Joseph's bell rung. The landlady hastened up with as much speed as her rheumatism would allow.

She entered the room, which was neat and clean as usual—everything in its proper place, and there was Joseph sitting on the side of the bed, but *the stranger was gone*.

"Mrs. Clark!" said Joseph, in his usual voice, and without paying the slightest attention to her scared look and pale cheek, "I wish you would get me a little supper—soup, or gruel, or something of that sort, I'm tired."

"And so you must be, sir, up all night," began the garrulous old woman. "Why, what's happened?"

The young man looked up at his landlady. Their eyes met, and there was such a sad and meaning expression in his quiet features that she forebore all further questions.

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Six months passed away, and Joseph went and came as usual—the same quiet, unobtrusive, self-denying fellow—and no word or hint escaped the pair of the doings of that night. The widow, however, could not help cogitating and speculating, in her own way, on the curious affair. She never talked about it to anybody, and actually discharged Hannah for mentioning the circumstance after being told not. From half-past nine to seven, the house was one great puzzle to the landlady, and from seven to half-past nine was she burning for its solution. But she dared never ask the lodger, which only made the matter a thousand times worse. She thought, too, that he was getting thinner, and lived less expensively of late,—in fact, she was positive of the last, for he gave up eggs for breakfast, saying that they disagreed with him. He smiled less often too, and seldom cared to enter into conversation with her when she waited on him at teatime, but would set up late at night reading. But she knew that he took less pleasure in his book than he used to do, for the "Westminster" and "Blackwood" would often go back to the library with only half an article cut through.

"He's got somethin' on his mind, I'm certain," the widow would say to herself. "I know it's all along o' that black-bearded, dirty fellow. I wonder who he was?"

And for once the old lady was right, Joseph *had* something on his mind which he could'nt keep there, and as he had no friend in the world to whom to communicate his thoughts—the clerks were too young and thoughtless, and the fellows at the club too full of their own affairs to care about his,—so one quiet evening in autumn, when the full moon was shining right into the room, he called his landlady up stairs.

"Sit down, Mrs. Clark," said Joseph.

And Mrs. Clark did sit down, and folded her silk dress as if she had determined to listen with all her might.

"You recollect the morning when I brought Ha——, a stranger—to my lodgings; and, after entertaining him and dressing him in a suit of my own clothes, I quietly let him out at the front door at night—"

"Well, now!" began the widow, "I often wondered how you managed—"

"To let him out?—Exactly. Well, I *did* let him out; and, now, as I knew you would sympathise with me,—and, as I don't like to hazard my reputation even with a——"

He would have said "lodging-house-keeper," but she stopped him with——"No, in course, pretty dear!"

Joseph passed his hand across his brow—for the widow's simple words brought back old times. "Well, Mrs. Clark," he continued, "if you feel inclined to listen to a sad story, I'll tell you one."

The widow settled herself more comfortably in her chair, and looked towards her lodger; but as he was sitting with his back to the window, and there were no candles in the room she could only just discern the outline of his face and figure, while the harvest moon shone full on hers.

"Ten years ago, when I first came to live in this house, Mrs Clark, you were not the mistress of it—"

The old lady assented with a nod.

"At that time, I think I was the happiest fellow in the world. It is the old story with a difference. I fell in love, and was beloved again. I need not tell you, who are old enough to be my mother; and I sometimes think I trace a faint glance of her kind face in yours—that, that—"

"In course, in course, and you made preparations to marry? Just as I did myself."

"Alas! it was not to be. Another came from far across the sea, and snatched the flower from my grasp."

"And you—"

"Became the thing you see. I did not break my heart, for I loved that other almost as well as I did her. And in course of time the wound upon my spirits began to heal, and I made friends with people who liked my quiet manners, and were kind enough to bear with my odd ways."

"Odd ways! I'm sure if they only knew you—"

"As well as you do, Mrs. Clark. Of course, of course, but everybody don't. Well, as I said, I was beginning to look upon the world as not quite so bad as I had once thought it, when, one night—it was a cold miserable night, in the very depth of winter—I shall never forget it—as I was coming out of the office door, a stranger darted out from a corner, and placed his hand upon my shoulder. I'm not nervous, but I felt, as the clammy fingers touched my cheek in passing, as if cold death were on my face. The stranger did not waste much time in salutation, but putting his cheek close to mine, whispered three words into my ear."

The widow became intensely interested, but did not speak.

"I felt as if a dagger pierced my side, and for a moment I could scarcely stand.

"'I have not seen them for ten days,' said the ragged messenger; 'but if you wish to look upon her face before she dies, come on.'

"I needed little other pressing, so I followed my strange conductor. On the way he told me that which I had feared for many a dreary day. Oh! I can never bring myself to describe the scenes of vice and infamy we two passed through. Streets with tottering houses, and cellars ankle deep in filth, we pushed our way into, my guide bearing about him a sort of talisman which bore us harmless through them all. St. Giles's, Whitechapel, Drury-lane, Clerkenwell, Smithfield, Westminster—we searched them all, a cab taking us as quickly as possible from place to place. In the lowest haunts of vice—among the thieves and beggars of the cheapest lodging-houses, and in the most horrible cellars, filled with men and women and children who looked more demon-like than human—through dark and noisome ways, where it was only broad enough for one to pass—among the ruins of whole streets pulled down, and dwellings of the very poor laid low and desolate—in stinking alleys, at whose lower ends the river flowed on dark and dreamily—in the sinks and sewers of iniquity we sought, and sought in vain. They we looked for were not there.

"It was by this time getting almost morning; but our search was not yet over. 'I only know of one more place they'd be likely to stop at,' said my guide, 'and that's the Mint.'

"'On Tower-hill?' I asked.

"The man looked at me, and almost smiled. And then,

lispering to the cabman, we were presently rattling over ondon-bridge. Arrived on the Southwark side, our further ssage was barred by the preparation for opening the Green- ich Railway, which was just then finished.

"'I think, gentlemen,' said the cabman, 'if you would pass nder one of the arches of the rail, and come out on t'other de, I could manage to meet you at the entrance of the arket.'

'Ah!' said my conductor; 'a good thought, cabby!'

With that I followed the strange man down Tooley- eet, and towards the railway. Then I asked myself, for e first time—was the story I had listened to all true? ould it be that one who had been bred in luxury had fallen low as to be sought where we had looked? And I esently called up all kinds of tales of assassination and bbery in low places at night. But still I followed the ange man. Followed him through all manner of strange nk passages and unknown ways. Now past the porch of a urch where groups of ragged mendicants were huddled to- ether for warmth, and where the little light there was only rved to make the picture more grotesque and hideous; now ong streets in which the workmen at the sewers had left wide asms and dangerous heaps of rubbish in the midst, now rough a narrow gateway where we had to pick our careful ay among decaying filth and oozing ponds of slimy mud, and here all beyond was dim and indistinct. At last we paused long the debris of what appeared a mason's work-yard.

sudden darkening of the little light of dawn made me vare that a roof was above us. I looked up—we were under ie of the arches of the railway. A moment more, and we id passed through the swarm of struggling wretches lying all huddled together for warmth—too poor to hire bed even in the miserable lodging-houses we had visited."

Joseph and the widow involuntarily shifted their seats, so at the face of the young man was for a moment turned wards the moon. She saw that the hot tears ran down his eeks, but did not interrupt him.

"As I said, I passed through the crowded arch, and ould have followed my guide, when a deep groaning sigh ose beside me made me suddenly look round. It struck my ear with a sort of pang, and, gazing downwards, I came aware that there were yet other wretched objects out- de the actual archway. A little removed from the throng, id leaning in various postures against the wall of a dilapidated uilding, I saw a mass of miserable creatures, as they seemed me, asleep. I hesitated a moment, and then stooped down examine them more closely. O God! I found the nearest -there in the midst of a pestiferous group of dozing beggars -he sitting on the ground with his head bent upon his chest- knew him at once, though ten long years of vice and want ad bronzed his cheek and paled his brow. But 'where was ie?' I could not have named her name to him at that mo- ient for the whole world.

"'There!' said he, pointing to a half-naked form beside im, whose arms were thrown above her head as if to rest, id whose long matted hair was floating down a face and neck s fair as ever.

"I stooped a moment to the ground: I looked into that face lovely once, and yet so fair: I put my arms around her to ise her head. Oh! why disturb so soft a slumber? I took er in my arms and carried her without the arch into the dim ruggling light. In the rapture of the moment, I was forget- ful of her husband's presence—for he had by this time risen o his feet—and gazing fondly on those lips I had so often issed, I pressed them once again to mine. From those dear ps a struggling sigh broke upward, mingled with froth and lood; and oh, Great Heaven, she fell back from my arms a orpse upon the ground!"

The tears no longer hidden, flowed down those wasted heeks, and Joseph Praed was not ashamed to show his deep motion before that aged woman.

"And he?" said she, at length.

"He it was you saw. He had been a wild, reckless gambler n foreign parts, and had dissipated all his wife's and his own ortune. At last he fell. Why need we talk any more about ?"

Mrs. Clark saw that he had a secret of his own he did not ish to reveal. She, too, had a secret which she kept to herself. During the narration, she had "put this and that together," as she said long afterwards, "and arrived at a conclusion."

* * * * *

In a little churchyard in Kent, there is a mound of [illegible] with flowers and sweet herbs in blossom constantly around it. Two gentle hearts are at rest within that grave. And on the little headstone are these words, and none others—

"In life divided, but in death united."

"And so," said Mrs. Clark to herself, when she came home from his funeral—Mrs. Clark is a very old woman now—"they two were BROTHERS. And my poor Joseph, so good and gentle as he was, actually spent all the money he was worth to send the wagabond of a forger out of England, and away from justice. Well, it's a curious world we live in."

THE POWER OF THE SUN'S RAYS.*

HEAT and light are derived from the sun, and we have attempted to show that not only are the phenomena of these two principles different, but that they can scarcely, in the present condition of our knowledge, be regarded as modified manifestations of *one* superior power. Associated with these two remarkable elements, others may exist in the solar rays. Electrical phenomena are certainly developed by both heat and light, and peculiar changes are produced by a short exposure to sunshine. Electricity may be merely *excited* by the solar rays, or it may flow like light from the sun. Chemical action may be only due to the disturbance of some diffused principle, or it may be directly owing to some agency which is radiated at once from the sun.

A sun ray is a magical thing. We connect it in our fancy with the most ethereal of possible creations. Yet in its action on matter it produces colour; it separates the particles of solid masses farther from each other, and it breaks up some of the strongest forces of chemical affinity. To modern science is entirely due the knowledge we have gained of the marvellous powers of the sunbeam; and it has rendered us familiar with phenomena, to which the incantation scenes of the Cornelius Agrippas of the dark ages were but ill-contrived delusions, and their magic mirrors poor instruments in comparison with the silver tablets of the photographic artist.

In the dark ages, or rather as the earliest gleams of the bright morning of industrious research were dispelling the mists of that phantom peopled period, it was observed, for the first time, that the sun's rays turned a white compound black. Man must have witnessed, long before, that curious change which is constantly taking place in all vegetable colours: some darkening by exposure to sunlight, while others are bleached by the solar rays. Yet those phenomena excited no attention, and the world knew nothing of the mighty changes which were constantly taking place around them. The alchemists—sublime pictures of credulous humanity—toiling in the smoke of their secret laboratories, waiting and watching for every change which could be produced by fire, or by their "royal waters," caught the first faint ray of an opening truth, and their wild fancy that light could change silver into gold, if they but succeeded in getting its subtle beams to interpenetrate the metal, was the clue afforded to the empirical philosopher to guide him through a more than Cretan labyrinth.

The first fact recorded upon this point was, that horn silver blackened when exposed to the light. Without doubt many anxious thoughts were given by these alchemists to that fact. Here was, as it appeared, a mixing up of light and matter, and behold the striking change. It was a step towards the realisation of their dreams. Alas! poor visionaries! in pursuing an ideality they lost the reality which was within their grasp.

Truth comes slowly upon man, and long it is before these angel visits are acknowledged by humanity. The world clings to its errors, and avoids the truth, lest its light should betray their miserable follies.

* From the "Poetry of Science; or, Studies of the Physical Phenomena of Nature." By Robert Hunt, Keeper of the Mining Records at the Museum of Practical Geology, Piccadilly.

At length a man of genius announced that "*No substance can be exposed to the sun's rays without undergoing a chemical change;*" but his words fell idly upon the ear. His friends looked upon his light-produced pictures as curious matters; they preserved them in their cabinets of curiosities. but the truth which he enunciated was soon forgotten. Howbeit these words were recorded, and it is due to the solitary experimentalist of Châlons on the Saône, to couple the name of Niepce with the discovery of a fact which is scarcely second to the development of the great law of universal gravitation. But an examination awaits us, which, for its novelty, has more charms than most branches of science, and which, for the extensive views it opens to the inquirer, has an interest in nowise inferior to any other physical investigation.

The prismatic spectrum affords us the means of examining the conditions of the solar rays with great facility. In bending the ray of white light out of its path, by means of a triangular piece of glass, we divide it in a remarkable manner. We learn that heat is less refracted by the glass than the other powers; we find the maximum point of the calorific rays but slightly thrown out of the right line, which the solar pencil would have taken, had it not been interrupted by the pri and the thermic action is found to diminish with much regularity on either side of this line. We discover that the luminous power is subject to greater refraction, and that its maximum lies considerably above that of heat, and that, in like manner, on each side the light diminishes, producing orange, red, and crimson colours below the maximum point, and green, blue, and violet above it. Again, we find that the radiations which produce chemical change are more refrangible than either of the others, and the maximum of this power is found at the point where light rapidly diminishes, and where scarcely any heat can be detected, it extends in full activity, above its maximum, to a considerable distance, where no trace of light can be discovered, and below that point, until light, appearing to act as an interfering agent, quenches its peculiar properties. These are strong evidences that light and actinism—as this principle has been named—are not identical. and we may separate them most easily and effectually from each other. Certain glasses, stained dark blue, with oxide of cobalt, admit scarcely any light, but they offer no interruption to the passage of actinism, on the contrary, a yellow glass or a yellow fluid, which does not sensibly reduce the intensity of any one colour of the chromatic band of luminous rays, completely cuts off this chemical principle, whatever it may be. In addition to these, there are other results which we shall have to describe, which prove that, although associated in the solar beam, light and actinism are in constant antagonism.

When Daguerre first published his great discovery, the European public regarded his metal tablets with feelings of wonder; we have grown accustomed to the beautiful phenomena of this art, and we have become acquainted with a number of no less beautiful processes on paper, all of which, if studied aright, must convince the most superficial thinker that a world of wonder lies a little beyond our knowledge, but within the reach of industrious and patient research. Photography is the name by which the art of sun-painting will be for ever known. We regard this as unfortunate, conveying as it does a false idea, — the pictures not being *light-drawn.* tures are *sun-drawn.*

By whatever name we determine to convey our ideas of these phenomena, it is certain that they involve a series of effects which are of the highest interest to every lover of nature, and of the utmost importance to the artist and the amateur. By easy manipulation we are now enabled to give permanence to [illegible] falls upon the table in its dark chamber, may be secured with its most delicate gradations of shadows, upon either a metallic or a paper tablet.

Thus we are enabled to preserve the lineaments of those who have benefited their race by their genius or their bravery. By the agency of these very rays which give life and brilliancy to the laughing eye and the roseate cheek, we can at once correctly trace the outline of the features we admire, and fill in those shadowy details which give the picture the charm of *vraisemblance.* The admirer of nature may copy her arrangements with strict fidelity. Every undulation of the landscape, every projecting rock or beetling tor, each sinuous river, and the spreading plains over which are scattered the homes of honest industry and domestic peace, intermingled with the towers or spires of those humble temples in which simple-hearted piety delights to kneel—these, all of these, may, by the sunbeam which illuminates the whole, be faithfully pencilled upon our chemical preparations.

To the traveller how valuable is the process! The characteristic vegetation of distant lands, and the remains of hoar antiquity, speaking to the present of the past, and recording the histories of races which have fleeted away, may be alike secured to instruct "home-keeping wits," by the assistance of this beautiful art.

SECOND SIGHT.

I am not over credulous, nor much given to believe in marvels of any kind. In these go-a-head days of science—mental and physical—ghostly appearances and other psychological wonders, which never challenged a doubt in the minds of our forefathers, have but few believers. I do not, however, so far commit myself to the scepticism of the age as to disbelieve, absolutely, everything which I cannot understand or account for. Supernatural phenomena, I am weak enough to reason, *may* be real and true, though above my comprehension. Still, I owe it to myself to say that, in such matters, as in everything else, I make evidence a condition of belief. In the instance of "second sight" which I am about to relate I have a personal knowledge of the individuals concerned, and in the character of the man whose experience the reader is to peruse a sufficient guarantee of its truth. Were it not for these facts, I should either meet the statements with unqualified disbelief, or endeavour, as the fashion is, to explain away the phenomena by some convenient optical theory. With this much of a preface, then, "*o nos moutons.*"

In Ireland—the home and birth-place of so many supernatural and lengendary wonders—and in the heart of an amphitheatre of hills in the north-west of Tyrone, is the little village of Castle-connor. It consists of a single street, fortified ("to keep out the devil," as an inhabitant would say) at its respective extremities by a Roman Catholic chapel and a Presbyterian meeting-house. Close by the burial-ground of the latter, runs a narrow but deep stream, called the *Faughan.* It is spanned by a single arch, whose dilapidated condition would excite just and urgent convictions of the necessity of repairs in this more matter-of-fact country, where human life is rather more highly valued, and where grand jury presentments are more faithfully executed. Practical conservatism, however, constitutes the social economy of Castle-connor. The "oldest inhabitant" cannot have the faintest memory of improvements of any sort. "The ould ways are the best," is the creed of its population, Papist and Presbyterian; changes, except such as time works, are, therefore, unknown. Three generations of worshippers have come and gone since the chapel was whitewashed or the meeting-house painted.

These facts, however, in the social history of the village, though characteristic and suggestive, claim only an incidental mention in this sketch. Still they are, in a sense, necessary to its completeness. Castle-connor has a monthly fair, which is chiefly attended by some of the wildest specimens of humanity which Tyrone, Donegal, and Fermanagh can produce. At these monthly gatherings, booth dances, elopements, and faction-fights, which in most other parts of Ireland are happily becoming things of the past, yet flourish in their pristine glory. Personal quarrels are thrown as contributions towards the getting-up of the general *melée*, in which the individual combatants satisfy their honour and pugnacious tastes by hitting a head wherever it can be found. On something of a similar principle, "attachments" are extemporised, an immediate run-away takes place, and marriage follows, with a rapidity and an utter absence of fore-thought, which in this

mercurial climate we cannot easily understand. Such, ertheless, is the social condition of the region I am describ- even in this go-a-head age of submarine telegraphs, rail- ds, "long ranges," balloons, and needle-guns. The case of econd-sight," however, which I am about to narrate had connexion with any of the periodic fights or love matches ich I have mentioned.

About an English mile from Castle-connor, lived, five years , a family called O'Neil. It consisted of the father and ther, two daughters, and a son. Some quarter of a mile tant, resided a second son, who had married, and, at the e I write of, held a small farm of his own. Through mis- nagement and neglect, however, resulting from the drunken bits of its owner, it yielded but little, and himself and his ily were thrown mainly upon his father for their support. s days were spent in lounging idly about home, and his nings and nights, for the most part, were passed in the pany of others like himself, in a sheebeen-house in Castle- nor. Persuasions, threatenings, and all other means likely influence him were tried in vain for his reformation. The est threatened him with the thunders of excommunication, d the land agent with ejectment from his farm; but with better result than a temporary suspension of his besetting actice, for which he subsequently repaid himself amply. All orts to win him from this fixed habit of drunkenness were length abandoned, and he nightly trod the bye-path along e banks of the Faughan, which led from his dwelling to the eebeen-house, in a state which fully justified the fears of his atives, that his body would some morning be found in the eam. Nevertheless, he generally managed to reach his me in safety before midnight at the latest. One fair-night, wever, the usual hour of his return had long passed, and he s still absent. After waiting anxiously till long after mid- ght, his wife, fearing the worst, went to the house of her her-in-law, thinking that he might have stopped there on s way home. On rousing up the inmates, their alarm was most equal to her own. A man servant was speedily spatched to Castle-connor in search of the absent man, but he turned without having been able to discover more than that had left his usual resort shortly after midnight, and had not ice been seen or heard of. Their worst fears now seemed stified The father, however, endeavoured to quiet their arm, and insisted on the other inmates of the family return- g to bed, whilst he and the man servant renewed the search. is they did by separating and taking each one of the two ays which led from the house to the village. The servant ent round by the road, and the father by the bye-path along e Faughan. The anxious family had returned to bed, but ot to rest, to await the result of this second search, and the married son, whom I have already mentioned, was lying cturing to himself the discovery of his brother's body in the ver next morning. Suddenly, however, these melancholy nagimngs were interrupted by a scene still more terrible. A ft, subdued light all at once sprung up, gradually increasing extent and brightness, till the bedroom became filled with radiance which made every object distinctly visible. The m outlines of a landscape were next painted on this ground- ork of light, gradually becoming, as it had done, fuller and learer, till a picture, complete in all its details, of the country etween his home and Castle-connor, was presented to his ew. Every hill, and ditch, and hedge, now was visible as the clearest sunlight. Each came forward on the scene, ike the successive phases in a dissolving view. The startled itness of the phenomenon at first thought that it was some ptical illusion, created by the reverie which it had inter- upted. He rubbed his eyes, closed them, then rubbed them gain; but still the scene was vividly before him. Being n intelligent man, and the reverse of superstitious, he lung to the notion that it was a mere illusion which would soon pass away. In this, however, he was disap- ointed. At the end of several minutes the startling pic- ure remained unchanged. As a last effort to shut it out rom his view, he buried his head beneath the bed-clothes, ut the supernatural panorama still continued visible. Every eature in the landscape seemed even more distinct than ts original at noon-day. About one-third of an Irish mile from Castle-connor, the Faughan is hid from view from O'Neil's house, for a distance of some hundred yards, by a hill, after winding round the base of which it again becomes visible, and runs nearly in a straight line for more than a mile. As the young man now lay half inclined to admit that there must be something "unearthly" in the matter, he observed a figure emerging from behind the hill, and approaching by the pathway along the banks of the river. As it came gradually nearer, he recognised *his father*, first by his gait, and next by his dress, both of which he could clearly distinguish in the strong light of the vision. On came the figure of his father, increasing in size and distinctness, till the knotted thorn-stick which he carried became easily recognisable too. The anxious son now watched the strange scene with painfully increasing interest; and, though he had found open or closed eyes the same as regarded its perception, he hardly winked, lest some movement or other incident should escape his observation. He had overcome the slight sensation of fear which had previously affected him, and now earnestly gazed at the figure, as if intuitively certain that it was to form the chief point of interest and importance in the scene. A few moments proved the justness of this expectation. His father seemed to approach home at his usual pace, till he reached a narrow foot-stick which spanned the mouth of a dyke that emptied itself at that point into the Faughan. In crossing it, the terrified son saw the figure stumble, and, after an attempt to regain its balance, fall over into the river. It sunk, but soon after rose to the surface, and clutched violently at the brush-wood which grew along the water's edge For a moment the effort seemed successful, but the twig which it had grasped gave way, and the figure fell back into the stream. A second time it rose to view, plunging far out into the river, as if making the last struggle for life, but in vain. The water closed over it, and a few bubbles rose over the spot where the death-agony had ended. The horror-stricken son waited for nothing more, but hastily jumped out of bed, dressed himself, and, without telling any of the family what he had witnessed, left the house to seek for his father. On the street he met the man-servant, who had found the missing brother lying drunk and asleep on the road to Castle-connor, and conveyed him to his own house, where he then was. The man knew nothing of his master. They had separated, as I have mentioned, to make the search by both ways to the village, and he had seen nothing of him since The son then mentioned the fearful vision which I have described, and stated the fears which it had inspired The terrified listener, who had performed countless crossings and other pious movements during the brief narration, proposed that the river should at once be dragged, on the strength of what had occurred, but it was agreed that they should both go to Castle-connor by the road, and there seek for the father. It was daybreak by the time they reached the village The old man had been in several houses during the night in search of his missing son, but nothing farther was known of him. The man-servant was sent back to see if he had reached home in the meantime, but his return with a negative answer now seriously aroused fears that an accident had in reality occurred. Guided by young O'Neil, a party of men went to the foot-stick on the bank of the Faughan *At the identical spot seen in the vision, the grass was found flattened down, as if by the recent pressure of some heavy body, and in a few minutes the agonised son, with his own hand, dragged up the corpse of his father from the river*

These are facts which I know to be true, and I challenge the scientific or philosophical sceptic to explain them away if he can. I have said that I am not much given to believe in wonders of any kind; but here are phenomena of actual occurrence, which I cannot account for on any principles which either science or philosophy, properly so called, can furnish in explanation. I was staying in the neighbourhood of Castle-connor at the time, and heard the facts from the lips of O'Neil himself, than whom, I am convinced, a more conscientious or upright Roman Catholic does not exist. His statements are yet corroborated by the men whom he first told of the vision before the discovery of his father's body, and so strongly was I impressed with a conviction of their truth when I first listened to them, that the impression of the terrible scene which was then made upon my mind, remains as fresh and startling as it was five years ago. With the amount of evidence which I possess, disbelief is to my mind impossible, however strange the facts, nor do I envy the

mental constitution or habit of the man who could take refuge in his fancied "superiority to superstition," and withhold his belief in the face of an equal weight of proof. Such phenomena as these are mysteries whose credibility only the presumptuous or the ignorant will rashly deny.

THE PRODIGAL.

BY MEA CULPA

SCENE.—*Night-time in a small attic chamber.—An old man alone*

"ONCE more the sun hath sunk to rest,
Numbering another day unblest
By receipt of the missive so much desired;
And hope's last gleam, well-nigh expired,
But serves to add a caustic pang
To disappointment's keen-edged fang
It is my wonted hour of prayer,
But, oh! not yet, my soul may dare
To pray for help, while, unresigned,
Such awful doubts disturb my mind.
Aye, thoughts of one now far away,
Depress my spirit night and day,
Of one, that from his birth hath been
The idol whose shadow e'er comes between
My soul and God. 'His will be d
Are words I cannot say, my son,
When thinking on thy winning ways
And merry laugh of former days;
Thy blithesome step, as hand in hand
We paced the lawn at day's decline,
And loving kiss when, thou in bed,
I blessings craved on thy young head.
Oh, boy, I dwell on all these things,
Until the lonely present wrings
My troubled heart, which then gives vent
To terrible presentiment
Perchance on couch of sickness laid,
With none thy feverish wants to aid,
No one to catch thy parting breath,
Or wipe away the dews of death,
Thy sire's forgiveness thou would seek,
And then my faith grows all too weak
To trust, in such dark bitter hour,
In the wisdom of Almighty power.
Oh, bitter is the bread of tears,
When eaten for nine weary years!
And each fresh dawn when tidings fail,
And the heart grows sick and the cheek turns pale,
My cup is filled afresh with woe,
Whose every drop is, like poison slow,
Corroding the springs of an old man's life,
With whom sorrow hath waged perpetual strife
Then, worse than all, comes the torturing thought,
With all its maddening anguish fraught,
What caused the soul of my innocent child
E'er to become by sin defiled?
Should he further stray —ah! heaven's! my brain
Cannot the mere idea sustain."

(*Here Mabel is heard singing in the adjoining apartment, and the old man opens his window to listen.*)

Once more hath darkness
Enfolded the earth,
Suspending our labours
And hushing our mirth,
And her thanks would a lowly maiden pay,
For all heavenly gifts vouchsafed this day!
In cities or deserts,
Wherever we be,
We know we're protected,
Oh, Father, by thee,
And duly our hymn of thanksgiving we sing.
Ere slumbering secure in the shade of thy wing
For the trials thou sendest,
Our weak faith to prove,
The blessings thou givest,
Our hard hearts to move,
And mercy held out to the vilest, we raise
Our vespers united of love, trust, and praise.

(*Old man, still at the lattice.*)

"Most truly hath our Saviour said,
A blessing rests on that man's head
Who shall, confiding, loving, mild,
Become again a little child!
Such only may aspire to heaven;
And my daughter's trust to me hath given
New faith this night, fresh strength to seek
From Him who will sustain the weak.
Those glorious stars! How duly *they*
Their Creator's will obey!
How will I try to kiss the rod,
And kneeling in the sight of God,
Will strive once more, with truth, to say,
'His will be done,' and then—yet stay,
Surely, beneath yon old elm tree,
Some way worn traveller I see
Benighted on this lonely moor!
Well, be he rich or be he poor,
He must be cared for ere I sleep,
Or even pray for him for whom I needs must weep
——— Ho! Mabel, ho! I now desire
Thou wilt prepare food, bed, and fire."

(*The old man is next seen in the open porch, beckoning to the wayfarer, who seems to hesitate, then rushes forward and kneels at the old man's feet.*)

"Father, *my* father, didst thou call me,
Me, thy vile and erring c
Thus penitent I come before thee,
A deeply sinning, worthless son.
Oh! how the black ingratitude
With which from this dear home I turned,
And the rough defying mood
In which thy gentle rule I spurned,
Bows down my soul in fear and shame
And thy tear drops caressing
My hot brow with their blessing,
More severely reproach me than blame
Thou too indulgent, best of fathers,
Can thou love me as of yore!
One word now, one word of kindness,
Would virtue to my soul restore
I have sinned against heaven and thee,
Wilt thou, dost thou, pardon me!"

OLD MAN.

I do, I do, my son!
Thank God, thank God, who hath restored
My long lost child, so oft deplored
Oh! welcome to this roof again!
And doubt thou not, that sin's worst stain
By purity may be redeemed
How faint thou seems—aye, rest
Thy head once more on this fond breast.
Quick, Mabel, bring the best spiced wine,
And roast the fattest tenderest chine,
Our wanderer is returned at last,
And all the miserable past
Is buried in grateful gladness of heart,
That he hath chosen the better part
And were it God's will that my life should cease,
I could now depart in perfect peace;
For bright is the morrow and dear the thought,
Of an endless future with sweet hopes fraught.

THE TITLE OF ESQUIRE.—Real esquires are of seven sorts. 1 Esquires of the King's body, whose number is limited to four 2. The eldest sons of Knights, and their eldest sons born during their lifetime It would seem that, in the days of ancient warfare, the Knight often took his eldest son into the wars for the purpose of giving him a practical military education, employing him mean time as his esquire. 3. The eldest sons of youngest sons of Peers of the realm. 4 Such as the King invests with the collar of SS including the King at arms, heralds, &c The dignity of Esquire was conferred by Henry IV, and his successor, by the investure of the collar and the gift of a pair of silver spurs. Gower, the poet, was such an esquire by creation 5. Esquire to the knights of the Bath for life, and their eldest sons 6 Sheriffs of counties for life, coroners and justices of the peace, and gentlemen of the royal household while they continue in their respective offices. 7 Barristers at law and some others, are said to be of scultarial dignity, but not actual esquires.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF EXTREME MINUTENESS.—Dr Wollaston ained platinum wire so fine, that thirty thousand pieces, placed e by side in contact, would not cover more than an inch. It uld take one hundred and fifty pieces of this wire bound toge- r to form a thread as thick as a filament of raw silk Although tinum is the heaviest of the known bodies, a mile of this wire uld not weigh more than a grain Seven ounces of this wire uld extend from London to New York The natural filaments wool, silk, and fur, afford striking examples of the minute sibility of organised matter. The following numbers show how ny filaments of each of the annexed substances placed in con- t, side by side, would be necessary to cover an inch —

Coarse wool	500
Fine Merino wool	1,250
Silk	2,500

ne hairs of the finest furs, such as beaver and ermine, hold a ace between the filaments of merino and silk, and the wools in neral have a fineness between merino and coarse wool Fine as the filament produced by the silk worm, that produced by the ider is still more attenuated A thread of a spider's web, uring four miles, will weigh little more than a single grain ery one is famil

d by which his own weight hangs suspended. It has been certained that this thread is composed of about six thousand

A soap-bubble as it floats in the light of the sun flects to the eye an endless variety of th lour Newton showed that to each of these tints corresponds certain thickness of the substance forming the bubble; in fact, showed in general, that all transparent substances, when duced to a certain degree of tenuity, would reflect these colours ar the highest point of the bubble, just before it bursts, as ways observed a spot which reflects no colour and appears black ewton showed that the thickness of the bubble at this point e 2,500,000th part of an inch! Now, as the bubble at this point ossesses the properties of water as essentially as does the Atlantic ean, it follows that the ultimate molecules forming water must ve less dimensions than this thickness The wings of insects, ich reflect beautiful tints resembling mother-of-pearl, owe that ality to their extreme tenuity Some of them are so thin that 0,000 placed one upon the other would not form a heap of more an a quarter of an inch in height! In the manufacture of broidery, fine threads of silver gilt are used. To produce these, bar of silver, weighing 180 oz. is gilt with an ounce of gold, is bar is then wire drawn, until it is reduced to a thread so fine at 3,400 feet of it weighs less than an ounce It is then flat ned by being submitted to severe pressure between rollers, in hich process its length is increased to 4,000 feet Each foot of e flattened wire weighs, therefore, the 4,000th part of an ounce ut, as in the process of wire-drawing the proportion the two metals is maintained, the gold will cover the surface the fine thread thus produced, consists only of the 180th par whole weight. Therefore, the gold which covers one foo only the 720,000th part of an ounce, and, consequently, the go hich covers an inch will be the 8,640,000th part of an ounce If ns inch be again divided into one hundred equal parts, each part ill be distinctly visible without the aid of a microscope, and yet, e gold which covers such visible part will be only the 864,000,000th art of an ounce But we need not stop even here This portion f the wire may be magnified 500 times, and by these means, erefore, its 500th part will become visible

EXISTENCE OF ANIMALS IN LOW TEMPERATURES.—Many nimals have, however, the power of bearing the greatest differ- nce of temperature, and many infusoria live in [illegible] ccording to Shuttleworth and Vogt, there are five organisms ndowed with this property, of which four belong to the infusoria, nd one to the crustacea, and these organisms give a red colour to he snow. A multitude of infusoria are found beneath the ice in winter, of which Schmarda enumerates fifty species as found by imself Doyère dried wheel animalculum, and having dumped hem, and put them for a few minutes into a temperature of from 20 deg to 140 deg of Reaumur, several recovered, but the experi- ent establishes no proofs, as it is entirely isolated and without nalogy. Insects are to be found in the greatest extremes Reaumur and Degeer found the larvæ of gnats in ice. Captain Buchan [illegible] frozen lake which in the evening was all still and hard, but s soon as the sun had dissolved the surface in the morning, [illegible] n a state of animation, owing, as it appeared on close inspection, o myriads of flies let loose, while many still remained fixed and rozen round. Ellis also mentions that a large black mass like oal or peat, dissolved, when thrown upon the fire, into a cloud of musquitoes. Humboldt found beetles far above the line of per- etual snow of the Cordilleras. Several springtails (*podura hie- malis* and *glacialis*) live on the snow, and impart to it a black or red colour On the other hand, Dr. Reeve found larvæ, supposed to be those of the crane fly (*tipula*), in a hot spring, at 205 deg. of Fahrenheit, and Perty discovered caddis larvæ (*phryganea*), in a spring in Wales, at 150 deg of temperature. Among fish, the bream, if packed in snow, can be preserved alive for a considerable time; and carp, after having been frozen so hard as to require the force of an axe to divide them, have recovered on being thawed.—*Thompson's Passions of Animals*

FORCE OF THE ELECTRIC FLUID.—The following curious and dangerous effects of lightning may not be familiar to many who witness its grand and awful exhibitions.—A person may be killed by lightning, although the explosion takes place at twenty miles, by what is called the back-stroke. Suppose that the two extremities of a cloud highly charged with electricity, hang down towards the earth, they will repel the electricity from the earth's surface, if it be of the same kind with their own, and will attract the other kind and if a discharge should suddenly take place at one end of the cloud, the equilibrium will instantly be restored by a flash at the point of the earth which is under the other. Though the back-stroke is often sufficiently powerful to destroy life, it is never so terrible as the direct shot, which is frequently of inconceivable intensity Instances have occurred in which large masses of iron and stone, and even many feet of stone wall, have been conveyed [illegible] by a stroke of lightning Rocks and the tops of mountains often bear the marks of fusion from its action, and occasionally vitreous tubes, descending many feet into the banks of sand, mark the path of the electric fluid Some years Dr Felder exhibited several of these fulgurites in London of considerable length, which had been dug out of the sandy plains of Silesia and Eastern Prussia One found at Paderborn was forty feet long The ramifications generally terminate in pools or springs of water below the sand, which are supposed to determine the course of the electric fluid No doubt the soil and substrata must influence its direction, since it is found by experience that places which have been struck by lightning are often struck again. A schoolhouse in Lammermoor, in East Lothian, has been struck three different times

THE STEREOSCOPE.—The phenomena of vision have engaged the attention of our most acute philosophers, and various have been the theories propounded to explain the result of single vision with pair of eyes, which are of necessity under the influence of two impressions The researches of Wheatstone have done more than those of any other man to place this phenomenon in a clear light. In his stereoscope we survey two images viewed at the angle of reflection converted into a *solid* body—that is, a body conveying to the mind an impression of *length breadth*, and *thickness* This instrument has recently been modified by Sir David Brewster, who, by cutting a lens into halves [illegible] places each half so as to represent an eye—the distance between the meeting 2½ inches—has very beautifully imitated the [illegible] of the eye Such an instrument is used as a camera for photographic purposes, and daguerreotypes obtained in it, as we have seen them with great delicacy by Mr Claudet, are examined under [illegible] ope. The result [illegible] reality of the most deceptive character.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.—Dr Lardner, in his "Handbook of Natural Philosophy," says—"A flash of lightning appears to the eye as a continuous line of light, because the light emitted at any point of the line remains upon the [illegible] the cause of the light passes over the succeeding points In the same manner, any [illegible] moved before the eye with such a velocity that the retina [illegible] impression produced at one point in the line of its motion until it passes through the other points, will appear as a continuous line of light or colour.

ASTRONOMICAL FACT.—A curious fact for astronomers has just been ascertained In the papers of the celebrated Lalande, recently presented to the Academy of Sciences by M. Arago, there is a note to the effect that so far back as the 25th October, 1800, he and Bouvard were of opinion, from calculations, that there must be a planet beyond Uranus, and they occupied themselves for some time in trying to discover its precise position.

WATER GAS.—The following is the process used in the manufacture of water gas.—A rapid succession of drops, or a small stream of water is allowed to fall upon a body of incandescent charcoal A very large volume of pure water gas is thus rapidly produced, which being made to combine with gas from cannel in its nascent state, is found to double and even treble the usual amount got from a given weight of coal, and of such purity that no smoke can be drawn from it.

VEGETATION AT THE NORTH POLE.—In the never ending winter, where you would expect life to become extinct, the snow is sometimes found of a bright red colour Examine it with a microscope, and lo! it is covered with mushrooms growing on the surface of the snow, as their natural abode.

MISCELLANEA.

TRUTH considered in itself, and in the effects natural to it, may be conceived as a gentle spring or water-source, warm from the genial earth, and breathing up into the snowdrift that is piled over and around its outlet. It turns the obstacle into its own form and character, and as it makes its way increases its stream. And should it be arrested in its course by a chilling season, it suffers delay, not loss, and waits only for a change in the wind to awaken and again roll onwards

SLEEP AT WILL.—"Sometime since I observed advertisements in the London papers, offering to communicate, on payment of a sovereign, a mode of producing 'sleep at will.' Can you tell me how this can be done?—INVALID."—The following directions for procuring rest are from Dr Burn's work on "The Anatomy of Sleep."—"Let the person turn on his left side, place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle a line drawn from the head to the shoulder would form; and then, slightly closing his lips, let him take rather a full respiration, breathing as much as possible through his nostrils. This, however, is not absolutely necessary, as some persons breathe always through their nostrils during sleep, and rest as soundly as those who do not. Having taken a full inspiration, the lungs are then to be left to their own action—that is, the respiration is neither to be accelerated nor retarded. The attention must now be fixed on the action in which the patient is engaged. He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream; and the very instant he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart, imagination slumbers, fancy becomes dormant, thought subdued, the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility, the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovereignty, and, as we before remarked, he no longer wakes, but sleeps. This train of phenomena is but the effect of a moment. The instant the mind is brought to the contemplation of a single sensation, that instant the sensorium abdicates the throne, and the hypnotic faculty steeps it in oblivion."—We would advise "Invalid" to try this method, as it can be done at little cost, although we must confess that we have no great confidence in it. We much fear that if a person thus learn to sleep by breathing through his nostrils, he will inevitably, at the same time learn to *snore* loud enough to wake himself

HOW IS IT THAT CANDLES WITH TWISTED OR PLAITED WICKS DO NOT REQUIRE SNUFFING?—The burning wick, by the force of torsion of the fibre which composes it, presents itself to the air, and, finding a due supply of oxygen, the carbon burns away. The little beads of vitreous matter, which are seen to accumulate at the end of the wick, are so many beads of glass. Formerly, the dropping of ashes into the tallow or stearine of the candle was productive of much inconvenience, when it was suggested that the wicks, previously to being covered with their greasy coating, should be steeped in a solution of borax. The plan was found to succeed perfectly; the ashes, fusing with the borax, formed a glass, which no longer soiled the stearine by dropping upon it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z will find the information he requires on the method of making a galvanic machine, in Knight's "Cyclopædia of Industry," and also in a little volume published by Cradock, Paternoster-row.

D—r wishes to know what is the necessary outfit for a married couple proceeding to America, and where he could best obtain a daguerreotype portrait of his parent, whom he leaves behind. With regard to the first question,—so much depends on his own means that we should scarcely like to advise; as to the last, he may get a photographic well and cheaply taken at 374, Strand.

W. SNELLING and others, who have written for further instructions in photography, are informed that an article will shortly appear in the ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR, in which more minute instructions will be given. Cheap apparatus may be obtained of Messrs Horne and Wood, Newgate, Mr. Ross, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn, and Messrs Field, Birmingham.

IGNORANCE should read his classics, and he would soon discover the meaning of the Hungrian lady who told George, that she saw Diogenes peeping out of his torn coat.

R. W. P. wishes to know what history of France comes nearest in style to Macaulay's History of England? With all modesty, we beg to refer him to the History of France, which is publishing in John Cassell's Library.

QUARTUS wishes to know if there is any truth in astrology. Speaking of astrology as the term is at present understood, it is false and fabulous, but considered in reference to its results—the discoveries and speculations of astronomers—it may be considered to have had great influence in eliciting truth. The dreams engendered in the minds of half educated men have evolved many important truths which these men have seized and practised.

A. B.—The tartar or incrustation on the teeth may be removed by means of powdered pumice stone and charcoal applied in the usual way with a tooth brush. Nothing can be better to keep the teeth clean than to keep them so.

WILLIAM BENNETT.—Water converted into steam occupies more than 1700 times its own bulk of space. Steam will be produced at a proportionately lower temperature if we diminish the pressure of the atmosphere on the water, which may be done either by ascending a mountain or by withdrawing a portion of the air by means of an air pump. When we continue to heat ordinary steam, its elasticity rapidly increases, and it is then termed *high pressure*, while steam of the ordinary temperature is called *low pressure*. We are not aware of any law which prevents a person from using a still for chemical purposes.

JAMES BUNTING and others have applied to us for a specific against early baldness. Vegetable oils and fruits are the only means for increasing the growth of the hair.

W. D. S.—The "True-born Englishman" of Daniel De Foe, is not now included in the list of published books called the London Catalogue. It can only be seen in a public library, the British Museum for instance.

A FARMER will find in the *Companion of Industry*, and in a hand-book on Farming, published by Longman and Co. all he requires. It is not unlikely that we may refer more particularly to the subject of agriculture in the *Friend*.

H. C. W. is informed that his [illegible] is even now undergoing the examination which the Editor promised him, and which, should be made.

CHRISTOPHE appears to be ignorant of the existence of our "French Lessons" and "Manual of the French Language," or he would not ask us what is the best method of obtaining a knowledge of French without the aid of a teacher. Both works may be obtained. Order of any bookseller.

A SUBSCRIBER at Castle Mill is duped. The last number of the *Friend* for a few [illegible] in favour of teetotalism. It would be [illegible] say which is the *best* History of England, but he will find Dr Ferguson's, in "John Cassell's Library," very good indeed.

A TEETOTALER will find himself answered elsewhere. The third volume of the *History of Ireland* is now ready for delivery.

W. W. will find his [illegible] reply to PERRY, in No.

IMEINS.—There is a cheap edition of Milton's complete works published by Daly, Hatton-garden.

JOHN DODMAN.—The working drawings of a camera obscura would cost more than a complete apparatus. Apply to any mathematical and philosophical instrument maker.

R. G. C.—The seven wonders of the world were, the Colossus at Rhodes, the Sepulchre of Mausolus, King of Caria; the Palace of Cyrus, King of the Medes; the Pyramids of Egypt; the Statue of Jupiter Olympus, the Temple of Diana at Ephysus; the Walls of Babylon. These were the classic seven wonders; what the modern wonders are it would be rather difficult to say.

A SCRIBBLER asks how he may improve his written compositions? The art of composing sentences clearly, so as to express his own meaning and interest those who read, is well worthy the attention of every young person; it cannot be attained without close application to study, but its value and beauty will be an ample recompense. Two or three general rules may be given. *First*, due regard should be paid to the *length* of your sentences, if they be too *short*, the sense is apt to be broken, if they be too *long*, the attention of the reader may be fatigued. A mixture of long and short sentences is generally most pleasing. *Secondly*, your meaning should be expressed with *clearness*. Right words must be selected and properly arranged, and your leading idea must be kept fully in view. And, *thirdly*, this should be expressed with *force*. The sense should be brought out to the greatest advantage, that every word may have its due weight, and make a suitable impression on the mind of the reader. Practice will enable you to arrange your words and sentences in the most *pleasing* form.

"BACHELOR" surely cannot be serious in asking us to direct him as to his choice of a suitable companion for life. How can we do this who are utter strangers to his character, tastes, habits, or expectations?

W. BANCROFT.—It is quite impossible for us to say "whether Napoleon has an idea of placing on his head the imperial crown," or whether he is planning an invasion of this country." Time will show.

JAMES PENROSE.—The minie rifle is not yet sold in England; but rifles made on the same principle may be obtained of the best London gunmakers.

A WELL WISHER'S first question, respecting a passage in Dr. Ferguson's History of England, shall be answered next week. The spots which appear on kid gloves arise from the imperfect dressing of the leather, or from damp. There is no way of removing them that we are aware of.

L'HOMME FRANÇOIS.—The literary trade of France is carried on principally in Paris, Lyons, and Croves, but where a directory of the manufacturers can be obtained we are not aware. Apply to Messrs Gnetzen and Hermann, of Huggin-lane Cheapside, the agents of the principal French manufacturers. We reply to our correspondent's [illegible] in the order in which he asks them. He should read the Manual of the French Language, and he will find all he requires. Its price is 2s. 2. *Tong*, but not so nasal as this would sound in English, something between *tong* and *ton*. 3 *Heureux*, is pronounced *kurw*, giving the *u* the peculiar French sound, as explained in the French [illegible]. 4 *Aujourd'hui* is pronounced *zhoord-hwe*. 5. *Habit* is *habee*. The *h* is but slightly heard, and the accent on the last syllable. 6 *Manang*, but shorter, something between *mang* and *maung*. 7. Brah. 8. As the English [illegible]. Lastly *pauvre* sounds pove, the [illegible] being very slightly sounded, and the [illegible] number of the History of France [illegible] include the present series of John Cassell's Library.

C. B.—SLEEPING AFTER DINNER.—Dr Combe, a high authority on all matters of hygiene, says—Sleeping after dinner is a bad practice. On awakening from such indulgence there is, generally, some degree of febrile excitement, in consequence of the latter stages of digestion being hurried on, it is only useful in old people, and in some cases of disease. Sleep becomes wholesome only to the healthy when taken at those hours pointed out by nature; an excess of it produces lassitude and corpulency, and utterly debases and stupifies the mind. Corpulent people should sleep little, and upon hard beds, while they should take abundance of exercise and live abstemiously, that their unhealthy bulk may be reduced.

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THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

...r to a traveller approaching from England, Jersey presents an uninviting aspect as he sees the bare rocks that fringe the shore, it is because he is advancing towards it at *low* water. It is the contrary when he reaches it at *high* water, for the rise and fall of the tide along the southern shore of the island is upwards of forty-five feet. No one at such a time can sail round Noirmont Point and pass across the mouth of St. Aubin's Bay, towards the harbour of St. Helier's, without the most lively admiration of the scene. The noble brim-full bay, stretching a fine curve of many miles, its sloping shores charmingly diversified with wood and cultivated fields, and thickly dotted with villas and cottages, open before the eye; on the left, close to the vessel as she sails by, is the gay and imposing fortress called Elizabeth Castle, having for its base a huge sea-girt rock, while in front



MOUNT ORGUEIL CASTLE.

s the town of St. Helier's, commanded by its lofty old, and backed by a fine range of wooded and cultivated heights.

Jersey, with the other Channel islands, are within sight of the French shores. As part of the duchy of Normandy, they became connected with England when the Duke of Normandy obtained possession of the English crown. They were held independently of this country when the conquerer's son Robert reigned as Duke of Normandy, but were again united to England when Henry I. obtained possession of the duchy. They suffered in the reign of Edward III. when, for some years, they were partially possessed by the French. Other troubles were experienced during the struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster, as well as in the civil wars. In an address presented to William and Mary, the inhabitants of Jersey expressed a hope that their majesties would believe that, though their "tongues were French their hearts and swords were truly English." Yet it is only of late that the people had any considerable and particular acquaintance with ours.

Jersey, in form an irregular parallelogram, is about ten miles long and five broad. Its greatest length from south east to north-west is about twelve miles. Its circumference, taking in all the sinuosities and windings, is nearly fifty miles. Its superficies contains about 40,000 acres. The surface of the island slopes from north to south; the whole of the northern coast, with the eastern and western shoulders, being composed of lofty, precipitous cliffs, while the southern shore, though fringed with crags and beds of rock, lies low, and has a considerable portion of sandy beach. Bays, caves, and inlets indent the whole circumference of the island.

According to Dr. Hooper, Jersey enjoys an early spring and a lengthened autumn, vegetation being usually active and forward in March, and the landscape far from naked at the end of December. Spring is marked, however, by unsteadiness of temperature, and harsh variable weather, with a prevalence of east winds; and this disadvantage is felt particularly in May, which often fails to bring with it the expected enjoyments. Yet March is mild, and October still milder.

A sight of the scene presented by one of the eminences, Mr. Inglis says, "immediately begets a desire to range over the island, to penetrate into the valleys and ravines, ... der through the fields, pastures, orchards, and gardens, and to descend to the bays and creeks, which one pictures full of quiet and beauty; and for my own part, I was not long in yielding to the desire.

(Continued on page

THE WORKING MEN OF ENGLAND, AND AN ORGANISED MILITIA.

It is now becoming every day more evident that the chief danger of the world is from standing armies. We have again and again been told that soldiers and sailors are the bulwarks of nations; but in the same breath we are called upon to arm; and for what purpose? Not against the women or children of France and other countries. Not against the kings, the emperors, the presidents, the mechanics, the tradesmen, the merchants, scholars, and philanthopists of the various kingdoms. These excite no alarm. Were the world inhabited by none but these, we might immediately, all of us, join "The Peace Society," and "beat our swords into ploughshares, and our spears into pruning-hooks." But the terror of the world is its armies. If France had no armies, England would have no panic; and if England had no armies, then every Frenchman might sleep in peace; so that the nations are actually spending millions a year to frighten one another. Wherever we look, there is nothing to create alarm but the troops. There is nothing in Russia, Austria, or Prussia to disturb other countries but the armed men, so that the boasted security of the world is its sole insecurity.

It seems also that no amount of armed force can at present free the nations from the dread they have of each other. But for the want of money, there would be no end of soldiers, because each would be vieing with the other in the multiplication of these slaughtermen. It has as yet scarcely occurred to princes and rulers that to diminish the number of their troops would answer the purpose as well as to increase them, because if twenty thousand are equal to twenty thousand, then ten thousand are equal to ten thousand, five to five, one to one, and none to none. There was a time when England had no standing army, when all her enemies were semi-barbarians, and nearly all neighbouring nations were her enemies, and yet she was not then so much alarmed as now. At present we are said to have among us the greatest commander in the world, the bravest officers and troops under heaven, ships of war and marines that surpass those of all other countries, and we annually spend, on the preparation for aggressions, from sixteen to twenty millions a year, and yet we are told, the French are told, and all the world is told, that England is now almost entirely in a defenceless state.

It is well known that the effort to produce a panic comes from the army and navy, or persons who have a monetary interest in the increase of our troops, and therefore we have always wondered that these gentlemen have not had a little more modesty and self-respect. For the government to tell us that we are defenceless, is not only to invite the French to attack us, but also to inform us that our chancellors of the exchequer and others have most notoriously wasted our revenues. For they have taken millions a year out of our pockets and spent them upon soldiers, sailors, ships, ammunition, forts, &c. &c., and now they assure us that all has been so badly laid out that we are defenceless, and may have Louis-Napoleon in London before the end of March! Never has there been so bare-faced an example of an unfaithful steward proclaiming his own wickedness and inefficiency, and appealing to his master to countenance his delinquencies. For our generals, admirals, soldiers, sailors, &c., to set up this cry, is to proclaim their own inadequacy, indolence, and cowardice. We have thousands upon thousands of tall muscular men, all of a certain height, every one of whom has been stripped and examined by medical physiologists, who have measured him, weighed him, inquired into his history, felt him all over, made him cough, sounded his chest, and sent him to drill that his physical energies may be perfected, and now we are told that notwithstanding all these thousands of strong men armed "*cap a pie*," we are every moment in danger of seeing the French in London. We have often heard our soldiers in former years sing most courageously the old chorus—

> "For there is no rebel Frenchman, sans culottes,
>
> Shall conquer the English, the Irish, or Scots,
> 'Or land upon our coasts'

But so thoroughly are our military men debased in these days that they are the first to create a panic; and were they to have a chorus made for their sweet voices in our times, it would be—

> "For ANY rebel Frenchman, sans culottes,
> * * * *
> MAY conquer the English, the Irish, the Scots,
> *And land upon our coasts*"

And the only remedy for this vaunted inadequacy, inefficiency, and cowardice, is to call out a host of irregular militia. We use no exaggerated language when we say that in former years our countrymen would sooner have cut out their tongues with their own knives or swords than have proclaimed to France and all the world that Great Britain, with all its valiant generals, admirals, and thousands upon thousands of hardy common soldiers, was in danger every minute of being invaded by the French! What a proof of the degradation to which the love of place and money will sink a people.

While all persons are interested to put down this war-cry, "THE WORKING MEN" above all others ought to exert themselves against it; because the calling out of the militia will inflict a greater injury on them than on any other class of her majesty's subjects: for, of course, they will especially be called upon to serve in very large numbers. Constituting, as they do, the largest portion of the community, the greatest number would be drawn from their ranks, so that while the hardship and injustice will press heavily upon many of the middle classes, the operative and labourer will be the greatest sufferers, and thus self-defence, which is said by some to be the first law of nature, should induce them to protest against this attempt to burden them with an additional political injury. We have often shown that our present system of taxation and several other instances of national injustice are particularly oppressive to the sons and daughters of labour, and this militia act will be more so than any. In fact there is no view we can take of the subject but shows its extreme impolicy and wickedness.

We are doing all we can to induce the French to attack us. We are telling them in so many words that we have no faith in them. That we believe that they have neither honour, honesty, nor humanity, and that we are obliged to watch them as we would a band of savages. We need not say that it is very provoking to our neighbours to hear continually that we are thus suspicious of their integrity, and must be more calculated than any thing else we could do to induce them to assail us. Or if they should abstain from invading us, yet our conduct must excite in them every sort of bad feeling; and as a consequence, our friendly intercourse and trade and commerce with them will suffer, and therefore the employment of the people will be injured. We feel persuaded that the Liberal party change in the government of France is not the work of the great mass of the French nation. The ambitious president, the military, and the priesthood, have been the principal actors. There is still a large body of citizens who know something of the sweets of trade with England, and that it is more profitable to buy and sell than to fight. And we believe that though public opinion is suppressed, yet there is a deep mass of patriotism remaining, and it is of the utmost importance that the trading and peaceable portion of our own community should keep on good terms with the merchants, tradesmen, and operatives of France, and therefore we should do all we can to put down the cry for arms. Our country is now beginning to reap some of the advantages of free trade. Bread is cheap, employment is increased, wages are higher, poor rates are decreasing, and crime diminishing, and all these advantages may be traced to the abolition of our corn-laws and other imposts, which fettered the industry of the country and limited our commerce with foreigners; and nothing but the greatest madness could induce us to raise suspicions which would in any way injure our trade with France or any other nation.

We are afraid that in this war-cry there is more craft than at first appears. The most corrupt designs have often been concealed under the name of patriotism. We have among us some thousands who prophesied that free trade would be the ruin of the country, and who now feel that their credit is at stake if their predictions are not verified. All these friends of protection long for dear bread and restricted trade, and know full well that a war would work wonders in accomplish-

ng their wishes. Not a few of these persons long to let loose the dogs of war; and would hail a rupture with England and France. For the strife once commenced, no one can say where it would end. And what so likely to bring on the collision as to increase our armaments and call out the militia. In our boyish days we attended many country fairs and wakes, and these generally were celebrated by several pitched battles, which were generally brought on by two or three bullies walking about in a pugnacious attitude, and shaking their fists in the faces of other people. Now, what is this call for arms and demand for a militia, but England shaking her fist in the faces of the French to provoke them to assail us? especially when we tell them with the same breath that our regular troops are no longer fit to compete with them, and our country is so defenceless that Louis Napoleon may any morning he likes put on his head the crown of Queen Victoria, for nearly all the papers assure us that we are lying at the entire mercy of the French president. To every working man and woman we would say, "If you value full employment, good wages, cheap bread, and diminished taxation, then resolve not to be led astray by the cry of 'wolf,' and demand for

II. The means to be adopted are a gross infraction of the liberties of free citizens. We well remember when a young man could not walk the street for fear of the barbarous *pressgang;* but what is drawing for the militia but the exercise of the very same iniquitous power? Every person drawn will be compelled to serve, or be sent to prison. Hence, no young man of good health, proper age, and firm muscle, will be safe. Liberty is, therefore, at an end, if the Militia Act should become the law of the land From that day Englishmen are slaves. The principle, therefore, is one which ought to be opposed. To tear a man from his home, his wife, his children, his occupation, his trade, for a certain portion of the year, and doom him to all the demoralisation of a soldier's life, partakes so much of the despotism of continental tyranny, that first that the working classes and other ranks of the community will rise, and with one voice denounce it as a flagrant violation of the rights of British subjects.

We have more to say on this subject, but must defer our remarks till next week.

THE FUNERAL OF A MOTH

A CHILD'S VISION.

A LITTLE child has been amusing itself at the feet of its mother, kicking and rolling about, and playing all sorts of antics, when it espied a moth disengage itself from the fibre of the carpet, and poise its small wing with a short, wavering flight. The child stopped its noisy song, rolled over upon all fours, and commenced a scramble for the poor insect, slapping its clumsy hand upon the carpet in the hope of striking it down. It did so at last—the moth fell upon its side, quivered slightly, and was still.

The child would have taken it in his hand, but suddenly there was a sound as of innumerable tiny bells tolling, and very low, sad music. He laid his cheek upon his arm, the bright curls falling all about the carpet, and his little feet stretched out, and crossed one over the other, the disarranged tunic revealing liberally his round white limbs, indolently exposed. Thus the child lay, listening to the music, that seemed to say—

"Alas, for death is amongst us"

It could not tell what was meant, [illegible] moth stirred not, and it felt something very sad must have happened. At length a large black beetle was seen to move slowly along, and look at the little insect, and then, while the eyes of the child were fixed intently to see what would become of it, the beetle seemed a little old woman, much wrinkled, and dressed in black. She moved about quite briskly, and the child could scarce forbear a smile to see such an alert, diminutive thing. His mother's little gold thimble had fallen from her basket, and now stood upon the carpet beside the dead moth, and the child observed that the little woman in black was not as tall as the thimble. She took a robe, made of the fibres of a rose-leaf, from her pocket, and shrouded the moth, singing all the time,

"Alas, for the gladsome wing
Shall never more be spread—
When cheerful you[illegible]ring,
That may not wake the dead."

Then a grasshopper came in with a slow, sepulchral tread, bearing upon his thigh the several pericarp of the balsam (impatiens), lined with gossamer, and having tassals hanging from the pall. He had no sooner approached the dead moth, than he appeared a grave and venerable undertaker, bearing the coffin, into which he and the little old woman put the poor insect, and covered it with the pall of gossamer, singing all the time in a sweet, sad voice.

Then an immense procession of moths (they were of that kind called death's-head, undoubtedly a class designed to officiate exclusively at funerals), followed the undertaker as he bore out the body—but as they moved on, they were all little men and women, dressed in drab, each with a sad, pale face, and now and then one of the younger with a handkerchief pressed to the eyes; while all sang in chorus the following words—

"Rest thee, rest thee, blighted one,
Sunshine may not come to thee,
When our joyous wings are spread,
Thine in death shall folded be
Rest thee, sad and early call'd,
From our pleasant haunts away,
Where we met in sunset revels
At the close of summer day"

The child heard the hum of their voices when he had ceased to distinguish the words. Then he arose, and laying his head upon his mother's lap, wept bitterly, telling her what he had heard and seen, and asking what death meant. She talked long upon the sad but pleasant subject, telling of that land where death is not, till the heart of the little boy grew joyous within him, and he called that land his home Had the child been less young or less innocent, the visions of the moth's funeral had not been vouchsafed But he never, from that time, wantonly destroyed the humblest creature made by the wisdom, the goodness, and love of our heavenly Father. He saw there was room enough in the great world, and in the pleasant sunshine for him and them, and he remembered that a better mind had been promised to man only; therefore he would not abridge the few days of happiness granted to the little insect The child daily grew gentle and loving, for the exercise of kindness even in one simple instance, had fixed the principle in his young heart, till it expanded so that it embraced all the creatures made by our great and good Parent It was thus that he learned, not only to love worthily the good and loving, but even those in whom the image of God, stamped upon the human soul, had become marred and effaced by sin He loved and prayed even for these, and the blessedness of such prayers returned upon his own head Thus did the child learn a lesson of wisdom, and of goodness, from the Funeral of the Moth.

LOVE OF FRIENDSHIP.—Women are generally more devoted to their friends than men, and display an indefatigable activity in serving them Whoever has gained the affections of [illegible] by enterprise wherein she assists him, men draw back much sooner in such cases Frequently in my life have I had occasion to admire in females the most generous zeal in behalf of their friends Who is not astonished at the courage by a woman, when her husband, whose misconduct has perhaps a thousand times offended her, is threatened with imminent danger? Who does not know many instances of the most heroic devotedness on the part of the sex? A woman spares no effort to serve her friends When it is a question of saving her brother, her husband, her father, she penetrates into prisons—she throws herself at the feet of her sovereign. Such are the women of our day, and such has history represented those of antiquity

SORROW.—Sorrow is the night of the mind What would be a day without its night? The day reveals one sun only; the night brings to light the whole of the universe The analogy is complete. Sorrow is the firmament of thought and the school of intellig[illegible]

(Continued from page 385.)

'Every place has its lions, every district in every travelled country under the sun has its accustomed drives; and the traveller who visits Jersey for a few days, for the purpose of seeing the island, will be placed in a jaunting car, and carried across the island, or taken the great round and the little round, and be told he has seen Jersey. But there are many valleys up which the jaunting car never travels, many deep dells where there are no roads for cars, many a tiny rivulet that waters into fertility green meadows dotted with cattle that seldom raise their heads to look at the stranger, many little roads, inlets, and creeks, to which there is no trodden path; and therefore the traveller who seats himself in the vehicle gains but a very imperfect knowledge of the outward aspect and natural beauties of Jersey." No doubt the pedestrian has peculiar advantages in traversing any part of the earth; but assuredly it is better to have a hasty glance of this island than none at all, while a few days will give a stranger a sufficient knowledge of it for all ordinary purposes.



A large portion of the cultivable land is occupied by apple trees, and of this fruit and cyder there is a considerable export. The pride of the island is the Chaumontelle pear, which is said to be often a pound in weight. Other fruits are also produced; peach-apricots, melons, and strawberries are abundant, and they are noted for their size and flavour. Timber trees, growing in the hedge-rows, unite with the fruit trees in giving to the scenery a peculiar softness and richness. Jersey, indeed, appears like an extensive pleasure-ground,—one immense park, thickly studded with trees, beautifully undulating, and dotted with cottages.

The Jersey, usually called in England the "Alderney cow," has a fine curved tapering horn, slender nose, fine skin, and deer-like form. It materially differs from that of Guernsey, which is larger, and resembles the short-horned Devonshire breed.

It has been mentioned as one advantage of a visitor to Jersey, and which the traveller to various parts of the continent will not fail to appreciate, that he may, if he please, take his carpet-bag in his hand, without asking leave of a custom-house officer, and have the satisfaction of seeing his trunks carried before him to the hotel, without the tedious delays incident to revenue regulations.

St. Helier's, the capital of the island, stands on the east side of St. Aubin's Bay, on a slope facing the shore between two rocky heights, on one of which is the citadel, Fort Regent, overlooking the harbour, as may be seen in the engraving. It was erected in 1806, at the cost of £800,000, and possesses all the usual defences of a regular fortress; yet strange to say, it has little accommodation for troops. In the old and central parts of the town, the streets are narrow and irregular; but in the out-skirts they are regular, well-built, and ornamented with garden-grounds in front. The chief open space within the town is the Royal-square. The market-place is inclosed by a wall with iron palisades, and on Saturdays there is a very rich display of vegetables, fruit, and flowers, besides poultry and game from France, all at very moderate charges.

In the centre of the bay, within about three-quarters of a mile from the pier of St. Helier, is a large rock not less than a mile in circumference, the surface of which is covered with the buildings and fortifications of Elizabeth Castle. Its name is derived from the sovereign in whose reign it was partly built; but the parts below the iron gates were afterwards added, and many additions were made to the castle in the time of Charles I. There is a tradition that, in order to defray the original expense of this erection, all the bells of the churches and chapels of Jersey were seized and shipped for St. Malo to be sold, but that the vessel which carried them foundered in a storm, to the satisfaction of those who regarded the seizure as an act of sacrilege. Another statement is that an order in council directed that one bell should be left in every church, the remainder sold, and the money applied to the building of the castle. "I was surprised," says Mr. Inglis, "on passing through the gateway, to find a wide grassy level, terminated by extensive barracks and their appurtenances. In war time this fortress was an important place, and, no doubt, presented to the eye and ears of the traveller a very different scene from that which it now presents. Decay seems now to be creeping over it; and, although a solitary sentinel is still to be seen pacing to and fro, and although pyramids of shot still occupy their accustomed places, grass and weeds have forced their way through the interstices, and the rows of dismounted cannon show the stirring days of war have gone by. May the weeds long grow, and the rust continue to creep over the engines of death!" is a wish of this interesting traveller that we may breathe in reference to them, wherever they are found on the face of the earth.

Quitting St. Helier's, and passing St. Saviour's, the visitor may proceed to Mount Orgueil Castle, of which we give an engraving, and its neighbour, the little town or village of Gorey, the seat of the Jersey oyster fishery. Mount Orgueil Castle is the most ancient fortification in the island. It stands on a rocky headland, whose lofty appearance gave rise to its name, which juts out into the sea, separating the Bay of Grouville from that of St. Catherine, which occupies the greater part of the eastern side of Jersey. No one knows how long it existed prior to the reign of John; but at that time it was enlarged and strengthened. It is now entitled, whether seen from land or sea, to be called an imposing ruin. In many parts the walls are yet entire; but in other places, massive as they are, they have yielded to the pressure of time; and the mantle of ivy which in most parts hangs from their very summits, is in fine unison with the grey tint of age which is seen here and there above the walls, which are bare, and with the loop holes and rents of passing years. A magnificent prospect is enjoyed from the summit, embracing several of the bays which lie on either side the richly-wooded range of heights that girds the central parts of the island, and the village of Gorey, far below, with its harbour and shipping, the whole expanse of sea, and the distant coast of France.

In this castle the celebrated William Prynne was for some time imprisoned, one of the many victims of intolerance in the reigns of the Stuarts; and here, too, one of that family lived during some of the days of his wandering, before he rose to the throne of England as Charles II. It is also worthy of remembrance that in Elizabeth Castle Lord Clarendon resided for two years, while engaged in writing his history of "The Rebellion."



ELIZABETH CASTLE.

LECTURES TO WORKING MEN.

ON THE MODE OF OCCURRENCE OF METALS IN NATURE.

On Monday evening, March 8, Professor Warrington Smyth delivered a lecture at the Museum of Practical Geology on the above subject.

The lecturer commenced by stating that the subject was one which required far more time than one hour to do it justice He should, therefore, chiefly confine his attention to some observations illustrative of the mode of arrangement of metals in the Museum, with some remarks on the mode of the occurrence in nature, with the view of encouraging his audience to visit and study the collection at their leisure, feeling fully assured they would add much to their stock of useful information by so doing

The general term, ores, is applied to those mineral substances which contain metals in union or associated with other substances, and it is the business of the smelter to separate those substances, and to obtain the metals in a state of purity.

A collection of specimens of ores of various kinds may be regarded in a three-fold point of view—first, as objects of natural history, in the same way as animals, plants, &c (in this way they are grouped and arranged in the British museum); secondly, as regards their mining and metallurgical value, dependent upon the per centage of metal they contain, and their value in the arts (it is with this view that the specimens of ores have been arranged in the Museum of Practical Geology); and, thirdly, with regard to the mode of the occurrence in nature, whether in beds, veins, or superficial deposits.

Professor Smyth then entered into a detailed explanation of the mode in which the minerals were arranged in the museum of the institution, having before him a sketch illustrating the situation of the various cases of ores, and explaining the nature of the contents of such cases, some being appropriated to British, others to foreign, and a third to ores the produce of the British colonies, whilst another contained specimens illustrative of the mode of their occurrence in nature.

The lecturer then proceeded to notice the ores of iron, as they are found in various parts of the world These were illustrated by means of the following diagram —

Ores of Iron.

Magnetic Iron Ore

Iron	72 4
Oxygen	27 6
	100 0

Specular Iron Ore (peroxide)

Iron	70 0
Oxygen	30 0
	100 0

Brown Iron Ore (hydrous oxide).

Iron	60 0
Oxygen	26 0
Water	14 0
	100

Sparry Iron

Protoxide of Iron	
Carbonic Acid..	
	100

The magnetic iron ore is found in Russia, Sweden, Elba, &c., but not much in this country.

The specular iron ore is very rich in metal, and is carried often to a considerable distance to be mixed with poorer iron ores, and smelted together.

The brown iron ore, though not so rich in metal, has the property of smelting "kindly."

The sparry iron ore is chiefly obtained in Styria, Carinthia, &c., and the iron and steel obtained from it is exceedingly well adapted for the manufacture of cutting instruments, as scythes, sickles, &c. There is another ore, that is called the clay iron ore, which abounds throughout our coal-beds, and forms the chief source of British iron.

The ores of lead next came under review, the principal of which, and their composition, was made apparent by the following diagram :—

Ores of Lead.

Galena (sulphide of lead).

Lead	86 7
Sulphur	13 3
	100 0

White Lead Ore (carbonate of lead).

Oxide of lead	83 6
Carbonic acid	16·4
	100 0

Of these ores the galena is by far the most common; occurring in beds and veins in conjunction with more or less silver; the general rule being that in proportion to the quantity of silver contained in the ore, the productiveness of the vein decreases The carbonate of lead ore would appear to be galena which has undergone some chemical action. Galena is the lead ore found in greatest abundance in this country.

The next metal which came under the lecturer's review was copper.—

Ores of Copper.

NATIVE COPPER

Red Copper Ore (oxide).

Copper	88 9
Oxygen	11 1
	100 0

Redruthite Ore (sulphide of copper).

Copper	79 8
Sulphur	20 2
	100 0

Copper Pyrites.

Copper	34 0
Iron	30 5
Sulphur	35 0
	100 0

The native copper is pure copper; it usually occurs of a dendriform shape, like the branches of a small tree or large piece of moss, and has a crystalline structure. The red copper ore is a very valuable ore, now being worked to some extent in the Pl[illegible] mine in Cornwall. The Redruthite ore, so called from its occurrence in mines near the town of Redruth in Cornwall, is another of these copper ores. About 100 years since, the Cornish miners were in the habit of throwing thousands of tons of this valuable ore into the Atlantic every year, not being aware of its real value. The copper ore of most frequent occurrence is the copper pyrites, which is conveyed from Cornwall, Cuba, and other places to Swansea to be smelted, although the analysis of good copper pyrites would indicate the quantity of copper mentioned in the diagram, yet the average of the copper pyrites ores does not run higher than from 4 to 10 per cent. Another ore of copper is the malachite, or green carbonate, which the visitor of the Exhibition will never forget, who found his way into the Russian department. The lecturer exhibited a specimen of malachite from the Burra Burra mines of Australia.

The ores of tin next claimed attention.

Ores of Tin.

Tinstone (oxide of tin).

Tin	79
Oxygen	21
	100

Tin Pyrites (bell-metal ore).

Tin	29
Copper	30
Sulphur	30
Zinc and iron	11
	100

The tinstone is the only ore of tin of any importance; it is very difficult to extract the ore from the bell-metal ore.

The ORES OF ZINC are as follows:—

Zinc Blende (sulphide of zinc).

Zinc	66 8
Sulphur	33 2
	100 0

Calamine (carbonate of zinc)

Oxide of Zinc	64 65
Carbonic Acid	35 15
	100 00

The lecturer then proceeded to speak more particularly of the mode of occurrence of minerals in nature. After referring to the information furnished by Professor Ramsay in the preceding lecture, with regard to the various strata, &c., composing the crust of the globe, the lecturer called the attention of his audience to the mode of occurrence of nodules or lumps of iron ore, occurring between beds or layers of shell, sandstone, &c., these nodules being in dispersed through the strata, it does not answer to sink a shaft to work them, in this case therefore an open cutting or quarry is formed, like that of a stone quarry, and the nodules of argillaceous or clayey iron ores are thus readily got at and removed. In another case, that in which iron ore occurs in the lower beds of the oolite, a discovery of but a few years, shafts are sunk for the underground working of this ore. Professor Smyth here remarked that this source of iron ore is one of great importance and value, it was first found in the Yorkshire oolite and has from thence been traced into Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire, producing many thousand tons to the acre. The supply of iron ore from this source enables us to look with less regret at the gradually decreasing supplies of ore from our coal fields.

Another mode of occurrence is that of thin beds extending [illegible] surface of more than a thousand square miles, as exemplified in the copper slate deposit of Prussian Saxony, Hesse, &c.

The alluvial deposits next came under notice, as illustrated by the tin ore, resembling gravel, found in Cornwall, and the gold of Siberia, California, and Australia [illegible] rocks containing these metals had gradually suffered from the decomposing action of the atmosphere and other causes, and the accumulated detritus or waste from this source had filled ravines and mountain passes in which the gold was now found in pieces, varying from small grains up to large lumps. On the lecture table was a lump of Californian gold weighing upwards of eighteen pounds, obtained from this alluvial deposit. In Siberia, a lump of gold was found of the weight of ninety pounds. In all these cases the angles of the lumps of metal are rounded off or worn away like gravel, by the continued rolling action and friction to which they have been subjected. Platinum and other metals usually associated with it are always found in the shape of small grains in deposits of this character.

The gold found in Wicklow at the close of the last century, of the value of more than £10,000, agreed in its mode of occurrence with the Siberian, Californian, and Australian gold.

Another mode in which minerals occur in nature is that of lodes or veins; in this case, a crack or fissure in the earth having been first formed, it has subsequently been filled with mineral substance, usually of a crystalline form, and apparently deposited from an aqueous solution. A good illustration of a simple vein may be seen in the case of a piece of black marble, traversed with a white vein, in this case the crack or fissure must have at one time been formed in the [illegible]le, into which a solution of carbonate of lime obtain[illegible] access, and there became crystallised. In the case of veins of granite and porphyry, these, no doubt, were produced by igneous causes, being in a melted condition when they f[illegible] their way into the cracks or fissures existing in other strata above them. In the case of metals, however, we have no evidence of igneo[illegible]

The difficult task of the miner, in his researches, may be imagined from the circumstance that there occur no less than 600 species of minerals, and many varieties of each species. The utility, therefore, of a school of mines, and of a good collection of mineral specimens open for the inspection of the miner, is thus obvious. A knowledge of the mode of occurrence of these minerals in nature is also of great importance. This is especially illustrated by the fact, that in some cases the mineral deposit takes place from above downwards, and in others from below upwards. In the former case the vein or lode gradually decreases *downwards*; in the other case it gradually increases *upwards*. An acquaintance with these facts is useful in determining the miner where to sink a shaft, so as to get at the thickest and most productive part of the vein or lode.

The lecturer then noticed those curious mineral deposits called *Nucleated*, in which a nodule has assumed a solid crystalline form under such a degree of pressure, that when the miner breaks it with his pickaxe, the confined air escapes with so much force as to rend the nodule into a thousand fragments, to the great danger of the miner, who is often injured by the violence of the explosion.

In conclusion, Professor Smyth expressed the hope that his audience would avail themselves of every opportunity they could obtain of inspecting the collection of minerals in the museum, assuring them that both he and his fellow-professors would at all times feel much pleasure in rendering them assistance in those examinations.

OLD MR. THEY-SAY

Who has not heard of the world-renowned They-say? His name is familiar with all men everywhere? The high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, honoured and despised, civilised and barbarian, Jew and Gentile, Mussulman and Christian, all nations, kindreds, tribes, and tongues, have heard of Mr. They-say. His name is almost a household word. But who has ever given the world a history of this eminent personage? Numerous as biographies are, no one has ever yet written and published the life of Mr. They-say. Pardon us if we undertake the task of writing a brief history of h[illegible]

HIS PARENTAGE.—His father's name is Slander, his mother's, Tattle; of his genealogy nothing more is known. He was born in the town of Evil-Report, in the kingdom of Sin.

HIS AGE.—It is not known in what precise age of the world Mr. They-say was born. It is the opinion of many that he was born soon after Adam and Eve were expelled from the garden of Eden. If they are correct in this opinion, he must be very far advanced in life, and we should naturally expect to witness in him all the evidences of feeble old age—grey hairs, sunken eyes, and palsied limbs. But he is really as strong and active, as fresh and [illegible]ump as hale and hearty, as he ever was. Remarkable old creature!

HIS EDUCATION.—Mr. They-say's education is very limited. What knowledge he has obtained is principally from hearsay; hence he does not get any correct knowledge of anything.—His deficient education has ever been a serious embarrassment to him, for he never dares to make a positive assertion, but guesses it is so, hopes it is so, and so on.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—We have spoken of him as being as strong, as active, &c., as he ever was. But who has ever seen Mr. They-say? Have you? Has any one? If any one has, we know not the man. In our opinion he is as intangible as a phantom, which we can neither see, handle, analyse, nor describe. But we know he exists, because everybody is talking about him. And we have come to the paradoxical conclusion that he exists and does not exist, is everywhere and nowhere; is responsible and irresponsible—a sort of "will-o'-the-wisp, jack-o'-lantern" kind of being, whose personal appearance can never be described.

HIS CHARACTER.—He is distinguished for wickedness. He is a deceiver. A liar. A peace-breaker. Everything that is bad, without possessing one redeeming quality.

Reader, is Mr. They-say in your family? If he be, drive him [illegible]. Harbour him not a moment. Listen not to his vile slanders. He will involve you in trouble, and make his escape in the midst of it.

Christian brother, has he visited your little community? Beware of him. He will cause "divisions to spring up among you." Let him influence you, and your once prosperous society will be destroyed.

THE COALWHIPPER.

THE river-side from the Tower to Blackwall, on the southern shore, is lined with wharves at which coals are transhipped from the colliers to the barges. Above bridge—that is, between London and Westminster bridges—similar wharves exist, but they are simply for the reception of barges, from which the coals are carted away to various parts of the town. Above bridge, the men employed about the wharves and barges are coal *porters;* below, they are coal *whippers* or *heavers*—and the distinction is this; the latter class of men, of whom there are in the port of London about two thousand, are employed solely in hoisting, or "whipping," as it is termed, the sea-brought coal from the colliers to the barges; while the business of the former is to land the mineral from the barges to the carts in waiting. The former are generally paid by the



SOBER, AND IN FULL EMPLOY.

piece for their labour—one penny per ton per man—while the latter are simply hired weekly servants who, when not engaged at the wharves, are employed in delivering the sacks at the houses of the customers.

The coalwhippers are a harmless, simple, hard-working class of men, of whom we see little in the city, and of whom the world of London readers knows next to nothing. They live in the dark dirty streets and courts of Wapping, Shadwell, Ratcliffe, and Limehouse; and if any curious adventurer chooses to take a walk along the river side on Sunday morning, the chances are that he will meet some score of dusky men occupied in manner similar to our friend at the head of this paper. For coalwhippers are a domestic kind of people, whose chief pleasures—on Sundays at least—seem bound up in their children and their own white stockings. This is the brightest side of the picture, and as the coalwhipper is not one of the "heads of the people" very commonly "taken off," we propose to somewhat enlighten the world on the subject of his habits, manners, and occupation.

The visitor to Gravesend has no doubt noticed lying afloat off the southern shore of the Thames between Woolwich and the cockney watering-place numerous groups of black, low-lying, heavily-laden vessels. These are the colliers which bring the coals from the north for the use of the great metropolis. All the shore is marked out in tiers; and as the coal ships arrive in the river, the captains send up to the factors, through whom all the sales of coal take place, an account of the quantity and description of their cargo, and each vessel is then ordered to lie in one or other of the tiers in the Pool till she is allowed by the harbour-master to discharge her cargo at the wharves in London. Meanwhile, the factor at the Exchange in Tower-street has disposed of the coals. The fleet of colliers lying in the Thames sometimes—in severe winter weather, for instance, when the good folk of London require large fires—consists of upwards of 300 vessels.

We will suppose the collier—after having lain in the Pool for several days, or weeks, just as it may happen that the supply is greater or less than the demand—has arrived opposite Stepney church, and is about to discharge her cargo. A coal-meter or measurer is sent on board, by order of the city corporation, whose duty it is to see that each purchaser has his right quantity, and a gang of coalwhippers is engaged to land the cargo. Let us take a glance at the operation.

The collier being moored in the stream, with a barge fastened alongside, the labour of the coalwhipper begins. Everything is black about a collier. The vessel itself is as black as coal-dust can make it, the sails and cordage are of



WAITING TO BE HELD.

the same hue, and the men engaged are as dark as Africans. No matter what the original complexion of the labourers may have been—no matter what the colour of their hair or the hue of their garments, a few hours' work among the coals effectually removes all distinction between them, and the only whitish spots about them are in their eyes and their finger-nails.

To work a coal-ship properly, a gang of nine coalwhippers is necessary. The depth of coal in the hold of the vessel averages, from the deck to the timbers, about 16 feet; so that the height which the coals have to be lifted, including the "basket-man's boom," is not less than from 20 to 25 feet. The gang of whippers are thus distributed: in the hold four men are employed in filling the basket, relieving each other at regular intervals. Only one basket is used, which holds about 1¼ cwt. As soon as the basket is filled below, it is "whipped

up" to the deck by four other men, seized by the "basket-man" and tilted into the weighing-machine; the coals are then weighed by the coal-meter, and finally discharged into the barge below. These several operations are performed with extraordinary quickness and dexterity and in perfect silence. Sailors when they pull at a rope accompany their work with a not unmusical "Yo-heave-ho!" which, they say, helps them considerably; but the coalwhipper works in silence His labour is severe, and he goes at it as if he meant it.

Thousands of persons passing up and down the river (on business or pleasure), must have witnessed the operation we have just referred to, and have noticed the kind of half-apathetic, half-busy, and wholly-dirty air which pervades the colliers and the coal-barges, but few of the many understand precisely how coals are "whipped," though they may be familiar enough with the term coal "whippers." We will endeavour to explain this process, which may be said to be one of manual labour slightly aided by mechanical means

The basket having been filled below with coals, four whippers draw it up. They stand on deck at the foot of what is called "a way." This "way" resembles a rude short ladder, four or five feet in length, usually formed of four broken oars, and having four steps, about a foot from each other. The "way" is attached to a pair of upright spars called a "derrick," at the top of which is a "gin," which is a revolving wheel to which the ropes holding the basket of coals are attached. Knowing about the moment that the basket is full—for they never look down into the hold—the whippers skip up the "way," holding the ropes attached to the basket and the gin; and, pulling the ropes at two ships simultaneously as they ascend, they then hoist the loaded basket some height out of the hold; when hoisted so far, they jump down all together, keeping exact time in their jumps, from the topmost beam of the "way" on to the deck, so giving the momentum of their bodily weight to the motion communicated to the basket. While the basket is influenced by this motion and momentum, the "basket man" who is stationed on a plank laid across the hold, seizes it dexterously, runs it on, with the gin revolving, to the "boom," and rapidly reversing the basket, shoots the contents into the weighing machine. This is not only a very clever, but a very dangerous operation; for if the man did not seize the right moment for taking hold of the basket he would not be able to carry it forward, or would probably be precipitated into the hold The machine is something like a large wooden coal-scuttle, which holds about 2½ cwt. It has the proper weights attached, and the duty of the meter, who stands beside the machine, which hangs over the side of the ship, is to weigh the coals, and by pulling a rope discharge the contents of the machine into the barge. This, then—the filling the basket, "whipping" it on deck, tilting it into the machine, and emptying the coals into the barge beneath—is the whole art and mystery of "coal-whipping;" and a very curious and laborious, but not very ingenious, process it is

The usual amount of work performed by the whippers in a day is about 98 tons—when they are at work, which is not every day, owing to the supply of labourers being, except at very busy seasons, considerably greater than the demand for labour. To whip 1 ton, 16 baskets-full are required, so that the men employed pump up and down for each ton no fewer than 144 feet, and for a day's work of 98 tons, they jump up and down 13,088 feet! In some large ships the "way" has five steps, and ten men are employed. A single basket of coal, in a day's work such as we have described, is hoisted not less than four miles high—about twice as high as a balloon ordinarily ascends Sometimes 150, and even 200 tons are "whipped" in a single day. So much for the labour, now of the men themselves.

There are in the port of London upwards of 200 gangs of coalwhippers; so that, supernumeraries included, there must be upwards of 2,000 labourers employed in this kind of labour, about two-thirds only of whom are kept in regular work. Previously to the passing of the Coalwhippers' act in 1843, these men were employed and paid by the keepers of public-houses and beer-shops along the river side. The effect of this system was, that the man who spent most in drink—in fact, the greatest drunkard—earned the most money. Such a system was productive of the greatest evil; for, notwithstanding that these labourers generally earned good wages the demands of the publican masters were so great that the man was seldom enabled to take home to his family more than six or seven shillings at the week's end. There

that time no fewer than seventy public-houses on the north side of the river, below bridge, employing coalwhippers. The fruits of this mischievous plan of hiring are ably described by a recent writer. "When a ship came to be made up," says he, "that is, for the hands to be hired, these men assemble in crowds round the bar of the tavern, and began calling for drink, outbidding each other in the extent of their orders, so as to induce the landlord to give them employment. After being taken on, their first care was to 'put up a score' at the public house, so as to please their employer, the publican. In the morning, before going to work, they would invariably call at the house for a quartern of gin or rum, and they were obliged to take off with them to the ship a bottle holding nine pints of beer!—and that of the worst quality, for it was the invariable practice of the publicans to supply the coalwhippers with the very worst articles at the highest possible price When the men returned from their work, they went back to the public-house, and there remained drinking the greater part of the night. He must have been a very steady man indeed who could manage to return home sober to his wife and family. The consequence of this was, that the men used to pass the chief part of their days and nights in the public house, and it frequently happened that on the men settling with the publican on the clearance of the ship, it was found that instead of having anything to receive, they were brought in several shillings in debt instead." It would not be easy to describe the wretched condition of the besotted men, as the hour after hour in the tap-room waiting to be hired. The face of such a one the artist has drawn. Fancy a fine brawny fellow like that being obliged to waste his strength and lose his time in the loaded filthy atmosphere of a public-house. Some of these *publican* masters—who were no doubt *sometimes* as well—owned fifteen or even more colliers, and nearly all of them were the owners of at least two vessels. The children of the coalwhippers were almost reared in the tap-room; their wives were either made miserable drunkards like themselves, wasted away through poverty and grief, then sons turned out thieves and vagabonds, and were transported at the expense of the community, and the only persons who prospered were the promoters of all this mischief, who frequently retired, after seeing them houses for large sums, with immense fortunes. What any wonder that the coalwhippers of the port of London were reckoned among the dangerous classes? Was it any wonder that under such a horribly debasing system they were considered the most drunken, noisy, ill-behaved, miserable creatures? Was it any wonder that the men themselves, awaking at last to a right sense of their own degradation, met together and earnestly petitioned the government to step between them and their cruel taskmasters. That help, so long in coming came at last

In 1843, through the efforts of three coalwhippers, the attention of the government was called to the state of this ill-used class of men, and an act was passed which took away, at once and for ever, all power from the publican of injuring the labourer. Under this act, every man then following the calling of a coalwhipper was to be registered. For this registration 1d was to be paid, and every man desirous of entering upon the same business had to pay the same sum, and have his name registered. The employment is open to every labouring man, but every new hand, after registering himself, must work for twenty-one days on half-pay before he is considered to be "broken in," and entitled to take rank and receive pay as a regular coalwhipper. All the coalwhippers are arranged in gangs of eight whippers, with a basket-man or foreman. These gangs are numbered from 1 to 218, which is the highest number at the present time. The basket-men or foremen, enter their names in a rotation-book kept in the office, and as their names stand in that book, so do they take their turn to clean the next ship that is offered. On a ship being offered, a printed form of application, kept in the office is filled up by the captain, in which he states the number of tons, the price, and time in which she is to be delivered to the gang whose turn of work it is, before the ship at the

offered, then it is offered to all the gangs; and if accepted by any other gang, the next in rotation may claim it as their right before all others. In connexion with the office there is a long hall, extending from the street to the water-side, where the men wait to take their turns. There is also a room called the basket-men's room, where the foremen of the gang remain in attendance. There is likewise a floating pier called a dépôt, which is used as a receptacle for the tackle with which the colliers are unloaded. This floating pier is fitted up with seats, where the men wait in the summer. The usual price at present for delivering the colliers is 8d. per ton, but, in case of a less price being offered, and the gangs all refusing it, then the captain is at liberty to employ any hands he pleases.

According to the custom of the trade, the rate at which a ship is to be delivered is 49 tons per day, and if the ship cannot be delivered at that rate, owing to the merchant failing to send craft to receive the coals, then the coalwhippers are entitled to receive pay at the rate of 49 tons per day for each day they are kept in the ship over and above the time allowed by the custom of the trade for the delivery of the coals. The merchants, however, if they should have failed to send craft, and so kept the men idle on the first days of the contract, can, by the by-laws of the commissioners, compel the coalwhippers to deliver the ship at the rate of 98 tons per day. This appears to be a gross injustice to the men; for if they can be compelled to make up for the merchants' loss of time at the rate of 98 tons per day, the merchants surely should be made to pay for the loss of time to the men at the same rate. The wrong done by this practice is rendered more apparent by the conduct of the merchants during the brisk and slack seasons. When there is a slack time the merchants are all anxious to get their vessels delivered as fast as they can, because coals are wanting, and are consequently at a high price; then the men are taxed beyond their power, and are frequently made to deliver from 150 to 200 tons per day, or to do four days' work in one. On the contrary, when there is a glut of ships, and the merchants are not particularly anxious about the delivery of their coals, the men are left to idle away their time upon the decks for the first two or three days of the contract, and then forced to the same extra exertion for the last two or three days, in order to make up for the lost time of the merchant, and so save him from being put to extra expense by his own neglect. The cause of the injustice of these by-laws may be fairly traced to the fact of there being several coal-merchants among the commissioners who are entrusted with the formation of by-laws and regulations of the trade. The coal-factors are generally shipowners, and occasionally ship-owners, and when a glut of ships comes in, they combine together to keep up the prices, especially in the winter time, for they keep back the cargoes, and only offer such a number of ships as will not influence the market. Since the passing of the act establishing the coalwhippers'-office, and thus taking the employment and pay of the men out of the hands of the publicans, so visible has been the improvement in the whole character of the labourers, that they have raised themselves in the respect of all who know them.

Within the last few years they have established a benefit society; and they expended in the year 1847, according to the last account, above £646 in the relief of their sick and the burial of their dead. They have also established a superannuation fund, out of which they allow 5s. per week to each member who is incapacitated from old age or accident. They are at the present time paying such pensions to twenty members.

Further than this, they have established a school, with accommodation for 600 scholars, out of their small earnings. On one occasion as much as £80 was collected among the men for the erection of this institution.

From the above slight sketch it will be seen that the "coalwhipper," far from being naturally the drunken, careless fellow he was under the rule of the publicans, is, in fact, a hard-working industrious labourer, whose occupation becomes respectable by just so much as he learns to respect himself. The coalwhipper, emancipated from the thraldom of strong drink, is a loyal man—as the spontaneous offer of himself and his fellows as special constables on a certain celebrated occasion sufficiently proves; he is a careful and provident man, as the above paragraphs testify, and he is an affectionate and domestic man—if we may believe the artist, who no doubt drew from the life. Mark how carefully he carries the gaily-dressed, laughing, healthy little fellow in his arms; observe the look of grateful pleasure on his face, and the rude yet touching attempts to make the most of his poor garments. Surely none who look at the picture can pronounce the coalwhipper in the picture to be a careless father or a bad man.

We are informed that the ballast-heavers labour under similar disabilities, with regard to their employment by publicans, to those we have described above. We shall inform ourselves of the facts before we speak further on the subject.

SUPPLY OF WATER TO THE METROPOLIS

The impurity of the water supplied to the metropolis has been the subject of discussion and complaint for the last thirty years. The Thames, from which much of this supply is drawn, is one of the most impure streams in the world below the London bridges, however pure it may be at its source. Many laudable attempts have been made by the water companies to improve the quality of the supply, but with very variable success. The river water is still muddy in appearance and putrid in odour, even after time has been allowed for the grosser impurities to subside, it also abounds in insects and animalculum, which no ordinary method of filtration can remove. To the use of this foul and disagreeable diluent in food, may be traced, as an approximate cause, many diseases which are common in the metropolis, as flatulency, indigestion, impurity of blood, dysentery, and cholera. To the exhalations arising from this water, when allowed to stand in cisterns, water-tubs, reservoirs, &c, may be traced malaria or miasma, the fruitful source of the low and intermittent fevers peculiar to marshy localities, and abundant in London whenever the water with which it is supplied is surcharged with an unusual quantity of vegetable matter in a state of decomposition.

It is well known that pure water is absolutely necessary for the preservation of health, not merely as an article of diet, but in all culinary preparations, and it is very evident that unless this beverage be supplied more effectually than it has hitherto been done all the sanitary regulations of the legislature will be unavailing. As to the spring water supplied by the wells in London and its vicinity, it is so impregnated with mineral and earthy substances, that it is quite hard and unfit for cleansing or dietetic purposes, and by no means so well adapted to the human constitution as the fine soft water of the river when carefully filtered and freed from all its impurities. Moreover, this water cannot possibly be obtained in sufficient quantity for general supply, and it is now well ascertained that the scheme of supplying the metropolis with water by means of artesian wells is a complete failure.

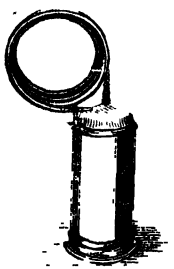
The ordinary method of boiling the river water, in order to free it from its impurities, can never be systematically effected for all useful purposes, on account of the expenditure of time, fuel, and apparatus, which it would require. Besides, when this water is boiled, the impurities are boiled with it, and it is rendered quite as disagreeable to the palate as before, if not more so, while it remains as unfit as ever for the more important culinary preparations. Boiling makes the water lose that fine, brisk, and sparkling appearance which it naturally possesses, by depriving it of the atmospheric air and other useful gases with which it is impregnated. It also destroys very soon all kitchen utensils and boilers employed in the process, by the "fur" which it collects on their bottoms and sides, and the process itself becomes at last so slow, in consequence of this defect, that the common proverb is truly verified, "The kettle won't boil, there is surely a stone in it!"

The only effectual remedy for this state of things is the *process of filtration* conducted on a plan adapted to the general convenience of the public, and imitative of nature herself in the construction of her "crystal fountains." A filtering apparatus which will accomplish this most desirable end must be made of a substance both cheap and durable, easily obtained in large quantities, clean in its nature, and not liable to injury by water or the action of the atmosphere. It must also contain a filtering

medium free from organic deposits and excrementitious matter, such as are found in sponge and other filtering media commonly used It must perform the process of filtration with such rapidity as to supply the wants of the public in the shortest possible time, and be capable of such a compact and convenient form of construction as to be easily handled and applied without the employment of mechanics or workmen. It must, in fine, be capable of instant adaptation to any cistern, water-tub, reservoir, pond or fountain, in private houses, public buildings, manufactories, mills, &c.; and its construction must be such that it can be cleaned, repaired, and replaced in its position for immediate action with ease, expedition, and certainty.

An apparatus possessing most of these requisites has been invented by Mr. Alfred Bird, of Birmingham. It was exhibited in the Crystal Palace by the Wenham Lake Ice Company, Strand, where it may be always seen in operation, and is called the "Hydrostatic Syphon Water Purifier.' It consists of a small cylindrical metallic vessel, furnished with a tube and stop-cock, in the interior are two inverted cones and filtering media, through which the water ascends, when, by exhausting the tube of its air, it becomes a syphon As soon as the vacuum is formed, which may be done in a few seconds by drawing the air out of the tube by the mouth, the filtered water begins to flow freely, and may be drawn off for immediate use The simplicity of the action of this instrument, depending merely on the pressure of the atmosphere, is such as to recommend it at once to universal adoption It is made of a pure white metal, as brilliant and more durable than silver, and the size of the cylinder for common purposes is only four inches in diameter and seven inches in height, the tube, of course, may be made of any length to suit the cistern to which it is applied it will filter from one to two hundred gallons per day To set it in action, it only requires to be dropped into the water, however impure, the pipe being allowed to hang outside the cistern or water-tub Fig 1 represents the filter with the tube coiled up for convenience of packing Fig 2. represent the filter in operation, applied to a common rain water tub. When the pipe is carefully uncoiled, it may be bent and hung over the tub without injury to the apparatus If the cistern be deep, the filter can be suspended by the bend of the pipe over its edge, taking care that the cylindric l part is always under the surface of the water. If the cistern be shallow, the filter should be made to stand on two bricks at the bottom, to keep it free of the sediment If the stream in the pipe should become small, the filter wants cleaning, this is done by taking it out of the cistern, and blowing through the pipe till all the water is forced out at the bottom of the cylinder, this will carry off the impurities; and it may be replaced whenever it is found that air only is blown through at the bottom, the stream will then be as full as ever.

Fig 1.



BIRD'S SYPHON FILTER

To complete the application of this ingenious, scientific, and valuable filter, the company above mentioned have introduced the use of wrought iron enamelled cisterns It is well known that besides the injurious effects arising from the impurities of the water supplied to the public, others arise from the use of lead or zinc cisterns; the fact, indeed, is acknowledged by all chemists and scientific men, that the purer the water is, the more readily is it affected by the lead, and rendered injurious to the consumer It will be in the recollection of our readers, that the ex-royal family of France, when living at Clermont, were in danger of being poisoned by the water from the cisterns in that royal residence. The new cisterns are made of wrought iron, and are completely cased by a *glass enamel* fused by great heat, which resists the strongest blow; it never chips off, and there is no deleterious article in its composition like the ordinary enamel, which is known to contain arsenic. Fig. 3 represents the patent glass enamelled reservoir receiving the water from the syphon filter, which is in operation in a common cistern.

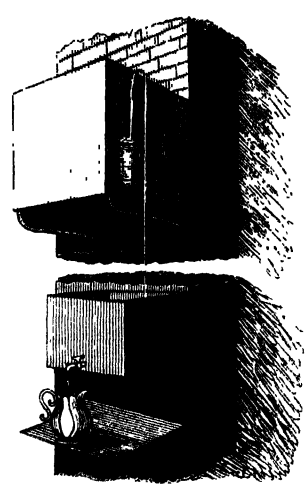
These two inventions are evidently perfectly calculated to supply the grand desideratum of pure water, and they may be immediately applied to domestic use by every householder in the metropolis.

Fig. 2.



FOR CISTERN AS

Fig



ENAMELLED CISTERN AND FILTER.

WHILST men remain the slaves of appetite or the sport of incident, as long as their aims and purposes centre in self-interest, and pleasure rather than purity constitutes the summit of their ambition, they are strangers to true dignity of character—they are capable of brighter honours than they have ever sought, and of nobler triumphs than they have ever won.

THE SEAMSTRESS.

"'Tis a lesson you should heed—
Try, try again;
If at last you would succeed—
Try, try again"—

Sang the little Laurie Amslie, as, interrupting herself in her song, she jumped up from the low ottoman upon which she had been seated, and ran lightly to her mother, sitting near the window.

"Only see, my darling mother, how nicely I have sewed this. Ah! you may turn it over, all is safe *this* time. Not *one* pucker—not *one* false *stitch!* Now, mother, have you not some hopes of me? Praise me, I beg you; for I am dying for a few words from your lips."

"You will not give me a chance to slip in a word edgeways, chatter-box," laughed her mother. "But I will say, your piece of work looks very nice for a little seamstress of twelve. It is essentially necessary that every woman should learn to sew; and 'what is worth doing at *all*, is worth doing well.'"

Thank you, mother; let me kiss you for that. And now you must not forget the promise you made me. See!" and she held back the curtains from the window, "only see how beautifully fast the snow is falling. Old Mother Goose is picking her chickens finely this afternoon; and there will certainly be no papa to-night. This is the very time, mother, for—but look how sweetly little Eddy is sleeping in his crib! Dear, dear baby!" and she kissed his chubby hand, extended on the coverlet.

"Don't wake him, Laurie, but bring me my knitting-basket, and I will tell you a story. But what must it be about?"

Something about yourself, I hope. Do you know, mother, I had rather hear about yourself and papa than any other persons in the world. So please think about something concerning your young days to tell me."

"I have told you, I believe, everything I can recollect about myself; but as it is a reward for careful and neat sewing, I will tell you a story about a seamstress, who lived with my mother, when I was a child."

"Oh! that will be delightful. Here, mother, put your feet on my ottoman, I have plenty of room, and now you are so nicely fixed, you can begin at once."

"Well, once upon a time," said Mrs. Amslie, smiling.

"Oh, mother, you are doing that to tease me, when you don't wish to tell it good. Don't begin—'*once upon a time*'"

"Ah! I see my little daughter is out-growing that pretty commencement to my nursery stories. I shall soon have you criticising my manner also. Well, to commence anew. My mother, whose health was very delicate, was obliged, from that circumstance, to keep a seamstress to do all the making and mending incidental to a family of which I was the eldest daughter. By the way, I may as well add, in speaking of myself, that it seemed from my earliest childhood, that I was wedded to books, and above all other books, were novels. My mother allowed me to read whatever I wished; trusting to her own excellent precept and example to counteract whatever of evil tendency they might inculcate. This I mention as a warning to you; for my passion for that kind of reading prevented me from employing what leisure time I had in learning to sew, and other useful employments, which might be of service to me in time to come. A piece of work like that which you have executed this afternoon so neatly, would have seemed as impossible to me as the most difficult of the problems of Euclid.

About this time, there came as seamstress for my mother, the prettiest, most gentle, and most lady-eyed young person I ever met with. I was about your age when she came; and my heart was taken instantly captive by the dove-like Susie Lee—for so she was named. She lived with us as one of our family; going home once a month to see her widowed mother, who lived five miles from our residence. Everybody's good opinion seemed won by her gentleness as well as mine—for a sweet creature was Susie Lee, and one who had undoubtedly seen trouble. Sometimes I would be sitting in the room, reading, when she was employed at her work, and I would be startle at the sobbing sigh which often escaped her lips.

"One day I had been reading a story, in which the heroi was, to us a common expression, '*in a peck of trouble*' about lover, to whom her father was much opposed. At last lo conquered; and I closed the book with the expression, u tered aloud, of 'How glad I am she married him!'

"'Who, Miss Laurie?' said Susie Lee.

"'A young gentleman and lady, about whom I have bee reading. But let me tell you all the story.' And I accordingly in my child-like language, gave her the substance of the tal Susie's head, as I spoke of the young girl's grief, bent lowe and still more low over her sewing. Finally, I brought m narrative to a close, by the question, 'Wouldn't you hav acted as she did, Susie, if you loved any one?'

"She lifted her face, and I was surprised to see the mi eyes full of tears, and the generally pale face now flushed a stained by the drops which had been falling plenteously.

"'What is the matter?' questioned I, sympathisingly; n own eyes filling at her apparent grief.

"'Nothing—nothing now. Forget that I have been fooli enough to cry, for I was only low-spirited. You asked m what I would do if I loved any one, as the lady you we speaking of—I should *not* act as she did, my dear child; f the first duty, after our love and obedience to God, is that our parents. No man truly loves a girl if he wishes her to a in disobedience to their commands. No, no—never!' Sh spoke lower and more agitated, as if communing with her ov heart—'impossible to love her, and yet try and make her a in direct contradiction to her Maker's will. It is hard to what is right in this world; very, very hard, when one's *o heart* is pleading and urging you on to disobey. But then t Father will strengthen the weak ones who know their fault and will call on *him*.'

"Her face was like the face of an angel in its expression, she finished her communings, as I may term them, by an u ward glance, full of hope, yet humble. Child as I was I watch her; for this show of feeling from the meek seamstress was i teresting to me. But, except the trembling of her fingers, she threaded her needle, or arranged her work, she gave n further evidence of it.

"April, that month which always reminds me of child hood, with its sunny smiles and tears, had come; and m mother, always indulgent in every way, had promised that should accompany Susie Lee home the next time she paid visit to her mother. The Friday—the day of our promis visit—was looked forward to by me with all the glad antic pation with which a child ever dreams of something new. Th carriage was to convey us there, and, moreover, my entreati and Susie's own good deeds had obtained a week's holiday f our visit—a whole week, think of that. Even her rather s face became almost gladsome at the prospect. As for myse I bounded here and there over the house till I am sure my po mother congratulated herself when I was gone.

"We rode on chatting, or rather, I questioning and my com panion answering and describing, till we arrived within a m of the village, or the remnant of what had once been a villag I proposed to Susie to get out and walk to her mother's. A cordingly, out we got; and I began scampering along li something wild, for the mild, clear atmosphere appeared have infected everything with a spirit of frolic and joy. Lig fleecy clouds were in the blue expanse; and on the still eve ing air came the delicious perfume of the crab-apple, yello jessamine, coral honey suckle, and numerous other odours, i mingling together and pervading our senses with their exquis aroma. Soon we came into the village, which, like anoth Talmûd of the desert, was thickly spread with its ruin dismantled cottages, while here and there an old chimn showed where families had once dwelt, who were now, pe haps, resting in the cold and silent tomb, or had moved f away.

"'Are we almost at your home, Susie?'

"'Yes. Do you see that little white house, with the garde in front? Well, that is it. Drive there, Uncle John, and p down my trunk and Miss Laurie's band-box, and I will m mother we are close behind.'

"The last house in the *one* street was Mrs. Lee's—and v quickened our pace as we drew nearer to the end of our jou

ney. The remembrance of that simple visit is as fresh in my memory now as if it chanced but yesterday.

"We passed through the little garden, in which grew some simple flowers, such as roses, crocus, &c. Susie sprung eagerly forward to embrace her mother, who was standing in the doorway to welcome us. How she must have loved that old mother, for her face was beautiful with its tender expression. Mrs. Lee was a neat body, tall and straight, and dressed tidily in a purple calico gown, and thin muslin cap. She shook my hand warmly as she invited me in. In the centre of the room stood the round-table, already spread, with its snow-white cloth, blue plates, and brightly flowered tea-tray.

"'I thought, Susie, that you and the little Miss might be hungry after your ride—and so I got tea ready. After you have rested a bit, sit up to the table and eat.'

"And whilst the old lady stirred about actively, finishing her hospitable arrangements, I glanced around. The floor was as white as soap and labour could ever get boards, and the room, though poorly furnished, certainly had the charm of neatness. On one side of the apartment was an old-fashioned mahogany table, black with age, and whose legs looked so thin as to render it doubtful how long they would be able to support the body. Around the room were arranged a half-dozen of chairs, gorgeous in flowers, and gilt, as when first brought from the cabinet-shop; and before the fire a large and comfortable-looking rocking-chair, with a cane-seat, and which Mrs Lee afterward told me was a present from Susie. A piece of home-made carpeting served as a hearthrug, and burning on the newly painted hearth was a cosy fire, before which, to keep warm, was the *cunning-looking* little black teapot, and two covered plates. On the mantle-shelf were brightly burnished brass candlesticks and a little flower-pot filled with spring's early blossoms. A large family Bible lay on the table, above which hung profiles of the family, in small gilt frames.

"'Come, sit up, Miss Laurie, to our plain fare. Susie, take that seat, and help the young lady to a piece of ham, if she will choose a bit.'

"What a delicious little supper that was! I am sure I never enjoyed such another one—for I was very hungry, and everything looked so clean and inviting. Mrs Lee, too, was so hospitably pressing, which, as every one knows, is pleasant to a child; and, for the first time, also, I drank *real* tea, not hot water.

"'Take another bit of this toast—'tis so thin, you can eat more than one slice. You will not? Then Susie, hand that plate of cake, and saucer of preserves. you must try them.'

"I know that all these details, simple though they be, are pleasing to you, my daughter; but any one else would be heartily tired by this time. I learned from the conversation between mother and daughter, that Mrs Lee had a son called John, at that time at sea; and 'twas through him, aided by Susie's simple earnings, that she derived her support. The little house in which she lived also belonged to her, and she concluded, raising her eyes in thankfulness—

I am sure I ought to be grateful to God for his blessings. I owe nobody anything; and though I am not rich, yet I have health, and two of the best children on earth. Yes, Miss Laurie, that child washing up the tea-things, I w even before her face, is the best daughter in the world. I could not tell, and if I did, *you* would hardly be able to understand, all that she has done for me. May Heaven bless her!'

"The tea equipage being washed and put away, and Mrs Lee having retired to the kitchen, Susie and I seated ourselves on the door-steps, as it was twilight, and the room warm from the fire.

"'Good evening, Miss Susie,' said a young man, who stood on the outside of the gate. 'I saw you go by, and so I thought I would call to inquire how you were getting on.'

"This salutation was most commonplace, as well as Susie Lee's answer; but the voice of the young man was agitated, and my companion visibly trembling and blushing as she replied.

'I have not heard from you, or of you scarcely,' continued she, 'for the last two months. Was this right, Susie? Was doing as you would be done by? God knows that *we* had no quarrel, and yet I must suffer *all*. Yes, I will repeat it, *all*; for you surely never loved me, to treat me in this manner.'

"'How unkind of you, Robert, to speak thus. Never loved you! You *men*,' continued she, speaking indignantly, 'can never understand *us* thoroughly. It is *you* that never really loved *me*, or you would not reproach me for doing my duty, but would encourage me. Oh, Robert—'

"She had advanced to the gate, and seemed, in her grief, to be forgetful of my presence, and thus I listened to a *real* love scene.

'Why do you drive me, then, to it, after all that we have been to each other for the last two years. You are a free woman, as I *am* a *free* man; and will you let the quarrel of two old women part *us* for life? You have never had cause to find fault with *me*, and but for some meddling fool, who had to repeat to you and your mother what mine uttered in a moment of anger, all this had never happened. But I can stand it no longer. I have followed your footsteps for the last six months, though unchecked by you, and frowned on I your mother, content to steal, like a thief in the dark, round your house, so I could but catch a glimpse of you, or a chance word from your lips. And then you left here, and my life has had no comfort since. But, as I said, I cannot stand this any longer, and I have determined that *you* shall decide for me to-night. Now, Susie, if you *ever* loved me, or do *now*, listen to my proposal. Marry me at once, dear Susie, and the old people will be obliged to make it up. Do not answer now, but take till to-morrow to think of it.'

"'I *do* love you, Robert, *that* you well know, though you talk as you do. But my answer will be to-morrow as it is now—as it will *ever* be. I cannot marry you without the consent of your mother and my own. Let us wait patiently and lovingly, and God will yet bring all right.'

"'No, 'tis no use for me to wait any longer. I am losing the best years of my life in this hoping, dreaming state. Well, you will *not* marry me, you say. Well, here for the sea, and may I never see this cursed place again. Good bye!' and the excited young man held out his hand to her.

"Meekly she took it, but her feelings overcame her self-command, and she laid her weeping face upon it, whilst her heart-anguish wrung forth the cry of

"'Oh, Robert!'

"The young man was softened, his voice trembled, and he passed the other hand across his eyes, as he said—

"'Then consent, Susie. Why will you make both yourself and me miserable?'

"'No, Robert—my answer is still the same, and though if you will go my heart *must* break, still, if I cannot induce you to stay without swerving from my duty, then I must say fare well!' and may God help us both!'

"At this moment Mrs Lee came to the door, and the young man turned off. Susie, weeping, passed her mother and myself, and went up stairs, and from thence we could hear her convulsive sobs.

"'Poor thing!' poor thing!' said her mother, as she rocked to and fro; 'twill be the death of her yet, I am sure.' She questioned me closely about all I had heard. I told her, and begged her to comfort Susie by granting her consent.

"'No, my child, she is seeking comfort from *One* who can give it to her better than I can. Most gladly would I give *my* consent if that would insure her happiness, but 'tis not mine she needs—'tis *his* mother's, who not only withholds it, but utters harsh words against my daughter. Of e not go into any one's family against their will, for Susie Lee, though poor, is well-born. Mrs Murray, Robert's mother, is as good-conditioned a woman as you would meet anywhere; but some wretch has been poisoning her mind against Susie, and we cannot come to an understanding. When it first took place, I advised my child to run over to Mrs. Murray, and ask her what she had heard. She did so, but Mrs Murray would give her no satisfaction, but insulted her. Since then we have had no intercourse at all, and I hear she says she would rather see Robert a corpse in her house, than to marry my child. Robert, poor fellow! will keep hanging about when Susie is here; but I can give him no encouragement. But it will all come out, one of these days, mind my word, who is to blame."

"I have told you, my daughter, that I was naturally romantic, and that novel-reading had increased this tendency. And

lay awake that night, and listened to Susie's sighs—for she slept in bed with her mother, and shared the same chamber as myself—I resolved to act the part of a heroine, and to smooth the path of Susie Lee's true love. And with this resolution I sank into a sweet slumber.

"The morning sun, beaming on my eyes through the undraped windows, awakened me. The first object that my eyes fell upon was the still paler and more sad-looking face of Susie Lee, as she sat near the window sewing. When she found that I was regarding her, she endeavoured to smile and speak cheerfully. My heroic resolutions still continued in full force; and so, after breakfast, whilst the old lady was engaged in her household duties, and her daughter arranging the room up stairs, I took my bonnet, and slipped out on my proposed jaunt.

"I inquired the way to Mrs. Murray's. A white-headed, dirty-faced little fellow, who was rolling in the sunshine, and scratching with his naked toes in the dirt, jumped up, and very willingly agreed to show me. On I started, with a courageous heart, after my little dirty guide. When I arrived at the house, and had knocked, I found my courage oozing out. It was by far the most respectable looking mansion in the village, and everything around showed that the owners were in comfortable circumstances.

"I heard a quick step in the passage a moment, and an old lady, with an open, pleasant countenance came to the door. How my heart beat as she said, 'Good morning,' and glanced at me inquiringly. But she looked so staid and good-humoured that I took 'heart of grace,' and when she asked me, with a smile —' What do you wish, my little daughter?'

"'I wish to see Mrs. Murray, ma'am,' I stammered out, and again my little heart went *pit-a-pat*, for I knew not what to say next.

"'I am Mrs. Murray, my dear. Come in, and tell me your business, for it is as cheap sitting as standing.' Come in—as she opened another door, and ushered me into a neat little room nicely furnished, and looking as bright as a new pin.

"'Now, tell me what you wish.'

"'You must not get angry with me, Mrs. Murray, but I must tell you about Susie Lee. She sews for my mother, and is so good and so gentle that we all love her, at home, very much. Mother allowed me to come with her, and I am to stay a week, and although she always looks sad, as if in trouble, we never heard her complain; but I thought it was because she was poor, and was obliged to sew for her living, and was forced to leave her mother and stay among strangers. But I found out myself last night what caused her sad looks. Do listen, and don't get angry now, please ma'am,' said I, approaching her, for I noticed an ominous frown and a pout on the pucker of her mouth.

"'Why, bless me, child! but you are mighty young to talk about such matters. Did the girl or her mother send you?'

"'Neither, Mrs. Murray,' said I proudly and boldly, for I was indignant. 'I tell you that *I* both *saw* and *heard myself*. And, last night, when she sobbed, and prayed so earnestly for help to do her duty—and that when she thought we did not hear her—I determined to come and tell you. For I had heard Mrs. Lee say you were a good woman, but that some mischief-maker had set you against Susie.'

"'Did she really say *that*?' asked Mrs Murray. 'Well! I must say, it was neighbourly and Christian-like after what had passed. Perhaps I have been too hasty. And the poor girl herself I always loved, with her nice, tidy affectionate ways. My boy, too, has never been like himself since this trouble began. Tell me all about it, my dear, I will promise to listen.'

"And I did tell all, exactly as it occurred. The best orator surely could not have received a greater compliment than myself when I finished, for Mrs. Murray, with tears streaming from her eyes, said

'Bless your pretty little mouth! I must kiss you, for you speak like an angel. And you will be blessed, my child, depend on it, for God himself says. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Wait, till I change my cap, and I will round with you to widow Lee's, and it shall not be my fault if we don't make everything straight between our families.' Mrs. Murray brought me a plate of nice cake to refresh myself whilst she completed her toilette.

"What a glad heart and light step had I, as I walked through the village beside Mrs. Murray. I knocked at Mrs. Lee's door, which was opened by Susie, whose pale cheeks became beautifully crimsoned as she saw my companion.

"'Forgive me Susie,' said Mrs. Murray, as she held out her hand. Susie Lee extended her hand most readily, but tears choked the words she attempted to utter. Mrs. Murray embraced her, and then turning to Mrs Lee, who had risen, said: 'Forgive me also, old neighbour, and let me explain it all. I am sure you will not blame me so much.'

"It is not needful, my dear, to enter into this explanation; at least, as it was given by Mrs. Murray, for I assure you it was a lengthy one. I must tell you, however, that mischief-making tongues had been busy with these loving hearts. A girl, not much older than Susie, who it was believed had a fancy for Robert, had whispered to the old lady, his mother, many a speech as to her future daughter in law; Mrs. Murray, not being blessed with the patience of Job, returned them with interest, and proceeded to active measures, such as had caused the sorrow of those young and attached hearts.

"'Good bye, Susie. I will send Robert here as soon as I get home,' said Mrs Murray, to the smiling, blushing girl, as she parted with her. 'You two must make it all up between you, and make haste, too, and come home to us, for that wilt keep mischief from brewing again.'

'Let me say to you here, my Laurie," said Mrs Ainslie, in conclusion, "always to avoid gossips as you would a snake, for they are quite as dangerous."

'And now but little remains to be told. I stayed the week, the old lady amusing me with tales of her own young days. Susie and Robert, though very grateful, had then time fully taken up with each other. Susie returned with me, but she gave notice to my mother of her marriage. My kind parents, whom I had told them of my share in the romance, kissed and praised me, and allowed me to purchase presents for Susie Lee's marriage. I was at the wedding, and afterward used often to go to see them, and I never beheld a more loving couple, or a family that enjoyed more domestic peace.

'And now, love, if you will be as good a daughter to me as Susie Lee was to her mother, I shall not think my time lost in having told you her love story."

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE First Volume of the present series of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND will be ready April 1st containing the HISTORY of CHINA and the CHINESE; and also the HISTORY of HUNGARY complete, profusely illustrated with Engravings, price 2s. 6d., neatly bound in cloth and lettered. Cases for binding the Volume (1s each) will also be ready at the same time.

JOHN CASSELL'S SYSTEM OF NATIONAL EDUCATION, which he proposes to establish without asking for any special Act of Parliament. He only asks that he intends to seek from the Legislature is, the repeal of the iniquitous and obnoxious tax upon the medium through which he proposes to convey his system of Education to the people, namely *Paper*. On Saturday April 3 John Cassell's System of National Education will be inaugurated by the publication of *the first number of the* POPULAR EDUCATOR, in sixteen pages of double crown octavo price ONE PENNY. The whole system will be developed through the medium of *Weekly Numbers*, one penny each, or in Monthly Parts, 5d each, according to the number of weeks in each month. This System of National Education will include English Grammar, French, German, and Latin, Mathematics, Geometry, Arithmetic, and Algebra, Astronomy, Geography, Geology, Natural History, Botany, Physiology, Chemistry, Mechanics, History, Biography, Political Economy, Music, &c &c. Every section of the system will be explained in the most clear and comprehensive manner, and, where it is necessary illustrated with suitable diagrams. The whole will be written in a style sufficiently familiar to be perfectly understood by any child or youth who has merely learned to read, and which will at the same time interest and instruct both parents and children, and tend to promote universal education upon sound principles, and by an expeditious method of first-rate attainments are engaged to develop

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MISCELLANEA.

the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of our recollections, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest: prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness.

TRIFLES NOT TO BE DESPISED.—The nerve of a tooth, not so large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A musquito can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coral rock, which causes a navy to founder, is the work of worms. The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect.

ENAMELLED VISITING CARDS.—We believe it to be correct to state that 7 years is the almost ephemeral average of existence in the trade for applying the poisonous surface to the petty token of pride—a visiting card. Is such slow and steady sacrifice to the Juggernaut of fashion more commendable, or less shocking, than a lottery of danger, in which some draw the prize of competency, and others the terrible blank of annihilation?

BLOOMERISM IN CAPITALS.

Dear LN G, says EB D,
While chatting o'er a cup of T,
As A B C it's plain to me,
That U and I are sure to C
Our *costume* soon must altered B
To the Bloomer sweet vari-E-T
Sweet EB D, says LN G,
I know U R more Y's than me,
And have an I to clearly C
Into the far futuri-T,
But if U'd wed young JL K,
The handsome scholar and M A
O U must not so MT B
U'r thoughts to show, for O, I C
The men think Bloomers fiddle D D,
And not to compare with coats-pet-T

BRILLIANCY OF BILLY VICKERS.—At a school examination previous to the holidays, the master determined to give a finishing stroke to show off the proficiency of the scholars, as well as to give the parents and visitors a touch of his quality—as a superfine professor of penmanship shows the "copperplate style." Propounding and expounding the questions to his dear scholars, he concluded (not very grammatically) with this grand question and key to the art of writing—"What's the three first requisites of penmanship?"—A shockheaded and auburn genius, with a decided touch of the vermillion, burning to be distinguished as a prize-holder, shrieks out, "Easiness, legibilities, and dispatchitiveness!"—"Who's that?" says the Professor.—"I, Billy Vickers!"—Old Mr. Vickers, with a tear of pride at the achievements of his son Billy, exclaimed, "Well, Billy, after that, you must go to college and learn algebragy."

THE MISSISSIPPI.—The navigable rivers of the Mississippi alone show a navigation of 20,000 miles, while their entire length is 51,000 miles. Thus—Mississippi and tributaries, not including those given below, aggregate length, 14,385 miles; Red and all tributaries, aggregate length, 4,125, Arkansas ditto, ditto, 5,540, White ditto, 1,650; Ohio ditto, ditto, 10,730; Missouri ditto, ditto, 12,170; Illinois ditto, ditto, 1,270; Wisconsin, 675. Total—Mississippi, with all its inlets, 60,645; outlets or bayous (in all), 456. Total length of "The Great River," with all its parts, 51,000 miles.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[illegible] intestate, the next of kin takes the property.

A READER is anxious to know how gold leaf may be applied to leather? We believe great pressure in moulds of metal to be the plan commonly pursued, but of course gold leaf may be applied to leather as it is to paper, wood, &c., by simple application over a weak solution of size.

MARY should learn the following guide for [illegible] ears and but a single tongue, by [illegible] to man belong; the lesson she would teach is clear: repeat but half of what [illegible]

[illegible] CLARK complains of annoyance from [illegible]. A plant which grows in abundance in every field, the Dog's Tongue (the *Cynoglossum Officinale* of Linnæus), has been found by Mr. Boreaux to possess a very valuable quality. If gathered at the period when its sap [illegible] laid in a house, barn, or granary, or any other place frequented by rats and mice, these destructive animals immediately shift their quarters.

W. LAW.—The process of softening water by means of caustic lime has been tried and found perfectly practicable at the Chelsea Water-works. One pound of chalk, when calcined, will produce [illegible] istic lime, which [illegible] of lime-water, and be sufficient to mix with 560 gallons of ordinary London pipe-water. We [illegible] [illegible] ch this method [illegible] regularly and successfully adopted in household practice—of course on a small scale.

J. R.—Jean Paul says "Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun sees nothing, from the dew-dre[illegible] but a mirror, which it warms and fills [illegible] writer) lives seventy years. The first [illegible] his human years, and pass swiftly by; he is healthy and happy—he labours cheerfully, rejoices in his existence. The eighteen yea[illegible] the ass come next, and burden after burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that feed others, and blows and kicks are the [illegible] of his faithful service. The twelve years o[illegible] dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and is [illegible] corner and growls. Wh[illegible] [illegible] form the conclusion. The weak and sick, becomes the sport of children.

THOMAS SWINDLEHURST.—The population of Manchester, according to the last census, taken in June, 1851, was 228,137, being an increase, since 1841, of 30,014 persons. The population of Leeds is 101,331, while in 1841 it was 88 741, th[illegible] 109,011, and that of Glasgow is 333,657, and the port of Glasgow, 47,951. To the population of all these places, however, must be added the numbers of males serving in her Majesty's forces, and all those engaged in seafaring or other occupations who were not actually sleeping at home the night of Sunday, March the 31st. The population of Manchester proper only is given, while that of Salford (87,714) and the towns in the neighbourhood of Manchester, and which may be said, as it were, to belong to it, are separately enumerated. The rate of increase during the last half-century, 1801—1851, has been, for the whole of England and Wales, 101·04 per cent.; for the London division (which includes the City proper, and parts of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent), 95·67; for the North-Western division (which includes Cheshire and Lancashire), 98·67; and for the York division (which includes the East, West, and North Ridings, and comprises no fewer than 54 large towns and cities), 109·76 per cent. In Scotland the increase in the population during the same period of fifty years has been 78 per cent., while for Lanarkshire (which includes Lanark, Airdrie, Glasgow, Hamilton, and Rutherglen) the increase has been 260 per cent. From a study of the results of the last census much important information may be obtained.

COROLUS.—With No. 26 will be issued a title and index to the present volume of *The Working Man's Friend*.

JAMES SMITH.—The word felucca is often used by Captain Maryatt and other naval writers. It is the name of a small vessel used in the Mediterranean for coasting voyages. It carries two masts, main, fore and lateen sails, and is propelled by oars when the calms in the Mediterranean render the sails unavailable.

C. G. wishes to be informed which is the best work on Scripture metaphors. The most *complete* is that by Benjamin Keach, but a cheap 8vo. volume on the same subject, called "Brown's Tropology," will be found to answer every purpose.

J. W. SMITH.—"Hungary, its People and its History," will probably be issued in a separate form.

ASPIRANT would like to know what learning is requisite in a timber merchant's office?—Now this is a question which we are hardly able to answer, seeing that we are not aware of the routine in the office of such a merchant. We should imagine, however, that a good knowledge of mensuration and bookkeeping would be indispensable.

J. P.—The cuirass of the ancients was a [illegible] of defensive armour, made of metal, which cover[illegible] the breast and part of the neck; occasionall[illegible] was made to come down over the back as w[illegible] but among that people it consisted simply of thick folds of linen. After having been adopted by the Romans and Grecians, it was laid aside for [illegible] [illegible] andred y[illegible] the fourteenth century. In the English service the cuirass was disused after the reign of George II. till after the battle of Waterloo, at which battle it was worn by the French soldiers. Since 1830 it has formed in the British army part of the defensive armour of the Guards.

J. J.—Province oils are obtained from bones and other animal matter, and explain their fluidity at extremely low temperatures, and are used for lubricating machinery. Most of the ordinary oils become partially concreted at low temperatures. This is due to the separation of the crystalline from the oleine particles. The latter forms the oil in question, the separation being effected by the combined means of cold and pressure.

H. PARKER wants to know the meaning of wattle-gum. It is the gum of the wattle-tree (*acacia mollissima*), a native of Van Diemen's Land. It exudes from the tree during the summer, and soon hardens [illegible] sizes. It is similar to, and is used for the same purposes as the gum-arabic of commerce.

EDWARD EDWARDS.—In Bohemia are made nearly half of the looking-glasses and mirrors used on the continent of Europe.

RICHARD HART.—The invention of clocks has been ascribed to Boethius, A.D. 510, but clocks like those now in use are of a later invention. The first clock on record is the one made at Bologna, in 1356. Henry de Wyck, a German, made clocks about the year 1364, the principle of which is yet preserved. Clocks were probably introduced into England about 1368, by Edward III., and became common in the fourteenth century. Pendulum clocks were invented in 1641, by Richard Harris, of London. They were at first called night-dials, in contradistinction to sun-dials.

HENRY DAVIS, Edinbro'.—The art of embossing paper was invented by the Germans. Subsequent improvements have enabled us to present in relief all the prominent features of a piece of sculpture. The Swiss maps, in which the inequalities of the surface of the country are preserved, are produced by means of embossed paper.

TYRO would have us give an opinion on the effectiveness of "Pulvermacher's Electric Chains" in removing rheumatic pains from the limbs, &c. Now, never having been subject to pains in the limbs, and never having worn an electric chain, or even a galvanic-ring, and having fallen into a somewhat loose way of thinking that there was more of quackery than truth in the professions of the advertising "professors," and being, moreover, by no means well informed as to any actual cure by the use of the electric chain—why, we are scarcely the right person to apply to for information on the subject.

A. S. is anxious to know if *The Working Man's Friend* will publish the history of Poland after that of Hungary. The subject chosen for vol. iv., in which to illustrate "Glimpses of the People of all Nations," will be shortly determined on.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE
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AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., NO. 26.] SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ANDERNACH ON THE RHINE.

"THE RHINE! the Rhine! a blessing on the Rhine!" sing the students as they travel, knapsack at back, along the banks of that lordly river. The pride of the great German heart is this single stream; and rightly so, for of all the rivers of this beautiful earth, there are none so beautiful as this. "And oh!" says Longfellow, in his Hyperion—one of the most delightful romances in the English language,—"if I were a German I should be proud of it too. There is hardly a league of its whole course, from its cradle in the snowy Alps to its grave in the sands of Holland, which boasts not its peculiar charms." To describe the Rhine—and as we, the present writer, have never seen the storied river, we quote, from memory, the sentiments, rather than the words, of the transatlantic poet—to describe the Rhine, and describe it well, we should write like a king, with a style flowing royally onwards, without breaks and dashes, like the waters of that regal stream, and antique, quaint, and Gothic times should be reflected in our words as tesselated castle, and crowning vine-



ANDERNACH ON THE LOWER RHINE.

yard, and slippery hill-side, and strange beautiful forms, are reflected through the vapours of morning in its ever-moving current.

Ruins of lordly castles and wide spread domains are reflected, as of old, in the bosom of the silver waters. The everlasting hills, as in the youth-time of creation, still mirror their proud forms in the glancing waves. Onward flows the Rhine, and, like the stream of Time, it flows amid the ruins of the Past. What a picture of human life may be read in those restless waves. Down from the distant Alps, out into the wide world, it bursts away like a youth from the house of its fathers. Broad-breasted and strong, and with an earnest endeavour, like manhood, it makes itself a way through difficult mountain passes and apparently choked-up gorges. And at length, in its old age, with weary steps and slow, it sinks through the sand, which is its grave, and passes onwards to its great eternity, the ocean.

Oh, how many noble thoughts arise when we think of this great river. Thoughts which like the stream flow on unchecked, and beat upon their breasts the legends and the glory of the Past How majestically through the distance and the gloom walk the Great Ones of history, some like the sun, bearing their brightness around them, while others, wrapped in dim memories, shine yet through the mist and the darkness like the stars of night. Through the silence of the Past the spirit hears their slow and solemn footsteps, and they of the Present are edified and chastened by their t[illegible] And yet on earth these men were [illegible] in the outward circumstances of their lives They were in want, and in pain, and familiar with prison bars, and the damp weeping walls of dungeons! even the dungeons beneath the castle keeps which yet, in ruins, look down on the eternal waters of the Rhine But their sufferings, it would seem, were endured but to sanctify their memories, and teach the men of after times As if crosses and trials, and painful disease, had but nerved them for a fiercer conflict and a more glorious victory And, as during the sun's eclipse, we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life's eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the great eternity burning bright and solemnly!

The evening bells of Andernach are ringing, even as they rang three hundred years ago, from out the many-pointed steeple of the quaint old church, and the old round tower in the river looks down upon its second self in the clear depths, even as it did when, in the twelfth century, it was newly built and finished by the archbishop Frederick of Cologne It was an old town with old legends pertaining to it even then. Andernach, like most of the Rhenish towns, has its true histories, and its false ones, too, though the last are to the full as interesting as the first. It stands on the left bank of the river, about fourteen miles below Coblentz, and its four thousand inhabitants are esteemed an industrious and trade-loving race. It belongs to the department of the Rhine and Moselle, in the circle of the lower Rhine and the electorate of Cologne: It was formerly an imperial city, and exacted a toll from all vessels passing its walls for the support of its institutions. Andernach was one of the fortresses which Drusus erected to keep the Germans in awe; for then, as now, the wealthy and proud were fearful of the too great influence of free-thought and liberty among the people. In one of the angles of the town-wall there still stands an ancient tower said to have been built at that early age

In 1632, Andernach was besieged by the Swedes. The fight was short but bloody; and in three days the garrison, consisting of about a thousand men, was forced to yield In 1702, it was again taken by the prince of Hesse, and annexed to the kingdom of France. Previous to this time it had been a custom in Andernach to preach a sermon in the market-place on St. Bartholomew's day against the inhabitants of Lintz, a town some sixteen miles further down the Rhine. If on this day any of the inhabitants of the latter town entered Andernach, a riot was the certain consequence, and mischief, if not death, was almost certain to ensue. The cause of the quarrel is said to have been this: In an engagement under the emperor Charles IV, the people of Lantz massacred those of Rheineck and Andernach, except some few whom they sent home minus their ears. So deep was the hatred existing between the inhabitants of the several towns in consequence of this insult that to this day the quarrel has not been altogether made up The trade of Andernach at the present day consists principally of tiles timber, and millstones, which are conveyed to the places of sale in boats upon the river. In the neighbourhood of the town are three medicinal springs, for which it is visited by travellers even now. It is the first town of any importance which the Rhine tourist visits. It is full of historical remains, and abounds—as what ancient town upon the Rhine does not?—with legends and curious histories. The Christ of Andernach, which is said to have descended nightly from its pedestal for the purpose of repairing the houses and mills of the pious, is one of the stock stories which every voyager up the celebrated river is sure to hear With the beautiful episode of the "Richest Prince," from the German of Kerner, we conclude our gossip.

Once, in Andernach's old tower,
Many a German monarch sate—
Of his riches each one vaunting,
And the glories of his state

"Rich," outspoke the lordly Saxon,
"Is that glorious land of mine,
Many a vein among her mountains
Bright with silver ore doth shine."

"On the Rhine is ever plenty,"
Cried the County Palatine,
"In the valleys corn fields waving,
On the hills the noble vine"

"Mighty cities, wealthy convents,"
Louis said, Bavaria's lord,
"These are mine, I fear no rival
While my land can these afford"

Answered Eberhard the Bearded—
Wirtemberg's loved lord was he—
"Small my cities, and my mountains
Void of silver hoards may be,

"Yet one priceless gem his hidden
Deep amid my forests grey,
On the breast of every [illegible]
Fearless, I my [illegible]

Cried Bavarian then, and Saxon,
And the Palsgrave of the Rhine,
"Bearded count! that land is peerless
Which has jewels such as thine!"

How to Make the Best of It.—Robinet, a peasant of Lorraine, after a hard day's work at the next market town, was returning home with his basket in his hand "What a delicious supper shall I have," said he to himself "This piece of kid stewed down, with onions sliced, thickened with meal, and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish fit for the bishop of the diocese Then I have a good piece of barley loaf at home to finish with How I long to be at it" A noise in the hedge now attracted his notice He spied a squirrel nimbly running round a tree, and [illegible] "Ha!" [illegible] "what a delicate repast my kid's flesh will be to my friends! I'll try if I can get it!" Upon this, he set down his basket in the road, and began to climb up the tree He had half ascended, when casting a look at his basket, he saw a dog with his [illegible] forcing out the piece of kid's flesh He made all possible speed down, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth Robinet looked after him, "Well, then, I must be content with soup meagre—and no bad thing neither" He travelled on and came to a little public-house by the road side, where an acquaintance of his was sitting, drinking. He invited Robinet to have a draught. Robinet seated himself by his friend, and set his basket on a bench close by him A tame raven, which was kept in the house, came slowly behind him, and stole away the bag in which the meal was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole Robinet did not perceive the theft until he had got on his way again. He returned to search for his bag, but he could hear no tidings of it "Well," says he, "my soup will be thinner, but I will boil a slice of bread in it, and that will do some good, at least." He went on again, and arrived at a little brook, over which was laid a narrow plank A young woman coming to pass at the same time, Robinet gallantly offered her his hand. As soon as she got to the middle, either through fear or sport she shrieked out, and cried that she was falling Robinet, hastening to support her with his other hand, let his basket drop into the stream. As soon as she was safe over, he jumped in and recovered it, but when he took it out, he perceived that the salt was melted, and the pepper was washed away Nothing was now left but the onions. "Well!" says Robinet, "then I must sup to-night on roasted onions and barley bread Last night I had bread alone. To morrow morning it will not signify what I had." So saying, he trudged on, singing as before.

FIRST AMBITION.

I believe that sooner or later there come to every man dreams of ambition. They may be covered with the sloth of habit, or with a pretence of humility; they may come only in dim, shadowy visions, that feed the eye, like the glories of an ocean sun-rise; but you may be sure that they will come: even before one is aware, the bold, adventurous goddess, whose name is Ambition, and whose dower is Fame, will be toying with the feeble heart. And she pushes her ventures with a bold hand. she makes timidity strong, and weakness valiant.

The way of a man's heart will be foreshadowed by what goodness lies in him—coming from above, and from around, but a way foreshadowed, is not a way made. And the making of a man's way comes only from that quickening of resolve which we call ambition. It is the spur that makes man struggle with destiny, it is heaven's own incentive to make purpose great, and achievement greater.

It would be strange if you, in that cloister-life of a college, did not sometimes feel a dawning of new resolves. They grapple you, indeed, oftener than you dare to speak of. Here you dream first of that very sweet, but very shadowy success, called reputation.

You think of the delight and astonishment it would give your mother and father, and most of all, little Nelly, if you were winning such honours as now escape you. You measure your capacities by those about you, and watch their habit of study, you gaze for half-an-hour together, upon some successful man who has won his prizes, and wonder by what secret action he has done it. And when, in time, you come to be a [illegible] society [illegible]

You spend hours at your theme. You write and re-write, and when it is at length complete, and out of your hands, you are harassed by a thousand doubts. At times, as you recall your hours of toil, you question if so much labour is not upon any other, you feel almost certain of success. You repeat to yourself some passages of special eloquence at most. You fancy the admiration of the professors at meeting with such a wonderful performance. You have a shrewd fear that its superior goodness may awaken the suspicion that some one out of the college—some superior man, may have written it. But this fear dies away.

The eventful day is a great one in your calendar. You hardly sleep the night previous. You tremble a little when it comes, you profess to be very indifferent as to the reading and the prize. close, you even stoop to take up your theme as if you had entirely overlooked the fact that the old professor was at the desk for the express purpose of declaiming the successful names. You listen heavily to the [illegible] and painfully distinct enumeration. You [illegible] shame.

They all pass out with a hush murmur, along the aisles, and through the door-ways. It would be well if there were no disappointments in life more terrible than this. It is consoling, however, to express very deprecating opinions of the faculty in general, and very contemptuous ones of that particular officer who decided upon the merit of the prize themes.

You grow up however, unfortunately, as the college years fly by, into a very exaggerated sense of your own capacities. Even the good old white-haired squire, for whom you had once entertained so much respect, seems to your crazy, classic fancy, a very hum-drum sort of personage. Frank, although as noble a fellow as ever sat a horse, is yet—you cannot help thinking—very ignorant of Euripides, even the English master at Dr. Bidlow's school, you feel sure would baulk at a dozen problems you could give him.

You get an exalted idea of that uncertain quality, which turns the heads of a vast many of your fellows, called—Genius. An odd notion seems to be inherent in the atmosphere of the college chambers, that there is a certain faculty of mind—little developed as would seem in colleges—which accomplishes whatever it chooses without any special painstaking. For a time, you fall yourself into this very [illegible] you cultivate it, after the usual college fashion, by [illegible] a vast deal of strong coffee—by writing a little poor verse in the Byronic temper, and by studying very late at night, with closed blinds.

It costs you, however, more anxiety and hypocrisy than you could possibly have believed.

You will learn at last, oh, ingenius youth, when the autumn has rounded your hopeful summer, if not before, that there is no genius in life like the genius of energy and industry.

You will learn that all the traditions so current of very young men, that certain great characters have wrought their greatness by an inspiration, as it were, grow out of a sad mistake.

And you will further find, when you come to measure yourself with men, that there are no rivals so formidable as those earnest, determined minds, which reckon the value of every [illegible], and which achieve eminence by persistant application.

[illegible] may inflame you at certain periods, and a touch of some great names will flash like a spark into the mine of your purposes, you dream till midnight over books you set up shadows, and chase them down—other shadows, and they fly. Dreaming will never catch them. Nothing makes the "scent be well," in the hunt after distinction, but labour.

And it is a glorious thing, when once you are weary of the dissipation and the ennui of your own aimless thought, to take up some glowing page of an earnest thinker, and read—deep and long, until you feel the metal [illegible] on your brain, and sinking out from [illegible] flashes of ideas that give the mind light and heat. And away you go in the chase of what the soul within is creating on the instant, and you wonder at the fecundity of what seemed so barren, and at the ripeness of what seemed so crude. The glow of toil wakes you to the consciousness of your real capacities, you feel sure that they have taken a new step toward final development. In such mood it is that one feels grateful to the [illegible] that other hours stand like curiosity-making mummies, with no warmth and no vitality. Now they grow into the affections like new found friends, and gain a hold upon the heart and light a fire in the brain, that the years and the mould cannot cover nor quench.

AN EVENING WALK FROM MILE-END TO WHITECHAPEL.

I have set myself a stranger to the neighbourhood, at once one of the best and the worst roads out of London. This day is Saturday, and the time is evening. The first thing that strikes you is the multiplicity of lights, and the next is the world and throng of people passing to and fro upon the footway. Life and activity everywhere, but no apparent bustle or confusion. Everybody intent upon his own particular business, and everybody busy, and, except for an occasional row and the presence of the police, who are pretty numerous here, you would take it to be rather a quiet neighbourhood—considering the crowd.

Starting from the turnpike which ought to be very well known in the city—at the omnibus conductors' cry of "Whitechapel, Mile-gate, Mile-end," by any direction—we will walk leisurely westward for a mile or so, and jot down our conclusions by the way. And the first is, that they must be very hungry people hereabouts, for almost every other shop on the right-hand side of the way sells something to eat. And the next is, that the inhabitants are nomade in their habits, for, on the opposite side, every fourth or fifth shop is a furniture broker's. We look in vain for the same description of shops we notice everywhere else; and, with the exception of the pawnbroker's, of which there are a great number, there are very few retails for the sale of articles of luxury. No jeweller, print-sellers, watch-makers, or booksellers, only a single dealer in second-hand literature, and but one shop where newspapers, cheap books, and popular periodicals [illegible] sale. There was another, but the proprietor did not find the business answer, so he sold off his stock and resumed his old occupation—that of bookbinder *for the trade*.

The neighbourhood teems with grocers', butchers', bakers'-pie, and gun-shops—there are about three of the last every one of the first, however, all in all the windows flaming testimonials announce the *cheapness* of the commodities sale within. Of course, there is no lack of quack [illegible] though very few doctor's shops, but charlatanism confined to one profession, for every grocer sells better articles than his neighbour—and at one large drapery establishment

they regularly sell off a bankrupt stock of I can't tell you how many thousand pounds' value, once a fortnight!—if you may believe their own announcements. Whitechapel is a great place for cheap tailors; and, as you pass along, you cannot but be reminded of the fact by having a bill of Messrs. Levi and Sons, thrust into your hand by a smart little workhouse boy dressed as a page. Here, according to the announcement, you can have a splendid waterproof top coat for 25s., and be completely *suited* for about two guineas and a half.

The streets are full, and so are the shops—the gin-shops



particularly—round the doors of which are gathered little knots of noisy people, whom, as the hour grows later, the policeman endeavours in vain to "move on." Take a peep into one of them, and you will be pained to note how full they are, and to think what vast sums of money are absolutely wasted in the vile compounds distributed to the motley applicants. But a more painful thing is to notice among the crowd of foul-mouthed, blear-eyed, besotted men and women, some half-dozen well-dressed young fellows—scarce eighteen—lolling negligently upon the polished bar-front, smoking short pipes, and talking slang to the girls behind. And even more painful still it is to see how many women are continually passing in and out, lost apparently to every sense of decency and shame. But, perhaps, the most painful thing of all is to glance in at the railed-off portion called the "bottle department," and to watch the entrance of a respectable-looking mechanic and his wife—neat, clean, even pretty, the wife is, and the husband is a treat to look at, in his youth and strength—with their basket and their baby, who go directly to the counter and call for a "quartern of gin." Verily, the woman,

young and pretty as she is, drinks off her portion as if she were used to it; and, as for the husband, he tosses his off with a smack and calls for more. And the "baby must have a little drop," and the glass is lifted up to the infant's mouth without the hesitation of an instant. You may well leave the place in disgust, and ponder what can come of such habits.

Returning to the street—on each side of which, upon the wide open space which lies between the footway and the road, are long rows of stalls closely packed and crowding on each

other, except where the shopkeepers appropriate the space to themselves—you make your way slowly through the increasing mass of pedestrians. Before proceeding, however, pause an instant and look down upon the street. You are dazzled with the flickering light, glittering far away upon the road in long lines of dusky brilliance, gas from the street lamps, gas lamps in countless numbers and variety from the shop windows, and candles and lamps, and a newly introduced adaptation of naphtha flaring and sputtering from every stall in all the crowded way, a most astonishing illumination. These, with the half-yard of flaring light from every butcher's shop, and the dozens of lamps from the public-houses, produce a most strange and remarkable effect.



WHITECHAPEL.—"APPLE

From every turning, right and left—and they are extremely ...erve a continually increasing stream of people, all thronging into the broad highway, till at last th... crowd on the right-hand side of the road is too great to allow of more than a slow walking pace. It is composed principally of mechanics and their wives, clerks wending homewards from the city—for a respectable neighbourhood called Bow lies beyond—a heterogeneous mass of labourers, bricklayers, brewers' dray-

Irish hod-men, cigar-makers—principally young Jews, who all smoke tobacco, in one shape or another—costermongers, and thieves. There are supposed to be two known thieves to every twenty pedestrians in Whitechapel. These with the keepers of the stalls on the road-side and the vehicles in the road itself, form a pretty numerous assemblage; and as the hour grows later, the noise and bustle increase to a rather bewildering extent, and you are puzzled to think where all the people come from.

But the stalls, the stalls are, every one of them, a study. Here are fishes upon boards; rows of second-hand boots and shoes polished up to the last degree of brightness; fruit stalls, ginger-beer stalls, oyster stalls, old iron stalls, greengrocery stalls, and toy stalls, in endless variety, each with its two, three, or four flaring lamps, and amid the more modern of the street stalls, we notice our ever constant and old acquaintance the old Irish apple woman, who sits beside her scanty stock and smokes her pipe, with the one unvarying cry, "Apples a penny a lot—a penny a lot." She is a study that the artist has taken from the life, but in all this long bazaar of cheap commodities, there is only *one* stall for the sale of books, though nearer the city, outside the walls of the workhouse, there are two or three little tables where wretched colourless prints in common yellow frames are exposed for sale. If you're curious in literature, you will linger at the bookstall, but you will not be much edified, for the kind of reading that is patronised hereabouts is entirely of the Jack Sheppard school. An enterprising genius once tried the effect of an al-fresco book auction here. We watched him night after night for about three weeks, as he stood on the top of his little board and offered his treasures to the surrounding crowd in a loud voice;

the fellow was not without wit, but neither wit nor learning could put food upon his table; so, after having tried it as long as he thought there was a chance of earning a crust, he packed up his box one evening and bade the neighbourhood good-bye. He always stood in one place, just opposite the London Hospital, and we have often lingered and listened to him; and once or twice bought, at sixpence a volume, several copies of the old London Magazine. We were sorry when he left, but there was really no love of reading in Whitechapel.

But if literature is not patronised here, gambling is, most extensively, for about every half-dozen yards or so (and opposite the workhouse much more numerously still), are stalls set up for the encouragement of this fashionable vice. They consist of ordinary costermongers' barrows, lighted by a flaring lamp, sometimes two, of naphtha, and the front part filled with nuts. At the back is erected a large board painted in circles with rings or figures, and the manner of playing the game is this: the player hires a feathered needle from a small gun, the impetus being given to the barb by the explosion of a percussion cap, and into whichever ring or number it is forced, he receives a certain quantity of nuts, which are afterwards bought by the vendor at about half-price. At these stalls there is usually a pretty large crowd of youths of both sexes, and the keeper, it would appear, drives a roaring trade—for the love of gambling is inherent in nearly all men. The police never interfere. The pea and thimble game, and the ectotum, are also occasionally seen, but these are not openly allowed. The "gun trick" decidedly draws the greatest number of customers.

Beside these are singers of vulgar ballads, sellers of infamous pamphlets, men who have sham sovereigns to dispose of for a bit of a thousand pounds between two celebrated noblemen, players on the violin, ragged children with lucifer matches or "five onions for a penny," and beggars innumerable—from the respectable sham in a white apron and four clean borrowed babes, to the wretched woman who stands shivering by the way-side and starves—all of whom, except the beggars, draw considerable audiences, and shout out their various pretensions with no lack of lungs. One tall fellow we have known for many years always stands about midway between Whitechapel church and the turnpike. Sometimes he sells wonderful corn-plaister, sometimes cat's-meat for coughs, colds, and cholera, and sometimes a mixture of Paris glue, or a lump of Castile soap, for the cleaning of old chimney-pots or the cleansing of grease spots from old garments. He is quite an original in his way, and it is really a treat to listen to him. In a loud and pompous voice he proclaims the virtues of his nostrums somewhat after this fashion—"Ladies and gentlemen, you have here the most surprising invention for the removal of all spots and stains, from silks, satins, bombazeens, crapes, linens, shawls, gowns, or broadcloth: it will remove all fruit stains, ink stains, grease spots, tar stains, oil stains, blood stains, or [illegible] it will remove all kinds of stains and imperfections upon all kinds of articles, except stains upon the character and imperfections of temper. Come here, my little boy. Observe now, ladies and gentlemen, the large spot of grease upon this lad's collar. You see, I merely damp the mixture, apply it to the stain, give it two or three rubs up and down, wipe it off with a wet flannel, brush the place, and the grease has altogether vanished. There, my little boy, go home and tell your mother you have got a new jacket. Only a penny: only a penny." In this way he will continue to hold forth for five hours together; and a tolerably good living he makes, no doubt. Close by, is a maker of pins, who pursues his calling in a methodical manner, and never stops except to sell a "aporth," but goes on talking and working all the evening; and at a little distance is a stout man propounding riddles to a gaping crowd, or a blind old fellow who plays a set of bells with his hands, and scrapes an old violoncello with the action of his feet.

"Now, then, my customers, here's an infallible remedy for warts, corns, and bunions. The slightest application of this famous salve will remove, in a short space of time, the most inveterate corn with which you may be troubled. It is equally good for hard corns, soft corns, corns between the toes, on the heels, or on the instep, and it has never been known to fail in removing bunions of many years' growth. The late lamented Sir Robert Peel was greatly troubled with corns, for which he had been operated on several times, but, happening to pass through the Tottenham-court road, where I then was, he was induced to purchase a packet, and so immediate was the relief obtained, that he sent his servant the next night with a sovereign, so that he might purchase a stock for his friends. With my salve there is no necessity for cutting and paring—no danger from the incautious use of the razor or penknife before you go out, all that is necessary to do is to wash your feet clean overnight, dry them well, and apply the salve to the place affected. In the morning you will find your corn so much better that you will walk half-a-dozen miles just to prove to yourself that you have none worth speaking of. Only a penny a packet! Now, if I were to set up a handsome shop, and write the word 'chiropodist' over the door, you would come and give me half-a-crown a piece for having your corns pared down close with a lancet, but because I stand in the street, and offer you a certain remedy for a penny, you pass on, and think you will be imposed on. My salve will draw the corns from your feet as surely as the sun draws the plant from the ground, without the slightest pain, confinement, or impediment to business. Only a penny! only a penny!"



WHITECHAPEL.—THE PAVEMENT QUACK.

On any evening in the week, from five o'clock till ten, in [illegible] neighbourhood, you may hear some such [illegible] stairs, it will cost to fetch, or possibly the street-[illegible] packet' is the cry that may hold forth on the virtues of razor-paste, which is warranted infallible for rendering razors and penknives much sharper than any other known application—a fact made apparent by the seller dividing a hair from end to end by one cut of the instrument. Or, perhaps, he may extol the virtues of the famous "Kilenlum" for mending cracked and broken china, glass, or earthenware, illustrating at the same time its efficacy in the most practical of all methods, by first breaking a piece of porcelain, and then

cementing the broken edges together. At another time, perhaps, he sells the "patent plate paste, for restoring the edges of all plated goods, and making copper wares look as bright and new as silver." Or, which is most likely of all, he is pattering in favour of a never-failing remedy for coughs, colds, heats, and fevers, when he holds forth in some such strain as this, though not, perhaps, in such good language:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I offer to your notice a most famous remedy for all manner of coughs, colds, and asthmas. A few of my celebrated cough drops will remove the most inveterate cold in a few hours, and it is equally good for hooping-cough, croup, sore throat, and pains in the limbs. The wonderful Arabian cough-drop is composed entirely of harmless herbs, and such is its efficacy, that I most unhesitatingly and confidently offer it to all who suffer from those disa[illegible] ints. It may be safely administered to the youngest babe, and is equally efficacious in removing the most obstinate lung disease. It warms the stomach, imparts heat and comfort to the nervous system, renders the breathing and expectoration free and easy, and is, in fact, the most simple and unfailing remedy hitherto sold in the public streets. I offer it at the low charge of a penny a box—one penny a box!"

You can scarcely walk through Whitechapel, the Commercial-road, High street, Southwark, Holborn, or the Tottenham-court-road without encountering one or other of these street "patterers." That the articles they sell are next to useless as remedies, need scarcely be said, but, strange as it may appear, there are never wanting people who not only buy, but actually put faith in their nostrums, and will continue to deal with the same men for years. It is a highly curious study to stand and listen for a few minutes to the discourse of these street quacks. They are, as a body, by no means deficient of oratorical powers, and Charles Mathews, in his most favourite parts, does not "patter" faster or produce a greater effect on his audience than does the pavement quack on his. Indeed it has been proved that some of them have moved in very respectable society, and one at least was born a gentleman, and is a classical scholar. How he came to the streets for a living is perhaps useless to speculate, but certain it is, that having once fallen into a wandering kind of life, it is almost impossible to rise from out of it. The pavement quack is by no means an idle man. He is to be found at his post night after night and day after day for months together. The writer has been in the habit for many years of passing to and from a particular street, and ever since he can remember the old fellow who is always to be found there at night telling the same tale over and over again in favour of the "real Jamaky snake-root for toothache and rheumatism."

How do they live? What do they earn? The first question would be difficult to answer, though the miserable lodging-houses in the back streets and courts of St. Giles and Whitechapel might possibly tell of their whereabouts. Of their earnings no one in the reply can be given. "Sometimes," said one man, "I manage to clean a couple a shillings a day, at another time I don't take tenpence. Wet weather ruins us, for people wont stand to listen to you. At such times, I either go round to the public-houses and sell a nigle, or I lays in bed till evening." It must be a miserable life, as, indeed, must be the lives of nearly all those who get their livings in the streets, though possibly the successor of the last century quack doctor is as successful as most of the street "patterers"—for his of them, mechanics and middle class people, confessedly the most easily-imposed-on people in the world. Whether it is possible to lift such folks as the pavement quack—who have many of them a positive love for the life they lead—out of their present miserable condition, is very [illegible]

Side by side with the stalls are numerous vendors of fish, baskets of which, with a lighted candle stuck in the midst, with the grease dropping among them in the most impartial manner, may be seen at almost every step. This is a noisy trade, and "mackerel six a shilling," rings in your ears for half a mile or so.

Near the workhouse, and on the open space by the turnpike, [illegible] nt is commonly exhibited in a show upon wh[illegible] "wonderful spotted Indian from China is to be seen alive, for the small charge of one penny." But, under the walls of the church a strange sight is to be seen. The pavement here is raised some three feet above the roadway, and on the edge are to be discovered, all hours of the day, some dozen bricklayers' labourers waiting to be hired. Summer or winter, rain or sunshine, they are always there, and a very curious chapter in labour's economics their appearance makes. We once heard an omnibus-driver say they must be an orthodox lot, for they were very fond of the establishment.

But we must end our walk, and it is with saddened feelings we retrace our steps. The shops are open still, and full as ever, the streets are crowded and a trifle noisier, the pickpockets ply their busy trade without detection, the ballad-mongers squall their ditties in the same cracked voices; the costermongers bawl still louder than before, the crowd is pouring out and into the Pavilion Theatre, beset by clamorous orange boys and play-bill sellers, the street-fishmongers pursue their noisy trade, the gin-shops are crowded almost to suffocation, the cigar-shops are busy, and the drapers have their hands full, the lights are shining and the rain begins to fall; the beggars get more numerous and the vehicles more rare, the oaths of the women and the execrations of the men are louder and more profane as the liquor begins to operate, the illuminated clock of the church tells us it is almost midnight, and, as we hail a cab to hasten home to supper, the thin shrill voice of a miserable woman, who might once have been innocent and beautiful, comes wafted on the night air, and we recognise the faint echo of a song we heard in a [illegible] a long years ago.

Why, when in Whitechapel on a Saturday night is a painful thing to a thoughtful man

OUR WORKING MEN AND THE MILITIA

Some people are the victims of their fears. They are always in a panic, and therefore cannot do anything, for nothing so entirely unnerves body and mind as fear. Many persons have been frightened to death, and it is the opinion of some that this is to be the end of poor John Bull, and that *France* is to be the bug-bear that will kill him.

From the time of William the Conqueror until now, a period of *eight hundred years*, poor John has been terrified out of his wits by the French, so that to-day he is as much a trembling [illegible] bishops, chancellors, generals, capitalists, &c., have every now and then occupied themselves in dressing up the Gallic cock into a Cock-Lane ghost, and the consternation has been dreadful. We well remember the time when hundreds wished themselves dead and [illegible] graves, that they might avoid being sabred and shot by [illegible] Napoleon!

Napoleon! Bugaboo! What a name! England has often been frightened at it, and now in this very month of March, 1859 [illegible] is most active. It must be minutely flattering [illegible] Napoleon [illegible] that he embodies in himself all the frightful characteristics of his uncle. It is thought by many that the man does not want to be loved, he only desires to be feared, if so, France bristling with bayonets and all England with every man and woman's hand standing on end for fear of him, must be an unutterable gratification to this spring of a Bonaparte. Some ask, "What is there in a name?" But the question, though not easily answered, receives some light if we only look at the alarm of John Bull at the very whisper of [illegible] Napoleon," or cast a momentary glance at the millions which this name has cost him. In 1793, our national debt was [illegible] about 230 millions sterling, but at the peace of 1815 [illegible]s, thus our dread of France and of Napoleon [illegible] a years of hundreds of millions of pound

It has been asserted that in our war against Bonaparte we expended in twelve years 1,459 millions! Here then we have at least a partial answer to the question, "What is there in a name?" We have heard of a pirate whose name was so dreadful that mothers used to repeat it to their children to make them give up crying and go to sleep, but the name of "Napoleon" drives every wink of repose from John Bull, and the large [illegible]

[illegible] before us no correct record of the millions which have from year to year been wheedled out of the purse of

John Bull, while under his periodical paroxysm of French terror. It has been to him a kind of Gallic ague, coming on at almost fixed intervals, or rather brought on him by a race of men who laugh in their sleeves most heartily at his folly. If *Punch* were to take up the subject of John Bull's horror of the French, he might keep the country in a roar of laughter for the next twelve months.

The poor old gentleman is said to be very fond of his money, and utters the most dismal complaints respecting the Chancellor and others, who have been robbing him for the last six or seven hundred years; but still only mention "*France*" and "*Napoleon*," and his pockets and coffers fly open in a minute. Indeed he has been terrified into such madness by these magic names, that he has plunged himself over head and ears in debt, has actually pawned Great Britain and the colonies, and all the fortunes of his children and children's children for several generations to come

It is now known to every designing trafficker in the land, that he can enrich himself at the national expense by only uttering those talismanic words, "*French Invasion*" These cabalistic syllables throw all the tricks and wonders of "*Hocus Pocus*," "*Presto Jack*," "*Fly Jack and be gone*," &c. &c., into the shade. Has a man any gunpowder lying on hand, it is only for him to cry out "*French Invasion*," and John Bull begs him to let him have every grain at any price. And the same may be said of accoutrements, fire-arms, preserved meats (!), steamers, in fact, any article that is good for nothing can obtain a ready sale under a French panic. Should the offspring of the nobility and gentry increase faster than places, pensions, and sinecures, only utter the words "*Napoleon Bonaparte*," and the army and navy find plenty of situations and salaries for them all

Should half-pay prove insufficient to supply the wants of certain profligate officers, so that creditors are rather clamorous, the shout of "*French Invasion*" will soon double their incomes, and enable them to gratify their tastes and appetites at the expense of the country Or if there be a complaint of bad government, or a demand for reform in the state, and the ministry for the time become alarmed for its safety, the cry "*French Invasion*" puts all the people on a new scent, and national and financial reform may go to the dogs. Alas! alas! what good will liberty, the suffrage, the ballot, cheap government, or cheap bread do us, if the French should come over and eat us all up?

When will the working men and tradesmen of this country learn that the war-cry, especially the dread of the Franks, has been one of the stratagems employed by statesmen for keeping up taxation, has put millions into the pockets of certain classes, and kept back the real reform of national abuses for centuries? What large fortunes have "heroes" made out of these French alarms! Were the French as malignant as we say they are, then they have already amply revenged themselves on Old England. Our national debt is a standing scourge which our dread of our neighbours has inflicted on us and on our children, and it is only for Louis Napoleon to keep up the terror of his name and he may justly calculate that our fo[illegible] war expenses will bring us to beggary Poor John is perhaps doomed to die of French fevers or French chills He is literally frightened out of his wits, as to the stake. He is said to be a dear lover of liberty, economical government, and reform, but the paralysis of a French invasion acts worse than an electric shock, so that he drops all from his grasp; and, in his anxiety to escape, allows freedom, reform, trade, economy, and every thing else to lie in the dust How the French must laugh at these tremors of the English braggadocio and his British lion, in one breath singing,

> "Britannia rules the waves,
> For Britons never, never will be slaves,"

and in the next making the land ring with the most frightful cry, that, unless we raise a militia of eighty thousand raw recruits, the crown of Victoria may be on the head of Louis Napoleon in the course of a few days.

When we think of the millions of treasure and blood that our Gallic fears and panics have cost us, what a monument we have of our national folly! Only think what it would have been the glorious result if, instead of thus mistrusting and provoking our neighbours, we had treated them in an open, generous, and friendly way! What if, instead of deeming them savages, we had allowed them to be men. It is a good old saying that "kindness is the key to the human heart," and Solomon has told us that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and surely it would have been worth while for us to have tried whether justice, patience, humanity, kindness, and benevolence, would not have worked as well as powder and shot. Killing Frenchmen and Englishmen without mercy, and thus beggaring ourselves, has done no one any good. We have lost, and the French have lost, incalculably by this folly. If, instead of being enemies to each other, these countries, linked together by a narrow channel, had been friends, and sought each other's welfare, our mutual prosperity and greatness would have surpassed anything that the most sanguine mind can imagine. It is, therefore, high time that, as a *brave* people, we cease to fear the French, that, as a *generous* people, we treat them with confidence; and that, as a *prudent* people, we do nothing to irritate and provoke them. Having tried everything but kindness, it will be wise for the next few years to see what the pacific and fraternal spirit of christianity can do. This will cost us nothing, and will vastly improve our tempers and characters.

A war with France, though attended with victory on our part, will leave behind a debt almost equal to a French invasion. And nothing will be more likely to produce hostilities than this calling out of the militia, so that every one would suffer by it. The French would be scourged sadly by such an occurrence. Their trade would be injured, their debt increased, and thousands of useful citizens laid dead on the field England also would be a tremendous loser by such an event War with France offers us nothing but a dead lo every possible way. Why, then, do anything to provoke it and, consequently, why call out the militia?

Our WORKING MEN must set their faces against this national folly, knowing that they themselves will be the greatest sufferers. The expense will fall most heavily on them The injury to trade will chiefly rob them of work, and therefore lower wages. They will have to be dragged from home for a certain portion of the year, and be doomed to live on the paltry wages that the state gives its soldiers In this military bondage they will be ruled over by the iron rod of martial despots All the corruption of the barracks will pollute their morals, and hundreds will return from duty ruined for life. Let, then, this mad proposal receive from our operatives, labourers, and their wives and parents, and, indeed, from all humane citizens, that condemnation which it deserves, and our rulers will hesitate to insult England and irritate the French by such folly and wickedness.

From a pamphlet which has lately appeared on this important subject, we extract a few hints, which the WORKING MEN of Great Britain will do well to take to heart. The introduction of a militia bill, it emphatically declares, "puts the country on a war-footing in a time of peace. It has a direct tendency to spread among the population a pernicious and demoralising war-spirit. Surely no man can have watched the improved tone of feeling which has been growing in this country towards other nations without pleasure and satisfaction. But should this system come into operation, it will revive the old spirit, so utterly at variance with the Christian temper—the spirit which breathes threatening and slaughter against our neighbours, which scorns the quiet pursuits of industry and the arts of peace, and covets martial distinction, though purchased at the cost of human blood. It will be found extremely oppressive to those who come under its operation. It proposes to lay its hand upon seventy thousand young men, between the ages of twenty and twenty-three, to take them away from their occupations and homes for twenty-eight days, and subject them to military discipline, without the possibility of procuring a substitute. Just at the time when they are embarking in life, does this proposed law step in, and insist upon their giving up their time, their labours, and their prospects for *a remuneration of one shilling per day!* It will prevent them from obtaining many situations, which might otherwise be open to them, and lead to their losing those they hold; for who will like to employ a person liable, at a moment's notice, to be called away from his business, for 14 or 28 days, to go playing at soldiers? It will exert a most deleterious influence on public morality. Let parents who have sons of that age ponder well what it involves At a time when they are most open to temptation,

they are drawn away from parental superintendence and the hallowed influences of home, and compelled to associate with a promiscuous crowd of men of every character, among whom beyond all doubt will be found many of the lowest and most immoral of the population. It is full of ominous indications that something more is meant than meets the ear,—it sets at utter defiance the rights of conscience."

What then remains? Working men of Great Britain, If you would not "have these evils inflicted, you must be up and stirring. You must hold your meetings, and pour in your petitions at once. You must address individually your members of parliament, and tell them that there must be no mistake in this matter, that he who is not with you is against you, and that the man who, by speech or vote, supports the war measures of the government, must henceforth look for no aid from you at the hustings and the polling-booth. Act then at once, and show to your rulers, by peaceful but vigorous and united demonstration, that a system so utterly at variance with the spirit of the Gospel, and so adverse to your dearest rights and interests, shall never, with your consent, be resuscitated in England."

LECTURES TO WORKING MEN.

ON IRON.

On Monday evening, March 15th, a lecture on iron was delivered by Professor Percy, M.D. at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street. The lecturer commenced by stating that although he had no brilliant showy specimens to exhibit to his audience, yet the rude specimens of iron ores before him formed one of the chief sources of the wealth of this country, and were of far more value than all the gold of California and Australia. Dr. Percy then proceeded to state that iron is occasionally found in the metallic state, in which case it is found with other metals as an alloy, meteoric iron is an example of this kind, which has been found in masses of many tons' weight. The source of this meteoric ore are unacquainted with. Pure iron is found only in the laboratory of the chemist. In ordinary language we apply the term pure iron to wrought or malleable iron. As regards its physical qualities, iron possesses great malleability, and may therefore be rolled into thin sheets. The specimens of *paper iron*, from Austria, shown at the Exhibition, carried off a council medal. It is very ductile, and can therefore be drawn out into fine. Iron also possesses great tenacity, and a small iron wire is capable of sustaining a great weight. It is about eight times heavier than water.

The various kinds of iron are, chemically speaking, compounds of iron with carbon or pure charcoal, thus wrought-iron contains about a quarter per cent. of carbon, and if deprived of this carbon it becomes converted into what is termed burnt iron; if the quantity of carbon be increased to a half per cent., it becomes a kind of soft steel, whilst above that, up to two per cent., it forms the various qualities of steel. If the proportion of carbon be still further increased, as from two to four per cent., cast-iron is formed. The presence of carbon cannot be detected by the eye any more than the separate presence of copper or zinc in brass, because there is a chemical combination; but in the case of cast-iron, portions of carbon may often be seen by the aid of the microscope.

The ores of iron are for the most part compounds of that metal with oxygen, as illustrated in the following diagram —

ORES OF IRON.

Magnetic Iron Ore.

Iron	72·4
Oxygen	27·6

Specular Iron Ore (protoxide)

Iron	70 0
Oxygen	30 0

Brown Iron Ore (hydrous oxide).

Iron	60 0
Oxygen	26 0
Water	14 0
	100 0

Sparry Iron Ore (carbonate of iron).

Protoxide of Iron	62 0
Carbonic Acid	38 0
	100 0

Oxygen, which is one of the constituents of the atmosphere, forming the vital part of the air we breathe, is readily attracted by iron, and the union produces an oxide of iron, or rust. If iron be exposed to the action of *dry* oxygen, the effect takes place, and it remains bright for an indefinite period, but if moisture be admitted, then the absorption of oxygen or oxidation is readily effected, which goes on at an increasing rate. If iron be heated, it also takes oxygen readily, as is shown by the iron scales of the smith's forge. Now the great object of all iron-smelting processes is to get rid of this oxygen, which in the ores of iron is combined with the metal. To effect this, blast furnaces of various forms are used. The theory of the smelting process is as follows: A layer of charcoal, coke, or coal, is placed in a furnace heated red hot, above the charcoal is a layer of iron ore, air is admitted by means of a bellows or blast, the oxygen of the air combines with a portion of the charcoal to form carbonic acid; this carbonic acid unites with a further portion of carbon, forming carbonic oxide—the true reducing agent—which, at the high temperature of the furnace, acts on the iron ore, and by combining with the oxygen of the latter, reduces it to the metallic state, whilst the carbonic acid formed by the union of the oxygen of the ore with the carbonic oxide, passes off into the air at the top of the furnace. By the addition of limestone, the iron assumes a liquid form, and is separated from the earthy particles (with which it is more or less associated) which float on its surface and is called the *slag*, this limestone is called *flux* from its property of enabling the melted iron to flow or become fluid.

The lecturer then proceeded to describe some of the methods adopted in practice to separate the iron from its ores. In the ancient British iron furnaces, as also in those of Africa, India, and the Pyrenees at the present day, the iron was converted direct from the ore into the state of wrought-iron. Dr. Percy then described the Catalan blast furnace as adopted in the Pyrenees, in which the blast is obtained by the pressure exerted by the fall of a column of water, and that of India, where a goat-skin bellows worked by manual labour, day and night unremittingly, is the source of the supply of air to the furnace. As the blast furnace of our own country and of our own day is the most interesting, we will now give the lecturer's description of it.

Blast furnaces are from 40 to 50 feet high, built of stone or of brick, and lined internally with fire brick and cement, capable of standing a high heat, they are about 11 feet wide (internal) at the *hearth*, the lower part of the furnace, and about 15 feet wide at the *boshes*. Into the top of these furnaces, barrowsful of iron ore, limestone, and fuel, in weighed proportions, are thrown, the furnaces being usually built against the side of a hill so that ready access is obtained to the upper part. The ore is first roasted or calcined, by being placed between layers of coal which are set on fire, by this means the ore is brought into a state to be more readily acted on in the furnace. The proportions are about 30 cwt. of calcined ore and 9 cwt. of limestone, and from this is produced 15 cwt. of pig-iron. These charges of ore, limestone, and fuel, are kept on three or four times in an hour, day and night uninterruptedly. Near the lower part of the furnace are three openings, one at each side, and one at the back, through each of which a constant and powerful current of air is forced by a powerful engine, this is called the blast. The blast of air is conveyed into the furnace through tubes called *tuyeres*, resembling the nose of a bellows. These *tuyeres* are connected with a large reservoir, such as an iron cylinder, filled with compressed air, driven into it by a powerful steam-engine acting on the principle of a force-pump. This reservoir is often capable of containing 2,000 cubical feet of air. Were it not for this reservoir or blast regulator, the air, if forced by the engine at once into

the furnace, would produce an intermitting irregular blast, by which the operation of the furnace would be much impeded. In some furnaces *cold* blast is used, and in others hot blast, in the former case the air is used of the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere; in the case of the hot blast the air is made to traverse a series of pipes or tubes placed in a furnace, by which means it becomes heated to 600 deg. Fahrenheit before it enters the furnace.

The melted iron, which is obtained by the aid of heat kept up by this powerful blast, is allowed to accumulate at the lower part of the hearth, whence it is *tapped* or drawn off twelve hours, through a small hole at the bottom of the furnace, which is filled with clay after each tapping, and is broken open when the next tapping is necessary. The liquid metal is run out into moulds of sand made on the ground in front of the furnace, and the masses of iron thus obtained are termed "pigs" and are in this state sent into the market.

Through another opening, higher up than the one just alluded to, the *scoria* (slag), or melted impurities contained in the ore, the flux, and the fuel, flow off into cast-iron boxes placed to receive them. Some idea of the quantity of iron thus made may be ascertained from the fact that one furnace alone has yielded, for 52 consecutive weeks, 209 tons of cast-iron per week.

Such is the process adopted for the manufacture of *cast*-iron. Reference was then made by the lecturer to the discovery of this manufacture. It has already been stated that in the ancient furnaces wrought-iron was produced, and we have no precise information as to the time cast-iron was first made in this country. In the manufacture of cast-iron, charcoal was the only fuel formerly employed, and we are deeply indebted to Dudley, who, in the reign of Charles the First, discovered the method of using coal as a substitute for charcoal - a discovery of paramount importance to this country, especially as the supply of wood requisite for the manufacture of the charcoal was fast diminishing. Dudley, like many other men who have benefited the world by their discoveries, had many difficulties and prejudices to overcome in the introduction of this great improvement. Many persons endeavoured to get his secret from him, and it is stated that even Cromwell employed an agent in this underhand affair. Dudley, however, was too wide awake for all of his opponents, and in 1665 he obtained his patent. At that time cast-iron made with charcoal cost from £7 to £10 of the money of that period, whereas Dudley was able to sell his coal-made iron at £4 per ton, although he made but *three tons a week*. Since that period the manufacture of cast-iron has made rapid progress, and become a chief source of the wealth and naval power of the country.*

When Dudley began using coal in the manufacture of iron, the great landed proprietors of the day used all their influence to oppose the introduction of the new process. They wished to keep up the *high price of wood*, regardless of the influence of such a proceeding on the welfare of the community at large. Had these attempts been allowed to prevail, the consequences would have been highly detrimental to the manufacturers of the country.†

* We append the following statistical account of the number of furnaces in blast, and the number of tons of iron produced by the respective periods:

In the year	1615	300 furnaces	produced	180,000 tons of iron
—	1710	59	—	1,500 —
—	1806	121	—	250,000 —
	1827	284		
—	1839	511	—	

of the produce of the year 1849

In France
The for
4,570,000 acres—of which [illegible] are [illegible] and lower [illegible] which [illegible] of iron [illegible] and [illegible] would be possible [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Seen through gold-bound glasses, however, Adam appeared no more the worthless wretch Matilda formerly considered him. As the youngest of unmarried daughters, in whose maiden footsteps she was following fast, the proud Matilda was pretty well qualified to judge of Adam's newly-discovered merits. She judged indeed, and when the stupid fellow, believing every woman true, once more offered her his hand, she graciously accepted it. Adam almost burst with joy. He firmly believed himself the most fortunate fellow in the world, and would not have exchanged his happiness with any individual alive.

But while Adam was so happy, somebody was very miserable. To every laugh of his, somebody echoed a sigh. While the balance of his happiness was full, that of another kicked the beam.

That other was his foster sister—the fair Rose—who had loved him ever, from his youth upward, with an unaltered affection. She was a gentle, winning creature, and it was a wonder that Adam had never fallen in love with her. She was fairer than Matilda Moore, and it must have been a silly pride which caused Adam to prefer the *position* of the latter to the *character* of Rose.

Adam, in effect, was blind. He did not appreciate Rose. He did not understand her. Could he have known how well she loved him, the startling truth might have brought him to his senses. But he was like a bat, he could not see the light. Often, after his return, he discovered tears in the soft eyes of Rose.

"My dear sister," he would say, "what is the matter?" kissing her fondly, and playfully blowing the tears off from her long eyelashes—"what is the matter?"

Fool, not to see! fool, not to discover, in her evasive answers, the grief which was breaking her heart. Blind, indeed! he appeared to see nothing except the charms of Matilda and the glitter of his gold, which he kept locked up in a stout oaken chest, previously to investing it in a farm for "self and wife."

Now Adam had many old friends, who warned him against Matilda, and whose wise counsel was despised. His father and elder brother begged him to make a different choice, endeavouring to convince him that it was only his money that Matilda loved.

"Do you think I'm a baby?" cried Adam, once in Rose's presence. "Can I read a woman's heart. If Matilda didn't love me, do you suppose I would be fool enough not to secure her? She'd have me if I hadn't a penny in the world."

"She wouldn't look at you!" exclaimed his father.

Upon which, both left the house in different directions, Rose, trembling and weeping, remained alone.

It is a rather singular coincidence, that on the very next morning, Adam opened his eyes considerably wider than usual, on first getting up, at the strange, startling sight, which made him tremble and grow faint. The lid of the oak chest was lifted. The gold was gone! and in its place lay his bowie knife and revolver, which he always placed under his pillow on going to bed, as security against thieves.

Speechless, and pale as death, Adam stood gazing with a look of despair and rage at the rifled chest. It was evident that the robbers, on entering the room, had first taken possession of his weapons, and finally left them in place of the gold. At all events, the gold was gone—Adam was penniless. The fruit of many months of painful toil had vanished in a night-time. The truth was too terrible to be realised—the misfortune too great to bear.

In a hoarse voice, Adam called his father, and communicated to him the fearful intelligence. It is hard to say which was the most angry of the two. They discovered how the robber might have entered and left the house, and they raised the alarm at once. In an hour all Muddybrook rang with the report of the robbery, and officers were in pursuit of the thieves.

In vain!

No gold was to be recovered—no thieves were caught.

The fever of excitement into which Adam was thrown by his misfortune caused him a fit of sickness. For a week he lay groaning on a bed of pain and despair. All this time his affianced—the false Matilda never visited him—but Rose, the faithful, devoted Rose, was always by his side, to soothe and console him.

Immediately on his recovery, Adam betook himself to Mr Moore's house. Still unwilling to believe Matilda faithless, he went to pour out his sorrow in her sympathising ear, and to assure her of his much-injured love.

Matilda forbidding gaoler could heal his heart: she regarded him as if he had been some one else—a porter, whom she had seen somewhere, and of whom she retained some very disagreeable recollections. Adam's eyes were now opened to his folly, and he reproached her bitterly.

"Not another word, sir!" cried Matilda, haughtily interrupting his complaint. "If you have been deceived in me—*I* have been deceived in *you*. It is best for us never to meet again.—Good-bye."

Adam staggered home. He threw himself groaning upon a seat. Poor Rose—scarcely less afflicted than himself—knelt down by his side, and begged him to tell "his sister" what had happened.

Adam pressed her head to his bosom, and his tears fell on her glossy tresses, while to that one sympathising heart he offered his own, and laid bare all his grief.

Meantime poor Rose wept, but she could not speak; and, withdrawing from his embrace, she hastened to her chamber.

That night Adam slept soundly, and awoke in the morning, more nearly reconciled to his lot than he had been before. He rubbed his eyes, smiled, as, recalling a dream he had had, he made a resolution to regret his gold no more, to forget the false Matilda—and, moreover, to be a man again.

He rubbed his eyes, we say, but as soon as he got them fairly open, the smile vanished from his lips, and he started [illegible] on the lid of his chest. Eager [illegible] he seized it—he pressed it to his [illegible]—and his countenance gleamed with joy, for that his gold was in his grasp!

And pinned to the precious bag was a slip of paper, on which, in a well known hand, were written the following words:

"Forgive me, dear Adam—my dear brother! I am the cause of your sorrow—I took the gold. I thought I was acting solely for your good. Now if you wish to marry Matilda, you can, for she will accept you. I know I have acted unwisely—wrongly—but forgive your poor sister, whom you will never see again!"

Adam was too much overjoyed to read more than half of the note.

"Forgive you—you darling!" he cried, almost out of his senses. "Forgive you—my guardian angel! Yes, and bless you too!" he muttered, rushing from his room. "Where's Rose?" he demanded of the housekeeper.

Rose had not yet appeared. Burning with impatience, Adam sent the old lady to call her. In a minute she came back, pale and with consternation, declared that Rose was gone.

Adam, recovering from the shock this intelligence occasioned him, flew back to his room, locked up the gold, and set out immediately in pursuit of Rose, who, he felt sure, had taken refuge with some of the friends of the family in Maplegrove.

On the way, also, Adam had plenty of time to reflect; and, on arriving at Maplegrove, his mind was fairly made up with regard to what he ought to do.

Rose's friends could not deny that she had that day arrived at their house. Adam demanded to see her, and his request was not to be refused.

And poor Rose, with swollen eyes, and a face that was deadly pale, at length made her appearance, trembling with apprehension.

"Say you are not angry with me!" she faltered, raising her eyes timidly to Ad[illegible].

"Angry with you! my good angel! No, indeed!" cried Adam, folding her in his arms.—"And yet it is my duty to make you a prisoner—now don't tremble!—a prisoner for life, I mean. Not for stealing my gold—you rogue!—but for stealing your stupid Adam's heart!"

And Rose—poor, silly, blushing Rose—yielded herself without a struggle, and Adam took her home in triumph.

And not long after he took her to another home, purchased with his gold, and prepared for the dearest little wife in the world a happy home, which was the envy of all Muddybrook, and an eye-sore to Miss Matilda Moore for ever and ever.

MISCELLANEA.

SLEEP.—No person of active mind should try to prevent sleep, which, in such persons, only comes when rest is indispensable to the continuance of health. In fact, sleep once in the twenty-four hours is as essential to the existence of the mammalia as the momentary respiration of fresh air. The most unfavourable conditions for sleep cannot prevent its approach. Coachmen slumber on their coaches, and couriers on their horses, whilst soldiers fall asleep on the field of battle, amidst all the noise of artillery and the tumult of war. During the retreat of Sir John Moore, several of the British soldiers were reported to have fallen asleep upon the march, and yet they continued walking onwards. The most violent passions and excitement of mind cannot preserve even powerful minds from sleep; thus Alexander the Great slept on the field of Arbela, and Napoleon upon that of Austerlitz. Even stripes and torture cannot keep off sleep, as criminals have been known to slumber on the rack. Noises which serve at first to dr[ive] sleep, soon become indispensable to its existence, thus a stage coach stopping to change horses, wakes all th[e] The proprietor of an iron forge, who[se] close to the din of hammers, [and] blast furnaces, would awake if there was any interruption to them during the night, and a sick miller, who had his mill stopped on that account, passed sleepless nights until the mill resumed its usual noise. Homer, in the Iliad, elegantly repr[esents] sleep as overcoming all men and even the gods, excepting Jupiter alone. The length of time passed in sleep is not the same for all men, it varies in different individuals and at different ages, but nothing can be determined, from the time past in sleep, relative to the strength or energy of the functions of the body or mind. From six to nine hours is the average proportion; yet the Roman Emperor, Caligula, slept only three hours, Frederick of Prussia and Dr John Hunter consumed only four or five hours in repose. Napoleon slept during eight. A rich and lazy citizen will slumber from ten to twelve hours daily. It is during infancy that sleep is longest and most profound. Women also sleep longer than men, and young men longer than old. Sleep is driven away during convalescence, after a long sickness, by a continued fasting and the abuse of coffee. The sleepless nights of old age are almost proverbial. It would appear that carnivorous animals sleep in general longer than the herbivorous, as the superior activity of the muscles and senses of the former seem more especially to require repair. A witty writer says women require more sleep than men, and farmers less than those engaged in almost any other occupation. Editors, reporters, and doctors, need no sleep at all. Lawyers can sleep as much as they please, and thus keep out of mischief. Clergymen can sleep twelve hours out of twenty-four, and put their parishioners to sleep once a week!

"A BAD EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE"—The following are a few of the stereotyped excuses for not attending public worship:—Overslept myself, and could not dress in time. Too hot, too cold, too windy, too wet, too damp, too sunny, too cloudy. Don't feel disposed. No other time to myself. Look over my [illegible] Put my pence to right. Letters to write to my friends. Taken a dose of physic. Been bled this morning. Mean to walk to the bridge. Going to take a ride. Tied to the shop six days in the week. No fresh air but on a Sunday. Can't breathe in the church, always so full. Feel a little feverish. Feel a little chilly. Feel very lazy. Expect company to dinner.

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.—It is something singular that Washington drew his *last* breath in the *last* hour of the *last* day of the *last* week of the *last* month of the *last* year of the *last* century. He died on Saturday night, twelve o'clock, December 31, 1799.

'IN VINO VERITAS.'—A clergyman and a magistrate residing not very far from the shores of the Solway, were recently returning home one evening, after having worshipped largely at the shrine of Bacchus. His reverence's onward course was, as may be imagined, somewhat tortuous, but he was greatly assisted by the considerate endeavours of one of his parishioners. After a long silence the following dialogue ensued:—Clergyman. You're a very decent fellow, George, bu[t]

Parishioner. Indeed, Mr — I'm sor[ry] to hear you say so; pray what is [the] don't come to church on a Sunday quite so regularly as you should do, George. Parishioner. Well perhaps not; but then, [Mr] — — I'd church rates and Easter dues the very da[y] they become due. Clergyman. Well well, George you do—you do. And, after all, the—*the principal pa[rt] of the business*.

MEDICAL USES OF SALT.—The fo[l]lowing remedies are not intended to supersede medical advice, but may be used till [a]ch, a te[r] day, is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching termed cholic, add a handful of salt to a pint of cold water, drink it, and go to bed. It is one of the [fi]rst be[st] lone on the first symptoms of dead from a heavy fall, &c. In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in put[ting] salt and water down the throat, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow swallowing, if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the senses return, when salt and water will completely restore the patient from the lethargy. In the fit the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, &c, and a cool apartment procured, if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding [from] the lungs, when other remedies fa[il] Dr. Rush found two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stay the flow of blood. In cases of bite from a mad dog, wash the part with strong brine for an hour, and bind on some salt with a rag. This pre[vents] all consequences, and cures. In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and renewed two or three times, will relieve in most cases. In scorbutic habits, use salt plentifully, and vegetable diet, if the gums be affected, wash the mouth with brine, if the teeth be covered with tartar, brush them twice a day with salt and water. In swelled neck wash the part with brine, and drink it also twice a day until cured. Salt will expel worms, if used in the food in moderate degree, and aids digestion, but salt meat is injurious, if much used.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTHUR.—The native tribes of North America are called *Indians* from the simple fact that when Columbus discovered the Islands of America they were called *West* Indies, in contradistinction to the *East* Indies.

JAMES ASHLEY, *sen.*, St Helen's.—The author of the "Wonders of the Heavens" thinks that the work referred to is one written by Rev E. Henderson LL D. In the appendix to that volume an estimate of the relative distances of the planets is given, but many such have appeared. The delay in this reply has arisen from the fact that Mr A was written to by post but the letter has been returned from the Dead-letter Office, the address being insufficient.

J. L.—In the reign of Queen Margaret of Scotland, the Parliament passed an act that any maiden lady, of high or low degree, should have the liberty to choose for a husband the man on whom she set her fancy. If a man refused to marry her, he was heavily fined, according to the value of his worldly possessions. The only ground of exemption was previous betrothal.

J. H. P. and several other correspondents wish us to recommend particular books, with the publishers' names, prices, &c. Were we to do this we should be liable to the adv[antage] of undue partiality.

[The] apparatus for photography may be obtained of almost any philosophical instrument maker, the prices vary from £1 10s upwards.

ROSE PERRY.—The true test of love is, the [de]sire to seek the happiness [of] I this feeling, and the true happi[ness] [ex]actly.

C. H. and two other correspondents.—*Coins*.—Sir H. Da[vy] [in] ode of suicide ladies is to wear thick boots, and lace with a wrench and rope. By this means they may kill themselves without being suspe[cted] brought to London in 1611. [No]thing more of the science of geology, and almost doubts the truth many things advanced in favour of it. Let him learn, in the words of a learned writer, that gre[at] dead, but the[y] had that upon their stone tablets we may read, we will but observe, the story of the earth [and] its, the history of creations which [ex]isted during those vast ages when the earth was undergoing the changes necessary to the realization of that garden in which was created reasoning man.

R. ADAMS has mistaken us. We did not say that a lad could be a journeyman before he was twenty-one years of age, but that a knowledge of most trades might be acquired in two or three years. [A] Popular Education will enable a careful student of its pages thoroughly to understand and master the various objects you have named.

JOSEPH K. wishes to know how a pencil is to be held while drawing.—It must be held in the possible direction, according to the nature of the object.

MARIANNE should be more tolerant in her strictures. Let her think over the following anecdote.—"Two cardinals found fault with Raphael for having, in one of his pictures, given to St Peter and St. Paul 'Gentlemen,' replied the artist, 'I pleased with the criticism; 'don't be surprised; I print that just as they look in heaven. They are blushing with shame to see the church below so badly governed.'"

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 345, Strand, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND

FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

VOLUME THE SECOND—NEW SERIES.

"Uncultivated, wild, and rankly filled
With weeds obnoxious to the growth of good
Are countless minds among the multitude,
Who weave, and mine, and by whom earth is tilled.
Yea, further up, in classes nobly skilled
In arts mechanic rarely understood,
Are those high aims that warm a patriot's blood,
Or thoughts, with which full many a harp has thrilled
Let printed pages, like to winged seeds,
Go forth and light upon such barren soil,
And bear a frontage of ennobling deeds
To elevate the million sons of toil,
Till knowledge blessing them, exclaims at last,
'Behold a garden, where there grew but weeds!'"

HENRY FRANK LOTT

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN CASSELL, 9, LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD, LUDGATE HILL;

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS

1852

TO OUR READERS.

THE completion of another Volume of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR enables us to address a few words to our readers. When, nearly three years ago, we issued our first Number, we could scarcely anticipate, or dare to hope, for the great success which attended our experiment. Before then, no publication had appeared which professed to devote itself entirely to the working classes; and, though several have since followed, in some sort, in the path we led, we are proud to say that THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR still stands alone in the peculiar character which we ventured to give it. Times have changed, indeed, since the "Penny Magazine, of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," first engaged public attention. The readers of 1852 are a different class from those of 1832, and the twenty years which have elapsed have been fraught with reforms as important in the moral and educational, as in the social and political world. Thus it is that literature of a higher and more enduring character than was common among us is demanded by the readers and thinkers of the present day; thus it is that from mine and forge, and factory and warehouse, and humble cot and quiet fireside, a cry has gone forth for "More light!" Thus it is that that cry has reached up, through all classes of society, even to the throne itself, and that the Working Men of 1852 have won from the high and noble a consideration and respect of which their fathers had no thought or knowledge. Shall we not profit by a state of things so promising—a state of things brought about by no violence or loud talking, no brawling in the market-place or complaining in the streets—but by virtue of true courage, reason, knowledge, and self-respect? The first step in compelling others to respect us, is to respect ourselves.

To assist in promoting that high and self-dependent character, which we believe to be the peculiar characteristic of the working classes of Great Britain, has been our constant and most earnest endeavour; and, as the formation of every man's mind is, more or less, in his own hands, we have been careful that nothing should appear in these pages but that which should possess an upward and improving tendency. In our first Number we promised that History and Biography, Social Economy, and Moral Teaching should form the leading features of our Magazine; and we considered, that in assuming such responsible titles as Friend and Instructor, we in no wise went beyond the limits of strict propriety, because we were assured of the goodness of our cause and the sincerity of our intentions. Having been all our life among the people, shoulder to shoulder with the living crowd, we believed that we understood their peculiar wants, feelings,—aye, and prejudices too. The success which has attended our efforts has fully justified that belief. The path in which we set out we still pursue; and, if we may dare to make promises for the future, we doubt not but that the next Volume of this Magazine will be as worthy the support of the million as those which have preceded it. To make it more so, and to introduce various new features in its pages, will demand care and liberal expenditure. We promise that it shall have both; and that our literary staff shall be enlarged, and, in return, we ask of our readers—the working men and working women of Great Britain—that they render their own Magazine a commercially safe speculation by their earnest support and cordial recommendation. Let every individual subscriber pledge himself to obtain one other, and the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR will be at once the best read and most popular publication in the kingdom.

La Belle Savage Yard, Ludgate Hill, September 15, 1852.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. II. No. 27.] SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

EGYPT: ITS EDIFICES AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE CITY OF ALEXANDRIA.

"EGYPT," says the justly celebrated John Foster, "has monuments of antiquity surpassing all others on the globe. History cannot tell when the most stupendous of them was constructed, and it would be no improbable prophecy that they are destined to remain to the end of time. Those enormous constructions—assuming to rank with nature's ancient works on the planet, and raised, as if to defy the powers of man and the elements and time to demolish them, by a generation that retired into the impenetrable darkness of antiquity when their work was done—stand on the surface in solemn relation to the subterraneous mansions of death A shade of mystery rests on the whole economy to which all these objects belonged. Add to this our associations with the region from those memorable transactions and phenomena recorded in its sacred history, by which the imagination has been, so to speak, permanently located in it, as a field crowded with primeval interests and wonders." Such, then, is the country on the contemplation of which we now enter, yielding us it does a rich and abundant reward to the most careful and persevering researches.



MODERN ALEXANDRIA.

On landing at Alexandria, the scene is unique to a European eye. The steamer is surrounded by fifty or a hundred boats, containing a motley collection of dark-skinned, turbaned, half-naked, and half-savage looking beings, each one shouting and gesticulating with all his might, and calling aloud to any one and every one in a medley of tongues, partly in English, a little in French, with a few words of Italian or German, or something else. To a spectator unacquainted with the habits of these people, it would appear that they were quarrelling very furiously, and liable at any moment to come to blows, so eager are they, so active and energetic in endeavouring to recommend their boats, and so full of liveliness and noisy good humour in pushing and jumping about and getting hold of the luggage of travellers. Such a Babel of tongues, such a chaos of luggage strewed over the steamer's deck, such fuming and fretting, such running hither and thither, hunting up stray carpet-bags or small parcels, calling out almost in frenzy for a missing trunk or portmanteau, rousing the ire of the French sailors and servants, seizing hold of some bare-legged Arab who is making off with part of the luggage, and at last giving up all in desperation, determined to take one's chance and let bags and baggage go as they may—such an odd scene of confusion can very rarely be witnessed After a while, however, a way is made through the noisy crowd, and depositing themselves in the midst of a boat, the travellers are rowed along at a slow pace, through the merchant vessels, a large number of which are lying at anchor in the harbour; and in fifteen minutes' time they are in front of a dirty white-coloured building termed the Custom-house. Their luggage is placed in very large baskets, and these put on the heads of women, who act as porters in Alexandria, and indeed throughout Egypt perform labour of a kind and severity which would appear incredible to females in our more favoured land. The examination of luggage is really quite a farce, since a few piastres serve at once as a convincing proof to the officers that nothing contraband is possessed.

Alexandria, or as the Arabs term it, *El-Iskandireh*, as it now exists, is not a very large city. It has gone through many and great changes since the period when the son of

either in extent or beauty; and, while it owes very much of its present importance and improvement on former days to the genius and policy of Mohammed Ali, it still appears as a mere remnant of departed glory and grandeur, and, as it were, in a condition than which nothing could well be worse. It is

curious to contrast the language of the ancient geographer Strabo with the representations of modern travellers: the former, in his great work on Geography, says: "The site of the city has the form of a (Macedonian) mantle, whose two longest sides are bathed by water to the extent of nearly thirty stadia (*i. e.* 3½ miles), and its breadth is seven or eight stadia (*i. e.* a mile), with the sea on one side, and the lake (Mareotis) on the other. The whole is intersected by spacious streets, through which horses and chariots pass freely; but two are of greater breadth than the rest, being upwards of a *plethrum* =101 feet) wide, and these intersect each other at right angles. Its temples, grand public buildings, and palaces, occupy a third or a fourth of the whole extent, for every successive king, aspiring to the honour of embellishing these consecrated monuments, added something of his own to what already existed. All these parts are not only connected with each other, but likewise with the port and the buildings that stand outside of it."

Under the Ptolemies, to whom Egypt fell on the demise of Alexander the Great, it became the metropolis of their empire, and one of the most flourishing cities of antiquity When it was annexed by Augustus to the empire of Rome, it is said to have occupied a circumference of thirteen miles, and to have had 300,000 free inhabitants, besides slaves, who were probably equally numerous. It was regularly and magnificently built, was the principal entrepôt of the trade of antiquity, being, in fact, the market where the silk, spices, ivory, slaves, and other products of India, Arabia, and Ethiopia, and the corn of Egypt, were exchanged for the gold, silver, and other products of the western world The inhabitants were distinguished by their industry, either sex and every age were engaged in laborious occupations, and even the lame and the blind had appointments suited to their condition Under Roman emperors Egypt became a principal granary for the supply of Italy, and its provision was reckoned of the utmost importance, and watched over with peculiar care Various privileges and immunities were conferred on Alexandria, many of her inhabitants were admitted to the rights of Roman citizens, and her wealth and prosperity continued undiminished

But Alexandria was still more distinguished by her eminence in literature and philosophy than by her commercial riches. The schools of geometry, astronomy, physic, and other branches of science maintained their reputation till A D. 640, when, after a siege of fourteen months, Alexandria was taken by Amrou, general of the Caliph Omar. The conquerors were astonished by the greatness of the prize, and Amrou, acquainting the Caliph with its capture, say, "We have taken the great city of the west. It is impossible for me to enumerate the variety of its riches and beauty; and I shall content myself with observing that it contains 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 400 theatres or places of amusement, 12,000 shops for the sale of vegetable food, and 40,000 tributary Jews. The town has been subdued by force of arms, without treaty or capitulation."

Few of those who have visited Alexandria within the last twenty years, can bring themselves to imagine that it once deserved such high epithets, or was really the great and magnificent city which the ancients would lead us to suppose. Hardly one but what speaks of it in terms of deep disappointment, and probably, among the places of which we read, and concerning which the imagination becomes excited and aroused, by pondering over the glory and renown of other days, there is none which more effectually damps, if not destroys, all enthusiasm, than the present city of Alexandria.

In many respects Alexandria has lost its oriental aspect, and can hardly be said to give a very good idea of an Eastern city. The influence of European habits and customs, and the effects produced by intercourse with the French and English, are quite evident; and it is not unlikely that in the course of time, and by the force of that almost necessity of a free and uninterrupted passage for England to her East India possessions, by way of Alexandria, Suez, and the Red Sea, the change will become still more marked, and according to our ideas the improvement in the city still more important. But as it now is, there is something very melancholy and unpleasant to one accustomed to clean and paved streets, to broad avenues regularly swept and washed, and lighted at night with gas, to elegant edifices for both private and public use, and to the numerous conveniences which mark the refined state of society in the west of Europe. In Alexandria the streets are unpaved, and consequently either very dirty or muddy. In general there are no broad streets or avenues, most of the passages from one part of the city to the other being narrow, crooked, and arranged with an apparently total disregard of public convenience. As may be supposed, the mud reposes quietly, until it is dried up by the influence of the sun and wind, and the continual trampling and scattering of it by the bare-footed fellahs; and the dust blows about to the infinite annoyance of everybody, until a fall of rain converts it into a thick, clayey, and very adhesive mixture. At night it is impossible to go out without a servant and a lantern; and, save ere and there, an occasional glimmer of a light in some Frank residence, the city is shrouded in darkness and a gloom which can hardly be characterised in any other way than as oppressive and disagreeable in the extreme. If we except the Frank quarter, or that part where the consuls and most of the foreigners reside, it is astonishing to notice what an air of miserable desolation—the term is not too strong—many por- of the city present half-finished houses, portions of walls, and heaps of stones and dirt, lying in confused masses; wretched hovels, most of them roofless, and destitute of every convenience which can minister to the wants of life, and to render the picture complete, half-clad, filthy and degraded people, men, women, and children, with their little stock in the way of fowls, goats, or donkeys, all occupying some favourite corner of their unique habitation, and all apparently on an equality,—these and such like, are the things which strike a visitor from a country like ours, where civilisation, refinement, and the general diffusion of the comforts and blessings of life are our proudest boast and unestimable privilege

That portion of the city which is more peculiarly Arabic, can be termed otherwise than a labyrinth of lanes, narrow passages, and winding thoroughfares. With singular ill-taste and worse judgment, under a hot sun, the houses are mostly whitewashed, rarely have any windows in front, and present an aspect at once repulsive and melancholy In the lanes and streets where the bazaars are situated, the oftimes has a lively, and, in many respects, a peculiarly oriental appearance Everything is open to the street, and in a little shop, slightly elevated above the passer-by, surrounded by his goods, such as they may chance to be, and smoking his pipe, the master or shopkeeper sits. With listless indolence he waits for customers, who now and then assemble, Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Copts, and foreigners of all nations, and commence a long, prosy, and noisy discussion, chicaneing the goods, haggling about the price, and occasionally getting up a quarrel, remarkable rather for words than anything else At the same time crowds of persons are passing, many on foot, some on donkeys, mules, and horses; the boys who drive the donkeys shouting to the people to take care; now a train of camels with immense loads move slowly along, and cause everybody and everything to give place; now a file of Egyptian soldiers, in their white cotton clothes and bright-red tarbushes, stroll carelessly towards their barracks, no person of consequence, preceded by his groom, snapping a large whip, rides by; now some veiled object hid in silks and astride an ass, occasionally with a child sitting in front, ambles quietly through the crowd with her attendant driver or groom, and so on, with one thing after another, the noisy, bustling, but in effect idle and inefficient, Arabs spend their time day after day, and year after year, without ambition, and it would seem well-nigh without hope.

At first sight, it would appear that nothing could be worse than the condition of the fellahs, or common people of Egypt; scantily clad at best, and oftimes nearly destitute of rags to cover their nakedness, squatting down at the corners and on the sunny sides of the streets, or lying at full length on the ground; children frequently perfectly naked, and, without exception, as filthy as neglect and superstition can render them; the men with a pipe, when they can get one, the women with a child astride their shoulder and another in their arms, or carrying some heavy burden on their head; all these, with their dark skins, naked legs and arms, and other peculiarities which need not be mentioned, strike the attention with a force

hardly to be expressed in words, and certainly give the traveller the impression that the modern Egyptians are degraded to the lowest point possible in the social scale. But it would not be quite fair to take an extreme view of the matter: degraded and oppressed they certainly are, ignorant and superstitious to a degree almost incredible, and deprived of nearly every comfort and enjoyment which we regard as essential to happiness, yet nevertheless, astonishment cannot fail to be excited at their light-heartedness, their patient endurance of fatigue and want, their noisy merriment, the affecting care and tenderness of mothers for their offspring, their contentedness with scanty fare, and such like qualities, which, although they do not prove anything in respect to their condition when estimated by the scale of European civilisation and refinement, certainly go far to show that as they have never known, so they can hardly be said to feel, the want of what we are accustomed to regard as the essentials of life. After all, however, it must be acknowledged that the scenes here to be witnessed are distressing, and far from pleasing. [illegible] disposed to think highly of cleanliness and its accompaniments. [illegible] thing to see children entirely naked in the streets and outskirts of the town, and both women are frequently so insufficiently clad as to shock our notions of decency, and particularly of modesty, one, however, soon becomes accustomed to all this, as well as other things, but what is really disgusting, and all the more so from its prevalence and its connexion with one of their ridiculous superstitions, that of the *evil eye*, is the most abominable and filthy condition of the children's persons generally, and their eyes in particular. Ophthalmia is lamentably prevalent throughout Egypt, especially among the natives, a fact which might surprise those who are unacquainted with the causes which tend to promote the spread of so serious an affliction; but all wonder ceases when a little experience has made them.

Alexandria is but the shadow of what it formerly was, and knowing what glory, greatness and magnificence it once possessed, it may seem astonishing that there are so few marked traces of former grandeur at present existing. Here and there appear, it is true, the scant remains of what [illegible] concluded to be, portions of ancient palaces or edifices renowned in history, now and then amid the heaps of rubbish are found broken columns, beautifully-wrought capitals, fragments of an archway, pieces of stone and ancient brick, indicating at some unknown period in the past the number, extent, and beauty of the buildings which formerly adorned the capital of the Ptolemies; but who can tell anything worth knowing about them? and who is able to point out with any certainty, or identify with any probability, what may yet exist of the splendid temples, the gorgeous palaces, the spacious baths, or the noble halls of learning of ancient Alexandria? Who can stand in the midst of this mass of utter ruin and desolation on every side, without meditating, for the moment at least, upon the instructive lessons and warnings of the past?

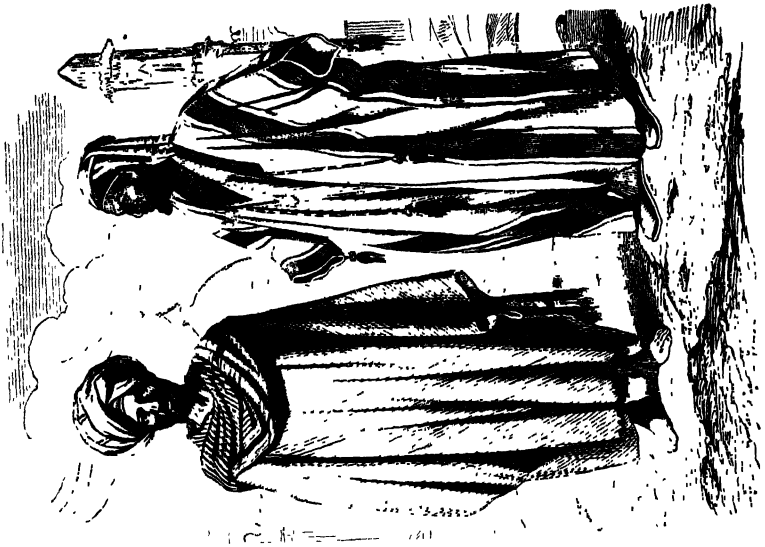
Outside the city walls and fortifications the pillar appears which custom and tradition have combined to call by the name of Pompey, and for a long time to associate with the name of the great rival of Julius Cæsar. It is situate on an eminence, considerably above the road and neighbouring Turkish burying-ground, and is quite alone, apart from any edifice, standing in silent, nay, almost gloomy grandeur. The absurd practice of scribbling names on celebrated objects and in noted localities is here displayed in a scandalous manner, and between the black paint, tar, and other substances used on the base, and even the capital, the column is disfigured and sadly marred. If Mr. "G. Button," "Wm. Thompson," "E. Scott," and others, could but know what annoyance their silly proceedings have caused travellers and admirers of art, they would probably have paused ere they disgraced themselves by daubing their names in great staring black and white letters on Pompey's Pillar.

The foundation on which the pedestal is placed is of rough stones cemented together, and was no doubt at one time covered from view. The pedestal itself is of hard reddish granite, much worn by the weather on one or two sides, and evidently not from the same quarry with the shaft which has been raised upon it. The same remark applies to the capital, which appears to be of inferior workmanship and quality, and together with the pedestal is thought to be of a different epoch by Dr. Clarke, Wilkinson, and others. The shaft is certainly a very noble and imposing one, rising aloft, in one solid block, more than 70 feet, elegantly proportioned and beautifully wrought. According to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the total height of the column is 98 feet 9 inches, the shaft is 73 feet, the circumference 29 feet 8 inches, and the diameter at the top of the capital 16 feet 6 inches. Mrs. Poole, following the measurements of Mr. Lane, her brother, gives the shaft of the column as 68 feet in height and 9 feet in diameter at the bottom, and the total height 95 feet. Other writers, quoted by Dr Russell, speak of Pompey's Pillar as much higher. The material is what is termed the red Syenite or Egyptian granite, and not porphyry, as Russell, in his "Ancient Egypt," asserts on insufficient authority. Rarely, if ever, has a column of victory which, even though this is at present in a lone and desolate position, appeared more nobly or more strikingly, and perhaps [illegible] of the kind excites more varied emotions, or impresses the mind more forcibly with a conviction of the emptiness of warlike renown than this, with which the world has become familiar in connexion with the name of one of Rome's greatest of generals.

Leaving Pompey's Pillar, and returning by nearly the same road, and passing several gardens of palms, oranges, and citrons, and some rather pleasant looking villas, the great square towards the new harbour is crossed. The two obelisks called Cleopatra's Needles lie at only a short distance from the [illegible] quarter, and though not quite so desolate as Pompey's [illegible], so far as human beings are concerned, they are even more depressing and saddening in their effect upon the mind by the misery, degradation, and filth in close vicinity. The [illegible] lie close to the water's edge, and in the immediate proximity of the remains of an old Roman tower. It [illegible] to the height of nearly 70 feet, is about 8 feet in width at the bottom, tapering off gradually to less than 5 feet at the point, where a pyramidical pinnacle, if it may be so styled, completes the obelisk, and to one unacquainted with the hieroglyphics with which each of the four faces is covered, [illegible] and almost solemn aspect. The material out of which the obelisks were cut is the red granite of Syene, which is exceedingly hard and durable, but does not appear to admit a very fine polish. There are three lines of hieroglyphics on each side, reaching from the topmost point to the bottom of the obelisk, the central one is much the earliest, and fixes the date of the king in whose reign it was originally wrought out and erected at the place whence it was brought to Alexandria. One of the ovals of the central line of hieroglyphics, is 4 feet in length, by about two-thirds of that amount in width, a fact which may help to give some idea of the size and imposing appearance of these stately blocks of granite, and the sculptured story of other days which they tell. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, whose authority is especially high in all these matters, informs us that the ovals in the centre are those of Thothmes III., a monarch whose reign he dates about B.C. 1495, or nearly the period of the Exodus of the children of Israel. "In the lateral lines," he goes on to say, "are the ovals of Rameses the Great, the supposed Sesostris (B.C. 1355), and additional columns of hieroglyphics at the angles of the lower part, present that of a later king, apparently Osirei II (B.C. 1255), the third successor of the great Rameses."* It appears further, that these obelisks stood originally at Heliopolis, a city at no great distance from Cairo, and were brought to Alexandria by one of the Cæsars to grace that noble capital of the Ptolemies.

At a short distance, and nearly covered with sand and dirt, lies the other obelisk, the base and about half of the lower portion are completely covered, and probably a part of the obelisk is under the high sea-wall which incloses the great harbour. It has suffered much injury from various causes, but principally from being exposed to the influence of the weather, and the careless ignorance and folly of the natives, as well as some of the tribe of travellers, a class of persons who are not always either the best informed or the most concerned to leave unharmed the valuable remains of a past age. The prostrate obelisk answers in all important respects to its

* Hand Book of Egypt, p. 91.



FELLAHS OF EGYPT.



EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

counterpart, which stands near by, and so needs no special description. The obelisk which now lies on the ground exposed to every chance of injury, was many years ago presented by Mohammed Ali to the English government. So far as appears, it might have been removed without incurring any great expense, and would have formed a grand ornament for some conspicuous position in London. It is both more ancient, and perhaps of more durable material than the obelisk of Luxor, which adorns the Place de la Concorde in Paris, and which was brought thither at an immense expense of time, labour, and money. Lord Nugent* is one of the English travellers who deeply regrets what he considers culpable negligence on the part of his country. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, however, is of opinion that the obelisk is too much injured and defaced to be worth the expense of transportation, and declares that the project has been wisely abandoned.

There is something very impressive in the sight of such immense blocks of stone, cut out of quarries nearly eight hundred miles distant, and transported and erected with a care and skill which utterly exceed the power of the present race of inhabitants. Modern times are much given to boasting, and certainly some very surprising exhibitions of mechanical skill have been presented to the admiration of the world; but nothing is so astonishing, and yet so little known, as the means by which the genius of ancient Egyptian architects accomplished the works which we now see, and seeing, cannot help admiring and wondering at. What machines must they have had, what energy to direct, what capacity to combine, what knowledge of natural philosophy, to apply to their proper end the means and facilities of labour! and how surprising does it seem that we know absolutely almost nothing, save what is inferred from their remains, of what this mighty people were capable of doing, and of course of teaching to the world at large!



SOLDIERS OF EGYPT.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

(*From Recollections of a Literary Life; by Miss Mitford*)

I REMEMBER saying one day to a woman of high genius that a mutual friend of hers and mine proposed to give a series of lectures on authors sprung from the people—from the masses, as it is the fashion to say now-a-days—and her replying quickly: "Why, all authors who are worth reading are sprung from the people;—it is the well-born who are the exceptions." And then she ran through a beadroll of great names from Chaucer to Burns: nevertheless, this repartee was not quite right; not a whit more right than a repartee usually is; for the number of educated writers must always preponderate. But still the class of self-educated writers is large, increasingly large; and truthful biographies of such persons must always be amongst the most interesting books in the world, as showing better than any other books the development and growth of individual minds.

Mr. Bamford's "Life of a Radical," and Mr. Somerville's account of his own career have much of this merit; but the most curious of all these memoirs, both for the vicissitudes of the story and the indomitable character of the man, is the "Life of Thomas Holcroft," begun by himself and concluded by Hazlitt.

Of his strength of character no better evidence can be offered than that the first seventeen chapters were dictated by him during his last illness whilst he was in such a state that he was frequently obliged to pause several minutes between every word, and yet the events are as clearly narrated, and the style is as lucid and as lively, as if it had been written in his most vigorous day.

He was born in London in the winter of 1745, his father being by trade a shoemaker, but of a disposition so unsteady that he never could remain long in any place or at any occupation. Here is the account his son, a most dutiful and affectionate son who maintained him to his death, gives of these rambling propensities:

"Having been bred to an employment for which he was very ill-fitted, the habit that became most rooted in and most fatal to my father was a fickleness of disposition, a thorough persuasion after he had tried one means of providing for himself and his family for a certain time, that he had discovered another far more profitable and secure. Steadiness of pursuit was a virtue at which he never could arrive; and I believe few men in the kingdom had in the course of their lives been the hucksters of so many small wares, or more enterprising dealers in articles of a halfpenny value. * * * * *

"My father became by turns a collector and vender of rags, a hardwareman, a dealer in buttons, buckles, and pewter spoons, in short a trafficker in whatever could bring gain. But there was one thing which fixed his attention longer than any other, and which therefore I suppose he found the most lucrative, which was to fetch pottery from the neighbourhood of Stoke in Staffordshire, and to hawk it all through the north of England. Of all other travelling this was the most continual, the most severe, and the most intolerable."

In all the wanderings of the itinerant father, the little Holcroft took part till he was about ten years old; then came a spell of shoemaking and a violent attack of asthma, aggravated by the stooping position, which continued a year or two longer. The disease was at length removed by the skill of a

* Lands Classical and Sacred, vol. i. p. 64.

country apothecary, and a fresh impulse was given to the poor boy's aspirations by the sight of a strongly-contested horse-race at Nottingham. His longings to be allowed to minister in some way to that noble animal became irrepressible; he confided them to his father, and was fortunate enough to be received into the service of a respectable man who kept a training stable near Newmarket. There being placed a horse too spirited for his youth, his feebleness, and his inexperience, he got a terrible fall and what he grieved for more, a dismissal. He was received by another trainer and dismissed again. At last he made a third application

This last application was made to John Watson, the celebrated race-horse trainer, of Newmarket, and so successful a rider did the lad become, that he was frequently chosen to back the most restive and unmanageable animals. Under his care they became as gentle as lambs In the service of Mr Watson, who is described as a good-natured free sort of man, young Holcroft remained till he was about sixteen. Then he began to feel a craving for knowledge of a different nature from any that he could obtain at Newmarket, although even there he had contrived to read every book that came in his way, to perfect himself in arithmetic, and to acquire a scientific knowledge of vocal music, which was of great use to him in his after career. He had made this progress, too, chiefly from his own efforts, so that the great process of self-instruction, which distinguished him through life was now begun, and he already knew enough to feel an ardent desire to know more. London, where his father was now living as a cobbler, offered at least the hope of education, accordingly, to the great amazement and regret of good John Watson, who had been uniformly kind to him, and to whom he could hardly summon courage to announce his determination, he abandoned the field in which his success had been so encouraging, took leave of his companions, biped and quadruped, and made his way to the great city.

Here a long series of disappointments awaited him He became, indeed, a skilful and rapid worker at the shoemaking trade, but the position and confinement disagreed with him (well they might after the free seat on horseback, the exercise, and the pure air of Newmarket), and his habit of *living his time in reading*, as the phrase goes, prevented his earning more than the bare necessaries of his abstemious life He tried various schemes, taught an evening school kept a day school somewhere in the country, with such indifferent success that he had but one pupil, and lived upon potatoes and buttermilk for three months; authorship, too, he tried in a small way, creeping into notice in the most obscure newspapers and the smallest magazines, and at about the age of twenty, when barely able to support himself, he married It is to be noticed, that throughout his whole life he was eminently a marrying man, having married three wives, and left a young widow, the daughter of Monsieur Mercier, author of the "Tableau de Paris." Shortly after his first marriage, of which we hear but little, although he was eminently kind and indulgent in his domestic character, he seems to have been induced, by his success in a society club, to try his fortune on the stage. He has left a circumstantial account of his application to Foote.

He had the good fortune to find the manager at breakfast with a young man, whom he employed partly on the stage, and partly as an amanuensis. "Well," said he, "young gentleman, I guess your business by the sheepishness of your manner, you have got the theatrical *cacoethes*, you have rubbed your shoulder against the scene: nay, is it not so?" Holcroft answered that it was. "Well, and what great hero should you wish to personate? Hamlet, or Richard, or Othello, or who?" Holcroft replied that he distrusted his capacity for performing any that he had mentioned. "Indeed!" said he, "that's a wonderful sign of grace. I have been teased these many years by all the spouters in London, of which honourable fraternity I dare say you are a member; for I can perceive no stage varnish, none of your true strolling brass lacker on your face," "No, indeed, Sir." "I thought so. Well, Sir, I never saw a spouter before that did not want to surprise the town, in Pierre, or Lothario, or some character that demands all the address and every requisite of a master in the art. But, come, give us a touch of your quality—a speech. There's a youngster," pointing to his secretary, "will roar Jaffier against Pierre. Let the loudest take both." Accordingly, he held the book, and at it they fell. The scene they chose was that of the before-mentioned characters in "Venice Preserved." For a little while after they began, it seems that Holcroft took the hint that Foote had thrown out, and restrained his wrath. But this appeared so insipid, and the ideas of rant and excellence were so strongly connected in his mind, that when Jaffier began to exalt his voice, he could no longer contain himself; but, as Nic Bottom says, "They both roared so, that it would have done your heart good to hear them." Foote smiled, and after enduring this vigorous attack upon his organs of hearing as long as he was able, interrupted them.

Far from discouraging our new beginner, he told him that with respect to giving the meaning of the words, he spoke much more correctly than he had expected. "But," said he, "like other novices, you seem to imagine that all excellence lies in the lungs; whereas such violent exertions should be used very sparingly, and upon extraordinary occasions; for if an actor make no reserve of his powers, how is he to rise according to the tone of the passion?" He then read the scene they had rehearsed, and with so much propriety and ease, as well as force, that Holcroft was surprised, having hitherto supposed the risible faculties to be the only ones over which he had any great power.

Thomas Holcroft came away from this celebrated wit, delighted with the ease and frankness of his behaviour, and elated with his prospect of success. Unluckily, however, he had already entered into negotiation with a very different person, and tempted by an offer nominally higher in point of salary, agreed with Macklin for a small engagement in a theatre in Dublin. The brutal manners of Macklin are well known Hazlitt says, that until the age of forty he could not even read, an assertion which, considering the undoubted merit of his play, "The Man of the World," appears all but incredible It is, however, certain that he was coarse, illiterate, and unfeeling, and the manner in which he suffered the Dublin manager to depart from the engagements into which he had entered with poor Holcroft does very little honour to his principles.

For the next seven years our luckless adventurer was tossed about the world as a strolling player, taking all parts, but succeeding best in old men and low comedy, singing in choruses, filling the post of prompter—always penniless, and sometimes nearly starved. At the end of that time his prospects improved, some family connexion (it is not said what) threw him upon the powerful protection of the Grevilles and the Crewes, and we find him numbered in the Drury Lane company, and complaining in a letter to Sheridan of walking in processions, and playing the part of a dumb steward in "Love for Love"

Nevertheless, matters are mending He takes a house in London, marries a second wife, becomes a recognised author, and is employed by the London booksellers to write an account of the riots of 1780. Whilst attending the Old Bailey trials for that purpose, he was happy enough to save the life of an innocent man, who had nearly been condemned through the mistake of a witness

Things go better. He brings out his less-known novels; his least celebrated, but still successful plays; and becomes one of the best and most voluminous translators upon record. If ever one happens to take up an English version of a French or German book of that period—"Memoirs of Baron Trenck," or "Caroline de Litchfield"—and if that version have in it the zest and savour of original writing, we shall be sure to find the name of Thomas Holcroft in the title page.

One of his translating feats was remarkable. Beaumarchais' wonderful play of "Figaro" was carrying the world before it in Paris, and would be sure to make the fortune of an English theatre But the comedy was unpublished, and no copy could be procured from any quarter. Holcroft made up his mind to attend the performance every evening until he had fixed the whole work in his memory. He took a friend with him, and they wrote down their several recollections on their return, very literally comparing notes. When it is remembered that the "Marriage of Figaro" is the longest play in the French language, the effort of a foreigner bringing the whole away in a week or ten days will appear most extraordinary, for not the slightest memorandum could be made in the theatre. His

translation under the name of "Follies of a Day" appeared almost immediately at Covent Garden, producing him six hundred pounds from the manager, besides a large sum for the copyright.

This was perhaps the happiest time of Mr. Holcroft's life—this and a few succeeding years. His comedies, "Duplicity," "The School for Arrogance," and "The Road to Ruin," evinced talent (I had well nigh written genius) of the highest order. The serious parts above all are admirable. Perhaps no scenes have ever drawn so many tears as those between the father and the son in the last-mentioned play. The famous "Good Night" is truly the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin; and although I have seen it played as well as anything can be played by Munden and Elliston, I have always felt that the real merit belonged to the author. His greater novels, too, "Anna St. Ives" and "Hugh Trevor," were full of powerful writing; and he seemed destined to a long course of literary prosperity. A terrible domestic grief came to break the course of this felicity. I transcribe Mr Hazlitt's narrative.

"William Holcroft was his only son, and favourite child, and this very circumstance, perhaps, led to the catastrophe which had nearly proved fatal to his father, as well as to himself. He had been brought up, if anything, with too much care and tenderness; he was a boy of extraordinary capacity, and Mr. Holcroft thought no pains should be spared for his instruction and improvement. From the first, however, he had shown an unsettled disposition, and his propensity to ramble was such, from his childhood, that when he was only four years old, and under the care of an aunt in Nottingham, he wandered away to a place at some distance, where there was a coffee-house, into which he went, and read the newspapers to the company, by whom he was taken care of, and sent home. This propensity was so strong in him, that it became habitual, and he had run away six or seven times before the last.

"On Sunday, November 8th, 1789, he brought his father a short poem. A watch, which had been promised to him as a reward, was given to him, his father conversed with him in the most affectionate manner, praised, encouraged him, and told him that, notwithstanding his former errors and wanderings, he was convinced he would become a good and excellent man. But he observed, when taking him by the hand to express his kindness, that the hand of the youth, instead of returning the pressure as usual, remained cold and insensible This, however, at the moment was supposed to be accidental He seemed unembarrassed, cheerful, and asked leave, without any appearance of design or hesitation, to dine with a friend in the city, which was immediately granted. He thanked his father, went down stairs, and several times anxiously inquired whether his father was gone to dress. As soon as he was told that he had left his room, he went up stairs again, broke open a drawer, and took out forty pounds With this, the watch, a pocket-book, and a pair of pistols of his father's, he hastened away to join one of his acquaintances, who was going to the West Indies. He was immediately pursued to Gravesend, but ineffectually. It was not discovered till the following Wednesday that he had taken the money. After several days of the most distressing inquietude, there appeared strong presumptive proof that he, with his acquaintance, was on board the 'Fame,' Captain Carr, then lying in the Downs. The father and a friend immediately set off, and travelled post all Sunday night to Deal. Their information proved true, for he was found to be on board the 'Fame,' where he assumed a false name, though his true situation was known to the Captain. He had spent all his money, except fifteen pounds, in paying for his passage, and purchasing what he thought he wanted. He had declared he would shoot any person who came to take him; but that if his father came he would shoot himself. His youth, for he was but sixteen, made the threat appear incredible. The pistols, pocket-book, and remaining money were locked up in safety for him by his acquaintance. But he had another pair of pistols concealed. Mr. Holcroft and his friend went on board, made inquiries, and understood he was there. He had retired into a dark part of the steerage, When he was called, and did not answer, a light was sent for; and as he heard the ship's steward, some of the sailors, and his father, approaching, conscious of what he had done, and unable to bear the presence of his father and the open shame of detection, he suddenly put an end to his existence.

"The shock which Mr Holcroft received was almost mortal. For three days he could not see his own family, and nothing but the love he bore that family could probably have prevented him from sinking under his affliction. He seldom went out of his house for a whole year afterwards; and the impression was never completely effaced from his mind."

The life of John Holcroft from this period belongs rather to political than literary history. He was included in the list of the "dangerous class," and, with Hardy, Thelwall, Horne Tooke, and eight others, was indicted for high treason. The story of their acquittal is well known; but the effect of the accusation on Holcroft was extremely painful. He was openly spoken of as an acquitted felon; his plays were published anonymously, and, wearied out with these conflicts with public opinion, he retired first to Hamburgh and then to France, where he resided many years, occasionally sending to England translations of popular foreign works

This author, so gifted, so various, and so laborious, one of the most remarkable of self-educated men, died in London on the 3rd of March, 1809, after a long and painful illness, at the age of sixty-three, I fear poor.

STANZAS

Written on reading an Account of the Destruction of the **Amazon** Steam-ship by fire, on the morning of Sunday, **January 4, 1852.**

Like a palace on the waters,
Like a castle on the deep,
Towering high above the billows,
See a mighty steam-ship sweep
Skilful hands are there to guide her
'Mid her wild and watery path,
Should the howling winds assail her,
Or the tempest's stormy wrath
Many joyful hearts are in her,
Bound from Britain's friendly land,
Hoping soon to tread in safety
On Columbia's sunny strand.
Some on business, some on pleasure,
Seek the Caribbean shore—
One upon a heavenly mission—
One in search of Indian lore
Evening came with sable shadows,
Dimming ocean vast and lone,
While she still swiftly o'er the billows
Sailed the splendid Amazon
Silent night hung o'er the waters—
Slumber sealed the weary eye—
But, alas! [illegible] night,
Rose a loud [illegible] cry!
Sleepers, wakened from their pillows,
Saw a fearful, dreadful scene—
From the vessel's bursting bosom
Smoke and lurid flames were seen!
What a terror striking prospect!
What a sudden, certain death!
Underneath the raging waters,
Flames around with burning breath!
Who can paint the awful picture—
Who that moment's terrors tell?
Many sank 'mid ocean's surges—
Ocean tolls their mournful knell!
[illegible] palace
[illegible] torn,
Few escaped to tell the story,
Or the dire disaster mourn.
Oh! lament for those who perished!
Weep the young, the good, the brave,
At dark midnight raised from slumber
To be buried 'neath the wave!
Lately, full of life and gladness,
Hope illumed each sparkling eye;
But, alas! in depth of ocean,
Lone and lifeless now they lie!

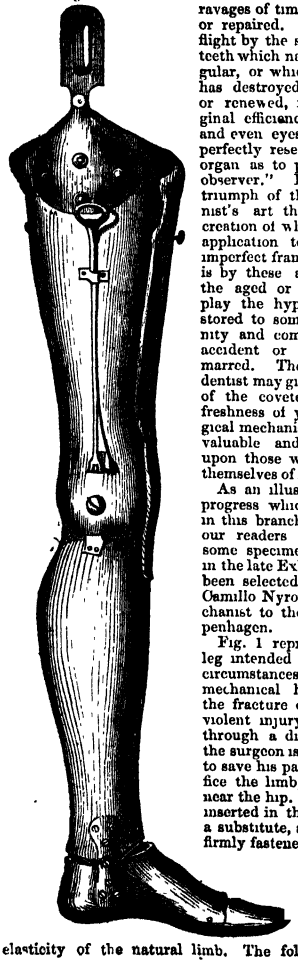
* The Rev Mr. Winton, minister of the United Presbyterian Church, Stirling, Jamaica.

† Mr. Eliot Warburton, author of "The Crescent and the Cross," &c.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

In few branches of mechanical science has greater advancement been made within late years than in the invention and manufacture of remedies for the various ills and accidents to which humanity is liable. If art and science have been made to work together for the production of long-ranges, needle-guns, and other engines of destruction, we find them allied, too, for a nobler purpose—the alleviation and removal of human suffering. There is scarcely any not vital injury which the body can receive for which they have not provided a remedy of some sort. Whether it be the result of accident or disease, the detriment can in most cases be repaired, and the inconvenience which it involves be removed by some artificial substitute for that which has been lost. The very defects of nature can be supplied, and the ravages of time itself be concealed or repaired. Baldness is put to flight by the skill of the *coiffeur*, teeth which nature has made irregular, or which time or accident has destroyed, can be set right or renewed, in almost their original efficiency, by the dentist; and even eyes can be inserted so perfectly resembling the natural organ as to puzzle the "closest observer." But a still greater triumph of the surgical mechanist's art than this last is the creation of whole limbs, and their application to the mutilated or imperfect framework of man. It is by these aids especially that the aged or crippled body can play the hypocrite, and be restored to somewhat of the serenity and comfort of life which accident or disease may have marred. The wig-maker or the dentist may give back more or less of the coveted appearance and freshness of youth, but the surgical mechanist confers still more valuable and practical benefits upon those who require to avail themselves of his skill.

Fig. 1.



As an illustration of the great progress which has been made in this branch of art, we present our readers with engravings of some specimens which appeared in the late Exhibition. They have been selected from the works of Camillo Nyrop, the surgical mechanist to the University of Copenhagen.

Fig. 1 represents an artificial leg intended for every variety of circumstances in which such a mechanical help is needed—in the fracture of a bone, or other violent injury to it, or where, through a disease of the bone, the surgeon is compelled, in order to save his patient's life, to sacrifice the limb, by amputating it near the hip. The stump is then inserted in the artificial thigh, as a substitute, and the entire leg is firmly fastened to the waist by a strap. With these legs the wearer can walk about without inconvenience, and with much of the easy spring and elasticity of the natural limb. The following figures will illustrate the manner in which the joints are made to work:—Fig. 2, which represents the ancle and foot, shows how the necessary bendings of the artificial limb are effected by the weight of the material employed, in connexion with the pressure of the living stump. But since no muscles, or independent power of motion, can be given to such mechanical contrivances, it becomes necessary that some other plan should be devised, by which, after the bending of the joint, the foot should be enabled to return to its proper position. This is effected by means of springs. These are seen in the intersection of the sole, to which the fore-part of the limb, containing the toes, is fastened by little hooks grooved in under the foot.

Fig. 2.

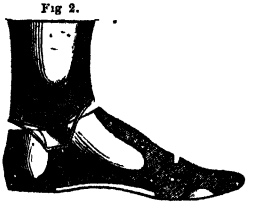


Fig. 3.



Fig. 3 more clearly illustrates the manner in which these springs are attached to the sole. This and Fig. 2 show the principle on which the Danish mechanist provides for the easy and natural action of the foot in walking.

Fig. 4.



Fig. 4 is an artificial hand made of wood, in which the direction of the concealed springs is marked by the dotted lines. By the peculiar action of these springs the wearer is enabled to perform many of the usual movements of the natural hand with great precision and effect.

Fig. 5 shows the use which can be made of this artificial hand in writing. The entire motion is necessarily communicated by the living arm, as the finger is immovably fastened to the pen. In case of the loss of the right hand, the best substitute in writing is of course the left, which can easily be trained to the practice; but where the unfortunate sufferer may happen to have lost both hands, it is no small boon that he can avail himself of these mechanical helps with such practical convenience and effect.

Fig. 5.

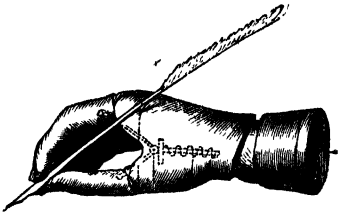


Fig. 6. This engraving shows how the artificial hand may be employed in card-playing. The cards are held by means of a glazed metallic plate fastened to the palm in such a manner as that they can be readily altered or withdrawn by the natural hand.

Fig. 7 represents a chisel held by an artificial hand, and thus illustrates its adaptation to the more practical and strength-requiring duties of every-day life. It must be remarked, however, that its use, as in the engraving, is attended by some degree of pain to the wearer, as the hard mass

of the wooden hand, when the instrument within it is struck violently by the mallet, communicates a much more unpleasant sensation to the wearer than would be experienced by the natural limb under similar circumstances; as the nerves of the stump, to which the artificial substitute is fastened, are much more delicately sensitive than those of the healthy and uninjured arm.

Fig. 6.

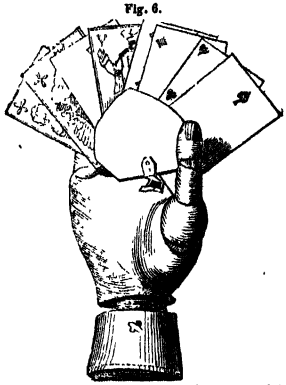


Fig. 8 is a sectional view of an artificial hand, to show the construction of the joints, which work upon accurately-turned wooden balls, in a manner similar to the action of the ball and socket in the natural limb. As these joints are of sufficient tightness and strength, such an artificial help can be made of considerable use, by pressing the fingers into the necessary position around the object to be held. In this, as in its lightness and close resemblance to nature, consists its vast superiority to the old lumsy and unseemly appendage of the and screw.

Fig. 7.

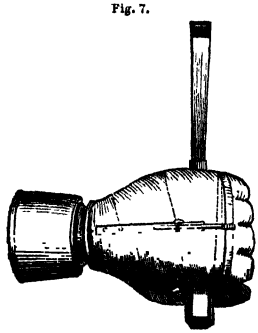
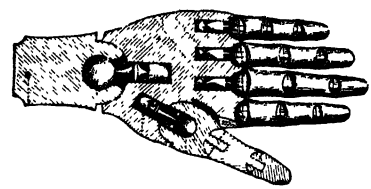


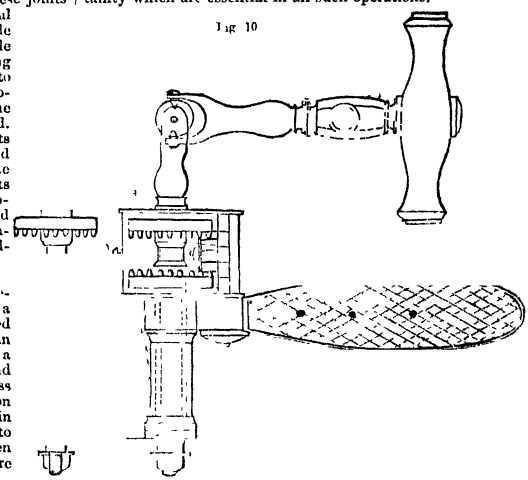
Fig. 9 represents a hand of a more complicated construction, in which, through a greater number of springs a succession of compound movements may be effected. The mechanical readiness of action, however, which a hand of this construction possesses, scarcely compensates for its inferiority in strength, and, consequently, in practical usefulness to the wearer, as compared with those which have been noticed. And even they, it must be confessed, are greatly inferior, too, in this very essential quality in an artificial limb which is intended for use to the hook and screw, upon which they are, in every other respect, so great an improvement.

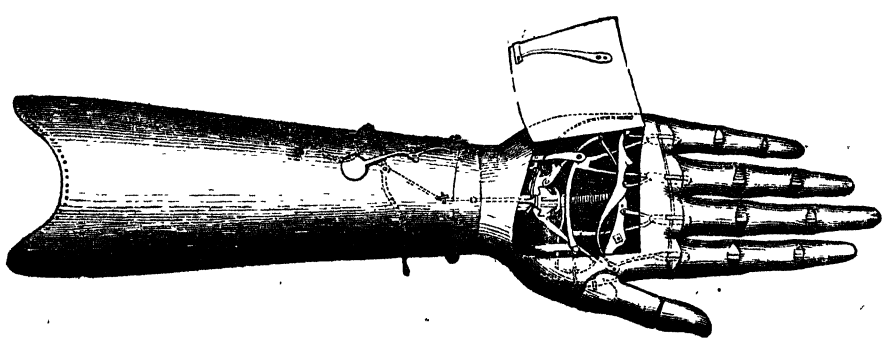
Fig. 10, called an *Osteotom* (bone-cutter), is a rotary saw invented by the same artist. The saw-blade is a hollow circle



fastened on to the end of the instrument, which the operator holds by two handles, as seen in the engraving. This instrument, however, has the common defect of all circular saws used for surgical purposes, namely, that it can only operate upon a small surface, and the depth to which the blade may penetrate cannot be regulated with that exactness and certainty which are essential in all such operations.

Fig. 10





MR. ALFRED VERDANT'S GAMBLING EXPERIENCES, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

In Six Chapters.—Chapter the First.

Introduces Mr. Alfred Verdant to the British Public.

Mr. Verdant, our hero, is not a genius. Although it is rather a disparaging fact, it is one which cannot be concealed, even from himself. A long account, therefore, of his birth and parentage, of what he did and said, and what he caused other people to do and say, during the interesting period of his extreme childhood, with a prolix description of his great ability or his great dulness—for geniuses are invariably distinguished by one or the other of these qualities—during that equally interesting period, his school-days, may be very well dispensed with. So that our hero not being a genius is, all things considered, rather a fortunate circumstance for both reader and writer, the former being saved many "pshaws!" and "pishes!" and the latter the trouble of some rather tedious invention.

But if Mr. Alfred Verdant was not a genius, he was a young man of most undeniable talent, most fair and open disposition, and most agreeable manners and address. Further description of the qualities of his mind and person is needless, for there is no doubt that our fair readers have already, each one for herself, fixed upon his height, the colour of his eyes and hair, and the particular cut of his clothes. It remains but to be mentioned, therefore, that he had just left his parental roofree to "see life in London," before he entered upon the great battle of existence, that he was on good terms with his tailor, and had taken lodgings with an old school friend at the west-end of London, and his portrait is complete. British Public, Mr. Alfred Verdant, of Verdant-lodge, Fair oaks. Mr. Alfred Verdant, British Public, kind and indulgent to a fault. Gentlemen, be acquainted.

Chapter the Second.

Shows how Mr. Alfred Verdant was induced to become subscriber to Mr. Doombrown's "Offices."

A great place, an interesting place, a wonderful pla incomprehensible place, an overwhelming place, is London, especially to one who, like Mr Alfred Verdant, visits it for the first time in his life, after having spent his twenty innocent years or so in a town so quiet and so shady as quiet and shady Fairoaks. Under the guidance of his accomplished and versatile friend, Tom Wido, it may be presumed that our hero was not long in making the acquaintance of the notabilities of the great city, or in becoming *au fait* to the doings of the brave spirits among its gay and youthful inhabitants.

But it was not all at once that Mr Alfred became fully alive to the greatness of the great metropolis. Oh dear, no. It was a fortnight at least before his head fairly ached over the breakfast table. He had duly gazed and wondered at the lions. He had paused reverently beneath the dome of Wren's great masterpiece, he had wandered silently among the storied tombs and chapels of Westminster, he had refreshed his antiquarian taste among the fortresses and dungeons of the Tower. He had walked, with quiet step and slow, amid the congregated wisdom of ages enshrined in many thousand tomes in the great library of the British Museum, he had stood, with wondering eyes and open lips, before the relics of the buried cities of the east, and had peeped, with unfeigned interest, into tombs where once had rested the royal bones of the kings and princes of old Egypt. And, ever as he returned, evening after evening, to his lodgings, after these walks and visits, he felt that London was not such a bad sort of place as he had been led to believe, and that a good-meaning young fellow might very well withstand the great temptations which he had heard were laid for the unmitiated in its every street.

But all this happened before his friend, Tom Wido, had found leisure to accompany him in his wanderings. Then, indeed, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." It is true that during the day he pursued much the same course as hitherto; but, somehow, he felt less interest in the buildings, [illegible] amusement in the crowded streets, since he had altogether uninterested spectator, on some of the hidden mysteries of the modern Babylon.

"Why, Alf, my boy," said the high-spirited Wido, as they sat one morning over a rather late breakfast, "you were most confoundedly in for it last night."

"In for it!" replied our hero, pressing his heated head within his hands, and looking up with bloodshot eyes, "I was drunk—drunk for the first time in my life, Tom! I am a beast!"

Well, you'll soon get over that. Here, take a draught of this. Nothing like a hair of the dog that bit you!" And, seizing a great goblet of soda-water and brandy, our hero made a gulp, and swallowed the draught as though it had been poison. "There, now, I think you'll do," pursued the gallant Tom. "But I say, old fellow! how came you to make such a precious stupid bet with the captain? Only fancy—fifteen to one on such a horse as Slyboots!"

"I bet! I bet!" exclaimed Alfred, looking up, all flushed and agitated. "I never made a bet in my life! You are joking."

"My dear friend," returned Tom, in his most distinct tones, "I never joke about matters of honour. I give you my word that you made a decided bet with Captain Smaltork of fifteen to one on Slyboots, for the Diddlebury steeplechase."

"Fifteen to one; well, that is not much to lose, however," replied Alfred.

"No, it's not much—only five-and-seventy pounds."

"Pounds! what do you mean?" almost shrieked Alfred, jumping up from the table, "I never could have been so mad!"

"True, 'pon honour," replied Tom. "After you had ordered the champagne, you said that you were good for anything, and when the captain asked you if you had laid out any money on the Dids, you said that you would take any bet that he liked to offer, and so, when the captain said that he could afford to take fifteen to one in ponies, you immediately [illegible] In fact, I entered the bet in your pocket-book for you, as you were too far gone to hold the pencil."

"Ah!" said Verdant, "I think I recollect something about it now. But I never meant to risk so much money, I'm certain. If I said anything about fifteen to one, I meant shillings. Indeed, I don't know what you mean by ponies."

"Well, Alfred," returned Mr Wido, "as you were in my company, I am in a manner responsible for your honour; and if you refer to your pocket-book you will find that the bet is entered as fifteen ponies—that is, five pound notes—to one on the horse Slyboots for the Diddlebury steeplechase, which takes place to-morrow."

"Seventy-five pounds," said Alfred, ruefully, reading the memorandum in his pocket-book. "It is a large sum of money, Tom. What would you advise me to do?"

"Why, really, Alf, it is no use blinking. The captain is terrible fellow, and if you do not pay him, in case you lose—which you are not sure to do, by the way—he will call you out. I'm told he's a dead shot. If I were you, I'd hedge."

"Hedge? I don't quite understand," remonstrated Alfred.

"Why, how awfully green you are, my boy! By hedging mean that you must take the odds from somebody else."

"And can I do so?" inquired Alfred, like a drowning man catching at a straw.

"Nothing more easy, my dear fellow. Just finish your breakfast, and come with me."

In another half-hour our hero and his friend were standing together in Mr. Doombrown's "offices," examining the "lists as they hung upon the green baize-covered walls. Now the "offices" of this gentleman were unlike any other that our hero had ever before seen. The windows towards the streets showed nothing but a pair of wire blinds, on which were emblazoned in gold letters, "Mr. Doombrown's offices." The interior presented an equally unsatisfactory appearance, for there was nothing apparent but a high, painted wooden screen, with little covered window about eight inches square in the centre while on the walls were hanging long slips of paper, with printed headings, on which were written the names of various horses in various races, with figures before their names showing the present state of the betting-market—something in the same way as the prices of stock are exhibited in the merchants offices about the Royal Exchange. It was not long, however, before the gallant Tom had explained to Mr. Verdant

process of making a bet and getting the "odds;" and our hero walked away, after paying five pounds to an invisible gentleman behind the screen, the possessor of a document something like this :—

DIDDLEBURY STEEPLECHASE.

MR. DOEMBROWN'S OFFICES

9999, STRAND.

£50

(Scratch'd or not)

The money to be paid the day after the race

P

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Shows how Mr Alfred Verdant reverses the old Proverb, and how "the burnt child did NOT *dread the fire."*

'Now, my boy," exclaimed Tom Wido, when the pair emerged from the betting office. "I think we shall do. You see by the operation you have just concluded, that you are in a much better position than you were before. If the horse wins, you reduce your loss with the captain by fifty pounds.'

"And if it does *not* win?"

"Why then you lose five pounds more, that's all, my boy."

What a weary head it was our hero laid down upon his pillow that night, what a feverish day it was he rose too, after a troubled night invested it with Mr Doembrown's "market odds."

"I, Crossp't wins, I win a thousand!" he said to his friend, Wido, "to morrow will decide."

TO MORROW CAME AT LAST, AND CROSSPATCH WON THE RACE.

There was no little excitement among the members of the club that afternoon

"William," exclaimed our hero to the hall-porter, "call me a cab."

Up drove the vehicle, and off drove Alfred Verdant to the "offices" of Mr Doembrown, in the Strand. From a distance he could see a crowd around the door As he neared the spot, his impatience hardly kept itself within the bounds of propriety His heart beat quickly, and he kept saying to himself—"I am a made man! I am a made man!"

The cabman stopped, and drew up opposite the "offices." Alfred jumped out, and pushed his way through the excited crowd. There was a red flush on his face, which quickly turned to a deadly white He reached the doorway with intent to pass within. His hand was on the well-known knob, but the door yielded not to his pressure as of old He looked into the faces of they who stood around him. Some were flushed and angry and some were pale as his.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he said, in agony. "Let me know the worst at once."

"Well, then, the worst, sir, is—that DOEMBROWN HAS BOLTED!"

He heard the words, but knew not who the speaker was. The crowd appeared to reel about before him—strange lights seemed to flash across his eyes—his legs were powerless to bear him from the spot, and he sank down on the pavement of that very doorway a perfectly helpless and ruined man!

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Discovers Mr. Alfred Verdant in a very peculiar predicament, and brings his "experiences" to an unexpected close

How he got home, he never knew. For days and weeks he lay upon his bed, with none to tend him but a deaf old woman belonging to the house. At last, by very slow degrees, the fever left him, and when he was well enough to go out—well

afternoon, in company with a crowd of equally anxious adventurers who were feverish to learn their fate, and what a disappointed, gulled, and wicked fool he thought himself, when about six o'clock, he saw the written announcement put out upon the shutters with the name of his particular horse at *the bottom* of the list. There must be some mistake, he would say to himself, as he went up to the window again and again, and read the bill Of course there must he would inquire elsewhere Down Fleet-street he hastens Another anxious crowd about the window of another sporting newspaper. No, there are the very words again—

"Flatcatcher 1
coach
Sister to Harkaway
Slyboots a bad fourth."

There is no mistake; and Alfred Verdant, of Verdant Lodge, Fanoaks, is a miserable victim. He did not sleep that night sleep! it was not sleep, but a restless, tossing, feverish dream, in which the Captain and Wido and Doembrown successively mounted the "bad fourth," each with a loaded pistol in his hand

But Alfred Verdant paid the money like a man and a gentleman next day, though he was obliged to write to his mother by the evening's post for a further supply And his mother, dear innocent old soul, sent him up every penny she could spare from the housekeeping, and determined to wait another quarter for the silk gown she had promised to buy for herself.

But did the experience thus dearly bought bring any good with it? Not a particle. Under the tutorship of the gallant Wido, our hero was initiated into that most scientific mode of swindling, the science of betting, and in a little time he fancied himself quite clever at it. His visits to Mr. Doembrown's offices were repeated so often, that his face became well known among the followers of that respectable individual, and his name appeared in their several books—little leather-covered books, with metallic paper and a pencil, the marks of which will not rub out—for larger amounts than his good old mother and father ever spent in luxuries in all their lives.

He joined a club, too, of choice spirits, the members of which spent their mornings in bed, their afternoons in making bets in the dressing-rooms, and their evenings over the billiard-tables—who kept their horses and got their livings, nobody—themselves included—exactly knew how. Alfred Verdant, of Verdant-lodge, was beginning to be known as a very "fast young man" indeed.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Initiates the Reader into some of Mr Alfred Verdant's dear-bought Experiences.

Our hero's adventures on the turf had not hitherto been very successful; but now a brighter day, he fancied, was about to dawn, and it really seemed as if he should recover all his former losses. True that, from a well-dressed, gentlemanly young fellow, whose arm any lady might have taken with credit, he had come of late to look more like a broken-down man-about-town than anything else. True, that his days were spent in feverish sleep, and his nights in vicious dissipation, true, that he had drained his mother's purse, and nearly spent his sisters' fortunes, true, for some weeks he had neglected to write to Fanoaks, and changed his lodgings so that they at home should not find him out. true, that he had had recourse to many dirty tricks, unbecoming a gentleman, and had been fleeced by older and more accomplished gamblers than himself. All this was true But only let him make this one grand *coup*, and he would retire from London for ever. Only let him touch the money which he would surely win by the next race; only let the horse he had backed with all the cash he could raise —and he had not hesitated to put his name to more than one piece of stamped paper in order to procure it—a not very difficult process, by the assistance of his friend Wido—and he would give up his bad courses at once and for ever. All the sporting newspapers prophesied that his horse must win,

enough to crawl from street to street—he looked like what he was—a broken, ruined spendthrift.

But his cup was not yet full. Before that he could take the lesson well to heart, it must overflow. He had heard nothing of his dear friend, Tom, since he was taken ill. What could it mean? He would write to him; and he would write, too, in the penitence of pain and suffering, to those dear ones at home. They surely never would forsake him in his misery. It was a sad world! How he had been deceived! How he had been victimised! He was thinking thus as he walked slowly down St. James's-street one sunny morning, when a rough hand was laid upon his shoulder. He looked round.

"I serve you with the copy of a writ for two hundred seventeen five, at suit of Thomas Wido, Esq. Here's the original," said the voice belonging to the hand. "Will yer go in a cab, or will yer walk? Plaintiff made his 'davit that you're about to leave the country."

Astounded, weak from recent illness, and scarcely knowing what he was about, Alfred suffered himself to be put into a cab, and before he had well recovered from his surprise and indignation, he found himself in safe custody in the house of Samuel Benjamin, of Chancery-lane, officer to the honourable Sheriffs of Middlesex.

* * * * * * *

A relapse; a long sleep, he knew not if it were of days, or weeks, or months, a returning sense of pain, a slow, very slow, consciousness of kind looks and words, a sort of dim recognition of the room in which he lay, and a grateful, child-like thankfulness for tender offices—how shall these weak words convey a sense of what he felt when once more safe at home at Fairoaks?

"Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee," he whispered, as to himself, one day when a little group of loving faces was about his bed, "and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

"Hush!" said a white-haired venerable man, who stood at the bed's head, "there has been enough of reproach and sorrow for us all. I thank God that this my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

And then the little group closed round the bed; and, amid many tears and sighs, they offered up their prayers to HIM who has promised that the repentant sinner shall in no wise be cast out.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH AND LAST.

Contains the moral—a Cap which the British Public aforesaid may try on, and, if it fit, may wear

BRITISH PUBLIC, you are a good natured but a very careless body. You cannot in your daily walks—in your individual capacities from prince to labourer—but have noticed the alarming increase in those dens of iniquity, called betting-houses, especially in the neighbourhoods of the Strand and Fleet-street. You cannot take up your daily newspaper without reading of cases which call for immediate inquiry—here a young man committing deadly crime in consequence of the ruin brought about by these vile snares, there a report of what judges and magistrates have said in condemnation of the horrible system. You cannot kneel down at your bed-side at night without praying not to be "led into temptation," and yet you make no effort to stay this horrible distemper, and wipe away the plague-spot from your social life. Into the question of the *good of horse racing* we ask you not to enter *now;* but it were better that the whole sport—a *noble* one if you so like to call it—should be abolished at once and for ever, than that our youth should be demoralised, our virtue assailed, our worser natures appealed to, our comfort in life and hope in death destroyed, by the existence of these LITTLE HELLS. British Public, if you take no care of your sons and daughters, you must not be surprised if they grow up into bad men and worse women.

And now, oh British Public, we put it to you whether it is well to close your thousand eyes to the enormous wrong which these Betting Houses are inflicting on our youth. In the case of our friend Alfred Verdant, of Verdant Lodge, Fairoaks, we have seen that this system of allowed gambling was ruinous alike to his morals and his purse. But he had means on which to fall back, even though his pleasures were purchased at the price of his sisters' fortunes. Think what a horrible fate you are preparing for those who, unlike him, have no means but such as are obtained by the labour of their own hands. Think of the temptations which you put in the way of those whose principles are not yet fixed. Think of the homes you are doing your best to lay waste. Think of the prisons you are helping to fill. Think of the suicides to whom you are, as it were, proffering the deadly draught or the fatal pistol. Think of the widows and orphans you are daily making. Think of the sinners whom your worse than indifference in this serious matter encourages rather than deters. British Public, a portion of your body politic, the magistrates, have outspoken boldly in condemnation of the iniquities we have feebly hinted at; it is but for you, with your own mouth—in your workshops, at your family hearths, and by the mouths of your representatives in parliament assembled, to say the word, and these "little goes" of crime, these hotbeds of villany will be for ever abolished.

NOTES ON LISBON.

THE PORTUGUESE.

PERHAPS, when taken generally, no race of men on earth (calling themselves civilised) are more disgustingly ugly than the men of Lisbon. Short of stature, thick-set, squalid complexions, and eternally enveloped in their *capotas* (cloaks), they stalk along their filthy streets, at once an epitome of pride, laziness, and deformity, the whole appearance generally crowned with a tremendous cocked hat. This latter, indeed, is an appendage without which no Portuguese (in Lisbon), from the prince to the barber, the footman, the postillion, and the beggar, can possibly be induced to appear abroad, and many wear them constantly in their houses, as also their capotas. Their pride can only be equalled by their meanness—too self-conceited to work, even those *who call themselves gentlemen* do not blush to beg in the streets, and infest the coffee-houses, and every place of public resort, with their fawning, detestable whine of poverty, though even then they scarcely ever condescend to beg in their own names, but ask all for the love of God or some saint. Say to a beggar in Lisbon, "Here, carry this small parcel for me into the next street, and I will pay you for so doing," and in all probability he would abuse you, and tell you he was a Portuguese gentleman, and not a *gallego*.

The women of Lisbon may be said to be handsome. Their hair is generally very fine, dark, and abundant, and they take great care of it; their eyes, as beautiful as any in the world, black, or very dark brown, are expressive and melting. They equal Spain in the elegance of an exquisitely fine-formed leg, ancle, and foot, of which they are perfectly sensible, for their chief pride and ornament in dress seem to be directed to the stockings and satin slipper. Their hands and arms are in general very fine; the former delicate and tapering; the latter, from the shoulder to the elbow, partake, perhaps, rather too much of the general character of their person, which, for their height, inclines to the very limits of *embonpoint*. As a drawback, however, to so many charms, the Portuguese women are old at thirty, and before an Englishwoman is in her prime of beauty, they are gone by, and no more remembered, and certainly an old Portuguese woman is anything but an object of admiration. Their complexions may at all times be called sallow, though when young the clearness of the skin and the glow of health make it appear far from unpleasing; but in age it becomes actual parchment; in a word, a Portuguese woman, from fifteen to twenty-five, is a lovely object; but after that, however love may hold his sway in *their* bosoms, they certainly lose the power of communicating its influence to others. The Portuguese women are by no means remarkable for personal cleanliness, and their tempers are very bad; they are very ignorant and very superstitious, and consequently cannot make good domestic companions. They are so enslaved by a passion for dress, that many of very confined incomes literally deprive themselves and families of every domestic comfort, that they may, when they go abroad to pay a visit to the theatres, or to mass on particular saints' days, appear adorned with laces and jewels. They are remarkably careful in the preservation of their clothes; to that end, the moment they return from church or a walk, &c., they take off their finery, and very often the chemise and capota are the only articles of dress retained. Their dress suits often descend, with religious awe, to

the third generation. The greater number appropriate a particular suit to a particular day, which suit, consequently, sees the light but once a year. If a female in Lisbon has not an extensive wardrobe, but perhaps only *one* grand dress, and does not care to be always seen in the same, she will change occasionally with some female friend (equally circumstanced) one day, with a second another day, and so on, ringing the changes through half-a-dozen, or more, according to the extent of her acquaintance. Thus a woman that may be supposed to have a variety of elegant dresses has, in fact, but *one*, which one may be in their company, though not on the back of its owner.

The Portuguese, in many of their habits and customs, retain an opposition to every other nation in Europe. Every manual operation they perform backwards (relatively speaking). We stir our tea from us, with the sun; they, towards themselves, against the sun, then carpenters saw *from* themselves, the back of the saw towards the body; their farriers seldom, or rather never, unless by desire, bleed horses in the neck, but on the inner part of the thigh, and they shoe them in a very different posture to what we do, and it always takes two men to put on one shoe, though their horses are remarkably quiet. Corn is trod out by oxen—a custom which, though practised in some countries, is absolutely antediluvian. Their paviors use the paving-mallet the very reverse to us, by swinging it on the right side, and behind them, before they allow it to fall on the part to be rammed down. I could produce instances without number, in every branch of trade, of this perverseness, proving how backward they are in improvement, but will sum up the whole in stating what I saw one morning—namely, some scavengers actually employed sweeping a very steep street up hill, and against the wind, in very dusty weather. Obstinacy and perverseness personified could never beat this. Their fathers and grandfathers may have done so before them, but were not the less fools on that account.

WATCHING THE STREETS.

The watching the streets of Lisbon is one of the branches of the police of the city, and is most excellent for such a government as that of Portugal, but would not be submitted to by a people so jealous of every appearance of a military system as the English. It, however, deserves mention.

The Portuguese absolutely think it impossible that a man should be able to keep awake three hundred and sixty-five nights in the year, during all weathers, watch over their personal safety and their property, and, from this incredulity, they refuse to admit, or even to admire, our mode of watching our cities and towns: they, therefore, have established a perpetual military watch by day and night, the duties of which are performed by a regiment of foot soldiers, composed of the finest young men throughout the kingdom, they are mostly the sons of respectable farmers, and selected for their good conduct, and they think it an honour to be admitted into this regiment, which is better clothed and better paid than any one in the service. The uniform is blue and yellow, and they always appear extremely clean and neat. The officers are mostly from the first families, and those of the higher rank are noblemen. This regiment is also the guards of Lisbon, as it is the only one that attends on the royal family. The men are mostly superior to the generality of the people, there being few of them but what can read and write; they are quiet, and very mild and civil in the discharge of their duty, seldom abusing power, which is very great.

These men are stationed by detachments of from twelve to fifty men, or perhaps a company, in guard-houses in different parts of the city, from which they go in pairs, armed with a musket, bayonet, and sword, and perambulate the streets, &c., that lie within the district attached to their guard house. They are never stationary, but always walking about, day and night, and are relieved every two hours. As they have no fixed station (there being neither watch-boxes nor sentry-boxes, except at the door of each guard-house), so you never know but you have a couple of young, strong, active, and well-armed soldiers at your elbow; and it is astonishing to observe, if any disturbance takes place, which seldom happens, how the disputants will be surrounded instantaneously, as if by magic, by eight or a dozen of these men, who soon restore order, for the people stand in great awe of them. You can, at any moment of the day or night, collect a strong guard around you by shouting out, "*Aqui del Rei!*" ("Here, in the king's name.") It is thus their sole duty to preserve public tranquillity, and to watch over individual security, as also to apprehend all offenders against the laws; it is likewise their duty to turn everybody out of the coffee-houses and public-houses at ten o'clock at night, when they are obliged to shut up. They always attend in the theatres, in the churches (on saint-days, or on any occasion when they may collect a greater number than usual)—in short, they are everywhere. There are also a few troops of horse police, similar to our Life Guards, who also constantly patrol the streets in pairs.

FISH MARKET AT LISBON.

It consists of a few (say a dozen) open stalls by the side of the river, though on a raised pavement, with a wall of about three feet round it. These occupy two sides of a square on the east and south, and on them is the fish, which, though as fine as any in Europe, is the most disgusting sight imaginable, as it is never cleaned, but rather appears to be purposely rolled in slime and filth, and in that state you must purchase it and send it home, or go without. But this is not the worst part of the concern; for at the back of that part of the market which takes up the east side, at no greater distance than the thickness of the parapet wall (say two feet) lies a broad, but very shallow, paved ditch, intended to carry off the rain from the streets in the vicinity. This is open only to chance view, but you cannot avoid seeing it, and it is never for three minutes together unoccupied by the gallegos, fishermen, beggars, &c. Now, as it never rains in Lisbon in summer, and consequently this place is never cleansed, some idea may be formed of the disgusting sight and horrid stench.

In vain would you seek a remedy by going to a fishmonger's shop; they have no such thing in Lisbon, nor do they know what it means, and such a sight as Groves's, at Charing-cross, would, if transported to Lisbon, attract all Portugal to view it, through curiosity and wonder.

As, when divested of its filth, the fish is equal to any in the world, it might, perhaps, answer the speculation of establishing a fishmonger here, if the government would allow it, which is doubtful.

Among others that are very fine, may be mentioned the soles, white salmon, John Dory, *tainha*, or white mullet, the pargo, and, to those who can surmount prejudice, the chog; the prawns are uncommonly large and fine-flavoured, and the eels are not bad; the oysters, however, are abominable. But the staple is the *dinha* (a large species of sprat); it is rich and exquisite, and constitutes the chief food of not only the poorer, but of all classes of people, being also very cheap.

The clergy of Lisbon—if I recollect right, it is an exclusive grant to one convent, all the members of which are, and must be, of noble families—claim every tenth fish that is brought in, and no fisherman dares sell a single fish from his boat before he has brought them to market, and paid his tithe, which is collected in a most unjust and arbitrary manner. A man is appointed by these priests, who attends as the boats arrive, the owners of which are obliged to count all their fish out before him, one by one, and, while they are so doing, he selects at his pleasure every fine fish he sees (by means of a sharp hook which he holds for that purpose), he does not take every tenth fish promiscuously, but thus selects the best tenth of the whole cargo. As an amazing quantity of fish is brought to market, this tenth (which, after serving themselves, is retailed to hawkers and the stalls) must produce an immense revenue to the convent, or convents. When this tithe is thus selected, the poor fisherman, in return, receives a printed permit to dispose of the remainder, and the hawkers, who carry fish in baskets through the city, are obliged to purchase daily a permit for so doing.

PORTUGUESE SURGEONS.

The Portuguese surgeons are considered to rank very low, when compared with those of other nations; but they cannot be expected to excel in so difficult an art while they are deprived of the means of acquirement—hospitals, schools for anatomy, and dissections being unknown in the country.

One day, a very fine girl of eight years of age, coming from school, fell and broke her arm. An English surgeon was immediately sent for, but he being unfortunately from home, a Portuguese one was called in, who, to make assurance *trebly* sure, called in two others. This happy trio, perceiving that, from the fall, the flesh was turned blackish, determined that a mortification had

already taken place (in less than an hour, on a healthy young subject!) and, without any further ceremony, cut off the poor child's arm. The English surgeon who had been sent for in the first instance now attended, but only in time to lament his being from home when the accident happened, as he assured me there was not the least occasion for amputation, the fracture and bruise being no more than is usual in such accidents. Though I have here only cited one case, yet the practice is invariably the same. Off with the limb in all fractures, is with them what bleeding and hot water were with Dr. Sangrado—a universal cure. I know several persons who would have lost a limb, which they now enjoy the use of, but from the interposition of the gentleman above mentioned, or from their own resolution, which the Portuguese faculty call English obstinacy.

Nor is their skill in the other branches of their profession superior to that in surgery. They have no idea of difference of constitution in individuals, either from habit or climate. Old and young, robust and delicate, natives of warm climates, and those from the frozen regions of the north, are all treated alike. Balsams and glisters form the whole extent of their practice, and are alike prescribed in fevers, colds, gout, rheumatism, debility, repletion and all the opposites that "flesh is heir to."

So far are their medical men from possessing that humanity which [illegible] allow the whole human race to perish before they would put themselves to the least inconvenience. As a proof of this, a very particular friend of mine, whose son, a beautiful child about three years old, was dangerously ill, applied personally to four of the first reputed professional men in the city; but, it being in the middle of the day (July 31), they all refused to attend, till [illegible] alleging that the weather was too hot to stir out till then.

I have been told, and I believe it, that on one occasion a surgeon was requested to visit a man who had been stabbed through the body, but refused for a similar reason, saying, however, that if the wounded man would *come to him*, he would examine him. The *man died before he could* procure surgical aid.

MAGLIABECHI'S PRODIGIOUS MEMORY

MAGLIABECHI was born at Florence, on the 29th of October, 1633. His parents were of so low and mean a rank that they were well satisfied when they had got him into the service of a man who sold greens. He had never learned to read, and yet he was perpetually poring over the leaves of old books that were used as waste paper in his master's shop.

A bookseller who lived in the neighbourhood, and who had often observed this, and knew the boy could [illegible] what he meant by looking so much at the printed paper. He [illegible] that he did not know how it was, but that he loved it of all things, that he was very uneasy in the business he was in, and should be the happiest creature in the world if he could live with him, who had always so many books about him. The bookseller was pleased with his answer, and at last told him that, if his master was willing to part with him, he would take him.

Young Magliabechi was highly delighted, and the more so, when his master, at the bookseller's request, gave him leave to go. He went, therefore, directly to his new and much desired business, and had not been long in it, before he could find any book that was asked for, as readily as the bookseller himself. Some time after this he learnt to read, and from this time forth, whenever he could find a moment's leisure, he was found with a book in his hand.

He seems never to have applied himself to any particular study. An inclination for reading was his ruling passion, and a prodigious memory his great talent. He read every book almost indifferently, as it happened to come into his hands, and that with a surprising quickness, and yet retained not only the sense, but often all the words, and the very manner of spelling.

His extraordinary application and talents soon recommended him to Ermini, librarian to the Cardinal of Medicis, and Marmi, the great duke's librarian. He was by them introduced into the conversations of the learned, and made known at court, and he began to be looked upon everywhere as a prodigy, particularly for vast and unbounded memory.

It is said that there was a trial made of the force of his memory, which, if true, is very amazing. A gentleman of Florence, who had written a piece which was to be printed, lent the manuscript to Magliabechi, and some time after it had been returned, went to him with a melancholy face, and pretended to have met with a most unhappy accident, by which, he said, he had lost his manuscript. The author seemed almost inconsolable for the loss of his work, and entreated Magliabechi to try to recollect as much of it as he possibly could, and write it down. Magliabechi assured him he would, and, on setting about it, wrote down the whole manuscript, without missing a word.

By treasuring up everything he read in so strange a manner, or at least the subject and all the principal parts of the books he ran over, his head became at last, as one of his acquaintances expressed himself, "a universal index, both of titles and matter."

By this time Magliabechi was grown so famous for the vast extent of his reading and his amazing retention of what he read, that it began to grow common amongst the learned to consult him when they were writing on any subject. Thus, for instance, if a priest was composing a panegyric on a particular saint, Magliabechi would, on his applying to him, inform him what writers had spoken favourably of the saint, and in what part of their works the commendations were to be found, in some cases to the number of above one hundred authors. He would tell him not only who had treated of his subject expressly, but also who had only touched upon it accidentally, in writing on other subjects, both of which he did with the greatest exactness, naming the author, the words, and often the very number of the page, in which they were inserted. He did this so often, so readily, and so exactly, that he came at last to be looked upon almost as an oracle.

Latterly, he read the title-pages only, then dipped here and there into the preface, dedication, and advertisements, if there were any, and then cast his eyes on each of the divisions and different sections or chapters of the book, and thus he conceived the matter almost as completely as if he had read it at full length.

Magliabechi had a local memory, too, of the places where [illegible] book stood as in his master's shop at first, and in the Pitti and several other libraries afterwards, and seems to have carried this even farther than to the collection of books with which he was personally acquainted. One day, the great duke sent for him, after he was his librarian, to ask him whether he could procure for him a book that was particularly scarce. "No, sir," answered Magliabechi, "it is impossible, for there is but one in the world that is in the grand seignior's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book, on the seventh shelf, on the right hand as you go in."

Although Magliabechi lived so sedentary a life, and studied so intensely, he arrived to a good old age. He died in his eighty first year, on July 14, 1714. By his will he left a very fine library of his own collection, for the use of the public, with a fund to maintain it; and the surplus, if any, to be given to the poor.

He was not an ecclesiastic, but chose never to marry, and was negligent even to slovenliness, in his dress. His appearance was such as must have been far from engaging the affections of a lady, and his face, in particular, judging from the representations of him in busts, medals, and portraits, would have rather prejudiced his suit than advanced it. He received his friends and those who came to consult him on any points of literature in a civil and obliging manner, though, in general, he had almost the air of a savage, and even affected it.

In his manner of living he affected the character of Diogenes; three hard eggs, and a draught or two of water were his usual repast. When any one went to see him, he was found lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books—some thrown in heaps, and others scattered about the floor—all around him; and this his cradle, or bed, attached to the nearest pile of books by a number of cobwebs. At the entrance of visitors, he was accustomed to call out to them not to hurt his spiders.

Thus lived and died Magliabechi, in the midst of public applause, and with such an affluence for all the latter part of his life, as very few persons have ever procured by their knowledge or learning.

His vast knowledge of books induced Cosmo III. to do him the honour of making him his librarian, and what a happiness it must have been to Magliabechi, who delighted in nothing so much as reading, to have the command of such a collection of books as that in the great duke's palace. He was also very conversant with the books in the Lorenzo library, and had the keeping of those of Leopoldo and Francesco Maria, the two cardinals of Tuscany.

And yet all this did not satisfy his extensive appetite, for he had read almost all books—that is, the greatest part of those printed before his time, and all in it; for it was latterly a general custom, not only among authors, but of the printers too of those times, to make him a present of a copy of whatever they published.

It is worthy of remark, that the Duke of Tuscany had become jealous of the attention he was receiving from foreigners, and those literary strangers usually went first to see Magliabechi before they called on the Grand Duke.

STATISTICS.

PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION.—The following tabular view of the numbers of the population and houses in the several counties, boroughs, and towns of Great Britain returning members to parliament, according to the census of 1851, is made up from a return just presented to the House of Commons by the late government, as explanatory of the system which their Reform bill was intended to amend:—

	Total Male Population	Inhabited Houses.			
Bedford	59,533	24,505			4
Berks	81,381	33,278			8
Bucks	81,158	33,232		8	11
Cambridge	92,590	37,067		1*	7
Chester, N and S.	222,286	85,260		6	10
Cornwall, E and W	171,636	67,587		10	14
Cumberland, E and W	96,244	36,763	1	5	9
Derby, N and S	147,747	59,371	1	2	6
Devon, N. and S	269,583	98,387	4	18	22
Dorset	89,204	36,138	3	11	14
and S	196,550	64,977	4	6	10
N and S	185,190	73,571	4	6	10
Gloucester, E and W	217,822	86,771	4	11	15
Hereford	58,114	24,890			
Hertford	83,161				
Huntingdon	31,938	13,313			1
Kent, N and S	307,011	107,718			18
Lancaster, N and S					
Leicester, N and S	112,937	48,953			6
Lincoln, N. and S.	205,183	81,335			13
Middlesex	882,823	230,362			14
Monmouth	82,549				
Norfolk, E and W	215,291				
Northampton, N and S	105,984				8
Northumberland, N and S	149,454	17,537			10
Nottingham, N and S	152,381	55,053			10
Oxford	85,529	37,360			
Rutland	11,801	4,388	2	—	2
Salop, N and S	111,340	45,618	1	8	12
E and W	211,015	85,054	1	9	13
Southampton or Hants, N and S, including the Isle of Wight	201,915	75,215	5	14	19
Stafford N and S	309,166	116 218	1	12	17
Suffolk, E and W	166,201	69,285	1	5	9
Surrey, E and W	325,037	108,822	4	7	11
Sussex, E and W	165,772	58,663	4	14	18
Warwick, N. and S.	232,111	96,731	4	6	10
Westmoreland	29,079	11,217	2	1	3
Wilts, N and S	126,027	51,778	1	14	18
Worcester, E and W	136,956	55,039	1	8	12
York (the three ridings)	1,797,667	450,225	6	31	37
Wales (the 12 counties)	496,159	200,087	15	14	29
Scotland (32 counties)	1,375,668	311,608	30	24	54

* Including the University.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.—It appears from the accounts respecting the Metropolitan Police Force, that on January 1 last, the number of persons belonging to the force was 5,519, consisting of one inspecting superintendent, at £600 a year, 18 superintendents, from £350 to £200 a year; 124 inspectors, with salaries from £200 to £81 18s a year. There were 587 sergeants, from £109 4s to £63 14s. a year, and 4,819 constables, comprising 1,250 in the first class at £54 12s a year, 2,319 in the second class at £49 8s a year, and 1,174 in the third class at £44 4s. a year. The sum paid for the police last year amounted to £422,296 5s. 4d., leaving a balance of £49,957 14s 5d., which were the receipts in the year. The fees, &c, from police courts were £10,548 15s. 8d. The commissioners of the Great Exhibition paid the force £17,426 2s 2d.

ENORMOUS FEES IN THE COURT OF CHANCERY.—The accounts relating to the Court of Chancery have been printed by order. The suitors'-fund account shows in cash £126,120 9s 2d., and in stock £3,832,117 8s 1d. In the year, stock was purchased with suitors' cash to £205,840 16s The following fees in the year ending the 24th of November last, amounted to £134,000.

We give some of the items as fees.—In the masters' offices the fees were £36,212 3s. 7d.; in the registrar's office £15,186 17s.; in the report office £3,613 6s. 5d; in the affidavit office £11,993 8s. 7d; in the examiner's office £986 5s. 4d., in the subpœna office £215 The fees by the secretary of lunatics were £3,992 1s 2d., by clerks to masters in lunacy £3,085 11s. 10d.; by taxing masters £26,380 10s 1d, by the clerk of enrolments £7,152 2s. 10d, by record and writ clerks £16,782 16s 4d; by the petty bag office £717 5s. 6d, and the fees received under the Winding-up acts were £256 8s

A MEMORIAL FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.—An account of the number of guns and of pounds of gunpowder annually exported from the United Kingdom to the Cape of Good Hope, from the close of 1844 to January 1, 1852.—In the year ended the 5th of January 1845, were exported 2,002 guns, 229,550 lbs. gunpowder, 1846, 4,097 guns, 85,023 lbs gunpowder, 1847, 6,072 guns, 125,916 lbs gunpowder, 1848, 4,105 guns, 139,032 lbs gunpowder, 1849, 3,976 guns, 197,300 lbs gunpowder, 1850, 6,431 guns, 169,755 lbs gunpowder, 1851, 6,777 guns, 420,103 lbs. gunpowder, 1852, 12,180 guns, 144,790 lbs. gunpowder.

THE GRAVE OF SHIEL.—Within six miles of Templemore, but nearer to the county of Kilkenny, is a small village called Templetuohy, which the casual visitor never enters, and which offers nothing to excite the interest of a stranger, either as regards its local situation or the attractions of the neighbourhood. It is approached from the Kilkenny side through a wild and extensive bog, where, in winter, a chill mist obscures the view, and makes it impossible to keep warm, even if wrapped up in a Russian Dreadnought; and when, at length some avenues of dark fir are approached, it is found [illegible] only render the landscape

and begins to assume more of a beaten appearance, the fog gets lighter, the isolation is not so extreme, and, turning an angle, a low demesne wall to the left encircles a piece of rising ground, on which a comfortable but plain mansion-house stands The lands are evidently farmed by an experienced agriculturist, and without being separated by any walls or ditches, the various species of modern scientific labour are carried on in the one property. A short drive brings the wayfarer to the village of Templetuohy, the appanage of "Long Orchard," and the dulness of the place is relieved by nothing either in the way of business or gossiping The pigs that creep at rare intervals through the one street are more sedate and stolid than their kindred in livelier the policeman at the barrack seems as if nothing but a decent murder could excite his professional feelings into activity, and the yawn on the face of the sleepy huxter, whose imagination must have been originally very great to think he could drive a trade here, takes such an immense time in settling down that one begins to fear for the safety of the victim to commit. There is a parish church, a libel upon the art of Palladio, a mystery of ugliness, and without the charity of an ivy branch to cover its nakedness, and midway in the line of dwellings there is an opening or lane on the left, which requires the "open sesame" of a local [illegible] to bring a knowledge of the fact that this *cul de sac* is the site of a chapel The building is small, the ground darkened by some trees and enclosed walls, and, when I entered, the first and indeed only principal object that struck the view was a spacious area, protected by an iron fence and with a magnified headstone. There were two men down in a wide pit, and I feared to ask them what they were about, or for whom their offices were meant, remembering the courtesy of language of Shakspeare's clown, "Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating." It was rather an anomaly that the greatest display of life should be in connexion with the churchyard, and that the only subject of interest in the village should be the grave. And this is truly so, for in this quiet and secluded spot the remains of the dramatist, the orator, and the statesman, were destined to pose, and within a week from the time of my visit had been transferred to Templetuohy all that is mortal of Richard Lalor Shiel! The gravedigger had his triumph when he, rudely moralising, said that his work made all classes equal, and yet there was a reverential tone in the way he alluded to the "big house" and to "the master that was gone"

ENGLISH QUARRELS.—"We might safely conclude," says French, in his "Study of Words," "that a nation would not be likely tamely to submit to tyranny and wrong which had made 'quarrel' out of 'querela.' The Latin word means properly 'complaint,' and we have in 'querulous' this its proper meaning coming distinctly out. Not so, however in 'quarrel,' for the English having been wont not merely to complain, but to set vigorously about righting and redressing themselves, their griefs being also grievances, out of this word, which might have given them only 'querulous' and 'querulousness,' they have gotten 'quarrel' as well"

MISCELLANEA.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS APPLIED TO OPINIONS.—The only rational aim of rewards and punishments is to encourage and repress those actions or events to which they are applied. When they have no tendency to produce these effects, it is evidently absurd to apply them; since it is an employment of means which have no connexion with the end to be produced. In this predicament is the application of rewards and punishments to the state of the understanding, or, in other words, to opinions. The allurements and the menaces of power are alike incapable of establishing opinions in the mind, or eradicating those which are already there. They may draw hypocritical professions from avarice and ambition, or extort verbal renunciations from fear and feebleness, but this is all they can accomplish. *The way to alter belief is not to address motives to the will, but arguments to the intellect.* To do otherwise, to apply rewards and punishments to opinions, is as absurd as to raise men to the peerage for their ruddy complexions, to hop them for the gout, and hang them for the scrofula.

AN EXAMPLE FOR REASONERS.—Rev. Sidney Smith, in a letter on Sir James Mackintosh, says:—He had a method of putting things so mildly and interrogatively, that he always procured the readiest reception of his opinions. Addicted to reasoning in the company of able men, he had two valuable habits which are rarely met with in great reasoners; he never broke in upon his opponent, *and always avoided strong and vehement assertions.* His reasoning commonly carried conviction, for he was *cautious in his positions, accurate in his declarations, and aimed only at truth.* The *ingenuous* side was commonly taken by some one else; the interests of *truth* were protected by Mackintosh.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.—In London, every man is so submerged in the multitude, that he who can hold his head high enough out of the living mass to be known, must have something of remarkable buoyancy or peculiar villany about him. Even parliament, except to a few of the leaders, is no distinction. The member of the shire is clipped of his plumage at the moment of his entering that colossal poultry-yard, and must take his obscure pickings with other unnoticeable fowl.

GREAT PRINCIPLES AND SMALL DUTIES.—A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties. The divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies. So far from petty principles being best proportioned to petty trials, a heavy spirit taking up its abode can alone sustain well the daily toils, and tranquilly pass the humiliations of our condition. Even in intellectual culture, the ripest knowledge is best qualified to instruct the most complete ignorance. So, the trivial services of social life are best performed, and the lesser particles of domestic happiness are most skilfully organised, by the deepest and the fairest heart.

TO PREVENT HICCUP.—Squeeze the wrist, preferably that of the right hand, with a piece of string, or with the forefinger and thumb of the other hand.

A BRIDLE FOR THE TONGUE.—It is certain great knowledge, if it be without vanity, is the most severe bridle of the tongue. For so have I heard, that all the noises of the pool, the croaking of the frogs and toads, are hushed and appeased upon the instant of bringing upon them the light of a candle or torch.

WORKING IN FAITH AND HOPE.—We live in a season of fermentation, which some deprecate as change—others hail as progress, but those who venture as they walk on their path through life, to scatter a few seeds by the wayside in faith and charity may at least cherish a hope that, instead of being trampled down, or withered up, or choked among thorns, they will have a chance of life at least, and of bringing forth fruit, little or much, in due season; for the earth, even by the waysides of common life, is no longer dry and barren and stony hard, but green with promise—grateful for culture, and we are at length beginning to feel that all the blood and tears by which it has been silently watered have not been shed in vain.

CURIOSITY OF CHILDREN.—The curiosity of the child is the philosophy of the ——, or at least, to abate somewhat of a sweeping generality, the one very frequently grows into the other. The former is a sort of balloon, a little thing, to be sure, but a critical one nevertheless, and pretty surely indicative of the heights, as well as the direction, to be taken by the more fully expanded mind. Point out to me a boy of ——d, or what would generally be called eccentric habits, fond of rambling about, a hunter of the wood side and river bank, prone to collect what he can search out, and then on his return to shut himself up and make experiments upon his gatherings—to inquire into the natural history of each according to its kind—point such a one out to me, and I should have no difficulty in pronouncing him, without the aid of physiognomy, to be a far better and happier augury than his fellow, who does not pore over his books, never dreaming that there can be any knowledge beyond them. Of such stuff as this were all our philosophical geniuses, from Newton to Davy, and so from the nature of things they must generally be. And no wonder. The spirit that is powerful enough to choose, aye, and to take its own course, instead of resigning itself to the tide, must be a very powerful spirit indeed—a spirit of right excellent promise.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S TESTIMONY TO THE WORTH OF THE POOR.—I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time, but I am sure you have heard higher sentiments from the lips of the poor, uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe, yet gentle heroism, under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible.

INTELLIGENCE.—The divine gift of intelligence was bestowed for higher uses than bodily labour—than to make hewers of wood, drawers of water, ploughmen, or servants. Every being, so gifted, is intended to acquaint himself with God and His works and to perform wisely and disinterestedly the duties of life. Accordingly, [illegible] see the multitude of men beginning for knowledge, for intellectual action, for something more than animal life, we see the great design of nature about to be accomplished; and society, having received this impulse, will never rest till it shall have taken such a form as will place within every man's reach the means of intellectual culture. This is the revolution to which we are tending; and without this, all outward political changes would be but children's play, leaving the great work of society yet to be done.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. DORE.—The Colossus of Rhodes was thrown down by an earthquake, B.C. 224. It was made of brass, and weighed 713 000 lbs. Rhodes was taken by the Saracens, and the Colossus sold, A.D. 659.

A. B. C.—Your sentence is grammatical, but we should rather say "This man is better fitted for the office than the other."

J. P. may take our word for it, first, that barley, after being made into malt, will *not* grow so as to produce a crop if sown in a field." And, secondly, that "the process of analysing half a pint of beer will *not* increase the quantity of alcohol therein contained." The "respectable brewer," who, "at a temperance meeting in Buckinghamshire, stated that malt would grow, and alcohol increase in quantity, under those circumstances," was an ignoramus.

A. MOINTLY.—Our heavy troops at the battle of Waterloo had no defensive armour, nevertheless, they proved more than a match for their steel-cased antagonists. A committee of the House of Commons sat to consider the best sort of defensive armour for the heavy dragoons; and a stalwart life guardsman, who had borne his part in the bloody field, was asked what armour he should like to wear if he had another day's work of the same kind. The answer was as naive and unexpected that it quite upset the gravity and warlike predispositions of the committee—"I think I should prefer being in my shirt sleeves."

W. D. may make excellent bread without "brewers' yeast" by attending to the following directions.—Take two ounces of carbonate of soda, one ounce and a half of tartaric acid, and a piece of salammoniac, about the size of a hazel nut, all powdered. Let these be well mixed in *a perfectly dry state.* Then blend them *intimately* with half a peck of dry wheaten flour—or you may use one-third barley flour—and about two ounces of salt. Make a deep hole in the middle of the flour so prepared, and pour in as much *cold* water as will make dough somewhat less stiff than bread dough is usually made. *Mix it quickly and well.* Make this quantity into three loaves, put them *immediately* into a *quick* oven, and let them bake one hour and ten minutes. The *exact* time will depend, of course, upon the heat of the oven, but a very little practice will determine the right length. You will thus have three loaves of sweet, palatable, nutritious bread, without the waste attendant on using brewers' yeast.

UN VIEUX AMI.—You had better not perplex yourself with "the mystery of the Trinity."

WILLIAM SLACK *may* expect to find "the subject of logic" treated in the forthcoming "Popular Educator."

W. D. will find the following a refreshing and pleasant drink to use at hay and harvest times.—Boil one ounce of good hops and one ounce of bruised ginger in two gallons of water for about an hour; strain the liquor off, and sweeten with two pounds of treacle. When cold, put it into a stone bottle. It should be made in the evening, and it will be fit for use the next morning. It should be made every three days. The strength of the hop must be suited to the taste. The ginger may be omitted if desired.

A WELLWISHER will find simple, easy lessons in drawing at most respectable stationers'.

DETROIT asks, "What books ought a youth to study to become qualified for an editor?" An editor of what? Studying all the books in the British Museum would scarce suffice to "qualify" for some editorships.

A COUNTRY READER.—Lessons on "Plane Geometry" will, no doubt, be given in Mr. Cassell's new work, "The Popular Educator."

A MONTHLY SUBSCRIBER.—We cannot undertake to furnish the designs you require.

BONUS PUER.—Your remarks are judicious; they shall be borne in mind. We say the same to F. O. Pearce.

W. S. (Canterbury.)—We do not think the clerks or drapers' assistants would improve their circumstances by emigrating either to San Francisco or Melbourne. Labourers and artisans are the persons required in both those colonies.

All Communications to be addressed to The Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

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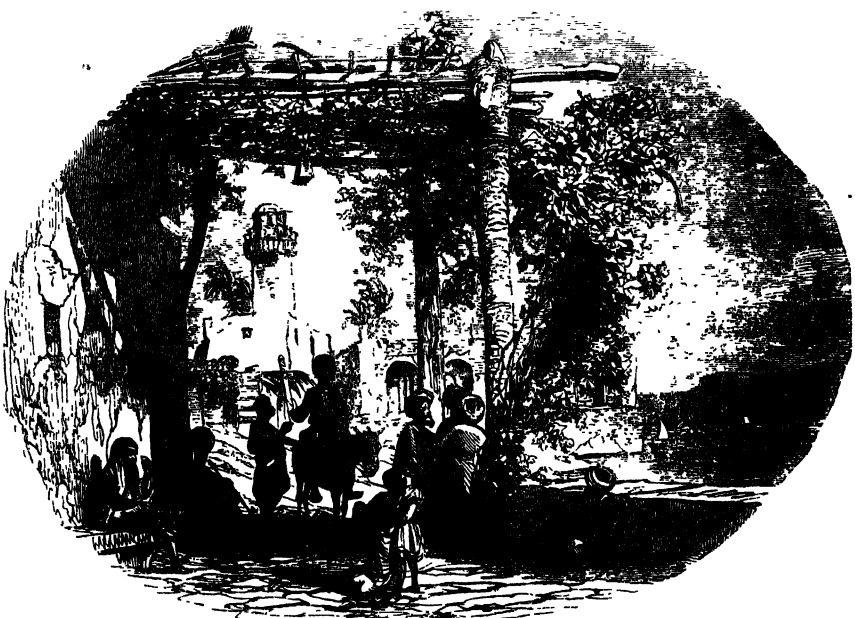
NEW SERIES.—VOL. II., No. 28.] SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY

EGYPT: ITS EDIFICES AND ITS PEOPLE.

II.—THE CITY OF CAIRO.

ALEXANDRIA, which has been already described, is situated on the western side of the Delta, or territory on the coast, at a distance of some fifty miles from the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, and about the same distance from the point where it is now connected by means of the Mahmudieh canal with the great river of Egypt.

The scenery along the banks of this canal is, on the whole, rather uninteresting and monotonous. The villages scattered here and there present a strange aspect, and the fellahs



COFFEE HOUSE ON THE BORDERS OF THE NILE.

appear to be truly miserable. There are, however, occasional spots of brightness and even beauty to be found. The verdant fields of grain, the beautiful orange-grove, the gardens abounding in vegetables and flowers, the stately palm, the acacia or locust tree, the picturesque country residence or villa of some wealthy citizen, are reliefs to the general tediousness of the canal-passage, which delight all the more from their infrequency, and help the traveller to forget what he cannot but deplore.

The first view of the Nile must, under any circumstances, be interesting. It is so intimately connected with ancient history, particularly of that people whose monuments have excited so much wonder and astonishment for ages, and it is in itself a river so marvellous for its length, size, periodical inundations, and many valuable qualities, that hardly any one can gaze upon it for the first time without emotion, or glide over its broad bosom without a crowd of recollections of the mysterious past. In consequence of the strength of the current, which usually runs at the rate of nearly three miles an hour, the progress of a steamboat is necessarily slow and laboured; and as the channel frequently shifts its place, and banks of sand are deposited in those spots where deep water formerly stood, the navigation of the Nile is neither very easy nor very safe for vessels proceeding at a rapid rate. Not unfrequently does the experience of the oldest and best informed pilot fail him, and it often happens that boats get aground, and remain some time in a position the most annoying possible for a traveller.

The scenery along the river, from Atfeh to Bulak, a distance of about a hundred and twenty miles, is interesting, more from its peculiarly oriental character than from any variety or striking characteristics which it possesses. The mud huts of the peasantry, the groves of palms, the fertile fields of grain, the uniformly degraded appearance of the people, combined with their light-heartedness and cheerful submission to a state of things which we should consider intolerable, are all peculiar to the East, and consequently full of interest to a stranger. One can hardly fail, too, to be struck with the evident richness of the country, and its capacity to furnish not only means of support, but even wealth to its inhabitants, were not the oppressive hand of the despot laid upon everything within his grasp, and the curse of monopoly spread over the whole land. Sailing along, the active boatmen of the Nile are seen busily engaged in their occupations, singing and shouting, and spending much labour in accomplishing little work, as is usual in Egypt. On the low banks of the river, or some shoal place, appear flocks of various sorts of birds—pigeons, ducks, herons, &c.; and now and then a vulture or a falcon-kite will sail slowly by, or hover for a few moments overhead, as if waiting for its accustomed prey. Occasionally, too, the white dome of some Mohammedan saint's tomb will strike the eye as one of the few picturesque objects in Egyptian scenery, while the means are singular by which the water of the river is raised to a sufficient level to irrigate the fields. The "sákieh" mainly consists of a vertical wheel, which raises the water in earthen pots attached to cords, and forms a continuous series, a second vertical wheel fixed to the same axis, with cogs, and a large horizontal cogged wheel, which, being turned by a pair of cows or bulls, or by a single beast, puts in motion the two former wheels and the pots. The construction of this machine is of a very rude kind; and its motion produces a disagreeable creaking noise. The "shadúf" consists of two posts or pillars of wood, or of mud and canes or rushes, about five feet in height and less than three feet apart, with a horizontal piece of wood extending from top to top, to which is suspended a slender lever, formed of a branch of a tree, having, at one end, a weight chiefly composed of mud, and at the other, suspended to two long palm sticks, a vessel in the form of a bowl, made of basket work, or of a hoop and a piece of woollen stuff or leather: with this vessel the water is thrown up to the height of about eight feet into a trough hollowed out for its reception. In the southern parts of Upper Egypt, four or five shadúfs are required, when the river is at the lowest, to raise the water to the level of the fields. There are many shadúfs with two levers, &c., which are worked by two men. The operation is extremely laborious.

Continuing to ascend the Nile, Cairo, or *El-Kahireh*, the "city of victory," is reached, one of the most interesting and purely oriental cities to be met with in the East. In size and extent, in the number of its population, in its importance as the metropolis of Egypt, it holds the first rank; and in those peculiarities which distinguish it from European cities, or such places as Alexandria, partly Arabic and partly Frank, it presents to the traveller a field for observation which can hardly be found anywhere else.

And now let the reader imagine that he is standing at a window of the Hotel d'Europe, gazing upon the panorama which constantly passes before the eyes. He is looking out upon the Ezbekiyeh, a large park or plot of ground, [illegible] with trees and arranged into walks; it is irregular in shape, being about half-a-mile in extent either way, and it winds, as it were, for a considerable distance, both right and left; the flowers and fruit-trees, and the shady walks, make it a delightful place of resort for those who are fatigued or annoyed with the bustling, noisy streets. In former times this whole space was a lake, during the season of the high Nile; but a large canal which surrounds it, and at present is dry, has drained it, and not only removed a disagreeable pool of stagnant water, but furnished to the Cairenes a beautiful public square and garden. The principal street only is wide enough for vehicles of any size to pass and repass, and most of the hotels for foreigners are collected together in this locality. It will be readily seen how great an amount of travel on foot and on horseback, on donkeys and in carriages, must here take place during the day.

Very early in the morning, the donkey-boys assemble with their useful steeds on the opposite side of the street, and keep a sharp look-out upon the doors and windows of the hotel; every once in a while they make their salamat (the usual "how-d'ye-do") to some passenger who has patronised them the day before, and endeavour to prevail upon him to engage for an indefinite period an animal which has perhaps shaken him almost to death, or has other and equally valuable qualities. Near by, under the same trees where they keep themselves, is a fellahah, squatted on some stones, with large trays of dates spread out before her; she appears to have one of the ugliest faces which are to be met with in the streets, and just in this proportion does she seem to be careful to cover it with her dirty "burko," or face-veil. Nevertheless, she has her customers, and the palatable cheap fruit which Egypt furnishes in such abundance enables many a fellah and poor boy to enjoy himself at a very small cost. At this hour, too, one of the hard-working and poorly-paid water-carriers, with a very large goat-skin full of water, goes to and fro in front of the hotel, and liberally dashes its contents upon the dusty street, so that instead of dust there is now mud—a choice of evils, but which is to be preferred it is difficult to tell, even after having effectually tried both.

As by the requirements of their religion the Mohammedans are early risers, so that they may say the appointed morning-prayers, many persons are astir very early, and business of various sorts begins to be transacted. Now comes ambling by on a donkey a Copt (or Christian), distinguished by his deep blue or black turban, and hastening to his daily occupation. Like most of his brethren, he appears to be a scribe, for stuck in his girdle is the dawáyeh, or oriental inkstand and receptacle for reed-pens, and under his arm or in his hand are some paper and blank-books for present use. Now a fat, lazy-looking Turk rides along, at a slow pace, casting looks of scorn or contempt upon the peasantry and others whom he meets or passes, and doubtless on his way to some greater man than him he is, to whom he can and will cringe and bow with all that [illegible] renders the eastern character so often despicable in the eyes of other people. Now, others, of all classes, ages, sexes, and colours, from the deepest black to the palest white, pass our window; some have turbans of manifold colours, red, white, black, parti-coloured, &c. Some wear dresses of different descriptions, half Turkish, half Egyptian, partly Frank, partly Greek, some English, some French, more nondescript.

Here are women in veils and drawers, with yellow boots and slippers, there are women without covering to the face, with bare feet and legs, and having only a blue shirt of cotton; and mingled with all are boys and girls, dogs and donkeys, camels and horses, carts and carriages, sheep and goats, the gaudy splendour of some government officer, and the ragged penury and filth of some miserable fellah; the concubines and wives of the rich man, astride of asses and guarded by eunuchs; the half naked peasant-woman seated in like manner upon her load of vegetables, and a plentiful supply of importunate beggars, and many such-like curious sights.

As the morning advances, the scene changes somewhat, frequently Europeans are seen in the street, moving about with all that freedom and utter indifference to the liking or disliking of the Turks and others which characterise them; as they do not understand, so they do not care for, the muttered imprecations which are every now and then bestowed upon them by some bigoted Mohammedan, who only wants the opportunity to use fire and sword with as great fury as was ever done by any of the followers of the Arabian impostor.

About mid-day, a tremendous cracking of a whip by a groom on foot, and an unceremonious dispersion of the people on all sides, announce the approach of some one greater than ordinary; see, now, horsemen in elegant or showy trappings, with various appurtenances of a magnate's public appearance, are prancing slowly along; next comes a carriage and six, with the pasha inside, who bestows occasionally a nod or something of the sort upon the passers-by; following his carriage are a number of horsemen and others who form his suite; and these as well as himself, require the utmost deference and respect, and while the whole cavalcade is going by, no one must dare to get in the way or move out of his appointed place; for it only requires a significant motion of the pasha's eye or hand to dispose of any unlucky fellow's head, or appropriate his

heels to the horrible bastinade—such is the despotism of Egypt! Occasionally, too, other carriages, preceded in the same way by a groom, running ahead with a large whip, pass the window, and by the show which they make give the beholders an idea of the consequence which belongs to the respective consuls and consuls-general of foreign powers; or impress the common people with a salutary reverence for some of the pasha's officers who move to and fro in these novel vehicles. Listen, for a moment: what an uproar and disturbance in the street; what furious gestures, what shouting and screaming, what fast talking and fiery war of words,—and what do you suppose it is all about? Why, not a revolution, not a shouting for "equal rights," or "down with the pasha," but nothing more nor less than which one of the donkeys or boys shall gain possession of a Frank who has just appeared at the door of the hotel: see what a crowd of boys with donkeys now he is pushed toward one, now another, now between two, lifted by main force upon a donkey, and now some opposition brute is all but thrust betwixt his legs; this boy shouts, that half-grown man screams, another praises the saddle of his donkey, a fourth beseeches the gentleman to try his beast, a fifth falls foul of number two, a sixth begs number three and his donkey—and so they go, [illegible] all known languages, and several that are not known, upon the poor European at last gets on to one of the steeds, and the tempest subsides, only to be renewed again at the first [illegible]

As the day wanes, similar scenes at [illegible] ets present the same appearance of crowding and jostling, of threading one's way amid camels, with heavy, wide-spreading loads, and donkeys with panniers filled with stones or vegetables, or laden with water-skins or great bundles of grass; of escaping from being run down by a horse, and narrowly missing being crushed by a cart against the side of a house, of pushing your neighbour out of the way, and being as unceremoniously used by some one else, and such like. Just listen to the donkey-boys, as they beat their little brutes and warn pedestrians to get out of the way "*yemeenak! shimalak!*" (to thy right! to thy left!) "*dahrak!*" (thy back!) "*rushshak!*" (thy face!) "*gembak!*" (thy side!) "*rijlak!*" (thy foot!) "*kaabak!*" (thy heel!) Hear them call out to a Turk, "*saïm!*" (take care!) to a Frank, "*ya khawage!*" to some poor woman, "*ya bint!*" ("daughter" or "gal"), to an old man, "*ya sheikh!*" &c.* The street is full, very full, as it would seem, having no sidewalks to protect the pedestrian, but all being in common; the various classes, ages, and sexes use such part or parts of the street as they can find; and it is wonderful to notice how seldom an accident happens, how unfrequently any one is hurt, how well, on the whole, everybody manages to get along, and both to give and receive his or her share of jostling and pushing, without offence being meant or taken.

Towards evening the scene changes again, and as night draws on, the donkey-boys, the old woman with her dates, the venders of other articles of food, the idlers and loungers, the dogs and monkeys with their masters, and the whole tribe of street-walkers and travellers gradually retire, and the thoroughfares become vacant and lonely. In the hours of darkness hardly a person can be found in the busy avenue of the hotel, from the windows of which we have been looking. Occasionally one passes by with a lantern in hand, to save him from harm in picking his way where no light is furnished by the authorities; and during the evening and night nought else is seen, and scarcely anything is heard save the annoying bark of some mongrel curs, as if they were taking revenge for the contempt with which they have been treated during the day.

Eastern cities have, however, many features in common with each other; and, unlike what prevails in some other parts, the streets or lanes are very narrow, winding, unpaved, uneven, and dirty to an extreme. The houses are built to suit the climate and the religion of the people, and externally have hardly a single mark of beauty or good taste, excepting always many of the projecting latuce-windows, which are often very pretty. Heaps and mounds of rubbish meet the visitor at various points, and he is both astonished and annoyed at finding such things in the heart of a great city almost as a matter of course. The places of business and trade are in various quarters, and are styled bazaars, where articles of all sorts are sold; and the merchants spend their time, with pipe in hand, chatting with a customer, displaying their goods; and, sitting with their legs drawn under them, lead a life of indolence and inactivity. These and other characteristics of the same kind, belong to nearly all oriental towns, and are more or less familiar to every one who has taken any interest in eastern matters. Let us, then, sally out in good season, and take a look at some of the many strange and curious things to be seen in the streets and lanes of the metropolis.

Turning to the right on leaving the Hotel de Europe, we soon arrive at another quarter of the town. We enter through a large door, which at night is shut and guarded, and find ourselves in a narrow, crooked lane, hardly wide enough for one on a donkey to pass, and having a very poor appearance and a damp atmosphere. It is the Copt quarter where we are, the Jewish quarter we shall find to be much worse, and the Turkish a very great deal better. Observe the change in the aspects. Here they are about five or six stories high, and sometimes more; less, and the little shops on either side, with the women squatted in the midst of their dates, or vegetables, or groceries; the men shouting forth their articles of trade, the children playing under foot, the slippery mud and filth in which we are treading impress one very singularly and far from pleasantly. One does not wonder that plague, cholera, and pestilence, in general, rage in Cairo. The only surprise to those educated in the belief that cleanliness of person and habitation, and the circulation of pure air, are essential to the health of the community, is that the plague should ever leave such a fair field for its operations as this, or that the cholera and pestilential fevers should not sweep away the whole population during the period of their ravages. Notice how scanty is the supply of light, though it is noon-day and the sun is shining in all its vigour. The interior of the petty shops is quite dark, and it is not without difficulty that you can distinguish any objects at all. If you look upward for a moment, you discover that it is not altogether the narrowness of the street or lane which causes this sort of twilight; for there you see how the windows and upper storeys, in many cases, project beyond the perpendicular, for two feet or more on both sides of the passage, which, of course, diminishes the space so much, that neither the sun nor the light can penetrate with any great effect. We leave this lane at this point, and turn down another, which, amusingly enough called "Broadway," goes at one time under portions of houses, and is quite dark, and at another becomes quite wide, i. e., some seven or eight feet, which appears well by contrast. Now, we see houses in ruins, and the rubbish in the middle of the street, as is sometimes the case in *our* part of the world. Now we pass along without meeting a single individual, now we meet a crowd of boys and donkeys; a number of veiled objects, which appear to be of all colours and ages; and a string of camels, with immense loads, which require the pedestrian to take shelter in a doorway, or where he best may, to avoid being crushed, as they stalk slowly by. And thus we continue, turning in and out, up and down, meeting all sorts of curious things, coming in contact with all classes, from the gaudily dressed lady, who flies along in silks, to the most miserable fellah woman, who wears merely half a blue shirt to cover her nakedness, and who is child devoid of clothing astride of her shoulder. And though, at times, in crowds and thoroughly jostled, yet often we are quite alone, and surprised to see how few people are in the streets and lanes of the city.

But let us enter a house; it is the mansion of a friend, yet in nearly all respects is like other houses in Cairo. At the door, or just inside, stands the porter who admits us. You see there is a small court, which in many cases is much larger, and has a well and some other things in it, but as yet there is no appearance of life or of inmates, and only blank walls and an earthen floor, which do not seem to produce much. We follow the sober Arab, who moves at just such a pace, and rejoices in the name of Mûsa, and he leads us up a staircase of stone steps, which wind at every third or fourth step during the whole ascent. It is lighted from above, being open to the sky. By and by, we get to the third storey, as we should call it, and leaving the stairs enter a broad

* Lane's "Modern Egyptians," vol. i. p. 209.

space paved with stone, and having doors leading to rooms on either hand, and those again communicated with others on the same floor In this particular house there are various things which indicate European habits and tastes. the drawing-room is furnished with chairs, and has a carpet on the floor, together with many objects which could only interest a Christian and a lover of English literature, and the various other rooms, while oriental to some extent, still show that habit is a strong thing, and that our customs may not easily be dispensed with, but in general, as you will notice in other houses where eastern manners are adopted the rooms are not at all furnished in this way the stone floor is covered sometimes only in part, with plain white matting and at one end of the apartment which is nearly square is a long and broad divan, raised about six inches above the floor, reclining on



THE SHADUF

larly some of the ladies who have visited Egypt will have favoured the world with the results of their intercourse with eastern females.

While here, it is worth our while to mount still higher, and from the flat roof or terrace, to observe what an appearance Cairo presents A similar winding staircase leads to this attractive spot as the citizens usually esteem it, for here, in the cool of the morning and evening, they love to assemble and enjoy the delightful breezes which refresh and invigorate the wearied body and jaded spirits, here they have their pipes and coffee, and reclining on their divan or carpets, spend hours in contemplation or cheerful conversation, as best suits their taste Look now at the unique scene which lies before you In the distance you see the lofty pyramids of Gizeh—those mighty monuments of a people and an age which have long since passed away for ever, and far beyond, the illimitable desert and hills of sand which bound the view on the African side Opposite to these, looking eastwardly, are the Mokattam hills or mountains, which stretch away to the south and run into the Arabian desert Mingled in one picturesque outline you see the broad and winding Nile, which confers life upon Egypt and renders verdant its productive banks, the vast collection of splendid tombs and mausolea for the dead of past generations which serve to remind one of the certainty of death and the decay of all things human the beautiful palm groves the numerous villages, the broad fields of grain, the gardens and residences of the great, the manufactories of the pasha's introduction, and such-like features which, under the brilliant sun and the transparent skies of Egypt, have an effect which is peculiarly their own But there are several elevated spots where this same scene, slightly varied in



THE DONKEY DRIVER

tirely across the room and having pillows against which to recline. Very few articles of any kind are to be seen, seldom a chair, usually a small table or escritoire; but very seldom is there an approach to the profusion of furniture which characterises our parlours and drawing rooms and at first one cannot but feel that it is cheerless and uncomfortable, but use, and the necessity of studying how best to pass the hot season, accustom one soon to these changes You will notice too, in the house where we are that there is no harm and of course no portion of it set aside as forbidden to any but the husband and female visitors, in others, where Europeans choose to adopt this custom likewise, the apartments of the women form an important portion of the house—a portion which several writers have admirably treated of particularly

our notice on many counts In the streets and lanes, it is very difficult to form any idea of the actual state of the houses in which people live, or of the strange appearance which they present when seen from a high position, as ours is, but here we look down upon such things as we could not have supposed to exist in a large and populous city like the metropolis of Egypt Observe the air of desolation which seems to envelop every object, the houses are very generally partly in ruin and being built of the dark-coloured bricks formed of the mud of the Nile, look still less inviting than would otherwise be the case Crowded together, and having few avenues wide enough to be distinguished, were it not for the relief which the minarets afford to the scene, the dwellings of the people would in general strike one as little better than those in the villages In

BIRKET-EL-FIL, OR THE LAKE OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

short. Cairo looks like a city in ruins, and the reality is probably not very far behind the appearance.

Before returning to our hotel, let us go into the bazaars, which are in many respects the most interesting objects in the city, and will well repay us for an hour or two spent in examining them. Most of the streets, especially the larger ones, have a row of shops on either side, and, as you will observe, certain portions of the city are devoted to some particular branch of trade or manufactures. Thus, there is the market of the copper-ware dealers, the jewellers' market or bazaar, that of the hardware merchants, of the sword-mounters, of the silk-dealers, of the perfume-sellers, of the gold and silver-workers, &c. It will be quite impossible for us to do more than look at one of these thoroughly, let us then go to the great Turkish sook or bazaar, termed "Khan El-Khaleelee," from the sultan Khaleel, in whose reign it was built, A.D. 1292, and we shall obtain probably the best idea which Cairo affords of an oriental bazaar. It consists of a number of short lanes, connected with each other, and has four entrances from different quarters. The shops are on both sides, and are worth stopping to look at, and to contrast with the large brilliant shops of European cities A square recess or cell, about seven or eight feet high, and about half that distance in width, with narrow shelves for the articles offered for sale, constitutes a shop in the "Khan El-Khaleelee." In front of the shops you observe that there is a raised seat of stone or brick, built up to a height even with the floor—that is, about three feet above the ground. This seat is about a yard wide, and having a carpet spread over it, with a cushion to recline against, is used by the shopkeeper as well for his own purposes as to accommodate a customer with a pipe and means of resting during the tedious process of concluding a bargain Several of the bazaars are covered over with matting laid on loose reeds, or supported by more solid planks, extending across the street, at a slight distance, usually, above the houses.

Notice, now, for a moment, what is passing before our eyes; crowds of people are constantly moving along, some having come to buy, and some merely to look, different cries shouted in our ears by those who vend articles about the streets; women of the lower classes are haggling with the shop-keeper about some trifling purchase, ladies in silks and satins are stopping to examine some jewellery or ornaments, where not only the bijouterie attracts their attention, but something else in the merchant himself—a circumstance which strikingly reminds one of the Arabian Nights, and the love stories in them based on the visits of ladies to the bazaars, on the mastabah, or raised seat, at various shops, are customers, who, having taken off their shoes and drawn their feet under them, are gravely smoking a pipe or drinking coffee, as a necessary part of making a purchase; or having concluded those operations, are soberly discussing the value of the article, and what may be considered a fair price, some of the shops are empty, the master having left his property to the care of his neighbours, who in general thus aid one another; in one or two places the merchant is very devout, and is saying his prayers upon the mastabah, in the sight of every body, according to the custom of the Turks and other Mohammedans; and mingled with all are foreigners from nearly all nations, and persons of all colours, which form a medley rather curious and interesting. As we stroll through this extensive bazaar, we see that a great variety of articles are on sale; such as ready-made clothes, arms of different descriptions and qualities, the seggádehs or prayer carpets, silks, linens, muslins, pipes, amber mouth-pieces, copper-ware, &c. &c.

As a fitting close to these scenes, a passage or two may be quoted from Mr. Lane, in illustration of some of the many and various cries heard in the streets of Cairo; they are sufficiently curious and peculiarly oriental to merit attention; "The seller of sour limes cries, 'God make them light, (or easy of sale)! O limes!'—The toasted pips of a kind of melon called 'abdallawee,' and of the water-melon, are often announced by the cry of 'O consoler of the embarrassed! O pips!' though more commonly by the simple cry of 'Roasted pips!'—A curious cry of the seller of a kind of sweetmeat ('halaweh'), composed of treacle fried with some other ingredients, is 'For a nail! O sweetmeat!' He is said to be half a thief: children and servants often steal implements of iron, &c., from the houses in which they live, and give them to him in exchange for his sweetmeat.—The hawker of oranges cries 'Honey! O oranges! Honey!' and similar cries are used by the sellers of other fruits and vegetables, so that it is sometimes impossible to guess what the person announces for sale, as when we hear the cry of 'Sycamore figs! O grapes!' excepting by the rule that what is for sale is the least excellent of the fruits, &c., mentioned, as sycamore figs are not so good as grapes. A very singular cry is used by the seller of roses: 'The rose was a thorn; from the sweat of the prophet it blossomed.' This alludes to a miracle related of the prophet.—The fragrant flowers of the henna-tree (or Egyptian privet), are carried about for sale, and the seller cries, 'Odours of paradise! O flowers of the henna!'—A kind of cotton cloth, made by machinery, which is put in motion by a bull, is announced by the cry of 'The work of the bull! O maidens!'"*

The lake of Birkit-el-Fil, or of the Hippopotamus, of which we give an engraving, is at Cairo. In Egypt there are several other pieces of water called lakes, but they are more properly basins, and strikingly resemble those that skirt the shores of Persia They are all shallow, are separated from the sea with which they communicate, by a narrow bank or ridge of sand; and are in the course of being gradually and slowly filled up.

* "Modern Egyptians," vol. ii. p. 18.

NOTES ON VARIOUS TRADES.

CLOCKMAKERS.

In the year 1368, king Edward III. invited three clockmakers from Delft to settle in England. Their names were John Ummam, William Ummam, and John Latuyt.

Barrington thinks it probable that there were clockmakers, or persons who at least pretended to understand clockmaking, in England for the royal protection given to the three Dutchmen directs that the artists to whom it is granted shall not be molested while they are engaged in this employment.

CLOCKS.

Leland states that about the year 1336, Richard de Waling ford, abbot of St Albans, made a clock which represented the revolutions of the sun and moon, the fixed stars, the ebbing and flowing of the tides, and many other lines and figures. This clock was, in Leland's opinion, not only the most wonderful instrument ever seen in England, but in Europe. It was called Albion by its maker. The abbot was the son of a smith, who lived at Walingford His clock continued to go for upwards of 240 years

Chaucer mentions clocks as if they were not uncommon. To show the certainty of a cock's crowing, he says—

"Full sickerer was his crowing in his loge,
As is a clock or any abbey orloge."

In the late Exhibition were shown a great variety of clocks of curious construction, some of them made to go without winding up for many years The turret clock, made by Mr. Dent, which stood in the central western nave, has been purchased for the use of a factory in the north, and the church clock, constructed by Mr. Bennett, of Greenwich, is intended to be erected on London bridge, midway between St. Saviour's church and the railway station. It will have four illuminated faces, and stand on the top of a cast-iron tower.

MASTER MASONS.

In the reign of Edward I, and for some years afterwards, the master masons in England were chiefly foreigners, incorporated by royal authority. These artisans removed themselves in great numbers to any spot in the kingdom where the foundation of an abbey or other building was meditated. They are not, however, to be considered as the inventors, but rather as the executors of the plans which were prepared for them by the ecclesiastics, who were the only competent architects of the time The free-masons were blessed by the pope, and were first encouraged in England by Henry III., after which they were constantly employed in the country till the pointed style fell into disuse. Ever since then, however, the masons have continued to be considered a highly-important body.

FARRIERS.

With William the Conqueror was introduced the practice of shoeing the battle-horse with iron shoes fastened with nails.

The farriers were reckoned so valuable a class of artisans, that the king gave Simon St. Lis the town of Northampton, [illegible] of his wedding shoes for

[illegible] the farriers (*præfectus fabrorum*), and the employment was considered by his descendants to be so honourable a distinction, that they commemorated the fact by assuming the designation of their ancestor's craft as their surname.

SILK SPINNERS.

In the reign of Henry VI., the art of spinning and throwing silk had been introduced by a company of silk-women, of what country is not known. These females, in a petition to parliament, stated that Lombards and other Italians imported such quantities of threads and ribbonds, and other silk things, that they were impoverished. To protect *them* an act was passed (1455), prohibiting the importation of the articles which they fabricated.

PLASTERERS.

In the year 1485, and for a century before this date, plasterers were called dawbers, and mud-wall makers, who had for their wages, by the day, three pence, and for their knave or labourer, three-halfpence; they so continued until Henry VII brought with him from France, certain men who used plaster of Paris for the decoration of the walls of houses. They worked so well for the king, "and increased to be many; then sung to him for his favour, the king fulfilled their desire, and incorporated them by the name of *Gypsarium*," which was for "clay and mud, alias mortar-makers, for the use of loam and lyme" But for half a century, the public, who are always slow to sanction what they consider the innovations, continued to call them "dawbers"

COINING MONEY.

Henry III. issued a writ in 1247, authorising Reyner de Brusell, to bring persons from beyond seas skilled in the coinage and exchange of silver, to work at the king's charge. The method of coining in this and bygone times, was rude and inartificial One die was fixed firmly in a wooden block, the other die was held in the hand like a puncheon; the piece of silver of the proper weight was laid on the lower die, and by repeated blows of the hammer on the punching die, the required impression was brought up. No further improvement was made on this process for 300 years. Many specimens of the old "hammered money" are to be seen in the British Museum.

CLEAR STARCHERS.

One Mistress Dinghen Vanden Plasse, daughter to a worshipful knight at Teenen, in Flanders, came to London in 1564, and professed herself a starcher, in which trade she greatly excelled Ladies sent their cambric ruffs to Mrs. Dinghen to be stiffened, and rewarded her liberally They also sent their daughters and kinswomen to be taught, so great was the admiration of the materials after having been subjected to the starching process Mrs. Dinghen charged five pounds each to teach them to starch, and one pound to teach them how to seethe the starch. Before this Holland ruffs were worn, as none could properly stiffen lawn or cambric ruffs. The wife of Guillan, her coachman, was the first clear-starcher Elizabeth had The well-known Beau Brunnell, who "reigned" during the regency of George IV. was the first who introduced starch into gentlemen's neckcloths.

WOOLLEN CLOTH MANUFACTURE

To the skill and invention of John Kempe, and the hosts of ingenious Flemings of the same and auxiliary trades who followed them to England, we are indebted for having established the manufacture of fine woollen cloth on a foundation that has not once been shaken for five hundred years. But neither their skill, nor their habits of industry, nor the knowledge they had spread of a valuable manufacture, nor their misfortunes, could save them from the persecution of the native cloth makers and weavers, who were become skilful, and were growing rich, from following their examples and instructions.

These meritorious Flemings were at all times the objects of vulgar hatred and malice, and their lives in danger. In the summer of 1369, more particularly, they became the victims of popular fury; and gross outrages were committed upon them, until Edward issued a proclamation declaring them to be under his especial protection. A short time after his death, the ill will of the native workmen again broke out into open violence against the "cursede forrainers." Richard II. acted as a mediator, and an agreement in 1379 was effected between the native and foreign interests, which was confirmed by the royal authority.

The foreign workmen were now so numerous in London, that places were assigned to them in which they could deliberate on the affairs of their communities. The church-yard of St Lawrence Pultney was appropriated to the Flemings, and that of St. Mary Somerset to the Hollanders.

LIST OF TRADES IN 1415.

In the order for the pageants of the play of Corpus Christi, during the mayoralty of William Aline, A D 1415, the following crafts and callings were marshalled at York. tanners, plasterers, carde-makers, fullers, coupers, armourers, gaunters, shipwrights, fishmongers, mariners, pthomyners, bukbyders, hoxyers, spicers, pewterers, founders, tylors, chaundelers, goldsmiths, gold-beaters, mone-makers, masons, [illegible]ashals, girdelers, naylers, sawlers, sporriers, loryners, barbers, smiths, vyntners, aulnayers, plummers, pattern-makers, pouch makers, botilers, cap-makers, vestment-makers, skynners, cuttelars, bladesmiths, shethers, scalers, bukle-makers, horners, bakers, waterleders, saut-makers, milners, tiel makers, ropers, ewers, turners, heyresters, bollers, shermen, pynners, lateners, paynters, bouchers, pulterers, satelers, glaziers, carpenters, joiners, cartwrights, carvers, sawyers, wyredrawers, broggers, wool pakkers, wadmen, escriveners, lumners, questers, dubbors, tailyeurs, potters, drapers, lynwevers, wevers of wollen, mercers, hostilers

RATE OF WAGES FIXED BY THE MAGISTRATES.

The act passed by Elizabeth in 1563 was intended to empower the justices to fix the rate of wages of labourers and workmen generally, but doubts being raised on some of its clauses, its operation was confined to the wages of agricultural labourers only The measure, on the whole, was said to have been beneficial to the labourers, although the wages had not always been regulated and proportioned according to the "plenty, scarcity, and necessity of the times, as they ought to have been." By the law the justices had authority not only to fix the rate of wages of agricultural labourers, but the wages of weavers, spinsters, and of all workmen whatsoever engaged by the day, month, or year They were also empowered to fix what every person should take by the great (or piece), for mowing, reaping, and the [illegible] of corn, mowing and making of hay, ditching [illegible] or hedging, by the rod, perch, lugge, yard, pole, [illegible] *for every other kind of reasonable labour and* service, and those who either gave or received more or less than the authorised wages, were to pay a penalty of ten shillings, to be collected, if need were, by distress and sale of the offender's goods

COERCION OF WORKING

In the year 1352 Edward III granted authority by letters-patent to Henry de Brusell and John de Cicestre, to choose and take as many goldsmiths, smiths, and other workmen, as they required in the city of London, and place them at work in the Tower, at wages to be allowed by the patentees If any of the pressed mechanics should refuse to work, and be rebellious, or run away, they were to be seized and put in prison until the king should determine on their punishment.

In the year 1559 an extraordinary attempt was made by one part of society to promote by force its interest and convenience at the expense of the interest and convenience of another portion of its members. A bill was brought into parliament, and read three times, to *compel* artificers and craftsmen who might be living in the inland parts of Kent and Sussex, to dwell in towns on the sea-coast. The townsmen, no doubt, required the assistance of such mechanics, and their not having it would now be considered a proof either of their unwillingness or inability to pay liberally for it, or of the towns being less prosperous than heretofore, and having "many empty houses to let."

REMOVAL OF TRADE RESTRICTIONS.

One of the first acts of Philip and Mary was to remove some of the absurd restrictions that were now seen to cramp the freedom of trade. The act of Edward VI., by which no one was to make cloth who had not been apprenticed to it for seven years, was annulled, the act says that "some who had married clothiers' wives for twenty years were obliged to leave off the business" on that account; and forasmuch as the perfect and principal ground of cloth-making is the true *sorting of wools*, and the experience thereof consisteth of women and children, and not in apprentices, every person inhabiting where cloth-making hath been used may henceforth make all manner of broad-cloths, and put them to weaving, walking, *fulling*, *dyeing*, and shearing, so that the cloths be substantially made, and bearing lawful length, breadth and weight And this was about the first glimpse of a wise policy in the history of English manufacturing labour.

THE DRAYMAN AND THE MILKMAN.

PERHAPS in all wide London no two individuals of more opposite characteristics could possibly be found than the two whose portraits grace these pages. The drayman is big and burly, with a bloated face and an inactive set of limbs; while the milkman is thin and spare like his own delectable compound. The first seems the impersonation of dullness and heavy potations; the last the incarnation of lively good-nature and hard work. The countenance of the one seems to express a sort of brutal contentment with his lot, while that of the other shines, like a winter apple, all red and ruddy and full of hopefulness. The one is the



THE BREWER'S DRAYMAN.

dispenser of a hateful adulterated compound of spoiled water which is known indifferently as "beer," "ale," "porter," "double X," &c.,—while the other retails a liquid which is good and healthful, just in proportion to its purity,—at any rate, it cannot do harm. "Bless my heart," said a gentleman, who was walking arm in arm with Caleb Whitefoord, "what can that fellow with the milk cans mean by his continual cry, 'mi-eaux, mi-eaux,' he surely cannot mean *milk?*" "No, certainly not," returned the wit, "how can he? Mi-eaux! quite right, half water."

Any morning early—though the summer months are best for early walks in London—the milkman may be seen trudging along with his cans from house to house in the city, walking up the empty streets with his not unmelodious cry, and bringing neat servant maids to the doors, for every one of whom he has a pleasant word. The miles that some people walk in the prosecution of their various businesses in London, seems almost incredible. The postman, for instance, in the course of his daily rounds, walks from twenty to twenty-five miles; and the very dustmen who cart away the rubbish from our houses, are reckoned to pass over more than half the above distance, between eight o'clock and noon. But to return to our friend "Mi-eaux." A great many tales have been told of the strange substances with which he is said to adulterate his useful liquid; but from examinations recently made of the milk sent from various dairies, it has been found that, in most instances, water alone has been added t increase the quantity;—we all know the meaning of the comme allusion to the prolific black cow with the iron tail, whic stands in the centre of the dairy yard.

In the neighbourhood of Islington, Highgate, and the nort west suburbs of London, are situated the large establishmen from which a great part of the London supply of milk derived; though small cow-keepers are to be found scattered a over the town, and much milk is brought from distant places b railway. Some of the dairymen alluded to keep as many as eigh hundred or a thousand cows, the produce of which is sent ou in all directions in sealed cans. Sometimes the cans are under th

care of men, though occasionally stout young Welsh women are employed,—and the very pictures of rude health they seem, as they walk along the dusty road in twos and threes from the suburban dairies to the various places of sale in town. It seems that the milkman's occupation is pre-eminently a healthy one.

It [illegible] when we see a big, bloated, portly-looking fellow, with a body as round as his own barrels, in attendance on a brewer's dray, we are apt to give the credit of his good looks to the beer he drinks. There never was a greater mistake, however, than to suppose these lusty folks are all strong and of good constitution. Physiologists know full well that when the system turns nutriment into fat instead of muscle, it is a sign of weakness and not strength. The brewer's drayman, stout and powerful as he seems, is, after all, but a mass of incipient disease, which a slight wound—a scratched finger or a bruised shin—may bring down to the couch of sickness in a day, and when once down, the unwieldy body, like a huge butt of "double X," is somewhat difficult to set up again.

We recollect reading, in a magazine devoted to the temperance question, a very pertinent article, entitled "What stops the way?" Going down Fleet street one morning, the writer observed that the whole carriage road was blocked up, so that neither cab nor omnibus could proceed upon its journey; and on inquiring the cause of the delay, he discovered that a brewer's dray, standing before the door of a public house, entirely prevented all progress among the other vehicles. This fact led the writer to moralise as he walked along; and arguing the matter to himself, he came to the conclusion that the drinking practices of the world were but huge stumbling blocks in the way of human progression. If the religious, moral, and educational progress of the people seems to stand still or retrograde, he said to himself, there must be some latent cause for it; if the work of good men at home and the mission to the heathen in far-off lands produce not the good fruit calculated on, there must be some sufficient reason for the failure; if the efforts of the great-hearted men who would emancipate society from the thraldom of vice and sin, and break the chains of slavery, never to be forged again; if these efforts prove insufficient or of no avail, there must be some giant obstacle in the path. What blocks up the road to happiness and self-improvement? What impedes the onward march of civilisation and refinement? What stops the way? What, indeed, but the BREWER'S DRAY.

There is a world of meaning in this little episode; though the chances are that our friend of the whip and leather apron would find it difficult to believe that he and his trade could possibly be obstructions to the public good. But after all, the brewer's drayman may be a good, harmless, simple sort of fellow enough, for it does not follow that because the system is vile the instrument must be vicious too—any more than that we should consider the poor fellow who carries the milk-pails a horrible adulterator, because our morning's milk has sometimes (we don't say always) contained an undue proportion of water compared with the quantities of oil, sugar, and protein of which it should consist.



THE MILKMAN.

The ancients had a proverb which they were in the habit of applying to such disputable cases, the English of which is, that "The truth lies between."

By the way, it has lately been found that milk dried and solidified can be kept for any length of time; and that, when the dried mass is powdered and liquified with hot water, it is nearly as good as it was when it first came from the cow. The discovery is one of immense importance to sea-faring men; and one that may be emphatically called, "A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS."

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

"THAT's a smart little fellow of yours," said a gentleman named Winslow to a labouring man who was called in occasionally to do work about his warehouse. "Does he go to school?"

"Not now, sir," replied the poor man.

"Why not, Davis? He looks like a bright lad."

"He's got good parts, sir," returned the father; "but——"

"But what?" asked the gentleman, seeing that the man hesitated.

"Times are rather hard now, sir, and I have a large family. It's about as much as I can do to keep hunger and cold away. Ned reads very well, writes a tolerably fair hand, considering all things, and can figure a little. And that's about all I can do for him. The other children are coming forward, and I reckon he will have to go to a trade middling soon."

"How old is Ned?" inquired Mr. Winslow.

"He's turned of eleven."

"You won't put him to a trade before he's thirteen or fourteen?"

"Can't keep him at home idling about all that time, Mr. Winslow. It would be his ruination. It's young to go out from home, I know, to rough it and tough it among strangers"—there was a slight unsteadiness in the poor man's voice—"but it's better than doing nothing."

"Ned ought to go to school a year or two longer, Davis," said Mr. Winslow, with some interest in his manner. "And as you are not able to pay the quarter bills, I will. What say you? If I pay for Ned's schooling, can you keep him at home some two or three years longer?"

"I didn't expect *that* of you, Mr. Winslow," said the poor man, and his voice now trembled. He uncovered his head as he spoke, almost reverently. "You aint bound to pay for schooling my boy, sir."

"But you have answered my question, Davis. What say you?"

"Oh, sir, if you are really in earnest——"

"I am in earnest. Ned ought to go to school. If you can keep him home a few years longer, I will pay for his education during the time. Ned"—Mr. Winslow spoke to the boy—"what say you? Would you like to go to school again?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," quickly answered the boy, while his bright young face was lit up with a gleam of intelligence.

"Then you shall go, my fine fellow. There's the right kind of stuff in you, or I'm mistaken. We'll give you a trial at any rate."

Mr. Winslow was as good as his word. Ned was immediately entered at an excellent school. The boy, young as he was, appreciated the kind act of his benefactor, and resolved to profit by it to the fullest extent.

"I made an investment of five pounds to-day," said Mr Winslow, jestingly, to a mercantile friend, some twelve months after the occurrence just related took place, "and here's the certificate."

He held up a small slip of paper as he spoke.

"Five pounds! A large operation! In what fund?"

"A charity fund."

"Oh!" and the friend shrugged his shoulders. "Don't do much in that way myself. No great faith in the security. What dividend do you expect to receive?"

"Don't know. Rather think it will be large."

"Better take some more of the stock if you think it is so good. There is plenty in market to be bought at less than par."

Mr. Winslow smiled, and said that, in all probability, he should invest a few more small sums in the same way, and see how they would turn out. The little piece of paper, which he called a certificate of stock, was the first year's bill he had paid for Ned's schooling. For four years these bills were regularly paid, and then Ned, who had well improved the opportunities so generously afforded him, was taken, on the recommendation of Mr. Winslow, into a large importing-house. He was at that time in his sixteenth year. Before the lad could enter upon this employment, however, Mr. Winslow had to make another investment in his charity fund. Ned's father was too poor to give him an outfit of clothing such as was required in the new position to which he was to be elevated; knowing this, the generous merchant came forward again, and furnished the needful supply.

As no wages were received by Ned for the first two years, Mr. Winslow continued to buy his clothing, while his father still gave him his board. On reaching the age of eighteen, Ned's employers, who were much pleased with his industry, intelligence, and attention to business, put him on a salary of eighty pounds a year. This made him at once independent. He could pay his own boarding, and find his own clothes, and proud did he feel on the day when advanced to so desirable a position.

"How comes on your investment?" asked Mr. Winslow's mercantile friend about this time. He spoke jestingly.

"It promises very well," was the smiling reply.

"It is rising in the market, then?"

"Yes."

"Any dividends yet?"

"Oh, certainly. Large dividends."

"Ah! You surprise me. What kind of dividends?"

"More than a hundred per cent."

"Indeed! Not in money?"

"Oh, no, but in something better than money—the satisfaction that flows from an act of benevolence wisely done."

Oh, that's all." The friend spoke with ill-concealed contempt.

"Don't you call that something?" asked Mr. Winslow.

"It's too unsubstantial for me," replied the other. "I go in for returns of a more tangible character. Those you speak of won't pay."

Mr. Winslow smiled, and bade his friend good morning.

"He knows nothing," said he to himself, as he mused on the subject, "of the pleasure of doing good, and the loss is all on his side. If we have the ability to secure investments of this kind, they are about the best we can make, and all are able to put at least some money in the fund of good works, let it be ever so small an amount. Have I suffered the abridgement of a single comfort by what I have done? No. Have I gained in pleasant thoughts and feelings by the act? Largely. It has been a source of perennial enjoyment. I would not have believed that at so small a cost I could have secured so much pleasure. And how great the good that may flow from what I have done! Instead of a mere day-labourer, whose work in the world goes not beyond the handling of boxes, bales, and barrels, or the manufacture of some article in common use, Edward Davis, advanced by education, takes a position of more extended usefulness, and, by his higher ability and more intelligent action in society, will be able, if he rightly use the power in his hands, to advance the world's onward movement in a most important degree."

Thus thought Mr Winslow, and his heart grew warm within him. Time proved that he had not erred in affording the lad an opportunity for obtaining a good education. His quick mind acquired, in the position in which he was placed, accurate ideas of business, and industry and force of character made these ideas thoroughly practical. Every year his employers advanced his salary, and, on attaining his majority, it was further advanced to the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. With every increase the young man had devoted a larger and larger proportion of his income to improving the condition of his father's family, and when it was raised to the sum last mentioned he took a neat, comfortable house, much larger than the family had before lived in, and paid the whole rent himself. Moreover, through his acquaintance and influence, he was able to get a place for his father at higher employment than he had heretofore been engaged in, and at a higher rate of wages.

"Any more dividends on your charity investment?" said Mr. Winslow's friend about this time. He spoke with the old manner, and from the old feelings.

"Yes. Got a dividend to-day—the largest yet received," replied the merchant, smiling.

"Did you? Hope it does you a great deal of good."

"It is doing me a great deal of good," returned Mr. Winslow.

"No cash, I presume?"

"Something far better. Let me explain."

"Do so, if you please."

"You know the particulars of this investment?" said Mr. Winslow.

His friend shook his head, and replied—

"No. The fact is I never felt interest enough in the matter to inquire particulars."

Oh. Well, then, I must give you a little history. You know old Davis, who has been working about our stores for the last ten or fifteen years?"

"Yes."

"My investment was in the education of his son."

"Indeed!"

"His father took him from school when he was only eleven years old, because he could not afford to send him any longer, and was about putting the little fellow out to learn a trade. Something interested me in the child, who was a bright lad, and, acting from a good impulse that came over me at the moment, I proposed to his father to send him to school for three or four years, if he would board and clothe him during the time. To this he readily agreed. So I paid for Ned's schooling until he was in his sixteenth year, and then got him into Web and Waldron's warehouse, where he has been ever since."

"Webb and Waldron's!" said the friend, evincing some surprise. I know all their clerks very well, for we do a great deal of business with them Which is the son of old Mr. Davis?"

"The one they call Edward."

"Not that tall, fine-looking young man—their leading salesman?"

"The same."

"Is it possible! Why, he is worth any two clerks in the office!"

"I know he is."

"For his age, there is not a better salesman in the city."

"So I believe," said Mr. Winslow; "nor," added he, "a better man."

"I know little of his personal character; but, unless his face deceives me, it cannot but be good."

"It is good. Let me say a word about him. The moment his salary increased beyond what was absolutely required to pay his board and find such clothing as his position made it necessary for him to wear, he devoted the entire surplus to rendering his father's family more comfortable."

"Highly praiseworthy," said the friend.

"I had received already many dividends on my investment," continued Mr. Winslow; "but when that fact came to my knowledge, my dividend exceeded all the other dividends put together"

The mercantile friend was silent. If ever in his life he had envied the reward of a good deed, it was at that moment.

"To-day," went on Mr. Winslow, "I have received a still larger dividend. I was passing along Wood-street, when I met old Mr. Davis coming out of a house, the rent of which, from its appearance, was not less than forty pounds a year. 'You don't live here, of course,' said I, for I knew the old man's income to be small. 'Oh, yes, I do,' he made answer, with a smile. I turned and looked at the house again. 'How comes this?' I asked You must be getting better off in the world.' 'So I am,' was his reply.' 'Has anybody left you a little fortune?' I inquired. 'No; but you have helped me to one,' said he 'I don't understand you, Mr. Davis,' I made answer. 'Edward rents the house for us,' said the old man. 'Do you understand me now?'

"I understood him perfectly. It was then that I received the largest dividend on my investment which has yet come into my hands. If they go on increasing at this rate, I shall soon be rich."

"Rather unsubstantial kind of riches," was remarked by his friend.

"That which elevates and delights the mind can hardly be called unsubstantial," replied Mr. Winslow. "Gold will not always do this."

The friend sighed involuntarily. The remarks of Mr. Winslow caused thoughts to flit over his mind that were far from being agreeable.

A year or two more went by, and then an addition was made to the firm of Webb and Waldron. Edward Davis received the offer of an interest in the business, which he unhesitatingly accepted. From that day he was on the road to fortune. Three years afterwards, one of the partners died, when his interest was increased.

Twenty-five years from the time Mr. Winslow, acting from a benevolent purpose, proposed to send young Davis to school, have passed.

One day, about this period, Mr. Winslow, who had met with a number of reverses in business, was sitting in his countingroom with a troubled look on his face, when the mercantile friend before mentioned came in. His countenance was pale and disturbed.

"We are ruined! ruined!" said he, with much agitation.

Mr. Winslow started to his feet.

"Speak!" he exclaimed. "What new disaster is about to sweep over me?"

"The house of Toledo and Co has suspended payment."

Mr. Winslow struck his hands together, and sunk down into the chair from which he had arisen.

"Then it is all over!" he murmured; "all over!"

"It is all over with me," said the other. A longer struggle would be fruitless. But for this I might have weathered the storm. So closes a business life of nearly forty years in commercial dishonour and personal ruin!"

"Are you certain that they have failed?" asked Mr. Winslow, with something like hope in his tone of voice.

"It is too true," was answered. "The Celeste arrived this morning, and her letter-bag was delivered at the post-office half-an-hour ago. Have you received nothing by her?"

"I was not aware of her arrival But I will send immediately for my letters"

Too true was the information communicated by the friend: the large commission-house of Toledo and Co had failed, and protested drafts had been returned to a very heavy amount. Mr. Winslow was among the sufferers, and to an extent that was almost equivalent to ruin.

For nearly five years everything had seemed to go against Mr. Winslow. At the beginning of that period a son, whom he had set up in business, failed, involving him in a heavy loss. Then one disaster after another followed, until he found himself in imminent danger of failure. From this time he turned his mind to the consideration of his affairs with more earnestness than ever, and made every transaction with a degree of prudence and foresight that ied to guarantee success in whatever he attempted. A deficient supply of flour caused him to venture a large shipment. The sale was at a remunerative profit, but the failure of his consignees, before the payment of his drafts for the proceeds, entirely prostrated him. So hopeless did the merchant consider his case, that he did not even make an effort to get temporary aid in his extremity.

When the friend of Mr. Winslow came with the information that the house of Toledo and Co. had failed, the latter was searching about in his mind for the means of obtaining money to meet his acceptance, which fell due on that day. He had partly fixed upon the resources from which this money was to come, when the news of his ill-fortune arrived

Yes; it was ruin. Mr Winslow saw that in a moment, and his hands fell powerless by his side. He made no further effort to raise the money, but, after his mind had recovered a little from its first shock, he left his warehouse and retired to his home, to seek in its quiet the calmness and fortitude of which he stood so greatly in need In this home were his wife and two daughters, who all their lives had enjoyed the many external comforts and elegances that wealth can procure The heart of the father ached as his eyes rested upon his children, and he thought of the sad reverses that awaited them

On entering his dwelling, Mr. Winslow sought the partner of his life, and communicated to her, without reserve, the painful intelligence of his approaching failure.

"Is it indeed so hopeless?" she asked, tears filling her eyes.

"I am utterly prostrate!" was the reply, in a voice that was full of anguish And, in the bitterness of the moment, the unfortunate merchant wrung his hands

To Mrs Winslow the shock, so unexpected, was very severe; and it was some time before her mind, after her husband's announcement, acquired any degree of calmness.

About half an hour after Mr Winslow's return home, and while both his own heart and that of his wife were quivering with pain, a servant came and said that a gentleman had called and wished to see him

"Who is it?" asked the merchant.

"I did not understand his name," replied the servant.

Mr. Winslow forced as much external composure as was possible, and then descended to the parlour.

'Mr. Davis," he said, on entering.

'Mr. Winslow," returned the visitor, taking the merchant's hand, and grasping it warmly.

As the two men sat down together, the one addressed as Mr. Davis said—

"I was sorry to learn, a little while ago, that you will lose by this failure."

"Heavily. It has ruined me!" replied Mr. Winslow.

"Not so bad as that I hope!" said Mr. Davis.

"Yes. It has removed the last prop that I leaned on, Mr. Davis—the very last one—and now the worst must come to the worst. It is impossible for me to take up the five thousand of returned drafts."

"Five thousand, do you say, is the amount?"

"Yes."

Mr. Davis smiled encouragingly.

"If that is all," said he, "there is no difficulty in the way. I can easily get you the money."

Mr. Winslow started, and a warm flush went over his face.

"Why didn't you come to me," asked Mr. Davis, "the moment you found yourself in such a difficulty? Surely," and his voice slightly trembled, "surely, you did not think it possible for me to forget the past? Do not I owe you everything? and would I not be one of the basest of men if I forgot my obligation? If your need were twice five thousand, and it required the division of my last sovereign with you, not a hair of your head should be injured. I did not know that it was possible for you to get into an extremity like this until I heard it whispered a little while ago."

So unexpected a turn in his affairs completely unmanned Mr. Winslow. He covered his face, and wept for some time with the uncontrollable passion of a child.

"Ah! sir," he said at length, in a broken voice, "I did not expect this."

"You had a right to expect it," replied the young man. "Were I to do less than sustain you in any extremity not too great for my ability, I would be unworthy the name of man. And now, Mr. Winslow, let your heart be at rest. You need not fall under this blow. Your drafts will probably come back to you to-morrow."

"Yes; to-morrow at the latest."

"Very well; I will see that you are provided with the means to take them up. It is nearly two o'clock now," he added; "so I will bid you good day. In fifteen minutes you will find a check at your warehouse."

And with this Davis retired.

All this, which passed in a brief space of time, seemed like a dream to Mr. Winslow. But it was a reality, and he comprehended it more fully when on reaching his warehouse he found there the promised check.

On the next day the protested drafts came in; but, thanks to the grateful kindness of Mr. Davis, now a merchant with the command of large money facilities, he was able to take them up. The friend before introduced was less fortunate. There was no one to step forward and save him from ruin, and he sunk under the sudden pressure that came upon him.

A few days after this failure he met Mr. Winslow.

"How is this?" said he; "how did you weather the storm. I thought your condition as hopeless as mine."

"So did I," answered Mr. Winslow; "but I had forgotten a small investment made years ago. I have spoken of it to you before."

The other looked slightly puzzled.

"Have you forgotten that investment in the charity fund, which you thought money thrown away?"

"Oh!" Light broke in upon his mind. "You educated Davis. I remember now."

"And Davis, hearing of my extremity, stepped forward and saved me. That was the best investment I ever made."

The friend dropped his eyes to the pavement, stood for a moment or two without speaking, sighed, and then moved on. How many opportunities for making similar investments had he not neglected!

A NIGHT WITH OSSIAN.

(FROM THE MEMOIRS OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.)

At Inveranaid we took a boat to go down Loch Lomond, to the little inn of Rowardennan, from which the ascent is made of Ben Lomond. We found a day of ten thousand for our purpose; but, unhappily, a large party had come with the sun, and engaged all the horses, so that, if we went, it must be on foot. This was something of an enterprise for me, as the ascent is four miles, and towards the summit quite fatiguing. However, in the pride of newly-gained health and strength, I was ready, and set forth with Mr. S. alone. We took no guide, and the people of the house did not advise it as they ought.

On reaching the peak the sight was one of beauty and grandeur such as imagination never painted. You see around you no plain ground, but, on every side, constellations, or groups, of hills, exquisitely dressed in the soft purple of the heather, amid which gleams the lakes, like eyes that tell the secrets of the earth, and drink in those of the heavens. Peak beyond peak caught from the shifting light all the colours of the prism, and on the furthest, angel companies seemed hovering in white robes.

About four o'clock we began our descent. Near the summit the traces of the path are not distinct, and I said to Mr. S. after a while, that we had lost it. He said he thought that was of no consequence; we could find our way down. I said I thought it was, as the ground was full of springs that were bridged over in the pathway. He accordingly went to look for it, and I stood still, because I was so tired I did not want to waste any labour.

Soon he called to me that he had found it, and I followed in the direction where he seemed to be. But I mistook, overshot it, and saw him no more. In about ten minutes I became alarmed, and called him many times. It seems he on his side shouted also, but the brow of some hill was between us, and we neither saw nor heard one another. I then thought I would make the best of my way down, and I should find him when I arrived; but in doing so, I found the justice of my apprehension about the springs as soon as I got to the foot of the hills, for I would sink up to my knees in bog, and must go up the hills again, seeking better crossing places. Thus I lost much time. Nevertheless, in the twilight, I saw, at last, the lake, and the inn of Rowardennan on its shores.

Between me and it lay, direct, a high heathery hill, which I afterwards found is called "The Tongue," because hemmed in on three sides by a watercourse. It looked as if, could I only get to the bottom of that, I should be on comparatively level ground. I then attempted to descend in the watercourse, but finding that impracticable, climbed up the hill again, and let myself down by the heather, for it was very steep, and full of deep holes. With great fatigue I got to the bottom, but when I was about to cross the watercourse there, I felt afraid, it looked so deep in the dim twilight. I got down as far as I could by the root of a tree, and threw down a stone. It sounded very hollow, and I was afraid to jump. The shepherds told me afterwards, if I had, I should probably have killed myself, it was so deep, and the bed of the torrent full of sharp stones.

I then tried to ascend the hill again, for there was no other way to get off it; but soon sank down utterly exhausted. When able to get up again, and look about me, it was completely dark. I saw, far below me, a light, that looked about as big as a pin's head, that I knew to be from the inn at Rowardennan, but heard no sound, except the rush of the waterfall and the sighing of the night wind.

For the first few minutes after I perceived I had got to my night's lodging, such as it was, the circumstance looked appalling. I was very lightly clad, my feet and dress were very wet, I had only a little shawl to throw round me, and the cold autumn wind had already come, and the night mist was to fall on me, all fevered and exhausted as I was. I thought I should not live through the night, or, if I did, I must be an invalid henceforward. I could not even keep myself warm by walking, for, now it was dark, it would be too dangerous to stir. My only chance, however, lay in motion, and my only help in myself; and so convinced was I of this, that I did keep in motion the whole of that long night, imprisoned as I was on such a little perch of that great mountain.

For about two hours I saw the stars, and very cheery and companionable they looked; but then the mist fell, and I saw nothing more, except such apparitions as visited Ossian, on the hill side when he went out by night, and struck the bosky shield, and called to him the spirit of the heroes, and the white-armed maids, with their blue eyes of grief. To me, too, came those visionary shapes. Floating slowly and gracefully, their white robes would unfurl from the great body of mist in which they had been engaged, and come upon me with a kiss pre-

vasively cold as that of death. Then the moon rose. I could not see her, but her silver light filled the mist. Then I knew it was two o'clock, and that, having weathered out so much of the night, I might the rest; and the hours hardly seemed long to me more.

It may give an idea of the extent of the mountain, that though I called, every now and then, with all my force, in case by chance some aid might be near, and, though no less than twenty men, with their dogs, were looking for me, I never heard a sound, except the rush of the waterfall and the sighing of the night wind, and once or twice the startling of the grouse in the heather. It was sublime indeed, a never-to-be forgotten presentation of stern, serene, realities. At last came the signs of day, the gradual clearing and breaking up. Some faint sounds from I know not what: the little flies, too, arose from their beds amid the purple heather, and bit me. Truly, they were very welcome to do so. But what was my disappointment to find the mist so thick, that I could see neither lake nor inn, nor anything to guide me. I had to go by guess, and, as it happened, my Yankee method served me well. I ascended the hill, crossed the torrent, in the waterfall, first drinking some of the water, which was as good at that time as ambrosia. I crossed in that place, because the waterfall made steps, as it were, to the next hill. To be sure, they were covered with water, but I was already entirely wet with the mist, so that it did not matter. I kept on scrambling, as it happened, in the right direction, till about seven some of the shepherds found me. The moment they came, all my feverish strength departed, and they carried me home, where my arrival relieved my friends of distress far greater than I had undergone; for I had had my grand solitude, my Ossianic visions, and the pleasure of sustaining myself; while they had had only doubt, amounting to anguish, and a fruitless search throughout the night.

Entirely contrary to my forebodings, I only suffered for this a few days, and was able to take a parting look at my prison, as I went down the lake, with feelings of complacency. It was a majestic-looking hill, that Tongue, with the deep ravines on either side, and the richest robe of heather I have anywhere seen.

THE DREAM OF AN EASTERN MERCHANT.

"Some people are rich who deserve to be poor, their only aim in life being the enjoyment of selfish indulgences—some who have power exercise it for evil instead of good,—while others, who though misers, oppressors of the poor, and extortioners, are yet happy and prosperous. Oh! would that I could open their coffers before another coin is added, that I might distribute their ill-gotten wealth amongst the unwary whom they deceived, the widows whom they oppressed, the orphans whom they defrauded. Naked would I drive them from their houses, to beg their bread, or to bray amongst the nettles."* Thus murmuring against the dispensations of Providence, a young Persian merchant lay on his couch; for it was the hour when the inhabitants of the east retire to their secret chambers.† At length sleep stole over his senses, and he dreamed. What his vision was is given in his own words:—"I fancied myself," said he, "transported into a vast but highly-cultivated solitude, where the colossal trees were gracefully united by festoons of parasites and climbers, bearing flowers of the most brilliant and beautifully-blended colours. Wherever I gazed upwards, there was endless variety and loveliness; while beneath, there was an everlasting vegetation covering the ground and concealing, by the luxuriance of living plants, the decay and death of those which had given them place. This beautiful solitude was enlivened by the presence of hundreds of the feathered tribe, and as I watched them flying, soaring, hovering, or fluttering, according to their different habits and inclinations, I felt my heart filled with a tranquil joy, and I breathed forth a prayer of gratitude to the Great Being that I was no longer near the habitations of man—obliged to witness evils which I had not the power to remove, and to suffer from follies which I was unable to correct.

"The sun had risen over the horizon; his rays gilded the verdure over my head, and gave transparency to the foliage; the birds at once burst forth into song, and amazed me by the diversity of their accents, their forms, their plumage, and their flight. While I yet looked and listened, methought I was endowed with the power of understanding their language.

"The eagle was perched on the topmost branch of a magnificent palm, and was uttering words of reproach and disdain against all the smaller birds, while they, though they feared to reply to him, reviled each other. The thrush proclaimed himself the 'herald of spring,' and uttering notes of rich melody to convince his auditory of his excellence, called on a little hedge sparrow to say 'why he, who had but a few notes, and yet nothing beautiful in his appearance, should presume to cumber the earth with his presence?'

"The little bird, though in general remarkably gentle in its manners, replied with bitterness. 'My voice' said he, 'is by no means contemptible, and, beside the pleasure I afford by my song, I am useful in assisting to free the earth from those insects which would overrun and destroy it in summer, by feeding on the larvæ in winter, and seeking for them in the crevices of the bark of trees where man could not discover them.'

Having so said, he flew off, without waiting to hear the thrush boast that he also was useful to man, inasmuch as he lived during the summer on those large troublesome insects which eat up the choicest fruit.

'For instance,' said he, 'I may be often seen busily employed in destroying noxious snails and worms, or beating against the stones the hard shell of the snail and making a meal of the occupant; *my* usefulness indeed is immense.' The sparrow did not hear the boast, he had flown off to a branch on which a pretty robin had just alighted, and was calling to his mate in wild and plaintive notes. The irritated little sparrow turned on him harshly and bid him 'be silent or begone,' but the sprightly and elegant little creature continued his carol as if unconscious of the unkind words of his neighbour.

"Amazed at the want of harmony amongst the birds, and the consequent absence of all individual happiness, I thought I saw a very extraordinary figure descend from the clouds, and alight on a plane tree,* which rose in majestic beauty above all the cedars of the forest. It was that of a young man, whose body had the appearance of newly-driven snow, over which rose leaves had been scattered. He had large blue wings, edged with gold, his hair was black as ebony; his eyes were dark and piercing, and his whole appearance majestic in the extreme. He looked around for a moment, and then called to him all the birds. They perched around him on the branches of the cedar; and, having commanded silence, he spoke. Me thought his language was a strange dialect, and yet I understood it as well as his feathered auditory.

"'What wranglings do I hear?' he said. 'What revilings are those uttered by brother against brother? Know you not that in my eyes you are all alike mean, becoming estimable only in proportion as you fulfil your duties faithfully and cheerfully? Go to! Let each one of you learn to esteem his brother better than himself, and to consider in his species

* In many countries of the east these weeds grow to an enormous size. We read of them in the Bible in the 30th chapter of Job, v. 5, 7, where the patriarch describes the former humble conditions of those who were forward to insult him in his time of trial. "They were driven," he says, "forth from among men—under the nettles they were gathered together." One species of this weed is called "Urtiga gigas" or "gigantic nettle:" it is in fact a tree having a trunk of from eighteen to twenty-two feet in circumference, and heart-shaped leaves, measuring six inches across, whose sting is as painful as that of a wasp. There is another variety of a smaller size, whose sting is still more severe, it is called the "Devil's leaf," and the Asiatics extract a powerful poison from it.

† The habit of early rising in the east, and the heat of the weather during the afternoons, render a short repose between breakfast and dinner absolutely necessary. This sleep is called a "siesta," and we read in the Bible that Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, was slain by the sons of Rimmon when he "lay on a bed at noon."

* The name given to this tree—"the plane"—signifies *ample*, or *broad*. The ancient Greeks valued it so highly, that they poured wine, instead of water, on its roots. Two great poets—Virgil and Homer—wrote in its praise, and our young friends are no doubt familiar with the description given of it in the Bible:—"Thus was he fair in his *greatness*, in the length of his branches, for his root was by great waters. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him. The fir-trees were not like his boughs, and the chesnut-trees were not like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty."

differences and not defects. Have I not bestowed a variety of qualities, yet whom have I made ruler over the rest? The eagle, it is true, because of his strength, assumes lordship, and his loud, inharmonious cry proclaims his pride; yet before me is one little fringilla, which points the weary traveller to the well-spring in the desert, of more worth than all the eagles on the earth.'

"He ceased, and I thought he looked earnestly at me for a moment. He then unfolded his magnificent wings, and flew towards the clouds. I awoke, and found myself stretched on my couch, my heart filled with the heavenly vision. I arose, and, falling on my knees, besought of the Giver of all Good to engrave on my heart the lesson I had learned in my sleep—to teach me evermore to seek to do all the good in my power—to discover the virtues and not the vices of my neighbours, and the good instead of the evil arising from their several positions. I prayed also to be given such wisdom as would enable me, where I saw abuses, to correct them prudently, and rather by precept and example than by force and coercion—inasmuch as the former would strengthen the bonds of universal brotherhood, while the latter would only serve to tear them asunder."

Thus ends the dream of the Eastern merchant.

A MODEL CHILD'S SCHOOL.

The following sketch from the "Defence of Ignorance," a clever satirical work, by the author of "How to make Home Unhealthy," may serve as a hint to those who think the "forcing" plan the best to adopt in the education of youth:—

"The teacher sits where children sit, or walks among them. Study begins, perhaps the morning and the fresh attention are devoted to those studies which, though not least needful, are the least inviting, and more pleasant subjects come as the day flags. Conversation, open utterance, is not forbidden How can a teacher pretend to form a child's mind when he forbids it to be spoken? In a silence broken only by words learned out of a book, how is it possible that the chief object of education can be obtained at all? So says John Smith, and the work goes on The children fidget, shift their places, and are suffered freely so to do: it is the instinct of their childhood. They openly make boats and chip at wood, and play with paper, when their hands are not employed. Allegiance to childhood is not insubordination. So they work cheerfully, and know themselves at school to be free agents doing a duty. At the end of every hour's work, they scamper out to scream and play at leapfrog Recalled, they scamper back as rapidly as if there were a cane for the last comer.

"Morning has been spent in languages, arithmetic, or algebra, and exercises which demand labour of which the pleasant fruit is not immediately to be gathered It has imposed upon the children mental toil. The afternoon is full of mental pleasure. The history of man's deeds and works and the wonders of nature engage childish hearts more powerfully. Not as detailed in skeleton books. A dinner of dry bones makes no man fat. The teacher predetermines that he will occupy perhaps three years in a full narration of the story of the world. He begins at the first dawn of history, studies for himself with patient diligence upon each topic the most correct and elaborate records (for which purpose he requires aid of a town library), and pours all out in one continued stream from day to day, enlivened by a childlike style. The children comment as the story runs; the teacher finds a hint sufficient at a time by way of moral, he is rather willing to be taught by the experience of what fresh hearts applaud or censure in the old worn stage of life. Natural history and science, all the -ologies, and -tics, and -nomics, succeed each other, also, as a three years' story of the wisdom which begot the world. Foreign countries, not dismissed in a few dozen of the driest existing sentences, are visited in company with pleasant travellers. Clever, good-humoured books of travel, carry the imaginations of the children round the world. In all these latter studies they take lively interest, remembering, to a remarkable extent, what they hear. On every point they have spoken freely in the presence of a teacher, not desirous to create dull copies of himself, but to permit each budding mind to throw out shoots and spread its roots according to its own inherent vigour. He manures and waters, watches to remove all parasitic growths, but the true, healthy mind, expands unchecked under his care."

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE BAS-RELIEFS BY THORWALSDEN,

"NIGHT" AND "MORNING,"

In the Sculpture Gallery of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth. By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

MORNING.

Wake! antler'd stag and dappled fawn—
Greet the fair young blushing dawn,
Before whose flaunk and radiant mien
Ill omened owls give place unseen
The feathered choir, rejoicing, sing
Sweet matins to their Heavenly King,
And ebon-tressed returning night
Rolls back the misty vapours white
That curtain every heath-clad height,
White roses, and each scented flower
That deck thessalyan maiden's bower,
In new-born beauty, haste to bless
Day's presence by their loveliness.
Sing, milkmaids, sing your carols blythe,
And, labourers, ply your busy scythe,
The huntsman seeks some far-off glade,
The hen her snow-white gift hath laid;
Gone forth already the toiling bee,
Whilst sailors brave the surging sea,
And wild goats cross the thymy lea
Wake, merry children, wake and play,
As God designed, the live-long day,
And, with grateful hearts, united raise
Choral anthems of prayer and praise!
New hopes, new strength, new vital powers,
Are found in morn's first dewy hours
Then, drowsy mortals, wake, I say—
For here I may not long delay;
But swiftly speed my upward flight
To other realms on wings of light!

NIGHT

Sleep little children, calm and blest,
Cradled on your mother's breast,
Whose brooding love safe watch shall keep
Over your sweet untroubled sleep
Thou southern wind breathe soft and low,
Ye rushing waters gently flow,
Stars, let your silvery light illume
The sick man's fever-haunted room,
And then in blissful slumbers blest
His weary frame at last shall rest;
While graceful birch and dusky pine
Rich odours shed at day's decline,
Embalming some secluded walk
Where whispering lovers smile and talk.
Fair moon, who voyagest not alone,
Upheld by power above thine own,
Of holy resignation, thou
Meet emblem art with thy calm brow,
Now let thy soothing influence bring
Tranquil sleep on balmy wing
To all who daily trials know,
The worn, long-suffering, weak, and low
And blissful self-oblivion shed
Round every lonely mourner's bed
And then shall old bewrinkled care
Retire at hour of evening prayer,
When dew-like peace on all descends,
And high and low alike befriends,
While bats perform their ghostly task
And fire-flies hold their evening masque,
And happy hearts, who dream no sorrow
Can e'er disturb *their* bright to-morrow,
Smile in their sleep while visions gay
Around their youthful couches play,
Then weary mortals safe repose,
Forgetful of your deepest woes,
Until another radient dawn
Shall slowly pass the dasied lawn,
And ere the advent of the day
Shall softly beacon me away.

CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SILKWORM.—It has often been remarked that those creatures most serviceable to man are easily managed; and this is fully applicable to the silkworm Pullen observes there is scarcely anything amongst the various wonders which the animal creation affords more admirable than the variety of changes the silkworm undergoes. All the caterpillar kind do undergo indeed changes in like manner, but the covering they put on is poor and mean when compared to that golden tissue in which the silkworm wraps itself; they indeed come forth in a variety of colours, their wings bedropped with gold and scarlet, yet are they but the beings of a summer's day, both their life and beauty quickly vanish, and they leave no remembrance behind them But the silkworm leaves behind such beautiful, such beneficial monuments as at once record both the wisdom of its Creator and his bounty to man. The rearing of the silkworm has been hitherto too much neglected. The Exhibition of all Nations has proved that silk can be successfully cultivated in England, for we find in the Juries' list of awards British-grown silk *honourably mentioned* This is no mean honour considering it to be in competition with countries who have made it their study for centuries Why may not, with proper care, the same result be expected; for if one thousand silkworms can be reared, consuming the same quantity of food and producing the same weight of silk, why cannot millions be reared? Five millions sterling are annually paid for this costly material, part of which might be profitably employed at home, and afford immense employment to the humblest classes of society. The prejudice that the white mulberry tree could not be successfully cultivated in England is now proved to be erroneous, for it grows most luxuriantly in many parts of England It is the same kind that is cultivated by nations where silk is an article of commerce, possessing many advantages over the black mulberry, and producing much finer silk, and also coming much earlier into leaf The mulberry leaf must be considered the time worked by the silkworm, and under proper management a plentiful harvest may be expected All that is required is to find willing labourers. The same obstacles and prejudices had to be overcome in France, for we find that Henry IV bestowed much attention on the introduction of the silkworm in his dominions Royal Nurseries were formed, and to all who chose to apply, young mulberry trees were freely given, and in the succeeding reign the great Colbert in his anxiety to increase the production of silk, not only offered to give the tree, but also to defray the expense of transport and planting But this generous offer defeated its object, for it is in the nature of man to value least that which is [illegible]red, and the boon thus [illegible] wilfully neglected The Government soon [illegible], and had recourse to another plan; and three years after planting the cultivator received a premium for every tree found to be in a flourishing condition The following is stated to have been the result obtained by Mr Nourrigat, a cultivator of silkworms at Lunel, in the department of Herault, in France, during the year From 24 oz of eggs he obtained silkworms sufficient to produce 32 cwts. of cocoons, the worms requiring 321 cwts of mulberry leaves, or 100 leaves for every 5 cocoons, the cocoons were sold for £360 10s, the expenses were £108 5s, and the net profit £198.

HATCHING TURTLES.—The Paris journals announce that M. Vallée, one of the officials of the Jardin des Plantes, has succeeded in hatching a turtle by artificial means. On the 14th of July last he found some turtles' eggs on the sand in the enclosure reserved for the turtles, and placed three of them under his apparatus in the reptile department On the 14th of October he examined the eggs, and found a turtle, about as big as a walnut, in full life He hopes to be able to rear it. This is the first case on record of one of these creatures having been produced artificially

EXPERIENCE OF ANIMALS.—Animals are prompt at using their experience in reference to things from which they have suffered pain or annoyance Grant mentions an orang-outang which, having had when ill, some medicine administered to it in an egg, could never be induced to touch one afterwards, notwithstanding its previous fondness for them. A tame fox has been cured from stealing eggs and poultry, by giving them to him scalding hot from the saucepan. Le Vaillant's monkey was extremely fond of brandy, but would never be prevailed on to touch it again after a lighted match had been applied to some it was drinking Two carriage horses which made a point of stopping at the foot of every hill, and refused to proceed in spite of every punishment, were considered beyond cure, but it was suggested at last that several horses should be attached to the back of the carriage, and, being put into a trot, be made to pull the refractory horses backwards The result was perfectly successful, for thenceforth they faced every hill at full speed, and were not to be restrained till they reached the summit. A dog which had been beaten while some musk was held to his nose, always fled away whenever it accidentally smelled the drug, and was so susceptible of it that it was used in some psychological experiments to discover whether any portion of musk had been received by the body through the *organs of digestion*. Another dog, which had been accidentally burnt with a lucifer match, became angry at the sight of one, and furious if the act of lighting it was feigned There are, besides, so many instances recorded of even higher degrees of intelligence, that it is impossible to deny that animals have a knowledge of cause and effect Strend, of Prague, had a cat on which he wished to make some experiments with an air-pump; but as soon as the creature felt the exhaustion of the air, thus stopped the action.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS is the most remarkable where experience seems to lead to the formation of a future plan, and to suit itself to circumstances, as in the case of the cow, which having strayed into a carelessly open granary, continued its visits by contriving to draw the bolt with its horn, till it was found necessary to change the fastening. Such newly-excited actions of the mind amount to invention. The arctic foxes undermine other walls the poles on which flesh is hung to keep it out of their reach Gleditsch saw a burying-sylph (*necrophagus humator*) engaged in burying the body of a frog through which a stick had been thrust and finding the stick to interfere with the process, set to work and loosened the stick also A large garden spider which was constructing its web between two fruit trees, having failed in repeated efforts to attach one of the main threads as it wished, made it at last fast to a small stone, which it raised so high from the ground, that ordinary sized people could pass under it without touching Halliday mentions a mason bee, which had built its nest on a wall close to a window generally closed with a shutter, but which, when thrown back, lay so close to the wall that the nest was completely shut in to prevent this occurrence, it formed a little lump of clay, which hindered the shutter from fitting tight to the wall, and which it renewed as often as it was removed. Jesse recounts the circumstance of some rats destroying the bladder fastened over the nose of an oil bottle, and making free with the oil by dipping their tails in it and licking it off Dr Pelham saw some rats engaged in the same manner round the bung hole of a cask of wine. The same principle of adapting a means to arrive at an end was carried a degree further, because of a foreign agency being employed, by the dog which threw stones into a well, and the fox which dropped them into the neck of a pitcher, in order to get at the water Thus, also, with the monkey which Degrand, [illegible] the proof, by leaving on the table an open bottle of aniseed brandy, from which the monkey extracted with its fingers and tongue as much as it could manage to reach, and then poured sand into the bottle till the liquor ran over. Cuvier relates the anecdote of an orang-outang in the menagerie at Paris, which was in the habit of opening the door leading to a dining-room, the lock of which was out of its reach, by [illegible] from a rope fastened to the ceiling, to stop which a second was [illegible] by means of several knots, but the animal seeing the reason, and at the same time perceiving that by hanging beneath them, he drew them tighter by his weight, he climbed above them and loosened them with ease. It also unlocked a door by trying every key in the bunch till it found the right one, and if the [illegible] too high, [illegible] as soon, and mounted on it. Lucie [illegible] run through a gallery and bolt the door after it, and then conceal itself in a closet from which it first took the key. Cuvier, again, describes a monkey that drew out the claws of a cat which had scratched it Burdach had a cat which, when it wished to leave his room, sprung on a table standing near the door, and, pressing on the handle, managed to open it Animals often shape their conduct according to the experience they have learned from the acts of other animals Le Vaillant's monkey, when tired, used to jump on the backs of the dogs for a ride, but one of them objecting to this mode of horsmanship, stood still as soon as the monkey had taken his seat, knowing that from the fear of being left behind and of losing the caravan, it would immediately run off to overtake it, when the dog itself followed behind to prevent any fresh attempt

AN INTELLIGENT DONKEY.—We learn from the *Durham Chronicle* that at Croxdale North Farm, in the occupation of Mr. Joseph Nicholson, flourishes one of the most sensible and utilitarian of donkeys of which we ever remember to have read since the days of Balaam. So soon as the shades of evening set in, he begins to collect his companions, a dozen or so of calves, and proceeds to drive them home. When they have arrived in the calf-yard, he allows them to drink at the well, after which he takes a drink himself, and then marches on with his charge before him, and if any gluttonous calf stops short to eat grass, Sir John's virtuous indignation is excited, and he runs open-mouthed at him, or any straggler, until he contrives at last to drive them into the foldyard in safety—a duty which he holds to be "stuff o' the [illegible]."

MISCELLANEA.

SOUTH SEA PLAYING-CARDS.—It is pretty generally known that, during the South Sea mania a pack of playing-cards was published in illustration of the general folly. Each card contained a caricature of one of the numerous bubble companies, with a pertinent verse underneath. These cards are now extremely rare.

NINE OF CLUBS—LIVERPOOL FRESH WATER.

"This town to our western islands deal,
And serves 'em with malt liquors and with meal,
Both excellently good, then how in vain
Can people brew fine drink, yet want fresh water?"

"Peter, lad, you seemed very sarcy like when uncle Josh said he meant to ge' yer that bit o' grass land over again his orchard." "Oh, feyther, I couldn't help it," said young Highlows, "but that *comes* o' you sendin' me to school There's just forty pole in that patch o' pasture, and *forty pole*, you knows, always makes *one rood (rude)*."

A QUICK WAY OF DOING IMPORTANT BUSINESS.—A venerable couple were married at Dean Church on the 18th instant, attended only by a bridesman, the united ages of the three amounting to 193 years. On the old lady being asked how long they had courted, she sharply replied, "There has been no courtship between us, but *eigh now*, from the beginning to the end. This is almost as short a courtship as when the young quaker said to his sweetheart, "It is agreed between thy father and my father that we shall be married, and if thou wilt have me, I will have thee."

HOW TO CREATE A TEMPEST.—The *New York Reville* gives the following receipt (worthy of Macbeth's three female *friends*) for raising a tempest:—"Before the tea-things are put away, tie a stout cord across the dining-room, about nine inches from the ground, strew orange-peel on the hall-floor, place a tub of water on the first-landing, harness a dog to a coal-scuttle, shut the cat up in the piano, ring the bell for the servants, and then wait for the result." One thing appears wanting to complete the diabolical mixture—viz., to blow out the candle!

SAM WELLER IN A NEW SCENE OF ACTION.—By the *Times* of the 19th ult, we perceive that "Mr Weller, a democrat, was elected, on the 30th of January last, as a senator for California, in place of Colonel Fremont." We had been wondering for some time past what had become of Mr. Pickwick's immortal body-guard, and our readers may fancy our surprise when we found that not only had Sam gone over to California, but, with the usual fortune that attends such original geniuses, had actually been returned by the constituency of the "diggins" as a member of United States legislature! We should not much wonder if Sam, having turned "democrat," was named for the presidency!!

THE CROCUS.—The crocus is interesting both for its medical uses and historic associations. Hippocrates, the father of physic, enumerates the krokos (crocus saturis or meadow saffron) in his list of narcotic remedies, and highly praises it as a medicine for complaints of the eyes, and prescribes its use outwardly in different ointments. The plant has lost none of its importance since the time of Hippocrates. Bulbous roots of all kinds were much esteemed by the epicures of ancient Rome, and the vernal crocus was dished up in various ways as a delicacy for the stomach of antiquity.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. H. should beware of tampering with his eyes. He had better take the advice of some eminent oculist before it be too late.

A GARDENER (Bishop Auckland).—The office of the Botanical Society is in Bedford-street, Covent-garden. Secretary, Mr. G. E. Dennes.

ENQUIRER.—You are mistaken. "*An accessory*" is not a principal offender, but one who is guilty of an offence by participation, such as commanding an act to be done, &c One who assists by advice or incitement, is called an *abettor*. If he assists by act and deed, he is an *accomplice*. "An accessory *before* the fact," is one who, being absent, procures or requires another to commit crime. "An accessory *after* the fact," is an who receives and nourishes a person or persons, knowing them to have committed a crime.

"A CONSTANT READER."—(We wish our correspondents would select some other signature You may obtain oil-colours in cakes at Reeves and Co.'s, Cheapside. Their application is simple and easy.

DANDIE DINMONT.—Your penmanship is sufficiently "good for a counting-house," but we are not aware that "white hands and teeth" are in dispensable, unless indeed you wish to be "dandy."

CHARNICUS.—We do not know what you mean by "full definition of old coin"

J. V. I.—The "Glimpses of the People of all Nations" were resumed in N

JACQUES.—The "History of form part of "John Cassell's Library," though it will probably form part of some other of his publications. The circulation of the other works about which you kindly inquire is large and increasing.

J. P. BARRAS.—The *first* number of "The Popular Educator" contains the commencement of lessons on some of the subjects you name They will all appear in that work in due course.

R. V.—The Inspector of Prisons in the United States reports the following ratio of crime to population:—"New York, 1 in 1,608, Massachusetts, 1 in 2,232, Connecticut, 1 in 1,700, Maine 1 in 5,374, New Hampshire, 1 in 4,376, Virginia, 1 in 6,850, Kentucky, 1 in 7,238; Maryland 1 in 1,336; Pennsylvania, 1 in 4,022; New Jersey, 1 in 2,010.

REDOMAI PERI TOLTON.—We see no impropriety in your taking the accustomed oaths in a court of justice, provided that you abide by the direction given—to "speak the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth." The lawfulness of [illegible] question on

which you refer were fictitious—as Sir Rog[illegible]ley, Captain Sentry, Will Honeycomb, and Andrew Freeport.

[illegible] long grumbling letter, the purport of which seems to be, that nothing on earth contents him—not even his wife. Let him read this little anecdote.—A married gentleman, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the ugly temper of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, the old gentleman, becoming weary of the grumblings of his son-in-law, exclaimed—"You are right, she is an impertinent jade and if I hear any more complaints of her I will disinherit her." The husband made no more complaints.

"A CONSTANT READER" (Newcastle).—Alexander Pope was an admirable versifier, but his Essay on Man" contains much that is unsound in principle. The line you quote, "Whatever is, is right," contains a sentiment which is correct only in certain cases A very considerable portion of what is, is *wrong*—wrong in principle and wrong in effect, contrary to the design of the Supreme ruler, and contrary to the true happiness of mankind.

"JOHN WARBURTON" may rest assured that we shall not make our publication a vehicle for the communication of "Republicanism."

A.W.—The sponges of commerce—those well-known substances used in arts and manufactures, no less than in domestic life—belong to a class of objects which occupy the debateable ground between the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

"AN ADMIRER" should consult carefully the law of international copyright.

M. LOWE may obtain the back ——— of "The Working Man's Friend" by giving an order to any bookseller.

A FARMER'S SON addresses us on the subject of the cost of weeds, and sends us the following facts from the *Gardeners' Chronicle*:—Each plant of common groundsell produces 2,080 seeds; of dandelion, 2,700; of sowthistle, 11,040; and of spinge, 540, total, 16,360 plants springing from four weeds annually, which will cover just about three acres and a half of land at three feet apart. To hoe land costs 6s. per acre; so that the allowing four such weeds to produce their seed may involve an expense of a guinea. In other words, a man throws away 5s. 3d. a time as often as he neglects to bend his back to pull up a young weed before it begins to fulfil the first law of nature.

R. A. B. will find an article on the history and manufacture of soap in "The Illustrated Exhibitor," No. 15. Soap (says Dr. Lyon Playfair) is probably not older than the Christian era, for the soap of the Old Testament seems to have been merely alkali Profane history, previous to Christ, does not allude to soap, and in all the detailed descriptions of the bath and of washing it is never mentioned Pliny describes its manufacture, but ascribes to it as singular a use as that given to the potato by Girard, who, in his "Herbal," assures us that it "is a plant from America, which is an excellent thing for making sweet sauces, and also to be eaten with sops and wines." So Pliny, in regard to soap, states that its main purpose was to dye the hair yellow, and that men used it for this purpose much more than women.

A. TOWN.—It is not usual to place in the chair at a public meeting a gentleman who does not fully approve of the plans and objects of the conveners; and it would be strangely inconsistent for them to place in that responsible situation a gentleman who declares previously that he will not respect the opinion of the majority, should that opinion clash with his own At the same time it is possible for a majority in a large meeting to thwart the designs of the conveners, by voting into the chair a person opposed to them, or by carrying counter resolutions, or the latter expedient might be resorted to, without any change of chairman In such case the decision of the majority might bind neither the chairman nor the conveners.

A YOUNG REFORMER is anxious to know something of the Marseillaise. This stirring hymn of liberty, so universally known and sung, was composed by Rouget de L'Isle. He thus describes the circumstances under which it was written:—"I composed the words and air of this song at Strasburg on the night following the proclamation of war, in April, 1792. It was first called *Le Chant de l'Armee du Rhin*, and became known at Marseilles through the medium of a constitutional journal, published under the auspices of the unfortunate Dietrich." Rouget de Lille was afterwards "proscribed," and driven to hide himself from the emissaries of Robespierre in the mountains of Alsace. He was eventually imprisoned at the beginning of the "Reign of Terror."

T. S.—We cannot undertake to provide situations. You had better apply to some superintendent at a railway station.

A FRIEND is anxious that the duty on paper should be abolished, and requires to know how many paper-mills there are in Great Britain. According to a parliamentary report lately issued, it appears that there are 304 paper-mills at work in England, 46 in Scotland, and 28 in Ireland, in all, 380; employing not fewer than 1,650 steam-engines.

CHARLES SMITHERS.—The raw mineral produce of Great Britain and Ireland is valued, according to Sir H. De la Beche, at £24,000,000 per annum, or about four-ninths of that of all Europe. The amount of coal annually raised in Great Britain is estimated at more than 35,000,000 tons, and probably much exceeds that amount. In 1850, 2,250,000 tons of iron were produced. The annual value of the tin raised in England is £500,000, and that of copper in Cornwall and Devon alone is £900,000.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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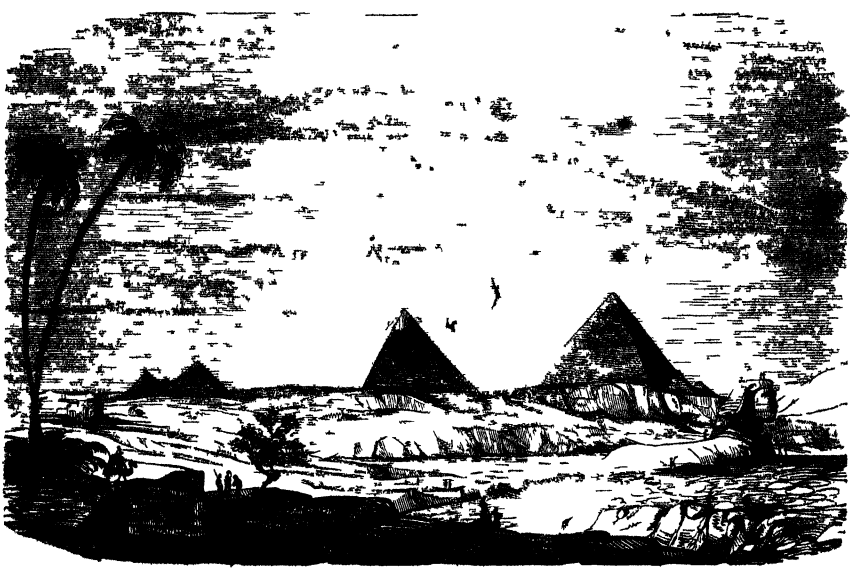
EGYPT. ITS EDIFICES AND ITS PEOPLE

III.—THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT

Rambling along the banks of the Nile, the traveller reaches the beautiful island of Rhoda a favourite resort of the inhabitants of Cairo On this island Ibrahim Pacha planted the celebrated garden which has since become so well known for the skill and taste displayed there by Mr Trail, an English gardener and botanist The Arabs have the tradition that it was here that the daughter of Pharaoh came to bathe when she discovered the ark of bulrushes and rescued the infant Moses from the death decreed for the male offspring of the oppressed Hebrews

At the southerly point of Rhoda is the important Nilometer by means of which the daily rise of the great river is ascertained and proclaimed during the season of inundation and directly beyond it is the usual place of ferriage for those intending to visit the pyramids From the ferry the great tombs of the kings of Egypt appear not to be more than a mile or two distant and they commonly disappoint previously formed notions of their extent and height The common explanation of this effect though hardly satisfactory, is this that these great masses of masonry stand wholly alone, on the edge of the desert without a solitary object with which the eye is familiar, to serve as a contrast or comparison Hence the spectator is readily deceived, his imagination leading him to expect more than the reality warrants, and his eye being unaccustomed to judge of heights and distances, except by comparison with well known objects, a feeling of disappointment is the natural result

The village of Gizeh or Gheza from which the Pyramids usually take their name is at present of no importance and presents nothing worthy of a visitor's attention Once it appears it occupied a position of considerable consequence and was rather distinguished for some features which are now utterly lost Williamson mentions that the custom of hatching eggs in ovens which is said to have been practised in the



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times of the Pharaohs is still in vogue and to those interested in such a sight it might be an inducement to spend a few hours in Gizeh The path forward winds over an extensive plain across head fields of grain and ploughed lands and small village passed with its groups of palm trees its midden stages its heaps of rubbish and filth, its pigeon or dove towers its unattractive and generally repulsive looking inhabitants now some half filled canal is crossed anon the fruits of scene Arabs of the desert are approached and frequently travellers are beset by children demanding *bukhsheesh* or annoyed by the furious barking of a pack of lean, wolfish looking dogs at

this time the pyramids are distinctly in view, and though certainly drawing nearer to them at every step, astonishment is felt by the spectator when he discovers that they are still miles distant, and that there must be a ride of some two hours before their base can be actually reached. It is not a little curious to notice how gradually the precise appearance of the pyramids unfolds itself to one's view. As first seen from the river, about six miles distant, they seem to be mere masses of stone, built up in the shape with which we are familiar, and presenting no special characteristics on which the eye rests; a nearer approach shows their outline and colour more exactly; and when within a mile, the layers of stone, the rough and broken sides of the great pyramid, and the partially smooth surface of the second pyramid, are distinctly visible. During this part of the ride, too, when on the sandy plain which has to be crossed before reaching the usual resting-place, the traveller begins to comprehend the actual state of things, and looks upon the broad and elevated rocky basis on which the pyramids stand, the heaps of sand and stones scattered about, the small pyramids, the tombs excavated in the side of the rocks, and other features of the scene, with feelings of unbounded surprise and almost inexpressible interest.

Astonishment cannot be restrained in approaching the great pyramid, as the immense blocks of stone are surveyed, and the eye looks up from one corner at the mass which towers to such a height above. It is only in this position, as the visitor stands close by, sees the layers of stone, measures them breadth, and thickness, looks along the sides or upwards towards the summit, notices the diminutive appearance of some smaller pyramids near the base, and marks the insignificance of himself and his companions, that the mind becomes satisfied that the reality is in no respect inferior to what it expected in these mighty monuments.*

What immense labour, what an amount of toil for hundreds of thousands, what astonishing skill and ingenuity, then, must have been exerted in their erection! How strange does it seem to look at the pyramids and turn the thoughts back to four thousand years ago, when they were built by the proud oppressors whose names they bear! And what a multitude of recollections come thick and fast upon the mind when it is remembered that the father of the faithful beheld these masses of stone; the children of Israel saw them; the myriads of pilgrims of all nations, ages, and climes, gazed upon them, the invader and conquerer, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Saracen, the Turk, the Gaul, the Anglo-Saxon, have looked upon them, and looking, have felt their own weakness and insignificance; for here the pyramids stand in gloomy grandeur, frowning upon the pigmies of a day who come to gaze awhile at them and then go away to die—these they remain, the lasting evidences of death's triumph over man, and the puerile attempt of royal despots to provide for themselves mausoleums of imperishable renown. What a lesson do they teach of the vanity and worthlessness of this world's greatness and glory!

The ascent of the great pyramid is a far more serious matter than is usually anticipated. In the distance, the angle of the face, which is 52 deg., does not appear so great as it really is, but the nearer the approach, the more steep appear the sides, the larger the blocks of stone, the greater the height; and when a stand is taken at the base, and the spectator sees the task before him in all its magnitude and difficulty—such as it is,—he feels, perhaps, some disinclination to attempt it. If accompanied by three Arabs, one takes hold of an arm, a second of another, while a third helps him up when the stones are very large. The north-east corner is usually the point of starting, and in consequence of the fractures of the corners and sides of the stones, which have been made at various times, and the frequency of the ascent, the north side is decidedly the best and easiest to climb up. It is slow work, however, and very difficult and trying, as the stones are four or five feet thick, and afford but a narrow resting-place for the feet, on rising gradually higher and higher. Practice has rendered the Arabs so agile, that it is no uncommon thing for Bedawin to go up to the top of the pyramid in fifteen minutes; others, too, have done it in ten and twelve minutes; but half an hour is the ordinary time. Invalids, however, and bad climbers—ladies in particular,—not infrequently find, that the pleasure of standing on the summit, and beholding the scene there spread out to the view, barely compensates for the toil of the ascent.

There is something rather surprising in the fact, that the top of the great pyramid, which, from the bottom, appears only partially broken off, presents, when the summit is gained, a broad surface of between thirty and forty feet. In former times it appears that the platform was much less; and in the earliest ages, it is said, the pyramid was complete and finished up to the very apex; but, as is well known, these vast structures were used by the Saracen conquerors as quarries, from which to obtain stone for the edifices of Cairo, and consequently, not only the casing-stones, which the great pyramid is said to have once possessed, and which are partially remaining on the second, have been carried off, but also many blocks have been rolled down from the top, breaking and crushing the sides and corners of most of the layers in their descent, as well as diminishing the vertical height of the pyramids. Even when the atmosphere is not so clear and transparent as usual, Cairo, with its towering citadel and tapering minarets, is distinctly visible; and in the distance, the range of the Mokattam hills, and the quarries of Mesarah, from whence the stone used in building the pyramids was brought, add interest and variety to the scene. A grand way to the east the Nile flows onward in still majesty, and the green and fertile fields, with occasional villages here and there, contrast most strikingly with the barren Labyan desert, stretching away for many miles beyond the eye's range, and presenting a most cheerless aspect. Nearer at hand are large and rather fine bridges, built by the Saracens over canals which lead from the Nile to irrigate the country, and a prominent feature; and almost at one's side, the second pyramid, the third, and the many smaller ones scattered around, together with that mysterious idol, the Sphinx, engage the attention, and afford abundant food for serious reflection. In many respects the view is pleasing, and in all instructive. Death, decay, ruin and decay—these form the prominent characteristics; death, without hope of renewal—ruin and decay, without expectation of re-enlivening power and energy. The tombs of the dead, the ruins of once mighty cities, the scanty remains of former greatness and glory, the degraded descendants of a mighty people, all are presented before the eyes; and the words of the prophet seem to write themselves deeper than ever in the memory —

> "The sword shall come upon Egypt,
> And great pain shall be in Ethiopia,
> When the slain shall fall in Egypt,
> And they shall take away her multitude,
> And her foundations shall be broken down
> * * * * *
> Thus saith the Lord,
> They also that uphold Egypt shall fall;
> And the pride of her power shall come down;
> From Migdol to Syene, shall they fall in it by the sword,
> Saith the Lord God,
> And they shall be desolate in the midst of the
> desolate,
> And her cities shall be in the midst of the cities that are wasted.
> And they shall know that I am the Lord,
> When I have set a fire in Egypt,
> And when all her helpers shall be destroyed."*

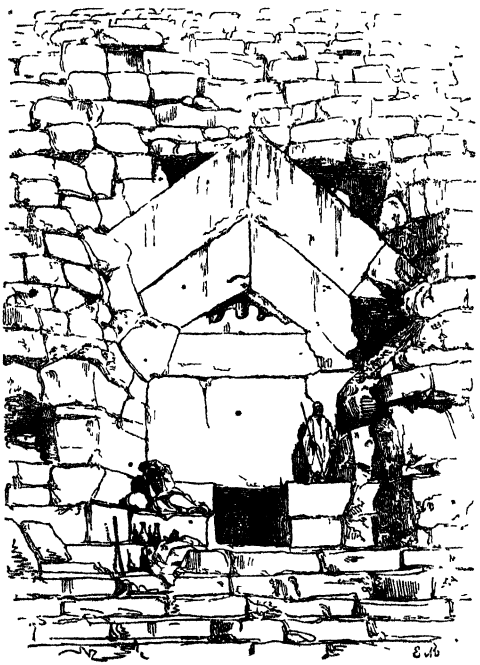
The entrance to the great pyramid is on the north side about fifty feet above the base, but easily reached by means of the large sloping heap of stone and rubbish which has gradually been here collected during the many operations connected with opening this structure. The prospect at this point is not a little singular, yet not very inviting; for all that is visible is a narrow low passage, inclining downwards till lost to the view, and evidently not large enough to be passed through except by stooping almost double; and as it is clear that no light can penetrate, and candles must be used, the imagination may very easily take fright and conjure up phantoms of terror connected with being inside of a vast stone

* It will aid the reader to remember that the space covered by the great pyramid equals that occupied by Lincoln's-inn-fields, that is, about 550,000 square feet; and, also, that it is more than 60 feet higher than St. Paul's cathedral, the elevation of which is 404 feet.

* Ezek. xxx. 4, 6, 8.

tomb in the dark, and at the mercy of the wild Bedawin who accompany travellers to light them on their way and aid them in the difficult places. The masonry over the entrance is noticed by Sir Gardner Wilkinson as very singular: two large blocks resting against each other form a sort of pointed arch, and serve to take off the superincumbent weight from the roof of the passage; they also manifest very clearly the care and skill, as well as the advanced state of architectural knowledge possessed and exercised by the ancient Egyptians. At the right hand, just beside the entrance, is a tablet covered with hieroglyphics, done by Prof. Lepsius in honour of the king of Prussia and queen of England,—a most singular addition to the pyramid, and one which Lord Nugent and others severely and justly criticise, as in bad taste and quite out of place.

The direction of the opening and all the passages is in a due north and south line, and the traveller in going downward at an angle of 27 deg. for about eighty feet, sometimes slips over the smooth stones under his feet, and very soon feels the change in the temperature and the annoyance of the dust, which is here rather abundant. At this point may be noticed the forced passage which has been made by those who opened the pyramid, and were unable to remove a granite block which closed the entrance to the upper passage; and as they could not enter at the proper point where this passage joins the lower, they forced a way into it by following out the roofing, and cutting away the upper part of the side of the lower passage. This circumstance obliges the visitor to climb up a few rough steps, when he finds himself in a passage ascending at precisely the same angle as that by which he has come thus far has descended. The second or upper passage is of the same dimensions as the first, which continues its course downwards to a subterranean chamber in the solid rocky basis of the pyramid; but it wants the finish and polish of the first passage: its length is rather more than a hundred feet. Here is the entrance of the "Grand Gallery," as it has been termed; the entrance to "the Well," which communicates with the lower or first passage, being on the right hand; and another passage branching off horizontally, and leading to what is called the "Queen's Chamber," being directly in front. Continuing the ascent, at the same angle of 27 deg., through the "Grand Gallery," which is a wide and lofty opening extending to a considerable length, a horizontal passage is reached, which, as Wilkinson says, was once closed by four portcullises of granite, sliding in grooves of the same kind of stone; they served to conceal and stop the entrance to the "King's Chamber." Its length is 34 feet 4 inches; its breadth 17 feet 7 inches; its height, 19 feet 2 inches. The roof is flat, and formed of nine long blocks of granite, which extend from side to side. The side-walls are also of granite blocks in six regular courses, admirably united at the joints, and perfectly even and polished. This is the principal apartment in the great pyramid, and has an imposing effect upon the mind, as well from its size as from the consideration that it is probably the very burial chamber of the king who built this mausoleum for his own remains.



ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT PYRAMID.

The measurement of the sarcophagus is as follows: length outside, 7 feet 5 inches; breadth, 3 feet 2½ inches; height, 3 feet 3 inches. It is of the red granite, and has no hieroglyphics upon it, and no cover. Whatever it may have contained in former days, it is now empty; and here it stands, a strange monument of the instability of kingly power, since all this vast structure, as is supposed, was built to contain the perishing dust of a monarch whose remains have long since, we know not when, been carried off, and scattered to the four winds of heaven. The sarcophagus has been much injured by the culpable conduct of visitors, who are usually desirous to carry away some relic of the pyramid, and who have not scrupled to break off pieces from one of the corners, to an extent which, if continued, will ere long destroy it entirely. How strange is it that there is an entire absence of hieroglyphics where, above all places, they might be expected to be found. May it not be, after all, that the secret of the pyramid has not yet been discovered? Is it not possible, that where so much skill and care has been displayed in everything, to keep out intruders, and to conceal from all eyes some sacred spot or object, that there is yet something to be discovered which will throw light upon points, even to the present day much debated, and far from being satisfactorily ascertained? Perhaps time will reveal what is now hidden from the wise and learned labourers in the field of Egyptian history and antiquities.

Descending from the "King's Chamber," through the "Grand Gallery," there is the horizontal passage already noticed above, as leading to the apartment called the "Queen's Chamber." this passage is less than four feet in height, and three feet five inches wide, a fact which obliges the visitor to stoop and creep along in a manner extremely disagreeable, especially when it is continued for a hundred feet or more. But he is permitted to stand upright once more in the "Queen's Chamber." It is not a large apartment, and its roof is formed of long blocks of stone, resting against each other, as those over the entrance of the Pyramid. The stones in the side-walls are finely fitted or joined together, and the chamber wears the appearance of having been hewn out of the solid rock, which, however, is not the case. Perhaps the most striking thing in connexion with this apartment is the fact, that it is directly under the apex of the Pyramid, whereas this might rather have been expected to be true of the "King's Chamber." At this point, according to Wilkinson, the visitor stands seventy-two feet above the level of the ground, four hundred and eight feet below the original summit, and seventy-one feet below the floor of the "King's Chamber."

There are other things in the interior of the great pyramid which are worthy of notice. Among these are the entresols or chambers discovered by Colonel Vyse, above the



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"King's Chamber," and which are reached by means of a ladder, or some wooden steps, now partly destroyed; and also the tortuous and irregular passage, named "the Well," which reaches down to the passage first entered from the outside. It is nearly two hundred feet deep, and, according to Wilkinson, was used by the workmen by way of egress, after they had closed the lower end of the upper passage with the block of granite above spoken of; though this seems to be hardly a sufficient explanation of the original purpose of forming this passage. Should the reader feel curious on the subject of the pyramids, more information will be found in the elaborate volumes of Colonel Vyse, the excellent work of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the useful compend of Dr. Russell, and the learned treatise of Champollion Figeac, entitled "*Egypte Ancienne*." All these writers go into detail, and bring to bear on the subject a great amount and variety of learning and acuteness.

On emerging from the interior a most impressive sight is presented by the pyramids, the multitude of tombs on every side and the Sphinx, that most striking image, which rivals in interest the vast structures near which it stands. Perhaps no collection of monuments in the wide world has so many claims upon the traveller as this, for none can equal in antiquity in impressiveness, in gloomy grandeur. Here, all is ruin and decay, everything manifests the triumph of death and the mutability of human affairs. The whole plain is filled with the marks and proofs of death! the pyramids as is thought and with great probability, were mausoleums the rocky sides of the elevation on which they stand abound in excavations for tombs, and hundreds of pits or burial places have been dug in the vicinity of the pyramids, and besides all these, the sands of the great desert have swept over everything covering many objects entirely from sight and lying in heaps and great masses in every direction as far as the eye can reach. Truly, this were a fit place to muse over the past and musing, to lay up in store lessons of sound wisdom and instruction, truly, this were the place to burst forth in the words of the accomplished and ill-fated Raleigh — O eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded, what none have dared, thou hast done, and whom all the world have flattered thou only hast cast out and despised thou hast drawn together all the far stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man and covered it all over with these two narrow words hic jacet." * *

ANECDOTES OF THE LION

The noble appearance prodigious strength and determined spirit of the lion justify the sovereignty assigned him as 'the king of beasts.' In the boundless desert, the dense jungle, and the long grass plains of Africa he roams at will with agile yet muscular frame, while the lord of all the animal tribes

> "Where'er he prowls all living creatures fly
> Here earth's best part with his rolling eye, —

Even when, by smell the cattle are aware of his presence, they display the greatest alarm. Though worn out with fatigue and hunger the moment the shaggy monarch is perceived, they start off at full speed with their tails erect, and so great is their panic that sometimes days will elapse before they are found.

Like the varied tribe to which he belongs the lion is nocturnal in his habits. Sleeping during the day, it is at night he goes forth—

> "Grandly majestic in his lonely walks."

With unerring instinct he scents his prey, and follows it in its course then suddenly he crouches, he springs even to the length of twenty or thirty feet, he forces his fangs into the throat of his victim and, though massive is the strength of the elephant, and dense the armour of the rhinoceros, there is not for either, any chance of escape, —

> "And lo ere quivering life has fled,
> The vultures, wheeling overhead,
> Swoop down to watch, in gaunt array,
> Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey."

As the lion rests his head on his paws or on the ground, an emits a half-stifled growl, the vibration is conveyed to a great distance. The sounds heard from him when captive in a menagerie

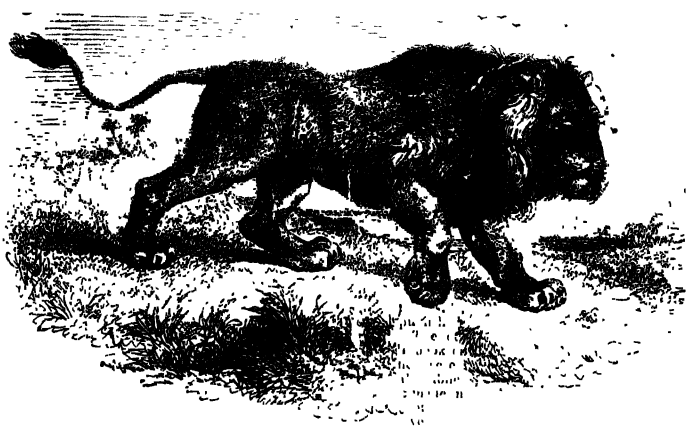
Here he has

are whispers, compared with his thunders when roaming in his native wilds. "One night," says Mr. Moffat, the missionary, "we were quietly bivouacked at a small pool on the Oup river, where we never anticipated a visit from his majesty. We had just closed our united evening service, the book was still in my hands, and the closing notes of the song of praise had scarcely fallen from our lips, when the terrific roar of the lion was heard. Our oxen, which before were quietly chewing the cud, rushed upon us, and ran over our fires, leaving us prostrated in a cloud of dust and sand. Hats and hymn-books, our Bibles and our guns, were all scattered in wild confusion. Providentially, no serious injury was sustained. The oxen were pursued, brought back, and secured to the waggon, for we could ill afford to lose any"

The following is no less characteristic. A settler in South Africa was proceeding with his party, from Algoa Bay to his location of Glen-Lynden. The night was extremely dark, and the rain fell so heavily that, in spite of the abundant supply of dry firewood which had been happily provided, it was not without difficulty that they could keep one large watch-fire burning. A sentinel was appointed as usual; and all but he were buried in sleep, when about midnight the roar of a lion was heard close to their tents, and so loud and tremendous was it, that it seemed for a moment to those it so suddenly aroused, as if a thunder-cloud had broken close beside them. But the peculiar expression of the sound, the voice of fury as well as of power, instantly undeceived them, and springing to their arms, they hurried out, fancying that the savage beast was about to break into their camp. But all around was total darkness, and scarcely any two of them were agreed as to the quarter from whence the roar had issued. This uncertainty was owing partly, perhaps, to the peculiar mode the lion often has of placing his mouth near the ground when he roars, so that the voice rolls, as it were, like a breaker along the earth; partly, also, to the echo from a rock which rose abruptly on the opposite bank of the river; and more than all, to the confusion of the senses in the party being thus hurriedly and fearfully awoke from their slumbers. Having fired several volleys in all directions around the encampment, they roused up the half-extinguished fire to a blaze; and then flung the flaming brands among the surrounding trees and bushes. It is probable that this unwonted display daunted the grim visitor, for he occasioned no further disturbance during the night.

A few days afterwards, some of the party had gone a mile or two up the valley to cut reeds for thatching the temporary huts proposed to be built; and were busy with their sickles in the bed of the river, when, to their dismay, a huge lion rose up amongst the reeds, almost close beside them;—the formidable cause, probably, of their previous alarm. The lion leaped on the bank, and then turned round and gazed at the men. One or two of them who had guns, seized them hastily, and began to load with ball; the rest, unarmed and helpless, stood petrified; having no other expectation than that the lion would soon make sad havoc among them. But, from some cause or other—he might recently have dined, or, perhaps, he was as much surprised as they were—after gazing for a minute or two (a dreadful pause!) at the intruders on his wild domain, he turned about and retired; first slowly, and afterwards proceeding for some distance at a good round trot; while the on-lookers were much too prudent to interfere in the slightest degree with his retreat,

The following incident, illustrative of the lion's perseverance in watching, and tenacity in retaining his prey, occurred to another party. The wagons and cattle had been put up for the night, when, about midnight, they were thrown into complete confusion. About thirty paces from the tent stood a lion, which walked very deliberately a few paces further behind a small thorn-bush, carrying something with him which those looking on took to be a young ox. They fired more than sixty shots at the bush. The south-east wind



blew strongly; the sky was clear; and the moon shone very brightly, so that anything might be perceived at a short distance. After the cattle had been quieted again, and the chief of the party had looked over everything, he missed the sentry from before the tent. On calling as loudly as possible, but in vain, he came to the melancholy conclusion that the poor man had fallen a prey to the invader. Three or four men then advanced very cautiously to the bush, which stood exactly opposite the door of the tent, to see if they could discover anything of the sentinel; but they returned helter-skelter; for the lion, who was still there, rose up and began to roar. A hundred shots were again fired at the bush, without, however, there being any appearance of the lion. This induced one of the men to approach the bush with a fire-brand, and as he advanced, the lion roared terribly, and leaped at him; but the monster was compelled to retire by the fire-brand, which was instantly hurled at him, and the shots by which he was assailed.

The fire-brand fell into the midst of the bush, and, favoured by the wind, it began to burn with a great flame, so that those assembled could see into the bush and through it. They continued their firing into it; the night passed away, and the day began to break, which induced every one to fire at the lion, as he could not lie there without exposing himself. Some men, posted at the furthest

wagons, watched, to take aim at him as he came out. At last, just before it became quite light, he walked up the hill with the dead body of the sentinel in his mouth; about forty shots were fired without hitting him; and, persisting in retaining his prey amidst the fire and shot, he carried it securely off. But short-lived was his safety; he was followed and killed before noon, while standing over the mangled remains of the unfortunate sentinel.

Of one deliverance there is a remarkable acknowledgement. Under the will of Sir John Gager, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1646, provision is made for a sermon to be preached annually, on the 16th of November, in St. Catherine Cree Church, Leadenhall-street, in commemoration of his providential deliverance from a lion, which he met in a desert, as he was travelling in the Turkish dominions, and which suffered him to pass unmolested. In addition to the fees directed to be given to the minister, the clerk, and the sexton, £8 16s. 6d. is to be distributed among the necessitous inhabitants It would be well were such providential interpositions in times of imminent danger, always followed with such evidences of true and fervent gratitude.

Few particulars in regard to the lion need now be added. His distinguishing marks are the presence of a shaggy mane and a tuft at the end of his tail. These appendages do not appear for some time while the animal is young, and four or five years elapse before they acquire their full and bushy state. The lioness is considerably smaller than the lion, but her form is much more slender and graceful.

The most remarkable distinction of the lion of India is, the very pale tint that pervades his whole body; it approaches almost to a fawn colour, and it is still paler on the under parts of the body and the insides of the legs. The mane is scarcely so ample as it is in the lion of Africa; but it is furnished with a peculiar appendage in the long hairs which, commencing beneath the neck, occupy the whole of the middle line of the body below. The size of the creature is also somewhat less; and he is considered generally inferior to the noble animal on whose character and qualities we have more particularly enlarged.

WHAT INDUSTRY CAN DO.

A TRUE STORY.

We are often driven to fear, if not to confess, that calculation and foresight are not, generally speaking, very decided elements in the character of the working classes. Too many of them—especially in our rural districts—seem to think that they are born to a certain doom, to wear away their youth and manhood in hard and unceasing toil, and then to finish their career in the union workhouse, in workhouse clothing, on workhouse diet, and, last of all, when life is [illegible] are carried in a workhouse coffin to the grave by the [illegible] paupers. Can nothing be done to wean their minds from such a degrading fatalism? It is true that a working man's life is a continued battle with the circumstances by which he is surrounded. He has little to save upon, and little to spend upon. To make both ends meet he considers a great achievement. He seldom attempts, because he considers it to be impossible, "to lay by anything for a rainy day." But why is it impossible? Has he ever tried? Has he ever, indeed, calculated whether it could be done, or how it could be done? Here let us set our arithmetic against his.

Only a day or two ago we met John Stubbins, a labourer in our village, coming from the little shop with a bundle of pipes in his hand, and a paper parcel filled with tobacco. Now John Stubbins is an awful smoker; he is as untiring with tobacco as Dr. Johnson was with tea. We have often talked to him about his carrying the habit to such an excess, but hitherto, we regret to say, to no purpose. On this occasion we again referred to the subject. "What, John!" we observed, "more tobacco? Why, man, you must puff away more than a new coat a year." At this he smiled, "Oh no, sir, nothing [illegible]." "Well, how much a day do you spend upon it?" "[illegible]y so much; not a farthing more." "Well, John, you only spend so much a day on pipes and tobacco. Now there are three hundred and sixty five-days in the year, and three hundred and sixty [illegible]times only so much make ——;" and here we had a sm[illegible] which would not only have bought the new coat of which we had spoken, but a waistcoat and hat into the bargain. John looked very foolish at hearing this, and not less so when another labouring man, who had been listening to us, observed, with a sly and quiet look,

And then, sir, you forgot to count in that he always wants something to wash it down with." And then we began to make our calculation over again, taking in not only so much for the *tobacco*, but also so much for "the *something to wash down with*," and this time we found that the sum-total amounted to enough to buy not only the articles aforesaid, but a full suit for John himself and a gown and shawl for his wife, and bonnets for his three little girls.

We must say for him, that when he saw his selfishness placed before him in this new light, he looked very much ashamed of himself, and said, "It was a sight of money to waste, and he had never thought of it before;" and he left us with a half promise that he would instantly begin to amend by knocking off a pipe a day, and renouncing "the something to wash it down with" altogether.

But another of our villagers, and another sort of man, now approaches as we part from John, with as much fear as hope about his carrying out his resolutions of improvement. The new comer is George Holdfast, a hale, hearty-looking man, six feet high, all sinew and bone, without a bend in his back or a grey hair on his head, and hardly a furrow on his brow, although sixty-six years have passed away since his battle of life commenced. We wrote over our story, by way of title or starting post, "What industry can do." And here is a proof of it. It is a kind of Aladdin's lamp to its possessor, and enables him to accomplish with ease what appear to be marvellous things to less energetic spirits.

Let us see what it has done for the man before us. It has not made him a George Stephenson nor a Sir Joseph Paxton, because he is utterly uneducated, unable either to read or write. But still, in the face of these disadvantages, we shall find that it has done much for him, and, comparatively speaking, in a very short time. George Holdfast never was an idler or lounger, but from his youth as hard-working a labourer as ever followed the plough or took spade in hand. He was, however, a long time before he knew the value of money. If, up to almost forty years of age, he worked like a horse, he also, to use his own emphatic description of himself, lived like an ass. In short, he toiled and played with equal energy. If there were a fair, a feast, or a wake within his reach, he was sure to be at it; and wherever the fun was "fast and furious," he was certain to be the hero of it. And so he went on for years upon years, as thoughtless, reckless, and thriftless a fellow as ever lived. But happily this state of things did not last for ever—

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream."

Circumstances—what they were we never heard exactly—led George Holdfast to think, and he began in his serious moments to reflect upon the folly of his past career, and to call to mind how much of valuable time, and substance, and strength, and health, he had expended upon trifling and unsatisfactory pleasures. He determined to give them up, and turn over a new leaf; and his resolution once taken was carried into effect for he was a man with an iron will as well as an iron frame. From that time he was never seen at fairs and feasts. He forsook the public house, renounced his idle habits and evil companions, and when his day's work was over, was invariably to be found at his own fireside, almost as decided a fixture as the grate itself. The change soon began to tell. Small as are the wages of an agricultural labourer, he speedily found himself before the world with a little spare money in his pocket. He now felt himself a made man.

"The world was all before him, where to choose
His place of rest."

What was he to do with his riches? How was the village Rothschild to invest his capital? *Savings banks* had not then—they have not even yet—penetrated the district in which our hero lived. He despised *clubs* and *benefit societies*. What, then, was he to do with his treasure? He would add to it. But how? A navigable river flowed near the village in which he resided, and there was also a canal within three or four miles, and on both of these a man owning a horse might find constant employment in towing vessels. As soon as this

thought occurred to him, it was acted upon. With the nest egg of his first savings he bought such a horse as his money would command. And now, for a time, he devoted himself to harder labour than many men would like to undertake. Often and often, when his fellow-workers were in bed resting after the toils and fatigues of the day, would he be engaged on this additional occupation, and then hurry home to catch hours' sleep before the labours of the to-morrow

occurred. He was enabled to buy an acre, a whole acre of land, in the richest part of the richest country in England, and from that hour to this he has never looked back, but kept swimming on with the stream of industry, constantly up, adding little to little, and more to that, until he has reached the point which he now occupies. Had he been an educated man, he would have certainly been a *rich* one, and, it may be, a *great* one. As it is, he is a *comfortable* man, being now the owner of three acres of the choicest land, worth a hundred pounds per acre, of his own, and a tenant holding fourteen more, having as snug a roof over his head as it is possible to describe, it being also his own property, and being the possessor likewise of one horse, one cart, three cows, as many heifers, and six pigs. George's consequence has also grown with his circumstances. He has been summoned to serve on juries. He is a freeholder, and on the eve of an election always talks of his stake in the country, and of the advantages of a good and cheap government. His politics are of the "jumble" order, being, unknown to himself, very radical with a dash of the conservative in them. He is, as an agriculturist, a protectionist in theory, but at the same time is thankful that he has enough to live upon, and thinks that his fellow-labourers "in the west country," as we here call the manufacturing districts, have as much right to live as he has, and certainly ought not "to pine." He also attends parish and vestry meetings, at which he enforces economy on all occasions, denounces the highways rate as unnecessarily burdensome, being of opinion that "those as drives fine coaches should make fine roads," and as to the poor rate, he is forcibly eloquent against its amount, regarding the union workhouse in our part of the country as a cunningly devised scheme for raising emoluments for guardians, inspectors, relations, and doctors. George sits, too, in his own pew in the parish church on a Sunday, and it is a glorious sight to behold him as he walks across the church-yard in all the magnificence of his Sunday suit. His coat is the admiration of the children and the envy of the men. And what a coat it is! The quantity of cloth contained in it is something incredible. As it streams in the wind, it seems to have more of length and depth and breadth in it than even the famous blue surtout in which the late Sir Robert Peel used to walk down to the House of Commons. It rather reminds us of the mainsail of a small man-of-war flapping in the wind.

But we spoke of George being a *comfortable* man. He is so in every sense of the word. Some two or three years ago we found him one day surrounded with workmen in his cottage. They were taking up the brick flooring of a little inner room which he was about to turn into a parlour, and a nice little snuggery he has made of it, being now boarded, with a warm carpet over it, because, as he says, "one likes to feel comfortable and keep away the rheumatiz in one's old age."

Nor would we for all the world omit to state, that when the correspondent or commissioner of the *Morning Chronicle* for the agricultural districts was in this part of the country, inquiring about the condition of the labouring classes, he one day walked into George's cottage to question him on the subject. He was fresh from some of the southern counties where the people barely exist, but can hardly be said to live, and expected to find the same wretchedness in our district. Amongst the first questions, therefore, which he put to George, he asked, "Do you ever get *meat* to eat?" Patience! A tornado broken loose could not have made such a noise as the thunder clap of laughter which George laughed at this question. The commissioner thought he was mad, while we had terrible fears of apoplexy, choking, or a ruptured bloodvessel. His wife, however, came to the rescue, and quietly answered, "George would think it hard indeed, sir, if he did not get his meat three times a day." The commissioner stared at this, and he stared more as she showed him over her three neat little bedrooms and other comforts of the cottage. And then she took him into the little snuggery aforesaid, and there, while he was admiring the clock in its grand mahogany case, and the tables and the chairs and the carpet, she, as she pretended, carelessly and accidentally, but in truth very cunningly and purposely, in the cunning of her proud heart, threw open the door of a huge and capacious cupboard, with shelf upon shelf covered with tempting pork pies, enough to have dined the flank companies of all the regiments of guards, and then shelf upon shelf again with her best china for company days. The commissioner fancied that he had at last found the labourer's paradise. And so he had. George is not "alone in his glory." Happily, in this part of the country there are many others of his class striving, with more or less success, to walk in the same path.

We have only to add that even yet, when not occupied on his own land, George goes out to work as a labourer just as he did at first. We ourselves farm a few acres, and invariably employ him for the benefit of his practical knowledge and experience; and we can with truth affirm, that under his auspices our green crops, our potatoes, our wheat, oats, and beans are at least as productive as those of any of our neighbours. We might say more; but we are not proud, and we do not wish to turn George's head.

In what we have now stated, we have not inserted one line or one word drawn from imagination or fancy, but have kept strictly and literally to facts. We have always had a high opinion of the force and power of industry. We have seen it misused and abused by thousands, who have then charged their wretchedness and disappointment upon fate or fortune. They have thrown away opportunities, been careless and extravagant, travelled through waste to want, and then accused everybody and everything except themselves and their own improvidence. While all the time, had they continually saved little by little, and so added little to little, they would have lifted themselves above the world's frowns and escaped from inclining misery. We have seen before them an example which teaches them that this *has* been done, and therefore *can be* done again—an example which muses its warning voice against idleness and recklessness, as it proves—"WHAT INDUSTRY CAN DO."

LITERARY FORGERIES.—From information derived from another source, it appears that the recently published "Shelley Letters," recently published with a preface by Robert Browning, are forgeries. The letters were sold by two women to Mr White, the bookseller in Pall Mall, who gave a large price for them. They were afterwards purchased at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's public sale by Mr Moxon of the publisher. The discovery was made in a curious manner. Mr Moxon had sent a proof-sheet to Mr Tennyson. During a visit which Mr Palgrave was paying to Mr Tennyson he dipped into the Shelley volume, and recognised a letter written from Florence to Godwin, the latter half of which had before appeared as part of an article on Florence written by the Quarterly Reviewer," so far back as 1841. In his father Sir Francis Palgrave. This led to further investigations, which brought out facts proving the letters to be forgeries. The *Athenæum* has stated that there has been of late years a great many such forgeries of letters purporting to be written by Byron, Shelley, and Keats—that these forgeries can only be detected by a minute mask of genuineness is have deceived the astutest body of London collectors—that they are executed with a skill to which the forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland can lay no claim—that they have been sold at public auctions and by the hands of booksellers, to collectors of experience and rank—and that the imposition has extended to a large collection of books bearing not only the signature of Byron, but notes by him in many of their pages—the matter of the letters being selected with a thorough knowledge of Byron's life and feeling, and the whole of the books chosen with the minutest knowledge of his tastes and peculiarities. But the marvel of the forgery is not yet told. At the same sale at which Mr Moxon bought the "Shelley Letters," were catalogued for sale a series of (unpublished) letters from Shelley to his wife revealing the innermost secrets of his heart, and containing facts, not wholly dishonourable facts to a father's memory, but such as a son would wish to conceal. These letters were bought in by the son of Shelley—the present Sir Percy Shelley—and are now proved to be worthless fabrications got up for sale.

SCULPTURE.

Among all nations and peoples—the rudest equally with the most refined—representations of the human form have ever found especial favour. From the remotest antiquity have been recovered evidences which show the universality of this feeling. The grinning idol of the savage, and the classic groups of Greece and Rome have similar signification, because they exhibit the impulses of the human heart, which seeks in visible forms and outward ceremonies the invisible and inward yearnings for the true and beautiful

By the word sculpture is understood the art of carving or cutting any material into a proposed shape or form. Though it is generally applied to those works produced in marble and stone, to the moulding and modelling of clay—called the plastic art—and the casting of metals and other materials, the all peoples. From a remote antiquity the art of sculpture has been continually practised; and ancient as well as modern nations have made all kinds of materials subservient to its advancement. Thus we find, recovered from ruined palaces and desecrated tombs, the remains of figures, both human and animal, vases of all shapes, pedestals, lamps, and architectural ornaments, in marble, wood, ivory, basalt, terra cotta (literally baked earth), porphyry, stucco, granite, wax, clay, and the different kinds of metals.

All objects in sculpture may be classed under one or other of the following heads:—The production may be a figure or group, which stands by itself, and may be viewed from all sides, when it is technically called a "round;" or it may be partially raised from a back ground, in which case it is called a *relievo*. The degrees of relief, as defined by modern artists, are *alto* or high relief, where the objects project so as to be



THE PLAYMATES, BY C. MULLER OF BERLIN.

word is also used occasionally in reference to engraved gems and the larger kinds of works produced by the goldsmith.

To trace the history of sculpture, we should have to travel backwards to almost the infancy of civilisation, and recount the triumphs of awakened man over the barbarisms of ignorance and slavery. The recent discoveries of Messrs. Botta and Layard, among the mounds of earth which once formed the city of Nineveh, have brought to light many highly-wrought specimens of sculpture, and there is even reason to believe that the art was practised before the flood. Indeed, the ruins of India and central America sufficiently attest its antiquity. Almost as universal as language, the art has risen from the rude forms of idol worship to a perfection which commands the admiration of the educated and refined among nearly distinct; *mezzo* or half relief, where not more than the face and half the figure is raised from the ground on which it is sculptured; and *basso*, or low relief, in which the chiselled figures are but slightly raised from the back-ground. There is also another variety of relief, which is found principally among the Egyptian and Syrian antiquities. The outline of the figures is sunk into the ground-work or plane of the material, and the different parts are then rounded off in the same manner as in *basso-relievo*. In works produced by this method, no parts project beyond the original face or ground of the stone; and to produce peculiar effects in this kind of *relieved intaglio*, the ancient artists were in the habit of introducing colours into various parts of their sculptures.

Having already said that various materials are used in the

production of sculptures, we will endeavour to explain how, from a rude block of marble, the artist is enabled to produce those life-like representations of the human form which delight all beholders. We cannot in our small space attempt to speak of the various schools of art, or the famous works of the ancients; we must therefore confine our remarks to the mechanical process necessary to the artist in marble—leaving the explanation of iron and bronze-casting for a future paper.



FIRST LOVE. A MARBLE STATUE BY ALBERT WOLFF, OF BERLIN.

Having conceived and determined on his subject, the first object of the artist is to produce a representation of it on paper. He then goes on to make a model, *in little*, in clay, wax, or some equally plastic material. If this model be well built—

The model complete, the next process is the erection of another clay figure, the exact size of the intended group or figure. A sort of skeleton or frame-work of wood or iron is made to assume the rough outlines of the statue, and on this is moulded—by means of certain simple instruments aided by the artist-mind and hand—the clay or other material into the forms designed. Now, whether it is intended that the statue should be draped or not, it has been usual with some sculptors to make their models nude; but this plan has not been adopted to any great extent among modern artists except where it has been necessary to show the muscular or other development beneath the drapery. It is said of Chantrey



THE FIRST STEP. BY PIETRO MAGNI, OF MILAN.

that his knowledge of anatomy was inferior to his skill in the disposal of clothes; and it will be recollected, probably, that his statues generally are dressed in the modern costume. To obtain the necessary grace and accuracy, draperies are usually placed upon lay figures, the details of which are *copied* by the artist; though in some few instances a living model is preferred.

When the clay figure has sufficiently dried and shrunk, a mould is made of it by covering it all over with gypsum or

plaster of Paris. After the plaster has become dry and hard, the clay within is carefully removed, and the result is an exact mould of the original design. After being carefully washed, the interior of the mould is brushed over with a composition of oil and soap, and then completely filled in its parts with a semi-liquid mixture of gypsum, which in a few days becomes so throughly hardened as to allow of the removal of the outer body or mould. Means similar to the employed by all artists, and thus is obtained an exact counterpart of the original clay model. A careful examination of the process as above detailed will, it is to be hoped, enable our readers to comprehend how the many plaster figures which they have seen at the Great Exhibition and elsewhere have been produced.

Having made his plaster cast, the sculptor may then transfer it to marble or other material. Technical rather than inventive skill, however, is necessary to produce the marble figure; and it is not by any means uncommon for the sculptor to confide this part of the work to other hands, reserving to himself merely the right of superintendence, till the figure approaches completion.

Having selected a proper block of marble, the first step is to what is called *point it out*. By means of a long steel needle attached to a pole or standard, and capable of being withdrawn or extended, loosened or fixed, by means of joints, &c., the exact situation of numerous points and cavities in the figure to be imitated are correctly ascertained. Pencil marks on the block of marble are made to show where such and such points occur in the model, and this process being repeated till the various distances to which the chisel may penetrate are discovered—in fact, till, in the technical language of the studio, the figure is entirely *pointed out*—the marble is rudely blocked out, and the future statue begins to assume something like an intelligible shape. A superior workman, called the carver, now takes the figure in hand, and with extreme care copies all the minute portions of the model. By means of chisels, rasps, files and sand paper, he brings it to that state of semi-completeness in which several works were exhibited at the Crystal Palace. The sculptor then assumes his full authority, and gives the finishing touches to the statue, which [illegible] work of a master hand and mind. Among the ancients it was not unusual for the artist to begin and complete his work, but the demands of the present day would not allow of such an expenditure of time, even were the sculptor willing to perform the laborious tasks of the carver and blocker-out. The ancients, there is reason to believe, produced their grandest effects by the chisel alone; among the moderns the file and the sand-paper are the roughest instruments which approach the surface of the work. Indeed, as before stated, it is to the perfection to which the clay model is brought that the success of the finished performance is due. Harmony of effect, beauty of expression, gracefulness of form and attitude, consistency of detail, and finish of surface, belong as much to the painter as the sculptor; both of whom, to achieve complete success, must possess genius and industry, taste and perseverance, fire and patience in almost equal degrees.



THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS. BY G. G. ADAMS.

These prefatory remarks leave us but small space to speak of the illustrations we have introduced into this article. The originals all appeared in the Great Exhibition, we have little need therefore to be over-critical.

In the "MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS" Mr Adams has in no wise departed from the conventional type—an armed figure, a distressed mother, and an almost indifferent child, nevertheless, there is much to be admired in the vigour of thought displayed in this group. It is the fault of English artists and a characteristic of the national character—that they seem afraid to give vent to all their fire. Whenever you look at a picture or a piece of sculpture by an Englishman, you cannot help thinking that in some particular the story is not all told. You gaze upon it, and drink in the sentiment of the episode, and pass away with the thought that that man can do better things. Of course there are exceptions to this, as to every other rule; and if we do not, in all cases, embrace the whole idea, we do not, in any, commit those extravagances so common among foreign artists—the "Phryne" of Pradier, for instance, a more detestable piece of vulgarity and extravagance than which, notwithstanding the award of the Council Medal, was never carved in marble. We speak of the idea and not of the execution of this figure.

Although we cannot speak without reservation of Mr. Adams' group, it must not be supposed that we introduce it into these pages merely to condemn it. On the contrary, there much in it to commend, much to admire, much that a young artist would do well to emulate. The attitudes are free and vigorous, and the *posé* of the group unexceptionable. Two other artists chose the same subject, and it would be difficult to say which of them rendered it most happily. The visitor to the Exhibition, recalling the memory of each, must make his own selection.

Of the "FIRST STEP" little need be said, though much in the way of commendation might be advanced. Belonging to a less ambitious class of subjects than many which were exhibited by Raphael Monti and others, there is in this group nothing to detract from the honourable fame achieved by its author; but, on the contrary, as it appeals to the sympathies of a far larger audience, it will be remembered by hundreds of thousands on whose minds the representation of nude female figures, polished up to the last degree of finish, have made but small impression. The "PLAYMATES" also deserves high commendation for the grace and freedom of outline, and the entire naturalness—if we may be allowed the expression—which characterises the whole composition. FIRST LOVE is also an expressive and well-executed statue, which never failed to find admirers from among visitors of all ages.

Did it come within the compass of our space we should gladly attempt to review our impressions as to the sculpture in the Great Exhibition; but it does not. That it was creditable to the English as a nation there is little doubt, and that, had there been longer time allowed for preparation, the specimens would have been far more numerous and possibly of a somewhat higher character as a whole, appears equally certain. Into the relative merits of the various sculptors who exhibited we have no desire to enter—that task has already been sufficiently well performed by the jurors of Class XXX.; but we must say, in conclusion, that the "EVE" of Bailey, the "VIRGIN AND CHILD" of Fradier, and the "VENUS" of Canova are before the world as specimens of the artistic genius of England, France, and Italy, and none can say that one is greater or less than the other.

HOW HENRY BROUGHAM WAS MADE LORD CHANCELLOR

SOME curious revelations are made by Mr Roebuck, in his "History of the Whig Ministry." The following will be read with interest. After speaking of the reform crisis in 1832, Mr Roebuck tells us that "Lord Grey, when commanded by the king to form an administration, obeyed the injunctions of his majesty with the belief, 1st, that without Lord Brougham's co-operation he could not form an efficient government; 2ndly, that there was no objection on the part of the king to Mr Brougham's receiving some important office. Under this impression, the first list of the proposed administration and its friends submitted to the king contained the name of Mr. Brougham as Master of the Rolls. To this arrangement, it is said, the king immediately and peremptorily objected. That the king should have so positively prohibited this arrangement, certainly seems strange. That the king had no invincible objection to Mr. Brougham, was made plain by the result. Why, then, should he, the king, have objected to his being Master of the Rolls? The office is certainly permanent, and he who holds it may sit, and often has sat, in the House of Commons; and Mr. Brougham, with such a permanent office and a seat in the Commons, would have been truly formidable, but not as regarded the king. The king would have had no reason to fear him. The persons who, under such circumstances, would, indeed, have had good cause for alarm were his whig friends, and from them would the objection most naturally come. But, nevertheless, the king himself, according to the statement of Lord Grey to the person most interested, did spontaneously and peremptorily object. An offer was in the meantime made to Mr Brougham, through Lord Duncannon, with which the world became, in some manner not explained, acquainted, and on which most of the imputations which the opponents of Mr. Brougham so freely cast upon him entirely rested. Lord Duncannon was commissioned to inquire whether he would accept the office of Attorney-General. This offer was at once positively and (it is said) *calmly* refused, upon which Lord Grey declared that his hopes of being able to frame a cabinet were at an end, and waited upon his majesty for the purpose of communicating to him the failure of his negotiation, and the impossibility now of forming an administration. 'Why so?' was the king's inquiry. 'Why not make him Chancellor. Have you thought of that? The answer was, 'No—your majesty's objection to the one appointment seems to preclude the other.' 'Not at all, not at all,' was the king's reply. The reasons for the one appointment and against the other were said to have been then very clearly stated by his Majesty, and orders were given to offer Mr Brougham the seals. Up to this moment no other communication than the one above described had been made to Mr. Brougham by or on behalf of Lord Grey, and up to this moment it was the intention of Mr. Brougham to retain his distinguished position in the Commons, untrammelled by office; and when, from the marked lead he had taken in all the proceedings of the opposition, men were naturally led to ask and speculate upon what was to be his position in the new order of things, he quite as naturally attempted to satisfy the public curiosity respecting himself. He had done this in some degree on the 16th of November, when he consented to postpone his motion respecting reform; and again on the 17th, when Sir Matthew White Ridley proposed to postpone certain inquiries into election petitions, because of the absence of the ministers, Mr Brougham took occasion to define the independent position he desired to hold, by saying—'He (Sir M. Ridley) says that ministers will not be in their places, and that therefore we cannot proceed. But I here beg leave to differ from the honourable baronet. We can do many things in these days without the assistance of ministers, and with respect to election petitions, we can do just as well without them as with them. I speak this with all due respect for the future administration, and with all due respect for the distinguished persons of whom it may be composed, and who will undoubtedly govern the country upon right principles. I have nothing to do with them except in the respect I bear them, and as a member of this house. I state this for the information of those who may feel an interest in the matter.' Having thus attempted to satisfy the curiosity of those who felt an interest in the matter, and having again on Friday, the 19th of November, presented petitions and spoken on them in the Commons, Mr. Brougham certainly surprised the world by suddenly, on the next Monday, November 22nd, appearing as Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords. This sudden change in the determination of Mr. Brougham resulted chiefly from considerations of party. Had he thought solely of himself, he could not but be aware of the great personal loss which he sustained by his elevation to the peerage. If the statements, however, made by Lord Grey were correct—if the successful formation of the whig administration depended upon Mr Brougham's active co-operation, and if his refusal would have led to the reconstruction of the old tory ministry—then, indeed, we need not be surprised to find that Mr. Brougham should shrink from incurring the lasting anger and active enmity of the whole whig party by keeping aloof from them, and thereby preventing them, perhaps, for another quarter of a century, tasting the sweets of office. For thus ran the argument of those whig friends who induced him to accept the offer of the seals.—'If you refuse, Lord Grey will finally declare to the king that he is unable to form a cabinet. The whole whig party will ascribe this evil result to your selfishness. That circumstance upon which you insist as your chief pride, and which gives you your present power and importance—viz., the representation of Yorkshire—will only belong to you for the present parliament. A contest at the next election will be inevitable, and your whig friends will be either hostile or lukewarm. The enormous expense of a Yorkshire election is beyond the power of your purse, and you will have, therefore, to return, if you can find one, to some presentation borough or populous town. Your proposed measures, too, of reform will never be so likely to succeed as by the endeavours and under the auspices of a government pledged to bring forward and support some large scheme of parliamentary reform. As the chancellor of such a ministry, you will be called upon to render a service to the cause of reform which no other man can render, and which you cannot render in any other character. We see, and we acknowledge, the personal sacrifice we ask you to make. We know that if you simply look to personal considerations, if you think only of your own influence apart from all considerations of the public good, you will remain in the House of Commons, and wield the great power which your singular abilities confer upon you as a member of that house. But we appeal to higher motives, asking you to think less of yourself and more of your country, and to adopt that course which will give effect to the principles which during your whole political life you have endeavoured to advance.' This argument, thus skilfully employed, produced the effect desired, and Mr. Brougham passed almost directly from the bar of the house at which he had as counsel been engaged when this argument was used, to the woolsack, and took his seat as Lord Chancellor before the patent that created him a peer was made out."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The histories of painters and poets are written in their works. There is seldom much of incident or excitement in the story of their lives—at least in the lives of those among them who have achieved the measure of success which entitles them to be ranked among the world's great And it is well that it should be so, for it is surely more interesting to read of their triumphs over the difficulties that beset their paths, than to find them interfering with matters which belong rather to diplomatists, statesmen, politicians, grave talkers profound thinkers, and the active spirits who make up the sum and substance of what is known as 'the world' They there fore, who expect to find the poet or the painter taking part in the questions which interest the generality of mankind or sharing in the hopes, feelings and passions of their contempo raries, will, in the greater number of cases be doomed to disappointment It is true that the complexion of the poet's works—and the painter must always be considered in the lights of a poet, a creator—will almost necessarily be tinged with the colour of the times in which he lived yet for the most part, it will be found that he has looked deeper than the surface, and has sought inspiration at founts which are sealed and hidden from the general crowd Thus it is that the artist mind appears to stand alone and isolated as it were, while all is busy active stirring heart-en grossing life around him Thus it is that we must judge of the poet—not by comparison with the minds of other men but rather with reference to the soul absorbing occupation to which he has devoted his anxious days and feverish nights If we search the annals of the past we shall discover the poet standing out from among his fellows as a bright star amid the nebulæ—as a light shining clear and steadily through the shadows of time The poet must be a teacher, or he is nothing But not always in his lifetime is the poet honoured Not always is his worth allowed Not always is his presence recognised Not always are his teachings listened to On the con trary, it has happened often times that a Homer has begged his bread from door to door though seven cities may have claimed him as their own when nothing remained of him but his bones and the imperishable utterings of his heart



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

And so when we are speaking of the poets a Virgil or a Raphael, a Tasso or an Angelo or a Shakspere or a Milton or a Byron or a Reynolds—we must bear in mind that they are a peculiar race—a people apart a strange inconsistent order of beings, whose faults and failings and whose very virtues must not be judged by the standard common among men These remarks, however, apply rather to the general subject than to the painter whose portrait we here present to the reader They may be borne in mind, however when, in perusing the lives of men of genius we discover traits of character and eccentricities of behaviour not altogether reconcilable with our previously-formed notions

Sir Joshua Reynolds was born in the town of Plympton, in Devonshire, on the 16th of July, 1723 His father, the Rev Samuel Reynolds, was master of the Plympton Grammar school, and a man of more than ordinary acquirements Under the care of his father—who was taciturn and absent, and no more of a disciplinarian than scholars usually are—the youthful Joshua received his only education At an early age, how ever, he discovered germs of the genius which was afterwards to distinguish him, and before he had arrived at his seventeenth year, had given such decided proofs of a liking and fitness for the painter's art, that his father consented to place him under the care of Thomas Hudson, then the most celebrated portrait painter in London It appears, however, that the master had more skill than knowledge of his profession, and was not pos sessed of the requisites necessary for a teacher After staying with him two years, during which time he had sufficiently advanced in his art as to feel himself competent to paint portraits, the youthful artist returned to his father's house in Devonshire where he soon began to attract considerable notice His separation from Hudson may, indeed, be con sidered a fortunate circumstance, as it enabled him to strike out and pursue the path in which he afterwards became so famous

In 1749 he accompanied Captain, after Lord Keppel, in a voyage up the Mediterranean At Minorca and other places at which the vessel stopped he employed himself in painting portraits, and s well were his finances recruited by these means that he was enabled to ac complish the pilgrimage without which no artist education is considered complete To Rome, then the student wends his way and there surrounded by the triumphs of the great past his mind was enlarged and improved It is said, however that he was not at first so thoroughly imbued with admiration for the works of the old masters as might have been imagined He himself confesses that despite his early enthusiasm he was disappointed at the first sight of the works of Raphael in the Vatican 'Notwithstanding my disappointment, he says in his notes to the works of Du Fresnoy (published in 1782), "I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works I beheld them again and again I even affected to feel their merit, and to admire them more than I really did In a short time a new taste and new perception began to dawn upon me, and I was concerned that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art, and at the time having frequently revolved the subject in my mind I am of opinion that a relish for the higher excellences of art is an acquired taste which no man ever possessed without long cultivation great attention, and much labour'

On his return to England he painted a whole length portrait of his friend and patron, Commodore Keppel This was so much admired by the town, that Sir Joshua rose at once into popularity, and took higher rank as a painter than any since the days of Sir Godfrey Kneller

The history of Sir Joshua Reynolds from this period is but a record of art successes So greatly was his style admired, that the highest personages in the land deemed it an honour to have their portraits painted in it He was probably the first English portrait painter who, while he preserved the likeness of the sitter in the most exact manner, so idealised and refined his subject as to render the finished picture of far higher value as a work of art than as a mere portrait In fact, the English

school of portrait painters may be said to have been founded by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In that best of all biographies, "The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., by James Boswell, Esq.," and in other works of the time, we have frequent glimpses of Sir Joshua. Now, it is at his house in Newport-street, Covent-garden, where, in 1758, his time became so valuable as to oblige him, in the words of Johnson, to "raise his price to twenty guineas a head;" now among the associates of the Literary Club, founded by himself and Dr. Johnson; now at a dinner at the Crown and Anchor, in the Strand, in company with Goldsmith and Dr. Burney; and, lastly, in the painter's own house in Leicester-square, to which he removed in 1761, in which his greatest successes were achieved, and in which he died. This house afterwards became the residence of the Earl of Inchiquin, and was till lately occupied by the Western Literary and Scientific Institution. Hogarth, John Hunter, and Sir Isaac Newton also lived in Leicester-square, which has been classic ground to the poet ever since.

To give anything like a list of the pictures which Sir Joshua painted about this time, would exceed our limits. The visitors to the National and Vernon Galleries, and the privileged few who have the right of gazing at the Queen's collection at Buckingham Palace, the fine gallery of pictures belonging to the Earl of Grosvenor, in Grosvenor-square, and the pictures in the halls of the City companies and the houses of many of the aristocracy, will remember how they have stood in silent admiration before the "Tragic Muse," the "Age of Innocence," "Cymon and Iphigenia," and portraits innumerable.

On the institution of the Royal Academy, in 1768, Sir Joshua was unanimously elected president, and at the same time he received the honour of knighthood at the hands of his sovereign. Though the task of delivering public discourses was no part of the president's duty, Sir Joshua voluntarily undertook the duty. In distributing the prizes to the students on one occasion, he told them how it was that he determined on the delivery of lectures.

"If prizes are to be given," said he, "it appears not only proper, but almost indispensably necessary, that something should be said on the delivery of those prizes, and the president, for his own sake, would wish to say something more than mere words of compliment, which, by being frequently repeated, would soon become flat and uninteresting, and being uttered to many would at last become a distinction to none. I thought, therefore, if I were to preface this compliment with some instructive observations on the art, when we crowned merit in the artists whom we rewarded, I might do something to guide and animate them in their future efforts." Thus were produced those fifteen admirable discourses which have ever since been considered as models of just criticism and profound knowledge of art. From the foundation of the Royal Academy to the year 1790, Sir Joshua contributed no fewer than two hundred and forty-four pictures.

In his private life this great painter was of an eminent literary and companionable nature. He was the friend and patron of his less fortunate brethren, and, through his incessant industry, he became the possessor of an ample fortune. After his death, which happened on the 23rd of February, 1792, his pictures and works of art, collected with great care and taste from various parts of Europe, were sold for £16,947 7s. 6d. He was buried in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral, near Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect of the building, and a statue, from the chisel of Flaxman, has since been erected to his memory.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds," says the illustrious Burke, "was one of the most memorable men of his time. In taste, grace, facility, happy invention, and the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the ancient masters. In portraits he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those who possessed them did not always preserve. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings. He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter, he was the profound and penetrating philosopher. In the full affluence of fame, admired by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him. His talents and social virtues rendered him the centre of a variety of agreeable societies, which were dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy—too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time could be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow."

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.—Chapter I.

By Xanthus.

The local customs observed at funerals, like those of marriage, of which we have already spoken [see Vol. I., p. 306], are also greatly modified by climate, race, religious opinions and civilisation; and will ever be deemed an interesting subject of investigation, since in all countries their observance affords to survivors a last opportunity of testifying their affection and respect for the beloved friends of whom the hand of death has deprived them. There is something wildly mournful in the ceremonials which are still kept up by many of the negro tribes in Central Africa. When the head of one of their families has breathed his last, his more distant relatives are summoned to wail over him by the loud cries of a female who goes about for this purpose tearing her hair, whilst the body is washed with oils and wrapped in straw mats and cotton cloths ready for interment, after which the different relatives assemble around it. The friends continue their audible lamentations over the deceased until the following day, when, amidst the beating of drums and violent shrieks of hired women, the remains are deposited in an oval shaped hole in some lonely forest, which is then surrounded by thorns to deter wild animals from molesting it. These women are afterwards treated with palm wine, and for eight succeeding days they collect round the grave, morning and evening, to weep aloud; often saying to the dead man, "Hadst thou not wives, and arms, and horses, and pipes, and tobacco, wherefore then didst thou leave us?" In some places the negroes build a hut under ground in which the corpse is placed with supplies of food, water, and tobacco, and to the roof, which projects above-ground, are fastened the bow and arrow and lance of the deceased, these preparations being made, because they believe the soul of the departed frequently returns to the body for some time, after which they think it passes into some other form. A woman's grave is occasionally distinguished by a pestle and mortar being affixed to the roof, and the burial places of both sexes are ever regarded with great veneration, whilst an African prince is honoured by interment in his own habitation, and the anniversary of his death is dutifully commemorated by the reigning prince, who annually visits his abode, and offers up prayers, while he throws millet into the enclosure.

The Hindoos preserve many singular customs, and it is curious that amongst them cloth-dealers and weavers alone bury their dead, in all other cases the funeral rites are performed as soon as possible after decease, because those of the same household may not eat until they are concluded, they resemble those of the Africans, inasmuch as hired women, who tear their hair and shriek, continually attend. A Brahmin first ties a species of dog-grass, considered sacred, round the dead man's finger, purifies the house with holy water, and prayers are offered up, whilst fire is brought into the room, and cow-dung thrown into it, and the Brahmin whispers the ceremonial of initiation in the ear of the deceased. The principal mourners while this is being done, cause their heads to be shaved, in the hopes of thereby increasing the happiness of the departed in the next world. In the evening a hole is broken in the outer wall of the house, through which the corpse is carried, placed in a sitting posture upon an open sedan-chair; and preceded by torches and mournful blasts of long trumpets. On arriving at the cemetery, the friends, with praiseworthy caution, make sure that life is certainly extinct, and then throwing rice, butter, betel, and fruit on the pile, the body having been first laid on it, the oldest relative present sets fire to the wood, and the corpse is consumed amidst loud wailing, music, and funeral songs. The ashes are afterwards collected and thrown, if possible, into one of the sacred rivers, such as the Ganges, the Kishna, and the Jumna, and which has previously received the ashes of the deceased's ancestors. Inferior castes, however, sometimes omit

the burning, and wrapping their dead in a coarse white sheet bury them like the Europeans do, only they shave their beard, head, and mustachios, and for several days fast from chewing their favourite betel. The inhabitants of some of the large Asiatic islands keep the corpse much longer, even the poorest, for several weeks, those of persons of rank being detained from burning for one to two years; and the interment of members of the royal family is attended by a terrible barbaric custom of sacrificing by the hands of executioners a certain number of their household slaves, selected by the king from the crowd of eager devotees, for those who do not thus offer themselves are imprisoned for life, the chosen ones are then put to death by the dagger before the royal corpse arrives at the burning pile. This long preservation of the body probably arises from the dislike naturally felt by all to be deprived of the last relics of the departed, which by many of the Hindoos are borne away for ever by their sacred streams, but in New Holland, now better known as Australia, and where dead bodies are also sometimes burnt, the ashes are carefully collected and buried in spots marked by logs of wood More commonly, however, the natives of that immense island place their dead in canoes without burning, along with a spear and a throwing-stick, and they are thus borne to the burial-ground whilst the attendants wave long tufts of grass backward and forward, as if exorcising evil spirits The canoes are placed in grass-lined graves to the music of drums, great care being observed in placing the canoe so as to let the sun shine on it; intercepting shrubs being cut down to facilitate the free passage of its rays; and small shrubs are planted over the grave when covered in, which is also distinguished by boughs and tufts of wild grasses.

Quitting these pagan nations, the still uncivilised hordes of Russia and her dependencies seem to afford a natural bridge for our passage over the gulph which divides the observances of heathenism from those of christianity, as it exists in more cultivated portions of the globe. As soon as death has taken place in Russia, a priest anoints the body with incense, to the accompaniment of prayers and sacred songs; and those who can afford it pay for a succession of priests to carry on similar religious observances day and night, until the interment, which generally takes place about eight days after death. Before the coffin is closed, every one kisses the departed; and a benediction having been pronounced, and incense poured on all present, the bier is carried into the church, preceded by choristers, and tapers born by priests The 91st Psalm is sung, followed by the prayers and anthems of the Greek church, said to be often exquisitely beautiful; and when the body is lowered into the grave, the funeral anthem to the Trinity is duly performed, whilst the priest throws dust crosswise on the coffin, and pours oil from his lamp on its lid, the ceremonial concluding with a prayer for the everlasting happiness of the deceased. Sometimes a religious commemorative service is conducted in the church on the third, ninth, and fortieth days after the funeral, and another is celebrated annually, in addition, so long as the mourners survive. In some savage tribes drink mead at the grave from a bowl, with wax tapers stuck round the rim, their women at the same time keeping up a species of musical howl, and every one bowing to the ground and crossing themselves repeatedly; and the Siberians burn candles over their sepulchres, and not unfrequently dig away the earth from them at night, in order to introduce food into the sepulchre, money being buried with the dead, in the expectation that they will need it wherever their souls are gone.

A singular source of revenue to Spanish monastries arises from the sales of monks' and nuns' habits, in one of which every corpse except those of the grandees is interred. A public coffin is also kept in each church, which is used on all occasions, the body being buried without one, and it remains open while on its way to the burial-ground, and a rosary is placed in the hands of the deceased, or, if it be a young unmarried woman, she wears a crown of flowers, and carries a palm-branch in her hand. The sorrowing parents of children who die under seven years of age are obliged to listen to congratulations, since baptism is supposed to insure the entrance of their offspring into the kingdom of heaven. When they die before human beings become responsible—a period which the catholics have determined lasts seven years—the remains of these infant children, who are called "little angels in Heaven," are crowned with flowers, and dressed in white, as is the officiating priest; the bells ring joyful peals, and the thanksgiving Psalm is uplifted, "*Laudate pueri, Dominum*," whilst no mourning garb is permitted to the bereaved relatives who follow their darlings to the tomb. An ancient custom is still observed in Spain of erecting crosses on the highway to the memory of those who perished by the hands of brigands, and the peasantry, as they pass them, throw a stone on the heap at the foot of each cross. In the Dutch states, the funerals of the rich commonly take place at night, by the light of large lanterns, a canopy sheltering the open car containing the hearse, and, if the deceased died unmarried, white gloves are worn—and black gloves if married. Numerous mourning coaches and a large retinue of undertakers generally attend, who are attired in the deepest mourning. But in country places, interments are conducted very simply, a common wagon generally conveying the coffin, as well as the nearest relatives. When young children are buried, bunches of flowers are fastened to the coffin, and the boys carry in his mouth a green twig, whose leaves are afterwards strewn over the grave, and, after this part of the ceremony, the undertaker frequently returns thanks for their attendance to the friends assembled round the grave, who thence depart to their separate homes In some cases the company return to the house of mourning, and partake of old Rhenish wine in goblets of green glass, used only on these mournful occasions—a custom in other districts compounded for by presenting each of the company with drink money at the grave In Zeeland or Friesland much feasting goes on at funerals, and is thought to be a remnant of ancient customs when banquets used to be prepared amongst the northern nations after death had occurred, to propitiate the manes of the departed In the South Sea Islands the savage custom is still maintained of survivors manifesting their sorrow for a deceased relative by bruising themselves with their fists, cutting and wounding themselves with clubs, stones, sharp shells, and knives, and striking their heads so violently as sometimes to occasion a temporary loss of reason. Their chiefs are buried in vault lined with large stones, and they are usually eight feet long, six wide, and eight deep, and a kind of shed is erected over the grave, from which are suspended pieces of stuff with black stripes, the coarseness of the material being considered emblematic of deep grief When the mourners return from the burial-ground, they sing aloud, that all who may be in the adjacent roads or fields may have time to hide themselves, as the sacrilege of looking on a funeral procession is punishable by death on the spot; and the same wild people evince their regret on losing a friend by burning their cheek bones, the places being rubbed with astringent juice, and the blood thus produced smeared round the wound to the diameter of two inches, and similar strange customs are often carried on for twenty days after the death of one of their chiefs. In Otaheite, when a person is known to have expired, the relatives assemble immediately to weep over the dead body, and the next day it is wrapped in cloth, and carried in a bier to the sea-shore, where the priest prays aloud, and sprinkles water around, but not on the corpse. This is repeated several days, whilst a shed is erected, different in size, according to the rank of the deceased, in which the body is then placed, and left to waste away till the flesh is wholly gone These sheds are adorned with garlands, and pieces of cloth and food are kept close at hand, the former being supplied to receive the tears of the mourners, as a sort of oblation. They also cut off and throw their hair into the bier. Finally, the bleached bones are delicately washed, wrapt up in cloth, and buried. These funeral observances vary considerably in the different islands of the Indian Archipelago, and the inhabitants of Sumatra testify their regard to the departed in a mode much more consistent with our notions of propriety on such sorrowful occasions. Each village possesses its own cemetery and its own broad plank, constantly kept painted with limes, on which the dead are conveyed to their resting place, swathed in white cloth. After the grave is dug, a cavity is cut in one side, just large enough to hold the corpse, which is laid within it, covered with flowers, and protected by two boards, fastened angularly to each other, one resting on the body, while the other fills up the open side of the cavity, its edge touching the bottom of the grave. When the excavation is filled up, small white streamers and shrubs, bearing a white flower, or marjoram roots, are neatly planted over the grave, which is duly visited by the survivors on the third and seventh days, and at the end of twelve months two or three long elliptical stones are placed at the head and foot, on which occasion a buffalo is dressed and devoured, its head being left there to decay in testimony of the honour which has been paid to the deceased in feasting to his memory.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

WONDERFUL PROVISION OF NATURE.—Although eels, notwithstanding their voracity, are not, perhaps, very destructive to salmon in their active state, their habits are such that they would exterminate the species, were it not for a very singular provision of nature, which, as we do not remember ever to have seen it dwelt upon or alluded to, it may be worth while to notice in passing. The history of their spawning is the converse of that of the salmon's, for whilst the latter is oviparous, and produces in fresh water, the former is viviparous, and produces in the sea, and it so happens that when the salmon is hurrying up towards the very sources of rivers on the great errand of generation, the eel is hurrying on the same errand to the depths of the ocean. Were the eel to remain in the river after the salmon roe is deposited, and covered in, its voracity, and habit of boring in loose gravel, and even under large stones, would disturb the beds, and lead to the annihilation of the whole salmon tribe. But at this critical time the two creatures are driven, by the same instinct, towards different poles; and before the eel re-appears in fresh water the salmon roe has undergone a series of transmutations, emerged from its sub-aqueous dormitory, and becomes a little fish, fragile, indeed, and tiny, but in the highest degree vigilant and nimble—not capable of confronting a single one of its numerous enemies in the open field, yet disconcerting and [illegible] by the celerity of its flight. Is this an evidence of [illegible] a stroke of chance?

THE FORMATION OF PEARLS.—These jewels of animal origin, so highly prized for their chaste beauty, are only to be rejected or superabundant secretions of a shell-fish, consisting of concentrically disposed layers of animal matter and carbonate of lime. In most instances they are consequences of the attempts of irritated and uneasy mollusks to make the best of an unavoidable evil, or, rendered uncomfortable—their peace of mind and ease of body destroyed—by some intruding and extraneous substance—a grain of sand, perchance, or atom of sphincter shell—the [illegible] in a smooth coated phrase of [illegible] way. Would that these bipeds could treat our troubles so philosophically, and convert our secret cankers into splendid treasures! It is not to be wondered at that the generality of naturalists ascribed the production of pearls to other causes than the true one, believing them to be congealed and petrified drops of rain drop falling from heaven into the cavities of gaping shell-fish, thereby supplying the poets with a suggestive hypothesis, out of which many a beautiful verse and quaint conceit has sprung. There is, indeed, a version of malacology peculiar now to the poets, but originally derived from the fanciful dreamings of unobservant zoologists, or their credulous acceptance of the narratives of superstitious fishermen and exaggerating travellers. To it belongs such pretty but imaginary actions as the voyages of the nautilus, floating, with outspread sails and paddling oars, on the surface of unruffled seas, the terrestrial expeditions of the cuttle-fish, and the dew-drop theory of pearls. Long after such errors had been investigated and exposed, and consequently expunged from the text-books of scientific students, they return a tenacious hold of more popular treatises, and keep their accustomed place in the compilations put into the hands of children. Indeed, a general revision of all the pretended facts of science, stereotyped, as it were, in schoolbooks, is becoming more and more desirable every day.

PREPARATION OF PHOSPHORUS FROM BONES.—M. Donovan, in the *Philosophical Magazine*, recommends the following as the easiest and cheapest processes for obtaining phosphorus:—"Take of dense bones, crushed or broken into small pieces, as many pounds as may be deemed sufficient—say 10 avoirdupois pounds. Digest them in a mixture of six pounds of commercial nitrous acid and five gallons of water for a few days. When the bones feel perfectly soft and flexible, strain off the liquor, and add to it eight pounds of sugar of lead dissolved in a sufficiency of water. An abundant precipitate will appear, wash and dry it by heat in the manner already directed. Its bulk will be reduced to one-half if it be heated red-hot in a crucible. Mix it well with one-sixth of its weight of fine charcoal-powder or lampblack, and distil out of large earthen retorts properly prepared. The phosphate of lead resulting from the above process would, according to my trial, amount to 91¼ ounces avoirdupois. Giobert states that 100 parts of phosphate of lead, precipitated from urine by acetate of lead, afforded from 14 to 18 parts of phosphorus. If this be a correct estimate, the 91¼ ounces should return from twelve ounces to one pound of phosphorus. A large quantity of cartilage is also obtained, which is well calculated for making size, glue, and for many other purposes. The following is a shorter, neater, and less troublesome, although a little more expensive process for obtaining phosphorus, which may be employed when the quantity required is not very large. Take of unburnt shavings of hartshorn 1 avoirdupois pound; digest it for hours in a mixture of 17 ounces weight of commercial nitrous acid and one gallon of water. Strain the liquor, and add to it 1¼ pound of sugar of lead previously dissolved in a sufficiency of water, mix, and let the precipitate subside. Pour off the supernatant liquor, dry and wash the precipitate as already directed; mix it with one sixth of charcoal powder or lampblack, and distil as before. The charcoal-powder or lampblack will in all cases afford a better product if previously well calcined in a crucible covered with sand, or in any close vessel. The waste of phosphorus, by solution in the gas evolved during the subsequent distillation, will thus be much lessened, and the same end will be further promoted by a previous exposure of the phosphate of lead to an obscure red-heat, which will also cause a reduction of bulk to one-half."

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF BOOTS.—Mr. P. Wibley has recently enrolled a patent for improvements in the manufacture of boots and in rendering them waterproof. The specification describes a new method of nailing and pegging the heels of boots and shoes, secondly, a method of producing a new material from scraps of leather and other substances, and, thirdly, an improved method of waterproofing. The machinery for nailing and pegging is described at length, but the *rationale* is simple. The heel of the boot is placed in a recess or cavity, made to receive it, in the upper plate of a fixed frame, and is secured there by a screw and last above. There are a number of small holes or perforations through a plate immediately under the heel of the boot; these agreeing in number and position with piercing tools, attached to a vertical slide, which being raised by the eccentric, the tool-plate will rise with it, and piercing-tools pass through the holes, and penetrate the heel of the boot upon the downward movement of the vertical slide, the tools will be withdrawn, the action of the eccentric will now be suspended for a time. The attendant then slides the tool-frame so as to bring the second part of it over the vertical slide. This second part is somewhat similar to the first, and contains the nails or pegs previously placed in small recesses in the block, in which, under the nails, are also mandrills. The [illegible] the eccentric, and [illegible] upon the vertical slide, the tools [illegible] the nails or pegs into the holes in the heel of the boot previously made by the piercing tools. The descent of the vertical slide enables the boot to be removed and replaced by another, to undergo a like operation. The second part of the specification is forming a composition of scraps or pieces of leather with gutta percha or caoutchouc. The scraps or cuttings of leather are first well washed in warm water; then taken out and partially dried, then steeped for a time in a solution of size or glue until fully saturated. It is then placed in a box or trough, the bottom and sides of which are perforated with holes to allow the escape of the superabundant portion of the solution. While in the box, it is submitted to a very considerable pressure to consolidate it. It is then taken in the state of a hard block to a cutting or rasping machine, which consists of apparatus [illegible] worked somewhat like a chaff-cutting machine. By [illegible] the composition is reduced to fine scraps or shreds; it is then steeped in warm water, and well washed to remove the glue. The washed shreds are then combined with melted gutta percha or caoutchouc in proper proportion, and reduced to a state of sheet or plate, by passing it between rollers, to any desired degree of thickness for the purposes required, and then used for many purposes to which ordinary leather is applicable. The third part is a mode of rendering boots and shoes waterproof. This is by [illegible] thin sheets of gutta percha, and laying them over the lasts previous to the formations of the boots or shoes.

THE NIZAM'S DIAMOND.—The *Calcutta Englishman* has the following from a correspondent at Hyderabad:—"The Nizam has contributed a large rough diamond, weighing seven tolabs, towards the payment of his debt to the company. The diamond was conveyed to the minister the day before yesterday, and was yesterday brought to the resident, it is supposed, as part payment of the debt, and I hope it has been accepted. Taken in round numbers, the diamond weighs 100 carats, and is the largest diamond next to the Brazil diamond. The Koh-i-Noor, I have heard, weighs but 300. The diamond of the Nizam will not permit of its being cut into a perfect brilliant, and I therefore presume that the cutting being adapted to its shape, it need not lose more than one-fourth in the operation."

CURRENTS OF WATER.—The distance to which currents can transport solid matter in the ocean may be well illustrated by the wash of the gulf stream which sweeps from the Guinea coast by the Gulf of Mexico, and then traverses so great a portion of the North Atlantic, for it carries timber and tropical fruits within the influence of the littoral indraughts of Iceland, Norway, and Ireland. Major Sabine's observations on the sea-current of the Maragnon, show, at a distance of 300 miles from its mouth, the fresh water of that mighty river floats on the heavier water of the sea, and retains its earthy discolouration.

MISCELLANEA.

AN INTELLECTUAL YOUNG LADY.—"Oh, mamma, I asked Miss Brown, what is dew? She says it is the moisture imbibed by plants during the nights of the summer months. Now, mamma, dear, dew is the condensation of aqueous vapour by a body which has radiated its atomic motion of caleric below the atmospheric temperature."

HORRID AMERICAN DEPRAVITY.—A base wretch, in the *form* of a man, was a few weeks since introduced to a lovely and confiding girl of sixteen. He pressed her hand, and said, in a thrilling tone, that he thought the "recent fine weather had rendered the ladies more lovely than ever" She blushed, and said, "Very." Her parents considered the matter settled, but he basely deserted the young lady, after addressing this pointed language to her, and has never called at her house since We are glad to hear that her friends have taken the affair in hand, and caused this monster to be arrested in a suit for breach of promise—damages laid at 6,000 dollars The scamp will be cautious in future how he trifles with the affections of young ladies, and break in fragments their loving hearts—the toughest muscles, by the way, in the whole body!

AN UNIMAGINATIVE WIFE.—Jean Paul Richter gives us the portrait of a wife who could count the strokes of the town-clock between his kisses, and could listen and run off to the saucepan, that was boiling over, with all the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or a sermon She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns, which echoed loudly from the neighbouring apartments, and in the midst of a verse she would interweave the prosaic question, "What shall I warm up for supper?" and he could never banish from his remembrance that once, when she was quite touched, and listening to his cabinet discourse upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, but upon his feet, and at length said, "Don't put on the left stocking to-morrow—I must first darn it."

LIFE ASSURANCE.—It unfortunately happens, as no man believes he is likely to die soon, so every one is much disposed to defer the consideration of what ought to be done on the supposition of such an emergency, and while nothing is so uncertain as human life, so nothing is so certain as our assurance that we shall survive most of our neighbours. But it may, indeed, occur to any that the chances are very nearly balanced as to his dying at forty, and his reaching the uncertain age of forty-five, and that even five years may make a considerable difference in the amount of savings he may bequeath to his family The determination to lay by often creates the power to lay by, and the first effort is the most difficult Let it always be remembered that, in purchasing a life policy, a man purchases a certain amount of mental tranquility, and thus he may actually extend his life by providing against the results of his death.

EASY TO TAKE.—Dr Goldsmith having been requested by a wife to visit her husband, who was melancholy, called upon the patient, and, seeing that the case was poverty, told him he would send him some pills which he had no doubt would prove efficacious He immediately went home, put ten guineas in the paper, and sent them to the sick man The remedy had its desired effect.

SENSIBLE LADIES.—The young ladies of Damariscotta, in the state of Maine, have recently formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement and protection. Among the resolutions adopted at a regular meeting, we find the following:—"That we will receive the attentions of no 'so-styled' young gentleman who has not learned some business or engaged in some steady employment for a livelihood. For it is apprehended that after the bird is caught, it may starve in the cage. That we will promise marriage to no young man who is in the habit of tippling, for we are assured that if he indulges that vice his wife will come to want, and his children go barefoot. That we will marry no young man who is not a lover of literature, for we have not only strong evidence of his want of intelligence, but that he will prove too stingy to provide for his family, educate his children, or encourage the institutions of learning."

STRENGTH OF HUMAN MUSCLES.—Robert Francois Damiens, who attempted the assassination of Louis the Fifteenth, in 1757, after suffering the most unheard of tortures, was sentenced to be drawn in quarters by four horses But although they exerted their entire strength, by drawing in four directions upon his limbs, for *fifty minutes*, the muscles were not torn from their attachments, and being still alive, the executioners were obliged to cut the tendons with a knife in order to answer the law, which was that the criminal's body should be drawn in quarters. Precisely the same course was resorted to in the case of Ravaillac, who assassinated Henry the Fourth, the horses being unable to dismember the criminal's body.

THE BUSINESS OF THE RICH.—Surely that gentleman is very blind, and very barren of invention, who has to seek for work fit for him, or cannot discern many employments belonging to him, of great concern and consequence It is easy to prompt and show him many businesses indispensably belonging to him, as such. It is his business to administer relief to his poor neighbours, in their want and distress, by his wealth It is his business to direct and advise the ignorant, to comfort the afflicted, to reclaim the wicked and encourage the good by his wisdom It is his business to protect the weak, to rescue the oppressed, to ease those who groan under heavy burdens, by his power—to be such a gentleman and so employed as Job was, who "did not eat his morsel alone, so that the fatherless did not eat thereof," who "did not withhold the poor from their desire, or cause the eyes of the widow to fail," who "did not see any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering," who "delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him"

CHARITY.—Open thy hand to the poor ding to thy ability. Meddle not with other men's occasions but where thou mayst do good, and hast a calling to it And if it be in thy power to hurt thine enemy, let it pass, do him good if thou canst, and boast not of it he that sees thee in private will openly reward thee Lastly, let thy heart be kept always in awe of this want of charity, by continually remembering that thou hast of thy Saviour no other form of prayer to desire forgiveness for thyself, than that wherein thou covenantest to forgive others All the other petitions we present to God absolutely only this is conditional, that He forgive us as we forgive others Our Saviour hath taught us no other way to desire it; and, in Matthew he shows God will no otherwise grant it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHARLES.—A Language (say French) is the [illegible] which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely imbedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning flashes of genius, which, unless fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would have also been as quickly passing and perishing as the lightning.

J. LEMMING.—You are mistaken. "Elastic gum" is not, as you suppose, gutta percha, but Indian rubber. Gutta percha is *flexible*, but not elastic. Indian rubber is both flexible and elastic. Your proposed experiment, therefore, would prove a failure.

THOMAS KERSHAW wishes to know "what will stop the growth of a young man," and he states that "this is a question which greatly involves his interests!" Really, editors have strange questions put to them. Most young men are anxious to improve their growth. Our correspondent need not fear; certainly, if he can put such questions as this, *he* will never be a *great* man

JAMES CRITCHLEY.—We cannot undertake to give directions as to the most economical way of obtaining loans for the purchase of houses We should think you might borrow £300, on the security you name, in your own neighbourhood.

A. B. C.—We have published "A Manual of the French Language," and are now publishing Lessons in French in the numbers of the "Popular Educator." Either of these you will find "easy and economical" You ask, also, "what they make porter of?" You had better inquire of some porter maker.

S. THOMPSON.—We believe the addre Lovejoy is "Reading, erkshir

H BROWN.—Coarse house-sand is the sand usually employed, with charcoal, in filtering machines.

J B.—A *copyhold* is a tenure under the lord of only; ing to how but the copy of the rolls made by the Lords' court on such tenant being admitted to any parcel of land or tenement belonging to the manor A *freehold* is land held in perpetual right A freehold may be in deed or law. A *freehold in deed* is actual possession of the land; a *freehold in law* is a right to such lands before entry Some copyholds are as good as freeholds.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The English pronunciation is *Mez-zo-tin-to*, the Italian, *Met-zo-tin-to* The former is that most commonly used.

A LABOURING MAN.—A History of America will, no doubt, appear in due course

A YOUTH OF EIGHTEEN.—If you wish to travel with goods for sale, you must take out a hawker's licence, which, if you travel on foot, will cost 4s., if with horse, 8s. You are scarcely eligible for the situation to which you refer.

THOMAS.—The "pancreas" is that flat glandular viscus of the abdomen which in animals is called "the sweetbread."

AMICO.—Your hint respecting etymology and pronunciation will be attended to

SCRAPER.—Many receipts for razor paste are given. The following has been strongly recommended.—Prepared putty powder, one ounce; powdered oxalic acid, a quarter of an ounce; powdered gum, twenty grains. Make this into a stiff paste with water, and spread it evenly and thinly over the strop With very little friction this paste gives a fine edge to the razor. Its efficiency is still further increased by moistening it.

T GROVE.—We are not aware that any person has ever attempted to estimate "the weight of the rock on which the equestrian statue of Peter the Great stands, at Petersburg."

TYRO.—Your question has been answered before. *Horse-power* is the power of a single horse to lift a certain weight in a given time; and this is fixed upon as a standard by which to estimate the power of steam-engines Suppose, for example, one horse is able to lift a weight of 30,000 pounds one foot in every minute, then an engine capable of doing twelve times as much would be called *a twelve horse-power.*

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EGYPT; ITS EDIFICES AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE NILE.—THE ISLAND OF PHILAE.—ELEPHANTINE AND ITS RUINS

THE traveller in Egypt will sometimes have a glimpse of that beautiful creature, the gazelle, with its graceful figure and beaming eyes, which has always been a favourite with Oriental poets, from whose writings it has been borrowed by our northern bards. It is the same animal which, under the name of the roe, is frequently alluded to in the Sacred Scriptures.

Nor will he fail to notice the palm-trees which grew in that remarkable country. One of these—the date palm—has its summit crowned with waving leaves, often six or eight feet in length, from which hang the clusters of dates—the fruit so valuable to many oriental people. In Egypt, the large leaves are used as fly-traps, to drive off the numerous flies that there cause much annoyance. Small bunches of the palm leaves also serve, in the houses, to cleanse the sofas and other furniture from dust. The lesser boughs are used for fences and [illegible] the timber of slight buildings, while the web-like integuments that hang among the boughs make excellent ropes. The Doum palm is another variety of this large and diversified class of trees.

Among the remarkable classes of people who are likely to attract the attention of the traveller, is that of the serpent charmers. The reptiles on which they exercise their art are chiefly cobras; perhaps because from their size and the deadliness of their venom, they offer the most surprising and convincing proofs of the charmer's skill. These men are generally of a separate and distinct caste, and arrogate, as might be expected, more credit for their powers than they are really entitled to.



THE SERPENT CHARMER.

"The charmer when he intends to draw forth serpents from their retreats," says Mr. Lane, "assumes an air of mystery, strikes the walls with a short palm-stick, whistles, makes a clucking noise with his tongue, and generally says, 'I adjure you by God, if ye be above, or if ye be below, that ye come forth, I adjure you by the most great name, if ye be obedient, come forth, and if ye be disobedient, die, die, die!' The effect produced on the serpent is, of course, not by the adjuration, but certainly by the knocking, and the whistling, and the clucking sounds, which experience has led the man to know will influence the snake; while the adjuration will have the effect designed on the by-standers."

The banks of the Nile are an unfailing source of interest, though unlike many others, since they have no water-plants, no weeds, or shrubbery, or anything of the kind at the water's edge, or for some distance from the shore. The height of the banks in most places, the scattered palm groves; the fields of grain ripening to the harvest, the villages seen at intervals, and as near the water as they can be placed, because of its all-essential importance; the flocks of sheep and goats; the occasional herds of cattle, now and then camels slowly trudging along; and when the river is getting low, the busy workmen at the shaduf or sakieh, giving note of the industry of the inhabitants—all these are features in an ever-varying scene, which rarely loses its interest or fails to gratify the beholder. But there is one extraordinary spectacle. The magnificent skies of southern Egypt, more glorious, or at least more marvellous, than aught ever seen in colder regions, exhibits stars spark-

ling like suns, while the surface of old Nile seems to glitter as if filled with diamonds.

The island of Philae has peculiar attractions. As its shore is neared, it is impossible not to be struck with the marked contrast of the scenery round about, and of that below the rapids. Usually, the banks of the Nile are of uniform height, without stones or rocks, save when the mountain range rises abruptly at the water's edge, and the eye sees, day after day, the same plain on either hand, with the villages, towns, and groves of palms, and the vast deserts in the distance beyond; but here, immense rocks not only encompass the river, and divide it into several smaller streams, but spring up in the very midst of the channel, and by their huge masses, and the lofty hills all around, give an air of wildness and almost sublimity to the scene. The island is situated, and not inaptly described as the "pearl of Egypt," which has been given to it, all surprise is lost that the Ptolemys should have chosen this remote and isolated spot for a grand temple, when it is gazed on for awhile, and its admirable position, and its adaptation to the purposes of religious solemnities are observed.

Clambering up a rather steep and high bank, the traveller is brought to the level of the ruined temples, which certainly present a most novel scene, for the whole island is devoted to the vast erections which have here been made, and not a living creature, or a sign of life, can anywhere be beheld. All the glory of Philae has passed away for ever, and its hundreds of priests and priestly attendants, and its crowds of worshippers, from the kings and nobles down to the peasant and the slave, are gone, and the place which once was theirs knows them now no more. Visitors wander through the ruins, and look upon the deserted halls and sanctuaries of pagan idolatry, alone and unattended, save perhaps by one or two little boys who have swam across the channel on a log of wood to salute them with the ever recurring *bakshish!*

The principal building is a temple of the moon-crowned Isis; a stone staircase leads to the top of the temple or second storey. Here may be seen a chamber with a narrow portal, and a number of hieroglyphics and sculptured figures, which, according to Wilkinson, relate to the death and resurrection of Osiris, that deity of whom the Egyptians were as fond as the Greeks and Romans of their Bacchus. Here, too, may be had a fine view of the island itself and the surrounding scenery. A large stone or rock on the edge of the water, opposite the northerly end of Philae, looms up very remarkably, and presents a form not unlike a vast altar or shrine, possibly it may have been used for some religious purposes. To the west appears the island of Biggeh, a wild and desolate spot, where are some few remains of early days, and one or two mud huts built in their midst; and to the south and west are seen the extensive ruins of the Roman station, the narrow channels of the Nile, which flow on either side of the lovely island, and the arid and parched-up plains and hills of Nubia stretching away in the distance.

Passing through the portal the first propylon, there is a large open court, with a fine corridor on either hand, and near the commencement of the eastern corridor is the small chapel of Æsculapius. The sculptures on the propyla are colossal, and though in great measure defaced by the hand of violence, still evince the skill of the artist, and the taste and habits of the age. In the next passage-way, through the second propylon, appears the famous inscription which the army of Napoleon caused to be placed there, and which has not escaped disfigurement; and on emerging into the open space beyond, the travellers stand before the Great Temple, in all its imposing grandeur; while to the south, for a very long distance, appears a continued line of columns, more or less broken, on both sides of the area, terminating in what Irby and Mangles call "a large pylon formed by two moles;" here a lofty obelisk stands, and marks the extreme southerly end of the island. Formerly there were two obelisks, one on each side, at the close of the long colonnade; but at present only one remains, the other having been removed to England by Mr. Bankes many years ago. In this portion of the ruins we behold the evidences of the uses to which the temples, after the fall of paganism, were devoted; for half-standing mud-huts, and great heaps of rubbish from their remains, lie all around, and, if possible, add to the desolateness of the scene. the same thing appears to be true in other parts of Philae, where such proofs of degradation of the living, contrasted with the grandeur of the ancient system of imposture and deception, are exceedingly painful.

At this point, too, is gained another fine view of the country above ancient Syene, and occasionally there is an opportunity to notice the difference between the Nubian race and the Arab population of the Lower Nile. The former are more brave and warlike, and, consequently, possessed of greater liberty than the people of the north. The fellahs of the villages are usually quiet and peaceable, and, having suffered from the hand of despotism being laid heavily upon them, are more degraded and less spirited than the dark-skinned inhabitants of the south. The island appears to be about two thousand feet in length, by perhaps three hundred feet in breadth in its widest portion. Nearly the whole is occupied by temples and buildings, spreading out a noble field for the examination and study of the chronologer and antiquarian.

Without dwelling upon the hieroglyphics or sculptures which abound on the walls and columns of the temples at Philae, attention may be directed to the character of the architecture, so different from that of every other land, and the singular brilliancy and clearness of the colours which have lasted so many centuries, and appear almost as if the work of the past year. In general, there is a heaviness about Egyptian buildings, the vast columns and immense stones which form the walls, the want of relief to a broad and high wall; and the singularly grotesque objects by which the artist sought to divert the attention from dwelling too closely upon the temple as a whole, appear to some as serious defects. Even Sir G. Wilkin on confesses that the architecture of the Ptolemaic period (during which Philae was devoted to the purposes of religious worship) has little to satisfy the mind or gratify the taste, and in speaking of Dendera, acknowledges that the style of the frieze is graceless, the hieroglyphics profuse and ill-adjusted, the columns, looked at singly, heavy, perhaps barbarous, in appearance, and the walls tediously long and unrelieved; and though this language may appear too strong, as applied to Philae, it would perhaps, be generally felt that in these respects Egyptian architecture, as it now appears in ruins, is vastly inferior to that which prevailed in Greece and the west of Europe in later days.

At the same time it is but just to recollect that everything is seen under the greatest possible disadvantage, and, as the learned author of "Modern Egypt and Thebes" very properly says, "a temple did not present the same monotonous appearance (which it now does) when the painted sculptures were in their original state; and it was the necessity of relieving the large expanse of flat wall that led to this rich mode of decoration." But, however this may be, no one can look upon the richness of colouring which still exists, without astonishment; so balmy is the climate of Egypt, so remarkably free from dampness or moisture, and so well suited to the preservation of works of art, that to one who comes from a different climate, it seems well nigh impossible that he can be gazing upon decorations thousands of years old. Over head, he looks upon a ceiling representing the clear blue sky, bespangled with stars, and so fresh and brilliant are the colours, that it needs no particularly vivid fancy to imagine that the scene is veritably before him, and that the artist has not long since left the work which he has completed. On the walls and columns, over the pyla, and throughout the temple, he sees the green, and red, and yellow, and other colours used in adorning the sculptures, and is there too he recognises the same brightness and beauty, and hardly knows whether most to admire these, or mourn over the desolation which the ruins as a whole present.

Over the entrance to the main temple is sculptured that striking symbol, the winged orb. Two or three crosses of St. John, cut into the wall near the doorway, may be observed, and inscriptions in Greek under them, stating the fact that at one period our brethren in the faith of Christ here assembled to worship. This room is about forty feet square, and is adorned with ten noble columns, measuring fourteen feet round, and covered with carvings or sculptures of various sorts, many of which have been

defaced or plastered over as an easier way of hiding them from view. The capitals of the columns are all different in design, and have a singular effect, though it can hardly be considered good taste thus to seek ornament in an edifice of this sort. Doors are on either side, leading into smaller chambers, which once appear to have been elaborately adorned; the light comes from above, there being no windows in the room. Near one of the walls is a splendid block of granite, about five feet in length, which was probably used for an altar when the Christians occupied the apartment as a church.

Various inscriptions are to be found on the walls of the temple, some in Greek, stating how many nobles, warriors, statesmen, and others, came here to worship Isis, and beg her favour and protection; some in Italian, particularly one over the massive doorway to an apartment dedicated to the glory of Pope Gregory XVI. and the renown of the expedition which he sent out in 1841; and some in French, in the days of the older Republic, in which the names of the principal men are recorded with needless particularity, and the victories of the army are sweetened with all the grandiloquence of the Gallic nation. Besides these, the walls and columns, high and low, are disfigured with names of all sorts, and from all climes, perpetrating the memory of Mr Softly's or Mr Simpleton's visit to Philæ. How important is it to the future traveller to know that Mr S has preceded him!

The rapids are no great matter, nevertheless, they are not to be despised, and except under skilful management, a boat would certainly be lost amid the rocks, if it should happen to get among them unawares. Looking from a hill near by at the cataract and its waters dashing down impetuously, several naked Arabs may sometimes be observed prepared to swim down the current, and exhibit their skill in reaching the smoother water below in safety. In they go one or two with a log between their legs, but most of them without anything at all, and at one moment their heads will be above the water, and at another, not a trace of their tawny bodies will be visible. After a few minutes, dripping with the spray, they climb madly up the bank and demand *bakshish* for the sight which has been witnessed. If happily, will take only a few piastres to content them, and to send them off in high glee.

The modern town which answers to ancient Syene, presents few points of interest beyond those which all Arab towns and villages have in common. Syene was a place of importance in earlier days, being on the frontier of Egypt to the south; it is spoken of by the prophet Ezekiel, who denounced the judgments of God against the land of the Pharaohs.

> "Behold, therefore, I am against thee and against thy rivers,
> And I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate
> From Migdol to Syene, even unto the border of Ethiopia."

In later times, the emperor Hadrian sent Juvenal into banishment to this spot,† with the half-mock title of "Governor of the Frontier of Egypt," and it was here in exile that the great satirist died, four years subsequently, at the advanced age of more than fourscore years. At present, the most interesting objects in connexion with this vicinity are undoubtedly the quarries of granite, so well known under the name of syenite, or red granite. Nothing in Egypt is more calculated to impress the mind strongly with the skill and ability of the ancient inhabitants than what may here be witnessed. What instruments they must have possessed to separate from the solid mass such immense blocks of stone as are seen in every part of Egypt; and what machines they must have used to transport the obelisks, and statues, and sarcophagi to their destinations, often hundreds of miles distant! What is generally stated by writers on antiquities is scarcely credible, that this wonderful people had no tools of iron, but that all their work was postponed with so inferior a metal as copper or brass: if the fact be really so, it heightens the idea of their skill and capacity, and almost puts to shame the greatest efforts of art in modern times. It is a curious thing to see an obelisk nearly completed and wrought with care, lying as it were just ready to be removed; and it does not require much stretch of imagination to suppose that the workmen have only recently left it, and that instead of thousands of years which have passed away never to return, only a few days have elapsed since the skilful artisans of some old Pharaoh were singing merrily over their work.

Another very remarkable locality, up a steep ascent, gives an opportunity to observe the manner in which the ancient Egyptians used to cut off the blocks of stone. Several incisions about six inches deep and wide were made in the rock, at intervals of about ten inches, into these they appear to have driven wooden wedges, which being saturated with water by means of a small trench cut to contain it, expanded, of course, and broke off the block by their equal pressure. In some cases, probably, a violent blow or concussion was employed for the same purpose. "The nature of the rocks about Syene," Wilkinson says, "is not, as might be expected, exclusively syenite, but on the contrary, consists mostly of granite, with some syenite and a little porphyry. The difference between the two is, that syenite is composed of felspar, quartz, and hornblende, instead of mica, or solely of felspar and quartz, and granite of felspar, quartz, and mica. According to some, the ingredients of syenite are quartz, felspar, mica, and hornblende, but the syenite of antiquity, used for statues, was really granite. Indeed, many of the rocks of Syene contain all the four component parts, and from their differing considerably in their proportions, afford a variety of specimens for the collection of a mineralogist."*

Elephantine, the "Isle of Flowers," and according to Herodotus, the dwelling-place of the Ichthyophagi, or fish-eaters, lies opposite Aswân, and in many respects quite equals Philæ in picturesqueness and beauty. M. Denon speaks of it and its ruins in very highly laudatory terms, as indeed, is his practice with nearly everything he saw in Egypt. No doubt the time was, when its temples, with the city of the same name, its quays and public edifices, which, as we are assured, were on the same grand scale as the sacred island of Philæ, were exceedingly imposing and beautiful; but now it would be hard to find a more desolate-looking place than the major part of the island, and the few ruins that are still preserved, hardly repay one for the trouble of a visit, and on the sadness which arises in such a locality, and amid the ruins of such greatness. Here may be seen the scant traces of an ancient Nilometer, the remnants of an ancient quay, a mutilated statue of Osiris, a ruined gateway, and amid the heaps and rubbish of mud huts, and across the hills and fields, a small sarcophagus cut in the solid granite rock, but empty and disused, and without a mark to distinguish its age or owner. Much more attractive seen, the green fields of grain, the stately palms, and the evidences of life, and of God's goodness and mercy, "for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust;"‡ and some will take more pleasure in going through the small village near the river, inhabited by Nubians, and catching a glimpse of their mode of life, than in all the remains of early grandeur which Elephantine presents to the admiring gaze of the traveller.

These poor people, dwelling in their mud huts, which would hardly be thought fit residences for the swine in our country, appear for from unhappy. Their wants are few and easily supplied, their climate, at some seasons, is delicious, their bountiful palms and other trees afford them shade from the scorching sun, and their huts, mean and contemptible as they are, according to our notions, serve to accommodate them and their numerous offspring in a style quite equal to their desires. But what is to be mourned over is their deep degradation in an intellectual and religious point of view. Nine out of ten know literally nothing more than the animals which they employ in cultivating the ground; and not one in a thousand ever attains to even the simplest rudiments of education: and then, when looked at as responsible creatures, as living souls, and as beings who will have to give account for the deeds done in the flesh, whether they be good or whether they

† Ezek. xxix. 10—xxx. 6 marg. reading.
‡ Some authorities mention other localities in Egypt as the place of his exile.

* Handbook for Egypt, page 117.

intended to remedy these disadvantages. It not only indicates the direction of the wind at any convenient distance from the vane, but registers every change. The grand agent in operations of this kind is hydro-electricity. The action of this agent is different in the phenomena it exhibits from that of dry electricity, as shown by the ordinary electrical machine; for, whilst the latter exhibits its most remarkable properties by accumulation, even at rest, as in the charged jar, the electricity of the galvanic battery is scarcely perceptible, unless that which is called "the circuit" is complete. When the poles of the galvanic battery are connected by a continuous metal wire or other conducting substance—water, for instance—then, considering the battery as a conductor, the battery is said to be completed. The conducting circuit may be of any form, according to circumstances, the battery excited during the time the battery is in action moving through it. Thus, in the anemometer before us (from the Greek *anemos*, the wind, and *metron*, a measure)—being provided with four electro magnets, each encircled with fifty feet of copper wire, and the galvanic circle being completed by quicksilver—the eight different points of the wind may be discovered at any time. By the same instrument the direction of the wind is hourly recorded. We will endeavour to explain *how*. The invention consists of—firstly, a registering apparatus; secondly, a vane; thirdly, a clock; and lastly, a galvanic circuit. The registering apparatus (figs. 1 and 2) consists of a system of four electro-magnets *n e s w*, which are connected by thin plates *f f f f* with the four brass columns *a a a a*, and can be adjusted by means of screws. These connexions are provided at the opposite ends with screws *b b b b*. Two cylinders of wood *l* and *m* turn on their axles in the brass sides E E. The cylinder *l* is situated immediately below the plates *f f*. The cylinder M is below the cylinder *l*, and is provided at its end with a catch-wheel *q*. A lever *k h*, bent twice at right angles, has its points of support in two conical sockets H, which receive two screws through the brass side. The longest arm of this lever lies immediately below the plates *b f*, and is provided with the catch *a' k'*, which stops the wheel *q* by means of the spring N. A long strip of paper is wound round the under-cylinder L, and is weighted at the free end, so as to be unrolled as soon as the catch is displaced. In the brass plate D are three screws, in the opposite side are four others *n e s w*.

The vane (figs. 3 and 4) consists of the tin vane A, which turns round the staff B. A small counterweight *p* balances it. Below the vane is a small round plate of ivory C, fastened to the staff by the screw R, in which are four brass sections, *n e s w*, each section being isolated by a narrow piece of ivory. A piece of metal *q*, which is fastened to the balanced end of the vane, and from the chord of an arc of 15 deg., passes gently over one of *w*, as the case may be, of the four sections. The four screws *n e s w* are connected with the sections.

The clockwork I, in figs. 5 and 6, completes the circle, which is broken between *x* and *y*. In the exhibited model quicksilver was used, as the mechanism was not of sufficient strength to form the connexion through a fusible metal.

In figures 7 and 8, *z k* is the galvanic power. The wire from one pole—for instance *k*—is carried through the clockwork to one of the screws *a*, and here divides into four branches *n e s w*. Each branch is coiled round one of the electro-magnets, and then proceeds to one of the four screws *a* (*a e s w*) *a*. Here they are twisted together, each being coated with gutta percha, and are led directly to the vane, where they end in the four sectional screws *n e s w*. The wire from the opposite pole enters the ground, and is connected by a wire with the vane. If, as an example, the vane points to *n*, the index at the balanced end immediately sweeps round to section *n*, and the current would take the following direction, as soon as the clock completed the communication:—It would pass through the wire connected with the section *n* to the electro-magnet *n* through *a*, and from thence round through the remainder of the circle. However, during the moment in which the clock completes the communication, the electro-magnet *n* becomes active, the metal hasp *n* dots the paper by means of the pointed screw *a*, which indicates a wind from the direction *n*; at the same time, the catch is raised, and the wheel *q* turns round the distance of one tooth, and the paper is unrolled for the same distance. If the vane indicates an intermediate distance, as S I, the indication sweeps across the sections *e* and *e*, at the same time, the current flows through the two branches S and L round the electro-magnets *s* and *z*, which mark *s* and *z* respectively in the manner already described.

The clock is also useful as a timepiece. To protect the four sections, the ivory circle can be covered by a tin hood fastened to the vane.

If the apparatus is only used for observations, and not for registering, the electro-magnets may be replaced by four multiplicators, with their indicators, which, when the circuit is completed, indicate the direction of the wind by the deflection of one or more needles. In this case a copper and a zinc plate, placed in damp earth at no great distance, are sufficient.

The inventor has succeeded in doing away with one electro-magnet and one wire in this invention. The wire divides into three branches, and surrounds three electro-magnets, and then connects itself with three points on the ivory circle, as in fig. 9. The ivory bears three concentric rings of metal *a b c*, which are partly sunk below the surface. The grooves are filled with an insulating substance. Each circle is connected with one of the screws, and by that means with one of the three wires. The point of the vane traverses in these circles with three cross pieces of three radii, so that in particular directions of the wind the circle is completed either not at all, or through one or two or three branches, so that either none of the electro-magnets, or the multiplicators a, b, c, ab, ac, bc, or abc, are made active. The signs o, a, b, c, ab, ac, bc, abc, indicate the different directions of the wind. As the number of combinations is in all cases together = 2^n-1, with *n* multiplicators 2^n-1 signs can be given. Therefore, if the direction of the wind is taken into consideration, in which the circle is not completed, 2^n directions may be observed with *n* multiplicators; for instance, with four multiplicators, *a b c d*, the following:—a, a, b, c, b, aa, ac, ad, bc, bd, cd, abc, abd, acd, bcd, abcd.

VISIT TO OLD CHESTER—EATON-HALL.

A LEAF FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

THE ancient city of Chester is situated south-west from Liverpool some sixteen miles, upon the river Dee. For its antiquity and memorable associations, no town in England is its equal. Its origin is of very remote date, but no reliable conclusion has as yet settled its exact foundation. In A.D. 61, the Twentieth Roman Legion garrisoned the place, and the walls were built, the same being extended in A.D. 73 by Marius, son of Cymbeline. On the point of its very early settlement, "King" Vale Royal thus discourseth:—"The first name that I find this city to have been supposed to have borne was Neomagus, and thus they derive from Magus, the son of Samothes, who was the first planter of all Britain after Noah's flood which now contains England, and Wales, and of him was called Samothea, and the Samothites was sent to Japhet the third sonne of Noah, and of this Magus, who first built a city over, in this place or thereabouts, it is supposed, the same was called Neomagus. This name I find observed by the learned Sir Thomas Hoult who also affirmeth that Neomagus stood where Chester now standeth." Under the memorable achievements of Julius Agricola, it became a Roman colony, and so continued for two or three centuries. It now contains twenty-seven thousand inhabitants. Amid its quaint old streets, time-battered walls, and ancient cathedral, the stranger finds a large field for contemplation. The walls, built of soft free-stone, are nearly two miles in circumference, and command an extensive and beautiful prospect of the surrounding country, embracing in the distance the hills of Wales.

It was a clear day in September when I visited Chester. A soft, hazy atmosphere threw a dreamy mellowness over the landscape, and, with the winding Dee before, the richly-cultivated meads around, and the grim old peaks in the distance shooting heavenward, the view was charming. I know every one does not recognise the beautiful, or reverence the antique; but I pity the man who can stand upon the embattled memorials of Chester, and enjoy no novelty of feeling or delight. To stand upon, walk upon, and touch the very ramparts of the old Roman Legion! You find yourself transfixed with a silence only equal your dreaming mood.

The walls of Chester are the only perfect specimens of Roman fortification now to be found in the kingdom, and perhaps no sight-seeing in England would impress a stranger more forcibly. Here he stands upon the very work which has stood nearly eighteen hundred years. It is like addressing the dead of cen-

turies, and conversing with them in our own peculiar tongue. This would be the first emotion from which to recover: and "

of a past race, and there, some faint tracery of an almost forgotten nation. O Tempus! "how have the mighty fallen!" The prestige, once a halo encircling the names, Vespasian, Trajan, Constantine, and the Cæsars, has faded into a venerable shadow, so dim, that you go softly for fear of chasing it away! But this is life! Happy the man who can walk with a quiet conscience even amid the humbler avenues of life and at last commune himself calmly for the voyage to those regions from whence no navigator has ever returned. What a port is that!—the hulls and colours of all nations therein, but from which anchorage no piping blast or howling storm shall drift them. May it be ours to shun the reef and gain the port!

Of the many relics discovered in Chester, you have Roman pavements, altars, vases, rings, medals, stones with inscriptions, statues, tiles, and other indications of the dead race. Some thirty years ago, an altar was exhumed—now at Eaton Hall—upon which was this inscription —

NYMPHIS
ET
FONTIBUS.
LEG XX
V V

Pure water springs up on the side of the town where this altar was found, which, no doubt, signalled such a locality.

It is no more surprising than true, that, until recently, no spirit of inquiry or curiosity has been invoked by the inhabitants for these local antiquities of so renowned a nation. So in love are they with gain and self-aggrandisement, that these precious speaking memorials have never been fully appreciated.

The King's School, founded by Henry the Eighth, is a liberal institution. Twenty-four boys, of poor families belonging to the church, are maintained here for four or five years. They must come understanding the rudiments of grammar, and "given to learning," while the course of instruction is such as to qualify the pupils for any of the literary professions or commercial pursuits. There are also the Diocesan and Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster's Schools. The former has about two hundred pupils: the latter (gratuitous for the poor), established by the marquis, is capable of holding eight hundred scholars.

From Chester some three miles south is Eaton Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster. It is considered the best modern specimen of the pointed gothic in the kingdom, comprising a centre and two wings. It is built of light-coloured stone, brought from Delamere Forest, and the designs were furnished by Porden. The building has been undergoing repairs for the past five years, and will not be finished for another twelve months. From this fact I was unable to enter and see its spacious and chastely-decorated rooms, and thus lost the view of the hall, saloon, ante-rooms, dining-room, drawing room, library, the great staircase, state bed room, and chapel. In front you have a scene eminently beautiful—groves, gardens, the conservatory, mountains of Wales, Peckforton Hills, and Beeston Castle, with the gentle Dee, charming in its windings. I need not say here you have the perfection of English scenery. It is a survey that charms the eye, feasts the soul, and makes the pretensions of man and all his laboured ingenuity sink into insignificance.

The present marquis is of the noble house of Grosvenor, and traces his descent from illustrious Normans. At Eccleston, a pleasant little village two miles from Chester, stands a church of Gothic structure, built by the marquis, one of the best specimens of this order in England.

Eaton Hall is a lovely place, centering in a park three miles square, and, methinks, embraces all a mortal can desire. If you seek pleasantness, it is here; if beauty of God's world, it is here; if quietness, it is here; if splendour, it is here; if abundance, it is here. The effect such places and scenes have upon me is to make me appreciate more and more what the Creator has bestowed, while I am thankful I bear evidences of one living in a free and happy land. My country—God bless her!

WHITE'S HYDRO-CARBON GAS AT DUNKELD.

DUNKELD has taken the lead in introducing the hydro-carbon gas into Perthshire. This romantic city was first lighted up by it on the 23rd ultimo, to the no small delight of its inhabitants. The light is acknowledged to be both pure and splendid—the manufacture simple and easy—and the economy, as compared with the old process, very considerable. The apparatus is as suitable for coals and cannels as for resin, in combination with the gas from water. This water-gas is obtained by allowing a rapid succession of drops, or a small stream of water to fall upon a body of incandescent charcoal. A very large volume of pure water-gas is thus rapidly produced, which, being made to combine with the gas from our richer Scotch cannels, in its nascent state, is found to double and even treble the usual amount got from a given weight of coal, and of such purity that no smoke can be drawn from it. Surely such an invention must prove a general benefit, and can provoke no hostility either from the present owners of gas-works or of coal-miners, the value of whose property it will considerably enhance.

We understand that besides the various towns already lighted up by this system, some of the largest mills and manufacturing establishments in Lancashire and Yorkshire have adopted it, where twenty-four to forty thousand cubic feet per day (in winter) is required for one concern—a consumption equal to that of a good-sized town. Comrie, we learn, will be lighted by it within two or three weeks, and we doubt not with equal success.

This invention is exciting much interest abroad as well as at home. The government of Brazil have contracted for the lighting of the city of Rio Janeiro (exclusively) by this gas for the next 25 years—a city of 250,000 inhabitants—the preparations for which magnificent undertaking are now in full activity—Messrs. Laidlaw and Son, of Glasgow, the well-known extensive gasfitters and iron-founders, having a part of the large contract.

Dr. Franklin, Professor of Chemistry, Owen's College, Manchester, in his published report of this process, as applied to coals and cannels, thus sums up its striking advantages:—

1. It greatly increases the produce in gas from a given weight of coal or cannel, the increase being from 46 to 290 per cent., according to the nature of the material operated upon.

2. It greatly increases the total illuminating power afforded by a given weight of coal, the increase, amounting to from 12 to 108 per cent., being greatest when coals affording highly illuminating

3. It diminishes the quantity of tar formed by converting a portion of it into gases possessing a considerable illuminating power.

4. It enables us profitably to reduce the illuminating power of gases produced from such materials as Boghead and Lesmahago cannels, &c. so as to fit them for burning without smoke and loss of light.

5. In addition to these positive advantages, the use of this process does not incur any additional expense in the working of the apparatus, the wear and tear of retorts, or the purification of the gas, and, beyond a change of retorts, it involves no alterations in the construction of furnaces and apparatus at present employed in gas manufactories conducted on the old system.

UNKINDNESS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see,
Nor think, nor care, for others, more
Than they may care for me!
Why follow thus, with vain regret,
To serve a broken claim,
If others can so soon forget,
Why should not I the same?
Oh! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see,
Nor think, nor care, for others, more
Than they may care for me!

There is no blight that winter throws,
No frost, however stern,
Like that which chill'd affection knows—
Which hearts, forsaken, learn!
What solace can the world impart
When love's reliance ends?
Oh! there's no winter for the heart
Like that unkindness sends!
Oh! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see;
Nor think, nor care, for others, more
Than they may care for me!

ON THE MANUFACTURE OF PRESERVED FOOD.

As public attention has of late been directed to the use of preserved food in the navy, we take the opportunity of placing before our readers some certain information on this subject

In the "good old times," if a vessel was sent to any distant part of the globe, it was not uncommon for half of her crew to be lost in the passage from the scurvy, and a large portion of the survivors so enfeebled by the disease as to be rendered unfit for service. When Anson set forth on his voyage of discovery, out of 400 men on board the Centurion, 200 died before the vessel reached the island of Juan Fernandez, and of the survivors only eight men were able to do their duty. The naval hospital at Haslar was always crowded with scorbutic patients, and so fatal was this disease, that in one year, out of 12,000 patients no fewer than 9,000 died.

The attention of the most eminent physicians of the day was directed to this appalling scourge, with the view of ascertaining its cause, and applying not only a remedy for the disease, but if possible, a means of prevention. It was satisfactorily shown that the want of vegetable food and the continued use of salted provisions was the cause: that the drinking of lemon-juice and the more frequent use of fresh provisions formed the surest preventives of this afflicting disease It next became desirable to ascertain in what way these preventive measures could best be carried out in practice As regards lemon juice, its concentration in the form of citric acid at once presented a most portable and effective form for its conveyance, and every ship was directed to be furnished with a proper supply of that article.



THE BUTCHER'S SHOP.



THE KITCHEN.—MESSRS. RITCHIL AND M'CALL'S PROCESS.

As regards fresh provisions, many difficulties arose. The crew of a man of war, 300 or 1,000 strong, required whole flocks and herds of cattle to supply them with fresh meat, and where were these, and all the food necessary for their use, to be stowed away? About the year 1811, stimulated by the rewards offered by Napoleon, M. Appert devised a method of preserving animal and vegetable food, differing entirely from that previously adopted, and which consisted in enclosing partially cooked food in vessels either of glass or other material impervious to the air,

the bottles being filled as full as possible, and then hermetically sealed, after which they were exposed for some time to an elevated temperature, by being placed in boiling water. The object sought to be obtained were the exclusion of air and the fixation of the albumen of the meat as to render it incapable of being acted upon or decomposed by any minute quantity of air which might have remained behind.

It may be as well here to state that the decomposition which meat undergoes, and which renders it unfit for use, arises from the action of the oxygen of the air, in union with moisture, on the albumen or jelly constituent of the meat. If, therefore, we wish to keep meat sound and fit for food, we must use such means as will prevent the action of the oxygen of the air on the albumen before mentioned. Now the albumen may be rendered insoluble in moisture or water, or the moisture may be all abstracted from the meat, or the oxygen or air may be prevented coming into contact with the meat. In either of these cases, no decomposition takes place, and the meat remains sound and wholesome. Thus, in smoking or curing hams, we expose them if we apply any process, such as that of Appert's before-mentioned, by which means we can keep the meat out of all contact with the air, we also in this, as well as in the above-mentioned processes of drying and salting, keep it sound and fit for use. Independently of the injurious effects arising from the long-continued use of salt meats, another objection always attaches to it—viz., that in the process of salting, some of the most nutritious properties of the meat, such as the *kreatin* and *kreatinin*, which constitute the basis of muscular strength and power, and which should on no account be removed from the food we eat, are nearly, if not wholly, lost.

(*Continued in page 60.*)



THE PLOUGHROOM.



THE ARABIAN ASTROLOGER.

A MOORISH LEGEND.

MANY hundred years ago, say the old Moorish chronicles, long before Mohammed Aben Alhamar founded his kingdom, an Arab king, named Aben Habuz, reigned in Granada. In his youthful days he had led a life of constant foray and depredation, but now that he was old, he wished to end his days at peace with the world, and in quiet possession of what he had wrested from his neighbours. These commendable intentions of the pacific Aben Habuz, however, were sadly frustrated by certain neighbouring princes who were disposed to call him to account for the scores which he had run up with their fathers. Certain districts of his own territories, also, which during the days of his vigour he had treated with a high hand, were prone, now that he languished for repose, to rise in rebellion, and threatened to invest him in his capital. Thus he had foes on every side, and as Granada is surrounded by wild and craggy mountains, which hide the approach of an enemy, the unfortunate Aben Habuz was kept in a constant state of vigilance and alarm, not knowing in what quarter hostilities might break out.

While he was harassed by these perplexities and molestations, an ancient Arabian physician arrived at the court of Granada. His grey beard descended to his girdle, and he had every mark of extreme age, yet he had travelled almost the whole way from Egypt on foot, with no other aid than a staff marked with hieroglyphics. His fame had preceded him. His name was Ibrahim Ebn Abu Ajeeb; he was said to have lived since the days of Mohammed, and to be the son of Abu Ajeeb, the last of the companions of the prophet. When a child, he had followed the conquering army of Amru into Egypt, where he had remained many years studying the dark sciences, and particularly magic, amongst the Egyptian priests.

This wonderful old man was gladly received, and honourably entertained, by the perplexed Aben Habuz. He would have assigned him an apartment in his palace, but the astrologer preferred a cave in the side of the hill which rises above the city of Granada, being the same on which the Alhambra has since been built. He caused the cave to be enlarged, so as to form a spacious and lofty hall, with a circular hole at the top, through which he could see the heavens and behold the stars, even at mid-day. The walls of this hall he covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics, with cabalistic symbols, and with the figures of the stars in their signs. The sage Ibrahim soon became the bosom counsellor of the king, who applied to him for advice in every emergency. On one occasion, when Aben Habuz was inveighing against the injustice of his neighbours, and bewailing the restless vigilance which he had to observe to guard himself against their invasions, the astrologer, when he had finished, remained silent for a moment, and then replied: "Know, O king, that when I was in Egypt, I beheld a great marvel devised by a pagan priest of old. On a mountain, above the city of Borsa, and overlooking the great valley of the Nile, was a figure of a ram, and above it a figure of a cock, both of molten brass, and turning upon a pivot. Whenever the country was threatened with invasion, the ram would turn in the direction of the enemy, and the cock would crow; upon this the inhabitants were apprised of the approaching danger, and enabled to guard against it in time."

"God is great!" exclaimed the pacific Aben Habuz, "what a treasure would be such a ram to keep an eye on these mountains round me, and then such a cock to crow in time of danger! Allah Akbar, how securely I might sleep in my palace with such sentinels on the top!"

The astrologer waited until the ecstacies of the king had subsided, and then continued:

"After the victorious Amru (may he rest in peace!) had finished his conquest of Egypt, I remained among the ancient priests of the land, studying the rites and ceremonies of their idolatrous faith, and seeking to make myself master of the hidden knowledge for which they are renowned. Whilst thus employed, I succeeded in discovering a wondrous book of knowledge, which contained all the secrets of magic and of art. It had been given by Allah himself to Adam after his fall, and was handed down from generation to generation to king Solomon the Wise, and by its aid he built the temple of Jerusalem. Its resting-place, in a chamber of the central pyramid, was made known to me by an ancient priest; thither I penetrated, into the very heart of the pyramid, and found the precious volume lying on the breast of the mummy of the high priest who had aided in rearing that stupendous pile. I seized it with a trembling hand, and groped my way out of the pyramid, leaving the mummy in its dark and silent sepulchre, there to await the final day of resurrection and judgment."

"Son of Abu Ajeeb," exclaimed the wonder-struck Aben Habuz, "thou hast been a great traveller, and hast seen marvellous things; but of what avail to me is the secret of the pyramid, and the volume of knowledge of the wise Solomon?"

"This it is, O king! by the study of that book I am instructed in all magic arts, and can command the assistance of genii to accomplish my plans. The mystery of the talisman of Borsa is familiar to me, and such a talisman—nay, one of greater virtues—can I make."

"O, wise son of Abu Ajeeb," cried Aben Habuz, "better were such a talisman than all the watch-towers on the hills of Granada. Give me such a safeguard, and the riches of my treasury are at thy command."

The astrologer set to work to gratify the wishes of the king. He caused a great tower to be erected upon the top of the royal palace, which stood on the brow of the hill of the Albaycin. In the upper part of it was a circular hall, with windows looking to every point of the compass, and before each window was a table, on which was arranged, as on a chess-board, a mimic army of horse and foot, with the effigy of the prince who ruled in that direction, all carved in wood. On each of these tables was a lance, no bigger than a bodkin, on which were engraved certain Chaldaic characters. This hall was kept constantly closed, by a gate of brass, with a great lock, of which the king kept the key. On the top of the tower was the bronze figure of a Moorish horseman, fixed on a pivot, with a shield on one arm, and his lance in rest.

Soon after the talisman was finished an opportunity occurred for testing its virtues. Tidings were brought one morning by the sentinel appointed to watch the tower, that the face of the bronze horseman was turned towards the mountains of Elvira, and that his lance pointed to the pass of Lope.

"Let the drums and trumpets sound to arms, and all Granada be put on the alert," ordered Aben Habuz.

"Fear not, O king!" said the astrologer; "Dismiss your attendants, and let us proceed alone to the secret hall of the tower."

On reaching the brazen gate, they unlocked it and entered. When they approached the seeming chess-board, the mimic army was seen to be all in motion. The horses pranced, the warriors brandished their weapons, and there was a faint sound as of a distant army on its march.

"Behold, O king," said the son of Abu Ajeeb, "a proof that thy foes are even now in the field. They are advancing through the pass of Lope, and if you would produce a panic and a bloodless retreat, strike these figures with the butt-end of this magic lance; but would you cause deadly feud and carnage, strike with the point."

"Son of Abu Ajeeb," chuckled the exulting Aben Habuz, "I think we will have a little blood!" So saying, he thrust a magic lance into some of the mimic effigies, and belabboured others with the butt end; the former fell as dead upon the board, and the rest, turning pell-mell upon each other, took to fight. The pacific monarch was with difficulty prevented from exterminating his foes. Scouts were despatched to the pass of Lope, and returned with the intelligence that a Christian army had advanced through the heart of the mountains, almost within sight of Granada, where a dissension had broken out amongst them. They had turned their weapons against each other, and, after much slaughter, had retreated over the border. In the first transport of his joy, Aben Habuz offered the aged maker of the talisman whatever he chose to ask for.

"The wants of an old man and a philosopher, O king," he answered, "are few and simple. Grant me but the means of fitting up my cave as a suitable hermitage, and I am content."

"How noble is the moderation of the truly wise!" exclaimed the king, secretly pleased at the cheapness of the recompense. He summoned his treasurer, and bade him advance whatever money the fitting-up of Ibrahim's hermitage might require. The astrologer now gave orders to have the cave still further enlarged, and had ranges of apartments formed in connexion with his astrological hall. These he fitted up in the most magnificent manner, furnish-

ing them with luxurious ottomans and rich divans; "for," said the reasonable Ibrahim, "I am an old man, and can no longer rest my bones on stone couches, and these damp walls want covering." He had baths, too, constructed, and provided with all kinds of perfumes and aromatic oils; "for a bath," said he, "is necessary to restore the suppleness of the frame withered by study, and counteract the stiffness of age." He caused the apartments to be hung with innumerable silver and crystal lamps, which he filled with a fragrant oil, prepared from a receipt discovered by him in the tombs of Egypt.

I am now content," said the sage to the complaining treasurer; "I will shut myself up in my cell, and devote my time to study. I desire nothing more, except a trifling solace to amuse me at the intervals of my mental labour. I would fain have a few dancing women," said the philosopher.

"Dancing women!" echoed the surprised treasurer.

"Dancing women," replied the sage, gravely. "A few will suffice; for I am an old man, and a philosopher, of simple habits, and easily satisfied. Let them, however, be young and fair to look upon; for the sight of youth and beauty is refreshing to old age."

All things have an end, and the desires of the son of Abu Ajeeb were at last satisfied. The talismanic horseman and the mimic chess-men kept Granada from irruptions of the foe, whom the mysterious discomfitures sustained from time to time had rendered less ready to invade the territories of the peaceful Aben Habuz. One day, however, the mystic horseman veered suddenly round, and, lowering his lance, made a dead point toward the mountains of Guadix. The old monarch, tired of prolonged tranquillity, hastened gladly to the tower, but the magic table remained quiet. Puzzled at the circumstance, he despatched a troop of horsemen to scour the mountains. After three days, they returned, bringing with them a Christian damsel, of surpassing beauty, whom they had captured as she slept at noon beside a fountain. No traces of an enemy had been met with. The damsel was brought into the presence of the king, and his old heart grew warm at the sight of such transcendant loveliness.

"Fairest of women," said the enraptured monarch, "who and what art thou?"

"The daughter of one of the Gothic princes who lately ruled over this land. He has been driven into exile, and his daughter is a captive."

The cautious and far-seeing Ibrahim warned the king against being caught by her seductive charms, assuring him that she was the enemy pointed at by the magic warrior, and advising that she should be given up to himself, who had counter-spells that would set her witchcraft at defiance. The sage counsel and disinterested proposal of the philosopher found no favour in the eyes of the enamoured Aben Habuz. The disappointed Ibrahim retired in high dudgeon, and shut himself up in his hermitage, after giving a last warning to the infatuated king. For a time, the dangerous captive held the heart of Aben Habuz in delightful monopoly. He gave himself up to the full sway of his passion, and neglected all the affairs of his kingdom. The Zacatin of Granada was ransacked for the most precious merchandise of the east. Silks, jewels, precious gems, exquisite perfumes—all that Asia and Africa yielded of rich and rare—were lavished upon the obdurate princess. With all his assiduity and munificence, the venerable lover could make no impression on her heart. Whenever he began to plead his passion, she struck a silver lyre which she had when taken captive in the mountains of Guadix. There was a mystic charm in the sound. In an instant the monarch began to nod; he gradually sank into a sleep, from which he awoke wonderfully cooled in the ardour of his passion. Thus baffled, he alternately pleaded and slept, while all Granada groaned at the treasures lavished for a song. An insurrection broke out in the city, but it was speedily suppressed by the royal guards. A recurrence of these disturbances led Aben Habuz to think of retiring from the duties of his royal office to some quiet abode, where he might urge his suit, undisturbed by outward cares. In his perplexity, he sought the offended sage, whom he found still the luxuries of his hermitage, chewing the bitter cud of resentment. Aben Habuz approached him with the appearance of regret at what had happened, and conciliatory speech, made known his wishes. The softened astrologer regarded him for a moment from under his bushy eyebrows, and replied—

"And what wouldst thou give if I could provide thee such a retreat?"

"Thou shouldst name thy own reward, and, as my soul liveth, it should be thine," answered the king.

"Thou hast heard, O king," rejoined the sage, "of the garden of Irem—one of the prodigies of Arabia the Happy?"

"I have heard of that garden; it is regarded in the Koran, even in the chapter entitled 'The Dawn of Day.'"

"Even such a paradise, where the delights of heaven are enjoyed upon earth, can I make thee here, on the mountain above thy city."

"Make me such, O wise son of Abu Ajeeb! and ask any reward, even to the half of my kingdom."

"Alas!" replied the modest Ibrahim, "thou knowest I am an old man, and a philosopher, and easily satisfied. All the reward I ask is the first beast of burden, with its load, that shall enter the magic portal of the garden."

The monarch gladly agreed to so moderate a stipulation, and the astrologer began his work. In three days, by the power of his incantations, the garden and its palaces were complete. Its beauties can be "better imagined than described." All that could please the eye, or gratify the heart, was within it. At a late hour on the evening of the third day, the astrologer approached the king to "report progress," and announce that the earthly paradise was ready for his possession.

"Enough!" cried Aben Habuz, joyfully; "to-morrow, at the first dawn, we will ascend, and take possession."

The happy monarch slept but little that night. The first rays of the sun had scarcely forced their way over the snowy summit of the Sierra Nevada, when Aben Habuz, accompanied by the Gothic princess, on a white palfrey, and a splendid *cortege*, in the midst of which walked the astrologer, ascended the hill of the Albayzin. It was in vain that the eager king sought for the palaces and embowered terraces of the earthly paradise.

"Nothing, O king," explained the sage, "can be seen until you have passed the magic portal, on whose front you perceive the mystic hand and key which guard the entrance."

In silent wonder, Aben Habuz reined in his steed to gaze at the potent talismans, but the palfrey of the princess proceeded, and bore her in at the portal, to the very centre of the barbacan beyond.

"Behold," cried the astrologer, "my promised reward—the first animal, with its burden, that should enter the magic gateway!"

Awakening from his reverie to a consciousness of the trick, the enraged king exclaimed—

"Base son of the desert! name the richest gem in my treasury, or lead the strongest mule in my stables with the wealth it contains, but presume not to juggle with thy king!"

"My king!" echoed the sage, derisively. "The monarch of a molehill to claim sway over him who possesses the talismans of Solomon! Farewell, Aben Habuz! reign over thy petty kingdom, and revel in thy paradise of fools! For me, I will laugh at thee, in my philosophic retirement."

So saying, he seized the bridle of the palfrey, smote the earth with his staff, and sank with the Gothic princess through the centre of the barbacan. The earth closed over them, and no trace of the opening remained. In vain did a thousand workmen dig. The flinty bosom of the hill resisted their implements, and the sage and his prize were nowhere to be found.

Aben Habuz was in time gathered to his tomb, and, after centuries rolled away, the Alhambra was built on the eventful hill. The spell-bound gateway still remains entire, and now forms the *Puerta de la Justicia* (Gate of Judgment), the grand entrance to the fortress. The old invalid sentinels, who mount guard at the gate in the summer nights, hear the strains of the princess's lyre soothing the love sick astrologer to sleep, and, yielding to their soporific power, doze quietly at their posts. And as the tale circulates around the winter firesides of the Andalusian peasantry, the credulous listeners devoutly cross themselves, and offer up an *Ave Maria* to be preserved from the charms of the Arabian astrologer.

HYDRAULIC MORTAR of a most excellent quality may be made of burnt clay ground to powder, and of pulverised blue lias limemixed in the proportion of 2½ parts of the former to one of the latter. These substances are to be ground together between rollers, after which they are ready for use. This mortar has been employed with great success, for hydraulic works, on the Great Northern Railway.

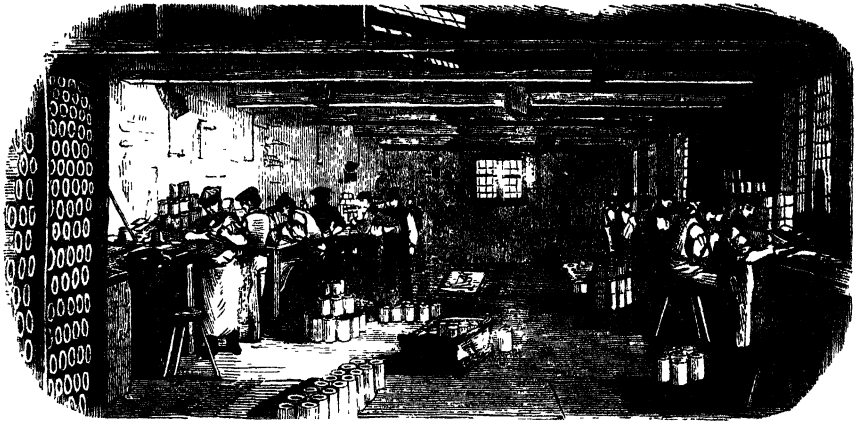
THE MANUFACTURE OF PRESERVED FOOD.

(Continued from page 57.)

It appears, from what we have stated on a former page, that the best process for preserving meat is that of enclosing it in air-tight vessels, and keeping it in this state until required for use.

meat and vegetables are cut up and placed in the tin canisters, which are then filled as full as possible with *bouilli*, or good meat soup. The top of the canister, having a small hole in its centre, is then carefully fixed on by hammering, and securely soldered down; these operations are represented by the engravings in the first column of this page.

The canisters are next placed on the framework of iron piping which traverses a cast-iron vessel, as represented below.

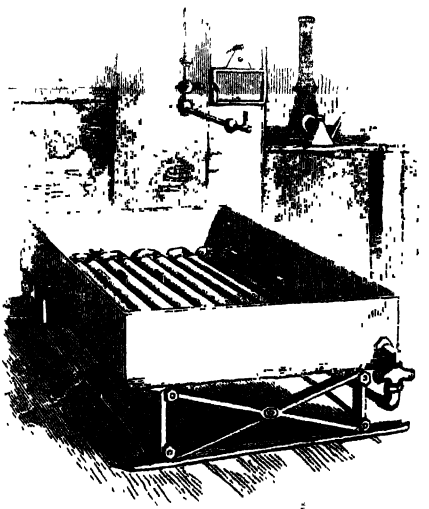


A CANISTER FACTORY.

Appert's original process has since been greatly modified, and tin canisters are now used in the place of glass bottles. Other contrivances have been introduced with the view of more effectually securing the benefits resulting from this air-excluding process, and although there has been some recent failures in the case of preserved provisions supplied to the navy, yet those failures have arisen, not from unsoundness in the principle but from some neglect or want of due precaution in carrying it out. We believe also that but a small quantity of the preserved provisions supplied were actually injured, but that the introduction

This vessel is then filled to a certain height with a solution of chloride of calcium (called also muriate of lime), and heat applied to raise the temperature of this bath. Solution of chloride of calcium requires a temperature of 230 deg. to make it



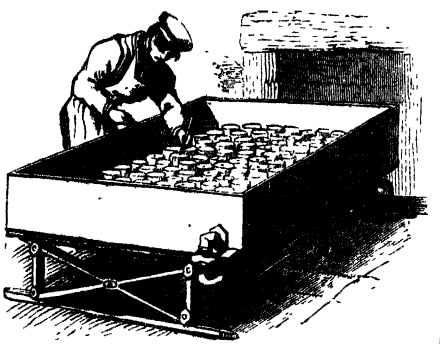


of parts of animals unfit for food (a practice to be highly reprobated and severely punished) has been the chief cause of the extensive condemnations of preserved food which have recently been made. We have taken some trouble to investigate the subject, and have been permitted to examine an establishment now in extensive operation, in which we have witnessed the successive processes adopted for the due preservation of animal and vegetable food. We allude to the establishment of Messrs. Ritchie and M'Call, of Houndsditch, whose method of preparing preserved provisions we will proceed briefly to describe.

From the Butcher's Shop we pass to the Kitchen in which the

boil; with a bath therefore of this kind the manufacturer is enabled to heat the contents of the canister to the temperature at which they boil (212 deg.), without the solution itself acquiring a boiling temperature, the advantages therefore of the chloride

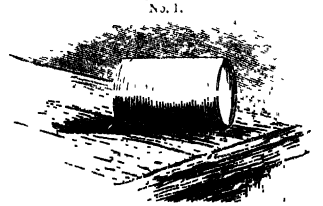
of calcium baths are, that the requisite boiling temperature is secured to the contents of the canisters, and that too without such an escape of vapour from the surface of the bath, as would interfere with the next operation, that of soldering down the holes which, as before mentioned, are made in the covers of the canisters. As soon as the contents of the canisters are cooked, the hole in the canister is securely soldered. As this soldering process could not be effectively accomplished whilst the current of heated steam is issuing from the hole, the operator first applies a wet sponge to the surface of the cover, which has the effect of instantaneously condensing the steam, and of affording an opportunity for effecting the soldering process. This operation is shown in the accompanying illustration.



SOLDERING UP.

The canisters thus securely soldered, are then allowed to remain a certain time, according to their size, in the chloride of calcium bath, the temperature of which is thus gradually increased here another advantage of the chloride of calcium is shown inasmuch as by its means such a heat may be obtained, as will suffice to insure the complete fixation of the albumen in the food, and thus afford a further safeguard against decomposition

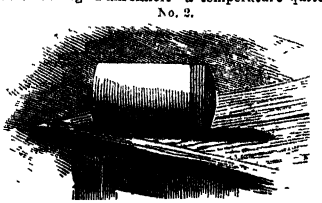
No. 1.



A GOOD CANISTER.

The canisters are now transferred to the proving-room, as shown in the annexed sketch, when they are subjected to a temperature of 90 deg. Fahrenheit—a temperature quite sufficient

No. 2.



A CANISTER.

to develop decomposition, should the contents of the canisters be in such a condition as to supply the required elements thereof

If the canisters pass the ordeal of the proving-room, they are from thence taken to the store-room, where they are painted and labelled for the market.

The illustrations in the other column represent a good and a bad canister In the case of No. 1, it has experienced a slight collapse from the pressure of the external air, whilst No. 2 shows that gases have been engendered within from the decomposition of the food, causing a swelling out of the canister.

In a manufacture of this kind, of course much of the success of the operation depends on the perfect condition of the canister. It is therefore necessary to have these made on the premises, under the constant inspection of the manufacturer himself. The illustrations in the opposite page represent the interior of Messrs. Ritchie and M'Call's canister factory. As we before stated, these canisters are made of tin, or rather tin-plate (iron coated with tin), no other metal having been found to answer the purpose so well.

A GREAT MAN LOST TO THE WORLD.

"AN OWRE TRUE TALE."

MANY years ago—in the summer of the year 1815 it was, or thereabouts—a wealthy merchant of New York took charge of a little boy who had been left an orphan. The parents of this little boy had been actors of some slight celebrity in the theatres of the United States; but dying within a short period of each other, they left behind them, in a state of the completest destitution, three young children. The eldest of these was called Edgar. He was a handsome boy of about six years of age, with a quick eye, an active spirit, and a remarkably intelligent countenance. The merchant of whom we speak had known the parents of the child; and out of pity for its helplessness, he and his wife, who had been blessed with no children, adopted it as their own.

How happily the ardent boy passed his days in the house of his benefactor, how he was beloved by those two childless people; how he became the favourite of a large circle; how, in the strength of their great affection, the merchant and his wife brought him to England, so that nothing might be wanted to make him a gentleman in mind as well as person; how he spent some four or five pleasant years under the care and teaching of a reverend gentleman near London, how he came back again to the city of his birth to finish his education; and how he was generally looked upon as the rich merchant's heir—it would take long to tell. But we would fain linger on this portion of our story, fain dwell upon his precocious wit and aptness for learning; fain make much of his feats of strength and agility—his ease and grace on horseback, his dexterity in fence, and race, and stream, and his success in all that seemed to promise for him a brilliant future. But the truth must be told, no matter how unwilling the teller. He was sent to the college of Charlottesville, amply provided with money. In those days dissipation among the students of colleges was unhappily but too common, and among the most dissolute and extravagant, the wildest rufflers of the town, the hardest drinkers and the most daring gamblers, there was ever to be found one more wild and desperate than them all—and that one was Edgar, now a good-looking free-hearted young fellow of eighteen. Friends advised with him, and he made fair promises in plenty; tutors remonstrated, and he declared that he would amend and win the highest honours yet; companions tempted and wine allured, and he embraced the filthy syren, and so fell Instead of coming home from the university with honours, he was summarily expelled.

One would think that disgrace so public would have broken his proud spirit—but it did not. Because his benefactor refused to pay the gambling debts he contracted at college, the wilful young man wrote him a violent and abusive letter, quitted his house, and soon afterwards left his country with the avowed intention of joining the Greeks, who were at that time in the midst of their struggle with the Turks. He never reached his destination, and nothing was known or heard of him for more than a year. At last, however, he was found, and in circumstances which left no doubt as to the manner in which his European experiences had been bought. One morning the American minister at St. Petersburgh was summoned to save a countryman of his own from the penalties incurred through a drunken debauch. He came in time to rescue the prodigal Edgar from a prison; and through his influence he was set at liberty and enabled to return to the United States.

The first to greet him on his landing was his old patron, the merchant, who was now alone in the world, for his wife had died while Edgar was away. But he took the wanderer to his arms,

and led him back to the quiet home he had quitted so ungraciously. The question then arose as to what should be done for the youth; and on his expressing a wish to become a soldier, interest was made with the merchant's friends, and Edgar was entered as a scholar in the military academy at New York. For a little time all went on well; the young cadet was assiduous in his studies, became the favourite of the mess, and was looked upon by the officers and professors as one of their most promising pupils. But alas, and alas! the old habits of dissipation were too strong to be given up all at once. He neglected his duties; he drank to excess; he disobeyed orders; he openly sneered at the regulations of the academy—and, in ten months from his matriculation, he was cashiered.

Disgraced and humiliated, where could the wretched man find refuge but in the home of his adopted father? Thither, then he went, and was again received with open arms. During Edgar's stay at the academy the merchant had married again to a lady some years younger than himself. Time passed on, but just as the sun of happiness seemed about to shine once more upon him, a quarrel took place between Edgar and the lady, which severed for ever all ties of friendship between the merchant and his adopted son. Another circumstance, which is scarcely fit for mention here, was hinted at, and which, if true, throws a dark shade upon the quarrel and an ugly light upon the character of Edgar. What was the cause, however, the merchant and his adopted son parted in anger, never to meet again! and when the former died, the latter shared no portion of his wealth.

Again thrown upon the world by his own misconduct, the young man tried his hand in a field common to young men, and wrote several poetical pieces and articles in the American magazines. These were so well received that he was almost tempted to believe that he could obtain a living by literature. But his old habits returning, he despaired of success in his new avocation, and enlisted as a private soldier in the United States army. He was soon recognised by a former companion in the military academy, and great interest began to be felt for him among the officers. It was proposed to buy a commission for the talented and humbled young man; but just as friends began to rally round him, and just as their plans seemed about to prosper, he deserted.

For more than two years the world knew nothing of his whereabouts, and, it may be, had almost forgotten him.

In 1833, however, the proprietors of an American magazine offered two prizes for the best poem and tale which should be suitable to their pages. Numerous MSS were sent for competition, and a day was appointed on which the arbitrators should meet to judge of the merits of the various productions. Almost the first manuscript that was opened claimed attention, from the remarkable beauty and distinctness of the hand-writing. One of the arbitrators read a page or two, and was charmed. He called the attention of his friends to the tale, and they were so much pleased with it that it was read aloud from beginning to end, and all admitted that it was worthy the highest prize. The "confidential envelope" was opened—a Latin motto was discovered. No other tales were read, and the award was immediately published. But where to find the author, so that the prize-money might be paid? The publisher and arbitrators had not to wait long. In the evening following the announcement, a young man came to the office to claim the prize. He was pale and thin, even to ghastliness, and his whole appearance bespoke dissipation, want, and illness. A well-worn coat, buttoned up to the chin, concealed the want of a shirt, and imperfect, wretched boots, discovered the absence of stockings. But he looked a gentleman, nevertheless, for his face and hands, though haggard and attenuated, were clean and spotless; his hair was well arranged, his eye was bright with intelligence, and his voice and bearing those of a scholar. The publisher and the arbitrators were interested extremely. They inquired into his history, and finally offered him employment on the magazine for which the tale had been written.

A little money judiciously applied soon altered the appearance of the young man, and in a short time he took his post as second editor of a monthly magazine, with the means and position of a gentleman.

Now here was an opportunity of retrieving his lost character. Here were friends ready not only to overlook the past, but to assist in making his future calm and free from care. Here was a public ready to listen to his teachings, and a patron ready to reward his labours. For a little while all went on well, and those who knew him began to congratulate themselves upon the happy change. Those who before admired his genius were beginning to respect his integrity. He was happy and successful in his new avocation. He married a young and beautiful girl, his cousin; he found for himself a cottage, which the care, economy, and gentle temper of his wife converted into a HOME, and he was beginning to be a happy man. It would be well if our story could end here; but, oh for human frailty! oh for good resolutions made without prayer to God! oh for principles in which He assists not! the young husband of that fair young wife fell back again into evil courses, and forfeited the respect of employers and the sympathy of friends, through his devotion to the accursed bottle!

It were a weary tale to tell how often he repented, and was forgiven, how he passed from the editorship of one magazine to that of another, how he went from state to state and from city to city a hardworking, aspiring, sanguine, talented man, bearing about him the curse of irresolution, never constant but to the "seductive and dangerous beset ment" of strong drink; how friends advised with him, and publishers remonstrated, how at one time he had so far conquered his propensity as to call himself, in a letter to a friend, "a model of temperance and other virtues;" and how, at another, he forfeited the occupation which was the sole dependence of his little family by frequent relapses into his old disgraceful habits; how he committed, under the excitement of intoxication, faults and excesses to which no gentleman would plead guilty; how he borrowed money of his friends without the means or intention of returning it; how he forfeited the esteem, even while his talents commanded the admiration, of the public, how he succeeded in bringing many literary speculations into life which his vicious habits and inattention to business murdered in their youth; how he became confirmed drunkard, with only now and then a fitful hour or so in which to throw off on paper the vagaries of a mind rich in learning and imaginative fancies, how his young wife died broken-hearted, and how he became so reduced as to be able no longer to make an appearance among his friends; how his wife's mother, constant to his failing fortune and even anxious to conceal his vices, went with his MSS from office to office, and from publisher to publisher, in search of the means to support him, how for a little while he shook off the lethargy of intoxication, and again appeared in the polite circles of New York; how he was caressed, and feted, and congratulated; how the efforts of his pen were sought by rival publishers; how he was engaged to be married a second time to a beautiful young woman, and how the engagement was finally broken off through his return to his pernicious habits. It were a weary tale indeed.

The melancholy story of this man's life was soon to close. The golden thread to be rudely snapped asunder—and by his own hand. He had partly recovered from his dangerous courses, and was engaged in delivering lectures in different towns in the United States. They were well attended, and it was with something like renewed confidence that the well-wishers of the lecturer watched his conduct, which was now distinguished by extreme sobriety. He even appeared to have renewed his youth and strength; and it was with pleasure that his friends again received him into their houses. At one of these he met with a lady with whom he had been formerly acquainted. Their friendship was renewed, and they were engaged to be married. Everything seemed to promise well; the dawn of a better day appeared, and reformation so long in coming, seemed to have come at last. But it was not to be. On a sunny afternoon in October, in the year 1849, Edgar set out for New York, to fulfil a literary engagement, and prepare for his marriage. He arrived at Baltimore, where he gave his luggage to a porter, with directions for him to convey it to the railway station. In an hour he would set out for Philadelphia. Well, he would just take a glass before he started—for refreshment's sake, that was all. Oh, fatal hour! In the tavern he met with some old acquaintances, who invited him to join them. In a moment all his good resolutions—home, duty, bride, honour—were forgotten; and, ere the night had well set in, he was in a state of utter intoxication. Insanity ensued; he was carried to a public hospital; and, on the night of Sunday, the 7th of October, he died a raving madman, without a friend or a child beside his pillow. He was only thirty-eight years old when this last dreadful scene of his life-tragedy was enacted.

* * * * * *

READER,—What you have read is no fiction. Not a single circumstance here related, not a solitary event here recorded, but happened to EDGAR ALLAN POE, one of the most popular and imaginative writers of America. Comment would be an insult and an impertinence.

EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY.

In resuming a feature hitherto confined to THE SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER OF THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, it is our wish not merely to amuse but also to instruct. Such questions, therefore, as are likely to bring into operation the thinking powers of our correspondents will be freely admitted. The exercises for ingenuity will be continued monthly, and we invite the co-operation of our readers in rendering this department of our work entirely their own. Many of the examples given below have appeared before. Solutions received before May 15th will be acknowledged in Number 34.

1 Plant four trees equally distant from each other every way — John Summers.

2 How many separate words can be derived from the words DEMONSTRATION and GRANDIA

3 Five hundred begins it, five hundred ends it,
Five in the middle is seen,
The first of all figures, the first of all letters,
Take up their stations between
Join all together, and then you will bring
Before you the name of an eminent king

4 The inscription on a guinea ran thus Georgius III Dei Gratia, M B F. ETH. REX. F D B. I T LDSR I A. T. ETE What does it mean in Latin and English?

5 The mean diameter of the earth is 7,900 miles, and the circumference 3 1-7th the diameter If a man were to travel completely round the earth, how many yards would his head go farther than his feet?

6 I'm neither man, fish, beast, or bird,
Insect or reptile none,
Yet live and breathe,—though, on my word,
My origin was bone
As soon as you have found my name
All doubts will disappear,
Then fall not to reveal the same
Unto us without fear
Required a poetical solution

7 A person selling a certain amount of 3½ per cent. stock at 92½, and investing the proceeds in the 2½ per cents., the effect increases his half yearly dividend by 6 per cent. At what price did he purchase the last mentioned stock?

8 Two Arabs sat down to their repast in the desert, one had five loaves, and the other three A stranger coming up, requested to be allowed to eat with them, which request the Arabs agreed to Afterwards, he gave them 8 pieces of money, and went upon his way The owner of the five loaves then took up five pieces of money as his share, and left the three for his friend, but the latter objected to this arrangement, and insisted on having one-half As soon as between them they could agree to the proper division of the money, the stranger was brought before the cadi of the town they arrived at, and this was his judgment "Let he had the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and he who had the three loaves content himself with one." Was this sentence just?

9 A banker discounting a bill for £1,030 for 73 days, by the common method, deducted as a balance more than he would have done had he reckoned the discount by the present worth at 5 per cent. per annum at what rate did his discounting, as compared with the former, result.

10 Curtail and behead a town in France, comprised of letters five

And your mother you will then disclose as sure as yet alive.

11. Mathematicians affirm that of all bodies containing the same superficies, a *sphere* is the most capacious They may not, however, have considered the amazing capaciousness of a body whose name is now required. Of this body it may be truly affirmed that, supposing its greatest length 9 inches, its greatest breadth five inches, and its greatest depth 3 inches, yet under these dimensions it contains a solid foot.

12 There is a certain number which is divided into four parts To the first part you add 2, from the second part you substract 2, the third part you multiply by 2, and the fourth part you divide by 2, and the *sum* of the addition, the *remainder* of the substraction, the *product* of the multiplication, and the *quotient* of the division are all equal and precisely the same. How is this?

13 What is the first money purchase recorded, and what was the object purchased?

14 Why does the sun extinguish a Kitchen fire, and yet not put out the flame of a farthing candle?

15. On being asked how old he was, a gentleman replied —"The square of my age 60 years ago is double my present age." How old was he?

16 The following charade by the late Mr. *Praed*, is given by Miss Mitford in her "Literary Recollections." She acknowledges her inability to discover its meaning can any of our readers assist her?

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
Sooth, 'twas an awful day,
And though in that old age of sport
The ruffians of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'Tis said that Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.

My first to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun,
My next with her cold and quiet cloud
To those who find their dewy shroud
Before to-day be done.
And both together to all blue eyes
Which ope when a warrior nobly dies.

17 What is the origin of the word stationery?

18 Divide the number 15 into three parts, so that their squares may have equal differences, and the sum of their squares may be 75.

19 The distance between the centres of two wheels, (to turn each other) is 10 inches and the number of teeth in one wheel is 40, and in the other 30 It is required to find their diameters

20 I am a verb Head me with a C and I am *to struggle*, with an *H* and I am the summer of life, with an *M* and I appear full of gloom, with a *P* and I am elevated to the highest pontifical dignity, with an *R* I am indispensable to seamen and builders, begin me with a *T* and call me with an *H* and I represent a character by which no man would care to be known

21 Can any of our readers furnish an arithmetical solution of the following problem, viz. Isaac Newton —If 12 oxen will eat 3½ acres of grass and two cows and 21 calves will eat 10 acres of grass in 9 weeks, how many oxen will eat 21 acres in 18 weeks—*the grass being allowed to grow uniformly.*

22 Before re... inch is too fast, and points to afternoon time, is put b... minutes, and it is observed that the true time before she... true time as 29 is to 105 Required the true time

23 Three pe... ounting about their money Says A to B and C—"If ... as were added to my money I should have as much a... Then replied B, "If eleven sovereigns were add... to I should have twice as much as you both" And then ... leven sovereigns were added to my stock, I should ... times as much as you both" How much had each

24 A poor old ... ing ... ...

MISCELLANEA.

EASE FOR MAN.—By the year two thousand (says an American paper) it is probable that manual labour will have utterly ceased under the sun, and the occupation of the adjective, "hard-fisted," will have gone for ever. They have now in New Hampshire a potato-digging machine, which, drawn by horses down the rows, digs the potatoes, separates them from the dirt, and loads them up into the cart, while the farmer walks alongside, whistling 'Hail Columbia!" with his hands in his pockets

YANKEE WIT.—At Jackson, Dan Russell, the union candidate for auditor of public accounts in Mississippi, was suddenly called upon for a speech by enthusiastic shouts from the audience Rising upon the speaker's stand, he thus commenced — "Fellow-citizens, you have called on me for a few remarks I have none to make I have no prepared speech Indeed, I am no speaker, I only want to be an *auditor*' We need hardly say that the well timed pun brought down the house

PIECEWORK—One very remarkable instance of great earnings, consequent on extraordinary skill, seems worth mentioning The wages of a founder in the metal mills amounted, on one occasion to 22s or 23s. a day, he working by the piece rates of payment less than were allowed to Mr Jellicoe, a great private manufacturer at Gosport Sir Samuel Bentham instituted a full inquiry on the subject, and found that the metal-mill operative had happened that week to have been employed on very difficult brass-castings, that he was expert enough to rarely fail of success, though ordinarily, in other hands, several imperfect castings had to be rejected for every one that was accepted Sir Samuel, of course, sanctioned payment of the full sum set down, and had the satisfaction to feel that government were gainers thereby to a great amount; for much fuel was saved as also that loss of metal always consequent on a re-melting of imperfect castings

HUNTER'S ONLY PUN.—The celebrated John Hunter is said to have made but one pun in his life, and that was when lecturing at the Windmill-street School of Medicine In demonstrating the jaw-bone, he observed that the bone was known to abound in proportion to the want of brains Some students at the time were talking and not attending to the lecture, upon which Hunter exclaimed—"Gentlemen, if you have more *intellect*, and less *jaw*

THE CHARMS OF MIXED CONVERSATION.—Historians tell us that it took seven studious years of an ancient philosopher's life to ascertain why so many women, each a professor of natural loquacity, could converse together, day by day in twos and threes and fours, but especially in twos or the same (to their individual selves) personal subjects—all, of course, talking simultaneously, and none hearing what was said by a co-gossip At last he hit upon the reason Each woman heard but her own remarks, and was consequently delighted with the wit and sprightliness of the conversation This philosopher died full of years and honours He married a dumb lady. There is no such gossip in our day

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.—A lady, talking over a lecture advocating woman's voting, the other evening, said, 'Lal what's the use? Is there any womish worth trusting with a vote who can't make two men, at least, vote as she likes?'

A COLUMN OF USEFUL RECEIPTS

PAINTING ON GLASS FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING A MAGIC LANTHORN—Take a good clear resin, any quantity, melt it in an iron pot, when melted entirely, let it cool a little, and, before it begins to harden pour oil of turpentine sufficient to keep it liquid when cold In order to paint with it, let it be used with colours ground in oil, such as are commonly sold in colour-shops.

TO ENGRAVE ON GLASS—Cover a plate of glass with a thin coat of wax, surrounded by low edges of the same substance Sketch the figures with a sharp pointed instrument, pour on a quantity of fluoric acid, and expose the whole to the sun's heat The strokes made in the wax will be soon observed

TO WRITE ON GLASS BY THE RAYS OF THE SUN—Dissolve chalk in aquafortis to the consistence of milk and add to it a strong solution of silver Keep this liquor in a glass decanter well stopped Then cut out from a paper the letters you would have appear, and paste the paper upon the decanter, which is then to be placed in the sun in such a manner that the rays may pass through the space cut out of the paper and fall upon the surface of the liquor The part of the glass through which the rays pass will turn black and that under the paper will remain white The bottle is not to be moved during the process

TO GILD WITH GLASS—Letters written on vellum or paper are gilded in three ways in the first a little size is mixed with the ink and the letter when dry is covered with gold size; when it is nearly dry, but not sufficiently so to soil the fingers, the gold is laid on and afterwards burnished The second method is to mix some paper down with size and to form the letters by means of a brush It is supposed that this latter method was that used by the monks in illuminating their missals, initial and rubrics

TO REMOVE GLASS FROM OLD SASHES—Among lamp-glass three pints and one part unslaked lime Let it boil both sides with a stick, and let it remain twenty four hours the putty will then be so softened as to take away easily

TO STAIN GLASS A PRINT TO GLASS—When a little of the engraved print is required to appear on the glass, the glass is first coated with dilute copal varnish and the paper containing the print is dipped in warm water and while the varnish retains a slight tackiness, the paper is placed on the varnish with the print side down and then gently pressed till all the parts adhere. On soon rubbing the paper with the finger moistened with water, the print comes off leaving the ink of the print adhering to the glass The several parts of the print may then be painted with opaque colours on the glass, and finished with a coat of varnish over all

GLASS INDELICATE—Melt pitch, and add thereto a little white lead and bees wax Finely powder and sift hard tallow Mix these ingredients whilst grinding, but a composition for that of a lighter description consists of four pounds of black resin, to which is added half a pound of tallow and white wax; let it be melted to the proper consistency and still warm or shall be applied to the places you would warm it

CEMENT OF BROKEN GLASS—Broken glass may be cemented so as to be as strong as ever by interposing between the parts glue ground up in a mortar, but easier fusion than the pieces to be joined and then exposing them to a heat sufficient to melt the cementing ingredient with which melting the pieces to be united A glass for cementing pieces of broken flint glass may be made by fusing pounded flint glass with pearl ashes, previously reduced to powder, with a little red lead and flax coated with borax only

[The above piece is extracted from a highly-useful, cheap, and clearly-written little book called the "Cupboard Key for the Million" published by Edwin Dipple Stroud, containing upwards of four hundred receipts]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

TENTERDEN,—The 'Handbook on Emigration' is in the press, and will probably be ready by the time you see this

R. COUSINS—We know nothing of the society about which you ask, nor can we undertake to recommend any particular building society.

"YOUR CONSTANT READER"—The house-tax is charged upon all houses worth the annual rent of twenty pounds or upwards If the ground storey be used as a shop or warehouse, the tax is 6d in the pound, if not used for any such purpose, it is 9d in the pound

AN ABSTAINER—You are much below the mark From a return recently obtained by Sir. Joseph Hume, M.P., it appears that the total number of persons in England, Wales, and Scotland, licensed to sell beer or spirits, is 116 142

J. G. (Sheffield) asks—Can a woman legally marry a second husband, her first husband being yet alive, but transported? Certainly not, though, no doubt, some poor females, under such circumstances, would be transported at the idea of being able to do so legally!

HENRI wishes to know if, "when a person dies *intestate*, and the property is in Chancery, how long it must remain there before the right heir can claim it? We suppose he might *claim* it at any time When it would *obtain* it is quite another matter

A TRADESMAN—The exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures have been increasing The annual returns are just printed, and show that, in the twenty-five Midsummer years declared value of such exports was £ 153 , being an increase over the corresponding period of the year 1801 of £61 ,74

GEORGE CLARK—A parliamentary paper recently been printed shows, that on the 20th of November, 1850, there were 1 097, 91 individual depositors in savings banks, whose deposits with interest, amounted to £27 198 63 There were 12 913 charitable institutions depositors savings banks, amounting to £69 , 93 and friendly societies to £1 07 336 The total depositors numbered 1 112 990 and the amount, with interest, £28 930 98 There were, besides friendly societies in the actuaries' returns commissioners of the National Debt, and the amount deposited was £ 77 340.

EDWARD TABRINS—Never heard of Lord St Leonards, the new Lord Chancellor, but he will be the grandson of a well-known London solicitor, who formerly resided on High Holborn the borough of Nottingham Several branches of the family not so entertaining and talented as fortunate, as Sir Edward Sugden, may still be found in the neighbourhood

A SUBSCRIBER—We dare not undertake to say how long it will be before you become a good player on the violin. But if you practise steadily, have a good ear, a good instrument, and the determination to practise, and, at the same time you understand music, as you tell us you state, we think you may safely reckon upon becoming a proficient.

I. STANTON—We must decline interference in your misunderstandings with the Mendicity Society, but you should remember the old adage "Beggars must not be choosers" As to your suggestions respecting farmers planting gooseberry and currant trees, pears and apple trees, in their hedges instead of the present, in order to benefit the poor, we fear that the trees would be generally exposed to what a friend of ours in Kent calls "the beggar blight."

TEETOTALINUS—We cannot insert your letter on the teetotal question, but in answer to a constant reader of the "Working Man's Friend," we must have seen that we refused the total abstinent as one of vital importance to the interests of individuals and the general community

AN ASPIRANT—Your verses will not suit us the sentiments are excellent, but is so poor for versification, we must say, "Try again"

REUBEN SMART—You have written to the publisher of the work as to which you inquire

All Communications are addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 30, Strand, London

Printed and Published by JOHN CASSELL, 335, Strand, London.—April 24, 1852

THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

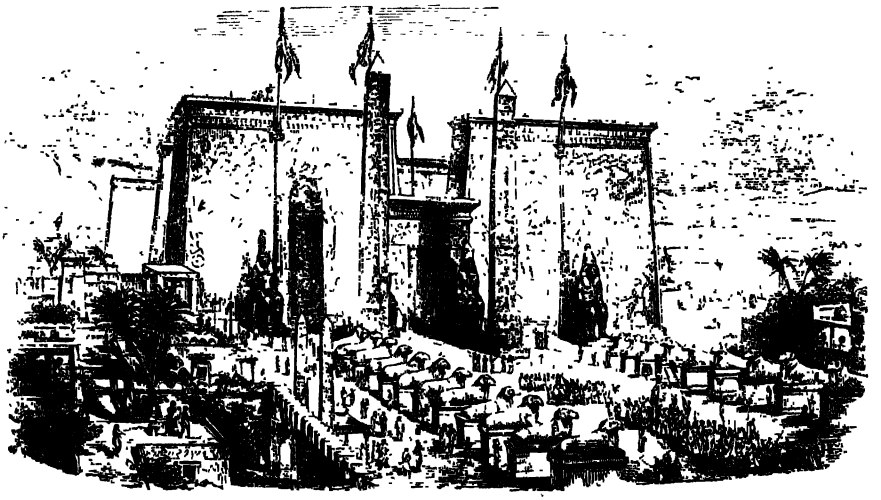
NEW SERIES.—VOL. II., NO. 31.] SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

EGYPT: ITS EDIFICES AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE CITY OF THEBES.

THEBES would be interesting under any circumstances, for it would be difficult to find, anywhere along the banks of the Nile, a more lovely plain spread out to the view, or a more imposing rampart of hills in the distance, to give character and nobleness to the scene, than that on which arose this ancient and far-famed city. On either side of the river, the cultivated land stands back for some two or three miles, not only presenting a rich carpet of green on which the eye loves to rest, but also serving as a magnificent site for the many great and glorious temples that were here exhibited. Often has the traveller attained some elevated position, either among the hills or the massive ruins; and, when compelled to regard the extent not less than the beauty of this plain, which is nearly thirty miles in circumference, he has not known whether more to admire the mighty monuments of the wealth and power of the ancient Egyptians, or their judgment in selecting a scene which would most fitly display their progress in the arts and refinements of life.

Though we use the term Thebes in speaking of the great city which once exercised such wide sway in Egypt, there is no modern town which will answer to this name, but there are several villages, known as Luxor, Karnak, Medînet Habû, &c., which occupy the site of the ancient capital of the Pharaohs. So long ago as the time of Cambyses, the Persian conqueror, B.C. 525, Thebes received a blow to its prosperity, from which it never recovered; for the son of Cyrus spared no efforts to destroy the proud monuments of Egyptian power and glory, and, with a zeal more akin to insane fury than aught else to which it can be likened, he sought to lay in ruins the metropolis of the country which he had conquered. Subsequently, too, one of the Ptolemys, B.C. 116, on occasion of a revolt against his authority, marched against Thebes, and wreaked his vengeance upon it in a manner which it is impossible to characterise in the terms which it deserves; and there can be little doubt, that quite as much of the mischief which has been done to the temples and monuments in and about Thebes, is to be attributed to the deep and insatiable resentment of Ptolemy Lathyrus, as to the hatred manifested by the Persians against a system of worship and religion most odious in their eyes.



LUXOR RESTORED.

Ever since, Thebes has borne but the name of what it once was; it has passed from under the domination of the Roman, the Saracen, the Turk, and the French; and it was for nearly half a century under the iron rule of Mohammed Ali, who, whatever else he may have done for Egypt, did not manifest any very enlightened views in respect to preserving its antiquities from the rapacity of rival collectors or the singular proceedings of certain distinguished savans. Its importance lost, and its glory taken away by the rise of the new capital, Memphis, which, in its turn, has given place to another, where the present Pasha rules supreme, this once mighty capital of a great empire exists no more; but the traveller is compelled to

wander from village to village, and seek in different spots the remains of grandeur which, even in their ruins, strike him more forcibly than he knows how to express. He approaches this deeply interesting region from the north, gliding over the bosom of the same mysterious river, which, for ages, has fertilised and blessed the land of Egypt; he sees before him, on either hand, a plain of several miles in breadth, and some six or eight miles in length, bounded by a line of hills or mountains, which seem, as it were, to inclose this lovely valley with an impassable wall, and render it as secluded as the most devout lover of retirement could desire. In almost every direction, he beholds the evidences of the vast wealth and power of the ancient Egyptians, in the same massive remains of temples, the obelisks, the colossal statues, the avenues of sphinxes, and the towering propyla.

On the west bank he rides over the plain, passes the petty villages, or collections of mud huts, and in an hour's time, finds himself at the top of the mountain range, where he is even more astonished than ever at the wonderful necropolis of ancient Thebes, and spends several days most profitably, in wandering amid, and penetrating into, the tombs of the mighty dead. Here, too, he finds the remains of the Memnonium or Remeseum, the temple-palace of Kúrneh, the great temple at Medínet Habú, the vocal Memnon and its fellow-statue, both the work of Ammoph III, B.C. 1430, and as he surveys the scene immediately before him, with the Nile flowing on ever in its silent majesty, and the vast collection of ruins on the opposite bank, he cannot but admire the grandeur of conception and the extent of resources, which characterise the edifices of this ancient metropolis. Crossing again to the east bank, he sees, almost at the river's side, the ruins of the temple at Luxor, in such strange and offensive connexion with mud huts, stables, pigeon-houses, squalid children, noisy dogs, and such like things, which so effectually destroy all the romance which imagination is apt to invest the relics of bygone ages, be even as the mutilated statues, and the magnificent obelisk whose fellow now graces the Place de la Concorde in Paris; and perhaps he thinks how much more noble and fitting this splendid block of syenite granite appears here, though in the midst of ruins, and exposed to the ignorance of the villagers, no less than the culpable and disgraceful thoughtlessness of some of those who travel, apparently without object, than its companion statue does, in the midst of the gay world of fashion and pleasure

Leaving Luxor, he mounts his donkey, and, riding in a southerly direction about two miles, he arrives at Karnak, where, doubtless, are the most ancient remains of the glory and greatness of Thebes, and where the successive monarchs of old seem to have lavished all their care, and striven each to outdo the other in works which should add to the renown of the metropolis, and carry down their names to the most remote generations. Visiting this last of all, the traveller finds Karnak to surpass all that he could have imagined, and he is for a time bewildered, and lost in the most profound astonishment, as he wanders amid ruins which cover so vast a space, and indicate a previous condition of glory and splendour, far, far beyond all that the world has ever since beheld. He spends some days here in endeavouring to gain a clear idea of what is before him; and leaving it with regret when his allotted time is expired, he is ashamed to acknowledge to himself how little, after all, he has really learned, and how incompetent he is to pretend to speak with precision of what it contains. Most thoroughly, too, does the conviction force itself upon his mind, that, to appreciate Thebes, he must take up his residence here, and, being well prepared by previous study of Egyptian history and antiquities, must give months, where he has had to be content with days, and even hours.

Commencing our examination with the temples and places on the west bank, Belzoni's tomb, unlike most of the others, is entered by a steep staircase, which, according to Wilkinson, descends twenty-four feet in perpendicular depth on a horizontal length of twenty-nine, and certainly seems to mar the effect which is gained by the gradual slope, a descent usually chosen in constructing the tombs. A short distance further on, a second staircase is found, by which a descent is made some twenty-five feet lower, and passing along a passage of about thirty feet in length, an oblong chamber is reached twelve feet by fourteen, where formerly was a deep pit, which Belzoni filled up, and which appeared to form the limit of the tomb, his sagacity, however, and the skill he had acquired in detecting the hidden chambers which were formed with so much care by the ancient Egyptian kings to conceal their mortal remains and protect them from the hand of violence, enabled him, after great labour, to effect an entrance into the secret portions of this truly magnificently adorned burial-place. No wonder that Belzoni was delighted at his success, for rarely does it fall to the lot of man to witness a scene at all comparable with what is here exhibited to the admiring gaze of the visitor. Hall after hall, and chamber after chamber, not more remarkable for size and extent than for beauty of sculpture and elegance of decoration, he open to inspection; and the feelings with which they are beheld by a serious mind are inexpressible.

Belzoni gives an account of the sarcophagus which he found in the vaulted saloon, or grand hall, and which Wilkinson thinks was a cenotaph of the deceased monarch. "The description," he says, "of what we found in the centre of the saloon, merits the most particular attention, not having its equal in the world, and being such as we had no idea could exist. It is a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, nine feet five inches long, and three feet seven inches wide. The thickness is only two inches, and it is transparent when a light is placed in the inside of it. It is minutely sculptured within and without with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height, and represent, as I suppose, the whole of the funeral procession and ceremonies relating to the deceased. I cannot give an adequate idea of this beautiful and invaluable piece of antiquity, and can only say that nothing has been brought into Europe from Egypt that can be compared with it. The cover was not there; it had been taken out and broken into several pieces, which we found in digging before the first entrance."* The numerous chambers, filled with hieroglyphics, of which Wilkinson speaks in detail; the freshness of colour; the variety of design; the interest attaching to many of the figures and subjects, particularly those which are said to represent a procession of four different people or races, red, white, black, and white again, four by four, followed by Ra, "the sun,"† the drawings in one of the halls which have never been finished by the sculptor, the various Egyptian divinities; and such like matters, are points respecting which the larger volumes of Wilkinson and others can alone give satisfaction.

Bruce's, or the Harper's tomb—so called from the interesting figures of two minstrels, playing on harps of rather an elegant form, which were copied by the distinguished traveller just named, and furnished to Dr. Burney for his "History of Music"—and also from himself—unlike that of Belzoni, descends gradually from the entrance, and in its whole length of four hundred and five feet, reaches only thirty-one feet below the level of its mouth. Most of the tombs are constructed on this plan, and consist of a straight passage, about twelve feet wide and ten high, cut into the side of the soft limestone rock, and having on each side of the main hall a number of small chambers. The principal interest connected with this tomb, is undoubtedly on account of its throwing light upon the every-day life of the ancient Egyptians; and though the nature of the rock was not very favourable for sculpture, and a large part of the tomb is too much defaced to enable the visitor readily to recognise the design of the artist, still sufficient remains to render Bruce's tomb one of the most attractive of them all. In one of the chambers are represented the various processes connected with culinary operations, as the slaughtering of oxen, the putting the cauldrons over the fire, the kneading of some substance with the feet, the making of bread, where the

* Compare Russell's Ancient and Modern Egypt, p. 223. This sarcophagus has long been in Sir John Soane's museum, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, London

† This is the view advanced by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who thinks that the four red figures are Egyptians, the white, a nation of the north, the [illegible] people, and the other white figures an eastern tribe, all [illegible] race. Earlier writers, quoted by Dr. Russell, give a different view of these sculptures, supposing that the period referred to is the time of Pharaoh Necho, who conquered Jerusalem and Babylon (see 2 Kings, xxiii. 29, &c.), [illegible] Psammuthis, who made war upon the Ethiopians hence the people understood would be the Jews, Ethiopians, Persians, and Egyptians. The opinion of Wilkinson is, however, entitled to the greater weight, from the fact that no Egyptologer except himself, has devoted the time and attention to Thebes which it deserves.

dough is kneaded by hand, &c. In another chamber is a great variety of warlike instruments, helmets, spears, daggers, clubs, standards, &c. In another are to be seen specimens of household furniture, as chairs, sofas, couches, and numerous ornamental articles for the drawing-room or parlour, of which Wilkinson truly remarks, that they prove that the ancient Egyptians "were greatly advanced in the arts of civilisation, and the comforts of domestic life." One other chamber only demands a passing notice—viz., that from which the tomb generally derives its name. The harpers and their instruments have an additional interest from the circumstance of the name of Bruce being written just over one of them. The .... istrels are blind, and the harps have eleven and thirteen strings; they are performing in the presence of the god Ao or Hercules, and might easily be taken for persons of the same rank in life, and the same occupation, as the wandering musicians of modern days.

The variety in the style, subject, and execution, of the other tombs of the kings is not great, and after all it requires a very extensive preparation to enjoy and profit by most of the objects in which these mansions of the dead abound. The tomb styled by the Romans the Tomb of Memnon, which Wilkinson has described, is certainly well worthy inspection, and appears to have been greatly admired by the Greek and Roma visitors, who have recorded on the walls their sentiments, in inscriptions of some length. Nos. 11 and 15, according to Wilkinson, have several points of interest, illustrative of Egyptian life and manners. The tomb belonging to the priest Petamunap, is very remarkable for its extent, and the profusion of its decoration; and it has been calculated, that the area of the excavation is twenty-two thousand two hundred and seventeen square feet, and with the chambers of the pits, twenty-three thousand eight hundred and nine, and that it occupies nearly an acre and a quarter of ground. The bats often take up their residence in such numbers in this tomb, that it is extremely disagreeable to penetrate into its recesses. In every direction, too, the scandalous manner in which the tombs and mummy-pits have been rifled, and the fragments of human remains scattered about, excite one's indignation at the heartlessness of travellers and antiquarian collectors, and the cupidity of the uncivilised Arabs.

Among the private tombs, by far the most curious and interesting is the one which Wilkinson has marked 35, for "it throws more light upon the manners and customs of the Egyptians than any hitherto discovered." Certainly there could not be a more striking and apt illustration of the words of Moses, than is afforded by the remarkable painting of the brickmakers. "The Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour; and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service wherein they made them serve was with rigour"—(Exod. i. 13, 14.) Osburn, after stating that this one is the tomb of Rek-sharé, the chief architect of the temples and palaces of Thebes under Pharaoh Moeris, says, "Never, perhaps, has so striking a pictorial comment as this upon the
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tense labour that is conveyed by the grouping on the left side of the picture, and, above all, the Egyptian taskmaster, seated with his heavy baton, whose remorseless blows would doubtless visit the least relaxation of the slaves he was driving from their wearisome and toilsome task of making bricks, and spreading them to dry in the burning sun of Egypt, give a vivid impression of the exactitude of the Scripture phrase, 'all their service wherein they made them serve was with rigour.' The inscription at the top of the picture, to the right, reads, 'Captives brought by his majesty' (Moeris), 'to build the temple of the great god.' This means, either that Moeris was the king 'that arose that knew not Joseph, and that reduced the children of Israel to servitude;' or, more probably, that the family or gang of Israelites which are here represented, had been marched up from Goshen, and attached especially to the building of the temples at Thebes."*

Passing by the Memnonium or Remesseum, the small temple to the east, called *Dier el Medineh*, from having been

* Osburn's Antiquities of Egypt, pp. 220, 221.

the abode of the early Christians, and the temple-palace (as it is termed) of Kûrneh, which are not, by any means, unworthy notice, but hardly require attention here, in the midst of so many other imposing ruins in Thebes, it would scarcely be right to omit all mention of the great temple at Medînet Habu, and the Colossus, with which we are familiar under the name of the "Vocal Memnon." The ruins of the temple are easily visited in the course of a day, and strike the attention the more forcibly from their extent, character, and historical associations. "Like all the ruins of Egypt, these are in the midst of surrounding objects which offend the eye and the taste, and afford clear evidence of the degradation of the present race of inhabitants. Heaps of dirt and rubbish, the half thrown down mud huts of the villagers, who usually took up their residence in the midst of the old temples and ruins, and the here-and-there scattered proofs of a miserable existence in the squalid children shouting for bukshish, and the few goats which constitute all the wealth of their parents, give an air of desolation to the scene which can hardly fail to impress the beholder with sad reflections. This temple-palace dates back, according to Wilkinson, to the time of Rameses III., B.C. 1235. Passing what are called lodges, the traveller arrives at a lofty building, resembling a pyramidal tower on either hand, these, together with the oblong court and gateway at the end, and the chambers on the inner or north side, give a good idea of the pavilion of the king, who made his royal residence in a locality such as this. Here, in one of the large courts, as at Philae, it seems not a little curious that no two columns are alike, and that the artist has bestowed more care and labour to make each one different from the other, than to give them all that elegant symmetry and finish which, to our notions, render the Grecian style so attractive.

"The next area," says Wilkinson, "is far more splendid, and may be looked upon as one of the finest which adorn the various temples of Egypt. Its dimensions are about one hundred and twenty-three feet by one hundred and thirty-three, and its height from the pavement to the cornice thirty-nine feet four inches. It is surrounded by an interior peristyle, those east and west sides are supported by five massive columns, the south by a row of eight Osiride pillars, and the north by a similar number, behind which is an elegant corridor of circular columns, whose effect is unequalled by any other in Thebes. Nor do the colours, many of which are still preserved, tend a little to add to the beauty of its columns, of whose massive style some idea may be formed from their circumference of nearly twenty-three feet to a height of twenty-four, or about three diameters." There is something rather grand and very interesting in the sculptures of a historical character on the walls of this vast court, commencing at the inner face of the tower. Despite all the defects of perspective drawing, and the want of proportion in many ways and in many portions of the figures, even the most casual observer must render the tribute of praise to the general effectiveness of the whole, and the singular accuracy and minuteness of most of the details. He cannot well fail, also, being impressed with the temple, as a whole, and as illustrating the main features of Egyptian architecture, in a manner most likely to make a deep and lasting impression. It is quite possible, nay, perhaps probable, that he will feel disposed to condemn these vast edifices, in which the land of the Pharaohs abounds, as heavy and in measure unmeaning, as deficient in the gracefulness and beauty of the Grecian style, and as evidencing a false taste; but he will find them grow upon him, and he will see reason to acknowledge, that in their palmy days, when all the richness of colour, and elegance and profusion of decoration, were brought to bear; and when there was everything in keeping, both in surrounding objects and in the minds of the people, the temples of Egypt must have equalled, if not surpassed, all edifices in the world. Even now, too, the pilgrim wanderer amid the ruins needs no very vivid imagination to

which it took the western world ages to attain.

The position of the Colossi, one of which was known as the Vocal Memnon, is very fine, and doubtless in the days when they were uninjured and surrounded by the magnificence

which characterised Thebes under the Pharaohs, they formed objects of wonder and admiration to all beholders. They are about a mile and a half from the river, which they look towards; they stand in the middle of a broad plain, and not very far from the various ruins recently described. It seems highly probable that these and other colossi formed part of the *dromos* or paved approach to the temple, now no longer existing, on this bank of the Nile. This fact would accord with the name of "Royal Street," which, as Wilkinson states, is mentioned in some papyri found at Thebes, and which led to the river opposite Luxor, with which it communicated by means of a ferry. By the gradual rise of the land, the *dromos* is covered with alluvial deposit to the depth of about seven feet, and of course a large part of the pedestal on which the Colossi stand is below the present surface of the ground; this is to be taken into account in estimating their height and vast proportions.

The height of either Colossus is 47 feet, or 53 above the plain, with the pedestal, which, now buried from 6 feet 10 inches to 7 feet below the surface, completes to its base a total of 60. They measure about 18 feet 3 inches across the shoulders, 16 feet 6 from the top of the shoulder to the elbow, 10 feet 6 from the top of the head to the shoulder; 17 feet 9 from the elbow to the finger's end; and 19 feet 8 from the knee to the plant of the foot. The thrones are ornamented with figures of the god Nilus, who, holding the stalks of two plants peculiar to the river, is engaged in building up a pedestal or table, surmounted by the name of the Egyptian monarch—a symbolic group, indicating his dominion over the upper and lower countries. A line of hieroglyphics extends perpendicularly down the back, from the shoulder to the pedestal, containing the name of the Pharaoh they represent.

"On the lap of the statue," Wilkinson states, "is a stone which, on being struck, emits a metallic sound, that might still be made use of to deceive a visitor who was predisposed to believe its powers." Possibly all this was well studied beforehand by the priests, for the stone of which the Colossi are constructed is, according to the same authority, "a coarse, hard grit-stone, 'spotted,' according to Tzetzes' expression, 'with numerous chalcedonies, and here and there covered with black and red oxide of iron.'" It can hardly be supposed, that they left themselves open to detection by any ordinary means; and if they kept the stone from which the sound was made to issue concealed in the lap of the statue, no ordinary observer could possibly discover by what means the priests rendered the colossus vocal.

The Colossi have little or none of their former beauty and grandeur remaining. Most probably it was the Persian conqueror who broke down and destroyed the upper part of the Vocal Memnon, though Strabo was told that a shock of an earthquake did this damage. Its appearance is now much inferior to that of the other, defaced and mutilated as that is, since the restorer of the upper part, whoever it may have been, has piled up five layers of sandstone, which form the body, head, and upper part of the arms, but have nothing of the finish and workmanship of the rest of the statue. Doubtless it once wore the same semblance of massive elegance, if the term may be allowed, which even now can be detected in the other colossus, where the head-dress is beautifully wrought, and which has its shoulders and back comparatively quite uninjured; but no words can express too strongly their present desolate, disfigured and ruinous condition. Though the name of Memnon is used in connexion with this Colossus, it has really no more to do with that rather doubtful personage than the obelisks at Alexandria have with Cleopatra, by whose name they are commonly called. In reality, these statues were erected by Amunoph III., B.C. 1430, or, according to Osburn, B.C. 1687, who was supposed also to bear the name of Phamenoth; and the title which the vocal statue has attained is owing to a blunder of the Romans, who were noted for their contemptuous treatment of subjects which did not particularly interest them or minister to their national pride. The researches into hieroglyphics since the days of Champollion, have determined with precision to whom the Colossi belong, and as Sir G. Wilkinson declares, "Amunoph once more asserts his claims to the statues he erected."

The ruins of Luxor are of transcendent interest. Passing through the broad spaces between the columns which face toward the river, and admirable in their great size and imposing appearance, even in their present degraded and unworthy position, there is an open space beyond, where was once a large court connected with the other parts of the temple; but now nothing can be more repulsive than the appearance of everything connected with these ruins. Not only are the huts of the fellahs built in and about the temple, but heaps of filth lie in every direction; pigeon-houses are stuck up against the walls; different rooms, filled once with splendid sculpture and elegant decorations, are now used for stables for cattle, and disgust one by the ordure which it is necessary to encounter in order to inspect some interesting point: and beside all, the living objects in the way of men, women and children, are scarcely less repulsive to one's feelings and wishes. These remarks are true of every part of the ruins at Luxor. Mounting upward, now through a fellah's hut, now over the top of habitations into which one can look without difficulty, and now clambering up a narrow stone staircase, half in ruins, the top of the large pyramidal towers which form the grand entrance to the temple, and face northerly in the direction of Karnak, is reached. Perhaps nowhere could one obtain a better position in which to look abroad over the grand plain where Thebes once stood in all her glory, and in which to muse over her fallen greatness, and her majesty even in ruins, than the top of this noble gateway.

The obelisk which stands in front of the propylon just spoken of, at a distance of about thirty feet, is certainly one of the most beautifully executed things which Egypt presents to the admiration of the lovers of art. It is not surpassed by the larger one at Karnak, and it appears in far better preservation than that which now adorns the great Square in Paris. It is of the finest kind of red granite, has received a polish and beauty of finish immitably fine, and rises to a height of about eighty feet, being about seven feet square at the base. Its four sides are covered with a profusion of hieroglyphics, which are "no less admirable for the style of their execution, than for the depth to which they are cut, which in many instances, exceeds two inches." The freshness of colour, and the precision and accuracy of the sculpture, are perfectly astonishing; and did we not know positively, that the obelisk, as well as other grand objects at Thebes, were executed so many ages gone by, we should not deem it possible that any works of art could retain their beauty and elegance for more than three thousand two hundred years.

Directly behind the obelisk and the spot where its companion stood, are two colossal sitting figures of Rameses II., placed on either side of the plyon or gateway; but, like all the statues already noticed, they are greatly mutilated and broken; these are also half-buried in the sand and earth, which has gradually accumulated about them. Though concealed to a considerable extent by the huts of the villagers, and evidently not in their best condition, the battle scenes sculptured on the front of the towers are forcibly illustrative of the skill and taste of the artists so many centuries ago; and, to use the language of Mr. Hamilton, it is impossible "to view and to reflect upon a picture so copious and so detailed, as this I have just described, without fancying that we saw here the original of many of Homer's battles, the portrait of some of the historical narratives of Herodotus, and one of the principal groundworks of the description of Diodorus; and to complete our gratification, we felt that, had the artist been better acquainted with the rules of perspective, the performance might have done credit to the genius of a Michael Angelo, or a Julio Romano. To add to the effect, in front of this wall had been erected a row of colossal figures of granite; fragments of some of them, still there, sufficiently attest their size, their character, and the exquisite polish of the stone."

It is rather an interesting ride from Luxor, in a northerly direction, towards Karnak, through the fields of *halfeh* grass, and passing by the many interesting sites of ancient ruins, the tomb of a noted sheikh, portions of an old wall, &c. As the traveller draws near the temple, he begins to see the evidences of there having been an avenue or street of great size, connecting Luxor with Karnak, even as the former was connected with the temples and palaces on the west bank. Fragments—for they can hardly be called more—of Sphinxes, arranged on either hand, show the direction of the street, and even in their almost shapeless condition, give one something of an idea of the grandeur of the approach to Karnak in former days.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

SOMEBODY has said that London is deficient in historical memories. Never was there a greater mistake; for its every street is a romance to those who care to read it. About the newer parts of the town we grant that there is little of interest to be told; but in the dark byeways, the old city thoroughfares, and those parts of Westminster which a century since were considered the "west end," the philosophic pedestrian can scarcely wander without coming in contact with numerous incidents of the past. Here the dwelling-place of poet or painter, there the scene of some great tragedy; in one place the site of an old mansion the name of which has become identified with the history of our country, in another the name of a square or street which recalls the exciting events in which the great men of a former generation took active part; the sight of a bit of old wall built into the side of a house brings back the memory to the time when Ethelbert king of Kent founded the first church dedicated to St. Paul; a walk among the ruins of a neglected neighbourhood shows us the spot where Caxton set up the first printing press in England; the removal of a few old houses in the city to make way for a new thoroughfare reveals the crypt of a famous mansion, and gives us a glimpse of the cunning workmanship of our ancestors; and the mere digging of a foundation discovers relics in wood, and stone, and pottery, and precious metal, which tell of a time when the Romans were a potent people among the painted savages of Britain.



And so, whenever we have to say anything of the men who flourished in our past history, we look around, and try if we can discover their whereabouts in London. We speak of Milton, and we remember that he lived in divers strange, unfashionable places; we talk of Nelson, and our thoughts immediately take flight to Piccadilly and St. Paul's, where he lived, and where a nation wept around his tomb; we have but to name the names of Byron, and Scott, and Coleridge, and Southey, and Chatterton, and Bloomfield, and Fielding, and Reynolds, and Lawrence, and Hood, and Pope, and Johnson, and Richard Savage, and a host of others, and a thousand images rise up in our mind of the houses in which some of them were born, in which some of them lived and made merry in jovial companies, and in which others of them died, too early for their fame and the world's good. And the close pent-up church yards where their mortal parts repose, serve but to form a sombre back-ground to our mind's picture. Who shall fill up the gaps in the histories here so feebly hinted at, and say, when the task is done, that London wants historic memories?

Thus, if we come to apply these remarks to the subject of our portrait, we can easily imagine that, to the lover of art, the place where Hogarth was born, the houses in which he lived, and the spot where he was buried, are, as it were, classic ground. Thus, the church of St. Bartholomew, adjoining the market of Smithfield, where he was baptised in 1697; the house in Cranbourne-alley, Leicester-square (now known as the Golden Angel), in which he served his apprenticeship to Ellis Gamble, the engraver; the tavern in Clare-market, called the Bull's Head, in which he was used to meet his brother members of the Artists' Club; the church of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, in which he was married to Jane Thornhill; the auction-rooms under the Piazza, now known as George Robins's, in which he gratuitously exhibited his "Marriage a-la-Mode" to an admiring public; the house in Leicester-square, now the Sabloniere Hotel, in which he lived and died in 1764; and the pretty little churchyard of Chiswick, in which he was buried—come to be cleansed of the dust and soil of every-day associations, and are erected into waymarks in art's history. Thus, ever to the artist mind, do the haunts and homes of genius become—with all reverence be it said—as so many consecrated spots amid the waste places of the earth.

It is not our intention here to attempt anything like a biography of Hogarth. Enough if we jot down one or two of the circumstances by which his life was distinguished; enough if, in brief notices like this, we lead the reader to search out for himself, in more ambitious mediums, the reasons why such and such a man is worthy the remembrance of mankind; enough if we are allowed to lead the way to a study of biography in the most comprehensive sense of the term. "The proper study," says the poets, "of mankind, is man."

The life of William Hogarth, like that of most professional men, is a mere enumeration of the triumphs which he achieved in his art. He was born in a small house in the parish of St. Bartholomew, on the 10th of December, 1697. It appears—what, indeed, is of very small consequence—that his family was originally of great respectability in Westmoreland; but at the time of the artist's birth his father was in rather poor circumstances, being occupied during the day-time as a corrector of the press, and in the evening teaching Latin to a few pupils. Who was the mother of our artist is not known, but that she was of a kind and affectionate disposition appears sufficiently plain from the manner in which her son on more than one occasion spoke of his youth.

From his earliest years Hogarth discovered an aptness for drawing, though of his education we have no certain intelligence. When he became sufficiently celebrated to attract the attention of the public, there were not wanting those who accused him of ignorance even of his native language. His father was poor; but being a scholar, it is not likely that he would have neglected to teach his son. And it must be recollected, too, that much of the bad spelling of which Hogarth is accused has been found on his pictures, where it was probably designedly painted; and that in his day, correct spelling, even among educated men, was not by any means universal.

At about the age of fourteen, Hogarth was apprenticed to Ellis Gamble, an engraver and goldsmith. Whether he had any education or not, he seems to have early discovered that the learning of his father was no protection against sorrow and want; and it is not unlikely that the father made choice of a business for his son which accorded most readily with the means at his disposal. Indeed, the choice may be considered a fortunate one, for it allowed the youthful artist an opportunity of study and practice in design which a more ambitious course might probably have denied him.

[illegible] which is highly characteristic of the genius of the future satirist. Being at Highgate one Sunday with some companions, and the weather being warm and the way dusty, they went into a public-house and called for some refreshment. There happened to be other customers in the house at the time, who to free drinking added fierce talking and some fighting. During the quarrel which ensued, one of them received a blow on his head with a quart pot. The blood running down the man's face gave him such an extremely ludicrous appearance that our young artist could not resist the occasion

So taking out his pencil, he drew such and exact and laughable sketch of the combatants, that on showing it to them they were ashamed of their unseemly quarrel, and shook hands. On other occasions Hogarth seems to have indulged his humour for caricature to an even greater extent; and thus in a little while he gained much celebrity among his companions.

How long he staid with Gamble, or whether he served the full term of his apprenticeship, is not known. Various anecdotes are told of this period of his life, which are more amusing than true;—such, for instance, as his having been seen by Nollekens, the sculptor, carrying his master's sickly baby about Leicester-fields Hogarth, we are told by Allan Cunningham, had at this period ceased to have a master for more than seventeen years, was married to Jane Thornhill, kept his carriage, and was in the full blaze of his reputation when Nollekens was born. So much for biographical accuracy.

From engraving shop bill-heads, shields, crests, supporters, coronets, and cyphers, Hogarth appears to have passed into the employment of the booksellers, for whom he was in the habit of etching vignettes and illustrations. In this way he embellished "Mortrage's Travels" with fourteen cuts, and the "Golden Ass of Apuleius," printed in 1724, with seven more. For the five volumes of "Cassandra," published in 1725, he made frontispieces, in 1726 he illustrated an edition of Butler's "Hudibras"—"a work," says Walpole, "that marked him as a man above the common." But in all these productions there was little of the satiric fire for which his after works became so celebrated; little of the peculiar humour so observable in the better known productions of his pencil, little of the free and happy touch which rendered his pictures so unmistakably original.

From employment like this, the transition to portraits and conversation pieces was easy and natural. He began to find patrons, and was, on more than one occasion, employed by the rich and learned. In 1729, he produced a sketch which made some noise, led the way for future success, and called forth the real strength of his powers. For it must be understood that the best friends of Hogarth claim no higher place for him among the painters than that of a faithful delineator of character; for beauty of finish, or elegance of colour, they—or he make no pretension. It happened that in the year abovenamed, that one Bambridge, warden of the Fleet-prison, and Huggins his predecessor, were accused of breaches of trust, extortions, and cruelties, and were sent to Newgate. On — of their examinations before the House of Commons, Hogarth was present, and made notes of the scene. Of this performance Walpole speaks in the following high terms —"The scene is a committee of the Commons. On the table are the instruments of torture. A prisoner in rags, and half-starved, appears before them, and the poor man has a good countenance, which adds to the interest. On the other side is the inhuman gaoler. It is the very figure which Salvator Rosa would have drawn for Iago in the moment of detection. Villany, fear, and conscience are mixed in yellow and livid upon his countenance; his lips are contracted by tremor; his face advances as eager to lie; his legs step back as thinking to make his escape, one hand is thrust forward into his bosom, and the fingers of the other are catching uncertainly at his button-holes. If this was a portrait, it was the most striking that ever was drawn—if it was not, still finer."

About this time it appears that Hogarth attended Sir James Thornhill's academy. Whether he was a successful pupil or not, does not appear; but that he had studied female character with some success, appears by his winning the heart of his teacher's daughter. On the 2nd of March, 1729, Hogarth, being then in his thirty-second year, married Jane, the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill. It was a stolen match, and of course the knight was mightily offended at our painter's boldness, and refused to be reconciled to the imprudent pair. Soon afterwards, however, Hogarth commenced that famous series of pictures entitled the "Harlot's Progress," and Lady Thornhill being fond of her son-in-law, advised him to lay some scenes of it in the way of Sir James. The advice was taken; and when the knight saw the pictures, and understood whose hand had produced them, he was much pleased. "Tell Hogarth," said he, "that the man who can furnish scenes like these wants no portion with a wife." The quarrel, therefore, between the father and daughter was quickly made up.

The course of Hogarth's life henceforth is but the history of his various paintings. In 1733 the "Harlot's Progress" took the town by storm; and the artist has himself told us what first led him to "turn his thoughts to painting and engraving subjects of a modern kind and moral nature—a field not broken up in any age or country."—

"The reasons which induced me," says Hogarth, "to adopt this mode of designing were that I thought both critics and painters had, in the historical style, quite overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and the grotesque. I therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage, and further hope that they will be tried by the same test, and criticised by the same criterion. Let it be observed that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors; and these, I think, have not often been delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable. In these compositions, those subjects that will both entertain and inform the mind bid fair to be of the greatest public utility, and must therefore be entitled to rank in the highest class If the execution is difficult, though that is but a secondary merit, the author has a claim to a higher degree of praise. If this be admitted, comedy in painting, as well as in writing, ought to be allotted the first place, as most capable of all these perfections, though the sublime, as it is called, has been opposed to it. Ocular demonstration will carry more conviction to the mind of a sensible man than all he would find in a thousand volumes, and this has been attempted in the prints I have composed. Let the decision be left to any unprejudiced eye, let the figures in either pictures or prints be considered as players, dressed either for the sublime for genteel comedy or farce—for high or low life. I have endeavoured to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, my men and women my players, who, by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit a dumb show."

To this series succeeded several smaller subjects of a similar nature, which met with immense success at the hands of the public. In 1736, Hogarth painted and presented to St. Bartholomew's-hospital two scripture subjects—"The Pool of Bethsaida," and "The Good Samaritan." The "Rake's Progress" followed soon after; and so great was its success that twelve hundred subscribers were obtained for the set of engravings before they had left the artist's hands. "The curtain was now drawn aside," says Walpole, "and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre." From time to time he continued to give these works, which should be immortal, if the nature of his work will allow it. Even the receipts for his subscriptions had wit in them. Many of his plates he engraved himself, and often exchanged faces etched by his assistants, when they had not done justice to his ideas.

About this period he had frequently recourse to the law to protect his copyrights from piracy; for the booksellers' finding his style popular, had no hesitation in copying his engravings in an inferior manner, and selling them at a lower price. In 1745, however, he procured an act of Parliament to be passed, on the principle of literary copyright, which effectually protected his interests.

In the same year appeared his "Marriage a-la-Mode," a series of eight pictures, now in the National Gallery. "The Roast Beef of Old England," "Gin Lane" and "Beer Street." "The Four Stages of Cruelty." France and England," and other less known pictures succeeded each other till almost the moment of his death, which took place at his house in Leicester-square on the 26th of October, 1764.

"It has been observed," says Hazlitt, "that Hogarth's pictures are exceedingly unlike any other representation of the same kind of subjects—that they form a class, and have a character, peculiar to themselves. It may be worth while to consider in what this general distinction consists. In the first place, they are in the strictest sense historical pictures; and if what Fielding says be true, that his novel of Tom Jones ought to be regarded as an epic prose poem, because it contains a regular development of fable, manners, character, and passion, the compositions of Hogarth will, in like manner, be found to have a higher claim to the title of epic pictures than many which have of late arrogated that denomination to themselves. When we say that Hogarth treated his subjects historically, we mean that his works represent the manners and humours of mankind in action, and their characters by varied expression. Everything in his pictures has life and motion in it. Not only does the business of the scene never stand still, but every feature and muscle is put into full play, the exact feeling of the moment is brought out, and carried to its utmost height, and then instantly seized and stamped on the canvas for

ever. The expression is always taken *en passant*, in a state of progress or change, and, as it were, at a salient point. Again, with the rapidity, variety, and scope of history, Hogarth's heads have all the reality and correctness of portraits. He gives the extremes of character and expression, but he gives them with perfect truth and accuracy. His faces go to the very verge of caricature, and yet never we believe (in any single instance) go beyond it. They take the very widest latitude, and yet we always see the links which bind them to nature; they bear all the marks and carry all the conviction of reality with them, as if we had seen the actual faces for the first time, from the precision, consistency, and good sense with which the whole and every part is made out They exhibit the most uncommon features with the most uncommon expressions, but which are yet as familiar and intelligible as possible, because, with all the boldness, they have all the truth of nature. Hogarth has left behind him as many of these memorable faces, in their memorable moments, as perhaps most of us remember in the course of our lives, and has thus doubled the quantity of our observation."

THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

'Mid the lofty Inselberg—a mountain high and strong—
Where once a noble castle stood— [illegible]
Its very ruins now are lost, its site as [illegible]
And if he looks for giants there, they are all dead and gone.

The giant's daughter once came forth, the castle gate before,
And played with all a child's delight before her father's door,
Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl would gladly go,
To see, perchance, how matters went in the little world below

With few and hasty steps she passed the mountain and the wood,
At length approaching near the place where dwelt mankind she stood,
And many a town and village fair, and many a field so green,
Before her wondering eyes appeared, a strange and curious scene

And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scenes around,
She saw a peasant at her feet a-tilling of the ground,
The little creature crawled about so slowly here and there,
And lighted by the morning sun, his plough shone out so fair

"Oh, pretty plaything!" cries the child, "I'll take thee home with me."
Then with her infant hands she spread her kerchief on her knee,
And cradling man, and horse, and plough, so gently on her arm,
She bore them home quite cautiously, afraid to do them harm

She hastes with joyous steps and glad (we know what children are),
And spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar—
"Oh, father! dearest father! what a plaything I have found!
I never saw so fair a one upon our mountain ground!"

Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine so mild,
And smiling with a parent's smile, he asked the happy child—
"What struggling creature hast thou brought so carefully to me
Thou leap'st for very joy, my girl! come, open, let us see!"

She oped her kerchief cautiously, and gladly you may deem,
And showed her eager sire the plough, the peasant, and his team,
And when she'd placed before his sight the new found pretty toy,
She clasped her hands, and screamed aloud, and cried for very joy.

But her father looked quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,
"What hast thou brought me here, my girl?—this is no toy," he said.
"Go, take it to the vale again, and put it down below
The peasant is no plaything, child! how could'st thou think him so?

So go, without a sigh or sob, and do my will," he said
"For know, without the peasant, girl, we none of us had bread,
'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants are—
The peasant is no plaything, child—no, God forbid he were!"

MONUMENT TO FENIMORE COOPER.—It was determined, at a meeting which was held in New York during the last month, to erect a statue to the memory of that most original of American writers, Fenimore Cooper. There were present at the meeting Dr Bethune, Mr. Bancroft, Washington Irving, and our countryman, Mr G P R James, besides several gentlemen well known in the United States Letters of adhesion were read from Messrs. Longfellow, Prescott, Hawthorne, and Dana Mr Webster presided, and Mr Bryant read a long and eloquent discourse on the life and writings of the romancist, and the meeting passed off with the greatest enthusiasm

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "WORKING MAN'S FRIEND."

SIR,—Having seen in the public papers a proposition for rendering the Crystal Palace permanently available for the public use by purchase, I beg to suggest, for consideration, the question (not yet mooted that I know of), how far might it be practicable and advisable to form a Joint Stock Company for its purchase, and the carrying out the grand and good designs mentioned in the newspapers?

Do you think one hundred thousand shares of one pound each would not be subscribed for in a week?

That amount per share would give the *masses* of the people an easy means of participating in the proprietorship, and would have a beneficial moral influence upon the industrial classes of the metropolis

The sum of £100,000 would both pay the purchase money of the building, and leave about £[illegible] to be applied to the making it into a winter garden, and the other [illegible] purposes already contemplated

I think there can be no doubt the receipts for admission would be ample as to cover all expense of keeping the property in repair, the payment of a good dividend to the shareholders, salaries of gardeners, clerks, servants, police, insurance, and rent (if any) &c, &c, and to leave a very large surplus [illegible] for the future necessities of so magnificent a work

The surplus would per[illegible] in a little time, purchase the houses, purchaseable, of all the Goths and Vandals, and stupid and selfish grumblers and monopolists, whose natures forbid the desire to benefit mankind

I should be obliged to [illegible] else to consider how far the following estimate, &c, in case this p[illegible] of a Joint Stock Company were acted upon, might be trusted to [illegible]ch a plan seems to me to be free from the objections inseparable f[illegible] that of a few monied men purchasing the building as a mere pers[illegible] lucrative speculation

The fact of fifty thousand artisans London becoming £1 shareholders in the concern, could not fail[illegible]ve a good and lasting effect upon the morals of the people

100,000 Shares at £1

Pa[illegible]
Ex[illegible]

Capital subscribed . . .	£100,000
RECEIPTS	
[illegible] at £1 .	£4,000
[illegible] at £1 a-year .	6,000
[illegible] at £1 a year	10,000
[illegible] at £1 year . .	10,000
	£10,000
1,000 tickets . .	
1,000 *Daily* money-payments at 1d, being £1[illegible] a-year . . .	13,000
Yearly receipts . . .	£43,000

EXPENDITURE

Shareholders' Dividend on Sub[illegible] Capital, £100,000 at 10 per cent	£10,000	
Repairs of Building, Insurance, Ground Rent (if any), Salaries of Gardeners, Police, Clerks, Servants, &c.	6,000	16,000
Probable yearly surplus . . .		£27,000

Of the 30,000 tickets enumerated, probably there might be actual visits daily, as under

Of the 1st class, say	2,000
2nd "	4,000
3rd "	7,000
4th "	7,000
	20,000
Add 5th money payments	10,000
Average number of persons daily	30,000

In the event of the building not being permitted to rest upon its present site, it might be removed to some other situation

I am Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

J. [illegible]

Hartlepool, April 25th, 1852

Postscript.—Some time ago I made an estimate of the expense of bringing the Mineral Waters from Bath in pipes underground to the Crystal Palace, from which I conclude that [illegible] number daily for a large draught, or several draughts, of the Spa water would render such a project a payable one, and beneficial to the public health

A PLEA FOR THE BEGGARS.

A FOREIGNER, on being shown about the west-end streets of London, asked, "Where are the beggars?" His polite and well-bred conductor—who for thirty years had never acknowledged to have been eastward of Temple-bar, and who knew nothing of "the City" except as a place where money might be raised on good security—assured him that they were almost unknown in that locality—"The police here, my dear friend, are too many for them," he said, with a half-pitying kind of air, and so dismissed the subject.

And was not the man of St. James's quite right? Do you ever see any number of vagrants about the west-end streets—or rather about the main thoroughfares of Westminster and Pimlico? No, no. If the stranger in London wants to know where to find the beggars, he must not inquire of his wealthy friends, or his fashionable acquaintance; *they* are not likely to give him much information on the subject. He must be content to see the beggars where they are to be found—in the dull back-streets of unfashionable neighbourhoods, about the doors of the minor theatres at night, beside the workhouse walls, in the byeways and unknown parts of the great wilderness called London, in the extreme suburbs, where the hard-working poor make their homes—for the poor appeal to the poor invariably; and seldom appeal in vain.

The beggars of London are a class distinct from those poor persons who have some kind of occupation—lucifer-match selling for instance; and it is to be feared that, in the greater number of instances, mendicity has become a trade rather than a necessity. Indeed in certain districts the same groups of beggars may be recognised day after day, and week after week, till the feelings become hardened, and the pedestrians no longer notice their appeals.



THE DOOR OF THE WORKHOUSE.

Go into High Holborn, the Tottenham Court-road, Newington Causeway, or Whitechapel, if you would see the beggars of London in their every-day guise. Stand just outside the door of a metropolitan workhouse if you would study the character of the suburban vagrant. Look at the group the artist has depicted. There can be no manner of doubt that they are poor and hungry, in rags, and misery, and filth; but it is also patent to the police, and the relieving-officers, and the beadle of the parish, that they have an invincible antipathy to work, and a sort of hereditary love of sunshine and rags. And rags, say some hard-hearted

folk with full stomachs and well-fitting broadcloth, are not really so very unpleasant in warm weather as people might imagine. But only look at the miserable, degraded, starved,



THE HIRED CHILD.

and shoeless wretches, and ask yourselves, oh comfortable moralists! whether it is likely they came into that condition of their own choice. Some grave people, with a genius for statistics, have discovered that every tenth person in London rises from his resting-place in the morning without the means of getting a breakfast. Is it possible that this miserable tithe of the great metropolis *prefer* hunger and cold, or that they remain in the wretched condition in which we see them of their own free will? It is well to be certain that we are quite just before we condemn a whole class for the sins of a few. It may be, and doubtless is, the fact, that, having once fallen into a low, desponding state; having once learned to accept assistance at the hands of the benevolent; having once become inured to the misery of a life in the streets—these outcasts from society no longer feel an inclination to raise themselves in the social scale. Nor can we be surprised to discover that the hard necessity of living should be ignored by a class for whom so little sympathy is shown by the general public. It is so easy to beg, and so difficult to procure employment. Ask any one of the crowd about the workhouse door whether they like the life they lead, and you may be pretty sure of the kind of answer you would get.

Of all the strange sights which London presents to the visitor, no stranger or more appalling one can arrest his attention than this same group about the workhouse-door. The shivering wretches at the pavement-side—even though we admit, for the sake of argument, that they try to look as haggard and miserable as possible—cannot, surely, raise themselves from out the mire of vice and degradation into which they have sunk? It may be—who knows?—that the woman and her children have known the comforts of a better state. We cannot persuade ourselves that even the professional beggars can be much in love with their trade, even though they succeed well enough during the day to make merry over a tripe supper in a St. Giles's cellar at night.

Rags and tatters, and a hired child! How often do we not turn round in the street to gaze upon some mother's face in which the remnants of beauty yet remain—to glance at a little countenance, which might be an angel's, in its look of sweet repose—to feel a minute's pity for their misery, and then pass on.

What matters it even if we give to the undeserving; is it not better that we should bestow our charity upon the worthless, than that any really wanting should be neglected?

A thought like this sometimes comes across the mind of the stranger, and he straightway makes his notions practical. It was a good impulse in him, and it was good to indulge it; but only ask of the policeman at the street-corner, at sight of whom the vagrants have vanished most mysteriously, what he knows of them. The chances are about a thousand to one that he will tell you that the very interesting group—the mother in rags, with a pretty infant in her arms, and the chubby children with such innocent-looking faces and beautiful hair—are the most incorrigible beggars in his beat, "a lot he can't get rid of no-how!"

Well, what are we to do with these kind of people? Are we to allow them to go on starving in our streets—filling our workhouses, to the exclusion of honester folk—defrauding the benevolent of the money which might be better bestowed—sealing up the hearts and closing the purses of those who discover their guilt, as discover it they must sooner or later? These are questions which are easy enough to put, but how difficult to answer! Questions which have puzzled the lawmakers, and magistrates, and keepers of the public streets, these fifty years. "The poor ye have always with you:" how shall we distinguish between the really poor and those who feign poverty for bad ends—between the deserving pau-



THE BEGGAR FAMILY.

pers and the vagrant family of hired children? And how, having separated the one class from the other, shall we dispose of their real or fancied claims? Poverty is the great stumbling-block for political and moral reformers; and the question is, how to remove it.

PORUS TAKEN BY ALEXANDER.

THE artists are often the best annotators of history. In the Great Exhibition of 1851 they made us think, in spite of ourselves, of various passages in our early reading, which we had well nigh forgotten amid the cares of life and the more pressing claims of contemporary events. Thus, in the exquisite silver *alto-relievo* shown in page 76, it was absolutely necessary, before we could properly appreciate its worth, to read up the story which it was meant to tell. But when we *did* take the trouble of remembering the exploits of the Macedonian conqueror—and when we read again the story of Alexander's Indian expedition, laden as he was with spoil and weary with conquest—our appreciation of the artist's labours, and our admiration of the singular fidelity with which the whole story had been worked out, grew more and more It *may* happen that some of our readers have not the book beside them; a few sentences, therefore, may help to make the meaning of the picture plain.

Alexander, the son of Philip of Macedon, after having, in a series of the most extraordinary battles, led the Greeks into the very heart of Persia, and by an invincible heroism and determination, succeeded in triumphing over the ancient enemies of Greece, at last turned his thoughts towards a new field of conquest. With this view he led his troops to anticipate greater glory than they had hitherto shared, and taught them that in the conquest of India lay the crown and triumph of all their enterprises.

Early in the spring of the second year of the hundred and thirteenth Olympiad (B c. 327), Alexander began to make preparations for this remote and dangerous enterprise. Having appointed a general to govern in his absence, he turned his face southward, and in spite of the difficulties which everywhere beset his path—in spite of the rugged nature of the country which he had to pass through with his army—in spite of the opposition of the warlike tribes who harassed his troops at every step of their progress—he fought his way through th obstacles which opposed him, and at last found himself on fertile banks of the river Indus.

On the eastern bank Alexander received the submission of the neighbouring princes. Of these, Taxiles, who was the most considerable, brought, besides other valuable presents, the assistance of seven thousand Indian horse, and surrendered his capital, Taxila, the most wealthy and populous city between the Indus and Hydaspes. But the king, who never allowed himself to be outdone in generosity, restored and augmented the dominions of Taxiles.

The army crossed the Indus about the time of the summer solstice, at which season the Indian rivers are swelled by heavy rains, as well as by the melted snow, which descends in torrents from Paropamisus. Trusting to this circumstance, Porus, a powerful and warlike prince, had encamped on the Shantrou, or Hydaspes, with thirty thousand foot, four thousand horse, three hundred armed chariots, and two hundred elephants. At an inconsiderable distance from the main body, his son commanded a detachment, consisting of the same kind of forces, which were all well accoutred, and excellently disciplined. Alexander perceived the difficulty of passing the Hydaspes in the face of this formidable host, a difficulty which must be greatly increased by the elephants, whose noise, and smell, and aspect, were alike terrible to cavalry. He therefore collected provisions on the opposite bank, and industriously gave out that he purposed to delay passing the river till a more favourable season. This artifice deluded not the Indians; and Porus kept his post. The king next had recourse to a different stratagem. Having posted his cavalry in separate detachments along the river, he commanded them to raise in the night loud shouts of war, and to fill the bank with agitation and tumult, as if they had determined at all hazards to effect their passage. The noise roused the enemy, and Porus conducted his elephants wherever the danger threatened. This scene was repeated several successive nights; during which the barbarians were fatigued and harassed by perpetual alarms. Porus discovering, as he fondly believed, that nothing was intended by this vain noise, but merely to disturb his repose, at length desisted from following the motions of the Macedonian cavalry, and remained quiet in his encampment, having stationed proper guards on the bank.

The false security of Porus enabled Alexander to effect his long meditated purpose. At the distance of about eighteen miles from his camp, and at the principal winding of the Hydaspes, there stood a lofty rock, thickly covered with trees and near to this rock, an island, likewise overrun with wood and uninhabited. Such objects were favourable for concealment: they immediately suggested to Alexander the design of passing the river with a strong detachment, which he resolved to command in person, as he seldom did by others what he could himself perform; and, amidst the variety of operations, always claimed for his own the task of importance or danger The Macedonian phalanx, the new levies from Paropamisus, together with the Indian auxiliaries, and a division of the cavalry, remained under the command Craterus. They had orders to amuse the enemy by making fires in the night, and by preparing openly during day time to cross the Hydaspes. While these operations were carrying on by Craterus, Alexander having collected hides and boats, marched up the country with a choice body of light infantry, the archers and Agrians, the Bactrian, Scythian, and Parthian cavalry, together with a due proportion of heavy-armed troops; the whole a well assorted brigade adapted to every mode of war required by the nature of the ground, the arms or disposition of the enemy. Having receded from the bank to a distance sufficiently remote to exclude the observation of Porus, he advanced towards the rock and island; and in this secure post prepared to embark after taking such precautions against the vicissitudes of war and fortune, as could be suggested only by the most profound military genius. The orders given to Craterus were precise should the Indians perceive, and endeavour to interrupt the passage to the rock and island, he was in that case to hasten over with his cavalry; otherwise not to stir from his post until he observed Porus advancing against Alexander, or flying from the field. At an equal distance between the bank where Alexander meant to pass, and the camp where Craterus lay, Attalus and Meleagar were posted with a powerful body of mercenaries, chiefly consisting of Indian mountaineers, who had been defeated by the Macedonians, and taken into the pay of the conqueror. To provide for any unforeseen accident sentinels were placed along the bank, at convenient distances to observe and repeat signals.

Fortune favoured these judicious dispositions. A violent tempest concealed from the enemy's out-guards the tumult of preparation, the clash of armour and the voice of command being overpowered by the complicated crash of rain and thunder. When the storm somewhat abated, the horse and infantry, in such proportions as both the boats and hides could convey, passed over, unperceived, into the island. Alexander led the line, accompanied in his vessel of thirty oars by Seleucus, Ptolemy, Perdiccas, and Lysimachus; names destined to fill the ancient world, when their renown was no longer repressed by the irresistible diffusion of their master's glory.

The king first reached the opposite bank, in sight of the enemy's out-guards, who hastened, in trepidation, to convey the unwelcome intelligence to Porus. The Macedonians meanwhile formed in order of battle; but before meeting the enemies, they had to struggle with an unforeseen difficulty. The coast on which they landed was the shore of another island, disjoined from the continent by a river commonly fordable, but actually so much swelled by the rains of the preceding night, that the water reached the breasts of the men, and the necks of the horses. Having passed this dangerous stream with his cavalry and targeteers, Alexander advanced with all possible expedition, considering, that should Porus offer battle, these forces would resist till joined by the heavy infantry; but should the Indians be struck with panic at his unexpected passage of the Hydaspes, the light-armed troops would thus arrive in time to attack and pursue the with advantage.

Upon the first alarm given by his out-guards, Porus detached his son to oppose the landing of the enemy with two thousand horse, and one hundred and twenty armed chariots. The forces, arriving too late to defend the bank, were speedily broken and put to flight by the equestrian archers; their leader and four hundred horsemen were slain; most of the chariots were taken; the slime of the river, which rendered the

unserviceable in the action, likewise interrupting their flight.

The sad news of this discomfiture deeply afflicted Porus; but his immediate danger allowed not time for reflection. Craterus visibly prepared to pass the river, and to attack him in front; his flanks were threatened with the shock of the Macedonian horse, elated by recent victory. In this emergency the Indian appears to have acted with equal prudence and firmness. Unable to oppose this complicated assault, he left part of the elephants under a small guard, to frighten, rather than resist, Craterus's cavalry; while, at the head of his whole army, he marched in person to meet the more formidable division of the enemy, commanded by their king. His horse mounted to four, and his foot to thirty thousand, but the part of his strength in which he seemed most to confide, consisted of three hundred armed chariots, and two hundred elephants. With these forces, Porus advanced, until he found a plain sufficiently dry and firm for his chariots to wheel. He then arranged his elephants at intervals of a hundred feet, in these intervals he placed his infantry a little behind the line. By this order of battle, he expected to intimidate the enemy, since their horse, he thought, would be deterred from advancing at sight of the elephants; and their infantry, he imagined, would not venture to attack the Indians in front, while they must be themselves exposed to be attacked in flank, and trampled under foot by those terrible animals. At either extremity of the line, the elephants bore huge wooden towers, filled with armed men. The cavalry formed the wings, covered in front with the armed chariots.

Alexander by this time appeared at the head of the royal short and equestrian archers. Perceiving that the enemy had already prepared for battle, he commanded a halt, until the heavy armed troops should join. This being effected, he allowed them time to rest and recover strength, carefully enforcing them with the cavalry; and meanwhile examined, with his usual diligence, the disposition of the Indians. Upon observing their order of battle, he immediately determined, not to attack them in front, in order to avoid encountering the difficulties which Porus had artfully thrown in his way, and once resolved on an operation, which, with such troops as those whom he commanded, could scarcely fail to prove decisive. By intricate and skilful manœuvres, altogether unintelligible to the Indians, he moved imperceptibly towards their left wing with the flower of his cavalry. The remainder, conducted by Cœnus, stretched towards the right, having orders to wheel at a given distance, that they might attack the Indians in rear, should they wait to receive the shock of Alexander's squadrons. A thousand equestrian archers directed their rapid course towards the same wing, while the Macedonian foot remained firm in their posts, waiting the event of this complicated assault, which appears to have been conducted with the most precise observance of time and distance. The Indian horse, harassed by the equestrian archers, and exposed to the danger of being surrounded, were obliged to form into two divisions, of which one prepared to resist Alexander, and the other faced about to meet Cœnus. But this solution so much disordered their ranks and dejected their courage, that they were totally unable to stand the shock of the Macedonian cavalry, which surpassed them as much in strength, as it excelled them in discipline. The fugitives took refuge, as behind a line of friendly towers, in the intervals that had been left between the elephants. These fierce animals were then conducted against the enemy's horse; which movement was no sooner observed by the infantry, than they seasonably advanced, and galled the assailants with darts and arrows. Wherever the elephants turned the Macedonians opened their ranks, finding it dangerous to resist them with a close and deep phalanx. Meanwhile, the Indian cavalry rallied, and were repelled with greater loss than before. They again sought the same friendly retreat, but their flight was now intercepted, and themselves almost entirely surrounded, by the Macedonian horse; at the same time that the elephants, having lost their riders, enraged at being pent up within a narrow space, and furious, through their wounds, proved more formidable to friends than foes, because the Macedonians, having the advantage of an open ground, could everywhere give vent to their fury.

The battle was decided before the division, under Craterus, had passed the river. But the arrival of these fresh troops rendered the pursuit peculiarly destructive. The unfortunate Porus lost both his sons, all his captains, twenty thousand foot, and three thousand horse. The elephants, spent with fatigue, were slain or taken; even the armed chariots were hacked in pieces, having proved less formidable in reality than appearance, could we believe that little more than three hundred men perished on the side of Alexander. An obvious inconsistency too often appears in the historians of that conqueror. With a view to enhance his merit, they describe and exaggerate the valour and resistance of his enemies; but, in computing the numbers of the slain, they become averse to allow this valour and resistance to have produced any adequate effects.

The Indian king having behaved with great gallantry in the engagement, was the last to leave the field. His flight being retarded by his wounds, he was overtaken by Taxiles, whom Alexander entrusted with the care of seizing him alive. But Porus, perceiving the approach of a man, who was his ancient and inveterate enemy, turned his elephant and prepared to renew the combat. Alexander then despatched to him Meroe, an Indian of distinction, who, he understood, had formerly lived with Porus in habits of friendship. By the entreaties of Meroe, the high-minded prince, spent with thirst and fatigue, was finally persuaded to surrender; and being refreshed with drink and repose, was conducted to the presence of the conqueror. Alexander admired his stature (for he was above seven feet high) and the majesty of his person; but he admired still more his courage and magnanimity. Having asked in what he could oblige him? Porus answered, "By acting like a king." "That," said Alexander with a smile, "I should do for my own sake, but what can I do for yours?" Porus replied, "All my wishes are contained in that one request." None ever admired virtue more than Alexander. Struck with the firmness of Porus, he declared him reinstated on his throne, acknowledged him for his ally and his friend; and having soon afterwards received the submission of the Glausæ, who possessed thirty seven cities on his eastern frontier, the least of which contained five thousand, and many of the greatest above ten thousand inhabitants, he added this populous province to the dominions of his new confederate. Immediately after the battle, he interred the slain, performed the accustomed sacrifices, and exhibited gymnastic and equestrian games on the banks of the Hydaspes. Before leaving that river he founded two cities, Nicæa and Bucephalia; the former was so called, to commemorate the victory gained near the place where it stood; the latter situate on the opposite bank, was named in honour of his horse Bucephalus, who died there, worn out by age and fatigue. A large division of the army remained under the command of Craterus, to build and fortify these new cities.

FABLE TO BE LEARNT BY BEGINNERS.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THERE lived a diver once, whose boast
Was, that he brought up treasures lost,
However deep beneath the sea
Of glossy hair'd Pachenope.
To try him, people oft threw in
A silver cross or gold zecchin,
Down went the diver "fathoms nine,"
And you might see the metal shine
Between his lips or on his head,
While lazy Tethys lay abed,
And not a Nereid round her heard,
The green pearl-spangled curtain stirr'd.
One day a tempting fiend threw down,
Where whirl'd the waves, a tinsel crown,
And said "O diver, you who dive
Deeper than any man alive,
And see where other folks are blind,
And, what all others miss, can find,
You saw the splendid crown I threw
Into the whirlpool: now can you
Recover it? thus won, you may
Wear it not once, but every day,
So may your sons" Down, down he sprang
A hundred Nereids heard the clang,
And closed him round and held him fast . .
The diver there had dived his last.



THE CAPTURE OF KING PORUS BY ALEXANDER. A BASSO-RELIEVO IN SILVER, WITH 217 FIGURES, EMBOSSED BY HAND, BY J. SZENTPETERI, OF PESTH, IN HUNGARY. EXHIBITED AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—(*See page 74.*)

THE ROSICRUCIANS.

"At the dawn of philosophy its dreams were not yet dispersed," says the author of *The Amenities of Literature*, "and philosophers were often in peril of being as imaginative as poets. The arid abstractions of the schoolmen were succeeded by the fanciful visions of the occult philosophers; and both were but preludes to the experimental philosophy of Bacon and Newton, and the metaphysics of Locke. The first illegitimate progeny of science were deemed occult, and even magical; while astronomy was bewildered with astrology, chemistry was running into alchemy, and natural philosophy wantoned in the grotesque chimeras of magical phantoms, the philosophers themselves pursued science in a suspicious secrecy, and were often imagined to know much more than the human faculties can acquire. These anagogical children of reverie, straying beyond 'the visible diurnal sphere,' elevated above humanity, found no boundary which they did not fathom —no altitude on which they did not rest. The credulity of enthusiasts was kept alive by the devices of artful deceivers, and illusion closed in imposture."

These remarks form a fit introduction to a sketch of the remarkable sect of visionary speculators whose name stands at the head of this paper. It is right, at the outset, to admit that their very existence has been denied; but this position has but little authority to support it, in the face of that which proves it to be an historical fact. The influence which this secret fraternity exercised upon opinion during their short career, and the permanent impression which they have left upon European literature, invest their history with a peculiar interest. Wild and visionary though they were, they were not without their uses. Before their time, the superstitions of Europe had been peopled only by the dark and disgusting creations of monkish imaginations; of these the Rosicrucians purged them, and substituted in their stead a race of mild, graceful, and beneficent beings.

This remarkable society, whose doctrines formed so singular a compound of religious mysticism and fanciful romance, though it only became known to the public in the seventeenth century, is said to have originated in Germany three centuries earlier. Their reputed founder, from whom they took their name, was Christian Rosenkreuz, or "Rose-cross," a German nobleman and philosopher, who travelled in the Holy Land, towards the close of the fourteenth century. The story of his life, which is given in a German work, published at Frankfort in 1617, and called *Fama Fraternitatis des loblichen Orden des Rosenkreuzes* (Report of the laudable Fraternity of the Rosicrucians), says, that whilst on his travels, Rosenkreuz fell sick at Damascus, where he was visited by some learned Arabs, who claimed him as their brother in science, and unfolded to him, by inspiration, all the secrets of his past life, both of thought and action. They then restored him to health by means of the philosopher's stone, and afterwards instructed him in all their mysteries. In 1401, he returned to Germany, says the same authority, and drawing a chosen number of friends around him, he initiated them into the mysteries of the new science, having previously bound them by oath to keep it secret for one hundred years. The adepts lived together in a building, which they called *Sancti Spiritus* (sacred spirits), where their founder died, in 1484, at the age of 106 years. The place of his burial was kept a profound secret, and the society renewed itself by the successive admission of new members, in silence and obscurity, according to the last injunction of their master, who directed the following inscription to be placed on a door of their building: "*Post CXX. annos patebo*"—after one hundred and twenty years I will open.

Such is the probably half-mythical account of their origin, which is contained in the work we have mentioned. Many have disputed this remote antiquity, and affirmed that the first dawning of the Rosicrucian doctrine is to be found in the theories of Paracelsus (a German alchemist and physician, who died in 1541), and the dreams of Dr. Dee (a famous English philosopher of the 16th century), who, without intending it, became the actual, though never the recognised, founders of the Rosicrucian philosophy. Whatever may have been the true origin of the sect, one thing is certain, that its existence only became publicly known in the year 1605. At that time it created a great stir amongst the mystical Germans. No sooner were its doctrines promulgated, than all the visionaries, Paracelsists, and alchemists flocked around its standard, and vaunted Rosenkreuz as the new regenerator of the human race. Michael Maier, the physician of the emperor Rudolph, became initiated in its mysteries, and having travelled over all Germany seeking confidential instruction from its members, published a report of the laws and customs of the new fraternity, in 1615. An abstract of these published ordinances of the society will be the best and most concise explanation of its doctrines. They asserted, in the first place, "That the meditations of their founders surpassed everything that had ever been imagined since the creation of the world, without even excepting the revelations of the Deity; that they were destined to accomplish the general peace and regeneration of man before the end of the world arrived; that they possessed all wisdom and piety in a supreme degree; that they possessed all the graces of nature, and could distribute them among the rest of mankind, according to their pleasure; that they were subject to neither hunger, nor thirst, nor disease, nor old age, nor to any other inconvenience of nature; that they knew by inspiration, and at the first glance, every one who was worthy to be admitted into their society; that they had the same knowledge then which they would have possessed if they had lived from the beginning of the world, and had been always acquiring it; that they had a volume, in which they could read all that ever was or ever would be written in other books till the end of time; that they could force to, and retain in, their service the most powerful spirits and demons; that, by virtue of their songs, they could attract pearls and precious stones from the depths of the sea or the bowels of the earth; that God had covered them with a thick cloud, by means of which they could shelter themselves from the malignity of their enemies, and that they could thus render themselves invisible from all eyes; that the first eight brethren of the "Rose-cross" had power to cure all maladies; that, by means of the fraternity, the triple crown of the pope would be reduced into dust; that they only admitted two sacraments, with the ceremonies of the primitive church, renewed by them; that they recognised the fourth monarchy and the emperor of the Romans as their chief, and the chief of all christians; that they would provide him with more gold, their treasures being inexhaustible, than the king of Spain had ever drawn from the golden regions of eastern and western Ind." Such was the Rosicrucian confession of faith. They had six rules of conduct, which prescribed,

First, That, in their travels, they should gratuitously cure all diseases.

Secondly, That they should always dress in conformity to the fashions of the country in which they resided.

Thirdly, That they should, once in every year, meet together in the place appointed by the fraternity, or send in writing an available excuse.

Fourthly, That every brother, whenever he felt inclined to die, should choose a person worthy to succeed him.

Fifthly, That the words "Rose-cross" should be the marks by which they should recognise each other.

Sixthly, That their fraternity should be kept a secret for six times twenty years.

These laws, they asserted, had been found in a golden book in the tomb of Rosenkreuz, and as the prescribed time from his death had expired in the year 1604, the doctrines were accordingly promulgated, for the benefit and enlightenment of mankind. For some years these enthusiasts made numerous converts to their doctrines in Germany; but they excited little attention in other parts of Europe. In 1623, however, they made their appearance in Paris, and threw all the learned and the credulous into commotion. One morning the walls of the city were found covered with placards, to the following effect:—"We, the deputies of the principal College of the Brethren of the Rose-cross have taken up our abode, visible and invisible, in this city, by the grace of the Most High, towards whom are turned the hearts of the just. We show and teach without books or signs, and speak all sorts of languages in the countries where we dwell, to draw mankind, our fellows, from error and from death." At this strange announcement, some wondered, but more laughed. Two books, however, were shortly afterwards published, which excited real alarm and curiosity amongst all parties, about this dreadful and secret brotherhood. The first

of these works was called, a history of "The frightful Compacts entered into between the Devil and the pretended 'Invisibles'; with their damnable Instructions, the deplorable Ruin of their Disciples, and their miserable end." The other book was entitled an "Examination of the new and unknown Cabala of the brethren of the Rose-cross, who have lately inhabited the city of Paris; with the History of their Manners, the Wonders worked by them, and many other particulars." In these books, which, as we have said, caused great alarm, it was stated that the Rosicrucian society consisted of thirty-six persons in all, who had renounced their baptism and hope of salvation; that it was directly from Satan that they received the power which they possessed of transporting themselves from one end of the world to the other with the rapidity of thought; that they could speak all languages; that they had unlimited supplies of money; that they could render themselves invisible and penetrate into the most secret places, in spite of bolts and bars, and that they could infallibly tell the future and the past. Such were a few, and not the most heinous, of the attributes ascribed to this mysterious society by the two books which we have mentioned. In the midst of the commotion raised by these generally-believed disclosures, a second placard appeared on the walls of Paris, containing the following announcement:—"If any one desires to see the Brethren of the Rose-cross from curiosity only, he will never communicate with us. But if his *will* really induces him to inscribe his name in the register of our brotherhood, we, who can judge of the thoughts of all men will convince him of the truth of our promises. For this reason we do not publish to the world the place of our abode. Thought alone, in unison with the sincere *will* of those who desire to know us, is sufficient to make us known to them, and them to us."

In vain did the Parisian police endeavour to find out the publishers of these strange manifestoes, the church, however, soon took up the matter, and denounced them as heretics and sorcerers of the blackest dye. Then very name—it was affirmed—was derived from the garland of roses, in the form of a cross, hung over the tavern tables in Germany as the emblem of secrecy, and from whence has come the common saying *sub rosa* (under the rose). To these and other aspersions the attacked brotherhood replied by a lengthened exposition of their real doctrines. In this defence they denied that they used magic of any kind, or that they had any intercourse whatever with his Satanic Majesty. They declared that they had already lived for more than a century, and expected to live for many centuries to come; and that the knowledge of all things which they possessed had been communicated to them by the Almighty himself, as a reward for their great piety. They reiterated the assertion that their society had been founded by, and derived its name from, Christian Rosenkreuz, and consequently denied the derivation of their name which had been put forth by their enemies. They disclaimed all interference with the peculiar politics or religious opinions of any set of men; whilst, however, they denied the rightful supremacy of the pope, and denounced him as a tyrant. They likewise affirmed their innocence of the charges of immorality which had been brought against them; and declared, on the contrary, that the first vow taken on entering the society was one of chastity, the smallest infringement of which at once and for ever deprived the transgressor of all the advantages and powers which he had previously enjoyed. In contradiction of the old monkish superstitions of sorcery and demonology, they denied the existence of all such malevolent spirits, and asserted that, instead of being beset by such beings as these, man was surrounded by myriads of beautiful and beneficent beings, all anxious to promote his happiness. The air, they said, was peopled with sylphs, the water with undines or nauads, the inner parts of the earth with gnomes, and fire with salamanders. These half-angelic beings who possessed great power, and were unrestrained by the barriers of space or the obstructions of matter were the friends of men, and desired nothing so much as that men should purge themselves of all uncleanness, and thus be enabled to see and converse with them. They watched constantly over mankind by night and day, and sought to win for themselves human love that they might thus share the immortality of human souls, and at last enter with them into the regions of eternal bliss.

The excitement produced by these attacks and replies, though violent, was shortlived. One Gabriel Naudé, a publisher, dealt the finishing blow in France to the fantastic doctrines of the brotherhood, in a work called "Advice to France upon the Brethren of the Rose-cross." The invisible fraternity and their marvellous powers soon ceased to be spoken of and the star which they had raised gradually died away. But though thus unsuccessful in France, their doctrines still flourished in Germany and in England, where they had many converts. At the head of these latter was Robert Fludd, a learned physician, distinguished for his science and his mysticism. The father of English Rosicrucianism was the son of Sir Thomas Fludd, treasurer of war to queen Elizabeth in France and the low countries. He received his education at St. John's College, Oxford, and afterwards spent some years in travelling through France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. It was in this latter country that he first adopted the Rosicrucian philosophy. On his return to England he graduated as Doctor of Medicine, and practised as a physician in London with considerable success. His earnest advocacy of the cabalistic doctrines soon caused him to be looked upon as one of the high priests of the sect. His works in defence of the new philosophy were considered worthy of replies and refutations by Keppler, the celebrated German astronomer and mathematician, and Gassendi a distinguished French philosopher. After his death, in 1637, the Rosicrucian theory lost much of its ground in England. He had left behind him no one equally zealous in the cause with himself; and consequently the efforts of the English Brethren were confined to the publication at considerable intervals of obscure and unimportant works, which only served to show that the folly had not entirely died out. One of these books was published in London in 1652, and was called "The Fame and Confession of the Brethren of the Rosie-cross," by an alchemist, who called himself *Eugenius Philalethes*. A few years afterwards another enthusiast, named John Hayden, who styled himself "the servant of God and the secretary of Nature," put forth his "New Method of Rosicrucian Physic, for the cure of all diseases, freely given to inspired Christians." In his preface to this medley of nonsense and mysticism, he says, "I shall here tell you what Rosiecrucians are, and that Moses was their father, and he was the child of God. Some say they were of the order of Elias, some of Ezechiel, others define them to be the officers of the generalissimo of the world, that are as the eyes and ears of the great king, seeing and hearing all things, for they are seraphically illuminated as Moses was according to this order of the elements, earth refined to water, water to air, air to fire." Such is the jargon that could find not only readers, but dupes, in England less than two centuries ago.

Whilst Fludd in this country was propagating his vagaries

> "All strange and geason,
> Devoid of sense and ordinary reason,"

the cabalistic philosophy had an equally zealous apostle and head in Germany, in the person of Jacob Bohmen. This enthusiast, of whom it will be sufficient to say that his opinions were of the most orthodox absurdity, was born at Gorlitz, in Upper Lusatia, in 1575, and followed, till his thirtieth year, the occupation of a shoemaker. At the age mentioned, he heard of the Rosicrucian doctrines, and embraced them with the greatest zeal. He abandoned his trade, and took to book-writing on his adopted vagaries, which he explained and defended in language as sublimely ridiculous as any that has been employed in the same cause. His death in 1624, affected Rosicrucianism in Germany much as Fludd had done in England. He left behind him many disciples but none equal in energy or zeal to himself. As the seventeenth century wore on, believers in the cabalistic doctrines gradually became fewer and less clever in their defence, till at length the cherished fancies of Maier, Böhmen, Fludd, and the other high-priests of the sect, whose names we have left unmentioned, died away. Feeble and partial adherents occasionally were heard of, but the Rosicrucians, as a society, had passed away before the light of a more advanced philosophy and a truer science. Though we have spoken of the sect only in connexion with England, France, and Germany, it had some disciples in the other nations of the continent; they were

greatly inferior, however, both in numbers and enthusiasm to those of the three countries mentioned.

Such, then, is a brief sketch of the history and doctrines of the Rosicrucians. Out of them romantic theories, the reader need hardly be told, legends and tales innumerable have sprung, all full of mystery and wonder—the wild, the fantastic, and the marvellous. With these graceful and exciting creations the literature of England, France, and Germany is largely stored. Amongst them Shakspere's "Ariel" stands pre-eminent. To the same source are we to trace the airy tenants of Belinda's dressing-room, in Pope's charming "Rape of the Lock," and Fouque's exquisite "Undine." With such obligations to the Rosicrucians, no lover of poetry or romance can wish that they had never existed.

NOTES ON THE MANUFACTURES OF SHEFFIELD.

During the passage of some railway bills through the houses of parliament, in the session of 1845-46, affecting the interests of Sheffield, a variety of information was elicited relative to the manufactures of Sheffield. Amongst other points, the quantity of coal annually consumed formed an important branch of inquiry, to obtain a correct estimate of which, Mr Scholefield (at present one of the aldermen of Sheffield) took a statistical account of the number of hearths, &c., used in each of the various departments of Sheffield trade, and thus, by ascertaining the average consumption of coal or coke per hearth, he arrived at a tolerably accurate account of the quantity of coal annually consumed. These statistical accounts—which have not hitherto been made public—are useful, not only for the purpose of showing the quantity of fuel consumed, but in presenting us with a view of the productive power of the district, the diversity of the several branches of trade there carried on, and their relative comparison to each other. We have found it quite impossible to ascertain the total quantities or numbers of articles in the various departments of trade manufactured at Sheffield—*i.e.*, how many gross of files, razors, &c., are annually made, nor can any approximative calculation be made on this head from either the number of hearths or the number of hands employed in each branch:—

MANUFACTORIES CONSUMING COAL.

		Tons per annum
9	Anvil, vice, and hammer makers	936
10	Button makers' furnaces	416
5	Ditto, boiling furnaces	208
10	Coach and railway spring makers	1,040
15	Axletree makers	780
42	Grinding-wheel fires—20 fires each	4,200
60	Comb scale pressers' furnaces	624
70	Razor-scale pressers' furnaces	455
45	Flat pressers' furnaces	292
226	Table haft and scale pressers' furnaces	2,350
		11,301 tons.

MANUFACTORIES CONSUMING SOFT COKE.

		Tons per annum.
72	Razor makers' hearths	650
346	Table knife makers' hearths	2,249
270	Pen and pocket-knife makers' hearths	1,404
270	Scale and spring makers' hearths	1,404
130	Fork and butchers' steel makers' hearths	676
375	File makers' hearths	7,010
100	Whitesmiths' hearths	1,820
300	Edge tool makers' hearths	6,240
25	Brace, bit, and joiners' tool makers' hearths	260
170	Scissor makers' hearths	663
60	Blacksmiths' hearths	1,092
300	Saw makers' hearths	1,560
50	Sheep and shear makers' hearths	650
19	Spade and shovel makers' hearths	395
10	Garden shear makers' hearths	143
1	Machine makers' hearth	62
5	Chain makers' hearths	130
14	Sack needle makers' hearths	72
17	Lancet and fleam makers' hearths	44
		20,511 tons

As 1¼ ton of coal are required to make one ton of soft coke, 16,402 tons of coal would be annually consumed by the above.

25 brass-founders' furnaces, with 60 holes, consuming coal and coke, require 1,388 tons of coal annually.

39 iron founders, consuming coke, and 26 iron-founders, consuming coal only, require, together, 10,233 tons of coal.

In 1846 there were, in Sheffield, 179 steam-engines of 3,061 horse-power, consuming 79,586 tons of coal per annum.

The daily "get" of coal in the Sheffield, Rotherham, and Barnsley districts, was, at that time, 6,014 tons, and it was estimated that as much as 13,000 tons could be "got" by means of shafts then in use.

We conclude this notice with some information relative to the number of hands employed in most of the various branches of Sheffield manufacture—information which has been kindly furnished us by some intelligent friends, who have taken considerable pains to obtain the most accurate information on the subject:—

File makers, forgers, strikers, and cutters, together about 2,000. Boys and women, 800; grinders, 220; hardeners, 212. total, 3,232

Spring knife makers.—Hafters, 1,150; scale and spring forgers, 100, blade forgers, 320; pocket-blade grinders, 100; pen-blade grinders, 320: total, 2,350. Some 600 apprentices added to the above would give a grand total of about 3,100, or rather more

Saw makers.—Men and boys, about 300. Women in the proportion of one to eight men.

Saw-handle makers.—Men and boys, 230.

Saw grinders.—Men and boys, 225.

Edge tool makers.—Forgers, 200; grinders, 250; strikers, 200 total, 650.

Fork makers.—Forgers, 60, grinders, 120: total, 180.

Scissor makers.—Forgers, 110; grinders, men, 240; boys, 130; filers, dressers, putters together, &c., about 660: total, 1,170

Razor makers.—Grinders, men, 260; boys, 160.

Table-knife makers.—Hafters, about 1,200; boys, about 300, forgers and strikers, 850, grinders, 800. total, 3,150.

Scythe makers.—Forgers, strikers, and grinders, 165.

Joiners' tool makers, about 220.

Britannia metal makers.—Smiths, 130 men; 40 to 50 boys.

THINGS WONDERFUL AND TRUE.—With a view to truth, the human family inhabiting the earth has been estimated at 700,000,000, the annual loss by death 18,000,000. Now the weight of the animal matter of this immense body cast into the [illegible] less than 624,300 tons, and by its decomposition produces 9,000,000,000,000 cubic feet of gaseous matter. The vegetable productions of the earth clear away from atmosphere the gases thus generated, decomposing and assimilating them for their own increase. This cycle of changes has been going on ever since man became an occupier of the earth. He feeds on the lower animals and on the seeds of plants, which in due time become a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon the herbs and grasses which, in their turn, become the animal; then, by its death, again pass into the atmosphere, and are ready once more to be assimilated by plants, the earthy or bony substance alone remaining where it is deposited, and not even these unless sufficiently deep in the soil to be out of the insorbent reach of the roots and plants and trees. Nothing appears so cannibalising as to see a flock of sheep grazing in a country churchyard, knowing it to be an undeniable fact that the grass they eat has been nurtured by the gaseous emanations from our immediate predecessors; then following up the fact that this said grass is actually assimilated by the animal, and becomes mutton, where, perhaps, we may dine next week. It is not at all difficult to prove that the elements of which the living bodies of the present generation are composed have passed through millions of mutations, and formed parts of all kinds of animal and vegetable bodies, in accordance with the unerring law of nature; and consequently we may say with truth that fractions of the elements of our ancestors form portions of ourselves. Some of the particles of Cicero's or Æsop's body, perad venture, wield this pen. Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till we find it stopping a bung-hole?

> 'Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!
> Oh, that that earth which kept the world in awe
> Should patch a wall t'expel the winter's flaw!'

MISCELLANEOUS.

BANKRUPTCY EXPLAINED.—The following "reasons for being so far back" were recently given in to the trustee on a bankrupt estate by the person failing, a grocer in a small business.—1st. Not having any experience in the small trade, so that I could not buy to advantage, and perhaps giving the little profit I had in overweight. 2nd. Selling a good quantity of sugar, and a very small quantity of tea—the sugar at a great loss, and tea being the only article that I have a profit on; so I lost more on the one than I gained on the other; and, beside the loss, I had 3d. to pay on every cwt. for carriage. 3rd. Lost about £1 by oil-cistern and syrup-casks bursting 4th Lost a great deal owing to provisions coming down in price every other day, and last, Not taking much above what would keep us for this some time back, although it had been all profit together.

ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.—Two wealthy gentlemen were lately conversing in regard to the period when they had best enjoyed themselves. "I will tell you," says one, "when I *most* enjoyed life Soon after I was twenty-one, I worked for Mr. ——, laying stone-wall at twenty cents. per day" "Well," replied the other, "that does not differ much from my experience. When I was twenty, I hired myself out at seven dollars per month. I have never enjoyed myself better since." The experience of these two individuals teaches that happiness *does not* depend on the amount of his gains or the station he occupies, that very small beginnings, with industry and prudence, may secure wealth.

ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.—Girls, do you want to get married, and do you want good husbands? If so, cease to act like fools. Don't take pride in saying you never did housework—never cooked a pan of chickens—never made a bed—and so on. Don't turn up your pretty noses at honest industry—never tell your friend that you are not obliged to work. When you go a-shopping, never take your mother with you *to carry the bundle.*

BITTER BEER.—In the *Medical Times, and Gazette* appears an article under the above head, from which we learn that the fashionable longing for bitterness having surpassed the bitterness of hops, manufacturers have, in despair, resorted to a more potent bitter, in the shape of strychnine, the active principle of *nux vomica*, one grain of which, the writer remarks, will have more effect than a canister of gunpowder, producing tremours, and in some cases permanent ill health The strychnine, it appears, is manufactured in large quantities in Paris, but its destination was for some time unknown to the French government. It was discovered, however, on inquiry, to be intended for exportation to England, to fabricate bitter beer, and not for home use, as the penalties for falsification in Paris are so stringent, that the pernicious use of this drug does not prevail. To give a bitterness to a pint of beer, the quantity of strychnine, it is stated, must be equal to a medicinal dose, and will in a very short time, inevitably give rise symptoms of poisoning The lovers "morning draught," as a "strengthener and appetiser," had best be cautious.

NEW MODE OF PACKING BOUQUETS.—Mr. Meredith, gardener to the Duke of Sutherland, has invented a plan by which cut flowers in bunches may be sent to any distance without injury. Two parallel lines of string, about an inch apart, are fastened between the four opposite sides of a square wooden box, so as to intersect each other in the centre, but at different levels. The shank of the bouquet is then to be passed down where the lines of cord intersect, imbedded up to the flowers in damp moss, and tied firmly to the bottom of the box In this way the bouquet is kept firmly in one position, and travels safely.

A VALUABLE RELIC.—There was exhibited, at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries lately, a highly curious collection of Anglo-Saxon female personal ornaments, such as amulets, pins, rings, chains, &c., which had been found at various times in digging for foundations, &c, in different parts of the country. At the same meeting, Mr R Cole placed before the members some valuable relics found in South America. Among them was a female figure in a stooping posture, about eight inches in height, which had evidently been the support of a very large and, perhaps, highly valuable cup The figure alone was composed of as much pure gold as would manufacture several hundred sovereigns.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—The present means of insulating the wires of the electric telegraphs on the various lines of railway, appear, according to Mr. F R. Nindon—who read a paper lately on the subject at the Institution of Civil Engineers—to be extremely defective. To obviate one of the principal causes of imperfection, it is proposed to surround the insulators with a metallic substance, so as to prevent dew from being deposited on the porcelain cups of which the insulators are composed. The metal being a bad absorbent, the radiation from the porcelain is greatly checked, and the cup thus prevented from cooling down below the dew point. The adoption of these metallic coverings would, it was argued, render the working of the wires more certain in their action, and obviate the necessity of expensive underground operations

RESTORATION OF THE ROYAL TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—This subject is attracting considerable attention among the architects, antiquarians, and lovers of the fine arts. It is proposed to restore the tombs in the various chapels of the abbey to a state similar to that in which they were at the time of their erection; but, that the repairs should not altogether destroy the feeling which many possess for ancient remains, it is thought by Mr Digby Wyatt and others, that a portion of each shrine, &c., should be left in its present state, as has been done with the arch of Titus at Rome. By this means, not only would these magnificent works of art be rescued from further decay, but their actual condition at the time of repair would be seen. At a meeting of the Institute of British architects, on the 22nd ult., it was determined to present a petition to the Queen, "praying her Majesty to appoint a commission for the purpose of taking into consideration the dilapidated state of the royal tombs in Westminster Abbey."

SLEEP.—There is no better description given of the approach of sleep than in one of Leigh Hunt's papers.—"It is a delicious movement, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past, the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labour of the day is gone. A gentle failure of the perceptions creeps over you, the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. PYE and others who consult us on the subjects of courtship and matrimony, must excuse us if we decline answering their inquiries. We cannot furnish him with any specific for the cure of females given to hysterics.

A SCHOOL TEACHER.—We believe that most congregations of protestant dissenters, if not all, have English schools in connexion with their congregations or chapels, if not day-schools, at least Sunday-schools.

B. T. W., and, strange to say, two other correspondents, wish us to decide what they state to be a matter of some importance "Whether *upwards of a hundred* means below or above a hundred?" Are any of our correspondents sufficiently versed in arithmetic to furnish a reply?

A. JOHNSTON.—A portrait and brief memoir of Napoleon will be found in No. 7 of "The Working Man's Friend," New Series.

MARTHA.—You may bleach your "excellent straw hat" by exposing it to the fumes of burning sulphur, in a close chest or box, or by immersing it in a weak solution of chloride of lime, and afterwards washing it well in water. The former is a very unpleasant process; and, as in your neighbourhood there are several poor, industrious women, who will cleanse your hat nicely for a few pence, why should you give yourself so much trouble?

A TYRO.—"Civil law" is commonly defined to be that law which every particular nation or society of people has established for its own use, which is now as frequently called "municipal law," to distinguish it from that law which was used by the Romans, and collected under the auspices of the emperor Justinian into a code or body of laws.

R. A. (Dublin.)—A paper on "Telegraphic Communication" appeared in "The Working Man's Friend," New Series, No. 7, and on "Submarine Telegraphs" in No 21

LECTOR AB INITIO.—Salt is good, useful, valuable Never mind what was said to you "your "almost daily lecture" against it, what Dr Howard says against it Take it with "your meat," your "soup," &c. But because the moderate use of salt with fresh provisions conduces greatly to health, it by no means that salted provisions do so, especially if used for a length of time, or, as you term it, "continuously."

JAMES.—You will find a full and interesting account of the KOH-I-NOOR in Vol. 7, page 321, of "The Working Man's Friend." For to your other inquiry, we must refer you to Mr. Kossuth.

E. H.—It is not necessary that you should deposit your will in any particular place You should have it properly witnessed and signed. You may then keep it in your own desk, or in any drawer or place you may choose in your own house. Wills of deceased persons, especially if the property be large, or if it be likely to be contested, or if the survivors "administer" to the property, are deposited in the Will-office in Doctors'-commons on the payment of a small fee. The original is retained, and a copy is given to the persons concerned, also on payment of a small fee. Wills so deposited—the will of any person—may be examined by the payment of one shilling, and a copy of the whole, or of any portion, may be had at a small charge *per folio*, that is, 70 words.

R. W. jun.—You can have the first volume of "The Working Man" complete; or if you have the numbers, our publisher can supply you with a case for binding them. "The Popular Educator" will be made up in half-yearly volumes, containing *twenty-six* numbers.

W. G T—Most of the questions you put respecting photography you will find answered in the Manuals or Handbooks of Photography, many of which are now published.

A YOUTH.—The best way to improve yourself in composition will be to read and study the most approved standard publications, and to write down your own thoughts freely after such reading. As to what you term "revolutionary societies" and debating clubs, perhaps the less you have to do with them the better.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

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EGYPT: ITS EDIFICES AND ITS PEOPLE.

KARNAK AND DENDERA.

As the visitor passes over a dromos, or continuation of the avenue which leads to Karnak, a very imposing pylon, or gateway, attracts the attention: it was the work of Ptolemy Euergetes and Berenice, his sister (B.C. 246), who, according to the abominable practice of those days, was his wife and also his queen. Such gateways are very lofty, they have thick and very solid walls, and are highly decorated with sculptures, generally in *intaglio*, and a profusion of hieroglyphics. This particular one is a fine specimen of them, and may be compared with edifices like Napoleon's grand triumphal arch in Paris, which was erected for a purpose somewhat similar to that which appears to have prompted the monarchs of Egypt, at different periods, to add to the extent and glories of Karnak. Proceeding through this Ptolemaic gateway, another



RESTORATION OF THE RUINS OF KARNAK.

avenue, similarly adorned with Sphinxes, leads to the pyramidal towers of a temple behind this gateway. Here an idea may be formed of Homer's "hundred-gated Thebes," an expression which, as there are not the slightest traces of city walls, or gates, almost certainly refers, if it be more than a poetic expletive to the propyla, or gateways of the temples.

The front, or main entrance of the grand temple is on the north-west side, affording the first view of the most splendid temple in the world. Its extent is almost bewildering. From an immense doorway the eye looks into a building whose width is between three and four hundred feet, and length nearly twelve hundred feet; its walls are proportionately thick, massive, and lofty; while hundreds of columns, so large and grand as to excite unbounded astonishment, are seen at various distances, and in diverse positions, and form a feature in the scene unlike any the traveller has ever beheld. Then, there are the vast propyla, the lofty obelisks, the extensive courts, the sanctuary of red granite, and other objects which no words can adequately describe, but which cannot fail to excite in the most phlegmatic German or Englishman intense emotion. What destruction has the hand of violence wrought! Portions of columns are strewn about—broken walls meet the eye—and massive stones lie under the feet!

Thousands of hieroglyphics are there, many of them deeply important in an historical point of view, and sculptures, illustrative of so many and such various subjects, are found on every wall. "Never," says lord Lindsay, "were pages more graphic. The gathering, the march, the melée—the Pharaoh's prowess, standing erect, as he always does, in his car—no charioteer—the reins attached to his waist—the arrow drawn to his ear—his horses, all fire, springing into the air like Pegasuses—and then the agony of the dying; transfixed by his darts, the relaxed limbs of the slain—Homer's truth itself; and, lastly, the triumphant return, the welcome home, and the offering of thanksgiving to Amunre—the fire, the decrimination, with which these ideas are bodied forth—they must be seen to judge of it."

But let us look more particularly at the great hall of assembly. Having entered, be it remembered, through the pylon or doorway, crossed an open court or area nearly three hundred feet in length, with a double line of columns down the centre, and come to the propyla and entrance leading into the great

hall, a wall rises up aloft some eighty or ninety feet, and more than thirty feet in thickness. What immense blocks of stone are these—what strength they possessed—what towers of defence against assault they must have proved—what lintel stones are those over the doorway, more than forty feet in length! Let us enter the hall, and look about us. "It measures," says Wilkinson, "170 feet by 329, and is supported by a central avenue of twelve massive columns, 66 feet high (without the pedestal and abacus) and twelve in diameter; besides 122 of smaller, or (rather) less gigantic dimensions, 41 feet 9 inches in height, and 27 feet 6 inches in circumference distributed in seven lines on either side of the former." Stop for a while and examine one of these columns, so massive, wrought with so much skill, and adorned with such a variety of sculpture; what singular design has been displayed—what strange conceptions of art—what surprising accuracy in execution, along with equally surprising errors and faults, go which way we will, and the *coup-d'œil* is strikingly grand and impressive So many of the columns are standing, and in good preservation, that we could not have a finer specimen of Egyptian architecture than this, and the few that are prostrate, or half-fallen, afford us opportunity of observing more fully the degree as much as we will of the power of mechanical appliances of the of the quarries and put in their present place such extraordinary large blocks of stone Notice the sculpture on one of these columns; generally it is in intaglio, sometimes in bas-relief; what singular beauty and nobleness the heads and faces present, especially those of the female figure, but what scraggely ill-proportioned persons many of them have! One of the female figures, five feet two inches high, has a waist of five inches, and a foot of fourteen inches in length, in this was the usual proportion. Observe how nearly the artist approached to the perspective, and yet how sadly deficient his work is from ignorance of that important point in art, and particularly notice the prominence given to a religious view of all subjects, in the constant introduction of the gods and goddesses, the offerings made to them, and the hieroglyphics expressing the adoration of the deities, and the care of the kings to promote their worship and honour Look, too, at the walls of this grand hall or chamber, and, remembering that the king in whose reign it was erected lived some three thousand two hundred and thirty years ago, note the freshness and beauty of the colours, the bright blue, the dazzling vermilion, the pale green, the lovely yellow, and many others Does it not seem well nigh impossible that these colours could have lasted through so many centuries, and be even now strikingly beautiful? Observe, likewise, what is sculptured on the walls. You may not be capable of reading with fluency the story which the hieroglyphics tell, and, without much previous study, you will not see the reason or propriety of many things which appear very singular, not to say grotesque, but, nevertheless, you can enjoy such points as are open to the view of all; you can see what progress the ancient Egyptians had made in the arts of sculpture, painting, and architecture, you can form something of an idea of their warlike spirit, of their wealth, their luxury, their amusements, their occupations, and their religious sentiments and conduct, and you can appreciate their greatness in some or many respects, and mourn over their degradation and superstition in those matters which most truly manifest what spirit men are of And when we have spent hours in this way, in endeavouring to gain knowledge and instruction, and in the enjoyment of a scene the like to which the world nowhere else presents, we may seat ourselves on some fragment of a column, or on one of those immense blocks of stone which lie strewn around, and in melancholy mood, listening to the chirping of the birds who now inhabit these desolate halls, may muse over the destruction which awaits the might, majesty, and dominion of man.

Vast as is the main temple, and astonishing as it is in every respect, it does not constitute all that meets the eye and fills the mind with inexpressible emotions There is the avenue of sphinxes through which Karnak is approached from the south, and a majestic pylon, of the days of the Ptolemies Other and grander things are in the vicinity. Numerous buildings sculpture, and adorned with colossal statues; and there, some other edifice, not directly connected with the great temple, but included in the ruins, meets the view; and, mingled with the evidences of later life, and the sad falling off from former greatness—in the mud huts of the peasantry, sometimes built in and upon the remains of ancient temples—tends to deepen the impression which Karnak, as a whole, is calculated to make, on the mind and memory of the least imaginative person. Add to this, too, the consideration, that Karnak was, after all, only a part of old Thebes; that it was connected with Luxor by the dromos of Sphinxes; that Luxor was connected with the splendid temples, palaces, obelisks, and statues, on the west bank, and that the whole covered a circuit of, it is said, thirty miles, and nothing more will be needed to prove, that on this plain are the grandest, most astonishing, and most interesting ruins in the world. Denon, a French traveller, who accompanied the expedition which Bonaparte sent into Egypt, exclaimed, "One is fatigued with writing; one is fatigued with reading; one is stunned with the thought of such a conception (as Karnak demands). It is hardly possible to believe, after having seen it, in the reality of the existence of so many buildings, collected at a single point, in their dimensions, in the resolute perseverance which their construction required, and in the incalculable expenses of so much magnificence. On examining these ruins, the imagination is wearied with the idea of describing them. Of the hundred columns of the portices alone of this temple, the smallest are seven feet and a half in diameter, and the largest twelve The space occupied by this circumvallation contains lakes and mountains. In short, to be enabled to form a competent idea of so much magnificence, it is necessary that the reader should fancy what is before him to be a dream, as he who views the objects themselves occasionally yields to the doubt, whether he be perfectly awake."

Of course it will be understood that various monarchs of Egypt, to gratify their pride or vanity, or manifest their piety, made various additions to the earlier structures. Wilkinson is of opinion, that no part remains of the original foundation of the temple; but as the name of Osirtasen I., the Pharaoh who ruled Egypt in the days of Joseph, or earlier, as Osburn thinks, has been found on some prostrate columns, near what was the sanctuary, it proves that we have here not only the oldest building in Thebes, but ruins which carry us back about three thousand six hundred years. Later kings added the obelisks and the chambers near the sanctuary Thothmes III., in whose reign the Exodus took place, "made large additions to the buildings and sculptures, as well in the vicinity of the sanctuary as in the back part of the great inclosure; where the columnar edifice (to the south-east), the side chambers, and all the others in that direction, were added by his orders." Subsequently, Osirei, a great conqueror, and his son Remeses II., probably the far-famed Sesostris, beautified and enlarged the bounds of the temple: the former added the grand hall, spoken of above, and the latter caused to be designed and executed, very many of those striking sculptures on the north-east side, which illustrate the extent and variety of his martial achievements. The son of Remeses II. continued the work begun by his illustrious father, and built the area in front, with massive prepyla, preceded by granite colossi, and an avenue of Sphinxes; and succeeding monarchs adding still more and more, the several edifices by degrees became united in one grand whole, connected either by avenues of Sphinxes, or by crude brick inclosures. After the time of Cambyses, B.C. 525, who manifested such intensity of rage against the monuments and temples of Egypt, some other, but less important additions were made, and various repairs and sculptures were introduced, as late as the last ages of Egyptian independence. Ptolemy Lathyrus, however, B.C. 116, exasperated against the rebellious citizens of Thebes, appears to have done this ancient city greater injury than even the Persian conqueror; and as we are informed, reduced it to so deplorable a state, that it "no longer deserved a rank among the cities of Egypt." Since that period, it has gradually sunk into insignificance, and for ages has lain in ruins.

the visit of the French and Italian commission to Egypt, in 1828, Champollion le Jeune had discovered, on the exterior south-west wall, near the doorway, the cartouche, which proved, on examination, to refer to the capture of Jerusalem by the Egyptian king, called Shishak in the Bible. The passage in which this expedition is spoken of is as follows:—"It came to pass, that in the fifth year of king Rehoboam, Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, because they had transgressed against the Lord, with twelve hundred chariots, and threescore thousand horsemen; and the people were without number that came with him out of Egypt; the Lubims, the Sukkiims, and the Ethiopians. And he took the fenced cities which pertained to Judah, and came to Jerusalem." It having pleased God to warn the king and princes of the consequences of their disobedience and sin, they found grace to repent and humble themselves, so that he did not destroy them, or pour out his wrath upon Jerusalem, by the hand of Shishak: nevertheless, says the Lord, by his prophet, they shall be the servants of the king of Egypt, "that they may know my service and the service of the kingdoms of the countries. So Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, and took away the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house, he took all: he carried away also the shields of gold which Solomon had made"* This was in the year B.C. 971, according to the usual chronology On the king's return to Egypt, various sculptures were added to the walls of the temple at Karnak, illustrating his conquests, and the cities and countries which he had subdued, this of the "kingdom of Judah," among the rest.

Here may be observed the figure of a captive, bound and attached to a large number of others on the same wall The king, whose proportions are colossal, is represented as standing erect and threatening, with his arms stretched out, the group of prisoners and foreigners, whom he is holding by the hair with one of his hands He conducts before the Theb in triad (*i. e.* Amn, Neith, Khunsu), the chiefs of more than thirty nations, whom he has subdued they are bound by the neck, and each of them has near him an embattled shield or buckler, in which is inscribed the name of the conquered country or city. The prince is one of these he has a pointed beard, and the physiognomy of an Asiatic, and the name of his kingdom is written in the shield The king, whose arms effected all this, bears the name of Shoshonk, the Sesonchis of Manetho's lists, and evidently the same as Shishak of the Scriptures The hieroglyphics are arranged according to the manner in which the phonetics are to be read they are as Chevalier Bunsen gives them, IUTAHA MALUK, the "king-kingdom of Judæa." Wilkinson expresses the hieroglyphics by YOODA-MELCHI: Champollion-Figeac gives JOUDA HAMALEK; but all amount to the same thing in substance.

The ruins at Dendera, or Tentyra, are situate on the west bank of the Nile, four hundred and sixteen miles from Cairo, opposite Kineh, which is a modern town of some importance, because of its proximity to Kosseir, on the Red Sea, and its connexion with the probable course which the overland travel and trade to India will assume. According to Wilkinson, the name Tentyra, in Coptic *Tentoré* or *Nikentore*, seems to have originated in that of the goddess Athor or Aphrodité, who was particularly worshipped there; and the hieroglyphics, as well as the Greek inscription on the front of the main temple, show that it was dedicated to the goddess of love and beauty Entering a rather fine pylon, and walking several hundred feet up a narrow dromos, with walls of crude brick on either side, which leads directly to the portico of the temple, a descent by steps of some twenty feet brings the visitor to the level of the floor, and affords an opportunity to inspect an Egyptian temple in a better state of preservation than any hitherto described. The massive columns of the portico are but little injured by time or violence; the walls are all standing, and the sculptures and hieroglyphics in a state of comparative completeness; the roof is preserved; and the interior rooms and chambers, though more or less defaced from various causes, enable one to form a good idea of the internal arrangements of an ancient temple, devoted to the worship of an Egyptian deity. The portico is supported by twenty-four columns, the circumference of each of which is nearly twenty-nine feet. The portico is open to the front, above the screens that unite six of its columns; and in each of the sidewalls is a small doorway. To the portico—according to Wilkinson—succeeds a hall of six columns, with three rooms on either side; then a central chamber, communicating on one side with two small rooms, and on the other with a staircase. This is followed by another similar chamber (with two rooms on the west and one on the east side), immediately before the isolated sanctuary, which has a passage leading round it, and communicating with three rooms on either side. The total length of the temple is about two hundred and twenty feet, by ninety-four, or across the portico a hundred and fifteen feet: its date, according to the inscription on the fillet of the cornice of the portico, is of the time of the Emperor Tiberius.

The circumstance just mentioned will account for the fact, which is quite evident even to an inexperienced observer, that the temple at Dendera is of a later and a declining style of art. In the wonders of ancient Thebes, despite of all defects, there is a nobleness and massive grandeur in the architectural remains of the temples, obelisks, statues, &c., which cannot but attract the attention of the most unscientific visitor. Here, however, the capitals of the columns appear deficient in taste, quite to the extent with which they are over-ornamented; they want the simplicity and grace which characterised the earlier works of art in Egypt, the sculptures are not executed with the skill and care which might have been expected; and, as has been asserted, the hieroglyphics are ill adjusted, and in crowded profusion But though the temple of Dendera is open to criticism, it wears an imposing appearance, and is not devoid of beauty and grandeur, and by the older travellers, before its actual date was known, it was spoken of in terms of the highest, nay, most extravagant admiration, However it may be esteemed by those who come after the present race of Egyptologers and travellers, there can be no doubt, that it will always be looked upon with interest, as a noble specimen of architecture, as it existed in the days of the early Roman emperors, and when science was on its decline in the land of the Ptolemies

On the roof of this temple is sculptured a zodiac, which was asserted by some authors here, as well as on the continent, to be of extraordinary antiquity. M. Jomard, finding also another at Esneh, made the date of one of them at least 1923 years before the Christian era, and as a medium, assigned three thousand years as the most probable period during which they had existed on the occurrence of that event. M. Dupin made the zodiac four thousand years old at the very least; while M. Gori would not diminish aught of seventeen thousand years. All these calculations were directed either expressly or implicitly against the chronology of Moses, which they affected to consider as completely exploded. Infidels exulted as they anticipated the downfall of Christianity, or as they thought it had already taken place. But short-lived, indeed, was their triumph: Champollion, by deciphering its hieroglyphics, had read upon the zodiac of Dendera the titles of Augustus Cæsar, and upon that at Esneh the name of Antoninus; and thus it is manifest that the temple said to be four thousand years older than the Christian era, was built about the time of its commencement; while that at Esneh, to which an antiquity had been assigned of at least seventeen thousand years before that period, ought to have been dated one hundred and forty years after it And such shall still be the result of the discoveries in which men are engaged, the more enlightened and persevering the examination of nature and art, the more abundant will be the evidence of the authority of Scripture, which came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

* 2 Chron. xii 2—9.

THINNESS OF LEAF-GOLD.—In the process of gold-beating the metal is reduced to laminæ or leaves of a degree of tenuity which would appear fabulous, if we had not the stubborn evidence of common experience in the arts as its verification A pile of leaf gold to the eighth of an inch would contain 282,000 distinct leaves of metal! The thickness, therefore, of each leaf is in this case the 282,000th part of an inch. Nevertheless, such a leaf completel[illegible] d to gild, it moreover protects such objects from the action of external agents as effectually as though it were plated an inch thick

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

A FRENCH romance of the time of Louis XIV., of which the following are the principal details, was long regarded by many with intense interest. A youthful prisoner, of noble appearance and great personal beauty, was secretly sent to an island on the coast of Provence, wearing on his journey an iron mask, which was so contrived that he could take his meals without uncovering his face, the disclosure of which was to be followed by instant death. His rank appeared from the fact, that on Louvois, the king's minister, paying him a visit, he stood while addressing him, and treated him with the greatest respect. One day the prisoner traced some words with a knife on a silver plate, and threw it from a window into the sea. A fisherman brought it to the governor of the island, who, finding he could not read, dismissed him, saying he "was fortunate in his ignorance." On this officer being appointed to the command of the Bastille, his prisoner was conveyed secretly to Paris, and continued under his charge; but his table was amply provided, all his requests were granted, and rarely was the governor seated in his presence. He was fond of lace and of fine linen, and amused himself by playing on the guitar. The very tone of his voice inspired interest; he was never known to complain, nor did he ever give the slightest intimation of his character and rank. The mystery respecting him remained unbroken to the last. Even the physician, who frequently attended him, never saw his face, though he was in the habit or looking at his tongue. He died in 1703, and was buried at night in the cemetery of St. Paul. The darkness gathered about him still continued impenetrable. The successor of Louvois, M. de Chamillart, when on his death-bed, was entreated by his son-in-law to tell him who this prisoner was He replied, it was a solemn secret of state, which he had promised never to reveal.

That curiosity should be greatly excited by such a tale, and that the imagination should determine, despite of all difficulties, *who* was its hero, was naturally to be expected. At one time the prisoner was an Armenian patriarch; at another a minister of finance who had fallen into disgrace. Some determined that he was a son of Louis XIV. and Mademoiselle de la Vallière, overlooking the fact that he was said to have been buried twenty years *before* the mysterious prisoner; while others, equally sagacious, affirmed that he was the Duc de Beaufort, who, to all appearance, had been beheaded by the Turks at the siege of Candia. Other speculations, however ingenious in the view of their authors, were of no more value.

But, amongst these, there was one that the man in the iron mask was a private agent of Ferdinand Charles, duke of Mantua, and that he suffered his long and strange imprisonment for having disappointed the French monarch in a secret affair of state, the particulars of which could not be disclosed without involving the principals in shame. That this is the most probable solution of the mystery is established in a work extracted from documents in the French archives, by the late Lord Dover. The tale most likely to be true is as follows:—

When Louis XIV. had reached the height of his gradeur, and his courtiers were still intent on gratifying his ambition, the Abbé d'Estrades, his ambassador to the Venetian state, was desirous to obtain for him the town of Casal, a fortress in the territory of the duke of Mantua, and capital of the Montferrat. The town was the key of Italy; but an uneducated and dissipated prince was likely to surrender it for some pecuniary advantage, when subtilely plied for this purpose by a French ambassador. At this time there was a native of Bologna, a bachelor of laws, in the university of that place, and a senator of Mantua, Count Matthioli, who had been a minister highly favoured by the duke's father, and who still busied himself in watching public affairs, which, with regard to the duke's interests, were somewhat endangered from the power of the Spanish government at Milan, and the growing influence of the house of Austria in his dominions. This man was therefore selected to be the agent of D'Estrades, and easily led the duke to believe that his only escape from formidable evils depended on his seeking the protection of France, especially as he understood that Louis, on paying him a sum of money, was to send French troops into Italy, at the head of whom he was to be placed.

So confident was D'Estrades of the success of the plot, that, in a letter to Louis, he expressed his delight at Casal being about to be annexed to the crown of France; and, though he addressed a tyrant, he blessed his fortune for affording him the honour of serving a monarch whom he revered as a *demigod*. But formidable difficulties often arise in the path of the plotters of evil. The duke, closely watched by the Austrians and his mother, a lady of that family, not being able to receive D'Estrades publicly, promised him an audience in the ensuing carnival at Venice, when they were to meet in disguise, while Louis, cautiously intent on his selfish purposes, flattered the hopes which the duke entertained.

At length the duke and D'Estrades met by midnight at Venice—the former being impatient for the conclusion of the treaty, from his being in urgent need of French protection; and the result was that Matthioli was despatched to Paris, where the compact was drawn up that the duke should receive 100,000 crowns for admitting a French force into Casal, while the agent of this scandalous artifice obtained a large reward, and promise of preferment for his relations.

The fact is strangely overlooked, that he who offers to injure others for you is likely to render you a victim as readily for them; and so it was in the present instance. Instead of Matthioli returning to France, as had been agreed, he made a variety of excuses for delay, and at last declared that his master, the duke, had been compelled to execute a treaty which would prevent his keeping his engagement with France. It was plain, therefore, that Louis had been duped, and that, too, by the obscure minion of a petty Italian prince, whom he instantly ordered to be imprisoned, and to be allowed no intercourse with any one. Matthioli was not then in Paris; but soon after meeting D'Estrades at Turin, and boldly urging the payment of his expenses in the late treaty, the abbé met the crafty demand with equal artifice, and on their arriving together within the French territory, the agent of his nefarious stratagem was arrested. Thenceforward, and for a space of more than twenty-four years, Matthioli remained a prisoner—first at Pignerol, next at Exiles, then at the Isle of St. Marguerite, and lastly in the Bastille. In November, 1703, a slight illness came on, and he died the next morning, at the age of sixty-three. As every means had been adopted during his life to conceal his real name and history, so on his decease the keepers scraped and whitewashed his prison-walls, reduced to ashes even the doors and window-frames of his apartments, and melted down all the silver, copper, or pewter vessels which had been used in his service. When the records of the prison were made public, in 1789, it was found that the leaf referring to him had been removed.

Thus the charms of an attractive romance are—if this account be true—totally destroyed. The mask which excited such interest was not an iron one. It appears to have been of black velvet, fitted to Matthioli's face with strong whalebones, fastened with a padlock behind his head, and still further secured by a seal. The prisoner, so young, noble, and dignified, was a man who had "fallen into the sere and yellow leaf;" and his clothes, whatever they might have been at first, were ordered to last him for three or four years together. Above all, he was a designing politician, and the ready tool of D'Estrades, who thought him well adapted to his atrocious purposes. This story suggests an impressive moral.

APRIL.—A SONNET.

BY JOHN GREET.

HAIL! lusty APRIL, with thy garniture
Of virent herbs, and wide-distending buds;
Come, with thy ruddy cheek, and bosom pure,
And pipe thy vernal music through the woods.
Tend meadows tessellate with virgin flowers,
Pleach floral wildings for thy sister May,
While hamadryads trim their sylvan bowers,
And lark and blackcap weave a dainty lay.
Emblem of life! though girt with changeful hue,
Thou still canst smiles of hope and cheer dispense,
As, from the chalice of thine upper blue
Droppest the sweet fructific influence
Thy charms are many; but, as fervid bard of yore,
Be mine to worship at the daisy's shrine, be mine its mystic lore.*

Leamington Spa.

* It is said that the poet Chaucer was wont to lie for hours looking with admiring contemplation on the daisies. [The above sonnet would have appeared at an earlier date had it arrived.—ED.]

JOHN FLAXMAN.

In speaking of our favourites, we are apt to begin with the heroic; thus, then, we may make use of the family tradition of the Flaxmans:—Four brothers fought, side by side, for liberty and the parliament, in the celebrated battle of Naseby. James, the eldest, was shot through both arms in pursuing the king; Francis, the second, died upon the field of victory; the third brother followed the fortunes of the triumphant army, and distinguished himself in Ireland. John, the fourth and youngest, survived the conflict of that day, and retired from the profession of arms to become a farmer in Buckinghamshire. The second in descent from this farmer was a poor artist—a moulder of figures for the sculptors, and the keeper of a little shop in New-street, Covent-garden, for the sale of plaster-cast and so on. Well, this obscure man was in the habit of going from place to place in search of employment, accompanied by his wife, and in the course of one of his professional pilgrimages his second son was born in the city of York. The day was the 6th of July, and the year 1755, on which John Flaxman first saw the light.

He was a poor, weak, deformed child, when, at the age of six months, his father and mother brought him home to their house in London. The father was a worthy man; but of the mother of the little boy we know little, except that she is said to have been rather remiss in her household duties. In the various biographies of Flaxman, the future sculptor and royal academician, is spoken of, in his fifth or sixth year, as a quiet, solitary child, sitting on a high stool behind his father's shop-counter, surrounded by books and papers, and getting up and down and moving about the house by means of two crutches. Allan Cunningham draws a touching picture of the youth at this period. His weakness prevented him from associating with the children of his own age, and he had to seek amusement through many a solitary hour by himself. His mother was frequently in the shop with her husband, watching over the health and education of her patient little favourite. His grave but cheerful deportment, his thirst for knowledge, and his love of drawing, began to attract the notice of the customers; and, as the customers of a figure-dealer are generally people of some information and taste, they could not avoid perceiving that this was no common child, they took pleasure in looking at his drawings, in hearing him describe such books as he read, and in the rapture of his looks, when, in their turn, they told him of poets, sculptors, and heroes. It was discovered, too, that, child as he was, he had not confined himself to the copying of figures around him, but had dipped into Homer, and attempted to think and design for himself.



FLAXMAN.

From such a beginning it was easy to prefigure a future of renown. The solitary child was the mental father of the man. He laboured at his studies incessantly, and actually made a number of small wax and clay models, some of which are still in existence, and are said to possess considerable merit.

But what should a sick, crippled child and its fond father do with ambitious thoughts? What the utility of fostering that which might afterwards be but a vain hope? When in after years his name became famous in the world, who remembered the little boy with the bright eyes and pale cheeks who sat behind his father's counter? Few indeed, and yet, to the habits of study there engendered the world is probably indebted for much that made the after works of the sculptor celebrated.

In his tenth year, however, a great change was observable; and before he had entered his eleventh, he had thrown away his crutches and his melancholy and began to enjoy life. Who now so full of animal spirits? Who now so jubilant of health and gaiety as young John Flaxman? But he was not forgetful that his father was still a poor man, and that if he would rise in the world—as his young dreams had promised him he would—he must be up early and work hard. He had determined to be a sculptor; and as his health and strength increased he drew and modelled most industriously. Indeed, all who knew him seemed to look forward to his future success as a thing of course.

About this time his mother died; and his father, setting his affairs in order, took a larger house in the Strand, and soon afterwards married again.

In 1770, being then in his fifteenth year, Flaxman—having for a long time past assiduously prepared himself for the occasion—became a student at the Royal Academy. He carried his simple, earnest nature from his father's shop to the studio and the lecture-room; and in the same year he exhibited a waxen figure of "Neptune," which was much admired. This was his first really public work; in 1827 he exhibited a marble statue of John Kemble, which was his last—a period of fifty-seven years intervening. To trace the long succession of famous drawings, statues, historical subjects, and busts, which through all these years appeared with the name of Flaxman engraved on them in the imperishable characters of genius, would be to write the real history of Flaxman. Such a course is, however, neither within our space nor scope; as we have said on more than one occasion, it is the chief object of the FRIEND to *promote* rather than to *satisfy* inquiry.

In his fifteenth year Flaxman gained the silver medal of the academy; and in time he became a candidate for the gold one, the reward of the highest merit. At this period he is thus described by one who knew him well:—"Though little, and apparently weak of body, he was both active and strong—a match for most of his companions in feats of agility, and more than a match for them in all that regarded genius. He had an earnest, enthusiastic look, and the uncommon brightness of his eyes and the fineness of his forehead were not to be soon forgotten. His fellow-students perceived his merit—the grave, the mild, and the proud boy was generally respected; and when he became, in opposition to Engleheart, a candidate for the gold medal, all the probationers and students cried out 'Flaxman! Flaxman!'"

Notwithstanding his high hopes, Flaxman did not win the prize. That he felt disappointed and deeply hurt, there is no doubt, but his failure did not make him discontented or morose; he did not blame his fortune or curse his unlucky stars; nor did he even accuse Sir Joshua Reynolds and the academicians of want of foresight and judgment in choosing another before him—as he might have done, and yet not been far from wrong; but when the news of his failure reached him he burst into tears; and he himself tells us, that this sharp lesson humbled his pride, and made him determine to redouble his exertions, so as to put it, if possible, beyond the power of any one to make such a mistake for the future.

He went on working and studying nevertheless, and as his father could not afford to support him altogether, he did what many other great men have done as well as he—that is to say, he sought employment which would provide for his wants while his probationary years went on. It does equal honour to employer and employed, the one to pay for talent and the other to exert those gifts with which he may be endowed on even humble works. Thus, when we hear that for several years John Flaxman was employed by the Wedgwoods in making designs for their pottery, we feel that no better apprenticeship could be found for a young and ambitious artist.

For ten years Flaxman continued to exhibit his works at the Academy—busts, clay models, plaster-figures, and some few works in marble. In 1782 he quitted his paternal roof, took a house in Wardour-street, Soho—a street since desecrated by art's shams—and took unto himself a wife. When Reynolds heard of his marriage he told him that he was "spoilt for an artist." Flaxman had wedded a quiet, loving girl called Ann Denman, and when he heard this saying of the President's, a cloud for a moment hung upon his brow: going home, he said to his young wife, "Ann, I have long thought that I could rise to distinction in art without studying in Italy, but these words of Reynolds have determined me, I shall go to Rome as soon as my affairs are fit to be left, and to show him that wedlock is for a man's good rather than for his harm, you shall accompany me. If I remain here I shall be accused of ignorance concerning those noble works of art which are to the sight of a sculptor what learning is to a man of genius, and you will be under the charge of detaining me."

In this resolution the quiet wife concurred, and though five years elapsed before it could be put into practice, to Rome at last he went. A picture of Flaxman's house in Wardour-street at this time is thus preserved in the words of one of his familiar friends:—"I remember him well, so do I his wife and, also his humble little house in Wardour-street. All was neat, nay, elegant, the figures from which he studied were the finest antiquities, the nature which he copied was the fairest that could be had; and all in his studio was propriety and order. But what struck me most was the air of devout quiet which reigned everywhere; the models which he made, and the designs which he drew, were not more serene than he was himself, and his wife had that meek composure of manner which he so much loved in art. Yet better than all was the devout feeling of this singular man; there was no ostentatious display of piety; nay, he was in some sort a lover of mirth and sociality; but he was a reader of the Scriptures and a worshipper of sincerity, and if ever purity visited the earth she resided with John Flaxman."

In the "Eternal City," surrounded by the imperishable works of the great masters, Flaxman remained from 1787 to 1794. In Rome he saw, he tells us, that "the great artists of Italy approached, as near as the nature of their materials would permit, the illustrious poets of the earth that they had impressed on all their works a grave beauty and divinity of sentiment which almost justified the superstitious adoration of the people. Into art, in fact, Italy poured out the first flood of her spirit, her young and enthusiastic vigour was directed to the task, and works of surpassing beauty became as abundant as flowers in spring. Learning was not then universal; men of genius had not been taught to dread the application of other rules than those of nature, the fulness and overflow of knowledged had not produced querulous taste and captious criticism; and though there was much that was objectionable, there was thrice as much of what was noble and magnificent."

During all the time of his stay in Rome, however, he had to work hard, and his illustrations of Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, and Dante, remain to attest his industry and talents. On his return to his native country, he was received as an equal of Banks, Bacon, and Nollekens. Fortune now seemed to smile upon him, and for more than thirty years his name stood highest on the roll of England's sculptors. After being elected an associate, and afterwards an academician, he was at last requested to accept the Professorship of Sculpture in the Royal Academy. In 1801 he commenced his famous series of lectures on art, and in 1826 he died. A singular occurrence preceded his death. The winter had set in, and as he was never a very early riser a stranger found him one morning at breakfast about nine o'clock. "Sir," said the visitant, presenting a book as he spoke, "this work was sent to me by the author, an Italian artist, to present to you, and at the same time to apologise to you for its extraordinary dedication. In truth, sir, it was so generally believed in Italy that you were dead, that my friend determined to show how much he esteemed your genius, and, having this book ready for publication, he has ascribed it 'To the memory of Flaxman.' No sooner was the book published than the story of your death was contradicted, and the author affected by his mistake, which, nevertheless, he rejoices at, begs you will receive his work and his apology."

In less than a fortnight afterwards, the President and Council of the Royal Academy followed him to his grave, in the churchyard of St. Giles in the Fields. On his tombstone are these words:—

JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A., P.S.

Whose mortal life was a constant preparation for a blessed immortality. his angelic spirit returned to the Divine Giver, on the 7th of December 1826, in the seventy-second year of his age.

"The elements of Flaxman's style," says Sir Thomas Lawrence "were founded on Grecian art—on its noblest principles, on its deeper intellectual power, and not on the mere surface of its skill. Though master of its purest lines, he was still more the sculptor of sentiment than of form; and whilst the philosopher, the statesman, and the hero, were treated by him with appropriate dignity, not even in Raphael have the gentler feelings and sorrows of human nature been treated with more touching pathos than in the various designs and models of this inestimable man. Like the greatest of modern painters, he delighted to trace from the actions of familiar life the lines of sentiment and passion; and from the populous haunts and momentary peacefulness of poverty and want, to form his inestimable groups of childhood and maternal tenderness with those nobler compositions from Holy Writ, as beneficent in their motives as they were novel in design. In piety the minds of Michael Angelo and Flaxman were the same—I dare not assert their equality in art."

WORKING MEN'S MEMORIAL TO THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.—Mr Joseph Hume, M.P., the chairman of the committee, in a letter to the London papers, says:—"The committee appointed at the public meeting held on the 7th August, 1850, at the Whittington Club-room, to collect subscriptions from the working classes for a memorial to the late Sir Robert Peel, have closed their labours, and the auditors having, on the 6th inst., examined all the accounts and certified their accuracy, it may be satisfactory to you, readers to know the result. Including the subscriptions begun at the Belvidere House Printing Office, there has been received the sum of £1,737 6d, chiefly in penny subscriptions, and that amount has been paid into the bank of England, to be invested in Three per Cent Consols, in the names of three trustees, and in the course of next month the committee will decide in what manner that sum shall be employed, so as to confer the greatest possible benefit on the working classes. The committee have already decided that the yearly interest of the fund shall be applied to educational purposes, under the title of 'The Working Men's Memorial to Sir Robert Peel,' and they will spare no endeavours to render its application judicious. It appears, on examination, that these subscriptions have been received from upwards of 350 towns and villages; while in other towns the subscription that was commenced for this fund became sufficient in amount to establish a local memorial, which the committee in every case encouraged. The number of individual subscribers is about 250,000, amongst whom are English workmen at St Petersburg, who have contributed £5 towards the fund. The expenses of the committee for printing, sending out between 4,000 and 5,000 circulars, and answering applications for books, lists, office charges, &c., amount, on the whole, to £295 14s. 9d up to the present time, and the committee intend to defray the whole of that amount by contributions from their own number, and from other friends of the late Sir Robert Peel, so that the entire amount of subscriptions collected shall remain applicable for the purposes above stated. A complete list of the names of the persons and places from which subscriptions have been received, and of the amount subscribed at each place, has been prepared; and should there be funds sufficient, this list will be published, so as to satisfy every subscriber that his mite has been received, and will be applied for the objects intended."

A COLUMN OF STATISTICS.

THE ARMIES, NAVIES, AND NATIONAL DEBTS OF EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.

Countries.	Debt.	Army. Men.	Navy. Ships.	Guns.
	£			
England	834,000,000	129,000	678	18,000
France	221,740,000	265,163*	328	8,000
Austria	183,400,000	405,000†	156	600
Prussia	30,000,000	121,000‡	47	114
Russia	122,170,000	700,000	175	7,000
Spain	216,700,000	180,000	50	721
Turkey	6,666,700	220,000	66	800
Holland	121,630,000	50,000	125	2,500
Belgium	27,888,000	90,000	5	36
Portugal	26,780,000	38,000	36	700
Naples	16,667,000	48,000	15	484
Papal States	23,330,000	19,000	5	24
Sardinia	20,000,000	38,000	60	900
Bavaria	13,967,000	57,000	..	..
Denmark	13,340	20,000	33	1,120
Schleswig and Holstein	666,700	..	..	..
Saxony	7,250,000	25,000	..	..
Hamburg	5,666,700	1,800	..	..
Baden	5,500,000	18,000	..	..
Hanover	5,061,330	21,000	..	..
Wurtemberg	4,666,700	19,000	..	..
Greece	4,176,700	8,900	34	131
Mecklenburg-Schwerin	1,666,700	4,700	..	..
Tuscany	1,666,700	12,000	10	15
Frankfort	1,166,700	1,320	..	..
Brunswick	1,133,400	3,000		
Hesse-Darmstadt	1,033,400	42,000		
Electoral Hesse	1,000,000	11,000		..
Lubeck	1,000,000	490		..
Saxe-Weimar	666,700	2,000		..
Anhalt-Dessau	583,340	700		..
Bremen	500,000	..	..	..
Saxe-Coburg Gotha	422,670	1,200	..	..
Saxe-Meiningen	416,700	2,400	..	..
Nassau	333,400	3,500	..	..
Parma	300,000	5,000	..	..
Anhalt-Bernburg	216,700	300	..	..
Saxe-Altenburg	216,700	1,000	..	..
Sweden	no debt	34,000	310	2,400
Norway	216,700	23,000	160	560
Oldenburg	200,000	600	..	..
Hesse-Homburg	143,340	350	..	..
Schwartzburg Rudoltstadt	42,000	540	..	..
Schwartzburg Sondershausen	10,000	450	..	..
Danubian Principalities	no debt	6,800	..	..
Servia	do			
Modena	do			
Lippe-Detmold	do			
Five German Principalities	do			
Switzerland	do.			
	1,906,977,320	2,690,568	2,325	44,105

THE IMPORT AND EXPORT TRADE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.—From recent official returns, printed by order of the House of Commons, we learn that in 1822 the value of the imports into the United Kingdom, calculated at the official rates of valuation, amounted to only £30,631,141, and in 1850 they reached to £100,460,433. In 1822 the exports from the United Kingdom were £53,470,099, and in 1850 they had reached to £197,309,876 There is also an increase in the value of the articles and produce of manufacture of the United Kingdom exported In 1822 the real or declared value was £36,966,623, and in 1850 the value of such exports amounted to £71,367,885. There has been an improvement in the trade of this country until it has reached its present high state, as evidenced by the document now printed.

EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED STATES.—The value of the cotton exported from the United States for the year ending June, 1851, was 1,123,153 dollars, 17 cents. The value of the exports of breadstuffs for the same period was 20,051,373 dollars, being 18,104,131 dollars less than the preceding year A dollar is about 4s. 6d English.

* The army now number nearly 400,000 men
† In 1848 the number was 620,000.
‡ The war footing is 492,000.

SCENES IN HUNGARY.

ABOU[illegible] from Karansebes, upon a conical hill which rises [illegible] Muntam Mika, there is a small square tower, [illegible] on, supported by some amount of historical [illegible] to have once been the prison of the gay and celebra[illegible]s Ovidius Naso; and it has received a local habitation [illegible] by calling the building "Ovid's Tower." However [illegible]d poetic popular belief may be, however, it is not always [illegible] to allow our feelings even in these small matters to get t[illegible]r of our reason; and Mr. Paget, who has published a [illegible]rk upon "Hungary and Transylvania," has had to st[illegible] adoption of the common story by proof drawn from [illegible] poet's own writings. "I know," says he, "that the [illegible]ve assigned Tomi, on the Black Sea, as the place of [illegible] it I feel fully persuaded that a part of his sufferings took place in this secluded valley on the banks of the Da[illegible] what other place so well answers to the description of [illegible] his plaint —

> "*Lassus in extremis jaceo popu*[illegible]*que*
> *Hcu quam Vienna est, ultima*[illegible]

Be this as it may, the Wallachian peasantry [illegible]fess still to retain amongst them memories of Ovid a[illegible]e Emperor Trajan, and say that, when the latter ma[illegible] against the Dacians, the Roman soldiers eagerly pressed [illegible]rd to visit the prison of the illustrious poet.

For the information of those of our readers [illegible] are not familiar with the Latin classics, we may mention that Ovid was a Roman knight, and was born at Sulmo in the year 83 B.C., and, like Moore, manifested even in boyhood his *penchant* for poetry. He was sent to Rome to receive his educ[illegible] at an early age. His residence in the gay capital into [illegible]nquered Greece had infused the love of art and s[illegible] gave a still further impulse to his poetic tastes; and [illegible] conformity with the requirements of a polite education a[illegible] age, he was sent to Athens, he soon added to the piquant [illegible]acy of the Greek rhetoricians the gloomy passion [illegible]fitness of Latin muse His father was anxious that he sh[illegible] devote all his attention to the cultivation of forensic eloquen[illegible] that he might shine in the great dissensions which were th[illegible] agitating the empire, and thus open to himself the path to fame and wealth But neither the prayers nor entreaties, nor the brilliant prospects held out to him, could cool in the young disciple the ardour of his first love.

Ovid continued to write poetry, and nothing else. His first efforts were happy and successful Augustus, who, like many other despots, wished to gloss over the despotism which he was establishing by his patronage of letters, invited him to court, and loaded him with favours. But it is seldom that [illegible]d fortune long attends genius and love, and Ovid fell a victim to the infatuation, which has proved fatal to so many. It was not enough that he should sing the praises of his inamorata, and so long this, reveal to the public gaze all the follies of a [illegible]ss and frivolous life; but he resolved upon reducing love-making to a system, and commenting upon and explaining the rules which should regulate it. He therefore published a poem entitled, *De Arte Amandi*, or the Art of Love, witty, brilliant, and sparkling in the highest degree, but famed for its immorality even in a licentious age.

He had previously in some way or other incurred the displeasure of Augustus, and the appearance of this poem furnished an excuse for banishing him from Italy. He was sent to Tomos, in Thrace, and there kept in confinement.

Nothing is known as to the real nature of his offence; but it is certain that it was not the *Ars Amoris* There have been various conjectures hazarded about it Some have said that while Ovid had enough of the courtly graces to win the favour of Julia the empress, he had not discretion enough to avoid drawing upon himself the suspicions of her husband. But it has also been said, and perhaps with greater truth, that Ovid had been an involuntary spectator of some of the scandalous enormities which then disgraced the palace, and that Augustus could no longer endure the presence of one who

is impossible to give in a translation the *touching* pathos of the l —"Wearied and wobegone, my lot is cast amongst far-off lands ungu people. Alas! how near I am to the end of the world!"

had been the witness of his own disgrace. It was in vain that the poet sought to disarm his anger, or move the pity of his successor Tiberius. The remainder of his days were spent in solitary exile on the banks of the Danube, where he died in A.D. 17, at the age of fifty-seven.



TOWER OF OVID.

triumph over the Turks. And there still is the great hall with its rude pavement and lofty vaulted roof, where the return of the knight victorious was celebrated with joyous banquets, while the walls around look grim with old weapons. And there is the boudoir in which the *chatelaine* embroidered

The castle of Arva, in former times the property of the Thuzzi family, is in the county of Thurvez, upon the banks of the river Oag. Everything about this old feudal stronghold

with her maids, and its latticed window from which she looked so often with throbbing heart waiting for news from the army; and there is the chamber of the seigneur, with portraits of all



CASTLE OF D'ARVA.

remains exactly as it was two hundred years ago. Once we pass the great gate we see nothing around us that does not belong to the fifteenth century. There is still the Gothic chapel, and the little oratory to which the lady often retired to implore God's protection for her husband, and pray for his

the great men of that great family mouldering on the dusty walls. All belong to a past age and another state of things, ere the unbought grace of life and cheap defence of nations had been displaced by the hireling agents of brutal despotism.

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT HOME.

PERHAPS some of our readers may have fancied occasionally that the domestic life of Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace is one of state and grandeur—costly robes of richest velvet and ermine, jewels and proud looks, gold and silver, and cold formality. Now, we are not about to tell them that we have had the honour and felicity of being present at any royal *reunion*, much less that we have any real knowledge of the manner in which our beloved queen and her husband pass their time when not engaged in public matters. On such subjects they are probably as well informed as we; and know precisely when "the Queen and Prince Albert took their early walk on the slopes" or when the "Prince of Wales and the royal children took a drive in the Home Park." It is not, therefore, to be expected that we can increase their information

me ... to the mixed character of Englishmen as'd ... ing, lords, and commons; and, notwithstar ... advanced in favour of what is called pure d ... an institutions, we hold our faith and fea ... o mon ... and unshaken. We are the most democratic and libe ... people under heaven, and our government is the fre ... buse. Indeed, all our great institutions—trial by j ... r's inquests, the right of public meeting and publi ... and the possession of a free press, are more truly ... —that is, more truly under the government of th ... those of any nation under the sun.

The experiences of the past ... n us that the Queen of Great Britain and h ... n not only feel for and understand, but can s ... the wants, wishes, and prejudices of all clas ... ople. At one



THE ROYAL FAMILY AT HOME. AFTER THE PICTURE BY WINTERHALTER.

to any great extent as to the manners of the Royal Family at Home. On that subject the painter seems to have had greater opportunities than we. Let him speak. We may be allowed a word or two in connexion with the picture nevertheless. And in that which follows we beg that we may not be misunderstood.

From the days of the Norman Conqueror to those of his royal descendant, no monarch has been so entirely popular, so completely beloved by the people, as our most gracious queen, Victoria the First; nor, on the other hand, has any monarch deserved better of her people. We are not of those from whose pens flow the words of eulogy as readily as the will can write them, nor are we to be classed among the haters of royalty and the revilers of state, simply because it *is* state, and only because it *is* royalty. We believe that no form of government

time Victoria and Prince Albert are seen passing unattended through the crowd in the Crystal Palace; at another they are discovered among the looms of Manchester, looking with observant eyes upon the doings of the sons of labour. Now the prince is taking the lead in promoting the publication of working men's lectures; then the Queen is occupied in bestowing her patronage on an institution for the teaching of the young, or the harbouring of the old and weary — at all times doing good, and doing it unassumingly.

And so it has happened that the millions whom Victoria calls her people have come to regard her doings and sayings, and comings and goings, hither and thither, with peculiar interest; and that their affection for her person extends even to the Royal Family at Home.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.—CHAPTER II.

By Xanthus.

The Japanese dispose of their dead either by interment or burning—a sick person generally fixing beforehand which he prefers. The rich keep the body twenty-four hours, but the poor only twelve; and the latter do not go into mourning, which the former wear for fifty days, during which time they stay at home, and, avoiding all ostentation, live on a spare diet of rice, fruit, and vegetables; they are also careful to shave their heads and cut their nails before attending an interment, as either act is forbidden during the fifty days' mourning. Their coffins are square or round tubs, in which the corpse is doubled up, or placed in a kneeling posture, and these dolorous receptacles are made secretly by the relatives of those advanced in life, that the wood may be well seasoned enough to take the varnish when ever death occurs; and when a person of quality is buried, the coffin is conveyed in a palanquin, preceded by attendants bearing flags, lanterns, and artificial flowers. It is first taken to the temple, and set down before the image of the god, whilst the priests chant hymns; and on an oblong tablet are inscribed the name of the departed and the day of his decease. Sweetmeats and fruits are placed before this tablet, and a box of burning incense—the eldest son, or the chief mourner, saying prayers beside it, followed by all the other mourners in succession. Bells, drums, and trumpets, are next sounded, the women and spectators now returning home, whilst the male relatives attend the body to the grave, which is distinguished by a flat stone and near to it a hut is erected, in which a servant is placed, who notes down the names of all friends who attend there to pray for the dead during a period of seven weeks, at the end of which time the chief mourner calls on all mentioned in the list to return thanks for the payment of this last tribute of respect. Another wooden tablet is set up in the abode of the deceased, and sweetmeats, fruit, and tea, placed before it, candles being lighted night and day, and the whole household pray before it, morning and evening, and the servant who sets victuals before it three times daily besides, offers up a prayer each time. Daily also a priest attends to read prayers to the household for seven weeks, and the son, or chief mourner, goes in his course mourning dress to pray by the grave every day, regardless of inclement weather, and wearing a rush hat over his face through which he can see without being recognised. These tablet services, with variations too tedious to mention and at gradually lengthening intervals, are continued to some extent as long as the family survives—a practice become less common amongst the Japanese than it used to be. When the body is burned, the youngest child present sets fire to the pile, and the calcined bones are collected in an urn, which is then buried.

The funeral ceremonies of the Chinese, in many respects, resemble the above. The term of mourning, during which a Chinese may perform no public function, is still observed for twenty-seven months, when they wear coarse sackcloth, and a cord to begin with, followed by a period when the coat, boots, and upper garments are made of white cotton, and this is succeeded by a third period, when silk vestments may be worn. The whole of a person's property is sometimes consumed in performing this funeral rites—a most childish procedure on the part of the natives of a celestial empire, and if a person dies too poor to admit of being interred with suitable magnificence, the body is kept sometimes for years, that it may at last be buried with due honour. Instead of keeping their preparation of a good coffin secret, like the natives of Japan, it is to the Chinese a matter of great interest during their life-time, and a son will occasionally sell himself as a slave to enable him to present his father with the acceptable gift of a handsome coffin. When death occurs, the universal Oriental custom of women howling is regularly observed, and the funeral processions are preceded by persons bearing pans of perfume and blue and white streamers, whilst much pains is taken to select an agreeable burying-ground, it being supposed that particularity in this respect consults the feelings of the dead. The Chinese cemeteries are commonly ornamented by cypresses, and while the coffins of the poor are merely housed under a thatched shed, those of the rich are placed in [illegible] like a horse-shoe, and tastefully [illegible] be a mandarin, a large white tablet is also placed before his vault, on which stand candlesticks, vases, censers, and figures of men and horses, cut out of paper, which it is believed will be useful to the defunct in another world.

We have spoken of the funeral customs of Russia, but that empire includes so many distinct nations, that we must find room for a brief description of the observances maintained by one of its numerous Tartar tribes, whose religion partakes of Oriental paganism, blended with some idea of a Supreme Being. This tribe of the Yakutes dress their dead in their best apparel, binding their arms straight down as far as the waist, and depositing them in very thick coffins, with a knife, flint, steel, tinder, and a supply of provender to support them on their journey to the region of spirits. Their funerals are superintended by a priest; and the favourite horse of the departed, together with a well fed mare, accompany the train of mourners to the place of burial. Two graves being dug, the horse is slain and interred in one, and the coffin placed in the other, the poor mare being slaughtered and dressed for the funeral banquet, and her skin hung up above the graves, over which the priest prays that demons will not injure the deceased, and the ceremonial is ended by filling up the graves, which are situated, if possible, under a tree. Most Yakutes, preferring to be interred in a wood, generally select the trees they like best whilst alive under which to be buried.

Amongst the Swiss cantons, Christianity is too far advanced to supply many details of funerals, since they are severally conducted according to their respective Protestant or Roman Catholic persuasions, much as they are in England, but their graves, at least in the Catholic districts, are more carefully kept. Flowers ever-fresh grow over them, and gilt crosses and other images are erected, whose inscriptions with portraits of the deceased, and other devices, are sedulously attended to by the survivors, who constantly visit and pray by the tombs of their beloved ones. In German Friburg the women wear a somewhat curious mourning garb, the lower portion of their countenances being hidden by a white cloth, and another closely covering their heads and falls down over their shoulders; to these white veils are added a jacket, petticoat, and apron, of black cloth, blue stockings, and buckles of prodigious size.

In Portugal an observance is maintained of admitting freely all acquaintances during the first eight days after death has taken place, and who attired in black, come in crowds to offer condolence to the real mourners, who are obliged to receive them, sitting in heartless state the observed of all careless observers and indifferent callers. The Portuguese always inter in their churches, and at night, and, like the Spaniards, they only use the coffin to convey the body to the grave, infants, whose parents cannot pay the expense of a funeral, are often exposed on the steps of the cathedral, a little cup being placed on their breast into which the charitable drop sufficient to induce the rapacious priests to take the trouble of burying them. A curious festival is annually commemorated in Thibet in honour of the departed. It takes place at night, and much rejoicing is occasioned by calm fair weather on these occasions, which are graced by extensive and brilliant illuminations of the monasteries, villages, and towns—the large lamps which burn in the open air shining effectively amongst the groves of willow-trees. The profound stillness of the night is solemnly broken in upon by slow regular tolling of the nowbut, trumpet, gong, and cymbal, bells also mingle their sonorous, melancholy tones with these musical instruments, and with the loud recitation of prayers, carried on by devout inhabitants and the priests. Alms are distributed to the poor extensively at this festival, and acts of benevolence are then considered to possess peculiar merit.

The funeral obsequies amongst Mahometan nations are generally much simpler than in Pagan or semi-civilised Christian countries. When a Mussulman is about to die, he is laid on his right side towards Mecca, in which posture he is also buried. A chafing dish with burning perfumes is brought into the apartment, and the imam of the mosque attends to read the 36th chapter of the Koran and confession of faith to the dying man. When all is over, a sabre is laid on the body, which is washed with aromatic substances, and the forehead, nose, hands, and feet, with camphor. It is then enclosed in a sheet, and four men carry the bier to the grave, followed by the male relatives, who maintain strict silence, and upon the pall is placed a piece of sacred silk from Mecca, the grave is filled up with earth and reeds to the height of a hand's breadth, in the shape of a camel back. It is not allowed to be covered with anything but turf and flowers, nor is it lawful to sit or walk upon it. The imam repeats a prayer, and calls the deceased thrice by his name, as that of his mother, or if that be unknown, the Virgin Mary, all returning in silence. Jews for men and that of Eve for women. The cemeteries are situated outside of towns, and planted with [illegible] and cypresses, and the graves on which myrtles are planted are tended with great care—those of the rich being occasionally decorated with marble columns erected at the head supporting a sculptured turban for men, and a vase for female, and sometimes open chests of marble are placed over a distinguished tomb, with a moral inscription, such as—"This world transient and perishable, to-day mine, to-morrow thine." Sultans are buried in superb sepulchral chapels, in which are lar

chandeliers with abundant tapers, pavements of marble, porcelain, and golden ornaments, lamps constantly burning, and four to six keepers, who continually recite chapters of the Koran for the repose of their souls.

The Persians inter their dead much in the same manner, only clusters of tombs are frequent, which have a curious effect. Those who can obtain burial, they say, close to a holy personage will be favoured by him at the day of resurrection. The Persians, however, do not pay the regard to their graves which the Turk do, and often use the stones which cover them as materials for building. They wear mourning of a pale brown colour for forty days, during which time they moan and sigh frequently, eating scarcely any food for the first eight days, and receiving visits of condolence, whilst the women rend their garments and water the grave with tears two or three times in each week

Our neighbours of the Emerald Isle still retain many ancient burial usages, and, on the death of a relative, a messenger summons all his friends, who assemble at the house of the deceased. On the arrival of the first detachment the keena is raised—a loud mournful wailing, said to exert great effect when given by a female who possesses a very musical voice, this ceremony over, pipes, whisky, and tobacco, are handed round, and conversation goes on concerning the event, and many other topics, but when a fresh arrival takes place, the wild mournful keena is again raised, and is repeated at intervals all day with clapping of hands, done to mark the time during the howl Towards midnight the young men adjourn to a barn or out-house, and the games are played with great spirit between candidates of the rival parishes. These games are still known by the old names of hot-loof, sitting and standing bogue, trimsy tramsy, &c If the deceased bear a high character in the neighbourhood, the wake is conducted with quiet respect, and the games with as little noise as may be, and the body is laid out on a board covered with a fine white sheet, while large wax mould candles are lighted all round it If the face be left exposed, and the corpse be waked on the bed, crosses and flowers are stuck up above and around it, the rest of the furniture being removed from the chamber, in order to leave room for plenty of seats for the company, before whom the best of eating and drinking that the family can afford is placed with Irish warmth of prodigality and hospitality. The Irish, too, frequently visit the graves of the departed, saying prayers by the crosses placed at their heads, planting the prettiest wild-flowers on the turfy heaps, and sometimes suspending white chaplets, cut out of the best writing paper, over the remains of their loved ones

We have spoken of the joyful manner in which the death of an infant is celebrated in Spain A similar feeling seems to prevail in Paraguay, and when a young child expires in that far off country, if of high rank, a large party assemble at its father's house, as if to celebrate some happy festival, while music, singing, and supper, proceed in the brilliant routine of an evening party in England The small coffin is placed on a kind of throne at one end of the drawing-room, richly adorned with artificial flowers, and huge wax-lights in great numbers stand round it, blazing in gilded candlesticks of carved wood, and of enormous size, while over the head of the coffin is hung a silver image of our Saviour, looking down upon the tiny body, which is dressed in its gayest apparel Noisy joyful music precedes the corpse when, on the next day, it is taken to the cemetery, followed by priests, and the child's godfather bearing an enormous wax candle four feet long, and a jesting troop of friends, servants, and relations, who, when the coffin is deposited in the ground, return to the house of mourning, there to renew the same mockery of rejoicing and feasting.

With a brief account of the funeral rites of the North American Indians, we must now conclude a paper already too long, though its subject is by no means exhausted When a Red Indian dies, the body is decked in its best clothing after oiling, feasting, and being supplied with bow and arrows, tobacco knife, flint and steel, and provisions, to support the deceased until he reaches the land of spirits, soft skins are then wrapt around it, and so fastened with thongs as to exclude all air. It is next placed on a light scaffold above the height of man, its face carefully presented towards the rising sun. Many of these frail scaffolds may be seen near a wigwam village, the bodies of chiefs distinguished by coverings of scarlet or blue cloth. Catlin says that not a day of the year passes on which Indians may not be seen prostrated near these erections tearing their hair, weeping bitterly, and uttering piteous lamentations. When the scaffolds decay, the bones are buried by the nearest relatives of the departed, and the skull is placed on a bunch of freshly gathered sage (kept constantly renewed), and is then placed in a Golgotha or circle, where are hundreds of other skulls, each preserving a space of eight or nine inches between; and in the centre of these circles is a small raised mound, supporting two buffalo skulls and many other curious and mysterious symbols, which are believed to possess the power of protecting the Golgothas intact. Here, too, the survivors attend almost daily, talking in tones of fond endearment to the skull they love most, and which is distinguished by a mark; and here they bring dishes of their choicest food freshly cooked, which they set before the skull, and return for the dish the following morning. Here, too, Catlin tells us, "it is not unfrequently the case that the woman brings her needlework with her, spending the greater part of the day sitting by the side of the skull of her child, chatting incessantly with it, while she is embroidering a pair of mocassins; and perhaps overcome with fatigue, falls asleep with her arms encircled round it, forgetting herself for hours."

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY ON THE CRIMINAL CODE.

ONE of the first and most beneficial consequences of the release of the national energies from the absorption of war—as Mr Washington Wilks in his "History of the Half Century"—was seen the number of attempts at the amendment of the laws and the amelioration of the social condition. Foremost amongst these were Sir Samuel Romilly's enlightened and benevolent labours for the mitigation of penal services The first success of that eminent lawyer and philanthropist, though not often remembered, yet unquestionably exhibited a most striking and great effect—was in 1808, when he carried a bill abolishing the punishment of death for stealing from the person to the value of 5s. Pursuing the plan he had laid down for his guidance—that of attempting the removal of these disgraceful statutes one by one, rather than the establishment of any general principal of penal law—he brought in three bills in 1810 Stealing from a shop to the value of 5s, from a house or ship to the value of 10s were capital offences; and against this frightful barbarity his three bills were directed. The first was carried in the Commons, but lost in the Lords; the second and third [illegible] their introduction. But in the next session they were [illegible] applying to the capital offence of stealing [illegible] which first was carried In 1813, the new House [illegible] bill relating to shop lifting, but it was [illegible] by the Lords. Romilly rested awhile, weary [illegible] unsuccessful species. In 1816, he revived his attempts [illegible] punishing shoplifting with death, which he justly regarded as the worst of the sanguinary code He combated the plea of necessary severity, so often and successfully urged against him, with the fact, that juries now constantly refused to convict, and consequently that the crime increased, especially among children, a boy not ten years of age then lying in Newgate under sentence of death for this offence These arguments prevailed with the Commons, but the Lords were still swayed by the vague fear of endangering property, which the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice evoked. In 1817, it was not likely any diminution from the terrors of the law would be permitted, and in the year at which we have arrived, success in the Commons was obtained only to be again annulled by the peers There is no more striking indication of the advance we have made upon the habits of our fathers than this—that whereas life is now taken only for life, and a growing feeling is in the country against even that exaction of supposed equivalents—Romilly—a man of great personal and political influence, at the head of his profession, eminent for eloquence and legal skill—spent his best years, from 1808 to 1818, [illegible] the legislature to exempt petty thieves from [illegible] prevailed only in taking pocket watches and [illegible] in the long list of articles to purloin which was [illegible] too, another instance of the anticipation of legislative by public opinion. It was not till one institution of the country set itself in opposition to another, that juries rendered bad laws inoperative by pious frauds, and prosecutors preferred to convict at theft rather than to be parties to judicial murder, that those laws were ameliorated. The understanding and the morals of the legislating class were too fitly represented by a circumstance related by Romilly —"While I was standing at the bar of the House of Commons a young man, the brother of a peer, came up to me, and breathing in my face the nauseous fumes of his undigested debauch, stammered out, 'I am against your bill, I am for hanging all.' I was confounded, and endeavouring to find out some excuse for him, I observed that 'I suppose that he meant that the certainty of punishment affording the only prospect of suppressing crime, the laws whatever they were, ought to be executed.' 'No, no,' he said, 'it is not that There is no good done by mercy; they only get worse. I would hang them all up at once.'" It was upon such material as this that the Eldons and Ellenboroughs of the age stamped the impress of their fallacious logic and of a barbarous antiquity.

THE IRON-MAKING RESOURCES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.*

However successful the Exhibition of 1851 may have been, regarded as subserving the great purpose for which it was designed—namely, to illustrate the progress made up to the present time in the various departments of the arts and manufactures of the world; and, however wonderful the vast collection of objects of wealth and industry with the skill and science of modern civilisation then brought together, it may certainly be asserted that the Exhibition itself displayed in no one of its details any more remarkable instance of modern progress than the vast and stately building which rose with almost magic rapidity from the ground, and which was no less admirable for its beauty and simplicity than for its amazing vastness, and its perfect adaptation to the purposes for which it was intended. The very conception of the idea, and the successful execution, of the Crystal Palace, brings prominently forward the great Iron-making resources of the kingdom, and the extraordinary degree of perfection to which some of the branches of our iron manufactures have attained Whilst the other branches of manufactures have been illustrated by a careful selection of the most perfect results attained in their own departments, the most remarkable illustration of the present condition of the iron manufacture is to be found in the building itself, which spread its lofty roof and walls of light over all it held, and guarded with such perfect care and fitness the boundless stores of wealth collected together from so many parts of the world. The guardian and basis of the Exhibition itself—the Crystal Palace—illustrates no less admirably how the iron-making resources of the kingdom underlie all departments of manufacture and become the very foundation on which all modern progress must rest, aiding and assisting every other branch of manufactures, and connecting all together in one great bond of unity It is natural, therefore, that a prominent place should have been assigned in the Exhibition to the iron-making resources of the kingdom, and it was wisely determined that an attempt should be made to collect, in the mineral department, so comprehensive a collection of the various iron ores of Great Britain as should enable the people to form some idea of our general iron-making resources. No similar attempt had been made before, and, consequently, this was one of some difficulty, and the execution could only be considered approximately successful.

It will be necessary, therefore, in the first place, to take of the rise and progress of our iron manufacture, in order to give an idea of its rapidity during the last half-century, Its history may be divided into two periods—the first extending from the earliest historical notice of it which we possess down to the introduction of coal as fuel for smelting, and the second extending from that period to the present time England was early celebrated for her iron manufacture, and there are few districts where iron ores are now found in which remains of old workings do not exist, and in some districts it is clear that smelting with the charcoal of the forests was extensively carried on This was the case not only in the districts where iron manufacture is now worked, but in those in which it has long ceased, and the red hæmatites of the carboniferous limestones of Lancashire, the Forest of Dean, and Somersetshire, the argillaceous limestones of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Staffordshire, and South Wales—all now great iron-making localities—were worked at very early periods, while the iron ores of the green sand and wealden clay formations of Sussex, Surrey, and Kent, and the hæmatites of the Devonian beds of Somersetshire, and even the hæmatitic conglomerates of Brockwell and Minehead, which have now ceased to be iron-producing districts, were formerly largely worked. Traces of ancient workings have also been found in the ore districts of Northamptonshire, which have only attracted attention since the exhibition, which show they were known to the Romans. The early iron trade was at its greatest height in 1615, where, according to "Sturtevant," as quoted by Dudley in his "Metallum Martes," there were in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, eight hundred furnaces, which, if worked 40 weeks a year, would produce 180,000 tons Various causes led to a decline in the manufacture, and in 1740 it was only 17,350 tons, produced by 59 furnaces. Attempts to employ coal for smelting were made in 1620, but its use for fuel was only established in 1740, the second epoch in the manufacture of iron, which in 1788 rose to 70,000 tons; in 1800, to 180,000, in 1825, to 600,000; and in 1851, to 2,500,000 South Wales producing 750,000; Scotland, 775,000, South Staffordshire and Worcestershire, 600,000; and other districts, 400,000. In 1851 the exports were upwards of 1,200,000 tons, not including tin plates, hardware, cutlery, and machinery, the declared value of which was—tin plates, £1,018,951; hardware and cutlery, £2,926,132; machinery, £1,164,933; and adding to this pig iron, bars, wrought iron, wire and castings, the whole value of the exports of iron was £10,424,139. The causes of this increase are traceable to the demand made by the rapid expansion of all our arts and manufactures, to improve machinery and apparatus, and to the vast and almost inexhaustible supplies of coals and iron our mineral fields contain. As regards the two first, this country only possesses them in common with the world at large, but as regards the last, it possesses a marked pre-eminence, the United States alone being able to bear any comparison as regards the area of coal and iron fields, but possessing no argillaceous ironstone, which exists in this country in such abundance, alternating with beds of coal in our coal-fields, so that coal and ore are constantly obtained together by the same working. This proximity exists in no other country; and in the Exhibition there were four hundred specimens of the argillaceous ironstones of England, while the only other country that possessed any specimens was the United States and those amounted only to three or four. Besides the argillaceous ironstone, there are carbonaceous deposits of iron ore peculiar to this country, and the "blackband" ironstones of Scotland, Northumberland, North Staffordshire, and South Wales, are unknown elsewhere, and these supply nine-tenths of the iron produced The quantity of iron produced is—in Scotland, 775,000 tons, South Wales, 700,000, South Staffordshire and Worcestershire, 600,000, Shropshire, 90,000, North Staffordshire, 55,000, Yorkshire and Derbyshire, 105,000, North Wales, 28,000, Forest of Dean, 26,000, Whitehaven, 12,500; Northumberland, 90,000 The ironstones are divided into the argillaceous ironstones and the blackbands or carbonaceous ironstones. The former consists of oxide of iron, alumnia, silica, manganese, soda, potash, phosphoric acid, titanium, crystals of nickel, zinc, copper, and lead, the quality varying according to the predominance of any of these components The cost of raising this class of ores is greater than any other, being from 4s to 9s. a ton, but from their superior quality and proximity to coal, they are extensively used. The second class, the blackband or carbonaceous ironstones, are not so varied, and owing to their general thickness, are raised at 1s 6d to 2s a ton The two principal constituents of blackbands are oxide of iron and carbonic acid, silica, and alumnia existing only in a small proportion, The iron they produced has a greater tendency to "cold-shortness" than any other class, owing to the phosphoric acid it contains, and are best adapted for foundry purposes, for which indeed Scotland is pre-eminent The localities in which it exists are Scotland, Northumberland, North and South Wales, North Staffordshire, parts of South Staffordshire and the Clee Hills The discovery of "Blackbands" in Scotland was made in 1801 by Mr. Muskett, and the power of using it in blast furnaces by means of the hot blast was a new era in iron manufacture, causing an increase in Scotland from 37,500 tons in 1830, and 196,960 in 1839 to 750,000 in 1851. The next most important blackband districts are North Staffordshire and South Wales—the Llynvi Valley bed being the most remarkable—and in the Anthracite district, of Ystabyfera and Groscedwin, as well as in those of Pont-y-Pool, Nant-y-glo Ebba Vale and Sirhowy blackbands are to be found, as well as in the Cardiff vales, in North Wales, and the Clee Hills, and also in the lower carboniferous beds of Northumberland and Durham In some districts beds of coal sometimes change into beds of blackband ironstone, and the extent of deposits of ironstone alternately with beds of coal may be gathered from the fact that the entire area of the coal-fields of England, Wales, and Scotland, is estimated at 5,768 square miles; although in some of the coal fields the argillaceous ironstone do not exist in quantities sufficient to enable them to be worked, yet they are part of our iron manufacturing resources, since that fuel is required for smelting the carboniferous oolitic beds The most important iron ores, after the coal-measures, are the hæmatites or red oxides, which are found in carboniferous limestone formations, the most important deposits of which are in Lancashire and the Forest of Dean. This class has been worked at an early period, and, though not rich as a class, is, from its large masses, produced at a low cost of 2s. or 3s a ton Some of the hæmatites in the northern districts are considered the finest quality in the kingdom, and are largely shipped, while the large percentage of iron they contain, 60 to 65 per cent, render them of great importance. This ore is found also in Scotland, Somersetshire, Devon, and the Isle of Man, but has been worked only to a limited extent. There is also a valuable class of these ores, the "Brown Hæmatites" of Durham, similar to those used in Belgium, which is little used, owing to the deficiency of means of transport. This country is by no means rich in the micaceous iron-ores of the northern countries of Europe and the United States which are considered the finest class of iron ore known, although some of them exist to a small extent in Dartmoor and other parts of Devon. Of pure white carbonate, the Sparme

* The substance of a lecture delivered at a meeting of the Society of Arts, by S. H. Blackwell, Esq., F G S, of Dudley, Worcestershire, forming one of a series of discourses in connexion with the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851.

iron of the German mineralogist, no specimen was exhibited in the Exhibition, but it has since been found to exist in West Somersetshire.

The next class of ores, the discovery of which marked a new epoch in the iron trade, and which have occurred simultaneously with the development of facilities of transport by railway, are those which occupy a position at the base of the oolitic formation, which commence on the east coast of this island from the south bank of the river Tees to Scarborough, stretching through Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Rutlandshire, Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, and Dorsetshire to Lyme Regis, where being turned aside by the granite formations of Devon, it is prolonged into France. It was first worked at Middlesborough in the north, where two or three years ago deposit of iron was discovered by a workman, and the bed of which was found to be 15 feet thick, and to contain 30 per cent. of iron, and could be raised at a less cost than the blackbands of Scotland. Its character is peculiar, being in parts of a greenish blue colour, and in others of a brownish tinge, and, from its peculiar qualities, it can be produced at 3s. to 3s. 6d. a ton. The existence of this oolitic formation in Northamptonshire, has been long known; but it was only till after the Exhibition that its real value has been ascertained. The supply of this ironstone for all practical purposes will be inexhaustible for a long series of years, and is found to be most valuable for mixing with the argillaceous stones of South Staffordshire, which cannot otherwise have long maintained its manufacture of pig iron.

The first great improvement in the manufacture of iron, and the base of all subsequent advance, was the smelting of iron by coal, which was known in 1620, but not fully applied till 1740 The weekly production of iron from the first coke furnaces was only 10 or 12 tons, in 1788 it was 17 to 18, in 1796 30 tons per furnace, in 1825 it was 42 tons per furnace, and in 1851 the average weekly produce was upwards of 100 tons per furnace In South Wales, Scotland, and South Staffordshire, there are furnaces capable of producing 200 tons per week. Thus, in little more than a century, the improvements have been so great, that two furnaces now produce a larger quantity of iron than the entire furnaces in blast in 1740, whilst the general iron trade has so extended itself, that now several single firms produce from four to five fold the entire make of the kingdom in 1740. This increase during the last twenty-five years is owing to the system of heating the blast previously to its being forced into the furnace, which was first introduced in Scotland, raising the quantity of iron made there from 20,000 tons in 1820, to 200,000 in 1839, or to 775,000 in the twelve following years, and it was gradually introduced all over England.

The next improvement was the application of waste gases to raising steam and heating the blast The result of these improvements on prices and increased supply have been very great From 1803 to 1820, pig iron averaged from £7 to £9 a ton, being protected by a duty of £6 10s. on foreign pig iron. In 1825, this duty was reduced to £1 10s. From 1825 to 1847 the price fluctuated from £2 17s. 6d. to £7 per ton, and from that year to the present it has ranged from £3 10s to £2 12s. 6d Every reduction of price has been followed by increased demand, and the removal of protection has led to greater attention, both to economy of production and the quality of iron, which has to compete with foreign iron, and the result has been a gradual lessening of the demand for expensive foreign iron, from which steel was formerly universally made, and thus extending most materially the hardware and cutlery trades of this kingdom

Not fewer than 650,000 to 700,000 persons are employed in the various branches of the iron trade, who are all well paid, and are as a class intelligent, though from the nature of their occupation less cultivated than it is hoped they will soon be

It is impossible not to be struck with the vast and almost inexhaustible supplies of iron which we possess, and with the wonderful fact that the extraordinary demand which railways and other requirements have produced should have led, not to an increased price, but to the constant discovery of new and cheaper sources of supply. In this respect the iron trade illustrates most strikingly what appears to be a general law—that the natural resources of the world are invariably developed at the times when the progress of society most require them, and when that progress is already such as to enable us to avail ourselves to the greatest advantage of new discoveries. Thus with the iron manufacture; at first the stores of fuel which our forests contained, and the iron ores which cropped out at the surface of the ground, were amply sufficient for our purposes; then came the knowledge of the power of smelting ith coal, and with this knowledge the steam-engine placed in our hands the vast stores of mineral fuel of our coal-fields The modern system of railways next produced a demand for iron of an unprecedented character; and simultaneously with this demand occurred the introduction of the hot blast and the use of the black bands of Scotland. The more intimate connexion of the old and the new world by means of transatlantic steamers, is followed by the discovery of Californian and Australian gold; giving to the commercial and civilised world at large an activity and a movement such as it has never before withessed—causing streams of population to flow in unprecedented numbers from the older countries of Europe to comparatively new regions, and bidding fair to make the vast and magnificent countries of Central America and Australia the seats of great and important empires.

And these populations—not isolated as the colonists of old, not struggling with long periods of poverty and slow growth, but springing up rapidly into flourishing communities—all take with them into their new homes the social wants and requirements of the older countries which they have left. Iron steamers will be required to continue their connexion with those countries, and to carry on the extensive commerce they will originate; new lines of railroad will be necessitated, not from towns to towns, but from state to state, and even from ocean to ocean. And not only in America are these mighty movements at work, but elsewhere also. In India, with its 180,000,000 of population, railroads must be laid down, the government of that country cannot be held without them, its natural resources cannot be developed without them; the rapidly-extending requirements of our cotton manufacture will necessitate them; and every line of railway that is laid down will lead to the demand for ever-increasing quantities of iron; and even in our own country the sanitary measures to which such attention is now being directed, will require an extremely large and increasing supply of iron, both for an abundant supply of water to the dense populations of our manufacturing districts, and also for purposes of building, which the rapidly-increasing prosperity of our working classes will no longer permit to be overlooked as in the past.

If the increase during the last twenty-five years has been so great—from 600,000 tons to 2,500,000—there is every reason to expect an equal increase during the next twenty-five years, as the general requirements of society must develop themselves in an equal (if not in an accelerating) ratio; and how to supply these requirements another great source of iron is disclosed to us; to the argillaceous and blackband ironstones of our coal fields, and the hæmatites of our carboniferous limestones are added the oolitic ores, with the rich percentage of iron they contain, and the low cost at which they can be raised, and their exhaustless supplies. Can this constant progression of means—this constant development of one resource after another—as society requires it, be other than a wise and most beneficent arrangement, which has for its purpose the advancement of society to an even higher and higher point, and the attainment of that amity among all the nations of the earth which must ultimately prevail Nor does it appear a less wise and beneficent arrangement that these stores of mineral wealth so needful for the world's progress should exist in climates temperate as our own, which has produced the strong and vigorous Anglo-Saxon race to whom work is less a toil than a passion, amongst whom there are so many who do not shrink to devote even their entire lives to the development and execution of some great enterprise. But if the Anglo-Saxon race has been given so large a proportion of the mineral riches of the world, it must not be forgotten that equal to the power thus committed to their care is the responsibility thereto attached, and they must of necessity be the guiders and promoters of the advancing civilisation of the present, seeing that the very basis of that civilisation is to be found in the increased and increasing power to adapt to the requirements or society the great physical resources of the world, and that the science and skill of the present day would be comparatively powerless, but for the stores of iron and coal by which that science and that skill can be rendered available. The steam-engine, the railroad, and the electric telegraph, the characteristic features of the present day, are indeed preparing a quiet revolution for the world, breaking down class interests and substituting universal interests in their place, they are fast uniting in one bond of unity the entire human race, and are leading rapidly, to use the words of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, "to the accomplishment of that end to which indeed all history points, the realisation of the unity of mankind." For ourselves, it should not be sufficient that in the hands of a higher power than our own, we are unconsciously working out the designs of Providence, but we should strive to discern the coming changes which are arising around us; that thus conscious whereunto our work is tending, we may be enabled to place ourselves in harmony therewith That we have earnest workers amongst us, men working with noble aims, with no party, or mainly national spirit, but in the great cause of humanity itself, the Exhibition of 1851 has clearly shown. May its promoters long be remembered with honour, and may the important benefits which it already appears to have conferred upon all our principal trades, be productive of the results for which its promoters so nobly worked!

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

[Under this head we shall from time to time make such selection from the literature of the day as will keep our readers well informed as to the merits of the Books of the Season.]

PUBLIC BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID.—The Plaza de Toros stands immediately outside of the gate of Alcala. It holds fourteen thousand people, and during summer always fills, indeed, the tickets then are generally at a premium. I was surprised to find that on a Monday, being the bull-fight day, the cab-drivers raise their fares, having so many demands to satisfy. I walked slowly up the Calle del Alcala, watching the excited populace, and at half-past three o'clock found myself seated on one of the upper benches, looking down on the vast amphitheatre and the motley company there assembled. The boxes resemble balconies, those of private parties being partitioned off from the space allotted to the rich public. Below them are wooden forms, also protected from wind and rain, while the crowd occupy stone seats around the ring, uncovered, but protected from the arena first by a circular walk, and then by a palisade six feet high. A stone step surrounds this palisade on the inside to enable the chulos, who assail the bull with flags, to leap out of his way when he turns to attack them. From the windows of the passage, behind the boxes, you obtain a fine view of Madrid and the Guadarama hills. A strong guard of soldiers attends every bull-fight, for the spectators sometimes become mischievous, and their rulers think that rows may end in revolution. Government owns the Plaza de Toros at Madrid and saves the net proceeds to the charities. Before the performance commenced, the crowd of cloaked figures below became very noisy, and every now and then a sombrero was tossed into the arena to raise a laugh at the expense of its owner. Soon after half-past three o'clock a trumpet-call of martial echoed through the amphitheatre, then sounded the trumpets and drums, and the actors entered to exhibit their dress and how to the director, who sat in his elevated seat near the box of royalty. First came the matadors and chulos on foot, all richly dressed in particoloured garments and jackets of short tunic. The province of the former is to end each act by stabbing the bull in a certain part with a two-edged sword, while the animal tries to toss a bright red flag which they hold in the left hand. The latter run until the first twilight of other colours, to excite his ire and make him rush more furiously to the conflict. The picadors followed on horseback, each being armed, wearing armour under their clothes to protect them when unseated from the horns of the bull. Behind them also rode with fantastic trappings entered two teams of three mules each, which during the course of the arena when all is over. This ceremony being ended the combatants dispersed, the trumpets sounded again, and in rushed an animated brown bull, unhorsing one picador in the wild career and in a moment afterwards hurling another horse and rider to the earth. Without pause he charged, and again his assailant rolled in the sand, but he could not kept him, with their flags long at bay on the back of the fallen man. His fourth charge proved more successful to his long entering the poor horse's belly, caused instantaneous death. A little time the bull assaulted a picador, and his unfortunate steed shared the same fate. Again and again the brute returned to gore the mangled body, from which flowed torrents of blood. This amusement he seemed to relish for the chulos could not for a long time tempt him from the spot but the audience loudly expressed their disapprobation by shouting "Cavallo," in which most lustily I joined. Then the drum sounded the picadors retired, and the chulos, advancing to the bull, adroitly stuck into his neck barbed rods, called banderillas, in order to render him more furious. Then came the matador with his bright red flag and sword, and plunged the latter up to the hilt in the animal. But he had missed his aim, and another sword had to be procured. A second time he stabbed him, and then proved more successful, for the bull instantly fell, the spectators cheered the military band struck up a lively tune, and the mules were driven in at full speed into the arena to drag out the carcasses. As soon as these were removed, a large black and white bull rushed madly into the ring, bellowing with fury. His first exploit was to drag out the entrails of a horse, which, throwing its rider, galloped in this maimed state several times round the arena, till caught by a spectator who leaped the palisade. Six times did another picador charge this combatant, and four times he and his steed parted company, but they rose again to renew the conflict. The sixth encounter proved fatal to the horse, and only a few minutes elapsed before two other chargers also breathed their last. The third bull showed evident symptoms of cowardice. He fled from the picadors and refused to charge. So the chulos ran for squibs, and stuck them into his neck, which rendered him furious enough. The matador, whose duty it was to slay the animal, missed his stroke several times, the audience each time raised a louder and louder yell, hearing which the poor man seemed to tremble from head to foot, at length the bull crouched down from exhaustion, and a chulo despatched him with a dagger. The fourth bull was soon killed. The fifth animal, a huge black one, charged the first picador he saw, hurled him to the ground, and leaping over his prostrate enemies, bounded madly away. But his ardour speedily cooled, and he refused to face the foe. Just as the drum sounded for the matador to despatch him, I left the circus, for it began to get both dark and cold, but not a single person out of the 9,000 present departed before me, although, perhaps, all of them had seen the same spectacle hundreds of times previously. Men, women, and little children seemed quite absorbed with the contests, and expressed their interest by constant shouts, especially of applause, when some poor worn-out horse, gored by the infuriated animal, bit the dust. Although the mangling of horses is a spectacle repulsive to every humane mind, yet this great national amusement was neither so disgusting nor so exciting as I expected. Instead of prancing high-mettled Castilian steeds, eager to encounter an enemy, you find in the ring emaciated and broken-kneed old horses, the worn out hacks no longer useful to the cab-drivers, so terrified that their riders can with the greatest difficulty induce them to face the bull, and so feeble that they die almost without a struggle. The most horrible scenes occur when the horns of the beast drag out their entrails, or enter often into their bodies without touching a vital part. I saw one white charger which had been gored so frequently that a spectator would have imagined him painted red. He had three legs out of four broken, but notwithstanding, when I left my box, his rider had not dismounted. As to the interest caused by the conflict, I do not see how any one can feel it to be so great as that felt in a good horse-race, or a spirited run with the fox-hounds. There is no uncertainty no doubt, as to the result, the bull must kill the horse, and the matador must kill the bull.—*Bull's Sc "Bull and the Tiber."*

STRANGE APPETITES.—My old friend, Mr. Judd, Surgeon-Major of the Scotch Fusileer Guards, was once sent for to relieve a man who was said to have eaten a hat, on his arrival, he found a young man a soldier exceedingly ill, and in great pain. Mr. J., not believing the hat story, sent to the landlord of the public house, where the feat was confessed by the whole staff of the establishment that the patient had actually eaten a hat (of course cut into pieces) for gold! Under suitable treatment the consumer recovered, but not immediately.—In the Museum of the College of Surgeons, is a large bottle full of needles weighing nine ounces, may more than a pound, which were swallowed by a woman who could not have been in her senses, she lived many months after making her appearance, and instead of being committed got fat. Needles are very digestible, not recommended as an article of diet, for the *wo* ... *of you who* ... and not *proof who.*—*The Stomach and its Diseases, by ... Jones.*

NAPOLEON'S MODE OF LIFE AT ELBA.—In a few days the Emperor expected to be in possession of his future abode was established, with his household his guard, and his sister Pauline, in the buildings of the ancient church and in the principal house of the town. He hastened to order such erections and improvements to be made, as might conduce to the comfort of himself or his court, together with barracks for his 1,500 troops. He armed and reviewed the militia of the island, an animated room with some degree of military patriotism, as if he still aspired to keep up the game of sovereignty and love of country. He assumed the habits and surrounded himself with all the luxuries of a French palace, having to all appearance, only changed his seat of Government. This might have been, perhaps, from a desire to disarm the suspicions of Europe, from the very outset, by assuming the aspect of a puppy not much easily gratified by such trifles, or he might have felt sadly and not caring himself to preserve, without derision, the etiquette and vanity of a great empire on a desert rock of the Mediterranean, or he might have been acting in conformity with his somewhat theatrical character, the comedy of power and royalty to the audience of his own followers and the continent of Europe. The autumn of 1814 and the whole winter were passed in this manner by Napoleon, luxuriating with simplicity, and festivity with retirement in his residence. The work of his immense fortune and the first instalments of the allowance secured to him by treaty appeared to have been devoted by him to the embellishment of the island and to the acquisition of a small fleet, destined, as he alleged, to the commercial and military service of his new subjects. To this flotilla he had given a flag as to a navy power intended to maintain a position, and to make itself recognised and respected in the waters of the Mediterranean. Works of art, fugitive books, and the journals of Europe arrived for him incessantly from Genoa, Leghorn, and Paris. The eyes of the world were upon the little island. English travellers, with whom curiosity is one of the passions which neither distance nor national shyness can prevent the gratification of, flocked from London, from Rome, from Naples, and from Tuscany to gaze upon the man whose hatred had so long made them island tremble [?] and imprisoned England within the limits of its ocean. Neither upon the shores of Greece, of Asia, or of Italy could they find any monument or any ruin so imposing as this Prometheus of the West. They gloried in only having caught a glimpse of him, and in their correspondence and their journals they boasted of a word or gesture by which the hero, within his circle, might have repaid the importunate adulation. London and Paris resounded with the lightest step and the most trifling word of Napoleon, who, on his part, affected to receive the travellers with ease and grace, as one who had laid aside all arms and conquered all hatred, and who demanded nothing more

this world than an asylum, in every heart, a favourable souvenir in all imaginations. Pauline Borghese, the most beautiful and most favoured sister of her time, had transferred her court and attracted her admirers to the island of Elba. She adorned the exile of her brother, gave life and soul to it, impassioned it with her charms, and made it touching by her fidelity to misfortune. She constituted the splendour and the grace while she did the honour of his saloons. Concealing thus, under the guise of pleasure and of trivial occupations, a more serious and political devotion, she travelled, under the pretext of visiting her sisters and brothers, from Elba to Rome and Naples, and from Rome and Naples to Elba, an ambassadress without seeming importance, and free from suspicion, whose very volatility shielded her in the eyes of the continent from all imputation of sinister intentions.—*Lamartine's History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France.*

ANALYSIS OF OUR PRESENT LANGUAGE.—We might almost reconstruct our history, so far as it turned upon the Norman conquest, by an analysis of our present language, a mustering of its words in groups, and a close observation of the nature and character of those which the two races have severally contributed to it. Thus we should confidently conclude that the Norman was the ruling race, from the noticeable fact that all the words of dignity, state, honour, and pre-eminence (with one remarkable exception) descend to us from them—sovereign, sceptre, throne, realm, royalty, homage, prince, duke, count (Earl, indeed, is Scandinavian, though he must borrow his "countess" from the Norman), chancellor, treasurer, palace, castle, hall, dome, and a multitude more. At the same time, even did we know nothing of the actual fact, aspect, and chief occupation of this ruling race, came in not upon a new, but upon a long-settled country, a former dynasty, and a people to be in the rightful line of its succession; that [illegible] of the nation had not, in fact, more than many, been entirely broken, but survived in due time to assert itself and to disengage, almost unchanged, as Norman throughout. And yet while the stately supernatural of the hall, all articles of luxury, all that has to do with the chase, with chivalry, with personal adornment, is Norman throughout, with the broad basis of the language and therefore of the literature, the great features of nature, the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the water, the fire, and the primeval relations of father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, these are Saxon. The palace and the castle may have come to us from the Norman, but to the Saxon we owe far dearer names, the home, the hearth, the house, the roof, the "board," and often probably it was so in fact, but more frequently found than the other "table." His sturdy aim to be the soul of the boor, the hind, the churl, or the Norman put him to a name for him, it is one which on his lips became more and more a tall of opprobrium and contempt, the villain. The instrument used in cultivating the earth, the flail, plough, sickle, spade, are expressed in his language, so too the main products of the earth, as wheat, rye, oats, beans, barley, and no less the names of domestic animals. Concerning beef, last, it is not a little characteristic to observe, and Walter Scott has noted the observation into the mouth of the Saxon swineherd in *Ivanhoe*, that the names of almost all so long as they are alive are Saxon; but when dressed and prepared for food become Norman. Calf, which we might have expected beforehand, for the Saxon had the charge and labour of tending and feeding them, but only, that they might appear on the table of his Norman lord. Thus ox, steer, cow, are Saxon, but beef Norman, calf is Saxon, but veal Norman, sheep is Saxon, but mutton Norman, so it is severally with swine and pork, deer and venison, fowl and pullet, Bacon, the only flesh which may ever have come within his reach, is the single exception. Putting all this together, with much more of the same kind which might be produced, but has only been indicated here, we should certainly gather, that while there are manifest tokens as preserved in our language of the Saxon having been for a season an inferior and even an oppressed race, the stable elements of Saxon life, however overlaid for a while, had still made good their claim to be the solid groundwork of the after nation as of the after language, and to the justice of this conclusion all other historic records, and the present social condition of England, consent in bearing testimony.—*From the Study of Words, by R. C. French, B.D.*

THE DEATH OF BLAKE.—The crowning act of a virtuous and honourable life accomplished, the dying admiral turned his thoughts anxiously towards the green hills of his native land. The letter of Cromwell, the thanks of Parliament, the jewelled ring sent him by an admiring country, all reached him together out at sea. These tokens of grateful remembrance excited him a profound emotion. Without allowing that which he had served the commonwealth day and night earnestly, anxiously, and with rare devotion, England was grateful to her hero. With the letter of thanks from Cromwell a new set of instructions arrived which allowed him to return with part of his fleet, leaving a squadron of some fifteen or twenty frigates to ride before the Bay of Cadiz and intercept its traders, with their usual deference to his judgment and experience, the Protector and Board of Admiralty left the appointment of command entirely with him, and, as his gallant friend Stayner was gone to England, where he received a knighthood and other well-won honours from the Government, he raised Captain Stoaks, the hero of Porto Ferino, and a commander of rare promise, to the responsible position of Vice-Admiral in the Spanish seas. Hoisting his pennon on his old flag-ship, the St George, Blake saw for the last time the spires and cupolas, the masts, and towers, before which he had kept his long and victorious watch. While he put in for fresh water at Cascaes road he was very weak. "I beseech God to strengthen him," was the fervent prayer of the English resident at Lisbon, as he departed on the voyage. While the ships rolled through the tempestuous waters of the Bay of Biscay, he grew every day worse and worse. Some gleams of the old spirit broke forth as they approached the latitude of England. He inquired often and anxiously if the white cliffs were yet in sight. He longed to behold the well-up downs, the free cities, the goodly [illegible]. But if he was now dying beyond all doubt. Many of his favourite officers silently and mournfully crowded round his bed, anxious to catch the last tones of a voice which had so often called them to glory and victory. Others stood at the poop and forecastle, eagerly examining every speck and line on the horizon in hope of being first to catch the welcome glimpse of land. Though they were coming home crowned with laurels, gloom and pain were in every face. At last the Lizard was announced. Shortly afterwards the bold cliffs and bare hills of Cornwall loomed out grandly in the distance. But it was now too late for the dying hero. He had sent for the captains and other great officers of his fleet to bid him farewell; and, while they were yet in his cabin, the undulating hills of Devonshire, glowing with the tints of early autumn, came full in view. As the ships rounded Rame Head the spires and masts of Plymouth, the woody heights of Mount Edgcumbe, the [illegible] town of St Nicholas, the rocky steeps of the Hoe, [illegible], could not but many picturesque and familiar feature of that magnificent harbour rose one by one to sight. But the eyes which had so often had to behold this scene once more were not fated very much longer to do [illegible]. The most of the victorious squadron, the St George rode with its precious burden into the Sound, and just as it came into full view of the eager thousands crowding the beach, the piers, the walls of the citadel, or darting in countless boats over the smooth waters between St Nicholas and the coast, ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz, and salute him with true English welcome, he, in his silent cabin, in the midst of his heart-stricken comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God.—*Life of Blake, Admiral and General at Sea. By Rupert Bruce.*

LITTLE MARY.

AND THE WAY SHE WOKE UP IN THE MORNING.

"O! I'm so happy," the little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark from her low trundle-bed,
"It's morning, bright morning! Good morning, papa!
Oh, give me a kiss for good morning, mamma!
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet good morning to Mary!
The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes
Good morning to you, Mr Sun, for you rise
Early to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"
And the mother stroked gently a soft clustering curl—
"Happy as can be—but think of the One
Who wakened this morning both you and the sun."
The little one turned her bright eyes with a nod—
"Mamma, may I say, 'Good morning to God?'
"Yes, little darling one, surely you may—
Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray."

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies,
And two little hands folded gently together
Softly she laid on the lap of her mother.
"Good morning, dear Father in Heaven," she said,
"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed,
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with this beautiful light.
Oh, keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray."
An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled,
But she saw not the angel—that beautiful child!

POETRY AND PROSE.—One day in spring Sir Walter Scott and Lady Scott strolled forth to enjoy a walk around Abbotsford. In their wanderings they crossed a field where a number of ewes were enduring the frolic of their lambs.—"Ah," exclaimed Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets, from the earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence!" "They are, indeed, delightful little animals," returned her ladyship, "especially with mint sauce!"

MISCELLANEA.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A CANDLE.—It is not everybody who understands the bit of philosophy involved in the burning of a candle. We may readily suppose—and the supposition is not a very absurd one—that the wick is intended to burn and to give light. Such, however, is not the case. The parallel, or nearly parallel fibres of the wick form the walls of numerous minute tubes, up through which any liquid will ascend by the power of what is called capillary attraction; and it is in this minutely-divided state that oil of melted tallow is best fitted for combustion. The heat of the candle melts the upper part of the tallow, which then in a liquid state ascends the little tubes of the wick, and is there burned; it is true that the wick is burned also, but this is not a necessary condition of the arrangement, the candle would give forth its light even if the wick were formed of an incombustible material.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead.

GUARD AGAINST VULGAR LANGUAGE.—There is as much connexion between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the words; the latter are not only the expression of the former, but they have a power to re-act upon the soul and leave the stains of their corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one profane or vulgar word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it, till by indulgence it will soon pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words as well as your thoughts. If you can control the tongue that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind and save that from corruption.

AN INVALUABLE CURIOSITY.—Horace Walpole tells a lively story of an old porcelain vender, who had an exceedingly rare and valuable jar on which he set an almost fabulous price. One hot summer a slight volcanic shock, such as even these islands occasionally experience, jogged his house about his ears and split his precious vase. To an ordinary mind this accident would have been calamitous, but the china seller rose superior to fortune. He doubled the price of the article immediately, and advertised it as "the only jar in the world which had been cracked by an earthquake." Whether he got his money is not added, but he certainly deserved it.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.—Mankind are indebted to Queen Elizabeth and Lord Burleigh for the first printed newspaper, which was entitled the *English Mercurie*. The earliest number is still in the British Museum Library, and bears the date of July 23, 1588. During the civil wars periodical papers, the champions of the two parties, were very extensively circulated, and were edited by such writers as Needham, Birkenhead, and L'Estrange, all men of considerable ability. In the reign of Anne there was but one daily paper, the *Daily Courant*. The first provincial journal in England was the *Orange Postman*, started in 1706, at the price of a penny, but a halfpenny was not refused. The earliest Scottish newspaper appeared under the auspices of Cromwell, in 1652.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILLIAM IRBOTSON.—You can purchase the solidified milk of the patentees, but the mode of preparing it is kept a secret.

SELINA has written to us in such a very polite style, that we at once furnish an answer to her inquiry as to "the best mode of washing silks." Having never washed silks ourselves, we were obliged to consult a "Selina" of our own. She informs us that no silks look well after washing, however carefully it be done, and that this method should never be resorted to but from absolute necessity. She recommends that faded silks should be sponged with warm water and soap, then laid upon a flat board and rubbed with a dry cloth, after which they should be ironed *on the inside* with a very smooth-faced flat iron. If the iron be applied at once to the silk, it should be passed quickly and smartly over it, or it may be ironed *on the right side* if a thin paper be spread over it, to prevent the iron from glazing it.

INQUIRER.—The Gorgons, or *Gorgones*, according to classical mythology, were three sisters, daughters of Phorces and Ceto. They were named *Sthenо*, *Euryale*, and *Medusa*, all said to be immortal except the last-named. They are represented with their hairs entwined with serpents. Their hands were said to be of brass, their wings of the colour of gold, their bodies covered with impenetrable scales, their teeth as long as the tusks of a wild boar, and it was further said that they could turn to stone all on whom they looked. The Gorgons are said to have resided in the inland parts of Lybia, near the Lake of Triton, or the gardens of the Hesperides. *Perseus* is also said to have rendered his name immortal by the conquest of Medusa. The narrative states that he cut off her head, and that the blood that dropped from the wound produced the innumerable serpents that infest Africa. The horse *Pegasus* also arose from the blood of Medusa, as did *Chrysaor*, with his golden sword. It is further stated that Perseus, after performing wonderful exploits with the head of Medusa, placed it on the ægis of Minerva, which he had used in his expedition, and that it still retained the same petrifying power as before.

Y Z.—You will find some easy and familiar lessons on music and singing in "The Popular [illegible]ator."

MASSIP.—We see no impropriety in your "claiming relationship to a gentleman" if you are, indeed, related to one, though you be "a working man." But if you have not the proofs of this in your own possession, it is quite impossible that we can help you to them. If we understand your long letter rightly, the alleged relationship is somewhat equivocal in its character.

G. R. H. (Newcastle).—It is not likely that he article on "Cromwell and his Times," published in the early volumes of "The Working Man's Friend," will be reprinted in a separate form. A large portion of the matter, with some aluable additions, will be found in Dr Ferguson's History of England, which forms four volumes of "*John Cassell's Library.*"

A B C.—We fear that the marks "you allowed to be made in your flesh when a youth," however they may "disfigure you," must remain in your flesh till the end of your days. At least *we* know f no chemistry by which they can be obliterated.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.—We have an answer ready for you. Please to favour us again with your address, as we have mislaid the one you ent.

T. D. D. asks, "Which of the sciences is most worthy of studying?" That depends entirely upon the occupation or course of life you think of adopting. The study of navigation, for example, would be waste of time to a youth who intends to be a cabinet-maker or a mason.

L. E. M.—You may safely invest your property in the way you mention. The New 3½ per Cent Consols are generally accounted the most profitable. The rate of interest is about 3¼ per cent. You need not fear the effect of "political events" to produce any material alteration in the value, or to weaken or endanger the security.

A B C.—You should obtain advice from an experienced medical practitioner; but beware of using just any drug that may be recommended. We fear the case you mention is beyond the reach of medicine.

W. M. F.—We cannot undertake the binding of books, but boxes suitable for "The Working Man's Friend" may be obtained at our office, by an order given to any bookseller.

J. T.—The cases of instruments and boxes of colours, for cheap sets of which the Society of Arts offered premiums, are now ready, and may be had of the makers.

D. I. (Stockport).—Lessons in French have already been published in "The Working Man's Friend," and have been reprinted in a separate and revised form in a sixpenny book, which may be had at our office, or by order on any bookseller.

H. ALFD.—We know of no law to prevent a man from marrying "his own mother's brother's first wife's sister's daughter" if he prefers her to any other woman.

CYMRO.—It is impossible for us to judge of the reasonableness of your surgeon's charges. Doctors' bills are not pleasant things, and patients too frequently forget that often sacrificed to qualify them for their profession, and that they are put to great expense to maintain appearances.

A SUBSCRIBER.—"*Beat*" is the proper word. In the sense to which you refer, it means *a tract* or *district*. "*Bate*" or "*bait*" would be no sense.

A. Z. M. N.—Bird's Patent Filter, mentioned in "The Working Man's Friend," No. 25, may be obtained at the Wenham Lake Ice Company's, 364, Strand. It is a fact that artesian wells, however numerous, will not supply sufficient water for the consumption of the metropolis.

L. MARTIN.—The "choir organ" is that part of the larger instrument used in cathedrals to accompany the choir or singers. It is softer in voiced than the rest of the instrument.

W. W. will find a description of the telescope in No. 22. A "compound achromatic microscope" consists of two or more combinations of lenses, by one of which an enlarged image of the object is formed, and by means of the other, or eyeglass, a magnified representation of the enlarged image is seen.

W. P. S.—A *common* marriage licence will cost you 10s.; a *special* licence, £5. Marriage by *ban*—that is, after having been "asked," it is called, three times in a church—renders a licence unnecessary. The above charges do not include the fee to the clergyman, &c. The Registrar is the person to whom application must be made for licences.

H. F. B.—There are many receipts for making French polish, and it may be bought ready made at any respectable varnish-makers. It may be prepared as follows:—Pale shellac, one pound; mastic, two ounces; alcohol (spirits of wine 90°), one quart. It must be made in the cold, frequently stirring or shaking the ingredients together in a well-closed bottle or other vessel. French polish is used without filtering. There are several varnishes proper to be used on wood, but the preparation of them is somewhat troublesome and expensive, and they may be easily procured in small quantities from any varnish-maker.

A CONSTANT READER.—You require no licence to sell books in a shop; but if you go about either town or country offering them for sale, you become a hawker, and will require a hawker's licence, for which you will have to pay £4 if you employ a horse or ass, £8. We mention this the more particularly, because, in No. 29, owing to a misprint, 4s. and 8s. are named instead of £4 and £8. You may obtain books at the wholesale prices at any publishers or large booksellers. The usual allowance is 25 per cent.

F. BODEN.—Apply at our office.

W. B.—Johnson's Dictionary, from 1s. upwards.

B. WINTERBORN.—We cannot answer.

A YOUNG TEETOTALER.—Cyder is intoxicating, and its use is therefore proscribed.

C. ELLIOTT'S lines have been received.

DARWEN'S hints will be borne in mind.

C. S., J. R., and S. B.—Received.

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THE

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EGYPT: ITS EDIFICES AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE HOLY LAND.—JOURNEY THROUGH THE DESERT.

THE route to the Holy Land from Egypt, is, like that of the ancient Israelites, through the Wilderness. One of the most peculiar features of the journey is the mode of travelling, camels being almost universally used to carry both passengers and luggage The species of camel employed for this purpose has one large hump on the back, while the Bactrian has two, one on the shoulders, and the other on the croup, and its height is said to be considerably greater than that of the Arabian camel.



TO SET OUT.

In order that the traveller may experience as little inconvenience as possible while seated on the camel's back, a large pack-saddle of straw is fitted to his sides, in order to raise them, so to speak, to the level of his hump. On the top of this rude saddle a framework of wood is placed, by means of which loads of merchandise can be fastened to the animal or heavy panniers hung to his sides.

The arrangement for riding is a little different; the wooden frame has two short, round pieces of wood, reaching up in front about eight inches and the same in the rear, making a surface or saddle for the rider about two feet in length between these short posts: here are placed the cushions, or something of the sort, on which the traveller sits, and the pieces of wood, both before and behind, prevent his sliding backwards or forwards, and often save him from falling off the camel's back. The animals trained for riding are usually termed dromedaries, but are in no other respect distinguishable from the ordinary camels. Unlike a horse, in beauty as well as in speed and intelligence, the camel stands too high to be mounted by means of stirrups; consequently, it is compelled to kneel and bring its huge body nearer to the level of the traveller before he can get upon its back. The driver standing at its head, makes a singular clicking or gurgling sound in his throat, which the animal understands, and after a few moments and some growls of discontent, the camel falls upon the knees of its fore legs, then bends its hind legs partly under its body, and finishes by stretching out its fore legs upon the ground, and

remains thus, its belly touching the sand, as long as may be required. In this position it is easy to mount; and the rider being fairly astride, the camel gets up again. It first raises its hind legs, and then scrambles up on its fore legs. The effect of this is to give the rider a sudden pitch forwards and almost as sudden a pitch back again to a level position; unless he is very careful and has got perfectly secure on his seat, he is almost certain to be thrown over the camel's head, which is no trifling matter. In general, persons ride without stirrups, but some rather timid riders prefer the European method, as it prevents their legs from dangling about. At first the rider is apt to feel that his position is rather too elevated for comfort, and it is not to be wondered at if he looks somewhat anxiously at the height from the ground, and thinks very seriously of the chances of a broken head, or neck, it may be, in case he is thrown off unawares. But a little experience reconciles him entirely to this arrangement, when he has spent a hot day in the desert. On the sand the heat is intolerable, but on the camel's back there is usually a tolerably free circulation of air, and the traveller feels the value of his lofty elevation, and is glad at any price to purchase some exemption from the power of the burning sun.

All being ready, the camel-driver leads the animal forward, and the rider immediately finds that the motion produced by its long strides and peculiar gait, is by far the most singular he has ever experienced. Now he pitches forward, now backward, now sideways, and now he experiences a movement consisting of a mixture of all three. For a while he is in great terror of falling off, and grasps the pommels, if they may be so called, of the wooden saddle with desperate earnestness, and if his head is not well, or he is easily affected with nausea, he *may* feel something of what is commonly called sea sickness, ladies not unfrequently suffer in this way. But, supposing that he escapes this mishap, he is some little time before he dares look around or try to enjoy the novel scene. He still feels suspicious and is uneasy at the growling and unpleasant noises of the camels, as he does not yet understand the habits of the animal, and suspects that some dreadful accident will most certainly occur before he arrives at the end of the first stage. By and by, too, his back begins to ache, and he finds this perpetual see-saw sort of motion, which is not discontinued for a moment, so unnatural and so hard a trial of the muscles of that part of the body, that he is soon fatigued and convinced that he can never endure the ride for any great length of time. And when towards evening he dismounts, running the same risk of a fall as when he went through the operation of getting upon the camel's back, he aches all over so much, his limbs are so stiff, and he is so completely fagged out, that he is ready to lie down almost in despair, and groan bitterly over the prospect before him.

This is usually the first day's experience. on the second, he finds camel-riding somewhat more tolerable; on the third, he becomes quite reconciled to it; and subsequently, when he is entirely at home in his pl[illegible], riding in any one of a half-dozen different positions which he may choose, forwards, backwards-sideways, cross-legged, and so on, and is so much at ease as to read comfortably, and even make notes as he goes along. And at last the traveller gets rather to like this kind of locomotion, and actually finds that he can go through more on the back of a camel than on horseback, he is convinced, too, that for a long journey the former is preferable to the latter in many respects, and has advantages which cannot be attained in any other way.

The camel is, indeed, invaluable to the Arab, for it is to him what the reindeer is to the Laplander. It has been justly styled "the ship of the desert," and without it the Arabs like the Africans, would be unable to cross the seas of sand which stretch around him on every side, or to carry that merchandise which is now readily transported by means of the caravan. It has been eloquently said in an address to the camel—

> "Where the hot air is not stirred
> By the wing of singing bird,
> There thou go'st untired and meek,
> Day by day, and week by week,
> With thy load of precious things,—
> Silks for merchants, gold for kings,
> Pearls of Ormuz, riches rare,
> Damascene and Indian ware—
> Bale on bale, and heap on heap,
> Freighted like a costly ship!
> And when week by week is gone,
> And the traveller journeys on
> Feebly, when his strength is fled,
> And his hope and heart seem dead:
> Camel, thou dost turn thine eye
> On him kindly, soothingly,
> As if thou wouldest, cheering, say,—
> 'Journey on for this one day,
> Do not let thy heart despond,
> There is water yet beyond'
> I can scent it in the air—
> Do not let thy heart despair!'
> And thou guid'st the traveller there."

A traveller thus describes the events of a day or two spent in the desert:—

"We rose usually at daybreak, so as to secure an early start in the pleasantest part of the day. Our toilet was very simple, it being enough if we could get our hands and faces clean; our breakfast was equally simple, and soon despatched. Next came the packing up; the tent was struck, the camels were made to kneel down and receive their loads; our dromedaries were arranged for riding, and in the course of an hour and a half, we took up our line of march. Under no circumstances could we manage to save time here, where it was so important, for hurry as much as we chose, there were just so many camels to load, and just so much to do, and we found that it always took about the same amount of time to accomplish all this in; consequently seven, or a little before was our usual hour of starting. For a while, the temperature was very delightful, and the bright sun, shining in all his glory, gave something of an air of animation even to the desert; but towards noon, and during the middle hours of the day, the heat became at times well-nigh unbearable; and had it not been that almost always we had plenty of wind in our elevated positions on our dromedaries, I fear that besides having my face and hands burnt black, I, at least, should have suffered much more serious injury from exposure to the scorching rays of an African sun at this period of the year. But we did not stop on account of the heat, nor fortunately were we impeded by any storms or any mishap of any kind. on we travelled, slowly, it is true, but steadily, not making much, but always doing something, our faces set towards the East, and our thoughts and hearts intent upon reaching the Holy City. At one time, our way was through the soft deep sand, into which our poor beasts would sink over the hoofs and labour exceedingly in getting onwards; at another, we came upon some level tracts, where the salt water had lain, but being dried up, there was now presented a curious appearance as the salt lay like scattered snow or ice upon the surface of the ground; sometimes the surface of the desert was nearly a plain, covered with only here and there some prickly shrubs, clumps of bushes, stunted grass, &c., but, more generally, we met with low hills and valleys, and more variety and unevenness of ground than I had been led to expect. For miles and miles, on our right hand and on our left, we beheld vast broad hills and mounds of fine, light, yellowish sand, which had drifted from one place to another just like snow drifts, and at every high wind, kept changing more or less its position; and we could not but be struck with the desolate and disheartening look which such a scene presented to our eyes. The life and beauty which the cultivated and fruitful regions of the earth offer to the admiration and gratitude of the beholder, are here extinct, and the spirit of man sinks within him, as he contemplates a prospect so terrible, were there no hope of escape from it, and so fearful, were he condemned to pass in such a spot the remainder of his days. As I gazed upon the desolate wilderness, through which we travelled, I felt as never I had felt before, the severity of that punishment which the rebellious Jews brought upon themselves; and while riding slowly onward, or at night, in our tents, I read in my Bible of the wandering of the children of Israel with a deeper and clearer sense of the meaning of God's holy word than it had been my lot at any previous time to attain. How forcible appeared now the

expressions of Scripture respecting what this stiff-necked people were compelled to undergo!

'A desert land . . . the waste howling wilderness.'
'That great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water,'
'Wherefore have ye made us to come up out of Egypt, to bring us in unto this evil place? It is no place of seed, or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates; neither is there any water to drink'
'The soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way
And the people spake against God, and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread.'

'While the meat was yet in their mouths,
The wrath of God came upon them,
And slew the fattest of them.
And smote down the chosen men of Israel
* * * * *
Therefore their days did he consume in vanity,
And their years in trouble.'

'Neither said they, where is the LORD
That brought us up out of the land of Egypt,
That led us through the wilderness,
Through a land of deserts and of pits,
Through a land of drought, and of the shadow of death
Through a land that no man passed through,
And where no man dwelt?'*

Would God that there were such an heart in Christian people that they would ponder upon these things, and that they would consider and know that He will not at all spare the wicked, nor suffer to go unpunished the guilty nations who break His commandments or set at naught his holy will!

"Towards midday, we usually halted for a short time to lunch and to give our camels an opportunity to browse awhile upon the prickly shrubs and stunted bushes which are found in considerable abundance nearly everywhere in the desert. We would, on such occasions, spread our seggadeh upon the clean sand, and Antonio, our servant, having set before us a cold chicken, or something of the sort, with some dates, oranges, &c., we enjoyed our repast as well as the burning sun would admit, and quenched our thirst, as best we might, with the dark reddish coloured water which was carried in leathern buckets attached to our camels' sides. Remounting again, we pressed onward with renewed vigour, now, one after another new or strange thing met our view. Here and there, we beheld some groves of palms which looked doubly refreshing and attractive in the midst of the waste and dreary desert on all sides: occasionally some dome-covered tomb of a sheikh or Mohammedan saint, served to add variety to the scene: very frequently, we came upon the carcasses and bones of some poor camels which had dropped down with fatigue or thirst, and had been abandoned to the vulture and beasts of prey that watch the track of caravans in the desert unceasingly: and at such times we thought of the touching lines of the poet Collins:—

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past;
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store.
The sultry sun hath gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh.
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
* * * *
"Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales, bestow,
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around,
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!"

"At one time, we saw the desert quails, some small birds, lizards, and several of that beautiful and most graceful animal the gazelle, who, with ears erect and bright glancing eyes, looked timidly at us for a few moments, and then bounded fleetly off to a place of greater security; at another, not a vestige of life was visible, all was silent as the grave and gloomy as the sepulchres of the dead, and our spirits sank within us, and we longed once more to revisit the abodes of men and look upon the green fields, the trees, and gardens of an inhabited land: occasionally, though but rarely and in the neighbourhood of marshy places, there appeared a larger bird or two, and we were forcibly reminded of the striking figure used by the Psalmist when he was overwhelmed by affliction and poured out his complaint before the Lord;—

'I am like a pelican of the wilderness,
I am like an owl of the desert,"*

"Now we saw the mirage, that singular illusion, which often deceives the most experienced, and which for the moment gladdened our eyes with the prospects of quiet and refreshing lakes, and trees on their banks, most desirable for their enticing shade, only to depress our spirits the more when the conviction forced itself upon our minds, that all which we beheld was unreal and baseless as a dream. now, again, we came upon flocks of goats, cropping the scanty herbage which they could find in the desert, and not far off we noticed a Bedawy encampment, with some children, females and noisy dogs, close by, the former hiding themselves under the coarse blankets rudely supported on sticks stuck in the ground, and peeping out at the Frank strangers, the latter barking and snarling most disagreeably. As the day advanced, we found out, occasionally, what it was to travel through the territories of the wild sons of the desert, for, at intervals, some keen black-eyed Bedawin suddenly started forth, as it were from the ground, and in peremptory tones, demanded tribute for the privilege of crossing *their* desert; a demand, which on the whole, we deemed it best to satisfy for the sake of peace, though with our large party, we might easily have resisted all such claims.

"About five o'clock in the afternoon, our thoughts began to be turned to our evening encampment, and between that and sundown, we looked out rather anxiously for a good place to pitch our tent in. This being obtained, the caravan halted, and the tired camels being made to kneel, were released from their loads, and turned loose to roll in the sand, and browse upon the various sorts of nutriment, which a kind Providence has furnished for them, even in the arid desert. In the course of an hour or so, we were comfortably seated in our tent (which consisted of canvass, upheld by a single pole in the centre, and kept in its place by numerous ropes, fastened to pins driven into the sand), and were glad to sit down to our dinner, and refresh our jaded bodies. Generally, we were too much fatigued, to do more than write down some brief notes of the day's events, and, save, perhaps, a stroll out to gaze at the bright stars, and listen, if so I may speak, to the profound and solemn stillness of the vast desert, we rarely pretended to attempt anything in the way of occupation. At an early hour, we lay down on our beds, which were much like the ordinary cot bedsteads, only arranged to fold up into small compass, and commending ourselves to the protection of Him, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, we slept as only the weary and wayworn pilgrims rest, in security and peace. Sometimes in the night I was aroused by the low-toned and monotonous songs of the Arabs, who take this method of keeping themselves awake, and manifesting their watchfulness, or by the braying of a donkey, or the noisy and sharp barkings of the wolfish Bedawin curs; but never had I or my companions any cause of apprehension from the attacks of robbers, or the thievish propensities of many of the lawless inhabitants of the desert. We suffered no loss whatever, during our entire journey from Cairo to Gaza."

The group of mountains to which Sinai belongs, and which also includes other remarkable summits, is surrounded on all sides by deserts occupied only by tribes of Bedawin Arabs. The mountains are penetrated by deep chasms, edged by bare perpendicular ledges of rocks, and the whole has a singularly wild and sterile appearance.

The convent of St. Catherine, founded by the emperor Justinian, is situated in a valley on the slope of the mountain.

* Deut. xxxii. 10, viii. 15, Numb. xx. 5, xxi. 4, 5, Ps. lxxviii. 31, 33, Jer. ii. 6.

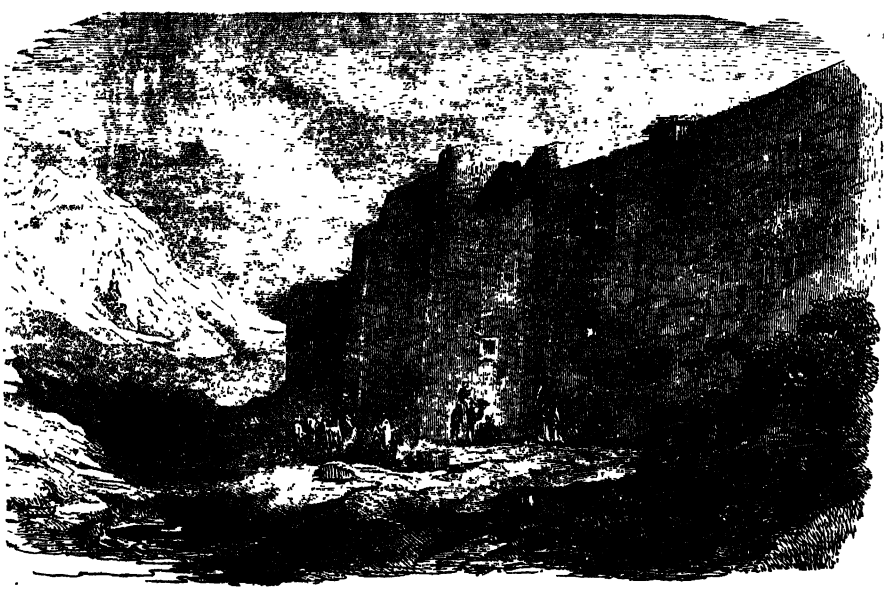


Being exposed to the attacks of the Arabs, it has been built in a peculiar manner and has much of the appearance of a fortress. It is an irregular, quadrangular edifice, surrounded by high and solid walls, and covers a considerable extent of ground. To prevent being surprised by their troublesome neighbours, the entrance-gate, which is rarely opened, is built up; and on ordinary occasions, all access to the convent is by an entrance about thirty feet from the ground, to which travellers and provisions are raised in a basket by means of a windlass.

The interior of the convent presents little that is worthy of note; all the apartments and chapels being built of rough stone, without order or symmetry, and communicating by crooked and dark passages. The Church of the Transfiguration is, however, an exception to the rest. It is eighty feet in length, and fifty-three in breadth, and is paved with marble, adorned with a variety of figures.

It is a curious fact that there is a Mohammedan mosque

It should, however, be remarked, that the names of Horeb and Sinai are used interchangeably in the inspired books of Moses, to denote the mountain on which the law was given. The most obvious and common explanation of this circumstance is, to regard Sinai as the general name for the whole cluster, and Horeb as designating a particular mountain; much as the same names are employed by Christians at the present day. So, too, the Arabs now apply the name Jebel-et-Tûr to the whole central granite; while the different mountains of which it is composed are called Jebel Kâtherin, Jebel Muss, &c. Robinson, on looking at the subjects during his sojourn in the convent, he was led to a similar conclusion; applying the names, however differently, and regarding Horeb as the general name, and Sinai as the particular one. This conclusions seems to be favoured by two circumstances, one that before and during the march of the Israelites fro Egypt to the place where the law was given, the latter called only Horeb, just as the Arabs now speak



CONVENT OF ST. CATHERINE.

within the precincts of this convent. It has also, at a little distance, an excellent garden, producing fruits, plants, and vegetables, in the utmost profusion. It is reached by a subterraneous passage, secured by iron gates. The climate is temperate in consequence of the elevation.

The ascent to the mountain which lies to the south-west commences close to the convent. It is steep, but the labour of ascending has been greatly facilitated by steps cut in the rock. At the height of about five hundred feet from the convent is a spring of fresh and cold water, covered by a rock which protects it from the sun and rain. After ascending a little higher the traveller gains the summit of Mount Horeb, which forms, according to Laborde, a kind of breast from which Sinai rises. On continuing the route from this halting-place by a path still more rugged and steep than before, the summit of Sinai is reached, the apex of a peak, not more than fifty yards across at its widest part.

Jebel-et-Tûr; while during the sojourn of the Hebrews before the mountain, it is spoken of, with one exception only, as Sinai; and after their departure it is again referred to, exclusively as Horeb. The other and main fact is, that while the Israelites were encamped at Rephidim, Moses was commanded to go on with the elders before the people, and smite the rock in Horeb, in order to obtain water for the camp. The necessary inference is, that some part of Horeb was near to Rephidim; while Sinai was yet a day's march distant.

Gaza is a name which calls to mind some of the many interesting portions of the Old Testament history. It was once a city of great importance, and figured largely in the eventful life of Samson, the mighty champion of his oppressed country. A considerable part of the city is situated on a high hill, between one and two miles from the sea, and is therefore a very prominent object to any one who looks upon it from thence

with interest. The modern city is mainly in the valley, on the east and north. To the south-east is a hill of no great height, called by some writers "Samson's Mount," as being the hill mentioned in the book of Judges, * to which that mighty man carried off the gates of Gaza. This hill may properly be said to be *before*, that is *towards*, Hebron, since there is no reason to suppose that the gates were carried to any great distance. All vestiges of the ancient walls and ancient strength of Gaza have disappeared, and nothing remains to mark its former extent except the bounds of the hill itself on which it stood. Even the traces of its former existence, its vestiges of antiquity are very rare, consisting of occasional columns of marble or gray granite, scattered in the streets and gardens, or used as thresholds at the gates and doors of houses, or laid upon the front of watering-troughs. One fine Corinthian capital of white marble lies inverted in the middle of a street running from north to south, along the eastern foot of the hill.

AFRICAN PROVERBS.

If there be still any adherents among us of the once universal "baboon theory," and any extreme depreciators of "African intellect" we beg leave to refer them to the Rev. Samuel Crowther's recently published *Yoruba Vocabulary* for a confutation of their favourite dogma. The Yorubans are natives of Africa, living on the coast between Lagos and Abomey. This book not only shows that an "African" can become a highly educated being, but proves, what is far more to the purpose, that a whole African race, numbering 3,000,000, exists, possessing a language highly refined and developed, abounding in expressions which could only have arisen among a people in a state of considerable civilisation, and rich in proverbial sentences exhibiting, not only a shrewd and worldly-wise, but also a gentle and moral people. "You think yourself very wise," says the Yoruban, "but you can't tell me what nine times nine makes." "The club-collection will be due six days hence; when you have taken your share let me know." What this club-collection is, is explained by another proverb—"Every 17 days is the gathering of the Egbas," but few of our readers will be prepared for the assertion that these Yoruban "savages" have a regular system of benefit clubs, the members of which meet every 17 days, and that in Abbeokuta alone there are more than a thousand such clubs. Here are some more of these proverbs —"Consideration is the first-born, Calculation the next, Wisdom the third" "When the goat has fed it returns home, when the sheep has fed it returns home, not returning home after feeding ruins the character of the pig." "Everything has its price, but who can set a price upon blood?" Here, too, is a sentiment one would not have looked for from a "savage"—"Because friendship is pleasant, we partake of our friend's entertainment, not because we have not enough to eat in our own house." "A wild boar, in place of a pig, would ravage the town, and a slave make a king would spare nobody." "The time may be very long, but a lie will be detected at last" He who shares his friend's prosperity, but does not move a hand to help him in his work, is selfish; for he who eats the sweet should be ready to eat the bitter." "The steeks are not pleasant, but they are good for a rogue." "The trader never confesses that he has sold all his goods, but when asked he will only say 'Trade is a little better'" Here is one which might be recommended to the Dean and Chapter of Rochester in the matter of Mr Whiston —"I have the protection of powerful friends, you cannot involve me in ruinous law expenses"—an expression which makes one wonder if there is a sable Lord Chancellor at Abbeokuta, and whether there be chancery-suits in that happy land —Here, too, is another of the same kind —"A man walks at ease in the presence of his defamer, a man steps proudly in the presence of his abuser, when he knows that neither of them has twenty cowries in his house;" from which one is tempted to infer that Mammon is worshipped among the Yorubans as well as ourselves One or two more, and our string of proverbs is complete Among the East African tribes it has been said that the feet of gratitude does not exist; not so among the Yorubans—"An ungrateful guest is like the lower jaw, which when the body dies in the morning, falls away from the upper by night time." Some "savage" tribes have no sense of pity, but the following Yoruba proverb closes our illustration with a beautiful inculcation of that feeling —"A slave is not a senseless block of wood When a slave dies his mother hears nothing of it, but when a free-born child dies there is lamentation, yet the slave, too, was once a child in his mother's house."

* Judges xvi 3

THE HISTORY OF THE PEARL.

Very few persons who visited the Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, came away without noticing the splendid collection of precious stones contributed by Mr. Hopo. It stood in its little iron cage just in front of the Holland court. In addition to the various precious stones contained in this collection, there is the monster pearl which far exceeds in size any other specimen of the kind in the Exhibition or in this country. It weighs 1800 grains, and is two inches long, and 4½ in circumference. We are all familiar with the appearance of the pearl; a few sentences therefore of the history of this interesting jewel may assist our lady readers' appreciation of it.

The pearl, so called, on account of its form, from the Latin word *sphe'ula*, a round body, is found attached either to the inner part of the shell of the pearl oyster, or else in the thick fleshy part of the animal itself. This beautiful jewel, known as the pearl, is produced by the oyster itself, and is formed of a material secreted by the animal. The real cause of the oyster's forcing this substance within its bivalve house, seems to be in fact nothing more than an effort of the little animal to get rid of a source of irritation, such as a grain of sand or some such small foreign body, which has insinuated itself between the mouth of the oyster and the shell, or some enemy of the oyster perforating the shell from the outside, to get within reach of its prey. In either case, the oyster envelopes the sand or other substance, or closes up the aperture, formed with a smooth coat of membrane, over which it spreads a layer of nacre or pearl. The word *nacre* comes from a Spanish word signifying *mother-of-pearl*, or the shell in which we find the pearl.

In both these cases we usually find the pearl adhering to the internal surface of the shell. The best and the most valuable specimens are however generally found in the body of the animal, and the source of irritation in this case is proved, according to the attentive observations of Sir Everard Home, to be an ovum or egg of the oyster, which, instead of coming to maturity, and being thrown out of the shell by the mother along with the others, proves abortive, and remains behind in the capsule in which all the ova were originally contained. This capsule being still supplied with bloodvessels from the parent-animal, goes on increasing in size for another year, and then receives a covering of nacre, the same as the oyster spreads over the internal surface of the shell. The animal adds a fresh layer every year to the nucleus thus formed, which thus increases in size; and it is probable that the oyster deposits this pearly covering, not so much in any regular quantity as in proportion to the amount of irritation it experiences from the exciting cause.

The peculiar lustre of the true pearl, and which distinguishes it from all artificial means of imitation, arises from the central cell, which is lined with a highly polished coat of nacre, and the substance of the pearl itself being diaphanous, the rays of light easily pervade it.

The chemical constitution of the pearl is carbonate of lime (of which common chalk is another form); hence, the possibility of the luxurious Romans dissolving them in vinegar and drinking the solution. The story of Cleopatra is well known, in which, in order that she might be enabled to expend a larger sum in one feast, than Mark Antony had done in the series of sumptuous repasts he had provided for her gratification, she took a pearl from her ear, said to be valued at £80,729 3*s*. 4*d*. of our money, and having dissolved it in vinegar, drank off the solution.

Large sums are mentioned by ancient historians as having been given in former times for pearls: these statements may or may not be correct; we, therefore, proceed to speak of the actual money-producing value of some of the pearl-fisheries of the present day. In 1804 our government leased the pearl fishery at Ceylon for £120,000 for one year; but in 1828, it brought only £30,612. The value of the pearl-fisheries of Bahrim in the Persian Gulf, may be reckoned at more than £200,000 annually, or taking the produce of the whole gulf, not far short of £350,000 per annum. Of course our readers are aware that the pearls are obtained by divers. In the Ceylon fishery as many as 1500 divers are sometimes employed. The divers share the profits of the fishery, in a certain proportion

—a mode of employment which gives the labourers about five or six shillings a day. Of course, this is considered most excellent pay in a country in which the ordinary rate of wages seldom exceeds about sixpence a day. The divers in six or seven fathoms of water, usually remain immersed about fifty or fifty-five seconds; a reward having been offered to him who could remain longest under water, it was gained by one who remained at the bottom for eighty-seven seconds. The diver carries down a sack with him in which to put the oysters, and which, when filled is pulled up by a rope into a boat on the surface, ready to receive it. If the diver is exhausted, he is pulled up with the bag, but this is seldom the case, as it is much easier to rise to the surface of the sea than to keep at the bottom. The business of a pearl-fisher is not considered by any means unhealthy, and the period of fishing—which seldom occupies more than two months in the spring—is considered as quite a holiday by the labourers in the Indian islands. The use of a diving-dress and apparatus has never, we believe, been tried in the pearl fisheries.

All along the coasts of Ceylon and Coromandel, on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and on various parts of the Pacific et of South America, as well as at Algeria and the Bay of Panama, the pearl oyster makes his home. Each bank available only for about two months in about seven years, and the banks are seldom disturbed till the oysters are supposed to be in a fit state for gathering. When the oysters are brought to land, they are thrown into a pit and allowed to rot, so that the pearls can be extracted without injury to their delicate structure. Very little preparation is necessary to fit the pearls for sale, as regularity of shape is not much regarded by the purchaser.

The largest pearl of which we have anything like a correct account, is one which the king of Persia bought of an Arab in 1623 for £110,000. It is pear-shaped, of a regular form, and without the slightest blemish. It measures 6¾ inches in diameter at the largest part, and is nearly one inch and a half long. Pearls are found in various places in Great Britain, and there was a specimen or two in the Exhibition of Scotch pearls.

From 1761 to 1764 £10,000 worth of pearls were taken at Perth. The rivers of the counties of Tyrone and Donegal have also yielded pearls. Mother-of-pearl is the lining or inner part of the shell of the pearl oyster, and differs from true pearl only in form, and in being less compact and lustrous.

It is the large oysters of the Indian seas alone which secrete this coat of sufficient thickness to render it available for the purposes of manufacture. Nearly one million pounds weight of this mother-of-pearl are annually imported into this country. In the early part of last year a ship arrived in London from the bay of Panama with upwards of two million pearl shells, to be used principally in the manufacture of shirt buttons. It is curious to think that the pearls which deck the head of a queen, and the buttons which the poor bachelor sews on to his "other shirt," are precisely alike in structure, came from the same miserable diseased oyster, were fished up by the same dusky Indian divers, and differ in nothing but an artificial money value!

VINCENT PRIESSNITZ.

The celebrated town of Grafenberg stands now, where five and-twenty years ago only a few small cottages were to be seen clustered in one of the ravines of the Silesian mountains. In one of these Vincent Priessnitz was born on the fifth of October, 1799. He was the youngest of six children; his parents were descended from families which had settled in that neighbourhood many centuries before. Very little is known of his boyhood. His father was for many years blind, and Vincent was obliged to be his guide on all occasions; he has been heard to say with regret, that from this cause he was unable to attend school.

In his seventeenth year, when he assisted in the farm labours, he met with an accident; a horse which he was driving down to the meadow took fright, ran away, and Vincent fell under the wheel of the cart, which knocked out his front teeth and broke several ribs. Every one gave up hopes of saving his life, and the physicians declared his recovery to be impossible. It was at this time that his great discovery appears to have dawned upon him, for he washed the wounds with cold water and made use of wet bandages. In a few weeks, to the surprise of all, he began slowly to recover. The effects of this fall, although they did not at once manifest themselves, still began to tell inwardly on his constitution, and in all probability would in the end have been fatal, if he had not continued his course of cold water, aided by a naturally strong and hardy constitution. From the moment of his recovery, Priessnitz was filled with a belief in the wonderful curative power of cold water, and gained a confidence in it, which was continued and strengthened by some successful attempts first upon animals, and afterwards upon his neighbours. His progress was now slow but steady, and the happy results of his treatment remained no longer secret, and the fame of this young physician of nature began to spread far and wide. When scarcely nineteen years of age, Priessnitz was often called to Moravia, and even to [illegible], and the eyes of the world began to be turned towards him. Although his renown was as yet but small, there were many who endeavoured to raise charges of imposture and quackery against him. He was pronounced a charlatan by the faculty, the common people called him a fool, and believed him to be in league with Satan, and he was denounced from the pulpit as a false prophet.

In the mean time Priessnitz calmly and modestly pursued his course among all these threats and persecutions, firm in the consciousness of rectitude, and full of the great idea which had awoke within him. In the year 1829 the number of applicants for his advice was so great in Grafenberg, that a list of these visitors was voluntarily made. This was too much for the envy of his enemies to bear. Priessnitz was commanded to appear before the magistrate of the little town of Freiwalden on a charge of charlatanism, and was condemned to several days imprisonment, sharpened by fasting, at the same time the sponge with which he washed his patients was taken from him under the pretext that it was in some way connected with sorcery! An appeal had the effect of [illegible] and the higher tribunal before which this appeal was carried [illegible] to evidence in any way against him, gave him permission to open a curative establishment, but the envy which had been once set in movement was not so easily stayed, and the chancellor's court was continually besieged with complaints, accusations, and petitions, this came to such a pitch at length, that the court felt itself called upon to [illegible] commission to investigate the state of affairs [illegible] for this purpose made choice of Baron Tuchelm. The report which this acute and learned physician furnished upon the life, proceedings, and course of treatment of Priessnitz, was not only favourable to the latter, but also highly honourable to the baron's character as an unprejudiced and enlightened man. In consequence of this report Priessnitz was protected by the chancellor's court. From that time he was freed from the open attacks of his unrelenting and bitter adversaries. Secret annoyance and petty malice followed him, however, to the end of his life. His fame had now spread over almost the whole of Europe. From the most distant countries sufferers and invalids, who were given up by the faculty, hastened in crowds to place themselves under the immediate care of the high priest of hydropathy, hoping by this new [illegible] of cold water to regain their health, or at least to have their sufferings relieved. Thus in a few years Grafenberg has, from being a cluster of poor and unknown cottages, become a place of world-wide renown, and the name of Priessnitz has become familiar in the mouths of all civilised nations.

An interesting field of observation and experience opens itself here to the eye of the man of the world, the psychologist, and the philanthropist. The unheard of results produced by the water treatment of Priessnitz influenced thousands to reformation, and it is a remarkable fact that this newly-discovered use of cold water directed the attention of many to the temperance movement, and caused them to regard with greater attention the simple power of water, as contrasted with the baneful and demoralising influence of intoxicating drinks. Many have not only visited the hydropathic establishments with benefit to their health, but have also become convinced of the truth of temperance. In many countries establishments were founded on the principles of, and greatly resembling, the [illegible] establishment at Grafenberg, among which is the celebrated [illegible] establishment, near Richmond, conducted by Dr. Ellise, who studied under Priessnitz.

Priessnitz became a wealthy man, and the happy father of a

family of ten children, of whom, however, seven are only at present alive. His wife was the reward of a successful cure, for he was so fortunate as to relieve her mother from an affection which defied the power of the physicians. Although Priessnitz was, on one hand, the object of bitter persecutions and incredible instances of unthankfulness, yet on the other hand, he met with the delights of innumerable unexpected attentions and the acknowledgments of grateful persons of every description. The neighbourhood of Grafenberg is full of monuments of overflowing gratitude, and in 1846, the breast of this renowned man was decorated with the golden medal.

Outwardly, Priessnitz impressed the observer as being a simple, benevolent and strong-minded man. The evidences of knowledge, but great general information, which he had gained by his intercourse with educated persons of all countries. Whoever knew him intimately felt himself attracted magically by him. His conversation came from the heart; his character was of an iron determination. Neither praise nor enmity could move him, and even unlooked-for wealth did not destroy his activity. He lived to alleviate the sufferings of humanity, and the immortality of his name rests on his successful struggle with mortality. In cold water he raised a monument which will be more durable than one of stone. Priessnitz's death was in itself most remarkable he who had snatched so many by the aid of water from the arms of death, fell a victim to dropsy. He died November 28th, 1851, from affection of the liver, which



VINCENT PRIESSNITZ.

a deep thinker and acute observer were distinguishable in the singular expression of his light blue eyes, which seemed the reflection of an unspotted soul. His replies to questions were given with his mouth half closed, in a very agreeable but rather low voice, and no sooner had his laconic but expressive words left his tongue, than his thin lips closed firmly together, and formed round the clearly-defined mouth very singular wrinkles, in which, probably owing to a natural difficulty of keeping his lower lip closed, some little exertion was visible; all this, together with his striking nose and the marks of the small-pox visible in his face, gave him a very peculiar expression. In public life he was simple, but rather reserved and laconic; in private, however, he was cordial, he possessed no scientific

when associated with dropsy is invariably fatal. The physicians who were present, with many of the hydropathic visitors at the *post mortem* examination, expressed their surprise that Priessnitz could have lived so long with such a liver, and declared that this extension of his existence could only be attributed to his peculiar mode of life. This disease may also be considered a consequence of the accident which nearly proved fatal to him in his youth. Priessnitz lived and died in the exercise of his mission, and few men have been more generally regretted, or more tears of sorrow shed for any one than for Vincent Priessnitz. From the highest to the lowest sorrow was felt, and a great multitude followed his remains to the grave, as they would have followed those of a beloved father.

THE HOUSE OF SALVATOR ROSA AT ROME.

The dwelling-places of the poets, artists, and great men of the past exist, like their works, long after their material bodies have passed away. Man perisheth, but the labour of his hands endureth for ages: the pyramids remain, but the names of their builders, and the very purposes for which they were built, are forgotten and a mystery. It is a solemn thought. Go wherever we will where men have congregated together and we shall find evidences of their former lives, but of the men themselves no trace remains. One makes himself famous among his fellows by valiant deed or spirit-stirring song, by noble ambition, by great crime, or by transcendant powers of mind; he lives his appointed time on earth and then dies; henceforth the spot that gave him birth, the city in which he sojourned, the grave in which his bones



lie buried, become ennobled to the memory of all future men. And thus the traveller, without perhaps knowing why, and without caring to analyse his feelings, seeks out the birthplace of a Tell or a Hampden, the dwelling-house of a Shakspeare or a Tasso, the tomb of a Virgil or the grave of a Bonaparte; nor goes upon his way contented till he has stood and pondered on the very spots with which these great ones of the earth were once familiar.

In every city, and almost every village, in Europe, are to be found some remains of their celebrated men; but most of all in the old classic cities of Italy and Greece. Here the student may revel in the past, surrounded by the evidences of its glory, in marble statue and pictured canvas; and here, too, he may trace out the actual houses in which the memorable men of ancient days both lived and died.

It was in Rome that Salvator Rosa passed the last years of his life, surrounded by all the celebrated men of his age. His story is interesting. He was the son of an architect of Renella, in Naples, was born in the year 1615, and was brought up under Francesco Francanzano, a painter, who had married his eldest sister. For some time this young artist was obliged to sell his drawings about the streets for a livelihood. One of these happening to fall into the hands of the famous painter, Lanfranco, he sought out its author, and enabled him to enter the academy of Ribera. With this painter Salvator lived till he was twenty. At that time his father died, and he accompanied his master to Rome, where he continued four years, and found a patron in Cardinal Brancacci, who took him to Viterbo and gave him employment. After this he returned to Naples, but the attractions of Rome drew him thither again, and he there became known to Prince Giovanni Carlo de Medici, who took him to Florence with him. Here the painter remained nine years, dividing his time between poetry, painting, and music. Not only did he excel in painting, but he acquired no small renown by his verses, which were full of humour and satire. He is said to have been very fond of a joke; the painters of Rome having at one time refused him admittance into the academy, he on the anniversary of St. Luke contrived to place a caricature of his own in the church where the paintings were exhibited. However, he concealed his manner, and afterwards said, that "it was done by a surgeon, to whom the painters had acted very ill in refusing a place in their academy, though they stood in great need of one to set the limbs which they daily dislocated or distorted." Another time finding a harpsichord on which he played good for nothing, "I'll make it," said he, "worth at least one hundred crowns." He then

painted on the top of it a subject, which when offered to a picture dealer, immediately fetched the sum he mentioned. Many other similar anecdotes are related of him.

After a long residence in Rome he was attacked by dropsy, and died in 1673. Although the genius of Salvator Rosa principally showed itself in small paintings, he filled one of a large size with sublime figures, such a one is the "Conspiracy of Catiline," in the gallery of Florence. His great excellence, however, lay in depicting scenes of gloom, solitude, and desolation—sombre forests, or the caves of banditti—rocky dells, alpine bridges, trees scathed by lightning, and dark and lowering skies. His figures are generally wild and savage. He painted sorcerers and apparitions, of which kind the principal one is the witch of Endor. We have mentioned that Salvator Rosa was a musician, and in 1770, some of his manuscript compositions were sold at Rome by his great-grand-daughter. The landscape in the National Gallery by this famous master, formerly graced the Colonna palace at Rome. It was purchased by the English government in 1821, of Mr. Byng, at the price of £1600.

Our engraving represents the house in which Salvator Rosa died at Rome. It was built at the time when the false style introduced by Boromini was most extensively adopted throughout Italy. It is a curious example of the excesses which architectural eccentrity may be carried, and no doubt the architect believed he had attained a great triumph when he gave the semblance of huge gaping mouths to the windows and gateway. It is an example of the low ebb to which architecture fell at one period, but still is highly interesting from the historical associations connected with it, and for this reason only is it introduced into our pages.

THE ORIGIN, CHARACTER, AND DOINGS OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS.*

THE Frenchman exalts his beloved France — the German his fatherland—the Englishman loves old England, and seems to feel that verily we are the chosen—we are *the* people. To some this may appear somewhat vain-glorious, and it would be so if facts did not bear it out. There never was a nation in the world that had and has such work to do; even our language is becoming universal. In former times it seemed as if French would be the prevailing tongue. It is not so now. Our language extends over North America, South America, Australia. Wherever the Saxon goes he carries his manners and customs with him, remembering this, that the waste places of the earth are given to us—we are now reaping the benefit of paying the penalty for what our fathers have done. The life of a nation is continuous. The water in the Thames is different from the water flowing at any particular point there seven years ago, it is influenced by certain changes which have taken place higher up, nearer its source, yet is it Thames water as much as ever it was, the river is the same. It is not the living in the nation who make the nation, but all who have ever lived in it. We hear a great deal, in this our day, about progress, enlightenment, change; lay not too much stress on this. We are as our fathers were; no culture wears out the characteristics of nations; the Jews are the same now as they were hundreds of years ago. It is the same in families, no family ever loses its likeness; every child is like his ancestor, not perhaps his mother or father, but a grandfather, or an antique great grandfather, comes out in him. This is no novelty, but merely the expression of an historical fact.

God made nations separate, distinct, peculiar; nations are great individualities of character. Not to treat of this antiquarianally, I may state that the Celtic wave first flowed over Europe westward, reaching England and Ireland; in Wales and in the west of Ireland they are not yet extinct. We belong to the second great wave of population that rolled over the west,—namely, the *Teutonic*. The third is the Sclavonic, they will not reach us—there is nothing new in them. In the Holy Scripture the patriarch who had gone down to Egypt gave the two boys of Joseph his blessing; the best was given to the younger. The Jews thought primogeniturship was divine—nevertheless the old patriarch would bless the younger lad. God gives his blessing this way sometimes, and by blessing the Saxons he has made of them a great nation. Abraham was called because he was worthy. The Teutonics were a goodly race, and, under the favour of the Almighty, they have prospered from generations back to the present day. Tacitus says they must originally have sprung out of the ground. They came like grasshoppers, and seem to have risen from the land. They were bold, plucky, not easily governed, and could brook no personal restraints. "Hands off!" was their motto. Twenty-five of them once committed suicide rather than become the sport of the Roman nations, they fought in clans. I am a large believer in clans, and have great respect for that bond of brotherhood which formerly was practised by our ancestors. They were largish eaters, but no great epicures; great in quantity, not in quality—great also in drinking, and fond of the excitement of gambling. They thought it the part of women to weep for their friends—men to think of them. An Englishman can't weep. Catch him doing something like it—tax him with it—"no, he is not crying; true, there is a tear, but it arises from a cold—a fly—anything rather than an acknowledgment of the fact. Frenchmen kiss one another—first on one cheek, then on the other, finishing with a kiss on the middle. We don't. We give each other a great grip of the hand, and say we are jolly glad to meet, and although we may not meet again for years, who shall estimate the amount of love and friendship in that short sentence—that firm grasp! I never heard a great foreign orator without thanking God he was not an Englishman; it is all very well in his own country, but it does not do in England; it is like our orange trees—out of place. The foreigner has more demonstration, less depth, deep friendship often has but little show. When I am *told* of loving much, I don't believe it. Heart-breakings are not to be noised abroad, things are never at the worst when you can say they are. When the child cries and roars, it is safe, no harm will be done, a little time will make it all right. The disconsolate widow, who has lost the best husband under the sun, is inconsolable, her grief is great, but she *tells* me so, soon after which I expect to hear she is comfortably married.

The Saxons were very hospitable, they were of the free-and-easy sort, you were at home with them, and did what you liked. They held the fair sex in high estimation; they advocated woman's freedom, not rights; and they understood woman's position, and were more influenced by woman than were the Jews. The Saxons believed that women have an inherent divinity. Those notions may have gone out now, and woman is thought to act her part best at home. Our ancestors thought otherwise. Women are quick and ready, usually right. Men arrive at conclusions by long reasonings; women without any reason at all. In those days the women were frequently used as hostages—for this reason that every exertion would be called into play to redeem them. To love the Saxons, they were true lovers of liberty, and we inherit this characteristic. We admire King Arthur, but take the side of the Saxons; the Britons were driven out—it was fatalism—whoever goes, ought. The Britons ask aid; the Anglo-Saxon comes puts his foot in; give him a bit of land, he soon builds a factory and after he has the factory he will next want the kingdom, and he will have it, too. A man in a drab coat gets in the thin end of the wedge somewhere—drives it home—and, finding it desirable and pleasant, settles there himself, and soon begins to look out places for his family; cousin after cousin comes to join him, and we soon have a Pennsylvania. The old Britons were driven out the proper time had arrived, and at last England is Saxon. The next great change is the conversion to Christianity. A great pope St. Gregory, sent missionaries hither. His attention was roused to the dark state of affairs in this country by observing, before his elevation to the papal chair, some slim-limbed youths for sale in the slave market at Rome. He went up to them, and inquire about their country. He was pleased with them; and, finding they were English pagans, he said, in the Latin language, *Non Angli sed Angeli, forent si essent Christiani*—"They would not be Angles but angels, had they been Christians." Satisfied with this pun, he ventured another, evidently relishing the pious joke. He tried another question, concerning the province from whence these captives came, he was told. Deiri, a district of Northumberland. "Deiri," echoed he; "that is good; they are called to the mercy of God from his anger (*de ira*)." He was so much gratified

* The substance of two Lectures, by George Dawson, M.A., delivered at the Whittington Club.

this, that he tried again. "The king of that province, what is he called?" He was answered, "Ælla, or Alla." "Allelnia!" cried he; "we must endeavour to have the praises of God sung in their country." This good old man thought that where the body was so fair, the soul must be like unto it. This notion he never could get rid of, and having got over his disease of punning, he started for England; but before his plan could be fully carried out, it was put a full stop to by his being sent for to return to Rome, and to be made pope instead. This he did unwillingly. He wished to convert the English, but he could not put it in practice. He did, however, what he considered best on the occasion. He sent a monk hither, who took up his abode in Kent, preached with success, and made many converts to the new faith. Whether this was done according to the modern notions of conversion entertained by some sectarians or not, it is difficult to say. However, many were converted. The first that spoke on the subject was the high-priest; after he had finished, a layman got up and said "that the life of man seemed like a bird in a dark room, it took a turn or two, and then went into the darkness again. If the monk could teach him any better, he would have the new faith." Our forefathers now became very pious, they worshipped all the saints, and were very devout, indeed, but they did not like taxes Notwithstanding this, the Roman faith made good way with the Saxon people. These very people made famous protestants afterwards.

We have always been of a very composite character—a something between the domesticated and the wild man. Go to the top of the Pyramids, you find an Englishman, then he is soaring away, far over head, in a balloon, the next time you catch a glimpse of him, he is down in a Cornish mine, in fact, he is everywhere the wild pluck within him is ever in search of danger and difficulty.

We make a plaything of the sea. An Englishman likes the sea, the brine is delicious; and he goes to seek it the fun of it The Saxon, Dane, and Norman all come from one race The time was now arrived for the Danes to pay us a visit. These Danes were a warlike people, who always preferred a battle to their mistress, and he was considered a weak man who did not see the fun of tossing children on spears for amusement The Scandinavians did not like it. The Dane came, and the Saxon fought The Dane conquered, took the Saxon under his protection, who down hereupon quietly as a country gentleman Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake are part of them Nelson is one of their old thanes, with an admiral's coat on He thoroughly proved sea-loving, Scandinavian. The Saxon was sluggish, lazy, like his oxen—slow; could get through with a lot of work, but must have time, and a plenty of it. The Dane stirred him up. The Danes took all strangers that came. Alfred took them in certainly, and later down one other, the Norman William, since which time there has been no such conquest We sympathise with Harold, on that battle-field of Hastings, but he was not to succeed. The Normans were more clever and polished than the Saxon or the Dane The talk of England to day shows token of the Norman The word *bacon* is alike both in Saxon and Norman languages. The word *king* was retained by William. All courtly phrases were Norman; homely, Saxon; for instance, the names of animals still used for food are Teutonic, such as *ox*, *sheep*, *swine*, &c The Norman conquerors, introducing a more refined style, cooked the animals, and changed the names to *beef*, *mutton*, *pork*, &c We always admire the good old Saxon words, and plead guilty to preferring John Bunyan to Addison or Johnson, fancy the book of Job edited by Johnson, or the Psalms revised by Addison Saxon words were the growth of the soil, and those little words are powerful much more so than the long ones. When the Norman came, the sun and moon did not change, they are the same to the conqueror and the conquered. But what good did William do us? The Normans had more wit than those they came among; one had more science than the other. The Saxons were admirable fellows, no doubt, but slowish. William was clever—a lightweight—and had to make up the deficiency by skill, acuteness, learning, and science. The Norman William leaped on the back of the Saxon, and the latter has been trying to throw him off ever since—the few against the many—aristocracy *versus* democracy, out of this sprung free-trade—one of the old questions—the old story; but we beat, and had the thing conceded; it was gripped out, wrestled for, and won. Our energies are gathered up by the very weight placed on them. English history is a long history of antagonistic forces. If William had not come, England would have degenerated. Had not William arrived, and helped by compression to knit the nerves, we should not have been equal to the struggle. Victory has generally been on the right side. When I turn the annals of my country, I am glad that William came, and placed that antagonistic force on us by which all our liberties have been brought about

Our seas have done us good, and kept us at home; we were like so many cottages hedged in by strong palings; William took them down, and showed us the continent beyond. We have never been conquered since, God's work was done. We have found a resting place—an harbour of safety for a few foreigners, on various occasions, and we have learned much from them The cry is, We can't do anything, we are bad at accomplishments, but these bold, brave, resolute men construct railways, build viaducts, launch [illegible] commerce and civilisation over distant lands Some [illegible] Saxon to the Americans, but what is America? We threw it off, and by-and-by it will be greater than the land which nurtured it. The sturdy strength we have, is a grim reality, showing itself in large, broad, strong, energetic works. In this particular our offsprings tries to follow our course. America is but Jonathan, the son of John; nothing more.

Every man comes into the world with destines in his nature; he is here for some purpose The Englishman is a composite creature, made up of Saxon, *plus* Dane, *plus* Norman. Let us now see what facts have been produced by this people. Trial by jury originated, not in the profound respect entertained for the united brains of twelve enlightened, or otherwise, individuals, but more in the endeavour to protect the people in the welfare of each other. That Alfred first called trial by jury, is nonsense. The old custom was to get twenty upright and honest men as witnesses on behalf of the accused, after which the verdict was given. To keep the person of the Englishman inviolate, we worship law—one like our's, with two feet, is a wonderful persuader He who makes a law is likely to keep it, and the best way to make good laws is to have the greatest number to make them; the freer a country is, the more the laws ought to be respected Liberty and license are two very things, half-a-dozen men, sitting round a table, may get drunk—very drunk. The head of one suddenly disappears under the table, whilst the legs of another are on the table; one suddenly feels inclined to propose a toast, and, having done so in an unknown tongue, is trying to find his glass, but, somehow, the decanter always comes to hand instead. Thus would be license, but not much liberty, certainly

Laws made by the people should be kept by the people: republics need the keeping the laws most. We have inherited from the Saxons the largest possible amount of healthy feeling on this point. We have the best circulation of any European body, the body, when troubled with a rush of blood to the head, is in a dangerous state Some of our neighbours are often afflicted in this way, and the natural consequences follow. As it is said that in a rude state of health the blood circulates freely in the most distant extremities, therefore have I a respect for a parish-beadle when I see him anywhere, even at the extreme end of Cornwall, for he is to me the rosy finger tips of good health, he shows us the evenness of culture which we possess; we are not happy without the whole of the country is in a healthy state London is not everything The greatest political questions of the day spring up in the country. They are sent to London to be settled, but the battle is fought, the struggle is made, in the country Manchester organises a scheme, and sends it to London to be sanctioned, and by-and-by the whole thing is finished. London is too large to be united, it is more like a number of small towns, without unity, the man of the west is not known in the east The interest of one has nothing to do in common with the other. London is certainly a mighty city, but it is not all in all, it wants help from the country. This is as it should be, and shows good, healthy, circulation, an evenness of political power. In the country we appoint mayors—we owe this to the love of local self-government. A great deal of talk has taken place on the policy of establishing a national poor-rate. This is not the place to agitate such a policy. Time will probably determine the question.

Protestantism had a great deal to do in making us what we are, both socially and politically. Wherever protestantism flourishes, that is a money-loving, money-begetting country. Protestantism has to do with the life that now is, the catholic religion, the life that is to come. Protestantism has to do with the natural

order of things—a protest against fastings, and such like. The reformation was ushered in by the study of the old classics; this had for its claim state, time, body, matter; the other form, priest, church, next world, and spirit. The puritan does not dance; a theatre is an abomination; card-playing, diabolical; cricket, dangerous; he keeps his Sunday sadly, grimly, dismally; but he is a capital money-getter—a quick and acute tradesman. Puritan notions make people comparatively careless of personal comfort. A puritan party is a most dreary assembly—amusements have no place there—*they don't do it.* After sitting nearly a whole evening looking at each other, family prayers come in, to break the monotony, and the whole is over. Now this energy, not given to enjoyment as rational beings, must go somewhere, and it may be found on the exchange and the mart. In this country the most successful people are the puritans; the presbyterians from the north; the quakers from the south; protestantism *plus* puritanism is sure to make a country rich. The more puritanical a nation, the richer will it become. The English took to protestantism kindly; it has never found such a home as this. The countries which were catholic at the time of Luther are catholic still; protestantism only flourishes in the Teutonic. A quaker is a phenomenon; he has no clergy, and believes in the universality of spirit, entering either man or woman. Each member is a chapel in himself. There is no such liberty anywhere else; it is only grown in Teutonic countries. In Russia it is not allowed; no new sects can flourish there. Two sects may marry, and thus be dragged into the most unholy matrimony. The emperor of Austria says they have sects enough, and he puts his *veto* on the introduction of any such luxuries as small conventicles; they have enough, and must have no more England is the only country in which these New Jerusalems, Primitives, Ebenezers, Zions, Bethels, and Beulah's flourish. Call them what you will—warts, specks, diseases; rave about them as we like, it is only here they exist. Good people, steady church-going followers, sometimes tell me they never entered such a place in their lives, and would be much shocked if they were accused of such a thing as walking into a meeting house. This is not much to their credit they live in a country without knowing the religion of the inhabitants. I have visited every chapel, and heard a sample of all the creeds, and a precious sample I sometimes had, but this is the only way to know what they all believe, and what the country can produce. I honour these earnest men, with their large liberty of speech, and these primitive ranting-places Anything or anybody interfering with them, is treason to our fathers.

The next great thing to notice is our colonies. Within itself, England is comparatively small in extent and population, but when we look round the world, and note her dependencies, what a people! Our population is scattered all over the world. Look at New Holland or at Anglo-India, nine times the size of Great Britain, and containing one hundred and forty millions of inhabitants. Of these sixty thousand only are English. How did we get India? We will not impeach Warren Hastings again, nor enter into the history of the question; if there was anything wrong about this Indian affair, we must pay the penalty. Our forefathers draw bills on us, and we must take them up. There never was a case of so many people being governed in such a manner in the world We ought to look to it, and send from this country all that freedom and education can bestow. These people are not savages; they are the most enlightened of all our colonial possessions. Why, in the Glass house, last year, they beat us in many things; we there saw beautiful articles designed with good taste, and executed with consummate skill—the work of our subjects in the east. The Indian question has always been a tender business. God has put his mighty empire under our guardianship; if we don't do the right thing with it, we must take the consequences.

The Greeks and Romans sent out colonies; but no nation except England ever before gave a nation birth. The Americans are a nation, with no language, no creed, no grave-yards; their names are a derivation, and it is laughable to see the pains an American takes to appear national. He will soon explain to you that he is not an Englishman, but a free-born citizen of the United States, with a pretty considerable contempt for them Britishers. These notions make an Englishman smile. The Americans are a nation without being a nation; they are impressed with an idea but they have characteristics. They are odd, not national, and remind one of a long, slender youth, somewhat sallow, who has just had a new watch, consequently dislikes the old one; and as for the watch his father used, what is it?—a turnip. By this means, he assumes the independent. The American is independent; he flaunts it in your face, and surprises you with his galvanic attempts at showing off his nationality. They have, in fact, no literature, and don't want to have any as they can draw from the old country; the feeling is should be cherished; it is like the boy at Christmas coming home to spend the holidays. Long may they draw inspiration from Shakspeare and Milton, and come again and again to the old well. Walking down Broadway is like looking at a page of the Polyglot Bible. America was founded in a great drought, peopled through liberty; and long may that country be the noblest thing that England has to boast of.

Some people think that we, as a nation, are going down; that we have passed the millennium; but there is no reason in the saying. We have work to do, gold-mines to dig, railways to construct. When all the work is done, then, and not till then, will the Saxon folk have finished their destiny. We have continents to fill yet. Our work is not done till Europe is free. When Emerson visited us, he said that England was not an old country, but had the two-fold character of youth and age. He saw new cities, new docks, a good day's work yet to be done, and many vast undertakings only just begun. The coal, the iron, and the gold, are ours; we have noble days in store, but we must labour more than we have yet done. Talk of going down; we have hardly arrived at our meridian! We have our faults; any Frenchman or German may point them out. We have our duties, and often waste our precious moments by indulging in one eternal grumble at what we do, compared to what we ought to do. A little praise is good sometimes; we walk the taller for it, and work the better. Only, as we know our work here, and do it as our fathers did, shall we promote good, working heartily, and not faltering, until the object is gained. The more we add to the happiness of a people, the more we shall be worthy of the good gifts of God.

THE POWER OF THE POET.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly

Mine is the charm whose mystic sway
The spirits of past delight obey,
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like genii hovering round

And mine is the gentle song that bears
From soul to soul the wishes of love,
As a bird that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, the future of pleasure,
When Memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tune that's still in the ear,
And Hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near.

BILLINGSGATE.—Billingsgate, at one time rivalled by Queenhithe has been a fish-market for centuries. In 1558 it was declared "a open place for the landing and bringing in of any fish, corn, salt stores, victuals, and fruits, (grocery wares excepted,) and to be place of carrying forth of the same, or the like, and for no other merchandizes." Stow says, "Geffrey Monmouth writes, the Belin, a king of the Britons, about four hundred years before Christ's nativity built this gate, and named it Belin's gate,"—but he suggests that it more probably had its name *from* some late owner. The market begins at five o'clock in the morning, when the scene is worth a visit. Of salmon alone, the quantity annually brought to Billingsgate is said to be more than 2,500 tons. The frequenters of the place have, or rather had, a language of their own, which made "Billingsgate" and "coarse words" synonymous. Improvement in this respect is observable, and the new buildings, suggesting notions of respectability, decency, and order, will, it may be expected, complete the cure.

HOW CHARLEY BELL BECAME AN M.P.

The whole matter is this.

The tea things had just been cleared away, the baby just got fast asleep, and laid in his crib, my wife just seated herself by the round table making a blue velvet cap for him, and I had just got comfortably settled in my arm-chair on the other side of the table when Tom returned from the office through the rain and mud and dark, bringing a letter. My wife smiled slightly when I told her it was not from her mother, but apologised immediately when I informed her that the letter—broad, thick, and with a vast deal of ink in the superscription—was from Charley. Giving the wick of the lamp another turn, she begged me to read it aloud.

Tearing off the envelope—drawing my chair a little nearer the fire, and clearing my throat, I read—

"Rev. W——.

"My dear W.,—Elected! Apart from all nonsense and affectation, I am heartily glad of it. Of course I received the congratulations of everybody here quietly, as if it was all a matter of course that I should be elected, but with *you* I have no reserve. Know, then, my *very* dear W, that I am glad I am elected for three reasons. First, because I am elected while barely of the requisite age; secondly, because I am elected by an overwhelming majority—twenty to one; thirdly, because it places me out in a free and higher field of usefulness and energy. Why, I feel as if I had just begun my life. I have not attained the *end*—only the beginning—of my ambition. I don't think that it ought to be branded as *ambition*—this feeling of mine either. I *don't* think it is ambition. It is a purer feeling—a wish, an eagerness, a *nature* to be doing, influencing, bettering as wide a sphere as I possibly can. I was elected without any *art* on my part whatever. I told the people exactly what I was, and what I intended to try to do if they elected me. I intend to be just exactly what I am. If I were to try to appear other than exactly *that*, I would look as well as feel mean—my arm would falter in every gesture, my tongue stammer, my knees shake—I would become weak—weak physically, mentally, utterly! A pure-minded, single-intentioned, whole-souled manner, in thought, word, and deed, has borne me thus far like a straight arrow from a true bow. It is the shortest, best way to cleave the future, I know.

There is a fourth reason why I do rejoice in my election——because I know that *you* will rejoice in it. It is *you*, my friend, who have made me high-thoughted and far-thoughted. It is *you* who during the last twenty years have been my good genius—in your conversation when present with me—in your correspondence when absent from——"

I read the rest of the letter to my wife, but it is altogether too flattering to me to be coolly written out here. Indeed, I remarked all along, through the three more pages that followed, to my wife, that his encomiums were only the warm expressions of a warm soul unusually excited, and which must be taken with all allowance.

Charley's letter flushed me through and through. That my old friend should be elected, I hoped, but hardly expected. Intimate companionship with a friend, you know, has a tendency to dwindle him in our eyes. Don't misunderstand! Intimacy with such a man as Charles Bell makes one love and prize him more and more—but does *not* make one think more and more that such a man is suited to be a grave and reserved senator. It is just as it is with the Swiss peasant whose cabin is on a side of Mount Blanc—the hoary mountain does not seem a tithe so sublime to him as it does to a traveller in the distance.

I say I felt thoroughly warmed and rejoiced. I arose, put all my wife's spools and scraps off the table into her lap, laid my portfolio and inkstand upon it, begged my wife to absorb herself in her baby's velvet-cap, dipped my pen in the ink, and now have written thus far.

All my past intercourse with Charley rushes to my lips now, as tears do sometimes to one's eyes. I want to tell, just as briefly and distinctly as possible, how he has risen from nothing to what he now is. I know much better than he—and if he reads this, it will do him good. Anyhow, I feel in the mood of writing, and before I go to bed, if my baby don't wake with the colic, and my wife don't interrupt me, I will tell you exactly how Charley Bell became a member of parliament.

The fact is, too, that I have half a hope that some youth may read this, and may get a word which may wake *him* to a higher and nobler life than he has ever yet dreamed of. If the eye of any such a one rest on these pages, just one word, my fine fellow. Forget for a little while that everlasting Julia whom you fell in love with last Tuesday a week ago, and read with all your soul.

I cannot describe [illegible] when I did not know Charley. He is a——ed did when we used first to chat cosily beside his fireside about Bulwer, and Dora Anson. He is of medium size, handsome earnest face, forehead broad rather than high. There is a peculiar gentlemanly look about him, wherever he is, or whatever he is doing. He has such an enthusiastic sympathy for every man, woman, and child he meets with, that he is popular of course.

His peculiarity, however, always consisted in a hunger after personal excellence. From our first acquaintance we made a distinct arrangement to tell each other of our faults as plainly as words could convey meaning. If he did not faithfully do his part toward me in this arrangement, I am very, very much mistaken. He thought *aloud* about me—told me exactly what I *was*, and what I was *not*. I did the same in regard to him. We have acted thus for many years now. We have been of vast benefit to each other, and will continue to be so till we die.

I do verily believe that this arrangement had a good deal to do in making him the man he is.

Just in this way.

When we first became intimate, and had made our arrangement as above, I opened the war by talking to him as follows:—

"Charley, my fine fellow, you are ambitious to be a good speaker. Now, you remember our little arrangement about correcting the faults of each other?"—"Yes."

"Well, the plain fact is, you have got a most miserable, squeaking voice. Your chest is narrow, you stoop, and you have not that broad, strong, manly appearance which is most essential to a speaker."

I saw he winced under this. He *felt* eloquence deeply—he *thought* eloquently—and forgot that the thought must be *expressed* eloquently, or it is eloquence only to himself.

That afternoon he made a pair of dumb-bells; and I do verily believe that he has not missed a day from that to this in which he has not exercised his chest and his voice in every possible way. No one would ever think *now* that he was not always the broad-chested, powerful-voiced orator he is.

It strikes me that even this little event had something to do with Charley in his becoming a senator. You never saw a narrow-chested man who had any voice, energy, or eloquence in your life. If *you* have got a stoop, my boy, you had better correct it, if you ever intend being anything.

I received from him one day a very, very plain exposition of one of my many faults. Never mind what it is. He pointed it out to me as you would point out a rattlesnake in a thicket to any companion you chanced to be walking with. I saw it—this vile fault of mine—and have been hunting it, and striking savagely at it, whenever I detect it stealing through my conduct with its accursed sidousness ever since. Alas! it is "only sketched, not killed" yet. But that is another matter. I only mention it to say that a very plain remarks gave an edge to *my* remarks, as I observed—

"You are right, Charley—perfectly so—and I war against that accursed fault forever. But it reminds me of one of *yours*."—"Eh?"

"Charley, you have a vile, offensive, disgusting habit of smoking tobacco. It is loathsome. If you would only keep the weed in your mouth, why it would only poison yourself, but you will be everlastingly spitting out its juice, and it poisons *me*—poisons me through sight, smell, hearing, and feeling. Don't use it any more."

True to his own true nature, he never took another cigar. Whether this is one cause of his blooming health and firm nerve, I will not say. I *will* say that it is one cause of his astonishing popularity with the ladies—whether *they* know that it is or not—and thus one cause of this election.

These faults of ours! I said they are like snakes. So they are. Sometimes a man catches sight of one of them lying full-length in the loathsomeness in his own conduct or conversation. Suppose the fault is self-conceit—a disease of mentioning one's self at all times which you have contracted. Well, you see the same fault in some fool or other, or some Charley Bell tells you of it. The knowledge falls like a flash of daylight on the vice—you see it. If it would only perish—crawl *out* of you—it would be well. But the vile thing crawls *into you*, like a snake into its hole. It does not show its head while you are watching for it. A day or two after—you forget about it—and it is out—drawing its filthy train through all your conduct again.

This is *not* a digression. Because I wanted to say that Charley was a man of too strong a desire after personal excellence not to wage eternal war after such vermin. A shrewd observer would have known the existence of his besetting faults only by the unusual prominence of just the opposite virtues, just as you recognise the former drunkard in the man who has a special horror now of all that can intoxicate.

There were several minor defects in Charley's character, which I pointed out to him, but which he has so completely conquered, that I have forgotten what they were.

I really must say a word or two about that Dora Anson affair. Dora was the brunette daughter of an established lawyer in our inland village. I see her as distinctly before me while I write as if she *was* before me. She was some sixteen years of age, had the usual amount of education and *mind*—was unaffected, warm

hearted, black-haired and eyed, rosy-lipped, woman-rounded form. Charley fell in love with her—astonishingly in love with her. I was amazed. He was of an intellectual, though impulsive nature, and she had no conversational power—nothing in the world but a lively, natural sort of beauty—to recommend her to him.

Astonishingly in love. He made love to her by flowers, and was accepted in the same way, before he went to college. He was absent a year. The very night of his return he went to a party at her father's which happened that night. He got a seat near her toward the close of the evening—in a low voice made a passionate appeal to her, although surrounded by company—went home—wrote her a still more passionate letter. He was too impulsive—frightened her—had his letter returned—and came to me, and, as we sat on a log in the moonlight, told me the whole He was about twenty years old then, and the affection had quickened, expanded, strengthened his heart even more than that chest-exercise had his lungs There was a depth and breadth and force about his affection for Dora which stirred up his whole being. It rolled through him like a sea, deepening and washing out the sands of his heart till that heart became deep and broad. For months that love lived and worked in him, at last it died out like the steam from the engine of a steamship

When I see his hearty affection for his friends—his warm sympathy for all among whom he mingles, which gives him his wonderful popularity—I can trace it all back to that development of his heart under the hot summer of that love of his for Dora Anson I do believe that the genial smile, the cordial manner, the melting persuasivness of his tones, all owe their development, if not their origin, to that culture of his heart. The sun may have set which shone on his soul, but it left that soul all ruddy and ripe from its warm rays If Dora had jilted him, it would have left him a soured man; if she had married him, it would have left him a satiated man; in either case it would have injured him. But she did not jilt him—did not marry him, he outgrew so sensuous a love as that, and somehow or other they drifted apart

I believe, however—and my wife, to whom I have just mentioned it, agrees with me—that his connexion with Mr Nelson had very much to do in making him the man he is

You see, when Charley had finished his law-studies, his father and mother were dead. He never had any brothers or sisters One or two thousand pounds were his fortune Being a young man—now some twenty-five—of fine appearance and talents and manners, he attracted the attention of Mr Nelson, a keen and rich lawyer in the village, and in a few weeks he was settled in his office as a junior partner. For some six months Nelson seemed wonderfully attached to Charley—continually spoke of him with the loudest praise—over-rated him in fact At the close of this period, however, he suddenly took just as violent [illegible] Bell as he had before for him Nobody ever knew the reason of this I don't think Nelson himself did The truth was, the elder partner was a singular man He always dressed neatly in black—was rather thin, with a stooping shoulder, retreating forehead, a quick way of talking, and a rapid step He was [illegible] hospitable and generous, more for the sake of being [illegible] protector and superior of the guest than anything else. [illegible] trait of his character

But I am writing about Charley, and have got no time to paint this Nelson. Enough to say that he took as vehement a dislike to Bell as he before had a liking. He ridiculed and opposed and thwarted him with an astonishing bitterness. Bell at first was staggered with astonishment—then cut to the very soul with such unkindness from the last man on earth from whom he expected it But it did him great good. It corrected his blind confidence in every man completely, and gave him a quiet watchfulness of men in all his dealings with them, which was of immense benefit to him It destroyed in an instant all his false and coloured ideas of things The faults of his character which Nelson pointed out and ridiculed, and made the ostensible cause of his alienation, were for ever corrected, just as a wart is burned off with lunar caustic. Nelson's extravagant depreciation of him, after such extravagant praise of him, gave him, in one word, an impulse to prove himself unworthy that depreciation, and more than worthy the former praise, which did more for him than if his senior partner had given him years of the most careful instruction and countenance. Besides, it threw him suddenly on himself—made an independent man of him for ever. Just what that chest exercise did for his lungs, that Dora affair did for his heart, this Nelson matter did for his will—it deepened and broadened and strengthened it to an unusual degree—it did very much towards making him a senator

My wife agrees with me that the little love affair of his with Marie M'Corcle had not much if any effect on our friend Falling a little in love with her when he was some twenty-six years old, for a remark she made in a speech when May Queen, he proposed in a note—was rejected in a note. Mounting his horse, he took a ride of some eleven days on business somewhere Or his return he was over with it, except of course the feeling of pique. The first day of his ride, he chanted, as he told me, the words of her rejection to an old tune, all day long, over and over and over. The next day it was to a faster tune. He trotted his horse rapidly back, making his hoofs keep time to the swiftest jig of his recollections as he rode into town with the words of her rejection still on his lips.

The rest of my task is a pleasant one. I like to think about Annie Rennaugh—I love even to write her name. She was a cousin of Dora's, and resided in the same town. I cannot say that she was pretty, but I can say that she was beautiful. Just in this way. She was of a small, modest, quiet appearance. You would hardly look at her twice if you saw her in a promiscuous company. Only become acquainted with her, however, and an irresistible charm is upon you. There is such a delicious ease in all she says and does—such a deep mirth and artless confidence in her that conquers without observation

She was a special friend of Charley's He confided to her from the very first all his affair with Dora. I saw him one evening at a party with her She was seated in a chair by the door, with a saucer of strawberries and cream in her lap He was seated by her side in the doorway—enjoying the summer air—conversing in a low, earnest tone with her. They were talking about Dora—Charley's *ideal* Dora—as earnestly as if they were talking love on their own account.

Well, the full moon of Dora's influence waxed into the full orb of its influence upon her lover, and then waned and waned. His friendship for Annie, however, increased slowly—slowly, but most surely When he was whirled away for those four weeks by Marie M'Corcle, he told her all about it, and had, as usual, all her sympathy Then he was off for college, and corresponded with her regularly I was with him in college Many a time has he torn it my advice, the long letter he had written her, because it was only too warm, even though it was directed in the most fraternal manner possible to "My dear Sister Annie," and signed, "Your affectionate brother, Charles."

You can see immediately how it all ended. A friendship begun a mere indifference had ripened through six years into deep, genuine, affection He never dreamed that he loved Annie until he found that she was essential to his existence. For the first time he knew what true love was. He found that it was *not* the flush of passion, such as warmed him under the hot beauty of Dora—that it was *not* the fever of the imagination which diseased him under the moonlight of Marie. He found that love was not a passion, but a feeling, not a fit, but a condition, not a hot flush of blood, but the quick, even, everlasting flow of the heart's tide, giving health and life to the whole man.

I am writing nothing but actual fact, and so I cannot say how he told Annie his love, and how she accepted him He has talked to me I do believe, in all, it amounts to several hundred hours—about Dora and Marie He has quoted to me at least a dozen times every word that ever passed between him and them, but he never told me anything about his love conversation with Annie. They are married. They seem perfectly happy in the quiet possession of each other, and of the blue-eyed baby boy that laughs in their arms.

This was the making of Charles Bell. A remark of mine has led to the development of his noble form, and the establishment of that full health so essential to successful labour. His love for Dora has expanded his heart, and warmed and flushed him all through and through with an affection and persuasion and love that shows itself in his every tone and smile and clasp of the hand and word. His affair with Marie has cultivated his imagination, perhaps. His painful experience with Mr. Nelson has corrected all false ideas of men—has given him caution, self-possession, self-reliance, and energy. He has learned to meet things as they come; to do his utmost, and then not only not murmur at whatever happens, but actually to acquiesce, to rejoice in every event Annie is an infinite blessing to him. He is full of impulse, and she, by a silent, irresistible influence, controls and directs it. He is full of noble aspiration, but inclined to be fickle—she is ever pouring oil on the fire of his soul, as with an unseen angel hand—is silent and unconcerned when he wanders from his better self, and thus draws him quietly but irresistibly back.

Of course there were many circumstances in politics and situation which conspired to elevate him to his present position. I have only alluded to the quiet under-current of his private life. I have written what I have written only because I felt pleasure in doing so I do not think either he or Annie will be offended at my freedom should they read this, especially as I have not mentioned his real name, or that of the borough for which he has been returned. I am heartily sick of all romance and romantic ideas and description of men and women, but I do look upon the "Hon. Charles Bell and his amiable lady," as the papers will call them, as two of the finest persons in all my knowledge. Both are most sincere Christians, and, singular as it may seem to some, I regard their companionship and mutual influence as one which is to last not only through this poor world, but through all eternity.

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS.

THE CHINESE AND THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.—The last days of the year are ordinarily with the Chinese days of anger and of mutual annoyance; for, having at this period made up their accounts, they are vehemently engaged in getting them in; and every Chinese being at once creditor and debtor, every Chinese is just now hunting down his debtors, and hunted by his creditors He who returns from his neighbour's house, which he has been throwing into utter confusion by his clamorous demands for what the neighbour owes him, finds his own house turned inside out by an uproarious creditor, and so the thing goes round. The whole town is a scene of vociferation, disputation, and fighting. On the last day of the year disorder attains its height, people rush in all directions with anything they can scratch together, to raise money upon at the broker's or pawnbroker's, the shops of which tradespeople are absolutely besieged throughout the day with proffers of clothes, bedding, furniture, cooking utensils, and moveables of every description. Those who have already cleared their houses in this way, and yet have not satisfied the demands upon them, post off to their relations and friends to borrow something or other, which they vow shall be returned immediately, but which immediately takes its way to the Tang-Pou, or pawnbroker's This species of anarchy continues till midnight; then calm resumes its sway No one, after the twelfth hour has struck, can claim a debt, or even make the slightest allusion to it. You now only hear the words of peace and good-will; everybody fraternises with everybody Those who were just before on the point of twisting their neighbour's neck now twine their friendly arms about it —*Hue's Christian Embassy, Tibet, and China*

THE CHARACTER AND GENIUS OF TALLEYRAND.—De Talleyrand has been calumniated by history on every side, by the men of the Restoration because he had deserted the aristocracy and the throne, by the men of the empire, because he had foreseen the fall, and repudiated the ruin of Napoleon, by all, because he had never thanked himself to any government as a slave to the palace, but had judged them while serving them, and quitted when, in serving them, these governments could no longer serve him. This judgment is correct It testifies in the character of M de Talleyrand, as a statesman, as much inferiority of devotion as superiority of mind We say as a statesman, for no one was more faithful or even more generous in his friendships His private and domestic intercourse was as much to be depended upon as his public intercourse was subject to inconstancy and the vicissitudes of power. But, through the oscillations of his public career, he had always two fixed points, round which his long life gravitated—the sentiment of his country to be saved, and the sentiment of the peace of the world to maintain, or to re-establish between the two which France and England, united by superior interests, have always jointly had the power to preserve. At the three great epochs of his life these fixed thoughts displayed themselves with great consistency in memorable transactions of his time In 1790, when he united with Mirabeau to transform the [illegible] and to level the church, without breaking with Great Britain, and without yielding the victory in the anarchical war with the Jacobins, at the congress of Vienna, when he alone restrained Europe from making France responsible for the defiance of Napoleon, and finally in 1830, when he negotiated at the conferences of London the compromise between Europe and France respecting Belgium, when he compelled, by his firmness and by his wisdom, the revolution to moderate itself, and Europe to resign itself to peace It may be asserted that, at the revolution of 1818, had he been alive at this still more extreme and convulsive crisis, M de Talleyrand would have evinced the same genius in avoiding war, sometimes glorious for France, but fatal to democracy The week which followed at Vienna the news of Bonaparte's invasion was made an age by him through his activity and its results Nature had not made an orator of Talleyrand, he had neither the fire of eloquence nor the powerful voice which propagate the statesman's opinions abroad, and which carry away, while they conquer, the the conviction and the passions, the reason and the minds of men persuaded or subdued by the force of language The power of his mind was in meditation, his influence in sagacity, and he gained the opinions of men, in conversation or in council, through their interest, and not through their enthusiasm A profound investigator and a skilful corrupter of the human heart, he won to his side the feelings or the selfishness of those who he did to convince His eloquence was not in his mouth, but in the souls of his auditors The secret instincts of each, well [illegible] turned and laid bare to his view, were the accomplices of his attack He did not persuade you to what you were not already convinced of, but his art was to display you to yourself, and to make you think that more was meant than met the ear. This was the reason that the slightest words, short reflections, and veiled reservations were sufficient for him; he took as under a corner of the curtain which concealed the depth of things, and directing the eyes of the people therein, he left them to reflect upon what they saw with apparent pleasure, silence and reflection did the rest in his favour. This description of eloquence, which supposes a precision of mind and a penetration of instinct almost equal to genius, was suited, above all, to an audience of kings and of ministers in a question wherein every ambition and every rivalship had an open ear and a wakeful pride. It was also suited to an assembly where all should be made to think, but where everything should not be spoken. The habit of associating with kings, with courts, and with aristocracies, in the midst of and on an equality with which M. de Talleyrand had passed his life, imparted to him at once the respect and the freedom which such high discussions imposed upon the negotiators of France. Occupied all the day in seeing separately the princes and ministers whose favourable opinion he wished to gain by considerations drawn from their peculiar interest, and present in the evening at their conferences, M. de Talleyrand made M de Besnadiere work all night at the notes, which he revised himself in the morning, and presented officially to the several cabinets As clever as Mirabeau in making others think for him while he was acting, and in grouping the powers of different minds, he imparted his ideas in a few words to his seconds, whom he required to carry them into effect. From these he received them elaborately, and stored them in his memory to make use of afterwards in the discussions. The persons before whom he spoke, M. de Metternich, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Wellington, M. de Nesselrode, Capo d'Istria, M de Hardenberg, the Emperor Alexander himself, were all equal to the appreciation of his vast intelligence All the consummate statesmen understood the language of affairs of state. The auditors were worthy of such questions, and they were further prepared by personal fascination to listen to the negociator M de Talleyrand knew how to please as well as to overawe, everything, even to his former life, was persuasive in him He had exhibited, it is true, great complusance, unpardonable in the eyes of some, towards the French revolution and the universal [illegible] of Napoleon, but was not so distinguished a deserter as most capable to enlighten the sovereigns and their courts on the dangers of the enemy's camp, of which nobody better knew the illusions, the power, and the weakness? And then was he not a revolutionist converted, and an accomplice thenceforth irreconcilable with Napoleon, betrayed or disavowed? Finally, was he not a member of the European aristocracy, bearing as a pledge of his sincerity the souvenirs and the pride of his name to that Areopagus of monarchies and aristocracies? His nature, his birth, his life, his manners—even his faults—but, above all, the superiority of [illegible], these, therefore, constituted M de Talleyrand the [illegible] in this supreme crisis of the [illegible] *the Monarchy in France.*—*By Alphonse de Lamartine*

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE EDUCATION OF FAMILIES.—No Publication has ever been welcomed with such tokens of approval from Heads of Families as the POPULAR EDUCATOR Every parent that sees it exclaims, "This is just the Work that has long been needed!" The education of the juvenile members of families will be facilitated, and adults who wish to revive what was acquired in youth, will find the pages of the POPULAR EDUCATOR deeply interesting and instructive. A circulation of nearly One Hundred Thousand has been attained. It has been found acceptable not only to the humbler classes, but to all ranks and conditions of persons who are desirous of attaining a sound education in French, Latin, German, Italian, Greek, and English Grammar, in Music, Mathematics in all its branches, Geography, Geology, Physiology, Botany, Chemistry, History, Ancient and Modern, Biography, Natural History, &c —To meet the urgent wishes of numerous Families and Individuals, it has been determined to publish an EXTRA EDITION upon superior Paper, at 1½d per Number, or in Monthly Parts, containing Four Numbers in a neat Wrapper, 7d., or when Five Numbers, 8½d This Extra Edition will be published without the weekly headings Persons wishing to have this Superior Paper Edition, must give their orders expressly for "*the Extra Edition of* THE POPULAR EDUCATOR," they will otherwise receive the common being published in Weekly Numbers, price One Penny each, or in Monthly Parts, price 5d, or when Five Numbers, 6d.

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MISCELLANEA.

CONVICTIONS.—Deep in the foundations of his character, like the immovable blocks whereon great edifices repose, each man has to lay down for himself certain thoughts, sooner or later, of passing consequence, got out of secret and manifold communings regarding the vast mystery of here and hereafter: and on these thoughts again, and the more happily and grandly as these thoughts are strong, there will still base and pile themselves, in some loose order or other, conclusions, sentiments, and diverse predilections, extracted painfully or otherwise out of the experience that is gone through of life and its ways, and then employed back again in the scrutiny and contemplation of all that the world presents.

MORE TRUE THAN AGREEABLE.—"I have turned many a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France. "Yes," replied Talleyrand, "*away* from you."

POETRY RUN MAD, AND PARODY PARODIED.—He wore a dandy waistcoat the night when first we met, with a famous pair of whiskers and imperial of jet. His hair had all the haughtiness, his voice the manly tone, of a gentleman worth forty thousand dollars, all his own. I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now with a very dandy waistcoat and a beaver on his brow. And once again I saw that brow—no beaver hat was there, but a shocking bad one wore he now, and matted was his hair. He wore a brick within his hat, the change was all complete, and he was flanked by constables, who marched him up the street. I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now, charged by those worthy officers, with kicking up a row.

A MAXIM FOR ALL.—Be slow in choosing a friend, and slower to change him; courteous to all—intimate with few: slight no man for his meanness, nor esteem any for his wealth and greatness.

CALAMITIES OF THE IMAGINATION.—"As if the natural calamities of life," says Addison, "were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest, and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail or a crooked pin shoots up into prodigies.

A YANKEE LAWYER CAUGHT TRIPPING.—"Pray may I ask," said an English bibliopole of distinction, at an agreeable party (in the United States), whether in America the law matrimonial entitles a man to marry the cousin of his widow?" "Oh, yes," answered a legal gentleman of eminence, "*that* is admissible, but there has been some doubt in our courts as to the propriety of a man's marrying the sister of his deceased *wife*." "Oh, ah," replied his querist, "in England it is somewhat different. *There* it has been, and is still held, that no man can marry the cousin of his widow, because, before he has a widow, he must die himself!" The "catch" was adroitly applied and, when exposed, created roars of [illegible]

GENIUS AND MEDIOCRITY.—Corneille did not speak correctly the language of which he was such a master. Descartes was silent in mixed society. Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute, said, "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village into a great city." Addison was unable to converse in company. Virgil was heavy colloquially. La Fontaine was coarse and stupid when surrounded by men. The Countess of Pembroke said of Chaucer that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation. Socrates, celebrated for his written orations, was so timid that he never ventured to speak in public. Dryden said that he was unfit for company. Hence it has been remarked, "Mediocrity can *talk*, it is for genius to *observe*."

THE SCHOOLMASTER CAUGHT.—A Schoolboy going into the village without leave, his master called after him—"Where are you going, sir?" "I am going to buy a ha'porth of nails." "What do you want a ha'porth of nails for?" "For a half-penny," replied the urchin.

DERIVATION OF HONEYMOON.—It was the custom of a higher order of Tuetones, a people who inhabited the northern part of Europe, to drink mead, or metheglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding. From this custom comes the expression, "to spend the honeymoon."

PARENTAL DESIGNATION.—Somebody referring to the term "Father," being disused, and "Governor" substituted, recommends that the term "Governor" should also be discontinued, and "Relieving Officer" adopted, that being most descriptive of the duties of a male parent to a *hopeful* progeny

WHY FLIES CAN WALK ON THE CEILING.—"The phenomena," says Dr. Lardner, "which are vulgarly called suction, are merely the effects of atmospheric pressure. If a piece of moist leather be placed in close contact with a heavy body having a smooth surface, such as a stone or a piece of metal, it will adhere to it, and if a cord be attached to the leather, the stone or metal may be raised by it. This effect arises from the exclusion of the air between the leather and the stone. The weight of the atmosphere presses their surfaces together with a force amounting to 15 lbs. on a square inch of the surface of contact. The power of flies, and other insects, to walk on ceilings, smooth pieces of wood, and other similar surfaces, in doing which the gravity of their bodies appears to have no effect, is explained upon the same principle. Their feet are provided with an apparatus similar exactly to a leather sucker applied to a stone."

WAR

Man's evil nature, that apology
Which kings who rule, and cowards who crouch, set up
For their unnumbered crimes, sheds not the blood
Which desolates the discord—wasted land.
From kings, and priests, and statesmen, war arose,
Whose safety is man's deep unbettered woe,
Whose grandeur is debasement. Let the axe
Strike at the root, the poison-tree will fall;
And where its venomed exaltations spread
Ruin, and death, and woe, where millions lay
Quenching the serpent's famine, and their bones
Bleaching unburied in the putrid blast,
A garden shall arise, in loveliness
Surpassing fabled Eden. SHELLEY

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. PARKER.—We cannot "explain the [illegible] through which the tobacco-plant has to [illegible] fore it is fit for use." If report speak truly, some of those "proc[illegible] ably delicate! In answer to your other query, "Are tobacco smoking and chewing, and snuff-taking, *very injurious to health*!" we answer, on the authority of scores of eminent medical practitioners, VERY!

A STUDENT.—The word "concrete" is taken from a Latin compound, which, translated literally, means "grown together." There are natural and factitious concretes. Antimony is a *natural* concrete, formed in the bowels of the earth; soap is a *factitious* concrete, prepared by art. In *chemistry*, concretion means the consolidation of any fluid substance into a [illegible] *ory* it means the growing toget[illegible] ought to be separate; in *mechanic*, [illegible] ions are substances formed in the animal body either by the condensation of substances into a harder state than is natural, or by the growing together of different substances into one body.

EXPERIMENTER.—We confess that we were deceived as to the character of the "Receipt-book" mentioned in page 64. Upon closer [illegible] nation, we find that many of the receipts are reprints and forms of preparations now obsolete. That for engraving on glass is especially defective, and could not be followed without danger.

BETTY.—The "pest" of which you complain, namely, "*blackheadles*"—we presume you mean blackbeetles or cockro[illegible] nated by sprinkling un[illegible] places they frequent, or by placing a dish or pa[illegible] near those places with a little treacle or syrup, as a bait, with a few pieces of flat stick or lath leaning against its sides, so as to form a sort of gangway for the beetles to climb up by, they will be sure to visit the pan, and will be unable to

The "beetle-wafers," sold at the shop[illegible] le of equal quantities of flour, sugar, and red-lead. A little of this paste placed near their haunts every night, will very [illegible] numbers. The paste should be renewed in th[illegible] ning.

EIGHTEEN.—You wish to [illegible] w how you may become "a good penman [illegible] by the best specimens you can get, and copy them again and again, till you acquire correctness of form and freedom in handling your pen. At the same time allow us to urge the importance of improving your spelling—"*owbridge*" and "*persue*" would spoil the best penmanship in the world.

E. M.—You had better address your inquiries to M. Julien himself; we do not see how [illegible] can give you correct [illegible]

. K.—You cannot [illegible] surely be serious in asking "how to bring a gooseberry-bush *to life* that has been *killed* with lightning!"

A. R. W.—You wish us to suggest to you "some way of employing your leisure which may be profitable to your purse." How can we possibly do this in total ignorance, as we are, of your turn of mind, your qualifications, &c. &c.? We might suggest "a thousand and one plans," none of which might be suited to your talents or opportunities.

"HAPPY JACK."—We must decline publishing the memoir of which you speak, especially as you state that "the subject has been exhausted by far more able hands," and that your article contains "many badly-written passages." We do not think, with you, that a paper bearing that character would be "good enough to appear in the Working Man's Friend;" nor that we should publish it merely for the sake of "exposing demerits."

AN ARTIST.—The marble statue of Sir Isaac Newton, to which you refer, is, we presume, that by Roubiliac, in the chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge. It is a beautiful specimen of the master's sculpture, and is greatly admired by [illegible] view it. There is no at the [illegible] of New[illegible] you suppose, under the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, the four colossal statues placed there are Dr. Samuel Johnson, Sir William Jones, Howard the philanthropist, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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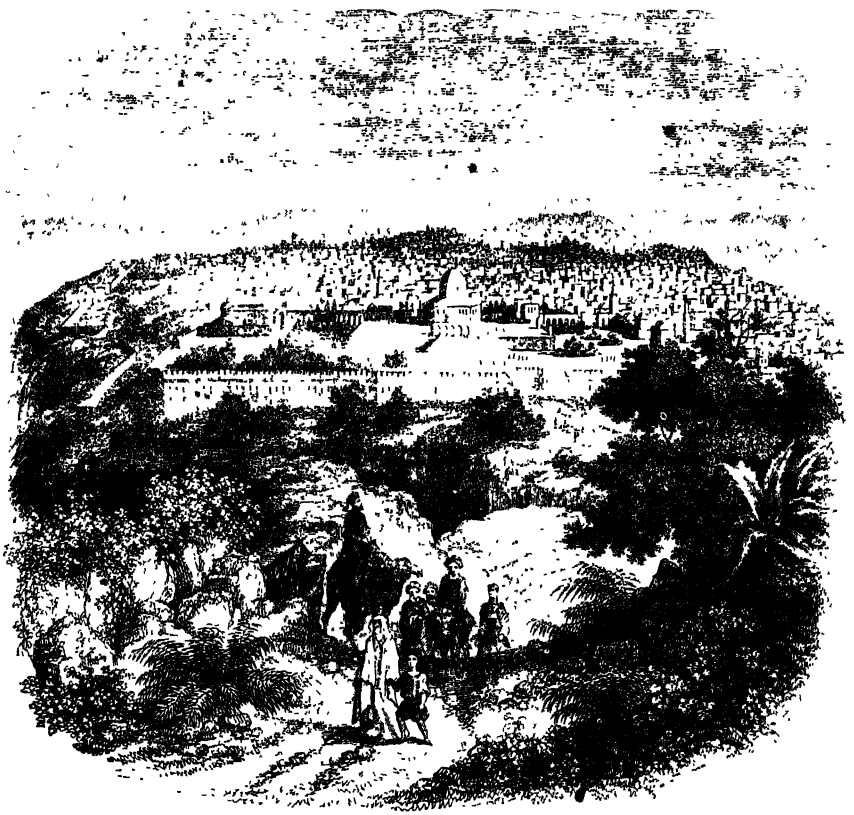
THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. II., No. 31] SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE HOLY LAND.



"THE Holy City" is, in many respects, unlike every other in the world, there is no period of its history which is not full of interest; there is not a locality in it, or about it, which has not some connexion with events of moment, with its glory and renown in other days, or the sad story of its degradation and ruin.

The houses in Jerusalem are usually built of stone and th outer walls are laid with care, and, in some cases, with muc attention to architectural beauty and design. The window which look out upon the streets, are mostly plain, not large and almost exclusively confined to the upper stories; onl in few instances is the lattice-work seen, which adds so muc

ornament to the windows and houses in Cairo, and which is, as certainly necessary to the strict seclusion of the Turkish harim. The first floor, or story, as is almost universal in the East, is occupied for various purposes, but more as a receptacle of mud various articles than as a place of abode. The family of the occupants always seek the upper floors, which, except in the hottest part of the season, are more pleasant, and furnished with everything which can minister to the enjoyment of an oriental's life. It is a safe rule, too, not to judge of what a house is, or what it contains, by the appearance of the first or ground floor. The entrance is through a large, sometimes rather small door, of strong material, and kept carefully closed, in Jerusalem, every door appears to have an iron ring on it, which serves the purpose of a knocker. One peculiarity in the rooms is well worth recording: there appears not to be a house in the city but which has several of its upper apartments with dome-shaped ceilings, which are ornamented oftentimes with tasteful mouldings and other pretty devices, to set them off to advantage. These project above, generally in the midst of the flat roof or terrace, and form one of the very singular and really picturesque features about the Holy City. The terrace is, of course, open to the sky, and at certain seasons of the day, particularly in the cool of the twilight and evening, or in the morning hours, before the sun has arisen in his strength, it is not only the pleasantest spot in the whole house, but is resorted to by all ages and classes. The houses are in general better built, and the streets cleaner than those of Alexandria, Smyrna, or even Constantinople.

The Holy City is inhabited by a mixed population, consisting of Christians, Jews and Mohammedans. Of their numbers it is by no means easy to obtain any accurate estimate. Many speculations have been indulged on the subject, but the truth is, no one knows much about the matter, and at best, we can only approximate to the actual result. The streets are never thronged, except during the season when the pilgrims visit Jerusalem, and not even then does the city become very much crowded, the bazaars have something of a bustling air, but in them also we do not find the crowds of people which make it so difficult to thread the way in a city like Cairo, and it is undoubtedly and strikingly true, that, in general, the streets of the Holy City are solitary, and that a visitor may often walk a long distance without meeting or seeing a single individual. Hence, the probability is, that the population of Jerusalem cannot be, by any means, as large as the city is capable of containing, and, perhaps, we shall not be far out of the way in supposing that there are five thousand Christians, four thousand Jews, and seven thousand Mohammedans, [illegible] fifteen thousand. Dr. [illegible] from a calculation made from the taxable males of the city, gives the population as follows: Mohammedans, four thousand five hundred, Jews, three thousand, Christians, three thousand five hundred, that is, allowing for possible omissions, inmates of the convents, &c., a total of not more than eleven thousand five hundred. In a matter of this kind, where so much is mere conjecture, it becomes no one to be very positive, but, with deference, the learned Doctor appears to have given a number as much too low as others have in an opposite direction.

The character and condition of the people depend considerably upon the fact whether they are Jews, Mohammedans, or Christians. The Jews occupy the vicinity of Mount Zion, or the southern part of the city, and are, to a very great extent, a degraded race, depending on charity for support, despised and hated by both Mohammedans and Christians. They live in the very narrowest lanes, and most filthy and disagreeable quarter of the Holy City, and they endure scorn and contempt with a hardihood which no other nation or people ever manifested. Most of them are very poor, and nearly all are supported by contributions from abroad, a fact which has an important bearing upon the question of their becoming Christians, for the mission to the Jews has not only got to convince them of their guilt and perversity in rejecting the Messiah, but, on their professing Christianity, is obliged to undertake their temporal support also, as a necessary consequence. Few persons ever do more than walk or ride through the Jews' quarter, both because it is [illegible] through narrow and dirty streets, and because it rarely is possible to penetrate the cold reserve [illegible] Jews, only, will be observed to familiarize discourse as a friend or a Christian to appreciate a Jew, or a Jew really to understand a Christian. In general, he has an instinctive dislike to a believer in Christ Jesus, and, to our shame, be it confessed, the dislike and hatred are but too often mutual. In the Jews' quarter, however, the visitor is now accosted by some aged, hoary mendicant, asking alms of one whom, in his soul, he scorns and hates; now urged to buy some trinkets of gold or silver, now meeting a Jewish maiden or two, who casting a glance of mingled dislike and contempt upon the stranger, turn and hasten away, now surveying with astonishment the wretched exteriors of their dwellings, the many offensive things which have been placed in the midst to annoy and insult them, as the shambles and the mosque in the very heart of their quarter, and the profound indolence, misery, degradation, and destitution all around, and now, I am, wondering at the sturdy demeanour, the unconquerable powers of endurance of the Jew, and his steady adherence to those dogmas which he has inherited from his fathers, and which he is ready to die to maintain.

The Jews' place of wailing is not the least interesting spot in Jerusalem, and, to a Christian traveller, is very suggestive of lessons of warning and instruction. It is a place comprising about a hundred feet of the west wall of the Haram, not far from its southern boundary, and one which, considered in great measure from observation, is a part of the deep valley between Mount Zion and Mount Moriah, much very touching to the feelings of the despised and downtrodden covenant of Israel who here weekly assemble to wail and mourn over the desolation and downfall of Judah. The massive stones of the remains of the wall point back to a period of great antiquity, and, unless we refer the erection of so grand a work to the time of Solomon, it is difficult to tell when or by whom it could have been accomplished, for there has never been since his days, an era of wealth and prosperity sufficient to enable the Jews to devote time and labour to such undertakings as these. "The few Israelites," says a traveller, "whom I chanced to see here on this occasion did not appear to be much affected with grief or depression, they were quite willing to act as guides, and always ready to beg, even though they knew that I was a Christian. After measuring some of the stones, and satisfying myself of the very great size of many of them, I went a short distance further, and at the south west angle of the temple area beheld the evident remains of an ancient arch, forming part of a huge bridge. Dr. Robinson identifies this with the bridge mentioned incidentally by Josephus, as leading from this part of the temple across the valley of the Tyropoeon to the Xystus on Mount Zion, and, in his opinion, 'it proves incontestably the antiquity of that portion of the wall from which it springs.' Though century after century has rolled away since this massive masonry was here erected by that great monarch, who built the glorious and splendid temple of Jehovah, and though ruin and desolation have visited the Holy City, and laid it low in the dust, its temple destroyed, and its people scattered over the face of the wide world, yet these foundations still endure, and are immovable as at the beginning. Nor is there aught in the present physical condition of these remains to prevent the from continuing as long as the world shall last. It was the temple of the living God, and, like the everlasting hills on which it stood, its foundations were laid 'for all time.'"

Leaving this interesting locality, passing up the easterly part of Zion, through a number of crooked lanes, and proceeding for some distance in a south-westerly direction, the traveller comes to a manufactory of pottery-ware, made from clay found in the adjacent valley of Hinnom. It is but a little way from the Zion gate. Just south of the pottery, and hard by the city-gate, are the Lepers' Huts, a set of miserable low clay hovels, the habitations of those unfortunate [illegible] are now found only at Jerusalem and Nablous. Dr. Schultz had them, and ascertained their numbers to be twenty-seven, men, women, and children—Mohammedan. They are allowed to intermarry, and thus propagate this loathsome malady, which is hereditary. They receive a miserable pittance for their maintenance from the government, which they are fain to eke out by begging. And a most pitiable and disgusting sight it is to see the poor wretches laid at the entrance of the gates of the city, asking alms of the passengers

with their dotched hands or stamps, in various stages of decay, under the influence of this devouring disease.

The Turkish or Mohammedan population of Jerusalem occupy the north-eastern portion of the city, which is, on the whole, the most airy and pleasant. By their position as rulers, and many endowments, as well as by natural temperament, they are harshly insolent, and tyrannical. The higher officers vary their life of indolence by listening to the wretched bickerings and complaints of one Christian sect or community against another, by receiving bribes from both sides, to favour their respective projects, and by treating with scorn and contempt the quarrels of one, jealous, and vindictive Greek and Latin, whose mutual hatred knows no bounds. The underlings pursue the same course on a more limited scale; the soldiery do not trouble themselves in the discharge of their duties as guards, as to how the dreadful scenes enacted in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, of which they are spectators, they are not likely to derive much edification, or even reason for abandoning Mohammedism, and adopting this caricature of Christianity, and as for the Turk, in general, and others of that race, who believe in the Arabian prophet, they do not scruple to cry in their heads before their sandboys, as in the Holy City they bestow "mercy" on, or to use their blows, and call Christians and Jewish dogs when they dare, and to feel for them the most supreme contempt for all but their creed, and they would, had they the power, not hesitate to crush them underfoot. Probably they are the more bitter and unlike from the conviction, which is well-nigh universal in the East, that the power of Mohammedanism is failing, and that its downfall is not far distant.

The sad condition of the so-called Christians in Jerusalem is on the whole, calculated to excite commiseration. The principal occupation is the making of crosses, beads, crucifixes, and similar articles, which they find a ready sale at the annual influx of pilgrims, but, in general, the majority of them are very poor, ignorant, and superstitious. The Holy City has no trade or commerce, and nothing to excite the emulation of its people to improve their temporal positions, and for the most part they appear listless, indolent, and thoughtless, living on from year to year in discontented poverty. There are, however, exceptions to this remark for there is considerable wealth hoarded up in Jerusalem, and in private, and, unseen by the jealous Turks, some revel in the enjoyment of comforts and even luxuries far beyond what they might be supposed to possess, judging of them from their personal appearance, or the exterior of their habitations.

"Imagine yourself," says a recent traveller, "on a bright sunny spring morning, to be with me ready for a walk about Zion, and a visit to some of its touching localities. We are not far from the Damascus Gate, but we will not pass through it at this time. Let us rather proceed by the narrow street or lane leading towards the Jaffa Gate. In a few minutes we come to the *Via Dolorosa*, and turning off towards the East, we traverse this steep and rugged way, filled with thoughts of Him whose sufferings and death were for our sins, and who, for our sakes, endured the cross, despising the shame. We soon reach, after a turning or two, the gate in the Eastern wall, commonly, but I believe wrongly, called 'St Stephen's Gate,' passing first under an archway where, according to tradition, Pontius Pilate showed to the people our Saviour wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe, and exclaimed, 'Behold the man!' Hence the name, the 'Arch of Ecce Homo.' This gate, called by the natives, both Christian and Mohammedan, *Bab Sitty Maryam*, or 'St Mary's Gate,' is ornamented by four lions, sculptured in relief, over the gateway, probably the work of the Christians. As you will observe, decoration of this kind is peculiar in an oriental city, and hardly accords with the character and appearance of the Turkish guards who are lounging about, and who look at us with no friendly eyes.

"Let us pause for a moment and look around, for here we are gazing upon holy ground. Directly before us is the steep and stony descent into the valley of Jehoshaphat, a little way further, the brook Kedron, then Gethsemane, and then the sides and steeps of the Mount of Olives, crowned by the ruined Church of the Ascension. Towards the north and east, the valley bears [illegible] the hill-sides, very [illegible] people of the [illegible] and at some distance [illegible] Jehoshaphat. Above [illegible] upon the mind of [illegible] does he feel to talk [illegible] out but one name!

"Let us go on, [illegible] many places [illegible] and there [illegible] brook, and to the [illegible] to [illegible] ground, for here, within a few [illegible] garden of Gethsemane! On the [illegible] word excite more [illegible] hallowed [illegible] disciples" tread [illegible] gave to the [illegible] varied and [illegible] olive-trees [illegible] selves, the [illegible] and with emotion [illegible] of the Gospels, and [illegible] evangelists read [illegible] pain and [illegible] bowed head, and [illegible] agony of whom we [illegible] call to mind, with [illegible] and acquainted with grief,' of him who so pathetically uttered the fearful words, 'My soul is [illegible] even unto death.'

> 'Dear, sacred haunts of glory and of woe,
> Hollow'd, on hours, to that Heart's anguish holy!
> One heart-sad thought breathes through the air and flow
> Th' unearthly thoughtless hour of earth's dark law
> And fast at evening moan from the [illegible]
> Thy foot-tops moss'd o'er graves [illegible]
> Were blest to me as soul-sound [illegible]
> Is every scene of hers for [illegible]
>
> There is a spot within these [illegible]
> That for The Sacrificed [illegible]
> One angel knows! O might prayer
> To win that knowledge! sure each [illegible]
> Less quickly from the [illegible]
> Other'd where Christ in agony was laid.'

"Let us continue our walk by the side of the Mount of Olives, the ascent is not steep, except here and there, as we go on you will see how many [illegible] which Jerusalem, even now, is [illegible] and sublimity. The number of trees is not large, much less so, doubtless, than in early days, when this lofty hill received its name from the abundance of olive-trees which flourished on its steeps and slopes. Here and there, in some retired spot or enclosure, a little way from the path, are parties of women and children, who have come out of the dust, hot city, to rest under the trees and on the greensward and to enjoy the delight of chatting one with another in unrestrained freedom. But see! there is a little girl who is throwing stones at us, and why, do you suppose? let us ask the reason, it seems there be, 'What do you mean by throwing stones at us?' the answer comes quickly but pertly, 'What do you want to be looking at us as you do?—and if you don't go away and don't look where we are, we will throw more stones at you, ye Christian dogs!' Such is the spirit breathed into the young by their [illegible] trained Mohammedans. Terms of execration [illegible] and returns their abuse in kind and no small amount, but we can well afford to pass by the [illegible] our upward walk. We meet but very few persons, and were we to judge by these evidences of life and gaiety round about the Holy City, we should see and feel, most deeply, how true it is, that she is trodden down and desolate. Instead of the busy hundreds and thousands moving to and



A SYNAGOGUE AT JERUSALEM.

fro, engaged in their daily occupations, we see only single individuals, or occasional small parties, instead of the distant hum and noise of a populous city, not a sound is heard and stillness like that of the grave broods over everything,—

'No martial myriads muster in thy gate
No supplant nation ... thy temple wait
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song,
But lawless force, and meagre want are there,
And the quick darting eye of restless fear,
While cold oblivion 'mid the ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.'

And when we stand still for a few moments, and look around us, how dreary seems the scene, and how true and exact the words of prophetic denunciations against the wickedness and rebellion of the people!"

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

THE name of Martin Farquhar Tupper has become popularly known not only in this country, but in America and on the continent, as that of an author of great original genius, of highly cultivated intellect, extensive scholarship, and very superior poetic powers. He is the eldest son of a late eminent surgeon, Martin Tupper, Esq., F.R.S., who, after a prosperous and successful practice of five-and-thirty years, died suddenly in his sleep, of *angina pectoris*, on the 8th of December, 1844, at Southhill-park, the residence of the Earl of Limerick, only a few hours after that nobleman had himself expired in his arms. The subject of the present sketch was born in London in 1810. The family from which he is descended, an ancient and honourable one, came originally from Germany. In consequence of the persecution of the protestants by Charles V., they left Hesse Cassel in 1551, and settled in Guernsey. They have always held the rank of gentlemen, and the circumstances of the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" are affluent. With him literature is not a profession, but a recreation, and he has done high honour to it, and, when we consider the popular tendencies of his poems, we may congratulate both him and ourselves on his choice.

He received the first part of his education at the Charterhouse, and afterwards went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degrees of B.A. and M.A. He subsequently entered at Lincoln's Inn, and in due time was called to the bar, but never practised as a barrister. At the age of twenty-six, he married, and has a fine young family of sons and daughters.

Mr. Tupper's first publication was a little work issued in 1832, entitled "Sacra Poesis." The first series of "Proverbial Philosophy: a Book of Thoughts and Argument Originally treated," was published in December, 1837, and the second series in 1842. This work at once excited attention, and called forth the most opposite criticisms. It was hailed as the production of one inspired like a true sage, wrote and

[illegible] true poet. The pages of "Proverbial Philosophy" breathe throughout the finest spirit of genuine poetry. In a review which appeared about that time, the volume was described as "a work abounding in rich thoughts and delicate fancies—in social philosophy and high moral resolutions, and which may be read over and over again by the young philosopher, or poetical dreamer, with equal profit and delight. And as if writing prophetically of the proud and enviable position to which Mr. Tupper was yet to attain in literature, the reviewer triumphantly asked, "Have we now not done enough to show that a poet of power and promise, a poet and philosopher both, is amongst us to delight and instruct, to elevate and guide. Do we err in saying that a fresh leaf is added to the laurel crown of poetry?" The praises of the other reviewers were no less enthusiastic, and no less just. "There is more novelty in the sentiments," said another critic, "a greater sweep of subjects, and a finer sense of moral beauty displayed by Mr. Tupper, than we remember to have seen in any work of its class, excepting, of course, the divine Proverbs of Solomon. We also discover in his 'Philosophy' the stores of extensive reading, and the undisputable proofs of habitual and devout reflection, as well as the workings of an elegant mind." The work met with unprecedented success, and six large editions of it have been sold. The author was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society soon after the appearance of his great work. He had already shown himself to be, in Shakspeare's phrase, "a fellow of infinite wit," and, we may add, of wisdom too. The king of Prussia, in token of his majesty's high approbation of "Proverbial Philosophy," sent him the gold medal for science and literature, and the work became very popular in the United States. In New York alone ten thousand copies were sold in a single year, and the work is known to be published in several other American cities. Its reputation is also great in the British colonies.

Mr. Tupper's next work was "Geraldine, a Sequel to Coleridge's 'Christabel,' with other Poems," published in 1838. The ideal plan of the "Christabel" has been well brought out by Mr. Tupper in his sequel, and it is no small praise to him to say that the wild and original spirit that pervades it is every way akin to the sublime and beautiful inspiration of the great but unfinished poem of Coleridge itself. The minor poems contained in the volume are singularly pleasing and graceful, and abound in touches of real beauty and personal feeling. Besides "Ellen Grey," the pieces entitled "The Spinning Life," "Children," "A Cabinet of Fossils," "The African Desert," and some of the sonnets, are about all are good.

In 1839 he published "A Modern Pentateuch, to Commemorate Septuagint of Worthies," designed to furnish illustrations and descriptions of characters of seventy of the most remarkable personages of sacred and profane history, ancient and modern. Among them are some of the patriarchs, some of the ancient sages of the east, some of the most noted men of Greece and Rome, chiefly philosophers and authors, some of the apostles, and some of the most remarkable personages of the middle ages and downwards, in the stream of time, to the present century. From the nature of the work, and its limits not admitting of more than seventy names, there are, of course, many omissions, but each of "the Worthies" introduced is the subject of a sonnet, and brief biographical sketch. The work exhibits all the peculiar qualities of Mr. Tupper's genius and style, high poetic feeling, fine taste, great fertility of imagination, and boldness of opinion, and speculation, with profound practical thought, extensive and varied learning, a general knowledge of mankind and history, and great command of language.

In 1840 Mr. Tupper produced a pleasant volume of odds and ends called "An Author's Mind." Among the contents are pieces entitled, "The Author's Mind: a Ramble," "Nero: a Tragedy," "Opium: a History," "Psychotherion: an Argument," "Heathenism: an Apology," "Woman: a Subject," "Tolomastrix: a Title," "Appendix: an After-thought," "Home: an Epic," &c. Some poems of remarkable beauty are also introduced, with great effect, among the other pieces which compose this agreeable collection of "gaieties and gravities."

Mr. Tupper's next work, a rural novel, entitled "The Crock of Gold," designed to illustrate the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," as well as to show the cruel and maddening effect of avarice, was published in 1844. It is a simple tale, very beautifully told, and full of an extraordinary

[illegible] books, indeed which by its wit and pathos, its deep insight into human passions, and its powerful delineations of virtue and crime, enchain the attention of the reader till he has finished its perusal, and leave behind a strong but salutary impression on the mind. The plot purports to be the history of a poor labourer and his family, who, from a life of peaceful and unpretending drudgery, became discontented and repining, and were gradually involved in sore trials and serious troubles. The principal characters of the story are honest Roger Acton, the luckless maker of "the crock of gold," his pure and simple-hearted daughter, Grace, her lover, Jonathan, Simon Jennings, the murderer, his aunt, Bridget Quarles, and Ben Burke, the poacher. The murder of Bridget by Jennings is very powerfully [illegible] and the chapter headed "Next Morning," is perhaps [illegible] the most successful one of the finest pieces of writing we have ever read.

The same year (1844) Mr. Tupper published two works of fiction, in one volume each; namely, "Heart: a Social Novel," and "The Twins: a Domestic Novel." The main design of these works appears to have been upon something better than a mere sketchy foundation in each, to introduce some exciting scenes, and some episodal bursts of hearty religious writing; and they move more or less illustrate the seventh and tenth commandments. The twofold object of the author in the two stories—that is, the depicturing of virtue and vice in their appropriate colours, and that as strongly as possible, and the pointing the moral, of each obtaining in due course its appropriate reward—is powerfully worked out in both, and, as one of the most discriminating and competent critics said, "in every page there is something which a reader would wish to bear in his memory for ever." For power of animated description, for eloquent reflection upon the events of everyday life, and for soft, touching, pathetic appeals to the best feelings of the heart, the volumes are worthy a place on every [illegible] table in the kingdom." The same [illegible] says, very justly, of Mr. Tupper's style: "There is a genuine beauty, straightforward downrightness about him that brings him right on the mark at once. He [illegible] but they are animated by [illegible], that impresses their meaning on the mind and memory. He forms, as it were, a sort of halfway-style between Dickens and Carlyle. Without the regularly successful power of Boz, he has much of his pathos and *picturesqueness* in description; and,

without his eccentricity, he possesses no slight portion of the full-toned energy and characteristic raciness of the author of 'Sartor Resartus.'" Of such works as these three novels of Mr Tupper, we hope yet to see many more specimens from his graphic pen

His next work, published in 1845, is entitled "A Thousand Lines," a little tract of but sixty pages, containing poems on various subjects, written in his most captivating manner. Thought vigorous and fruitful, imagery vivid and beautiful, feeling warm and unaffected, clothed in language strong, hearty, and emphatic, or soft, pathetic, and musical as the theme or the rhythm required, with an originality that cannot fail to be acknowledged in them all, are the characteristics of the verses of this little book. A new version of "Rule Britannia," a stirring song for patriots of the present day, has in it a genuine Advent English spirit and tone, that make the very heart bound when pe[illegible] Ship" is, indeed, an exquisite little lyric, full of delicate pathos, and instinct with good music; and a sound manly spirit of philosophy breathes in the lines and closes of "Never Give Up!"

In appearance, Mr. Tupper is, we believe about the middle-age, young looking and well-favoured, with black hair, cheerful aspect, and cordial manner Both in his deportment and in his writings, he has all the elements of popularity Of the former, however, the writer of this sketch cannot speak from personal knowledge, as he is altogether unacquainted with him With the latter he is quite familiar Mr Tupper's usual residence is at Albury, Surrey

THE SICK CHILD.

"I wish I could play, too," said my poor sick boy, in a plaintive tone, as he sat on my knee, having intently for space of nearly half an hour watched from the window of our inn a group of healthful children indulging in boisterous play. It was at a watering-place, and near the close of an early day in the month of April. We had come to the spot in hope of the possible recovery of a child of six years of age, who had been pining away all the winter. With the first gleam of spring sunshine the idea of a visit hither was indulged, and though the fear of the chilling north-east winds, which never fail in the parts where we dwell to precede the warm showers of late April or early May, strongly dissuaded any change of locality, yet a mother's love and anxiety, combined with the necessity which was felt of attempting something for the child's restoration, prevailed over other considerations, and led us to try the effect of a mild sea-air. It is true that the same expedients had been fruitless in the case of two brothers born immediately in succession before the present invalid. But then Theophilus had reached a greater age than they, and might find that benefical which had proved of no service to them. And so the trial was made.

Three children, one after the other, wasting away, is a bitter passage in one's domestic history If nothing on earth is so delightful to look on as a healthful, happy child, full of life and glee, equally dark, and, to the parents' heart, afflicting, is the sight of one whose days and nights are divided between suffering and unnatural slumber, whose cheeks daily lose their hue, whose eye contracts a glassy lustre, and whose whole form becomes emaciated, till weeks and months of pain and decay at length bring dissolution. Such with these boys in succession was our sad experience. The description is given in general terms, but they contain a volume of minute particulars, the details of which would be harrowing to every feeling bosom The history of one day in one week would suffice to show that there are experiences and sufferings in domestic life of a far intenser kind than most which pass on the public stage and are recorded in the pages of history, and which imply and require the exercise of some of the loftiest virtues Did the sanctity of home and of the sick chamber permit the revelation, it would be easy to exemplify, by actual instances, the depth and power of endurance, the patience, and fruitfulness in expedients, which characterise and ennoble a mother's love while waiting and serving near the couch of a sick child. Indeed, to all who own and feel the relationship of consanguinity with the little sufferer, many bitter pains make themselves felt What is so distressingly thrilling as the cry, the wail, and the moan of a child in agony? Unable to give articulate expression to his grief impotent to form the slightest conjecture of its cause untrained to behold the hand of mercy in the pressure of his sorrows, rendered imdocile and irritable by lengthened pain and by the same perverse monitor taught to regard the fondest cares and most judicious attentions as unnecessary if not unkind interferences with his will and his comforts, the child suffers almost without mitigation all the sad ills which darken and trouble the way by which mortal man goes to his last resting-place.

In the midst of these ills was my poor boy when he uttered the words with which I commenced these remarks. All the previous winter had he been more or less under restriction He could not, as others of his age, take an airing on a fine day The nursery and the bedroom were for the most part the only [illegible]ces he could be permitted to visit. Or, if he descended to join the rest of the family at the dinner-table, or around the piano, some privation was sure to fall to his lot. The simple luxuries which his brothers and sisters enjoyed were necessarily denied to him. In their sports he could hardly even join, and when he was so favoured, it was but a painful and limited enjoyment; nor seldom would even this little be attended by penalties which brought days of indisposition for an hour's hilarity.

As a natural consequence of his sufferings and privations his face lost its ease and playfulness, and contracted instead a constrained and very painful expression. Even the smile which rarely played over his features had something forced and unnatural in it, child though he was, and the not unfrequent knitting of the brows when under a paroxysm, smote the beholder's heart with grief. As is not unusual in the case of young sufferers, his intellect gave intimations of premature strength; all its faculties seemed sharpened, his observation was keen and ceaseless, nothing escaped his eye, his inferences were extraordinarily acute and correct, and even his judgment was in general sound. If we may venture to pronounce an opinion on such a point, we should feel justified in affirming that the education of a whole life was in his case compressed within a very few years.

And this remark may serve to assign some cause why the young are thus permitted to suffer, and why they are removed from this state so long before the purposes have been attained for which life was given. In fact, the discipline they pass through in their pains, often produces a development of mind superior to that which others reach in a long course of years, so that, though they are taken away early, yet is it not prematurely, for in some sense the fruit is ripe, and they are not unprepared for that higher and holier education to which eternity will introduce them. Nor is it merely the intellect that is expanded and strengthened. The moral feelings, also, are disciplined called forth, and refined It is true that, when under the immediate infliction of pain, my Theophilus was liable to be impatient and perverse, but in the general tenour of his feelings there was a more than ordinary self-command Privations he could and did impose on himself without repining Uncomplainingly would he sit for hours together and watch the children play. Nay, much of his pleasure seemed to consist in calmly contemplating their rude mirth. And then with what gratitude did he commonly receive the marks of affection, the little presents—the toy, or a few flowers, which his brothers and sisters were wont to offer for his acceptance!

His sister Jane heard those words, "I wish I could play too!" The moment they were uttered, she was at his side Giving him a kiss, she hurried away, and in a very short space was back again, bringing with her sea-shells of various sizes and shapes, the colours and forms of which she had brought out by friction, and which presented many elegant hues and delicate hues. The beautiful is soothing. Theophilus took up and carefully surveyed every shell, and he and Jane talked over their qualities with taste and discrimination. Suddenly he fell back on his couch wearied with the exertion. Jane hastened to the table and procured a beverage, of which she gave him to drink. "Lie still," she said, 'I will tell you the sad wreck which took place last night. You know how strong the wind blew; I was afraid that there would be a loss of life. Well, Mr. Green and his son William went out shrimping before the storm came on. This morning their boat has been cast ashore empty, and they are both drowned

"Then," answered Theophilus, "what will little Annie do? Poor child! she has now no father, and her brother too is gone. Oh, how happily they used to play together! Jane, take that half crown which uncle Robert gave me, and carry it to Annie; it will help her to buy mourning. But, oh dear, your story has made me feel very ill. Call mamma."

Mrs. Williams came; she found her child in a state of great agitation.

What should I do," exclaimed he, "if I were to lose papa?" Then he burst into tears, and mourned almost as bitterly as if the imaginary loss was real.

My wife did, as usual, all she could to sooth him, but Jane's indiscretion in reporting Mr Green's death, produced in him an irritability which lasted for several days. Jane, deeply distressed at this result, doubled her exertions to compose his feelings and promote his bodily comfort. Gratifying was it to witness the self-denial of that little girl. Who, seeing it, could doubt that the shafts of domestic sorrow come winged with blessings? All day long would she sit by her brother's side, now humming a tune, now singing a childish song; now showing him pictures, now reading a tale; now spinning a humming-top, now cutting out for the figures; now building castles in the air with wooden bricks. But almost endless would be the enumeration were I to attempt to tell of all the kind and considerate ways in which she tried to amuse her brother. Yet every now and then a dull moan was extorted from the little sufferer. The moan was forthwith answered by sounds of inarticulate sympathy murmured out by my darling Jane. "A mother's love" could scarcely surpass that child's tenderness and care. No sooner was she awake in the morning, than she hurried to her mother's chamber, where her brother lay: yes, lay, rather than slept. Her last thought at night was her poor suffering brother. Had she been permitted, she would have made his bed hers, and with difficulty was she ever detached from his side. In him she seemed to have forgotten herself. Her deep, calm, sisterly love, enabled her to "bear all things" that came from him or could minister to his repose. His fractiousness she never regarded. If he complained, she gave no reply. Truly was she a ministering angel to her sick brother.

In a few weeks after our arrival at S——, the weather became fine and genial. Procuring a hand-carriage for Theophilus, we wandered up and down the country. Going or returning we found ourselves on the beach. The boy had a peculiar pleasure in watching the ocean. "Smooth and beautiful!" he would sometimes murmur out. At other times the words were, "It lives." "To and fro, those waters ever go; they must live." "The spirit of God moves them thus." Then, after looking intently on the sea for half an hour or more, he would sink back exhausted in his carriage, close his eyes, and remain motionless, as if in deep meditation. Careful was I that he might not then be disturbed. I fancied that then the Divine Spirit was communing with his spirit. I looked on those moments of rest with reverence. It was a solemn joy for me to think that my boy was in mind with God. On one of these occasions he opened his eyes, and, as I used to call it, "came back to us" with an appearance of more than ordinary refreshment. It was evening, and I was anxious to hurry home for fear of the effects of the cool air.

"Not just yet," he said, in an expostulatory tone, "let me look a little longer on that sweet star; how softly bright it is; and how it keeps twinkling, as if it were alive. Papa, do not all things live?"

"Yes, my child."

"Then how can men, women, and children die?"

"They do not properly die, they only change from one state to another; it is in appearance, not in reality, that human beings perish; they all live to God, and they all live in God."

"Papa, will the next world be more beautiful than this?"

"Yes, dear, much more beautiful; besides, there is no pain, no sorrow, no death there."

"Oh, the death I should not mind if you, mamma, and Jane were there, particularly as the country is so beautiful; yet look, papa, how deep, calm, and holy is the blue sky in which that star shines so sweetly, as if it would invite us thither; if that is the way to heaven, I should like to go; but I feel weary, and then there is that old gnawing pain. Let us go home. One more look at the grand sea; the skies I can see as we go along."

The heats of the ensuing autumn proved fatal to Theophilus. As they increased in intensity, we were unable to leave the house until the evening breeze came with its refreshing softness. Soon all movement was impossible. The languor increased, the pains became more frequent and more bitter; the poor child was literally reduced to a skeleton. Yet did his mind retain its soundness, and at times manifest its strength, as if unimpaired. In a few days all was over. *What* was over? His higher faculties remained alive to the last. "My child"—so I said to myself—"has not died, it is only his bodily frame that has broken down." The evening of his departure we all sat by the side of his couch, intently watching, in the fear that every moment would be his last. Suddenly he opened his eyes, and, taking his mother's hand, which lay on his bosom, he said, "Thank you," "thank you all," "you have been very kind," "thank you every one," "I shall be alone, and I am sorry for that, but you will come after, and we shall be always together in that beautiful world." Hardly could he enunciate the last words, but sounds dwelt on his dying lips resembling "sea," "sky," "star," "Jane," "mamma."

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

It is said that Charles II., when urged by his courtiers to inflict some signal punishment upon Milton, the secretary of Cromwell, and the eloquent and intrepid champion of the commonwealth, inquired whether the man upon whom they invoked his vengeance was not old, blind, and destitute, and, on being answered in the affirmative, replied that he was already sufficiently punished in the condition to which he had been reduced. The following recently-discovered lines among the remains of the great classic bard, disclosing as they do the source and amplitude of his internal consolations, will show how far he was a legitimate object of pity to his relentless enemies —

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong,
I murmur not that I no longer see,
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee!

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near,
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognise thy purpose, clearly shown
My vision Thou hast dimm'd that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear,
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing,
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow—
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought!

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Let by no skill'd [illegible]

AN ENIGMA SOLVED.

We have often thought, as we have passed through the busy thoroughfares of London, that it would be worth while to seek out the histories of some of the many beggars, quacks, and conjurers, with whose faces we had become familiar. Day after day, and week after week, through all the summer months, we had noticed at about the same spot in the Tottenham-court-road a man sitting on the pavement as the artist has depicted him. He was very ragged, and looked decidedly wretched. His hand, thin and white, supported a head that would be a study for a painter; while on the pavement by his side was drawn in coloured chalks the figure of a horse. We pressed among the crowd occasionally as we passed that way, to see if there was any change in our poor artist. No; there he was—pale face, way-worn and desolate expression, disordered hair, naked feet, rags, and picture, just the same. Sometimes, indeed, we watched him as he made his preparations for the drawing of the day. With elaborate care he swept a clean space on the flagstones and "covered it in," as the artists say, with a blackground of slate-coloured chalk. Then with a piece of charcoal he would make the outline of his figure—sometimes a horse, and at other times a child's head crowned with flowers; and we generally left him as he was "putting in the lights" with a lump of whiting and a dry finger.

We were decidedly interested. Here, thought we, is a poor artist reduced to extremest poverty, who, like another Claude, is obliged to appeal to the veriest crowd to obtain the wherewithal of existence. We had never heard him speak, but we had watched the silent eloquence of the hand and eye with which he received the gifts of the passers. Here was a miserable wretch, who with talents far above the average, was obliged to sit day by day in the streets and make his mute appeal to an indifferent public. We thought what a sad thing it must be for one so clever to be so hard pushed by fortune; and we tried to remember the names of the great men who had risen out of the lowest poverty to high and reputable stations—the Erasmuses, Kelpers, Johnsons, Hogarths, Fergusons, and Tassos of the past. Here was a problem in social economy which might be carefully worked out and solved: how would this man be best served? We wished we had been wealthy; but the mere gift of money we felt assured would not be the best means of rescuing this poor artist from his



THE STREET ARTIST.

depth of woe. The more we thought on the subject, the more puzzled we became; and we determined to speak to the poor fellow the next time we went that way.

Circumstances occurred, however, which prevented our carrying this intention into execution. We went out of town, and remained out for some weeks. When we returned, our first impulse was to seek our poor artist; and, if possible relieve him. We sought him in the old spot, but he was not to be found; we inquired of the policeman, but as he had only lately come on that "beat," he could give us no information; we made the Tottenham-court-road our way to and from town for several weeks,—thereby going at least half a mile out of our way; but all traces of our interesting friend had vanished.

It was very annoying that the end of the romantic little episode we had been constructing should be so suddenly cut off: but we consoled ourself with the fact, that at any rate our artist had bettered himself. Perhaps he had found a friend who had appreciated his talents, and rescued him from the streets; perhaps he had found reputable employment in the studio of some benevolent artist, or had even set up for himself! And we looked somewhat curiously into the shop windows of the printsellers to see if we could discover any chalk or water-colour drawings which were anything like his. Of course we saw several things of the kind, but they were all too careful in style, and wanted that free and easy manner we had noticed in the drawings on the pave. We were fairly puzzled.

Time passed on, as it usually does, autumn deepened into winter, and we had almost forgotten our poor artist, or, if we ever thought of him at all, it was with the congratulatory idea that he had obtained better employment, or he might have died of want—poor fellow!

It was on one of the coldest days in January that we happened to be passing through Euston-square, on our way from the North-western Railway. Having just come off a journey, of course we were becoated and beshawled in the most comfortable manner; and instead of riding home, we thought we would walk quickly through the bracing air. In fact, it was just the kind of weather when to stand still was to freeze, and to move rapidly about was to get into an exquisite glow.

Well, we were passing quickly through the square, as we said, when our path was slightly impeded by a little crowd assembled on the footway. Now we confess to a by-no-means-uncommon curiosity as to the meaning and purpose of street crowds. If there is a noisy, restless group in our way, with a drunken woman and a policeman in the midst, we are sure to push through to see what is the matter, and remonstrate with X 250 on his want of tenderness for the poor creature. if there is a "Punch" at the street corner, or a "Cheap Jack" holding forth in the suburbs on the virtues of Birmingham saws and Sheffield plate, we are almost certain to linger in the outskirts of the mob to see what is going on. And so, with the little crowd in our way, we naturally looked over a short man's head to see what it was attracted so many people on so cold a day. We looked—and you might, as folks say, have knocked us down with a feather! There, sitting on the ground, in the same attitude as ever, with the same expression on his pale face, and apparently clothed in the same rags, sat our quondam acquaintance, the artist. There was no mistake about the matter or the man; they were just what they had been in the previous summer—rags, hair, studied position, and chalk-drawing on the pavement precisely as before. We were completely taken aback—speechless with astonishment and disgust; and we turned away with the comfortable feeling that all our romance about the fellow's poverty had come to nothing, and that our poor artist was a professional humbug! To be deceived is a disagreeable kind of thing; but to discover that you have gone on deceiving yourself, is abominable. To find that our artist, for whom we had conjured up so many mind-histories, and upon whom we had wasted so much genuine sympathy, was nothing more than a sham;—it was very annoying



"WE ARE STARVING!"

But we determined, before we wholly condemned the man, to make inquiry. It might be—who could tell?—that he had never been able to lift himself out of his wretchedness. We will not, we thought, be unjust to him we will inquire. And it happened that before many days, we had an opportunity of inquiring at head-quarters: in fact, we were introduced to Sergeant Boosey, one of the most active and experienced of the London Detectives.

When we mentioned the matter to this worthy officer, and explained to him the interest we had taken in the poor artist,—not to mention the substantial help we had rendered him, in the way of shillings and sixpences,—we noticed a slight smile curl round the sergeant's mouth; and, before we had concluded our narration, we discovered that the smile had widened into an unmistakable grin of delight.

"Ha! ha! excuse my laughing, sir, but you're not the first individual who has been deceived in the appearance of Toby the Screever—"

"The what?"

"Oh," continued the worthy sergeant, "that's the cant name for begging-letter writers, painters on the pavement, writers of chalk petitions on bits of old hat, and all that sort of kidney. Why, bless you, sir, don't you know that it's a regular trade?"

We listened in a kind of silent wonder, as the sergeant went on.

"Why, so far from being clever at drawing, this fellow Toby, and plenty of others besides, has just learnt to make the figure of some animal, or to chalk a man's head on the pavement—that's all; and there he sits all day long, without we move him off to another road, leaning on his hands, and looking as wretched as if he were regularly starved—while the chances are, that, before he set out in the morning, he had a good rump-steak or a couple of mutton chops for breakfast, and that he takes home at least ten shillings in the evening, and makes merry with his friends. There's nothing deceives

a person more than these silent woe-begone-looking fellows. They don't beg, but they sit on the pavement and look up into the passengers' faces as if they were going to die of want Now, sir, just take my advice: if you have any spare money, and you are of a benevolent disposition, don't bestow your charity upon the beggars in the streets, but seek out some poor struggling people in your own neighbourhood, who strive to hide rather than publish their poverty, give your spare money to such as them, and depend upon it you will not often be deceived. Whenever you see a big fellow sitting on a door-step with his head on his hands, and a bit of paper with "I AM STARVING," chalked on it on the ground, make up your mind that he had a good breakfast in the morning, and that he will feast on a hot supper at night. If you only saw as much of this sort of thing as we do, sir, you wouldn't feel any great pity for the street folks. Of course, I don't mean to say but what there are deserving cases to be met with in the streets sometimes, but they are very rare indeed,—so rare, that when I see a strange face among the professionals, I always find out who it belongs to. Depend upon it, sir, that nine out of every ten of the London beggars make a profitable living of it, and would rather beg than work. The really poor people don't come into the streets with clean white aprons on, and half a dozen fresh-washed children, no, sir, they'd rather stay at home and die."

The words of the worthy sergeant made no slight impression on us, we are free to admit, and we no longer felt any great interest in the poor artist;—but we beg to remark that, after all, his was quite a policeman's view of the question.

CONTINENTAL NOTES, COMMERCIAL AND STATISTICAL.

CARPETS

THE carpets commonly called Brussels come in fact from Tournay, the art of weaving them having been brought to that place, according to tradition, from the east, by the Flemings, who served in the Crusades, and learned it from the Saracens The royal manufactory, though much fallen off, still occupies 90 looms, and gives employment to about 2,400 persons Vandermahn states that there are as many as 12,000 to 16,000 looms employed in the commerce of Tournay in the manufacture of woollen and linen goods thus must include stocking-looms a branch of industry carried on here, employing 2,500 looms.

BRUSSELS LACE.

Of the varied articles contributed by Brussels to the Great Exhibition of 1851, the most interesting were the specimens of lace, renowned throughout the world. The peculiarity, in addition to the fineness, which distinguishes it, is, that the patterns are worked separately with microscopic minuteness, and are afterwards sewn on. The great variety of beautiful specimens of lace exhibited formed a constant source of attraction, especially to the ladies It is said that the persons who spin the thread for the Brussels lace are obliged to work in confined dark rooms, into which the light is admitted but partially through a small aperture, and that, by being thus compelled to pay more constant and minute attention to their work, they discipline the eye, and attain the faculty of spinning the flax with that web-like fineness which constitutes the excellence of the [illegible] fabrics

There were two kinds of Brussels lace, *Brussels ground*, which has a hexagon mesh, formed by platting and twisting four threads of flax to a perpendicular line or mesh, and *Brussels application ground*, made of silk, with meshes partly straight and partly arched. The pattern is worked separately, and set on by the needle

The *Mechlin* lace is a hexagon mesh formed of three flax threads, twisted and platted at the top of the mesh The pattern is worked in the net.

There were specimens of Brussels lace exhibited, the thread of which is made being of such extreme fineness, that one pound of it costs as much as 3 700 francs (£160), but, as in the one-half of the costly article is wasted in the process of manufacture through not being sufficiently fine, the thread actually used becomes worth more than six times its weight of pure gold a striking exemplification of the manner in which labour imparts value to raw material.

THE TRADE OF BRUGES

Early in the 13th century, Bruges was the staple place of the Richly-laden argosies from Venice, Genoa, and Constantinople, might, at the same time, be seen unloading in her harbour, whilst her warehouses groaned beneath bales of wool from England, linen from Belgium, and silk from Persia The lace manufacture is the most important at the present day, 7,400 persons, or more than one-sixth of the population, being thus employed.

CUTTING DIAMONDS IN AMSTERDAM

The art of cutting diamonds was for a long time confined to the Jews of Amsterdam It is supposed not to have been known in Europe earlier than the 15th century. The diamond mills in Amsterdam are numerous, and are exclusively the property of Jews One of them is thus described by Mr. Elliott:—"Four horses turn a wheel, setting in motion a number of smaller wheels in the room above, whose cogs acting on regular metal plates, keep them constantly in motion Powdered diamond is placed on these, and the stone to be polished, fastened at the end of a piece of wood, by means of an amalgam of zinc and quicksilver, is submitted to the friction of the adamantine particles This is the only mode of acting upon diamond, which can be ground and even cut by particles of the same substance In the latter operation, diamond-dust is fixed on metal wire, which is moved rapidly backwards and forwards over the stone to be cut."

THE LOCOMOTIVE AND STEAM-ENGINE MANUFACTORY AT LIEGE

This colossal establishment was formed by the enterprising manufacturer, the late John Cockerill, in 1816 It is perhaps the largest manufactory of machinery in the world, and occupies the former Palace of the Prince Bishops of Liege, which now serves but as the façade or vestibule of other vast piles of buildings subsequently added. The manufactory forms a little town of itself, iron and coal are extracted from mines within its walls, which also enclose a canal and railroad leading down to the river, four blast furnaces, fifteen puddling furnaces, rolling-mills, and forges, where iron is wrought into articles of all sorts of goods, from a penknife up to a steam-engine and a locomotive, inferior only to those made in England From 3,000 to 4,000 workmen are employed at Seraing, in addition to fifteen steam-engines, equivalent to 700-horse power Mr Cockerill was originally in partnership with the late King of Holland, but after the expulsion of the latter from Belgium, Mr Cockerill purchased his share. Mr. Cockerill died at Warsaw in 1840, and Seraing has since been disposed of to a company styled, "La John Cockerill Societé," by whom it is now worked

THE LAMP UPON THE RAILWAY ENGINE.

A BALLAD OF COMPOSURE

SHINING in its silver cell,
Like a hermit, calm and quiet,
Though so near it, hot as hell,
Furious fires rave and riot
Posted as an eye in front,
'Mid the smoke and steam and singeing,
Steadily bears all the brunt,
The lamp upon the railway engine

So, thou traveller of life,
In the battle round thee crashing,
Heed no more the stormy strife
Than a rock the billows dashing
Through this dark and dreary night,
Vexing fears and cares unfounded aloft, alight,
The lamp upon the railway

By the oil of Grace well fed,
Ever on the future gazing,
Let the star, within thy head
Steadily and calmly blazing,
Hold upon its duteous way,
Through each ordeal unflinching,
Trimm'd to burn, till dawn of day,
The lamp upon the railway en

Safe behind a crystal shield,
Though the outer deluge drench us
Faith forbids a soul to yield,
And no hurricane can quench us,
No! though forced along by fate
At a pace so swift and savage,
Calmly shines the silver state,
Ye

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

In very ancient times witches were much respected in all heathen countries, and it is on record in history that kings and oth great men usually consulted them before they undertook any affair of importance, and on such occasions were in the habit of inviting them to their houses, and entertaining them sumptuously As the light of the gospel, however, became diffused, respect for witchcraft diminished, but not the belief in its existence, and consequently we find that the utmost cruelty was continually practised against poor, helpless creatures, whose supernatural power to do mischief no one seemed for a moment to doubt At this same time too, animals and insects were suspected of being in league with witches to destroy the peace of human beings, and accordingly legal proceedings against them also were not unfrequent. In 1530, we are informed by a correspondent of a literary periodical, "the country around Autun, in France, was infested with rats, against whom the high criminal court might is necessary to proceed with all due form and gravity Thus cited, the rats were solemnly cited to appear, but, like Glendower's spirits of the vasty de they did not come. They were accordingly formally declared in default, advocates were named to appear in their behalf, the public prosecutor, on the day appointed, set forth the charge against them (that of devastating the corn-fields and vineyards), their advocates made the best defence they could, the judges seriously deliberated, and at length gave judgment, declaring the under the influence of witchcraft, and condemning them to be executed." About this period prosecutions of this kind were common in France, that there still exist among old law-papers forms of proceeding and pleading, *pro* and *con*, drawn up by some of the most renowned advocates of the day

In our own country, also, there are many documents which prove that we were ourselves not less superstitious than our neighbours. In the library of the University of Cambridge there is preserved a code of Anglo-Saxon laws, a few extracts from which will serve to give an idea of the whole.

"If any man destroy another by witchcraft, let him fast seven years—the three first on bread and water, and the other four on bread and water three days in every week

"If any man observe lots or divination, or keep watch at any wells, or at any other created things, except at God's church, let him fast three years, the first on bread and water, and the other two on Wednesdays and Fridays, on bread and water, and the other days let him eat meat, but without flesh

"The same for a woman who useth any witchcraft to her child, or who draws it through the earth at the meeting of roads, because that is great heathenness.

'He who uses anything that a dog or a mouse has eaten off, or a weasel polluted, if he do it knowingly let him sing one hundred psalms, and if he know it not, let him sing fifty.

'He who gives to others the liquor that a mouse or a weasel has been drowned in, if he be a layman, let him fast three days, if he be a churchman, let him sing three hundred psalms, and if he did it without his knowledge, but afterwards knew it, let him sing the psalter."

We need not make any further extracts from this document, but would now take a few from one which is preserved in the British Museum. It enumerates offenders who were "no Christians, but notorious apostates." Amongst others,

"He who endeavours, by any incantation or magic, to take away the stores of milk, or honey, or other things, belonging to another, and to acquire them to himself.

"He who, deceived by the illusion of hobgoblins, believes that he goes or rides in her company whom the foolish peasantry call Herodias, or Diana.

"He who makes his offering to a tree, or to water, or to anything except a church.

'He who places his child on the roof or in a furnace for the recovery of his health, or for this purpose uses any charms, or characters, or magical figment, or any art, unless it be holy prayers or the liberal art of medicine.

"He who shall say any charm in the collecting of medicinal herbs, except such as the 'Pater noster' and the 'Credo.'"

These extracts are enough to convince us that our ancestors were not surpassed by any nation upon earth in superstition, and yet there are stranger things than these on record. At the close of the sixteenth century, a vessel being wrecked on the coast of Norfolk, thirteen individuals were lost. A jury was summoned, and the following verdict was brought in:—"Misled upon the west coast, country from Spain, whose deaths were brought about by the devilish witchery of an old witch of King's Lynn, whose name is Mother Grabley, by the boiling or rather labouring of certain eggs in a pailful of cold water, afterwards proved at the arraignment of the said witch."

THE CAP OF LIBERTY

There are some peculiar ceremonies which, notwithstanding the lapse of ages, survive the passage of time, and are found, even in modern days, as freshly engraved on the memory, as earnestly guarded by popular prejudice, and as acceptable to the spirit of a free nation, as in the remote centuries of antiquity Amongst these, the use of that symbol of freedom, "the cap of liberty," stands foremost. In early times none but the free-born claimed the privilege of wearing a cap of this kind, and none dared to exercise it but one so entitled to enjoy it. Woe to the slave who had the imprudent hardihood to be seen covered! for the lash, the chain, and the brand soon made him repent of his neglect or his folly, whichever it might have been

In all countries the slaves were obliged to appear bareheaded, and whenever the day came that freedom was the reward of faithful servitude, one of the ceremonies used in the manumission of the slave was the placing of a cap on the head by the former master. Thus the cap or hat became the symbol of liberty, and was the standard around which the spirit of patriotism rallied in many a revolution. When the mandate of the tyrannical Gessler compelled the hardy sons of Switzerland to salute a hat placed upon a pole, as a mark of submission, the spirit of the nation was roused, the tyrant paid forfeit with his life for his insulting order, and the hardy mountaineers obtained that liberty which has since been so intrepidly preserved, and, accordingly, the arms of the united cantons of Switzerland have a round hat for a crest, as emblematical of that liberty so nobly struggled for.

In England the cap, with the word liberty inscribed on it in letters of gold, is used as a symbol of the constitutional liberty of the nation, and Britannia sometimes bears it on the point of her spear. This, however, is not always the case, as the figure of Britannia is often represented with the trident of Neptune uncapped in her left hand, while with her right she offers the olive-branch of peace to the world

In France, in the beginning of the revolution of 1789, the cap of liberty was hoisted as the symbol of freedom; but, when the bloody exploits of the remorseless Directory filled France with terror and dismay, there were but few that regarded the cap of liberty with a favourable eye. It was during this melancholy period that the red cap was adopted, from the following circumstances:—For many years the kings of France sent those condemned for crimes and serious political offences to the galleys at Marseilles, and there, chained to the oar, they dragged out a wretched and abandoned existence, in the polluted atmosphere of a society stained with crimes of the deepest dye. However, when the revolution opened the prison-doors, and burst the chains of the galley-slaves, the red cap worn by the liberated convicts was elevated as the standard of freedom, and borne by them as they marched in hundreds to Paris, the ready tools of the wicked men who then held the reins of power. On late occasions, when the revolutionary spirit of the times nearly upset every throne in Europe, except that of happy England, the red cap was chosen by the republicans, and the red flag was the ensign of the assembled revolutionists. When jacobin clubs were rife in Paris, the red cap was also made the badge of membership, and hence often known under the title of the "jacobin cap." In the last-mentioned instances, however, the cap of liberty has certainly been used in a sense different from that originally attached to it, as in olden times it was solely used in the manumission of slaves. But its adoption in England on the spear of Britannia is just and well deserved, as in that favoured land slavery lives not, and the moment the bondsman sets foot on British soil he is free for ever

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The Grave.—It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment From its peaceful bo... none but fond regrets and tender recollections Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of dust that lies mouldering befor

THE SCOTCH COLONISATION OF IRELAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE question of Irish amelioration—the "great difficulty" of all British governments—is attracting the attention not only of philanthropists and statesmen, but also that of capitalists. The *Glasgow Daily Mail*, a newspaper of considerable standing in the North, a series of articles on the subject have appeared, from one of which we glean the following interesting particulars:—

Soon after the accession of James the First to the English throne in 1603, a memorable event occurred. This was the colonisation of Ulster, in Ireland, by a body of Scotsmen, from Ayrshire. The leader of this enterprise was Hugh Montgomerie, sixth laird of Braidstone, in the parish of Beith—a branch of the Montgomeries of Eglinton. Braidstone appears to have been a man of more than usual sagacity. The insurrectionary disturbances in Ireland before Elizabeth's death had placed a vast deal of confiscated property at the disposal of the Crown. The laird saw that the sister island would be a good field for exertion. Standing in some favour at court, through the medium of his brother George, who was chaplain to his Majesty, he kept his eye steadily fixed on Ireland; and, with the view of facilitating the great enterprise he had in contemplation, he resolved on effecting the escape of Con O'Neil, the chief of Ulster, who had long been a prisoner in the Castle of Carrickfergus. This he accomplished; and, in consideration of the laird having secured his escape, and also of procuring his pardon at court, and keeping him in quality of an esquire, as well as maintaining his followers "in their moderate and ordinary expenses," O'Neil "granted and assigned one-half of all his land estate in Ireland to enure to the only use and behoof of the said laird, his heirs and assigns." On the completion of this agreement, O'Neil and the laird went to Westminster. O'Neil received pardon of the king, the laird was knighted, and orders were given that the agreement betwixt them should be confirmed by letters patent, under the great seal of Irelond, "at such rents as therein might be expressed, and under condition that the lands should be planted with British Protestants, and that no grant of fee-farm should be made to any person of mere Irish extraction."

Subsequently, however, the laird (then created Sir Hugh Montgomerie) obtained from O'Neil a deed of feofment of all his lands. This was in the winter of 1605. Sir Hugh was then in Dublin completing his arrangements. From Dublin he went to Downshire, to take possession of his property, and afterwards, in order "to engage planters to dwell thereon," returned to Braidstone.

By May, 1606, the plantation had begun. The north of Ireland was covered with waste land like the "backwoods" of America, but it was not encumbered with great woods to be felled and grubbed to the discouragment or hindrance of the settlers. In all the three parishes of Donaghadee, Newtownards, and Grayabbey, 30 cabins could not be found, nor any stone walls, but ruined, roofless churches, and a few vaults at Grayabbey, and a "stump of an old castle," in Newtown, "in each of which some gentlemen sheltered themselves at their first coming over." The "stump of a castle" was made shelter for Sir Hugh and his family, while the rest of the colony "speedily made cottages for themselves, because sods, and saplins of ash, elder, and birch trees, with rushes for thatch, and bushes for wattles, were at hand" A great part of the supplies of the infant colony was obtained from Scotland. There was a "constant flux of passengers," and people went from Stranraer with their wares and provisions to the market at Newtown, though the land journey to and fro was upwards of twenty miles, besides three hours' sail.

Sir Hugh and his lady setting a noble example of activity and industry, the colony made rapid progress. Stone houses, streets, and tenements rose as it were out of the ground, and these dwellings became a town immediately. The harvest of 1606-7 was so abundant that the colonists had enough and to spare for the succeeding new-coming planters. This plentifulness encouraged the erection of water-mills in all the parishes, "which prevented the necessity of taking meal from Scotland and grinding with quern-stones, both which inconveniences the people at their first coming were forced to undergo.

Lady Montgomerie had also her farms at Grayabbey and Comber, as well as at Newtown, to supply new comers and her own house; and she easily got men for plough and barn, for many came over who had not stocks to plant and take leases of land, but had brought a cow or two and a few sheep, and she gave them grass and so much grain per annum, and a house and garden-plot to live on, and land for flax and potatoes as they agreed on for doing their work. And this was but part of her good management, for she set up and encouraged linen and woollen manufactures, which soon brought down the prices of the breakens (tartans) and narrow cloths

Everybody minded their trades, and the plough and the spade—building, gardening, and setting fruit trees in orchards and delving and ditching in their grounds, occupied the people. The old women spun, and the young girls plied their nimble fingers at knitting. Everybody, in short, was busy. There was no strife nor contention—no querulous lawyer, nor Scottish nor Irish feuds between clans and families disturbing the tranquillity of the colony; and towns and temples were erected and other great works done even in those troublesome times.

As a proof of the rapid progress of the colony, it is mentioned that in 1610, only four years after the first planting, the laird (who was now created Viscount Montgomery of Ardes) brought before the king's muster-master a thousand able fighting men.

The success of this Scottish enterprise led to the formation of the London Companies in 1612, and thus was founded and arose the Protestant province of Ulster, which, says Hume, from being "the most wild and disorderly province of all Ireland, soon became the best cultivated and most civilised."

King James is said to have frequently boasted of his management of Ireland, as a masterpiece of sovereignty; and his vanity in this particular was not altogether without foundation. Sir John Davis says that, in the space of ten years, the measure adopted by James for colonising Ireland, did more for the reformation of that kingdom than had been accomplished in the 440 years which had elapsed since the conquest of it was first attempted. Still to the "more than usual sagacity" of the Laird of Braidstone, who first conceived the idea, and led the way, must we award a considerable share, if not the chief merit, of the Protestant colonisation of Ireland

The history of the enterprise is exceedingly interesting. It presents a pleasing picture of the work of colonisation, and excites a strong feeling and wish to imitate the example and engage in a similar enterprise in the present day We should profit by the lessons which history teaches Scotchmen and Englishmen are emigrating to the remotest quarters of the world, and are helping rapidly to colonise Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and other parts. But may they not colonise successfully nearer home? To be sure, there are no confiscated lands in Ireland in the hands of the crown now, as in the days of King James, but there are large fertile tracts on the west coast of Ireland, indented with noble firths and harbours, teeming with all kinds of fish, which tracts may be purchased in the Encumbered Estates Court at low prices, capable of the greatest improvement, and only requiring the exercise of ordinary skill and industry to convert them into fertile and productive lands. The nearest point of Europe to America, it needs no gift of prophecy to foretell that some part of the west of Ireland must needs be the landing-place and point of embarkation between the Old and New Worlds. The goldfields of Australia and California may have their attractions for those who esteem gold as the only riches; but a finer field for genuine enterprise and exertion in the reclamation of waste lands, and improvement of agriculture, the introduction of manufactures, and creation of trade, shipping, and commerce, nowhere exists than in the west of Ireland. The late Sir Robert Peel had this idea, or he would not have propounded his plan for colonising Ireland in 1848, after the manner of the London companies of 1612, nor have endeavoured to stir up the corporation of London to embark in the scheme; nor would a body of London capitalists have raised, as they have done, half a million sterling for investing in the purchase of lands in the west of Ireland, were they not satisfied that such an investment is likely to turn out as substantial an undertaking as any gold-mining adventure whatever. His Royal Highness Prince Albert, it is believed, looks with favour on all projects for the improvement of Ireland; and

were a company established for the extensive colonisation of the west of Ireland, whether by Scots or Englishmen, it may be presumed that the government would bestow its countenance and patronage on the scheme.

There are about sixteen millions sterling deposited in the Scottish banks, yielding only at the present time two per cent. interest. Should this land investment company give only two-and-a-half per cent., it would be an inducement to withdraw a portion of the bank deposits, and transfer them to this company, which would then be the Irish Land Savings Bank of Scotland.

HOW HARRY BONNER REDEEMED THE PAST.

Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, is a picturesque village on the upper cliffs of Ventnor. Here, some few years since, lived a poor schoolmaster, who rented a cottage of two rooms for his dwelling, and a barn for his school. He was self-educated in the common elements of knowledge, and had made the human heart his study; and it was his delight not merely to teach the mechanical parts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but also to influence the moral and intellectual powers of his children, and to strengthen, elevate, and purify them. In this large aim, he had but one text-book—the Gospel of the Great Teacher, and in this he learned one lesson in especial—that "it is good to seek and to save that which is lost."

Like all of his order, the master in his school had to contend with boys who could not learn, and boys who would not learn. But the boy who gave him most trouble, could and did learn, only he was so intractable in his general conduct, and so mischievous, that it was a ceaseless perplexity with the good master what ought to be done with him. The master had no worldly motive for reclaiming so difficult a charge, since he gained not a penny by it, but he felt a Christian yearning towards a lad, who was an orphan, and who was not without promise of better things.

"Harry, Harry, look in my face, sir," exclaimed the master one day, in one of his very sternest tones.

Harry lifted up a bold, handsome, and always dirty face, surmounted by a tangled mesh of dark curling hair, and made a comic grimace, but when his bright rolling eye met with that of the master, he glanced aside, as if something pained him.

"Harry Bonner, you were last night stealing Farmer Watson's apples."

"Was I, master?"

His tone of mock innocence and simplicity excited sudden laughter in the school, and the frown of the master could scarcely check it.

"Yes, you were, sir, and I tell you, Harry," said the master, solemnly, "if you go on in this way, you will come to some sad end."

"I hope not, master."

A stout leathern strap was produced.

"Hold out your hand," said the master.

"No, thank you, sir."

"Hold out your hand!"

"Rather not, if it's all the same to you, sir."

"I insist!"

The hand was held out firmly, Harry winking hard; the strap descended, and then with an affected howl, ending in the laugh of a young savage, the culprit went back to his form—only to plan new offences.

"I feel this is not the way to reclaim that boy," said the master, after school hours, to his sister, an invalid dependent on him, who sat all day long in a wicker easy-chair, generally employed in knitting dappled-grey worsted stockings, "yet what else am I to do with him? he is excessively hardened, full of courage and cunning; I never met with a boy so precociously wicked, everybody prophesies evil of his future life. He defies restraint. In any quarter, all the boys fear him, but he fears no one. He invents wild fun enough for all the mischievous boys in England. He has robbed every orchard within ten miles, and really, I often fancy, he does it out of mere love of adventure and peril."

"Your strap will do him no good," said the sister, quietly.

"What then will?"

"Patient kindness, and instruction, and time."

"Why, does he not know that I have almost paid his uncle the blacksmith to let him come to school—that I send him vegetables out of my garden every now and then, to keep him in good humour?"

"Harry knows you are his only true friend, and thinks more of a gentle word from you than of all your blows with the strap. He has far too much of violent usage at home."

"That is true; you are right."

One forenoon, Harry Bonner left his seat at the head of the high form, flung his book aside, and planted himself at the window, whence he enjoyed a view of the sea, and a man-of-war that had approached near the shore, in order, as Harry heard it rumoured, that its crew of seamen for the French war might be recruited by forcibly impressing men along the coast.

Harry was engaged in easy contemplation of this prospect, when the master espied how he was passing his time.

"What are you doing there, Harry Bonner? Where is your book? Have you learned your lesson?"

"No."

"Then, sir, you shall learn a double lesson before dinner."

"I like double lessons," said Harry, flinging himself back to his place, and learning rapidly a long row of words and meanings. Before dinner-time had come the double task was perfectly mastered, and hard sums got through—for sums and lessons were all play to Harry.

The master looked at him with feelings of pity, regret, and admiration.

"Oh, my poor boy!" said he, "how can you throw away such abilities on mischief and wickedness?"

Harry coloured up to his temples, his eyes flashed and moistened, he was going to make a passionate reply, but turned short round, and went out of the school whistling, with his hands thrust among the marbles and whipcord in the pockets of his ragged corduroys. Beside the pool, in the centre of the village, he stopped, and looking jealously round, and seeing he was unobserved, he pulled out the marbles and a top from his pocket, and flung them into the water. "There," said he, "now I shall give up nonsense, and show the master, and show everybody, what I can do. I am thirteen years old, and shall soon be a man, and I must look out for myself, as the master says I am clever, and all that, and so I *am* clever, and *have* got abilities—I feel it, that I do!"

He walked on, still talking with himself, presently he burst out—"What does uncle hate me for, I should like to know? What harm have I done him? What's he always thrashing me for? why don't he let me alone?"

Again he went on, every now and then loitering to think.

"I wish," said he, turning his pockets inside out, "I only wish I had some money there."

With this wish fresh on his lips, he went into the dirty cottage of his uncle. It was a homestead that did anything but credit to its occupants. The floor was unswept, and the hearth covered with coke, and potato peelings, the remnants of a dinner of the meanest kind were scattered over the tables. The boy felt disgusted, as he mentally compared this abode with the neat, though equally poor home that he had just quitted. He looked at his aunt, sitting in a dirty cotton gown, and discoloured cap, in the chimney-corner, and compared her with the schoolmaster's suffering sister, who ever looked so neat and clean.

The passion for change and improvement that had been silently taking root in Harry's breast, was momentarily becoming more developed. All at once, he said to his aunt,—

"Aunt, can you give me a little money—ever so little?"

"Money!" she looked at him in utter surprise. "What do you want with money?"

"Never you mind, only see though if I don't pay you back, one day, and plenty to it."

A violent blow from behind sent the boy reeling against the wall. There stood his savage uncle, with his fist doubled, bare grimy arm, and face distorted with intoxication.

"I'll teach you to ask for money," said he, and other blows and fierce abuse followed.

The boy started forward into the centre of the room, gazed with steady boldness in the tyrant's face, and said,—

"You have done nothing but ill-use me since my father died. I have never done you any harm, and I shan't bear any more of it."

The blacksmith caught up a heavy stick. "Will you not?"

"No, I will not, so take care what you are about."

"I'll break your spirit, or I'll break every bone of your body."

"You won't do either."

"We'll try that."

The blacksmith rushed forward to grasp Harry by the collar, and Harry sprang to meet him with wild resistance. They stood foot to foot, and hand to hand, wrestling for the mastery, when the door opened, and the master of Bonchurch entered. Instinctive reverence for the good man made the blacksmith pause, and the boy broke out from him, trembling violently, and now subdued to tears.

"I am sorry to see this," said the master. "What is the matter?"

The blacksmith muttered something, and his wife took the stick from his hand.

"They are always quarrelling," said she.

"What have I done?" exclaimed Harry; "but it don

master I like *you*—you have been good to me, and I shall think of it; but as for *him*, I hate him, and despise him, and I have nothing to thank him for, and after this day I will no[illegible] n, nor eat of his bread."

In an instant the lad was gone.

Some hours after, the master returned home, and the first thing he did was to take his strap from a table, and put it in the fire.

His sister smiled, but said nothing

After they conversed respecting the poor boy, and the master expressed some uneasy apprehensions as he repeated Harry's words on going off. Those apprehensions increased [illegible] became known through the village that Henry Bonner was missing, and could not be found.

At dusk, the villagers were traversing the road with lights, [illegible] old upper road which, viewed from the lower cliffs appeared but as a lofty terrace cut on the green mount side.

At that time the now flourishing town of Ventnor had scarcely begun to exist, only a few houses relieved the picturesque wildness of the scenery, amidst which the shouts of the villagers found an exciting accompaniment in the dash of the waves among the numerous breakers, and the fury of an equinoctial gale

Up and down the steep accivities of that old road, winding about the face of the upper cliff, did the villagers continue moving with their lights until long past midnight, for the parting threat of the boy had caused a general belief that he had committed some rash act—perhaps thrown himself over the cliffs or into the

What else could have become of him? He had neither money nor food, nor clothes, nor friends, nor any hope or help of any kind, that any one knew of, out of Bonchurch One person hinted at gipsies, another at smugglers, and the bold, erratic character of the boy made the master fancy that he had joined one or the other But gipsies had not been seen in Bonchurch for many months, and the smugglers of that part of the island were well known to the residents, and on good terms with them, and they denied any knowledge of the boy.

Gradually the search ceased, except on the part of the schoolmaster, who walked in every direction, inquiring and examining But at last he, too, lost hope, and as he stood in Ventnor Cove when a stormy night was darkening around, and the winds and

Henry Bonner was lost for ever

* * * *

Twenty years rolled away, and the disappearance was still a profound m[illegible]ry.

The blacksmith had died of intemperance, and no one lamented him The schoolmaster's sister needed nothing more in this world. Most of Harry's schoolmates were dead, and of those who survived, scarce any remained in the village All was changed but still the schoolmaster lived in his humble cottage, and kept school But he was grown old, and s[illegible] poor, that he was almost reduced to a shadow with hard living

In his best days, he had eked out his little income by cultivating a few vegetables and common fruit, and this was still his resource when he could hobble out on fine days into his patch of garden-ground.

His spirit had been unusually depressed by the decline of his strength, his poverty, his forlorn condition, and the memory of his sister, when at sunset one day he stood at his schoolroom window, looking towards the sea. The lattice was open, for the weather was warm, and his withered face felt refreshed by the breeze that played over it.

But that which chiefly detained him there, and held him in a kind of fascination, was the unusual appearance of a ship of war —one of the most imposing size—moored near Ventnor

The old man's memory was quickened by the spectacle, and he thought of Harry Bonner, who on the day of his disappearance had been detected by him watching such a vessel from this window, while his neglected lesson was flung aside on the form

Gazing and musing, the master stood while the shadows of twilight gathered over the scene, the masts and rigging—the chief object of his attention—grew indistinct, darkness came quickly, and with it a storm which had been in preparation for some hours

The master hastily closed the lattice as a flash of lightning broke in upon his musings, he turned to leave the schoolroom, and to enter his cottage—but what figure was that which, amidst the obscurity, appeared seated on the identical spot, on the chief form, where Harry Bonner sat when he learned with such surprising rapidity his double lesson, after watching the man-of-war from the window?

The schoolmaster had grown nervous, and rather fanciful, and I know not what he imagined it might be, but his breath came quicker and short for an instant, and then he asked in a faint voice, "Who is there?"

A manly voice replied, "Only Harry Bonner!"

The lightning lit up the whole of the large, dreary-looking schoolroom, and revealed to the schoolmaster the figure of a naval officer, on whose breast glittered decorations of rank and honour

Darkness instantly succeeded, as the officer started from the form, and grasped the hand of the master with a strong and agitated pressure, then the two moved quickly and silently together into the cottage, while the thunder crashed overhead

[illegible] the moment confused the faculties of the old man, and as the officer, still holding his hand with that fervent grasp, gazed in his eyes by the [illegible] of the cottage, he uttered some incoherent words about Harry Bonner, and the ship, and the double lesson, but when he beheld the officer cover his

his disengaged hand, and weep, his brain rallied its disordered [illegible] he lighted a rushlight that stood on the mantleshelf [illegible] officer withdrew his hand slowly from his face, the master passed the light before those brown and scarred, yet handsome features, in whose strong workings of feeling [illegible] else, he almost recognised his long [illegible]

The officer suddenly clasped the [illegible] "My dear old master!" he exclaimed

The old man was too weak for the sudden surprise, he put his hand to his brow, gazed vacantly, gasped for breath, and his lips moved without a sound

The officer placed him tenderly in the old wicker chair, in which the knitter of the dappled grey worsted stockings used to sit, then the old man grasped one of his arms, and looking up, said, mournfully, and shook his head,—"She is not here, she said to the last Harry Bonner would be found some day And now she is not here!"

"Dead!" is she?"

"O yes!"

There was a short silence—solemn and sad

"And why hast thou hidden thyself all these years?" asked the master.

"I have been 'redeeming the past,' I have been working my way from rags and infamy to this,' showing a full and heavy purse, "to revenge myself for the stick and the strap, and make thy latter days easy, my old benefactor"

"The change seems wonderful to you, no doubt," continued the officer, after an agitated pause,—"it is wonderful to myself, but [illegible] endeavours to reclaim me—your observations on my wickedness—your encouraging praise of my abilities—all appealed to my heart and conscience, and stimulated and roused me to resolve on going to sea, and trying to lead a new life The sight of the man-of-war from the window, and the last flogging I had from the blacksmith decided me I ran down the cliffs—I told my tale to a boat's crew of the war-ship—I was taken on board as a cabin-boy—the ship sailed directly I rose step by step—I have been in many battles, and here I am—a commander of the vessel

[illegible] found my way to the old [illegible] at."

"And I hope," said the master, earnestly, "I hope, my dear Harry, you are thankful to that Providence which has guided your wandering feet through paths so strange and difficult"

"I trust I am!" rejoined the officer, with profound reverence

"And now, does my uncle live"

"He and your aunt died fifteen years since"

"I am sorry for it. I should have liked to have talked with them of our past errors—theirs and mine It would have gratified me to have done something for them, and to have heard them retract some of their harsh words to me. How my heart warmed to the old village when I entered it just now! I could have embraced the mossy palings, I could have knelt down and kissed the very ground But I was so impatient to see if you lived, that I paused nowhere till I reached the school door, and found you gazing at my ship"

"You have brought back the heart of Harry Bonner," said the master, "whatever has become of his vices."

"You shall find I have, for whatever money can procure, or affection or gratitude bestow, for your health and comfort shall be yours from this hour, my dear old master"

ENGLISH CONVERSATION.—The superficiality and insipidity of nearly all the conversations to which I have listened, or in which I have joined, is really depressing As far as I hear, little is said [illegible] but politics, which is a good thing, much better than our Ger[illegible] for going beyond our depth on such subjects, but that narrative and commonplaces form the whole staple of conversation, from which all philosophy is excluded,—that enthusiasm and loftiness of expression are entirely wanting, depresses me more than any personal neglect of which, as a stranger, I might have to complain, for of this my share is not large, and I bear it easily.—*Niebuhr's Life and Letters.*

ANTIQUARIAN MEMORANDA.

CURIOUS MAYOR'S FEAST.—The following bill of fare for the feast on the election of mayor, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth at Norwich, in the year 1561, has been copied from an old newspaper, and may not be uninteresting —

	s	d
8 Stone of beef (14 lbs. to the stone)	5	4
4 Collared brawn.....4d each	1	4
4 Geese.....4d each	1	4
8 Pints of butter	1	6
Fore-quarter of veal	0	10
Hind-quarter of veal	1	0
2 Legs of mutton	0	6
Loin or saddle of mutton	0	6
Shoulder of veal.		
Breast and co		
6 Plove		
14 Brace of partridges	7	0
2 Guinea pigs	1	8
8 Fowls.....	2	0
12 Mallard.....3d each	3	0
3 Dozen of eggs.....4d per dozen	1	0
2 Baskets of flowers	1	0
10 Loaves of white bread.....	0	4
18 Ditto	0	9
3 Mashu ditto.....	0	3
1 Barrel of strong beer	2	4
1 Ditto	1	0
1 Quarter of wood	2	2
Nutmegs, mace, and cinnamon	0	5
1 lbs of Barberries and sugar.....	1	6
Fruit and almonds.....	0	0
12 Dozen of oranges	3	0
Sweet-waters and perfumes	0	4
2 Gallons of white wine	1	0
2 ditto of claret	1	0
5 Ditto of sack	3	0
1 Ditto of Malmsey	1	8
1 Ditto of bastard	1	0
Ditto of Muscodine	1	0
Total	£2	13 11

—At the same dinner, the following speech was delivered It forms a great contrast to the lengthy ones spoken in our own day The orator was Mr Johnny Master, a wealthy citizen of that city —"Maister Mayor, and may it please your worship, you have feasted us this day like a king God bless the queen's grace, we have fed plentifully, and whillon (whilst) I can speak plain English, I heartily thank you, Maister Mayor, and so do we all Answer, boys, answer, bravo, bravo!' Your beer is pleasant and potent, and will soon catch us by the caput, and stop our manners, and so here's for the queen's majesty's grace, and all our bonny-browed dames of honour. Huzza for Maister Mayor and our good dame mayoress Huzza for his noble grace of Norfolk—there he sits, God bless him! Huzza for all this company, and all our friends round the country, who have a penny in their purse and a English heart in their bellies, to keep out Spanish Dons and Papists, with their faggots, to burn our whiskers Handle your jugs! shove it about! trout your caps, and huzza for Maister Mayor, his brethren, their worships, and all this jolly company!"

ORIGIN OF BANKS.—Banks, now so useful, were of Venetian invention, and the first was contrived about 1150, to assist in the transaction of a loan, and called "The Chamber of Loans" It soon became the celebrated bank of Venice, and conducted all money transactions The plan was carried into foreign countries, and the projectors being called Lombards, the great banking street in London is to this day called Lombard-street Itscelebrityled to the establishment of similar public banks at Barcelona, in 1401, at Genoa, 1407, at Amsterdam, in 1609, in London, 1694, at Edinburgh, 1695, and at Paris, in 1716 The bank of England is managed by a governor, deputy, and 24 directors, with about 1,000 clerks

HISTORY OF CHURCH BELLS.—The antiquity of the bell for holy uses is undoubted We read in the instructions given to Moses on the Mount respecting the garments of the priesthood (Exodus xxviii), it is specified that there should be set a golden bell and a pomegranate alternately on the hem of the garment round about; the use and intent of these bells being to give intimation when the priest goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out—(verses 34, 35) Bells also were used in the earliest ages for secular purposes In the heroic age the Grecian officers visited the sentries with a bell as a signal for watchfulness. A bellman (*odonophorus*) walked some distance before funeral processions. We read that bells were used on the camels that took Joseph away when sold into bondage by his brothers. Their first [illegible] is we at present [illegible] and others to Paulinus, Bishop of [illegible] the year A.D. 400. If for no other cause, we must thank them as the means whereby we gained the tower, steeple, or belfry, to church architecture, which, while it confers a finish, is so especial a mark of the building being set apart for the worship of the Most High. Sir Henry Spelman quotes in his glossary two old monkish lines, which admirably describe their uses

> "Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,
> Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa do coro"

The deprivation of them was and is considered still a great disgrace a public calamity Henry V took, as a mark of his triumph, the bells of Calais, and bestowed them on his native place, Monmouth Probably they were numerous and rich formerly in the wel endowed churches of the East, but the Moslem hordes forbad their use, and melted down the sanctified metal for baser purpose As yet we have been unable to discover the date of their use in th Kesrowan, though it is not very ancient, probably, however, it no exclusively possesses this privilege, elsewhere this holy sound hushed No holy summons

> "Bid the sons of mirth be glad,
> And [illegible]
> To the

ORIGIN OF THE NAME PICCADILLY.—Piccadilly is sh a map of London, of the time of Queen Elizabeth, as a rudel defined road out of the town, with one or two houses at the ang where the road, which afterwards became Regent-street, turne off, and a windmill a little to the east of this, the recollection which is still preserved in Windmill-street The origin of th name seems uncertain, but it was thought by some at the com mencement of the seventeenth century, when it was equally as no a matter of doubt, to have been given to a noted house there being the skirt or fringe of the town—a *picardill* having been kind of stiff collar or fringe to the skirt of a garment

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART.—Th first Volume of this splendidly embellished work, handsomely boun price 6s 6d, or extra cloth gilt edges, 7s. 6d, will be ready July will contain upwards of Two Hundred Principal Engrav Engravings, Diagrams, &c Th literary matter will be of the most varied and interesting description and the volume, considering the enormous cost of its production will certainly be one of the cheapest ever issued from the press

SUPERIOR EDITION OF THE POPULAR EDUCATOR.—No publicatio has ever been welcomed with such tokens of approval from heads families as the POPULAR EDUCATOR A circulation of nearly o hundred thousand has already been attained. To meet the urgen wishes of numerous families and individuals, JOHN CASSELL h determined to publish an EXTRA EDITION upon superior paper, at 1½ per Number, or in Monthly Parts, containing Four Numbers in neat wrapper, 7d, or when Five Numbers, 8½d This EXTRA Editio will be published without the weekly headings Persons wishing have this superior paper edition, must give their orders express for "*the Extra Edition of* THE POPULAR EDUCATOR," they w otherwise receive the common edition The First Part of th EXTRA Edition is ready, price 7d, and all the Numbers may b obtained, price 1½d each

The EMIGRANT'S HANDBOOK, a Guide to the Various Fields Emigration in all Parts of the Globe, is now ready, price 6d

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MISCELLANEA.

PUZZLING EPITAPH.—The following curious epitaph was found in a foreign cathedral —

EPITAPHIUM.
" O quid tum
be est bim
ra ra ra
es et in
ram ram ram
ii."

The following is plainly the solution of the last four lines —

ra, ra, ra, is thrice *ra,—i e , ter-a-r= terra.*
ram, ram, ram, is thrice *ram,—i e., ter-ram,*
et in is twice,—*i e., i bis=ibis.*

Thus the last four lines are,—

" Terra es et in terram ibis "

The first two lines may be thus rendered — " O *super* be, quid *super* est, tum super bim ;" which will be,—

" O superbe quid superest tum superbim
Terra es et in terram ibis."

" O proud man, what remains of thy pride ?
Dust thou art, and unto dust returnest."

THE ROSE.—Professor Agassiz, in lecture upon the trees of America, stated a remarkable fact in regard to the family of the rose, which includes among its varieties not only many of the beautiful flowers which are known, but also the richest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, &c.; namely, that no fossils of plants belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists This he regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth was coeval with or subsequent to the creation of man, to whose comfort and happiness they seem especially designed by Providence to contribute.

THE FOREIGNER IN ENGLAND —The fact that a foreigner can walk altogether unquestioned, without passport or delay, from John o'Groat's House to the Land's End, has made many persons doubt the security of life in England. A Berlin professor is said to have been quite angry about it. " One goes about in England," said he, " as though expelled from society. No official takes the least notice of one. The dogs are more respected in Berlin. They are all entered and numbered in the dog-book of the police. None but a thief can feel comfortable in England, for he is the only one of whom the government takes notice." The German professor seems to have possessed quite a theoretical prejudice.

HONOUR —Said one gentleman of honour in New York to another, " If you don't accept my challenge, I shall post you in the papers." " Go a-head," said the other. " I had rather fill a dozen papers than one coffin."

A FEW WORDS FOR THE LITTLE GIRLS.—Who is lovely ? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles as she passes along,—who has a kind sympathy for every girl and boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty,—who never scolds, never contends, never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase her happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, or precious stones, which never can be lost ? Take the hand of the friendless,—smile on the sad and dejected, —sympathise with those in trouble.

DIGNITY OF THE AMERICAN PRESS.—The editor of the *American Mechanic* has encountered trials unknown to ordinary men. Hearken unto his wailings — " Owing to the facts that our papermaker disappointed us, the mails failed, and deprived us of our exchanges, a Dutch pedler stole our scissors, the rats ran off with our paste, and the devils went to the circus, while the editor was at home tending babies, our paper was unavoidably delayed beyond the proper period of publication."

THE SCOTTISH PREFIX —Ben signifies a hill or mountain. Ben Lomond signifies a bare, green hill According to others it is a contraction for Ben-loch lomin,—*i. e.*, the hill of the lake full of islands Benmore is the great or big mountain, Ben Nevis, the snowy mountain, Ben Venue, the small mountain, Beinderg, the red mountain, Benclevghs, the rocky mountain.

A DISCOURSE ON DIRT —Old Dr Cooper, of South Carolina, used to say to his students, " Don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentlemen What is dirt ? Why, nothing at all offensive, when chemically viewed Rub a little alkali upon that dirty grease-spot on your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change, and becomes soap Now rub it with a little water, and it disappears; it is neither grease, soap, water, nor dirt That is not a very odorous pile of dirt you observe there Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and it is no onger dirty Everything you call dirt is worthy your notice as students of chemistry. Analyse it ! analyse it ! It will all separate into very clean elements Dirt makes corn , corn makes bread and meat, and bread and meat make the young ladies you kiss. So, after all, you kiss dirt, particularly if their skin be whitened with chalk or Fuller's earth There is no telling, young gentlemen, what is dirt, though I may say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. Pearl powder, I think, is made of bismuth—nothing but dirt."

DEGENERACY OF " THE MEN "—Mrs. Partington says that when she was a gal she *used to go* to parties and *always* had a beau to extort her home. But now, she says, the gals undergo all such declivities, the task of extorting them home revolves on their own selves The old lady drew down her specs, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men were more palpable in depreciating the worth of the female sex.

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendour of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart ? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections.

CONSCIENCE.—An eminent and witty prelate was once asked if he did not think that such a one followed his conscience. " Yes," said his grace, " I think he follows it as a man does a horse in a gig; he drives

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

T. A (Lincoln).—The " seven sages of Greece were Thales, Solon, Bias, Cleobulus, Chilo Pittacus, and Periander. They were all contemporaries, and they flourished in the sixth century before the Christian era. The great object of their studies was human nature, duties and its principles of action ; and to benefit mankind seems to have been their greatest aim Their " sayings" consist of pithy aphorisms.

J. P.—The weekly newspaper, *The Freeholder*, will, most probably, furnish you with information you require

TIRO.—You do well to " write down thoughts which arise in your mind on any passing events." A determination to persevere in this practice will almost *make* you think, spell yourself, and will, in connexion with a careful reading of the best authors, greatly improve our style. We do not, however, recommend *'style"* as a model of excellence as to style."

P. CARTER.—*Anthracite* is a black mineral substance It is not exactly coal, though it is used as fuel. It is the same substance as that which you call " *glance coal*" It is a mine [illegible]ly combustible, but without flame [illegible]about 96 per cent of pure carbon It has been strongly recommended as steam engine fuel; and iron, smelted with anthracite is said to be superior to other kinds of iron in *strength*. We question, however, whether it would suit your purpose, as iron so made is less *elastic* than that smelted with other kinds of coal

J. G.—We are not of opinion that any property possessed by *your wife*, in her own exclusive right can entitle *you* to claim a vote for the county. If she has sufficient regard for you to enable you, out of her property, to become a member of " *The Freehold Land Society*," by the process of time, be entitled to a vote on your own account

AN INQUIRER.—We confess we have sufficient faith in " mesmerism" to recommend you to study it.

R. R.—By " *Raffaelle's Cartoons*" we understand the seven cartoons by that renowned painter which are exhibited in one of the galleries at Hampton Court, the subjects of which are, " Paul preaching at Athens," " The Death of Ananias," " Elymas the Sorcerer struck blind," " Christ delivering the keys to Peter," " Sacrificing to Paul at Lystra," " The Apostles heal the sick," " The miraculous draught of Fishes" Engravings from these have frequently been published in this country, as well as on the continent. Raffaelle's cartoons were five in number, but most of them are lost or destroyed. The finest set of English engravings from the Cartoons at Hampton Court are those by the Holloway family, they were published at a very high price, selling at £5 or £6 the set [illegible] studio.

SOLITARY.—The subjects of which you speak and to which you say you expected to have four volumes devoted in " John Cassell's Weekly will be taken up in detail in his new publication " The Popular Educator."

B. B. (Banbury).—" Geography" will be the subject of many lessons in " The Popular Educator " The first lesson will have been published by the time this meets your eye. You can now obtain the knowledge you desire by consulting very large map of the world, the expense of which is considerable; but several small maps, including that of the two hemispheres, will be found in " The Educator."

HIBERNIAN.—As Iowa became a member of the United States so recently as 1846, we cannot hardly venture to pronounce upon its suitableness as a state for the development of industrious habits. Sort.

TOM THUMB, " aged eighteen, and only about [illegible]ve feet high," wishes to know how he can improve his growth," and also " the exact height of Lord John Russell." Will any of our correspondents relieve " Tom Thumb's anxiety ?"

A. E.—No patent-rights will interfere with your experiments in electro-metallurgy, so long as you do not attempt to *sell* their results.

THREE READERS should buy the " Handbook for Emigrants," published by John Cassell, price 6d.

Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand,

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. II., No. 35.] SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE HOLY LAND.

JERUSALEM AND ITS ENVIRONS.

If the traveller mounts the ruined minaret attached to the deserted mosque on Mount Olivet, he will enjoy one of the finest views of the Holy City and of its vicinity which can anywhere be obtained. Immediately below, even to the opposite brink of the Valley Kedron, Jerusalem lies spread out before him. The strong outlines of the Castle of David are seen on the western horizon. The cupolas of the convents of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the slender minarets on the north east hill of the city, one after another, stand out to view in the maze of the many roofs of houses, some with low



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.

vaults, some flat, and surrounded by distinct, perforated walls, which again he pursues, until he casts a calm look into the great court of the Haram, inaccessible to him, and contemplates the beauty of the mosques, of the octagonal Sakrah, covered with the most beautiful cupola imaginable, and of the Aksa,—reminding him of the Basilica form of the Christian churches,—surrounded in solemn silence, and almost melancholy, by the lively verdure and flourishing trees, such scarcities in these parts. Turning the eye towards the south, a lofty range of the mountains of Judah limits the horizon in a wide sweep, commencing at the mountains of Tekoa, and running westward. The Frank Mountain (Jebel Furdeis), and the environs of Bethlehem, are also visible. Nearer, and in the same direction, lies a ridge, whereupon stands the Greek monastery of Mar Elias; on this side lies the plain, supposed to be the plain of "Rephaim," contracting itself towards the south-west, into the Rose Valley (Wady-el-Ward), which conveys to the environs of Jerusalem, from the sea, damp fogs or cooling sea-breezes, according to the season. Towards the west lies the nearest parallel slope of the mountain ridge, which bears the Holy City itself, and over which lies the Jaffa road. Further to the north, the height of Neby Samwil rises up steeply with its mosque, from whence he can see the Mediterranean; further in the background the mountains of Samaria; and lastly, towards the east, there is the valley of the Jordan beneath, where a green streak on a whitish ground marks the course of the river towards the Dead Sea, into the mirror of which he here and there may look, between the [illegible] hills on this side, and see how it reflects the ro[illegible] beyond. And if he follow the eastern boundary of

of the Jordan from north to south, there is a continuous chain of mountains, as far as the steep cliffs of the Dead Sea, above which rises, deeper in the country, Jebel Shihân, with its compressed and gently-rising summit, which is in the winter-time frequently covered with snow; while, close to the sea, the valley-clefts of the Zerka river and the Arnon (Wady Mojeb) are plainly to be distinguished, and during clear weather the old fortress, Kerak, also appears like a rock-nest. e the sea has long since disappeared from his eyes, which, a complete circle, again rest on the place whence he set out.

David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot; and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." In the lapse of ages this same mount was trodden by One who was David's Lord as well as David's Son. In the days of his flesh, he ofttimes spent hours in the shady groves of Olivet, and when his ministry was drawing to a close he was wont to leave the city, at the approach of night, and to resort to the Mount of Olives to pray and meditate against the time of his agony and death. It was on his last visit to the Holy City that, as he drew nigh and had passed through Bethphage and Bethany, that he sent two of his disciples for the ass and the colt, in order that he might make his entry into the city of his own, though his own received him not. They spread their garments upon the animal; they placed the Redeemer thereupon, and as they went, they acknowledged him as their king; "a very great multitude spread their garments in the way, others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way, and the multitudes that went before and that followed cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest; peace in heaven, and glory in the highest!" Pharisaic pride and ignorance asked for a reproof on these rejoicing thousands; but "he answered, and said unto them, I tell you that if these should hold their peace the stones would immediately cry out." From this point, as he was now descending the hill-side, he beheld the city, the glorious city, as she lay spread out in her magnificence and strength before him, and from those sacred eyes flowed tears of infinite love and compassion. He, who knew the end from the beginning—he who knew the emptiness and nothingness of all human power, might, and splendour—he wept over Jerusalem, and exclaimed, from the depths of his mercy and goodness, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!—but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass the round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee, and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another, because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."* Ah, thou ruined and degraded city, thy house is left unto thee desolate; Zion is ploughed as a field; Jerusalem has become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of the forest.†

may not now stop to examine of other days, said to be the tomb of Absalom, the tomb of Jehoshaphat, the cave of St. James, &c.; neither can we linger here in the valley of Jehoshaphat, beautiful as it is, with its fig, olive, and pomegranate trees, and its gardens of melons and cucumbers; and full of solemn interest, as it must always be in connexion with the glowing language of the prophet Joel (iii. 1, &c.). Ascending, slowly and thoughtfully, the steep and stony path to St. Stephen's gate, as the visitor traverses the lonely streets once more, he is more than ever struck with their deserted appearance, and with the sad and mournful condition of the Holy City: do not the words of lamentation and sorrow seem, as it were to force themselves on the mind; and can he refrain from uttering, to himself, at least, the language of that holy man whose eyes ran down, "with rivers of waters for the destruction of the daughter of his people?"

> "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!
> How is she become a widow! she that was great among the nations
> And princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!
> * * * * * * * * *
> All that pass by clap their hands at thee;
> They hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying,
> 'Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?'"*

It will, doubtless, gratify the reader to look at the exterior of the Holy City. Let us then pass out of the Damascus-gate, and turning to the left, proceed to make the entire circuit of its walls. Though there are hills close by, they are not so high or commanding as in other parts, and that towards the north, is quite a broad, cultivated plain or valley, which it appears Agrippa intended to include in the city, when he projected enlarging its limits on the north, and fortifying it in such wise as would have rendered it impregnable. As we advance, it is worth while to observe that the present walls are built, to some extent, upon the solid rock, which rises here and there considerably above the surface, and that the rocks have been scarped, and the fosse, or regularly-constructed ditch, for the most part wholly neglected. The walls, it has been said would prove of little service against an invading army well supplied with artillery,† but they are stronger than they seem. The side on which we now are has always been the most vulnerable, and from the time of the Romans downward, Jerusalem has been attacked and taken from the northerly approach. After a little while we come to the northwestern angle of the wall, which appears to project a considerable distance, as if for the purpose of including some spot useful in a military point of view. Following the course of the wall, we soon after reach the Bethlehem or Jaffa gate, and have in full view the large, massive fortress or citadel, which, doubtless, properly manned, would be a place of very great strength. The foundations seem to be of very early date, and at one corner is the square, solidly built tower, which Dr. Robinson supposes to be the tower of Hippicus. On our right, you see the valley of Gihon, as it has been termed, and not far off the remarkable excavation, marked on the maps as the lower pool of Gihon; it is now quite dry and useless, but in the earlier days of Jerusalem's prosperity, this one, and the one farther up the valley, must have been important to the comfort and refreshment of the city. The view here is like what may be seen, alas, nearly everywhere in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, producing upon the mind a deep feeling of sadness and sorrow, for the degraded and unhappy condition of the city of David. The soil appears barren and unfruitful; here and there are a few trees and some terraced spots under cultivation; but mostly all is stony, dry, and yielding little or no increase. In a few minutes we come to the corner of the wall which turns towards the east, crossing the crown of Mount Zion. Here in this vicinity are the cemeteries of the Christians in Jerusalem, as well as that not long ago purchased by the American mission, as the resting-place of their dead. From this point we will diverge from the wall, and include in our walk the valley of Hinnom, and some points of interest near at hand.

You will notice, as we proceed, how rugged and steep are the southerly sides and slopes of Mount Zion; and when, after a while, we find ourselves in the gorge of the hills, the Hill of Evil Counsel on the one hand, and Zion on the other, with the lovely vale of Hinnom stretching out before us, we cannot but give ourselves to the recollections of bygone days, and the solemn and chastening reflections which these localities must ever produce. The idolatrous monarchs of Judah here dishonoured and despised the Lord in worshipping stocks and stones, and here caused his fierce anger to burn against the wickedness of his people. Ahaz "made molten images for Baalim: moreover he burnt incense in the valley of the son of

Luke xix. 29, 35—44; Matt. xxi. 8, 9; Mark xi. 8, 10.
† Micah iii. 12.

* Lam. i. 1; ii. 15.

† Mr. Williams quotes the opinion of Lieutenant-Colonel Aldrecn of the Corps of Royal Engineers. Speaking of the Tower of David, he says, "It would require heavy artillery to breach it. The walls too of the city are sufficiently strong to require something more than field artillery to effect a breach in them; whilst their position, surrounded on every side by mountains, and difficult of approach for heavy artillery, gives to the fortifications which surround the Holy City an importance which their first appearance would not seem to justify."—Holy City.

tion
children of
Hezekiah, did evil in the sight of
his children to pass through the fire in the valley of the son o
Hinnom;* but his grandson, the noble young Josiah, walked
in all the way of David his father, and turned not aside to the
right hand or to the left; "and he defiled Topheth, which i
in the valley of the children of Hinnom; that no man might
make his son or his daughter to pass through the fire to Mo
loch." He made it a receptacle for the burnt carcasses an
bones, and the filth and refuse of the city, keeping fires ther
continually, in order to consume what was thrown into it,
and to render it ever after odious in the eyes of the idolatrously
inclined people. "Hence," as says the learned Joseph Mede,
"this place being so many ways execrable, it came to be trans-
lated to signify the place of the damned, as the most accursed,
execrable, and abominable of all places." So true
Milton's words:—

"First, Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipped in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell."

"There is something," says Mr. Bartlett, "in the scenery of this valley and the hill above, its tombs hewn in the rock, long since tenantless; the gray gloom of its old fig and olive trees, starting from the fissures of the crags; the overhanging wall of Zion, desolate almost as in the time of her captivity, that forcibly recalls the wild and mournful grandeur of the prophetic writings. Within it, too, is the traditionary 'Aceldama,' or Field of Blood, of the traitor Judas; a small plot of ground, overhung with one precipice, and looking down another into the glen below, on which is a deep charnel-house, into which it was formerly the custom to throw the bodies of the dead, as the earth was supposed to have the power of rapidly consuming them. This place was selected as the burial-place for pilgrims who died at Jerusalem in the middle ages. Such are the scenes that have passed in Hinnom; it is like the scroll of the prophet, 'written within and without with mourning, and lamentation, and woe.'"*

At this time we will not dwell upon the more minute points in the prospect before us; as a whole, this deep valley has an air of beauty unsurpassed by aught in the vicinity of Jerusalem; and the terraced sides of the mount, the gardens of olive, fig, and other trees, the verdant plots of grain and grass, the few features of life and activity in the rustic cultivators of the soil, and other circumstances, give to it attractions of no ordinary kind; but it requires more space than we can now devote to it, to do it justice. We must hasten on: passing by the Fountain of Nehemiah, or well of Job (Joab), which is probably identical with En-Rogel, we may spend a little while in gazing upon the Pool of Siloam, where are "the waters of Shiloah that go softly."† It is picturesquely situate on the steep of Mount Zion, with the lofty hill rising up grandly above it, to a great height. We here turn to the northward again. On our right, perched on the shelving cliffs which overhang the valley of Jehoshaphat, is the petty village of Selwan, or Siloam, with its scanty population, and its dwellings in the excavated rock; and some distance up the valley, pursuing the dry bed of the Kedron, we come to the Fountain of the Virgin, which, it was ascertained by Dr. Robinson, is connected by means of a subterranean channel cut in a serpentine course (1,750 feet long), with the Pool of Siloam. This fountain is well worth examination, and deeply interests the visitor who descends a flight of well-worn steps, cut through the rock, and very irregular, into a chamber, or cave in the rock, roughly hewn, and well (though not steadily) supplied with water. Mr. Williams informs us that there are twenty-six steps, making the depth about twenty-five feet, for the steps are deep. Mounting the hillside once more, by a rugged and toilsome path, we follow again the course of the wall on the side of the Haram: all around are the tombs and graves of the Mohammedan dead. On our left is the long line of lofty wall, looking down from this side, into the great depth of which Josephus speaks, in giving an account of the temple edifice. We pass the Golden Gate, now closed, and cannot but admire the remains, even yet visible, of this noble city entrance. We see stuck out of the top of the wall a part of a round stone pillar, on which, says the story, Mohammed is to sit when the nations are gathered together for judgment, in the valley of Jehoshaphat. We soon reach St. Stephen's gate, and after a while pass entirely round the north-easterly corner of the wall, arriving in due time at the Damascus gate, whence we set out. The whole circuit of the modern walls is 12,978 feet, or nearly two miles and a half. Suliman I., the son of Selim I., erected the walls nearly as they now are, A.H. 948 (= A.D. 1542).

* "Wilks about Jerusalem," p. 62. † 1s. viii. 6.

THE WORKING MAN'S JOY AT THE APPEARANCE OF SUMMER.

LIKE a gorgeous monarch heralded forth,
By wing'd musicians, loyal, dutiful,
Or like a sunny creature full of mirth,
Thou comest, blithe Summer, crown'd and beautiful.
I feel thy breath upon my cheek and brow,
I hear thy glad voice sounding o'er the lea,
And my fond heart is overflowing now,
Thou comest so fair, so musical, so free.
I'm glad ambition cannot fence the sun,
Nor snatch the seasons from my ear and eye;
And when rejoicing comes the poet one,
Yon rich lord feels no loftier than I
Why let them claim their acres, I possess
These tones and breezes, and this landscape view;
I feel the power of Nature's loveliness,
Perhaps, more than the land-possessors do.
Quite true, I labour, this is mean, they say,
Greatness must only fight or legislate;
But let the tollers cast their tools away,
And what becomes of England's boasted state?
Enough! I have my golden hours of rest,
A heart for duty, hands for labour still;
The truly brave are they who work the best,
And thus perform the great Creator's will.
Then welcome, Summer, to our isle again!
O welcome, song-bird, breeze, and flower, and bee;
Ye come with lofty teachings unto men,
And songs of labour, love, and liberty!

J. B., Burnley.

OMNIBUSES IN AMERICA.—The American omnibuses (says Mr. Watkins, in his "Trip to the United States") cannot afford the surplus labour of a conductor. The driver has entire charge of the machine; he drives, opens and shuts, or "fixes" the door; takes the money; exhorts the passengers to be "smart," all by himself, yet he never quits his box. He keeps command of the door, by having beside him the end of a leather strap, which is fastened to a row of rings to a [illegible] he slackens; then he desires to shut it, he tightens the strap, and thus no one can give him leg-bail, and be off without paying the fare. The money is paid to him, and directions to stop given through a hole in the roof just below his seat; and it is marvellous with what celerity and *sang froid* he takes your money, and, perhaps, gives you change, with one hand, while driving his team with the other through a crowded neighbourhood. He seems, too, to possess the power of speaking to his horse and his passengers at the same time, and sometimes you doubt whether he is not practising a kind of ventriloquism, for you hear him call out the name of your street, invite some new customer to enter his vehicle, and ironically inform his rival drivers that he "just does guess they are particular smart" for running across his path or stopping in his way, almost in the same breath.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

That age which gave to Germany Lessing, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, and Herder, also produced a man who, although not destined to share the popularity of these great writers, will yet occupy an eminent place as a profound thinker. This man is Richter. In him we find represented, so to speak, the German character, full of mysterious fancies and profound conceptions, and striking contrasts of light and shade. To read and understand his works is no easy matter, and requires no small amount of attention and serious study. His writings overflow with the spirit of German life, of the boundless ——— and solitary mountains, of sunny meadows and dark, silent streams. His writings are full of a spirit peculiar to himself—a strong and powerful nature, which throws aside the common artificial ornaments and the embellishments of conventionality. Jean Paul has a deep feeling for capricious fancies and daring touches, and few who have studied his writings will rise from them with any feelings but of pleasure and admiration. Richter was born at Wiensiedel in 1763. His father, a poor clergyman, died early, and his mother strained every energy to place her son in the Leipzig University. Having finished his studies, he returned home, and there, in a single room, while his mother sat at her spinning-wheel, or busied herself with her household duties, the future author of "Titan" sat at his desk, studied the works of antiquity, and collected, with indefatigable ardour, that comprehensive knowledge which he displays in his writings. To assist his mother in providing for their domestic wants, he gave lessons to several neighbours' children in his tender and paternal manner. This task, although severe, brought in but a small remuneration. Money was scarce in their household; and if by accident he was able to put aside some small amount to buy an Easter present for his mother, it was a time of unusual happiness to him.



Jean Paul Fr. Richter

As a relief from his scholastic duties and his unwearied labour, Jean Paul was accustomed to take long walks into the country, accompanied only by his dog. He observed and studied everything around him. Nature was a book which he was never wearied of perusing; she inspired him with a profound veneration. "Do you," he asks of himself, in one of his works, "enter this vast temple with a pure mind? Do you bring with you any evil passions into this garden, where the flowers blossom and the birds sing—any hatred into this glorious nature? Do you possess the calmness of the brook, where the works of the Creator are reflected as in a mirror? Ah! that my heart were as pure, as peaceful, as nature when just created by the hand of God!"

During the summer, Jean Paul often carried his books and his writings to a neighbouring hill, and laboured, surrounded by that nature whose images reflected themselves so vividly upon his mind—whose harmonies are so clearly echoed by his words. He contemplated nature as a poet, and described it as a philosopher. A blade of glass or the wing of a butterfly sufficed to awaken in him a spirit of scientific analysis, but at the same time a vein of gentle reveries. In studying nature with ——— he also studied the most hidden recesses of his own heart. He kept an exact journal of his feelings, of the faults he discovered in himself, and wished to correct, and of the virtues he desired to acquire. In this journal we find the following:—"This morning I took out with me a writing-case, and wrote as I walked. I am delighted at having conquered two of my failings—my disposition to lose my temper in conversation, and to lose my cheerfulness when I have been plagued by dust or gnats. Nothing makes me more indifferent to the small annoyances of life than the consciousness of a moral amelioration."

Another time he says, "I picked up a withered rose-leaf, which the children were treading underfoot, on the floor of the church, and on this soiled and dusty leaf my imagination built up a world rejoicing in all the charms of summer. I thought of the day when some child held this flower in its hand, and watched the blue sky and the rolling clouds through the windows of the church, where the cold dome of the temple was inundated with light—where the shadows, here and there obscuring the arches, rivalled those which the fleeting clouds cast upon the meadows in their course. Father of kindness! thou hast everywhere scattered the germs of happiness—all things are endowed by thee with a glorious perfume!"

Although his existence was passed in almost entire solitude, it was not from sombre misanthropy. On the contrary, his heart was filled with charity and universal benevolence. He has been known to shed tears at the sight of a cripple, or a child in distress. Even the care of animals occupied part of his spare time. He usually had several favourite animals in his room; he kept canaries, which were accustomed to descend by a ladder, and hop among his papers.

In 1798 he married a young lady in Berlin, Camille Meyer. This marriage was full of happiness to him, and he mentions it several times with exquisite taste. He had two daughters and a son. At this time he had become generally known by several works, among which are "Levana, or Lessons on Education," and the "Campaner Thal." By his writings, as well as by his marriage, his worldly affairs were much benefited; but he was still the same simple and unassuming being, devoted to study and enjoying every innocent pleasure and recreation of life. Once only did he visit Berlin and Weimar, to see those men whose writings had so often roused his enthusiasm; but soon returned home, more full than ever of his poetic dreams.

We are indebted to his daughter for many pleasant details of his calm and peaceful domestic life. "In the morning he always came to our mother's room to wish us good morning. His dog gambolled around him, and his children clung to him, and when he retired tried to put their little feet into his slippers to retain him, or hanging to the skirts of his coat till he reached the door of his study, where only his dog had the privilege of following him. Occasionally we invaded the upper story, where he worked; we crept along the passage on our hands and feet, and knocked at his door till he let us in. Then he would take an old trumpet and fife from a box, on which we made a horrible noise while he continued his writing.

"In the evening he told us stories, or spoke to us of God, of other worlds, of our grandfather, and of many other subjects. When he commenced his stories we all endeavoured to sit close to him. As his table, covered with papers, prevented our approaching him in front, we clambered over a large box to

the back of his couch, where he lay full length, with his dog beside him, and when all were seated he began his stories.

"At meals he sat down to table merrily and listened attentively to all we had to tell him; sometimes he would arrange one of our stories in such a manner that the little narrator would be quite surprised at the effect. He never gave us direct lessons, but, notwithstanding, he was constantly instructing us."

Towards the end of his life, Jean Paul was afflicted with a sad infirmity; he became blind, but supported this misfortune with a pious resignation; his gaiety even did not appear to be affected. The beauties of nature were treasured in his mind, and he regarded them through the eyes of memory. He still studied by having his favourite authors read aloud, and thought with greater calmness than ever.

On the 14th of November, 1820, he was confined to his bed. His wife brought him a garland of flowers, which had been sent to him. He passed his fingers over these flowers, and they seemed to revive his faculties. "Ah! my beautiful flowers," he said, "my dear flowers!" Then he fell into a tranquil sleep. His wife and friends regarded him silently. His countenance had a calm expression, his brow seemed unclouded, but his wife's tears fell on his face without arousing him. Gradually his respiration became less regular; a slight spasm passed over his features, and the physician said, "He is dead." Thus passed from this world a man who was able to accord his actions to his thoughts; his life and the works he has left behind are abundant proof.

MODERN PROPHETS.

MANY were the echoes caught of old from the far To Come; oracles spoke to the Greeks from the silence of rock and fountain; stars, to the Chaldeans, gaze, cast their light upon futurity; and the Scythian shepherd saw the shadows of coming years in the clouds that flitted across the sky of his desert, but the old prophet voices, haunting grot and grove of the early world, are gone. The earth has outlived the mystery as well as the faith of her childhood. We have left the Grecian Pythoness, the Roman Sibyl, and the Crusader's astrologer, far behind among the debris of the past. The German prophets, the French visionists, and all of the Solomon Eagle school, rest with the swords of the Thirty Years' War, the shades of the Huguenots, and the ashes of the Covenant, save when some rag of their time-tattered mantle descends on the shoulders of a Mormon among the slave-markets that illustrate "American Freedom." The future is now indeed our Isis with the still unlifted veil. Yet, even in this age of steam and commerce—the two great allied sovereigns that share our world between them; amid the flutter of railway scrip, the flourish of pens, both steel and goosequill; the rattle of types, and the buzz of growing factories—we have our prophets yet; ay, reader, and prophetesses too, who deliver their oracles with a good will that rarely waits to be consulted. It may be the very liberality of their wisdom at times makes it undervalued, for even diamonds, when given away, are despised, as the lately discovered mines of Bahia are expected to prove; but certain it is, that most of our modern prophets share the fate of Cassandra, for they find few believers, though marvellously strong in the faith of their own revealings.

But let us descend to particular description for the benefit of those who may not have met with a specimen of the inspired.

They are found in all ranks of society, from the palace to the hovel, but most frequently in that widely-diffused, though rather indefinite, order known as "The Middle Class." The external appearance of their fleshly tabernacles, however, differs considerably from those of the far-seeing souls of elder time, whose wasted frames, haggard faces, and dishevelled hair, proclaimed how fearful a thing it was to draw the curtains of fate. But the Jonahs that warn our modern Ninevehs are, on the contrary, portly, well-dressed, "well-to-do-in-the-world-looking" individuals, rather elderly,—for we never knew either man or woman take to prophesying earlier than thirty; and, from our own observation and experience, we believe that inspiration seldom becomes habitual till after the fortieth year.

They are, moreover, generally married. Bachelors rarely utter predictions, except they happen to own a considerable sum in the funds, and a proportionate number of nephews and nieces in the neighbourhood; and old maids never, except in extreme cases, or when "coming scandals cast their tattle before."

But whether in single or double blessedness, it is a fact not to be disputed, that the prophets and prophetesses of our age are invariably in possession of more of the current coin of the realm than the whole of their kindred and acquaintances, to whom they are usually most bounteous of advice, and ready on all occasions—particularly when the least dissent from their opinions is expressed—to inform them what shall befall them in their latter days.

The most notable prophet of our acquaintance—and it has comprehended some originals, including ourselves (peace to their shades who have gone before us, for we begin to be alone), but the most remarkable in the prophesying line was Samson Heavyside. Samson was, or rather had been, the principal shopkeeper of Chatterford, a small country town known to our memory as home, in the years when home was precious as a place of friends and holidays; that stood out in brilliant contrast with the cold and tiresome school. Well, we remember it yet; its broad great streets, where a row would have made an era, and a crowd was never known; its old-fashioned brick houses with their narrow windows, and the girls that looked out at them, are all changed since, except in our dreams; its small sober-looking shops, that seemed to our childhood's fancy rich with a wealth we never found in all the world of men; but above all we remember—Samson Heavyside. Politeness would have termed him a rather stout gentleman, for his circumference considerably exceeded his altitude, which was at the best a something below the middle stature; in youth he had been handsome—at least Mrs. Heavyside said so, and we suppose she ought to know; but the period had passed before our recollection, and to us he appeared with a countenance round and rosy as the full rising moon,—poets, forgive the simile; a globular head bald as that of the seer of old, for Time himself had shaven it; and a pair of small blue eyes filled with an unvarying expression of self-satisfaction, for he had grown rich, and was listened to in Chatterford; and he also possessed such a peculiar knack of closing the said windows of his soul against our external world and all its vanities on occasions of high and solemn prediction, that this act served as a signal to his acquaintances, informing them that prophecy on a great scale was about to commence.

Samson had been in business almost from his boyhood, and seemed one of those destined by nature to "have and to hold," as the church service hath it; with knowledge just sufficient to carry on trade in the country; habits that were constitutionally regular and steady; and a mind that never strayed beyond the same narrow circle of commonplace ideas. He had scraped and plodded on in the village where he was born, and though gifted with little energy and less enterprise, had contrived to become the Rothschild of Chatterford, while scores of his contemporaries, with better abilities and more prosperous beginnings, were still struggling amid the thousand difficulties which beset fathers of large and respectable families.

Fortune had charmed Samson from all such drains on the purse, for he had no family except what was constituted by himself and Mrs. Heavyside—a thrifty but simple-minded dame, remarkable only for her activity in housekeeping, and an immovable trust in the prophetic powers of her husband. They had married prudently, though somewhat late in life, yet with a due consideration of each other's worldly possessions; and after saving and managing together for more than twenty years, during which Samson's ability and readiness for prediction increased with every additional hundred that swelled his credit at the bank, Mr. Heavyside at length made up his mind to retire from business to a large house which he had built—to use his own words—"on purpose for himself," leaving the now empty shop and long brick edifice which he had formerly occupied to a widowed sister with two sons and as many daughters, who managed to keep up a decent appear-

ance by their united industry, and also afforded matter for their uncle's foretelling wisdom when other subjects were scarce in Chatterford. Often were their fortunes declared, and under various aspects, for Samson had now nothing to do but prophesy.

I know not whether it was the weight of unemployed time or the silence of his home, unbroken by the music of young voices, that made the old man's stay within its walls so brief, for his oracles were generally delivered where most of his hours were spent, wind and weather permitting,—at the open door.

Worthy old Samson Heavyside; he rises still to our imagination most prominent of the things that were in Chatterford. We see him in his old accustomed station one sunny morning, clad, or rather rolled up, in black broadcloth—for he was one of those individuals whose garments seem intended as swaddling bands for them—casting ominous and wrathful glances over the way at the new and handsome window with which his nephews had commenced shopkeeping in the scene of his early sales; and still less gentle looks at the other extremity of the house, where an advertisement board proclaimed to all concerned the long list of accomplishments taught in the seminary "for young ladies" just opened by the widow's two daughters. "A great change that, Mr. Heavyside," said the apothecary next door, as he stepped out with a warning word to the young apprentice. "Now, that's what I call improvement."

Samson answered only by an awful shake of the head, and then, closing his eyes in due form, he proceeded to business.

"Yes, Dr. Smith, no doubt you would call it improvement; but I can tell you that family will be ruined, totally ruined and undone: within the next twelve months a dark deal shutter will cover their nice-trimmed window, and they'll all be in the debtors' prison or somewhere worse, and that's just their deserving. Couldn't them there foolish young men keep the shop as I had it before them? They'll never make as much money, I fancy! And as for the girls, what call had they for a school? Couldn't they wash, and sew, and darn, as their mother did? though they mightn't earn much, it would keep them out of harm's way. There's no standing the pride of young people, doctor; but mind, I tell you it will get a downcome!" Such were Samson's responses; and a year passed over the earth with all its chance and change, and left some traces of its footsteps even on that small community.

Samson stood again at his door on another sweet sunny morning, such as our English summer sheds on the quiet villages. But Chatterford was not then quiet; the bells of the old church were ringing a wild and merry peal, and half the town were moving to the sound with a flutter of white ribbons and muslin, for the widow's eldest daughter was to be married to a young artist, the son of a neighbour, and born to prospects even less brilliant than her own. There had been an early promise between them, which he returned to claim after years of toil in a distant city, where he had won less wealth than reputation, and that day was Mary's wedding. Samson stood forth, but not to join the bridal procession, for he remembered that young Burnell's father made shoes while he sold sugar; therefore he voted the match low, and prophesied against it accordingly.

Out stepped Dr. Smith, again to enjoy the usual gossip, and after him out stepped to the door the young apprentice. Readers, we are above concealing the fact, that apprentice was ourselves; but we had not then assumed the plural, for time had not yet given the royalty of the pen, in which we now rejoice, meagre and circumscribed though it be as that of a German margrave, and put to sad shifts at times to maintain its dignity, especially in the "financial department."

But let us not speak of those things, for they, and more than they, were foretold to us a thousand times by the prescience of Samson, though we believed in better; and our first sonnet was already written: it was never printed, except in our memory, and the subject thereof was Mary. The doctor opened the session by observing "That it was a fine day, and a very fine wedding." But Samson's eyes were already closed in prophetic fashion. "Yes, doctor," said he, "simple people may imagine so; but I can tell you it is a most unlucky day for my niece, poor thing; she'll never live happy; and before a twelvemonth they'll both be in the workhouse, depend upon it, doctor. I know what's to happen, and that will be a just dispensation of Providence on her for disgracing all her relations by marrying a shoemaker's son; for they are disgraced, though they don't know it, the creatures; and on him, for looking up to my sister's daughter; but they'll all go to ruin anyway."

The wedding procession had passed, and we might not follow, though our heart went after it; for we felt we were but an apprentice, yet the old grocer's last observation woke the slumbering soul of chivalry within us, as now, in the world's grey and frosty age, it wakes only in the breast of eighteen; and in spite of the power of his bank stock, in spite of the terrors of Doctor Smith, yea, and the fear of our own mother's lecture, we shouted at the top of our voice—and truly that was no small pitch—pointing at the same time to the still well-painted and better filled window over the way. "Ha, old boy, you prophesied as bad about the shop and the school this time last year, and there they are both yet!"

Doctor Smith stood dumb with astonishment, all the old people within hearing ran to the doors, and Samson opened his eyes on us in mingled wrath and amazement; but the seer of Chatterford had an original mode of interpreting his own predictions. "You young saucebox," cried he, in no very gentle tone, advancing, as it with intent to collar, "didn't I say they would all be ruined, except they amended their ways; and so they did, though it *warn't* much; but they'll all be ruined, anyway, and so will you, you young villain;" and his eyes closed, "Doctor Smith, that boy will be hanged yet." And Samson withdrew into the sanctity of his own four walls, giving the door a prophetic bang behind him, where he edified Mrs. Heavyside with many an awful disclosure regarding the futurity of the whole town, and ourselves in particular, till both deplored in concert the foreseen misfortunes, for though Samson rarely prophesied anything but evil, there was no malice in his composition, and the only subject of lamentation he and his helpmate had (by the by, an indispensable article to some people) was found in his own predictions, for they never doubted their fulfilment. We will not linger to relate how Doctor Smith expressed his sense of our merits on the occasion, nor recall the animadversions of our mother, prolonged though they were to a rather late hour that evening; but from that day Samson displayed an unusual interest in our destiny, and his versions concerning it generally vacillated between the gallows and the workhouse.

Years passed away. We had gone forth into the world, and tried our strength amid the strife of men; we had mingled with the crowds of cities; we had learned their lessons; alas! for the knowledge of good and evil is strangely blended; and we had gained some steps, short and slippery though they were, in the highway of fortune; but sufficient to give our words a weight and our opinions an importance unknown to apprentice-doings among the magnates of Chatterford; for we had returned a greater if not a better man; but the tracks of time were deep in that quiet corner: many were altered, and some were missed; for the scythe had been there as well as the sand-glass; but as we sauntered up the street in all our travelled glory to revisit the scene of our early bondage, in the shop of Doctor Smith our ear was caught by a sound of other days:—"Doctor, depend upon it, I know what's to happen; the bush-rangers will rob them, and the kangaroos will eat them, and they'll never get as much as a Christian funeral; but people will go to their own destruction."

And there stood Samson in the old accustomed station, with his eyes fast closed, prophesying to our former instructor against the intended voyage of his young niece and nephew, who were bound for the far Australia. Their mother was dead, and their elder brother had married. Mary and her husband (we have forgiven the fellow) were growing rich and prosperous, and the solitary brother and sister hoped to better their fortune in the southern "Land of Promise."

Samson had an old man's dislike of emigration, and had been more than usually liberal of his predictions, having already foretold shipwreck and misfortunes of every possible shape by land and sea; for it was only the conclusion of the vision that reached our ear. But pleasant letters came back from that wandering pair—letters full of hope and prosperity—and both married well in the distant colony. It was thought that Samson showed something very like disappointment at

the news; but he prophesied on; and as the march of the world's improvement gradually neared the narrow sphere of his observation, matters of more public import [illegible] in his revelations. A library was established in Ch[illegible] and he prophesied against that; people nevertheless read, and the books increased in number. A news-room arose, and Samson foretold its doom. But it prospered, and he was at length caught reading the Queen's speech quietly by the fire. But as the old man's thread of life grew thinner, his predictions took a more alarming turn, and his inherent love of the terrible seemed to strengthen; till at length, on the lighting of Chatterford with gas, he was actually known to run from house to house, warning his neighbours against the catastrophe which must follow, and when no one believed his report, Samson stationed himself as usual at his own door, and made a point of calling in every passer-by to give them private instruction from the depths of his boding vision. We know not what decrees of Fate he made known against the steam-engine and power-looms, some of which were now established in the neighbourhood, but many of the rising generation openly avowed that Samson was insane, and the men of his own age had lost confidence in his foreknowledge, for some of them had grown as rich as himself. But Mrs. Heavyside's faith was still the same, and in her he found a believing listener when all Chatterford failed him.

When we last saw Samson Heavyside he discoursed no longer touching ourselves and the gallows, nay, he seemed to have forgotten or forgiven our early unbelief; age and disease had laid their withering hand upon him, and he could no longer reach the door at which he delighted to prophesy. His trusting partner had gone down to the grave before him, his ear had failed, and his eye grown dim to our earthly sights and sounds; but a word dropped, we know not how, regarding "the railway" then in progress, chanced to reach him, and the slackening chord once more sent forth a prophetic tone. "It will never do," cried he, in a thin voice cracked by age and anger. "It will ruin the world; I know it will, and all connected with it will be ruined; turned to 'stags' every man of them, depend upon it, for I know what's going to happen."

Poor Samson, peace to his prophetic soul! that was the last prediction he ever uttered, and that railway train sweeps past his very grave; but the number of its "stags" we never counted, though it may be that many of the old man's visions were as certain as the dreams of our early hope or those of all modern prophets.

CONVERSION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE INTO A TOWER, 1,000 FEET HIGH.

It is proposed, as we learn from a contemporary, to build an enormous tower (a sort of antithesis to the tower of ancient Babylon) of the materials of the glass palace, preserving, as much as is consistent with the new design, all the features of that structure, with a view of perpetuating the great event of the year 1851, and forming a depository of every branch of art and manufacture our own kingdom produces, as well as a choice collection of exotics from the four quarters of the globe. The material is all ready at hand, and a site near might easily be found. The building, from the peculiarity of its design, forms its own scaffold, and the ground it would occupy is less than one acre; and with the proposed terrace round the building, altogether under four acres. This economy of ground, when compared with the space the Glass Palace occupies, is an important consideration, in such a place as London, where land is valuable. Before any remarks on the project are offered, it will be as well to give an explanation of the various means proposed to be adopted to render so vast a structure perfectly safe against the strongest hurricanes. In the centre is a large octagon, composed of twenty-four columns, which spring from the foundation, in which they are securely imbedded to the very top of the building. Adjoining is a dodecagon, similarly constructed, forming the second tower in the elevation, and rising to the second gallery of 840 feet. The dodecagon tower also springs from the foundation, and is carried up to an altitude of 660 feet. We then see a square of columns measuring 120 feet on one side. This likewise rises from the foundation to whom the clock is placed, and is surmounted by four turrets, which lend their aid in supporting the building, and screen in some measure from the wind those adventurous visitors who arrive at this [illegible] promenade. Another square of larger dimensions abuts on all these, and rises to a level of 198 feet, upon which four galleries, each 120 feet in length, are to be constructed. Similar small turrets are to be placed at the four corners. In addition to this accumulation of strength in columns and girders, a portion of the south front of the transept is added to each side of the square, forming a cross, not only as an abutment, but with a view of perpetuating the most elegant part of the present building, and handing down to posterity the entrance through which so many thousands passed. The four halls formed by this cross might be reserved for choice plants, &c., with appropriate statuary ornamenting the outside, and relieving the general effect. If we suppose four of the upright columns, with four of the girders attached, and bolted to firmly-fixed cradles in the foundation, it will give a notion of a hollow cube of brick or stone of similar dimensions. Were the building constructed of such cubes, it would be so strong or durable as of the material so opportunely presented. If we imagine a give-and-take line passing through the section from the outer colonnade columns curving up through the towers towards the top of the octagon, a figure similar to the outline of the Eddystone Lighthouse will be presented to the mind. The clock is of proportional size to the tower, being 41 feet in diameter, with figures ten feet long: its elevation about 440 feet above the terrace, and many feet above the cross of St. Paul's; the gallery over it is somewhat less than the Great Pyramid of Egypt; and were St. Paul's Cathedral placed on the top of St. Peter's, there would then be room for the Nelson's Column, which would about reach the Crystal Tower's summit. The little squares in the octagon represent four carriages or ascending rooms, which are to be continually running on, or rather up, a vertical railway to the glazed gallery at the top of the octagon, where the visitors may observe the view around, sheltered from the wind. There is also a platform on the very summit, for the more adventurous. The view from any of the galleries would be magnificent in the extreme. Messrs. Fox and Henderson have expressed their conviction that the project could be carried

MENTAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE SEXES.—The theory of the mental equality of the sexes has not wanted eminent supporters. Plato says there is no natural superiority of man over woman, except in strength. Professor Dugald Stewart is of the same opinion, and thinks that the intellectual and moral differences which we observe are only the result of education. Voltaire thinks that women are on a level with men in every talent but invention. With all due deference to these high authorities, we cannot subscribe to their views. It will not be denied that, be they assignable to education or nature, great differences do exist between the moral and intellectual characteristics of the two sexes. Of these differences, the following appear to us to be the most remarkable.—Women have less of active and more of passive courage than men. They have more excitability of nerve, and with it all those qualities which such excitability tends to produce. They are more enthusiastic—their sympathy is more lively—they have a nicer perception of minute circumstances. Whether, as stated by Professor Stewart, they have greater quickness and facility of association, may, we think, be reasonably doubted. They are certainly not superior to men in those powers of association which produce wit, though they often possess them in an eminent degree. They are inferior in the power of close and logical reasoning. They are less dispassionate—less able to place their feelings in subjection to their judgment, and to bring themselves to a conclusion at variance with their prepossessions. They have less power of combination and of generalisation. They are less capable of steady and concentrated attention; and, though their patience is equal, if not greater, their perseverance is less. Such appear to us to be the principal mental differences between men and women. Some will be disposed to extend the list, and others to abridge it; and there will, perhaps, be scarcely any to whom some instance will not occur of inferiority or superiority at variance with the preceding statement. But it must be remembered that, amidst the infinite diversities of mental phenomena, it is impossible to lay down any rule from which there will not be some exception, and that our judgment must be guided by the majority of cases.

INTERIOR OF A CELL

CLUB LIFE IN LONDON.

One of the phases of London life peculiar to the rich is that of Clubs. The visitor from the country passes through Pall Mall or St. James's-street, and sees on either hand large, handsome, palace-looking buildings, with showy vehicles waiting at their doors, and well-dressed men standing on the marble steps, or looking out from the wide, noble windows on the ground floor. He inquires what dukes, princes, or ambassadors reside in these fine mansions, and is told that they are merely clubs! "Merely clubs!" he thinks to himself; "well, these Londoners must be a very wealthy people,—merely clubs." Perhaps the gentleman from the country has been in the habit of associating the idea of a tavern parlour or a market meeting with the word Club, and is therefore hardly prepared to find the clubs of London quite so well housed. But he should be told that the word has a "west end" signification, when it means a kind of private hotel for gentlemen and a city and "east end" interpretation, in which latter sense it comprehends the convivial meetings of tradesmen and artisans in little taverns in dull back streets, the larger assemblages of workmen who meet once a week or thereabouts in certain favourite resorts, and the numerous useful and praiseworthy institutions, known as Benefit and Burial Clubs, which are spread over the length and breadth of the land.

It is of the clubs at the west end of London, however, that we would say a few words—the rich men's clubs. These consist of associations of gentlemen, who, by paying an annual subscription, varying in amount from five to ten guineas, secure to themselves all the comforts of a private house on the most liberal scale, with the conveniences of a first-rate hotel—and that, too, without any of the disagreeables or any of the responsibilities attendant upon housekeeping. Take the Athenæum Club in Pall Mall for instance—that noble building to the right of the Duke of York's Column, as you enter St. James's Park from Regent-street. This Club—which may be said to take the place of the old Literary Club founded by Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1764—was instituted in 1823 at the suggestion of the right hon. John Wilson Croker, for "the association of individuals known for their literary or scientific attainments, artists of eminence in any class of the Fine Arts, and noblemen and gentlemen distinguished as liberal patrons of science, literature, and the arts." Associated with the editor of Boswell's Johnson were Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Francis Chantrey, Mr. Jekyll, and other gentlemen known for their high literary and artistic attainments; and under such patronage it was no wonder that the club soon came to be considered as one of the best in London; that to be a member of it gave an author or an artist a certain understood status in town society; and that it has gone on prosperously from the day of its foundation. The Athenæum Club consists of twelve hundred regular members, many of whom are peers of the realm and high dignitaries of the church; the entrance fee is twenty-five guineas, with a yearly

lar members voted in by ballot, the committee have the power of electing annually, from the list of candidates for admission, a certain number of gentlemen "who shall have attained to distinguished eminence in science, literature, and the arts, or for important public services." Thus among the members of this noted club, may be found persons in the highest positions in society—noblemen, military and naval officers, ecclesiastics, members of parliament, lawyers, poets, painters, and merchants.

The stranger introduced for the first time to the Athenæum, or any other first-class club-house in London, will be surprised at the beauty of the building, the order and regularity observed by the attendants, and the facility with which everything can be obtained which ministers to the ease and comfort of the members. For six guineas a year the members are enabled to consult a splendid library of their own, to read any (or all, if they choose) of the maps, blue books, magazines, and newspapers of the day; to find themselves liberally supplied with the materials of writing in almost any room in the house; to be waited on by quiet, watchful attendants at any hour of the day or night; to sit in apartments replete with all the comforts of the best private houses, and to walk in and out of a building like a palace, of which every member may consider himself as part proprietor. In fact, a member of this club may individually act the part of "master of the house," without any of the anxiety of one. He can eat and drink of the best at any hour, and pay only for just as much as he consumes; he can command the attendance of first-rate servants, without any of the trouble of managing them, much less of paying them wages; he can go as often as he chooses, and always find things prepared for his reception, and stay away as long as he likes without discovering anything to have gone wrong in his absence; he can do as he pleases, order what he likes, make the Club his London residence; and, in fact, live with a greater degree of liberty and ease than is possible in almost any other house. Club-life in London may be said to combine the best accommodation of first-class hotels, with the attractions and comforts of a domestic establishment.

This, however, is the fair side of the picture. It has, like most other views, its shadows as well as its lights. In many of the London Clubs, gambling and "genteel" profligacy are carried, nay, promoted, to an extent unknown and undreamed of, except by the actual members of such establishments. Billiards,—a harmless kind of game enough of itself,—cards, dice, chess, draughts, backgammon, and betting-books, are all made to contribute to a kind of excitement much to be dreaded by the young and inexperienced; but, on the other hand, it is to be remembered that the most inveterate gamblers at the Clubs are neither very juvenile or very inexperienced in the ways of the town.

A few memoranda of another celebrated club—White's, 37 and 38, St. James's-street—will be sufficient to show this, the darker, side of the picture; always remembering, however, that what is said above can by no means be made to apply to the majority of the London club-houses. White's, one of the oldest and most notorious of the clubs, is situated over against (what was till 1848) Crockford's, in St. James's-street. It was originally founded in 1698, at a house in the same street, and was known as White's Chocolate-house. In 1733 it was destroyed by fire, at which time it was kept by a man called Arthur, from whom it passed (in 1761) to Robert Mackreth, and thence (in 1784) to John Martindale, who (in 1812) sold the property to Mr. Ragget, the father of the present proprietor. White's and Boodle's—28, St. James-street—are proprietary establishments; most of the other clubs are joint-stock concerns, vested in trustees, and managed by committees chosen annually from among the members.

The readers of the "Tatler," Pope's "Dunciad," the "Walpoliana," or any of the like books of the last century, are no doubt familiar with passages in which White's and other gambling-houses are mentioned. The early records of this club, many of which are preserved, give a vivid idea of the state of society among the wealthy in those days. In 1736 there were to be found among its members the polite Chesterfield, the witty Colley Cibber, the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Cholmondely, Sir John Cope, the poet Churchill, and Pelham, the prime minister, a man of whom it is said, that he divided his time between "the gamblers at White's and the legislators at the Commons." Walpole tells us that the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, the man who told his son that "a member of a gaming club should be a cheat, or he would soon be a beggar," lived at White's, "gaming and pronouncing witticisms among the boys of quality." Swift in his "Essay on Modern Education," tells us that "the Earl of Oxford, in the time of his ministry, never passed by White's Chocolate-house (the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies) without bestowing a curse upon that famous academy, as the bane of half the English nobility;"—and Lord Lyttleton, in a letter to Dr. Doddridge (April, 1750), says, "The Dryads of Hagley are pretty secure, but I sometimes tremble to think that the rattling of a dice-box at White's may one day or other (if my son should be a member of that noble academy) shake down all our fine oaks. It is dreadful to see, not only there, but in almost every house in town, what devastations are made by that destructive fury, the spirit of play." In the present day we have, happily, not so much of this fearful evil to contend with among the rich and well-born; but, just as the gambling spirit has departed from the west-end clubs, it appears to have descended with more destructive influence on the middle and lower establishments;

and betting-shops are rife in every street, where the mechanic and apprentice may become initiated into vice "at the low charge of one shilling."

In 1775 the number of members at White's was restricted to 151, and the annual subscription raised to £10 10s.; in 1781 the number was enlarged to 300; in 1797 it was again enlarged to 400; in 1800, to 460; and in 1813 to 500 members; to which number it is now restricted. Some of the rules existing in the beginning of the present century are curious. One of them provided that "Dinner, at ten shillings and sixpence per head (malt liquors, biscuits, oranges, apples, and olives included), should be on the table every day at six o'clock;" another, that "the dice used at hazard should be paid by boxes—that is, every player who holds in three hands, to pay a guinea for dice;" a third, that "no member of the club should hold a faro bank," and a fourth, that any member "who plays billiards after the supper-bell is rung, is to pay his reckoning for that night;" and so on.

In 1736 White's ceased to be an open chocolate-house, where any one might loiter who could pay for what he had; and being then made a private house for the convenience of the most general frequenters, it became, in the course of time, to be a regular club, in the ordinary sense of the phrase. For many years it continued to be considered as essentially a gaming club; and even now a betting-book is placed on the table in the smoking-room for entering bets in, and billiards and card-playing are still practised by the members of this and some few other clubs. With reference to the inveterate spirit of gambling which once prevailed at White's—a spirit which induced its members to make bets on almost any subject—the marriage of a countess, or the death of a prince, before such and such a time; the success of a Cabinet minister, the failure of a private merchant, or, in fact, any slight difference of opinion whatever, various verbal and pictorial witticisms have been perpetrated—the most famous of which is that attributed to Horace Walpole in 1756. Sitting after dinner at Strawberry-hill with George Selwyn and a few chosen friends, it was proposed by the wit to design a coat-of-arms for the noted club. No sooner said than done;—the friends consulted together, and this was the result:—The blazon was vert (for a card-table); three parolis proper on a chevron sable (for a hazard table); ten rouleaus in saltier, between two dice proper, on a canton sable; and a white ball (for election) argent. The supporters were a young and old knave of clubs; the crest an arm out of an earl's coronet, shaking a dice-box; round the arms, by way of order, was a claret-bottle ticket, and the motto was "*Cogit Amor Nummi*"—the love of money compels.

What we have said of these two clubs—the Athenæum and White's—applies, with more or less truth, to nearly all the others; the social principle, in spite of any little peculiarities special to this or that society, being common to all. The Carlton Club—the great political club of the conservatives—consists of eight hundred members, exclusive of peers and members of the House of Commons: the entrance fee is ten, and the annual subscription fifteen guineas. The Reform Club, which is the great place of meeting for whig politicians, consists of fourteen hundred members, exclusive of many gentlemen who are life, or honorary members the entrance fee is ten guineas, and the yearly subscription twenty-five guineas. Then there are the Conservative Club, with 1,500 members; the Army and Navy, United Service, Guards, Junior United Service, and the Naval, Military, and County Service, clubs, the latter of which occupies the premises in St. James's-street so long notorious as Crockford's: all these, as their names import, are open only to officers in the army or navy, and their subscriptions average about six guineas per year for each member. The members of the learned profession have two clubs of their own, the University and the Oxford and Cambridge; there are two clubs, the Oriental and the Travellers', open only to gentlemen who have made the tour of Europe, or have resided in the East; while the other large clubs open to gentlemen of any shade of politics or any profession, number about twenty; the entrance fees to which range from thirty to nine guineas, and the subscriptions from five to twelve guineas.

It will be seen that the advantages of such clubs as come within the ordinary meaning of the term, are confined exclusively to the rich. In 1848, however, Douglas Jerrold, Cowden Clarke, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, and other celebrated literary men, conceived the idea of founding a club for the middle classes which should combine the best features of the West-end establishments with those of a literary and scientific institution. Proposals were made, a fund collected, a large house taken in the Strand (formerly the Crown and Anchor Tavern), and the Whittington Club was the result. This club now boasts fifteen hundred members, and promises to secure for a large and praiseworthy class of young men all the advantages which the more ambitious associations of the West-end offer. Here, for a subscription of two guineas annually, the members enjoy the privilege of a good library, and reading-rooms which are supplied with all the best periodicals and newspapers of the day; dinners and refreshments may be obtained at all times at the most moderate prices, and various apartments in a goodly mansion are supplied with all that is necessary to ease and comfort. But perhaps the most noticeable peculiarity in the Whittington Club is the freedom enjoyed by all, and the absence of that air of exclusiveness common to the larger establishments. Ladies are admitted as members, and weekly meetings are held in the withdrawing and ball rooms, admission to which is free. Besides this, classes for the teaching of various languages and accomplishments have been formed under the direction of competent tutors; and the whole affairs of the institution are under the direction of a committee of management drawn annually from among the members.

The social influence of clubs and club life on the residents of London is by no means small. It may be seen in the improved tone of society among the upper classes; in the decreased number and better management of hotels and taverns, and in the higher taste for the useful and the beautiful observable among the youth of the aristocracy. What the literary and scientific institution is to the mechanic, the club-house is to the lord.

We are, most of us, as Doctor Johnson observed in his own peculiar way, "very clubable people."

ERIN-GO-BRAGH:

A TRUE IRISH STORY.

Oh, sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have nó refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me

Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

Campbell.

In the year 1810, a native of Philadelphia resided in the city of Altona, and became intimately acquainted with Gen. McC——, who commanded the Irish patriots at the battle of Ballanahench.

The general was a real Irish gentleman, with a heart alive to every refined sympathy of human nature, and warmly attached to Americans and the American character. Never can it be forgotten by those who were so happy as to share his confidence, how his fine manly countenance would light up, as he listened to the answers his questions would draw forth, when inquiring into the private characters of any of our revolutionary sages or soldiers.

Often would the tears start into his eyes—his whole soul would appear to flash from his expressive eye, and he would burst forth with the exclamation: "Oh, Erin, oh my beloved country, from which, alas! I am banished, when will thy heroes arise and burst the bands by which thou art enslaved? Excuse me," he would say, "excuse the companion of the Emmets, the McNevens, and others, who were confined with me in Fort George, in Scotland, from whence I was transported hither—banished! What a word! banished from the home of my childhood—torn from the land where my forefathers dwelt!" On one occasion of this kind, when the most of the company had retired, in his own hospitable mansion, he invited his friend to remain and hear the sad story of his life.

He rose from the table, and going to a book-case, he produced a copy of Campbell's poems, and turning to the beautiful song of Erin-go-bragh—"There," said he, "is my history, I am the original Erin-go-bragh. My countrymen, I am told, often inquire how it happened that a Scotchman should write this national, this glowing account of the wrongs of my devoted countrymen. Listen to me, and I will truly tell you the whole story—that is, if I can tell it! If I can sufficiently compose myself, *you* shall hear it; and should you survive me you may publish it, that the mystery may be solved, and the world may know how the heart of a Scotch poet was touched with the holy sympathy of our common nature, and has placed on record, in the most exalted and touching numbers, the feelings of an Irish exile. While confined in the fortress of Fort George, I was, without any knowledge of what was to be my fate, conveyed to a seaport and put on board of an English frigate, to be banished I knew not whither!" (The name of the port of embarkation and of the vessel were given, but are not now remembered.) "On board of this vessel was Campbell, the Scotch poet, then about to make his pedestrian tour on the continent of Europe. It was not long before we became intimately acquainted, and as you may suppose my whole heart was filled with wo

"During our passage to this place, we had many and very close conversations, pending which I poured into his ear, in impassioned language, the sad, the overwhelming woes of my countrymen, and particularly my own hard fate.

"We were not very long in reaching our destination, we landed together at Altona, and what was my surprise to find my companion almost as destitute of money as myself. I had been hurried away without the knowledge of my friends, who had no intimation of my banishment, and coming from close confinement, was not overburdened with a wardrobe, much less with the necessary funds for decency, to say nothing of comfort.

"Campbell was as poor as myself; and in this condition we entered a very common inn, and were ushered into a room, not very well furnished, having nothing but an oaken table and a very few common chairs. We seated ourselves at opposite sides of the table, and gazed at each other with no enviable feelings, when, on examining our exchequer, we found the whole sum in the treasury amounted to no more than a crown. We called for a candle, for it was growing dark, and ordered, in consonance with our finances, some cheap refreshments. The light came, and you must believe me when I tell you it was a dip candle stuck in a black bottle. There was something so ludicrous in this, and in our general circumstances, that we both indulged in a hearty laugh

"As our spirits were operated upon by the wretched liquor, which we drank more to drown the rising sigh than for any partiality for it, Campbell called for pen, ink, and paper. 'Mr. McC,' said he, 'your story has deeply interested me, and a kind of notion has arisen that I should like to put it upon paper.'

In a little time a miserable inkhorn was produced, and something which was called paper, but it was so stained, and otherwise disfigured, it seemed almost impossible, with the wretched pen that accompanied it, that legible characters could be traced upon it; and I could but indulge in my risible propensities, at the idea of any attempt to write with such materials.

"But the soul of the poet had been aroused, and he bade me again to refresh his memory with my tale, which I did by replying to such questions as he from time to time propounded to me. At last he finished his labours, and the result of them was the song of Erin-go-bragh, the very song printed in his works, and which I now hand to you.

"This is a true history of that inimitable production, more full of feeling, in my opinion, than anything he has ever written before or since."

"Read it to me," said the general, "for if the king would withdraw the act which banished me, the object nearest my Irish heart, I could not read that song aloud!"

Such was the story told to the writer, as nearly as it can be remembered, after a lapse of thirty-eight years. There are yet living several persons who will recognise it, and an appeal to them for the accuracy with which it is here told, would confirm it in every particular; its only defect being the absence of power in the writer to impart to his readers anything of the enthusiasm with which General McC. related it—nor the heart-stirring emotion ever exhibited by him when it became, as it often did, the subject of conversation.

As the reader may feel desirous to know what was subsequently the fate of the real and original Erin-go-bragh, he may be told that his friends found out where he was, remitted him funds, that he embarked in a profitable pursuit, and ever after lived in comparative affluence.

The story of his marriage is of so romantic a nature, that as he is now no more, and there is therefore no impropriety in giving it publicity, the writer is tempted to narrate it, as he has often listened to it from the lips of the general, at his own agreeable board in the presence of his wife.

"There she is," he would say, "she is my preserver! Campbell and myself continued in our lodgings, and with the bill of expenses, but alas! our means exhausted

"When the bill for the first week was presented to us, 'Well,' said the poet to me, 'what do you propose to do, general?' To which I replied, 'Do!—what do I propose to do, did you ask me? I might put the same question to you—but no! let an Irishman alone for getting out of a scrape. I will call up the landlord, and tell him our story; adding, that I expect ere long my relatives will find out whither I have been sent, and it cannot be, but that in a short time funds will be sent to me. Suiting the action to the word, I rang the bell, the landlord appeared, and I gave him our story in a few words, for though a German, he was well acquainted with our language. 'An Irish general,' said the apparently incredulous Boniface, 'and a Scotch poet!' He left us with the exclamation, and after he had gone, I proposed a walk, to which my companion assenting, we strolled around the city of Altona, and returned to our lodgings, without having met with any occurrence worthy of remark. Being somewhat fatigued, and having no book, or other means of occupation, we retired to our humble chamber, which had in it two single beds, by no means luxurious.

Another week of anxiety passed away, and no advices reached either of us, and the poet and myself were in a considerable dilemma. Another bill was presented, but to our great surprise we found our host very lenient indeed. He made no remark when presenting it—simply asked me had I received my funds, and on expressing my mortification that my reply must be in the negative, he left me with a polite bow.

"'The aristocracy,' said the poet, 'are here none of the best, but our host is an honest fellow, we have inspired him with confidence, and he appears content to wait!'

"I know not how it was, but I felt a strange sensation come over me, a feeling that relief was at hand. So strongly was I impressed with this belief that I communicated it to my friend, who laughed out at what he called my Irish modest assurance.

"'Relief,' he said, 'may come when your relations hear of you, but my word for it, that will not be soon. No, no, there is no relief.'

"He, however, yielded to my solicitation to walk, which was always my resource, and as we left the house, I said to him, 'Campbell, when we come back I shall hear something.'

"'If you do,' said he, 'it may be in the shape of a dun for our unpaid bills.'

"'You will see,' I replied; when we sallied forth, and were gone perhaps an hour. On returning to our room, judge of the sensation I experienced when I discovered on the oaken table, a neat envelope directed, in a female hand, 'To Gen. A. McC.' With an eagerness much more easily conceived than described, I broke the seal—not a line of manuscript did it contain—but for a moment my heart leaped with joy, for I found within the envelope a Schleswig Holstein bank bill of twenty dollars! Although my surprise was without bounds—'Did I not tell you,' said I to my friend, 'that relief was at hand?'

'Our treasury was now replenished, and we had a fruitful subject of conversation." Addressing himself to his attentive listener, "I wish," said the general, "you could have seen the stride with which I paced up and down that room. Never in my whole eventful life had I such commingled sensations. My pride was gratified, that I could now discharge our indebtedness to our host, while I suffered the deepest humilia-

tion in the reflection, that I was considered an object of charity by some unknown person! My curiosity was at fault to determine who it could be, and I shall never forget Campbell's looks as he exclaimed, 'You have conquered here, if you could not in Ireland. But it is Cupid who has been your aid. The handwriting, the neatness of the billet, and its diminutive proportions, all declare it to be a *billet-doux*. My word for it, your Irish complexion and figure have taken captive the heart of some fair lady!' This idea greatly added to my embarrassment, but the pride of being enabled to discharge our indebtedness, overcame for the moment all my other sensations, and strutting up to the bell, I rang it with so much violence, that our landlord ran up in an instant, and demanded to know what was the matter? '*Bring your bill*,' said I, 'that I may at once discharge it.' I thought this would be the most agreeable intelligence I could give him. What, then, was our joint surprise, when he replied, 'That, gentlemen, is of no kind of importance; I pray of you give yourselves no uneasiness on that score—you can pay me at your convenience.' Saying this, he departed, leaving my friend and myself more deeply involved in the mystery which had not only supplied us with money, but which had also placed us in such ample credit.

"'You see,' said the poet, 'you are known, and Cupid has taken you under his special protection.'

"Time now passed more pleasantly. The second Saturday brought another note, addressed in the same handwriting, containing a second bank note of the same amount. Finding our finances so much improved we took better lodgings, and indulged ourselves with more of the creature comforts, for the unknown benefactor found us out in our new abode, and continued the supply, which enabled us to do so.

"I think," continued the general, "it was in the fourth week that I was returning to my lodgings alone, in the dusk of the evening, when one of the flag-stones of the pavement being somewhat raised above its fellows, caused me to strike it with my foot, and being thus thrown from my equilibrium, I fell against the porch of a dwelling, in which was seated a lady, who did not attract my attention until I heard a voice, a sweet voice, which inquired if I was hurt. A voice in my native tongue uttering sounds of sympathy would have been accompanied with a charm, come from whom it might, but imagine the ecstasy with which I was thrilled when I heard the sweet voice which addressed me, and knew it to be from the lips of a fair daughter of the Emerald Isle—in plain English, an Irishwoman.

'I hope you are not hurt, general?'

''General!' she knows me, then, thought I.

''Come,' said she, 'and rest yourself in the porch.'

'I could no longer contain myself.

''Tell me,' said I, 'by what blessed influence I have been thus brought to listen to the sweet sympathising accents of a countrywoman, and one who appears to know me: for if I mistake not you addressed me by my title—the sad, sad title which calls up all my afflictions, and revives the sad fate of my companions in a strife which failed to benefit our beloved country, proved fatal to one of the best men, and sent me hither a wandering exile.'

"There," said he, pointing to his wife, then present, "there sits the angel of mercy, who poured into my attentive ears, till they reached my inmost soul, accents attuned to the most holy of all earthly consolations—accents of sympathy for me, and the most noble and heroic sentiments, applauding the course of our dear native land."

"Now," said the lady, "I pray of you do not yet into your heroics:" and addressing their guest, she continued,—"Receive what he says with many allowances, for on this subject he is insane. I forgive him, for he has suffered much in the cause of that dear land from which we both derive our birth; and you who know him know that he never thinks or speaks of dear Erin and his exile,—of a spot for which he is ready to shed the last drop of his blood,—that his whole soul is not on fire. Of this he may talk to you; and if you will listen to him, he will do so till to-morrow's sun shall warm you with his meridian rays; but I forbid him to talk of me and of our union."

"Forbid!" said the husband, "there is no such word in the vocabulary I will tell this to our friend, for you know I love him. I will tell him how you courted me, and how you saved me, and made me what I am—your happy husband."

To this the fond wife would reply, deprecating the continuance of his narrative, which, however, did not prevent him from doing ample justice to every incident which occurred, from the time of their first accidental meeting, as here related, until Hymen had sealed a union which had made both husband and wife as happy as they could be under the circumstances of his banishment. This was a continual source of chagrin and mortification to his heroic soul; and never could Ireland be named within his hearing that the tear did not start in his eye.

The substance of his love affair was, that the lady of whom we have spoken was an Irish lady, who had come when a young woman with her parents to Altona, had married a young German, who did not long survive their union. She was left in very comfortable circumstances; and hearing from the keeper of the inn that a person was an inmate with him, calling himself an Irish general, who had been banished, and who had not heard from his friends, and was without funds, she had sent him the weekly supply which so much astonished the poet and the general. The innkeeper, knowing the lady to be an Irishwoman, had gone to consult her as to the probability of the general's story, and had been told to withhold nothing, and that she would be responsible. Often did she tell the writer that she sent the money without any expectation of ever seeing the recipient, who was represented to her as so fine-looking in person, that he could not be an impostor. She believed him to be a veritable Irishman in distress, and—that was enough—had she never seen him, he was a countryman of hers, and had a right to anything she could do for him—happy to have been furnished with an object to call forth her patriotic feelings, to exercise them in his behalf was her greatest delight. Pure accident had given her a knowledge of who was the cause of calling them forth, and his heart was touched, and hers responded to his love. They had been several years married when the writer became acquainted with them. Their home was the abode of peace and contentment, and a hospitality that knew no limits.

His sentence of banishment was remitted many years after the period here spoken of, and he was permitted again to return to the home of his childhood and the land of his forefathers, for which he had bled, and for the redemption of which he was ever ready to lay down his life—but it was not so ordered. He died in peace, and was buried in the tomb of his ancestors. General Anthony McCann was the veritable and original "Erin-go-bragh."

HOLLAND.

Holland, or the Netherlands, comprising the territories formerly included within the Seven United Provinces, may be considered in many respects as the most wonderful country, perhaps, under the sun; it is certainly unlike every other. What elsewhere would be considered as impossible has here been carried into effect, and incongruities have been rendered consistent. "The house built upon the sand" may here be seen *standing*, for neither Amsterdam nor Rotterdam have any better foundation than sand, into which piles are driven through many feet of superincumbent bog earth. In Holland, the very laws of nature seem to be reversed; the sea is higher than the land—the keels of the ships float above the chimneys of the houses, and the frog croaking amongst the bulrushes looks down upon the swallow upon the house-top. Where rivers take their course, it is not in beds of their own choosing; they are compelled to pass through canals formed of human art and industry, and even the very ocean itself appears here to have half obeyed the command, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

No description can convey the slightest notion of the way in which Holland has been gathered, particle by particle, out of the waste of waters, of the strange aspect of the country, and the incessant vigilance and wondrous precautions by which it is preserved. Holland is, in the fullest sense, an alluvion of the sea. It consists of sand and mud rescued from the ocean, and banked up on all sides. Produced by the most dexterous and indefatigable exertions, it can be maintained only by artificial means. If the efforts by which it was redeemed from the

waters were to be relaxed, the ocean would reassert its rights, and the whole kingdom would be submerged. The slightest accident might sweep Holland into the deep. It was once nearly undermined by an insect. Indeed, the necessity of destroying insects is so urgent that the stork, a great feeder upon them, is actually held in a sort of veneration, and almost every species of bird is religiously protected from injury. Bird-nesting is strictly prohibited by law. The drift of all this is palpable enough. But it is curious that the very existence of a great country should depend upon such guarantees.

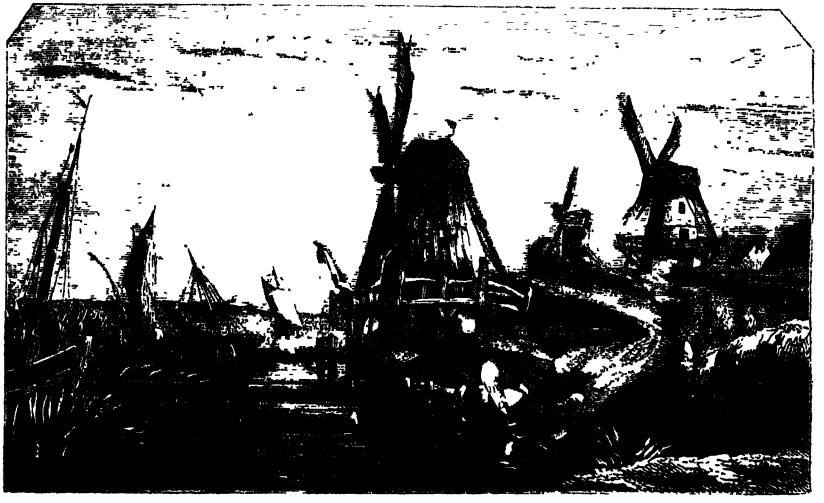
Holland is destitute of iron, coal, and timber, and is a commercial rather than a manufacturing country. In the manufacture of smalt, and the grinding of vermillion, rouge, &c., the Dutch have long been celebrated; and it is a curious fact that in some of these points neither France nor England can compete with them in point of excellence. The manufacture of white lead is carried to great perfection in Holland. Abundance of excellent wheat is grown near Utrecht, and the wheat of Friesland is extremely good. Woad and madde also extensively grown, and flax is raised in large quantities in the south, especially round Dort, which is the centre of a considerable trade in that article. Chicory is also much cultivated, as well as the hemp, flax, and other oily seeds, especially colza and rape. Vast quantities of grain are consumed in the distilleries of Schiedam and other places. In Schiedam alone there are upwards of 100 distilleries, and 30,000 pigs are fed with the refuse grain after the spirit has been extracted. How many thousand families might be supported in the grain thus wasted!

The principal manufactures in Holland are those of woollen cloths and blankets at Leyden and Utrecht; of silks and velvets at Utrecht, Haarlem, and Amsterdam; of linen at Boxtel; and of paper, leather, cordage, hats, ribbons, needles, glue, &c. Several cotton factories were established near Haarlem under the patronage of the late king; these have increased both in number and in the quantity of goods manufactured since the separation of Holland from Belgium.

The extensive bleaching-grounds of Haarlem are well known; they owe their reputation to some peculiar property supposed to exist in the water. Before the introduction of chlorine as a bleaching agent, the fine linens made in Silesia, as well as those of Friesland, were sent hither to be bleached; and being thence exported direct to England, were named after the country from whence they were embarked, not that in which they were made. Such fabrics are still known in commerce by the name of white Holland, brown Holland, &c.

Among the principal articles of domestic produce exported from Holland to Great Britain, are butter, cheese, flax, seeds, grain of different kinds, tobacco, spirits, raw and thrown silk, and silk manufactures; and of colonial produce from Java, &c., coffee, sugar, nutmegs, cloves, mace, and other spices, Banca tin, &c.; for which Holland takes from us in return, coal, cotton goods and yarn, earthenware, hardware and cutlery, iron, steel and other metals, salt, linen, silk and woollen goods. 200,797 cwt. of butter, and 271,375 cwt. of cheese were imported into this country from Holland in 1849.

The Dutch herring fishery, although of some importance, has very much fallen off; scarcely 200 herring vessels are now sent out from the whole of Holland, instead of 2,000, the number employed in former days. The English word *pickle*,



INE IN HOLLAND.

is derived from the Dutch *pekel* (brine). Very strict regulations are in force relative to the taking, curing, and packing of herrings, with the view to secure to the Hollanders the superiority which they had early attained in the fishery, to obtain for the Dutch herrings the best price in foreign markets, and to prevent the herrings being injured by the bad faith of individuals.

Everybody knows what a Dutch cheese is; but everybody does not know that the manufacture of those little round balls of cheese is a matter of considerable importance, and a source of great wealth to the province of North Holland. The cleanliness of the Dutch is proverbial, and nowhere is this fact more noticeable than in the country farmhouses; nine-tenths of the poor people of Great Britain not being so well and cleanly lodged as the cows in Holland. At these farmhouses may be seen the cheeses in various stages of preparation; some in the press, others soaking in water and imbibing salt, and every part of the process distinguished by the most refined cleanliness. A vast quantity of these sweet milk, or Edam cheeses, as they are styled, are made in North Holland. They

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SCENE IN HOLLAND.

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are sold at the markets of Alkmaar and Hoorn, &c., and are exported thence to the most distant countries of the globe. 9,000,000 lb. of cheese are weighed annually in the town scales of Alkmaar. The quantity of cheese sold in 1845 was 1,300,000 Dutch pounds. The best is made at Gouda, and is called Gouda cheese.

The scene we have chosen for illustration exhibits two of the characteristic features of the country—windmills and canals. The mills are nearly always situated on or near the banks of the numerous canals, so that the corn, &c., may be easily carried to the coast, or into the interior of the country. Altogether, Holland may be considered one of the most surprising countries in Europe.

TREES OF LIBERTY.

With snatches of triumphant song,
And loud huzzas of jubilee,
Proceeds the wild, rejoicing throng,
And plants its tree of Liberty!
Awhile, the People's tender care,
Protects its softly budding shoot,
But soon they see, in blank despair,
A canker eating at its root
Their Children's seat will never be
Beneath that Tree of Liberty!

With hymns of hope within our heart,
With deep and earnest souls of prayer
Let us begin our needful part,
But *not* with shouts upon the air,
With gentle, steady-moving hand,
Pour in bright Knowledge as a stream,
Chase Ignorance throughout the land,
Efface her dim deluding dream,
Tear off the chains with which she binds,
And open wide her fetid den,
Uproot our timid, crouching minds,
And make them into free born Men!
Thus shall we *earn* a jubilee,—
Thus plant our Tree of Liberty

Dark slavish Fear hath held the world
In close and dismal bondage long,
Till germs of goodness have grown weak,
And weeds of wickedness waxed strong.
Oh, raise up high the great flood-gates,
The golden gates of radiant Love,
And teach men to discard old hate,
And in new ways of Peace to move
One act of love is better worth
Than thousand servile deeds of fear,
Fear, dwarfing men to coward slaves,
While noble Love doth *freemen* rear!—
Thus, thus, with earnest hope we would see
Uptrain our Tree of Liberty!

And, in due season, golden fruit
Will hang upon its branches fair,
No canker eating at its root,
No drooping leaves upon it there,
The Despot's hand in vain may try
To move it from its olden place,—
'Twill, calm, withstand his evil eye,
Or, sweetly laugh into his face!
And all good spirits, though unseen,
Will nurture it with blessed dew,
Preserve its foliage evergreen,
And train its form to Beauty true
Oh, quickly help, whoe'er ye be,
To plant *such* Trees of Liberty!

MARIE.

GAME PLAYERS.—I do not see (says a writer in the *Notes and Queries*) that any of your numerous correspondents have mentioned the common belief among the poor in this county (Sussex) that a person cannot die if his bed is stuffed with game feathers. A friend of mine, a little time back, was talking to a labourer on the absurdity of such a belief; but he failed to convince the good man, who, as a proof of the correctness of his belief, brought forward the case of a poor man who had lately died after a lingering illness. "Look at poor Master S——, how hard he were a dying! Poor soul, he could not die ony way, till neighbour Puttick found out how it wer. 'Master S——,' says he, 'ye be lying on geame feathers, mon, surely,' and so he wer. So we took'n out o' bed, and laid'n on the floore, and he pretty soon died then."

EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY.

SOLUTIONS TO QUESTIONS IN No. 30, APRIL 24.

1. To plant four trees at equal distances from each other, it would be necessary to place one on each point of the base of a



Tetrahedron

tetrahedron, and a fourth on the apex. A *tetrahedron*, as defined by Euclid, is a solid figure, bounded by four equilateral triangles; and to place the four trees as proposed, it would be necessary to raise a mound on the base of an equilateral triangle, so that the top of it, where the fourth tree is to be planted, should be equally distant from the three points of the middle triangle or base.

2. J. Robertson, of Aberdeen, has forwarded a list of 691 separate words found in the one word demonstration, and 121 in grandfather; and S Clark, of Plymouth, finds 475 words in demonstration, and 240 in grandfather. Several correspondent give lists containing a fewer number of words than the above.

3. DAVID. S. A. Jacob, and a hundred other friends.

4 The inscription on a guinea ran thus: Georgius III., Dei Gratia, M B F ET H. REX, F D. B. ET L.D. S R.I A T. ET E.—Which is, in full,—Georgius Tertius, Dei Gratia, Magnæ Britanniæ Franciæ et Hiberniæ Rex, Fidei Defensor, Brunswicensis et Lunenburgi Dux, Sacri Romani Imperii Archi-Thesaurarius et Elector. Translated, the inscription is,—George the Third, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, Arch-Treasurer and Elector of the Holy Roman Empire.

5 If 7900 be multiplied by 1760, the number of yards in a mile, it will give 13904000 as the diameter in yards. This multiplied by 3.1428 (.1428 being the decimal of 1-7 th) will give 43674912 0000 yards as the circumference If the man's height were taken at two yards, the diameter would then be 13904000 yards, which, being multiplied as before, would produce 43674924 5712 the difference, being 12 5712 yards.—M. A. X

6 WOMEN. Poetical solutions received from Clara, R. A Linward Edwards, and a number of other correspondents.

7 He purchased the last-mentioned stock at 262½

8 The solution was just, for, suppose the loaves divided into three equal parts—24 parts in the eight loaves—and each person to eat an equal or eighth part, the stranger would then have but seven parts of the nine contributed the five loaves, or fifteen parts and but one part of he who contributed the three loaves

9 The bill was discounted at the nominal rate of 5 per cent., but the real rate was $4\frac{76}{101}$

10 The town of Bevel, in Upper Garonne, entitled to beheaded, is EVE.—W. R. S. The town of NEVER.—Ann Newsom

11. A SHOE. Answered by numerous friends.

12 45 is the number, which may be divided into 4 parts,—8+12+5+20=45. To the first part you add 2: 8+2=10 from the second part you subtract 2: 12—2=10; the third part you multiply by 2: 5×2=10; and the fourth part you divide by 2 20÷2=10. Consequently, the *sum* of the addition, the *remainder* of the subtraction, the *product* of the multiplication and the *quotient* of the division are precisely the same 10. This question admits of several answers

13. It would appear that Abraham had very early purchased slaves with money (Gen xvii 13); but the first special transaction was that mentioned in chap. xxiii. of Genesis, in which he purchased the cave of Machpelah as a burial-place for his wife Sarah.

Robert Middleton

14. Because the air, being rarefied by the sunshine, flows more slowly to the fire The candle, not being confined as a grate, cannot replenish itself, by drawing a greater quantity of *air* to itself.

Bennet Lowe

15. The gentleman's age was 72. Thus, 60 years ago he was 12 years of age. The square of which, 144÷2=72.—Thos. C. Killip

16. Unanswered.

17. The word STATIONER, whence stationery, is derived from the Latin *statio* (station), because they used to have all their stall. or shops in one station or street.—T. J. Robertson, Morpeth.

The title of stationer was assumed by the London booksellers shortly after the invention of printing, from their custom of keeping fixed shops or stalls, unlike other vendors who were at that time itinerant. *Hence the origin of the term stationery.*—Robert Middleton.

18. 1+5+7=18 1×1= 1
5×5=25 diff. 24
7×7=49 diff. 24
—
75 proof. J. W.

19. As 70 . 40 : 10 : $\frac{400}{70}=5\frac{5}{7}\times2=11\frac{3}{7}$ diameter of 1st wheel.

10 $5\frac{5}{7}=1\frac{2}{7}\times2=8\frac{1}{7}$ ditto of 2nd wheel.
Ewol Tenneb.

20. Ope (open). Answered by more than a hundred correspondents.

21. If twelve oxen eat $3\frac{1}{3}$ acres in 4 weeks, 36 oxen will eat 10 acres. Then, $36\times4=144$, and $21\times9=189$, increase, 45 in 5 weeks, and the increase in 14 weeks will be 5 14 . 45 126, which $+144=270$, and $270\div18=15$ oxen, but in the last case there is 21 acres; therefore, 10 21 · 15 · 36, or *6 oxen will eat 21 acres in 18 weeks*.

Or, if 21 oxen eat 10 acres in 9 weeks, 7 oxen will eat $3\frac{1}{3}$ acres in 9 weeks, then $12\times3\frac{1}{3}\times4=160$, and $7\times3\frac{1}{3}\times9=210$, increase 50 in 5 weeks, and 5 14 50 · 140, which $+160=300$, and $300\div(3\frac{1}{3}\times18)=5$ oxen; but there is 24 acres instead of $3\frac{1}{3}$ acres, therefore, 3½ 24 3=36 *oxen*, which is the number required.—Robert Middleton.

22. 8 hours 15 minutes, a m.
8,45+5 10=11,25, or 2,25, p m
8,15 2,25 105 29, the proof of its correctness
A Correspondent from Milton Street.

23. A had 1, B, 5, and C, 7 sovereigns Thus, 1+11=12, 5+11=16; 7+11=18

24 Suppose she bought 21 at 4 for a penny, that would be 5¼d., and 21 at 3 for a penny would be 7d.
Then $5\frac{1}{4}$d+7d=1s 0¼d Then 12 sold at 7 for 2d. would be 1s.—taken from 1s 0¼d would show a loss of 0¼d
Then 0¼d. : 42 24 farthings 504 at 4 for 1d 126
12 504 . 3 .. 168
—
18 294
96 1008 7 (= 288
for 2d)
—
2) 1008 Proof . 6 loss.
—
504 of each sort.

25. A Thorn in the foot.—R H, *Droyden*, and many others

26. In about 21¼ years.—Alex. Murray
In 20 years, 212 $\frac{236}{5}$ days.—John Mathers

27. *Nine* trees can be disposed in *ten* rows, if planted in the manner shown in the diagram: the reader will perceive how ten lines can be drawn from the various points.

* * *
* * *
* * *

Thomas Palmer

28 The periphery of the fore-wheel was 4 yards, and the mind wheel 5 yards.—J M'C.

29. This is a kind of *catch* question, to which a correspondent replies as follows:—"I suppose the answer you want is two kings,—*viz.* James I and George I, but I say that all sovereigns of England were kings (and queens) before they were crowned, otherwise you invalidate the claim of Edward V."

30. The ½, ½, 1-6th, and 1-19th of 19s. are, 9s 6d+6s. 1d.+3s. 2d.+1s.=20s.—Stephen Constantine, and John Plant.

31. Unanswered.

32. Snowdrop. Answered by several correspondents.

33. Let x=income of each
$\frac{4x}{5}$ A spends. $\frac{1x}{5}+80$ B spends.

A saves £25. $\frac{16x}{5}=320=4x+220$

B spends 80+25=£125. $16x+1600=20x+1100$
500 $1x$
x=125=income of each.
Ewol Tenneb.

34. 22+5=27, 31−4=27; 9×3=27; 54÷2=27. Thus, 22+31+9+54=116 the number.—W. Martin.

[From the immense number of letters received, it was impossible to acknowledge separately the various solutions, much less to give complicated workings Our friends must content themselves with the assurance that we fully appreciate the value of their labours, and thank them for the interest they take in the Exercises. If they would also endeavour to *merit* a few good questions—always being careful to send the solutions with them—they would at once benefit themselves and us.]

Questions requiring Answers.

1. Three women went to market with eggs, the first had 50 to sell, the second 30, and the third 10 All three sold after the same *rate*, and obtained the same amount of money. How was this?

2 If a wheel be 11 feet high, what length of iron will be required for the tire?

3. What debt will be discharged by weekly payments, of which the first is 5s and the last £2000, the ratio being 2.—J. M'C.

4 A gentleman who had purchased a new hat was asked how much he had paid for it He answered, "If to the sum you add the one half, one-fourth, and one-third of itself, you will have the sum of 11s 7d What did he pay for his hat?

5. If six the third of twenty be,
What is the fourth of thirty-three?

6 What two numbers are those whose product is equal to the difference of their squares, and the sum of their squares equal to the difference of their cubes?

7 When and by whom was England divided into parishes? and when arose the practice of hanging churches and dwelling-houses with holly and evergreens at Christmas?

8. What causes the snow to appear white?

9 What were crowns originally, and who may be said to have worn the first golden one?

10 Divide a guinea into 21 pieces of money, which shall contain neither half-sovereign, crown, half-crown, shillings, sixpences, fourpenny pieces, threepenny pieces, pence, or halfpence.

11 A young girl was sent to a farm to purchase eight quarts of milk, which she carried in an eight-quart pot As she was returning, she met a young woman, with a five-quart tin and a three-quart tin, going to the same place for the same quantity of milk She told her she had got eight quarts, and that the former had no more to dispose of, but, if she had a mind, she would let her have four quarts of hers So they divided the milk, with these measures, into equal parts How did they do it?

Charade.

I'm an article much used in this nation,
Yet on me some folks want to put a taxation
Take one letter from me, and soon you can
See what is very beneficial to man
Take two letters from me, and then will appear
What I'm sure you do every day in the year.
Required, a poetical answer.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art.—The First Volume of this splendidly embellished work, handsomely bound, price 6s 6d., extra cloth gilt edges, 7s. 6d., will be ready July 1, and will contain upwards of Two Hundred Principal Engravings, and an equal number of Minor Engravings, Diagrams, &c

Completion of John Cassell's Library.—This invaluable Work is now complete, in 21 Volumes, 7d each in paper covers; double Volumes, cloth, 1s 6d, &c. when 4 Vols in 1, 2s 3d The entire Series may be had, bound in cloth, 19s 6d, or arranged in a Library Box, 25s

Fine Edition of the Popular Educator—Education of Families.—No publication has ever been welcomed with such tokens of approval from heads of families as this last of John Cassell's works An extra Edition, at 1½d per number, or in Monthly Parts, in a neat wrapper, at 7d., or when Five Numbers, 8½d., is now published, which is issued without the weekly headings Persons wishing for this Edition must be careful to order the "Extra Edition" The whole of the Numbers may now be obtained, or the first Two Parts—Part I., 7d., Part II., 8½d

Scripture Library for the Young, in Smiling Volumes.—The first two volumes of this attractive series of works, "The Life of Joseph," illustrated with sixteen choice engravings and maps, and "The Tabernacle, its Priests, and Services," with twelve engravings, are now ready

MISCELLANEA.

BREVITIES.—Some day it will be found out that to bring up a man with a genial nature, a good temper, and a happy frame of mind, is a greater effort than to perfect him in much knowledge and many accomplishments.—Blunt wedges rive hard knots —Childhood and genius have the same master-organ in common—inquisitiveness. —No man is wholly bad all at once.—In all true humour lies its germ—pathos.—We may do a very good action, and not be a good man, but we cannot do an ill one, and not be an ill man.—Surely some people must know themselves; many never think about anything else.—Truth, when witty, is the wittiest of all things.—Solitude is necessary in the moments when grief is strongest, and thought most troubled.

THE MINISTER AND HIS MAN.—"John," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a teetotaller—you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you never take a drop yoursel', minister?" "Ah, but, John, you must look at your circumstances and mine." "Very true, sir," says John, "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John, I cannot tell you that." "Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his ain door clean."

THE GENDER OF MYSTERIES.—There is not a mystery in creation, the symbol or practical invention for meanings abstruse, recondite, and incomprehensible, which is not represented by the female gender There is the Sphynx, and the Enigma, and the Chimera, and Isis, whose veil no man had ever lifted—they were all ladies, every one of them And so was Proserpine and Hecate, who was one thing by night and another by day The Sibyls were females, and so were the Gorgons, the Harpies, the Furies, the Fates, and the Teutonic Valkyrs, Norns, and, in short, all representation of ideas, obscure, inscrutable, and portentous, are nouns feminine.

A NEW MORAL TO AN OLD FABLE.—Don't live in hope, with your arms folded, fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves, and put their shoulders to the wheel.

VALUE OF GEOLOGICAL KNOWLEDGE —The neglect of geological knowledge in architecture has produced the most deplorable consequences, in the premature decomposition of magnificent structures, owing to the perishable quality of the stone employed in their erection. The Capitol, at Washington, in the United States, is rapidly crumbling down to its very base, and thus one of the most splendid senate-houses in the world presents a memorable record of the human ignorance which refused to learn, although a very easy page in nature's book was offered for perusal. This Capitol is built of perishable sandstone, while the marble quarries which have supplied materials for the admired public buildings of Baltimore lie within forty miles. The new church of St. Peter's, at Brighton, has already the appearance of dilapidated antiquity. Several colleges have been entirely rebuilt The bridges of Westminster and Blackfriars, which cost respectively £427,000 and £153,000, and are neither of them more than a century old, have several times required repairs nearly equivalent to renewal. The latter is now pronounced almost irrecoverable, while the former is under sentence, and will be removed as a new one can be erected in the same vicinity.

BRIEF CHEMICAL NOTES.

SOOT A PIGMENT.—Common coal-soot put into a bottle of water, shaken, the water poured off, and more added two or three times; then the lighter part, after the first settlement, poured on filter paper, dries a fine deep black-brown colour, which may be rubbed up with gum-water, in proportion as wanted, instead of Indian ink or lamp-black, for drawing diagrams.

CEDAR WOOD RESIN.—A peculiar resin was found to have exuded or evaporated, and attached itself to the polished surface of shells kept in a large new conchologist's cabinet, the interior wholly formed of cedar. It was washed off with spirits of wine, to which it imparted a most bitter flavour.

HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM.—Its instant production from cold water is ingeniously effected, by driving it with a force-pump through several feet of iron tubing, laid in a bath of fusible metal, kept at 500 deg. Fahr.,—a principle capable of extensive application

INCOMPRESSIBLE PRINTERS' BLOCKS.—Instead of blocking up large types or stereotypes with wood, or to adjust these where wood cannot be immediately or conveniently introduced, mix common white sand with strong glue, and it may be readily applied and shaped with a broad knife-blade When dry it will be very adhesive, as well as incompressible

TESTING BUILDING-STONES.—The varieties of red sandstone, and other building materials may be artificially tested in respect to the action of frost upon them, by immersing a small cubical block of each in a cold concentrated solution of soda, and then hanging them up by a string. Soft qualities will be disintegrated, hard suitable specimens will remain unaffected, after some days' exposure.

TEA AN ASTRINGENT.—If a decoction be stirred with the steel blade of a dinner-knife, it will soon form a tannate of iron, which, conveyed to a clean quill pen, may be written with

HORSE CHESTNUTS.—These would afford an abundant supply of farina, which may be employed in the manufacture of British gum for calico printers, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

(By a Correspondent.)

A CURE FOR WARTS.—These troublesome tumours may be cured by applying milk of spurge a few days successively. They turn black with the first application, and die away gradually.

RECIPE FOR A MOST EFFECTUAL RAZOR-STROP.—Spread the well known blue-pill of the shops on buff leather, smoothing it with the razor back, and it is fit for use in the ordinary way. The blue-pill may be bought at any of the druggist's shop.

DISCOLOURED OR DAMP WALLS.—Whatever the impregnation such walls have received, several kinds appear wholly incurable, penetrating through fresh plastering, and rotting hollow cloth linings; but if the sheet-lead, which comes to us in the way of lining round tea-chests, be nailed up with copper nails against walls so affected, they may be papered immediately, and will resist the influence of whatever acid may be in the walls.

TO HASTEN THE RIPENING OF WALL-FRUIT.—Paint the wall with black paint, or lay a composition of the same colour, and the tree will produce not only more in quantity, in the proportion of 5 to 3, but the quality is also superior in size and flavour to that which grows against walls of a natural colour.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. EVANS.—We have reason to believe that there is a sufficient number of "lawyers' clerks" in America already.—You will find "easy lessons on mathematics" in "The Popular Educator."

A. Z. B. Y.—We have never heard "that the government, or any society, has held out any reward to any person who can furnish a successful plan for making a flying machine;" nor do we think it likely that they ever will.

PRINTER.—Gilding of glass, porcelain, &c., is performed by blending powdered gold with gum water and a little borax, and applying it by means of a camel's hair pencil; the article is then heated sufficiently hot in an oven or furnace, by which means the gum is burnt, and the borax vitrifying, cements the gold to the surface When cold, it is polished off with a burnisher Names, dates, or any fancy device, may thus be permanently and easily fixed on glass, china earthenware, &c.

J. D. C. D.—A correspondent using this signature, and several other correspondents, have written for information on various matters connected with emigration. We find it very difficult to answer these inquiries, because the parties write in such indefinite terms. We recommend them to obtain a very cheap work, just issued from our office, entitled, "The Emigrants' Handbook;" which is a guide to the various fields of emigration in all parts of the globe. We recommend this to R. Jamieson, to T. Pranter, to J. F S, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.—We do not pretend to "skill in surgery," nor can we undertake to prescribe for the dropsy.

P SIMPLE.—You had better apply to one of the clerks of the Admiralty Office.

JOHN MAY, W STANWELL.—"The Pathway" will be published, in future, on the first day of every month, instead of fortnightly, as heretofore

MARY A female friend informs us that "flannels may retain a good colour, and be preserved from shrinking," by always putting them into *scalding hot* water instead of water moderately warm, as is the usual practice.

CURIOUS.—*Gold sovereigns*, value 20s, were introduced in the year 1534; in 1550 their value was 21s., in 1562, 30s; in 1821 they were reduced at their present value,—namely, 20s.—*Tea* was first brought into London by the Dutch East India Company, early in the seventeenth century. In 1666 a quantity of it was brought from Holland by Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory From this time it became more generally used, that is, by those who could afford to purchase it, the price then being 60s per pound In 1773 the Americans refused to receive it until the duty on, which occasioned the long civil war

CLASSICUS.—You ought not to assume such high-sounding name till you are at least able to translate the three Latin words you inquire the meaning of. *Fronti nulla fides* means, "There is no faith in appearances." Horace liberal, and the most common interpretation of it is, "All is not gold that glitters."

X. T. W.—The "droits" or "*rights*" of the Admiralty "form a portion of the ancient hereditary revenues of the crown, and arise from the capture of enemies' ships coming into port, ignorant of the commencement of hostilities; also the proceeds of wrecks, property floating on shore, &c.

MARTHA wishes us to inform her whether there is any possibility of rendering rancid butter fit for use. We tell her, in the first place, that rancid butter is not only very unpleasant to the taste, but very unwholesome; and, secondly, that the rancidity will be increased rather than diminished by melting or baking. There is, however,—so we are told by an experienced housekeeper,—a simple process by which it may be purified. Let the butter be melted in a saucepan, as if for clarifying, then put into it a piece of bread thoroughly toasted all over. In a few minutes the butter will lose its offensive taste and smell, which will be communicated to the toast. "But," our informant adds, "be sure you do not give the toast to anybody to eat!"

JACOB JACOBS.—Certainly your "cousin" could "enter an action" against you "for breach of promise of marriage" if you have been guilty of such breach.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

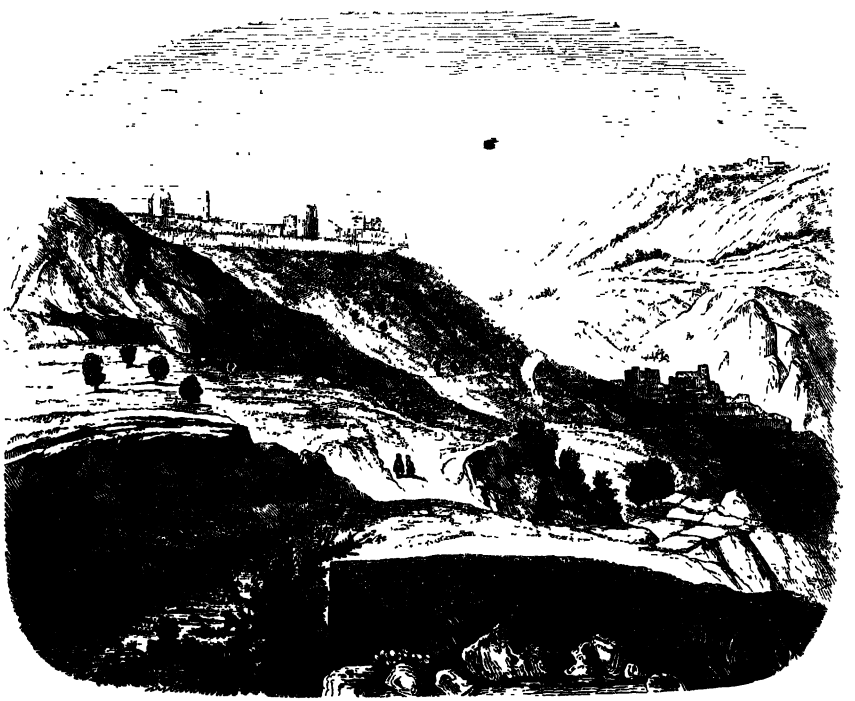
NEW SERIES.—VOL. II., No. 36.] SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE HOLY LAND.

CALVARY—THE FRANK MOUNTAIN—BETHLEHEM.

THE Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as it is now termed, is situate not far from the north-west corner of Jerusalem, and has gathered round it most of the convents and the principal residences of the professed Christians. Passing the vestibule, the visitor stands under the large central dome, and close to the smaller edifice, which is supposed to cover the Holy Sepulchre itself. The large dome is about seventy feet in diameter, and nearly the same in height; and the surrounding walls are divided, in the usual manner, into three stories. There are eighteen piers, some of which are round pillars, with capitals, bases, and pedestals, and the others simple square piers. The large and lofty piers towards the east, or right hand, sustain a wide arch, which now serves as a passage between the rotunda and the choir, which is in possession of the Greeks. In the intervals between the piers are chapels of very considerable depth.

A house of stone stands over the spot where the Holy Sepulchre is thought to have been. Lamartine describes it as "an oblong square, adorned with pilasters, a cornice, and cupolas all of marble; the whole of a laboured and eccentric design and executed in bad taste." A small, dimly-lighted room serves as an ante-chapel to the sepulchre itself. As now shown, it is a sort of sarcophagus of white marble, which surrounds and conceals from the eye everything relatin



MOUNT MORIAH.

to the tomb, and is about two feet above the level of the floor.

Mount Calvary is about a hundred and twenty feet distant from the site of the sepulchre, in a south-easterly direction, and is reached by a flight of eighteen steps cut in the rock: the elevation is about twenty feet above the floor of the church. Underneath the hill of Calvary is a chapel, with the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon and his brother Baldwin, but the inscriptions upon them are scarcely legible.

Much dissension has taken place as to the actual site of the event now alluded to; on this subject, Mr. Bartlett says,—"We cannot doubt that the apostles and first Christian converts at Jerusalem, must not only have known the spot, but that this knowledge must have descended to the next generation, even though no peculiar sanctity were by them attributed to it. Soon after the destruction of the city, it is generally supposed that some among them returned to re-establish themselves among its ruins; and it seems almost incredible that they should not have sought for the spot again, and pointed it out to their descendants, as worthy of pious remembrance. Making every allowance for the fact that the first converts were rather absorbed in the spiritual influences of Christianity, than careful about the different sites of its history, we think it must be still conceded, that it is very improbable that the knowledge of those lying immediately around them should entirely die out. The presumption, then, would seem reasonable that the Christians at Jerusalem must have been acquainted with the real Calvary, when Constantine erected the original church of the Holy Sepulchre upon the same site occupied by that now standing."*

To this statement we may add the words of Mr. Fergusson†—"I believe that the boundaries of property were well defined, and registers kept, describing every field and house, and more especially everything in the immediate proximity of the capital of a Roman colony, as Ælia Capitolina was in the time of Constantine; so that I do think it more than probable that he (the emperor) possessed the means of ascertaining the fact beyond doubt; indeed, the narrative of Eusebius seems to presuppose that such information did exist, for there is no doubt or hesitation apparent, either in the mind of the emperor or the historian, as to where the place was. . . Golgotha . . . . must have been at all times one of the best known spots about Jerusalem, and one as likely to have retained its name, in the time of Constantine, as any other,—so much so, that it appears to me almost a work of supererogation to go to the register, or any remote argument, for its fixation, and even supposing all Christian tradition to have been silent, and no registers to have existed, I cannot but think that Constantine might easily have gained the knowledge he sought, of the exact position of that spot, and from that at least known whereabouts the sepulchre stood,—if he could not point out exactly the identical cave in which the body was laid. My own belief is, that he had the means of ascertaining both, but most certainly that of Golgotha."

A visit to the "Frank Mountain" is regarded by travellers as deeply interesting. Passing out of the Jaffa or Bethlehem Gate, descending the hill, and leaving the extensive port of Gihon on the left, the way thither turns towards the south. There is a fine glimpse of the deep valley of Hinnom, with its fertile spots, and pretty garden enclosures, as they ride along the hill-side on the west, and gradually come on the high table-land towards the south. Looking back, the Holy City spreads out before the eyes, in part only, Mount Zion rearing its lofty head, and shutting out from view much that would otherwise be visible. On the left, the hill-sides, terraced, and thus made serviceable for culture, suggest many a thought of the rural life of Judea. The "Mount of Offence" is on the opposite side of the valley, and the "Hill of Evil Counsel" nearer, and to the south of the vale of Hinnom. In general the face of the country about Jerusalem has a hard and almost barren appearance, the rocks in many places are bare, and the soil is for the most part thin and scanty, on the level surface there is earth abounding with loose stones, yet the ground is far from unfruitful, and in spring the waving fields of grain and grass, the groves of olive, the fig-trees, the pomegranates, the pear, and other fruits, not only give token of what the land is capable of producing, but add greatly to the interest and beauty of the scene.

Branching off, soon after leaving the city, rather to the left, and following the sheep or goat paths along the sides of the hills or over the level spots, the traveller soon arrives in the vicinity of the lofty conical hill, which has received the name of Jebel el-Furcidis, Hill of Paradise, or the Frank Mountain, and which, though not very often visited, deserves some notice at least, on account of the remains near its base and on its summit. The ruins near the foot of the mountain are supposed by Dr. Robinson to indicate the site of the Herodium, a large city erected by Herod the Great, of which the hill and fortress constituted the Acropolis. The learned author quotes the account of Josephus in respect to this city, and makes it appear from various particulars, such as the situation, which is about seven miles south of Jerusalem, and not far from Tekoa, the mountain answering to the one of which Josephus speaks, the round towers, the large reservoir of water, and the city below, —that the Frank Mountain and its vicinity were originally occupied by this splendid city and strong fortress. Perhaps it was here, too, that the body of Herod was brought for burial, two hundred stadia from Jericho, where he died. Certainly, even a cursory look at the ruins near the base of the mountain, and the remains on the summit, must strike the attention of every traveller, and force him to the conclusion, that this locality was once deemed of great importance, both as a place of strength, and as a fitting site for a large and beautiful city. Josephus thus speaks of the Herodium.—"An artificial mound, shaped like a woman's breast, distant sixty furlongs from Jerusalem, Herod named similarly and adorned in a more ambitious style. The summit he embraced with circular towers occupying the enclosure with the most sumptuous structures; and not only did the interior of these present an air of magnificence, but on the outer walls also, with the battlements and roofs, was lavished a profusion of costly ornaments. He moreover, conveyed to it, from a great distance, and at an immense expense, an ample supply of water, and rendered the ascent easy, by two hundred steps of the whitest marble, the mound being of considerable elevation and entirely artificial. He erected also, at the base, other palaces for the reception of his furniture and friends; so that the fort, in the diversity of its accommodation, resembled a town—in its circumscribed limits, a royal residence." Irby and Mangles mention the tradition, apparently of recent date, that the Frank Mountain was "maintained by the Franks forty years after the fall of Jerusalem," and the expulsion of the crusaders. They go on, however, to say, that "the place is too small ever to have contained one half the number of men which would have been requisite to make any stand in such a country, and the ruins, though they may be those of a place once defended by Franks, appear to have had an earlier origin, as the architecture seems to be Roman." Maundrell, also, speaks of "a high, sharp hill, called the Mountain of the Franks, because defended by a party of the crusaders forty years after the loss of Jerusalem."

The mountain is lofty, and rises from its base in the shape of almost a perfect cone, truncated, however, at about three-fourths of its height. In many respects the view is fine from the summit of this high hill. To the south and west the prospect is very limited; but looking eastwardly the eyes are greeted with the sight of a considerable portion of the Dead Sea, which lies spread out in all its silent gloom and impressiveness, and seems to harmonize well with the barren, sterile, and as it were tenantless region round about. Dr. Robinson says, that the top of the hill constitutes a circle of about seven hundred and fifty feet in circumference, and that the whole of this is enclosed by the ruined walls of a circular fortress, built of hewn stones of good size, with four massive round towers, standing one at each of the cardinal points. One of the towers—that on the east—is partially remaining, and gives a good idea of the solidity of the structure in its palmy days. Inside of the walls, or ruins, the ground descends rapidly to a considerable depth, not unlike the crater of a volcano. At present it is difficult to tell whether there was formerly an excavation in the enclosure, or whether, in the lapse of time, the ruins may have formed a mound or slight elevation around the

* "Walks about Jerusalem," pp 169, 170

† Fergusson's "Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem," pp. 85, 86.

former level of the summit; but either way it is of no great consequence.

A recent traveller says,—"We descended the mountain and turned off to the west. For some distance our course was along the hill-sides and through the valleys which abound in this region: a part of our way was through a very deep and very lovely ravine, which was rendered all the more attractive because of the care and skill bestowed upon its cultivation, and the sweet, clear, and babbling brook which flowed through its midst. At all times water is refreshing to the eye as well as to the body, but nowhere does it appear more delightful, nowhere is one more deeply impressed with the value of this greatest of blessings, than here in the east, when suddenly the traveller comes upon the sparkling fountain, or a stream of pure water, gliding along fraught with countless mercies to the sons of men. We saw, at no great distance from the point where we first met with this beautiful rivulet, the remains of a large reservoir, and a number of women were occupied in washing of clothes by the water's edge. I was much gratified by the kind and cheerful manner with which they brought and offered to us water to drink out of their earthen jars, an offering the most acceptable which just then we could have received, since we had not tasted a drop from the time that we had left Jerusalem unto the present moment, owing to the carelessness of our dragoman, who had forgotten to bring it with him for our expedition. I may take occasion here, inappropriate, and certainly deeply fixed in my memory am[illegible] of want of a draught of water for several hours, to warn the traveller in these hot climates, especially to make provision for a supply of water wherever he goes, that he may not imprudently drink, when he is heated, the cold water out of the deep cisterns sometimes found by the road-side, and may not be compelled to ride or walk for hours exposed to the hot sun without a supply of this necessary and refreshing element.

"About half-past two, having traversed a narrow, stony valley, we came to those vast receptacles for water, commonly known as 'Solomon's Pools.' We had been riding for some little time by the side of, and over the aqueduct which carries the water from the pools to Bethlehem, and so on to the great mosque built on the site of the temple in Jerusalem. There were evident traces of antiquity about the aqueduct, and in several places it was much out of repair; nevertheless, it was not difficult to see and feel its importance not only to Bethlehem, but to the Holy City itself. The pools of Solomon are really grand and striking from their extent and their great antiquity, and they are worthy his distinguished wisdom and the glory of his reign. Fancy to yourself three immense reservoirs, built with great care, of solid masonry, and in close proximity to one another. Being constructed on the steep sides of the valley, they rise one above the other, but not in a direct line, toward the top of the hill, so that in fact the bottom of the middle is higher than the top of the lower pool, and the bottom of the upper higher than the top of the middle pool, there is, too, between them a distance of from about two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet. At the time we were there, the lower and middle pools had not much water in them, in the case of the former hardly sufficient to cover one half of the broad bottom; the upper pool seemed to be about one-third full, and the water was probably about ten feet deep. It was certainly a peculiarity worth noticing, that the sides of the reservoirs were covered and made smooth with cement; the bottom was partly of the rocks in their natural state; and in several places there were flights of steps which led down into the pools when the water chanced to be low. The source whence these reservoirs were supplied, is a sunken fountain situate in the high ground, about three hundred feet to the north-west of the pools. Maundrell, in 1697, visited this fountain, and took some pains to examine it. Perhaps I cannot do better than quote his judicious and accurate remarks, which will serve as a fitting conclusion to all that need here be said of Solomon's Pools. He informs us that the waters 'rise under ground, and have no avenue to them but by a little hole like to the mouth of a narrow well. Through this hole you descend directly down, but not without some difficulty, for about four yards, and then arrive in a vaulted room fifteen paces long and eight broad. Joining to this is another room of the same fashion, but somewhat less. Both these rooms are covered with handsome stone arches, very ancient, and perhaps the work of Solomon himself. You find here four places at which the water rises. From these separate sources it is conveyed by little rivulets into a kind of basin; and from thence is carried by a large subterraneous passage down into the pools. In the way, before it arrives at the pools, there is an aqueduct of brick pipes, which receives part of the stream, and carries it by many turnings and windings about the mountains, to Jerusalem.'

"It was getting late in the [illegible] when we arrived in the vicinity of Bethlehem, on our road homeward to the Holy City; and as it was necessary to reach Jerusalem before sunset, at which time the gates are closed, and no strangers permitted to enter, we gave little heed to most of the merely traditionary localities in and about the town, and devoted our time and attention principally to those which have strong claims on the confidence and sympathies of the Christian. We rode through a part of the town, and proceeded at once to the large and rather imposing church built over the place of our Lord's nativity. It is directly by the side of and connected with the extensive convent at Bethlehem, which is occupied by the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, who, so far as I know, live together in greater harmony than unhappily is the case in Jerusalem. Passing through a very low and narrow portal, we entered the spacious church, walked slowly forwards towards the eastern end, where mass was being performed, and followed our guide to the spot where tradition attests that our blessed Saviour was born. To one unaccustomed to the singularly ill-judged and tasteless manner in which holy places have been overladen with ornaments, the grotto of the nativity would appear to have small claims on the attention. I confess, that not only here, but almost everywhere in the Holy Land, there is much, far too much, which annoys the traveller, and sometimes urges him to the conviction that none of the traditions in favour of particular localities have any great value or importance. The strong desire—in former days amounting almost to a passion—for building churches and erecting altars over sacred and revered spots, as well as for encasing in marble and precious metals, and loading with profuse decorations, some holy grotto or some sacred tomb of saint or martyr, has done injury in more ways than one to the cause of truth, but principally by tending to confound, one with another, those places which are probably, or almost certainly, the localities which they profess to be, and those for which naught can be urged, except very recent, contradictory and baseless traditions. This is deeply to be regretted, and not a little adds to the perplexities of the enlightened pilgrim who desires to discriminate rightly, and is laudably anxious, while rejecting those stories which have manifestly no foundation, and have arisen out of the fond desire of the human mind to fix a visible site to every scripture event, not to run into the dangerous extreme of doubting everything or believing nothing, which ancient tradition has handed down even to our own days." With such feelings, it is almost painful to descend a number of marble steps into a small dimly lighted chapel, to see the spot pointed out as the place of the nativity, covered with all kinds of ornaments, and resorted to by devotees from all quarters, with prostrations, kissings, and adoration, amounting, it would appear, very near to absolute idolatry; to look upon a marble manger in which, it is said, the Holy Babe was laid, but which has the evident marks of modern origin, and to stand in or near a place which is probably the place where the Virgin Mother brought forth her first-born son, wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger.

How many ages back does the history of Bethlehem extend, and with what a multitude of illustrious characters and events has it been connected! It was here that Jacob came, with all his wealth, which God had given him, with his wives and children, strangers in the land which was promised to them and their seed as a sure possession. It was here that his beloved wife, for whom he had served fourteen years, which "seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her," was taken away from him, leaving with the mourning father the infant Benjamin as a precious pledge of her last hour: here, too, not far from the town, she was buried, and the place of her sepulture remains even unto this day. More than four hundred years afterwards, "it came to pass that all the city was moved" by the arrival of Naomi and the gentle, lovely,

and most affectionate Ruth. Here was the scene of those events, so touchingly related in the book of Ruth; and here did it happen that the poor and widowed Moabitess became the wife of the wealthy and honoured Boaz, and the great-grandmother of Israel's second and worthiest king. This was the city of David the servant of the Lord, whom he "chose and took from the sheepfolds; from following the ewes great with young, he brought him to feed Jacob his people and Israel his inheritance. And David fed them according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the skilfulness of his hands."* A thousand years and more passed away, and Bethlehem was visited by one of Ruth's descendants, and one more highly favoured and honoured than any of her sex. The blessed Virgin Mary came from Nazareth to her own city, the city of David, to be taxed according to the decree of the Emperor Augustus; and here



ENVIRONS OF JERUSALEM.

she dwelt till "the days were accomplished that she should be delivered." Here Christ Jesus was born, the Saviour of the world, the Desire of all nations, the long-expected Messiah, here our Lord and our God "took not on him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham,"† and was "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of the people Israel.‡ Not far from this highly honoured city, abiding in the field, were shepherds keeping watch over their flock by night; and when that scene of glory occurred, of which the Evangelist speaks. Bright were the stars which in their courses roll; brilliant were the heavens as these simple shepherds gazed upon them; but surpassingly magnificent was that glory of the Lord which shone round about them, as with fear and trembling they prostrated themselves in adoration before the throne of God. And what a message of love and mercy was that which they heard! "Fear not, said the angel, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."* What celestial harmony was that which their ears were permitted to listen to! for "suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men." Ah, with what alacrity did they go even unto Bethlehem, to see that thing which was to come to pass, which the Lord had made known unto them; and when they had seen the Holy Child and the virgin mother, as it had been told them by the angel, with what joy and confiding faith did they spread abroad the good news of God's infinite compassion to our race in sending his Son, his only Son, into the world! Here, too, did the star of Bethlehem shine with a lustre all its own, that star which had been the guide of so many days and on so long a journey of the illustrious sages of the East: and these wise men followed its guidance till it came and stood over where the young Child was. with what exceeding great joy did they enter the house; with what unhesitating faith did they worship the infant Saviour, and with what gladness did they open their treasures, and as kings unto the King of kings did they present unto him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh; and when they had gone away, rejoicing, unto their own homes, alas what a terrible blow fell upon Bethlehem! God had sent away into Egypt both Joseph and the young

* Ps lxxviii. 70—72. † Heb. ii. 16. ‡ Luke ii. 32.

* Luke ii. 10—12

Child and his mother, when the bloody tyrant Herod, even now on the brink of the grave, frustrated in his designs upon the life of the Holy Child, sent his ruffian band to slaughter the innocent babes of Bethlehem, and of all the coasts thereof. It was a deed of horror, unsurpassed by ought of sanguinary ferocity in that despot's latter years; and might well lead the Evangelist to adopt the striking figure of the prophet Jeremiah; "in Ramah was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." *

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, R.A.

FRANCIS CHANTREY was a poor boy. His father rented a small farm at Jordanthorpe, near Sheffield, and died when his son was only twelve years of age The widow, in the first year of her bereavement, married again, taking unto herself as her husband—much to the disgust of her son, who would never call his mother by the name she had acquired on her second marriage—a farm servant of her own, by name Job Hall Francis, after the manner of step-sons, was quickly placed in a grocer's shop in Sheffield, but after a few weeks' misery behind the counter he was removed, at his own earnest request, and apprenticed to "Robert Ramsay, of Sheffield, in the county of York, carver and gilder," the contents of whose shop-window had caught the eye of the grocer's boy and communicated, as is the wont of such instruments, potently and mysteriously with his genius Ten pounds were paid at the binding, and the apprenticeship was for a long seven years The date of the indenture is Sept 19, 1797, when Chantrey was sixteen years old.

Mr Ramsay, besides being a carver in wood, was also a dealer in prints and plaster models Chantrey at once set about imitating both He began to work the moment he set foot in the carver's shop, and he ceased his labours only when he died In a former brief notice of his character we have called attention to the thoroughly English qualities in virtue of which Chantrey won his way to renown. His example is valuable chiefly in this regard. His patience, industry, and steady perseverance achieved everything for him that he subsequently won. His biographers (Mr. Holland as well as Mr Jones) place Chantrey upon a pedestal somewhat too high for his deserts We presume the amiable fault is inevitable in all biographical attempts The hero must transcend all former heroes, or the scribe is at fault But, in truth, there is no occasion to demand for Chantrey more than he may lawfully aspire to His countrymen are not slow to recognise claims so valid and so well understood Chantrey's genius was not overwhelming or astonishing, his compositions had nothing in them of high imagination and of strictly-called poetic elevation. But for simplicity, beauty, and truth, his works are not to be surpassed, and they evoke admiration and applause as the undoubted, though unpretending, triumphs of a gifted mind well disciplined in the school from which no genius, however lofty, can skulk without peril of misadventure In Ramsay's shop Chantrey copied the prints, worked at the carvings, cleaned pictures, and tried his 'prentice hand as a modeller, upon the face of a fellow-workman He did more At a trifling expense he hired a small room, to which he retired to spend every hour he could call his own in modelling and drawing "It was often midnight," writes Mr Holland, "before he came home, but neither master nor servant ever suspected he had been anywhere but in his obscure studio, drawing, modelling, or poring over anatomical plates." He was still an apprentice when he made the acquaintance of Jonathan Wilson, the medal engraver. In the old High-street of Sheffield was a low gloomy shop, called "Woollen's Circulating Library" "In a back chamber of these premises," Mr. Holland informs us, "might by night, towards the close of his apprenticeship, did young Chantrey and his friend Wilson devote themselves to the pencil, their principal exercise being to copy the drapery of a series of French prints of statuary." Subsequently, meeting Mr Raphael Smith, "the distinguished draughtsman in crayon," at his master's house, and growing impatient of wood carving, Chantrey induced Mr. Ramsay to cancel his indentures two years before his term of apprenticeship expired. A friend advanced £50 to effect his release, and freedom being obtained, Chantrey, then in his 21st year, made the best of his way to London. Reaching that scene of his future greatness, he called immediately upon an uncle and aunt, both living in the service of Mrs. D'Oyley, in Curzon-street, Mayfair, and that lady, much to her credit, gave the young artist a room over her stable to work in, and requested his uncle to see him daily supplied with a necessary knife and fork.

At Mrs D'Oyley's Chantrey was still a man of all work, cleaning the pictures in that lady's house, and occupying himself now with painting and now with sculpture, yet doubtful as to which pursuit he should finally and exclusively devote his powers. A very few months after taking up his residence in Mayfair we find the active youth back in Sheffield upon a flying professional visit, making the most of his advantages at this as at every later period of his life

Chantrey married and received substantial coin with his wife. Mrs. D'Oyley's butler was comfortably warm in respect to things of this life, and when he gave his daughter to his nephew, he added a sum sufficient to enable the latter to build himself a studio, and to take a position worthy of his prospects. From first to last Chantrey received of his wife's money considerably more than £10,000; and of all artists that ever lived Chantrey knew best how to turn such gifts of fortune to good account

Francis Chantrey, like Byron, rose one morning and found himself famous In the year 1811 he had six busts in the Exhibition, and one of these was the head of Horne Tooke, which brought commissions, according to Chantrey's own account, amounting to £12,000. It is very likely that with this enormous success, acquired through the instrumentality of the radical philologer, Chantrey's own radicalism began to decline. The sculptor was a furious democrat in his early struggles, sneered at the reigning family, and roared for Sir Francis Burdett As he invested his thousands in 3 per Cents. the respectability of existing institutions visibly increased A more gentlemanly old Tory never lived than Chantrey at the age of sixty

In 1811, over fifteen competitors, Chantrey was selected to execute a statue of George III for the city of London. From that year until 1817 he commanded in his profession By universal consent, he was allowed to be unequalled in his time as a modeller of busts, and nothing, indeed, can surpass the force, the truthfulness, and simplicity of these works In 1817 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and executed the exquisite monument of "The Sleeping Children," now in Lichfield cathedral. Mr Holland is very much distressed because it has been contended that the sole merit of the design of this monument does not rest with Francis Chantrey, and he takes infinite pains to prove the contrary. Mr Holland, however, might have spared his indignation and his trouble There is no doubt that Stothard's pencil gave Chantrey the original sketch for this lovely work of art, the sketch is in existence, and will, we believe, be shortly published in Stothard's life. It is equally certain that the snowdrops placed in the hands of the younger sister were a poetic and affecting suggestion of Allan Cunningham But what then? Look at Stothard's drawing, and compare it with the grace, feeling, and irresistible beauty of the sculptured monument It matters little who designed the sketch, while the marble remains to attest to the power, perception, and matchless skill of the mind that gave it glowing life No eye that has ever gazed upon those artless forms has cared to look beyond them or to inquire too curiously into their origin They speak, silently sleeping, sufficiently for their creator What sculptor of Chantrey's day could have wrought such work had the whole Academy combined to furnish him with a subject?

From 1817 until his sudden death in 1841 Chantrey's career was one of wonderfully profitable occupation and accumulating triumphs. Four monarchs sat to him, and the list of remarkable persons whose faces he perpetuated in marble is much too long to be enumerated here. The last bust on which Chantrey wrought with his whole spirit, and the last which he touched with the chisel, was that of Queen Victoria, now at Windsor, justly regarded by Prince Albert as the best existing bust of Her Majesty The last bust modelled by Chantrey was that of Lord Melbourne, but upon this the sculptor laboured with his own hand very little indeed His strength was failing him at the time, and the noble sitter was himself suffering from ill-health. Indeed, there is reason to believe that while Lord Melbourne would invariably quit the studio in Eccleston-street with a sad conviction of the sculptor's waning faculties, Chantrey himself would at the same time commiseratingly deplore to his friends the visible decline of a statesman's once clear and active intellect Neither suspected his own trouble, but both regarded the other as passing rapidly into a state of hopeless mental decrepitude.

Chantrey had a dread of modelling horses, and made more of one horse than Ducrow ever made out of his whole stud. The first "horse commission" was the George IV. for the marble arch, the second, Sir Thomas Munro, for Madras, third, the Duke of Wellington, for the city. Of these, unquestionably the

* Matt. ii. 18; Jer. xxxi. 15.

finest is the Munro; but all the horses are from the same model. In the first two no difference whatever is made in the animals; in the Duke of Wellington's case the head of the horse is altered, but in other respects the steed is that mounted by Sir Thomas and the King, and no other. For George IV. Chantrey received £9,000, and profited £3,000; for Munro, he was paid £7,000, and profited as much; for the Duke of Wellington his charge was £10,000, and by this he must have gained at least £5,000. In his later years the sculptor became greedy of commissions and money, and anxious to secure everything. He was eager for the Wilkie statue, and eagerer still for the Glasgow Wellington statue; but the Glasgow people, having a laudable fear of the old horse took refuge in Marochetti.

These, and other points to which reference is made in Mr Holland's book, are of interest in estimating the character and claims of Francis Chantrey. It is worthy to be noted—for, certainly the discovery would never be made by an inspection of his works—that Chantrey's vision was very imperfect. Of the right eye he had no use whatever, yet he was an excellent shot. Of reading, he had none. His education had been of the very humblest, yet no one would have accused him of ignorance on any matter. He had surprising tact, a singular faculty of observation, admirable facility of acquiring knowledge in his daily walks, and perfect skill in concealing his poverty. He was brought up, the son of a working man, first in a poor cottage, then in a carver's shop, but he was at ease in the society of princes, and his manner was as far removed from obsequious flattery as from vulgar rudeness. He had a fine and frank independence which endeared him to his inferiors, and gave dignity to his professional character in the eyes of those above him.

It will hardly be said that Chantrey during the whole of his professional and highly "respectable" life was disposed to disturb the many useful institutions of his country, but one very important institution he failed to support by any extensive personal co-operation. It is a fact, that except to be married, or to put up a monument, Chantrey never was inside a church in his life. Mr. Holland complains that Mr Jones in his "Recollections" has made no mention of Chantrey's visits to a place of worship, but we confess that this is somewhat hard upon Jones, who has made mistakes enough, as we all know, without being forced into others against his will. If any one is to be blamed for Jones's silence in this respect it is certainly not the biographer; and Mr Holland would seem to be of that opinion when he very properly vindicates the character of Bacon, the sculptor, and shows how a man may humbly fulfil the duties of a Christian.

In his will Chantrey provided that the whole of his large fortune, amounting, we believe, to £90,000, should, at the decease of his widow, become the property of the Royal Academy, for the purpose of purchasing "works of fine art of the highest merit in painting and sculpture," but only such as shall have been entirely executed "within the shores of Great Britain," the "wish and intention" of the artist being "that the works of art so purchased shall be collected for the purpose of forming and establishing a public national collection of British art in painting and sculpture." One or two minor bequests are of a curious nature. As a mark of his regard for the long services of his old lieutenant, Allan Cunningham, Chantrey stipulated in his will that the latter should be entitled to receive a legacy of £2,000 upon his superintending the completion of the Wellington statue. Allan attended to the important work up to the day of his death, but he died before the statue was completed, and—whatever may have been the intentions of the testator—his family lost the money. Another bequest was a gift of £50 per annum, "to be paid to a schoolmaster, under the direction of the vicar or resident clergyman, to instruct ten poor boys of the parish of Norton without expense to their parents;" but the condition of the legacy was the perpetuation of the donor's tomb. Mr. Holland gives no explanation of this somewhat unusual proviso, but it is worth recording, nevertheless. Many years before his decease, Chantrey attended at St Martin's-in-the Fields, with a friend, the funeral of Scott, who was shot in the duel with Christie. The graveyard was strewed with human bones, and the gravedigger was adding indiscriminately and irreverently to the heaps. Chantrey inquired of the sexton what eventually became of those last remains of mortality. The sexton replied, with a smile, that when they grew too plentiful they were carted off in loads to the Thames. The friend described the effect of this answer upon the frame of Chantrey as painful in the extreme. His cheeks grew sickly white, and perspiration poured down them. At the moment he looked himself a corpse newly risen from the grave before him. "I will take care," he said with a shudder, "that they do not cart my bones to the Thames. They shall be undisturbed under my native sod." And, accordingly, there are five pounds per annum for ten poor boys of the village of Norton, so long as they will remember industriously to pluck the weeds and to remove the nettles that deface the gravestone of Francis Chantrey. The sculptor subsequently paid a formal visit to Norton, and carefully selected the spot for his last resting-place. While looking for it he encountered the gravedigger, who approached him, mattock on shoulder; "I am looking out a place for a grave," said Chantrey, "but I don't mean you to dig it." "I hope I shall," replied the gravedigger quietly and civilly. And it is likely enough that he did, for within a year the renowned sculptor was deposited near the humbler family dust that had mingled with the earth before him.

THE LIBRARIES OF EUROPE.

Of the importance of laying open to the people the great treasures of literature there can be now no question. Dr. Johnson being once asked how he would educate a boy, replied, "Turn him loose in a library." This, though very good advice as far as it goes, would not meet the requirements of youth, whose energies require to be directed. A well-selected library of choice works, rather than abundance of books, is the great want of cities. In London there are many private libraries, but not one really public. We, who profess never to do things by halves, have never, in fact, instituted *free* libraries. The British Museum library is only open to a comparative few, who have to read the books on the spot; the large University Libraries cannot be said to be free, even to the students; and, with the exception of the Humphrey Chetham Library at Manchester, there is really no *free* library in Great Britain. On the continent there are many free libraries. In France there are 117; in Prussia, 44; in Austria, including Venice and Lombardy, 48; in Bavaria, 17; in Belgium, 14; in Saxony, 6; in Tuscany, 6; in Denmark, 5. The various European capitals have free libraries for the use of all classes. Paris has 7; Florence, 6; Dresden, 4; Vienna, 3; Copenhagen, 2; Brussels, 2; Berlin, 2; Milan, 2; Munich, 2; while in the great city of London the student and man of letters has free access to only one, and that one so arranged, that all reference to books published within three years of the present time, and access to all rare and curious MSS., is practically denied to the great mass of the readers.

The oldest of the European libraries of printed books is probably that of Vienna, which dates from 1440, and is said to have been opened to the public as early as 1575. The Town Library of Ratisbon dates from 1430; St. Mark's Library at Venice from 1468; the Town Library at Frankfort from 1484; that of Hamburg from 1529; of Strasburg from 1531; of Augsburg from 1537; those of Berne and Geneva from 1550; that of Basel from 1564.

The Royal Library of Copenhagen was founded about 1550. In 1671 it possessed 10,000 volumes; in 1748 about 65,000; in 1778, 100,000; in 1820, 300,000; and it now contains 412,000 volumes. The National Library of Paris was founded in 1596, but was not made public until 1737. In 1640 it contained about 17,000 volumes; in 1684, 50,000; in 1775, 150,000; in 1790, 200,000. It now possesses at least 824,000 volumes. The library of the British Museum was founded in 1753, and was opened to the public in 1757, with about 40,000 volumes. In 1800 it contained about 65,000 volumes; in 1823, 135,000; in 1836, nearly 240,000; and it now contains 435,000 volumes. But it must not be inferred that the whole of this difference, between 1836 and 1848, arises from the actual increase of the collection; on the contrary, a portion of the apparent increase results from the circumstance that many thousands of tracts, formerly in volumes or cases, have been separately bound, and are now enumerated as distinct volumes.

The steady growth of the Copenhagen library has been mainly owing to judicious purchases at favourable opportunities. The rapid increase of the magnificent National Library of Paris, since 1790, is in a great measure to be ascribed to the revolution; the suppression of the monasteries and convents, and the confiscation of the property of rebels and emigrants, having placed many fine libraries at the disposal of the ruling powers of the day. And although, in some cases, large numbers of books and MSS. appear to have been summarily disposed of, "for the service of the arsenals," more usually special instructions were given that the officers at the head of the National Library should have an unlimited power

of selection; and of this they made extensive use. The increase of the British Museum library, on the other hand, is mainly ascribable to donation. Of its 436,000 volumes, at least 200,000 have been presented or bequeathed. The National Libraries of Paris and Madrid, the Royal Libraries of Munich, Berlin, Copenhagen, Vienna, Naples, Brussels, and the Hague, the Brera Library at Milan, the Magliabecchian at Florence, and the ducal library of Parma, together with the library of the British Museum, are entitled by law to a copy of every book published within the states to which they respectively belong.

If the principal libraries in the several capital cities of Europe be arranged according to their respective magnitudes, they will stand in the following order:—

Paris (1) National Library	824,000	vols.
Munich, Royal Library	600,000	,,
Petersburg, Imperial Library	416,000	,,
London, British Museum Library	435,000	,,
Copenhagen, Royal Library	412,000	,,
Berlin, Royal Library	410,000	,,
Vienna, Imperial Library	313,000	,,
Dresden, Royal Library	300,000	,,
Madrid, National Library	200,000	,,
Wolfenbuttel, Ducal Library	200,000	,,
Stuttgard, Royal Library	187,000	,,
Paris (2), Arsenal Library	180,000	,,
Milan, Brera Library	170,000	,,
Paris (3), St. Genevieve Library	150,000	,,
Darmstadt, Grand Ducal Library	150,000	,,
Florence, Magliabecchian Library	150,000	,,
Naples, Royal Library	150,000	,,
Brussels, Royal Library	133,500	,,
Rome (1), Casanate Library	120,000	,,
Hague, Royal Library	100,000	,,
Paris (4), Mazarine Library	100,000	,,
Rome (2), Vatican Library	100,000	,,
Parma, Ducal Library	100,000	,,

The average annual sum allotted to the support of the national library at Paris is £16,575; to that of the Royal Library at Brussels, £2,700, to that of Munich, about £2,000; to that of Vienna, £1,900; to that of Berlin, £3,745; to that of Copenhagen, £1,250, to that of Dresden, £500, to that of the Grand Ducal Library of Darmstadt, £2,000.

For a long period prior to the report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the British Museum of 1835-36, the average annual expenditure for the library of the Museum was under £8,000 a year, and of this sum only £1,135, on an average, were expended on the purchase of printed books. From 1837 to 1845 inclusive, the sum devoted to the last-named purpose was, on the average, £3,443. In 1846 and 1847, an annual sum of £10,000 was thus appropriated, by a special increase of the parliamentary grant, urgent representations having been made to the Treasury of the great deficiencies existing in the collection of printed books. In 1848, however, this grant was reduced to £8,500, and the sum voted for 1849 was but £5,000. The entire annual amount at present allotted to the service of the library, in all its departments, is £23,261; *viz.*, for salaries in the department of MSS., £2,169, in that of printed books, £7,122; and in the reading-room, £904. For purchases in the department of MSS, £1,823, and in that of printed books, £5,000; for bookbinding, £3,500; for printing catalogues, £873; and for proportion of the expense of secretary's department and of ordinary house expenditure, &c., about £1,870.

The aggregate of the sums expended in the purchase of printed books, including maps and musical works, for the British Museum, from its foundation in the year 1753, to Christmas, 1847, is £102,446 18s. 5d., and that expended in the purchase of manuscripts, £42,940 11s. 10d., together, £145,387 10s. 3d. The sums expended during the same period in prints and drawings amount to £29,318 4s.; in antiquities, coins and medals, to £125,257 0s. 9d.; and in specimens of natural history, in all its branches, to £43,599 7s. 8d.

The present average number of volumes annually added to the National Library of Paris is stated to be 12,000; to that of Munich, 10,000; to that of Berlin, 5,000; to that of Vienna, 5,000; to that of Petersburg, 2,000; to the Ducal Library of Parma, 1,800; to the Royal Library of Copenhagen, 1,000. The average annual addition to the library of the British Museum has been, under the operation of the special grant, about 30,000 volumes, usually comprising about 24,000 separate works.

This number is made up of three distinct items,—namely, purchases, donations, copyright-tax, the relative proportions of which may be estimated from the following tabular statement:—

In the Year	By Purchase. Separate Works	By Donation. Separate Works.	By Copyright Separate Works.	Estimated Total No of Volumes added.	Expenditure.
1841....	3,140	236	2,409	9,193	£3,000
1842....	3,627	926	2,381	10,421	3,000
1843....	4,856	250	2,816	12,387	4,000
1844....	5,475	653	3,929	16 325	4,500
1845....	7,630	881	3,596	13,174	4.500
1846....	18,787	16,377	4,073	53,422	8,909
1847....	15,711	1,806	4,168	36,271	9,941
1848....	15,382	1,275	4,015	23,213	8,572
Totals..	74,608	22,404	27,387	174,409	£46,422

The principal University Libraries may be placed in the following order.—

Gottingen, University Library	360,000	vols.
Breslau, University Library	250,000	,,
Oxford, Bodleian Library	220,000	,,
Tubingen, University Library	200,000	,,
Munich, University Library	200,000	,,
Heidelberg, University Library	200,000	,,
Cambridge, Public Library	166,724	,,
Bologna, University Library	150,000	,,
Prague, University Library	130,000	,,
Vienna, University Library	115,000	,,
Leipsic, University Library	112,000	,,
Copenhagen, University Library	110,000	,,
Turin, University Library	110,000	,,
Louvain, University Library	105,000	,,
Dublin, Trinity College Library	104,239	,,
Upsal, University Library	100,000	,,
Erlangen, University Library	100,000	,,
Edinburgh, University Library	90,854	,,

The University Library of Turin dates from 1436, that of Cambridge from 1484, that of Leipsic from 1544, that of Edinburgh from 1582, the Bodleian from 1597. The small library of the University of Salamanca is said to have been founded in 1215.

The Gottingen, Prague, Turin, and Upsal Libraries are lending libraries. Those of Gottingen, Oxford, Prague, Cambridge, Dublin, and Turin, are legally entitled to copies of all works published within the states to which they respectively belong.

The annual expenditure of the Tubingen library is about £760; of the Gottingen library, £730; of the Breslau library, about £400. That of the Bodleian, at Oxford, is now about £4,000; of which sum £1,375 is defrayed by proceeds of various benefactions; about £650 by matriculation fees, and about £1,500 by "library dues."

There is no public lending library in London. The "London library," in St. James's-square, is, however, an evidence of the utility of such a library, even when the privilege is a purchaseable one. Attached to the various mechanics' and literary institutions are several extensive libraries; but it is to be feared that the majority of the books are novels and similar comparatively worthless works.

THE GREAT LAWSUIT BETWEEN THE TALBOTS AND THE BERKELEYS.—The longest lawsuit ever heard of in England was that between the heirs of Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, on the one part, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley on the other, respecting certain possessions not far from Wotton-under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester. It commenced at the end of the reign of Edward IV, and was depending till the year of James I, when a compromise took place—120 years' litigation. The original disputants were Thomas Lord L'Isle and William Lord Berkeley, and in their age the decision of the sword being more regarded than the authority of law, the two noblemen, with their followers, met in deadly encounter at Wotton-under-Edge, in 1469, when Lord L'Isle received a mortal wound from an arrow shot through his mouth.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

SCARCELY two centuries have elapsed since a small party of English emigrants, flying from religious despotism at home, landed at Plymouth Rock, in North America; and the state founded by this handful of daring and devoted men has become one of the greatest on the earth. Two centuries have sufficed to form a gigantic republic. The American people, which has been well called a Hercules in the cradle, although giving every evidence of commercial greatness, has yet been but poorly represented in the world of letters; for a long period almost all works written on American soil were but imitations of various great novelists then in note in Europe, and bore the stamp of inferiority which attaches itself to imitation.

Among the numbers of native American writers, there are but few who have excited any attention in Europe; but these have brought with them a freshness and novelty, a spirit of nature, and a reflection of the majestic grandeur of American scenery, which at once placed them in the first rank. The names of Washington Irving, Longfellow, Bancroft, Hawthorne, Willis, and Fenimore Cooper, are well and favourably known to all English readers.

Cooper has, with some justice, been called the American Walter Scott; at all events he is undoubtedly the first of American novelists. In a country of comparatively but recent cultivation there can be no historical traditions, no monuments of bygone times, to impress the popular mind with feelings of reverence or admiration; and Cooper, therefore, wisely devoted himself to the delineation of American life in all its phases, after an unsuccessful attempt in the usual path of European novelists. He was most happy in his descriptions of American scenery; of the primeval forests and inland seas; and the great two epochs of American history—the struggle between the savages and the first settlers, and the War of Independence.

James Fenimore Cooper belonged to one of the oldest families in Pennsylvania, which had emigrated in 1679 from Buckinghamshire. His father, Judge William Cooper, settled at Burlington in New Jersey, and was elected to the colonial legislature in 1681. When William Penn founded the state of Pennsylvania, Cooper the elder obtained from him a large grant of land, which has since that time borne his name. Fenimore Cooper was born on September 15, 1789, at Burlington, where his father was state-judge. He spent the first years of his life near the sources of the Susquehanna, in the then insignificant Cooperstown, which he describes with such vigour in the commencement of "The Pioneers."

He was educated at Burlington, at Newhaven, and lastly at Yale College, at which latter place he is said to have diligently



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

studied for three years. In his sixteenth year he entered the navy, in which he remained till 1811. This portion of his life has had much influence in giving a character of originality to his writings. Obliged by the state of his health to abandon the navy, he retired into private life, married a Miss de Lancey, sister of bishop de Lancey, of the western diocese of New York, and devoted himself entirely to the pursuit of letters, only interrupting the regular appearance of his works by several trips to Europe, and a long stay at Lyons, where, during the years 1826 to 1829, he filled the office of United States' consul.

His first novel, entitled "Precaution," published in 1821, was but partially successful in America, and is almost unknown in Europe. His second attempt was in another vein, leaving the beaten track of everyday English life, he struck into the American forests, and unfolded an entirely new and interesting world to his readers. This work was "The Spy: a Tale of the Neutral Ground." "So little, however," he tells us, "was expected from the publication of an original work of this description, that the first volume was printed several months before the author felt a sufficient inducement to write a line of the second. Should chance," he adds, writing in 1831, "throw a copy of this prefatory notice into the hands of an American twenty years hence, he will smile to think that a countryman hesitated to complete a work so far advanced, merely because the disposition of his country to read a book that treated of its own familiar interests was distrusted." "Lionel Lincoln; or, the Leaguers of Boston," published in 1824, in which the events of the war of independence form the staple, is, like "The Spy," a work of sterling interest.

Cooper's greatest triumphs were, however, in his later works, descriptive of Indian life, and in some of his naval stories. His next work was "The Pilot," in 1824, and may be well considered as one of his best and most successful novels. The following is a list of Cooper's other novels in the order in which they appeared:—"The Last of the Mohicans"—"The Prairie"—"The Red Rover"—"The Wept of Wish-ton-wish"—"The Water Witch"—"The Bravo"—"The Heidenmauer"—"Homeward Bound"—"The Pathfinder"—"Mercedes of Castile"—"The Deerslayer"—"The Two Admirals"—"Wing and wing"—"Wyandotte"—"Autobiography of a Pocket-handkerchief"—"Ned Myers"—"Ashore and Afloat"—"Miles Wallingford"—"Satanstoe" "The Redskins"—"The Crater" "The Beehunter"—"Jack Tier" "The Sea Lions"—"The Ways of the Hour," which last work appeared in 1850.

Cooper's stories are distinguished by an open, free style, and the delicate manner in which abuses are exposed. We might perhaps desire more animation, more colour, in some of his heroines, but there is a gentle and devoted spirit in all, which makes up for what they lose in brilliancy. Narrah-Mattah is a beautiful instance, in "The Pioneers." Independently of these works of fiction, Cooper published several other writings, particularly his letters on the United States of America, and an account of his travels, which are, however, by no means free from prejudice and misconceptions of the older continent. His letters on the United States were, however, extremely brilliant, and excited great attention at the time.

Of Cooper's merits as a novelist there can be no question, though he was far more at home in the wild prairie, or the wilder sea, than when, as in his late works, he mixed in the commonplace world, and diluted his writings with political or polemical disquisitions. His earlier novels will be read as long as the English language exists, for there is character, freshness, and charm about them, equal, in their way, to anything which has ever appeared. Who, for instance, can forget that most original character, with many aliases, Leatherstocking, or fail to be interested in the sayings and doings of Long Tom Coffin, or cease to sympathise, with the poor, imbecile Hetty Hunter, in "The Deerslayer"? With the history of the lost tribes of America the name of Fenimore Cooper has become so thoroughly identified, that future writers, when they would know anything of "the painted chiefs with pointed spears," as Longfellow happily styles them, must needs refer to the novels of which Cooper is the author, so felicitously has he brought them before the eye and imagination of the reader, and so minutely has he traced their manners, habits, and prejudices. The genius of his youth, though it was often sadly and sorely tried, never departed from him but with life itself; and, however much he wandered from the old track, he no sooner stepped back into it than the charm returned, and his readers lingered, spell-bound, as of old, over the well-known theme. Whatever the shortcomings of Cooper as a writer—and he had many of them—they are far outbalanced by the truthfulness of his delineations, the originality of his conceptions, and his terse, often flowing and harmonious, style.

His last days were spent in his home in New Jersey; his health had for some time been giving way, and had caused great anxiety to his friends; and on the 14th of September, 1851, he breathed his last, in the sixty-second year of his age, surrounded by his friends, at the town which bears the name of his family.

G.

THE NEW CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

In our last number we inserted a notice of a proposal to convert the Crystal Palace into an immense tower, 1,000 feet high. Since then, however, an entire and beneficial change has taken place in the intentions of the preservers of this noble building. As our readers are probably aware, the government decided by a large majority against retaining the glass palace in its present site, and various speculations were hazarded as to its ultimate disposal. Two parties immediately came to the rescue of the fairy structure, both equally unwilling that the palace, with its social blessings and its real interests for the million, should disappear for ever; and Messrs. Fox and Henderson, the contractors and owners of the building, declared themselves open to treat for the purchase and removal of the materials. The one party was represented by Sir Joseph Paxton, the Dukes of Devonshire and Argyll, the Earl of Carlisle, and other members of the aristocracy; and another by Mr. Fuller, one of the Executive Committee of the late Exhibition, on behalf of several large capitalists. As is not uncommon in these cases, capital prevailed against nobility, and the £70,000 purchase-money was paid by Mr. Fuller to the contractors, the Brighton Railway Company being understood to be the principal speculators. The next point was the formation of a company for the purpose of rebuilding the palace in a spot convenient for the London sight-seers. Several gentlemen were privately spoken to, and in a few days an advertisement appeared in the *Times*, stating that a company for the re-erection of the Crystal Palace had been provisionally registered, and calling on the public to subscribe for shares, so that the sum required—half a million—might be forthcoming. In a day or two applications were made for shares to twice the number at the disposal of the committee, and at the moment we write the five pound shares of the Crystal Palace Company are 20 per cent. premium.

It is necessary, however, to retrace our steps a little. As soon as the purchase of the building was completed, Mr. Fuller wrote to Sir Joseph Paxton, asking him what post in the new undertaking he would like to hold, and to the Duke of Devonshire, proposing to buy a portion of his grace's estates at Chiswick. At first, Sir Joseph declined to accept an appointment, as he hoped that the building—the scene of his triumph—might yet be retained; and the duke, after mature deliberation, signified his unwillingness to part with any of his land at Chiswick: so that, however desirable the situation, all idea of erecting the palace at that spot was abandoned. There was no lack, however, of places, from which to choose; for in answer to their advertisements the committee received no fewer than seventeen offers of land. Among these were two from Wimbledon (Cottenham-park and Wimbledon-park), accompanied by very liberal conditions; one from Colney Hatch, equally favourable; one from Woolwich, one from Kensington, and one from Paddington. The owner of the land at Kensington, a place called Portobello farm, tendered at the modest price of £1,000 an acre; and the Bishop of London, who owns the ground at Paddington, was equally modest in his offer, at £100 an acre annual rental. The directors, labouring then under an *embarras de richesses*, sent out Mr. Fuller on an exploratory tour through all the offered sites, and that gentleman sent in a report, placing Chiswick as No. 1, Wimbledon as No. 2, and Sydenham as No. 3, in eligibility for the purpose

intended. The Duke of Devonshire's decision, of course, threw Chiswick out of calculation, although some modification in his grace's views has since been intimated. Other reasons weighed against Wimbledon, and ultimately the spirited exertions and liberal offers of co-operation on the part of the Brighton Company turned the scale in favour of Sydenham, after a rather sharp struggle with the South-Western Company, who offered the directors £10,000 a year for five years, and a large proportion of the fares afterwards in perpetuity, if they would place the building on the South-Western line. The terms by which the Brighton Company have secured the prize are, an arrangement by which the visitors to the Crystal Palace will be able to start from four metropolitan stations,—viz., Vauxhall, Waterloo-road, London-bridge, and New-cross, at three-fourths of the usual fares, until the shareholders in that undertaking receive six per cent. on their investment—the arrangement commencing from the 15th of May in the present year—and a proportionally liberal arrangement after the happy six per cent. consummation shall have been attained The railway company have, moreover, agreed to construct a line of rail which shall communicate with the other lines, and carry the passengers quite into the palace.

The exact spot chosen—and which many of our London readers will readily recognise—is far away from the dust and smoke of London, and has for its base the line of rails lying between the Sydenham and Anncley stations, stretching over about 280 acres of fine park-like land, to Dulwich Wood, impinging at the corner on the village of Norwood. The lower portion, about 118 acres, has been purchased from Mr Lawrie, and the upper comprehends the ancient manor-house and grounds called Penge Place, once the property of the St. John family, but recently in the occupation of Mr. Leo Schuster, a German merchant, by whom the old Elizabethan mansion was restored, after designs by Mr. Blore. The new Crystal Palace will stand on the highest portion of these grounds, from which, on sunny days, the present building in Hyde-park may be seen, and by a singular coincidence will be placed in the centre of what was once the famous Penge Wood, the ancient pleasure resort of the good citizens of London, as may be seen by reference to "Hone's Everyday Book," in which the sports of Penge Wood are duly chronicled. The ground is at present covered with a dense plantation, much of which must, of course, submit to the axe to make room for the new building; but the handsomest trees will be preserved, and continue to flourish under glass, after the manner of our old friends, the elms, in the transept at Hyde-park.

The construction of the new building has been intrusted to the able hands of Messrs. Fox and Henderson. It will be considerably larger than the present building, and will contain great improvements in form and structure, for instance, the roofing throughout will be concave, it having been found that, besides its more elegant appearance, the transept in Hyde-park was more perfectly impervious to rain. The arrangements with regard to the plants and flowers will be confided to Sir Joseph Paxton; Mr. Owen Jones will superintend the entire decorations; and Digby Wyatt will take office as Director of Works; while Mr. James Fuller and Mr. Scott Russell will bring their knowledge of the late Exhibition to bear on the people's new palace, aided by Mr. George Grove, whose experience in the working of the Royal Commission, and his connexion with the Society of Arts, will tend to the harmonious carrying out of all business arrangements.

With regard to the nature of the amusements promised, there appears to be some degree of uncertainty, time, however, and circumstances will determine these. The plan of a garden and conservatory, in which will be shown all the plants of the tropics,—the stately palm and the embowering banyan, each surrounded by its brethren of the forest,—will be fully carried out under the superintendence of Sir Joseph Paxton; while periodical shows of flowers will tend to give a novel direction to this part of the scheme. In various situations within the building will be placed groups of statuary and single figures, and the different orders of architecture, instructively serialised, will be used in the ornamentation of the park-like grounds surrounding the palace. A great novelty is said to be in contemplation in the shape of numerous fountains, after the manner, though not in imitation, of those at Versailles. Though many have expressed doubts as to the practicability of this part of the plan, it must be remembered that the modern improvements in steam, and the better knowledge of hydraulics possessed by the scientific men of the present day, offer immense advantages as compared with vertical pressure, the only agency adopted to raise water in the fountains at Versailles; besides which, when it is considered that the engineering operations will be conducted by Messrs. Brunel and Robert Stephenson, [illegible] that no scarcity of water can arise, as the mains of the Lambeth Water works run close to the park palings, no fear of the success of this part of the plan need be felt. It is proposed also to admit within the new Crystal Palace a classified series of machines, which will be worked by steam-power, so that various processes in manufactures may be exhibited—not as they were in the old building, where the same class of objects was repeated again and again, but arranged with a view to the education of the eye, and the familiarisation of the minds of the people with mechanical operations. Thus "the lesson taught in Hyde-park, where the cotton entered in the berry and emerged in the bale of goods, where linen rags were passed through the paper-mill and issued in broad sheets of instructive literature, will be repeated in the People's Palace, where every great victory of machinery will find its enduring record and safe depository."

Besides these, the sciences of geology, mineralogy, and botany, will be illustrated on a far greater scale than has been hitherto attempted, and the student will thus have an opportunity of pursuing his favourite science amid the charms of the country, undisturbed by the changes of the seasons. It would be impossible at this early stage of the undertaking to go sufficiently into detail with regard to these subjects, but it is understood that an instructive and attractive novelty will be offered in a collection of figures of the people and costumes of all nations. These will, it is understood, represent the hundred and twenty varieties of the human race, carefully prepared according to the classification of Mr. Pritchard, and other eminent ethnologists. Each figure will be placed in a characteristic attitude and situation—the Indian in his hunting-ground, the Kafir amid his thorny bushes, the Hindoo amid the graceful palms of his country, the Russian amid his snows, and so on through every stage of civilisation: and there is little doubt that a knowledge of the appearance and dress of various nations and tribes is highly important,—the more especially as the tendency of the present age is to blend races together, and to make the Parisian tailor the grand arbiter of costume. Then, again, foreign nations will be invited to send over, as they did to the Great Exhibition, specimens of their arts and manufactures; and inventors and patentees will be allowed to exhibit the fruits of their talent or genius free of all charge, and under the most perfect guarantees of safety. Music of the best kind will constantly form part of the day's entertainment; and though all kinds of refreshments, not intoxicating, will be sold at cheap rates within the building, "the amusements of the tea-garden and the dancing-saloon will be strictly prohibited." From this brief enumeration our readers will perceive what the proprietors of the Crystal Palace propose for their delectation; and we think we may conscientiously say that we believe all their promises will be rigidly carried out. We understand that the government, though they could not consent to give any public money towards the purchase of the building in Hyde-park, have the best wishes towards its successor in Penge Wood;—it is even proposed to open the People's Palace on Sundays; and Lord John Russell—who is always with the progress party, no matter how he may disappoint his friends sometimes—has given it as his opinion that the accessibility of the multitude to a place like this is promised to be, will not only be a great improvement to their habit of frequenting public-houses on the Lord's day, but that it may be made to subserve for higher and more enduring purposes.

"As regards the prospect of a large influx of visitors," says the prospectus of the Company, "some of the statistical facts connected with the Great Exhibition are most instructive. During the period of 24 weeks for which that Exhibition was open, it was visited by upwards of 6,000,000 persons; or, on the average, by upwards of 250,000 per week; and the receipts exceeded £400,000, leaving a net profit of £200,000, after defraying the whole expense of the Exhibition, including the cost of the building. On three consecutive shilling days, the

umber of visitors exceeded 100,000, and the receipts £5,000 er day." From this it is is pretty clear that the Crystal 'alace will be a commercial success; let us hope that it will lso be a moral and educational one as well. P.

SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

N consequence of the facilities which have of late years been fforded for the examination of works of art, the public taste as been very considerably improved, a love of the beautiful has een—we had almost said created—certainly it has been ourished; and in connexion with this an earnest desire to imi- ate as far as possible that which is so admired. This has been ecently strengthened and encouraged by the premiums offered y the Society of Arts, and by the just eulogiums pronounced y thousands on the splendid displays of human ingenuity ecently made in the Crystal Palace. This has led to the form ion of drawing classes, and schools of design, to the esta- lishment of intelligible and practical lectures on the application ' art to various manufactures; and to the publication of veral valuable essays, papers, &c., all calculated to form the ublic opinion, and to foster and encourage genius wherever it usts. The effect of these exhibitions, lectures, &c., is already anifest. Instead of those strange and uncouth representations ' the human figure, of animals, of buildings, of natural onery, of fruits and flowers, which were formerly placed as lornments on the walls and mantelpieces of the houses of the iddle and industrial classes, we now behold specimens of real t, chaste, elegant, classical, such as may delight the eye, and nvey important information to every inquiring mind.

For the purpose of drawing out latent talent, as well as of aturing and perfecting it, we know of no means more suitable an the formation of drawing classes, and schools of design, ider the management, of course, of competent instructors 'herever the experiment has been fairly made, it has been ianently successful The pupils of the Government School of esign at Somerset House, both the male and female branch, ve from time to time exhibited specimens highly creditable to eir taste and ingenuity, and well worthy the praise, and the ore solid and satisfactory rewards which they received. Some the pupils are making rapid strides towards first-rate excel- nce, and their designs are eagerly sought by several of the ading manufactories of the kingdom. We have now before us eport of the committee of the School of Design established ut two years since in the city of Cork. It appears that the tendance has ranged from one hundred and fifty to one hun- ed and seventy students each quarter. Their attendance has en study, and their perseverance and progress exemplary. The ater number of the males are from those classes actively en- ged in trades or manufactures, or designed to become so; most those forming the exception, are in some way connected with e fine arts or with education. Of the females, a considerable mber are practically engaged as governesses or teachers, or are aining for such employments. Several of these females are dustriously fitting themselves, by the instructions acquired in e school, to become designers and pattern-drawers for em- oidery, crochet, sewed muslins, &c., which promise to afford luable sources of livelihood for many of the poorer classes.

It appears that a selection of the drawings executed by the idents in this school were forwarded last year to Somerset ouse. Several of the drawings were by young men and boys, io were engaged during the day at laborious handicraft opera- ns.

Several employers have acknowledged the benefits derived om the school, in rendering their workmen more skilful, intelli- nt, and better able to execute their orders with taste and pre- ision One young man, a carver by profession, executed in Irish k the gladiatorial figure which was exhibited at the Crystal lace. Another young pupil, of poor parents, a turner by ade, executed in walnut-wood a very beautiful cheval screen, graceful and original pattern, which was much admired, d purchased as a prize at a bazaar for a charitable institution is boy has since got several orders for similar articles, and has ice been in constant employment Several of the pupils who igrated to America have obtained a livelihood, and have ven satisfaction to their employers, from the instructions they tained in this school. The conductors of the embroidery ools have expressed their high sense of the valuable instruc- n afforded to the young females who attend the evening School

Design, an advantage which made itself evident in the perior style of execution of the work committed to them, and greater closeness to the grace and beauty of natural forms.

n addition to those who pay for instruction, we find that *free* pils, to the number of about fifty per quarter, are admitted from those classes who cannot afford to pay for instruction, and who are supplied with drawing materials at half-price. Many of the pupils are constantly passing from elementary drawing to the study of higher and more complex branches of art.

Here, then, is ample encouragement to all who wish to cultivate, or to improve, a taste for the arts of drawing and designing. Let them make a beginning If two or three youths in any town, or village, were but to meet together for the purpose of study, placing before them specimens of what is really excellent, it would soon be noised abroad, and these rising artists would, in a very short space of time, meet with all the encouragement they could possibly desire. Many a Murillo, a Romney, an Opie, a Lough, have begun life with far less encouragement than the humblest and most obscure youth may now hope to obtain. The subject is one of deep interest.

ON THE SOLDIERS WHO PERISHED IN THE WRECK OF THE STEAM-SHIP BIRKENHEAD.

BY ALFRED B RICHARDS.

Lo! there, as if embarking
On some trim polish'd deck,
Five hundred men stand calmly
Upon a parting wreck,
Yet the fierce waves may only
Bid senseless timbers quake—
Yon living *hearts* of oak not all
Their bubbling terrors shake.

No voice was heard complaining,
No shriek rose on the air;
Though God, the sky, the shipwreck,
And sea, alone were there:
No succour met their glances,
While firmly they obey
Their officers stern voices,
Heard through the blinding spray.

She breaks, like some sea vision,
While mast and funnel sweep
Rank after rank, unbroken,
To perish in the deep
But saved were child and woman
Within the fragile boat
No soldier's grasp would peril
To keep himself afloat.

Is there a Roman story
That tells of nobler deed?
'Twas not in strife, when passion
Spurs on the crested steed;
At there, 'mid conflicting feelings,
Those fires each manly breast
To be the heir of glory,
Or seek a hero's rest.

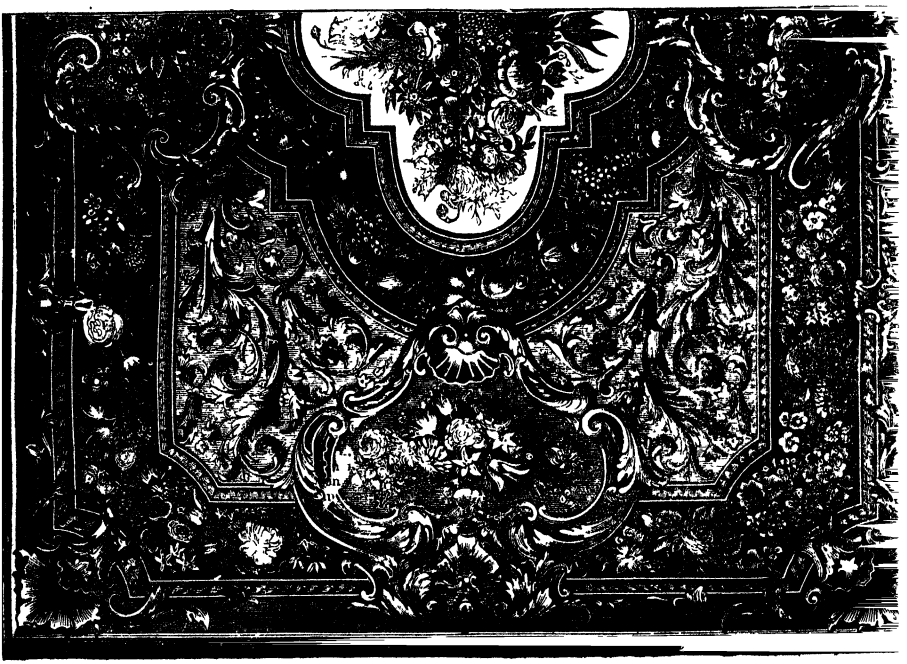
There still is hope for England,
When deed like this is found;
There's glory in Old England,
When hearts like these abound;
Rome hath her pillar'd ruins,
Thermopylæ her stone—
Of this (the only boon I'd crave)
Let brave men speak alone.

WORKING MEN'S MEMORIAL OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

WE perceive that it is the intention of the committee, of which Joseph Hume, M P , is the chairman, to appropriate the sum subscribed in pence by the working men of Great Britain (£1,745) to a strictly educational purpose Instead of erecting a statue to the memory of Sir Robert Peel, it is determined to apply the annual produce of the fund so raised to the purchase and free distribution of books suitable to the instruction of the industrious and numerous class for whose especial benefit the great statesman fought the fight of free-trade in the House of Commons. The fund, to be denominated the "Working Man's Memorial," is to be transferred to a public and corporate body, so that the yearly proceeds may be for ever devoted to the purpose intended; and thus may every mechanics' institution, every free library to which working men have access, and every public reading room in the United Kingdom, possess permanent records—in a shape historical, scientific, mechanical, and literary—of the great fact which, above all others, distinguished the life of Sir Robert Peel,—namely, the untaxing the food of the people. As soon as the preliminary steps are taken to carry out the proposition of the committee, we shall advise our readers on the subject

CARPETS.—A GOSSIP.

How strangely constituted is the mind of man. In one portion of the world, the animal man is found roaming through primeval forests in all the rude freedom of savage nature: cross a wide sea and enter another country, and you will find man in the luxurious enjoyment of all the refinements of civilisation. You read, and wonder as you read, of the natives of Australia having been discovered by Europeans in a state of such primitive barbarity, as not positively to have been aware of the uses of fire or clothing; you turn a page or two of your history, and you become acquainted with a people who, though they lived three thousand years ago, were familiar with the principal arts which the moderns practise. You open your Hume or Robertson, and you find that, in the reigns of our Edwards and Henrys, the people—rich and noble people, too—were content to sit in



NEW PATTERN BRUSSELS CARPET.—MESSRS. TEMPLETON AND CO., GLASGOW.

chimneyless and carpetless apartments, even though clothed in the velvets of Italy and the silks of India. And yet all these men—the low-type Hottentot, and the courtly Frank, were the same men—that is, men with bodies formed in the same mould, more or less refined by habit, and minds constituted of the same elements, and capable of the same improvements. This train of ideas might be pursued advantageously till we had traced the gradual rise of the human creature from the rude elemental dwellers in woods and forests to the cultivated men of modern times—from the simple seekers for the simplest kinds of food and covering, to the profound thinkers, who, with enlarged minds and earnest hearts, would pierce the great mysteries of nature. A wonderful and an absorbing subject is the study of man—"the proper study of mankind," as the poet tells us; and poets are seldom wrong in their conclusions, though they arrive at them by a kind of intuitive impulse rather than by any direct course of reasoning. Thus we take any article of our domestic life into consideration, we shall find the subject replete with interest. We mention CARPET, and our minds are carried back to the times when the bare earth formed the floor of the peasant's dwelling, and clean strewn rushes were all that monarchs could boast by way of floor-covering for their noblest palaces. A little time and then the tesselated pavements and mosaics of the Romans gave place to these; a few years pass away, and oaken floors of cunning workmanship, inlaid and pierced in many curious forms, and polished up like mirrors, in the houses of the rich, and plain deal floors for poorer people's dwellings take the place of the marble quarterings and tile inlaying; then come carpets. At first, square pieces of linen laid in the centre of the apartment; then simple patterns traced in narrow slips, sewn together edgewise; and lastly, the wonderful combinations of Arabesques and flowers known as Turkey, Persian, Brussels, Scotch, Axminster, or Wilton carpets, many of which are made in single pieces twelve yards square.

The carpet was one of the wants of civilisation, one of the comforts of cold climates, and it rose and improved in the same ratio as the nations using it. It is the test, even now, of a certain standing in society, and the possession of a carpet and a chest of drawers by the dwellers in remote places in England is considered by their owners to give them an air of respectability and property.

It is not our intention, however, to speak at any length of the manufacture of carpets in England. Most of our readers know that the Axminster and Kidderminster carpets are made

in one piece, in large looms, with a warp and weft of strong linen threads, between which are worked or disposed little tufts of coloured wool, in such a way as to form a pattern; that the Brussels carpet is composed of linen and worsted, and that it is made in a large and complicated loom, so that when it is finished the upper surface of the carpet presents the appearance of a multitude of little loops formed into a pattern; that what is called a velvet-pile carpet is a superior kind of Brussels, in which the loops are cut or sheared, so as to produce a velvet-like appearance when finished; and that the Scotch carpet is made entirely of wool, warp and weft, and forms a kind of double cloth, having two sets of faces woven together. Our purpose is rather to suggest than to satisfy. Nor will our space permit us to enlarge on the statistical part of the subject, so as to show that the consumption of carpets in England is four times what it was in the beginning of the present century—a proof, it may be said, of the advance of the poorer classes in the laudable luxuries of life.

A carpet is an appreciable comfort in any man's house; if we look back a little into our memories, we shall discover that our greatest joys have been at home in our snug warm rooms, after the labours of the day are over; when, slippered and at ease, we lay our feet on the hearth-rug and determine to banish the cares of the world for a season. There are some, however, who, with sufficient worldly means, have neither house, nor carpet, nor hearth-rug, nor fire to sit by, let us hope that the number of such desolate fellows will daily become less

A carpet of one's own almost implies a wife to brush and keep it clean, and wherever a loving wife is, there, at least, will be found a snug fireside A carpet is a capital thing for children to play on, and children are the joy of a good man's life A carpet is an indispensable article of domestic ease, therefore let all brave young fellows who think they should like a domestic life, save their money from the grasp of idle pleasures and dissolute companions, and make up their minds to buy a carpet The rest will follow.

[We introduce an engraving of one of the improved Brussels carpets in use at the present time The original was exhibited at the World's Fair last year, it was made in one piece—part of the pattern of which is shown above—and in colour and design was considered equal to anything of the kind on either the British or foreign side of the building J. T.

THE FLOATING ISLAND

A LEGEND OF LOCH DOCHART

ONE night in midsummer, a long, long time ago—so long ago, that I may not venture to assign the date—the moon shone down, as it might have done last night, over the wild, lone shore of Loch Dochart. Upon a little promontory on its southern margin stood a girl, meanly clad, wasted, and way-worn In her arms she bore a little babe, wrapped up in the folds of a plaid, and as she bent her thin, pallid face over that of the child, her rich long, yellow hair fell in a shower around her, unconfined either by *snood* or *curch*. One might have taken her for a Magdalene, in her withered beauty, her penitence, and her grief; but other than Magdalene in her passionate despair. She looked around her, and a shudder shook her feeble frame. Was it the chill of the night mist? It might be, for, as her eye wandered away towards the hills beyond, northward, the mists were creeping along their sides, and she saw the moonlight gleaming on a lowly cot, amid a fir grove. 'Twas the home of her parents—the home of her happy childhood, her innocent youth. She looked again at the little one in her bosom; it slept, but a spasm of pain wrung its pale, pinched, sharp features. It appeared to be feeble and pining, for sleepless nights and days of grief and tears had turned the milk of the mother to gall and poison, and the little innocent drank in death—death, the fruit of sin in all climes and ages. Gently she laid the little one by the margin of the water, and the green rushes; and the breeze of night, sweeping by, murmured plaintively to them, and caused them to sigh, and rock to and fro around the infant. Then the poor mother withdrew a space from the babe, and sat her down upon a white stone, and covered her face with her long, thin, bloodless hands. She said in her heart, as Hagar said, "Let me not see the death of the child." And she wept sore, for the poor girl loved the babe, as a mother like her only can love her babe, with a wild, passionate, absorbing love; for it is her all, her pearl of great price, which she has bought with name and fame, with home and friends, with health and happiness, with earth, and it may be with heaven. And she thought bitterly over that happy home, where a few months since, in the gleaming of the autumn's eve, she sat on the heathery braes, and tripped along the brink of the warbling burn, or milked the kine in the bure, or sang to her spinning-wheel, beside her mother, near the ingle. Next came the recollections of one who sat beside her on the braes, and strayed with her down the burn; who won her heart with his false words, and drew her from the holy shelter of her father's roof, to leave her in her desolation among the southern strangers. And now, with the faithfulness—though not with the purity or truthfulness—of the dove, she was returning over the waste of the world's dark waters to that ark which had sheltered her early years, from which no father had sent her forth. That ark is in sight; but the poor bird is weary from her flight, and she would even now willingly fold her wings, and sink down amid the waters, for she is full of shame, and fear, and sorrow. Ah! will her father "put forth his hand and take her in, and pull her unto him into the ark," with the glory of her whiteness defiled, her plumage ruffled and drooping? Ah! will her mother draw her again to nestle within her bosom, when she sees the dark stain upon her breast, once so pure and spotless? The poor girl wept as she thought of these things—at first wild and bitterly, but at length her sorrow became gentler, and her soul more calm, for her heavy heart was relieved by the tears that seemed to have gushed straight up from it, as the dark clouds are lightened when the rain pours from them. And so she sobbed and mused in the cold, dreary night, till her thoughts wandered, and her vision grew dim, and she sank down in slumber, a slumber like that of childhood, sweet and deep. And she dreamed that angels, pure and white, stood around; and, oh! strange and charming, they looked not on her as the unfallen ones of the world—the pure and the sinless in their own sight—looked upon her through the weary days of her humiliation—scornfully, loathingly, pitilessly; but their sweet eyes were bent upon her full of truth, and gentleness, and love; and tears, like dew-pearls, fell from those mild and lustrous orbs upon her brow and bosom, as those beautiful beings hung over her, and those tears calmed her poor wild brain; and each, where it fell upon her bosom, washed away a stain. Then the angels took the little one from her breast, and spread their wings as if for flight, but she put forth her arms to regain her child, and one of the bright beings repressed her gently, and said,—

"It may not be—the babe goes with us."

Then she said to the angel,—

"Suffer me also to go with my child, that I may be with it and tend it ever!"

But the angel said, in a voice of sweet and solemn earnestness,—

"Not yet, not yet. Thou mayest not come with us now, but in a little while shalt thou rejoin us, and this our little sister."

And the dreamer thought that they rose slowly on the moonlit air, as the light clouds float before a gentle breeze at evening; then the child stretched forth its arms towards her with a plaintive cry, and she awoke, and sprang forward to where her child lay. The waters of the lake rippled over the feet of the mother, but the babe lay beyond in the rushes at the point of the promontory, where she had laid it. The bewildered mother essayed to spring across the stream that now flowed between her and the island, but in vain; her strength failed her, and as she sank to the earth she beheld the island floating slowly away upon the waveless bosom of the lake, while eldritch laughter rang from out of the rushes, mingled with sweet tiny voices soothing, with a fair lullaby, the cries of the babe, that came fainter and fainter on the ear of the bereaved mother, as the little hands of the elfin crew impelled the floating island over the surface of Loch Dochart.

Some herdsmen going forth in the early morning found a girl apparently lifeless lying on the edge of the lake. She was recognised and brought to her early home. When she opened her eyes her parents stood before her. No word of anger passed from the lips of her father, though his eye was

clouded and his head was bowed down with sorrow and humiliation. Her mother took the girl's hand and laid it on her bosom—as she had done when she was a little guileless child—and wept, and kissed her, and prayed over her. Then after a short time she came to know those around her and where she was, and started up and looked restlessly around, and cried out, with a loud and wild cry,—

"My child! Where is my child?"

Near that spot where she had been discovered was found a portion of a baby's garment. The people feared the child had been drowned, and searched the loch along its shores. Nothing, however, was found which could justify their suspicions; but to the astonishment of these archers, they discovered in the midst of the lake a small island, about fifty feet in length, and more than half that in width, covered with rushes and water plants. No one had ever seen it before, and when they returned with others to show the wonder, they found that it had sensibly changed its position.

The home-returned wanderer whispered into her mother's ear all her sin and all her sorrow. Then she pined away day by day. And when the moon was again full in the heavens, she stole forth in the gloaming. She was missed in the morning, and searched for during many days, but no trace could be found of her. At length some fishermen passing by the floating island, scared a large kite from the rushes, and discovered the decaying body of the hapless girl. How she had reached the island none could say—whether it drifted sufficiently near the land to enable her to wade to it in search of her babe, and then floated out again from the shore; or whether beings of whom peasants fear to speak had brought her there. The latter conjecture was, of course, the more generally adopted by the people, and there are those who say that at midnight, when the moon shines down full upon Loch Dochart, he who has sharp ears may hear the cry of a baby mingling with elfish laughter and sweet, low songs from amidst the plants and rushes of the floating island.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

The Rev. W. W. Cazalet, superintendent of the Royal Academy of Music, in a paper which he read a short time since to the members of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, furnished some interesting particulars respecting the organ, the pianoforte, and other musical instruments. He commenced with a history of the organ, as far as it may be gathered from the writings of the later Roman and the mediæval authors. The first mention of a organ in England is in the [illegible] century. This instrument was, however, of a very primitive [illegible] although it had only 400 pipes, it required 26 bellows, which were worked by 76 men; the keys were six inches broad, and the touch so hard, that the performer was obliged to use his fists. Separate keyboards appear to have been introduced in the thirteenth century, while the pedals, the great characteristic of this instrument, were invented by a German named Bernhard in 1170. Reed stops first appear in the account, in 1596, of an organ at Breslau, and the instrument was brought into the state in which it is now commonly known by the invention of the swell in the early part of the last century by an Englishman named Craig.

In the organs of the Exhibition the chief novelties were some new stops and mechanical methods of overcoming the pressure of the wind in instruments of large size.

Messrs. Gray and Davison received a council medal for a new method of coupling, and for a stop between a flute-stop and a reed, called the keraulophon.

Besides their Tuba mirabilis stop, Messrs Hill introduced a mode of shifting the stops by means of keys, and a new valve for lightening the touch, as well as a method of conveying the air through the main framing of the instrument.

Mr. Willis, while adopting the pneumatic lever of Barker and of Ducroquet, has further improved on it by the invention of an exhausting valve, and by other modifications, by which means the touch of the organ, whatever its size, may be made almost as delicate as that of the pianoforte.

Certain novelties in a small organ in the Florentine department, by Messrs. Ducci, were spoken of as likely to lead to great improvements and modifications in the instrument. These are the production of a complete chromatic scale from one pipe, and a method of making a stopt pipe produce the sound of one four times its length.

The pianoforte, the successor of the harpsichord, appears to have been invented about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and to have been introduced into England shortly after Mr. Cazalet then gave an interesting summary of the progressive improvements of the piano, and the authors of them, which, however, as it will not bear condensation, want of space compels us to omit.

In speaking of the finger wind instruments, Mr. Cazalet gave at some length a highly interesting account of the early flute, and of the difficulties in its construction which caused it to be an instrument almost under ban. That it is so no longer is due to the talent and perseverance of Mr. Boehm, of Munich, who, by the application of acoustical science to the form of the flute, and the position and shapes of the holes, has produced an instrument in which, says Mr Cazalet, "perfect equality of tone is for the first time combined with correct intonation." For this achievement Mr Boehm received the council medal. Mr. Cazalet then described the horns, trumpets, cornets, and other valve instruments, closing with the drums of the Exhibition, but into this our space will not allow us to follow him.

We are so accustomed to think of music as a fine art only, as to neglect the very important relations which it bears to commerce and manufactures. To call attention to these relations was Mr. Cazalet's object in the second division of his paper, and the following are some of the interesting statistics which his researches have enabled him to present —

The organ-builders of England may be taken at 100 in number, and, putting their gross returns at £500 per annum each, we have £200,000 a year in this branch alone. The materials used by them are pine, mahogany, tin, and lead.

The materials employed by the pianoforte maker are oak, deal, pine, mahogany, and beech, besides fancy woods, baize, felt, cloth, and [illegible]ather, brass, steel, and iron. Of the two leading houses in this branch, the Messrs. Collard sell annually 1,600 instruments, and the Messrs. Broadwood 2,300, which, at the very low average of 60 guineas, gives as the annual business of these two firms only, about £250,000. If the whole number of pianoforte makers of London, about 200, is taken into account, the annual return in this trade cannot be less than £1,000,000. Violins, and instruments of that class are almost entirely imported, the prejudice being in favour of the foreign makers. The annual import duty on them is probably not less than £45,000.

The cost of the wind instruments required for a regimental band, exclusive of drums and fifes, was said to be £214, and as there are in all about 400 regiments, the capital represented by these is nearly £100,000.

The number of work men employed by Messrs. Broadwood and Messrs. Collard respectively is 575 and 400, these are all more or less skilled workmen, some of them to a very high degree. It is probable that the wages of the artisans employed in this trade do not amount to less than £500,000 per annum.

The great power exerted by music is evidenced by the large number of musical and choral societies, both instrumental and vocal, which exist, as well as the large and increasing audiences which are attracted to their public performances. There can be no doubt that that influence is in a right direction, and that by it the social and moral condition of the people is being elevated and improved. In the fifteen years during which the Sacred Harmonic Society has been established, 271 concerts have been given, attended by more than 510,000 persons.

Mr. Cazalet concluded his lecture with a suggestion for the formation of a Musical Art Union, which he thought would tend most materially to foster and improve rising talent, and create an intense interest among all classes; for there are few who do not, at some time or other, derive enjoyment from this enchanting and delightful art.

Idealisms.—You accuse me of a propensity to idealise. I am sorry that you do not give me credit for sufficient true-heartedness to love the beautiful devotedly without the necessity of colouring it more highly by any imagination. If it were as you say, I should be fated to turn perpetually to new objects, till cold experience gradually taught me better, and warned me against such folly with bitter mockery,—till I sank into hopeless misery. Such a warmth is not that of life, but the unhealthy and transitory glow of fever. —*Niebuhr's Life and Letters.*

DISCOVERIES, SCIENCE, AND MANUFACTURES.

A NOVELTY IN STEAM.—The *New York Journal* contains an account of an engine recently invented by Captain Ericsson, of which two large working models are now in operation. This engine differs in many important respects from anything else in use, and is destined, on the score of economy, safety, simplicity, and convenience, to supersede steam, provided that, when applied to practical purposes, it shall be found to work as well as the inventor anticipates. His reputation for skill and sound judgment, and his long experience in such matters, is a guarantee against any Utopian scheme at variance with the established principles of physics or chemistry, and the method adopted to bring the invention before the public is unexceptionable In connexion with two other gentlemen, he is making preparations for the first public experiment on an unusually large scale A vessel, which cannot be called either a ship or a steamer, is being constructed something over two thousand tons burden, and expected to be ready for launching in August, while the whole force of an extensive establishment is at work upon the machinery That portion of the work already in progress embraces some of the largest castings, of their kind, that have been made in this country The whole affair —from the keelson to the paddle-wheels—teems with novelties Captain Ericsson has been privately at work upon the invention for several years, and now considers it as brought nearly or quite to perfection, so that he can start it on its trial trip to Liverpool with nearly as much confidence as a new steam-ship made after one of the approved models Should the parties interested complete the vessel, as they have commenced it, on their sole responsibility, they will have the profit and honour if it succeeds, and if fails, the satisfaction of having done [illegible] but themselves

IMPROVEMENT IN CARPETS.—Mr [illegible], of Kidderminster, has recently enrolled a patent for improvements in the manufacture of carpets and rugs The improvement consists in employing additional warp together with additional throwing in of weft to each wire inserted in weaving Brussels and velvet-piled carpets and rugs. When using printed or parti-coloured warp in such manufacture, it has been a common practice to have three warp threads, consisting of the printed yarn for making the surface, a thick filling warp for making the body of the fabric, and a fine linen warp for binding the fabric together by its weft, one shoot of weft over, one under, [illegible] of each wire This method is commonly known as "three-shoot" weaving, and differs from that of the patentee, inasmuch as he employs an additional throwing in of weft The ordinary thick filling-warp may be composed of any suitable fibre, and it is preferred that this, as well as the additional thick warp, should be as large as the reed will conveniently admit of In weaving, the thick warp remains stationary, but the additional warp is raised up and down in forming sheds, and the working is performed in such manner as to introduce four shoots of weft to each wire, and all the shoots may be of the same weft, or part of thicker weft than the rest If fabrics are required of still greater thickness than can be produced as the use of one additional warp allows, more may be added thereto

STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.—An American mechanic has built a fire-engine, to which he attaches steam The machine has been tested, and although not in perfect order, steam was raised and water thrown with great rapidity in nine minutes Five minutes is all the time claimed as essential by the patentee The experiment was exceedingly satisfactory. A steam fire-engine is not new, one tried by Mr Ericsson, years ago, is illustrated in "Ewbank's Hydraulics."

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN SUGAR-MAKING.—Don Juan Ramos, a native of Porto Rico, has lately made a discovery in the chemistry of sugar making, which is calculated to revolutionise that manufacture Thus much of the secret has been already divulged, "that the agent is a certain ingredient, probably some vegetable extract," which cleanses the saccharine liquor to a degree far beyond that at which the tempered lime hitherto used ceases to operate, while the result is an immensely increased produce of sugar, of a quality very superior to that produced under the present mode, and the greatest merits of all in the discovery are, "that it requires no change in the existing apparatus and involves no additional outlay," and it is "so simple as to be easily acquired" Many experiments have been publicly made, and in some of them with a gain of 41 per cent upon the old method. Mr Ramos guarantees that the gain in all instances shall not be less than 20 per cent. The *Liverpool Chronicle* says of a sample in its possession—"Whether with regard to quality, colour, or strength, the sample of muscovado sugar has elicited the admiration of all who have seen it. An eminent mercantile house, to whom the sample has been shown, pronounces it to be worth 39s.; while a similar quality, manufactured by the old process, is selling in Liverpool at 26s. 6d."

DISCOVERY OF AN EXTENSIVE GUANO DEPOSIT.—Some months ago, the fact of the existence an an extensive guano deposit upon an island of the South Pacific Ocean, was communicated by an old whaling captain to the owner of his vessel. The intelligence was profoundly secret until more fully substantiated. Further search confirmed the first impression Samples of the guano have been analysed by an eminent London chemist, and the following is the result —

7½	parts	salts of ammonia.
8½	„	animal organic matter
2½	„	sulphate of muriate of potash and soda
52	„	phosphate of lime and phosphate of magnesia.
18	„	sand
11½	„	moisture.
100		

By comparison of this analysis with that of the best Peruvian guano, now selling at £9 9s per ton, we understand the value of the new article will be about £5 10s to £6 per ton, but, as it is probable that many cargoes will find their way to the Mauritius and other colonial and foreign markets, the value will be found to vary materially, and, as the samples are said to have been taken from the surface, the amount of ammonia will in all probability increase as the bulk becomes worked into The quantity deposited is stated to be considerable, but no supposition can safely be ventured upon, and the island, from not being near any coast, is quite free from the dangers attending the loading at Ichaboe and other islands on the west coast of Africa, from the setting in of rollers A discovery of this description [illegible] and many others vessels are lying in complete [illegible] idle or seeking freight in our Australian colonies, and also in India—we look upon as means of profitable employment, which many owners will be likely to take advantage of The island, we are informed, is at present unclaimed by any government, and the British flag was the first banner planted upon it But we are not able to inform our readers of the latitude and longitude where it is to be found —Since the above notice appeared, we have been informed that application has been made to the Admiralty for its interference for the protection of British shipping engaged in obtaining cargoes, and that such assistance is refused, on the grounds that the island is known to, and claimed by, the Peruvian government, whose trade the English government are bound to protect. We are further informed that the chargé d'affaires, with whom an interview has been maintained, is not in a position to make terms to enable vessels to load upon the owners' account. Under these circumstances, the possessor of the information has deemed it necessary to apprise those shipowners who contemplate [illegible] less arrangements could be made [illegible] the Peruvian government, great danger would attend attempts to load without the necessary permission to do so.

A parliamentary paper, issued on the motion of Mr Scholefield, shows that the imports [illegible] were—2,881 tons in 1841, 20,398 in 1842, 3,002 [illegible] 1841, 253,300 in 1845; 89,203 in 1846, 82,392 in 1847, 71,[illegible] 1848, 83,438 in 1849; 116,925 in 1850, and 213,016 in 1851

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THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

A BALLAD FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Once in olden times was standing
A castle high and grand,
Broad glancing in the sunlight,
Far over sea and land.
And round were fragrant gardens,
A rich and blooming crown,
And fountains, playing in them,
In rainbow brilliance shone.

There a haughty king was seated,
In lands and conquests great;
Pale and awful was his countenance,
As on his throne he sate;
For what he thinks is terror,
And what he looks is wrath,
And what he speaks is torture,
And what he writes is death.

There came unto this castle
A gentle minstrel pair,
The one with locks bright, golden,
The other gray of hair;
With harp in hand, the elder
A noble courser rode,
While, beautiful, beside him
His young companion strode.

Said the elder to the younger,
"Now be prepared, my son!
Oh, let the lay be lofty,
And stirring be the tone;
Put forth thy grandest power,
Of joy and sorrow sing,
To touch the stony bosom
Of this remorseless king."

And now within the castle
These gentle minstrels stand
On his throne the king is seated,
With the queen at his right hand,
The king in fearful splendour,
Like the Northern Lights' red glare,
The queen, so sweet and gentle,
Like a moonbeam resting there.

The old man struck the harp-strings,
Most wonderful to hear,
As richer, ever richer,
Swelled the music on the ear.
Then rose, with heavenly clearness,
The stripling's voice of fire,
And then they sang together,
Like a distant angel-choir

They sing of love and spring-time,
Of happy, golden days,
Of manly worth and freedom
They sing the glorious praise;
They sing of all the beauty
The heart of man that thrills,
They sing of all the greatness
The soul of man that fills.

The courtly circle round them
Forget for once to sneer;
And bow those iron warriors,
As though a god were near.
The queen, in softness melting,
Forgets her sparkling crown,
And the rose from out her bosom
To the minstrels she throws down.

"Ye have seduced my people!
What, traitors, d'ye mean?"
The king, he shriek'd in frenzy,
"Seduce ye now my queen?"
His sword, that gleamed like lightning,
At the stripling's heart he flings,
And thence, instead of golden songs,
The gushing life-blood springs.



Yet when he reach'd the gateway,
Then paused the minstrel old,
And took his harp so wondrous,
And broke its strings of gold,
And against a marble pillar
He shiver'd it in twain,
And thus his curse he shouted,
Till the castle rang again —

"Woe, woe, thou haughty castle,
With all thy gorgeous halls!
Sweet string or song be sounded
No more within thy walls!
No! sighs alone, and wailing,
And the coward steps of slaves!
Already round thy towers
The avenging spirit raves!

"Woe, woe, ye fragrant gardens,
With all your fair May light!
Look on this ghastly countenance,
And wither at the sight!
Let all your flowers perish!
Be all your fountains dry!
Henceforth a horrid wilderness,
Deserted, wasted, lie!

"Woe, woe, thou wretched murderer,
Thou curse of minstrelsy!
Thy struggles for a bloody fame,
All fruitless shall they be!
Thy name shall be forgotten,
Lost in eternal death,
Dissolving into empty air,
Like a dying man's last breath!"

The old man's curse is utter'd,
And heaven above hath heard.
Those walls have fallen prostrate
At the minstrel's mighty word.
Of all that vanish'd splendour
Stands but one column tall,
And that, already shatter'd,
Ere another night may fall

Around, instead of gardens,
Is a desert, heathen land,
No tree its shade dispenses,
No fountains cool the sand
The king's proud name has vanish'd,
His deeds no songs rehearse,
Departed and forgotten!
This is the Minstrel's Curse!

One of the Great Elements of Success.—Let us earnestly recommend to all those who handle the pen—whether in writing plays for managers, prescriptions for patients, articles for editors of periodicals, or petitions or memorials to the powers that be—to study caligraphy. Many plays have been thrown aside, many articles returned, many prescriptions misinterpreted, and many petitions neglected, because it was either impossible or difficult to decipher them. Next to the possession of a good hereditary estate and a good temper, a good handwriting will be found the best auxiliary to push through life with.

Gratuitous Services.—Never let people work for you *gratis*. Two years ago, a man carried a bundle for us to Boston, and we have been lending him two shillings a week ever since.

An Asthmatical Remark.—Hugot Arnott was one day, while panting with the asthma, looking out of his window, was almost deafened by the noise of a bawling fellow, who was selling oysters. "The extravagant rascal," said Hugo, "he has wasted in two seconds as much breath as would have served me for a month."

Murder of Mrs Bloomer.—An American correspondent of a London paper says—"A few days ago, Mrs Bloomer was killed in Bridge-street, Boston, by her husband, who is supposed to be insane."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Young Reader.—"*Laissez faire*" means, "Let it alone." When the terms, *The Laissez-faire system* is employed, it means "The Let-it-alone system;" that is, a system that is left to work out its own results.

W. E.—In answer to your question as to the relative position of England, and whether that position may be considered as central, or nearly central, we furnish the following quotation from a No. of "Quarterly Review" of last year:—"If we divide the globe into two hemispheres, according to the maximum extent of land and water in each, we arrive at the curious result of designating England as the centre of the former, or *terrene* half, an antipodal point near New Zealand as the centre of the *aqueous* hemisphere. The exact position of England is not far from the Land's End, so that, if an observer were there raised to such a height as to discern at once the half of the globe, he would see the greatest possible extent of *land*, if similarly elevated in New Zealand, the greatest possible surface of *water*."

W. S.—The word *deodand* has its origin in the Latin words *Deo dandum*, a forfeiture to God, and was intended as an atonement to God for the untimely death of one of his creatures. Thus a horse or carriage which, by accident, causes the death of any human being, becomes forfeited either to the king or the lord of the manor, and ought to be sold, and the proceeds given to the poor.

Inquisitive.—Your questions shall have due attention. Far be it from us to blame you for making such numerous inquiries. It was Locke, we believe, who said that "he attributed what little he knew to the not having been ashamed to ask for information."

Thomas.—You ask us to tell you how you may improve your "*stile*." Do you mean the stile over which persons climb to get into a field? We rather think that you mean your "*style*," or mode of writing. Your best plan will be to read and study the works of our standard English writers, but do, pray, endeavour to improve your spelling.

A Lover of Gardening.—The common *lilac* is not a native of England. The first plant, it is believed, was brought into Europe towards the end of the sixteenth century. Being very showy, easy of culture, and hardy, it soon found its way into the gardens of Europe, and has since been a favourite.

A Working Man.—The portrait and memoir of Mr J. Taylor, jun., of Birmingham, is not likely to appear in the "Working Man's Friend." It will be found in No 21 of the "Illustrated Exhibitor."

M N O.—We cannot reply satisfactorily to your inquiry, as many water companies have rules and regulations peculiar to themselves, and some of them adopt very summary processes to obtain or to recover payment of the rates upon which they have determined.

C Phine.—The word *Eyre* is French, and is derived from the Latin *iter*, a journey. The term about which you inquire, "Justices in Eyre," signifies the itinerant court of justices, or those who journey from place to place to hold assizes.

A Newspaper Reader.—Benjamin Disraeli is not, as you suppose, the author of "The Curiosities of Literature," but the eldest son of that gentleman. Benjamin, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, is the author of "Coningsby," a political novel.

Abel, M M; and several other Correspondents, had better apply to Messrs *Horne* and *Thornthwaite*, Newgate-street, London, who have published a cheap manual of photography, and of whom plates, acids, powders, and every requisite may be obtained.

Brosus.—Though we neither use nor recommend "*grog*," we have no objection to give you what information we have as to the origin of the word. It is said that the gallant Vernon was dubbed by some of his merry companions "Old Grogram," and he having, after his celebrated reduction of Porto Bello, introduced the use of rum and water into the ship's company, that drink became as celebrated as the Admiral himself, in honour of whom it was surnamed "Grog."

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THE

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THE HOLY LAND.

THE DEAD SEA—THE JORDAN—SAMARIA—THE VALE OF ESDRAELON—THE LAKE OF GENNESARET—NAZARETH—TYRE.

SITUATED in a deep valley, four thousand feet below Jerusalem, surrounded by mountains, and sterile, desolate hills, without a living creature in its waters, and answering truly to its name, is the Dead Sea. The water appeared, on a recent visit, of a greenish-blue colour, and its surface generally still, yet, at times, slightly rippled by a light southerly breeze. Here and there were a few clouds, which afforded a slight relief from the intense glare and heat of the sun; but there were no trees, no shrubs; nothing, in short, to ward off or soften its rays, leaving only the alternative of patient endurance.



VIEW OF NAZARETH.

Crossing the "Saltish Plain," and riding along the water's edge, some drops of it will occasionally sprinkle the clothes, and it is curious to notice how it discolours them, and how very difficult it is to get the stain out, or to remove traces of the acrid liquid. It is also interesting to mark the intense effort put forth by the poor, suffering, dreadfully treated, and thirsty horses, in order to obtain relief from the water of the Dead Sea. When they come near the water and behold it spread out so invitingly before them, they are eager to get near and into it; they dash their mouths into the liquid brine, hoping to imbibe the cooling and refreshing draught; and for a moment they seem to swallow, as it were unconsciously, the pungent water, but it is only for a moment; disappointed and angry, they throw back their heads, and, more dispirited than ever, pursue the way that their masters wish.

If the traveller wishes to test the density of the water, and lies down on his back flat and powerless, using no effort to keep himself from sinking, he will remain about two-thirds under water, and buoyed up in a manner absolutely unparalleled. In truth, he cannot sink, except by forcing himself under the water, and in a moment he will rise rapidly up again, and lie there, a floating object of life on the surface of a sea beneath which is nothing that exists. On emerging, the body is covered with a liquid, producing a disagreeable, greasy feeling, impossible to get rid of by the aid of towels alone. How fully is the Scripture verified, here and around! "The whole land thereof is brimstone, and salt, and burning, it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth therein, like the

overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim, which the Lord overthrew in his anger and in his wrath."*

"I was somewhat surprised to find the Jordan," says a recent traveller, "so much narrower than I had supposed; I had expected to see a broad stream, not unlike many of the rivers of less note in our own country; but it is not so; between the steep and often high banks, where the river flows during most of the year, it appeared to me not to be more than sixty or seventy feet wide. It is but a guess and judging by the eye, for I had no means of measurement with me, and therefore is not to be relied upon at all for any accuracy; all that I would affirm positively is that the Jordan is by no means a wide river, and is narrower between its banks than many of the creeks in America.† The current is extremely rapid in this part of its course, running I should think from three to four miles an hour; and so strong is it that very rarely can the most muscular swimmer make head against it: instances happen occasionally of persons being carried away and drowned in consequence of having braved it too far. I think myself a pretty good swimmer, and in ordinary cases should mind nothing launching forth to reach a point a mile or more distant; but when I stood and looked upon the Jordan for a while and tried to estimate the force of that powerful current, I knew that it would not be safe for me to venture out beyond my depth; and I did not. The colour of the water is nearly that of gray slate; and the river appears to gather much sediment in its course from the north; but I cannot express to you how sweet and delightful the water is. Notwithstanding its turbidness and mixture of earthy matter, [illegible] Dead Sea only two hours before, the contrast was very striking, for that is nauseous and pungent to a degree [illegible], this is delicious and refreshing to the taste, almost as much so as the water of the Nile."

A few scattered huts alone remain to mark the site of the City of Palm Trees. A few miserable fellahs lounge under the shade of some trees, and as is their custom, smoke the shibuk and shisheh; and here and there are some rude dwellings of the inhabitants, having nothing to indicate the possession of aught but the simplest and commonest means of life. What a contrast when we look back on the past history of Jericho, and think of its beauty, power, and magnificence in early days! We must now glance rapidly at various spots of peculiar interest.

"We arrived," says the same traveller, "at Sebustieh, or ancient Samaria. Before reaching the city, we had a fine view of its commanding and noble position from the southern valley, from whence rises the hill on which it stands, and we were much struck with the figure used by the prophet Isaiah, when he terms Samaria 'the crown of pride,' and declares that 'the glorious beauty which is on the head of the fat valley, shall be a fading flower, and as the hasty fruit before the summer;'‡ for not unlike a crown is this round and picturesque mount, girted about with a circlet of hills and beautified with fruitful fields, and gardens and flowers. It required but little imagination to induce us to believe that in its palmy days it was one of the most beautiful and noble-looking cities in the world; it was founded, as you will recollect, by Omri king of Israel, who was contemporaneous with Asa king of Judah, and Elijah the great prophet of the Lord, between nine hundred and a thousand years before Christ;§ but now, alas for the pride of man, it is like the faded flower, and its wealth, beauty, and power are all gone, the hill has been ploughed as a field, and where once the lofty palace and the gorgeous structure stood in all their magnificence, where the populous streets and the thousands of inhabitants gave token of life, energy, and power, now naught is found but the few broken columns half covered with earth, and the scanty remains of other days amid the trees, and fields, and gardens, and peasants' huts. We rode up the hill by a steep and winding path, with considerable expectations, and passing the lowering villagers without stopping to parley with them, we hastened to the top of the mount to gaze awhile at the splendid scene which there gratifies the traveller. 'We stood in the very centre of a magnificent panorama. To the north-east and south our horizon was bounded by mountains, enriched with cultivation and villages; towards the west our view admitted of the eye ranging even to the Mediterranean. The valleys which girted the mountain, as well as the mountain itself, are luxuriantly overgrown with trees, especially olives and fig-trees. Around the mountain run, like a coronet, the traces of a terrace, which was probably formed as a decoration to the royal residence.' We spent some little time in visiting and examining the remains of the colonnade, which is situate some distance below the summit of the hill, and on its south-west side or slope. A large number of the pillars are still standing, and most of them are in very good preservation. they are of limestone, about eighteen feet in height and nearly two in diameter; the width of the colonnade Dr. Robinson gives as fifty feet. We followed its course a long way, and were quite satisfied that it extended around the base of the hill for considerably more than half a mile from the point of beginning. It was a sad sight, however, to look upon; for though as many, probably, as a hundred columns are still standing, and the course and splendour of the colonnade as a whole may readily be imagined, still here they stand in the midst of ploughed fields, and utter loneliness and desolation, and in every direction portions of their companions form part of the rude walls for terracing up the slopes, or are half buried in the ground, or carried off to aid in building the houses in the modern town. Truly, it is a testimonial to the labours and wealth of the sanguinary tyrant Herod the Great, which he never anticipated, and we who come from a far-off land and gaze upon the pillars, neither know when they were erected or to what edifice they belonged. We do know that he rebuilt the city of Samaria, adorned it with magnificent structures, and named it, after the emperor Augustus, Sebaste; but we know little more than this. His wealth and magnificence, his power and glory, have all faded away, and naught remains but the memory of his evil deeds, his murders, his jealousies, his awful wickednesses."

All description must fail to convey any clear conception of the fertility and beauty of the plain of Esdraelon, especially as seen when the waving beds of grain, giving promise of a rich harvest, are around and about the traveller at every step; when he beholds the plantations of cotton here and there, the patches or fields of durah or millet, the banks and beds of streams and of rivulets which go to fill up, at certain seasons, "that ancient river, the river Kishon," and when the hills and mountains everywhere greet the eye, and seem, as it were, to be keeping watch and ward over this great valley.

Proceeding over the plain, skirting the western base of Jebel-el-Duhny, or the Little Hermon, and bending towards the west, a full view may be enjoyed of Mount Tabor. It is one of the most striking objects in Palestine, and rises up to a great height above the plain; its shape is conical, and being clothed with verdure, shrubs, and trees, even to the top, it presents itself to the eye as remarkable for its beauty. Its summit bears evidence, in every direction, of the care, skill, and labour bestowed on fortifying this memorable mount. At present, however, it is desolate, and abandoned by man.

Not far from hence is the beautiful lake of Tiberias, which, independently of its great natural beauty, embosomed amidst the hills, has associations of a character calculated to make the deepest impressions on the Christian's heart.

"The brow of the hill, whereon the city of Nazareth was built,"* repays for any fatigue in the ascent by the beautiful panoramic view which is there to be enjoyed. Towards the north and east lies the hill country of Syria and Galilee, with the sun-clad Hermon towering up grandly over all, and the lovely valley of the Jordan, Mount Tabor in the distance, and the lesser hills and heights that bound the vale of Esdraelon; to the south the magnificent plain itself stretches away in the distance, incomparably beautiful as it lies encircled amidst the distant hills and mounts which bound it on every side; in the west, is plainly visible Carmel's lofty range, and the Medi-

* Deut. xxix. 23.

† Dr. Wilson gives the width of the Jordan at this place as exactly forty yards; he estimates the current as at least three miles per hour.—*Lands of the Bible*, vol. ii. p. 17.

‡ Is. xxviii. 1, 4.

§ "And Omri bought the hill Samaria of Shemer, for two talents of silver, and built on the hill, and called the name of the city which he built, after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill, Samaria."—1 Kings xvi. 24.

* Luke iv. 29.

terranean's bright deep blue mirror; while almost at our feet lies the picturesque village of Nazareth.

We close our series of papers on the Holy Land, by the following statements of a traveller, in reference to Tyre:—

"It was a deeply interesting occupation to sit down, as we did, near the gate of the city, under a shady tree, and read the various portions of Holy Writ respecting Tyre, particularly the passages out of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Zechariah; not less interesting was it to call to mind the history of the past, and to note how exactly the judgments denounced against it have been fulfilled. Tyre was a very ancient city, undoubtedly, being mentioned in the book of Joshua (xix 29) as 'the strong city Tyre;' and Josephus says that it was built two hundred and forty years before the temple of Solomon. The best authorities are not agreed whether it stood originally on the island or on the main land, though the latter is the more common opinion. Bishop Newton supposes—and I think not unreasonably—that while old Tyre stood on the main land, the island at the same time was occupied, and formed in fact an integral portion of the city as a whole. It is termed by the prophet Isaiah (xxiii. 12) the 'daughter of Sidon,' in allusion to the fact that it was founded by a colony from that city, though ere long it out-rivalled that very ancient home of the Phœnicians, and became the most celebrated place in the world for trade, commerce and wealth: hence it is termed "a mart of nations, the crowning city, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth," in consequence of its pride, arrogance, luxury, and vices of various descriptions, and because of insults and injuries towards God's people, it was denounced by the prophets of Jehovah, and its destruction foretold in the plainest terms. More than a hundred years after Isaiah wrote his prophecy, Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, laid siege to Tyre, and after a long, toilsome, and excessively fatiguing siege of thirteen years, took it and laid it in ruins. Thus, as is probable, was the city on the main land, the Tyrians having mostly withdrawn to the island while the siege was going on, and thus in measure escaped the severity of the enraged conqueror, who does not appear to have captured the island likewise; this was in the year B.C. 573, and after this date Palae Tyrus does not seem to have held any rank or importance in history. After the fall of the Babylonian monarchy, about seventy years from the date of its capture, the city resumed its pristine power and greatness, but continued on the island, and is the Tyre spoken of in the early writers; the former city was never rebuilt. Its destruction was foretold again by Ezekiel and the other prophets, and accordingly Alexander the Great laid siege to it, and after incredible labour and enterprise, constructing a causeway out of the ruins of Palae Tyrus and assaulting the city with engines, in seven or eight months he succeeded in taking the proud metropolis of commerce. Most bitter was the punishment inflicted on it for resisting the great conqueror; he burnt it down to the ground, destroyed or enslaved all the inhabitants, and barbarously crucified two thousand of the captives; this was about B.C. 332. Notwithstanding this terrible blow, Tyre gradually rose again from its ruins, and after Alexander's death, was a strong fortress in possession of the Seleucidæ, subsequently it fell under the dominion of the Romans, and appears to have been a place of some note and importance. Our Lord visited this section of country; and at a later date St. Paul landed here, and finding some disciples, tarried in Tyre seven days. Though not what it once was, the city seems to have enjoyed a large commerce under the empire, and St. Jerome speaks of it as the noble and beautiful city of Phenicia. It was taken by the Saracens about A.D. 639, during the khalifate of Omar, and is said to have possessed a considerable trade under the Mohammedan rule. It was taken by the Crusaders, A.D. 1124, and continued in the hands of Christians a city of importance and strength, until A.D. 1291, when the Mamelukes seized upon it, plundered it of everything valuable, and left it in a dreadful state of misery and degradation. In 1516 it fell into the hands of the Turks under Selim; and ever since that date it has been sunk in ruin and deprived of all its wealth, grandeur, and importance. So that, though the vengeance of God is sometimes long delayed, it is none the less certain; and his word is exactly and literally true, and has been for hundreds of years, when he said of Tyre, 'They shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers; I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets, in the midst of the sea; for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God:'—'I will bring forth a fire from the midst of thee, it shall devour thee, and I will bring thee to ashes upon the earth in the sight of all them that behold thee. All they that know thee among the people shall be astonished at thee; thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt thou be any more.'*

"As we finished reading the prophetic word, and noting its precise fulfilment, we turned away from the scanty remains of haughty Tyre with mingled emotions of sadness, sorrow, and self-abasement; and we breathed an earnest aspiration that our beloved city and country may take warning, and remember always that 'righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.'"†

A GLIMPSE OF THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Haley and Tom jogged onward in their wagon, each for a time absorbed in his own reflections. Now, the reflections of two men sitting side by side are a curious thing. Seated on the same seat, having the same eyes, ears, hands, and organs of all sorts, and having passed before their eyes the same objects, it is wonderful what a variety we shall find in these same reflections!

As, for example, Mr. Haley he thought first of Tom's length, and breadth, and height, and what he would sell for, if he was kept fat and in good case till he got him into market. He thought of how he should make out his gang, he thought of the respective market-value of certain supposititious men and women and children who were to compose it, and other kindred topics of the business; then he thought of himself, and how humane he was, that whereas other men chained their "niggers" hand and foot both, he only put fetters on the feet, and left Tom the use of his hands, as long as he behaved well, and he sighed to think how ungrateful human nature was, so that there was even room to doubt whether Tom appreciated his mercies. He had been taken in so by "niggers" whom he had favoured, but still he was a tomshed to consider how good natured he yet remained!

As to Tom, he was thinking over some words of an unfashionable old book, which kept running through his head, again and again, as follows:—"We have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come, wherefore God himself is not ashamed to be called our God, for he hath prepared for us a city." These words of an ancient volume, got up principally by "ignorant and unlearned men," have, through all time, kept up, somehow, a strange sort of power over the minds of poor, simple fellows like Tom. They stir up the soul from its depths, and rouse, as with trumpet-call, courage, energy, and enthusiasm, where before was only the blackness of despair.

Mr. Haley pulled out of his pocket sundry newspapers, and began looking over their advertisements, with absorbed interest. He was not a remarkably fluent reader, and was in the habit of reading in a sort of recitative, half aloud, by calling in his ears to verify the deductions of his eyes. In this tone he slowly recited the following paragraph:—

"Executor's Sale.—Negroes!—Agreeably to order of court, will be sold, on [illegible] 20, before the court-house door, in the town of Washington, [illegible] following negroes:—Harry, aged 60; John, aged 30, Jean, aged 21, Saul, aged 25, Albert, aged 14. Sold for the benefit of the creditors and heirs of the estate of Jesse Blutchford, Esq.

"Samuel Morris, } Executors.
"Thomas Flint, }

"This yer I must look at," said he to Tom, for want of somebody else to talk to. "Ye see, I am going to get up a prime gang to take down with ye, Tom, it'll make it sociable and pleasant-like—good company, as you'll know. We must drive right to Washington, as I'll tell you, and then I'll clap you into jail while I does the business."

Tom received this agreeable intelligence quite meekly, simply wondering, in his own heart, how many of these doomed men had wives and children, and whether they would feel as he did about leaving them. It is to be confessed, too, that the naïve, offhand information that he was to be thrown into gaol by no means produced an agreeable impression on a poor fellow who had always prided himself on a strictly honest and upright course of life. Yes, Tom, we must confess, was rather proud of his honesty, poor fellow! not having very much else to be proud of, if he had belodged to some of the higher walks of society, he, perhaps, would never have been reduced to such straits. However, the day wore

* Ezek. xxvi. 4, 5, xxviii. 18, 19. † Prov. xiv. 34.

on, and the evening saw Haley and Tom comfortably accommodated in Washington—the one in a tavern, the other in a jail.

About eleven o'clock the next day, a mixed throng was gathered around the court-house steps, smoking, chewing, spitting, swearing, and conversing, according to their respective tastes and turns, waiting for the auction to commence. The men and women to be sold sat in a group apart, talking in a low tone to each other. The woman who had been advertised by the name of Hagar was a regular African in feature and figure. She might have been sixty, but was older than that by hard work and disease, was partially blind, and somewhat crippled with rheumatism By her side stood her only remaining son, Albert, a bright-looking little fellow of fourteen years. The boy was the only survivor of a large family, who had been successively sold away from her to a southern market. The mother held on to him with both her shaking hands, and eyed with intense trepidation every one who walked up to examine him.

"Don't be feard, Aunt Hagar," said the oldest of the men, "I spoke to Mas'r Thomas 'bout it, and he thought he might manage to sell you in a lot, both together"

"Dey needn't call me worn out yet," said she, lifting her shaking hands. "I can cook yet, and scrub, and scour—I'm wuth a buying, if I do come cheap, tell em dat ar—you *tell* 'em," she added, earnestly.

Haley here forced his way into the group, walked up to the old man, pulled his mouth open and looked in, felt of his teeth, made him stand and straighten himself, bend his back, and perform various evolutions to show his muscles, and then passed on to the next, and put him through the some trial Walking up last to the boy, he felt of his arms, straightened his hands, and looked at his fingers, and made him jump, to show his agility.

"He an't gwine to be sold widout me!" said the old woman, with passionate eagerness, "he and I goes in a lot together, "I's raither strong yet, mas'r, and can do heaps of work—heaps on it, mas'r."

"On plantation?" said Haley, with a contemptuous glance "Likely story!" And, as if satisfied with his examination, he walked out and looked, and stood with his hands in his pocket, his cigar in his mouth, and his hat cocked on one side, as if ready for action.

"What think of 'em?" said a man who had been following Haley's examination, as if to make up his own mind from it.

"Wal," said Haley, spitting, "I shall put in, I think, for the youngerly ones and the boy."

"They want to sell the boy and the old woman together," said the man.

"Find it a tight pull, why she's an old rack o' bones, not worth her salt."

"You wouldn't, then?" said the man

"Anybody 'd be a fool 't would She's half blind, crooked with rheumatis, and foolish to boot."

"Some buys up these yer 'old critturs, and sees there's a sight more wear in 'em than a body 'd think," said the man, reflectively.

"No go, 't all," said Haley, "wouldn't take her for a present—fact; I've *seen*, now."

"Wal, 'tis kinder pity, now, not to buy her with her son—her heart seems so sot on him, s'pose they fling her in cheap."

"Them that's got money to spend that ar way, it's all well enough. I shall bid off on that ar boy for a plantation-hand, wouldn't be bothered with her, no way—not if they'd give her to me," said Haley.

"She'll take on desp't," said the man

"Nat'lly, she will," said the trader, coolly.

The conversation was here interrupted by a busy hum in the audience, and the auctioneer, a short, bustling, important fellow, elbowed his way into the crowd. The old woman drew in her breath, and caught instinctively at her son.

"Keep close to yer mammy, Albert—close—dey'll put us up togedder," she said.

"O mammy, I'm fear'd they won't," said the boy

"Dey must, child; I can't live, no ways, if they don't," said the old creature, vehemently.

The stentorian tones of the auctioneer, calling out to clear the way, now announced that the sale was about to commence A place was cleared, and the bidding began. The different men on the list were soon knocked off at prices which showed a pretty brisk demand in the market. two of them fell to Haley.

"Come, now, young un," said the auctioneer, giving the boy a touch with his hammer, "be up and show your springs, now."

"Put us two up togedder, togedder—do, please, mas'r," said the old woman, holding fast to her boy.

"Be off!" said the man, gruffly, pushing her hands away, "you come last. Now, darkey, spring," and, with the word, he pushed the boy towards the block, while a deep, heavy groan rose behind him. The boy passed, and looked back; but there was no time to stay, and, dashing the tears from his large, bright eyes, he was up in a moment.

His fine figure, alert limbs, and bright face raised an instant competition, and half-a-dozen bids simultaneously met the ear of the auctioneer. Anxious, half-frightened, he looked from side to side, as he heard the clatter of contending bids—now here, now there—till the hammer fell. Haley had got him. He was pushed from the block toward his new master, but stopped one moment, and looked back, when his poor old mother, trembling in every limb, held out her shaking hands toward him.

"Buy me, too, mas'r, for de dear Lord's sake!—buy me—I shall die if you don't!"

"You'll die if I do, that's the kink of it," said Haley. "No!" And he turned on his heel.

The bidding for the poor old creature was summary. The man who had addressed Haley, and who seemed not destitute of compassion, bought her for a trifle, and the spectators began to disperse

The poor victims of the sale, who had been brought up in one place together for years, gathered round the despairing old mother, whose agony was pitiful to see

"Couldn't dey leave me one? Mas'r allers said I should have one—he did," she repeated over and over, in heart-broken tones.

"Trust in the Lord, Aunt Hagar," said the oldest of the men, sorrowfully.

"What good will it do?" said she, sobbing passionately.

"Mother! mother! don't! don't!" said the boy. "They say you's got a good master"

"I don't care—I don't care. O Albert! O my boy! You's my last baby! Lord, how ken I?"

"Come, take her off, can't some of ye?" said Haley, drily "Don't do no good for her to go on that ar way"

The old men of the company, partly by persuasion and partly by force, loosed the poor creature's last despairing hold, and, as they led her off to her new master's wagon, strove to comfort her

"Now!" said Haley, pushing his three purchases together, and producing a bundle of handcuffs, which he proceeded to put on their wrists, and fastening each handcuff to a long chain, he drove them before him to the jail

A few days saw Haley, with his possession, safely deposited on one of the Ohio boats It was the commencement of his gang, to be augmented, as the boat moved on, by various other merchandise of the same kind, which he or his agent had stored for him in various points along shore.

The *La Belle Riviere*, as brave and beautiful a boat as ever walked the waters of her namesake river, was floating gaily down the stream, under a brilliant sky, the stripes and stars of free America waving and fluttering overhead; the guards crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen walking and enjoying the delightful day All was full of life, buoyant and rejoicing, all but Haley's gang, who were stored, with other freight, on the lower deck, and who, somehow, did not seem to appreciate their various privileges, as they sat in a knot, talking to each other in low tones.

"Boys," said Haley, coming up briskly, "I hope you keep up good heart and are cheerful Now, no sulks, ye see; keep stiff upper lip, boys, do well by me, and I'll do well by you."

The boys addressed responded the invariable "Yes, mas'r," for ages the watchword of poor Africa, but it is to be owned they did not look particularly cheerful. They had their various little prejudices in favour of wives, mothers, sisters, and children, seen for the last time, and though "they that wasted them required of them mirth," it was not instantly forthcoming

"I've got a wife," spoke out the article enumerated as "John, aged thirty," and he laid his chained hand on Tom's knee, "and she don't know a word about this, poor girl!"

"Where does she live?" said Tom.

"In a tavern a piece down here," said John; "I wish, now, I *could* see her once more in this world," he added.

Poor John! It *was* rather natural; and the tears that fell, as he spoke, came as naturally as if he had been a white man. Tom drew a long breath from a sore heart, and tried, in his poor way, to comfort him

And overhead, in the cabin, sat fathers and mothers, husbands and wives; and merry, dancing children moving round among them, like so many little butterflies, and everything was going on quite easy and comfortable.

"O mamma," said a boy, who had just come up from below, "there's a negro trader on board, and he's brought four or five slaves down there."

"Poor creatures!" said the mother, in a tone between grief and indignation.

"What's that?" said another lady.

"Some poor slaves below," said the mother.

"And they've got chains on," said the boy.

"What a shame to our country that such sights are to be seen!" said another lady.

"Oh, there's a great deal to be said on both sides of the subject," said a genteel woman, who sat at her state-room door, sewing, while her little girl and boy were playing round her "I've been south, and I must say I think the negroes are better off than they would be to be free."

"In some respects, some of them are well off, I grant," said the lady to whose remark she had answered "The most dreadful part of slavery, to my mind, is its outrages on the feelings and affections—the separating of families, for example"

"That *is* a bad thing, certainly," said the other lady, holding up a baby's dress she had just completed, and looking intently on its trimmings, "but then, I fancy, it don't occur often."

"Oh, it does," said the first lady, eagerly, "I've lived many years in Kentucky and Virginia both, and I've seen enough to make one's heart sick. Suppose, ma'am, you two children there should be taken from you, and sold?"

"We can't reason from our feelings to those of this class of persons," said the other lady, sorting out some worsteds on her lap

"Indeed, ma'am, you can know nothing of them if you say so," answered the first lady, warmly "I was born and brought up among them I know they *do* feel, just as keenly—even more so, perhaps—as we do."

The lady said, "Indeed!" yawned, and looked out of the cabin-window, and finally repeated, for a finale, the remark with which she had begun—"After all, I think they are better off than they would be to be free"

"It's undoubtedly the intention of Providence that the African race should be servants—kept in a low condition," said a grave looking gentleman in black, a clergyman, seated by the cabin-door "'Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be,' the Scripture says"

"I say, stranger, is that ar what that text means?" said a tall man, standing by.

"Undoubtedly It pleased Providence, for some inscrutable reason, to doom the race to bondage, ages ago, and we must not set up our opinion against that"

"Well, then, we'll all go ahead, and buy up niggers," said the man, "if that's the way of Providence—won't we, squire?" said he, turning to Haley, who had been standing there with his hands in his pockets, by the stove, and recently listening to the conversation

"Yes," continued the tall man, "we must all be resigned to the decrees of Providence Niggers must be sold, and trucked round, and kept under, it's what they's made for. 'Pears like this yer view's quite refreshing, an't it, stranger?" said he to Haley

"I never thought on't," said Haley "I couldn't have said as much, myself; I ha'nt no learning I took up the trade just to make a living, if 't an't right, I calculated to 'pent on't time, *ye* know."

"And now you'll save yerself the trouble, won't ye?" said the tall man. "See what 'tis, now, to know Scripture. If ye'd only studied yer Bible, like this yer good man, ye might have know'd it before, and saved ye a heap o' trouble Ye could just have said, 'Cussed be'—what's his name?—and 'twould all have come right" And the stranger, who was no other than the honest drover whom we introduced to our readers in the Kentucky tavern, sat down, and began smoking, with a curious smile on his long, dry face.

A tall, slender young man, with a face expressive of great feeling and intelligence, here broke in, and repeated the words, "All things whatsoever that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' I suppose," he added, "*that* is Scripture as much as 'Cursed be Canaan."

"Wal, it seems quite *as* plain a text, stranger," said John the drover, "to poor fellows like us, now," and John smoked on like a volcano.

The young man paused, looked as if he was going to say more, when suddenly the boat stopped, and the company made the usual steamboat rush, to see where they were landing.

"Both them ar chaps parsons?" said John to one of the men, as they were going out.

The man nodded.

As the boat stopped, a black woman came running wildly up the plank, darted into the crowd, flew up to where the slave-gang sat, and threw her arms round that unfortunate piece of merchandise before enumerated, "John, aged thirty," and with sobs and tears bemoaned him as her husband.

But what needs tell the story, told too oft—every day told—of heart-strings rent and broken—the weak broken and torn for the profit and convenience of the strong! It needs not to be told; every day is telling it—telling it, too, in the ear of One who is not deaf, though he be long silent.

The young man who had spoken for the cause of humanity and God before stood with folded arms, looking on this scene He turned, and Haley was standing at his side. "My friend," he said, speaking with thick utterance, "how can you, how dare you, carry on a trade like this? Look at those poor creatures! Here I am, rejoicing in my heart that I am going home to my wife and child, and the same bell which is a signal to carry me onward towards them will part this poor man and his wife for ever. Depend upon it, God will bring you into judgment for this."

The trader turned away in silence

"I say, now," said the drover, touching his elbow, "there's differences in parsons, an't there? 'Cussed be Canaan' don't seem to go down with this 'un, does it?"

Haley gave an uneasy growl

"And that ar an't the worst on't," said John, "maybe it won't go down with the Lord neither, when ye come to settle with Him, one o' these days, as all on us must, I reckon."

Haley walked reflectively to the other end of the boat.

"If I make pretty handsomely on one or two next gangs," he thought, "I reckon I'll stop off this yer, it's really getting dangerous" And he took out his pocket book, and began adding over his accounts, a process which many gentlemen besides Mr. Haley have found a specific for an uneasy conscience.

The boat swept proudly away from the shore, and all went on merrily, as before Men talked, and loafed, and read, and smoked. Women sewed, and children played, and the boat passed on her way

One day, when she lay to for a while at a small town in Kentucky, Haley went up into the place on a little matter of business.

Tom, whose fetters did not prevent his taking a moderate circuit, had drawn near the side of the boat, and stood listlessly gazing over the railings After a time, he saw the trader returning, with an alert step, in company with a colored woman, bearing in her arms a child She was dressed quite respectably, and a colored man followed, bearing a small trunk. The woman came cheerfully onward, talking, as she came, with the man who bore her trunk, and so passed up the plank into the boat. The bell rang, the steamer whizzed, the engine groaned and coughed, and away swept the boat down the river.

The woman walked forward among the boxes and bales of the lower deck, and, sitting down, busied herself with chirruping to her baby

Haley made a turn or two about the boat, and then, coming up, seated himself near her, and began saying something to her in an undertone.

Tom saw a sudden cloud passing over the woman's brow, and that she answered rapidly, and with great vehemence.

"I don't believe it, I won't believe it!" he heard her say.

"You're just a fooling with me"

"If you won't believe it, look here!" said the man, drawing out a paper, "this yer's the bill of sale, and there's your master's name to it, and I paid down good solid cash for it, too, I can tell you—so now!"

"I don't believe mas'r would cheat me so; it can't be true!" said the woman, with increasing agitation.

"You can ask any of these men here that can read writing. Here!" he said, to a man that was passing by, "just read this yer, won't you! This yer gal won't believe me, when I tell her what 'tis"

"Why, it's a bill of sale, signed by John Fosdick," said the man, "making over to you the gal Lucy and her child. It's all straight enough, for aught I see"

The woman's passionate exclamations collected a crowd around her, and the trader briefly explained to them the cause of the agitation

"He told me that I was going down to Louisville, to hire out as a cook to the same tavern where my husband works, that's what mas'r told me, his own self, and I can't believe he'd lie to me," said the woman.

"But he has sold you, my poor woman, there's no doubt about it," said a good-natured looking man, who had been examining the papers; "he has done it, and no mistake."

"Then it's no account talking," said the woman, suddenly growing quite calm, and, clasping her child tighter in her arms, she sat down on her box, turned her back round, and gazed listlessly into the river

"Going to take it easy, after all," said the trader. "Gal's got grit, I see"

The woman looked calm as the boat went on; and a beautiful soft summer breeze passed, like a compassionate spirit, over her head—the gentle breeze that never inquires whether the brow is dusky or fair that it fans And she saw sunshine sparkling on the water, in golden ripples, and heard gay voices, full of ease and pleasure, talking around her everywhere, but her heart lay as if a great stone had fallen on it. Her baby raised himself up against

her, and stroked her cheeks with his little hands; and, springing up and down, crowing and chatting, seemed determined to arouse her. She strained him suddenly and tightly in her arms, and slowly one tear after another fell on his wondering, unconscious face; and gradually she seemed, and little by little, to grow calmer, and busied herself with tending and nursing him.

The child, a boy of ten months, was uncommonly large and strong of his age, and very vigorous in his limbs. Never for a moment still, he kept his mother constantly busy in holding him, and guarding his springing activity.

"That's a fine chap!" said a man, suddenly stopping opposite to him, with his hands in his pockets. "How old?"

"Ten months and a half," said the mother.

The man whistled to the boy, and offered him part of a stick of candy, which he eagerly grabbed at, and very soon had it in a baby's general depository—to wit, his mouth.

"Rum fellow!" said the man. "Knows what's what!" and he whistled and walked on. When he had got to the other side of the boat, he came across Haley, who was smoking on top of a pile of boxes.

The stranger produced a match, and lighted a cigar, saying, as he did so,—

"Decentish kind o' weather to-part-and-parcel there, stranger."

"Why, I reckon, 'tain't much 'count," said Haley, blowing the smoke out of his mouth.

"Taking her down south?" said the man.

Haley nodded, and smoked on.

"Plantation hand?" said the man.

"Wal," said Haley, "I'm filling out an order for a plantation, and I think I shall put her in. They tell'd me she was a good cook, and they can use her for that, or set her at the cotton-picking. She's got the right fingers for that, I looked at 'em. Sell well either way," and Haley resumed his cigar.

"They won't want the young 'un on a plantation," said the man.

"I shall sell him, first chance I find," said Haley lighting another cigar.

"S'pose you'd be selling him tol'able cheap," said the stranger, mounting the pile of boxes, and sitting down comfortably.

"Don't know 'bout that," said Haley, "he's a pretty smart young 'un—straight, fat, strong, flesh as hard as a brick."

"Very true, but then there's all the bother and expense of raisin'."

"Nonsense!" said Haley, "they is raised as easy as any kind of critter there is going, they an't a bit more trouble than pups. This yer chap will be running all round in a month."

"I've got a good place for raisin', and I thought of takin' in a little more stock," said the man. "Our cook lost a young 'un last week—got drownded in the washtub, while she was a hangin' out clothes, and I reckon it would be well enough to set her to rai-in' this yer."

Haley and the stranger smoked a while in silence, neither seemed willing to broach the test question of the interview. At last the man resumed —

"You wouldn't think of wantin' more than ten dollars for that ar chap, seeing you *must* get him off yer hand, anyhow?"

Haley shook his head, and spat impressively.

"That won't do, noways," he said, and began his smoking again.

"Well, stranger, what will you take?"

"Well, now," said Haley, "I *could* raise that ar chap myself, or get him raised; he's uncommon likely and healthy, and he'd fetch a hundred dollars six months hence, and, in a year or two, he'd bring two hundred, if I had him in the right spot, so I shan't take a cent less nor fifty for him now."

"O stranger! that's ridiculous," said the man.

"Fact!" said Haley, with a decided shake of his head.

"I'll give thirty for him," said the stranger, "but not a cent more."

"Now, I'll tell ye what I'll do," said Haley, spitting again, with renewed decision. "I'll split the difference, and say forty-five; and that's the most I will do."

"Well, agreed!" said the man after an interval.

"Done!" said Haley. "Where, do you land?"

"At Louisville," said the man.

"Louisville," said Haley. "Very fair, we get there about dusk. Chap will be asleep—all fair—get him off quietly, and no screaming—happens beautiful—I like to do everything quietly—I hates all kind of agitation and fluster." And so, after a transfer of certain bills had passed from the man's pocket-book to the trader's he resumed his cigar.

It was a bright, tranquil evening when the boat stopped at the wharf at Louisville. The woman had been sitting with her baby in her arms, now wrapped in a heavy sleep. When she heard the name of the place called out, she hastily laid the child down in a little cradle formed by the hollow among the boxes, first carefully spreading under it her cloak; and then she sprung to the side of the boat, in hopes that, among the various hotel-waiters that thronged the wharf, she might see her husband. In this hope she pressed forward to the front rails, and stretching far over them, strained her eyes intently on the moving heads on the shore, and the crowd pressed in between her and the child.

"Now's your time," said Haley, taking the sleeping child up, and handing him to the stranger. "Don't wake him up, and set him to crying, now, it would make a devil of a fuss with the gal." The man took the bundle carefully, and wassoon lost in the crowd that went up the wharf.

When the boat, creaking, and groaning, and puffing, had loosed from the wharf, and was beginning slowly to strain herself along, the woman returned to her old seat. The trader was sitting there—the child was gone!

"Why, why—where?" she began, in bewildered surprise.

"Lucy," said the trader, "your child's gone, you may as well know it first as last. You see, I know'd you couldn't take him down south, and I got a chance to sell him to a first-rate family, that'll raise him better than you can."

The trader had arrived at that stage of Christian and political perfection which has been recommended by some preachers and politicians of the north, lately, in which he had completely overcome every humane weakness and prejudice. His heart was exactly where yours, sir, and mine could be brought with proper effort and cultivation. The wild look of anguish and utter despair that the woman cast on him might have disturbed one less practised, but he was used to it. He had seen that same look hundreds of times. You can get used to such things, too, my friend; and it is the great object of recent efforts to make our whole northern community used to them, for the glory of the Union. So the trader only regarded the mortal anguish which he saw working in those dark features, those clenched hands, and suffocating breathings, as necessary incidents of the trade, and merely calculated whether she was going to scream, and get up a commotion in the boat; for, like other supporters of our peculiar institutions, he decidedly disliked agitation.

But the woman did not scream. The shot had passed too straight and direct through her heart for cry or tear.

Dizzily she sat down. Her slack hands fell lifeless by her side. Her eyes were straight forward, but she saw nothing. All the noise and hum of the boat, the groaning of the machinery, mingled dreamily to her as waves of sound, and the poor, crush-stricken heart had neither cry nor tear to show for its utter misery. She was quite calm.

* * * * *

At midnight Tom waked with a sudden start. Something black passed quickly by him to the side of the boat, and he heard a splash in the water. No one else saw or heard anything. He raised his head—the woman's place was vacant! He got up, and looked hurriedly around him. The poor bleeding heart was still at last, and its throbbings and anguish just as brightly as if it had not closed above it.

* * * * *

Patience! patience! ye whose hearts swell indignant at wrongs like these. Not one throb of anguish, not one tear of the oppressed, is forgotten by the Man of Sorrows, the Lord of Glory. In his patient, generous bosom he bears the anguish of a world. Bear thou, like him, in patience, and labour in love; for, sure as he is God, "the year of his redeemed *shall* come."

* * *

The trader was not shocked nor amazed; because, as we said before, he was used to a great many things that you are not used to. Even the awful presence of death struck no solemn chill upon him. He had seen death many times—met him in the way of trade, and got acquainted with him, and he only thought of him as a hard customer, that embarrassed his property operations very unfairly; and so he only swore that the gal was a baggage, and that he was devilish unlucky, and that if things went on in this way he should not make a cent on the trip. In short, he seemed to consider himself an ill-used man, decidedly; but there was no help for it, as the woman had escaped into a state which *never will* give up a fugitive, not even at the demand of the whole glorious Union.

[The above terrible picture of one of the "peculiar institutions" of the United States is extracted from a popular tale called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which, after having gone through ten editions in America, has just been issued in England. It is to be hoped that the book will be found in every family in all the broad and smiling land.]

Variety of Uses.—Flax is employed in the manufacture of the most delicate French and Irish cambrics, and of the coarsest sail-cloth and tarpaulings; of the most beautiful laces from Lisle and Valenciennes, and of the heaviest sacking and towelling. The folds of snowy lawn that deck a bishop's arms, and the stout storm-sail that rides out the fiercest gale, are both the production of the same plant.

EQUIVOCAL GENTLEMEN.

EQUIVOCAL GENTLEMEN! Pray, who are they? Why, they are rather a curious class of persons. But if you are in the habit of noting character, we rather think you must know them. They are to be seen in every city, and almost in every town.

The equivocal gentleman, has in general manner and bearing, and, as far as a very limited exchequer will allow, in dress also, a curious smack of the real gentleman about him, of whom he is, altogether, a sort of amusing caricature. His pretensions are high, very high, and, conscious of the doubtfulness of his claims, always noisy and obtrusive. He endeavours to bully the world into respect for him. But it won't do. When he turns his back, the world winks one of its eyes, and says, with a knowing smile, "that's a queer sort of a chap." It doesn't in fact, know what to make of him—how to class him. It has, however, a pretty good notion that, with all the equivocal gentleman's pretension, he has by no means an unlimited command of the circulating medium.

And this is not an incorrect notion. Scarcity of funds is, in truth, at the bottom of all the equivocal gentleman's difficulties, as, indeed, it is of almost all those of every body else. He, however, may be emphatically said to be born of a warfare between his poverty and "gentility."

It is, of course, in the matter of dress that the equivocal gentleman is most anxious to establish his claim to be considered a genuine article; and it is in this matter, too, that his peculiar position in the world is made most manifest; dress being in his particular case, as it is less or more in all others, a strongly marked and faithful expression of character.

The struggle here, then, to keep matters right, is dreadful None but himself knows how dreadful—none but himself knows the thousand shifts and expedients he is compelled to have recourse to, to maintain appearances in this most important and most troublesome department.

First, of the hat. It is a merciless and unfeeling hat; for it is obstinately hastening to decay, though it well knows that its sorely perplexed owner does *not* know where on earth to get another See what a watching and tending it requires to keep it from becoming absolutely unfit for the public eye as the headpiece of a gentleman! Why, the watching and tending of a new-born infant is nothing to it.

Consider how carefully it must be examined round and round every morning, that no new outward symptom of decay has made itself manifest. Consider the brushing, the smoothing down, the inking of corners and rims, the coaxing and wheedling, by softly squeezing it this way, and gently pulling it that, to induce it to keep as near as possible to its original shape. Nay, desperate attempts may sometimes be detected to make it assume yet a smarter form, in defiance of decay and dilapidation

Then, there is the stock. Stitching and inking and inking again, with careful daily supervision. Then there is,—but we need enlarge no further on this part of our subject.

But, mark, reader! everything about the equivocal gentleman is not in this state of seediness. He would not be the equivocal gentleman at all, if this were the case. Some of the particulars of the outward man are good—in fact, stylish—and it is this incongruity that makes him out, that makes him what he is, and which so much puzzles you to class him when you see him.

The equivocal gentleman *always* manages to have one or two of the component parts of his dress of unimpeachable quality, but *never* can manage to have the whole in this palmy state. There is always something wrong—something below par; and, we may add, generally something *outré*, absurd, or extravagant. Perfect consistency and propriety in dress he never can attain, and perhaps would not, if he could; for one of the most marked features of his character is a craving after singularity, in the art and fashion of his habiliments.

Overlooking himself what partial deficiencies there may be in this department of his entire man, and thinking that the world will overlook them too, the equivocal gentleman affects the "bang up." He is not content with desiring to impress beholders with the idea of his being merely a respectable sort of person: he desires much more than this. They must take him, if not certainly for a lord, at least for some great personage—for a—a—he does not himself, in fact, well know what—for a mysterious, indeterminate somebody, of mysterious and indeterminate consequence.

There are two or three points in which the equivocal gentleman displays a very remarkable degree of ingenuity. One of these consists in the dexterity with which he not only conceals defects of dress, but converts them into positive elegances. Thus, if he have to button up for want of a clean shirt, he contrives, by the very smart way in which he does it, to make it appear not only to be matter of mere choice or fancy, but, in fact, by much the genteeler thing.

But it is in the enacting of character that the equivocal gentleman particularly shines.

Not having either the cash or the credit necessary to enable him to adapt his dress to his identity, he is compelled to adapt his identity to his dress. In other words, placing, for the reason alluded to, little or no influence over the shape, fashion, or quality of his clothes, but being obliged to conform to circumstances in this matter to a most unpleasant extent—to wear, in short, whatever he can most conveniently get—he is driven to the expedient of adapting his character to the particular description of dress he may be wearing at the time. Thus, if it is a short coat, he probably enacts the country gentleman, or sporting character; if a braided surtout, then he is a military man; if he is driven to hide the deficiencies of his other garments by a cloak, he adds a cloth cap with tassels, frizzles up his whiskers, and comes forth a Polish count, and so on of other varieties of dress.

In person the equivocal gentleman is stout and robust, his age somewhere about forty. He is bushy-whiskered and affects a swaggering, bold, offhand manner, talks large to waiters, and with edifying ferocity on every body.

This rabidness of disposition on the part of the equivocal gentleman proceeds partly from his habit of attempting to bully the world into a high opinion of his consequence, and partly from the irritation produced by a constant dread that the world suspects the true state of his case It is thus partly affected, partly real.

Being always miserably short of funds, the equivocal gentleman is necessarily much circumscribed in his enjoyments; and this is particularly unfortunate, for he has a very keen relish for the good things of this life. He likes good living, good drinking, good everything; but cruel fate has denied them to him, except in very limited quantities, and on very rare occasions. If he even gets them at all, it is by mere chance, mere casual incident. Occasionally it is by an effort of ingenuity, through which he has contrived, by some mysterious means or other, to get possession of a little of the circulating medium.

And pray, then, what *is* the equivocal gentleman? What is he in reality, and what does he do? How does he support himself? Why, friend, these questions are a vast deal easier put than answered.

Just now, the equivocal gentleman is doing nothing—literally and absolutely nothing. He was something or other at one time, but at this moment, and for many years past, he has pursued no calling whatever. The equivocal gentleman, in short, is a gentleman of shifts and expedients. He has a little world of his own, in which he manœuvres for a living. Being rather respectably connected, his friends occasionally remit him small sums, and these godsends, few and far between, and his own ingenuity, are all he has to depend upon. The equivocal gentleman, notwithstanding the dashy appearance he aims at, and the large style in which he speaks, is, we are sorry to say it, a bit of a rogue in grain, and a good deal of one in practice: he is, in short, somewhat of a scamp, partly from circumstances, and partly from the natural bent of his genius, which is ever urging him to take the shortest cuts towards the objects he desires to possess. He is, in truth, a sort of human bird of prey; tailors, bootmakers, and lodging-house keepers being his favourite quarries, and the class who, therefore, suffer most from his non-paying propensities. On one or other of these he is ever and anon pouncing, and woe be to them if he once gets them within his clutches: he will leave his mark, be sure, if he does.

The tailor, the bootmaker, and the lodging-house keepers, again knowing that he is their natural enemy—and as well do they know him for this, as the small bird does the hawk—stand in great awe of him; they have an instinctive dread of him, and put themselves in a posture of defence the moment they see him.

Our equivocal gentleman, in truth, lives in a constant state of warfare similar to this with the whole world—not open hostility, perhaps, but lurking, secret aversion. The world looks shyly and doubtfully on him, and he looks fiercely and angrily on the world in return.

Amongst the two or three little foibles by which the equivocal gentleman is distinguished, is a rather urgent propensity to strong drink. He is, in fact, pretty considerably dissipated, as the florid or brick-red face, on which his luxuriant whiskers vegetate, but too plainly indicates. He is not, indeed, always drunk; for his very limited command of means keeps him, on the whole, pretty sober; but he gets drunk when he can, and no gentleman can do more, nor can more be reasonably expected of him.

The equivocal gentleman is a man of refined tastes, and hence it is that he patronises the drama. He is a great play-goer. On such occasions he figures in the sixpenny gallery; and here he has a difficult part to play, as difficult as any on the stage. He has to make it appear to the gods, who wonder to see so fine a gentleman amongst them, why he has come to such a place, and at the same time to parry the natural conclusion, that it proceeds from a limited exchequer, which he must on no account permit to be presumed for a moment.

The way in which he manages this very ticklish point is this:—he assumes a look at once dignified and supercilious, which look is meant to impress you with the belief that his being in the shilling gallery, which he generally enters at the half-price, is a mere whim of one who could have gone to the boxes had he chosen—that he has come where he is, just to see what sort of a place it is, what effect the actors and the scenery have when seen from such a distance.

To confirm this impression, the equivocal gentleman never sits down in the gallery; this would look like premeditated economy. He stands, therefore, during the whole time of the performance, and stands aloof, too, from the ragamuffin audience, with his arms folded on his breast, and an expression of awful majesty on his brow.

Reader, do you know the equivocal gentleman now? We are sure you do.

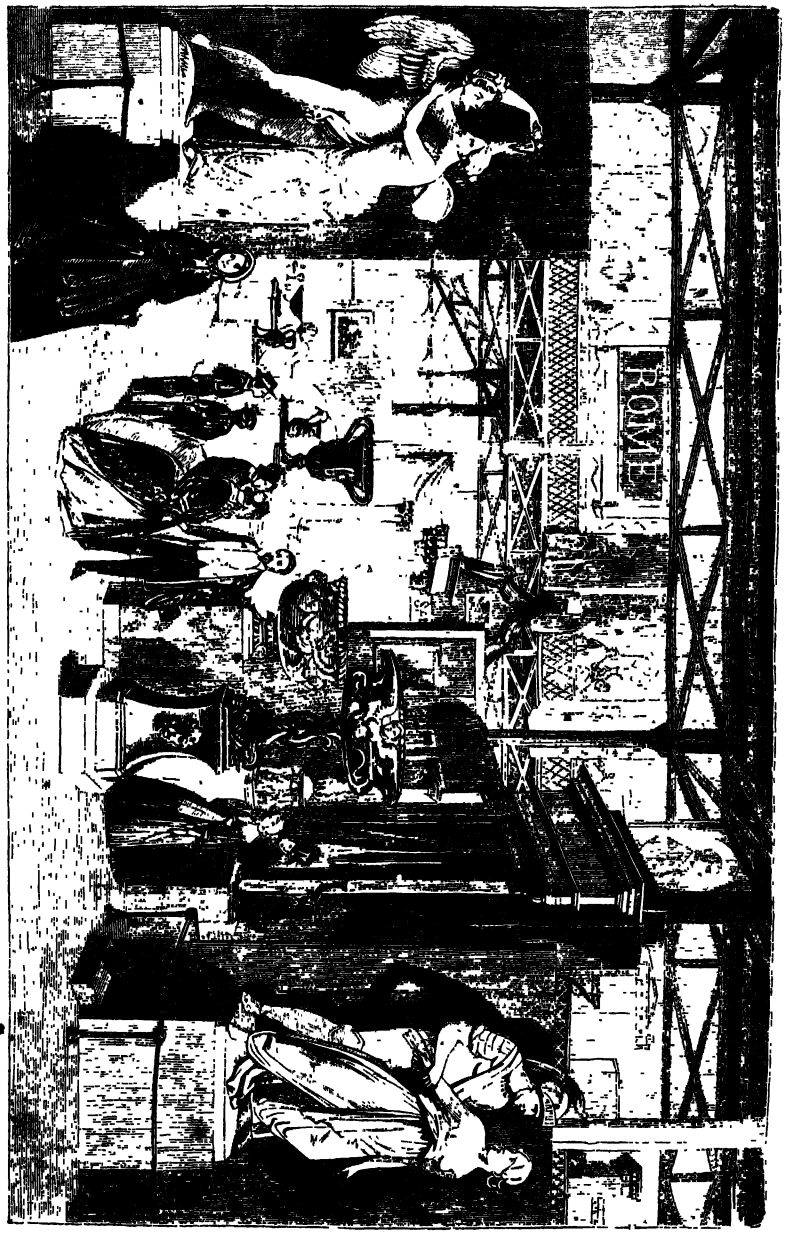
A REMINISCENCE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

It was said by a Grecian moralist that "men are less affected by facts than by opinions about facts." Had he lived, however, in the nineteenth century, and passed a few days in the Glass Palace, in Hyde-park, he would have changed his opinion. That was a "fact" of such magnitude and splendour, that the mind was lost in its contemplation. With its vast variety of magnificent homely, artistic, and useful stores, it read a lesson to mankind such as has never before been placed before it. The building and its contents stood alone, superbly unique, and wonderfully in contrast with all that ever before, or elsewhere, had been attempted. In the building we had the realisation, as it were, of a splendid dream, a glimpse of fairy-land; and in its contents a huge comprehensive collection of objects, embracing all that the skill and industry of the world has rendered possible.

In spite of all that has been written and said of the effects of the Great Exhibition on the national taste, the question of its ultimate operation cannot be too often asked—the teachings which it contrasts, its lights and shadows, its largeness and variety of uses, cannot be too often enforced. It has been stated, with much seeming philosophy, that a highly-advanced state of civilisation is calculated to depress the standards of literature and art, and that in whatever degree you extend the patronage of art, in the same degree you lower the standards of it, the many being the customers catered for instead of the few. This kind of reasoning is specious enough at first sight, for it would certainly appear that the applause of the most numerous is that of the most ignorant; but could not a people be educated up to a high standard by the continual contemplation of fine compositions, even in the most homely objects, so that they would demand beauty and elegance of form in whatever met the eye; so that grace might be superadded to utility? What is to prevent the milk-jug of coarse terra cotta on the table of the peasant from having as exquisite a shape as the china one on the table of the noble? And the pitcher which the humble maiden carries to the well might display as much symmetry of design as the Parisian vase in the boudoir of the high-born dame, without putting the manufacturer thereof to any additional expense in its production. Italy, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was foremost in civilisation, and during this period the arts flourished. With their decay declined the Italians' social superiority and political independence. Galileo, Raphael, Bramante, Titian, and Michael Angelo were ascendant at the same time that the manufacturers of Florence and Genoa monopolised the market from Madrid to Constantinople, and the glass of Venice adorned the table of the warrior whose breast was defended by the armour of Milan. Those were Italy's golden days—arts, manufactures, and independence went hand in hand; with the neglect of the first, the others withered away, and she now lies morally and physically prostrate. We know that the greatest achievements in painting and sculpture were executed for the few; but we also know that the periods in the history of a country distinguished by progress in the arts is that of its most rapid social and intellectual development. It is no more necessary to possess a gallery of pictures in order to cultivate a taste for painting, than it is to inherit an estate in order to admire the beauties of natural landscape. The mind is exalted through the eye to an appreciation of the beautiful; and the artisan who has the privilege of walking through galleries, comparing the excellence of one master with another, is as much refined by their influence as the owner of the rarest collection.

But it is by no means necessary, while we thus endeavour to improve the standard of excellence, to sacrifice material comfort and commercial success to a speculative love of unproductive art. True art can be made subservient to the commonest purposes of daily life—adding refinement to the manners and dignity to the performance of the meanest men and the most commonplace actions. We do not really see why the furniture and decorations of the poor man's single room should not have elegance of form, even though they were of the roughest and cheapest kind. The wealthy should not monopolise the luxury of refined feeling. Certain things might easily be brought within the means of the poor which could not fail to add to their social comfort and moral refinement. A few prints upon a cottage wall, a few handsome forms in glass and earthenware, a few flowers on the table, can surely be not very difficult of attainment; and who shall say where their influence ends? We must not be misunderstood. We would not put the shadow in the place of the substance. We would not be thought to inculcate a system which would be subversive of higher claims. On the contrary, we believe that, in educating the taste of the people, we are making them more sober, more obedient to the laws, more moderate in their desires, more attentive to their social duties, and more fervent in their religion.

We have been led into these observations from the contemplation of the Great Exhibition of 1851, as an historical fact never to be renewed. Who will ever forget his sensations as he stood for the first time beneath that marvellous arch of crystal? "Stand for a minute with me," said the Earl of Carlisle, addressing the working men of Leeds, "where the broad transept intersects the far-stretching nave, while the summer sun glistens, first on the fresh young green of our forest elms, then on the tapering foliage of the tropics, then on the pale marble of the statuary, then on the thousand changing hues of the world's merchandise! I most truly believe that, as a mere spectacle, it surpasses any which the labour, and art, and power of man ever yet displayed in any one spot. Look at that long alley of plate, the stalls of goldsmiths and silversmiths! Such a bright profusion was not spread out by Belshazzar when, amid the spoils of the Old Asia, he feasted his thousand lords. Examine the jewels and tissues of India, of Tunis, of Turkey! So dazzling an array was never piled behind the chariot of the Roman conqueror when he led the long triumph up the hill of the Capitaline Jove. Observe the lustrous variety of porcelain, and tapestry, and silk, and bronze, and carving, which enters into the composition of furniture! Why, Louis XIV. himself, could he be summoned from his grave, would confess that, although the French people had dethroned his dynasty, and exiled his race, and obliterated that monarchy of which he was the special impersonation, they had carried all the arts of embellishment farther even than when he held his gorgeous court at Versailles. But I should not have spoken this had I nothing to remark but upon the jewelled coronet or the wreathing brass, or the glistening marble, or the spangled brocade; these might only be fit adornments for the palaces of the great, or for the toilets of



ITALIAN DEPARTMENT IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

and reactions of morbid depression, but charactorised by that regular poetical *régime* which he now imposed on himself as his purpose in life.

> "God suffered once the thunder-cloud
> Towards his love to blind him,
> But gently led the blind along
> Where breath and bird could find him;
> And wrought within his shattered brain
> Such quick poetic senses,
> As hills have language for, and stars
> Harmonious influences
> The pulse of dew upon the grass
> His own did calmly number,
> And knew the voice of every bee
> And felt the sun and rain."*

Painful often is the contrast between the placidity, wit, and sportive humour of his verse on the one hand, and on the other the deep gloom which was consuming him piecemeal, preying on his vitals, like the eagle of Prometheus. How often are his letters "the proofs of rare heroism! whose were those flowers of fancy watered by a bleeding It is the knowledge of this that imparts so peculiar a charm to his epistolary and other pleasantries,—the contrast, as Mr. Gilfillan observes, between their airy buoyancy and his fixed, morbid misery, and the view this gives us of the irrepressible spring of enjoyment originally possessed by a mind, which not even the sorrows of madness could entirely choke up, and of that powerful sense of the ludicrous which could wreathe the grim features of despair into contagious smiles. It is beautifully true of this man, stricken of God and afflicted, that when one by one sweet sounds

> "And wandering lights departed,
> He wore no less a loving face, because so broken-hearted"

His habit of surrendering his pen to the most obvious pleasantry at hand, and dallying with the most casual thoughts of the moment, has been compared to Hamlet's talk about old Truepenny in the cellarage, when the thought of his father's spirit is weighing with awful mystery on his heart, or amusing himself with badgering Polonius, when the thought of filial revenge is swaying the very depths of his soul. He made no parade of the trappings of woe, he wore no inky cloak, he obtruded no "dejected 'haviour of the visage" upon the public, he traded not in the forms and modes and shows of importunate grief, but he had that within which passeth show, and with something of Spartan endurance he folded his mantle decorously over the struggle within, though his lifeblood was ebbing drop by drop away. Poor Cowper!

His poetry is, perhaps, dull reading to people whose pulse is ever at fever heat, and who call nothing poetry that does not deal with Corsairs, and Giaours, and Manfreds, and Cains. But it is popular still with a large number of steady old folks, who are addicted, rightly or wrongly, to English impressions of nature, English views of manners, and English sentiments of patriotism. It is manly, straightforward, unaffected, spirited, easy, hearty, domestic, John Bullish. It is truly earnest and sincere—another quality characteristic of John Bull His Mark. The very general esteem for Cowper's poetry, at the close of last century, Mr. de Quincey calls "inevitable,"—because the poet's picture of an English fireside, with its long winter evening, the sofa wheeled round to the fire, the massy draperies depending from the windows, the tea-table with its bubbling and loud-hissing urn, the newspaper and the long debate,—Pitt and Fox ruling the senate, and Erskine the bar,—all held up a mirror to that particular period, and their own particular houses; whilst the character of his rural scenery was exactly the same in Cowper's experience of England as in their own; so that in all these features they recognised their countryman and their contemporary, who saw things from the same station as themselves;—whilst his moral denunciations upon all great questions then afloat were cast in the very same mould of conscientious principle as their own.‡ Professor Wilson ascribes to him the earliest place among that modern generation of poets who, going back to nature, have sought the elements of poetry immediately in the world of nature and of human life:—"The charm of his poetry is a pure, innocent, lovely mind, delighting itself in pure, innocent, and lovely nature,—the freshness of the fields, the fragrance of the flowers, breathes in his verse. His own delight in simple, happy, rural life, is there, and we are delighted, as though, with happy faces, and with endeared family love, we walked by his side and shared with him in his pleasures."* Mr. Campbell, again, while admitting that Cowper's rural prospects have far less variety and compass than those of Thomson, contends that his graphic touches are more close and minute; not that Thomson was either deficient or undelightful in circumstantial traits of the beauty of nature, but he looked to her as a whole, more than Cowper, who contemplated the face of plain rural English life in moments of leisure and sensibility, till its minutest features were impressed upon his fancy, and whose landscapes, if they have less of the ideally beautiful than Thomson's, are distinguished by an unrivalled [illegible] truth and reality.†

Though many persons may refuse to call Cowper one of their favourite poets, hardly one of them but will be found to class something of Cowper's among their favourite poems. The intense puritan, whom [illegible] cannot touch, and who scouts poetry in the abstract and concrete alike as vanity and vexation of spirit, and in whose rather lengthy ears the notes of the most harmonious as the crackling of thorns under the pot, has a liking for, and has even purchased a copy of, the Olney Hymns, though he is careful to tell you he thinks John Newton much the better bard of the twain. The mirthful frivolist, to whom the "Task" is no pseudonym, will allow that Cowper was a good fellow at bottom, for the sake of Johnny Gilpin. The moralist enjoys the didactic pieces, the scholar consults the translations, the schoolboy relishes "Alexander Selkirk," and every man of woman born exults in the "Lines on Receiving his Mother's Picture." "Able Editors" differ widely in their estimate of his various works. Southey predicts that the "Task" and the fragment on "Yardley Oak" will be coeval with our language, but dismisses all the rest with the sweeping assertion, that, if Cowper's other works live, it will be because written by the author of these two compositions.‡ We can hardly assent to this, while we remember the *naïve* beauty of "Oh that those lips had language!"—and many a noble passage in the "Table Talk," "Progress of Error," "Hope," &c. He holds a distinguished place, too, among our satirists. Campbell remarks that his satire is not abstracted and declamatory, but places human manners before us in the liveliest attitudes and clearest colours. "There is much of the full distinctness of Theophrastus, and of the nervous and concise spirit of La Bruyere, in his piece entitled "Conversation," with a cast of humour superadded which is peculiarly English, and not to be found out of England."§ Christopher North calls his satire "sublime," and contends that we have no other such satires:—"the same man who was well satisfied to sit day after day beside an elderly lady sewing caps and tippets, except when he was obliged to go and water the flowers or feed the rabbits, rose up, when Poetry came upon him, sinewy and muscular as a mailed man dallying for a while with a two-edged sword, as if to try its weight and temper, when about to shear down the Philistines."‖ Those who consider him, as many profess to do, tame and unimpassioned, must yet be conscious of the glow of his moral indignation, the flame of which burns purely and strongly amid much that is sectarian and John Newtonish. Southey, as we have seen, summarily dismisses these rhymed poems, declaring that nothing which Cowper has written in rhyme, except by sudden gleams, is above mediocrity, and that he not only wanted ear to form its harmony, but rejected that harmony on system; and that, when he wrote in rhymes, provided he could cram his thoughts

* Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
† Tuckerman's "Thoughts on the Poets."
‡ "Autobiography of an English Opium-eater."

* Blackwood's Magazine, vol. xxvii. p. 834.
† Campbell's "Specimens of British Poetry," vol. vii.
‡ *Letter to G. C. Bedford*, 1809.—Southey adds, "His [Cowper's] popularity is owing to his piety, not his poetry, and that piety was craziness. I like his letters, but think their so great popularity one of the very many proofs of the imbecility of the age." Rather cavalier treatment of Cowper and his admirers.
§ Campbell's "Specimens," vol. vii. p. 368. ‖ Blackwood, vol. xxiii.

into the couplets, he chose rather that they should be rough than harmonious, that they should stumble than glide.* On the other hand, it has been maintained that Cowper's poetry, not being organ-toned, nor informed with any very rich or original music, any more than soaringly imaginative or gorgeously decorative, is of a style that requires the sustaining aid of rhyme, and is apt, in blank verse, to overflow in pools and shallows.† There is more truth, we submit, in this view of the case, than in Southey's sweeping clause.

Never may the time come when Cowper's memory and works shall be treated otherwise than with affectionate respect by England and the English! The blessings of English homes and universal liberty owe him no mean portion of their being.

"Nor ever shall he be in praise by wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken"

A NOVEL SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

THE following from Captain Reid's "Adventures in Southern Mexico," will throw a new light upon the ingenuity of the monkey tribe, and afford a novel anecdote for the collectors of facts in natural history.—"'They are coming towards the bridge; they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder,' observed Raoul. 'How, swim it?' answered the Frenchman; 'monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream they will bridge it.' 'Bridge it!—and how?' 'Stop a moment, captain—you shall see.' The half-human voices sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared on the opposite bank, headed by an old grey chieftain, and officered like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul had stated, of the 'comadrejai,' or ringtailed tribe. One, an aide-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps, ran out on a projecting rock, and, after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detailed, and marched to the front. Meanwhile, several of the comadrejai—engineers, no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the 'arrogo.' At length they all collected round a tall cotton wood that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost, a strong fellow, ran out upon a limb, and, taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipped his tail tightly round the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manœuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last upon the string rested his fore-paws upon the ground. The living chain now commenced swinging backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased—the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement. This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk! The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought. It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain. The troop was now on the other side; but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question that suggested itself. Manifestly, by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half-a-dozen of his neighbours, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soused into the water. Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girdled him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal. Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail-end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, whilst the higher ones leaped to the branches, and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal, and disappeared."

* "Life of Southey." † Craik's "Sketches of Literature," vol. vi.

KEEP IN STEP.

"*Those who would walk together must keep in step*"—OLD PROVERB.

Away, the world keeps moving forward,
Like an army marching by;
Hear you not its heavy foot-fall,
That resoundeth to the sky?
Some bold spirits bear the banner—
Souls of sweetness chant the song—
Lips of energy and fervour
Make the timid-hearted strong!
Like brave soldiers we march forward;
If you linger or turn back,
You must look to get a jostling
While you stand upon our track.
Keep in step!

My good neighbour, Master Standstill,
Gazes on it as it goes,
Not quite sure but he is dreaming,
In his afternoon's repose!
"Nothing good," he says, "can issue
From this endless 'moving on,'
Ancient laws and institutions
Are decaying or are gone.
We are rushing on to ruin,
With our mad, new-fangled ways."
While he speaks, a thousand voices,
As the heart of *one* man, says—
"Keep in step!"

Gentle neighbour, will you join us,
Or return to "*good old ways?*"
Take again this fig-leaf apron
Of old Adam's ancient days,
Or become a hardy Briton—
Beard the lion in his lair,
And lie down in dainty slumber,
Wrapp'd in skin of shaggy bear—
Rear the hut amid the forest,
Skim the wave in light canoe?
Ah, I see! you do not like it.
Then, if these old ways won't do,
Keep in step!

Be assured, good Master Standstill,
All-wise Providence designed
Aspiration and progression
For the yearning human mind.
Generations left their blessings
In the relics of their skill;
Generations yet are longing
For a greater glory still;
And the shades of our forefathers
Are not jealous of our deed—
We but follow where they beckon,
We but go where they do lead!
Keep in step!

One detachment of our army
May encamp upon the hill,
While another, in the valley,
May enjoy "its own sweet will;"
This may answer to one watchword,
That may echo to another,
But in unity and concord,
They discern that each is brother.
Breast to breast, they're marching onward,
In a good, now peaceful way;
You'll be jostled if you hinder,
So don't offer let or stay.
Keep in step!

CHARITY.

An essay on charity seems at first sight unnecessary,—as all, the highest as well as the lowest, admit the efficacy of the noble virtue. But as poverty is of ancient, nay, divine origin, so is true charity the one great means of its alleviation. All men are brethren. Some are placed high in the world's estimation, have riches abundantly, and are honoured of all men; others are subject to distress and direst poverty, and sink beneath a load of misery and self-abasement; but the conduct on of the first in no wise renders them independent of the last, but rather forms a bond of union between them—"Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto me."

In the engraving we have charity personified under the figure of a virgin. With one hand she is leading forward a sick woman, and with the other she is relieving an aged mendicant. On her countenance is seen an expression of mild and soft compassion, and in her whole person there is that "sweet divinity of goodness" which bespeaks a virtuous mind. Truly the grace of beauty adds something to the kind offices in which she is engaged. But it is not always in the bestowal of money that practical charity is seen. It consists also in the kind look, the sympathising word, the gentle pressure of the hand, the ingenuous emotion, the delicate recognition of even the prejudices and faults of the recipients of our bounty. Charity, says the poet, is twice blessed; it blesses those who give and those who receive. But we must be careful, in bestowing our alms, that we degrade not its receivers. Their self-respect must not be lessened by the manner of our giving; nor must we, on the other hand, dishonour ourselves by any unworthy suspicions, any reluctant withholding of sympathy, any commonplace remarks which might be thought likely to wound, in ever so slight a degree, the feelings, or even the prejudices, of the objects of our benevolence. True charity vaunteth not itself. It seeketh out and relieveth distress without unnecessary parade or many words. It goeth not into the dwellings of poverty or the haunts of crime in a court garment. It putteth not its name in subscription lists, or publisheth its virtues in the columns of a newspaper. It writeth not itself good or gracious on other tablets than the hearts of the poor and lowly. It crieth not out in the highway, or maketh much of its doings in the family. It putteth not gold into the plate when the bishop preacheth, and stayeth not away from God's house because of the poverty of the congregation. But this it doth—it offereth the other cheek to the smiter, rather than



CHARITY. A BAS-RELIEF BY VICTOR VILAIN.

smite again; it giveth to every man that asketh; it prayeth for them that despitefully use it; it loveth its enemies, and doeth good to them that hate it; it giveth them who have taken away the coat, the cloak also; it speaketh well of all men, and it suffereth long and is kind; it weepeth with them that weep, and rejoiceth with them that rejoice; it rendereth not evil for evil; it blesseth where it expecteth not blessing in return; it is merciful and slow to anger; it judgeth not, condemneth not, and doeth unto all men as it would be done unto—"for the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again. . . . Love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great. . . . Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure pressed down, shaken together, and running over."

P.

HONESTY AND INDUSTRY;

A NARRATIVE FOR THE YOUNG.

Some years ago, a poor boy about ten years old, entered the warehouse of a rich merchant in Dantzic, named Samuel Richter, and asked the bookkeeper for alms. The man did not raise his head from his hand, but grumbled out, "You will get nothing here, be off!" Weeping bitterly, the boy glided towards the door, at the moment that Richter entered. "What is the matter here?" he asked, turning to the bookkeeper. The man scarcely looked up from his work, but answered "A worthless beggar-boy!"

In the meantime, Richter looked towards the boy, and observed, that when close to the door, he picked up something from the ground. "Ah, my little lad," said he, what is that you picked up?" The weeping boy turned and showed him a needle. "And what will you do with that?" asked the merchant. "My jacket has holes in it," was the answer, "I will sew up the big ones."

Richter was pleased with this reply, and still more with the boy's innocent, handsome face. He said, therefore, in a kind, though serious tone, "But are you not ashamed, you so young and so hearty, to beg? Cannot you work?"

"Ah, my dear sir," replied the boy, "I do not know how I am too little yet to thrash, or to fell wood My father died three weeks ago, and my poor mother and my little brothers have eaten nothing these two days. Then I ran out in anguish, and begged for alms. But, alas! a single peasant only gave me a piece of bread yesterday; since then, I have not eaten a morsel."

It is quite customary for those who make a trade of begging to contrive tales like this, and this hardens many hearts against the claims of general want. But the merchant trusted the boy's honest-looking face. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth a piece of money, and said, "There is a shilling, go to the bakers, and with half the money buy bread for yourself, your mother, and your brothers, but bring back the other half to me." The boy took the money and ran joyfully away.

"Well," said the surley bookkeeper, "he will laugh in his sleeve, and never come back again."—"Who knows?" replied Richter. As he spoke, he saw the boy returning, running quickly, with a large loaf of brown bread in one hand, and some money in the other. "There, good sir," he cried, almost breathless, "there is the rest of the money" Then, feeling very hungry, he begged for a knife, to cut off a piece of the bread The bookkeeper reached him in silence, his pocket-knife. The lad cut off a piece in great haste, and was about to eat it But suddenly, he bethought himself, laid the bread aside, and folding his hands, uttered a silent prayer, and then fell to his meal with a hearty appetite

The merchant was moved by the boy's unaffected conduct He inquired after his family and home, and learned from his simple narrative that his father had lived in a village, about four miles distant from Dantzic, where he owned a small house and farm. But his house had been burned to the ground, and much sickness in his family had compelled him to sell his farm He had then hired himself out to a rich neighbour, but before three weeks were at an end, he died, broken down by cold and excessive toil. And now his mother, whom sorrow had thrown upon a bed of sickness, was, with her four young children, suffering the bitterest poverty. He, the eldest, had resolved to seek for assistance, and had gone, at first, from village to village, then had struck into the highroad, and, at last, having begged everywhere in vain, had come to Dantzic.

Richter's heart was touched. He had but one child, and this boy appeared to him as a draft at first sight, which Providence had drawn upon him as a test of [illegible] "Listen, my boy," he began; "have you ever [illegible]—"Oh, yes! I have, indeed," cried the boy "I have read the catechism already; and I should know a good deal more, but at home I had always my little brother to carry, for my mother was sick in bed."

The merchant at once formed his resolution "Well, then, said he, "if you are good, honest, and industrious, I will take care of you. You shall learn, have meat, drink, and clothing, and in time, earn something besides. Then you can support your mother and your brothers." The boy's eyes flashed with joy. But in a moment he cast them again to the ground, and said sadly, "My mother all this while has nothing to eat." At this moment, as if sent by Providence, an inhabitant of the boy's native village entered Richter's house. The man confirmed the lad's story, and willingly consented to carry the mother tidings of her son William, and some food, and a small sum of money from the merchant. At the same time, Richter directed his bookkeeper to write a letter to the pastor of the village, commending the widow to his care, with an additional sum enclosed for the poor family, and promising further assistance.

As soon as this was done, Richter at once furnished the boy with decent clothes, and at noon led him to his wife, informing her of little William's story, and of the plan which he had formed for him. The good woman readily promised her best assistance in the matter, and she faithfully kept her word.

During the next four years young William attended the schools of the great commercial city. His faithful foster-father then took him into his counting-house, in order to educate him for business. Here, at the desk as well as on the school-form, the ripening youth distinguished himself, not only by his natural capacity, but by the faithful industry with which he exercised it. With all this, he retained his native innocence and simplicity He regularly sent half his weekly allowance to his mother, until she died, after having survived two of his brothers. She had passed the last years of her life not in want, it is true, but, by the aid of the kind Richter and her faithful son, in a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother, there was no dear friend left to William in the world, except his benefactor. Out of love for him, he became an active, zealous merchant. He began by applying the superfluity of his allowance, which he could now dispose of at his pleasure, to a trade in Hamburg guilds. When by care and prudence he had gained between twenty and thirty pounds, he found that in his native village there was a considerable quantity of good hemp and flax, which was to be had at a reasonable price He asked his foster-father to advance him forty pounds, which Richter did, with great readiness. The business prospered so well, that, in the third year of his clerkship William had acquired the sum of one hundred pounds. Without giving up his trade in flax, he trafficked also in linen goods, and the two combined made him, in a couple of years, about two hundred pounds richer. This happened during the appointed five years of clerkship. At the end of this period William continued to serve his benefactor five years more with industry, skill, and fidelity. Then he took the place of the bookkeeper, who died about that time, and three years after he was taken by Richter as a partner into his business, with a third part of the profits.

But it was not the will of Providence that this pleasant [illegible] be of long duration. An insidious disease [illegible] a bed of sickness, and kept him for two years confined to his couch. All that love and gratitude could suggest William did to repay his benefactor's kindness. Redoubling his exertions, he became the soul of the whole business, and still he watched long nights at the old man's bedside, with his grieving wife, until, in the sixty-fifth year of his life, Richter closed his eyes in death. Before his decease, he placed the hands of his only daughter, a sweet girl of two-and-twenty years, in those of his beloved foster-son. He had long looked upon them both as his children. They understood him; they loved each other, and in silence, yet affectionately and earnestly, they solemnised their betrothal at the bedside of their dying father.

About ten years after Richter's death, the house of William Rime, "late Samuel Richter," was one of the most respectable in all Dantzic It owned three large ships, employed in navigating the Baltic and North Seas, and the care of Providence seemed to watch especially over the interests of their worthy owner. He honoured his mother-in-law like a son, and cherished her declining age with the tenderest affection, until, in her seventy-second year, she died in his arms.

As his own marriage proved childless, he took the eldest son of each of his two remaining brothers, now substantial farmers, into his house, and destined them to be his heirs. But, in order to confirm them in their humility, he often showed them the needle which had proved such a source of blessing to him, and bequeathed it, as a perpetual legacy, to the eldest son in the family.

It is but a few years since this child of poverty, honest industry, and sincere gratitude, passed in peace from this world

COAL AND CIVILISATION.

The following particulars respecting the history of coal may not be uninteresting It is a pleasant, cheerful thing, to sit by the fireside in the cold winter time, and watch the glowing coal, and huge black rocky lumps, and tongues of flame that waver and dance, as the smoke in many fanciful forms rolls up the wide chimney, and it is well to know that men in the olden time have experienced the worth of coal, and had the same enjoyment that we now have Coal was undoubtedly known to Theophrastus and Pliny, and from a very early period amongst the Britons. Nevertheless, for long after it was but little valued or appreciated, turf and wood being the common articles of consumption throughout the country. About the middle of the ninth century, a grant of land was made by the Abbey of Peterborough, under the restriction of certain payments in kind to the monastery, among which are specified sixty carts of wood, and as showing their comparative worth, only twelve carts of pit coal. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, Newcastle is said to have traded in the article, and by a charter of Henry III, of date 1234, a licence is granted to the burgesses to dig for the mineral About this period, coals, for the first time, began to be imported into London, but were made use of only by smiths, brewers, dyers, and other artisans, when, in consequence of the smoke being regarded as very injurious to the public health, parliament petitioned the king, Edward I, to prohibit the burning of coal on the ground of being an intolerable nuisance A proclamation was granted, conformable to the prayer of the petition and the most severe imperatorial measures were adopted to restrict or altogether abolish the use of the combustible, by fine, imprisonment, and destruction of the furnaces and workshops! They were again brought into common use in the time of Charles I, and have continued to increase steadily with the extension of the arts and manufactures, and the advancing tide of population, till now, in the metropolis and suburbs, coals are annually consumed to the amount of about three millions of tons.

The use of coal in Scotland seems to be connected with the rise of the monasteries, institutions which were admirably suited to the times, the conservators of learning, and pioneers of art and industry all over Europe, and in whose most rigorous exactions [illegible] be traced of a judicious and enlightened concern for the general improvement of the country. Under the regime of monastic rule at Dunfermline, coals were worked in the year 1291—at Dysart, and other places along the coast, about half a century later—and, generally, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the inhabitants were assessed in coals to churches and chapels, which, after the Reformation, have still continued to be paid in many parishes Boethius records that in his time, the inhabitants of Fife and the Lothians dug "a black stone" which, when kindled, gave out a heat sufficient to melt iron How long will the coal-metals of the British Isles last at the present, or even an increased expenditure of fuel? So great has been the discrepancy, and so little understood the data on which to form a calculation, that the authorities variously estimate from two hundred to two thousand years For home consumption the present rate is about thirty-two millions of tons annually. The export is about six millions; and yet such is the enormous mass of this combustible enclosed in one field alone, that no boundary can be fixed, even the most remote, for its exhaustion. The coal trade of Great Britain is not only in proportion of three to two of that of all the other nations of the world, while in superficial area her coal measures are to those of the United States only as 11,859 square miles to 133,132 square miles

What a vision of the future is [illegible] If rightly employed, if the arts and progressive development of society at all keep pace with the means now [illegible] the human race in the New world have a destiny to run and a work of civilisation to accomplish, to which the Old in its brightest achievements can furnish but a faint analogy Scarcely two centuries have elapsed since coal was employed as an article of domestic use, or introduced upon the most limited scale into the manufactures, its now ascertained extent and boundless latent powers were not dreamt of or imagined even but half a century ago, and very recently the lamentation was general, that no coal measures existed in the mighty continent of America. Who now can fancy a limit to the social movement with which that vast hemisphere is heaving all over—the advancing tide of its population spreading in every region—the forest cleared and covered with a network of railways, the rivers bridged from end to end with a navy of steam-ships—and all vivified and in motion through the agency of this long undiscovered product of the earth? Geological time rolled on, and the surface of our planet was replenished with the hidden treasure, and the man of science has no numbers to reckon the years that are past.

Sawdust Sugar.—In an article in the "Illustrated Exhibitor," entitled a "Visit to a Sugar Refinery," it is said that sugar may be extracted from various substances, and among them sawdust! A correspondent seems to doubt that fact; and for his benefit we append the following —Bracconot, some years since, pointed out the very remarkable fact that sawdust and linen could be converted into grape sugar, and that from a pound of these substances more than a pound of sugar could be produced. The process is as follows: wood, or linen, or paper, are left to imbibe their own weight of oil of vitriol, eventually the whole is converted into a viscid mass, care must be taken that it does not become too hot. This mass being diluted with water is boiled for some hours, the liquor is filtered, the acid removed by chalk, and the sugar crystallised out after evaporation One hundred pounds of sawdust will yield, by this treatment, one hundred and fifteen pounds of sugar, the same quantity of starch may be converted, by a similar operation, into one hundred and six pounds of saccharine matter These substances only differ chemically from each other by an addition of a small quantity of hydrogen and oxygen, the elements of water, to the latter The quantity of carbon remains through all the same, but the proportions of the two gaseous elements are increased by the process described.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Education in the German Language, through the Medium of the Popular Educator.—"The Popular Educator," No 11, bearing date June 15th, will contain the first of a series of familiar Lessons in German This course will impart a thorough acquaintance with the Language, and—together with the Lessons already commenced on the Literature and Grammar of the English Language, Lessons in French and Latin—render the "Popular Educator" the most complete Educational Work which has ever appeared Besides instruction in the above [illegible] Natural History, Biography, Geography, Arithmetic, Music, History, &c To meet the urgent wishes of numerous Families and Individuals, an *Extra Edition* is now issued, upon superior paper, the price of which is 1½d per Number, or Monthly Parts, containing four Numbers in a neat wrapper, 7d, or when five Numbers, 8½d The Extra Edition is published without the weekly headings Two Parts are now ready; Part I, price 7d, Part II, price 8½d

Lives and Works of the Painters of all Nations.—On July the 1st, John Cassell will publish the first part of a magnificent work, in imperial quarto, under the above title, containing a portrait of Murillo, and seven specimens of his choicest works including the "Conception of the Virgin," lately in the collection of Marshal Soult, and recently purchased by the French Government for the Gallery of the Louvre, for the sum of £23,440 The parts will appear on the first of every month at 9d each, and will be supplied through every booksellers in town or country

Cassell's Shilling Edition of Euclid.—In consequence of the interest excited among all classes of the readers of the Popular Educator, since the publication of our Lessons in Geometry in that work, John Cassell has determined to issue a Popular Edition of The Elements of Geometry to contain the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid, from the text of Robert Simson, M.D., Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow, with corrections, Annotations and Exercises, by Robert Wallace, A.M, of the same university, and Collegiate Tutor of the University of London This work will be ready the first week in July, price 1s in stiff covers, or 1s 6d neat cloth

Scripture Library for the Young, in Shilling Volumes.—The first two volumes of this attractive series of works, "The Life of Joseph," illustrated with sixteen choice engravings and maps, and "The Tabernacle, its Furniture and Services," with twelve engravings, are now ready The "Life of Moses" is in the press

The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art.—The First Volume of this splendidly embellished work, handsomely bound, price 7s 6d, or extra cloth gilt edges, 7s 6d, will be ready July 1, and will contain upwards of Two Hundred Principal Engravings, and an equal number of Minor Engravings, Diagrams, &c

Completion of John Cassell's Library.—This invaluable Work is now complete, in 26 Volumes, 7d. each in paper covers, double Volumes, cloth, 1s 6d, or when 3 Vols in 1, 2s 3d The entire Series may be had, bound in cloth, 19s 6d, or arranged in a Library Box, 25s

The Emigrant's Handbook, a Guide to the Various Fields of Emigration in all Parts of the Globe is now ready, price 6d

The Pathway, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper. Vols I. and II, neatly bound in cloth and lettered, price 2s. 3d. each, are now ready.

WORK AND WAIT.

THIS the watchword heaven hath, o'er thee,
Writ in living lines of glory * *
On its golden gate—
Burthen of each hero story—
Work and wait.

Work in spirit-gloom or gladness,
Youthful sunshine, age's sadness,
Wait the wish'd reward,
Though it mock thy soul to madness,
Long deferr'd.

Ye who Cain's hard curse inherit—
Fruitless toil—Faith bids ye bear it,
As to blessing turn'd—
Blessing boundless for the spirit,
Labour-earn'd

Thou to whom much good is given,
Thou that ne'er with want hast striven
In sad sorrow's mart,
Still must in the work of heaven
Bear a part

Go, with love and gentle speaking,
Bind the hearts of brethren breaking,
Lost thou blighted be
By the reaper vainly seeking
Fruit from thee! FRITZ.

A FORTIGNER'S OPINION OF ENGLAND —The father of Madlle Wagner, in writing to a friend on the subject of his daughter's engagement, coolly says—"England is only to be valued for the sake of her money."

MADAME MALIBRAN'S MODPL.—In her teens, this well-known lady had a cracked, inflexible voice Out of such unpromising materials was made the great singer She took as her model the tone of musical glasses, and became so expert an imitator, that she often deceived her friends by pretending to rub the glass, and giving the music with her voice.

CLEARINGTHS FOREST —Fourteen thousand oak timber trees, standing in Hainault Forest, have recently been sold by order of the government.

A NEW OLD FRESCO —A package has been forwarded to this country from Leghorn, containing a fresco painting by Julio Romano, and sent to England by Lord Overstone, for deposit in the National Gallery. It is understood to be a very splendid work of art

THE WINGS OF THE WIND.—It is calculated that within the last six months upwards of 1,000 miles of telegraphic wire have been strung up by the Electric Telegraph Company in carrying to completion the telegraphic communication of the country.

BROUGHAM v. BROUGHAM. — A newspaper tradition says that Barnes (editor of the *Times*) went one day to Brougham, then Chancellor, and, waiting for him in his private room at the Court, took up the *Morning Chronicle*, in which there was that morning a denunciation of an article Brougham had the day before written in the *Times*. Barnes suspected the authorship from the style, and when the legal dignitary left the judgment-seat to speak to the editor, the latter saluted the Chancellor with, "Well, this is almost too bad to demolish yourself in this way!" Brougham was taken aback Barnes saw at once that the random guess was a hit, pursued his advantage, followed up the attack, and Brougham *admitted that he was the writer of the reply to his own onslaught.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R B. FORD and others have written to us for advice as to how they may profitably employ their leisure, so as to provide themselves with a little money for books, &c. Now this is a question that hundreds in London would like satisfactorily answered. Many young men are thirsting for knowledge, but are without the means wherewith to purchase books. One writes to say that the mechanics' institution of his town does not possess the kind of works he requires; another that he finds a difficulty in procuring books of a sufficiently elementary character; and, again another, that the books of the only library in the village are all either too trifling or too antiquated. How can we reconcile all these opposites—how advise where we know nothing of the particular circumstances of our correspondents?

A CORRESPONDENT from Broomsgrove wishes to know how false teeth are fixed in the jaw. Various plans have been adopted, but we believe the two most usual are by means of a piece of gold wire attached to the adjoining teeth, or by what is called capillary attraction. In the latter plan the set of false teeth is so nicely adjusted to the gums, that, when placed in the mouth, a slight suck exhausts the air between the teeth and the gums, and so keeps the teeth in their places

A. B —Apply to the authorities of the Colonial Office, enclosing your address on a stamped envelope for an answer This plan would also ensure AN INQUIRER a reply to his question.

A CONSTANT READER should apply to the Orthopœdic Institution Lord John Russell's private residence is at Chesham-place, Belgrave-square.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS have written to us on the subject of emigration For information with regard to the rates of passage, modes of transport in the colonies, &c &c, we commend them to "The Emigrant's Handbook," issued from this office, in which will be found all needful advice.

C A B.—We advise you to learn German, mathematics, or one of the abstruse sciences. If you commence a course of strict self-discipline *at once*, and determine to follow it out, there is little fear of a happy result. Send us your address.

CHILLPS —The lines about which you inquire, beginning with "Delightful task! to rear the tender thought," are in *Thomson's Seasons*, near the end of his "Spring."

IGNOTUS —"The boiling-point" varies considerably, according to the nature of the fluid. The boiling-point of water is about 212 degrees by Fahrenheit's thermometer, but it may be raised considerably above that by the addition of saline matter. The boiling-point of nitre is 238°, that of the acetate of soda, about 256°. In perfectly pure and smooth glass-vessels, water may be heated to 221° without boiling.

CARLO.—You should write to Her Majesty's Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, Park-street, Westminster. The qualifications for a free passage out are—being under 30 years of age, being married, and having a good knowledge of agricultural and other farming operations.

R S. T.—The distance from Sydney to Bathurst is about 130 miles; from Sidney to Port Philip, about 500 by land. You had better get *Cassell's Emigrant's Handbook*, just published.

M. Y. (Halifax).—You have not stated whether the *warts* you wish to cure are hard or soft. *Hard* warts may be removed by the daily use of a little nitrate of silver, or nitric or acetic acid. Dip a thin slip of wood in the fluid, and apply it to the wart. The nitrate will produce a black stain, and the nitric and a yellow one; but this will wear off in a few days. What are called "*soft* warts," may be removed by the daily use of Gowland's lotion. The milky juice of the spurge plant was recommended in a recent Number, but that being a highly poisonous fluid, it had better not be used, besides, it cannot easily be obtained.

A TRAVELLER.—You complain, in common, we believe, with hundreds, that you cannot read with any comfort when travelling in a railway or other swift conveyance Try the following plan —Place a card or a slip of paper over the line below the one you are about to read. Your eye will then be free from the disturbance caused by the motion of the carriage, and if you then read with comfort, thank us for the hint, and publish it for the benefit of others.

MARY W.—Yes; you are entitled to a month's notice, or a month's wages instead thereof, unless you have done any thing which may render your *immediate* dismissal an act of necessity and justice.

A NERDY MAN.—You had better write to Mr. Walcott, the secretary to the Colonial Land Emigration Commissioners, Park-street, Westminster. In the mean time, we may state that the most eligible classes of emigrants are agricultural labourers, shepherds, herdsmen, or women of the labouring class. These are taken, to the age of 45, at £1 per head; between 45 and 50 at £5 per head; and between 50 and 60 at £11 per head. The next best class are married mechanics and artisans, and these, with their wives, are taken, up to 45, at £2; between 50 and 60, £14 Children of both these classes, under 14, at 10s. per head. Families with more than four children under twelve years of age are ineligible. Single men are taken out at £5 per head.

C. PERKINS.—The word "*iconoclast*" is formed from two Greek words, *eikon*, an image, and *klao*, to break. It is a name given to the Greek emperors, or dignitaries of the Greek Church, who broke the images in order to put a stop to the idolatrous practice of worshipping them. The old golden coin, value 21s, was called a *guinea*, because the first that were struck were of gold from Guinea, in Africa, but the term, "guinea gold," now means gold equal in value to that of which guineas are made, or, in other words, *sterling* gold.

PADDINGTON —Your friend has misinformed you According to the most recent return, the number of hackney carriages, including cabriolets, working by licence in the metropolitan districts, was rather more than 3,800.

R. M'INTOSH.—We hope to give you, and many more, full particulars respecting the cheap issue of boxes of colours, and cases of mathematical instruments in the course of a few days.

W. R. R. may be assured upon competent authority that the liquors he enumerates are by no means necessary for "women giving suck." A host of medical practitioners have declared that the use of such liquors is highly injurious both to the mother and the babe They recommend, in lieu thereof, broths, gruel, milk, and tea. The same remarks will apply to the other class of persons of whom you speak,—namely, "those who are weak and low, or who are slowly recovering from illness"

"WHY AND WHEREFORE" will find that we have attended to his remarks, in the answer given above to M. Y., of Halifax.

A DRAUGHTSMAN.—We decline stating "the features of Mr. Herdman's new theory of vision in relation to perspective," because after he had delivered his lecture upon it, the accuracy of his views was much questioned by many scientific gentlemen present.

J. F. N.—You had bettur write to Mrs. Wedlake of Fenchurch-street, London, who has generally a number of thrashing machines and other agricultural implements on sale.

A MECHANIC.—The present market price of silver is 4s. 11½.

MARY.—Never mind a few "freckles;" the use of cosmetics are, in most cases, dangerous.

R. MANSFIELD.—Covers in which to bind the New Series of the *Working Man's Friend*, may be had at 1s. each at our Office, or through any Bookseller.

X.—The "Arches Court" is the chief and most ancient consistory court, belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the debating of what are termed spiritual causes. It derives its name from the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow (*de arcubus*), where it was formerly held. "*Qui tam actions*" are actions brought by common informers. They are so called, because in the form in which they are conceived, the prosecutor declares that he prosecutes "as well for our sovereign lord the king as for himself" ("*tam pro domino rege quam pro seipso*"). Where information is given of offences committed against penal acts of parliament, the informer is usually entitled to one moiety of the penalty, while the other goes to the crown, and this gives the informer a right to sue the party offending for his share of the penalty.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the, Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. II., No. 38.] SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE LAKE OF COMO.

EVERYTHING connected with Italy is interesting. Books have been written, almost without number, songs have been improvised to all kinds of melodies, and enthusiasm has been "got up" in the minds of travellers to an unprecedented extent, when the "classic land" has been the theme, and yet the interest with which every new book, or picture, or song, or story is hailed, has by no means diminished. True that some is pleasant to read of Rome "the Eternal City," Naples, Florence, Milan, Venice,—even though the glory has departed from them all. The very names of the cities, lakes, mountains, have a sweet music in them; and scarcely a spot in the peninsula but has its legends and true histories.

How often has the route from France to Italy been described! When the great Hannibal made the passage of the Alps in



VIEW OF THE LAKE OF COMO.

f the books and some of the pictures might as well not have een written or painted,—the books telling little more than here good dinners are to be obtained, and where bad ones re to be avoided; and the pictures, some of them, giving nerely the conventional and ideal features of the land of vines nd olives. Nevertheless, and in spite of these drawbacks, it nineteen days, he thought, and justly too, that he had performed a mighty feat; in one day, thanks to Napoleon's ambition, the hundred miles from Nice to Genoa are travelled with little difficulty; sometimes through Alpine passes and over roads cut in the sides of mountains, and across bridges, and through valleys, and again over mountains and rocks, and

projecting headlands, at an elevation of a thousand feet above the sea.—but more often by the coast road opened about twenty years ago. Both paths, however, are crowded with beautiful scenery and romantic associations.

On leaving Nice, the traveller takes a road which winds round the base of several hills for three or four miles inland. Thence, at an elevation of some fifteen hundred feet, the sea comes into view, and beneath him lies the harbour of Villa Franca. On through villages, thickly set with olives and vineyards, like nests, to Genoa. Here by way of Spezzia and Sarzana, the last town in the Genoese territories, to Lucca, and thence through the little river Luna, which crosses it, into the Apennines, and through the duchy of Parma to Lombardy. Pisa and Leghorn, and Piombino, and Orbitello, beautiful marine villas—and on the sea shore, and we are on the road to Rome. Rome the dream of artists and scholars, Rome decayed, fallen, Rome the once mistress of the world—fallen, prostrate, but crowned, but still glorious Rome! Still our eyes are on Naples, Vesuvius, Sicily, Calabria, Capua, Rome, Venice, for these few lines, we may not reach our journey's end, but have yet to reach our destination, and take Genoa, Milan, by way of Padua and Mantua, and Brescia, Verona, and Milan,—every step of our journey crowded with objects on the path, and stand at length upon the wooded summit of Isola Bella, down upon the still waters of the noble lake

> Like a sea,
> Flung about cradled by the hills,
> Catching the evening sun, both ends
> In many a wandering bay and cape and horn

The lake of Como, or Lario, as the ancient name is situated in the Milanese district of Austrian Italy. It is about twenty seven miles in length from north to south, by about three miles wide, and is divided into two branches, at the end of one stands the city of Como, and on the other the town of Lecco. Indeed the lower end of the lake near Bellagio, is often called the lake of Lecco, —

> "Sweet is it to behold on every side
> The crystal flood divide,
> Making an isle of every cape and bay,
> And watch the soft clear light with which the green
> Now seen, now lost
> Like fire-flies glancing, through the boughs is gleam,
> As the winds the covert move."

The city of Como, though rather out of the track of the ordinary tourist, is well worth visiting for its own account of the cool purity of its atmosphere and its associations which every travelled scholar will comprise as having been the birthplace of the younger Pliny, a statue of whom may yet be seen in the wall of one of the churches, bearing a Latin inscription, and the Duomo is one of the most ancient cities of Italy, having been founded by the Gauls under Brennus. It is surrounded by walls which fully stand out on the shore of the lake. These are guarded, every here and there, by picturesque towers, which, since the Austrian keep such strict watch and ward over the Lombard-Venetian kingdom, may, though mostly ruinous, be still brought into use. Of course Como, like every other French, German, or Italian town, has its old castle and its ruined cathedral, but it has besides a flourishing trade in silk and cotton, a good quarry of the true white marble, and many new which are, clean, and handsome houses. The scenery on the borders of the lake is at once grand and beautiful. It is enclosed between hills of noble appearance, clothed with vines and olives nearly to their summits. Our engraving shows one of the numerous villages, which are to be found on the shores of the lake. Protected by the mountains behind, numerous pretty villas are built almost to the water's edge; and such is the salubrity of the climate, that vines, almond, and chestnut trees appear as though they were in an almost constant state of blossom. The Lake of Como, like most of the lakes of Italy, is famous for the purity of its waters, the beauty of its surrounding scenery, the gaiety of its boatmen, and the indescribable charm of the soft clear blue skies which mirror themselves in its translucent depths. On summer evenings it is no uncommon thing to see the greater part of the inhabitants of the villas on its banks, afloat in all kinds of strange picturesque little vessels. At such times it is pleasant to hear the songs of the various parties trolled forth through the cool air. Bulwer, in one of his most popular novels, gives us a specimen of these boat-songs of the Lago di Como:—

> "The beautiful clime!—the clime of love!
> Thou beautiful Italy!
> Like a mother's eyes the earnest skies,
> Ever have smiles for thee!
>
> The beautiful lake, the Lunan lake!
> Soft like like a silver sea,
> The huntress queen, with her nymphs of sheen,
> Never had bath like thee!
>
> See, the Lady of Night, and her maids of light
> Ever now are mid-deep in thee
>
> Beautiful child of the lovely hills,
> Ever bliss may thy slumbers be!
> No murmur should tread by thy dreamy bed,
> No life bring a care to thee,
> Nor sorrow the bed let the mourner tread,
> [illegible] thee!"

In songs like these, the wanderers and dwellers by the still calm waters may dream away their lives undisturbed by the bustle of the outer world of cities, and, with heart awakened to the "mystery of sweet sounds," and with souls attuned to the melodies of nature, exclaim with Shakspeare —

> "Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears,—soft stillness of the night,
> Become the touches of sweet harmony."

SILESIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

The success which last year attended the Great Exhibition of all Nations has induced the people of other countries to get up exhibitions of their own, and thus the "world idea," as the Germans call it, is making the circuit of the globe. In Paris, New York, Cork, and other places, the notes of preparation are already sounding, but it remained for the Germans in Breslau, a remote city in Prussia, almost on the confines of the German language, to be the first to follow the example of Great Britain. On the 27th of May, the National Silesian Exhibition was opened with all necessary pomp and ceremony. Of course our readers will have acquainted themselves, through the medium of the newspapers, with the particulars of the building, which is of wood, with a glazed roof, the character of the objects exhibited, embracing specimens of all the fabrics peculiar to the country, from iron ore to ladies' dresses, woollens, and toys, —the difficulties experienced by the [illegible] in getting the exhibitors to patronise it before the last moment, and the present success and unanimous approval it has finally met with at the hands of the German people. On these subjects we cannot enlarge, from the simple fact of our Friend being date so long after the occurrence has taken place; but on the influence of such peaceful demonstrations we may write just one sentence, and it is this:—A better knowledge of a people, a more comprehensive idea of their resources in art and manufacture, a more vivid picture of their national and domestic peculiarities, and a more perfect acquaintance and intelligent appreciation of what they are capable of producing, may be obtained by a single day's careful inspection of their National Bazaar than could be arrived at by a whole life of reading, without the advantage of a personal visit to the country.

THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CORK.

Before this number reaches the hand of the reader, the National Exhibition at Cork, in Ireland, will have been opened. Arising out of the Great Exhibition of last year, our friends on the other side of the Irish Sea will have the benefit of a long and valuable experience in the arrangement of the articles to be exhibited, and in the conduct of the minutiæ necessary to be observed. To enable as large a number of persons as possible to be present on this interesting occasion, the Chester and Holyhead Railroad have adopted a scale of charges which will enable tourists to visit the sister isle at a most economical rate. Tickets for one month have been issued, which will frank visitors from London, Birming-

ham, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and the northern towns, to Ireland and back, allowing them to stop as long as they please at any point of their progress. Thus thousands, besides gratifying their taste at the National Exhibition at Cork, will have an opportunity of examining the Giant's Causeway, the Lakes of Killarney, the cities of Dublin, Belfast, and other interesting spots in the beautiful island.

We understand that the greatest enthusiasm exists in Ireland with regard to this National Industrial Exhibition, and we doubt not but that, while we are recording its commencement, we are also hailing the advent of a better day for that unfortunate and misgoverned country. With the submarine telegraph in action at Galway, and the Peace Bazaar crowded at Cork, we think we may congratulate our Irish brethren on a *settled peace* among the nations.

LOOK UP!

BY JOHN CRICHLEY PRINCE.

"Look up!" cried the seaman, with nerves like steel,
As skyward his glance he cast,
And beheld his own son grow giddy, and reel
On the point of the topmast,
"Look up!" and the bold boy little knew,
And hard he'd his brief glances -
Slid down at once from his perilous place,
And leapt in his father's arms.

"Look up!" we cry to the cowed—oppressed,
Who see no hope all contest suit,
They had best look up to the mountain crest
Than down to the precipice foot,
The one offers heights they may hope to gain—
Pure ether and freedom, and room,
The other bewilders the aching brain
With roughness, and danger, and gloom.

"Look up!" to sick souls, by affliction bent,
Not daily with dull despair,
Look up, and be faith to the firmament,
For heav'n and mercy are there
The frail flower droops in the storms shower,
And the shadows of needful night,
But it looks to the sun in the after-hour,
And takes full measure of light.

"Look up!" sad man, by adverses brought
From high unto low estate,
Play not with the bane of corrosive thought
Nor murmur at chance and fate,
Renew thy hopes, look the world in the face,
For it helps not those who repine,
Press on, and its voice will amend thy pace,—
Succeed, and its homage is thine.

"Look up!" great crowd, who are foremost set
In the chargeful "Battle of Life,"
Some days of calm may reward ye yet
For ye are of allotted strife
Look up, and *beyond* there's a guerdon there
For the humble and pure of heart,
Fruition of joys, unalloyed by care,
Of peace that can never depart.

"Look up!" large spirit, by Heaven inspired,—
Thou rare and expansive soul!
Look up, with endeavour and zeal untired,
And strive for the loftiest goal
Look up, and encourage the kindred throng
Who toil up the slopes behind,
To follow, and hail, with triumphant song,
The holier regions of mind!

POETRY AND PROSE.—One day in spring Sir Walter Scott and Lady Scott strolled forth to enjoy a walk around Abbotsford. In their wanderings they crossed a field where a number of ewes were enduring the frolic of their lambs.—"Ah," exclaimed Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets, from the earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence!" "They are, indeed, delightful little animals," returned her ladyship, "especially with mint sauce!"

THE HEADS OF THE WORLD IN 1862.

THE following is the most complete list of the governing powers of the world which has hitherto appeared —

State.	Name.	Title.
Anhalt-Benburgh	.. Alexander ..	.. Duke
Anhalt-Cothan ..	.. Augusta	.. Duchy
Anhalt-Dessau ..	.. Leopold	.. Duke
Austria	.. Francis Joseph I	.. Emperor
Baden	.. Chas. Leopold Frederick	Grand Duke
Bavaria	.. Maximilian II ..	.. King
Belgium	.. Leopold	.. King
Bolivia	.. General Belzu ..	.. President
Brunswick	.. William	.. Duke
Brazil	.. Pedro II	.. Emperor
Buenos Ayres ..	.. Juan M de Rosas*	.. President
Cabool	.. Dost Mahomed ..	.. Ameer
Chil	.. Manuel Mont ..	.. President
China	.. Hien Fung ..	.. Emperor
Corrientes	.. Benjamin Constant	.. Governor.
Costa Rica	.. Juan Rafael Mora	.. President
Denmark	.. Frederick VII ..	.. King
Dominica	.. B Baez	.. President
Equador	.. General Alvarado	.. President
Egypt	Abbas Pacha ..	.. Viceroy
Entre Rios ..	Justo Jose Urquiza	.. Governor
France	.. Charles L N Bonaparte	President
Great Britain ..	.. Victoria ..	.. Queen
Greece	.. Otho	.. King
Guatimala	.. General Carrera	.. President
Hanover	.. George Frederick	.. King
Hayti	.. Faustin I ..	.. Emperor
Hesse-Cassel ..	.. Frederic William	.. Elector
Hesse-Darmstadt ..	Louis III ..	.. Grand Duke
Hesse-Homburgh ..	Ferdinand ..	.. Landgrave
Holland or Netherlands ..	William III ..	.. King
Honduras	.. Juan Lindo ..	President
Hohenzollern Hechingen	Frederick William	.. Prince
Hohenzollern Sigmaringen	Charles Antony ..	.. Prince
Liberia	Joseph J Roberts	.. President
Lichtenstein ..	Aloys Joseph ..	.. Prince
Lippe Detmold ..	Leopold	.. Prince
Lippe Schaumburg ..	Georg Wilhelm ..	.. Prince
Mecklenburg Strelitz	Frederick Francis	.. Grand Duke
Mecklenburg Schwerin	.. George V ..	.. Grand Duke
Mexico	.. Mariano Arista ..	.. President
Modena and Mercera	Francis V ..	.. Duke
Mosquito	.. Jamico	.. King
Nassau	.. Adolphus ..	.. Duke
New Grenada ..	.. Jose H Lopez ..	.. President
Nicaragua	.. Laureano Pineda	.. Director
Oldenburg	.. Augustus	.. Grand Duke
Paraguay	.. Carl Lopez ..	.. President
Parma	.. Charles Louis ..	.. Duke
Peru	.. Ramon Castilla ..	.. President
Portugal	.. Maria II	.. Queen
Prussia	.. Frederick William IV	.. King
Reuss, Elder Line	.. Henry XX ..	.. Prince
Reuss, Younger Line	.. Henry LXII ..	.. Prince
Russia	.. Nicholas I ..	.. Emperor
San Salvador ..	.. Francis Duenas ..	.. President
Sandwich Islands ..	.. Kamchamcha III	.. King
Sardinia	.. Victor Emanuel ..	.. King
Saxe Altenburg ..	.. Joseph	.. Duke
Saxe Coburg Gotha ..	.. Ernest II ..	.. Duke
Saxe Meiningen ..	.. Bernard	.. Duke
Saxe Weimar	.. Charles Frederick	.. Grand Duke
Saxony	.. Frederick Augustus	.. King
Schwartzburg Rudolstadt	Lewis Gunther	.. Prince
Schwartzburg Sondershausen	Gunther II ..	.. Prince
Society Islands ..	.. Pomare	.. Queen
Spain	.. Isabella II ..	.. Queen
States of the Church	.. Pius IX	.. Pope
Sweden and Norway	.. Oscar I	.. King
Turkey	.. Abdul Medjid ..	.. Sultan
Tuscany	.. Leopold II ..	.. Grand Duke
Two Sicilies ..	.. Ferdinand ..	.. King
United States ..	.. Millard Fillmore	.. President
Uruguay	.. Jo quin Suarez ..	.. President
Venezuela	.. Jose G Monagas ..	.. President
Waldeck	.. George Victor ..	.. Prince
Wurtemburg ..	.. William	.. King

* Since deposed, his successor not known.

RELATION OF MARRIAGE TO GREATNESS.

BY B. B. HINE.

I AM convinced that the rapidity of human progress will greatly depend upon the observance of the laws of marriage. These laws have reference to such an adaptation of husband and wife as will secure their own highest happiness, and the best possible development of their offspring. That much of the physical and mental inequality observed among mankind is due to the mismatching of parents, there cannot be a shadow of doubt. That much of the natural proneness of many to vice and crime is due to the same cause, is equally evident. And that the conditions of the great mental and physical vigour of children are chiefly dependent upon the true adaptation to which we refer, is apparent to all who have given this subject a little attention.

In this I would not rob education and social circumstances of their great importance in occasioning good or bad character; for we believe these can do much to pervert the best natural endowment, or to correct the most unfortunate by birth. But I would have it distinctly understood that a large amount of the woes of life, much of the physical and moral deformity we observe among our fellow-men, as well as of the great inferiority of so large a portion of mankind, can be effectually overcome by a strict regard to the marital relations.

I should not attempt to discuss the whole subject of marriage in this paper, even if I were capable of doing so. My object is merely to give some facts from the history of greatness, which bear upon the question of early marriages. I have frequently seen it asserted, by physiological and phrenological authors, that to marry before the maturity of the parties in physical and mental vigour is a gross indiscretion, if not an unpardonable sin. For, though the parties may be happy through life, yet the consequences upon their children, in giving them feeble constitutions, ill health, and premature graves, are unimaginably deplorable, and should startle all young lovers from their reveries who begin to dream of connubial felicity This may be true, but the inconsiderate reader is little apt to heed a mere assertion, and, with multitudes, *inclination* is sufficient to countermand an undemonstrated proposition.

I have also seen, since beginning this inquiry, the statement that certain of the world's distinguished sons have been the youngest-born of the family. It need not be said that the authority of half-a-dozen such cases, selected from the shining host of renown, have little or no authority, inasmuch as it may be that double the number can be found who were the eldest-born. To make, therefore, an appeal to greatness effectual on this subject, we must begin with the biographical catalogue, and notice all the examples, whether born first, second, third, or last in the progress of the family. Though we have not space to give all the bright examples that can be found, yet I will give all the cases that I have examined, so that the list can be taken as the average of the whole.

We must apologise for the omission of many whose names will readily occur to the reader, but that are not mentioned here, because their biographers have failed to give facts which are of any service in this connexion. It may be here remarked that the lesson of history in this case is, as far as it goes, perfectly reliable, because the historians had no theory to support, nor no prejudice on this subject to pamper, by the concealment of opposing facts, or the undue colouring of those that are favourable. Let us, then, listen to the voice of Nature; for when her dicta are given they are effectual, and should command universal and unqualified obedience. When we find the eldest son distinguished, we shall give such facts as can be found concerning the condition of their parents, tending to explain the vigour of their first child.

LORD BACON was the youngest son by a second marriage. His father was fifty and his mother thirty-two years of age at his birth, which was in 1560.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was the youngest son by the second marriage of his father, who was also the youngest son of the youngest son for four generations. He was born in 1706.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was the eldest son, born in 1709. His father was past fifty and his mother past forty years of age at his birth. His father had but one other child, a son, that died at the age of twenty-five. It is proper to remark here that this case seems to be an exception to the law, that children born while their parents are in the decline of life are of inferior mind and body. But the fact is given, that both his parents possessed large and robust bodily powers, and transmitted their physical vigour to the son.

ADAM SMITH, the founder of political science, was an only son, and born in 1723. His father had been originally bred to the law, and afterwards held the office of private secretary to Lord Louden, Secretary of State and Keeper of the Great Seal. He was comptroller of customs, and died a few months before Adam's birth. It is therefore evident, from the stations he had filled, that he was of full middle age at the time of the advent of his illustrious son.

VOLTAIRE, of whom it is said, that "he broke our spiritual chains," and of whom it may be said, that he came near sundering our religious ties, was the younger of two sons, and born in 1694. He was so feeble as an infant, that he was not expected to survive many months, but finally lived to puzzle the world for eighty-five years.

JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU, who was the author of that theory of government upon which our fathers based the republic, to wit, the "social compact," and who boasted, when past fifty years of age, that there was no woman of fashion of whom he could not make a conquest, was born in 1712. Mention is made of a brother, seven years older than he, so that he must have been the third or fourth, if not the youngest, son. He was one of the most original philosophers the world ever had, and probably the influence of none was ever greater during his life. And yet his celebrated "Confessions" contain a revelation of folly so extreme, vanity so excessive, and baseness so disgraceful, that it would pass for incredible, if not proved by the book itself.

D'ALEMBERT was an illegitimate and a foundling. He was taken to the hospital, but his father, M. Destouches, who was commissary of artillery, provided for his support as soon as he found what had happened. His mother was sister of Cardinal Toucin, Archbishop of Lyons, and was afterwards known in the circles of Paris as a woman of talents and accomplishments. Soon as she discovered the literary and scientific inclination of her son, she remarked, "Woe to him who depends for subsistence on his pen! The shoemaker is sure of his wages, but the bookmaker is sure of nothing." She was the author of a novel, of which the reviewer said, that it could make the most hardened weep. He was born in 1717, and two years after entering the academy he attained the highest rank of geometricians. He was a disciple of Voltaire. I have been thus particular in this case, not only to show that D'Alembert was not born of young parents, but also that he is an exception to the law that individuals conceived at a time of unhallowed gratification have a predominance of the lower organs, and are rarely more intellectually distinguished. We find his mother was a talented woman, and his father, from the position he held, was a man of no mean mind. Besides, the examples of illegitimates in France are not of so much account as in other countries, where the illicit commerce of the sexes is more disgraceful, and more effectually prevented.

LAVOISIER was born in Paris in 1743; and the fact that his father had become wealthy in the occupation of farmer-general shows that he must have been in middle-life when his notable son was born, and in all probability a younger son.

SIR MATTHEW HALE was the only son of Robert Hale. His father had been educated for the bar, but he abandoned the profession from conscientious scruples, thinking it impossible to practise law consistently with a strict adherence to truth and justice. The conscientious delicacy of his father must have done much for the son, even though he was an early son. The probability is, however, that Sir Matthew Hale was born of middle-aged parents.

GUILFORD, lord keeper of the seal, was the second son.

LORD JEFFRIES was the sixth son.

LORD MANSFIELD was the fourth son, and born in 1704.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE was the fourth son, and born, after the death of his father, in 1723.

THOMAS ERSKINE was the third an youngest son, and was born in Scotland in 1750.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY was the third son that attained the age of maturity, and born in 1757.

WILLIAM PITT was the youngest child, born in 1759, when his father, Lord Chatham, was fifty-one years old.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON was born in 1757, and was the youngest son of his father's second wife.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was the third son, born in 1732, of the second wife of his father, who had had two sons by his first wife.

PATRICK HENRY was the second son, one of nine children, and was born in 1736. His father was the second husband of his mother.

BENJAMIN RUSH, the father of medicine in America, was the eldest son, and born in 1745. His father died when his son was six years of age, the father of but one other child, which renders it probable that he was on the verge of middle life, at least, when Benjamin was born. His mother was an extraordinary woman, and, not being able to educate her children from the proceeds of a small farm, she removed to Philadelphia, and engaged in trade. She taught the elements of English herself.

AARON BURR was born in 1756, four years after his father's marriage, in the thirty-eight year of his age. His grandfather and father were successive presidents of Princeton College, New Jersey. His mother was twenty-five years of age at the birth of Aaron, and was the daughter of the celebrated President Edwards. His parents died before he was three years old.

DANIEL WEBSTER is the youngest child by a second marriage.

DR DODDRIDGE was the twentieth child by one father and mother.

THE HUTCHINSONS are the four youngest of twelve children now living, out of sixteen of the Hutchinson family.

MOZART was the youngest of seven children, he and a sister, four years older than himself, being the only survivors of childhood He was born in 1756. When but six years of age, he, with his sister, who was ten years old, gave highly-successful public concerts. His parents were also distinguished musicians

SHAKSPEARE was the eldest son, and was born in 1564. The ages of his parents are not given. He ran away to London to escape the penalty of deer-stealing, attached himself to a theatre, and became a dramatist that the world has failed to find breath enough to praise.

KEAN, the great tragedian, was an illegitimate, born in 1789. His mother was a Miss Carey, a low actress, and his father was Edmund Kean, a workman about the theatre. What the ages of his parents were, we know not.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in 1688, the only son of his father, but the second son of his mother.

TOM MOORE was an only son, though he had two sisters, older than himself. He was born in 1780.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in 1777, the youngest of a large family, and when his father was sixty-seven years old

LORD BYRON was born of his father's second wife, three years after her marriage in 1788. His father had a daughter by his first wife.

JAMES BEATTIE was the youngest son of six children, born in 1735.

JOHN DRYDEN was born in 1631. He was the eleventh child of a family of fifteen.

JOHN MILTON, who is said to have been a 'man in his childhood," appears to have been the eldest of three children He was born in 1608. His father was disinherited on account of his reformed faith, and adopted the profession of a scrivener It is highly probable that he married late, as he had been educated at Oxford, espoused the radical religion, was disinherited, and went to work for a living before his marriage. He was a distinguished musician.

EDMUND WALLER was born in 1605. His father died while he was an infant, and his care devolved on his mother, who was a remarkable woman, intimate with Cromwell, whose downfall she predicted to him. Edmund was a younger child. He represented his borough in parliament at the age of sixteen. He was cousin of Hampden, and made a speech in his defence, of which 20,000 copies were sold in one day. He died in 1687, leaving a numerous family. His eldest son was too weak to inherit his estate, and the second son took it. He married a rich wife at twenty-two years of age, by whom he had a son that died young, and a daughter. She lived but a short time, and he married a second wife, whose first child was as stated above. His second son became quite distinguished These facts bear heavily on the law of marriage that is the first of this paper.

ABRAM COWLEY was born in 1618, and was probably the only son; if not, he was the youngest, as his father died before his birth. His mother was a woman of lofty sentiments, and to her counsels is ascribed, to a great extent, the moral purity that characterised her son. Abram wrote many poems at ten years of age.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was the fourth son, and was born in 1771.

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BURGER was the only son of his father, who died when he was a boy. He became dissolute, and was abandoned by his grandfather, who assumed the care of him. He managed, however, to raise a living, reformed, and bore the title of "poet for the German people"

From the poets turn we to some of the artists.

WILLIAM HOGARTH was the eldest of three children, whose father's father was the youngest of nine He was born in 1697. His father was a school-teacher and an author. He wrote a work of 400 pages, as an addition to Littleton's Latin Dictionary, which was much praised by the best scholars William was apprenticed to a silver-plate engraver. The fact that his parents had but three children is something to show they were in middle-life when the distinguished artist was born

RICHARD WILSON was the third son, and was born in 1713.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was the tenth of eleven children, and was born in 1723.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH was the youngest son, and born in 1727.

WILLIAM BLAKE was the second son, and born in 1757.

GEORGE MORLAND, who was said to have been "original and alone," was the eldest of five children, and born in 1763. What the ages of his parents were, we are not informed.

HENRY FUSELI was the second of eighteen children. His father was a painter and a scholar.

THOMAS BANKS, a noted sculptor, was the eldest of three sons and born in 1735. Little is said of his parents.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, a sculptor, was the second of five children, born in 1737 He came from a race of painters

JOHN FLAXMAN was the second son of a sculptor, born in 1755.

GEORGE ROMNEY was the fourth and youngest son. His grandfather did not marry until after he was sixty years of age, and yet lived to see his grandchildren. George was born in 1734, and became a renowned painter.

ALLAN RAMSAY was also a poet, the son of a poet, and born in 1713. He was the eldest of seven children Poets are generally of early development, and this fact in the case of his father may reconcile this example with the law under description.

SIR GEORGE HOWARD BEAUMONT was an only son, born in 1753 His father died while he was an infant, and his mother is said to have been a woman of taste and talent.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE was the youngest of sixteen children, born in 1769 He was chief painter to the king.

BENJAMIN WEST was the tenth child, born in 1738, and the youngest son

We will close these citations with a few examples of a different stamp

SIR THOMAS MORE was an only son, born in 1480. His father was about forty years of age at his birth. His mother, on the night of her marriage, saw engraven on her wedding-ring the number and character of the children, *the face of one shining with any more brightness*

SWEDENBORG was the second child and eldest son of Jasper Swedenborg, Bishop of Skasa.

JOHN WESLEY was the fourth son, and born in 1703.

JOHN HAMPDEN was born in 1594, the eldest of two sons. His father was a member of parliament in 1593, and died in 1597. He must have been in middle life when his noble son was born, for at that time youth were not as apt to be members of parliament as they are now legislators in this country. His mother was aunt to the Protector Cromwell

WILLIAM PENN was an only son, born in 1644. His father was but twenty three years of age at the birth of his son, but the fact that he was Rear-Admiral of Ireland at the time proves that he must have matured at an early age. His father was a most conscientious man, and his mother was daughter of a merchant of Holland.

Among the historians we find the following concerning whom the required facts are given:—

HUME was the youngest of three children, and was born 1711

GIBBON was the youngest of seven children, and was born in 1737.

SMOLLETT was the second and younger son of the youngest, and was born in 1721.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON was the seventh child, and was born in 1721. His father was an able divine, and his mother a strong-minded woman.

Among the great commanders we find the following:—

ALFRED THE GREAT was the third son.

PETER THE GREAT was the seventh child of his father, and the eldest of his second wife. His father's oldest child was weak and diseased. Peter was born 1673.

FREDERICK THE GREAT was the eldest son, born in 1711. His father is said to have been old at his death, and Frederick being but twenty-nine years of age at that time, the inference is that he was mature when his illustrious son was born.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was the second son, born in 1769. His father was but twenty-one years of age at the birth of Napoleon. He was attached to Paoli, the champion of his country's independence. His young and spirited wife, while *encein*te with the future hero, followed Paoli's head-quarters and the wreck of Corsican patriots across the mountains, and resided with him at the summit of Monte Rotondo. As the time of Napoleon's birth approached, his mother was escorted back to Ajaccio. On the important day, she went to church, but, finding herself ill, hastened back, and arrived at her room just in time to leave the infant upon the carpet. The advocates of early marriages may make as much out of this example as they can get credit for.

HORATIO NELSON, the hero of Trafalgar, was the fourth son, born in 1758.

CHARLES XII. was the eldest child, born in 1682, when his father was twenty-seven years old. His mother was rewarded for her virtues, but his father was a tyrant. The Queen employed all her means in relieving the oppressed, and, when these failed, she threw herself at the king's feet, and, bathing them with tears, besought him to pity his subjects, but the reply she received was: "Madam, we took you to bring us children, not to give us advice."

But, not to close with human vice on our minds, let us cite a few examples from the rank of polite writers —

HENRY FIELDING was the third son of the third son and was born in 1707.

STERNE was the second child.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born in 1772, when his father was forty years of age. He was the eldest son. His father left four other children, all of whom were as far above the ordinary world as Joseph was above them.

In collecting the above examples and authorities, we have taken all, as they came before us, in whose cases the necessary facts have been furnished. No selection has been made with a view to the great law under consideration, but all contradictory facts have been cited. We have gone over but a small portion of the field of human greatness, but enough has been given to speak for the whole. A profitable class of subjects under this head would be the kings and emperors of the world who have been cotton to the hereditary right. If we should compare the eldest born with the younger throughout all kingdoms, we should be struck with the weakness of the one and the comparative strength of the other. Peter the Great was the second son while a mere boy, in consequence of the weakness of his elder brother, who was the reigning sovereign. So would we find striking contrasts between the feelings born of very youthful parents and those who derived their vigorous minds and bodies from full-grown sires. In the few investigations we have made, the reader has discovered the fact, in several instances, of the weakness of the first-born. In no case has an example of inefficiency in the younger children, that has fallen under notice, been omitted.

What, then, is the argument? The reader need not be told that those who are born of immature parents are the monuments of parental folly and wickedness. The statement we have made, furnishing scarcely a single instance in favor of early marriages, should be considered conclusive on this subject, and lead the young to reflect before they add to the deformity and weakness of mankind. Every marriage should be consummated under such circumstances as to secure in each child an improvement in the stock. Progression is the order of nature, and it is to be lamented that the indiscretion of love is one of its greatest obstacles. It is sometimes said, in justification of early marriages, that it tends to conserve the virtue of the parties, and thus promote public morality. But let it be said, in reply, that those who require early marriage to protect their virtue, better rot in the filth of their own minds than give birth to such as will transmit for ever their weakness and their baseness. None but those who can produce good developments for their children, and who are free from all transmissible disease, should permit themselves to be the occasion of a single birth.

It is as wicked to bring into the world a constitutional thief, or murderer, or a libertine, as it is to be guilty of these crimes themselves. Let all, then, reflect upon the subject, and be cautious how they sin.

WEATHER WISDOM.

NEARLY everybody professes to be weather-wise. Everybody tells everybody what sort of weather may be expected, and in nine cases out of ten everybody is wrong. What is commonly called the power of foretelling the weather is only the result of repeated observations on the comparative frequency with which certain effects accompany one another. Hence it is that agriculturists, shepherds, gardeners, coachmen—but above all, fishermen and sailors—are so much more weather-wise than the mechanic or citizen, and from the constant necessity they are under of studying the minutest indications, or secondary effects of meteorological changes, they arrive at the power of foretelling future changes, with a certainty far exceeding the landsman's comprehension.

In the absence of that *tact*, that quick prescience of atmospheric changes, possessed by the class of persons we have before mentioned, and which can only be acquired by a similar course of discipline, the common observer must have a barometer to aid him in forming a guess, whether he should take an umbrella or great-coat out with him, or whether he may safely go forth unprepared for anything but wet and sunshine. But indications of the weather are not only to be found in barometrical changes, the clouds furnish data, and animals evidence every change, and he who sets to work to study these things [illegible] more than weather-wisdom, he acquires the [illegible]

BAROMETRICAL CHANGES IN THE WEATHER.

After a continuance of dry weather, if the barometer begin to fall slowly and steadily, rain will certainly ensue, if after a great deal of wet weather, the mercury begins to rise steadily [illegible] weather will come, though two or three days [illegible] On either of the two foregoing suppositions, if the change immediately ensues on the motion of the mercury, the change will not be permanent.

The mercury will often rise or fall as has just been mentioned, for some time before the fair or wet weather, which it presages comes on, but it will then fall or rise during the continuance of this change, the mercury will often appear at variance with the existing state of the atmosphere. Under such circumstances the principle before alluded to must be borne in mind—that the barometer only indicates some change in the air which has taken place, but [illegible] may not yet be seen.

A sudden fall of the barometer in the spring or autumn, indicates *wind*, in the summer during very hot weather, a thunderstorm may be expected, in winter a sudden fall after a frost of some continuance indicates a change of wind, with snow and rain. But in a continued frost, a rise of the mercury indicates approaching snow.

When a violent gale has followed a sudden fall of the mercury, it begins to rise again very rapidly, especially about the time of the equinoxes; in this case the gale will not last long. The rapid fluctuations of the barometer are to be interpreted as indicating either dry or wet weather, it is only the *slow, steady*, and continued rise or fall that is to be attended to in this respect. A rise of mercury, late in the autumn, after a long continuance of wet and windy weather, generally indicates a change of wind to the northern quarters, and the approach of frost.

INDICATIONS FURNISHED BY CLOUDS, &c.

Clouds are an old-fashioned index to the weather. In many an old country saying, in many an old doggrel verse its weather-wisdom lessons are conveyed.—

> "An evening red and morning gray,
> Will set the traveller on his way,
> But an evening gray and a morning red,
> Will pour down rain on the traveller's head."

If the sky be clear, after the continuance of fair weather, light streaks of cloud (*cirrus*) appearing are the first indica-

tions of change. If these clouds accumulate, and descend into lower regions of the atmosphere, rain commences. When the sun appears to be setting in a fog, with dark and crimson streaks, in sharp, well-defined lines, wind, and rain, and stormy weather may be expected. In hot summer weather, the sky, during the finest days, is often loaded with masses of cloud, clear, sharp, rounded, and brilliantly edged with light. With such a sky, no immediate change need be apprehended. It, however, towards evening, these clouds congregate in the horizon, and rise upwards with sharp outlines, and an unusual sullenness and closeness is felt in the air, it is a sure sign of an approaching thunderstorm. A greenish tinge in the gray evening is a sure precursor of wet, but, whatever may be their form, colour, and character, an increase of the clouds, particularly towards evening, may be generally taken as indicating approaching rain, because accumulated moisture in the air must return to the earth in rain. The dappled or mottled sky is at all seasons a sign of fine weather. If dose around the moon are considered a tolerably certain sign of rain, even when there is no apparent cloud intervening to form them

GENERAL AND COMMON PROGNOSTICS OF THE WEATHER.

Among these we may reckon such as are derived from birds, beasts, insects, reptiles, and plants, to which may also be added the woodwork of houses, as doors, windows, window-shutters, &c.

Before rain an unusual bustle is observed among ants, bees, and wasps at their nests; spiders quit their recesses, and are seen crawling about at night, flies of all kinds are more active, and sting or bite. When gnats fly in compact bodies in the beams of the setting sun, it indicates fine weather, but if they retire under the shade of trees at evening, rain may be expected. Snails and slugs appear [illegible] in damp weather, and therefore both [illegible] and are more noisy in the ponds and marshes at the same time. Swallows fly low before rain, because the insects which form their prey approach nearer to the earth at that time. It has been observed that fish are eager in bolting at flies, and are more active before rain, for a similar reason.

The incessant cry of pigs before a storm has been a theme of amusement in rural life, quite long enough to test the truth of the observation. Sailors expect a storm when porpoises and dolphins gambol on the surface of the sea.

Peacocks and guinea-fowls, and many other birds, are particularly clamorous before rain, and the domestic cock remarkably uneasiness by frequent crowing. Before wet or rain in the quill part of their feathers [illegible] wood, which, when the weather is extraordinary degree of moisture in the atmosphere, they express by means of their bill, and distribute it over their feathers to secure them better against the effects of an approaching shower.

Domestic animals, as cows and sheep, but particularly the latter, on the approach of rain, feed with great avidity in the open field, and retire near the trees and hedges as soon as they are satisfied. In fine weather they go out and lounge about, eating and resting alternately, with apparent indifference.

The closing of the flowers of the *anagallis arvensis* on dull days and in moist weather has conferred upon it the title of the "poor man's weather-glass," but the following lines convey most of the popular precepts on the subject, and we therefore venture to present them:—

"The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in haloes hid her head,
The boding shepherd heav'd a sigh,
For sear and yellow leaves lay by,
The sailor took reef in each sail,
Closed is the light red pimpernel
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack,
Her corns with shooting pains torment her,
And to her bed untimely send her
Loud quack the ducks, the sea-fowls cry,
The [illegible] sing high,
How restless are the [illegible] wing!
The bu[illegible] flies sing [illegible],
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings!
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws;
The smoke from chimneys right ascends,
Then spreading back to earth it bends,
The wind, unsteady, veers around,
Or settling in the south is found,
[illegible] on the fishes rise,
[illegible] flies,
[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible],

CERVANTES.

Four works of fiction are known above all others, and are read in nearly all the languages of the civilised world—"The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," "Gil Blas," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Don Quixote:" the first by an unknown writer, or writers, the second by Rene de Sage, the third by our countryman De Foe, and the last by Cervantes. And thus, in one sense, are England, France, and Spain, for ever identified. But of all the Spanish prose fictions, the immortal Don Quixote has attained the most universal popularity. For two centuries previous to its appearance, the "Amadis de Gaul," and the "Poema de Cid," had engrossed the attention of the world of Spanish readers; but no sooner had the "Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance" appeared, than the romantic legend of the "Cid" gave way before him, and the histories which arose out of the struggles of the Crescent and the Cross were put aside for Cervantes' trenchant sword of ridicule and sarcasm. It has ever been asserted that the work of Cervantes, so abounding in satire and extravagant adventure, had great influence in lowering the high and manly spirit for which the natives of the peninsula had been for ages celebrated. It may be so, for, from the moment that Don Quixote entered the lists, the spirit of high romantic Spanish chivalry fled away affrighted, never to return.

An author or an artist is generally known by the works which survive him: in the case of Cervantes this is true; but had he never distinguished himself as a writer, the story of his life would have been well worth reading. It is a romance of itself. Unknown to the great mass of his countrymen, Cervantes had no contemporary biographers; and it was not till after his death that the world discovered what a great man it had lost. Seven cities claimed the honour of having given him birth,—even as of old, seven cities claimed Homer as their own. Though the place of his burial is still unknown, Madrid, Seville, Lucena, Toledo, Consuegra, Esquiviss, Alcazar de San Juan, and Alcala de Henares, asserted their right, after his death, to have his name enrolled among their citizens. It is believed, however, that he was born in the latter city; for in the parish of St. Mary the Greater, he was baptised on the 9th of October, 1547. Though not of the class of nobles, his family had for ages distinguished itself for valour and honour; and among the conquerors of the New World under Columbus, we find the name of Cervantes. The immediate progenitor of the author of "Don Quixote," was Rodrigo de Cervantes, who in 1540 married Donna Leonora de Cortinas, a lady of noble family, from the village of Barajos. Two daughters and two sons blessed this union, the youngest-born of whom was Miguel, the subject of our notice.

Of the early life of Cervantes little is known, except that he was so extremely fond of reading that he would pick up and peruse any scraps of paper which he chanced to find in the streets, and that he was enthusiastically fond of poetry and romance. It is probable, however, that he received his education at Salamanca, from the fact of the manners of its students being so well depicted in two of his novels, "Le Licencie Vidriera" (The Graduate Vidriera), and "La Tia Fingida" (The Feigned Aunt), as well as in the second part of "Don Quixote." That he was a successful student is evident from the varied and extensive learning which he displays in his works.

While yet a very young man he accompanied cardinal Acquaviva, the pope's nuncio, from Spain to Italy in the capacity of an humble friend; and it was during this journey, probably, that he obtained his knowledge of Valentia, Barcelona, and the southern provinces of France. In 1569, being then about twenty-two years of age, we find Cervantes serving as a volunteer (*asentar plaza de soldado*) in the Spanish army, at that time engaged in a quarrel with the Turks. Of his exploits in the various engagements honourable mention is made; and it is likely that an ardent youth like him would scarcely be content to pass through the routine of a soldier's duties without in some way distinguishing himself. In the battle of Lepanto, Cervantes received three arquebus wounds, two in the breast and one in the left hand, which was maimed for ever. Sick and wounded he was compelled to remain in the hospital of Messina, for upwards of six months; and when at last he was sent home, it was in the capacity of an invalid, with a pension of three crowns a month. But Cervantes gloried in his valour and his wounds, received, as he himself tells us, "on the most glorious occasion which had occurred in that century, or those which had preceded it, or which, it could reasonably be hoped, would be witnessed for ages to come,—a triumph which was among the stars destined to guide future warriors to the haven of honour."

But his wounds do not appear to have incapacitated him for further service, for in 1573, we find him taking honourable part in the disastrous campaign on the coast of the Morea; he was also subsequently engaged in the expedition to Goletta, and his company was among those chosen to take possession of Tunis. Thence he returned to Palermo with the fleet; and when he arrived in Italy, he obtained permission from Don Juan, the commander, to return to Spain, from which he had been absent seven years. The military experiences of Cervantes—during all of which he had been especially distinguished for courage, wit, and exemplary conduct—enabled him to visit the cities of Rome, Florence, Venice, Palermo, and Naples, as well as the island of Sicily and the coast of Africa; and the knowledge of the world thus obtained he made good use of in his subsequent career as an author.

Hitherto, we have seen Cervantes under the aspect of a successful soldier; and we can but allude to the events which further distinguished his military career. On the 26th of September, 1575, the galley *El Sol*, in which he served was captured by an Algerine squadron, and he, with the rest of the crew, his countrymen, was conducted in triumph to the port of Algiers, was loaded with chains and thrown into prison. Some letters found on his person, induced his captors to think him a man of high station; and a proportionately large ransom was consequently demanded for his liberation. His father heard of his sad fate, and in vain sold all that he had to purchase his son's liberty. But though the ransom was insufficient for Miguel, it served to liberate his brother John, who returned to Spain with the intention of raising an armed force to attack the Algerines. Thus was there no hope left for Cervantes but in the exercise of his wits and the resources of his courageous mind. Many and various were his attempts at escape; but they were all frustrated by the vigilance of his captors or the accidents of fortune. At one time he headed the little band of brave fellow-sufferers, and boldly sallied forth, but they were stopped at the gate of their prison. At another, he sent a faithful moor to Hassan Agra, the Dey of Algiers, with offers of submission, but the messenger was impaled alive, and his master sentenced to receive two thousand lashes—a doom only reversed through the interest of the highest nobles. At another time, he trusted to some Valentian merchants, established at Algiers, to come with an armed frigate to his aid; but the man who had the conduct of the scheme, like another Judas, betrayed his trust; and for five years Cervantes remained a prisoner in an African dungeon. At last, however, his liberation was effected by ransom. On the 19th of September, 1580, Cervantes walked out of his prison doors; he once more breathed the air of heaven, a free, unfettered man, and, turning his face homewards, experienced, as he tells us, "one of the greatest joys a human being can taste in this world,—that of returning after a long period of slavery, safe and sound to his native land."

Behold Cervantes now a private citizen of Esquivias. He has seen much trouble, encountered much danger, experienced the successes and the ill-fortunes of war, travelled through various countries, observed the manners and customs of mankind, made himself acquainted with strange languages, worn off the first excitements of life, become inured to dangers, prisons, and privations; and has fought and bled and suffered for his country. "Let me take my ease," he exclaims; "I shall soon be what the world calls a middle-aged man."

But the ease which his active spirit takes is the labour of other men. He cannot sit idly down and dream away his life; he must find vent for the restless activity of his fine impulsive spirit; and so, from having been a soldier, he becomes an author, and love and literature fill up the vacuum in his heart. Towards the close of 1584, being then thirty-seven years old, he published his first work, "Galatea, an Eclogue;" and on the 14th of December of the same year, he married



MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

Donna Catalina de Palacios Salasar y Vosmediano, a lady of noble birth, the heroine of his poem.

Henceforth he was an author. But the profits of the pen, in that age, as in this, were by no means regular, sufficient, or certain; and we find Cervantes about this time alternately writing a comedy or a farce, acting as clerk in the Navy Victualling Office, or petitioning the king for employment in America, "the refuge of destitute Spaniards." Fortunately for the *old* world, he was not allowed to go to the *new*, or perhaps his great work, "Don Quixote," would never have been written. Although our author was not a poor man, he must not be considered by any means a rich one. Besides an increasing family, he had taken charge of his two sisters. Years were creeping on apace, for he was now forty, and it therefore behoved him to look about amongst his friends, but they did not assist him with advice or employment. It was under these circumstances that Cervantes wrote most of his novels, the first that had ever been written in the vernacular of Spain, previous writers having confined themselves to translations of Decameron and Boccacio.

About this time, however, a great misfortune overtook our hero. He was accused of malversation of office, was arrested, and thrown into prison; and though there is no reason to believe that the slightest stain of dishonour attaches to Cervantes, it is certain that the occurrence was a source of great anxiety and distress to him. How long he remained in prison, or what became of him for the next five years (1598-1603), is not certainly known; but it was during this period that he commenced the immortal "Don Quixote." It has been said that the work was partly written in a dungeon of the Inquisition; and though, as Voltaire says, it would be difficult to say anything too bad of the Holy Office, there is no valid reason for believing that Cervantes ever came in contact with the Brotherhood. It appears rather probable, indeed, from the minute account which he gives of [illegible], that he resided in that city during these years. However this may be, in 1605 the first part of that famous work appeared. At first, as has been the case with other celebrated books, it was not to be found; but, a few months serving to make it known, it was sought everywhere, and among all classes of the people, with the most unbounded enthusiasm and delight. In a short time its success was so perfectly ensured as to raise up around its author the very best, though, perhaps, not the most flattering, evidences of its truth and fearlessness—a host of enemies. All those readers and writers of the monstrous tales of chivalry which Don Quixote attacked and ridiculed, considered themselves personally insulted. The friends of Lope de Vega and the dramatists were deeply incensed, and all against whom the Don had couched a lance were ready to exclaim against the truth of his satires. But the "struggles of a book," were not in this case destined to be of long duration, and before ten years had passed the second part of "Don Quixote" had appeared, and been welcomed everywhere. Perhaps the second part was hastened, from the fact that a spurious continuation, by a monk of Aragon, who called himself the licentiate, Alonzo de Avellaneda, had already made some noise. This so incensed Cervantes that he hastened to bring forward the "true history." In the dedication of the second part to the Count de Lemos, Cervantes says, "Don Quixote has put on his spurs, that he may hasten to kiss the feet of your excellency. I believe that he will appear a little peevish, because at Tarragona he was bewildered and ill-treated; nevertheless, it has been established by diligent inquiry, that it was not really he who figures in that history, but an impostor who wished to pass for him, yet cannot accomplish his object." In the preface to the second part, and in the work itself, the author is at some pains to punish his unblushing plagiarist; and in order to prevent any second Avellaneda from continuing the knight's adventures, he concludes thus:—"Here Cid Hamet Benengeli lays down his pen; but he has placed it so high that no one henceforth will think it prudent to make a new attempt at seizing it."

In his preface Cervantes again refers to his poverty and infirmities; but he was not really in want,—as, besides his wife's property, he was in the receipt of a pension from the Count de Lemos, whose liberality he acknowledges in the same page in which he laments his wants.

Of course, every one knows the true anecdote of Philip III. of Spain, who being one day on a balcony, observed a man laughing so immoderately that he exclaimed, "The fellow must be mad, or reading 'Don Quixote,'" but every one does not know how the Marquis Torres, the censor of that day, "confirms and approves" the celebrity of its author. "I affirm," says he, "that on the 25th day of February in the present year, 1615, while my lord cardinal, the illustrious Don Bernando de Sandoval y Roxas, Archbishop of Toledo, was on a visit to the ambassador of France, who had come to Spain to negotiate the treaties of marriage between the princes of both nations, many French gentlemen in his suite, lovers of the belles-lettres, accosted me and other chaplains of my lord cardinal, making inquiries concerning works of literature, upon which I took occasion to mention this second part of Don Quixote, then under my examination. They no sooner heard the name of Cervantes than they began to expatiate on his merits, and on the estimation in which his works were held in France, and in the neighbouring kingdoms. The first part of 'Don Quixote,' the novels, and the 'Galatea,' they said were universally known. So great were their encomiums, that I [illegible] to introduce them to the author himself, and they, accented with expressions of most unbounded acknowledgments to me for the proposal, first inquiring the most minute details concerning him. I was obliged to confess to them that, though a veteran soldier and a man of birth, he was in state of poverty. 'Why is not such a man enriched from the public treasury?' cried one of them; when another gentleman shrewdly observed, 'If poverty obliges him to write, Heaven forbid that he should be in affluence, since by his works he enriches the whole world.'"

Little remains to be told. With the completion of "Don Quixote" the real life of Miguel de Cervantes may be said to have ended. He lived, indeed, for some years afterwards, but it was a life of sickness and suffering. But neither pain nor poverty could silence his tongue or sadden his spirit. He died with his pen in his hand, and a smile upon his lips, on the 23rd of April, 1627, being then in his seventy-fourth year. After what has been said, we need say but one more. His works are, as we have already mentioned, translated into all European languages, and are everywhere received with welcome and approbation. Our portrait of him is taken from one which was affixed to a volume printed many years since. The reader may judge for himself if it be like the original, for here are the very words in which the author describes himself:—"He whom you see here, with an aquiline countenance and chestnut hair; the forehead smooth and uncovered, the nose awry, though well proportioned; the beard silver (it is not twenty years since it was gold); large moustachios, a small mouth, teeth not very numerous, for he has but six in front, and yet more, they are in bad condition and worse arranged, since they do not correspond one with another; the figure between the two extremes, neither large nor small, the complexion clear, rather pale than brown; a little stooping in the shoulders, and not very light about the feet, this is the author of 'Galatea,' and of 'Don Quixote de la Mancha,' and other works, thrown on the town, which may have lost their road, the name of their master being unknown. He is commonly called Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra."

P.

SHALL MOORE HAVE A STATUE?—A correspondent of the *Times* begs for a nook in Westminster Abbey for Tom Moore, and expresses his feelings in the following strain:—

"Oh! let one touch of his harp awaken
Our fond regard for the child of song!"
May it thrill till the high resolve be taken
To crown him our deathless bards among!

In our holiest fanes there is but one corner,
Fit shrine to deposit his honour'd remains;
Not saved for the sinless, but due, tell the owner,
To genius whose brightness extinguish'd its stains.

If his lyrical numbers' melodious spell
Still hold beauty and love in their magical chain,
Wit and lore were made vocal in poesy's shell,
And Lansdowne and Russell applauded the strain.

[The question has since been answered in the most unmistakable terms; and a committee of gentlemen has been formed for the purpose of collecting subscriptions.]

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

THE town of G——, on the Ohio river, was originally settled by French emigrants, principally royalists, many of whom preserve, to this day, their national character, customs, and prejudices. Among these was one family of rank, distinguished for refinement and intelligence, who having emigrated on the first lowering of the storm which convulsed all Europe, were enabled to bring with them a considerable amount of their once princely fortune. This family consisted of old Jean Dulaire, formerly an officer at the court of the unfortunate Louis, and still a faithful and fiery-hearted royalist, his daughter, an only child, gay, charming, pretty, and petit, with Julie for her name; his nephew, Jacques Le Brun, a scholar and a gentleman, tall enough for a grenadier but with an amount of modesty which would overstock a school girl. It happened very naturally, in the course of human events, that Jacques loved his bewitching little cousin, but "faint heart never won" a lively and coquettish French girl, and so, one fine summer morning, with a cold smile on his lip, and misery at his heart, poor Jacques saw his soul's dearest treasure bestowed—by her father, fate, and the priest—on a gay, handsome, and young Frenchman, once attached, in an honourable capacity, to the house of Orleans, but who had been about two years in America, was poor, but enterprising, and had already entered upon an extensive trading business on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. After his marriage, he remained with his wife at the house of her father until the autumn, when his business called him to Louisville. He parted from his friends with a cheerful smile on his fine, manly face, tenderly unwinding the small white arms of poor Julie, who clung weeping about his neck to the last, agonised with those dark presentiments which ever haunt the heart of a loving woman.

Months had passed by, bringing most affectionate, though, from the want of direct communication, very unfrequent, letters from the absent Loraine. It was now the dead of winter, and his return was looked for daily and anxiously. One bright frosty morning Julie was standing at the window of the common parlour, looking towards the river, with fixed and dreamy eyes, the heart within her becoming hourly heavier, and "sick with hope deferred." Against the wall seat at her side leaned the pale and devoted Jacques, cherishing still for his fair cousin a holy and unalterable affection—a love as pure and as unseen as a crystal hid in the bosom of a rock. Suddenly the eyes of both were attracted to a party of men coming up from the bank of the river, led by old Jean Dulaire. As they drew near the house, Julie was struck by the manner of her father, and the expression of his face. He walked deliberately, yet proudly, he seemed both happy and sorrowful, and in his eye shone the light of a sentiment, with him, a gentleman of the old *régime*, true as religion, and ardent as love—loyalty.

The strangers were dressed—as travellers at that inclement season of the year should be dressed—with comfortable plainness, even roughness. Two of them were evidently but common boatmen, but the three in advance, who were young and handsome, though strong and hardy-looking, had about them that nameless grace, that air of superiority, of refinement, of *je ne sais quoi*, which always, and in all situations, distinguish gentlemen, the truly noble, wherever they are found. Julie and Jacques were hardly surprised when they were presented to three of the princely members of the royal family of France, the Duc d'Orleans, Duc de Montpensier, and the Count de Beaujolais. After breakfasting with their friends, these brave and unfortunate young princes related enough of their recent history to account for their present situation and undertaking. After many months' travelling through various parts of the United States, they had heard, while resting for a time in New York, of the new law, expelling all the members of the Bourbon family from France, and that their noble mother had been deported to Spain. Their object was to join her; but, owing to the then existing war between England and Spain, this object was not easily attained. To avoid French cruisers on the coast, they determined to repair to New Orleans, and from thence to Havanna, where they thought to take ship for Europe. They crossed the Alleghany mountains to Pittsburg in December. At that place they purchased a keel-boat, hired two persons to aid them in their navigation, and thus descended the Ohio. They found that the immense quantities of ice almost obstructed their passage, they had been in some danger from it, and had once or twice been obliged to land, and lay up for some days, awaiting a thaw. As the day of their arrival was extremely cold, the travellers remained with the emigrant family; but the following day, being milder, they took leave at an early hour. The eldest brother, the Duc d'Orleans, as he bent to kiss the fair hand of the beautiful Julie, kindly expressed his regrets at not having met her husband, who had formerly been his secretary.

The excitement of this interesting visit having passed, the wifely anxiety of Julie returned. Alas! how long was it destined to weigh upon her breast with mortal heaviness—to slowly draw strength, and joy, and hope, like blood-drops from her heart! Weeks, months, went by, and brought neither husband nor letter; no tidings of any kind reached the half-frantic woman, or her anxious friends. Diligent inquiries were finally made at every town on the river where the business must have called him in the habit of trading, but in vain, and Pierre Loraine was at last mourned as dead! Then, how desolate grew the once happy home—its joy changed to sadness, and the bright eye to tearful, she was most of the day found, the victim of her hapless fate untouched, the voice of her singing was hushed, and her once-loved flowers withered and died in the shade of her neglect. It was a beautiful evidence of Julie's own loyalty of nature, that she never for one hour believed herself deserted by her husband—never received that he had died by the hand of some foe, or perished from disease or fallen a victim to his own reckless spirit—in any of any condition, when, as was his wont, he had gone out alone.

The gentle mourner was finally aroused from the deep stupor of her grief by the severe and protracted illness of her father. It was, again winter, when the old man, who had long been failing, but who's habits were those of cheerful and constant activity, resigned himself, like a sick child, to the stern dominion of disease. Julie, who, in her tenderly awakened youth, had been longing, with an intense ardour for years, to [illegible] rebuked her selfish sorrow, passed [illegible] and, [illegible] tended for [illegible] and [illegible] with [illegible] woman's mission—ministering to the wants and cravings of age. Thus, in affectionate attendance on her aged father, she passed the dreary autumn and winter months, till the warm pulses of spring began to play through the chilled bosom of earth, and the blue skies once again smiled down on the coming birth of flowers. Oh, that our worn hearts might ever leap with the renovated heart of nature—that our griefs might depart with her storms, and our smiles return with her sunshine—lest our complaining voices might never make discord in the song of her rejoicing, and that the tears of our mortality might never blind us to the infinite glory with which God has crowned her!

Julie Loraine was daily becoming more reconciled to her sad, peculiar lot. She was religious and industrious, a good daughter and friend, and though widowed in heart and life, could not long remain a wretched woman. Her father seemed to revive as the spring advanced, but it was still evident that his race was nearly run. One day, as he was walking his room, leaning on the arm of his nephew, Jacques Le Brun, he dwelt freely on the event of his death, which, at the best, he believed, could not be far distant. Seeing that Jacques appeared much affected, he said, tenderly,—

"You should not grieve for me, my son. I am old and bowed towards the grave with many sorrows. I have been faithful to my king and country, true to the holy mother church, and I do not fear death—except as it would be grateful to me, and I should even be impatient for it, were it not that I must leave the richest treasure of my heart, the angel of my life, my dear and devoted child, my Julie, wedded and unprotected."

"Stay!" cried Jacques, "have you forgotten me? Will I not remain her protector and friend—her own true-hearted brother?"

"Ah, my [illegible] you have not that relation by nature, and the world [illegible] you to assume it. Were you Julie's husband, now ——"

"I were the happiest man living!" exclaimed Jacques, in a quick, excited tone.

Dulaire turned, and, looking with earnestness into the face of his young companion, said,—

"And so, Jacques, you love my Julie?"

"Oh, yes, uncle, I adore her! Yet she has never known my love, wild and hopeless as it has ever been!"

"Poor Jacques! how much you have suffered, and I never dreamed it! Ah! there is much before our eyes that we never see. But June may yet be yours. Without a doubt, Loraine is long since dead, for he was not a man to forsake a wife—and such a wife! To you, my good Jacques, I could resign my child, and afterwards sink tranquilly to the last sleep. Go and call her; I will talk with her alone on this subject."

Jacques summoned his cousin, and for the next half-hour walked the hall without, in a state of fearful uncertainty. At length, hearing his name softly called, he hesitatingly entered the room. His first glance at his uncle's face reassured him, but he saw that his cousin had been weeping, and her voice was tremulous, though her words were calm, as she said,—

"My father has related to me his conversation with me. I did not know before that you loved me, Jacques. I must have pained you many times by my lightness in the days gone by. I know that, should Heaven take my father from me, I should be quite unprotected. We should then be alone in the world, cousin. I have never thought of you as a husband, but I have loved you well as a brother, and I think we could be happy together."

Here Jacques caught her hand, and, pressed it passionately to his lips. Julie withdrew it, hurriedly, saying,—

"Hear me out, I entreat you, cousin. I cannot be your wife while there is one remaining doubt of my being in truth a widow. Should we marry, and should Pierre some day return—oh, God! what misery for us all! No, no; ask me not to be yours, till you bring me proof that the cold earth, or the colder wave, covers him."

Then, flinging herself into her father's arms, she wept with all the grief of a first bereavement. Le Brun could not but see that the love of Julie for her lost husband had never died; and as her resolution continued unshaken, by the advice of her father and the entreaties of her lover, in the course of a week, Jacques set forth on the strange expedition to discover indubitable proofs of the widowhood of his love. Hopes and fears chased each other through his heart as he kissed the brow of his cousin in parting, and looking into her blue eye, saw there a faint smile struggling with a tear—that beautiful strife which we sometimes mark in the cup of a violet, when the dew would quench the sunshine, and the sunshine would drink up the dew.

Our enamoured pilgrim travelled but slowly in those anti-steam navigation times, and it was many weary days before he reached Louisville, the place in which Loraine had last been known to be. It was a sunny May morning when he landed, and strolled through the principal street of that then inconsiderable town. Suddenly Le Brun remarked a stranger coming towards him, whose light, springing step and long black curls were surely familiar to his eye But no; this young man wore a foreign dress and a long moustache. Nearer he came, and, wonderful miracle! it was no other than the lost Loraine! Jacques became deathly pale, and staggered as though struck by a heavy blow! Hope and joy died within him, and a wild and fearful feeling grappled at his heart Had quick, stern thoughts been good sharp steel, Loraine had then fallen, pierced by more dagger-points than freed the soul of Cæsar. But Jacques's nature was too essentially generous and good to cherish such deadly feelings as these, the reaction was sudden and perfect—a moral revolution His affection for his old friend came back, and with it the bitterest remorse, and when Loraine, on recognising him, sprang towards him with all the frank cordiality of a brother, he, on the breast of his friend, renounced for ever the sweet, vain dream of his love He was roused by the wild, hurried inquiries of Pierre, "What of my Julie?—what of her father? Tell me, Jacques, for her sake, tell me!"

"They live and love you still; come, let us lose no time in going to them."

* * * * *

It was the eve of the first of June, and a fit birth-night was it for that rose-crowned queen of the changing months The stars were unusually brilliant in honour of the great occasion, and freshness, fragrance, and moonlight were abroad Let us look for a few moments into the quiet home of our heroine. In the pleasant little parlour we find her, with her venerable father, who is looking in far better health than a few months since he had hoped ever to enjoy. He is seated in his luxurious arm-chair, with his feet resting upon a stool, embroidered by the fair hands of his daughter He wears a dark dressing-gown of brocade, and his thin white locks are crowned by a small cap of black velvet. On a stand at his side lies a gold snuff-box, with a miniature of "Louis the Martyr" set in the lid. From this he often regales himself, giving always a glance at the pictured semblance of decapitated royalty But, to drop this inconvenient present tense, Julie, clad in deep mourning, with a widow's sombre cap almost concealing her sunny hair, sat on a low ottoman at his side. There was a hurried step without, the door opened, and Jacques stood before them Julie sprang forward with a cry of welcome, but her eye fell upon another form. She paused, clasped her hands, and one word broke from her lips—

"Pierre!"

But the heart spoke volumes in that single word, and the next instant she lay in a swoon of joy on the breast of her first and only love, her lost and her found. And it was touching to see old Jean Delaire; how he rose and tottering toward the returned wanderer, "fell upon his neck, and wept." And Jacques—with his life-long love, tried, tempted, and sanctified—was he not happy, with a happiness greater than theirs?—a holy pleasure, which nothing could take from him—the calm, sweet joy of self-sacrifice, of renunciation.

When the first half-delirious raptures of meeting were over, all gathered round Pierre to hear the story of his long absence, wanderings, and adventures. But first he removed from Julie's head, with his own hand, the widow's cap, and twined in her beautiful hair some half-opened roses, wet with night-dew Then, with that dear hand leaning upon his shoulder—one arm around the slenderest waist in the world, and one hand grasping his father's, he related the strange, eventful history, which we give, as near as may be, in his own words.

"It was rather late in the winter when I left Louisville for home, and I was obliged to stop a while at some small settlements on the way to transact business. Just as I was about leaving one of these places, with a company of traders, all strangers to me, I observed a keel-boat near the shore, containing a number of men, which had become encompassed and blocked in with the ice. I could persuade no one to go with me in a boat to the assistance of the strangers, so I took a long pole in my hand, and walked to them on the floating ice, leaping from block to block. I reached the boat in safety, and found three of those men to be our young exiled princes, the Duc d'Orleans, Duc de Montpensier, and the Count de Beaujolais. They had come in this manner—the brave young men!—all the way from Pittsburg. But I forget—you must know of their undertaking, for they told me that they stayed one night with you A day or two before I encountered them, their helmsman had been taken ill, and given up, and thus they had got into trouble. But I soon got them free of the ice, and brought them safely to the landing Then it was that his highness and his noble brothers earnestly entreated me to turn my face from home, and to accompany them to New Orleans What could I do? There was my royal master, who, in his prosperity, had befriended me, and could I forsake him in the hour of his misfortune? Ah, Julie, pardon me once obeying loyalty rather than love! I promised my prince, proudly but sadly, to go with him But I wrote to you telling the story of my strange fortune, and gave the letter to the sick boatman, who was returning to Pittsburg."

"I never received that letter!" exclaimed Julie. "Ah, then, the poor fellow may have died before reaching this place."

"I will not weary you with a detailed account of our hardships, adventures, and hairbreadth escapes—for we had enough of all these to preserve us from *ennui*. We reached New Orleans at length in fine health and spirits, and the princes took passage that very day for Havanna, in an American ship which was to sail the next morning. At night I went on board, to spend the few last hours with my illustrious friends, who had the cabin entirely to themselves. With a few bottles of old Burgundy, with songs and legends of *la belle* France, what wonder if time went by unchallenged? It was past midnight when we embraced and parted I went up on deck, and, to my astonishment, the ship was off to Havanna, with all sail spread, and far behind us gleamed the lights of New Orleans! I beat my breast—swore at the stupid captain; but all in vain—they took me the voyage to Havanna. After seeing my friends sail for Europe I concluded to return to New Orleans in the same vessel which had brought me out. But again the fates were against me. We had been but about two days at sea when we were boarded by a French cruiser, and, owing to my having about me some books, autographs, and a miniature, parting-gifts from the Duc d'Orleans, I had the honour of being taken possession of as an important prize. The rascals believed, or pretended to believe me a Bourbon, one of the princes; and, *malgre* my remonstrances, threats, and entreaties, they took me all the way to France, and placed me in close confinement. It was then some months before I could obtain a trial, and though I was at last honourably acquitted of the grave charge of royal birth, my money was retained, with what I valued more, the last gifts of my prince I was thus detained until I could earn sufficient to replenish my wardrobe, and pay my homeward passage. I wrote several letters to Julie and to you, my father, but did not send them, from utter hopelessness of their ever reaching you. At length I was able to take ship for Martinique, and from thence to New Orleans. From thence I worked my way up the Mississippi and Ohio—up to home Ah, my dear Le Brun, my poor fellow, I am sorry for you—you have lost so charming a wife."

A RELIQUE OF THE PRETENDER.—The unfortunate Prince Charles Edward, "the young Pretender" of this country, but "the rightful heir" of Scotland's Jacobites, in the course of his melancholy wanderings, carried a portable knife, fork, and spoon, in a leathern case, about his person; on his departure from Scotland, they were given as a *souvenir* to the Primrose family, with whom Flora Macdonald was connected, and, having been guarded with jealous care, were ultimately presented to Sir Walter Scott, as the most benefiting recipient. When George IV. visited Edinburgh, Sir Walter presented this curious historic monument to that sovereign as the greatest gift a national writer could make to his king. From the king it passed to the Marchioness of Conyngham, and from her to her son, the Lord Londesborough, who has possession of it. The intrinsic value of the article is not great, but the historic value is priceless, no doubt, to many Scotchmen.

THE INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE OF HUNGARY.

THE soil of Hungary is, by its fecundity, and by the variety of its vegetable productions, well adapted for the mixed character of its population. Throughout the whole of the country the greatest of abundance and diversity are observable. To the north the mountains of Carpathia, with their threatening defiles, where the gold and silver mines are worked—the richest mines in Europe—upon the mountain-side where the luxuriant vineyards of Tokai extend; beyond, the lakes of Balaton and Ferto, lakes that well deserve the name of inland seas; the Danube, that monarch of European rivers, rolls onward to the ocean, traversing the vast pasturages which extend on every side, and which almost appear to be without limit; fields of yellow corn, fields of grass, fields of grain of every kind, stretching far away in their varied hues, presenting a magnificent spectacle, which reminds the traveller of the grandeur of the desert without its aridity! To the south reigns the temperature and the vegetation of Italy, with all its richness of soil and southerly splendour; there lies an immense laboratory of agricultural produce capable of competing with the exportations from Odessa, and of supplying the wants of half Europe, if a foreign government did not, by its selfish enactments, hinder the efforts of the agriculturist in all commercial enterprise. In short, the whole geography of the country is remarkably prolific, and in its diverse latitudes produces without exception that which is best adapted to sustain the life of man. We can then easily understand why the Magyar loves his country, and here lies the secret of the jealousy and covetousness of other nations in their endeavours to reign alone in that highly-favoured land.

In order rightly to estimate the reciprocal advantages which Hungary offers to its inhabitants, and to foreign nations who have entered into an alliance with the Magyars, we must glance at the industrial and commercial condition of that country during the last half-century.

In spite of the obstacles which had to be surmounted, the state of Hungary had arrived at that point which had overcome the limits of a purely agricultural condition, and had in some degree created a commercial interest, which is the only true and proper foundation of the industrial manufactures of a nation. But the imposts which had been established had rendered it impossible to engage in a liberal and unrestricted interchange of commodities with other lands. The government of Vienna having acted only for the extension of their national power, everything having been sacrificed to this, everything else having given way before it. After the issue of the imperial tariff, the importation into Austria of the agricultural produce of Hungary was only permitted so long as it did not interfere with similar Austrian productions. The frontiers of the Austrian empire were guarded by a line of custom-houses—a stern prohibitive on trade—so that the Magyars were very often encumbered by the productions which they had not the power of removing from Austria, and selling to a foreign land, as every means was resorted to for the interdiction of such trade. The admission into Hungary of works of art and articles of manufacture was almost open, whilst the admission of Hungarian productions into Austria was virtually prohibited. Whilst the excise duties upon Austrian articles admitted into Hungary was five florins, sixty florins had to be paid if Hungarian productions crossed the Austrian frontier. Thus, too, the Hungarians had to purchase of the Austrian at 200 florins what they might easily have obtained from France at 75 florins.



A VIEW OF THE FREE PORT OF FIUME, IN THE GULF OF QUARNARI, IN THE ADRIATIC SEA OR GULF OF VENICE.

It was this iniquitous system which provoked, in 1844, the general abandonment of the nation, and that industrial movement which was destined to regain lost time. Long since the complaints of the diet had reached the cabinet of Vienna, but had been entirely disregarded. It was time that men should awake from their apathy and act for themselves; the stern voice of necessity demanded a change. The value of commercial relations with foreign lands was apparent. The Hungarians looked to the Adriatic for a fitting spot to select as a port; none appeared so fitting as a seaport on the coast of Fiume, to serve as a connexion—industrial and commercial—with the west.

The village of Fiume—St. Veit am Flaum, in the Illyrian language—formerly occupied by the Romans, was taken by the Magyars in the reign of Ladislas (1089). Lost in the warfare with the Turks, it was retaken by Marie Thérèse, and was from that moment declared the French port of Hungary. Its topographical position is excellent. Placed in an amphitheatre of hills, its basin presents a safe and convenient harbour to the largest vessels. The three openings by which it is entered are well guarded by [illegible] and fortified by art. The sailors of Fiume are well known for their prudence; and from their number Austria, Venice, and Dalmatia have in years long past drawn their best seamen. The timber-yard of Port Royal is one of the most magnificent establishments of its kind, and from the wood stored within it have been built some of the finest ships that ever rode upon the waters.

The register of the port of Fiume given in 1844 contains an entry of 562 vessels coming in, and 570 going out. The exportation in the same year contains,—salt, 95,000 cwt; tobacco, 49,000; hemp, 8,600; rags, 6,900; and, lastly, 285,000 cask staves. These were principally for use in Marseilles and Bordeaux. The exportations of Hungary from the other ports during the same period amounted to 71,735,913 florins, against an importation of 68,514,437 florins, in which the foreign exportation comprised only the value of [illegible]. All the rest went to Austria. The Magyars were cast down at a state of things so disastrous, and hoped to repair it by pursuing their commercial enterprise by the way of Fiume. Their hope seemed to be but an illusion; but in it lay the foundation of their prosperity. Jacques Cœur, the son of a poor artisan, created the French navy in 1440. The Magyars will have no power till they find another Jacques Cœur to do for them in modern commerce what he of old accomplished for France. Austria is without doubt suspicious, and has endeavoured to destroy the hopes of Hungary by rendering Fiume a tributary to the city of Trieste.

JAMES FERGUSON.

Perhaps no kind of writing conveys greater encouragement to the young and inquiring mind than the biographies of those daring spirits who have risen from the mass by their own persevering efforts. It is pleasant to read how such an one, whose name, it may be, is now placed on the roll of the world's great men, rose from the meanest beginnings; and it is instructive to trace how, step by step, he won for himself a consideration which his original position by no means warranted,—how he bore himself when the honours which the world can bestow were showered thickly upon his head,—and how at last, in his old age, looking lovingly back to his youth of struggle and his manhood of emprise, he records, for the benefit of the young of after-days, the means by which he accomplished his great triumphs. The places of note among men—the senate, the bar, the pulpit, the press, and the professor's chair—are ever recruited from the ranks of the people; and is it not an encouraging thought, that almost all stations are accessible to those who have courage to stand forward among the competitors, and that, in the race of life, the great prizes are not reserved for the wealthy and the well-born, but that all, the sons of labour and the inheritors of poverty, may hope for an honourable reward, ere the great struggle is over?

These remarks have been called forth from the perusal of the life of James Ferguson, a man to whom it was given to raise himself from the very lowest depths of poverty to a known which is now as wide and lasting as the English language. He was born in the year 1710, of humble parents, in a mean cottage, not far from the little village of Keith, in Banffshire. His father, though but a day-labourer, was honest and religious; and the very first incident recorded in the life of the future astronomer seems like a promise of after-fame. It was the practice of the father to teach his children all he himself knew, which was to read and write. James, however, could not wait till his own turn came, but secretly learned the lessons given to his elder brothers; and when at last he went to receive his first lesson, his father discovered, to his surprise, that he had little to teach. At the early age of seven or eight years an incident occurred which seems to have made so great an impression on his mind, as almost to determine his future career. The roof of the cottage having fallen in, his father raised it with a prop in the manner of a lever. This operation excited the attention of the child, and he immediately set about various experiments in a small way—making models and drawing diagrams, and so forth—which in the end made him thoroughly acquainted with not only the lever, but also the power of the wheel and axle. He had thus, without assistance, actually made the discovery of two of the most important truths in practical mechanics. After he had made his discoveries, he proceeded, like older philosophers, to write an account of them, believing that no other treatise on the subject had appeared. We may fancy the little fellow's surprise when, on showing his discovery to a gentleman who came to his father's house, to find that the whole was already in a printed book, and his gratification when the true nature of the mechanical powers were explained to him. The taste for practical mechanics, thus early discovered, continued to distinguish him through the whole of a long and useful life.

The poverty of his father necessitated our young philosopher to work for a living. He was, therefore, employed by a neighbouring farmer in tending sheep; and while so employed his taste for astronomical pursuits appears to have had its rise. During the day, he occupied himself, while his flock was feeding around him, in making little models; and as soon as night came on he would lie down on the grass, like the Chaldean shepherds of old, and study the stars. His removal to the service of another farmer—a worthy man called James Glashan—enabled him still further to indulge in these observations. "I used to stretch a thread, with small beads on it," he tells us, "at arm's length, between my eye and the stars. Sliding the beads on it, till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another, and then, laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads."

It appears, moreover, that his master, so far from discouraging his shepherd-boy in his astronomical fancies, actually took part of his work in the daytime upon himself, so that the lad might have further leisure. Mr. Gilchrist, the minister of Keith, having seen some of Ferguson's performances, was so pleased with the evident talent they displayed, that he gave him a map of the world to copy, and furnished him with compasses, ruler, pens, ink, pencils, and paper—the first regular drawing instruments he had ever possessed. A pleasant picture is given by the astronomer of this period of his life. For the purpose of enabling the lad to pursue his studies, the master gave him more time than he could reasonably expect; "and often," he says, "took the flail out of my hands and worked himself, while I sat by him in the barn, busy with my compasses, ruler, and pen."

The map finished, young Ferguson took it to his patron, and while at his house was introduced to Mr. Grant, of Achoynamey, who offered to take him into his house, so that he might receive instruction from Mr. Cantley, his butler. From this butler, who appears to have been a very clever person, James Ferguson received his first instruction in decimal fractions and the elements of algebra; but, just as he was about to commence geometry, Mr. Cantley left that part of the country to take office under the Earl of Fife. The youth, therefore, returned to his father's house, carrying with him, as a gift from the good butler, a copy of "Gordon's Geographical Grammar," from which he obtained his first real knowledge of the globe.

His next occupation was in the house of a miller, in whose employment he remained, notwithstanding ill-usage and insufficiency of food, for more than a year, when he was engaged by Dr. Young, who promised to instruct him in medicine. But this gentleman, who was a farmer as well as a physician, not only

broke his promise, but used him so badly in other respects, that, after staying for three months, he was obliged to return to his father's. A severe hurt which he had received while in the doctor's employ, and which the doctor was too busy to attend to, kept him at home for some months. But he could not be idle; and during this compelled leisure he constructed wooden clock, and a wooden watch with a whalebone spring; and his knowledge of the mechanism of clocks and watches becoming known in the neighbourhood, he obtained some little employment in cleaning and repairing the horologes of the villagers.

About this time, being then twelve years old, he was invited to reside at the house of Sir James Dunbar, of Durn, where his talent for drawing excited so much attention from the ladies that they employed him in designing patterns for dresses, lace collars, and various other articles of female attire, besides making him useful to Sir James in several ways. But our hero did not neglect his astronomical studies because he was noticed by the rich; on the contrary, when he was sent to the house of Lady Dipple, Sir James's sister, he continued to make nightly observations of the stars with his threaded beads, and so excited would he sometimes become while thus occupied, that, to use his own words, he thought he saw the ecliptic "lying like a broad highway across the firmament, and the planets making their way in paths like the narrow pathways made by cart-wheels, sometimes on one side of a place to mend, and sometimes on the other, crossing the road at small angles, but never going far from either side of it."

He now began to employ himself as a painter in a small way; and having gone to reside with Mr. Band, of Auchmeddan, Lady Dipple's son-in-law, where he first enjoyed the luxury of access to a good library, he commenced taking miniature portraits. His talents in this way struck his friends as extraordinary, and by their advice, he proceeded to Edinburgh and set up as a regular portrait-painter. He was now about eighteen; and for twenty-six years he followed the profession of a painter with greater or less assiduity, although he never appears to have been either highly successful or much in love with it. Meanwhile, he tried his hand at medicine, in which he made some progress; but, however, for his astronomical studies. Having discovered the causes of eclipses, he drew up a scheme for showing the motions and places of the sun and moon in the ecliptic for every day in the year. This discovery he made known to the celebrated Maclaurin, who was so much pleased with it that he had it engraved. It sold so well that Ferguson began to consider his fortune made. One day he asked the professor to show him his orrery; when he saw it, he was so struck with the harmony of the motions of the heavenly bodies, that, without seeing the interior of the instrument, he set about constructing one for himself, which answered its purposes so well, that he was soon engaged in delivering lectures on it before the professor's mathematical class. He afterwards made six instruments of a like description, each new one an improvement on the last.

In this way his mind became more and more habituated to philosophical pursuits; and, quite tired, he says, of drawing pictures which would never become famous, he determined to try his fortune in London as a teacher of astronomy and mechanics. In London, then, that glorious city, the next year (1743), we find him—still occupied in painting portraits, but devoting every spare minute, and often half the night, to the study and prosecution of his favourite pursuit. He was now in his thirty-third year, and he longed to accomplish something which should distinguish him from the crowd. Having discovered a new astronomical truth, that the moon must always move in a path concave to the sun, he submitted his proposition to Mr. Folks, the president of the Royal Society. This brought him into immediate notice; and the same day that the president received the paper, he took its author to a meeting of the learned body with which he was connected, and introduced him as a highly promising young man. In 1747 his discovery, entitled "A Dissertation on the Phenomena of the Harvest Moon" was published; and such was the favour with which it was received by the learned, that in the next year we find him engaged in delivering public lectures to fashionable audiences on the eclipse of the sun, &c., under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King George III.

From this time he was continually occupied in astronomical pursuits, delivering lectures, and writing several works on astronomy and mechanics, besides contributing occasional papers to the philosophical transactions.

Soon after George III. came to the throne, he bestowed a small pension on Ferguson from the privy purse. In 1756 he published his "Astronomy explained upon Sir Isaac Newton's Principles"—many editions of which have since appeared. In 1763 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, the usual fees being remitted, as in the cases of Newton and Thomas Simpson. In 1764 he published his lectures on subjects in Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, and Optics, with the use of the globes, the art of Dialing, and the Calculation of the mean times of New and Full Moons and Eclipses. In 1769-70 appeared several works from his pen intended as introductions to astronomical studies; in the latter year he was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society, and in 1775 he published his last work, "The Art of Drawing in Perspective made easy to those who have no previous knowledge of Geometry." The next year (1776) he died; having [illegible] great things, and being in the enjoyment of reputation second to few scientific men of his day.

And thus had the shepherd's boy risen, by the strength of his intellect, [illegible] learned, which entitles him [illegible] to be placed among the benefactors of science, and the great places in the world's system open to all competition. Ferguson, says a public writer, has contributed more than perhaps any other man in this country to the extension of physical science among all classes of society, but especially among that class whose circumstances preclude them from a regular course of scientific instruction. His ingenuity in the selection and arrangement of his facts, and in the display of the truths deduced from them, was his characteristic both as a writer and a lecturer. Of his [illegible] Madame de Genlis, the teacher of the young [illegible] and his brothers, says—"This book is written with so much clearness, that a child of ten years may understand it from one end to the other." When we consider, that during the whole course of his life, Ferguson was ignorant of mathematics and the higher parts of Algebra,—now probably to the scarcity of good and cheap elementary works, a scarcity which is every day becoming less and less—his success in whatever he undertook appears astonishing. In his day, books on science were comparatively dear and few; in ours, a youth who can merely read his own language may teach himself whatever he pleases, how much greater, then, becomes the merit of a man, who, like Ferguson, raised himself from poverty to distinction by the efforts of his own perseverance [illegible] Devotion to knowledge, unlike any other [illegible], brings with it a reward which reconciles the student to poverty, and renders him capable of rising superior to the petty ills of life.

P.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDUCATION IN THE GERMAN LANGUAGE, THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE POPULAR EDUCATOR.—"The Popular Educator," No 11, bearing date June 12th, contained the first of a series of familiar LESSONS IN GERMAN. This course will impart a thorough acquaintance with the Language, and—together with the Lessons already commenced on the Literature and Grammar of the English Language, Lessons in French and Latin—render the "Popular Educator" the most complete Educational Work which has ever appeared. Besides instruction in the above [illegible] English Grammar, Arithmetic, Mental Science, Music, History, Penmanship, Book-keeping, Shorthand, Geography, &c. To meet the urgent wishes of numerous families and individuals, an *Extra Edition* is now issued, upon superior paper, the price of which is 1½d per Number, or Monthly Parts, containing four Numbers in a neat wrapper, 6d, or when five Numbers, 8½d. The EXTRA Edition is published without the weekly headings. Two Parts are now ready; Part I, price 7d, Part II, price 8d.

CASSELL'S SHILLING EDITION OF EUCLID.—In consequence of the interest excited among all classes of the readers of the POPULAR EDUCATOR, since the publication of the Lessons in Geometry in that work, John Cassell has determined to issue a Popular Edition of THE ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY, to contain the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid, from the text of Robert Simson, M.D., Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow, with corrections, Annotations, and Exercises, by Robert Wallace, A.M., of the same university, and Colleague and Tutor of the University of London. This work will be ready early in July, price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. neat cloth.

MISCELLANEA.

THE "TON" OF ST. KITTS.—The magnificos of Basseterre are the shopkeepers and their shopmen. The latter wear mustaches, imperials, and dandy dresses, ride their nags, and (as a creole informed me) "lead here," They are by no means of so high a caste, or so well-informed as shopmen in England, but talk and act as if their superiors did not exist. Indeed, throughout the West Indies, it is high treason to hint that there is any class of gentlemen, *par excellence*, in the world. Noble birth, education, elegant manners, and fortunes that command all the splendours of life, with the taste to appreciate them, must be carefully kept out of sight, lest it grate offensively on the ear of the counter-skipping *elegant* and his trading-master. The educated clergyman, the lawyer, and the physician are looked down upon by the shopocracy of the West Indies.

PRE-RAPHAELITISM.—If the theory of the Pre-Raphaelites is just as regards painting, it must be just as regards the other departments of taste. What would be the effect of the new system, if applied to romantic fiction? But the question is unnecessary; for the new system ignores romance, which is the truth of nature, not of fact. A pre-Raphaelite story, taken from real life, may be romantic in its incidents and striking in its catastrophe, but it would want coherence in the design, and therefore produce no sustained emotion, and its characters being drawn, without selection from vulgar prototopes, would excite more disgust than interest. The drama?—but there the new theory of art becomes more ridiculous: a tragedy on such a plan would be received with alternate yawns of ennui and shouts of laughter All these are pertinent questions; for fine art, in literature, music, sculpture, painting, architecture, forms a homogeneous circle under one law of taste. It may be supposed that we are ascribing too much importance to this department of the mediæval mania; but, for our part, we scorn nothing that presents a bar, however slight to the progress of civilisation and refinement. Pre-Raphaelitism is only one form of a degradation of taste which appears to keep pace with the utilities of the time, and we shall never be slow in lending our aid to cleanse the temple of its desecrators

INTEMPERANCE.

WATCH yonder wretch—mark well his haggard face,
H is tattered garments, and his tottering pace,
I n every feature, vice and dark despair
S ecurely reign, and penury and care,
K een are his wants, and justice round them throws
E ndless confusion and a cloud of woes.
Y ou ask what dire calamity is this

W hich blights so cruelly his health and bliss?
H e is a drunkard. Alcohol hath found
I n him a victim, and his soul is bound!
S oon as the demon his fell torch illumes,
K indled within, the fatal fire consumes;
E ach comfort flies at his approach; and fade
Y outh, strength, and beauty, 'neath his Upas shade.

THE DUTY OF ALL IS TO LABOUR.—"The rich man," says Dr. Channing, "has no more right to repose than the poor. He is as much bound to labour as the poor; not to labour in the same way, but to labour as really, as efficiently, as intensely. I am tempted to say more intensely, because he has a sphere so much wider and nobler opened to him. No man has a right to seek property in order that he may enjoy, may lead a life of self-indulgence, may throw all toil on another class of society. This world was not made for ease. Its great law is action, and action for the good of others still more than for our own. This is its law, and we violate it only to our own misery and guilt."

FLEXIBLE VARNISH may be made of India-rubber shavings, dissolved with naphtha, at a gentle heat, in a close vessel.

HARD VARNISH FOR JAPANNING.—Take of the best pale African copal seven pounds, fuse, add two quarts of clarified linseed-oil. Boil for a quarter of an hour, remove it into the open air, and add three gallons of boiling oil of turpentine. Mix well, then strain into the cistern, and cover up immediately

LINSEED-OIL VARNISH.—Take eight pounds of linseed-oil, and boil for one hour, then add one pound of the best resin, previously powdered, and stir the mixture until the resin is dissolved Now add half a pound of turpentine. Let the whole cool, and it is ready for use

SHELLAC AS A WATER VARNISH.—Dissolve one part of borax in twelve of boiling-water, and add the whole to an equal quantity of white lac varnish, with which it will mix freely. This varnish is useful in painting, where a firmer body is desirable than can be procured altogether in oils It may be also used instead of shellac varnish alone, as a vehicle in painting

A GOOD JAPAN VARNISH FOR TIN-WARE.—Take oil of turpentine eight ounces, oil of lavender six ounces, copal two ounces, camphor one drachm Mix at a moderate heat

BLACK JAPAN VARNISH FOR LEATHER.—Take boiled linseed-oil one pint, burnt umber eight ounces, asphaltum half an ounce Boil and add oil of turpentine till the required consistency is obtained.

TO JAPAN VARIOUS KINDS OF WOOD.—Provide yourself with a small muller and stone to grind any colour you may require; also with white hard varnish, brown varnish, turpentine varnish, japan gold size, and spirit of turpentine, which you may keep in separate bottles until required; with flake white, red lead, vermillion, lake, Prussian blue, king's and patent yellow, orpiment, spruce and brown ochre, mineral green, verditer, burnt umber, and lamp-black Prepare the wood to be japanned with size, in order to fill up and harden the grain, then rub the surface smooth with glass-paper when dry. With the foregoing colours you may match the tint of any kind of wood, always observing to grind your colours smooth in spirit of turpentine, add a small quantity of turpentine and spirit-varnish, and lay it carefully on with a camel-hair brush, then varnish with brown or white spirit-varnish, according to colour. For a black, mix up a little size and lamp-black, and it will bear a good gloss without varnishing. To imitate black rosewood, a black ground must be given to the wood, after which take some finely-powdered red lead, mixed up as before directed, and lay on with a flat, stiff brush, in imitation of the streaks in the wood; after which take a small quantity of lake, ground fine, and mix it with brown spirit varnish, carefully observing not to have more colour in it than will just tinge the varnish; but, should it happen on trial to be still too red, you may easily assist it with a little umber ground very fine, with which pass over the whole of the work intended to imitate black rosewood, and it will have the desired effect. If the work be done carefully, according to the foregoing rules, it will, when varnished and polished, scarcely be distinguished from the real wood.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"A WOULD-BE-ARTIST."—You may fix your pencil drawings by passing them through rice water. Boil a table-spoonful of the best rice in a quart of clean soft water, till the grains have swelled out to their full size. Remove it from the fire before the grains, by bursting, begin to thicken the water. Strain the liquor through fine muslin into a dish, and then, taking your drawing by two of the corners pass it quickly *under* the rice-water, so that every part is covered Place the drawing upon a clean deal board, in a slanting direction, and fasten the upper corners with two pins There let it remain till thoroughly dry, when you will find your pencil-work so fixed that Indian rubber will not erase it. Drawings thus fixed may be cleaned at any time with the crumb of stale wheaten bread, without any fear of spoiling the work, however bold. *Chalk* drawings may be fixed by the same method, but the crumb must be passed carefully through the rice-water over the work, especially in the shaded parts, may be disturbed.

H. WELSH.—You may find all the information you ask respecting "paper-making, writing, and printing," in a sixpenny book published at our office, entitled, "Book for the Young" "Baron Trenck" is not an imaginary being; he really existed, and we believe the history of his persecutions to which you refer may be regarded, on the whole, as authentic. A "History of Shipwrecks" would occupy more space than we are able to devote to such a subject.

J. CLIFFORD.—who, by-the-by, has not told us his "whereabouts,"—offers to reward us with *three pounds* for our trouble,' if we will tell him "the best thing for curing groundless fears" Our "fears" that we shall not be able to win this glittering prize are not quite "groundless."

MARY ANN.—Alpaca is the soft silk-like wool of the Alpaca, an animal of the Llama tribe, peculiar to South America, having some resemblance both to the camel and the sheep, though it cannot properly be classed with either. The question is now being seriously discussed, whether this animal admits of naturalisation in the British Isles.

HENRY.—The census already published does not contain the particulars you require, as to the number of persons engaged in each trade, and the number of persons belonging to each religious denomination. The former will, no doubt, be published; concerning the latter there is much doubt.

SAXON.—Deafness is an "infirmity" which you should not trifle with. We fear that you would derive little or no benefit from the pamphlets or remedies that are advertised from time to time You might obtain suitable aid, perhaps, at some of the ear infirmaries in London, but for this your *personal attendance* would be necessary.

V. E., J. BARRY, and others.—We cannot encourage you to hope for success in Australia either as grocers, or clerks, or storekeepers. As to "suitable fields for emigration" and other particulars about emigrating, we refer you, C. LANANGE, and several other correspondents, to the *Emigrant's Handbook* just published at our Office

X. M.—The sentiments expressed in your lines are excellent, but your versification is not sufficiently correct for our pages. "Try again."

J. TENNYSON.—We know but of one ship that sails to Australia upon the temperance principle but that one does not take passengers. You can of course, act upon the temperance principle in any vessel you choose. We cannot undertake to say "in which of the gold fields" you would "be most successful." As to "the lowest possible cost of emigration," you would be best able to calculate that after obtaining the rate of passage &c., from the agents of some vessel advertised to sail.

W. PERRY.—There is nothing in the circumstances to which you refer, to prevent you investing any portion of money in a saving bank.

E. A.—*Spectacles* are said to have been invented by one SPINA, about the year 1200.—The word *miasma* is from the Greek word *miaino*, to pollute; it means infecting substances arising from distempered poisonous bodies, by which persons are affected at a distance.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

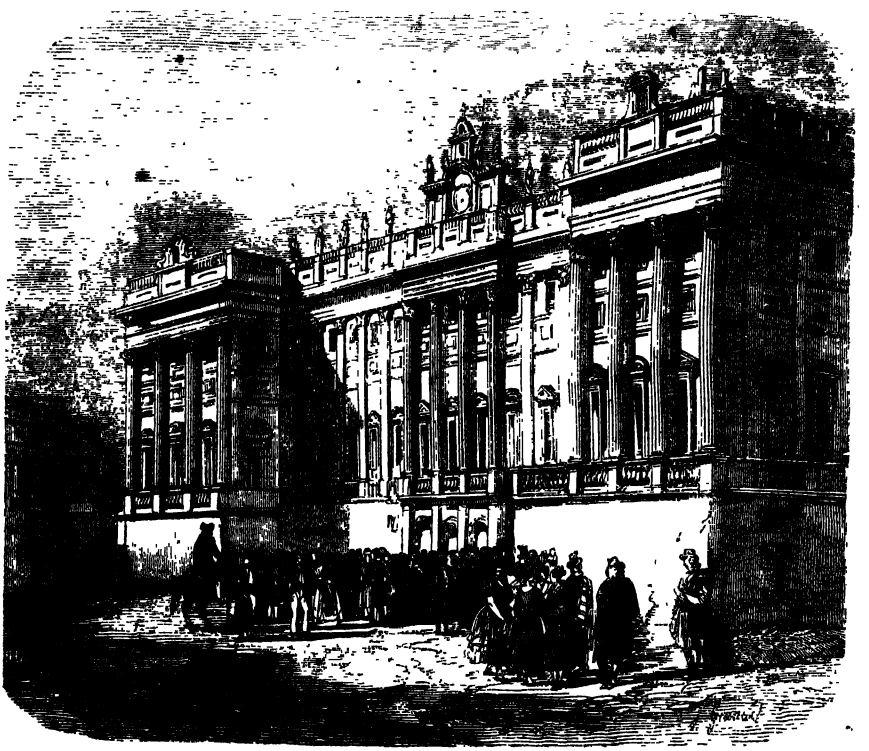
NEW SERIES.—VOL. II., NO. 39.] SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE inhabitants of the Spanish peninsula occupy a prominent position in the history of the world. Belonging to one of the oldest branches of European civilisation, the influence of the Spaniards is felt and acknowledged in all European countries; no less in Great Britain—whose oldest allies and bitterest enemies they have alternately been—than on the continent, himself, in larger and more learned books. Meanwhile, w will endeavour to make him familiar with

THE GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE COUNTRY.

Spain occupies that portion of the western European penir sula between the 35th and 44th degree of north latitud



THE ROYAL PALACE OF MADRID.

where, in all dynasties and monarchies the name of Spain has been more or less intimately connected from the earliest period. As it would be manifestly beyond our scope to attempt anything more than a brief and general description of this interesting country, it will be our aim to convey to the reader such information as will induce him to search out for having its extremities about 9 degrees west by 3 degrees east of London. It is bounded on the north by the Bay of Biscay and the Pyrenean mountains, which separate it from France; on the south by the Straits of Gibraltar, which divide it from Africa; on the east by the Mediterranean sea; and on the west by the kingdom of Portugal—which is a narrow slip

forming nearly the whole western sea boundary of Spain—and the Atlantic Ocean. Thus we perceive that the Pyrenees range forms a grand natural boundary between it and France; and that including the kingdom of Portugal, a kingdom nearly allied to it in language and traditions, it is surrounded on three sides by the sea. A glance at the map of Europe, however, will convey a better idea of its situation than could any written words. The greatest breadth of Spain, from the river Bidasoa in the west to Cape St. Sebastian in the east, is about 500 miles, while its length from the Bay of Biscay in the north, to the rock of Gibraltar in the south is nearly 600 miles, forming, with Portugal, nearly a square. Its superficial contents may be estimated at about 148,000 square miles; and its grand physical traits are the extent, number, and height of its mountains; and its rivers, which take their rise between the chains from which they flow. The strong contrast between this formation and the level, monotonous region of France, has induced modern geographers to find some cause for the fact other than a mere caprice of nature. Inquiry on the subject led naturally to discovery, and it is now believed that the Spanish mountains are the terminations of that great range which, taking its rise in Tartary, traverses Asia and Europe, leaves a stronghold in Switzerland, and a few scattered posts in France by the way, to keep up its communication with Spain, where it forms a vast natural bulwark of hills, which lend each other support in withstanding the immense volume of waters with which the ocean endeavours to overwhelm the continent of Europe. Without inquiring into the correctness of this supposition, it is sufficiently evident that there are many chains of mountains which take their rise in the Pyrenees, and run southward by westward, intersecting the whole peninsula. Another look at the map will render this apparent, and the reader will discover the Asturian and Gallician range; the range of Guadarrama, that which is called the Iberican; the Sierra Morena; and the mountains of Granada and Ronda, which skirt the Mediterranean, are the most elevated of them all. "These last," says Father Marina, in his excellent account of Spain, "press onward with so much boldness, that they seem to have pretended in various places to cross over the sea, dry up the strait, and unite themselves with Africa."

Another singular characteristic of Spain, is its distinctly marked division into two separate regions, one of which has been called the central, and the other the region of the coast. The whole interior of Spain may in truth be spoken of as one vast mountain; for though it consists mainly of level lands, traversed by lofty ridges, yet even the plains rise almost everywhere to an elevation of nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea. In these preliminary remarks we must again request the reader to refer from time to time to the map of the country, so that he may verify the truth of them as he goes on. And, indeed, we here take occasion to say, that in all geographical and historical reading—in voyages and travels, no less than in the more exact accounts of the geologist—the student will find the possession of a map of the country under consideration a most important aid. To resume: in consequence of the extreme dryness of the atmosphere, the rivers of Spain are neither so many nor so great as to comport with the height and number of her mountains. The principal are—the Tagus, the Guadalquiver, the Ebro, the Duero, and the Guadiana. The Tagus, the prince of Spanish rivers, and the fruitful theme of so much poetry, takes its rise in the mountains of Guadarrama, waters the groves and gardens of Aranjuez, half encircles old Toledo; and having received many tributary streams, at length opens into a wide estuary, reflecting the images of Lisbon and Cintra. The Guadalquiver, another poetical river, rises between the Modena and the Nevada, and having been fed by numerous mountain rivulets flows slowly and gracefully towards the ocean—laving in its way the walls of Cordova and Seville, and scattering fertility over the fair plains of Andalusia. The Ebro has its source in the mountains of Navarre, and takes its course between two of the branches of the Pyrenees, until it empties itself into the Mediterranean—the "Great Sea" of the ancients: it is the only one of the larger rivers that takes an eastern course. The Duero is a mere rivulet at its rise in old Castile; but it gradually swells as it passes the spot where Numantia once stood; and passing through Portugal, reaches the ocean at Oporto. The "proud Guadiana" springs mysteriously from among the classic marshes of Ruidosa, flows onward between delightful meadows, the pasture of countless flocks and herds, and reaches the ocean in the gulf of Huelva. Besides these are numerous smaller streams, such as the Minho, which flows from Gallicia to the Atlantic; the Lima, supposed to be the "Letho" of the ancients; the Tambre, which finds its outlet at Cape Finisterre; and the Gave de Pau, which passes seaward at the historical Cape St. Vincent.

The lakes of Spain are of no great importance. The most remarkable of them, however, is the Lake of Abulfera in the province of Valencia. This beautiful lake extends nearly twelve miles, from the village of Catarraja to the town of Callera, and is about five miles and a half wide; but it is so shallow that only small boats can float in it. At certain seasons of the year, however, the whole surface of the lake is alive with company, who go in boats to shoot the aquatic birds which make it their home; and at other times it affords excellent sport to the angler, as it abounds in fish of large and excellent quality.

The soil of Spain varies as much as its surface, in one part, it is covered with woods and forests—especially in Catalonia, Gallicia, the Asturias, and the Sierra Morena; in another, it is intersected by dry mountainous plains. The region of the coast, though less elevated, and sloping gradually towards the sea, is broken into a constant succession of mountains and valleys, which produce the most agreeable variety, and furnish a happy contrast to the quiet monotony of the interior. The country, however, is everywhere fertile—or might easily be made so by proper irrigation—even in the snowy regions of the Sierra Nevada.

The climate of Spain varies according to the position of its cities. It is described by the writers who have only visited the north and the interior, as being a prey to perpetual snow on the mountains, and unsheltered and unshaded heat in the valleys,—swept by cold blasts in winter, and burnt up by a powerful sun in summer; but all round the coast, and for many miles inland, the climate is delightful; and no engagements need be put aside on account of the weather. "No country in Europe," says Humboldt, "presents a configuration so singular as Spain. It is this extraordinary form which accounts for the dryness of the soil in the interior of the Castiles, for the power of evaporation, the want of rivers, and that difference of temperature which is observable between Madrid and Naples, two towns situated in the same degree of latitude." There is a tradition, mentioned by Marina, of a drought so long and so severe that the springs and rivers dried up, and men and animals died miserably for want of water; and there is a legend which tells how, in the thirteenth century, about the time of the famous battle of Navas de Tolosa, in which two hundred thousand Saracens were slain, that for nine months no drop of rain fell in the kingdom of Toledo; but, perhaps, there is a slight tinge of exaggeration in both accounts. We now come to speak of

THE PRODUCTIONS OF SPAIN.

Nature appears to have been particularly indulgent to the peninsula; but the ingratitude of man has rendered him unworthy so noble a possession. The productions of Spain are rich, various, and almost universal. That the mines of gold and silver from which the ancients drew their stores of wealth, are—with the exception of the silver mine of Almaden—nearly exhausted, is certainly true; but Spain possesses mines of iron, and copper, and lead, and quicksilver, which might be made more valuable, if properly worked, than could any quantity of the precious metals. It will be seen, as we proceed, how the possession of riches has proved a curse to this beautiful country; how, after having been the discoverers, and almost the possessors, of the great American continent—in the southern half of which the Spaniards have left indelible traces of themselves in the character of its people, and in the very names of its cities, towns, rivers, and mountains,—they have failed to render themselves a great nation; how, after having played a most conspicuous part in the history of Europe from the time of Cæsar to that of Isabella, they have sunk in the estimation of the world, and are reckoned but a secondary state; and how, after having had it given them to possess riches in countless abundance, and a country

the fairest on the earth, the Spaniards have thrown away the opportunity of making their influence in modern politics anything but a bad influence, and their position in the world a position which thoughtful men grieve to behold.

But we must not anticipate ourselves. Besides the metals, Spain possesses coal and salt mines in Asturias, Arragon, and La Mancha; precious stones are dug up in various parts of the kingdom, the most beautiful marbles in the world are found in nearly all her mountains. Wheat of the finest quality is produced—or could easily be produced—in most of her provinces; and the grape is grown all over the peninsula. In fact, modern Spain is celebrated only for her fine wines and her ancient memories!

But other goods belong to this favoured country. In her mountains are produced abundance of timber and charcoal, and in her valleys the pasture for sheep and cattle needs little cultivation. Horses of the true Arabian stock range far over her hills, and cattle and swine breed abundantly in her forests; wild animals congregate fiercely in her wastes and fastnesses, and sheep outnumber the inhabitants of her valleys. As the hunter wends homeward, he is greeted by the songs of nightingales, and flowers of sweetest odour throw their gifts upon the evening air. Everywhere is abundance, but everywhere man lies supine in the sunshine, and neglects the gifts which God has given him!

In the fruits of Spain there is a quantity and richness almost unequalled by any other country. Besides the different varieties common to the temperate climes, the fig, pomegranate, orange, lemon, citron, date, plantain, and banana of other lands find there a kindly home. There seems, indeed, to be no extravagance in the theory of the Frenchman who attempted to find, in the different sections of Spain, a similitude, in point of climate and productions to the various countries lying around it. Thus he compares Biscay, Asturias, and Gallicia, to the neighbouring countries of Europe; Portugal to the corresponding part of America; Andalusia to the opposite coasts of Africa; and Valencia, in point of soil, climate, and the genius of its inhabitants to the regions of the East.

Nor are the riches of Spain confined to the resources of her fertile soil; the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, washing an almost equal extent of coast, supply her inhabitants with fish of fine and various quality, and at the same time place them in a position to communicate with every nation of the world. Verily, Spain is a favoured country: and, properly governed, would, under Providence, give the palm to no other nation upon earth.

THE POLITICAL DIVISIONS OF SPAIN

formerly consisting of fifteen provinces which are thus tabulated in the Encyclopædia Britannica. The population given is that acknowledged at the beginning of the present century, and it has not probably increased more than 5 or 6 per cent.

The monarchy of Spain, as seen from the table below, consisted of many distinct provinces, each of which, in earlier times formed a separate and independent kingdom; but although they are now united by marriage, conquest, inheritance, and other circumstances under one crown, the original distinctions geographical as well as social, remain almost unaltered. By recent decrees, however, the old political divisions are no longer recognised; and Spain is now divided into forty-nine provinces—namely, Alava, Altacete, Alicante, Almeria, Avila, Badajoz, Las Baleares, Barcelona, Burgos, Caceres, Cadiz, Las Canarias, Castellon de la Plana, Ciudad Real, Cordoba, La Coruna, Cuenca,

Provinces.	Sub-Divisions.	Extent in Square Miles.	Population.	Chief Towns.
Province of Catalonia ..	County of Roussillon County of Cerdagna	10,100 7,800	814,412 923,150	Barcelona, Tarragona, Urgel, Lerida, Gerona, Salsona, Tortosa, Figueras
Kingdom of Valencia	.....	7,800	932,150	Valencia, Alicant, Elche, Orihuela, Castellan, Alzira Carcaxente, Gandia, Xaciva, Alcoy.
Province of Estramadura	.....	16,000	416,222	Badajoz, Placentia, Coria, Merida, Truxillo, Xera de los Cavalleros, Lerma, Alhuatona, Zafra.
Province of Andalusia ..	Kingdom of Seville Kingdom of Granada Kingdom of Cordova Kingdom of Jaen ..	12,600 4,500 1,080 2,100	754,293 611,601 259,016 177,136	Seville, Xeres de la Frontera, Cadiz Real Ejo, Ayamonte Granada, Malaga, Loxa, Santa Fe, Ronda, Guadix. Cordova, Archidona, Antequera Jaen, Ubeda, Baeza, Andujar.
Kingdom of Murchia	.....	8,812	337,686	Murchia, Carthagena, Loxa, Churchilla, Alba, Cete, Villena, Teruel, &c.
Kingdom of Arragon	.....	16,700	623,308	Zaragona, Aaca, Barbastro, Huesca Tarazona.
Kingdom of Navarre	.....	2,287	287,382	Pampeluna, Toledo.
Province of Biscay	Biscay Proper ..... Alara ..... Guipuzcoa	4,000	116,012 74,000 12,076	Bilboa, Vermijo Victoria, Trevino, Ona. St Sebastian, Fuenaraba, Tolosa, Placentia.
Princp. of the Asturias	Oviedo ..... Santillana	3,375 1,200	350,000	Oviedo, Aviles, Luarca, Gigon. Santillana, San Vincente, Riva de Sella.
Kingdom of Gallicia	.....	11,500	1,350,000	San Jago, Bayona, Lugo, Corunna, Vigo.
Kingdom of Old Castile	Burgos ..... Avila ..... Segovia	10,800	1,190,180	Burgos, Osma, Siguenza, Avila, Valladolid, Segovia.
Kingdom of New Castile	Toledo ..... Cuenca ..... Lamanca	22,000	1,146,809	Madrid, Toledo, Cuenca, Alagon, Ocana, Huetes, Tarragona.
Kingdom of St. Leon	.....	10,750	665,432	Leon, Douro, Astorga, Salamanca, Zamora.
Kingdom of Majorca	Islands of Majorca, Cabrera, and Ivica ..	1,150	136,000	Palma, Alcadia, &c.
Island of Minorca	.....	360	27,000	Mahon, Celladella, &c.
			10,308,506	

Gerona, Granada, Guadalajara, Guipuzcoa, Huelva, Huasca, Jaen, Leon, Lérida, Logrono, Lugo, Madrid, Malaga, Murcia, Navarra, Orense, Oviedo, Palencia, Pontevedra, Salamanca, Santander, Segovia, Sevilla, Soria, Tarragona, Teruel, Toledo, Valencia, Valladolid, Viscaya, Zamora, Zaragoza. The language, costumes, and local habits of the natives of Spain vary no less than the climate and productions of the soil—as every reader of the immortal Don Quixote is quite aware. Man following, as it were the example of the nature by which he is surrounded, has little in common with the inhabitants of the remoter districts; and these differences are increased and perpetuated by the ancient jealousies and inveterate dislikes which petty and contiguous states are so fond of keeping up with tenacious memory. "Thus," says a quaint writer, "Estramadura is quite unlike Catalonia; Catalonia differs from Andalusia; Andalusia from Gallicia, and all and equally from one another. The general comprehensive term Spain, which is used by geographers, is apt to mislead the traveller; for nothing can be more vague or inaccurate than to predicate any single thing of Spain or Spaniards, which will be equally applicable to all its heterogeneous parts. The north-west parts

of Spain are more rainy than Devonshire, while the centre provinces are as dry and parched as Barbary. The rude agricultural Gallician, the industrious manufacturing artisan of Barcelona, the gay and voluptuous Andalusian, and the business-like Castilian are all Spaniards; but they no more resemble each other than do the characters at a masquerade."

In our next article we shall endeavour to give a short *résumé* of the history of this remarkable people.

THE DREAM OF THE NIGHT.

In one of the western counties of Ireland, about twenty years ago, there stood a stately mansion in the midst of a mountainous and rather wild district. It had all the incongruities of architecture which characterise those buildings which had been erected in the age of lawless violence and petty warfare; the close windows, and castellated walls of the days of the Kernes and gallow-glasses, "tories and rapparees," from time to time surrounded and half-hidden by gay terraces and airy apartments, marking the gradual triumph of peace and law. It was imbosomed by woods of native oak and mountain ash; and the bleak hills above, if they were not picturesque, were at least useful. In summer they afforded pasturage to sheep and cattle, and in winter their furze was the retreat of large numbers of grouse, partridges, and hares. The furniture of the interior of the mansion in a great measure corresponded with its outward appearance. One or two fauteuils and light slender chairs seemed intruding amongst their highbacked and massive companions; the plate, the pictures, and even the books, belonged to the last century. The owner of these premises was a Mr. Everard Cotherell, the descendant of a military adventurer in the wars under Elizabeth, who by his marriage with the daughter of the chieftain of the district had succeeded to the inheritance, and by his winning manners and kind-heartedness had secured the allegiance and affections of the clan. The estate was for the most part marsh or mountain, and was at the period of our tale let at exorbitant rents, which were seldom paid up, and then chiefly in farm labour. But Mr. Cotherell was a man who never went to extremes with his tenantry. It was the boast of the district that for centuries back no Cotherell had ever sent a poor man's cow to the pound, or taken the roof from over the head of the widow or the orphan. The present owner was a man of retired habits, who resided constantly upon his estate, occupying himself with his farming pursuits or his books. He seldom went to Dublin, and then only on business, as neither his purse nor his tastes enabled him to enjoy the gaieties or dissipations of the metropolis. He had at home society which he valued more than he could have done that of the gayest or the wittiest, or most learned—a wife, whom he had married for love, and loved now, if possible, more ardently than ever, and a daughter in the full bloom of youth and beauty. Upon the latter he and Mrs. Cotherell actually doted. Her education had from her birth occupied all their leisure hours; and as she was their only child, they were looking forward with calm pleasure to the day, when, as the wife of a man of high birth, a model of manly beauty, the possessor of a refined and dignified mind, she would become the mistress of the "old house at Rathnagru." Pleased would they then lay down their wearied heads and say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servants depart in peace, for our eyes have seen thy salvation."

Mary Cotherell was, when our story commences, about eighteen, and her appearance told at once of the mixed race from which she sprang. Her fair hair and mild blue eye were decidedly Saxon, but the comic expression about the mouth, the expressive, but by no means disagreeable, prominence of the features, the rapid succession of light and shade by which her emotions showed themselves upon her lively, speaking face, told of a mingling of Celtic blood as plainly as the family papers or genealogy. The Celtic character showed itself still more as one watched the current of her quiet existence. Extravagant joy at the prospect of any of the little pleasures of a country life (for she knew no others), was succeeded by extravagant grief at the commonest disappointment, the death or mishap of the meanest of her favourite animals. Her language was generally figurative and impassioned, and her sympathy for the poor unbounded. She had lived amongst them, been brought up amongst them; in short, they were almost her only friends. She wailed at the wakes, and ministered closely and soothingly by the bedside of the sick amongst the tenantry, carried food, wine, and medicine from the "big house" in her own hands; but, nevertheless, it never entered her head that it was kind of her to do so, or that she was giving a proof of what modern young ladies call "Christian benevolence," and make its objects feel that it is pure charity. It came to her as a daily duty, as much as eating her breakfast, and, it must be confessed, rather more agreeably than saying her prayers. She was, it may be readily believed, the idol of the peasantry, the more so, as she and all her family were still stanch adherents of the "ould religion." When, to all we have mentioned, you add a little occasional pettishness and wilfulness, a decided manifestation in some instances of a determination to have her own way, you have before you as good a picture as I can give of what Mary Cotherell was when first I knew her. It must not be supposed that Mr. Cotherell's retired life caused him to be forgotten by his city friends. Like all the Irish gentry of the period, his hospitality was too lavish to render that by any means probable. His dinners were certainly by no means so *recherché* as were to be met with in Merrion-square, nor the attendance so exact and satisfactory, nor the rooms so comfortable; in short, there was not one department of his *ménage* with which a fastidious exquisite might not find a thousand faults. But there was an indescribable charm about the plentiful dinners of game fresh from the moors, and fish from the stream, beef and mutton "killed on the premises," and piled on the table in masses fit for Cyclops, vegetables fresh from the garden, and, above all, the flowing bumpers of whiskey-punch at the close, quaffed by all with a most pleasing disregard to the proprieties of city life. And there was the fine stud of hunters, upon which Mr. Cotherell so prided himself, and which were at all times at the disposal of his guests, not one of which ever "stopped at a wall, or looked for a gap," and which possessed that familiarity with [illegible] and morasses so necessary in Irish animals of their class; and there was the unlimited supply of game scattered over miles of a romantic country, to exercise the muscular powers, and sharpen the appetite for the joys of evening. Then after tea there was the music and the dancing—not the piece of tame formality known under the name of dancing in England, but a dashing, rollocking, jovial, lively sort of amusement, carried on amidst merry jokes and hearty laughter, and with a degree of vigorous exertion of the lower extremities, unknown at evening parties at the present day.

It need cause no surprise, then, when we inform our readers that no sooner had the shooting-season set in than a host of young barristers, students, and "young men about town," connexions and acquaintances, more or less intimate, of the Cotherell family, might be seen packing themselves on the top of the Galway mail, or into the long boxes, dignified by the name of "passage-boats," which used to start, and, for aught we know to the contrary, start still, from Portobello-bridge *en route* to Rathnagru House. Down they came in swarms each one hurrying to secure as good a bedroom as possible pulling the old butler by the ear, or half flinging him down stairs, by way of announcing his arrival. That functionary having, of course, the utmost respect for all his master's friends, and holding all "gintlemin" in the utmost reverence seldom made any comment upon these modes of salutation beyond observing "that the gintlemin was always might hilaryus when they was afthur comin' from the city."

By degrees the ladies would begin to arrive too, for one se never establishes itself long anywhere alone. Then the gentlemen would have to relinquish the bedrooms, one by one and take up their night abode on the sofas, and often on the floor of the sitting-rooms, carrying on at all times tremendous fun and frolic, and making a great uproar, to the manifest gratification of the whole household.

Among the number was a young man named Robert Croughton, a student of Trinity College, who was just finishing his course. He was the son of an old and intimate friend of Mr. Cotherell's; and as he came each summer, with unfailing regularity, he was received with a larger share of welcome than fell to the lot of most of the visitors of Rathnagru. No of them were ever invited. They came or stayed away, pleased their fancy, and were always cheerfully received; b

the absence of any one individual from these yearly reunions seldom excited any attention, beyond a passing remark. Croughton, however, was always calculated upon, and always arrived. The ladies considered him an indispensable portion of the company, and the gentlemen thought him a "decent, harmless fellow." He was always the first to reach the drawing-room after dinner, and was the only one known to stay in from shooting or "tracing" hares, on a bracing snowy morning, to copy music or read poetry. His tastes and disposition may be easily guessed; he was gentle and refined in his manners, averse to coarse pleasures, fond of ladies' society, given to literary pursuits, full of an ardent and impassioned sentimentality, which found vent in very middling pieces of poetry, and possessed an intimate acquaintance with the language, habits, manners, and legends of the Irish peasantry He was intended by his father for one of the "learned professions," but he possessed one feeling which would have proved a bar to his success in any one of them—a strong repugnance to work of any kind, and a total want of energy. He would have been content to lead for ever a flowery, joyous life at Rathnagru, amongst the ladies, the fields, and the horses, and cursed his hard fate when the close of the vacation called him back to college Of middle height, with fair, curling hair, regular but pleasing features, and delicate complexion, he was the beau-ideal of what young misses term "interesting."

To make a long story short, he had, during his repeated visits, fallen in love with Mary Cotherell, and had pressed his suit with all the ardour of which his susceptible and highly-wrought nature was capable. By her he was at once accepted, and the parents, on both sides, after mature deliberation, came to the conclusion that it was, perhaps, the best thing that could happen. Repeated failures in college had inspired Croughton's father with grave doubts as to his son's success when thrown upon his own resources in the great world, and he thought the life of a country squire would just suit him Mr. Cotherell judged rightly that he would make a good husband for Mary, and a kind landlord for the tenantry. What more was wanted? Finally, it was arranged that they should be married as soon after he had obtained his degree as possible. It seems to me as if but yesterday that, on the evening of the day on which the preliminaries were all arranged, they were in my *vis-à-vis* in a quadrille we were dancing in the old drawing-room at Rathnagru I remember with what admiration I gazed on them, as they leaned against the cabinet, while the end couples were going through the figure, their whole soul and attention wrapped in their own conversation, and the love-light beaming from their eyes, and with what fervour I responded to the emphatic exclamation of my partner, "*Aren't* they a nice couple!"

One morning, two or three weeks before the scene I have just been describing, and just previous to the expected arrival of Croughton and the other guests from Dublin, Mr. Cotherell came down to breakfast, unusually sad and silent. This sombre melancholy, which deepened during the day, excited the attention of Mary and her mother, and led them to inquire the cause. He at first replied that it was nothing of consequence, and towards evening made an effort to appear cheerful. That it was only an effort, however, was quite apparent, and at tea Mrs. Cotherell gently remonstrated with him upon keeping the source of annoyance or anxiety concealed from her.

"Well, my dear," he replied, "since you press me, I'll tell you; but I know you'll think me silly; and so I am, perhaps, but I can't help it. I dreamt last night that I was standing with Mary upon the bank of a rushing, roaring river, swollen, turbid, and muddy, and that she suddenly—I couldn't tell how—fell in. Bevis" (a favourite greyhound) "was standing at my side, and plunged in after her, and, seizing her dress in his mouth, made an effort to swim towards the bank. But all in vain. The torrent carried them away. Mary I saw, rising and falling with the heaving of the water; and, my God!" said he, with a sudden start, shuddering as he spoke, "can I ever forget the frightful expression of her eyes, as they were fixed upon me, as I thought for the last time! I awoke with the fright, and could not sleep again during the whole night. I have tried in vain to shake it off, but it has left an extraordinary impression upon me, for which I cannot account. I could not help starting, as if in terror, when I saw Mary entering the room this morning"

When he had finished, Mary looked a little graver than usual, and said, after a moment's thought, "Peggy Fegan says it's bad to dream of muddy water—I wonder is it."

"Tush, child! it's all old women's folly. You must have been ill, my dear," said Mrs. Cotherell, turning to her husband; "indigestion, or something of that kind."

So the matter dropped for the present. By Mary and her mother it was soon forgotten, in the excitement of preparation for the visitors, but it was evident Mr. Cotherell still brooded over it. Even when Croughton had come down, and Mary was his affianced bride, her father stayed constantly near, riding and walking close beside her, and exercising so close a supervision, as it were, over the two lovers, that Croughton felt rather annoyed at it, as he considered, and rightly too, that there was now less occasion for it than ever.

One snowy morning the gentlemen had all gone out to course, if coursing it could be called, when the poor hare had to escape from powerful dogs through deep, soft snow. After a long chase on the hills, puss, hard pressed, ran towards the house, near to which the trampling of men, horses, and cattle, had either melted the snow, or rendered the footing firmer. Loth to leave this favourable position for certain death in the wastes beyond, the poor animal took refuge in the farm-yard. Rushing into the dairy with frightened haste, she ran behind some pails, under a bench near which Miss Cotherell was standing, talking to some poor women, who were collected to receive their daily allowance of buttermilk. She stooped directly, with girlish eagerness, to secure the hare, and just as she did so, Bevis, the hound, came bounding in and made towards her, and, darting, open-mouthed, at his prey, slightly wounded her mistress's hand with her fang.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed, "papa's dream is now fulfilled, so it is nothing but a scratch after all. I must run and tell him." She did so, but he looked graver than ever, and kissed her with an earnest sadness that for the moment surprised and alarmed her. But it was soon forgotten when Robert Croughton kissed her too, and condoled with her upon her wound.

The winter months soon passed round, and summer, so welcome to lawyers, students, prime ministers, and beggars, came again, and a merry party was once more collected in Rathnagru, but this time to witness the wedding. It was to come off in three weeks, and all were in high spirits, save Mr Cotherell, who, still gloomy, sombre, and foreboding, seemed more occupied in seeing to the safe-keeping of the dog Bevis, which he had kept tied up in a stable ever since the accident we have mentioned, than in preparation for the approaching festivities. A fortnight was still to come—to the lovers it seemed a year—before their union, when the whole household were aroused, early one morning, by wild and piercing shrieks, issuing from Mary Cotherell's bedroom. Father, mother, guests, servants, all rushed, in wild affright, to the spot. When there, a scene met their view which might well cause the stoutest heart to throb convulsively, and the sternest brow to blanch its colour. Crouching in a corner of the room was the unhappy Mary, in her night-dress, her eyes glaring with maniacal light, and around those lips from which Croughton had so often kissed the soft dew of love, he was now horrified to see the foam hanging in thick wreaths.

"Keep away from me! I'm mad!" she exclaimed. "And take away the dog—the dog, I tell you!" pointing, with frantic gestures towards the water-basin—"the dog is in that water! Take him away directly, or—or he'll devour me;" and the word "*devour*" was prolonged into a fierce, wild shriek Her father alone had the courage and presence of mind to approach her. Walking towards her with the calmness and devotion of despair, he took her in his arms, although she resisted with frightful energy, and, laying her in the bed, held her down, while they sent for a doctor. He came; but why prolong the sad story. What pleasure or profit should I derive from relating, or the reader from perusing, the details of the awful scene which followed,—the ravings of the maniac, for ever lost in this life, the prolonged swooning of the mother, the calm but unfathomable grief of the father, and the wild despair of the unhappy lover! In a few days, she was borne to the grave by the same means that her fathers had been for generations before, upon the shoulders of the faithful and sorrowing tenantry, and the peasant girls, in white

dresses, and bearing in their hands white rods, as a token that a maiden had gone to her rest, formed the van of the sad procession. Mother and father, broken-hearted, soon followed to that better land where the weary are at rest; and when last I heard of Croughton he was a missionary in South Africa.

Of the old house nothing remains but the mouldering walls, and the estate itself was brought to the hammer, a few days ago, in the Encumbered Estates Court for the benefit of the heirs-at-law.

THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

THURSDAY, June the 10th, was a great day in Cork, says our able contemporary, the *Athenæum* The city—rich at all times in natural beauties, wood and water, fine streets, picturesque bridges and commanding heights,—and now full of strangers from every part of the British isles, the representatives of royalty, literature, science, industry, and the Fine Arts—presented to the eye a spectacle as imposing in its outward forms as it was suggestive in its moral meanings. Cork is a city of great architectural possibilities. Its harbour is almost unrivalled. Its wharves are broad, clean, and well located. Its main thoroughfares are wide, straight, and capacious. Its houses are lofty. Altogether it reminds the traveller of New York more than any other city in Europe. But when the tourist turns from the pictorial to the social aspects of the place, the parallel ceases. The new world has no scenes to show like those of transpontine Cork. Here, poverty sits in the highway nursing its rags; not with that hopeful fierceness and impatience which a starving Saxon exhibits in his distress,—but with a rosy merriment and good humour, as if the Celt, "being native here and to the manner born," were in love with misery. Here, at least there are ready wits and strong arms waiting on Providence for a task to perform. Cork is also a city of great social possibilities

The Irish Industrial Exhibition is for Cork and for the south of Ireland an event of much importance Exaggerated notions are no doubt entertained by some; the over-sanguine expect from it the most varied and irreconcilable benefits, and even sober people look to it for the industrial regeneration of this country. It is in the order of nature that this eagerness of expectation should suffer some rebuke from the literal facts, but from what has already transpired in reference to the collection of industrial products now housed in Cork, it is certain that an impetus will be given to native manufactures,—and it is probable that of the thousands of strangers who will be drawn to Ireland by the attractions of the prose Crystal Palace, some few may be induced by the combined attractions of natural beauty, good living, and cheap estates to settle in the neighbourhood. Such ideas, however, though they may seem sanguine enough in the meridian of London, would be denounced as cold and sceptical in the atmosphere of Cork. Under the glowing light of a fierce sunshine —amid the noise and dazzle of a military display—in the fervour of a new set of sensations—men's minds are in a state of moral intoxication. To them it appears that Ireland has obtained a new lease of national life. The phrase of our native prelate –

"Westward the tide of empire seems to flow"—

is now on every tongue; and the almost simultaneous opening of the submarine telegraph between Howth and Holyhead—which brings Dublin within a few seconds of London—and of the Irish Industrial Exhibition at Cork, is regarded less in the national aspect of an evidence of steady Imperial progress than as a cabalistic sign of accomplished emancipation.

This exuberant unreality of fancy is not, however, difficult to understand and appreciate. The material and practical are as yet novelties in Ireland. The generation of living men was nursed in fanciful and legendary superstitions. The national schools have done much to banish the banshee—hosts of Saxon tourists have wellnigh driven the phantom steed from the waters of Killarney—the railway has scared will-o'-the-wisp from the moors and mosses of the great central plains of the island. But the early homes of those who now have to deal with the practical Saxon on the exchange and in the corn market were tenanted by the fairies. The elfin tribes are going; but they will, of course, leave some inheritance of fancy and superstition—some elements of the unreal and the grotesque behind them. In time these, too, will follow;—and probably few events could have accelerated their flight more effectively than the Exhibition now open in Cork.

The structure in which the Exhibition is held is partly new. The site is the Corn Market, on Albert Quay, fronting the picturesque heights along which winds the Glanmoire-road. Nothing could be better as to situation;—for the ships ride along the edge of the quay within a dozen yards of the entrance gates, and a handsome and capacious bridge crosses the sea at this point. The Corn Exchange proper forms one end or nave of the structure. The other nave, the principal showroom in the building—and called the Hall of the Fine Arts—is a half-barrel of wood, very much like the hull of a huge ship turned upside down. Wings are added—also of a temporary character—for the more useful articles. Light is admitted by a strip of glass along the roof—as in some railway stations in England. An eye familiar with the graceful outlines and material brilliancy of the Crystal Palace in Hyde-park wanders with some impatience about an interior so devoid of beauty and originality. From no point is the edifice imposing; though there is one view—that from the floor of the Corn Exchange proper down the half-barrel towards the point ending with the great organ—which is decidedly pretty. The walls are covered with crimson cloth—and this in its turn is almost covered with paintings, worsted work, and engravings. Works have been sedulously collected from Irish artists of eminence, whether settled in London or elsewhere. Thus, we have once more Macdowall's "Eve and Psyche," and Foley's two large figures—the "Youth at a Fountain," and the "Wanderer"—in the hall. Maclise's "Spirit of Justice"—a fresco of which he has executed for the House of Lords—is conspicuously placed, as it ought to be in such a collection. Of the merits or demerits of these productions nothing more is to be said—and for the remainder of the fine arts it is almost a charity to say nothing.

The real interest of the Exhibition centres in the industrial products. This is the case not only as to the social consequences of the gathering, but even as to the skill displayed. Foley and Maclise are a credit to Ireland, no doubt; but their triumphs are individual and exceptional—producing no results for the country or for the race. The excellence displayed by the weaver and the lace-maker is of social and political importance; and in this department of the Exhibition we cannot award our praises too warmly. The poplins of Irish manufacture, the laces of Limerick and Belfast, are already famous wherever fineness of tissue and delicacy of finish are appreciated, and their reputation must be increased by the many exquisite specimens here shown to the fair and fashionable visitors. In this direction the Irish Exhibition will probably do a great service to native industry. The Crystal Palace was not particularly rich in specimens of Irish work—one reason, among others, for the effort now being made in Cork; and thousands of persons retired from that vast collection without being struck with the minute beauty of the island products. This omission, so far as the tourists to Cork are concerned, may now be rectified.

That these tourists will be many during the summer which has now set in with what Walpole calls "its usual severity," there are reasons to expect. By the perfection of the Irish railway system the distance is reduced to that of journeys which the most timid tourist will undertake without alarm. Cork is now as near to London as Boulogne—Killarney is not so far as St. Goar. The sea voyage is not more formidable than that between Dover and Ostend, and the scenery of the road is far finer. The Bay of Dublin, though in no respect like the Bay of Naples, is very superior to the roadstead of Ostend. The marine and mountain views in North Wales are grander than the Valley of Liége. Cork itself, the Cove, Blarney, Glengariff and the three lakes of Killarney present a combination of natural attractions not easily surpassed in continental Europe. And where on the way to the Rhine is there a scene like Bangor—between Snowdon and the sea—or a work of human enterprise and power like the Britannia-bridge?

But the hope for Ireland lies, not more in the tide of Saxon tourists which may now be expected to pour along its plains and mountain paths, than in those great material links which are binding it into closer fellowship with England and Europe. Last week the magnetic wires were laid from Anglesea to

Dublin; while the representative of English royalty was inaugurating the Irish festival of Industry in Cork on Thursday, workmen were employed in laying down fresh wires between Port Patrick and Donaghadee. Thus will England touch the sister island north and south. Belfast and Glasgow will be united at one end of the chain, London and Dublin at the other. By these means Ireland is connected materially—we were about to say spiritually—with the whole of continental Europe.

The visitor to the Cork Exhibition will scarcely fail to stumble on the morals of the scene and of the country. In the streets, by the quays and bridges, at the doorways of the temporary structure in which the works of Irish genius are collected, he will see thousands of men, women, and children in the most abject state of poverty, basking in the sun or crouching in the rain like the lazzaroni of Naples—a race to which steady labour is entirely unknown. In the suburbs he will find a soil unsurpassed in fertility, an atmosphere humid, but not unhealthy to man, and particularly favourable to vegetation. Within the walls he will notice evidence of a remarkable capacity for handwork. Capital and guiding intellect are wanted to complete the series of productive agents. But with these added—these outer, and, so to speak, foreign elements—the industrial resources of Ireland might be developed to an indefinite extent. The Saxon may easily bring these into the island.

As the Vice-Regal court rode through the town on Wednesday, in all the pomp and circumstance of majesty, with waving banners, prancing horses, peals of artillery, and multitudinous shouts, we noticed, under the shadow of the Cork Industrial Palace, and moored to the pier of the bridge over which the gorgeous procession passed, an emigrant ship bound for New York. It was crowded with hale and adult labourers and their families. These poor people were compelled to leave their native land. They had been cottiers—evicted to clear ground,—workhouse children—and the lazzaroni of Irish towns. They were leaving a country in which there were thousands of acres of uncultivated ground. They were advertised to sail next day,—and while the Lord Lieutenant was listening in the Exhibition to addresses which assured him that a new prosperity is about to dawn on Ireland, the emigrant ship unmoored, and began to drop down the river in search of new homes for its occupants. What a contrast between the crowds on the bridge and the crowds on deck! Rightly scanned, the whole moral of the Irish Industrial Exhibition may be found in the tale of that departing ship.

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A LEARNED ANTIQUARY.

Professor Stark is a most estimable man, and very learned in antiquities. You have no doubt read, or at least heard, of his erudite works on the ancients; but, possibly, you may not be acquainted with him personally. Besides the many artistic and historical acquisitions, Etruscan washhand-basins, or Ethiopian pocket handkerchiefs, which Professor Stark possesses—among the many venerable curiosities which ornament his house, the learned gentleman includes an old housekeeper, who is a perfect Megaera, in an anti-classical sense, and, in accordance with her destiny, makes his life miserable, and boils his coffee for him early every morning. We must not forget to mention that the worthy Professor is now engaged in giving a series of lectures on the "line of beauty in the Greek ideal." This housekeeper and an owl, which the professor calls "Minerva," and regards as the symbol of classic wisdom and æsthetic science—probably because it is unable to bear the daylight of common sense—are the only living beings who, during the absence of the Professor, are permitted to intrude upon his *sanctum*—that is to say his study; the former however, not, as might be supposed, to clean the room, but for the purpose of feeding the "symbol of wisdom." For, although the Professor is of such a gentle disposition, that, as the saying runs, he could not "offend an infant," yet, in spite of this lamb-like nature, he would turn into a roaring lion if he only suspected that Brigitta had moved his paper or brushed the dust from his "vases." A short time ago, however, this is said to have happened. As I have heard the rumour, it runs thus:—

One day—so I have been told—the unfortunate Brigitta, who, like all women, has a natural inclination for dusting and scouring,—one day, therefore, as Brigitta, giving way to temptation, was occupied in removing half an inch of dust from a piece of pottery-ware, which the learned Professor has christened "fragment of an Etrurian urn," he entered his study, and caught her in the very act. Terrified at the consequences of her deed, she let the "fragment" fall from her trembling hands, and the next moment the "Etrurian urn" lay broken into a dozen pieces on the floor.

Rage and despair paralysed the Professor's tongue. His lips moved, but no sound was heard to issue from them. Silently he pointed towards the door, and Brigitta, understanding the pantomime, did not require a second admonition.

For four whole weeks Brigitta did not dare to show herself to the Professor. The owl was only fed when he was giving his lectures, and its master's coffee was always on the table before he came down in the morning. This state of affairs was in no wise agreeable, and Brigitta at length determined to alter it. No sooner was the idea adopted than she set to work to carry it out.

One morning the neighbours saw the Professor's housekeeper leave the house in a mysterious manner, and provided with a covered basket. It was several hours before she returned, without even stopping a moment to gossip at a house close by with a "dear friend." No one could say where she had been, or what business she could have had in the town, as it was not market-day. Brigitta herself preserved a mysterious, and, for her, most unusual silence. The next morning, when the Professor descended from his bedroom to his study, he was extremely surprised to see two unmistakably-ancient, though tolerably-preserved vases, which did not belong to his collection, standing on the table by his coffee. He could scarcely believe his eyes,—looked again, examined, admired, and at length, after an hour of silent ecstasy, only broken by a few exclamations of astonishment, arrived at the conclusion that the said vases were "Celtic drinking-cups," which he had long but hitherto unsuccessfully desired to possess. When he arrived at this result, he remembered the mysterious manner in which he had found these "precious relics of a lost civilisation" on his table. Could they be a present from a learned friend at a distance? In that case there must be some letters, or a commentary. Some one—and here his brow overclouded at the thought that thus "some one" could be no other than Brigitta—must have opened the package, and have drawn the "drinking-cup" from their wrappers. He trembled at the possible idea that the unhallowed hand of a "woman" should have placed these treasures in the danger of destruction.

In the mean time the coffee had become cold,—a circumstance which, in connection with his irrepressible desire to solve the riddle, gave the Professor courage to call "Brigitta" in a somewhat loud voice.

Fortunately, she happened to be in a side room, where a window in the door gave her an opportunity of watching the silent monotony which the Professor held over the "Celtic drinking-cups."

She therefore opened the door, and inquired in a careless voice, what were the Professor's orders?

"My coffee is quite cold, Brigitta," he replied, without removing his eyes from the Celtic treasures.

"I'm sure it's not my fault," replied the old housekeeper, in a sour tone, wishing, at the same time, to regain the ground she had lost.

"Yes, yes, I know that,—it's of no consequence; but—a-hem!—can you tell me how these *Celtic drinking-cups* came to be placed upon my table? Eh!"

"They are drinking-cups, are they? Well, I thought they were something else."

"And what did you believe them to be, Brigitta?" inquired the Professor, whose critical ideas were all attention.

As, however, Brigitta maintained a determined silence, the Professor asked where she had found them?

"In the garden,—down there by the potato beds," was the reply.

"So, so! hem! How deep were they under the surface?"

"Six or seven feet, or thereabout."

"I thought so," murmured the Professor, regarding the

"drinking-cups" with affection. "Tell me, my good Brigitta, what you intend doing with them? Would you—hem!—might I—"

"Well, I found them in your garden. If they please you, of course you can have them; but if you imagine that you owe me any thanks—"

"Ask anything you like," interrupted the Professor eagerly.

"Well, then," continued Brigitta, raising her voice, and throwing everything in this last card,—"I wish you would let me dust and put in order your study every Saturday evening."

The Professor started up as if a tarantula had bitten him, and then hurried up and down his room with hasty steps. At last he stood still and said,—

"Listen, Brigitta; I promised you, and, of course, will not break my word. Dust as much as you like, in the name of all that's horrid, but I promise you that, if you manage to break anything, you shall not stop an hour longer in the house. Now you may bring me my coffee."

Evil tongues will maintain that Brigitta found the "Celtic drinking-cups" among the rubbish of a potter's workshop, after having inspected hundreds of broken pots with critical eyes. At last the two "drinking-cups" were found, which appeared to include the necessary properties of antiquity. The Professor, however, gave to the world, a few months after, a very admirable and profoundly learned work, in two volumes, on "*The various Artistic Shapes observable in Celtic and Scandinavian Vases, and especially in ancient Drinking-cups of those Nations*," a work which was received with all the more satisfaction by connoisseurs, from the fact that the title pages presented engravings of two very rare and remarkable "Celtic drinking-cups."

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Francis Augustus, Viscount Chateaubriand, was born at Combourg, in Brittany, in 1769. At the age of seventeen he joined the regiment of Navarre, in which he remained for a considerable time. The French revolution drove him from Europe. He sailed to America, wandered to the wilds of Kentucky, and, after a residence there of two years, he crossed the wilds of Texas and New Mexico, as far as Cape Mendocino, on the Pacific coast. This long journey furnished the materials for his "Natches," a sort of poetic prose composition, in which he describes the habits of our western Indians. Returning to Europe in 1792, he resumed his military career, was wounded at the siege of Thionville, and soon after repaired to England. Here he wrote his "Historical, Political, and Moral Essay on Ancient and Modern Revolutions, considered in Relation to the French Republic. When Napoleon appeared, he discarded this work, abjured his liberal opinions, and became a warm supporter of that singular man. In 1802 he published his "Genius of Christianity," which rendered him so popular in France that he was induced to return, and, with Fontanes and La Harpe, became joint editor of the *Mercury*. In the following year he became Secretary to the Roman Legation, under Cardinal Fesch, at which time he conceived the idea of writing his "Martyrs," a religious poem not versified. He was afterwards appointed French Minister in the Valais, but soon after resigned. In 1806 he visited the East—Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine, Egypt, and Carthage, and returned through France in 1807. According to his own words, he brought back, as mementoes of his pilgrimage, a dozen pebbles from Argos, Sparta, and Corinth, a phial of water from the Jordan, another from the Dead Sea, and a handful of sedge from the banks of the Nile. On his return to France, he was deprived of his share in the *Mercury*, on account of some remarks which appear to have irritated Napoleon; and from this time his opinion of the emperor underwent a gradual though total change. Aware that he was the object of suspicion to the government, he took occasion, in his "Journey from Paris to Jerusalem," to praise the emperor's conduct and policy, especially that part of it which referred to military affairs. After the disasters consequent upon the Russian war, Chateaubriand openly announced his hostility to Napoleon, and his adherence to the house of Bourbon. These sentiments are fully embodied in his pamphlet entitled, "Of Bonaparte and the Bourbons," in which he strongly denounced the emperor, and avowed himself an ultra-royalist.

By other pamphlets in a similar style, he ingratiated himself with the old dynasty, was received at court after Napoleon's first banishment, fled with Louis XVIII. to Ghent, and again returned with him to Paris. Honours such as royalty can confer now crowded fast upon him. In August, 1815, he was made peer and minister of state; in March of the following year he became a member of the Academy. His feelings, his influence, were now decidedly royal; yet in his "Monarchy According to the Charter," he indulged himself in some reflections so offensive to the crown, that he was dismissed from the office of Secretary of State. From this time until 1820 he continued to publish various works, chiefly as a political character. It is related of him that when the Duke of Bordeaux was baptised, he presented the Duchess of Berri with a phial of water brought from the Jordan. In 1820 Chateaubriand was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Berlin; in the following year Minister of State and Member of the Privy Council. In 1822 he was appointed Extraordinary Ambassador to London, and on his return to France in the same year he succeeded the Duke of Montmorenci in the department of Foreign Affairs. On the 4th of June, 1824, he was dismissed, under symptoms of disapprobation; but on the death of Louis he again obtained the favour of the court by his "The King is Dead—Long Live the King." But, as he failed in obtaining a place in the ministry, he threw his whole influence with the opposition, and, by means of the public press, attacked the ministers with great bitterness and much success. His famous pamphlet "On the Abolition of the Censorship," in which he declared that a representative government without the liberty of the press is worthless, gained him great applause. In 1826 he advocated the cause of Greek freedom, both by his pen and in the Chamber of Peers.

Chateaubriand's health now began to fail; and though he continued to be engaged in politics and literature until very recently, yet it was with less success than formerly. His principal labour was his superintending the publication of a complete edition of his works, for which he received five hundred and fifty thousand francs. On returning from a voyage to Dieppe, in 1847, such alarming symptoms of disease manifested themselves, as left no room to doubt that his death was very near. Medical assistance was vain; and on the 4th of July, 1848, he died at his house in the Rue de Bac, at nine o'clock in the morning. The funeral service was attended by an immense concourse of the great and fashionable of Paris, and M. Patin, a member of the Academy, pronounced the oration over his body. His remains were afterwards transported to St. Malo, his native place, where they were deposited in a tomb on a high rock overlooking the sea, a fitting resting-place for the poet-politician.

FREEDOM.

Mankind have bent beneath Oppression long;
The rack and scourge have crush'd their native fire;—
Yet shall grey Error and case-hardened wrong
Light the whole earth with their funereal pyre.

For falsehood shall not ever reign The night
That o'er the Arctic icebergs spreads its pall,
Long as it lasts, yields to the morning light
That throws its golden radiance over all

So shall emerge from out the fatal gloom
That hath o'ershadowed every noble thought
Freedom's inspiring form, while round her bloom
The glories which man's sufferings well have bought.
Undreained of blessings then will have their birth
And love and joy illume the new-created earth

Bradford, Yorkshire Joseph Arthur Binns

A Railway in Difficulties.—A circumstance, perhaps unprecedented in railway annals, has within the last few days, occurred to the Preston and Longridge Railway, the result of which has been that the line has been unavoidably closed, the locomotive power, carriages, and all the rolling stock having been taken possession of and sold under a warrant of execution!

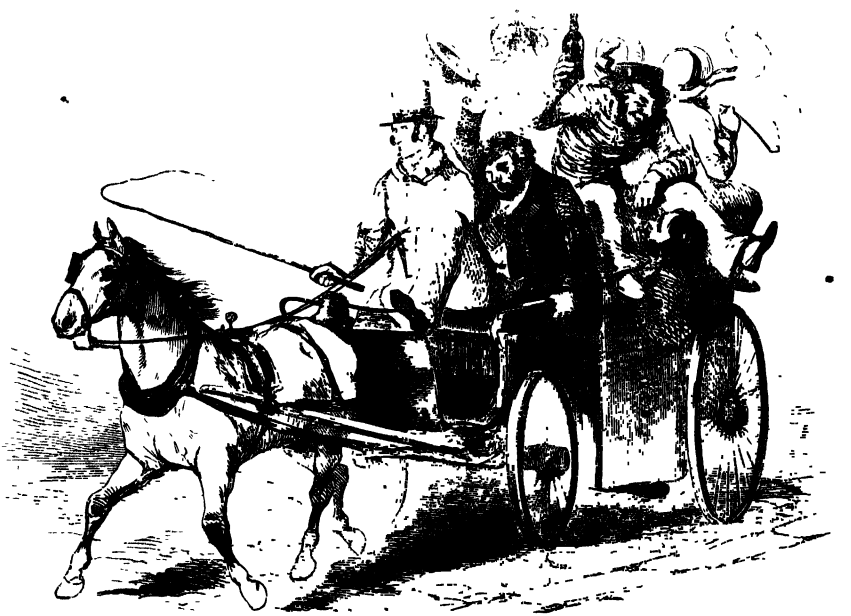
"WHEN THE WINE'S IN," &c.

THE context is familiar enough to everybody, no doubt. The engraving represents a scene by no means unusual. The passengers are evidently sailors, and all of them the worse for their cups. It is difficult to know how they keep their places, seeing they are so perfectly restless and reckless. The one sitting 'longside the driver will probably soon capsize himself, and have a broken limb or a fractured skull. Another has lost his hat, and is threatened to be deluged with the contents of the bottle which his mad brother holds over him, and will most likely be sadly wounded with its broken fragments. What a wonder it will be if they reach their destination without some serious accident! To speak to the eye and the heart is one of the great ends of painting. Garrick has well expressed it in his epitaph on Hogarth —

> "Farewell great painter of mankind,
> Who reach'd the noblest point of art,
> Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
> And through the eye correct the heart."

How happy should we be if the above description so arrested the mad fellows described in our picture? Who would like to be in their position, or share their destiny? Here, then, is one of the warnings of that wisdom which continually utters her voice in the streets; and if our representation and remarks should induce our readers to resolve never to touch poisons which can so thoroughly unman men, and peril their every prospect for this world and that to come, we should rejoice at the thought that one great object which THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND has kept in view,—namely the emancipation of the people from whatever can debase or injure them, has been accomplished.

The scene chosen by the artist reminds us of an event which occurred a little distance from the house where we were staying a few years ago. The owner of a pothouse had proposed to spend the Sunday with some of his brother innkeepers about four miles from home, and to give his wife and some other friends a holiday also. These gentlemen often choose the Sunday for their recreations. Our neighbour, on the fatal occasion we are about to mention, had, like the gentry in our picture, hired a light vehicle, and at the appointed hour drove away with his party. The horse travelled rapidly along, and nothing particular happened during the journey All were sober, and arrived with safety at the appointed



"WHEN THE WINE'S IN THE WIT'S OUT."

eye and engaged the attention of our readers as to make them see and feel the great evils connected with the use of strong drink When a man or woman becomes fond of these, everything is placed in jeopardy. The recklessness of the party depicted above, is but a faint representation of the lives and conduct of the votaries of the bottle. As soon as this new appetite is created, the health, the intellect, the morals, in fact all things connected with the wellbeing of man, are endangered. To the lovers of the tankard or the bottle, nothing is safe or secure Much has been said of the ruin occasioned by these poisons, but the thousand thousandth part has not been told Every parish has its histories of desolation and death from drink; and almost every family its tale of woe The world could not contain the books that might be written on this melancholy subject. Who will venture to predict the end of the rendezvous. After alighting, and the usual salutations of innkeepers with innkeepers, they sat down to the carousal, and the day was spent as jovially as the landlords, the landladies, and their associates could wish. As far as eating, drinking, jests, and polite obscenity rendered peculiarly savoury by a due proportion of oaths and profanity, could minister pleasure, they were all happy. Doubtless, as they all knew better, conscience every now and then uttered an unpleasant whisper, but then they all believed in the potency of the bowl to silence such an officious intruder, and an extra glass soon turned seriousness into laughter, and even religion, death, and eternity into a jest.

Pothouse theological and religious disputation not unfrequently arises from the struggle within. Conscience will go everywhere; even Lucifer has not yet been able to invent a lock which it can-

not pick, nor to forge a bolt which can exclude it even from the regions of darkness. It is as ubiquitous as ourselves, and therefore it enters the tavern; and as its voice is uppermost, and as men and women in liquor generally, like children, think aloud, religion is often upon the tapis of the beer-house kitchen or the parlour of the more polished and expensive tipplers; and nowhere is it more roughly handled. In the company referred to religion was not neglected, but then it was introduced to be condemned and scouted; for what could an assembly of swearers and drunkards say in praise of an austere judge who so severely reproved and condemned their vices.

Well, after having eaten all they could eat, and drunk all they could drink; and after exhausting every jest by uttering it several times over, and rendering every tale insipid by repetitions, the party broke up, and our neighbour, the pothouse keeper, with his wife and companions, ascended their car. It is true there were some fears when Boniface took the reins, because the horse was restive and the driver was the worse for liquor; but away they went. The wife, who was not much the worse for liquor, was alarmed, and in going down a hill persuaded her husband to alight and walk, and even suggested that a more sober man from the other car which accompanied them should take charge of the vehicle and the precious lives which it contained,—doubly precious, alas! because none of the passengers were fit for an exchange of worlds. Drunken men, however, fear nothing; and the landlord resolved to drive home without assistance. Whether from fright, from the drunkard's whip, or from some other cause, we know not, but the animal ran away, and in a few moments ran into another conveyance, precipitated the wife on the ground a lifeless corpse, and the innkeeper was prostrated by their side, perfectly stunned, in which condition he continued until the next day, when he awoke; and on inquiring for his partner, learned the sad news that she slept the sleep of death.

Comment is unnecessary. Our readers, knowing our principles, will not be surprised that we have devoted a portion of their FRIEND to a picture and article illustrative of the working man's bane—Intemperance.

THE THREE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESSES:

A MOORISH LEGEND.

These legendary celebrities were daughters of El Hayzari, the left-handed king. Early in his reign, Mohammed had found amongst the captives taken in one of his forays into the territories of the Christians, a damsel of transcendent beauty. The fair captive, and the old duenna who had been taken with her, were consigned to the royal harem, and in due time the former made the Moorish sovereign the proud and happy father of three lovely daughters, all born at a birth. Mohammed could have wished they had been sons, but consoled himself with the idea that three daughters at a birth were pretty well for a man somewhat stricken in years, and left-handed. As usual with all Moslem monarchs, he summoned his astrologers on this happy event. They cast the nativities of the three princesses, and shook their heads.

"Daughters, O king!" said the sages, "are always precarious property; but these will most need your watchfulness when they arrive at a manageable age; at that time gather them under your wings, and trust them to no other guardianship."

The threefold birth was the last matrimonial trophy of the monarch; his queen died soon after, bequeathing her infant daughters to his love, and to the fidelity of the discreet Kadiga,—for such was the name of the duenna.

Acting upon the advice of his astrologers, the cautious monarch sent his daughters, under the care of Kadiga, to be reared in the Castle of Salobrena. This was a sumptuous palace, surrounded by strong fortifications, and situated on the summit of a hill which overlooks the blue waters of the Mediterranean sea. Here the princesses remained, surrounded by all kinds of luxuries and amusements. They had delightful gardens for their recreation, filled with the rarest fruits and flowers, with aromatic groves and perfumed baths. On three sides the castle looked down on a rich valley, enamelled with all kinds of culture, and bounded by the lofty Alpuxarra mountains; on the other side it overlooked the broad sunny sea. In this delicious abode, in a propitious climate, and under a cloudless sky, the three princesses grew up into wondrous beauty. Years rolled on smoothly and serenely, the discreet Kadiga watching her precious charge with unremitting care. At a corner of the gardens which clothed the side of the hill on which the royal castle of Salobrena was built, was a small watch-tower fitted up as a pavilion, with latticed windows to admit the sea breeze. Here the princesses—whose names were Zayda, Zorayda, Zorahayda—used to pass the sultry hours of midday, taking their siesta, or noontide slumber. Here as the sisters were one day inhaling the healthful breezes wafted over the azure bosom of the Mediterranean, their attention was attracted by a galley which came coasting along with measured strokes of the oar. As it drew near, they observed that it was filled with armed men. The galley anchored at the foot of the tower, in which they sat, and a number of Moorish soldiers landed on the narrow beach, conducting several Christian prisoners. The fair occupants of the tower peeped cautiously through the close jalousies of the lattice, which screened them from sight, and perceived amongst the prisoners three Spanish cavaliers richly dressed. They were in the flower of youth and of noble presence; and the lofty manner in which they carried themselves, though loaded with chains, and surrounded with enemies, bespoke the grandeur of their souls. The princesses breathed with intense and breathless interest. Cooped up as they had been in this castle among female attendants, seeing nothing of the male sex but black slaves, or the rude fishermen of the sea-coast, it is not to be wondered at that the appearance of three gallant cavaliers, in the pride of youth and manly beauty, should produce in their unsophisticated bosoms sensations closely bordering upon the agreeable.

"Did ever nobler being tread the earth than that cavalier in crimson?" cried Zayda, the eldest of the sisters. "See how proudly he bears himself, as though all around him were his slaves!"

"But notice that one in green!" exclaimed Zorayda. "What grace! what elegance! what spirit!"

The gentle Zorahayda said nothing, but she secretly gave preference to the cavalier in green.

The princesses remained gazing until the prisoners were out of sight, then heaving long-drawn sighs, they turned round, looked at each other for a moment, and sat down, musing and pensive, on their ottomans. Weeks and months glided on, the fair sisters thinking only of the captive cavaliers, and becoming daily more and more under the influence of the fatal passion which the memory of them strengthened and confirmed. The progress of this dangerous and subtle disease was not unperceived by the sharp-sighted Kadiga. The discreet old woman became alarmed at the mischief which she had not the power to counteract or remove, and resolved to rid herself of her responsible charge, by intimating to Mohammed that his daughters had arrived at the marriageable age—the critical period at which the astrologers had warningly painted. As he sat one day on a divan in one of the cool halls of the Alhambra, a slave arrived from the fortress of Salobrena, with a message from the wise Kadiga, congratulating him on the anniversary of his daughters' birthday. The slave at the same time presented a delicate little basket decorated with flowers, within which on a conch of vine and fig leaves, lay a peach, an apricot, and a nectarine, with their bloom, and down, and dewy sweetness upon them, and all in the early stage of tempting ripeness. The monarch was versed in the oriental language of fruit and flowers, and readily divined the meaning of the emblematical offering.

"The critical period has arrived," said he, "I must gather them under my wing, and trust to no other guardianship."

So saying, he ordered that a tower of the Alhambra should be prepared for their reception, and departed at the head of his guards for the fortress of Salobrena, to conduct them home in person. About three years had elapsed since Mohammed had beheld his daughters, and he could scarcely credit his eyes at the wonderful change which that small space of time had made in their appearance. During the interval, they had passed that wondrous boundary-line in female life which separates the crude, unformed, and thoughtless girl, from the blooming, blushing, meditative woman. It is like passing from the flat, bleak, uninteresting plains of La Mancha, to the voluptuous valleys and swelling hills of Andalusia.

Mohammed the left-handed, surveyed his blooming daughters with mingled pride and perplexity; for while he exulted in their charms, he bethought himself of the prediction of the astrologers. "Three daughters! three daughters!" muttered repeatedly to himself, "and all of a marriageable age! Here's tempting Hesperian fruit, that requires a dragon watch!"

He prepared for his return to Granada by sending heralds before him, commanding every one to keep out of the road by which he was to pass, and that all doors and windows should be closed at the approach of the princesses. He then set out, accompanied by his precious charge on three beautiful white palfreys, and escorted by a strong guard.

The cavalcade was drawing near to Granada, when it overtook, on the banks of the Xenil, a small body of Moorish soldiers, with a convoy of prisoners. It was too late for the soldiers to get out of the way, so they threw themselves on their faces on the earth, ordering their captives to do the same. Among the prisoners were the three identical cavaliers whom the princesses had seen from the pavilion. They either did not understand, or were too haughty to obey the order, and remained standing and gazing upon the cavalcade as it approached.

The ire of the monarch was kindled at this flagrant defiance of his orders. Drawing his scimitar and pressing forward, he was about to deal a left-handed blow that would have been fatal to at least one of the gazers, when the princesses crowded round him, and implored mercy for the offenders. Mohammed paused, with uplifted scimitar, when the captain of the guard threw himself at his feet, and exclaimed, "Let not your majesty do a deed that may cause great scandal throughout the kingdom. These are three brave and noble Spanish knights, who have been taken in battle, fighting like lions." "Enough!" said the king, "I will spare their lives, but punish their audacity: let them be taken to the Vermilion Towers, and put to hard labour." Whilst Mohammed had been making this harangue, the veils of the three princesses had been thrown back, and the radiance of their beauty revealed. Its effect upon the three cavaliers was instantaneous and complete. Quick as was this *cordial* victory, not less singular was the fact, that each of the love-vanquished cavaliers was enraptured with a several beauty. The cavalcade resumed its march, and reached the Alhambra: the Spanish captives were conducted to their allotted prison in the Vermilion Towers in the same fortress. The residence provided for the princess was one of the most dainty that fancy could devise. It was a tower somewhat apart from the main palace of the Alhambra, though connected with it by the wall which encircled the whole summit of the hill. On one side of it looked into the interior of the fortress, and had, at its foot, a small garden filled with the rarest flowers. On the other side it overlooked a deep ravine that separated the grounds of the Alhambra from those of the Generalife—the summer residence of the Moorish kings. The internal decorations of the tower were of the most gorgeous description.

But the memory of the noble cavaliers filled the fair charges of Kadiga with pensive and melancholy thoughts. In spite of all the luxury with which they were surrounded, they pined and faded; nothing could "minister to their minds diseased." The flowers yielded them no fragrance, and the song of the nightingale itself was harsh and jarring to their ears. In vain did the anxious Mohammed ransack the Zacatin of Granada for the richest silks and most precious jewels. He gave it up as a hopeless affair, and gave *carte blanche* to the discreet Kadiga, in whom his confidence was unbounded. The wise duenna was skilful in diseases of the heart, and knew the best medicine for her pining charge. The day before, she had discovered the *locale* of the Christian captives, and going privately to Hussein Baba, the big-whiskered, broad-shouldered renegado, in whose charge they were, and slipping a broad piece of gold into his itching palm, thus signified her wishes:—"My mistresses have heard of the musical talents of the three Spanish cavaliers, and are desirous of hearing a specimen of their skill. I am sure you are too kind-hearted to refuse them so innocent a gratification." The cautious Hussein was about to suggest obstacles and dangers, but they were all removed by the golden logic of Kadiga, and it was arranged that the cavaliers should be placed to work in the ravine at the bottom of the princesses' tower. The various scenes in the interesting drama which followed, need not be detailed. By the generous connivance of Hussein Baba, the lovers held converse by song and flower. Days and weeks flew by like so many hours, the mutual passion of the captives and their royal mistresses becoming strengthened by the very difficulties by which it was attended. At length there was an interruption in their telegraphic correspondence; for several days the cavaliers ceased to make their appearance in the glen. The three beautiful princesses looked out from the tower in vain. In vain they stretched out their swan-like necks from the balcony; in vain they sang like captive nightingales in their cage; nothing was to be seen of their Christian lovers; not a note responded from the groves. The discreet Kadiga was sent forth for intelligence, and soon returned with a face full of trouble. "Ah, my children!" cried the sorrowing duenna, "You may now hang up your lutes on the willows. The Spanish cavaliers are now ransomed by their families; they are down in Granada, and are preparing to return to their native country." The three beautiful princesses were in despair at the tidings. As soon as the first burst of sorrow had subsided, the faithful governess ventured to finish her communication. "Yes, my children, well may you grieve at the loss of such worthy cavaliers. Granada, alas! has not their equals. Would that they had embraced the faith of Islam, and taken service under your royal father! There might then have been hope. As it is they are in despair, and could think of only one plan that would remedy your common misfortune." "What was it, good Kadiga?" exclaimed the anxious princesses in a breath—"What was it? that we may lose none of their parting words."

In the excess of their affection, they endeavoured to persuade me to urge you to fly with them to Cordova, and become their wives!"

The three princesses turned alternately pale and red, and trembled, and looked down, and cast shy looks at each other, but said nothing.

The scene that followed need not be described, nor need the reader be told that doubts and fears were all silenced and removed by the potent arguments of love. The following night was the one appointed for their escape. Towards midnight, when the Alhambra was buried in sleep, the discreet Kadiga listened from the balcony of a window that looked into the garden. Hussein Baba, who was to accompany the cavaliers in their flight, was already below, and gave the appointed signal. The duenna fastened the end of a ladder of ropes to the balcony, lowered it into the garden, and descended. The two eldest princesses followed her with beating hearts, but when it came to the turn of the youngest princess, Zoraidayda, she hesitated, and trembled. Every moment increased the danger of discovery. A distant tramp was heard.

"The patrols are walking the rounds," cried the renegado, "if we linger, we perish. Princess, descend instantly, or we leave you."

Zoraidayda was for a moment in fearful agitation; then loosening the ladder of ropes, with desperate resolution, she flung it from the balcony.

"It is decided!" she cried, "flight is now out of my power. Allah guide and bless you, my sisters! Farewell!"

The two eldest princesses would fain have lingered, but the furious renegado hurried them away. A dark subterraneous passage soon brought them to the outside of the fortress, where the cavaliers awaited them with fleet steeds. The lovers were disguised as Moorish soldiers of the guard, commanded by the renegado. The lover of Zoraidayda was frantic when he heard that she had refused to leave the tower, but there was no time to waste in lamentations. The two princesses were placed behind their lovers, the Kadiga mounted behind the renegado, and all set off at a discreet round pace in the direction of the pass of Lope, which leads through the mountains to Cordova.

They had not proceeded far when they heard the noise of drums and trumpets from the battlements of the Alhambra.

"Our flight is discovered!" said the renegado.

"We have fleet steeds, the night is dark, and we may distance all pursuit," replied the cavaliers.

They put spurs to their horses, and scoured across the Vega. They had attained the mountain of Elvira, and were entering a pass, when a bale-fire sprang up into a blaze on the top of the watch-tower of the Alhambra.

"Confusion!" shouted the renegado; "that fire will put all the guards of the passes on the alert. Away! away! Spur for your lives, or they are lost!"

Away they dashed, the clattering of their horses' hoofs echoing from rock to rock, as they swept along the road that skirts the rocky mountain of Elvira.

"Forward! forward!" cried the renegado, as the watch-towers of the mountains answered the light from the Alhambra. "To the bridge—to the bridge, before the alarm has reached there!"

They doubled the promontory of the mountains, and arrived in

sight of the famous Puente del Pinos, that crosses a rushing stream, often dyed with Moorish and Christian blood. To their confusion, the tower on the bridge blazed with lights, and glittered with armed men. Followed by the cavaliers, the renegado struck off from the road, skirted the river for some distance, and dashed into its waters They were borne for some distance down the rapid current; the surges roared round them, but the beautiful princesses clung to their Christian knights, and never uttered a complaint. The party soon gained the opposite bank in safety, and were led by the renegado, by rude and unfrequented paths and wild barrancos, through the heart of the mountains, so as to avoid all the regular passes They succeeded in reaching the ancient city of Cordova, where the restoration of the cavaliers to their country and friends was celebrated with great rejoicings, The princesses were forthwith received into the bosom of the church, and, after being in all due form made regular Christians, were rendered happy wives.

In our hurry to make good the escape of the princesses, we forgot to mention the fate of the discreet Kadiga When Hussein Baba plunged into the stream, she clung to him like a cat, and her terror knew no bounds.

"Grasp me not so tightly," cried Hussein Baba, "hold on by my belt, and fear nothing"

She held firmly, with both hands, by the leathern belt that girded the broad-backed renegado, but when he halted with the cavaliers, to take breath on the mountain summit, the duenna was no longer to be seen.

"What has become of Kadiga?" cried the princesses, in alarm.

Allah alone knows!" replied the renegado "My belt became loose in the midst of the river, and Kadiga was swept with it down the stream. The will of Allah be done! but it was an embroidered belt, and of great price."

There was no time to waste in idle laments, but bitterly did the princesses bewail the loss of their discreet counsellor After the flight of her sisters, the unhappy Zorayhada was confined still more closely, though she had no known inclination to elope It was thought, indeed, that she secretly repented having remained behind; for now and then she would be seen leaning on the battlements of the tower, and looking mournfully towards the blue mountains of Cordova, and sometimes the notes of her lute were heard accompanying mournful ditties, in which she lamented the loss of her sisters and her lover, and bewailed her own solitary life. She died young, and, according to popular rumour, was buried in a vault beneath the tower, and her untimely fate has given rise to more than one traditionary fable

Such is the legend of "The Three Beautiful Princesses"

THE DIVERSION OF HAWKING.

THE diversion of hawking belonged to the good old time. In those days "it was thought sufficient for noblemen to wind their horn and carry their hawk fair, and to leave study and learning to the children of mean people." So that Spenser makes his gallant Sir Tristram boast,

> "Ne is there hawk which mantleth her on pearch,
> Whether high towering, or accoasting low,
> But I the measure of her flight do search,
> And all her prey, and all her diet know."

It is well sometimes to think of these things. To leave the present and live with the past—to forget our railroads and steam navigation—our straight brick houses—our well-lighted, well-paved, well-guarded thoroughfares—our manufactories, museums, libraries, cheap books and newspapers, mechanics' institutions, and the rest of it—and to glance at the things that have been, to know how men in England fared centuries agone, what they did, and how they did it, in the good old times.

Famous old times! when this good city of London was a picturesque old place, with curious gables and projecting stories, and dark, narrow streets where the plague lurked; when prentice lads woke up the echoes on a summer's eve with buckler-play in the cheap, and the stocks and the pillory were set up in every parish: when swaggerers paraded in Paul's walk with well-brushed finery, and cudgelled their lofty [illegible] to devise a new pourpoint; when gallant swashbroad sum, emptied their pottle-pots in the pleasant ville of and under a cl[illegible]d cheered and shouted when old brum broke drous beauty. Years rolled [illegible] among the curs of the bear-garden —and traitors' heads were on the bridge gate blackening and rotting in the sun; when the outlaws of merry Sherwood indulged in plundering predictions undismayed by the smell of hemp; when gallant knights tilted at the tournaments, and very often lost their lives; when artisans were impressed by royal command to build Windsor castle, and all the hedges and fences near the king's forest were ordered to be removed, in order that his deer might have more ready access to the fields of pasture. Learned old times! when a man escaped hanging if he knew how to read; and Wickliffe says, "there were many unable curates, who could not read the ten commandments."

In was in those old times that hawking was a favourite diversion and principal amusement of the English. Then a person of rank scarcely stirred out without his hawk on his hand; and in old paintings this is the criterion of nobility. Harold, afterwards king of England, when he went on a most important embassy into Normandy, is painted embarking with a bird on his hand and a dog under his arm, and in an ancient picture of the nuptials of Henry VI., a nobleman is represented in a similar manner Every degree had its peculiar hawk, from an emperor down to a holy-water clerk. It was the pride of the rich, and the privilege of the poor.

The falcons and hawks which were in use, are found to breed in Wales, in Scotland and its islands. The peregrine falcon inhabits the rocks of Caernarvonshire. The same species, with the gerfalcon, the gentil, and the goshawk, are found in Scotland, and the lanner, in Ireland. The Norwegian breed were, in old times, in high esteem in England, and were thought bribes worthy of a king. Thus, we learn, that one Geoffrey Fitzpierre gave two good Norway hawks to King John, to obtain the liberty of exporting a hundredweight of cheese.

The training of hawks consisted principally in the manning, luring, flying, and hooding them. An old writer tells us how to man them, "which is by watching and keeping them from sleep, by a continual carrying them upon your fist, and by a most familiar stroking and playing with them with the wing of a dead fowl, or such like, and by often gazing and looking them in the face with a loving and gentle countenance, and so making them acquainted with the man." By a peculiar whistle they were taught, when flying, to return to their owner's hand. From the very first the animal was accoutred with certain paraphernalia—its head was covered by a leathern *hood*, fitting close all round so as to shut up its eyes, but easily removed when necessary. On the top of the hood there was a tuft of feathers. Leathern straps, called *jesses*, a few inches in length, were fitted to the legs of the bird by a button slipping through a slit or loop. Close beside the loop was a small spherical *bell*, composed of silver for clearness of sound. The other end of the *jesses* were furnished each with a ring, which could be readily fitted upon the swivel, designed to connect them both with the *leash* or long, slender strap, sometimes prolonged by a *creance* or common cord, and designed as a tether by which to restrain the bird, at the same time that it should be allowed considerable room for free motion.

The training of falcons was a wearying and laborious business. The sport, we need hardly say, was founded on the natural instinct of this rapacious order of birds. But to train them was no easy matter. The falconer's was a responsible office—you notice him in his quaintly-fashioned garb in old pictures—you read of him in old romances, how he was deep in the mysteries of his art, how the falcon proper and the gerfalcon, the short-winged hawk, the sparrowhawk, the goshawk, the tiercel, the tierce-gentle, and the musket, were to him familiar things; but, perhaps, it were impossible to find a better description of the falconer than that which is furnished by John Stephens, who wrote in the days of King James I. "A falconer," he says, "is the egg of a tame pullet hatched up among hawks and spaniels. He hath in his minority conversed with kestrels and young hobbies; but growing up he begins to handle the lure and look a falcon in the face. All his learning makes him but a new linguist; for to have studied and practised the terms of Hawk's dictionary is enough to excuse his wit, manners, and humanity. He hath too many trades to thrive; and yet if he had fewer he would thrive less. Hawks be his admiration, his knowledge, his labour, his object, his all."

Vast was the expense which attended the sport. In the early part of the seventeenth century Sir Thomas Monson gave a thousand pounds for a cast of hawks. This accounts, in some degree, for the severity of the laws which were enacted for their preservation.

By an old law it was declared felony to steal a hawk, and to take its eggs even in a person's own ground was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, and a fine according to royal pleasure.

Falconry is a sport of the past, and yet it must ever remain a living thing amongst us. Our literature abounds with references to the pastime, and many of its terms are incorporated into our common language. Milton speaks of *imping* his wing to a bolder flight, and Shakspeare makes Macduff frantically inquire, when he hears that his children are slain—

> "What! all my pretty ones—all
> *At one fell swoop?*"

To "hoodwink" and to "fly at higher game" are common terms. These, and a thousand others, scattered through old books, and uttered in our daily talk, will ever keep alive the memory of falconry.

The Grand Falconer of France had the superintendence of all the king's falconers, and was a sworn officer with wages and allowances amounting to £22,200, a year. All hawk merchants, both French and foreigners, were bound under pain of confiscation of their birds, to come and present them to the Grand Falconer, for him to choose birds for the king before they were allowed to sell to any one else. In the reign of Louis XIV., if his majesty, when hawking inclined to the pleasure of letting fly a hawk, the grand falconer placed it on the king's fist; and when the prey was taken, the pricker gave the head of it to his chief, and he to the grand falconer, who presented it to the king. The Duke of St. Alban's is hereditary grand falconer of the British court.

The old books upon hawking are written with great vivacity and spirit, and abound more in gentle description and pleasant anecdote than any other treatises upon field sports. "Uncle," says Master Stephen, in *Every Man in his Humour*, "afore I go in, can you tell me if Edward have ere a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I have bought me a hawk, and a hood and bells and all, and lack nothing but a book to keep them by." And when Old Knowall angrily replies, "Oh, most ridiculous!" he rejoins, "Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle; why, you know, an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek or the Latin." And so they were studied with wonderful care by all those who strove to be thought gentlemen.

It was a gallant sight to witness a hawking party ride forth to the sport, and to follow them and witness the bravery of hawk and heron—if old writers are to be believed. The noble horses gaily decorated, the picturesque costume of the time, the birds hooded and plumed, the falconers and the dogs were all worth looking at as they passed under the gnarled branches of the wide-spreading trees to the broad "hawking downs." And the sport itself was exciting. When down by the river the heron had been roused and flew upward to the sky, and the falcon unleashed, and unhooded, was whistled off, and flew as if she never would have turned head again. Higher and higher the birds rise till they seem no bigger than sparrows, each ascending in spiral gyrations, each trying to make the wind his friend, the falcon striving to gain the ascendant that with one fell swoop he may come down upon his prey. It was not uncommon to release two hawks. These circlings, then, had the curious effect of presenting the three birds as apparently flying in different directions; whereas, the real intention of the two hawks was steadily directed to one point—that of contact with the heron, whose entire efforts were to



A HAWKING PARTY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

rise higher than the hawks, or to receive their swoop upon its sharp bill. Presently, the final swoop is made, heron and hawks descend together, but not with a dangerous rapidity, the action of their wings breaking their fall, and now the whole party of falconers are in quick pursuit, to the assistance of the hawks against the final struggle of the heron.

In a play first acted in 1604, the following passage occurs, highly descriptive of the sport:—

> "*Sir Charles.* So; well cast off, aloft, aloft, well flown.
> O now she rakes her at the sowse, and strikes her down
> To the earth like a swift thunder clap—
> Now she hath seized the fowl, and 'gins to plume her,
> Rebeck her not, rather stand still and check her.
> So she's seized her! her jesses and her bells. away!
> *Sir Francis.* My hawk killed two!
> *Sir Charles.* Ay, but 'twas at the querre,*
> Not at the mount like mine."

Such then was the "good old sport of falconry." During the whole of the day the gentry were given to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; and in the evening cele-

* When a hawk went covertly under the hedges and seized a bird by the river, it was said the bird was taken unfairly, or killed at the *querre*.

brated their exploits with the most abandoned sottishness; and the labouring population of the kingdom were liable to capital punishment, to fines and imprisonments for destroying the most destructive of the feathered tribes. Those days are gone, and glad are we they are gone. If such a condition as that which we have just mentioned was the state of "Merry England" in the good old times, and all history says it was so, we rejoice that the good old times are past; for, admitting that those old times were good, we have still three degrees in comparison, in history as well as in grammar—the positive good old times, the comparative better old times, the superlative best old times—for, by the bright light resting on the future, *the best old times are coming yet!*

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

A submarine telegraph between the coasts of England and the sister isle is now an accomplished fact, and an event pregnant with interest as regards the future welfare of both countries. On the morning of the 1st of June, at four o'clock, the Britannia steamer started from Holyhead with the telegraph cable on board, preceded by Her Majesty's steamer Prospero, a vessel furnished by the Admiralty, as a pilot to the expedition. The steamers proceeded at a low rate of speed, varying from four to six miles an hour, paying out the wire with the greatest care and precision as they receded from the English coast, and at length, after a passage of little more than sixteen hours, and without the occurrence of any accident, arrived at Howth Harbour amid the cheers of those who had assembled to witness their approach. The moment the Britannia had arrived at her destination, and communicated the fact to Holyhead that the Irish shore was reached, the final grand test was applied to the telegraphic cable by connecting the wire with one of the ship's loaded guns, and passing the word, "Fire!" to Holyhead. The answer was the immediate discharge of the gun on board the Britannia. The hour was then just half past eight o'clock. The work had been performed in little more than eighteen hours. Messages were now rapidly interchanged, and a salute of the Britannia's guns fired from Holyhead. A letter had arrived in Dublin, directed to a gentleman who had left for Holyhead by the midday steamer, and whose presence was immediately required in London. A message was sent to seek him out. Within half an hour he was discovered, and he responded, "I am here." "You are wanted in London" "I shall start by the next train." Another hour and the cable was ashore, the connexion completed with the land wires, and the indicators at the Dublin terminus of the Drogheda Railway, were conversing with those at the terminus of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, in Holyhead. The Britannia remained outside the harbour during the night, and before these words reach the reader, the connexion of the submarine wire with that already laid down upon the Howth line will have been completed. At this moment an unbroken line of electric communication is established between London and Dublin, and from this fact arrangements will result, in a brief space of time, which will virtually—as respects the transmission of news—bring the metropolis of Ireland from four to six hours, the distance from Holyhead to Kingstown, nearer to London than it has heretofore been.

THE SHIP OF DEATH.

(From the German.)

By the shore of Time now lying,
On the inky flood beneath,
Patiently, thou soul undying,
Waits for thee the Ship of Death.

He who on that vessel starteth,
Sailing from the sons of men,
To the friends from whom he parteth
Never more returns again.

From her mast no flag is flying,
To denote from whence she came;
She is known unto the dying—
Azael is her captain's name.

Not a word was ever spoken
On that dark, unfathomed sea,
Silence there is so unbroken
She herself seems not to be.

Silence thus, in darkness lonely,
Doth the Soul put forth alone,
While the wings of angels only
Waft her to a land unknown.

EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY.

Solutions to Questions in No. 35, May 29.

1. The first woman had 50 eggs. She sold as many as she could at 7 a penny, and the remainder at 3d. each; the second had 30, and the third 10; and they all sold their eggs "after the same rate, and obtained the same amount of money." Thus,

The first woman had 50 eggs. The 49 at 7 a penny = 7d. and 1 at 3d. = 3 = 10d. The second woman had 30 eggs. She sold 28 at 7 a penny = 4d., and 2 at 3d. each = 6d. = 10d. The second woman had 10 eggs. She sold 7 for a penny = 1d., and 3 at 3d. each = 9d. = 10d.

2. If a wheel be 4½ feet high, there will be required for the tire 14·1372 feet of iron—14½ feet nearly.—M. W. M. Supposing the tire to be three inches thick, the length of it would be 14·9226 feet.—John Mather, J. R. W. L. Smith, Robert Middleton, Edward Edwards, George Smithers, F. Roberts, Bennet Lowe.

3. By the laws of geometrical proportion we have the whole sum.

Thus, $£2000 \times 2 - 5s. = £3999\ 15s.$ the whole debt.
$2 - 1$

—John Sowden, W. M. W., Edward Edwards, L. R.

4. Let the price of the hat be 1 shilling, then 1s. + 6d. + 1d. 3d. = 2s. 1d., and 1s. 7d. × 1s. ÷ 2s. 1d. = 7 shillings, the price of the hat.—7s. + 3s. 6d. + 1s. 9d. + 2s. 4d. = 14s. 7d. proof.—Robert Middleton, D. R. G., Edward Edwards, Charles Peirdon, L. Francke, Mutatis, John Mather, Bennet Lowe.

5. As $\frac{2}{3}$: 6 . $\frac{3}{4}$: 7 $\frac{1}{2}$, the answer required.—J. Sowden, that is, as the true third of 20 is to the supposed third of 20, so is the true fourth to the supposed fourth of 33.—W. M. W.

6. This question has been answered by J. Sowden, but the figures are written so badly that we cannot make them out. J. M. W.'s solution is also open to the same objection. John Ridgway's solution is sufficiently correct; but it is wrongly stated. Joseph Timms forwards the following ingenious solution —

Let x = one of the required numbers and y the other, then by the question we have

$$x^2 - y^2 = xy \qquad (1)$$

and

$$x^3 - y^3 = x^2 + y^2 \qquad (2)$$

Assuming $vx = y$, and substituting it in equation (1) we have

$$x^2 - v^2x^2 = vx^2$$

dividing by x^2 we have $1 - v^2 = v$

$$v^2 + v = 1$$

$$v^2 + v + \tfrac{1}{4} = \tfrac{5}{4}$$

$$v + \tfrac{1}{2} = \sqrt{\tfrac{5}{4}} \qquad \text{whence taking the upper sign}$$

$$v = \frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2}$$

By substituting this value of v in equation (2) it becomes

$$x^3 - \left(\frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2}\right)^3 x^3 = x^2 + \left(\frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2}\right)^2 x^2$$

$$x^1 - (\sqrt{5}-2)\,x^3 = x^2 + \frac{(3-\sqrt{5})}{2}\,x^2$$

Dividing by x^2 we get $(3-\sqrt{5})\,x = \frac{5-\sqrt{5}}{2}$

$$\therefore x = \frac{5-\sqrt{5}}{2(3-\sqrt{5})} = \frac{(5-\sqrt{5})\,(3+\sqrt{5})}{2(3-\sqrt{5})\,(3+\sqrt{5})} = \frac{10+2\sqrt{5}}{8} = \frac{5+\sqrt{5}}{4}$$

By putting the value thus found for x in equation (1) it becomes

$$\frac{(5+\sqrt{5})^2}{4} - y^2 = \frac{(5+\sqrt{5})}{4}\,y$$

$$y^2 + \frac{(5+\sqrt{5})}{4}\,y = \frac{15+5\sqrt{5}}{8}$$

$$y^2 + \frac{5+\sqrt{5}}{4}\,y + \frac{(5+\sqrt{5})^2}{8} = \frac{15+5\sqrt{5}}{8} + \frac{30+10\sqrt{5}}{64}$$

$$= \frac{120+40\sqrt{5}+30+10\sqrt{5}}{64} = \frac{150+50\sqrt{5}}{64} = \left(\frac{25\,(6+2\sqrt{5})}{64}\right)$$

$$\therefore y + \frac{5+\sqrt{5}}{8} = \pm\tfrac{5}{8}\sqrt{(6+2\sqrt{5})} = \pm\tfrac{5}{8}\,(\sqrt{5}+1)$$

whence taking the upper sign, we have

$$y = \frac{5\sqrt{5}+5}{8} - \frac{5+\sqrt{5}}{8} = \frac{5\sqrt{5}+5-5-\sqrt{5}}{8} = \frac{4\sqrt{5}}{8} = \frac{\sqrt{5}}{2}$$

Therefore the true answer is $\frac{5+\sqrt{5}}{4}$ and $\frac{\sqrt{5}}{2}$. Joseph Timms.

Mr. Bennet Lowe, of Manchester, also sends a solution to this question, which arrived too late for insertion.

7. It seems probable (says Hallam in his "Middle Ages," vol. 2., p. 205), that the creation of parishes was not a simultaneous act, but was the gradual result of circumstances, and was not accomplishing till near the time of the conquest.—JOHN MATHER.

8. "Because it receives none of the rays of light and reflects them all."—LUPUS. "Because it reflects or throws back the rays of light and absorbs none."—JOHN MATHER.

9. Crowns were originally wreaths or chaplets of leaves or flowers. The first golden crown of which I find any mention is that worn by Mordecai, who "went out with a golden crown on his head." Esther, chap. 8, verse 15.—JOHN MATHER.

10 One sovereign, four twopenny pieces and sixteen farthings. Twenty-one pieces in all. Answered by twenty-three correspondents.

11 Fill the three quart tin and empty it into the five ditto. Fill the three quart a second time and *fill* the five quart, which will leave one quart in the three quart tin. Then empty the five quarts into the eight quart pot, and put the one quart into the five quart tin. Once more fill the three quart tin from the eight quart pot, which will leave *four quarts in the eight quart pot*.—ROBERT MIDDLETON, Aberdeen. Also by James Price. J. R W. L. M.

12 — *Wheat* is the article much used in this nation,
On which some queer folks wish to put a taxation;
Take a letter from *wheat*, and then you have *heat*,
Take two letters from it, and then will appear,
What we all *wish to do* every day of the year
CHARLES PEIRSON

QUESTIONS REQUIRING ANSWERS.

1. When and by whom were the Canadas acquired by England?

2. By whom was Jamaica discovered, and in what period of English history was it acquired by the English?

3. What small island in the German ocean belongs to the English?

4. In travelling from Washington, in the United States, to the north of the island of Borneo, and thence to New Zealand, thence to California, and lastly to India, how many times would a vessel cross the equinoctial line?—LUPUS.

5 — CHARADE.

Gemmed with the dews of night,
When all the stars of heaven had shed
Their sweetest influence on its head,
Waiting its incense to the early light,
I pluck'd my FIRST from its ambrosial bed.

It graced her bridal brow,
Whom eighteen happy years before
A sweet and smiling child I bore,
To plight at holy font a Christian's vow,
And gain my SECOND, the meek name she wore

Alas! for youth's vicissitude!
Ere she had pass'd her bridal year,
She died—and on her youthful bier,
Amidst funereal herbs my WHOLE was strewed,
Mingled with flowers and wet with many a tear

6. A man went into a house, borrowed as much money as he had with him, spent sixpence; went into a second, borrowed as much as he had with him, and spent sixpence; went into a third, borrowed as much as he had with him, and spent sixpence, and came out with nothing. How much had he at first?—A. BELK.

7. A snail up a steeple one hour had climb'd
When the clock of the village struck nine,
And when the same clock just eleven had chimed
He had finish'd one-third of the line.
Now the hands of the clock were as two is to three,
And their points when the bell counted nine,
Were in inches apart, it is told unto me,
Just three short of twenty and nine.
So now if you'd finish this wonderful tale,
Determine the height of the tower,
The long minute finger, and pace of the snail,
If they went the same distance per hour.
JOHN RIDGWAY, Broken Cross, Macclesfield.

8. What is the meaning of the letters S.P.Q.R., used on the ancient Romans' ensigns?—G. T.

9. A sphere of brass, whose circumference is 58 1196 inches, is drawn into a wire $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch diameter. Required the length in miles, and the cost at 2d. per yard.

10. In a round tower, 18 feet diameter, 60 feet high, and divided into six stories, there is a leaden pipe for the conveyance of water to the building, wound round in form of a screw, so that it surrounds the tower exactly six times. The pipe is 1½ inch diameter, and ⅛ of an inch thick. Required the cost at 3½d. per pound, allowing a cubic inch to weigh seven ounces avoirdupois.

11 — A landed man two daughters had,
And both were very fair;
He gave to each a piece of land,
One round the other square.

At twenty pounds an acre just,
Each price its value had,
The shillings that encompass each
The price exactly paid

If cross the shilling be an inch,
And it is very near,
How much above the circle is
The excess of the square?

12. While a leaden bullet was descending from the top of a tower, a small ball suspended by a slender thread, ten inches long from the point of suspension to the centre of the ball, made eight vibrations. What was the height of the tower?—WILLIAM MILLER

13. Four boys met a maid with a basket of pears. The first robbed her of one-fifth of what she had, but gave her four again, the second took from her one-fourth, but returned her three, the third took one-third but returned her two, and the fourth took away one half, and returned her one. She had twelve pears left. How many pears had she at setting out?

14. Who levied the first land-tax, and what was it called?—J. M.

15. What are the two mean proportions between 4 and 108?—N. T. N.

16. What four weights are they which may be weighed from 1 to 40 lb.?—GEO. HIGGINS, jun.

17. If a body weigh 28 lb. on the surface of the earth, what will be its weight at 100 miles above it, the earth's diameter being 7,925 miles?

We congratulate our friends on their success in the Exercises for Ingenuity; but, at the same time, we must impress on them the importance of *a clear and distinct style of handwriting*. In the 5th question of No. 30 an error has occurred, to which our attention has been called, which arose from this want of distinctness; and in the present number we have been obliged to lay aside several ingenious questions from the same easily-remedied cause.

LITERARY NOTICES.

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MISCELLANEA.

"PULLING ONE WAY."—A story is told of a bridegroom who rejoiced in certain eccentricities. A day or two after his wedding, he requested his bride to accompany him into the garden. He then threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side, and called out, "Pull the line!" She pulled at his request as far as she could. He cried, "Pull it over!" "I can't," she replied. "Pull with all your might!" shouted the whimsical husband. But in vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so long as the husband held on to the opposite end. But when he came round, and they both pulled at one end, it came over with great ease. "There," said he, as the line felt from the roof, "you see how hard and ineffectual was our labour when we pulled in opposition to each other; but how easy and pleasant it is when we both pull together. It will be so, my dear, through life. If we oppose each other it will be hard work, if we act together it will be pleasant to live. Let us, therefore, always pull together." In this illustration, homely as it may appear, there is sound philosophy. Husband and wife must mutually bear and concede, if they wish to make home a retreat of joy and bliss One alone cannot make home happy. There must be a unity of action, sweetness of spirit, a great forbearance and love in both husband and wife, to secure the great end of happiness in the domestic circle

ABSURDITY OF THE MALE COSTUME.—A philosopher has said that every man designs his clothing with the view of typifying externally what he feels to be his nature and that seems to be a sound rationale of the true principle and the actual intent; but how near is it to the fact? The living statue, man, cannot be recognised in the living tailor's block. His vaulted head is roofed by a black chimney-pot,—though, by the way, he never uses that chimney when he lights a tobacco fire in his mouth. His limbs he thrusts into shapeless cases, too loose to display the natural form, too tight to assume any symmetrical form as drapery His feet are put into black cases, which reduce the rounded and finely-fingered foot to a shape as nearly as possible to the model of a pianoforte pedal. His trunk is encumbered by the meeting of the several bits that make his garment—flaps lengthened here, curtailed there. The column of his neck he hides with a complicated system of swathing, bows, and flaps, called a stock, surmounted by the stiffened flaps of a white garment beneath; on grand occasions, men of refinement inclining to religious views, put a white table napkin round their throats, "and boast themselves more lovely than before!" There is a notion that our dress is regulated by climate and convenience. They have their influence; bustling habits make us cultivate succinct forms: cold climate favours cloth; but the real regulators of costume are, first, the tailor, who knows nothing about it; and then that tasteless person, Mrs. Grundy. As to climate, a narrow-brimmed hat is not good for either sun or rain; a collar with an opening betwixt stock and coat neither for wind nor water; trousers are purveyors of mud, and an open waistcoat only another encourager of lung disease.

TRIFLES.—A gentleman having written a letter, concluded it as follows.—Give everybody's love to everybody, so that nobody may be aggrieved by anybody being forgotten by somebody.

DEMOSTHENES.—The transcendent glory which Demosthenes acquired as an orator, and which, after the admiration of more than two thousand years, is still increasing, and ever will increase, has caused his merits as a statesman and a patriot, to remain by many apparently unheeded. But nothing could be more erroneous or unjust than to suppose that Demosthenes either cultivated or valued his eloquence for its own sake, and for the fame which it might bring him as a mere rhetorician. He was emphatically a practical man; and his whole career was one of laborious and unremitting action. He bestowed the industry, which has made his name proverbial, on acquiring and perfecting the power of public speaking, because, without possessing that power it was impossible for him to acquire political influence, and exert himself effectively in his country's cause.

THE EIGHTH (AND GREATEST) WONDER OF THE WORLD.—"Amongst the many wonders of this world, there is none greater than the blindness of the writers of this and other countries to the transcendent influence of the blood and spirit of ancient Scandinavia on the English character."—The opening paragraph, of the *Literature and Romance of northern Europe*, by William and Mary Howitt

CICERO'S WARNING AGAINST THE TRICKS OF BRITISH CABMEN.—"Tu, qui cæteris cavere didicisti, in Britannia ne abessedaris decipiaris, caveto.—" You, who are up to a dodge or two, beware lest the British cabmen are too quick for you

WHAT A WIFE SHOULD BE.—Burns, the poet, in one of his letters, sets forth the following as the true qualifications of a good wife.—"The scale of good wifeship I divide into ten parts, good nature, *two*, good sense, *two*, wit, *one*, personal charms, namely, a sweet face, eloquent eyes, fine limbs, graceful carriage, all these, *one*, as for the other qualities belonging to, or attending on a wife, such as fortune, connexions, education, (I mean education extraordinary), family blood, &c, divide the *two* remaining degrees among them as you please, only remember, that all these minor proportions must be expressed by *fractions*, for there is not any one of them in the aforesaid scale entitled to the dignity of an integer."

RAILWAY LANGUAGE.—The shriek of the railway engine, is Saxon for *keep off the track*.

FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH.—The *Scientific American* says.—The people of Boston are constructing a fire-alarm telegraph. Forty-nine miles of wire have been stretched over the city, diving under the arm of the sea which separates the main portion from South and East Boston. The first of the forty cast-iron signal-boxes has been placed on the Reservoir in Hancock-street. These will be so distributed that every house in the city will be within fifty rods of one. Whenever a fire occurs, resort will be had to the nearest box, where, by turning a crank, instantaneous communication will be made to the central office, and from that—which stands related to the whole fire department of the city like the brain to the nervous system—instant knowledge will be communicated to the seven districts into which the city is divided, by so striking the alarm-bell simultaneously that the locality of the fire will be known exactly to all This system, the perfect success of which is now certain, will stand forth as one of the finest achievements of scientific skill, and a source of just pride to Boston.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIR,—Many thanks on my own behalf for your *Friend*, it has, I think, done me good. I wish you every success. May the working men appreciate you! When a boy (now 44) I would have given the whole of my pocket-money for such a work—the only book (part of one) in our house, excepting the bible and prayer-book, when I was a boy, was a tattered copy of the "Guardian," over this I pored during the unoccupied hours of Sunday, and thought myself fortunate in possessing such a treasure. How ought the youth of the present day to value the opportunities they possess! Without wishing to flatter—your works, which an errand-boy might make himself possessor of, if read, marked, and inwardly digested, would be the means of communicating a vast fund of useful and ornamental knowledge. I have been a *working boy and man* all my years, since comparative infancy—I can truly say, I have by the labour of my hands earned my bread since five years of age. With the exception of two years at a good school, between 13 and 15 years of age, the whole of my learning has been acquired behind the counter, after 9 o'clock at night. I only mention this to show that where there is a will there is a way. I have been amply repaid for my efforts, and am only sorry I did not apply myself to study more diligently. My father came to London as a porter to a retail cheesemonger, about the year 1790 or 92—the only learning he had when a boy was a fortnight at Midsummer, and also at Christmas, when the schoolmaster paid a visit to the village where my father was born, during the vacation of his, the schoolmaster's, school. When a young man in London, the only reading he could get, was the waste paper out of the cheesemonger's shop, the time for reading was the Sunday afternoon—the place, Kensington Gardens, under a tree. Still he contrived to acquire no mean fund of useful knowledge—was frequently consulted by his neighbours and friends in matters of moment—lived to purchase the land he had laboured upon in Yorkshire when a boy, was highly esteemed by the gentry of the neighbourhood of his estate, was an esteemed officer of the parish in London in which he resided many years, and I may add, left his neighbourhood better than he found it Now let me add, the secret of all this was—temperance, *early* habits, industry, hard work, no false notions of appearances, prudence, and strict integrity in all his dealings, with the reputation of "his word being as good as his bond." I mention this as an encouragement for boys and young men to "go and do likewise" Excuse my style, and believe me, yours respectfully,

W. BURTON

[We insert the above because, without knowing the writer, we believe there is sincerity and energy enough in it to render it useful to our youthful readers.—ED]

S N. (York). We hardly know what directions to give you for "stengthening your memory" Memory depends materially on the constitution of the body, and also on its particular physical conditions at certain times and seasons, for that which is forgotten at one time, or under one condition, will be present, in its most minute particulars, at other times and under other conditions You ask, if "memory and recollection are not the same thing?" Not exactly; Locke calls *memory* "the storehouse of the mind, the storehouse of our ideas," its business is to furnish to the mind, when occasion requires, the ideas that had been dormant *Recollection* is the power of recalling, or bringing out from the storehouse of the brain, impressions which it had received before, but which had been laid by and forgotten for a time. Generally speaking, our recollection of ideas or events will be strong in proportion to the impression they first made upon our minds.

A WASHERWOMAN.—Your question was answered in one of the early Nos. of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND; but as you may not be able to obtain that, we repeat the answer. To "desiccate" is to dry up; and a "desiccating laundress" is one who dries clothes by a new process—namely, the introduction of a strong current of hot air into the room where the wet clothes are hung. This plan is adopted in most of the public "washing-houses."

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

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SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.—II.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF SPAIN.



ROYAL PROCESSION IN MADRID.

HAVING in our last article given a short account of the general physical character of Spain, we shall now attempt a brief resumé of its history. And here we must repeat that our "Glimpses of the Peoples of all Nations" must be considered simply *as* glimpses, and not as histories or even substantive accounts. The office of the FRIEND is to introduce his readers

to good company, and not to monopolise their entire attention; thus, it is his hope that none will be satisfied with his notices of China, Hungary, Egypt, or any other country, but that all will endeavour to profit by the little glimpse afforded, by reading for themselves in more enduring and important volumes.

Spain was probably known to the Phœnicians about 1,000 years before the Christian era, though it seems to have been disregarded by the Greeks, at that time the most renowned people of Europe—till after the time of Herodotus, in whose history we find the first reliable account of it. It is thought by many authors that Spain was the Tarshish of the Scriptures, from which the Phœnicians—the great traders of that period—imported gold, silver, and precious stones into Judea, it is certain, however, that the precious metals have been found here in considerable quantities in the early ages, and from that fact we may, not unfairly, infer the great love of gold and riches which has ever distinguished the people of the peninsula. The original population of Spain appears to have been Celtic—the first inhabitants having probably been a tribe who passed from over the mountains from Gaul and settled in the fair country beyond. From a very early period, however, the Spaniards mixed with the Moors, and it would appear, that from the moment when the first African escaped on the Spanish shore at Gibraltar, the fate of the Spaniard would be bound up with that of the Moor.

About 800 years before Christ, the Greeks established a colony at Marseilles—now a flourishing French port on the Mediterranean—and thus became acquainted with Spain. They probably left a few of their countrymen in the northern part of the peninsula, to which they gave the name of Iberia and Celtiberia; but whether the Iberians be colonists from the old population from the place, or the place from the inhabitants, it is impossible to decide. They also called a part of the country, now known as S[illegible], H[illegible], from its entrance at the western extremity of [illegible] world. Its present name Hispania is probably [illegible], the Romans, though at what precise period is unknown. The etymology of the word is also uncertain.

Early Spanish history, like that of all other countries, is full of vague tradition and poetical fable, but before the first Punic war between the Carthaginians and the Romans, little is known as to its authentic history. It was probably inhabited by a wandering warlike people, for we find, in the middle of the third century before Christ, that the Romans, under Hamilcar Barcas, with difficulty possessed themselves of Catalonia, where they founded the city of Barcelona, the modern Barcelona.

Previous, however, to the Roman conquest, Spain had been famous for its gold and silver, its fisheries, its dye-stuffs—their taste for finery they had probably learnt from the Phœnicians—and its timber. Aristotle assures us, that when the Phœnicians first arrived in Spain, they exchanged their naval commodities for gold and silver, which they obtained in such immense quantities that they actually used it as ballast, and made it into anchors! A country so rich in gold was not likely to remain long unknown to the world, and thus we find it successively fought for, [illegible], visited and coveted by the Phœnicians, [illegible], and Romans. To the already full hand of the latter it fell, but instead of finding the natives a peaceable and easily-conquered people, ready to fight on the side of their conquerors, and willing to adopt their laws and customs, the Romans were necessitated to dispute their passage into the peninsula step by step with a hardy nation, whose love of liberty was equal to their valour, and whose strength and activity the whole power of the empire was scarcely sufficient to subdue. To this day the Spaniard is proud to name as his ancestors the brave Asturians, and Numantines, and Cantabrians, who battled with the Romans in the forests and plains of their fatherland.

But notwithstanding the desperate efforts made by the half savage natives, the Romans overcame them at last, and took possession of their country. In assisting the Romans to drive out the Carthaginians, the poor Spaniards were but forging fetters for themselves, and so, in the course of a few years, the Peninsula came to be a Roman province. But for more than two centuries afterwards, the inhabitants of Gallicia, Asturias and Biscay, owned no allegiance to the conqueror. Protected by the natural barriers which existed in their mountains and forests, they defied the invaders of their country; and it was not till Augustus Cæsar opposed them in person, with the whole strength of the Roman arms, that they gave signs of yielding.

It would occupy too much space to detail the means by which Rome acquired authority in Spain; but, once conquered, the Spanish people were found to be easy of rule, and willing to be taught; and thus, in process of time, civilisation completed what war had begun, and the Spaniards, as a people, assumed the dress, and manners, and language of their conquerors. Years passed away, and so completely identified at last were the Spaniards with the Romans, that they not only accepted, under Vespasian, all the privileges of the Italian people, but had the honour of furnishing the empire with several royal masters. Under the emperors, Spain was rich [illegible] She was the granary of the Empire, and the [illegible].

If the Romans were an aggressive people, they were also most noble conquerors, for wherever they carried their arms, there also they carried the arts of civilisation and refinement. In Spain the Romans built numerous cities, the names of some of which exist to this day; they erected bridges and aqueducts, and opened roads and causeways from one end of the country to the other, they adorned their cities with temples and statues, and introduced the Grecian style of architecture into a country which they had found a comparative wilderness, they gave prizes for public games, and caused amphitheatres to appear where waste places only had been, they taught the people the use of various implements, and set on foot many manufactories, they patronised the arts of painting and household decoration, and thus industry gave rise to wealth, and wealth to luxury.

Another epoch in the history of nations another turn of the pleasant page of old time. Rome is about to fall by her own greatness, and the provinces are left to the care of [illegible] abandoned, and advised to take care of themselves [illegible] from the commotions which shook all Italy, Spain is yet in the enjoyment of perfect liberty. Not, however, but that it has suffered something in the civil wars of Marius and Sylla, when Sertorius availed himself of the troubled state of the republic to erect Spain into an independent state. And still later, when Pompey and Cæsar contended for universal dominion, the momentous struggle was once more maintained in the battle-field of the peninsula. Yet, for the most part, Spain continued during all the vicissitudes of the metropolis to enjoy peace.

In the fifth century, however, when the Roman empire, after twelve hundred years of greatness, ceased to exist, Spain became like were a prey to the savage hordes which swarmed from the north and east of Europe. These, having overrun Italy and France, crossed the Pyrenees, and swooped down on this favoured land. Centuries of peace and prosperity had deprived the Spaniards of their warlike character, and thus rendered them an easy prey to the savage valour of the barbarian. Everything gave way before them. They rushed over this devoted country with the fury of a deluge, and their traces were marked with equal desolation. The Goths seemed to take pleasure in destruction rather than victory or even enjoyment. Towns were demolished, plantations laid waste, vineyards rooted up, and the face of nature destroyed and brutalised. A famine followed, and then a plague, and Spain became a howling wilderness.

But the barbarians warred not only with the Romans and the Spaniards; they quarrelled amongst themselves, and the horrors of unnatural war were added to those of famine and death. The Suevi, who had settled in Gallicia, were able to maintain possession of that inaccessible province; but the Vandals, who had passed the Sierra Morena, and converted the blooming garden of Bœtica into a desert, were either annihilated, forced to yield, or driven from Spain to struggle with the Romans for a foothold in Africa. The kingdom of the Visigoths, with the exception of Gallicia, included all Spain and Narbonne Gaul.

The feudal system now came to increase the horrors of this devoted land. The new kingdom was split into counties, to reward those captains who, by virtue of superior ferocity, had been raised in rank, while the meaner soldiers assumed the estate of the Romans and Spaniards, and degraded their pro-

prietors into the condition of slaves. "What contrast," exclaims an eloquent writer, "can be more pitiable than is offered by the late flourishing but now blighted and famished condition of unhappy Spain. Where peace, and plenty, and refinement, and luxury once dwelt, devastated cities, and smoking ruins, and desolated fields, alone remain!"

But a day of retribution was at hand. A new power had risen in the East, the birthplace of so many religions; and urged by the impulse of a novel and popular faith, had overrun a part of Asia and Africa, and stripped the Romans, Vandals, and Goths of their possessions in that part of Africa now known as Algeria. Nor did a warlike people like the Saracens pause and rest satisfied at the northern extremity of the African continent, when so narrow a strip of water alone divided them from beautiful Spain.

Excuses for landing in Europe soon presented themselves to a people wishful of power and enterprise. The disputed succession between King Roderick and the sons of Witiga, his successor; the destruction of the strong places in the kingdom, which till the last they had occupied to prevent a rebellion, the degeneracy of the Goths, whose sensual habits had reduced them to a state of shameful effeminacy, the earnest invitation of the oppressed Jews, whose ancestors had come to Spain when Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar, and in still greater numbers when the holy city was destroyed by Titus, and who now possessed all the wealth and learning of the land, but, above all, the abject condition of the Spaniards themselves, who, weary of slavery were willing to submit to any change which should promise them relief,—all these were reasons, if any were needed, why the Saracens should make good their footing in Spain. And so in the year of our Lord 711, Musa, the lieutenant of the caliph in Africa, sent over Taric and his soldiers to try their fortunes in the fair land of Spain.

The success of this venture was more than complete. Taric crossed into Spain and was victorious, and recrossed to Africa for more troops and further supplies. The battle of Xeres was fought and won; the power and spirit of the Goths was broken, none remained to be overcome but the poor degraded Spaniards, who still preserved the dress and language of the Roman without any of the Roman valour and perseverance.

The Spaniards, indeed, were no less astonished at the conduct of their new conquerors, instead of destroying everything as the Goths had done, they sought rather to preserve the country inviolate; and instead of murdering the people, they allowed them to move away whithersoever they would, or to remain in the possession of their houses and lands upon the condition of paying a slight tax.

The Goths and some of the Spanish clergy took refuge in the mountains of the north; hence it is, that even in the present day more than two-thirds of the Spanish nobility are found in the provinces of Leon, Gallicia, and Asturias; and that priests abound in those parts. The abandonment of the conquered country was, however, by no means general among the clergy. They remained undisturbed for centuries, until the inroads of the barbarous and fanatic Moors towards the close of the Mohammedan dynasty. The Christian bishops continued to exercise their functions and even to hold councils, and the people practised the faith of their ancestors;—but many, won by the apparent ease and indifference of the Saracens, embraced a faith at once so soft and enticing as that of Mahomet.

A new language was now introduced into Spain; and her rivers, mountains, cities, and provinces—nay even the peninsula itself—received new names, conformable to the policy or caprice of the conquerors. Thus the general name of Hispania, which had been given the country by the Romans, was changed for that of Andaluz, from the province of Andalusia, the first the Saracens overcame; and many of these Saracenic names remain to this day.

The dominion of the Saracens, established over the largest and fairest portion of the peninsula, continued to own allegiance for more than half a century to the caliph of Damascus, in whose name the conquest of Spain had been made. But the remoteness of the province from the capital of the conqueror's country, and the ambition of rival chiefs, gave rise to numerous dissensions, until some of the most enlightened and patriotic Arabians determined, as the only means of securing their conquest, to erect Spain into an independent kingdom, fortunately, there still remained a single prince of the unhappy race of Omar, escaped from the cruel massacre of his family, and now wandering, a houseless exile, in the wilds of Africa. This exile was Abdoulrahman. He was discovered and invited to Spain, to place himself at the head of the empire of the west. Obeying the summons, he landed at once in Andalusia, attended by a trusty band of those brave Zenotes who had lent him shelter and hospitality in his adversity. Though young, this prince was brave and experienced; and he had not long been in the land of his birth before he was joined by the generous and enlightened, and by their aid he succeeded in driving out the lieutenant and those who owned allegiance to the caliph, and was thus the means of erecting Spain once more into a kingdom.

The genius of the people, and the rare qualities of a brilliant succession of kings, combined to carry the new empire to the height of development

The Saracens had now established a kingdom in Spain; but from this period its history is so confused, that we must necessarily erect a few landmarks, as it were. In the following table the chronology of the contemporary kings of Spain is carried from Abdoulrahman the First to Philip the Third, when the various separate kingdoms were united under one head —

A.D.	Asturias or Leon	Castile	Arragon.	Navarre.	Saracens.
7[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.....	Abdoulrahman I.
768	Froila I				
768	Aurelio				
774	Silo				
783	Mauregat	.....	.....	.....	Hissem
788	Bermudo				
791	Alphonso II				
795	.....	.....	.....	.....	Hachem
822	[illegible]	.....	.....	.....	Abdoulrahman II.
842	Ramiro I				
851	Ordogno I				
857	[illegible]	.....	.....	Garcias and [Ximenes	Mahomet
866	Alphonso III			Fortunio I.	
880	.....	.....	.....	.....	
886	.....	.....	.....	.....	Alrumedar
888	[illegible]	[illegible]	.....	.....	Abdallah
900	[illegible]	.....	.....	Sancho I.	
910	Garcias	.....	.....	.....	Abdoulrahman III.
912	[illegible]				
914	Ordogno II				
923	Froila II				
923	Alphonso IV				
926	[illegible]				
932	Ramiro II	.....	.....	Garcias II.	
950	Ordogno III.				
956	Sancho				
961	[illegible]				
967	Ramiro III				
976	.....	.....	.....	.....	Alhacan
978	[illegible]			.....	Hissem
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Sancho II	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Garcias III	
1000	.....	.....	.....	Sancho III.	
1014	[illegible]	.....	.....	.....	Cordova overthrown
1027	Bermudo III.				
1035	[illegible]	.....	Ramiro I.	Garcias IV.	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		
1051	.....	.....	.....	Sancho IV.	
1063	.....	.....	Sancho		
1067	Sancho II.	Sancho I			
1073	Alphonso VI	Alphonso I.			
1076	.....	.....	.....	Sancho V.	
1091	.....	.....	Pedro I	Pedro I.	
1104	.....	.....	Alphonso I.	Alphonso I.	
1109	Urraca				
1112	Alphonso VII.				
1126	Alphonso VIII	Alphonso III.			
1131	.....	.....	Ramiro II.	Garcias V.	
1137	.....	.....	Petronilla		
1150	.....	.....	.....	Sancho VI	
1157	Ferdinand II.	Sancho II.			
1158	.....	Alphonso IV.			
1162	.....	.....	Alphonso II.		
1188	Alphonso IX.				
1194	.....	.....	.....	Sancho VII.	
1196	.....	.....	Pedro II.		

Year	Asturian and Leon.	Castile.	Aragon.	Navarre.	Saracens.
1213			James I.		
1214		Blanch			
1217		Berenger Fer-			
1234		[dinand I.		Thibant I.	
1236					Mahomet
1252		Alphonso V.			
1253				Thibant II.	
1270				Henry	
1273					Muley
1274				Joanna	
1276			Pedro III.		
1284		Sancho III.			
1285			Alphonso III		
1291			James II.		
1295		Ferdinand II			
1309					Mahomet II.
1324				Lewis	
1310					Nazu
1312		Alphonso VI.			
1315					Ismael
1316				Philip	
1322				Charles	
1326					MahometIII
1327			Alphonso IV		
1329				Joanna II.	
1333					Jusaf I.
1336			Pedro IV.		
1349				Charles II.	
1350		Pedro			
1354					Lago I.
1369		Henry II.			
1374					Mahomet IV
1379		John			Mahomet V
1387				Charles III	
1390		Henry III.			
1392					Jusaf II.
1395			Martin		
1396					Balba
1404		John II.			
1408					Jusaf III
1412			Ferdinand I		
1416			Alphonso V		
1433					Elaziri
1425				Blanche	
1427					Zagair
1432					Juzaf IV.
1441				John	
1445					Ben Osmin
1456		Henry IV.			
1453					Ismael
1458			John II.		
1459			Ferdinand II		
1474		Ferdinand and			
1475		[Isabella		Eleanora	Osulhussan
1479				Francis	
1483				Catherine	
1485				John	Abouabdalla
1504		Joan			
1506		Philip I.			
1516		Charles I.		Henry	
1555				Joanna III.	
1556		Philip II.		Anthony	
1572				Henry	
1598		Philip III.			

From this period the crown of Spain is no longer divided, but one monarch rules the whole peninsula. In 1516 the House of Austria sat upon the throne, and till 1665 numbered five kings,—viz., Charles I., Philip II., Philip III., Philip IV., and Charles II. In 1700 the House of Bourbon began to reign.

We have thus traced the history of Spain from the earliest times to its subjugation by the Saracens in the eighth century. Under the rule of the Arabian strangers, the Spaniards rose, as a people, to a height they had never before attained. The arts of life were carried to a point of refinement hitherto unknown in the peninsula, and for more than seven hundred years the rule of the Arabian was easy, and the yoke on the neck of the Spaniard was too light to be felt. In fact, as has been stated, and as may be seen by the somewhat dry tabular matter above, there were in Spain during this period five separate kingdoms. Our space would not allow us to trace or even to hint at the doings in these states during the long series of years we have indicated. Suffice it that under the Saracen the arts and sciences flourished; music, architecture, poetry, and literature were the pastimes of the learned, while among the people sports and games of all kinds were practised and encouraged. Spain during these years was comparatively at peace, her people were happy, her soil was well cultivated, and her cities well built. But a change was at hand—a change which has been commemorated in verse, and prose, and classic association, and which we shall speak of in our next number.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BY PARSON FRANK.

From this series of papers on the British poets of the eighteenth century, it would be hardly fair to exclude Samuel Johnson. We must direct our glasses a while to this starry sign in the literary heavens, this Ursa Major, this Great Bear of Lichfield. True, he is little consulted as a poetical oracle by the present generation; few are they who tread the antiquated streets of *his* "London; a satire," or sigh with him over the "Vanity of Human Wishes," or listen to the tragic tones and are riveted by the five acts of "Irene." Nor, in fact, are his prose writings in any particular request; the world beginning to incline to the opinion that nowhere is the doctor so great, so original, so interesting, and so instructive as in Boswell's incomparable biography. But he is too much of the poet, after all, to be overlooked with impunity in these our sketches; and where he but half the poet he really is, so sincere is our liking for the man, if not our admiration for the writer, that we should be tempted to drag in the Herculean LL.D., by hook or by crook.

If there was ever an Englishman in the last century, Johnson was one: a huge, burley, stout-hearted, clear-headed, often wrong-headed, independent, upright, straightforward, positive, dogmatical, litigious, prejudiced, high-principled, sound sensed, rough and ready John Bull. Englishmen at large—not merely English tories, look you, but English whigs and radicals to boot—are proud of the fine old fellow, and, while they laugh at his weak points delight to do him honour for his genius and manly character. As Macaulay says, "Johnson grown old, Johnson in the fulness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him, his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge and the negro Frank, all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood."* Every one traces with curiosity the up-hill course of this brave "Working Man," his pride and poverty at Oxford, which he had to leave without a degree,—his experience as an usher at Market Bosworth,—his marriage with the widow Porter, twice as old as himself,—his speculation as a private schoolmaster at Edial, ending with his migration to London in company with one of his three pupils, David Garrick,—his laborious daily work as a literary hack, when the sweat of his brain only procured him a hard crust, but during which trying and protracted period he manfully strove on, bore up against the blast, cringed to no patron, pandered to no unrighteousness, and at length came out more than conqueror, having—we say it with reverence—"fought a good fight, and kept the faith" which so many of his brethren were tempted, by distress or by flattery, to deny. In the autumn of his days he could well decide how far true is the doctrine Goethe has put into the mouth of Antonio, in reference to the moody, solitary Tasso:—

"The toil of life
Alone can tutor us life's gifts to prize.
The smiles of fortune have too soon been his,
For him to relish aught in quietness.

* Critical Essays, vol. i. p. 380, fourth edition.

Oh that he [Tasso] were compelled to *earn* the blessings
Which now with liberal hand are thrust upon him!
Then would he brace his nerves with manly courage,
And at each onward step feel new content."*

"Seven years, my lord," wrote Johnson to Chesterfield, when about to publish his Dictionary, "seven years have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before."† Justly may Carlyle ask whether there is not more pathos in "brave old Samuel's" manful eking out of his income, his paying visits on "clean shirt days," and so on, than in a whole circulating library of Giaours and Harolds. His diseased frame and constitutional melancholy enhance the effect of the portrait. His body was "inert, unsightly"—his vision defective. But all his "singularities, eccentricities, addresses, strangenesses, uncouthnesses, brutalities, weaknesses, prejudices, bigotries, and superstitions," as Professor Wilson sums them up,‡ could not prevent him from loving, or from being loved, "for he had a most tender, and a most generous, and a most noble heart." His melancholy we have called constitutional; and certainly there does seem to have been what John Sterling calls a sad unrest and entire absence of peace in Johnson's whole life.§ Mr. De Quincey holds that it is good to be of a melancholic temperament, as all the ancient physiologists also held; *but only if* the melancholy is balanced by fiery aspiring qualities, not when it gravitates essentially to the earth. Hence, he argues, the drooping, desponding character of Johnson's estimate of life, who viewed mankind as "miserable, scrofulous wretches," taking himself as exemplar of the current species:—"and but for his piety," De Quincey characteristically remarks,‖ "which was the best indication of some greatness latent within him, he would have suggested to all mankind a nobler use for garters than any which regarded knees. In fact, I believe, that but for his piety, he would not only have counselled hanging in general, but hanged himself in particular." Nothing, however, could be farther from truth than to call Johnson a misanthrope. His breast was full of the milk of human kindness. Companions wondered and laughed at his matronly helpmate and her unprepossessing aspect, but Johnson's "deathless affection for his Tetty," was, as Carlyle observes, always "venerable and noble." Visitors wondered and laughed at his home circle,—blind, peevish, old Mrs. Williams, Betsey, the maid servant, to whom he desires in his correspondence to be "remembered kindly,"¶ Francis, the blackamoor, whom he would not order to go out and buy oysters for the cat Hodge, lest the trouble should make puss unpopular in the kitchen,** and that obscure practitioner, Robert Levet, strange and grotesque in appearance, stiff and formal in manner, and speechless before company;†† but Johnson was impervious to ridicule wherever he felt that mercy and righteousness were met together. "Generous old man!‡‡ Worldly possession he has little," says Carlyle, treating of his middle life, "yet of this little he gives freely, from his own hard-earned shilling, the halfpence for the poor, that 'waited his coming out.'"§§ Not mere halfpence either; for Dr. Maxwell, the temple preacher, tells us that he frequently gave all the *silver* in his pocket to the poor, who watched him, between his house and the tavern where he dined. If he was hot and hasty, he was also placable and conciliatory on reflection. His very prejudices, strong and irrational as they sometimes were, do not offend us as they would in another man; even Hazlitt says, "I do not hate but love him for them." These prejudices were of an anomalous kind, under the influence of which his mind seemed to dwindle away, in Macaulay's words, "from gigantic elevation to dwarfish littleness." But we feel with Hazlitt that his were not time-serving, heartless, hypocritical prejudices, but deep and inwoven,—not to be rooted out but with life and hope,—prejudices which he found from old habit to be necessary to his own peace of mind, and which he thence inferred were necessary to the peace of mankind at large. His hatred of the Scotch, his belief in witches, and similar convictions, were, as Carlyle has said, only the beliefs of ordinary well-meaning Englishmen of that day—hallowed, some of them at least, by fondest sacred recollections, and to part with which was parting with his heart's blood.

As a writer, his day of glory is in its twilight decline. His reputation both in verse and prose is past its prime, and fallen somewhat into the sere, the yellow leaf. That ponderous, stately, elephantine style of his which once had every young Englishman for pupil and imitator—just as Chalmers was ambitiously copied some years ago by all the licentiates in theology throughout broad Scotland, or as Carlyle and Tennyson have their mocking-birds at the present time—is now considered fit theme for a jest in every mouth, a sarcasm in every magazine. His bloated diction was of ill service to the progress of the English language. It is true that he denounced those who inflated it with irregular and foreign words—but he was partaker in their sins, and himself did that which he approved not, thus becoming worthy of stripes. Not as an able contributor to the "North British Review" observes, that Johnson introduced many Greek and Latin words, but that he mainly employed those we already had, and starved what should have been kept up, and pampered what should have been kept down, till our language became like himself, little sinew and much fat.* There is too much of solidity and ballast in Johnson's thought to allow us to consider his expressions hollow and merely artificial, as we necessarily do in the instance of his copyists, who plagiarised his weakness and omitted that which made it tolerable; but how desirable were a less affected diction in so genuine a man! Mr. Landor says, that magnificent words, and the pomp and procession of stately sentences, may accompany genius, but are not always nor frequently called out by it:—"the voice ought not to be perpetually nor much elevated in the ethic and didactic, nor to roll sonorously, as if it issued from a mask in the theatre.'† A German author of the seventeenth century amusingly illustrates the very characteristics of the Johnsonian composition, in his description of a certain Hessian official, who, when he wanted a knife, would say to his boy, "Page, convey to me the bread-dissecting implement;" or, when he wished to tell his wife that it was nine o'clock, and therefore bedtime, would say, "Help of my soul! desire of mine eyes! my superior self! the metallic hollow has resounded to thrice three inflictions! Rise therefore, on the columns intended to support thy frame, and repair to the couch plethoric with feathers." Archdeacon Hare compares the Johnsonian sentences to the hoops worn by ladies in those days, as being equally successful in disguising and disfiguring the form, as well as keeping you at a distance from it.‡ There is truth as well as wit in Peter Pindar's§ lines:—

"I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile,
Casts of manure a waggon-load around,
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly, or brain a gnat;
Creates a whirlwind from the earth, to draw
A goose's feather or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter,
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;

* Goethe's "Torquato Tasso," Act V. Scene 1. (Swanwick's translation.)
† Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Jones's University Edition, p. 68
‡ In his review of "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries."—*Blackwood*, vol. xxiii. p. 363.
§ "Not refreshings were his, but witherings, from the face of God." See *Sterling's Essays*, &c. vol. ii.
‖ See his essay on "Conversation," in *Tait's Magazine*, 1847.
¶ Boswell's "Life," p. 315.
** Ibid. p. 490.
†† Johnson's acquaintance with Levet commenced about the year 1746:—"and such was Johnson's predilection for him, and fanciful estimation of his moderate abilities, that I have heard him say he should not be satisfied, though attended by all the College of Physicians, unless he had Mr. Levet with him."—*Boswell*, p. 63.
‡‡ Critical Miscellanies, vol. iii.

* See *North British Review*. No. XXVI. August, 1850.
† Walter Savage Lander's Works, vol. ii. p. 25, 26.
‡ Mr. Hare, who by the way, is generally disposed to depreciate Johnson, further compares his STYLE to the sails of a mill, which roll round, ponderously and monotonously, yet seldom grinding any corn, as though in truth it were constructed for the purpose of going round a thing, and round it, and round it, without ever getting to it.—See *Guesses at Truth*, 2nd Series, 259.
§ Dr. Walcot, who delighted to burlesque Johnson and Boswell; as in his *Bozzy and Piozzi, or the British Biographers*.

Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore;
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart!"

Tautology is another sin laid to the charge of his composition; and one, if proven, unworthy of an accurate weigher of words and meanings,—of the "great pedagogue," as Robert Fergusson in caricaturing spirit calls him,—

"Whose literarian lore,
With syllable on syllable conjoin'd,
To transmutate and varify, had learn'd
The whole revolving scientific names
That in the alphabetic columns lie."*

Sentences which might have been expressed as simple ones, are expanded (according to Archbishop Whately) in Johnson's writings, into complex ones by the addition of classes which add little or nothing to the sense; and which have been compared to the false handles and keyholes with which furniture is decorated, that serve no other purpose than to correspond to the real ones.† De Quincey pronounces Johnson the most faulty writer in this kind of insanity that ever had played tricks with language—and illustrates this opinion by citing the opening lines of Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," —

"Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru"

Which couplet has been paraphrased as follows —"*Let observation, with extensive observation, observe mankind extensively*," a neat specimen, unquestionably, of decorate tautology. The distinction between Johnson's natural manner in conversation, and his stilted manner in composition, is palpable. When he talked, as Macaulay says, he clothed his wit and his sense in forcible and natural expressions, but as soon as he took his pen in hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious. "All his books are written in a learned language; in a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse; in a language in which nobody ever quarrels, or drives bargains, or makes love, in a language which nobody ever thinks."‡ Nothing can be better than Goldsmith's retort about the "Animated Nature," when he said, "Doctor, if *you* were to write a fable about little fishes, you would make the little fishes talk like whales." Oliver could, on occasion, say sharp things, as well as do kind ones.

The poetry of Johnson has merits which are, of course, not a little qualified by the mannerisms to which we have directed attention. But merits it has, of a *calibre* and a vitality which show to singular advantage, if compared with the namby-pamby effusions and sickly sentimentalisms and canting mawkishness so rife among ourselves. His verses are usually vigorous, always clear and manly, often impressive in their sonorous cadence, apt in their illustrations, ring now and then even pathetic. The "Vanity of Human Wishes" has been eulogised by Sir Walter Scott as a satire, the deep and pathetic morality of which has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental. His other Juvenalian satire, "London," is called by Wilson a noble poem, although his great moral genius was cramped by the requisite imitation of his Roman prototype, with whom he had to move parallel, but then "to have shown so much genius and so much ingenuity at one and the same time, to have been so original even in imitation, places Johnson in the highest order of minds." Complaints there are, that the censure is freely bestowed by the satirist of "London" coarse and exaggerated, and that the satire ranks rather as a party than as a moral poem. But where is the satire to which complaints of that kind have not been attached? and how few are the satires which contain such forcible painting as this? Englishmen at once recognise a worthy countryman and an able teacher in the assailant of those

"—— Whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white,"

and of those supple tribes who, for "bribery and corruption," are ready to "repress their patriot throats,"

"And ask no questions but the price of votes,
Whose wish is full to riot and to rail,
With weekly libels and septennial ale"

The historical illustrations in "The Vanity of Human Wishes" come in with great effect—more especially to those who are familiar with Juvenal's tenth satire. Wolsey, seen standing in full-blown dignity, directing by his nod the stream of honour, and then frowned on by Henry, scorned "by those his former bounty fed," oppressed with age, cares, and sickness, and fleeing to the refuge of the cloister; Villiers and Huley, Hyde and Strafford, all the victims of

"—— Their wish indulged in courts to shine,
And power too great to keep or to resign."

How stirring, too, the allusions to Charles the Twelfth, that frame of adamant, that soul of fire, pushing on with his Gothic standards to the walls of Moscow; but, after all his achievements, dying in a petty fortress, and by a dubious hand, and leaving a name

"At which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

Frequent quotation has attested the graphic significance of the melancholy couplet,

"[illegible] dreams of dotage flow,
And [illegible] and a show.

And this, again, on the "fatal gift of beauty"

"York, Rome could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Scilly cursed the form that pleased a king."

In these passages we see qualities of the author's genius which, if not all, revealed in the pages of Boswell, notwithstanding the common assertion that Johnson is in every sense greater in the "Life" than in his own writings. We incline rather to Mr. Gilfillan's opinion,* that although Boswell's book does justice to Johnson's wit, readiness, and brilliancy, we must consult the poems and prose essays if we would see the full force of his fancy, the full energy of his invective, and his full sensibility to, and command over, the moral sublime. And most justly does Christopher North† accord to him noble natural and noble feelings—a hate high as heaven of wickedness, a scorn as high of all that was base and mean, wide knowledge of the world, of London, of life, severe judgement, and [illegible] not very various, perhaps, but very vivid in its own peculiar action. That his ear was defective, according to our standard of harmony, seems evident from his remarks on the metre of Milton,‡ and the "*improvements* made by Dryden" (whose proposal to turn "Paradise Lost" into rhyme met with this rebuff from the *more* glorious John "'Ay, Mr Dryden, you may *tag* my verses if you will") If Wordsworth could have lived and written during the middle of the last century, Johnson, we venture to say, would have been one of the severest, as well as most formidable and intelligent of his adversaries. The doctor's cast of mind and taste was wholly in another direction; when he ventured on things pastoral, he was unhappy, and thought of, and sighed for, Fleet-street. His bucolic muse, it has been said,§ seems to have taken her ideas of the "rural kingdom" from Lincoln's-inn-fields, or perhaps wandered, in her fine enthusiasm for "vocal groves" to the utmost verge of Birdcage-walk. Cowper was willing to "lay sixpence" that had Johnson lived in the days of Milton, and by an accident have met with his "Paradise Lost," he would neither have directed the attention of others to it, nor have much admired it himself. His position, on the whole, in the temple of the Muses

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* See *Fergusson's Poems*, p 45 (1840) The Scotchman's travestie is rather a heavy affair, and the fun of it not very exuberant. His spite against the doctor is, however, natural enough, on the ground of national jealousy. It was a bad day for Johnson's popularity north of the Tweed which he uttered

"From Thames's banks to Scotsman shores,
Where Lochlomondian liquids unfold"

Wholesale Elements of Rhetoric.
† See *Blackwood's Magazine*, Dec 1826, p. 926.
Macaulay's Critical Essays, vol i. p. 401

* See his papers on Macaulay, in the second series of *Literary Portraits*.
† In his splendid review of "The Man of Ton," in *Blackwood*, vol. xxiii.
‡ Cowper remarks on this point, in a letter to Unwin, "Was there ever anything so delightful as the music of the "Paradise Lost?" It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and eloquence of the Dorian flute Yet the doctor [Johnson] has little or nothing to say upon this copious theme, but talks something about the unfitness of the English language for blank verse, &c."—*Hayley's Life of Cowper*
§ See a lively and sagacious essay on "The Regeneration of our National Poetry," in the *Athenæum*, 1849, p. 824, &c.

might be summed up worse than in Cowper's* words: "Good sense, in short, and strength of intellect, seem to me, rather than a fine taste, to have been his distinguished characteristics."

We must add a word or two on Johnson's achievements in criticism, original prose composition, and conversation. In criticising the poets, he is shrewd, pointed, and positive, but so narrow in his sympathies, that many of them get scant justice, just as others get superfluous attention, at his hands. Mr. Hare contends that he only looked into a book to contemplate his own image in it, and that when anything came across that image he turned to another volume.† The judgments he passed on books were "superstitiously venerated" by his contemporaries; but our own age generally assents to the comment of Mr. Macaulay,§ that they are the judgments of a strong but enslaved understanding, which was hedged round by an uninterrupted fence of prejudices and superstitions, though within his narrow limits he displayed a vigour and activity which ought to have enabled him to clear the barrier that confined him. His most celebrated production in prose, "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," which he wrote in the parenthesis of the week to defray the charges of his mother's funeral, was called by the poet Young a "mass of sense," and still counts its admirers, though they are now a feeble folk, compared with their ancestors. All the characters talk like the great lexicographer. Like him they are turned with despondency. Hence "Rasselas" has been called, by Bulwer, the most melancholy and debilitating moral speculation that ever was put forth. As to the characters, Sir Bulwer Lytton‖ describes them as a dim succession of shadowy images, without life or identity—mere machines for the germination of morals, and the mere location of sonorous phraseology. On the other hand—nothing personal to the accomplished lexicographer—Wilson cordially protests, "No pig shall ever persuade me that 'Rasselas' is not a noble performance—a design and in execution." And elsewhere the eloquent professor unhesitatingly pronounces it an "*as yet unsurpassed* work," where, on the wings of fancy and feeling, you are wafted along over the earth, yet never lose sight of its flesh-and-blood inhabitants, working and weeping, yet not unhappy still in their toils and their tears, and dying but to live again in no cold, glittering, poetic heaven. Between these two verdicts it is hard for *us* to decide. The professor has the greater genius, and is the finer critic; but the baronet is cleverer at constructing and sustaining the interest of a story, and certainly has public taste with him in his estimate (grant it, however, a little too smartly contemptuous) of the merits of "Rasselas."

But when Johnson's conversational powers are the theme, there can be but one judgment in kind, differing as it may in degree. Coleridge, who could see nothing like reality and consecutiveness in his writings, who declared his antithesis to be almost always verbal only, and many sentences in the "Rambler" to have no assignable definite meaning whatever,—Coleridge** speculated on the philosophy of his conversational prowess, and, to account for it, supposed it was stimulated by the excitement of company. Surrounded by his intimates, within sight of the "spectacles of Burke and the tall, thin form of Langton, the courtly sneer of Beauclerk, and the beaming smile of Garrick, Gibbon tapping his snuff-box, and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear,"†† the doctor got off his stilts, unbuckled his heavy armour, and "came down upon" them with irresistible sallies of witty good sense, and "homely wisdom." He was then natural, hearty, vivacious. "His colloquial style was as blunt and direct as his style of studied composition was involved and circuitous."* Of course his prejudices came out in full development, magnified by the irritation of opposition and the heat of personal collision—for he was too accustomed to despotic monarchy in society to bear patiently with plain-speaking from those republican spirits who would not or could not "flatter Neptune for his trident, or Jove for his power to thunder."† He often seemed fighting rather for victory than for truth; yet Carlyle apologises, very reasonably for this, as representing the ebullience of a careless hour, and on merely superficial debateable questions—the effect of which was harmless, and possibly beneficial, in taming noisy mediocrity, and choosing at another side of a debateable topic. Compared with the conversation of Coleridge, Johnson's wants philosophy and depth, however superior it may seem in lucid and hearty English sense. Johnson does not, as Hazlitt pointed out, set us thinking for the first time; his reflections present themselves like reminiscences, and do not disturb the ordinary march of our thoughts, we seldom meet with anything to give us pause. And when Johnson *did* tackle a question, the "gyration of his flight upon it" was exceedingly brief. There was no process—as the most distinguished of Coleridge's immediate disciples, M. de Quincey, has observed—no evolution, no movements of self-confict or preparation, a word, a distinction, a pointed antithesis, and, above all, a new abstraction of the logic involved in some pedantic adage or pun, formed the utmost of his efforts. Upon David Hartley, Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, the true or false philosophy of his own times, he "had nothing to say, and had nothing" [illegible], a perpetual sneer is saying something.

But here, as with the entire space of the magazine is at our disposal, we must (to use a not un-Johnsonian word) cut up. Hazlitt was wrong when he said Johnson "never makes us laugh." The doctor has made us do so, most absurdly, in the present instance, and must be held responsible for whatever discontinuous hurry there may be in our remarks.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

The following curious [illegible] is evidently remarkable in the [illegible] is translated from a work entitled, "Nostradamus;" a history of private prophecy, published in Paris, in 1840, by M. Eugene Bareste, at which period the man who now governs France was of small importance in the eyes of political seers, though certainly he appears to be the individual alluded to in the latter part of the extract. In the original, the particulars respecting the discovery of the MS. are detailed very minutely and circumstantially.

"One evening Napoleon was at Malmaison. He was extremely fond of discussing subjects that bordered on the marvellous, especially with Josephine, whom he knew to be very superstitious. This evening, then, he had been speaking of his gigantic projects for some time, when he concluded by placing in the hands of the empress an old parchment-covered manuscript book in duodecimo, dated 1542. "Hold," said the emperor, opening the volume, "read this." Josephine read aloud. "The Predictions of Master Noel Olivarius."—"Well?" asked she. "They say this relates to me," said the emperor. "How, in a book published in 1542?" "Read it." The empress tried, but as it was written in old French, and the characters indifferently formed, she paused for some minutes to glance over the chapter pointed out to her; then, in a confident voice, she began thus —

"If the Gaul shall see born far from her bosom a supernatural being; this being will rise out of the sea while very young, will come to learn the tongue and manners of the Celti-Gauls, will open for himself, still young, through a thousand obstacles, a road among the soldiers, and will become their chief. This winding path will cause him great troubles; (he) will come to make war near his natal soil for a lustre and

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* Hayley's "Life of Cowper," p. 414 (1835).

† His reading is said to have been always very desultory, so that one of his biographers thinks it questionable whether he ever read any book entirely through, except the Bible. If this was, indeed, the fact it would form the best intellectual apology for his criticisms.—*Guesses at Truth*, Second Series p 278

‡ It is only fair to cite a passage, *per contra*, from the dicta of Christopher North, at one of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* (No. XLII.).—"Show me the critique that beats his on Pope, and on Dryden, nay even on Milton; and hang me if you may not read his essay on Shakspeare, after having read Charles Lamb, or heard Coleridge, with increased admiration of the powers of all three, and of their insight through different avenues, and, as it might seem, almost with different bodily and mental organs, into Shakspeare's old exhausted and his new-inmarined worlds"

§ Critical Essays, vol. i. p. 396. ‖ In "The Student."

¶ *Blackwood*, June, 1828. ** See his "Table Talk." †† Macaulay.

* Hazlitt

† Shakspeare. "Coriolanus." Cowper says, in a letter (1782) to Mr. Rose, "I fancy Johnson made coxcombs of all his friends, and they, in return, made him a coxcomb; for, with reverence be it spoken, such he certainly was, and, flattered as he was, ought to be so."—*Hayley's Life*, p. 376.

more. Beyond seas (he) shall be seen warring with great glory and valour, and shall war anew (for) * the Roman world. Shall give laws to the Germans, shall quell the troubles and terrors of the Celti-Gauls, and shall then be named, not king, but afterwards called *imperator*, with great popular enthusiasm. He shall fight everywhere through the empire—shall drive out lords, and princes, and kings, for two lustres and more. He shall raise new princes and lords to life, and, speaking on his path, will cry—*O sidera! O sacra!* He shall be seen with a strong army of forty-nine times 20,000 men, armed foot soldiers, who will bear arms and headpieces of iron. He will have seven times 7,000 horses, ridden by men who will bear more than the first, (a) great sword or lance, with bodies of brass. He will have seven times seven times 2,000 men who will work terrible machines, vomiting sulphur, and fire, and death. The whole amount of his army will be forty-nine times 20,000 men. He will bear in his right hand an eagle, omen of victory to the warrior. He will give many territories to the nations, and to each one peace. He shall come to the great city, planning very great things; buildings, bridges, harbours, water-courses; doing of himself, with vast riches, as much as a Roman, and all within the dominion of the Gauls. He shall have two wives."

Josephine stopped. "Go on," said the Emperor, who did not like interruptions.

"And one only son. He shall go to make war where the lines of longitude and latitude cross, fifty-five months. There his enemies will burn with fire the great city, and he will enter and leave it with his people amidst ashes (and) great ruins: his people not having either bread or water, in great and decimal † cold, will be so unfortunate that the two-thirds of his army will perish, and more, by one half the other, he being no longer within his dominions. Then, the great man abandoned, betrayed by his own friends, pursued, in his turn, with great loss, even to his very city, by (a) great European population. In the place of him shall be put the kings of the old blood of the Capet.‡ He, forced into exile in the sea from which he came so young, and near his native place, will remain there for eleven moons with some of his (people) true friends and soldiers, not more than seven times, seven times, seven times two in number. As soon as the eleven moons are accomplished, he and his take ship and come to set foot on Celti-Galic ground. And he will advance towards the great city where the king of the old blood of the Cape had seated himself, who rises, takes flight, carrying away with him royal ornaments; settles things in his former dominion; gives to the people very admirable laws. Then driven out again by (a) trinity of European peoples, after three moons, and a third of a moon, he is replaced by the king of the old blood of the Cape, and he believed to be dead by his soldier-people, who in that time shall keep to their household gods against their will.

"The Celts and the Gauls, like tigers and wolves, shall devour each other. The blood of the old king of the Capet shall be the subject of black treasons. Some unhappy (persons) shall be misled; and by fire and sword shall be cut off—the lily maintained; but the last branches of the old blood shall be still menaced. Then (they) shall be warring among themselves. Then a young warrior will advance towards the great city. He will bear the lion and the cock upon his armour. Then his lance will be given him by a great prince in the East. He shall be marvellously aided by (the) warrior people of Belgic Gaul, who will join with the men of Paris to put an end to troubles, to assemble soldiers, [illegible] them all with branches of olive. (He shall be) warring against so much glory seven times seven moons that (a) trinity of European populations, with great fear, and cries, and tears, (ill) offer their sons as hostages, (and) submit to laws wholesome, [illegible] and beloved by all. Then peace during twenty-five moons. [illegible] Lutetia,‖ the Seine reddened with blood, by reason of dear struggles, shall extend its bed with ruin and mortality. Seditions of the unhappy Maillotins. Then (they) shall be driven from the palaces of the kings of the valiant man; and thereafter, the wast Gauls (shall be) declared by all the nations (a) great and mother nation. And he, saving the remnant (that) escaped of the old blood of the Capet, rules the destinies of the world, * makes himself Sovereign Consul of every nation and of all people, lays the foundation of benefits without end, and dies."

Josephine, surprised at what she had read, shut the book and questioned Napoleon about this strange prediction. The emperor, not wishing to attach much importance to the sayings of Master Olivarius, contented himself with answering:—"Prophecies always tell whatever one wishes to make them tell; nevertheless, I own that this one has considerably surprised me," and then turned the conversation to another subject.

On his return from Elba, the emperor recollected this prediction, and spoke thus of it to Colonel Abd:—"I have never been one who would believe everything, but here I acknowledge fairly that there are things beyond the capacity of man, and which even his rare intelligence can never fathom—witness that singular prophecy found in the Benedictine Library during the revolution, and which I myself have seen. To whom does it allude? Am I, indeed, the subject of it? In truth, we must refer always, in those matters, to the Ruler of the universe, and profit as we may by the sparks of light vouchsafed to some privileged beings, to enlighten us as to the road we should follow, and to warn us of the shoals that lie in our way."

The author of the above curious prediction then goes on to relate the history of the original MS. It was discovered, he tells us, by Francis de Metz, Secretary to the Municipality of Paris, in June, 1793, when the frantic excesses of the Montagnards were at their height, among the heaps of books and manuscripts plundered from every library in the country. This had come from the library of the Benedictines, with a number of volumes on the occult sciences, and, perceiving it to be authentic, he copied it, though without understanding its application, and finally placed the original in the library of the Hotel de Ville, where it remained until Napoleon ascended the throne, when some persons having mentioned the then fulfilled prophecy the emperor had the volume brought to him, and from that time the original has been lost sight of. However, as the prediction had created some sensation, many persons had been allowed to copy it, and M. Bareste asserts that he himself found the first copy among the papers of Francis de Metz, written, signed, and dated 1793 by his own hand. At this point, therefore, there can be no doubt. It was [illegible] 1815, inserted in the *Memoirs of Josephine* (collective, accor and 1827), and again published by Edward Bricot from his ron his *Recueils de Prophéties*. We give the conclu[illegible] added conjectures of M. Bareste in his own words, as an [illegible] into proof of its authenticity, since we find him evidently seeking to apply it to the favourite of the day, the late Duke of Orleans:—

"Now, if we attentively examine this prophecy, we shall find it very extraordinary. All that it predicted touching the rise and reign of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons, has been fully and exactly accomplished. The troubles of 1827, the plots of the liberals, and even the very revolution of 1830, is to be found in it. But it goes further still! Who is this young warrior who will bear on his armour a lion and a cock, emblems of strength and foresight? (It is worth remarking, as rather singular, that the architects of the column of July should have chosen the lion and the cock for the symbolic ornaments of that monument.) What mean those words: The lance shall be given him by a great prince of the East, and he shall be wonderfully aided by a warrior people, who will join with the men of Paris to put a stop to disturbances and revolutions? And those unhappy *Maillotins* who are once more to redden the Seine with blood, who are they? And who is this man who will make France universally respected, who will control the destinies of the world, and who will lay the basis of a new state of society? Let time reply!"

* Or "with."

† "Decime froidure." Perhaps alluding to the centigrade scale.—Tr.

‡ Capet.—Tr.

‖ Paris.

* Obscure—"Se fait conseil souverain detoute nation," &c., may also mean, "Makes (to) himself (a) sovereign council from (the) whole nation."

BELLS.

THREE hundred years ago, Paul Neutzner, a German traveller who visited England, informed his countrymen that one of the great peculiarities of Englishmen was their vast fondness for great noises, such as the firing of cannon, beating of drums, ringing of bells, and so forth. "It is common," he says, "for a number of them (who have got a glass in their heads) to get up into some church belfry, and ring the bells for an hour together."

Paul Neutzner was not far wrong. There is something in the volley of sound—in the roaring brazen clang, thundering from quivering bell metal—that we all love, more or less, although we may not believe, with Charles Lamb, that it is the music nighest bordering on heaven. The music of the bells is associated with some of our happiest hours. We have listened to its rattling merriment, and heard the bells tell the world that it was Christmas-eve, or that the old year had gone, and that the new year, full of hope and promise, had come in its stead. When we listen to the flood of harmony, high up in ancient belfries, and hear the sound caught up and echoed back from every tower and steeple near, we are not ashamed to own that we have a fondness for "such great noises."

Bells are old-fashioned music. When the ceremonial law was given to Moses, and the dresses of the priests were appointed, one remarkable characteristic of those habiliments was the golden bells which adorned them. Beneath the hem of the ephod which Aaron wore, pomegranates of blue, and purple, and scarlet were placed, and bells of gold between them round about; so that as the priest entered the holy-place, and a worshipping assembly awaited his outcoming, the melody of the bells upon his garment might be heard, assuring the host that all was well.

And it was not only the Jews who were accustomed to use bells in their religious services. At Athens, the bell from the Temple of Proserpine assembled the people at the hour of sacrifice; and so, also, in Persia the practice was observed,



THE GREAT BELL AT MOSCOW, RUSSIA.

and on his robe of state the shah wore golden bells. Prefixed to a manuscript copy of the Psalms, of the fourteenth century, is a representation of King David, playing upon five bells, which are arranged before him, and which he is supposed to be striking with two small hammers which he holds in his hands.

But bells were used for other than religious purposes. For *commercial pursuits*—as, for instance, in the Greek Islands—a bell was used to announce the opening of the markets; for *military discipline*, as when the warlike Greek went the nightly rounds in camp or garrison, and at every spot where a soldier was placed sounded his bell, in order to see that the man was

awake and watchful; for purposes of *triumph*, as when some mighty hero returned, and in his decorated chariot, hung with bells, was received with the plaudits of his countrymen; for something far different than triumph, when the criminal, with bells suspended round his neck, was led away to death, or when the solemn bell of the "Cedononhorus" sounded as he preceded the corpse to the tomb.

It is doubtful at what time bells began to be used in Christian churches. In the early times, the Christians were glad enough to meet in silence, and when it became safe, perhaps requisite, that the hour for worship should be made known in some public way, a wooden hammer was sounded upon a wooden board, and in some places, say old writers, a trumpet was sounded.

People generally suppose that Paulinus, bishop of Nola, first introduced church bell-ringing, in the year 400, and this is most likely the fact.

Ingulphus mentions that the Abbot of Croyland (870) gave a great bell to the church of [illegible] abbey, which he called Guthlac; he afterwards added to it six others, viz., Bartholomew and Bethelin, Turketul and Tocwin, Pega and Bega. For in those old days it was customary to bestow names upon the bells, and to consecrate them to the purposes for which they were designed

In the little sanctuary at Westminster, King Edward III erected a clocker or bell-tower, and placed therein several bells, one of which bore the following inscription:—

"King Edward made me thirty thousand weight and three,
Take me down and weigh me, and more you shall find me."

Whether for the purpose thus suggested, is not known, but, sure enough, King Henry VIII. took down the bells, and chalked up by some wagg behind upon the wood,

"But Harry [illegible]
Will be [illegible]"

And this was by no means unlike by-gone King Henry VIII., wagered the Jesus bells of Paris, and lost them by a throw of dice to Sir Miles Partridge, by whom they were taken down and sold.

To deprive a town of its bells was considered a great disgrace and public calamity. Henry V took away the bells of Calais, and bestowed them on his native place Monmouth. In eastern lands the Moslems have seized upon the bells, and melted down the sanctified metal for base purposes, so that in the east their sound is hushed, and no harmony of bells

"Bids the sons of mirth beware,
And tell of sorrow to the fair,
Reflection to the wise."

A sad, sad loss, if we are to credit the testimony of Wynkyn de Worde, who, in his "Golden Legend," says, "Evil spirits that are in the regions of the air fear much when they hear the bells ring, and this is the cause why the bells are rung when it thunders, and when great storms, and tempests, and outrages of weather happen; to the end that fiends and wicked spirits should be afeared, and flee away, and cease from working tempests." From this old credulity arose the practice of ringing the passing-bell.

China was once wonderfully celebrated for its bells, its high pagodas, and quaintly-fashioned towers were all adorned with bells. At Nankin, in the middle of the sixteenth century, four great bells were erected, the largest of which was twelve English feet in diameter, and weighed 50,000 lb. These bells brought down the tower in which they were put up

One of our most celebrated bells is the Great Tom of Oxford—it weighs 17,000 lb., and is 7 feet 1 inch in diameter at the brim, and 5 feet 9 inches high; its thickness at the striking part is 6 inches. The great bell of St. Paul's weighs between 11,000 and 12,000 lb., and measures 9 feet in diameter. But we cannot boast any very large bells, the country of great bells is, without dispute, Russia. There the great bell may be heard in full vigour, not

"Swinging slow with sullen roar"—

for the Russian bells are too large to be swung, but incessantly tolling, and booming and deafening all ears but those of Russians, who almost worship their bells. The largest of them has been called by Adam Clark "a mountain of metal," and is termed by the Russians the "Tsai Kolokol," or king of bells, from the metal of which at least thirty-six bells might be cast, each as large as the great bell of St. Paul's. The king of bells weighs 400,000 lb. or nearly 200 tons, is 20 feet high, and 21½ in diameter. The enormous bell is now exhibited close by the Ivan Veleki, or Great Ivan, which is a tower belonging to the Cathedral at Moscow. An inscription on the bell states that it is made of the metal of a former one, which was cast in the year 1654, first rung in 1658, and greatly damaged by a fire on the 19th of June, 1701. The inscription goes on to state that, the empress Ann added 72,000 lb. of metal to the 288,000 lb. which the old bell contained, and that the new bell was cast in the year 1734. People from all parts, during the operation of casting, contributed their gold and silver plate to add to its weight and glory. This bell was never suspended in a bell tower; by a disastrous fire, a piece was broken out of the side; but in the year 1836 a French architect, Monsieur Monferrand, succeeded in placing the bell upon an octagon granite pedestal at the foot of the Tower of Ivan Veleki, and is one of the curiosities of the Kremlin, at Moscow.

The great bell at Montreal, which was cast in 1847, is eight feet seven inches in diameter at the mouth, eight feet one inch high to the top of the crown, and weighs 30,000 lb.

The constituent parts of a bell are the body or barrel, the clapper in the inside, and the ear or cannon on which it hangs to a large beam of wood. The metal of which it is made is a composition of tin and copper, or pewter and copper; the proportion one to the other is about twenty pounds of pewter, or twenty-three pounds of tin to one hundred pounds of copper. The metal thickness is one fifteenth of the diameter, and a tenth of the height.

It is a curious and interesting sight to watch the casting of a bell, and to look at the inner mould built up of brickwork, having an open space left in the centre for the fire. "The face of this mould or core is covered with a composition of clay and other materials, and moulded into the shape of the inside of the bell. It is then baked by means of the fire in the hollow, and when hard, is coated with another composition, which is made to take the exact shape of the outside of the bell, and is also hardened by the fire, after which the inscription, or any desired ornament are placed upon it in relief; over this the outer mould or cope is formed, and the whole having been burnt the cope is taken off, and the inner thickness of composition, representing the bell, is removed; so that when the cope is again put over the core, there is, of course, a space between the two of the shape and thickness of the bell, and into this the metal is allowed to run. One necessary precaution is to leave a hole in the cap of the mould, beside the orifice through which the metal runs, to allow the air to escape; the omission of this would be fatal to the process For large bells the formation of the mould takes place in a pit dug in the ground near the furnace, but the moulds of smaller size are formed in the workshops and placed afterwards in holes dug for the purpose. When in the pit the earth is crammed firmly round it leaving nothing exposed but the holes in the cap, and from these a channel technically called a 'gutter' is cut to the mouth of the furnace." When the metal is admitted and is seen to bubble up through the air-holes the "fiery wives" are stopped Twenty-four hours is sufficient to cool an ordinary bell, the mould is then broken off and it is removed to the workshops to be tuned at the turning machine.

In the furnace the dry branches crackle, the crucible shines as with gold,
As they carry the hot flaming metal, in haste from the fire to the mould,
Loud roar the bellows, and louder the flames as they shrieking escape
And loud is the song of the workmen who watch o'er the fast filling shape;
To and fro in the red glaring chamber, the proud master anxiously moves,
And the quick and the skilful he praiseth, and the dull and the laggard reproves;
And the heart in his bosom expandeth as the thick bubbling metal upswells,
For like to the birth of his children he watcheth the birth of the bells.

There are a number of curious customs connected with bell-ringing. At Barton, Lincolnshire, a bell is rung every night

or the guidance of travellers. The tradition is that a worthy old dame of bygone times, being accidentally benighted in the wolds, was directed on her course by the sound of the evening-bell, and, out of gratitude, gave a piece of land to the parish-clerk, "on condition that he should ring one of the church-bells from seven to eight every evening, except Sundays, commencing on the day of the carrying the first load of barley in every year, till Shrovetide inclusive."

At Great Catworth, Hants, a bell is rung every Saturday at twelve, because (so runs the legend) a farmer once went to plough on Sunday, and urged, in excuse, that he did not know it was Sunday. To prevent the recurrence of the circumstance, some one left a piece of land to maintain the ringing of a noon-bell every Saturday, in order that every person in the parish might know that the next day was Sunday, and so abstain from labour.

At many of our city churches bells are rung at an early hour every Sunday morning, the only remaining trace of the early services which once were held. At St. Mary's, Ely, a bell is tolled at 4 a.m. all the year round; at St. Neot's the parish-bell is sounded at one o'clock, and called the dinner-bell. Endless are the variety of circumstances which have originated these practices, perhaps all more or less attributable to the tolling of the curfew in the days of Norman sway.

At some churches special evenings are devoted to the ringing of the bells, and short touches, and bob-triples, and bob-majors, or grandsire bob-caters, awaken the neighbourhood with their noisy glee, and making many a sulky mum, becoming impatient of their banging and clashing, dancing and whistling, give vent to some such sentiment in reciting their ringers as Mr. Gatty has translated from a French verse —

> "Disturbers of the human race,
> Your bells are always ringing,
> I wish the ropes were round your necks,
> And you upon them swinging!"

But far different is the sentiment which Longfellow puts into the mouth of his Friar at Strasburg, who ceases his discourse when the bells begin to chime:—

> "For the bells themselves are the best of preachers,
> Their brazen lips are learned teachers,
> From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,
> Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
> Shriller than trumpets under the Law,
> Now a sermon and now a prayer!
> The clamorous hammer is the tongue,
> This way, that way, beaten and swung,
> From mouth of brass, as from mouth of gold,
> May be taught the Testaments, New and Old,
> And above it the great cross-beam of wood,
> Representeth the Holy Rood,
> Upon which, like the bell, our hopes are hung
> And the wheel wherewith it is swayed and rung
> Is the mind of man, that round and round
> Sways and maketh the tongue to sound!
> And the rope, with its twisted cordage three,
> Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity
> Of morals, and symbols, and history,
> And the upward and downward motions show
> That we touch upon matters high and low."

Again we plead guilty to the allegation of our German traveller, and own we love "great noises." We cannot listen to the bells without pleasurable emotion. The bells of Bow, we love to think, had a voice for Whittington, and bid the outcast, friendless boy come back to teeming London, there to win glory and renown. And the bells have voices for us; when ropes are jerking, and bells swinging, and a rattling chorus pealing aloft, they shout out joy and gladness. When, solemnly, one bell—one iron-tongued bell—a muffled monotone—tells us that somewhere near at hand there are sad hearts and tearful eyes, and one lies cold and dead, they teach a solemn lesson to the throbbing heart.

Wonderfully well as an American writer rung the changes of the bells—the silver bells that tinkle on the sledges—the golden bells that, in their harmony, foretel a world of happiness—the brazen bells that scream out their terror in a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire—the iron bells that seem to feel a glory in rolling a stone upon the human heart—all this is sounded forth wonderfully well—so well, that with one of his lusty peals—one merry, cheerful peal—we stop the ringing for the present:—

> "Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
> Golden bells!
> What a world of happiness their harmony foretels!
> Through the balmy air of night,
> How they ring out their delight;
> From the molten-golden notes,
> And all in tune,
> What a liquid ditty floats
> To the dove that listens, while she gloats
> On the moon!
> Oh! from out the sounding cells
> What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
> How it wells!
> How it dwells
> On the future! how it tells
> Of the rapture that impels
> To the swinging and the ringing
> Of the bells, bells, bells,
> Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
> Bells, bells, bells,—
> To the rhyming and the chiming of the BELLS!"

PEOPLE'S COLLEGES.

Whoever undertakes to write the history of this generation, will note—if he do his work in a philosophic spirit—something more than the marvellous events which have transpired or the mighty men who have acted in its lifetime. Wars and revolutions, the destruction of one dynasty and the restoration of another, the extinction of an ancient kingdom and the epoch-al revival of a far more ancient republic, the extension of old and the birth of new empires, will not be the only, nor even the chief topics of narrative and reflection. They will be, to him, superseded in importance, if not in interest, by the development and operation of silent, perhaps, and almost imperceptible, of influences, slow-working but powerful,—just as, to the geologist, the ferned rock, the submerged mountain, the tilted continent, or upheaved island—the memorials of elemental warfare and subterranean convulsion—are less inviting objects of study than the hollowed channel, the regular strata, or coral reef, monuments of the ceaseless industry of nature in building up this earth, myriads of ages, perhaps, before its present habitants were brought into being.

Among the most obvious and potent elements at work upon society in this country, is that of voluntary literary association. The founder of Mechanics' institutions could scarcely have reckoned—far-seeing as he was—on the extent to which his example would be followed. We can most of us recollect the establishment of the first of those institutions—but few of us are aware of their present number and condition. There is not a city or town but has its Athenæum, its Literary and Mechanics' Institution—scarcely a village but has its Mutual Instruction Society. But their efficiency has not kept pace with their numerical increase. They consist, usually, of a library, lectures, and classes. The library is made up, in many cases, chiefly of cheap novels and cast-off religious books—the lecturers are generally gratuitous, and therefore cannot be expected to be eminent in their vocation—and the classes are, it is to be feared, popular only in proportion as showy "accomplishments" are preferred to solid acquirements. The designation "Mechanics' Institution" is, moreover, with many of the associations that bear it, a complete misnomer,—the rate of subscription being so high as to exclude all mechanics, except a very frugal few; and such are likely to choose more substantial aliment for their money. With a still larger number, "Association for Mutual Amusement" would be a fairly descriptive title. Superficiality is their general characteristic and reproach. They have done much to excite a desire for information, to raise the common estimate of intellect, and to impart an air of refinement. That is something to have done—but unless they can be made to do much more, they must be superseded, as no longer fair exponents of one of the tendencies of our age, nor adequate ministers to the intellectual wants of our youthful and adult population.

The model of a new form of educational effort is not want-

ing. Some ten or twelve years ago, the Rev. R. S. Bayley—an Independent minister of Sheffield, widely known for his graphic, sometimes grotesque, eloquence as a preacher, and his strong democratic sympathies—to whom the education of the masses had long been *the* question of the age, the great duty alike of the Christian and the patriot—opened an institution which he called "The People's College." He offered there to instruct the young men and women of Sheffield in all that he could teach them, as much as they could learn—from the rudiments of English up to the intricacies of Hebrew, from the vulgar rule of arithmetic up to the sublimities of the exact sciences. Unaided by the respectability or wealth of the town, the meanness of his school-house contrasted strikingly with the loftiness of its title, and the poverty of his means with the largeness of his purpose. But Mr. Bayley is an enthusiast; he persevered—he outlived the coldness or the scorn of the higher, and overcame the apathy of the lower orders. The hard-handed workers in iron and steel gathered round him night and morning, and repaid him by their progress in learning, their attachment to his person, and their submission to his authority—for the true teacher is always a despot, though never a tyrant—for the unwearied labour which he bestowed upon them. After one of their public examinations, a gentleman addressed him, saying, "Sir, we must have a People's College in Nottingham," By the munificence of that gentleman—Mr. Gill, if we recollect rightly—a structure more worthy of the name, and materials more adequate to the object, were provided. In the course of last year, Mr. Bayley removed, in his ministerial capacity to London. Shortly before, an article in the *Westminster Review*, on "National Education," detailed these facts. It was read by a gentleman at Florence—Mr. Lombe, the proprietor of large estates in the county of Norfolk. He, mindful of the duties of property whilst enjoying its privileges, wrote to Mr. Bayley, requesting to be informed of the expense of establishing in Norwich an institution similar to that in Nottingham. The reply was—that to erect or fit up suitable buildings, to engage competent masters, to purchase library and apparatus, would require an outlay of fifteen hundred pounds, extending over three years, when the institution would become self-supporting; the student's fees, as at Sheffield and Nottingham, ranging from 2d. to 1s. per week each. With magnificent liberality, Mr. Lombe immediately placed at Mr. Bayley's command the sum named. The opening of a People's College in Norwich, under his superintendence, was the result. So well is the princely gift appreciated by the people of the ancient city, that enlarged accommodation has already had to be provided for the students in attendance or applying for admission.

Mr. Bayley has returned to his pastoral charge, but not to content himself with discharging the ordinary duties, or enjoying the leisure of his position. In premises adjoining the chapel, a People's College, on a small scale, is conducted. He perceives, however,—as does every one who mingles freely with the working classes,—that so far from being won to the Church by the influence of the school, they will not even use the school if they suspect it of subservience to the Church, and he is desirous that everywhere they should be dis-sociated—that education should pioneer the way for Christianity only by fitting the minds of the people to appreciate its evidences and receive it doctrines. It is proposed, we understand, to establish in the east of London one or two of these admirable institutions, on a scale proportioned to the number of those who would, it is certain, eagerly avail themselves of the proffered teaching. Nothing, surely, need be said to commend such a project to the adoption of the friends of education in a district where they are numerous and powerful. To see several hundred young men and women elevated alike above the drudgeries and the frivolities of life—their minds at once both developed and disciplined by the study of mathematics and logic—their faculties greatly multiplied by the acquisition of more than their mother tongue—the nature and relations of the great world around, and the greater world within them, made reverently familiar by the revelations of material and moral science — the scroll of history unrolled to their intelligent perusal—the treasures of literature unlocked for their appropriation—habits of application and order built up by individual resolve under the exercise of wise and vigilant authority—to witness this, in steady operation, would amply repay any expenditure of personal or pecuniary aid. The founder of People's Colleges must not be left to work in obscurity and difficulty. We differ from him in thinking that Government has the right, or on it devolves the duty, to help on, by direct contribution, the great work to which he seems to have devoted his life; but we heartily agree in urging the heavy responsibilities, the impending perils, of suffering the youth of our nation to run to waste, or to fester into mischief. And we believe, that were every Christian minister animated with his spirit—were but few of our men of wealth as conscientious as Mr. Lombe—Government might close its hand, yea, prepare to vacate its throne; for a self-educated would speedily become a self-governing people.

DEATH BY THE WAY-SIDE:

A SKETCH.—BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

"Never before had the forests of America witnessed such a sight! Never again was there such a pilgrimage from the sea-side 'to the delightful banks of the Connecticut!'"—*Bancraft.*

Such is the language of the eloquent historian, with reference to the journey of that band of pilgrims who, in the pleasant spring time of 1636, turned their backs upon such vestiges of comfort and civilisation as the infant settlements of Massachusetts Bay afforded, and headed by their beloved pastor, the Rev. Thomas Hooker, made their way through perils innumerable, across swamps and streams, over rough and rocky highlands, and through tangled woods and deep green valleys, with no guide but a compass, and no shelter but the heavens, until, like the Israelites of old, they crossed the "goodlie river," and upon its western bank raised their altars, and laid the foundation of the pleasant city of Hartford.

And he is right. More than two hundred years have elapsed, and "companies by fifties and by hundreds," of New England's sons, with their wives and their little ones, have gone forth from her rugged hills and sheltered valleys, to seek a richer reward for their labour amid the fertile prairies of the West, or by the golden-bedded streams of California; yet, in character and influence, in that true courage which lifts the soul above fear—a courage, thank God! not dependent on thews and sinews, but growing out of a firm adherence to God and the Right, and which inspires the heart of the feeblest woman as well as the strongest man—in all that goes to make up true moral grandeur, none can compare with this

It is not without significance that the old writers speak of this company, as consisting of "about one hundred *souls*." They were not mere *bodies*, seeking a new field for the gratification of animal appetites and pleasures, but *souls*, with ends and aims that took hold on eternity, and who faced famine and death, not for worldly gain, but that they might obtain liberty to give an external development to those truths which had already made them free in spirit. In proof of this we need only adduce the fact that, in all succeeding emigration of their descendants, the seeds of whatever they have carried with them that is truest, best, most ennobling—that which gives *vitality* to their institutions—may be traced back to our early fathers, and even now they move us with a sway mightier than any living influence.

No The world even counts few pilgrimages like that! That there will yet arise prophets and disciples dowered with a fuller and clearer knowledge of the truth, we earnestly trust and believe; yet these men shall not die, or, rather, like Abel, being dead, they shall yet speak, and their voices vibrate along the chain of existence until time is no more.

It was toward the close of a rare day in June, that the pilgrims from a ridge of wooded highlands caught their first faint glimpse of the beautiful river Many a hill and valley, swamp and morass, lay between, but then it was like a narrow silver thread on a ground of green, and, after a moment of almost breathless silence, there arose an irrepressible shout—a clear old English shout, that woke the sleeping echoes for miles around.

These had scarcely died away, when, in tones deep and clear as a bell, Mr. Hooker gave voice to the sentiment of the whole company, in the eloquent words of King David,—

"Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good. for his mercy endureth for ever."

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

"They wandered in the wilderness, in a solitary way;" "they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them."

"Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses."

"And He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation."

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

At the foot of that wooded range of hills lay a beautiful valley, and there they halted for the night. It was a striking scene, that halt between the hills, and one well worthy of the artist's pencil.

The wild, luxuriant beauty of the landscape, over which neither scythe nor sickle, plough nor axe, had as yet passed, the flush of life that trembled along the hills, and throbbed and thrilled in everything around them, the hum of the myriad insect tribe, the strange birds sitting still on the boughs, and pouring out their evening songs of rare and wondrous melody, the occasional cries of wild beasts that their coming had aroused from their lairs, mingled with the unwonted lowing of one hundred and sixty head of cattle which the pilgrims had driven before them, and upon whose milk they had chiefly subsisted during the journey, now greedily satisfying their hunger upon the fresh green grass of the valley, while the milkers went among them, filling their pails, preparatory to the evening meal. Here, a party of men, some of whom but a short time before had been the pride of England's oldest university, stood, axe in hand, cutting down branches of the fragrant birch, or thick-leaved maple, while another arranged them into huts and couches for the shelter and comfort of the women and children There, a group were busy unloading the few pack-horses that carried their extra stores, while, like a second Prometheus, the accomplished owner of Capford Hall and Ex-Governor of Massachusetts, John Haynes, might be seen with tinder-box, steel, and flint in hand, kindling the fires so necessary to protect them from wild beasts, as well as cook their hasty-pudding, and parch their quota of Indian corn. Two crotched sticks, supporting a good stout pole, from which swung an iron pot, answered all the purposes of a fireplace; and around these clustered the busy-handed matrons, not a few of them the cherished daughters of wealth and ease, watching the seething, bubbling contents of the vessels, or tended their infants in the shade, while rosy-cheeked maidens brought water in wooden dippers or gourd-shells from a crystal spring that bubbled up beneath the roots of a wide-spreading birch, near which stood the reverend pastor himself, that "light of the western churches," whose eloquence had drawn people from all parts of the county of Essex to hear him, ere he was silenced for nonconformity, folding the broad leaves of the hickory into drinking-cups for the fair-haired, blue-eyed lambs of his flock, that had gathered round him to slake their thirst, while in the background rose the dark-wooded hills, and above them the arched deep, unclouded sky of June.

Not far from the spring, under the shade of a magnificent oak, were two huts, built of branches like the rest, but constructed with far more care, for it seemed as if every one of the company had been anxious to do something towards perfecting their arrangement. One was occupied by Madame Hooker and her family, and near the opening of the other reclined a fragile-looking girl, with hair like a floating cloud at sunset, and eyes, deep, serene, and clear, as the cloudless sky above her. This was Maude, the young wife of Geoffrey Winstanley, whose youth, gentleness, and failing health, made her an object of peculiar interest to every heart

She had scarcely recovered from the effects of her sea-voyage, when they started on their pilgrimage; and it had been too much for her, "poor thing," the matrons said, "but the quiet and comfort of the settlement would soon set her up again;" and her husband listened to them eagerly, and repeated their words to himself, as if by so doing he could silence the terrible misgivings that haunted him.

Now the little children brought bunches of luscious strawberries, to tempt the appetite of their favourite, and win from her one of those sweet smiles which they had learned to prize higher than words; and their elders, as they passed, paused to congratulate her on their nearness to their journey's end—alas! they little knew how true it was in her case!—and to speak words of hope and comfort; but some there were who, as they gazed upon her face, and noted that clear, transparent look, that gave it such a peculiar beauty, turned away with a silent prayer for her and her husband, for they knew, like all the highest beauty of earth, it was but a reflex from that unseen land towards which she was hastening.

"Ripening for eternity!" said Mr. Hooker, when, after evening prayers, he turned from the side of the young invalid, with a fervent blessing, and sought the presence of his wife. "Our gentle Maude is almost done with the things of earth!"

"And Geoffrey—poor Geoffrey!" murmured his wife. "How will he ever bear it? Even but now he hath spoken to me of renewed hope."

Mr. Hooker did not answer; but as he stood watching the noble, manly figure of Geoffrey Winstanley, as he bent over his young wife, now arranging the bear-skins on which she reclined, with a tenderness and anxiety that seemed never satisfied—now pulling back the rich waves of hair that fell too heavily over her cheek, and thought of the dread trial that awaited—all the human stirred within him, and he, too, murmured, "Poor Geoffrey!"

There had been a time when he and many others had heard, with surprise and regret, that Geoffrey Winstanley, with his strong will, clear intellect, and sincerely religious heart, had become the thrall of a young beauty of sixteen, the favourite niece of the haughty rector of Swindon, and that he lingered in England, in the hope of making her his wife. They felt ready to say to him, in the words of Manoah to Samson, "Is there no woman among the daughters of thy brethren, nor among all thy people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines."

But when she stood among them as his wife, and they heard how, for the sake of the proscribed puritan, she had braved the anger and persecution of her relatives—when they saw the tenderness, meekness, and reverence with which she looked up to all her husband's friends, the heart of the most rigid warmed towards her; and with Mr. Hooker's family she soon became "our gentle Maude." As the good man thought of all this, and of her gentle yet earnest faith, and the many times within the past few weeks when he had visited her in his capacity of teacher, and came away a learner, his heart smote him for his injustice.

He was indeed right. Under the combined teaching of love and death, Maude Winstanley was ripening for eternity. Once she had resolutely shut her heart against even the thought of the latter, it seemed so impossible that death could reach her, shielded by Geoffrey's love, and sheltered in his arms. But as the weeks went on, deepening the symptoms of that fatal disease that steals upon its victims silently as autumn steals upon the hills, and robes them with a beauty which is not of this world, her heart awoke to a deeper insight of spiritual truth, the high doctrines so often discussed between her husband and her pastor grew clearer to her understanding, and bore fruit for eternity.

Still the human was strong within her, and there came moments, especially when she felt the deep eyes of her husband looking down upon her with such an expression of unutterable love and sorrow, and his strong frame shook with agony if she did but breathe of what awaited them, when her lips trembled, and her heart shrunk shudderingly from the thought of the grave and the winding-sheet—when earth with him seemed better than heaven without him.

Do not blame her too severely, thou of stronger faith; but remember she was but a gentle, loving girl, and wisdom and faith grow but slowly in this sphere of ours. If you have met a trial like this with more unwavering faith, thank God for it; or, if as yet the bitter cup has not been presented to your lips, still thank God, for it is of his mercy alone; but blame her not.

God did not, but gave to her heart that assurance without which immortality itself would be but a cheat—the blessed assurance that affection dies not with the breath; that in a little while, a few brief days at most, that love, freed from the stains and impurities of earth, should again beam on her from those beloved eyes, and those arms once more fold her in their pure, holy embrace.

And Geoffrey Winstanley, while he gazed into her spiritual eyes, and listened to her low, earnest tones, as she poured forth for his comfort those blessed intuitions, the gnawing pain at his heart grew still, but only to return with tenfold power when they ceased, and he found himself alone.

That was no boyish fancy that had led him to linger behind his friends in England, and meet their looks of grave reproof, for the sake of Maude Edgerton. He had left the first flush of youth some years behind, when she stole in upon the unsunned side of his heart, and gave to life a new, and, to him, undreamed-of beauty and significance.

He had been an orphan from childhood, and the influences under which he had grown to manhood had not failed, while they strengthened and developed to the utmost his mental and moral energies, to deepen the natural reserve of his character, until even those who knew him best had little conception of the earnest enthusiasm, the boundless capacity for affection, that lay concealed beneath his calm, grave, almost stern, exterior. Earnest, truthful, noble, and sincerely religious, he yet lacked that feminine influence so necessary to man's highest development—to temper justice with mercy, energy with softness, inflexibility with grace, and render his whole character symmetrical and in harmony with the Divine Ideal.

This had been Maude's mission; and could he part with her now, when life first seemed blossoming to completeness—when each hour brought some new, delicious joy, of which his solitary youth had been defrauded? Could he lay that head down in the grave, whose every golden tress was dearer to him than life, and, looking calmly up, say, "Thy will be done?"

Not without a struggle, the bitterness of which few even dreamed, for his was not a nature that manifested its emotions in those wild paroxysms which pass with most people for evidences

of profound feeling; it was rather like the ocean, when the fury of the tempest has beaten the waves to an apparent calm, and none can judge of the wild commotion below, save those who have felt its power. It is strange how we misjudge the hearts of men in this world, and call that coldness and indifference which is simply the tranquillity resulting from intense power.

"It is written, 'Thou shalt not make unto thyself idols,'" Mr Hooker had said, half seriously and half playfully, one day, to Geoffrey, as he marked the peculiar expression with which he watched the movements of his young wife, and he had been startled at the intense feeling that trembled in his voice as, pointing to where she sat, soothing the feverish restlessness of the minister's youngest child, he replied, "It hath also been said, beware lest ye 'entertain angels unawares.'"

The sight of the beautiful river, which had spread such joy through the land, had not failed to stir the deep enthusiasm of Geoffrey Winstanley's nature, and as that clear June day deepened into twilight, he sat by the side of Maude in that sylvan tent, and spoke, with the heart of a poet and the eye of a prophet, of their future home, and the mighty destiny that should yet await on their humble efforts.

Maude listened long, and in silence; then, summoning all her God-given strength, she spoke to him of the home that awaited her, not with him on the banks of the beautiful Connecticut, but by the river of life whose stream makes glad the city of God.

She did not need to look up in his face, for the trembling of the arm that encircled her, and the large burning tear-drop that fell on her forehead, spoke plainly of the agony her words had awakened within him. They seemed to have changed natures—that high-hearted, calm, grave man, and the yielding, frail, timid one, and, as she kept on, there was something of sorrow in her faith—of holy, in the calm resignation with which she spoke of death, and of future in her views of the life beyond, that he was lifted above himself, and, leaning his head on those golden locks, he poured out all his selfish struggles, and told how for weeks past he had been ready to struggle with God to retain her still on earth.

"Earth! what is earth, my husband?" he replied. "But a few short years of troubled joy at best, and what is this compared to that rest which remaineth for the children of God? That rest will soon be mine, and there I shall wait for you. You will not fail to meet me there, beloved?"

"God aiding me, I will not. In this hope, and with this aim, I shall live and die," he replied fervently.

For a few moments there was silence between them, while the grateful evening breeze stirred the leafy canopy of their bower, and lit in the soft June moonlight, that fell like a shield of glory over the golden locks of the invalid. A smile fluttered round her mouth, then a strange tremour for a brief second shook her whole frame, and struck an icy chill to her husband's heart, for, with that passing moonbeam, the spirit of Maude Winstanley swept upward from the earth.

Oh death! death! death! thou masked angel, whom our tear-dimmed eyes cannot unveil, thou fearful void, which reason cannot fathom; thou icy silence, which love cannot break, thou dread pause, which no earthly power can fill—blessed, thrice blessed, is he who can hear through the darkness and desolation, the sorrow and the anguish that wait upon thy footsteps, the voice of Him, who, by that fresh grave in Bethany, first sanctified human grief, whispering, "Lo! it is I—be not afraid!"

Not there—oh, not there, with that beloved form stiffening in his arms, and that heavy, benumbing sense of sorrow weighing down upon his heart—not when, with kiss after kiss upon that cold brow, he resigned her to the care of the weeping women who had gathered round, and rushed out into the night—not when the hand of Mr. Hooker grasped his in true and silent sympathy, could Geoffrey Winstanley hear *that* voice. But when, in the deep watches of the night, he knelt alone by the side of his dead, then it fell upon his heart like an echo of *her* voice, only far sweeter and more heavenly, and that icy silence grew tremulous, as with the slow beat of an angel's wings. * * * *

They buried her "by the way," as Jacob buried Rachel, but they set up no pillar upon her grave." Her initials, cut in the smooth bark of a young birch that overhung her grave, were the only memorial that marked the spot were slept all that was mortal of Maude Winstanley.

A TRUTHFUL REPLY.—An Irishman, having been arraigned and convicted upon full and unmistakable evidence of some flagrant misdemeanor, being asked by the judge if he had anything to say for himself, replied, with the characteristic humour of his country, "Never a single word, yer honour; and it's my real opinion there's been a grate daal too much said as is."

THE COUNTRYMAN'S REPLY TO THE EXECUTIVE OF THE MILITIA BILL.

So, ye want to catch me, do ye?
Nae! I doant much think ye wool,
Though your scarlet coat and feathers
Look so bright and butiful,
Though ye tell sich famous stories
Of the fortune to be won,
Fightin' in the distant Ingies,
Underneath the burnin' sun.

'Spose I am a tight young feller,
Sound o' limb and all that 'ere,
I can't see that that's a reason
Why the scarlet I should wear,
Fustian coat and corded trousers
Seem to suit me quite as well,
'Think I doant look badly in 'em,
Ax my Meary, she can tell!

Sartinly I'd rather keep 'em—
These same limbs you talk about,
Cover'd up in cord and fustian,
Than I'd try to do without
There's Bill Muggins left our village
Just as sound a man as I,
Now he goes about on crutches,
With a single arm and eye.

To be sure he's got *a m dal*,
And some *twenty pounds a year*,
For his health, and strength, and service,
Guver'ment can't call that dear,
Not to reckon one leg shatter'd,
Two rib broken, one eye lost,
There I went on such a ventur,
I should step and count the cost.

'Lots o' pleasure!' lots o' gammon,
Ax Bill Muggins about *that*,
I'll tell ye 'tant by no means
Sort o' stuff to make ye fat.
If it was, the private so'ger
Gets of it but precious little,
Why, it's jest like bees a kitchin'
With the sound of a brass kittle.

'Lots o' gold and quick promotion?'
Pr'ythee jest look at William Green,
He's been *fourteen years* a fightin',
As they call it, for the Queen;
Now he comes home invalided,
With a sergeant's rank and pay;
But that he is made a captin,
Or as much I aint heerd say.

"Lots o' fun, and pleasant quarters,
And a so'ger's merry life;
Ah, for tradesmen's, farmers' daughters
Wantin' to become my wife?"
Well, I think I'll take the shillin',
Put the ribbons in my hat!—
Stop! I'm but a country bumpkin.
Yet not quite so green as *that*.

"*Fun?*" a knockin' fellow-creturs
Down like ninepins, and that ere,
Stickin' bag'nets through and through 'em,
Burnin', slayin', everywhere,
"*Pleasant quarters?*"—werry pleasant!
Sleepin' on the field o' battle,
Or in hospital or barricks,
Cramm'd together jest like cattle.

Strut away, then, master sergeant,
Tell your lies as on ye go,
Make your drummers rattle louder,
And your fifers harder blow.
I shan't be a "son o' glory,"
But an honest workin' man,
With the strength that God has guv me
Doin' all the good I can.

UNEXPECTED.—"Wife," said a man, looking for his bootjack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."

INSTINCT AND REASON.

Animal instinct is distinguished from human intellect by the uniformity of its action, the unerring methods which it employs to accomplish purposes that do not extend beyond what is necessary for the preservation of the individual or the propagation of its kind. And this is done without the aids of instruction or experience. But reason is a comparing, examining, deliberative, and improvable faculty, and to the advancement of which experience is of infinite service. It is a faculty which resulted from the fall of man, and came into existence after that catastrophe. It was provided in the separation of the will from the understanding, which was miraculously effected by Divine wisdom, to preserve in man the means for his instruction in spiritual things after his perception had been closed. Reason always implies a state of obscurity, and we experiment with it in order to rescue what we are in search of from a condition of mysteriousness. It is liable to err in this pursuit from many causes, and it frequently does so. But this is not the case with instinct. It possesses at once all the light which it is capable of enjoying; it goes to work with a matured power, and all its actions are perfect in their kind, it never mistakes its aim, it never errs in the means taken for its accomplishment.

The reason of this is, because every beast, bird, fish, reptile, and insect has been created with its own peculiar and discrete natural law, which is love, instinct, principal, [illegible] implanted to [illegible] as they [illegible] womb, or are excluded from the egg, they see, hear, walk, know their food, and follow their affections only, and every species of animals is by those affections carried straight forward to the particular use which they are designed to promote to the economy of creation. The habitation of this love is the heart within the head, by means of their distinct [illegible] influx from the world of causes, which [illegible] flows into their corporeal senses, and thereby at once determines their actions and preserves their uniformity. This, also, is the reason why some have bodily senses so much more exquisite than those of men. It is this influx, received by an organism which has no structural forms for the exercise of thought, which constitutes instinct, and all its varieties depend on the differences in the organism which receives the influx.

If the actions of beasts partook in any degree of what is properly understood by reason, we might fairly expect to see some alteration take place in their habits and pursuits. Reason does not allow its possessor to remain [illegible] of knowledge if it is active he improves, [illegible] degenerates. These are no characteristics of the animal kingdom. Beasts make no improvement in the choice of their pursuits. They continue in the order in which they were created. Their habits and instinct are the same to-day as they were six thousand years ago. The same species maintain inviolate what is common to their being no intercourse between them improves their condition, no separation diminishes the powers which belong to their nature. Numbers do not enlighten by their association, and individuals lose nothing by isolation. The beaver erects his hut with the same intelligence, the bee collects her honey with the like industry, and the birds build their nests with the same attention, as did their ancestors when they first began to work.

How different is the case with man! How changeful has been his condition, and how diversified his existence! He improves by association with his fellows, but degenerates by separation. His habits of life are different, not only in every country, but almost in every house. These circumstances are solely referable to that thinking faculty by which he is distinguished, and which the brutes have not.

But here a new phenomenon in our subject presents itself for consideration. Man is born into the world the most helpless and destitute of all animated nature; a more organisation, with but a faint perception of life from the external senses, having no connate ideas, nor any disposition even to seek his sustenance from the bosom of his parent.

The case is entirely different with the beasts: they are born with everything proper to their natural life, and in a very short time their faculties break forth into all the perfection of which they are capable. They know, without instruction, what is nutritious and proper for their food, and avoid with remarkable sagacity what is offensive and unwholesome. With equal acuteness do they distinguish their friends from their foes; and some possess a delicacy of sense which man has never attained. Indeed it is evident that beasts are born at once into their respective states, and that their perfection is developed in a very short period after their existence. Whereas man is born into nothing. He at first is ignorant and helpless. He acquires nothing but by instruction, and his arrival at perfection, or the filling up the measure of his capabilities, remains to be accomplished. We cannot say to the human mind, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." It is a perpetually expansive principle, and no limits can be set to its attainments, because it is designed to live and so to improve for ever. It is only the capacities of brutes which have their limits these can be gauged and measured: we can mark their boundaries and see their end.

Beasts may be compared to a piece of ground that will bear nothing but its own indigenous plant, and which no labour or cultivation will fit for the growth of an exotic. but man may be likened to another plot of land rude and untilled, but possessing all the materials of soil, and capabilities for bringing forth every seed that may be sown therein to maturity and fruitfulness.

A HOME SONG FOR THE POOR.

O! let us not murmur, though clouds should arise,
To darken our way with their fast summer skies,
By and by they will pass from our sight,
And leave the blue heavens more brightly bright
Dear love will our pathway be chequered through life—
Now coldness and sunshine, now sorrow and strife,
Still let us not doubt, 'midst affliction and pain,
That deep springs of hope in our breasts will remain
Should the hearts we have cherished prove faithless and cold,
Be our murmurings hush'd, our vexation untold;
Though the tie of our joy by them falsehood is set,
Let us kindly forgive them, *and strive to forget*
Then away with repining, let our hearts be the shrine,
Around which love and chastity closely intwine;
Let the dove of content from our breasts never roam,
But gladden and cheer both our path and our home.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Edition of The Popular Educator.—An Extra Edition of this work, on fine paper, at 1½d. per Number, or in Monthly Parts, in a neat wrapper, at 7d., or when Five Numbers, 8½d., is now published, which is issued without the weekly headings. Persons wishing for this edition must be careful to order the "Extra Edition." The whole of the Numbers may now be obtained, or the first Three Parts.—Part I., 7d.; Part II., 8½d.; Part III., 7d. The Common Edition, at One Penny per Number, Monthly Parts, 4d., or [illegible] issued.

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MISCELLANEA.

IRISH AND SCOTCH.—When George IV. went to Ireland, one of the "pisantry," delighted with his affability to the crowd on landing, said to the toll-keeper, as the king passed through, "Och, now! and his majesty, God bless him, never paid the turnpike; an' how's that?" "Oh! kings never does," was the answer; "we let's 'em go free." "Then there's the dirty money for ye," says Pat; "it shall never be said that the king came here, and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him." Moore told this story to Walter Scott. "Ay, Mr Moore," remarked Scott, "there ye have just the advantage of us; there was no want of enthusiasm in Edinburgh; the Scotch folk would have paid anything in the world for his majesty but—pay the turnpike."

FLOWERS AND THE FAIR SEX.—Flowers are prettily said to be "terrestrial stars, that bring down heaven to earth, and carry up our thoughts from earth to heaven" Woman, lovely woman, has been still more prettily defined as "something between a flower and an angel" Having *both* these "gifts" to gladden us, what happy, merry fellows we men ought to be.

NATURAL AFFINITY.—An outside passenger by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge, and carried away by the stream "Is it not very singular," said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, "that my hat took that direction?" "Not at all," replied the latter; "it is natural that a *beaver* should take to the water"

When the merchants of Breslau once applied to Frederick the Great for protection against the ruinous competition of Jewish dealers, the monarch asked how the Jews managed to draw business into their hands? The answer was that they were up early and late, always travelling about, lived very economically, and were contented with small gains on rapid returns. "Very well," said the enlightened monarch, "go and be Jews, too, in the conduct of your business."

CLIMATE.—The institutions of a country depend, in a great measure, on the nature of its soil and situation. Many of the wants of man are awakened or supplied by these circumstances. To these wants, manners, laws, and religion must shape and accommodate themselves. The division of land, and the rights attached to it, alter with the soil; the laws relating to its produce, with its fertility. The manners of its inhabitants are, in various ways, modified by its position. The religion of a miner is not the same as the faith of a shepherd, nor is the character of the ploughman so warlike as that of the hunter. The observant legislator follows the direction of all these various circumstances. The knowledge of the natural advantages or defects of a country thus forms an essential part of political science and history.

DO IT AND BE DONE WITH IT.—There is a very sensible German custom—concentrating the coughing and nose-blowing during the service-time at church. The clergyman stops at different periods of his discourse, stands back from the pulpit, and stands and blows his nose. The entire congregation imitate his example, and disturb the service at no other time.

A BUTT AND A STAVE.—A young gentleman being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them he could not, observed they intended to make a *butt* of him. "No, my good sir," said Colman, "we only want to get a *stave* out of you."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN ENGRAVER.—The bituminous substance called "Asphaltum," is brought from the Dead Sea, from the island of Trinidad, and from some parts of Europe. You will have some difficulty in obtaining genuine asphaltum. What is sold under that name is, in most cases, "pitch bottoms," the sediments of melted pitch. You should apply to a first-rate drysalter, or druggist. We will endeavour, in an early number, to furnish you with a receipt for a hard etching ground which will render the use of asphaltum unnecessary.

L. B.—The best "substitute for potatoes" that we know of is haricot beans, the *white* sort. Put one quart into a gallon of cold *soft* water, with two ounces of butter, and let them simmer slowly for three hours; by that time they will have absorbed a large portion of the water, and will be found mealy and palatable. If you wish for a more savoury dish, proceed as follows:—Boil the beans as above, drain, and put them into a stewpan, with a little salt and pepper, two ounces of butter, some parsley chopped fine, and the juice of a lemon Place them on the fire for about ten minutes, stirring them well, then serve them up Some persons prefer mixing with them a small quantity of onion chopped very fine

A FISHERMAN.—Your prints must be prepared for varnishing by having two coats of size laid on them, made of isinglass or parchment cuttings boiled in water If the paper on which the engravings are printed be tolerably hard, one coat may suffice. The best varnish is that called "*crystal varnish*," which is made thus:—Genuine pale Canada balsam and rectified oil of turpentine, equal parts, mixed, and placed in a bottle in warm water, shaken well, and set aside in a moderately warm place for a week, and then poured off clear, or the "*soft brilliant varnish*," made thus — Gum sandarac, 6 oz, genuine elemi, 4 oz, amme, 1 oz, camphor, ½ oz, rectified spirit, 1 quart, made as above

S. R. (Aberdeen).—The *first* volume of the "Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine" is just completed, and it is a paragon of beauty and cheapness. As to your question, "How many volumes there will be of it?" we answer, it will continue to be published so long as there are works of art to exhibit, or persons to appreciate them

J. BRENT.—The Manor of Strathfeldsay,—the country seat of the Duke of Wellington,—is situated in the north of Hampshire, about three miles and a-half east of Silchester. It was purchased for him by a parliamentary grant, as a token of gratitude for his services in several successful campaigns.

J. WELLS.—Nineveh was the seat of an Assyrian kingdom, till the year before Christ, 625, when it was taken by Nabopolassar of Babylon, and Cyaxares, king of the Medes, which led to the destruction of the Assyrian kingdom. Nineveh flourished no more, and Strabo, who lived in the reigns of the first two Roman emperors, represents it as lying waste In the second century of the Christian era there was not a single monument of it remaining.

T. W. (Exeter).—What is called "the Phosphorus disease," is, we believe, peculiar to persons engaged in the manufacture of lucifer matches. The disease generally begins with pains in the teeth, then follows a decaying of the jaw-bone, pieces of which either work themselves out, or are extracted by a surgeon, if neglected, life is endangered. In manufactories where there is plenty of space and of good air, cases of this disease occur very rarely.

LIEGE.—If you can prove, as you say, that your dog died in August, 1850, you cannot, certainly, be liable to the dog-tax for the year ending April, 1852.

R. I. K. (Waterford)—We do not wonder that you searched Johnson and Walker in vain for the word "*phonothetically*" We suppose that the advertiser meant that he would teach the Irish language according to its true sounds; it would have appeared less pedantic had he said *phonetically*.

B. THOMPSON (Berwick).—A good knowledge of arithmetic would be required in the Government situation to which you refer. As to the routine duties of the office, you would acquire the knowledge of them by degrees.

BONUS PUER.—The compound term "Electro Biology," is formed from three Greek words—*electron*, electricity, *bio*, forces, and *logos*, the theory; it means, the science of electrical forces, as shown in mesmerism.

J. YATES.—We have no influence in the Army office; but if you have, as you state, applied for your brother's discharge, and have received for answer, that "discharges by purchase are suspended," it will be in vain for you or your friends to make further application at present.

CHAMPETRE.—It is not necessary that you should be "asked in church;" all you have to do is to give due notice to the registrar. As to your other question, an apprentice cannot honourably "leave his master before the term of apprenticeship has expired," even though they may be "no legal indenture or written agreement."

E. B.—We recommend you to study English grammar first: this is the most natural process and a good knowledge of your own language will greatly assist you, should you wish to learn French. As to your penmanship, it wants freedom, which constant practice will give you.

A TEETOTALER.—The processes required for preserving the juices of vegetables are somewhat delicate and difficult Two processes may be specified:—1. Vegetable juices may be preserved in alcohol, thus:—Bruise the leaves in a marble mortar, and then press them in a powerful press Allow the juice to remain twenty-four hours in a cool place, then decant the clear portion from the dregs, add one-fourth part by measure of rectified spirit, shake well, and in twenty-four hours again decant the clear, and filter it through white blotting-paper. If, as a teetotaler, you object to this mode; then, 2. Put the juices into strong glass bottles, with necks of a proper size, corked with great care, and luted with a mixture of lime and soft cheese, spread on rags, and the whole bound down with wires across it Place the bottles in an oven, the temperature of which is cautiously raised to 212 degrees, or enclose them separately in canvass bags, and put them into a copper of water, which is gradually heated till it boils, and thus keep them for several minutes; the whole must then be left to cool, and the bottles taken out and carefully examined before they are laid by, lest they should have cracked, or the luting have given way For many purposes the latter end would be answered by drying the leaves when in their full maturity, and reducing them to powder, and preserving them carefully in well corked bottles. If boiled in water when wanted, a strong taste would be infused

T. B.—Sir John Franklin started on his last voyage in 1845.

W. WATKINS.—We believe that the exact duty on the paper used by the *Times* newspaper amounts to £16,000 a year, and the stamp duty to about 70,000 annually. Your inquiry about "the probable profits realised by the *Times*" had better be put to the proprietor himself.—William Caxton was born in Kent, in 1410, and his first English work, "The Book of the Chess," was issued in 1474.

A MASON.—You will not find "Pitt's Bridge" named in any recently published description of London That name was originally given to what is now called "Blackfriars Bridge," in honour of William Pitt, the renowned Earl of Chatham The bridge was the work of Robert Mylne, a Scotch architect, and the first stone was laid October 31, 1760.

"YOUNG JACK."—The "deepest sounding" of which we have read was that made in November 1849, about 300 miles to the eastward of Bermuda. The sounding was 5,700 fathoms, or six miles and a half, and even at that depth no bottom was found. The time occupied by this length of wire in running out was one hour and a half; in winding it up, the whole length parted at the surface and was lost.

W. B. A. (Wolverhampton).—The "Olympiad," was the space of four years, by which the Greeks reckoned their time. That epoch was so named from the games celebrated every fourth year in honour of Jupiter Olympus.

INQUIRER.—The word "*prevent*" has two significations which seem opposed to each other. In many old books it means, to go before, or, to guide; its more modern acceptation is, to obstruct, to hinder. The first of these senses is the most critically correct, as the word is derived from the Latin, *præveno*, to come before, to prevent, to anticipate; the latter, however, is almost the only sense in which it is now used.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

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SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.—III.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF SPAIN.—THE MOORISH DYNASTY.



A SPANISH DANCE AT A FESTIVAL.

We have seen how the Goths, having driven the Romans out of Spain, remained possessors of the fair land for more than 130 years, till they were themselves overcome by those Saracens, Arabs, and Africans, who have since become known under the one general title of Moors. In our last number, we gave a table of the kings of Spain, from Abdoulrahman, the first of the independent Moorish monarchs, to the time when the crown of Spain became merged in one individual. We must

now retrace our steps a little, and show briefly how a people professing a creed whose principal dogma declares that "there is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet," held possession of the peninsula for more than eight centuries,—merely premising, as our previous remarks will have made apparent, that the history of Spain at this period is the history of an antagonism between two victorious races, that of the German Visigoths from the north, and the Saracens and Arabs from the east and south; the first a half-christianised people, and the last a warm, enthusiastic tribe of wandering warriors, eager to propagate the religion of Mahomet. When the Arabs crossed the Mediterranean at Gibraltar, in the year 711, they aimed at no less than the subjugation of Europe, and Spain was selected as the theatre of their first triumphs. It was one of the doctrines of their faith to spread their religion by the sword; and, though not ultimately successful, the Moors were made the instruments, in the hands of Providence, of carrying forward a civilisation and refinement, at once broad, vast, and irresistible.

We have seen how the Moorish kingdom in Spain was established; how the Arab strangers, with a moderation at once graceful and active, became tolerant of the religion of the Roman Goths; how the faith of the usurper became acknowledged, if not established, among a whole people; how various influences led to the subjugation of Spain by an alien race, whose victory over that country was far more complete than that of William the Conqueror in England, or even of that of the Spaniards in Peru; how, under the Saracenic rule, the nation advanced to a high state of civilisation and refinement; and how at last the Moors came to consider themselves as fairly established in Europe. We must now speak of the causes which led to the decline of a power so great and a sway so complete.

Although the Moorish rule in Spain was moderate to a proverb, the spirit of her ancient people was not yet entirely subdued, the hope of ultimate liberation from a foreign yoke was not yet quite lost; the religious antagonism of the Crescent and the Cross was not yet altogether extinct. There still existed in the northern part of Spain two Christian kingdoms, Leon and Castile, in which the principles of liberty were alive and active. For three centuries the Moors had held almost supreme power in Spain; but, about the year 1013, a great revolution took place, and Hissem III., the last of the Omeyade caliphs was deposed, and in him the caliphate of Cordova was overthrown. "A perfect crop of kings sprung up at this juncture, struggling with each other for the sovereignty of Moorish Spain, and failing that, for the possession of some little bit which they could erect each into a snug kingdom for himself. Not to mention smaller territories, Almeria, Denia, Valencia, Saragossa, Huesca, Toledo, Lerida, Seville, Malaga, Granada, Algesiras, Tuledo, and Badajos had all their separate kings. Every day one or other of these multitudinous sovereigns was getting killed by a stronger neighbour, and the smaller kingdoms were soon amalgamated with the larger; still, even at the end of the eleventh century, there were at least four different Moorish sovereigns in Spain,—the Caliph of Seville, the Caliph of Toledo, the Caliph of Saragossa, and the Caliph of Badajos and part of Portugal."

From this period, then, the power of the Moors in Spain may be said to be on the decline. The spirit of conquest had died out from among them, and the ancient love of liberty arose again in Christian breasts with more than former power and independence. For two centuries a continual struggle went on between the Christian and the Moslem; and a long series of battles took place, which, with various success, went to the widening the breach already existing. Many were the exciting stories told of individual bravery and heroic sacrifice about this period; many a ballad records the daring of the combatants, and many a high and chivalrous deed was performed, of which no record remains.

Under the conduct of the kings of Arragon and Castile, the Christians of Spain determined to reconquer their beloved country. Of the kings of Castile, one of the most distinguished for his successes against the Moors was Alfonso I., who, already in possession of Leon, was crowned king of Castile in 1073. This sovereign is known indiscriminately as Alfonso I. of Castile, or Alfonso VI. of Leon. In his reign flourished the most renowned of all the Spanish heroes, Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar, surnamed the *Cid*, from the Moorish term *el Seid*, or the lord. The monarch and his subject gained many victories over the Moorish sovereigns, against whom they directed their enterprises. In 1085 Alfonso took, after a desperate siege of three years, the city of Toledo, the ancient capital of the Gothic monarchy, and with it the whole Moorish kingdom of New Castile was recovered from the Moslems. No sooner was this conquest won, than Alfonso prepared to attack the kingdom of Seville and Cordova—the most powerful of the sovereignties with which the caliphate of Cordova had been split. To assist him in this formidable invasion, Mohammed, king of Seville, after deliberating with his allies, the smaller Moorish kings, invited over from Africa a new Moorish tribe, called the Almoravides, founded by one of those Mohammedan enthusiasts, imitators of the prophet, who were so frequently springing up in various parts of the Mussulman empire. These Almoravides—men devoted to the service of God—had overrun and conquered the whole of northern Africa. The old spirit of conquest seemed to be revived in them; and in inviting them over to fight against the Christians, the Moorish sovereign of Seville was apparently adopting the only measure that could save his kingdom. Yusef, the leader of the Almoravides, eagerly accepted his proposal, and, crossing the strait with a large army, he united his forces with those of the king of Seville. Alfonso, finding himself too weak to conduct an invasion against such a coalition, obtained succours from his brother monarchs, the kings of Arragon and Navarre. A great pitched battle took place between the two armies in the month of October, 1086, at Zalaca, near Badajoz. The enthusiasm of the Almoravides gained the day for their allies, and the Christians were totally defeated. This defeat proved a temporary check to the progress of the Christian armies.

The king of Seville, however, had reason to repent having invited such formidable guests as the Almoravides into his dominions; for, tempted by the prospect of possessing such a fine country in perpetuity, they refused to return to Africa when their services were no longer required. To such extremities was Mohammed reduced by his visitor Yusef, that at last he was obliged to solicit the assistance of his enemy Alfonso, that he might not be deprived of his kingdom The Almoravides, however, triumphed. Mohammed was deposed and sent over to Africa, and Yusef mounted the throne in his stead. The condition of affairs in Spain now assumed a strange aspect; other petty Moorish sovereigns, alarmed by the fate of the kings of Seville, and fearful of sharing it, united amongst themselves, and also with Alfonso of Castile, against Yusef; and for many years there might be seen the spectacle of Christian knights and Moorish warriors fighting side by side in the same battle, or exchanging chivalrous courtesies in the same camp:—

> "Different are the creeds we swear by,
> But in breast of knight or dame,
> Be they Saracen or Christian,
> Flows not Adam's blood the same?"

Not even the valour of the Cid, however, could prevent the Moorish princes from falling under the yoke of the conquering Yusef; and in the year 1094, the whole of Moorish Spain was again united under one dynasty. During the life of Yusef, neither Alfonso nor the sovereigns of Navarre and Arragon could gain any very decided success against the Moors; and again, for a while at least, the Moorish power in the peninsula seemed to be on the ascendant.

Yusef died in 1107, leaving his son Ali his successor; and for twenty years the hereditary struggle of Christian against Moor was carried on between Ali and Alfonso, king of Arragon and Navarre, who, having married Urraca, the daughter and heiress of Alfonso of Castile, might be considered as the general Christian monarch of the Spanish part of the peninsula. By his successes during these twenty years, Alfonso earned for himself the warlike surname of *El Batallador*—The Battle Giver. In nine-and-twenty successive battles he defeated the Moorish hosts; and over all Europe he was celebrated as the champion of the Christian faith against the infidels of Spain. Tuleda, Saragossa, Tarragona, and Daroca, were all conquered by him. He trebled the size of Arragon; and he carried his banners farther south of the Ebro than any Christian prince had done before him. In 1133,

however, he sustained a defeat from the Mussulmans, and shortly afterwards died. On his death, as he left no family, the Christian territories of Spain were again disunited. Leon and Castile were inherited, or rather had for some time been possessed, by Alfonso Raymond, the son of his wife Urraca, known indiscriminately as Alfonso II. of Castile, or Alfonso VIII. of Leon, and also by the name of Alfonso the emperor. Navarre chose for its sovereign Garcia Ramirez, or Garcia IV., grandnephew of Sancho IV., Alfonso's predecessor. Arragon elected Ramiro II., brother of the deceased Alfonso, who, being a monk, obtained the pope's permission to marry; but had no sooner begotten a daughter to succeed him, than he resigned the throne, and again retired to his monastery, leaving his infant heir, Petronilla, queen of Arragon, under the guardianship of Raymond V., count of Barcelona, to whom he had affianced her—an alliance which had the effect of incorporating the hitherto French province of Catalonia with the Spanish kingdom of Arragon. It is necessary now to add a word or two respecting Portugal. This country had no separate existence earlier than the beginning of the twelfth century. That part of it which lies between the Minho and the Douro had been recovered from the Moors by the kings of Galicia, the successors of Pelayo, and consequently it formed a mere province of the territories of Leon and Castile. When, however, by the victories of Alfonso I. of Leon and Castile, Portugal, as far south as the Tagus, had been wrested from the Moors, it became necessary to appoint a distinct officer or viceroy to guard this important part of the peninsula against the incursions of the Almoravides, then newly arrived in Spain. For this office Alfonso chose his son-in-law, Henry of Besançon, who, after extending his territory by further conquests, bequeathed it, in 1112, with the title of Count of Portugal, under the Castilian king, to his infant son, Alfonso Henriques. This Alfonso, on growing up, proved a formidable enemy to the Moors, and, disdaining any longer to be a mere viceroy to the Castilian kings, threw off his allegiance to Alfonso the emperor, and proclaimed himself independent king of Portugal in 1139 *

We pass on a hundred years, during which the several kingdoms of the peninsula had been alternately at war with each other and with the Moors, and come to the grand breaking up of the Mohammed power in Spain. That power, so long on the decline, fell at last before the victorious arms of Ferdinand and Isabella. Of the various Moorish princes there remained in the year 1248 only one, Mahomet Ibn Alahmar, who had assumed the title of king of Granada, and who was obliged, in order to retain even this diminished sovereignty, to acknowledge himself the vassal of Ferdinand, the Christian king of Castile. At this epoch,—the epoch of the erection of the Moorish kingdom of Granada out of the ruins of the once potent sovereignty of Cordova, we may pause ere we resume the history of this famous land. In our next chapter we shall have to speak of the siege of Granada, and the expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

"This renowned kingdom," we are told by Washington Irving, in his admirable account of its siege, "in the southern part of Spain, bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, and defended on the land-side by lofty and rugged mountains, locking up within their embraces deep, rich, and verdant valleys, where the sterility of the surrounding heights was repaid by prodigal fertility. The city of Granada lay in the centre of the kingdom, sheltered, as it were, in the lap of the Sierra Nevada, or chain of snowy mountains. It covered two lofty hills, and a deep valley that divides them, through which flows the river Douro. One of these hills was crowned by the royal palace and fortress of the Alhambra, capable of containing forty thousand men within its walls and towers. Never was there an edifice accomplished in a superior style of barbaric magnificence; and he stranger who, even at the present day, wanders among its silent and deserted courts and ruined halls, gazes with astonishment at its gilded and fretted domes and luxurious decorations, still retaining their brilliancy and beauty in defiance of the ravages of time. Opposite to the hill on which stood the Alhambra was its rival hill; on the summit of which was a spacious plain, covered with houses, and crowded with inhabitants. The declivities and skirts of the two hills were covered with houses to the number of seventy thousand, in narrow streets and small squares, according to the [illegible]led-by Moorish cities. The houses had interior courts and [illegible]s of refreshed by fountains and running streams, and set out oranges, citrons, and pomegranates; so that, as the edifices of the city rose above each other on the sides of the hill, they presented a mingled appearance of city and grove delightful to the eye. The whole was surrounded by high walls, three leagues in circuit, with twelve gates, and fortified by a thousand and thirty towers. The elevation of the city, and the neighbourhood of the Sierra Nevada, crowned with perpetual snows, tempered the fervid rays of the summer; and thus, while other cities were panting with the sultry and stifling heat of the dog-days, the most salubrious breezes played through the marble halls of Granada. The glory of the city, however, was its vega or plain, which spread out to a circumference of thirty-seven leagues, surrounded by lofty mountains. It was a vast garden of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the silver windings of the Xenil. The labour and ingenuity of the Moors had diverted the waters of this river into thousands of rills and streams, and diffused them over the whole surface of the plain. Indeed they had wrought up this happy region to a degree of wonderful prosperity, and took a pride in decorating it, as if it had been a favourite mistress. The hills were clothed with orchards and vineyards, the valleys embroided with gardens, and the wide plains covered with waving grain. Here were seen in profusion the orange, the citron, the fig, and the pomegranate, with large plantations of mulberry-trees, from which was produced the finest of silk. The vine clambered from tree to tree, the grapes hung in rich clusters about the peasants' cottages, and the groves were resound by the perpetual song of the nightingale. In a word, so beautiful was the earth, so pure the air, and so serene the sky of this delicious region, that the Moors imagined the paradise of their prophet was in the heavens which hung over Granada.

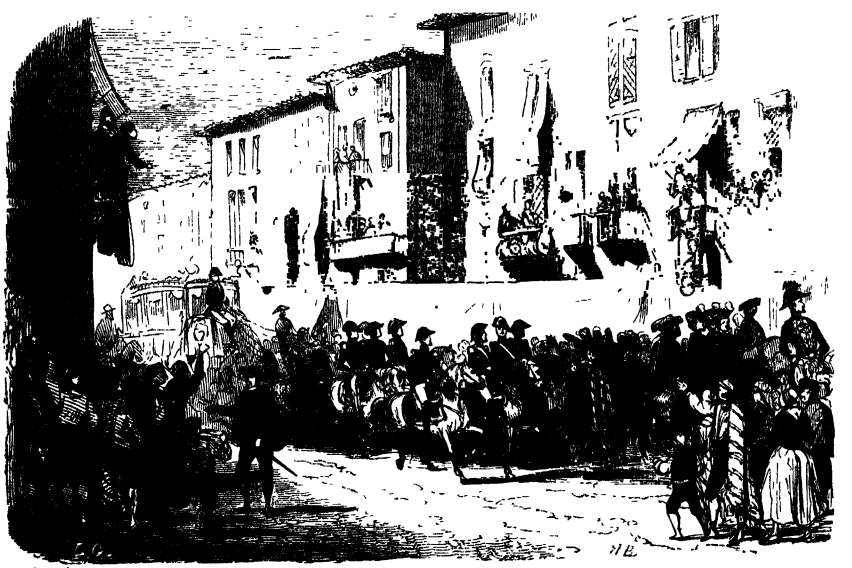
But in this place we may consistently consider the influence of the Saracens upon European civilisation. It had doubtless been the aim of this hot-blooded and aggressive people to subjugate the whole of Europe—so large was their ambition and so high their hope. Finding themselves masters of the fair land of Spain, they had even tried to push their way across the Pyrenees into the country of the Gaul. But they were stopped on the field of Poictiers by Charles Martel, the father of the Carlovingian dynasty in France. Although the tawny Moor was king over the white Christian; although the Arabian conqueror was enabled to lord it in a land of vines and honey; although the Romano-German submitted, as we have seen, to the Syrian; although the mosque and minaret rose side by side in the blue sky with the Christian steeple; although the language of the Saracen seemed destined to become that of western Europe; although the royal legion seemed to be firmly planted in Cordova,—there yet remained in the conquered country a spirit of rebellion and a love of liberty; and the seeds of disunion and revolt were found to exist even among the conquerors themselves.

Nevertheless, the influence of the Moor in Spain was a good influence. Wild and fiery, and impulsive and energetic as was the Saracenic character, it was also a highly teachable one. No sooner was the conquest of Spain complete than the arts of peace were studied and practised. Europe owes much to the Moor; for his genius was capable of mastering the whole circle of human knowledge, and that, too, in an incredibly short space of time. Through the Arab's power, Spain became, as it were, the vehicle of intercommunication between the learning of the past and the rude military spirit of the middle ages. Arabic art and Arabic splendour exist even in the present day in a thousand well-known forms: to their abstinence from the use of human and animal forms in their architecture we owe the beautiful style of ornamentation known as the *arabesque*. Music, literature, science, history, criticism, fiction, and the higher branches of speculative science, as well as astronomy and mathematics, found, good, able, and enthusiastic conservators in the Moors; chemistry, agriculture, horticulture, and the Gothic style of architecture owe much to their inventive faculties; in the processes of dyeing, tanning, and the preparation of drugs, nearly all that we know we have derived from them; and the Alhambra, or palace of the Moorish kings

* The Moors in Spain.—*Chambers's Miscellany.*

this day a wonderful evidence of magnificent conand brilliant workmanship.

Spain Arabian learning shone with a brighter lustre," s Dr. Crichton, "and continued to flourish to a later period han in the schools of the east. Cordova, Seville, and Granada, rivalled each other in the magnificence of their academies, colleges, and libraries. Casiri has enumerated the names and writings of nearly 170 eminent men, natives of Cordova alone. Hakem founded here a college, and a royal brary containing 400,000 volumes: he had carefully examined every work, and with his own hand wrote in each the genealogy, birth, and death of its respective author. The academy of Granada was long under the direction of Shamseddin of Murcia, so famous among the Arabs for his skill in polite literature. Casiri has recorded the names and works of 120 authors—theologians, civilians, historians, philosophers, and other professors—whose talents conferred dignity and fame on the university of Granada. Toledo, Malaga, Murcia, and Valencia, were all furnished with splendid literary apparatus.



THE STREETS OF MADRID ON A FETE DAY.

In the cities of Andalusia alone, seventy libraries were open for the instruction of the public. Middeldorpf has enumerated seventeen distinguished colleges and academies which flourished under the patronage of the Saracens in Spain, and has given lists of the eminent professors and authors who taught and studied in them. While little attention, comparatively, was bestowed by the Moors on the exterior of their mansions, on the furniture and accommodation within everything was lavished that could promote luxurious ease and personal comfort. Their rooms were so contrived that no reverberation of sound was heard. The light was generally admitted in such a manner as, by excluding external prospects, to confine the admiration of the spectator chiefly to the ornaments and beauties of the interior. Their arrangements for ventilation were admirable; and by means of caleducts, or tubes of baked earth, warm air was admitted, so as to preserve a uniform temperature. The utmost labour and skill were expended in embellishing the walls and ceilings. The tiles had a blue glazing over them. Their paving bricks were made of different colours—blue, white, black, or yellow, which, when properly contrasted, had a very agreeable effect. Nothing is more astonishing than the durability of the Moorish edifices. The stucco composition on their walls became hard as stone; and even in the present century, specimens are found without a crack or flaw on their whole surface. Their woodwork also still remains in a state of wonderful preservation. The floors and ceilings of the Alhambra have withstood the neglect and dilapidation of nearly 700 years: the pine-wood continues perfectly sound, without exhibiting the slightest mark of dry rot, worm, or insect. The coat of white paint retains its colour so bright and rich, that it may be mistaken for mother-of-pearl."

The Moors "gave us astronomy, our system of numeral notation, and algebra; they gave us our first notions of Aristotle's philosophy, and a new style of architecture; they gave us a system of national police; they gave us the notion of public libraries; they gave us the telegraph; some say also gunpowder, paper-making, the pendulum, and the mariner's compass; they gave us morocco leather; they gave us the principle of rhyme in verse, which did not exist among the ancients; and lastly, to conclude a list which might be extended to much greater length, they gave us that spirit of chivalrous devotion to the fair sex which, although, since the time of the Crusades, it has attained such strength as to be regarded as innate in European society, is yet in reality an importation from the East, and had only a very modified existence among the Greeks and Romans of antiquity. The conquest of Spain by the Moors was the opening of the door for all these influences. As soon as they had fairly entered, the door was shut; or, in other words, the Moors were expelled from Europe."

AUTHORITY AND SUBMISSION.—One very common error misleads the opinion of mankind, that, universally, authority is pleasant, submission painful. In the general course of human affairs, the very reverse of this is nearer to the truth. Command is anxiety, obedience, ease.—*Paley.*

THE LAST REVOLUTION IN LONDON.

"Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare."
(Not to elicit smoke from splendour, but splendour from smoke.)

Our country friends will no doubt open their eyes at this announcement; and with their minds filled with ideas of death and slaughter, picture to themselves this huge metropolis in the hands of a rude mob, who, like their brethren over the water, are prepared for all extremes of violence, from turning the queen out of the palace, and demolishing the marble arch, to setting free the prisoners in Newgate, and declaring the Charter on Tower-hill. But to set at ease the minds of all and several, our timid country friends aforesaid, we beg to assure them that the revolution of which we have to speak has hitherto been attended with no such direful consequences, and although streets have been blockaded, pavements torn up, houses entered, barricades erected, and other mob and military movements accomplished; although London from Temple Bar to Mile End, and from Mile End to Bromley, has been in the possession of a strong and numerous body of workmen; although camp fires have been lighted nightly, at which hundreds have bivouacked; and, although, as in other popular movements, there has been a vast expenditure of big words, which in one instance, as is also common in like cases, actually led to blows; and although on that occasion, which was no less an occasion than the storming and valiant defence of Bow Common Bridge (a name in future history second only to Arcola), a considerable quantity of blood was spilled—from the noses of the combatants—and a whole detachment of the metropolitan police were called into requisition, in the untoward absence of the military,—the trade of the metropolis went on as usual; and at the moment we are writing, there are no visible indications anywhere of the extreme discomfort and alarm to which its inhabitants have been lately subjected.

And what, pray, has been the cause of all this commotion? asks some innocent country cousin of ours,—what led to the occupation of the town by the people and the police? what reason was there for breaking up the streets, tearing up the paving-stones, lighting the fires and bivouacking at night beside them? Why, my dear creature, they could not very well do what was done without all these manœuvres; and the reason for them may be easily explained—the Great Central Gas Company were laying down their pipes!

And that we may allay entirely any natural apprehensions in the bosoms of our friends—for a revolution in London is not a *very* common occurrence—it is our intention to give them a short history of that very remarkable phenomenon, the triumph of common sense over monopoly and prescriptive right, in the name and person of the agitation for artificial illumination, at once pure and cheap, but lately brought to a successful conclusion in the city of London.

Some forty years ago, soon after the invention of gas, it was decided to light the city of London by means of the new illuminating medium, and power was given by the authorities to two companies to lay down their mains within the city and its liberties; and in 1823 they, instead of competing with each other, wisely determined to divide the debatable ground between them, and from that period to the present they have so effectually contrived to hold a close monopoly, that the entrance of all other competitors for the honour and profit of lighting the city has been entirely and successfully barred. In those days, scientific knowledge, as far as the article gas was concerned, was at a low ebb, and various since-proved errors were held to be undeniable truths. For instance, the explosive nature of gas was so little understood, that it was deemed highly dangerous to allow more than six thousand cubic feet of the article to be confined in one gas-holder, and, with something of old superstition, it was held improper for two gas-pipes to cross each other at right angles, or even to lay side by side, it being absurdly supposed that in the event of a fracture of one of the pipes, a general explosion of the whole would be the inevitable consequence. The last cause of alarm, however, was effectually set at rest a few years since, by an experiment performed by Mr. Samuel Clegg, the veteran gas engineer; who, taking a pickaxe in his hand, deliberately fractured a socket-joint in a gas-pipe situated in the midst of others equally charged with the explosive air. To the astonishment and alarm of the bystanders, he then applied a lighted candle to the orifice, and instead of a general explosion, as was anticipated, a huge dull flame was the only result—for it was not then generally known that until gas became incorporated in certain proportions with the atmosphere, it will neither explode nor ignite.

The city companies having it all their own way, of course made a tolerable profitable business of it, and charged their consumers a pretty considerable sum for their privilege—gas being sold at that time at about fifteen shillings per thousand feet. With regard to the other notion, that also exploded instead of the gas; and when the subject was brought before the consideration of a parliamentary committee, to whom various reports from Sir William Congreve and the Royal Society had been submitted, it was declared, after hearing evidence, that "the danger likely to arise from gasholders and gas works is not so great as has been supposed, and that, therefore, the necessity of interference by legislative enactment does not press at the present period." And gasometers are now being made to hold upwards of half-a-million instead of six thousand cubic feet of gas.

Well, the monopoly went on as such things do go on, the companies making occasional slight reductions in their prices as the districts beyond the city came to partake of the benefits of gaslight, and they were forced to supply gas at something like the rate charged by their neighbours; and the shareholders getting swinging dividends every half year, it was, of course, quite a comfortable and family sort of compact, in which all parties, except the consumers, were equally well pleased, and equally determined to oppose a rival, being unanimously of opinion that competition was an excellent thing in every business but gas-making.

But this state of things was too good to last, and from time to time murmurs of discontent were heard in the city. Mr. Charles Pearson, the city solicitor, and late M.P. for Lambeth, being bold enough on several occasions to advise the Commissioners of Sewers, with whom the power lay, to purchase the pipes of the old company and take the manufacture of gas into their own hands, confidently promising them a reduction of thirty per cent. on their outlay. This, however, was not to be, so long as the public lamps were supplied at the cost price of the article—and for fifteen years the city solicitor went on urging the adoption of a better system without effect, the commissioners regularly advertising for parties to supply the public lamps, and being as regularly answered and supplied by the one company who possessed the mains, and consequently the power to comply with their demand; the other company, the Chartered, having their pipes laid without the boundaries of the city, or rather within its liberties.

As there is always a man for the occasion, be the occasion what it may, so it happened that in course of time there arose an opponent of the monopoly in the person of Mr. Angus Croll, a gas engineer of ten years standing, who had been employed by one of the city companies, the Chartered, for six years, and who, besides being a well read experimental and manufacturing chemist, was what is called "a self-made man." Fortunately for the interests of the public, Mr. Croll and the original agitator, Mr. Charles Pearson, were introduced to each other, and from that moment the doom of the gas monopoly in the city was sealed. The city solicitor, whose continual agitation for cheap gas had come to be considered somewhat of a hobby by his friends and the Commissioners of Sewers, was, we may be certain, by no means displeased to find himself in company with a man who not only held opinions similar to his own, but actually contemplated carrying those opinions into practice.

"Two or three years ago," says Mr. Pearson, in his evidence before a parliamentary committee assembled to consider the propriety of bringing a new gas company into the city, "I accidentally became acquainted with Mr. Croll. I entered a room where they were talking about gas, when one of the company exclaimed, 'Here, Mr. Pearson, is a gentleman who can tell you something about gas.' I was then introduced, and soon found that Mr. Croll knew more about the subject than I did, and from a talker I was soon transformed into a listener. I was informed by that gentleman that he had a project for supplying the city with gas, and that he proposed the laying down of pipes by the corporation. I immediately challenged

Mr. Croll with taking my invention out of my hands," continues the solicitor, "and invited him to my office to see a printed statement I had issued some years before." He accepted the invitation, examined my plans, and finding our opinions agree, from that moment we became friends."

Thus, by "a strange concatenation of unforeseen circumstances," to use the hackneyed schoolboy phrase, these two cheap gas agitators, instead of quarrelling about priority of idea, united their forces and determined to bring about a reform in that much overcharged and almost indispensable article of commerce. Mr. Croll was at that time engaged at Coventry, having taken a lease of the works there, and so greatly had he improved the property, that he was enabled by his plan of operations, not only to lower the price of the commodity to the consumer, but actually to pay a large dividend to the shareholders, in the place of a hitherto annual loss. He was now advised to relinquish the Coventry gas-works and turn his attention to the new project, and exercise his talents in a larger sphere of action, but other less sanguine friends counselled him to "bide his time," and not venture his savings in what might possibly prove an unlucky speculation. This occurred about three years since; and capitalists, having only just then passed through the ordeal of the railway mania, were by no means willing to look with favour on a project promising merely a dividend of ten per cent. But undismayed by apparent want of support, the engineer went on maturing his plans, and in the summer of 1849—the feeling against the old companies being then very strong, and the energy of the city solicitor being no way weakened—he was called before the commissioners of sewers to explain his plans, but as Mr. Croll was then, and is now, a partner in an extensive manufactory for dry gas-metres, whose chief customers were the different gas companies, it was not thought advisable to make his name public just then. At that meeting Mr Croll explained to the commissioners that he was willing to supply the corporation with a pure and brilliant gas at 2s. 6d. per thousand feet,—the price then charged to the public by the old companies being six shillings! the half-crown per thousand not being the gross price, but the net price to the consumer—not 2s. 6d. from the gasometer, but from the burner—the corporation undertaking to erect the necessary works.

Well, after considerable agitation, much talking, fierce opposition from the old companies, a vast deal of deceiving from various interested parties, a company was eventually formed, and in December, 1849, provisionally registered under the Joint Stock Companies' Act, by which it was proposed to erect works and supply the public in the city at 1s. per thousand cubic feet, with an article whose minimum illuminating power should be, for every five feet of gas equal to twelve mould candles, six to the pound—the average of the present supply in the metropolis being equal to not more than nine-and-a-half.

It was then determined to apply to Parliament for a bill to enable them to carry their project into effect; and, after an examination of various witnesses for nine days—including, amongst others, Sir James Duke, lord mayor of London, Mr. S. Clegg, Mr. Charles Pearson, and Mr. Croll himself—it was unanimously resolved that the preamble of the bill was proved. But although the company were successful thus far, it must not be supposed that they encountered no opposition, for in truth the old companies employed eminent counsel to argue against them, and they were, during the course of the examination, obliged to amend their bill in consequence of a technical error,—so ready are the lawyers to take advantage of the least real or apparent flaw in the case of their opponents. Nothing now remained, therefore, but to obtain the sanction of the Lords, which, strange to say, was, after reading the bill a second time and referred to a committee which for three days examined witnesses in its support, most unaccountably refused.

This was a blow the company had been by no means led to anticipate; but, after having obtained nine thousand eight hundred and sixty-five signatures to their petition,—which petition emanated from bankers, merchants, and large consumers, resident in the city,—they were of course unwilling to abandon their project; and in this dilemma they determined to act upon the permission of the Commissioners of Sewers, and the authorities of trusts through which their mains must necessarily pass, and go on with their works. In this they have been so successful, that at the moment we write six thousand consumers are enjoying the fruits of this peaceful revolution over monopoly, and public lamps are being lit with the improved commodity.

On a late visit to the manufactory at Bow Common, we were there initiated into the secret of the present company's success, and when we came to consider the promises made to the shareholders and consumers—which promises they are bound both in law and honour to keep—that gas shall be supplied to the consumer, of superior brilliancy and purity, at a maximum charge of four shillings per thousand feet; that the article shall be tested from time to time by an eminent professor of chemistry, that the metres supplied free to the consumers shall be under the superintendence of an officer appointed by the corporation of the city; that ten per cent. dividend shall be paid to the shareholders, and that all profits in excess of that rate shall go towards decreasing the price of the article, that no more than that rate of profit shall ever be divided among the shareholders, and that a public auditor appointed by the corporation, or the Board of Trade, shall examine the accounts of the company at stated periods,—it was with no small degree of admiration that we followed the chief engineer, and listened to his explanations The secret of their promised success, then, consists simply in the use of the most improved systems of gas-making, and in the observance of the most rigid economy in the distribution of their funds. To compass the first, a new plan of retorts has been adopted, which, by the union of clay and iron receptacles for the coal to be distilled, effects the object intended with a much small expenditure of fuel than has been hitherto considered necessary in the production of gas; a branch railway will be built, so that the coal may be brought direct from the pit's mouth to the works; a new plan of purification has been invented by Mr Croll, which, by the union of chloride of manganese with wet lime, effects a great saving in the production of the raw material, gas; two are being built, one is finished. Three immense telescope gas-holders have been built, capable of containing nearly half a million cubic feet of gas each; mains of sufficient size and power to carry fifty per cent. more gas than is at present used in the city have been laid, and the whole manufactory is upon a scale sufficiently large to allow of almost indefinite extension. Besides all these advantages, the present company, instead of having their works in the city, where the land is of course excessively dear, have purchased property in a neighbourhood where it is not only comparatively cheap, but sufficiently far removed from human habitations ever to become a nuisance—no small advantage in these days of sanitary reform, the best talent consistent with economy, is employed, and every improvement in science is brought to bear to the profit of the shareholders and the benefit of the public.

It is not within the compass of our space, or intention, to allude further to the means adopted by the new company to ensure themselves success; but we may just mention that the use of the dry metre invented by their engineer is likely to prove advantageous to both the public and themselves, as by its construction it is self-detective, so that the fair consumer pays for no more gas than he actually uses, and the fraudulent customer is at once found out. By the old water-metre it was in the power of a dishonest consumer to cheat the company to almost any extent he pleased; and from the defective working of the machine itself, it frequently happened that more gas was registered than was actually consumed—both these disagreeable contingencies are now avoided.

To conclude, as soon as the company found there was no hope of success in the Lords, they being pledged to supply gas to their consumers by the 29th of September, immediately set to work, and by the help of seventeen hundred navvies, nine hundred and fifty paviers—the revolutionists aforesaid—besides about five hundred men employed in the works and the streets, as plumbers, carpenters, bricklayers, masons, blacksmiths, &c., they contrived, being ably assisted by Messrs. Rigby, the contractors, to open the roads and streets, lay their main and service pipes, carry an electric wire throughout the mains from the office in the city to the works, and complete the building of their factory in the short space of ten

weeks! And this, too, without a single accident of any kind. Cheapside was opened, the pipes laid down, the connexions made, and the street repaved and made straight as if nothing had happened, in a single night. And with equal celerity was the whole of the work in the city accomplished, no main thoroughfare having been stopped in the daytime, and business never having been suspended, or pedestrians inconvenienced. And when we come to consider that within the area of the city, less than a square mile, upwards of seventy miles of main and service pipes have been laid without inconvenience or obstruction, our surprise at this peaceful revolution may be well expressed.

But another phase of the affair must yet be mentioned. Before the new company began their operations, deputations from the rate-payers waited on the magnates of the existing city gas company, and requested them to lower their prices to four shillings per thousand feet; promising to continue to take their gas, should they comply. This proposition the old company peremptorily refused to accede to; and if a larger unremunerative sum of money has been expended in this contest than is altogether consistent with political economy, the monopolists, and not the reformers, have themselves alone to blame, as they have fanned the flame of what may prove to their shareholders a ruinous competition. To supply the public at the price charged by their rivals is of no avail now, the time for making concession having been allowed to pass away.

And so, in acquainting our dear country friends with the particulars of this movement, we trust we have altogether allayed their fears with regard to the last London revolution, assuring them that, in the opinion of not a few thinking people, the opening the streets to enable a gas company to lay their mains in the earth beneath, is at least as profitable, though not half so exciting, as tearing up the flag-stones to erect a barricade.

C. F. P.

THE MAGISTRATE SMUGGLER.

A LESSON FOR WIVES

A GENTLEMAN holding a high official position in the courts of law in Paris, during the long vacation, went, in company with his wife, on a tour of pleasure in Belgium. After having travelled through this interesting country, they were returning home by the railway, the husband with his mind quite at rest, like a man blessed with an untroubled conscience, while the lady felt that uncomfortable sensation which arises from the recollection of some imprudence, or a dread of some approaching danger. When they were near the frontier, the lady could no longer restrain her uneasiness. Leaning towards her husband, she whispered to him:—

"I have lace in my portmanteau—take it and conceal it, that it may not be seized."

"What! as a smuggler!" exclaimed the husband, with a voice between astonishment and affright.

"It is beautiful Malines lace, and has cost a great deal," replied the lady. "We are now quite near the custom-house, hasten and conceal it."

"It is impossible; I cannot do it," said the gentleman.

"On the contrary, it is very easy," was the reply. "The lace would fit in the bottom of your hat."

"But do you recollect," rejoined the gentleman, "the position I occupy?"

"But recollect," said the wife, "that there is not an instant to be lost, and this lace has cost me 1,500 francs."

During the conversation, the train rapidly approached the dreaded station. Imagine the consternation of the worthy magistrate, who had been always in the habit of considering things with calm and slow deliberation, thus unexpectedly placed in a position so embarrassing and so critical. Overcome and perplexed by his difficulties, and losing all presence of mind, he allowed his wife to put the lace into his hat, and, having placed it on his head, he forced it down almost to his ears, and resigned himself to his fate.

At the station the travellers were invited to come out of the carriage, and to walk into the room where the custom-house agents were assembled. The gentleman concealed his uneasiness as best he could, and handed his passport with an air of assumed indifference.

When his position as a judge became known, the officials of the custom-house immediately hastened to tender their respects, and declared they considered it quite unnecessary to examine the luggage labelled with the name of one who occupied such a high and important situation in the state.

Never had the magistrate more sincerely valued the respect attached to his position; and if a secret remorse for a moment disturbed his mind, at least he breathed more freely when he recollected the danger was passed, and that the violation of the revenue laws he had committed would escape discovery.

With this comfortable assurance, and while a severe examination was passing on the property of the other passengers, the head of the custom-house and the commander of the local gendarmerie, having heard of the arrival of so distinguished a person, came to offer him their respects. Nothing could be more gracious than their manner. To their profound salutation the judge responded by immediately raising his hat with the utmost politeness. Could he do less? But, alas! in this polite obeisance, so rapid and so involuntary, he had forgotten the contents of his hat. He had scarcely raised it from his head when a cloud of lace rushed out, covering him, from head to foot, as with a large marriage-veil.

What language can describe the confusion of the detected smuggler—the despair of his wife—the amusement of the spectators—or the astonishment of the custom-house officers, at this scene? The offence was too public to be overlooked.

With many expressions of regret on the part of the authorities, the magistrate was detained till the matter should be investigated. After a short delay, he was allowed to resume his journey to Paris, and we can easily believe that the adventure formed a subject for much gossip and amusement in that gay capital.

THE SKULL.

(*From the Russian of Prince E. Baratinsky.*)

SLEEPING brother, who hath sought thee
And profaned thy silent dust?
From the halls of death I brought thee,
Dark, thy skull, with age and rust!
One slight lock of hair was clinging
Round the emblem of decay—
Thoughts of sad reflection bringing,
Of a being past away!

Comrades, young and happy hearted,
Gamboll'd round me near thy tomb;
Had thy voice, oh! long departed,
Spoken to them through the gloom—
Telling how stern Time was pressing
Youth, and hope, and joy beneath,
Thou hadst proved, perchance, a blessing
Warning them to think of death.

Could the skull I now am holding
Whisper secrets of the grave;
Fate mysterious, dark, unfolding,
Many a sinful heart to save.
On the brink we should, recoiling,
Place our trust in yonder skies,
And the tempter's meshes foiling,
Look to love that never dies!

But, I err—since Heav'n ordain'd thee
Thus, in silence, to repose;
Dews of mercy once sustain'd thee,
Ev'n to thine ev'ning's close!
Thus, while through life's road we wander,
Let us cheerful hail the light,
Not ungrateful, ever ponder,
On the shadows and the night.

Onward—while the sun is dawning—
Onward—while the step is free—
Onward—while the summer morning
Wakes the soul to ecstasy!
Grateful for the glories round us,
Scatter'd plenteous on the way;
Thankful for the comforts found us,
And renew'd from day to day!

Then, without weak fears or trembling,
We can sleep, like thee, below,
Gentle, loyal, undissembling,
Such can never sink in woe!
Skull, may none again molest thee!
Sacred be thy haunt from strife!
In the gloomy charnel, rest thee,
While we taste the sweets of life!

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

CERTAIN great names occur as landmarks in the world's history—the names of men who have made themselves conspicuous by noble daring, indomitable perseverance, unerring faith in their own peculiar powers, and a patient waiting upon Providence. Such are those, among a host, of Cæsar, Napoleon, Cromwell, and Washington. Each had a mission, and, to the best of his ability, each fulfilled it. To Englishmen, the name of George Washington is one of peculiar interest. Old England may well be proud of such a son. Nor need she blush when, as each year passes into the tomb of time, she remembers that the fourth day of July is the anniversary of the declaration of American independence. No other instance occurs in history of one nation springing out of another, and each remaining great and glorious contemporaries. As year follows year, and event succeeds event, the prophecy of Anglo-Saxon power and greatness seems to be nearer and nearer its fulfilment. In Europe, the English name and language stand first among the nations; in Asia, the English rule a whole people; in Africa, the English are spreading themselves rapidly; in America, a great nation sprung from out of England, but, when the time came, declared itself free; and in that vast new world millions yet own our mild paternal sway, and love to speak of these islands as the "old country" and their "home." We have no quarrel with the Americans of the United States. It is true that our fathers and their fathers fought hand to hand, and battled inch by inch for "rights" acknowledged since; but do we love them a whit the less because they had the spirit and determination to be free? Oh, no; we look on the great nation in North America as a younger brother in liberty, destined one day to be the greatest on the earth. And so, also, with the people waxing numerous in the islands of the South Pacific ocean. The day *must* come when, having grown to man's estate, the now infant colony will feel its strength and declare itself no longer dependent upon English rule. And when the time *does* come, let us hope that our sons will be wiser in their generations than their ancestors, and that they will give gracefully that which, if wrested from them, must be yielded *ungracefully*.

The name of Washington is connected indissolubly with that of American independence. When the American revolution broke out, in 1773, George Washington was in his forty-second year,—about the age of Cromwell at the commencement of the great rebellion. Although living, however, at this time on his estate as a country gentleman, he had already not only served in a military capacity, but had distinguished himself as a brave and skilful officer. From the beginning of the quarrel with the mother-country, he had taken the patriotic side; and immediately after the sword was first drawn, in 1775, he was, by an unanimous vote of the general congress (of which he was a member), appointed commander-in-chief of the forces of the thirteen provinces.

At the moment when he was placed in this conspicuous station, the cause which had been committed to him was in circumstances which demanded all his exertions, all his vigilance, and all his moral courage. The congress had found a general; to the general himself was left the task of organising an army. Between 14,000 and 15,000 men were indeed enlisted, and bound to serve for a short period: but the force thus collected could only be said to constitute so much rude material, which might help in the formation of an army. An effective army consists not of soldiers only, but of many other things equally essential. The soldiers must be officered, and disciplined, and armed, and clothed; there must be a commissariat to supply them with provisions, and financial arrangements to secure them regular pay. Of all these indispensable requisites the American troops were either entirely or nearly destitute when Washington took the command of them. In the state in which the country was, with scarcely an established government, and the whole social edifice violently shaken, the difficulties with which he had to contend were necessarily of the most formidable and trying nature; but his patience and perseverance gradually overcame them. The caution of the congress, and the jealousies and competing claims of individuals in the camp, gave way before the influence of his character, and the manifest disinterestedness of his whole conduct; and in no long time he had the satisfaction of seeing order established in every department of the service.

We cannot here follow him through his military career; but we may remark that the greatness of his character was shown, not so much in a series of splendid victories as in the unfaltering courage with which he bore up against the multiplied embarrassments which long continued to press upon him, and in that dauntless spirit and reliance on the eventual success of his cause which no temporary reverse was ever able to shake. His situation only a few months after he accepted the command is strikingly described in one of his own letters to the Congress. "It gives me great distress," he writes on the 21st of September, 1775, "to be obliged to solicit the attention of the Honourable Congress to the state of this army in terms which imply the slightest apprehension of being neglected. But my situation is inexpressibly distressing,—to see the winter fast approaching upon a naked army,—the time of their service within a few weeks of expiring,—and no provision yet made for such important events. Added to these, the military chest is totally exhausted;—the paymaster has not a single dollar in hand;—the commissary-general assures me that he has strained his credit, for the subsistence of the army, to the utmost;—the quartermaster-general is precisely in the same situation;—and the greater part of the troops are in a state not far from mutiny upon the deduction from their stated allowance." Thus left without the support necessary to render his exertions of any avail, had the American commander-in-chief been an ordinary man he would have thrown up his commission. But nothing could move Washington. In the circumstances in which he was placed, he could not even venture upon the chance of offensive operations, and was obliged to suffer in silence all the strictures that were passed upon an inactivity to which he was constrained by embarrassments, the extent of which was known only to himself, and which it was of the utmost importance to conceal from the public. These complaints and clamours were heard not only throughout the country, but even in the camp itself, and the disgust with the service which was thus produced became so general, that full a third of the men, after their original term of six months had expired, refused to enlist again, and returned to their homes.

A new army, however, having at length been raised by great exertions on the part of Dr. Franklin and other commissioners appointed by Congress, Washington, at length, on the 17th of March, 1776, made an attack upon the British garrison in Boston, the result of which was their expulsion from the town. But a succession of disasters speedily followed this success. In the following August the American general was driven from Long Island (which he had fortified), in the neighbourhood of New York; and, soon afterwards, that important town itself, in spite of his best endeavours to save it, fell into the hands of the enemy. From this point Washington was gradually driven, first to the opposite bank of the Hudson, and then across the whole province of Jersey to the Delaware. By this time, also, through losses and desertions, the number of his troops had fallen to about 3,000 men. The Congress had fled from Philadelphia to Baltimore; and, dismayed by the victorious progress of the enemy, the spirit of the country was quite broken.

Washington, however, neither lost heart nor relaxed his watchfulness for an opportunity to strike a blow which might yet save his country; and this opportunity he at length found. He had now crossed the Delaware, and his pursuers were only waiting for the setting in of the frost to follow him, when on the evening of Christmas-day he suddenly recrossed the river, and, falling upon a division of the British army which lay at Trenton, took nearly the whole of them prisoners. "This successful expedition," says an American writer, "first gave a favourable turn to our affairs, which, after this, seemed to brighten through the whole course of the war." Following up his success, Washington, on the 28th, attacked another detachment of the British at Princeton, which he also completely dispersed, killing 60 men and taking 300 prisoners. The importance of these exploits, however, is to be measured, as we have said, by their moral effect in dispelling for ever the despondency into which the Americans were fast sinking, and rousing them to new hopes and new exertions. The advance of the British troops was not permanently checked,



GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

within a year Lord Cornwallis found himself in possession Philadelphia; but the acquisition was rendered useless by energetic spirit of resistance that was now everywhere akened and in action in every part of the country which l lately been supposed to be all but conquered. Recruits re now easily raised in large numbers, both for the forces nmanded by Washington in the south, and for those sent der General Gales to oppose Burgoyne in the north. Lord rnwallis found himself shut up in Philadelphia, without power of moving from the ground he occupied; and the edition of General Burgoyne ended in the surrender of nself and his whole army.

The history of the rest of the war—down to the annihilation of the army of Lord Cornwallis by Washington, at w York, on the 19th of October, 1781, with which it may said to have terminated—would, if we had room to detail illustrate in the same manner in its whole course the rare l noble qualities of the American commander. Few military leaders, however, had such a complication of difficulties struggle with as beset him to the very end of his career, l in triumphing over them as he did, he showed himself be rich in many higher endowments than mere military acity and skill. It was therefore with great fitness that, r having saved his country by his sword, he was chosen to ect her in her entry as an independent nation upon the h of peace.

Washington was unanimously elected the first president of United States in March, 1789. In this high office he layed the same wisdom and firmness, which had distinshed his previous services; and in circumstances of conerable difficulty through which, not without opposition n various quarters, he had to guide the young republic, ved himself born to attain and hold ascendancy not less in l affairs than in arms. His grateful and admiring country in recognised him as her first citizen, by continuing him at head for a second term of four years after the expiration his first appointment; and he might have been a third time ted if he had not found it necessary to decline further lic service from his advancing years and declining health.

last act in office, however, was one of the most useful of useful and glorious life; we allude to the address in which took leave of his countrymen as a public character, and in ch he left them as admirable a legacy of political wisdom was ever bequeathed by any patriot of any nation. This ress, if his country and the world owed him nothing else, ld be enough to immortalise the name of Washington. the life, of which this was the last act, was throughout wded with eminent services, and its whole course was such o entitle his memory to be held in everlasting remembrance all the reverers either of public greatness or private worth, ion have the two been exhibited in the same character in h beautiful and perfect combination.

Washington did not long survive his retirement from office the quiet of domestic life. He died on Wednesday, the a of December, 1799—less than three years after he quitted lic life. He was buried in the family vault at Mount non, and the following Monumental Inscription was nded to be placed on his tomb:—

WASHINGTON,
The Defender of his Country, the Founder of Liberty,
The Friend of Man.
History and Tradition are explored in vain
For a Parallel to his Character.
In the Annals of modern Greatness,
He stands alone;
And the noblest names of Antiquity
Lose their Lustre in his Presence.
Born the Benefactor of Mankind,
He united all the Qualities necessary
To an Illustrious Career.
Nature made him Great,
He made himself Virtuous,
Called by his Country to the Defence of her Liberties,
He triumphantly vindicated the Rights of Humanity,
And on the Pillars of National Independence,
Laid the Foundations of a Great Republic.
Twice invested with Supreme Magistracy
By the Unanimous Voice of a Free People,
He surpassed in the Cabinet
The Glories of the Field,
And, voluntarily resigning the Sceptre and the Sword,
Retired to the Shades of Private Life.
A Spectacle so new and so sublime
Was contemplated with the profoundest Admiration;
And the Name of WASHINGTON,
Adding new Lustre to Humanity
Resounded to the remotest Regions of the Earth.
Magnanimous in Youth,
Glorious through Life,
Great in Death,
His highest Ambition, the happiness of Mankind;
His noblest Victory, the conquest of Himself.
Bequeathing to Posterity the Inheritance of his Fame,
And building his Monument in the Hearts of his Countrymen,
He lived the Ornament of the Eighteenth Century,
He died regretted by a mourning World.

TWO WAYS OF VISITING THE POOR.

(From "Bleak House," by CHARLES DICKENS.)

MRS. PARDIGGLE, leading the way with a great show of moral determination, and talking with much volubility about the untidy habits of the people (though I doubted if the best of us could have been tidy in such a place), conducted us into a cottage at the farthest corner, the ground-floor room of which we nearly filled. Besides ourselves there were in this damp offensive room a woman with a black eye nursing a poor little gasping baby by the fire; a man all stained with clay and mud, and looking very dissipated, lying at full length on the ground, smoking a pipe; a powerful young man fastening a collar on a dog; and a bold girl doing some kind of washing in very dirty water. They all looked up at us as we came in, and the woman seemed to turn her face towards the fire as if to hide her bruised eye, nobody gave us any welcome

"Well, my friends," said Mrs. Pardiggle; but her voice had not a friendly sound I thought; it was too much business-like and systematic. "How do you do all of you? I am here again. I told you you couldn't tire me, you know. I enjoy hard work; and the harder you make mine the better I like it."

"Then make it easy for her!" growled the man upon the floor. "I wants it done and over. I wants a end of these liberties took with my place. I wants a end of being drawed like a badger. Now you're a going to poll-pry and question according to custom; I know what you're going to be up to. Well you haven't got no occasion to be up to it; I'll save you the trouble. Is my daughter a washin'? Yes, she *is* a washin. Look at the water. Smell it! That's wot we drinks. How do you like it, and what do you think of gin instead? An't my place dirty? Yes it is dirty—it's nat'rally dirty, and it's nat'rally unwholesome; and we've had five dirty and unwholesome children, as is all dead infants, and so much the better for them, and for us besides. Have I read the little book wot you left? No, I an't read the little book wot you left. There an't nobody here as knows how to read it; and if there wos it wouldn't be suitable to me. It's a book fit for a babby, and I'm not a babby. If you wos to leave me a doll I shouldn't nuss it. How have I been conducting myself? Why, I've been drunk for three days; and I'd a been drunk four if I'd a had the money. Don't I never mean for to go church? No, I don't never mean for to go to church. I shouldn't be expected there if I did; the beadle's too gen-teel for me. And how did my wife get that black eye? Why, I guv it her; and if she says I didn't she's a lie!"

He had pulled his pipe out of his mouth to say all this, and he now turned over on his other side and smoked again. Mrs. Pardiggle, who had been regarding him through her spectacles with a forcible composure, calculated, I could not help thinking, to increase his antagonism, pulled out a good book, as if it were a constable's staff, and took the whole family into custody. I mean into religious custody of course; but she really did it as if she were an inexorable moral policeman carrying them all off to a station-house.

Ada and I were very uncomfortable. We both felt intrusive and out of place; and we both thought that Mrs. Pardiggle would have got on infinitely better if she had not had such a mechanical way of taking possession of people. The children sulked and stared; the family took no notice of us whatever, except when the young man made the dog bark, which he usually did when Mrs. Pardiggle was most emphatic. We both felt painfully sensible that between us and these people there was an iron barrier, which could not be

removed by our new friend. By whom or how it could be removed we did not know; but we knew that even what she read and said seemed to us to be ill chosen for such auditors, if it had been imparted ever so modestly and with ever so much tact. As to the little book to which the man on the floor had referred we acquired a knowledge of it afterwards; and Mr. Jarndyce said he doubted if Robinson Crusoe could have read it though he had had no other on his desolate island.

We were much deceived under these circumstances, when Mrs. Pardiggle left off. The man on the floor then turning his head round again said moiosely,

"Well! You've done, have you?"

"For to-day, I have, my friend. But I am never fatigued. I shall come to you again, in your regular order," returned Mrs. Pardiggle with demonstrative cheerfulness.

"So long as you goes now," said he, folding his arms and shutting his eyes with an oath, "you may do wot you like!"

Mrs. Pardiggle accordingly rose, made a little vortex in the confined room from which the pipe itself very narrowly escaped. Taking one of her young family in each hand, and telling the others to follow closely, and expressing her hope that the brickmaker and all his house would be improved when she saw them next, she then proceeded to another cottage. I hope it is not unkind in me to say that she certainly did make in this, as in everything else, a show that was not conciliatory of doing charity by wholesale, and of dealing in it to a large extent.

She supposed that we were following her; but as soon as the space was left clear, we approached the woman sitting by the fire to ask if the baby were ill.

She only looked as it lay on her lap. We had observed before that when she looked at it she covered her discoloured eye with her hand, as though she wished to separate any association with noise, and violence, and ill-treatment, from the poor little child.

Ada, whose gentle heart was moved by its appearance, bent down to touch its little face. As she did so, I saw what happened and drew her back. The child died

"O Esther!" cried Ada, sinking on her knees beside it. "Look here! O Esther, my love, the little thing! The suffering, quiet, pretty little thing! I am so sorry for it. I am so sorry for the mother. I never saw a sight so pitiful as this before! O baby, baby!"

Such compassion, such gentleness, as that with which she bent down weeping, and put her hand upon the mother's, might have softened any mother's heart that ever beat. The woman at first gazed at her in astonishment, and then burst into tears.

Presently I took the light burden from her lap; did what I could to make the baby's rest the prettier and gentler, laid it on a shelf and covered it with my own handkerchief. We tried to comfort the mother, and we whispered to her what our Saviour said of children. She answered nothing, but sat weeping—weeping very much.

When I turned, I found that the young man had taken out the dog, and was standing at the door looking in upon us, with dry eyes, but quiet. The girl was quiet too, and sat in a corner looking on the ground. The man had risen. He still smoked his pipe with an air of defiance, but he was silent.

An ugly woman, very poorly clothed, hurried in while I was glancing at them, and coming straight up to the mother, said "Jenny! Jenny!" The mother rose on being so addressed, and fell upon the woman's neck.

She also had upon her face and arms the marks of ill usage. She had no kind of grace about her but the grace of sympathy; but when she condoled with the woman, and her own tears fell, she wanted no beauty. I say condoled, but her only words were "Jenny! Jenny!" All the rest was in the tone in which she said them.

I thought it very touching to see these two women, coarse and shabby and beaten, so united; to see what they could be to one another; to see how they felt for one another; how the heart of each to each was softened by the hard trials of their lives. I think the best side of such people is almost hidden from us. What the poor are to the poor is little known, excepting to themselves and God.

UNDIVIDED ATTENTION ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS.—Almost all useful discoveries have been made, not by the brilliancy of genius, but by the diligent direction of the mind to one object. In all trades, in all professions, in all undertakings, success can be expected only from undivided attention.

THE CELT AND THE SAXON.

A CONSIDERATION of the differences of races, and the causes on which those differences depend, has engaged the attention of the learned for ages. In a lecture lately delivered by Mr. Macintosh at the Birmingham Polytechnic Institution, the diversity in the physiological peculiarities of the people of Great Britain was ably treated. After speaking of the permanence of national character, the fluctuations of language, the analogy between the progress of inductive ethnology and geology, and the limitation of British emigration to certain ethnographical areas, the lecturer proceeded to notice the provisional classification of the varieties of the great Caucasian tribe from which the English people are principally descended.

Many learned men (said he) are of opinion that the great Mongolian wave of population, which, at a very early period, swept over Europe, must have reached as far as England—that the real aboriginal population of this country must have been Tartars, Kalmucks, or Finns—and that thus the remarkable prevalence of concave noses, retreating eyes, angular cheek-bones, prominent mouths, and other Mongolian characteristics among the operatives of many parts of England, may be explained. But it is possible that these peculiarities may have been indirectly derived at a later period, through the medium of the Belgæ, whom the Saxons enslaved, or directly through the invasions of Finnian Scandinavians; so that there is no necessity for supposing that any race existed in England previous to the Celtic, which must have been driven westward by a great Suevian or Germanic wave many centuries before Christ. The Suevians, or High Germans, described by Tacitus as having large bodies, ruddy hair, and sparkling eyes, must have colonised Sweden and Norway previously to the great Gothic (or mixed Tartar and Suevian) invasion, as these are the only countries where the Suevian characteristics now prevail to any great extent. Regarding the derivation of the third pure Caucasian variety, whose descendants are found in England,—namely, the Saxon—nothing is positively known.

After a few observations on the classification of ancient tribes, the lecturer went on to describe the Celtic variety, which he divided into Iberians, Cimbrians, and Gauls. These varieties he treated in the following manner:—

Physical Peculiarities of the Celts.—1. Iberians. It is probable that the inhabitants of a considerable part of South Wales and the neighbourhood, a part of Cornwall and Lancashire, are of Iberian descent. At all events, many remnants of a race with the following characteristics are there to be met with:—Jet black hair, stern and staid dark eyes, rather marked and angular features, prominent chins, narrow though high shoulders, and small chests; among the women, flat breasts, small long waists, and wide lateral hips—the gloomy mien being enhanced by the dark dresses in which they generally appear. Temperament, *bilious-sanguine*.—2. Cimbrians. Black or very dark hair and eyes—the latter frequently half closed; face wide, with the under part an obtuse angle; shoulders high and broad, figure, that of an inverted pyramid; generally under middle height. Temperament, *bilious*. (This variety forms the basis of the Welsh.)—3. Gauls or proper Celts. Black hair; skull rather narrow, and elongated from front to back; dark sparkling eyes; rather long oval face, skin of a brownish-white colour, often pale, but never clear; shoulders high; tendency to stoop forwards; waist sunken in front, particularly among the women; breasts placed high, and frequently pigeon-shaped, body short; legs long, small, and placed comparatively forward; narrow loins, small ankles, feet, and hands; gait unstable, accompanied by a tendency to lateral oscillation, arising from the weakness of the lower part of the trunk. Temperament, *nervous-bilious*. In comparative dimensions, the average width of the Celtic shoulders is 16¼ inches among the men, and 15½ among the women; loins, 11 inches; while the shoulders of the male Teutone measure 16 inches; those of the female, 14 inches loins, 13½ inches.

Mental Character of Gaulish Celts.—General tendency to "boldness, fickleness, and levity;" quickness in perceiving things individually apart from their general relationship; remarkable power of concentrating the mind on occupations requiring little foresight or reflection, such as pin-making and other monotonous mechanical pursuits; tendency to morbid sentimentalism; liability to extremes; disposition to subordinate everything to amusement; sexual gallantry, and great external politeness, without a corre-

sponding degree of inward sympathy; tendency to make noisy demonstrations occupy the place of real improvements; excitability of temper; fondness for sensational novelty; brilliancy in contradistinction to depth of imagination; humorous and witty; expertness in repartee; "national pride; not forgetful of injuries; disposition for foundling hospitals; bad seamen and colonisers; general want of moral and mental stability.

Social Condition.—It is generally admitted that the social condition of the Celts does not admit of a very favourable comparison with that of the Teutonic communities. We see this in the low state of the dark or Celtic, compared with the fair or Teutonic population of Ireland. We likewise see the difference in the vast superiority of the inhabitants of Saxony to those of Bohemia. Among Celts in general there is naturally a great deficiency in that cleanliness for which Teutons are celebrated, and a tendency to conceal filth with finery. Among the operative Celtic population there is a great want of providence, and an absence of that manliness which spurns being burdensome to others. Those of the ancient Britons who were of Gallic origin were spoken of by Roman historians as living in a state of the most unmitigated communism—the law of marriage being unknown to them, and the parents not knowing the children, nor the children their parents. The same state of society existed among the Gallic peasantry under the Normans in France This is consistent with the all-absorbing tendency of the Celtic mind to have everything in common, and to place all mankind on a level. It has been well said that the Celts live in and for society, and not in and for himself. His great defect consists in a forgetfulness of personal identity. Immersed in the gaieties of social life, he loses his individuality, and with its loss the power of self-government.

But the character of the Celt will be best understood by contrasting it with the extreme Teutonic character, as manifested in the Saxon. In the business of life the Celt is quick and uncertain—the Saxon slow and sure. The Celt can succeed well on a level plane, and still better downhill; but the Saxon shines most in working up an acclivity. In such an undertaking as damming back the sea, the Celt would erect a spacious embankment, and celebrate its completion by a public demonstration; but after the first downbreak his perseverance would fail, and the ocean would soon be left in possession of its former domain. Thus the Celt is often the sport of the elements, while the Teuton generally makes the elements his sport. The Celt is perhaps more dexterous than the Saxon in erecting social fabrics, but what he builds he delights to pull down; whereas the Saxon continues to build on. Herein consists the great fundamental difference between the Celt and the Saxon. There can be no progression without change; but the change may return to the point whence it set out, or it may go on exceeding from that point. The one is progression in a circle—the other is progression in a straight line. The Celt, in his fondness for the circular mode of progression, builds up to-day, and demolishes to-morrow, that he may have materials and space for a fresh erection. The Saxon builds slower, and is more particular about his foundation, knowing that it will have to sustain a superstructure which will never be levelled with the ground, but which will continually go on increasing in height. In the literature and science of the Celtic race, the same want of slow, steady, and onward progress is apparent. The philosophy of the ancient Greeks and Romans (who were fundamentally Celtic) was wanting in the element of actual progression; it consisted to a great extent of verbal quibbling; it disowned the labour of collecting facts, and thereby *darkening* the field of positive investigation; and it altogether exhibited a mental tendency quite different from that *slowly accumulative* tendency which characterises English Saxon philosophers.

In speaking of the religion of the Celts, Mr. Mackintosh remarked that the Cimbrian Celts (Welsh, &c.) were generally Calvinists, frequently Antinomians. Gallic Celts (and probably Iberian) are, almost without exception—that is, in at least 99 cases out of 100—Roman Catholics, as Dr. Kombst has lately shown. In Ireland, it is well known, Roman Catholicism is the religion of the Erse or Celtic, and Protestantism the religion of the fair or Teutonic inhabitants. It is the same in Belgium, and in the Highlands of Scotland. Roman Catholicism is fitted to the Celtic mind, and the Celtic mind to that religion; and this fact ought to modify the enthusiasm which has lately characterised the controversies between Protestants and Romanists.

The lecturer concluded by expressing his confident hope that civilisation and refinement will progress with the amalgamation of the races, till, in the end, the good points of the Celtic character will be added to those of the Saxon, and the weight and vigour of the Saxon mental conformation will correct the too vivid imagination of the Celtic mind.

DESCRIPTION OF AN ENGLISH FOG.

BY AN AMERICAN VISITOR.

Reader, have you ever travelled in a fog—a true English fog—a real unadulterated penetrator that chills a man to the heart's core if he happens to be exposed to it for half an hour? If you have not, then may you never be obliged to endure a ride of twenty-odd miles through one so dense as to prevent your seeing ten feet ahead of the four horses attached to the stage-coach. To look at the bleared sun through the misty veil, from a cheerful parlour window does very well, and you may derive an inward delight in trying to trace from such a point of sight the dim outline of the houses on the opposite side of the street, or the phantom-like figures of the almost invisible creatures who pass before you; but to grope your way or ride through it is enduring and not alone seeing.

The walk is not so bad as the ride, for in that you navigate yourself, and roll along like a ship in a veil of mist at sea, and when a fellow-mortal heaves in sight and you trace his outline through the vapour you shape your course to steer clear of him, and in nautical phrase "give him a wide berth." You see a gaslight occasionally to cheer you, its dull rays glimmering like a beacon on a dreary cliff to guide the lonely, mariner and if you choose you can come to anchor alongside a shop window or the door of a chop-house, where you can recruit your energies—make observations—get your latitude and longitude, and renew your journey with a prospect of completing it satisfactorily.

But the ride is a different thing—muffled up on a stage-coach and enveloped by fog—you soon become chilled and cheerless. You look at your neighbours and see their hair and whiskers white with accumulating frost—each one is as cold and comfortless as yourself, and the keen air cuts your face with its damp breath as you move through it. The houses are moving phantoms—there's no sky—no road—no sun—no fence—no houses—no fields—no nothing but fog—thick and impenetrable. When you come to a hill the driver tells you to hold on and not be alarmed, for the stage may escape being upset by a special Providence, but the chances are in favour of going over. You are going, but where to is the question. To upset? Yes, just as likely as not. But you escape that, and thump your feet on the foot-board to get them warmer, and put your blood in circulation, until you are tired; and then you probably will try to see the beauties of the charming country through which you are passing so agreeably. Yes! magnificent landscape it is too! All fog-banks—all so beautifully misty—so admirably obscured—so dreamy—so like Melville Island, Spitzbergen, or some other equally splendid northern land of fairies and fogs! You enjoy it so, and if blest with a happy imagination, you can build such airy castles, and have so much material to form them of, all ready to your mind. The cottages—the parks—the mansions are all before you, and all totally beyond your vision—but still before you—and decorate them to your own satisfaction, in such colours as your fancy may supply.

But while you are thinking of these things, something goes wrong, and a reality surely enough rouses you to cold matter-of-fact things. What's up now? Oh, only run into the fence—soon we'll all be right. You don't like the idea of backing out while on the coach, and descend until the horses are extricated.—They are soon put into the road—you mount again, and start, but do not get far on your journey before the driver "believes that the horses have been turned completely round, and we are going back again." Here's a pretty mess, indeed! Don't know where you are. The whip swears—the passengers don't pray—but the stage does stand still, and "What's to be done?" comes from every mouth. Go back and see whether the coach really was turned, you can tell by the marks of the wheels in the road. Away goes the driver, and with him a passenger, to learn the truth. They soon return out of breath, declare we are wrong, turn the horses and pursue the journey. After considerable trouble, a good deal of grumbling and a thorough chilling, you at last reach your destination, fully satisfied with your ride in the fog, and pretty sure you won't readily forget it.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

"Coeval with the sky-crown'd mountain's self,
Spread wide their giant arms." MASON.

THERE is peculiar fascination in all subjects connected with the east. The hot sands of the desert, the stately palms, the strips of verdure on the mountain-side—the wide-spreading inland seas, the deep blue sky overhead—are a very romance in themselves; the narrow streets, the gay bazaars, the solemn mosques, the alcoves, the fountains, the piazzas, the public walks, are full of interest; the fair Circassian, the dark Egyptian, the unfamiliar visages, the flowing beards, the turbaned heads, the graceful robes, suggest a thousand fancies.

Amid our historical recollections the record of the East stands prominent. Our thoughts revert to Mahomet, with his sagacious honest face, his brown florid complexion, his deep black eyes, and the horse-shoe vein like Scott's Redgauntlet—to the hosts of the Christian army, made up of Europe's chivalry, that in the old time fought and died to win the Holy Land from Moslem sway—but holier thoughts connected with a holier history recur to our mind as we think of the East.



THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Ararat, Sinai, Carmel, Tabor, Olivet, Calvary, are suggestive words. In the East the history of the world begins, there after the flood the history begins again—when the new world has become the sepulchre of the old. Journeying in the Holy Land, we travel on the ground angelic feet have pressed, and every scene wakes up old memories deep and tender

Lebanon is one of the highest, and most celebrated, of a chain of mountains separating Syria from Palestine This chain is almost in the form of a horse shoe, beginning above Smyrna, at three or four leagues from the Mediterranean, and going from north to south towards Sidon, thence bending east towards Damascus, and at last returning from south to north. The west part of this chain of mountains is properly Libanus; the other which is opposite to it to the east, and extends from south to north is called Antilibanus. None of the summits of Libanus or Antilibanus have been measured. De la Roque thinks that Lebanon is higher than the Alps or Pyrenees. By comparing the accounts of different travellers as to the continuance of snow upon the higher summits, and adjusting them with reference to the point of perpetual congelation in that latitude, a rough estimate may be made, that the average height of the Libanus mountains from the top of which the snow disappears in summer, must be below 11,000 feet above the level of the sea; the highest point from which the snow never disappears must be considerably above that measurement. The Arabs call the principal eminence Jebel el Sich, and the snow, beneath the burning beams of an eastern sun completely cover the upper part of it, not lying in patches, as in the summer-time it may be seen upon Ben Nevis, but investing all the higher part with that perfect white and smooth velvet-like appearance which snow only exhibits when it is very deep; "a striking spectacle," says Dr. Clarke, "in such a climate, where the beholder, seeking protection from a burning sun, almost considers the firmament on fire"

The mountains of Lebanon are of limestone-rock, generally of a whitish hue, and from the aspect of which it derives its name, Lebanon, which signifies white. Looking on their vast rugged masses of naked rock, traversed by deep wild ravines, running down precipitously to the plain, no one would suspect, among the existence of a multitude of thrifty villages, and a population of hardy, industrious mountaineers. Here among the crags of the rocks are to be seen the remains of the renowned cedars, mention of which is so frequently in the figurative language of the Bible.

The cedar of Lebanon is a widely-spreading tree, varying from fifty to eighty feet in height, and when standing alone, covering a space with its branches, the diameter of which is much greater than its height The wood is of a reddish-white colour, of a flagrant smell, and fine grain; it is almost incorruptible by reason of its bitterness, which renders it distasteful to worms or insects. Maundrell mentions one which, on measuring, he found twelve yards in circumference, and yet sound. Its branches spread to a compass of thirty-seven yards. The horizontal branches, when the tree is exposed on all sides, are very large, and disposed in distinct layers or stages, the distance to which they extend diminishing as they approach the top, where they form a pyramidical head, broad in proportion to its height. The leaves, produced in tufts, are straight, about one inch long, slender, tapering to a point, and on short stalks When the tree is grown on mountains, the annual layers of wood are much narrower, and the fibre much finer than when it is grown on the plain. The cones when they approach maturity, become from 2½ inches to 5 inches long. Every part of the cone abounds with resin, which sometimes exudes from between the scales.

Modern naturalists have denied the superiority of the cedars of Lebanon to other forest trees. Mr Loudon, in his *Arboretum*,

describes it as light and spongy, easily worked, but very apt to shrink and warp, and by no means durable. Dr. Parisel, in 1629, had a piece of cedar which he had brought from Lebanon, made into an article of furniture, when it presented a surface agreeably veined, and variously shaded, and which, on the whole, might be considered handsome. But Dr. Pococke says, that with regard to a piece of one of the large cedars which had been blown down by the wind, it did not differ in appearance from white deal, and did not appear to be harder; the testimony of Sir Joseph Banks is similar in effect.

Very different from this was the opinion of Evelyn, who in his *Sylva* sums up the cedar's merits in the following words - "It resists putrefaction, destroys noxious insects, continues a thousand or two years sound, yields an oil famous for preserving books and writings, purifies the air by its effluvia, *inspires worshippers with a solemn awe when used in wainscoted churches.*"

There is an air of grandeur and strength in the cedar, when full grown, which renders it far superior in appearance to any other of the cone-bearing tribes. Its mantling foliage is its greatest beauty, this, from the peculiar sweeping horizontal growth of its branches, forms a graceful covering of foliage impervious to the heat and rays of the sun, thus producing a depth of shadow that greatly increases the majestic effect. In the old time it was considered the emblem of greatness, strength, and prosperity; thus the righteous were to spread abroad like the cedar of Lebanon, and thus Assyrian power was set forth—"Behold the Assyrian was a cedar of Lebanon, with fair branches and with a shadowy shroud, and of an high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs, his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long. The fir-trees were not like his boughs, nor the chestnut-trees like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God like unto him in beauty."

The wood of the cedar-tree was used for a variety of purposes. When Moses dictated the cleansing of the leper, he bid him take an offering of two sparrows, *cedar wood*, wool dyed in scarlet and hyssop, when Moses and Aaron were commanded to sacrifice, the priest was to take *cedar wood*, and hyssop and scarlet. At a later period we are informed of the negotiations with Hiram king of Tyre for the supply of cedar-trees out of Lebanon, and of the uses to which the timber was applied in the construction of that glorious temple, when

> "No workman's axe, no ponderous hammer rung—
> Like some tall palm the graceful fabric sprung."

But the glory of Lebanon has departed, says Lamartine,—"These trees diminish in every succeeding age. Travellers formerly counted thirty or forty, more recently seventeen, more recently still only twelve. There are now but seven. These, however, from their size and general appearance, may be fairly presumed to have existed in biblical times. Around these ancient witnesses of ages long since past, there still remains a little grove of yellow cedars, appearing to me to form a group of from 400 to 500 trees or shrubs. Every year, in the month of June, the inhabitants of Beschierai, of Eden, of Kandbin, and the other neighbouring valleys and villages, climb up to these cedars, and celebrate mass at their feet. How many prayers have resounded under their branches, and what more beautiful canopy for worship can exist?"

A PEEP INTO THE MYSTERIES OF PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

THE business of the day begins at nine o'clock, or in some houses a little earlier. Punctuality of attendance is so essential that, in houses where many assistants are kept, it is customary to have a book in which they sign their names as they arrive. This book is (I can answer for one firm at least) removed into the private counting-house as the last stroke of nine vibrates, and the unlucky arrivals after that instant have to proceed thither to sign their names in red ink, and sometimes with a pen handed to them with studious politeness, by one of the heads of the establishment. This contrivance is generally successful in enforcing punctuality, and punctuality is necessary, for "the post is in."

The medium post of a first-rate house is from 100 to 150 letters, but often the number will run as high as 300, and these almost all contain orders for books, nearly the whole of which will be packed and sent off the same night, though each letter may require twenty different places to be visited to collect the various works required.

The letters are first received by the head porter, who is a very superior man to the porters generally employed. He cuts them open, and takes them into the counting-house, where they are inspected by one of the principals, or by a party appointed for that purpose. Their contents if remittances are handed to one party, if orders, to a second, if other business, to a third. Each department is complete in itself; and, from constant practice, there is no difficulty in assigning every communication to one or other of them. As the execution of the orders is the most laborious part of the business, I follow a clerk with a bundle of open letters in his hand into the "country department." The arrangements of this important branch are admirably adapted for executing the numerous and complicated orders from the country quickly and accurately. The portion of the house allotted to this part of the business is divided into compartments, each fitted with desks and benches and all necessary conveniences. Each compartment is called a "division" and each division takes entire charge of so many letters of the alphabet as are allotted to it. All customers whose names begin with those letters are of course the property of that particular division, and to those whose names it attends and to none other. These compartments are each as distinct and complete in all their arrangements as so many separate houses of business. Each one consists of a "head" or manager, a "second" or assisting clerk, two or three collectors, a packer, and frequently there are several "extras" or assistants. These divisions are from two or three to six in number, according to the size of the house. Round each division are several wooden compartments, to receive the books ordered as they are collected, the orders are placed with them, that the goods may be called over with the letter previous to packing. Each head of a division finds sundry signs affixed to the letters he receives for his special instruction. Thus those orders which the firm may not wish to execute, from the correspondent's account being overdue or doubtful, or from any other cause, is marked with a round O, signifying that the order is to be read as nought, books on which no commission is to be charged for the trouble of getting are marked with an X; and there are marks for other matters requiring attention.

Seated at his desk, the head of each division receives the letters handed to him by a clerk from the counting-house of the principal. First, the name and address of each correspondent is entered in a diary, and opposite each is put certain cabalistic signs to denote by what conveyance the parcel is to be sent off. Then the letter is handed to one of those under his direction, to be "looked out." I am allowed the privilege of seeing how this is done, and am attached to a "collector," who, for some reason unknown to me, rejoices in the cognomen of "Shiney." The stock of books kept by a large house is immense. The "London Catalogue" of modern publications contains the titles of 46,000 distinct works, and it will be easily understood that without careful and exact arrangement it would be impossible to pick out particular books from a vast collection as soon as wanted. All the walls of every room are covered with shelves, and on these the books are ranged in piles in alphabetical order. There are usually twenty alphabets of books—one for quarto, cloth, another for quarto, sewed, one for imperial octavo, cloth; another for imperial octavo, sewed, and so on, according to the size of the book, from quarto, a sheet folding into four leaves, down to 32mo, a sheet folding into thirty-two leaves, and sometimes there is a folio, and a miniature alphabet, for sizes above and below these.

Every book has a label stuck in its side, with its name and price clearly written on it, and when the last copy of a book is taken out of the alphabet, the label is what is called "thrown up,"—that is, put into a box kept for the purpose. The stock-clerk visits these boxes every day, and clears them, and the alphabets are replenished with such books as are kept tied up in large quantities. Those that cannot be thus replaced are kept in a book called the "Out-of-book" and the labels are arranged alphabetically in a drawer or cupboard until wanted again.

Following Shiney in his "looking-out" expedition, I go upstairs and down-stairs, through what seems to me endless rooms and passages, passing by miles of books, sometimes stooping to the floor, sometimes mounting ladders to the ceiling—occasionally getting glimpses of heaven's light, but most often pursuing the search by aid of candles. Shiney is one of those who reads as he runs, his practised eye catches the titles of books far off, almost before I can discern the label. He is not sorry to have a companion in his labour, for his hands soon get full, and he asks me "just to hold the light," and "just to hold the ladder," and "just to hold a pile of books," until his letter is "looked," and we return to the division to which Shiney is attached.

This process is repeated with each letter of orders until the whole of them are "looked," or, in other words, until all the books ordered in them that are contained in the stock are procured. But as a large proportion of the works ordered are not "kept in stock," it is necessary to despatch messengers to purchase such books from their various publishers. This is the next business of the collectors. They carry with them a blue bag, and a book containing the orders they have to execute. By one o'clock it is expected that the work of "looking out" from the stock is finished. The head then goes through each letter, and marks thos book not found in stock with an X or O, according as the books wanted are published east or west of the Row. The

letters are then passed through the hands of the east and west collectors, for each to extract the orders which belong to him. This done, the collectors' books are carefully read over by a person who has the most extensive knowledge of literature and publishers, and whose business it is to check every order, and see that nothing is purchased which is contained in stock, and that the collectors thoroughly understand the books wanted. The parties who thus watch over the stock and the collectors are remarkable for their capacious memories, and one or two of them are perfect living catalogues. The late Mr. Taylor, of Simpkin and Marshall's house, had most marvellous powers of recollection in this way. His knowledge of the titles of books would have called forth an emphatic "prodigious!" from Dominie Sampson himself, and his memory was as ready as it was retentive.

The process of "taking down" in the memorandum-books being completed, I take my departure with Shiney, who is a West End collector, to commence the second part of his day's labours I accompany him through the great arteries of London, where the life-blood of the metropolis rushes in a continuous torrent, up Fleet-street, the Strand, Pall-mall, Piccadilly, in and out various side-turnings, then into Regent-street and its tributaries, down Oxford-street, through Holborn, to the Row again; and, during all his journey, Shiney has been diving under horses' heads, dashing over perilous crossings, never stopping for the rain which has come down unexpectedly; shouldering loungers aside—for there is no time for politeness—darting into dozens of shops, and making inquiries of the shopmen, who instantly bring forth the article they sell, paying in a hurry, scarcely counting the change, tired and jaded, and with his burdensome bag growing continually heavier as he moves onward. It is six o'clock, and we have been walking three or four hours at the top of our speed, and while we have been west another collector has been east, and thus every petty country bookseller has had the books he requires collected for him over a surface of many miles, and from scores of publishers.

Still every order is not executed some books are "out of print," some being printed in the country, and the London agent being out of them, are described as "none in town," others are binding, and said to be "none done up," and others again cannot be met with at all, and are set down in the invoice as "can't find." While the collectors are out the heads and seconds of the divisions are entering up the day-books and preparing the invoices, and until the collectors return at five or six o'clock the houses are very quiet As they come in the parcels are "called," which consists in calling over each item, and carefully examining the books "looked out" or "collected." The invoices are then completed, the prices are filled in from the collectors' books, and the parcels are handed over to the packers, and, lastly, despatched to the booking-offices for conveyance to their destinations. The invoices are usually sent off by post that evening.

This is the general routine of each day's business of the wholesale houses; and when we consider the magnitude of the publishing trade, and the number of new books continually issued, it is surprising to what perfection the system is carried, and how correctly it works.

But "magazine-day" is the time to see the Row, or as a punster, in reference to the excitement which then prevails, would write it, the *sow* in its glory. Think what it must be, in addition to the ordinary business, for the trade to have to deal with two millions and a half of periodicals The number of parcels (many of very large size) sent out by one house alone is stated at between five and six hundred. On the night preceding the last day of the month, at about nine o'clock, the divisions begin to "call" Shiney informs me that it is sometimes one o'clock in the morning before the business on such occasions is disposed of. And the extra work is almost as great at "almanac time" or "school book time" Some persons of feeble constitutions dread these periods, but Shiney is brave, he knows the public must be served, and he buckles cheerfully to his work.

[This graphic sketch is taken from the BRITISH JOURNAL, a new monthly contemporary of considerable talent]

THE FORMATION OF AN ICEBERG.—The glacier is composed of fresh water Its elements are modified more or less by the character of its base. The fracture and disruption is caused by wave action, by gravitation and temperature. The iceberg is a liberated glacier. I know not how to describe it. In colour, its whiteness is opaque, like frosted silver. Its base is cobalt blue, and its edges flash and sparkle. Its shape depends on the influence around it. You find all landscape forms and features upon it. Mingled with these pleasing associations are higher feelings of grandeur. I have measured them, and have found them to be 300 feet, and the entire height of one such is, therefore, 2,100 feet. Millions of tons are embraced in it, and it moves sometimes three miles an hour. There is something infinitely imposing in its march through the ice-fields.

A SELF MADE MAN.—Mr. Lindsay, the gentleman whose name may be known to our readers in connexion with the proceedings at the late election for Monmouth, is at present a candidate for the representation of Dartmouth, and in a speech to the electors, delivered lately, he defended himself against the attacks of a Tory agent, and gave the following interesting account of his fortunes.—"He should be the last to mention a word about himself had he not been taunted with falsehood He was told he was a mere commonplace shipbroker God knew he was commonplace enough once; he was the architect of his own fame, and he hoped no one would despise him on that account He was but a young man now, and at the age of fourteen he was left an orphan boy to push his way in the world He left Glasgow to find his way to Liverpool, with 1s 6d only in his pocket, and so poor was he that the captain of a steamer had pity on him, and told him that he would give him a passage if he would trim the coals in the coal-hole of the steamer He did so, and thus worked his passage He remembered that the fireman gave him a part of his homely dinner, and never had he ate a dinner with such relish, for he felt that he had wrought for it and earned it; and he wished the young to listen to this statement, he had derived a lesson from that voyage which he had never forgot At Liverpool he remained for seven weeks before he could get employment, he abode in sheds, and [illegible] a week [illegible] he found shelter in a West Indiaman, he continued [illegible] before he was nineteen he had [illegible] At twenty-three he retired from the sea, his friends, who, when he wanted assistance, had given him none, having left him to act which they could no longer keep He settled on shore—his career had been rapid, he had acquired prosperity by close industry, by constant work, and by keeping ever in view that great principle of doing to others as you would be done by And now, instead of being a commonplace shipbroker, he would tell them at thirty-five—for he was no older—what was the amount of business which the firm he had established, and was at the head of and acting partner in, transacted During the last year alone their charters executed amounted to upwards of 700, and this year it bade fair to be larger The amount of their insurances was £3,000,000 sterling, they had shipped, as contractors, upwards of 100,000 tons of coal, and upwards of 150,000 tons of iron. They had imported in the famine year, as brokers, 1,500,000 quarters of corn Then, as to the next charge, that he was no shipowner, and did not own a ton of shipping In consequence of this statement he had been induced to copy out a list of the ships in which he owned a proportionate rate, and was managing owner of all, a large and high class of British-built ships. He then read a list of eighteen vessels, besides steamers and others, ranging from 860 to 310 tons burden, the total tonnage being 21,002—the largest portion of which he owned himself, and was manager for the whole."

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART.—The First Volume of this splendidly embellished work, handsomely bound, price 6s 6d, or extra cloth gilt edges, 7s 6d, is now ready, and contains upwards of Two Hundred principal Engravings and an equal number of minor Engravings, Diagrams, &c

HISTORY OF HUNGARY, WITH UPWARDS OF EIGHTY ILLUSTRATIONS—The First Volume of the New Series of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, neatly bound in cloth, price 2s 6d, contains the completest History of Hungary ever published, also a History of China and the Chinese, with Forty-six Illustrations of the Manners, Customs, Public Buildings, Domestic Scenes, &c, of this most remarkable people, together with numerous instructive Tales and Narratives, Biographies, with Portraits, Scientific and Miscellaneous Articles, &c

CASSELL'S EMIGRANTS' HANDBOOK, a Guide to the various Fields of Emigration in all Parts of the Globe, Second Edition, with considerable Additions, and a Map of Australia, with the Gold Regions clearly marked, is now ready, price 9d.

THE PATHWAY, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper Vols. I and II, neatly bound in cloth and lettered price, 2s 3d each, are now ready

CASSELL'S SHILLING EDITION OF EUCLID.—THE ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY, containing the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid, from the text of Robert Simson, M.D., Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow; with Corrections, Annotations, and Exercises, by Robert Wallace, A.M., of the same University, and Collegiate Tutor of the University of London, will be ready with the Magazines for August, price 1s in stiff covers, or 1s 6d neat cloth

SCRIPTURE LIBRARY FOR THE YOUNG, in Shilling Volumes.—The first two volumes of this instructive series of works, "The LIFE OF JOSEPH," illustrated with sixteen choice engravings and maps, and "The TABERNACLE, its PRIESTS, and SERVICES," with twelve engravings, are now ready. "The LIFE OF MOSES" is in the press.

MISCELLANEA.

A YANKEE IN ITALY.—A correspondent of the *Boston* (U S.) *Transcript*, writing from Naples, thus describes an amusing interview with a live Yankee:—"The other day, on reaching the top of Vesuvius, I descried a man sitting astride on a block of lava, I don't know why, but I marked him at once for one of my countrymen. As I advanced towards him I could not help noticing the cool manner in which he and Vesuvius were taking a smoke together His long nine was run out like a bowsprit, and he took the whole affair as calmly as one could look at a kitchen fire at home As soon as I came up with him, he bawled out, 'Hallo, stranger' pretty considerable lot of lavy around here! Any news from down below? You haint tuckered out yet, be ye?' On asking him if he had looked in the crater, he replied, 'Yass! but I burnt the legs of my trousers though, I tell *yew*' He turned out to be a man from New England, who came up from Marseilles to see the volcano."

A SAFE OFFER.—Mr. Barnum, in a recent temperance address, said that he would give more for a drunkard who succeeded in business, as a public curiosity, than for anything he ever exhibited

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.—A lady who lately visited an infant school was treated to the following exhibition —Schoolmistress (unfolding her umbrella)—"What is this, my dear?" Pupil—"An umbrella, ma'am" "How many kingdoms does it contain?" "Three."—"What are they?" "Animal, mineral, and vegetable."—"Name the animal?" "Whalebone."—"The mineral?" "The brass."—"The vegetable?" "The cotton."

TO MAKE WATER COLD IN SUMMER —The following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice —Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water, be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it to a freezing point. In India, and other tropical climes, where ice cannot be procured, this is common. Let every mechanic and labourer have at his place of employment two pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers, one to contain water for drinking, the other for evaporation, and he can always have a supply of cold water in warm weather. Any person can test this by dipping a finger in water and holding it in the air on a warm day; after doing this three or four times he will find his finger uncomfortably cold

A MONSTER.—The bones of an enormous animal have recently been found twelve feet below the surface of the ground at Hampton, near Evesham, including a tusk four feet long, and a molar tooth weighing 9½ lb

LOOK OUT!—A Frenchman thinks the English language is very odd. "Dare is 'look out,'" he says, "which is to put out your head and see; and 'look out,' which is to haul in your head not for to see—just contraire."

PROTECTIONISM is said to be like putting a turnpike gate on the throat of Great Britain.

TOO TRUE.—An Irishman being asked why he left his country for America, replied,—"It wasn't for want. I had plenty of that at home."

THINK OF THIS.—"What would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my mother back to earth, for one day, to ask her pardon upon my knees for all those acts by which I gave her gentle spirit pain!"

GALLOWAY SUPERSTITIONS.—Good signs of a happy year:—To be sitting when you see the first swallow of the season. Also, if the first foal of the season which you see is standing before its dam, or if the first lamb you see is looking at you.

SCOTCH MARRIAGES.—In a recent case at the Westminster Police-court, involving the validity of a Scotch marriage, a Mr. James Law, said he was acquainted with the Scotch practice, and gave it as his opinion that the marriage was legal, that a man in Scotland was often married without knowing it, that a sweep or an applewoman might perform the ceremony, and it would still be a legal marriage, if the two persons declared themselves man and wife, and that it would be equally legal if the bride and groom were drunk, provided they could say "Yes," and "No."

POLITENESS AND PIETY.—A lady who was a strict observer of etiquette, being unable to go to church one Sunday, sent her card.

ANGER, says Clarendon, is the most impotent passion that influences the mind of man, it effects nothing it undertakes, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than the object against which it is directed

NEGRO POETRY.—The *New York Mirror*, in an article on negro minstrels, says, "There is something in 'Uncle Ned' (who loses his wool, but ultimately goes 'where the good niggers go') like Ossian's music of memory, pleasant and mournful to the soul" "Dearest May" has become classic, —a sort of Venus Africanus, with

> "Her eyes so bright they shine at night,
> When the moon is gone away"

And as for "Poor Lucy Neal," the "whole world is redolent of the sweet and plaintive air in which her charms are chanted, and the beauty of her shining form often comes over us like a pleasant shadow from an angel's wing!"

WORTH KNOWING.—A veterinary surgeon writes to the papers warning cowkeepers against allowing their animals to eat the plant known as the Water Breeder (*Phelararum Aquaticum*), which is highly poisonous to cattle.

WALKING LIKE A FLY, HEAD DOWNWARDS.—We learn from the *Scientific American*, published in New York, that a Mr. M'Cormick has been rather astonishing some of the natives lately by walking on a marble slab head downwards, in one of the amphitheatres It is somewhat frightful to see a fellow-mortal perched up in mid-air, with his head to the ground, but a long way above it, and his feet to the roof It is the first feat of the kind ever performed, so far as we are aware, and Mr. M'Cormick has been dubbed with the title of professor for his scientific performance. The feat is performed upon well-known principles of science, by using air-pumps, and working them step by step, to extract all the air under appendages on his feet, so that the outward pressure on one foot will exceed his whole weight. If he is 150 lb weight, it requires 10 square inches of atmospheric pressure to balance that, for the atmospheric pressure is fifteen pounds on every square inch of the earth's surface. This pressure must be on one foot, while the other is being moved forwards. The courage required to perform the feat is not small, and the labour is very severe and tedious It is needless to say that, although the polished marble slab is the greatest wonder to some, he could not perform the feat on rough, porous boards.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A COUNTRYMAN.—Good black ink in dragons may now be bought cheap at most general shops or stationers; but if you wish to make it yourself, the following receipt has been well recommended Bruised Aleppo nut-galls (the best blue sort) 1 lb.; logwood in their chips, ½ lb; sulphate of iron, ½ lb; gum-arabic, 6 oz., sulphate of copper, 1 oz., sugar-candy, 1 oz. Boil the galls and logwood in 2½ gallons of water for one hour, or until reduced to one half, strain, add the other ingredients and stir well till all are dissolved; when clear, pour off and preserve in stone bottles well corked. This will make a full coloured ink. If wanted chiefly for *steel pens*, use less gum. A few drops of creosote will prevent ink from turning mouldy.

JUNIOR.—Microscopes may be had from 10s. to £10. We think one at 20s. or 30s. would answer your purpose.

A YOUNG MECHANIC.—We cannot now give you our opinion as to the "influence of strikes" on the condition of mechanics and labourers, but we can state, upon competent authority, that upwards of *thirty thousand pounds* weekly have been lost in wages during the fifteen weeks' strike by 20,000 skilled operatives, or *four hundred and fifty thousand pounds* in all! A moderate calculation places the loss of profit and the fixed expenses of employers at the same amount; so that nearly a *million sterling* has been deducted from the fund for the payment of wages, by the agency of those whose great aim was artificially to raise wages

G. EDWARDS.—We believe a "Total Abstinence Benefit Society," such as you wish to join, will be found at "the Good Samaritan Temperance Hall," Little Saffron Hill, Clerkenwell The publication you inquire about will, most likely, extend to many volumes

PHILOMATH.—The process of preparing "patent yeast" is kept a secret by the proprietor, but we have by us the following formula, which may answer your purpose.—Bean flour, 4 lb., water six quarts; boil for half an hour, pour the decoction into any suitable vessel, and add wheat flour 4½ lb, stir well together, and when the temperature reaches 55 degrees, add beer yeast 2 quarts, mix well, and keep the mixture in a situation where it will not be chilled. In twenty-four hours after the commencement of the fermentation add barley or bean-flour 7 lb, make a uniform dough by thorough kneading, roll it out as thin as a crown-piece, and cut it with a wine-glass into small cakes, which must be placed on sieves or laths, and dried in the sun, and then preserved in a dry situation. *For use*, one of these cakes is to be broken in pieces, laid in warm water, and set in a warm place during twelve hours, when the soft mass will serve the purpose of beer yeast. Of course, a smaller quantity can be made, observing the above proportions

AN INQUIRER.—We cannot undertake to prescribe for you. "Fatness" is a diseased condition. If the assimilating vessels supply new matter faster than the absorbents take away the old,—that is, faster than there is need,—obesity, or fatness, is the consequence. This diseased condition should be judiciously treated by a competent medical practitioner.

METALLAD.—Glass and silk are non-conductors; either of these will probably suit your purpose.

H. Y.—The account of the *Cycada Septendecim*, which appeared in No. 56 of the old series of the "Working Man's Friend," was taken from Latrobe's travels in North America. Its existence and periodical appearance has been noticed by other writers, but we have not heard whether it visited Maryland or Virginia in 1851, as predicted.

S. L. and S.—Above we have furnished a receipt for making *black* ink. A superb liquid *blue* ink is made thus:—Pure Prussian-blue, powdered, 1 oz., concentrated muriatic acid, ½ oz. to 2 oz. Mix in a glass bottle, or matrass, and after thirty hours dilute with sufficient quantity of water. Add a little clear gum-arabic. For a very fine *red* ink:—powdered cochineal, 1 oz.; hot water, ½ pint; digest, and when *quite cold*, add spirit of hartshorn, ½ pint, diluted with 3 or 4 oz. of water; macerate for a few days, then decant the clear.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.—IV.

THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA AND EXPULSION OF THE MOORS.

UPWARDS of eight hundred years were passed and gone, says Washington Irving, since the Arabian invaders sealed the perdition of Spain, by the defeat of Don Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings. From the period of that disastrous event, kingdom after kingdom had been gradually recovered by the Christian princes, until the single but powerful territory of Granada alone remained under the domination of the Moors.

At the period of which we are now speaking, Ferdinand and Isabella sat on the throne of the united kingdom of Arragon, Leon, and Castile, and Muley Aben Hassan was the lord of Granada. This Moorish monarch was the descendant of a direct line of conquering kings, and had succeeded his father Ismael in 1466, while Henry the Fourth, the brother and immediate predecessor of Queen Isabella, was king of Leon and Castile. The Moorish power in Spain had been for years declining, and the Christian princes had even gone so far as to exact tribute-money and captives from the king of Granada. This kind of submission had been observed by Ismael, but when Aben Hassan came to the throne he contemptuously refused to acknowledge the right of the Spaniards; and when, in 1718, Don Juan De Vera arrived at the gates of Granada, to demand tribute in the names of Ferdinand and Isabella, he was received with a cold, haughty, and proud denial. "Tell your sovereigns," said the Moor, "that the kings of Granada who used to pay tribute to the Castilian crown are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but blades of scimitars and heads of lances." This bold defiance was speedily carried by the ambassador back to Ferdinand, who saw in it sufficient excuse for immediate action. "I will pick the seeds from out this pomegranate one by one," said he playing upon the word which is Spanish for Granada; and, as we shall see, he was as good as his word.



A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

During the stay of the ambassador and his retinue in the Moor's chief city, they had cast their eyes about them, and noted well the strength and situation of Aben Hassan's warrior's. They saw at once that they had a noble foe to contend with—fierce, implacable, and ready for hostilities, come from what quarter they might. They saw that the Moor was well prepared. His walls and towers were of vast strength, in complete repair, and mounted with lombards and other heavy ordnance. His magazines were well stored with all the munitions of war; he had a mighty host of foot-soldiers, together with squadrons of cavalry, ready to scour the country, and to carry on either offensive or defensive warfare. The Christian warriors noted these things without dismay, their hearts rather glowed with emulation at the thought of encountering so worthy a foe. As they slowly paraded through the streets of Granada, on their departure, they looked around with eagerness on its stately palaces and sumptuous mosques; on its alcayceria or bazaar, crowded with silks and cloth of silver and gold, with jewels and precious stones, and other rich merchandise, the luxuries of every clime; and they longed for the time when all this wealth should be spoil of the soldiers of the Faith, and when each tramp of their steeds might be fetlock deep in the blood and carnage of the infidels.*

Here was an opportunity to pick the first stone from the pomegranate; but before preparations could be made by Ferdinand, the first blow was struck by the Moor. Aware of the intentions of the Spanish king, Aben Hassan made a hasty descent upon the fortress of Zahara, a frontier town, situated on a rocky mountain between Roda and Medina Sidonia, and hitherto considered impregnable. Ferdinand being engaged in a war with Portugal at that moment could not prevent this taking place; but he determined to be revenged in kind. Repressing his indignation, he sought counsel among his friends; and hearing that Alhama, the "key of the kingdom of Granada" was but poorly guarded, it was determined to make a descent upon that fortress when the Moors should least expect them. The expedition was conducted by Don Roderigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, a champion, whose fame in Spanish history almost equals that of the Cid. It was so entirely successful, that before the Moors could well recover from the surprise of the first attack, Alhama was in the hands of the Christians. It had been foretold by a Moorish prophet that the Christians should conquer; and when, at last, the news reached Granada that the cavaliers of Ferdinand had actually obtained possession of the town and fortress of Alhama, nothing was heard in the streets but terror and lamentation. "Alhama is fallen! Alhama is fallen!" exclaimed the terror-stricken inhabitants. "The Christians garrison its walls; the key of Granada is in the hands of the enemy!" The fall of this celebrated city is still commemorated in plaintive verse, and the grief of the people of Granada was vented in one mournful cry—"Ay de mi, Alhama." Lord Byron's translation has rendered the Moorish romance of "Woe is me, Alhama," familiar to English ears.

But Muley Aben Hassan was not the man to sit coolly down and see his enemies in possession of one of his strongholds without an effort. On the contrary, he immediately laid siege to Alhama; and to such straits were the Christians reduced, that it became very questionable whether they could hold out till succour arrived. A reinforcement, however, under the command of the Duke of Medonia, the hereditary enemy of the marquis, came at last, and the Moorish monarch was compelled to raise the siege.

The question now arose as to whether it would be most prudent to retain or abandon their new possession. A council of war was therefore held at Cordova to consider this subject. Various were the opinions of the counsellors; but in the midst of the debate the queen arrived. On hearing the subject of their discourse, she was highly indignant. "What!" she exclaimed, "shall we destroy the first fruits of our victory—shall we abandon the first town we have wrested from the Moor? You talk of the expense of maintaining Alhama! Did we not know when we undertook the war, that it would be one of infinite cost, labour, and bloodshed? And shall we shrink from the task, the moment a victory is obtained, and the question is merely to guard or abandon its glorious trophy? Let us hear no more about the destruction of Alhama; let us maintain its walls sacred, as a stronghold granted us by Heaven in the centre of this hostile country; and let our only consideration be, how we may extend our territory on all sides, till we shall have driven the infidel out of the land." These words of the brave Isabella silenced the warriors, and Alhama was forthwith fortified and garrisoned by the Spaniards.

Following the course of the events which took place in the peninsula, we must glance at the Moorish king in his capital of Granada.

Muley Aben Hassan had of course, like most of his race, a number of wives. Of these, two were sultanas, or wives-in-chief—Ayxa, a Moor; and Fatima, a Christian, called, for her beauty, Zoroya, or the Light of Dawn. Ayxa had borne a son to him, named Mohammed Abdalla, or, more frequently in the Christian chronicles, Boabdil el Chico, or the Younger; and, in the natural course of things, Boabdil would succeed to the sovereignty on his father's death. It had been prophesied, however, by the astrologers on Boabdil's birth, that although he should sit on the throne of Granada, the downfall of the kingdom would take place in his reign. Influenced partly by this prophecy, partly by natural ferocity of temper, and partly by the blandishments of his young wife Fatima—who hated the son of her rival Ayxa, and who was anxious to exclude him from the throne, that one of her own children might obtain it—the old king had contracted such a dislike to Boabdil, that he at last gave orders to put him to death. His mother Ayxa, however, contrived to secure his escape, and taking refuge in the city of Guadix, Boabdil gained the adherence of a large party, and set his father at defiance. Thus, at the time of the breaking out of the war between the Christians and the Moors, Granada was torn asunder by the discord of two hostile factions—at the head of one of which was the old king, Muley Hassan, at the head of the other his son, Boabdil el Chico.

The Moors at first had the fortune of war on their side; and, as a natural effect of this, the subjects of Muley Hassan, who had at first blamed his rashness in beginning a war with the Castilian sovereigns, now hailed him as a successful man is usually hailed by the multitude. As the interests of the old king advanced, those of his son Boabdil declined: and the young chief found it necessary, if he would retain any hold upon the affection of the Moors, to do some brave deed against the Christians, which might eclipse, or at least equal, his father's successes. Accordingly, accompanied by his father-in-law, Ali Atar, Boabdil invaded the Christian territory at the head of 9,000 foot and 700 horse. They had not gone a day's march across the border, when they were met by the Count de Cabra, who had hastily armed a handful of retainers, to signalise himself by a deed worthy of the fame of a Castilian knight. A desperate battle ensued, in which the Moors were totally defeated: twenty-two Moorish banners were taken, old Ali Atar had his skull cloven by the sword of a Spanish cavalier, and the young king Boabdil el Chico, was taken prisoner. When the news of this defeat reached Granada, there was great mourning, especially among the partisans of El Chico. Queen Ayxa, his mother, and Morayma, his sultana, gave themselves up to lamentations; and the minstrels whom they summoned to cheer them, tuned their instruments to strains of sorrow. "Beautiful Granada," they said, "how is thy glory faded! The vivarrambla no longer echoes to the tramp of steed and the sound of trumpet; no longer is it crowded with thy youthful nobles, eager to display their prowess in tourney and the festive tilt of reeds. Alas! the flower of thy chivalry lies low in a foreign land. The soft note of the lute is no longer heard in thy mournful streets; the lively castanet is silent upon thy hills; and the graceful dance of the zambra is no more seen beneath thy bowers. Behold, the Alhambra is forlorn and desolate! In vain do the orange and myrtle breathe their perfumes into its silken chambers; in vain does the nightingale sing within its groves; in vain are its marble halls refreshed by the sound of fountains and the gush of limpid rills. Alas! the countenance of the king no longer shines within these walls; the light of the Alhambra is set for ever!"

The captivity of his son Boabdil left Muley Hassan in undisturbed possession of the sovereign power; and the partisans of the young sovereign—"Young Granada," as we might now term them—were obliged for the time to yield pretended alle-

* Washington Irving's "Conquest of Granada."

giance to the tiger-tempered old king, who, it is said, entered into communication with Ferdinand, with a view to get possession of his son's person. Ferdinand, however, saw the policy of keeping up the internal dissensions of the Moors. Accordingly, after some months, he set Boabdil at liberty, loaded him with kindness, and sent him home to Granada, after having obtained from him an acknowledgment of perpetual vassalage to the Castilian crown. This measure was well-judged. No sooner had Boabdil reappeared in Granada, than the struggle for sovereignty broke out again between him and his father; half of the kingdom declaring for the one, and half for the other.

The war still continued between the Christians and the Moors who acknowledged Muley Hassan for their king. "It possessed," says a writer in the Quarterly Review, "extraordinary materials of interest, in the striking contrast presented by the combatants of Oriental and European creeds, costumes, and manners, and in the hardy and harebrained enterprise, the romantic adventures, the picturesque forages through mountain regions, the daring assaults and surprisals of cliff-built castles and cragged fortresses, which succeeded each other with a variety and brilliancy beyond the scope of mere invention. The time of the contest also contributed to heighten the interest. It was not long after the invention of gunpowder, when fire-arms and artillery mingled the flash, smoke, and thunder of modern warfare with the steely splendour of ancient chivalry, and gave an awful magnificence and terrible sublimity to battle, and when the old Moorish towers and castles, that for ages had frowned defiance to the battering-rams and catapults of classic tactics, were toppled down by the lombards of the Spanish engineers." In this protracted struggle the Spaniards were almost continually victorious, and by the end of the year 1485, the Moorish power had been greatly weakened, and many places of strength had fallen into the hands of the Christians

Meanwhile the Moorish king, Muley Hassan, having become infirm through age, had retired to the little city of Almuncar, on the Mediterranean coast, to spend the remainder of his life in repose, leaving the administration of the government in the hands of his younger brother, Abdallah el Zagal. His death shortly afterwards left Abdallah in the possession of the entire regal power—the acknowledged chief of the patriotic party in the kingdom. Between the uncle and nephew the same struggle continued as had been carried on between the father and son; but for the time, El Zagal had the the popular suffrages on his side, and Boabdil's interests waned. Occupying Velez el Blanco, a strong town near the Spanish frontier, Boabdil watched the progress of the war between Ferdinand and Abdallah, ready to render assistance to the former, and to avail himself of his success to become sovereign of Granada. Collecting a large army, which was recruited from all parts of Europe, Ferdinand carried on the war with great energy. Town after town was taken, and battle after battle fought; and at last, in the year 1189, the Spaniards laid siege to the city of Baza, the key to all the remaining possessions of El Zagal in Granada. The war of the Christians with the Moors of Granada had by this time become the theme of the whole world; and all Christendom looked on with admiration at the part which the Spaniards were performing After a resistance of nearly seven months, Baza surrendered on the 4th of December, 1489. With the surrender of Baza all hope failed El Zagal and the patriotic portion of the Moors. They yielded to their fate. El Zagal abdicated his crown for a stipulated revenue; and Boabdil el Chico became the vassal-king of Granada under Ferdinand and Isabella.

Boabdil el Chico, however, had served his purpose; and now that there was no longer occasion for his assistance, Ferdinand resolved to be rid of him. Accordingly, upon various pretexts, which it was easy to form, the vassal-king was required to surrender the city and crown of Granada. On this the Moors prepared for a last effort against their conquerors; and Ferdinand, assembling an army of fifty thousand men, laid siege to Granada, "the last seed of the pomegranate." The siege of the Moorish capital lasted eight months—eight months more thickly crowded with bold actions and romantic exploits than almost any other equal period in Spanish history. On the 25th of November, 1491, however, the city capitulated on the following conditions:—"All Christian captives were to be liberated without ransom; Boabdil and his principal cavaliers were to take an oath of fealty to the Castilian crown, and certain valuable territories in the Alpuxares mountains were to be assigned to the Moorish monarch for his maintenance; the Moors of Granada were to become subjects of the Spanish sovereigns, retaining their possessions, their arms, their horses, and yielding up nothing but their artillery; they were to be protected in the exercise of their religion, and governed by their own laws, administered by cadis of their own faith, under governors appointed by the sovereigns; they were to be exempted from tribute for three years, after which term the pay was to be the same as they had been accustomed to render to their native monarchs; those who chose to depart for Africa within three years, were to be provided with a passage for themselves and their effects, free of charge, from whatever port they should prefer."

In January, 1492, the Spanish sovereigns made their entry into the Moorish capital, while the fallen monarch quitted it. The following is Mr. Irving's fine description of this remarkable event —

"The sun had scarcely begun to shed his beams upon the summits of the snowy mountains which rise above Granada, when the Christian camp was in motion. A detachment of horse and foot, led by distinguished cavaliers, and accompanied by Hernando de Talavera, bishop of Avila, proceeded to take possession of the Alhambra and the towers. It had been stipulated in the capitulation that the detachment sent for this purpose should not enter by the streets of the city. A road had therefore been opened outside of the walls, leading by the Puerta de los Molinos (or the Gate of the Mills) to the summit of the Hill of Martyrs, and across the hill to a postern gate of the Alhambra.

"When the detachment arrived at the summit of the hill, the Moorish king came forth from the gate, attended by a handful of cavaliers, leaving his vizier, Jusef Aben Comixa, to deliver up the palace. 'Go, senior,' said he to the commander of the detachment, 'go, and take possession of those fortresses, which Allah has bestowed upon your powerful lord in punishment of the sins of the Moors!' He said no more, but passed mournfully on, along the same road by which the Spanish cavaliers had come, descending to the vega to meet the Catholic sovereigns. The troops entered the Alhambra, the gates of which were wide open, and all its splendid courts and halls silent and deserted.

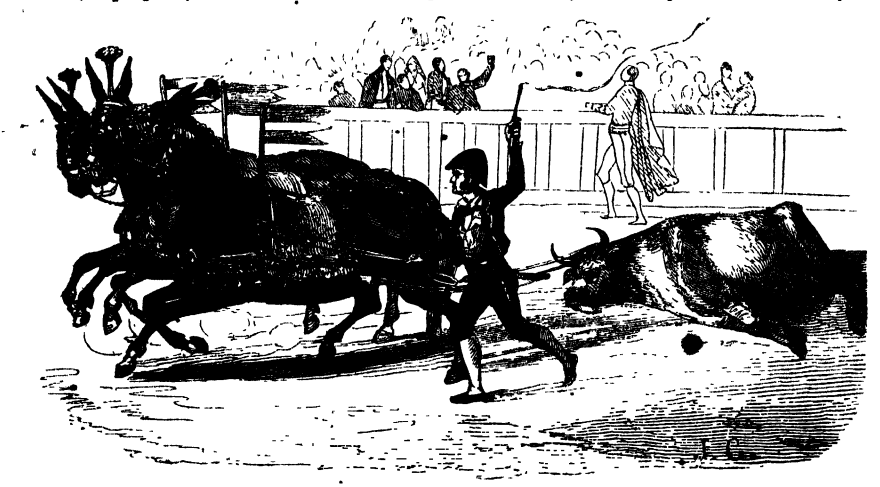
"The sovereigns waited here with impatience, their eyes fixed on the lofty tower of the Alhambra, watching for the appointed signal of possession. The time that had elapsed since the departure of the detachment seemed to them more than necessary for the purpose, and the anxious mind of Ferdinand began to entertain doubts of some commotion in the city. At length they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the Torre de la Vela, or great watch-tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams; and a great shout of 'Santiago! Santiago!' rose throughout the army Lastly was reared the royal standard by the king of arms with the shout of 'Castile! Castile! For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!' The words were echoed by the whole army, with acclamations that resounded across the vega At sight of these signals of possession, the sovereigns fell upon their knees, giving thanks to God for this great triumph. The whole assembled host followed their example; and the choristers of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of *Te Deum laudamus!*

"The procession now resumed its march with joyful alacrity, to the sound of triumphant music, until they came to a small mosque, near the banks of the Xenil, and not far from the foot of the Hill of Martyrs, which edifice remains to the present day, consecrated as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. Here the sovereigns were met by the unfortunate Boabdil, accompanied by about fifty cavaliers and domestics.

"He delivered the keys of the city to King Ferdinand, with an air of mingled melancholy and resignation.

"Having surrendered the last symbol of power, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpuxares, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms as, shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on

the breeze from the victorious army. Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence, in the valley of Porchena. At two leagues' distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxares, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight for ever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighted up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes, and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself. 'Allah achbar!' (God is great!) said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears. His mother, the intrepid Sultana Ayxa la Horra, was indignant at his weakness. 'You do well,' said she, 'to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man!' The vizier, Aben Comixa, endeavoured to console his royal master. 'Consider, sire,' said he, 'that the most signal misfortunes often render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity.' The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled. His tears continued to flow. 'Allah achbar!' exclaimed he; 'when did misfortunes ever equal mine?' From this circumstance the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of Feg Allah Achbar; but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of *El, ultimo suspiro del Moro*, or, 'The last sigh of the Moor.'"



REMOVING THE DEAD BULLOCK FROM THE CIRCUS.

It was not in accordance with the spirit of the age, above all, with the spirit of such a devotedly Catholic country as Spain, that a portion of the subjects of a kingdom, however peaceable and useful, should be allowed to remain undisturbed in the exercise of a religion different from that of the majority. Accordingly, within ten years of the conquest of Granada, the system of forced conversions was employed. Thousands of Moors and Jews, to save their lives, allowed themselves to be baptised; and thousands more left the peninsula for Africa and the east. In the reigns of the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella, the same policy was continued. The bigoted Philip II. especially distinguished himself by his persecuting zeal against the Moors; insomuch that, during his reign, Granada was often in a state of revolt. To crush the Moorish spirit more effectually, and secure their conversion to Christianity, Philip removed them from their original seats on the sea-coast, and distributed them through the interior of Spain. Crushed and conquered as they had been, these sons of Arabia still retained much of their ancient superiority of temperament; and wherever they went, it was remarked that they monopolised all places of wealth and commercial consequence, so that a Moor thrived where a Spaniard would have starved. This, co-operating with the hereditary dislike—which no intermixture or studied conformity on the part of the Moors could extinguish—at last determined the Spanish government to adopt the atrocious policy of expelling the Moors from Spain. The expulsion was finally carried into effect in the reign of Philip III., at the beginning of the seventeenth century. By a decree of that monarch, upwards of a million of his most industrious subjects were expelled from the country in the course of a few months, because they were of Moorish blood. It is calculated that two millions had, in the course of the previous century, voluntarily left Spain. By the edict of Philip III., six Moorish families out of every hundred were to be allowed, or rather forced, to remain for a time in Spain, to teach the Spaniards certain arts and manufactures for which the Moors were celebrated. This was a miserable device to save the country from the effects of the expulsion of her best subjects; and it proved so; for the decline of Spain, as a commercial country, dates from this disastrous event. The fate of the poor outcasts themselves we need not trace. Such of them as survived the sufferings which attended the act of their expulsion, took root in other countries, principally Mohammedan, and there lived in peace.*

The anniversary of the surrender of Granada to the arms of Isabella and Ferdinand is still celebrated throughout the peninsula, with gay festivities and grotesque dances, a kind of pleasure the Spaniards seem to have a genius for; but the glory of the land had departed, and its light was hushed in darkness when the Moors left Spain. In what remains of them we still discover the marks of a great and intelligent people.

* *Chambers's Miscellanies.*

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES:

HOW CAN THEY BE MADE TO BENEFIT WORKING MEN?

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

ALL human institutions are imperfect—they are an admixture of good and evil. Regarded as means to an end, they possess parts, they are both necessary and unnecessary—parts that aid, and parts that retard. Those organisations going under the appellation of Friendly Societies, and designed to aid the working man in laying up for a "stormy day," though primarily good, are, and have been, characterised by so much that is wrong, that it is a question whether their influence has not been for evil instead of good. But because their career has been thus dubious, shall we give them over as unsafe and impracticable? Shall we refrain from labouring to obtain a *certain* help and advantage, because from former efforts it is *questionable* whether evil instead of good has flowed? Oh, no! We think the matter of too much importance either to be discarded or neglected. With this conviction we propose, in this paper to review the claims of the several kinds of Working Men's Friendly Societies now in operation, and to propound, or rather to make more public a plan which, if carried out, will secure more fully the desired end.

First: The Old Clubs—designated more particularly Benefit, Friendly, or Brotherly Societies. Sick-pay, medicine, and medical attendance; and reversionary interest on the death of a member or member's wife, are the objects generally aimed at by these confederations. We deny not but that these clubs have done good. To a greater or less extent they have stayed the flood of sorrow—have kept want out of doors—have enabled the member to do without parochial relief—have caused sickness and suffering to be attended and alleviated—and have spared the heart of the widow or widower many a pang. But while in these points they have done good, in how many others have they done harm? How often has it been that when the fund of a club has attained to a tolerable round sum, that some few members—two, three, or half-a-dozen desperate characters—feeling the sharpness of the circumstances their own sins have entailed upon them, have, to rescue themselves, artfully and unjustly commenced and persevered in agitating the society until they have succeeded in breaking it up and dividing its capital. This course, which has been gone through over and over again, has made multitudes to mourn the loss of the source of their expectations and reliance, and caused them unwillingly to occupy the seat of the reckless and improvident. Again, very many, perhaps the majority of these clubs have commenced with a scale of contributions which are quite inadequate to the liabilities they incur. Those who do not calculate and think are captivated by the trifling outlay and large returns—they become members, and repose on the unfounded assumption that for sickness, old age, and death, they are secure of relief—and the spell is broken only when the day of trial comes, and the society is insolvent and cannot give the promised and expected aid. And then the meetings of these societies are held at public-houses—a fixed amount of liquor-money must be paid by each member—all are forced to contribute to and engage in the pageantry of Whitsuntide. All the members, young and old, pay alike for the same amount of sick-pay and the same reversionary interest on death, and those who are single are forced to contribute for the special benefit of the married. On these and other grounds into which we cannot here enter, we conclude that in many respects the principles of these societies are unjust; that though they do some good, they furthermore, either directly or indirectly, do more harm, that they do not deserve the support, and are unworthy of the confidence, of the working classes.

Secondly: Odd Fellows, Foresters, Old Friends, &c. These are to the mechanic and artisan what the clubs are to the labourer and the unskilled workman. The Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, the most numerous of this class of societies, have of late taken steps to put their payments on a safe footing. This was wise of them, not only for the purpose of averting bankruptcy, but also to remove from the body the obloquy resting on it for inspiring hopes which could not be realised, in their scheme for supporting the widows and orphans of deceased members. This fact, which is also true of others of these fraternities, exonerates them from a serious charge. But these associations are objectionable in that they mostly meet at public-houses; it is optional with the member whether he purchase liquor, the society paying a rent for the room they use, yet their meetings are very frequent, and visits to an inn are inseparable from temptation—and that temptation assumes an attractive guise in the Odd Fellows' Lodge and Foresters' Court. Doubtless thousands of young men have acquired habits of almost pernicious kind through stated visits to their society. The husband and parent is also too often overcome by the allurements which beset him here—neglected homes, sorrowing wives, and downcast children are sad and certain proofs of this. The objections to the old clubs before instanced, in some particulars apply with greater force to the societies now before us. They do not adopt a scale of contributions graduated to the age of the assurer, they therefore tax the young for the old. The paraphernalia and parade so extravagantly indulged in, and which absorbs so much capital, shows only the egregious folly of its promoters, and when coupled with philanthropy and benevolence is sinfully absurd. The "secret" character of these societies, which government scarcely tolerates, much more sanctions, is also hurtful; and the very doubtful advantages arising from a large number of societies being united are points, with others we could name, which lead us to look upon these associations with no great degree of favour. We are not insensible to the good these bodies have done; we deny not but that in very many cases they have answered the ends for which they were instituted; but the objections given above are, to our minds, fatal; and notwithstanding the intelligence, number, and wealth of these bodies, we are convinced that they do more hurt than good, therefore, we cannot give our sanction to them.

It is to be regretted that the institutions of which we have been speaking, which sprang up spontaneously from the people themselves, and the management of which they have retained in their own hands (all as it should be), should have so frequently disappointed those who trusted in them, and done, indirectly and ultimately, so much that cannot be approved. The existence of County and District Friendly Societies, under the patronage, presidency, and guidance of the upper classes, indicates the failure of the societies just viewed, for it was the faults and failings of the people's institutions that furnished a plea for the establishment of these. Let us look then, at,

Thirdly: County and District Friendly Societies. In addition to sick-pay and reversionary interest on death, these bodies provide for old age by means of annuities, and encourage provident parents to pay in for the endowment of their children. So much care has been taken in the establishment of these societies, that they cannot be charged with disappointing the expectations they had raised; they have generally, perhaps uniformly, attained the objects at which they aimed. Some of the most odious features of the people's societies are not observable in these; in fact, as before stated, they were formed for the very purpose of avoiding them. Truth and justice demand these admissions, which we freely yield. It therefore appears that their claim to the attention and support of young men, is superior to the claims of any other existing order of friendly societies. But we must remark, that though in their wider field their performances are creditable, yet they are not popular. They go on a serious radical error. It is assumed that the people *cannot* do for themselves; hence these associations are founded, supported, and in the main controlled by the upper classes. We freely, yet sorrowingly, admit that the people in these matters *have* acted most injudiciously, but we deny that they *cannot* do differently. We firmly believe that they *can*, that they *must*, and that they ultimately *will* do all they require. We could adduce many arguments against these societies, constituted as they are, as a *permanent* help to the working man, it will suffice to say that these charities have a degrading and pauperising tendency, and that it is morally impossible for a people to be elevated or truly benefited from *without*—it is and must be their *own* work; hence, those who need and compose benefit societies must support and control them. When this is carefully done, the most unmixed good will be derived. This is the consummation we devoutly desire. In closing our remarks on these societies, we unhesitatingly pronounce them as more worthy of support than those before noticed; but, at the same time, we believe that the self-dependent provident spirit of the English people, rightly directed, could create associations infinitely more honourable to themselves, and much more worthy their confidence and support; and this we say while we give to the promoters and patrons of County and District Societies full credit for sincere and philanthropic motives.

The three orders of Benefit Societies we have reviewed, it is presumed, will embrace the whole body. Of these associations we have spoken freely, plainly, and, we believe, fairly; and now, to

turn our reflections to account, let us see, as we do not think either kind of society free from serious objections, how the evil can be avoided and the good be retained and increased. But before we proceed further, we remark that all these societies are alike, in that they are to the working man inadequate and unfit. First, as to their inadequacy. A *multitude* of contingencies are liable to arise out of man's living which he *can* prepare himself to meet, and yet all of these federations together contemplate providing for not more than *half-a-dozen* of them! We need not dilate here in enumerating points; the reader will readily perceive that our charge is not unfounded. These societies should tend to foster and conserve provident habits. They should stimulate the individual to lay up in days of prosperity so that he may be prepared for the numerous and varied ills to which he is exposed. Here existing societies are almost powerless. They incite only to the fulfilment of the contract between the member and the society—the payment of the one or two shillings per month; and if the member is fortunate enough to be able to do this, then he may rest, for aught the society teaches, and fancy himself secure from the ills of life; then he may recklessly squander the remainder of his, it may be, ample means. Then as to *unfitness*. A society should be so constituted, that an individual's membership should not depend on his regular contribution. Thousands of persons, when sickness and death have come upon them, have been deprived even of the advantages accruing from the present societies, in consequence of a temporary embarrassment which has prevented them paying their contribution, and have thus lost all claim on the institution. The uncertainty of a working man's income, &c. &c., and the enrolment book of any friendly society of standing, will testify to the unfitness of these associations in this very important point.

Societies to stimulate and aid working men in providing against the uncertainties connected with *their* lives is what we want. We believe that these objects may be realised, as near as may be, by the adoption of a plan which has been worked out by a benevolent clergyman of Wilts. We subjoin a sketch of this scheme, extracted from the "Report of the Secretaries of the Wilts Friendly Society," which body has added the scheme to their other modes of assurance. This will explain the manner in which they speak of it.

"The principle of mutual assurance is combined with that of deposits. According to this plan, the account of each member is kept separate, and a general fund is raised for sick allowances by a rate on each member's deposit fund, according to the amount of sick-pay to which he is entitled. Upon admission into the society in this class, each member fixes upon the amount of sick-pay which he desires to receive, and for every shilling to which he thus has a claim a sum of 1d. is taken as his contribution towards the sick-fund, whenever a rate is required to keep that fund in an efficient state. When a member becomes sick, a proportion, say half, of his allowance is drawn first from his own fund, the other half from the sick-fund. The fund of each member is his own, and he may withdraw any part of it at any time, provided he does not reduce it below a certain minimum permanent balance, which we may call his Rest; but his power of drawing an allowance in sickness will depend on the amount of his deposits being sufficient to supply his proportion of the sick-pay, and is suspended when that is exhausted, but it may be renewed, and he does not cease to belong to the society so long as he continues to pay 1d weekly for the steward's and surgeon's salary, and to keep his Rest at the amount which may be appointed by the rules." The advantages of this plan are thus enumerated:—

"1. Those who are at present excluded from our society, by the high premium required for advanced life, in this way may be admitted.

"2. Those whose means may diminish after their admission, need not therefore cease their connexion with the society.

"3. Tables and nice calculations will not be wanted each person will put in his money as it suits his convenience.

"4. All fear of imposition or unfairly drawing on the funds will be removed, since it will be the direct interest of the sick member to spare the fund, lest he should drain his own deposit.

"5. Infirm persons, who could not in justice be admitted for benefit insurances payable out of a common fund, may be admitted in this deposit class, on such terms as the surgeon may determine; as for instance, that two-thirds or three-fourths of their sick-pay should be drawn from their own deposit.

"6. The deposit will be at the command of the member just as if it were in a savings bank: he may withdraw a part, or the whole amount (but then he must cease to be a member), or not; and whatever sum may stand in his name at the decease will go to his family, or as he may direct.

"7. There can be no fear of the computations on which this class is established proving insufficient or erroneous, for exactly so much will be raised for the sick-fund, each year, as may be wanted for allowances to sick members.

"It appears, to say the least, that there can be no risk or injury to any person, or to our society, in adopting this plan in addition to our present tables. . . . It may do much good, and enable us to embrace in our association many respectable and industrious persons who could not otherwise join us; and whether few or many accept it, they will in no way interfere with our other members or with the principle upon which our society was established."

Such is the scheme which we most earnestly commend to the intelligent working men of England. We beg that it may have a candid and full examination. It is our impression that it is altogether the best plan that we have yet seen. We are persuaded that it may be made a source of comfort, happiness, and independence to many of England's horny-handed sons of toil. But to realise this in any great degree, it must be done apart from the public house, and quite distinct from the drinking usages of society, which in their nature and operation tend to an opposite course. The more than 10,000 enrolled friendly societies of our kingdom speaks volumes for the energetic self-relying spirit of the people who themselves have founded and supported by far the greater portion of them. This glorious fact more than warrants our conviction, that friendly societies should be self-supporting; that those who *need* and *compose* them should *support* and *control* them. In asking the attention of working men to this "Deposit" scheme, we implore them to consider it in the spirit of our paper, and more particularly in connexion with the few plain hints which we have just thrown out.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

(*From the Swedish of* FREDERIKA BREMER.)

It was a most glorious afternoon! The air was delightful. The sun shone with the softest splendour upon the green cultivated meadow-land, divided into square fields, each enclosed with its quickset fence, and within these, small farm-houses and cottages with their gardens and vine-covered walls. It was altogether a cheerful and lovely scene. Westward, in the far distance, raised themselves the mist-covered Welsh mountains. For the rest, the whole adjacent country resembled that which I had hitherto seen in England, softly undulating prairie. There will come a time when the prairies of North America will resemble this country and the work has already begun there in the square allotments, although on a larger scale than here, the living fences, the well-to-do, farm-houses, they already look like birds'-nests on the green billows, for already waves the grass there with its glorious masses of flowers, over immeasurable, untilled fields, and the sunflowers nod and beckon in the breeze as if they said, "Come,—come, ye children of men! The board is spread for many!"

The glorious flower-spread table, which can accommodate two hundred and fifty millions of guests! May it with its beauty one day unite more true happiness than at this time the beautiful landscape of England! For it is universally acknowledged, that the agricultural districts of England are at this time in a much more dubious condition than the manufacturing districts, principally from the fact of the large landed proprietors having, as it were, swallowed up the small ones; and of the landed possession being amassed in but few hands who thus cannot look after it excepting through paid stewards, and this imperfectly. I heard of ten large landed proprietors in a single family of but few individuals. hence the number of small farmers who do not themselves possess land, and who manage it badly, as well as the congregating of labourers in houses and cottages. The laws also for the possession of land are so involved, and so full of difficulty, that they throw impediments in the way of those who would hold and cultivate it in much smaller lots.

The young barrister, Joseph Kay, has treated this subject explicitly and fully, in his lately published work "On the Social Condition and Education of the People."

I, however, knew but little of this canker-worm at the vitals of this beautiful portion of England, at the time when I thus saw it, and therefore I enjoyed my journey with undivided pleasure.

In the evening, before sunset, I stood before Shakspeare's house. "It matters little being born in a poultry-yard, if one only is hatched from a swan's egg!" thought I, in the words of Hans Christian Andersen, in his story of "The Ugly Duckling," when I beheld the little, unsightly, half-timbered house in which Shakspeare was born and went through the low small rooms, up the

narrow wooden stairs, which were all that was left of the interior. It was empty and poor, except in memory; the excellent little old woman who showed the house, was the only living thing there. I provided myself with some small engravings having reference to Shakspeare's history, which she had to sell, and after that set forth on a solitary journey of discovery to the banks of the Avon; and before long, was pursuing a solitary footpath which wound by the side of this beautiful little river. To be all at once removed from the thickly populated, noisy manufacturing towns into that most lovely, most idyllic life, was in itself something enchanting. Add to this the infinite deliciousness of the evening, the pleasure of wandering thus freely and alone in this neighbourhood, with all its rich memories; the deep calm that lay over all, broken only by the twittering of the birds in the bushes, and the cheerful voices of children at a distance; the beautiful masses of trees, cattle grazing in the meadows; the view of the proud Warwick Castle, and near at hand the little town, the birthplace of Shakspeare, and his grave, and above all, the romantic stream, the bright Avon, which in its calm winding course seemed, like its poet-swan—the great Skald—to have no other object than faithfully to reflect every object which mirrored itself in its depths, castles, towns, churches, cottages, woods, meadows, flowers, men, animals This evening and this river, and this solitary, beautiful ramble shall I never forget, never! I spent no evening more beautiful whilst in England

It was not until twilight settled down over the landscape that I left the river-side When I again entered the little town, I was struck by its antique character as well in the people as in the houses, it seemed to me that the whole physiognomy of the place belonged to the age of Shakspeare Old men with knee-breeches, old women in old-fashioned caps, who with inquisitive and historical countenances, furrowed by hundreds of wrinkles, now gazed forth from their old projecting doorways, thus must they have stood, thus must they have gazed when Shakspeare wandered here, and he, the black-garmented, hump backed old man who looked so kind, so original and so learned, just like an ancient chronicle, and who saluted me, the stranger, as people are not in the habit of doing nowadays—he must certainly be some old rector magnificus who has returned to earth from the sixteenth century Whilst I was thus dreaming myself back again into the times of old, a sight met my eyes which transported me five thousand miles across the ocean, to the poetical wilderness of the new world This was a full blown magnolia-flower, just like a magnolia grandiflora, and here blossomed on the walls of an elegant little house, the whole of whose front was adorned by the branches and leaves of a magnolia reptans, a species with which I was not yet acquainted I hailed with joy the beautiful flower which I had not seen since I had wandered in the magnolia groves of Florida, on the banks of the Welika (St John), and drank the morning dew as solitary as now

Everything in that little town was, for the rest, *à la Shakspeare* One saw on all sides little statues of Shakspeare, some white, others gilt—half-length figures—and very much resembling idol images. One saw Shakspeare-books, Shakspeare-music, Shakspeare-engravings, Shakspeare articles of all kinds. In one place I even saw *Shakspeare-sauce* announced, but that did not take my fancy, as I feared it might be too strong for my palate True, one saw at the same place an announcement of *Jenny Lind-drops*, and that did take my fancy very much, for as a Swede, I was well pleased to see the beautiful fame of the Swedish singer recognised in Shakspeare's town, and having a place by the side of his

Arrived at my inn, close to Shakspeare's house I drank tea, was waited upon by an agreeable girl, Lucy, and passed a good night in a chamber which bore the superscription, "Richard the Third" I should have preferred as a bedroom "The Midsummer Night's Dream," a room within my chamber, only that it was not so good, and Richard the Third did me no harm

I wandered again on the banks of the Avon on the following morning, and from a height beheld that cheerful neighbourhood beneath the light of the morning sun. After this I visited the church in which were interred Shakspeare and his daughter Susanna. A young bridal couple were just coming out of church after having been married, the bride dressed in white and veiled, so that I could not see her features distinctly

The epitaph on Shakspeare's grave, composed by himself, is universally known, with its strong concluding lines—

> "Blessed be the man that spares these stones,
> And cursed be he that moves my bones."

Less generally known is the inscription on the tomb of his daughter Susanna, which highly praises her virtues and her uncommon wit, and which seems to regard Shakspeare as happy for having such a daughter. I thought that Susanna Shakspeare ought to have been proud of her father. I have known young girls to be proud of their fathers—the most beautiful pride which I can conceive, because it is full of humble love. And how well it became them!

For the rest, it was not as a fanatical worshipper of Shakspeare that I wandered through the scene of his birth and his grave. I owe much to this great dramatist; he has done much for me, but—not in the highest degree. I know of nobler grouping, loftier characters and scenes, in especial a greater drama of life than any which he has represented, and particularly a higher degree of harmony than he has given and as I wandered on the banks of the Avon, I seemed to perceive the approach of a new Shakspeare, the new poet of the age, to the boards of the world's stage, the poet who shall comprehend within the range of his vision all parts of the earth, all races of men, all regions of nature—the palms of the tropics, the crystal palaces of the polar circle—and present them all in a new drama in the large expression and the illuminating light of a vast human intelligence

Shakspeare, great as he is, to me, nevertheless, only a Titanic greatness, an intellectual giant-nature, who stands amid inexplicable dissonance. He drowns Ophelia, and puts out the eyes of the noble Kent, and leaves them and us to our darkness. That which I long for, that which I hope for, is a poet who will rise above dissonances, an harmonious nature who will regard the drama of the world with the eye of Deity, in a word, a Shakspeare who will resemble a—Beethoven

On my way from Stratford to Leamington I stopped at Warwick Castle, one of the few old castles of the middle ages in England which still remain well preserved, and which are yet inhabited by the old hereditary families The old Earl of Warwick resides now quite alone in his splendid castle, his wife having been dead about six months Two days in the week he allows his castle to be thrown open for a few hours for the gratification of the curiosity of strangers. It is in truth a magnificent castle, with its fortress-tower and its lofty gray stone walls, surrounded by a beautiful park, and gloriously situated on the banks of the Avon—magnificent, and romantically beautiful at the same time.

In the rooms prevailed princely splendour, and there were a number of good pictures, those of Vandyke in particular I remarked several portraits of Charles the First, with his cold gloomy features, several also of the lovely but weak Henrietta Maria; one of Cromwell, a strong countenance, but without nobility; one of Alba, with an expression harder than flint-stone—a petrified nature, and one of Shakspeare, as Shakspeare might have appeared, with an eye full of intense thought, a broad forehead, a countenance elaborated and tempered in the fires of strong emotion; not in the least resembling that fat jolly, aldermanic head usually represented as Shakspeare's.

The rooms contained many works of art, and from the windows what glorious views! In truth, thought I, it is pardonable if the proprietor of such a castle, inherited from brave forefathers, and living in the midst of scenes rich in great memories, with which the history of his family is connected,—it is pardonable if such a man is proud

"There he goes!—the Earl!" said the man who was showing me through the rooms, and, looking through a window into the castle-court, I saw a tall, very thin figure, with white hair, and dressed in black, walking slowly, with head bent forward, across the grass-plot in the middle of the court That was the possessor of this proud mansion, the old Earl of Warwick!

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

FORGIVE and forget—it is better
To put every feeling aside
Than to wear deep-cut rusting fetter
Of revenge in thy breast to abide;
For thy step through life's path shall be lighter,
When the load from thy bosom is cast,
And the sky that's above thee be brighter
When the cloud of displeasure has pass'd.

Though thy spirit swell high with emotion
To give back an injustice again,
Let it sink in oblivion's ocean,
For remembrance increases the pain.
And why should we linger in sorrow,
When its shadow is passing away?
Or seek to encounter to-morrow
The blast that o'erswept us to-day?

Oh, memory's a varying river,
And though it may placidly glide
When the sunbeams of joy o'er it quiver,
It foams when the storm meets its tide.
Then stir not its current to madness,
For its wrath thou wilt ever regret,
Though the morning beams break on thy sadness,
Ere the sunset forgive and forget. ILION.

BRONZES:

HOW THEY ARE MADE.

In a former article (pp. 40—43) we spoke of the process of producing a marble statue: we now propose to speak of bronzes.

Bronze is essentially a compound of copper and tin, which metals appear to have been among the earliest known. Copper is not unfrequently found in its metallic state, and fit for immediate use; and tin, though not so met with, often occurs near the surface, and its ore is easily reduced. These metals, though neither of them possesses the hardness requisite for making instruments either for domestic or warlike purposes, appear to have been early found capable of hardening each other by combination; the bronze, which is the result of this



STATUETTE OF AN ANGEL IN BRONZE.

combination, consisting of different proportions of them, according to the purposes to which it is to be applied.

Bronze is always harder and more fusible than copper; it is highly malleable when it contains 85 to 90 per cent. of copper; tempering increases its malleability; it oxidises very slowly even in moist air, and hence its application to so many purposes. The density of bronze is always greater than that of the mean of the metals which compose it: for example, an alloy of 100 parts of copper and 12 parts of tin is of specific gravity 8·80, whereas by calculation it would be only 8·63.

The green hue that distinguishes ancient bronzes is acquired by oxidation and the combination with carbonic acid; and the moderns, to imitate the effect of the finer antique works, sometimes advance that process by artificial means, usually by washing the surface with an acid. Vasari alludes to this practice among the artists of his time, and to the means they adopted to produce a brown, a black, or a green colour in their bronze.

Bronze was well known to the ancients. Among the remains of bronze works of art found in Egypt none are of large dimensions. Many specimens of bronze works found in India are doubtless very ancient. In the time of Homer, arms, offensive and defensive, are always described as being made of bronze, or perhaps copper alone, which it is possible they had some means of tempering and hardening. The art of casting statues seems to have been first practised in Asia Minor, Greece, properly so called, being then probably too uncivilised to undertake such works. The first and most simple process, among the Greeks, appears to have been *hammer-work*, in



BOY AND SQUIRREL,—A STATUETTE IN BRONZE.

which lumps of the material were beaten into the proposed form; and when the work was too large to be made of one piece, several were shaped, and the different parts fitted and fastened together by means of pins or keys.

The art of metal-casting in regular moulds was undoubtedly known very early, though its adoption in European Greece is probably of a comparatively late date. Its progress was evidently marked by three distinct stages. The first was beating out the metal, either as solid hammer-work or in plates. The next was casting it into a mould or form, the statue being of

course made solid. The last stage was casting it into a mould, with a centre or core to limit the thickness of the metal. Bronze-casting seems to have reached its perfection in Greece about the time of Alexander the Great. The ancient statuaries seem to have been extremely choice in their selection and composition of bronze; and they seem also to have had a method of running or welding various metals together, by which they were enabled to produce more or less the effect of natural colour. Some works are described that were remarkable for the success which attended this curious and, to us, unattainable process. They also tinted or painted their bronze with the same view of more closely imitating nature. Pliny states that there were three sorts of the Corinthian bronze; the first, called candidum, received its name from the effect of silver which was mixed with the copper; the second had a greater proportion of gold; the third was composed of equal quantities of the different metals.

The Romans never attained any great eminence in the arts of design. Their earliest statues were executed for them by Etruscan artists. Rome, however, was afterwards filled with a prodigious number of works of the best schools of Greece; and artists of that country, unable to meet with employment at home, settled at Rome. Zenodorus executed some magnificent works in the time of Nero. But Pliny, who lived in the reign of Vespasian, laments the decline of the art, and the want of skill in the artists, in his time. The practice of gilding bronze statues does not seem to have prevailed till taste had much deteriorated. The practice of art among the Romans declining rapidly, and with but few interruptions, ceases to interest us about A.D. 300. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, at the taking of Constantinople, we read that some of the finest works of the ancient masters were destroyed for the mere value of the metal. Among the few works saved are the celebrated bronze horses which now decorate the exterior of the church of St. Mark at Venice.

Passing over the intermediate age of barbarism, we arrive at the epoch of the revival of art in Italy, under the Pisani and others, about the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The celebrated bronze gates of the Baptistery at Florence, by Ghiberti, which M. Angelo said were fit to be the gates of Paradise, are among the more remarkable works of the time. In the succeeding century we find Guglielmo della Porta practising the art with great success; and he is distinguished by Vasari for adopting a mode of casting that was considered quite original, in executing his colossal statue of Paul III. The metal when run from the furnace, was carried downwards by a duct, and then admitted to the under side or bottom of the mould, and thus, acted upon by a superior pressure, as in a common fountain, was forced upwards till the mould was entirely filled. It is necessary in this process that the mould should be kept in a state of great heat, in order that the metal may not cool before the whole is run. But among the artists who are celebrated for their skill in bronze-casting, Benvenuto Cellini holds a distinguished rank: there are few collections that cannot boast some specimens of his smaller productions, while the larger works that remain, particularly at Florence, prove that his high reputation was not undeserved. In his process the metal was allowed to flow at once from the furnace into the channels or ducts of the moulds.



BOY AND BUTTERFLY, A GROUP IN BRONZE.

The modern practice of the English, French, Italian, and German artists does not differ materially in its principle from that of the earlier Italians.

Before any article can be cast in metal it is necessary that a *model* of it be prepared. The models must be made of various substances; clay or wax, or sand with clay, are those usually employed; but they may also be made of wood, stone, or any other material. Upon those models *moulds* must be made. These are commonly composed of plaster of Paris, mixed with brickdust, sometimes sand, or sand with a mixture of cow-hair. For moulds for iron and brass work a yellowish sharp sand is preferred, which is prepared by mixing it with water and then rolling it on a flat board till it is well kneaded and fit for use. If the article is cylindrical, or of a form that admits of it, it is moulded and cast in two pieces; these two parts are then carefully joined together, and the edges or seams carefully cleaned. For the smaller class of works, instead of running the metal at once from a large furnace, earthen crucibles are used, into which the metal is thrown in small pieces: the crucible is placed in a strong heat in a close stove, and as the metal is melted and sinks, more is added till the vessel is full. It is then lifted out by means of iron instruments adapted to the purpose, and the metal is poured from it into the moulds, in which channels or ducts for receiving it have been previously made.

In noticing the different ways of casting, mention has been made of one in which a core is used. The *core*, as its name

denotes, is a part or portion situated within the body of the cast; and its purpose is to form a centre to the work by which the thickness or substance of the metal may be regulated. In coring, the mould is first made complete; into this, clay or wax, or any other fit substance or material, is then squeezed or pressed in a layer of uniform thickness; in large works it is usually from half an inch to an inch thick. This layer represents the metal. The mould, if in parts, is then put together, the above-mentioned layer being left within it, and into the open space in the centre a composition (usually of plaster of Paris with other substances mixed with it) is introduced, and made to adhere to the clay or wax, or rather is filled up to it. This is the core, and it is often made to occupy the whole interior of the mould. When this is *set*, or dry, the mould is taken to pieces, and the material which has been made to represent the metal removed. The mould is then again put carefully together round its core or nucleus, the two portions being secured from contact by stops and keys properly arranged for that purpose. The mould and core are dried to dissipate moisture; and large moulds are strengthened with iron hoops. Channels or ducts are made for the entrance of the melted metal, and others are also made for allowing the air to escape as the melted metal enters the mould, these are called vents. With respect to placing the mould, it is only important to secure a sufficient inclination of plane from the mouth of the furnace to the mould that the metal may run easily and uninterruptedly, and not have time to grow cool and therefore sluggish. The usual method in bronze works of large size is to bury the mould in a pit a little below the level of the furnace, and by ramming sand firmly round it to ensure its not being affected by any sudden or violent shock, or by the weight of the metal running into it When everything is ready, and the metal found to be in a state fit for running, the orifice or mouth of the furnace (which is usually plugged with clay and sand) is opened, when the metal descends, and in a few minutes the mould is filled. The metal is allowed to run till it overflows the mouths of the channels into the mould. The work is then left to cool, after which the mould is scraped or knocked off, and the cast undergoes the necessary processes (such as cleaning, chasing, &c.) to render it fit for the purpose designed.

Large bells and statues are cast in the way first described. Brass ordnance is always cast solid. The model is made round a nucleus of wood called a spindle, and the mould of loam and sand made over it. When this is perfectly dry, the model and spindle within are removed, and the mould is well dried or baked. When ready for casting, it is placed upright in the pit, and the metal is allowed to run into it till filled. What is called a dead head is left at the upper and smaller or mouth end of the gun, which presses the metal down, and prevents its becoming porous as it settles and cools. After a few days the mould is knocked off, and the gun is ready for finishing. The dead head is turned off, and the boring, which is an operation requiring great care, is effected.

After the founding, the metal cast is often finished by chasing, burnishing, lacquering, plating, or gilding.

One of the largest cylinders, cast and bored in iron, is that employed at the Mostyn colliery in Flintshire. It was made at the Haigh Foundry at Wigan, in 1848. It is 17 feet long, by 8 feet 4 inches in diameter, it weighs 22 tons, and the quantity of metal brought to a liquid state for the purpose of casting was 30 tons.

A silver statue was cast at Paris in 1850. In the preceding year M. Pradier exhibited at the Luxembourg a bronze statue of Sappho, which was much admired for its beauty; and a silver copy of this statue was prepared in 1850, as a prize for a sort of Art Union lottery. The founding was intrusted to M. Simonet, who has produced many beautiful specimens in this department of art. The weight of silver used was about four thousand ounces.

The largest cast statue of recent times is the allegorical figure of *Bavaria*, placed in front of the Ruhmeshalle on the Theresien meadow near Munich. The figure is 63 feet high, and stands on a granite base 30 feet high; so that the wreath held in the uplifted hand of the figure is nearly 100 feet from the ground. A winding staircase leads entirely up the interior of the statue. It is said that no fewer than 26 musicians were placed within the head of the statue, on the occasion of the inauguration. The length of the forefinger, 38 inches, w give an idea of the size of the statue. The statue was modell by the great sculptor Schwanthaler, who hastened his death his intense application to it. The founding or casting w intrusted to Stiglmayer; but as he also died, the work w carried out to a successful completion by his pupil Ferdina Miller. The statue was cast in many pieces, one of whi required 380 cwt. of molten bronze!

A new method of casting has been lately adopted f statuary. It is thus described by a writer in the *Athenæum*: "On the 26th of June, we spent some hours at the foundry Mr Robinson, in Pimlico, for the purpose of being witnesses the new process of casting in bronze by which works of gre size and importance are moulded entire, instead of piecem as of old. Every multiplication of the acts by which a wo of Art is to be transferred from its original Art-language in another increases, it will be obvious, the risk of some sacrifi of the author's intentions or proportions —so that, Mr. Robin son's new method, by which a single act of translation is mad to suffice, is at once a simplification and a most valuab improvement. Our readers may remember that the fi experiment on a large scale was made with Mr Behnes Peel statue for the town of Leeds,—and the success was su as to establish the process for future great works. In t present case, the subject was the fine statue, upwards of t feet in height, which Mr. Baily has modelled for Sir Robert native town, Bury, in Lancashire. Of old, the casting of lar pieces, even when such works were divided, took place in pr dug to contain the mould,—and the legs and trunk would hav received the burning stream which was to harden to immor tality within them in upright posture. On the presen occasion, a huge iron case, strongly bound and rivetted, ha been built on the surface of the floor, of dimensions to receiv the full-length figure in a horizontal position. Close at han glowed and roared the huge furnace in which the fusion o metals was, under the compelling fire of a heat intensifie into almost invisibility, for hours going on. When th process of fusion was accomplished, the mixed metal, to th weight of more than two tons, was received into an iro caldron, and swung by machinery to the case which enshrine the mould. In the black roof that formed the roof of th case and of the mould there was one great vortex for th reception of the flaming material,—and from this, channel running in all directions to convey it horizontally to ever part of the figure at once. Here, the liquid flame was skimmed —and after a few minutes of breathless pause—under th influence of some strong excitement to ourselves, and of dee anxiety no doubt to those more immediately concerned—th final signal was given. The caldron was turned over at th mouth of the vortex by the machinery from which it swung,— and in thirty seconds by a stop-watch, the Bury 'Peel' wa cast! The thing was like the creation of an enchantment The workmen at once proceeded to the task of knockin away and uncovering,—and the result is, a cast of surpassin beauty—almost perfect from the mould itself—and scarcel needing the chaser's hand.—We understand, Mr. Robinso will set up the statue and exhibit it in his gallery before i takes its departure for its final abode in the town of Bury.

[The illustrations introduced in this article represent figures the work of German artists, which were shown at the Crysta Palace, in 1851.]

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The faithful minister (says Thomas Fuller) is as hospitable a his estate will permit, and makes every alms two by his cheer ful giving it.

Church music (says Atterbury) makes our duty a pleasure, and enables us, by that means, to perform it with the utmost vigou and cheerfulness.

Anger (says Clarendon) is the most impotent passion that in fluences the mind of man. It effects nothing it undertakes, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than the object against which it is directed.

I tell you honestly (says Abernethy) what is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race. It is their gormandising and stuffing, and stimulating the digestive to excess, and thereby producing nervous disorders and irritations.

ANDRE WOLSKI.

THE province of Cracow is one of the few Polish provinces traversed by a branch of the Carpathian mountains, and in a sweet little valley at the foot of one of these mountains, and but a few miles distant from the source of the river Nida, which flows through its midst, is situated the beautiful and romantic village of Goldstadt. Surrounded on every hand by the landscaped magnificence of nature, embosomed amid the lofty trees that stretch far up the mountain-side, and washed by the gentle stream that wends slowly through the vale; it seems to the traveller as he approaches it to be the very impersonation of repose, of happiness and peace, yet whilst

"Distance lends enchantment to the view,"

a closer inspection and more intimate acquaintance does not seriously alter the preconceived notions of the beauty of this secluded spot. Its inhabitants are honest, industrious, and brave, earning their livelihood by agricultural pursuits or by employment in the neighbouring mines. But at the time of our tale there were none more industrious, none were happier than was the family of John Wolski, who lived in the neat little cottage at the lower end of the village. The small but fertile tract of land that lay near his home, and bordered on the banks of the river, had been tenanted by the Wolski's for generations. His father had there brought up his family; it was there, when weak and infirm with age that he had blessed his three noble sons as they left their homes to rally round the standard of Polish liberty that Kosciusko unfurled in 1794. But one only returned from the bloody fight of Maciejovice that concluded this short but brilliant campaign, and crushed for the time the hopes of his country, and he it was who now occupied the paternal dwelling.

His own family were growing up around him. His two sons, Andre and John, were in the full vigour of youth, robust, strong, and active; and Marie, the orphan daughter of an only sister whom he had adopted as his own child was fast merging into the loveliness of womanhood. Wolski and his wife were true Poles at heart, and they had imbued their family with their own feelings and their own patriotism. Their country, it was true, groaned beneath the yoke of Russia, Austria, and Prussia; but, in common with their countrymen, they entertained the hope that the blow might yet be struck for freedom and for liberty. The success of the French arms against Prussia in 1806, and the erection into a sovereign state of the duchy of Warsaw by Napoleon, reanimated the hopes of the Poles to see their country restored, and they turned with all their national enthusiasm to the man who dexterously used their gratitude for his own aggrandisement. The new state was obliged to maintain an army which was at the disposal of Napoleon, and it was speedily raised; the youth of Poland flocked to the standard of the emperor, and none more readily, none more enthusiastically than the two sons of John Wolski.

It was a bright morning in Autumn when they took leave of their home; the love of country is strong, yet the love of home will assert its power, and it was not without a struggle that they prepared to say farewell to the home of their childhood, it might be for years, perhaps for ever. Then mother blessed them with a full heart, and her feelings well-nigh overcame her as she bade them remember their God and their country; their father lifted up his eyes to heaven, and prayed that the God of battles would watch over his brave sons, Marie wept aloud as John bade her farewell, and when Andre took her hand she trembled with emotion, and she felt that if she loved John as a brother she loved Andre as something more; their emotion was mutual, gradually had their affections been intwining around each other, and it was only at the hour of parting that they learned the strength of those ties that united them. Andre drew her gently aside, and in a few hurried words they exchanged vows of unalterable constancy and love; she threw a little crucifix around his neck, he strained her to his bosom, and imprinting a kiss upon her lips, he tore himself away. He and his brother went on their way in silence. They were soon, however, joined by many of their companions bound on the same errand as themselves; but it was not until the distance between them and their native village was considerably increased that their natural gaiety began gradually to return. They soon reached their destination, when they were enrolled under the banner of France. Napoleon invited Kosciusko, then in Switzerland, to join him, but that wise patriot saw through the ambitious projects of "the child of destiny," whilst thousands of his countrymen swelled the ranks of the French army, in the vain hope that thus they were serving their country. The lancer regiment, to which the brothers were attached, was speedily organised and accoutred; every day added to their efficiency; in a short time they were marched into France, and little more than twelve months elapsed before they were on the way to the scene of operations in the peninsula.

In the height of his ambition, Napoleon placed his brother Joseph upon the throne of Spain, and the army of Murat established him in the palace at Madrid. The French arms seemed everywhere triumphant, the Spanish troops made but a feeble resistance, and the intervention of England had hitherto been ineffectual. Moore was obliged to retire before the French marshals; he had executed his masterly retreat to Corunna, where "he nobly fighting fell," and although

"Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried,"

the generous-minded Soult erected a marble monument over the remains of his noble and courageous opponent. But a mightier spirit was rising upon the scene, that was to wreath still brighter laurels around the brow of Albion, and check the insatiable ambition of the man whose arms bid fair to conquer Europe, and the spring of 1809 saw Sir Arthur Wellesley at the head of the British forces in the peninsula. Soult was speedily driven out of Portugal, and the victories of Vimiero and Talavera taught Napoleon that British valour was a match for French chivalry; and in the spring of 1810 he gathered together in Spain the immense force of 86,000 men, with 22,000 more, as a reserve under Drouet at Valladolid; the whole was placed under the command of Massena the hero of Aspern, who as "lieutenant of the Emperor" was ordered to "drive the English leopards into the sea."

The Polish regiments, on entering Spain, formed part of the force concentrated around Burgos, and whilst they as yet saw no active service, they were met on every hand by the fiercest and most inveterate hatred, on the part of the guerilla bands, who lost no opportunity in wreaking their vengeance upon any bodies of French troops that came within their reach; convoys were cut off in all directions, and in the conflicts which were of such frequent occurrence, Andre Wolski distinguished himself by his bravery and steadiness, and was soon raised to the rank of corporal, and in a few months more to that of sergeant. Napoleon was determined to drive the British out of the peninsula, and the Poles received orders to join the main army under Massena, who immediately commenced operations. The fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida yielded to this imposing force, and the British retired slowly down the valley of Mondego, closely followed by the French cavalry; but on the junction of Hill and Wellington a temporary suspension of the pursuit ensued, as a general engagement seemed inevitable. It was at this time that an event took place that materially affects the interest of our narrative. The Polish regiments, under the command of Count Von Golstein, occupied a small village at the foot of a range of hills called the Serria de Murcella, that separated them from the main body of the troops. This separation, though somewhat hazardous, was rendered imperative by the scarcity of forage and provisions, and the immense consumption of such a vast body of men; whilst the Spaniards laid waste and destroyed everything that seemed likely to support their invaders. But whilst the numbers of the Poles made them confident of safety from attack, every precaution was taken to guard against surprise. Their arrival in the village had been unexpected, and a most welcome prize was made in a large quantity of grain that fell into their hands. As this was rather a scarce article in the French army, Von Golstein determined to communicate the intelligence to head quarters that they might avail themselves of it. The morning sun was shading his early beams over the "purpling east," when Andre Wolski was in the saddle and on his way through the mountains. He journeyed on at an easy pace, his mind filled with thoughts of home, of happiness, and Marie; and it was not until he arrived at an abrupt turn in the road which

narrowed into a defile, and where a ravine was crossed by a rude bridge, that he roused himself from his revery; cautiously eyeing every portion of the road, he pushed his charger into a quicker pace, and in a few minutes he emerged into opener ground, when he again slackened his speed and gave way to his thoughts.

In due time he reached the quarters of the commanding officer, to whom he communicated the welcome intelligence of the prize they had obtained. Two trains of mules were ordered to be in readiness for the following morning, to convey the grain to the magazine in the rear, and two officers of commissariat were to return with Andre to take charge of it, and prepare it for removal. Andre retired to partake of some refreshment, and to rest his horse; and it was late in the afternoon before he prepared to return to the village. His companions were both middle-aged men, one a German and the other from the south of France. They chatted away very pleasantly, talking of the war, inquiring after the village, and as to the probable quantity of grain, and made shrewd guesses as to its intended destination by the Spaniards. The three journeyed on, and the daylight was just beginning to decline, and heavy clouds were gathering overhead, as they came within sight of the ravine that had somewhat disturbed the reveries of Andre in the morning. He related to his companions his fears on the former part of the day as to this part of the road, and urged them to mend their pace; and, although his fears were still strong, he offered to lead the way through the pass. He put his charger into a smart trot, and proceeded rapidly onward, closely followed by the German, the Frenchman bringing up the rear. They sped on without exchanging a word, and the hoofs of their well-shod horses re-echoed through the defile. Andre had crossed the bridge, and the German was upon it, when the sharp report of half a dozen rifles reverberated through the air. The Frenchman fell from his saddle; the German's horse was struck, and rising on his hind legs he sprang with his rider over the low parapet of the bridge, and both were dashed to pieces in the torrent below. The firmness of Andre did not forsake him, and he at once saw his deperate situation. He pushed his horse on at the top of its speed, whilst a storm of bullets whistled around him, and gained the abrupt turn in the road. But here a new obstacle met his view; the few trees that stood by the wayside in the morning were now cut down and laid across it. His mind was made up on the instant; to turn was certain death, and to try the daring leap was his only chance. He knew the qualities of his gallant steed, and firmly gathered it together for the attempt. But at that moment a ball entered the breast of the noble animal, and with a neigh of agony he sprang forward and rolled in the dust. Andre was thrown, his head struck against one of the prostrate trees, and for a few minutes he remained insensible. On recovering, he found himself surrounded by a motley group of about twenty fierce-looking guerillas, who scowled savagely upon him. They were all dressed in the fantastic style of their country, and armed with all manner of weapons, whilst each one carried a long deadly rifle. They were evidently a detached party stationed for some particular service, and at the command of a tall powerful-looking man. Six of the guerillas prepared to move off with their prisoners; they bound Andre's hands behind his back, but the Frenchman was so severely wounded that they were obliged to carry him. They proceeded a short way along the road leading to the village, when turning abruptly to the right, they entered a narrow gorge which they followed until they were challenged by a man who was perched upon a high rock which commanded a view of the way they had come. After exchanging a few words with the guerillas, the man gave a signal which was answered at no great distance, and they were soon joined by two men in the garb of goatherds, who proceeded to conduct them onward, as it was now almost dark. They passed over a rude bridge made of two planks thrown across the bed of a mountain stream, and struck into a narrow and tortuous path which the darkness rendered more dangerous, but in a short time they arrived at what appeared to be their destination for the time. Here a scene presented itself to the eyes of Wolski, which, whilst it excited his fears to the utmost, showed him at once the nature of the enterprise in which the guerillas were engaged, and left but little doubt as to the drama about to be enacted. The extremity of the pathway on which they had halted for a few minutes opened into a long narrow valley in the side of the mountain, which rose precipitous on one side, while on the other, after rising to a ridge of a few feet which formed this miniature valley, it sloped gently down into the plain beneath, as if the huge mass had been moved from its primitive unity by some superhuman power, and sliding gently down to its present position had left this fissure between; and from the volcanic character of Spain such features as these are often to be met with among the mountains of the peninsula.

The moon had just risen amid dark and heavy clouds, by the piled arms and glittering bayonets that stretched far up this mountain-hollow reflected brightly the straggling rays that fell upon them and on the dusky figures that were gathered around them; there might be about five hundred assembled together in that secluded spot, yet all was quiet and still. Andre felt confident, from this stillness, that the village where his friends were posted was close at hand; for the faint notes of a bugle, borne on the still midnight air, struck upon his ear. He felt at once that it was immediately in the plain beneath that his troop was encamped. That the object of the band now assembled was to surprise the village during the night, his experience in guerilla warfare left him in but little doubt; and his soul burned within him to think that he were not able to give his companions a warning of the dangerous enemy that lay crouched and concealed so near to them. He was soon, however, disturbed in his meditations, and ordered forward towards a large stone building into which he was hurried by his captors. His hands were already bound behind his back, and his feet were now tied together, and he was left lying on the ground with the wounded Frenchman. This poor fellow was fast sinking under his wound; the ball had entered near the groin, and, notwithstanding the rough bandage that had been tied around him, he had bled profusely, and he was now on the point of death: he cried faintly for "water! water! but, alas! no helping hand was near to soothe the couch of agony, and his fellow-prisoner was as helpless as himself and, with a fervent prayer that God would watch over his widowed wife and fatherless children, the spirit of the prisoner left its tenement of clay.

All was now still within the building, and the solemn silence was only broken by the deep breathing of Andre, as he lay helpless by the side of his dead companion. Death stared him in the face. It is hard to die in the prime of life and manly vigour, and it is hard, under such circumstances, to reconcile the mind to the dread alternative. Andre's thoughts wandered back involuntarily from the present to the home of his childhood: he thought of his aged father and his loving mother, who might soon be childless; he thought of his only brother, the companion of his youth; he thought of Marie, but, oh! the thought was distraction; his dreams of bliss, his bright visions of happiness, were about to be annihilated for ever. He groaned and writhed in his bonds; and, struggling fearfully with a convulsive effort, he raised himself upon his knees, and lifted up his soul to the great Father. He clasped his hands in the anguish of his spirit; and, as if in answer to the voice of his supplication, a bright ray of hope beamed into his soul. His fingers came in contact with the long polished rowels of his cavalry spurs, and with anxious excitement he proceeded to apply their sharp extremities to sever the cords that bound his wrists; and in a few minutes they began to slacken, and soon dropped from his hands. He now commenced to undo the cords from his ankles, which was a matter of no great difficulty now that his hands were free; and he presently stood up freed from the shackles that held him powerless, and silent but heartfelt ejaculations of thankfulness rose to his lips. The building in which he was still a prisoner was of considerable size. It was built of large rough pieces of stone, and had originally been of two stories, the goatherds living in the upper part, whilst the ground-floor afforded a shelter for their flocks; but the roof had long since fallen in, whilst the walls were still strong and firm. All means of egress had been carefully walled up, excepting the door by which they had entered, and the only means of escape appeared to be from the roof, which at the farthest end from the door had been severely injured by the wind, and the heavy rains pouring in had considerably enlarged an opening, through which Andre could perceive two or three stars faintly shining. But it was such a

height from the ground that his heart failed him, and he turned away to the door to see if any chance could be met with there; but he found it strongly fastened from without, and on listening attentively he heard the measured tread of the sentinel, as he kept his silent watch. Convinced that there was no hope in that quarter, he turned back to the opening in the roof; and, as he groped his way in the darkness, his hand encountered the upright post which is so commonly to be met with in the centre of all Spanish rustic buildings, and which, extending to the roof, forms a support to the beams and rafters. There was now a chance that he might climb to the roof, and escape through the opening. He turned to the dead Frenchman, who was now cold as the ground upon which he lay, and laying his own elegant but ponderous shako beside his more unfortunate companion, and placing the light foraging cap of the commissariat officer upon his head, he proceeded to the upright post. He clasped his arms around it, and soon rose from the ground. He had often climbed the bare trunks of the lofty pines that grew on the sides of the Carpathians, and this was an easy task to him. Carefully swinging himself along the rafters, he approached the verge of the opening. He listened, and there was still that ominous silence; and cautiously raising his head above the roof, he saw again that line of piled arms and glittering bayonets and dusky figures. The night was darker, the clouds were heavier; it wanted but a short time of midnight, and in less than an hour the moon would go down; Andre knew too well that this would be the time when the attack would be made. There was yet time, if he could escape unseen over the ridge, to give the alarm to the village; and his heart swelled with anxiety as he cautiously drew himself through the opening and lowered himself down by the rough projecting stones upon the soft turf. The moon was then between two clouds, and shone out brightly; and, oh! how anxiously did he watch till it should again be obscured behind the big dark cloud that was bearing down upon it! Andre stood under the shadow of the building, and the sentinel paced in the moonlight within a few yards of him, and during this interval was softly accosted by one of his companions:—

"Wilt thou not join the wine-skin to night, Gomez?"

"We must attend to duty before enjoyment," replied the sentinel.

"If I were Mina I would not encumber my soldiers with prisoners."

"Yes; but while we are under him we must obey his orders, and not forget the fate of Pedro who allowed the French officer to escape."

"Bueno, you will soon be relieved when our captain shall have arrived."

"Yes, and a halter will soon relieve this gay young Monsieur from all further interest in the affairs of our country, and the other poor devil is too badly wounded to require our assistance to the other world."

The guerilla laughed, and said, "In half an hour we shall be on our way down the mountain, and Mina must soon be here."

"Hark!" cried the sentinel, "if I mistake not that is the sound of his horse ascending the stony path to the right. Adieu."

The guerilla fell into his place, and the sentinel kept his watch before the building. Andre listened to the conversation in terrible suspense, he was now aware how nearly he was in the power of the cruel and relentless Mina; but the lives of others as well as his own still depended upon his exertions, and every minute was valuable. The building was at the farthest end of the little valley, and behind it the ridge rose higher, sheltering it from the wind, and over this barrier was the only chance of escape for Andre. The edge of the cloud touched upon the moon and as it drew on gradually, became more opaque, and darkness covered the face of the sky. Then cautiously, but with a firm step, he mounted the ridge and sunk with excitement on the other side. He speedily recovered himself, the moon was again shining forth, and he was enabled to see the village in the plain beneath. He began to descend with extreme caution until he was at some distance, when he quickened his pace and made directly for a grassy slope between gray and rugged rocks that led directly into the plain; as he drew near he heard the distant jingling of accoutrements, and soon a merry laugh struck upon his ear; he threw himself upon the ground and listened, and as he did so the bright gleam of a musket-barrel standing against a rock but a few yards in advance of him caught his eye, and he soon discovered the dark form of a guerilla in the shadow peering earnestly from his concealment upon a small body of horsemen passing within a hundred yards of him. Andre knew at once as they passed so merrily, that this was the patrol; but this was no time for inaction; and, taking advantage of the intentness of the guerilla sentinel he struck into the brushwood on the left; and, carefully wending his way amongst the rocks, soon came upon a pathway that led directly into the village. Along this he journeyed as fast as he could, and stopped only when he was challenged by the guard. But he instantly gave the watchword "Poland," and immediately found himself surrounded by a body of his companions. His non-appearance had excited some little alarm; but, without waiting to answer the inquiries that were showered upon him, he hurried to the quarters of the general. Von Golstein had not retired, and Andre speedily informed him of the vicinity of Mina's band, of his own escape, and the probability of an immediate attack. Von Golstein was an able officer, and he saw at once the dangers of his position. He issued his orders instantly, and in less than fifteen minutes his men were assembled and in the saddle. The shrill voice of a bugle sounding the recall rose from the plain, and the patrols came galloping into the village. In a few words all were apprised of their danger. Nothing had been seen to excite alarm, yet Von Golstein had too much confidence in Wolski, and was too well experienced in Spanish character, not to be aware that on the suddenness of the attack would its success depend; and he was determined to be prepared at all points. He placed a chain of sentinels around the village, and also strong guards at various points, more particularly those facing the mountains from which the attack was most likely to be made. The low brushwood on the plain would scarcely afford concealment to the advancing foe, but a little stream that descended from the hills and washed the northern side of the village, and whose banks were fringed with low but thickly growing shrubs and trees, was regarded with some suspicion, and a strong picket of dismounted lancers was stationed at the point of its junction with the village; the remainder were drawn up in the centre, ready to move to any point where danger might threaten. General Von Golstein after seeing every man to his post, advanced to Andre, who was relating to his brother his adventurous escape, and after listening attentively to the circumstances and asking a few questions, he explained that on the non-appearance of Andre he conjectured that some movement was going on in front, or that he was detained to accompany the mule trains in the morning. After shaking him warmly by the hand, the general thanked him for his timely warning, and assured him that if they survived the night his gallant conduct would not be forgotten.

All were now on the alert within the village. The moon had gone down and silence reigned throughout the plain. Half an hour passed away yet no signs of an attack. Both parties shrouded their movements in silence. One of the advanced sentinels placed at a bend in the stream was the first to give the alarm; he was stationed beneath a clump of trees, and, fully aware of the importance of his post, remained silent and immovable, listening eagerly to catch the faintest sound of approaching danger. The wind as it sighed along the mountain-side sometimes aroused him to a more earnest watchfulness, but as it died away in the distance he sunk again into a position of motionless but steady attention. The stream flowed on with a sullen gurgle at his feet, yet he could scarce suppress an involuntary start as a slight splash struck upon his ear. The darkness rendered objects at any distance almost invisible; and almost before he was aware, a dark human form rose from the bed of the rivulet, a little ahead of him, and within a few feet of where he was standing. He remained motionless, partly from surprise, and because his presence was unseen. The figure mounted the bank upon its knees; raised its cap, and bending forward, listened eagerly for any sounds that might come from the village. It then made a movement as if to rise, but at that moment the butt of the soldier's musket descended heavily upon its unprotected head, and the guerilla spy was stretched lifeless upon the ground. The Pole now

tened again and easily distinguished above the gurgling murmur of the stream, the sounds of a body of men advancing saithily up the shallow bed of the rivulet. He hastily retired om the picket, and announced the approach of the guerillas. he officer in command immediately communicated the intelli- nce to the general. They were reinforced by another body their comrades, and firmly and steadily awaited the attack the Spaniards. The sound of the approaching party, utiously disguised, could now be heard, and as they ap- oached nearer, the dark mass could be discerned as it moved , noiselessly to all but to the ears of the awaiting Poles. hey still approached, but, at a given signal, a hundred uskets found their deadly fire upon them. They recoiled be- ath it for a moment; and, with a wild shout of revenge and ge, rushed forward with furious impetuosity. But every- here they were met by the long sharp lances of the Poles, hilst volleys of musketry poured into the moving mass. Their forts were unavailing, and they began to retire. Two uadrons of cavalry were now on the plain on either side of e rivulet, but the guerillas retreated as they had come by e bed of the stream; and, sheltered as they were by its banks d favoured by the darkness of the night, they escaped with ifling loss to the mountains, where the lancers were unable to llow them.

The morning was breaking when the Poles returned to the llage after the pursuit, and in a short time the sun rose ightly above the Serria de Mureilla. But before any definite rangements could be made, to establish communications with ead quarters, and if possible secure the grain for the French my, an orderly officer was seen galloping along the road hich led directly to the village from the south. He brought rders for an immediate junction with the main body, which ad moved forward at early dawn as the British and allied my had retired upon Busaco. In an hour more Golstein's ncers were all in the saddle, and having set fire to the grana- es they marched southward leaving the mountains on the ft and joined the French army after midday. That night ey lay at the foot of the heights upon which the allied army ad taken position. On the next day the 21st of September, e battle of Busaco was fought, and from the repulse the rench then suffered, resulted the permanent retreat of Mas- na from Portugal. The French marshal having exhausted l his resources before the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras hich the British occupied, commenced a retreat by the line of e Mondego, and Wellington slowly followed him. But from e peremptory orders Massena received from the emperor, he oncentrated his forces and attempting the relief of Almeida, he ttacked the British forces at Fuentes d'Onore. This was one of he fiercest and bloodiest contests that took place during the pro- racted struggle of the peninsular war. The village, from which he battle has its name, was forced by the French, and afterwards etaken by the British, and held by the Highland regiments uring the remainder of the day. The French charged in verpowering numbers into the village; the cuirassiers and ancers were hurled upon them in a continuous stream; but ought could move the stern array of the kilted warriors. Andre's regiment was fearfully cut up, and he himself was truck by a ball which broke his sword arm, and, falling into he arms of his brother, he was borne from the fatal fight.

When the night fell, the British troops held their position, nd, leaving Almeida to its fate, the French army continued ts retreat to Salamanca.

The hospitals were crammed to excess, but Andre's arm was soon set, and in the way of recovery. He had now ample time for reflection, and his heart yearned to revisit his home, nd again to behold all that was dear to him on earth. In a few months he was declared convalescent and unfit for further military service. He received his discharge, and prepared to return to his native land. His brother wished to accompany him; but the iron power that dragged the conscript from his home, bound the soldier sternly to the ranks; and, after an affectionate parting, Andre set out for his home.

It was a long, weary journey, but time and patience con- quered many obstacles; and one evening in Autumn, after a long day's march, he found himself within a short distance of his native village. He walked joyously on, and pausing as he came to a turn of the road, the valley of Goldstadt lay before him. The sun was setting in the western heavens, and its resplendent beams shed a radiant glow over the landscape, as, gathering his golden mantle around him, he sank majestically beneath its folds. Andre gazed long and earnestly; five years had almost passed away, yet every portion of the scene was to him as the old familiar face of a friend, and fraught with some dear and cherished associations. The shades of evening gathered around him, as with a quick step and a full heart he entered the village. In a few minutes he entered the pa- ternal dwelling. He found his father and mother still there, and Marie was now a beautiful and lovely woman; but what pen would attempt to describe their joy when they discovered in the dusky twilight that the tall, noble looking soldier who stood upon the threshold was Andre Wolski.

Their joy was unbounded that this one of the wanderers had returned; and but few weeks elapsed before Andre and Marie were united in the bonds of marriage; and, turning his sword into a ploughshare and his spear into a pruning- hook, our hero experienced to the full those social endearments and sanctified pleasures that are only to be found, and can only prosper, beneath the overshadowing wings of PEACE.

All that was now wanted to complete their happiness, was the return of John. His regiment had been ordered into France, and when Napoleon designed that crowning act of his folly, the invasion of Russia, they were speedily re- cruited in the duchy of Berg, and incorporated with the grand army. He was permitted to pay a hurried visit to his parents, and he left them again in high spirits, telling them, "We are going to Moscow, and shall soon return." He dis- tinguished himself nobly in the various encounters with the Russians, and before entering Moscow the captain's epaulets glittered on his shoulders. In the disastrous retreat that fol- lowed, his regiment formed part of the rear-guard under Ney. The men were sacrificed by thousands, and the Poles were almost cut to pieces. Wolski was the senior officer of what remained of his regiment, but at the fearful passage of the Beresina, they were wholly annihilated, and he fell covered with wounds beneath the overwhelming attacks of the cossacks.

The news of this fearful route reached Goldstadt, and the Wolskis mourned with many the loss of their friends. Their sad experience taught them, when too late, the delu- siveness of the hope, that Napoleon would re-establish their country. The sons of Poland enthusiastically, but unadvis- edly, struggled to roll onward the tide of victory that crushed nations and peoples beneath the heel of an ambitious despot; and had that same power been employed in its more legiti- mate and proper channel, their country might still have had a name and a place amongst the nations of Europe.

HOW THE "FIRST-CLASS" MONEY-LENDER HELPS THE ARISTOCRACY TO "RAISE THE WIND"

MR. WELLINGTON TADPOLE is an ensign in the 152nd foot—a highly-distinguished regiment of "heavies." Mr. Tadpole's pay is £98 per annum, his father, who is a country clergy- man, with a living of £800, and a family of six children, allows him £150 a year in addition, so that the gallant ensign's income is in round numbers £240. The 152nd are "fast" men—at least many of them are. Tilburies and tandems, drags and dog-carts, are much affectioned by them— not to mention champagne picnics, and a little occasional trifling with *écarte* and blind hookey. Mr. Wellington Tadpole soon finds himself very "hard-up;" he writes a pathetic note to his mother for a little extra supply of cash—details the numerous expenses thrust upon him in first joining his re- giment (omitting, however, those alluded to), and receives in return a £50 note, with many cautions to avoid extrava- gances, and a strong intimation that his father will never be induced to assist him in such a manner again.

A very few weeks suffice to dissipate the remittance, and Mr. Wellington Tadpole's finances are again at the very lowest ebb. Feeling assured that the "governor wouldn't bleed" any more, he confides his misery to his bosom friend, Lieutenant Keen- sight. The lieutenant smiles a smile of ineffable pity for the ensign's "verdancy," when he hears that his whole debts amount only to £100, and that he is merely in want of a little

"ready cash." "My dear fellow," he says, "you are an exceedingly lucky dog; lucky in owing nothing (for what's a trumpery hundred?); lucky in having a governor to draw on; lucky in being quartered at Chatham when Amos pays us a visit every three weeks; and lucky in coming to me the very day before that worthy gentleman is expected." "Who is Amos?" asked the ensign. "*Who* is Amos?" repeats the lieutenant in amaze; "my good friend, if you had asked 'who is the duke?' 'who is Prince Albert?' 'who is Jenny Lind?' or any such person, I should have respected your ignorance more than I do now; but not to know Amos, the prince of money-lenders, the Jew of Jews, the banker of the improvident, the friend of the distressed,—not to know Amos 'argues yourself unknown.'" "Well," replies Mr. Wellington Tadpole, "then if Amos is a money-lender, I suppose he will let me have £50 at good interest." "No, he won't; but he'll let you have £500, £400, £300, or £200. Anything less than that sum is 'low,' and Amos would scorn so seedy a transaction." The ensign looked surprised, but, fearing to display further ignorance, he asks no more questions, mentally resolving, however, to see Mr. Amos to morrow.

The next morning, as Ensign Wellington Tadpole sits smoking the morning cigar, his servant announces "Mr. Amos" He is desired to admit him. Thereupon, a stout-built and carefully "got-up" gentleman walks into the room and makes his bow. Mr. Amos has decidedly Hebrew features, nevertheless he is a good-looking man, with very white teeth, which he always shows whenever he smiles. His hair is worthy a place in Truefitt's window; his shirt is a miracle of elaborate embroidery; his waistcoat is of the newest and gayest pattern, so are his nether garments! while his fingers display a perfect blaze of diamonds, and across his ample chest is trained the most massive and astounding of watch-chains "Beg pardon, Mr. Tadpole, for intruding so early; but heard from Mr. Keensight that you wanted some of my commodity—eh?—ha—ha—ha—ha!" and as though unconsciously the money-lender scatters a heap of bright sovereigns and crisp bank-notes on the table. What a bait to a man who has changed his last sovereign! The ensign stammers out that he *does* require cash, but vainly tries to look as if he were indifferent about the matter. "How much?" asks Amos pleasantly "Well, suppose we say £200," replies Mr. Tadpole. "Be it so; whom do you draw on?" "Dear me, I really couldn't ask any one such a favour," says the ensign hastily. The money-lender looks rather grave for a moment; protests that he never does business without two names; but as that is Mr Tadpole's first transaction, and as he understands that his liabilities are so very small, he will venture to take his promissory note alone. "How will you take it?" he asks. The ensign, who has been asked that question before at a banker's, answers innocently, "Say two 'fifties' and the rest 'long.'" A smile, which he with difficulty restrains from emerging into a roar of laughter, passes over the money-lender's face. At length he explains. "My dear sir, I see you don't quite understand me—the matter will stand thus. The discount for three months on £200 is £30—leaving £170 for you to receive. Of this £170 you can have £100 in cash, and the other £70 in wine or jewellery. "I never say 'pictures;' because I think it is a great imposition. Young gentlemen never want pictures; but wine and jewels are of course necessaries of life." The ensign is in a horrible fright at the recklessness of the action he is about to commit, but the money-lender has already tossed over to him £100 cash which looks so tempting; and in five minutes more he has signed his 'promise to pay," and confided to Mr. Amos, leaving that worthy gentleman to send him £70 of jewellery, according to his own taste in that commodity.

Three months have passed away, and so has all the £100 received by Ensign Tadpole, and the £25 for which he is only too happy to sell the "£70 worth" of jewellery. The bill is due, and there are no funds in hand to meet it. Mr. Amos—blandest, kindest, and most accommodating of men—will take the joint note of the ensign, and one of his brother officers for £250 at three months more, instead of cash. Tadpole's feelings of shame having been growing blunter every day; he asks Ensign Spooney to join him; the latter does so, and three months later they have to go through the same process again to the tune of £320. At length Mr. Amos begins to get troublesome; Tadpole writes home and confesses all; his father is indignant and refuses to help him; Amos presses still closer; Tadpole sells his commission and pays the bill to save himself and Spooney from a gaol; and the money-lender pockets £820 for the advance of £100 cash and £30 worth of jewels for nine or ten months, which is at the rate of nearly £200 per cent. per annum. Such is the "first class" money-lender, who does business only with the army of the peerage, and such is the nature of his ordinary transactions.

SUMMER VOICES.

Beneath the shining trembling leaves that drape the bowers of June,
I sit and list, with raptured ear, to sweetly varied tune
Of Nature's thousand melodies, above, below, around,
Sweet sights, sweet scents, but sweeter far the mingling charms of sound

The silvery lapse of tinkling streams, the river's rushing voice,
The lucent waves that lap the shore, in murmuring tones rejoice;
The fitful cadence of the breeze, that skims with silken wings
O'er bending waves of odorous, hay, and through the woodland sings.

The tell-tale voice beloved of spring, the wail of forest dove;
The thousand swelling warbling throats, that sing of bliss and love,
The voice of woods in soft commune with twilight's dewy airs,
Where parent thrush, on darkling bough, beguiles his brooding cares —

The shadows fall, O gentle bird, thy liquid voice is mute!
But hark! that sweetly thrilling strain, breathed from the plaintive flute,
No eye but thine, soft star of Love, the rapt musician sees,
Slow wandering by the lonely lake, beneath the sleeping trees.

Now, Scotia, pour thy native airs, so wildly, simply sweet;
For this the hour, and this the scene, when rustic maidens meet
By cottage door, by village spring, o'erhung with wilding rose;
Hark! from their lips the Doric lay in gushing music flows.

Sweet Summer sounds! I love ye all, but dearest, holiest, best,
The song of praise from cottage hearth that hails the Sabbath rest
The birds, the streams, the breeze, the song, to *earthly* sounds are given,
This mounts the wings of summer morn, and singing flies to Heaven!

Longlone, near Coatbridge, N B. Janet Hamilton.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Extraordinary — This Popular Educator — An Extra Edition of this work, on fine paper, at 1½d per Number, or in Monthly Parts, in a neat wrapper, at 7d, or when Five Numbers, 8½d, is now published, which is issued without the weekly headings Persons wishing for this edition must be careful to order the "*Extra* Edition" The whole of the Numbers may now be obtained, or the first Three Parts—Part I, 7d, Part II, 8½d.; Part III, 7d. The Common Edition, at One Penny per Number, Monthly Parts, 5d, or 6d, is regularly issued

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Cassell's Shilling Edition of Euclid —This work will be ready with the Magazines for August, price 1s. in a neat wrapper, or 1s. 6d. in cloth boards.

MISCELLANEA.

SELF-TAXATION.—The taxes are, indeed, heavy; and if those laid on by government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them,—but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much as our folly; and from those taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing any abatement.—*Franklin.*

CONTENTIOUS SOULS.—I never loved those salamanders, that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one: I will suffer a hundred rather than return one. I will suffer many ere I will complain of one, and endeavour to right myself by contending. I have ever found, that to strive with my superior is furious, with my equal, doubtful; with my inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness.—*Bishop Hall.*

WRONG ENDS OF KNOWLEDGE.—It is not the pleasure of curiosity, nor the quiet of resolution, nor the raising of the spirit, or victory of wit, nor faculty of speech, or lucre of profession, nor ambition of honour or fame, nor enablement for business, that are the true ends of knowledge —*Lord Bacon.*

HUMAN HELPLESSNESS.—Animals go rightly, according to the ends of their creation, when they are left to themselves, they follow their instinct and are safe; but it is otherwise with man the ways of life are a labyrinth for him His infancy does not stand more in need of a mother's care, than his moral and intellectual faculties require to be nursed and fostered where these are left to starve for want of nutriment, how infinitely more deplorable is his condition than that of the beasts that perish!—*Southey.*

THE EDUCATION OF THE FEELINGS.—Bad temper is more frequently the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organisation, it frequently, however, is a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull passive child; and, if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil, by changing passion into sullenness. A cheerful good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble, whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heartblood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness is the chilling pressure which produces here inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness—ill temper."

ACTON PLAN.—The formation and steady pursuit of some particular plan of life, has justly been considered as one of the most permanent sources of happiness. — *Malone.*

TALKATIVENESS.—It is a secret known to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—*Addison.*

SUAVITER IN MODO.—There is not any benefit so glorious in itself, but it may yet be exceedingly sweetened and improved by the manner of conferring it. The virtue, I know, rests in the *intent;* the profit in the judicious application of the *matter*, but the beauty and ornament of obligation lies in the *manner* of it.—*Seneca*

HUMAN LIFE.—As the rose-tree is composed of the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns, as the heavens are sometimes fair and overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene; so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pains —*Burton.*

USEFULNESS.—How barren a tree is he that lives, and spreads, and cumbers the ground, yet leaves not one seed, not one good work to generate after him I know all cannot leave alike; yet all may leave something, answering their proportion, their kinds.—*Owen Feltham.*

DANGEROUS PLEASURES.—I have sat upon the sea-shore and waited for its gradual approaches, and have seen its dancing waves and white surf, and admired that He who measured it with his hand had given to it such life and motion; and I have lingered till its gentle waters grew into mighty billows, and had wellnigh swept me from my firmest footing So have I seen a heedless youth gazing with a too curious spirit upon the sweet motions and gentle approaches of an inviting pleasure, till it has detained his eye and imprisoned his feet, and swelled upon his soul, and swept him to a swift destruction.—*Basil Montague*

POWERFUL REASONING.—At a young men's debating society in Indiana, United States, the question for discussion a few weeks since, was—"Which is the greatest evil, a scolding wife or a smoky chimney?" After the appointed disputants had concluded the debate, a spectator rose, and begged the privilege of "making a few remarks on the occasion" Permission being granted, he spoke as follows—"Mr President, I've been almost mad a-listening to the debate of these 'ere youngsters They don't know nothing at all about the subject. What do they know about the evils of a scolding wife? Wait till they have had one for twenty years, and been hammered and jammed and slammed all the while—and wait till they've been scolded because the baby cried, because the fire wouldn't burn, because the oven was too hot, because the cow kicked over the milk, because it rained, because the sun shined, because the hens didn't lay, because the butter wouldn't come, because the old cat had kittens, because they came too soon for dinner, because they were one minute too late, because they sung, because they tore their trousers, because they invited a neighbour woman to call again, because they got sick, or because they did anything else, no matter whether they couldn't help it or not,—before they talk about the evils of a scolding wife; why, Mr. President, I'd rather hear the clatter of hammers and stones, and twenty tin pans and nine brass kettles, than the din, din, din, of the tongue of a scolding wife Yes, sir-ee, I would. To my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimney is no more to be compared to a scolding wife, than a little negro is to a dark night."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. INMAN; J. G.; C. THORP; M. RICHARDS; and several others.—To answer all the questions put to us as to emigration, it would be necessary to have a clerk wholly devoted to that office. Mr Cassell has collected all the information he can obtain, and has published it in "*The Emigrants' Handbook*," which may be had at our office, or, by order of any bookseller. As to specific, or peculiar cases, application should be made to Her Majesty's Commissioners for Emigration, Parkstreet, Westminster.

A FRIEND (Manchester).—We are not aware that there is any portrait extant of the Rev. B. Parsons. That gentleman *does* write for the publication to which you refer.

J TILLCOCK.—The best mode of "preserving the teeth from decay" is to keep them very clean. They should be brushed with a soft brush and cold water the first thing in the morning, and, if possible, at the conclusion of every meal, especially where animal food or vegetables are eaten. Washing the mouth frequently with cold water will not only keep the teeth clean, but strengthen the gums, the firm adhesion of which to the teeth, is of the greatest importance in preserving them sound and secure.

RICHARD.—We cannot account for the irregularities of which you complain. Perhaps, considering the distance at which you live from the metropolis, it will be best for you to take our work in *Monthly Parts*. Some small country booksellers do not keep the weekly numbers on hand.

F. J. H.—We feel some difficulty in recommending particular books, as the reading of a Sabbath School teacher ought to be extensive You will, however, derive much valuable information from Dr Kitto's "Popular Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature."

X. Y. Z.—Suitable cases in which to bind the "Illustrated Exhibitor," may be had at our office, or, by order, from any bookseller; as may also covers for the volumes of the "Popular Educator" and the "Working Man's Friend."

R. E (Tiverton).—The article you have sent us is very creditable to your talents; but it is scarcely suitable for our pages.

CATO.—The ch in Achilli, is sounded hard, as k; thus, *A-kil-li*.—You will find a receipt for destroying cockroaches in No 33, page 112.

A YOUNG ANTIQUARY.—You may obtain very beautiful impressions of medals and coins thus.—Melt a little stiff isinglass gine, and pour it thinly and evenly over the coin or medal, so as to cover its whole surface. Let it remain on for two or three days, till it has become thoroughly dry and hard, then take it off, and you will have an elegant impression, fine, clear, and hard as glass. If the wrong side of the isinglass be breathed upon, and gold leaf applied, it will adhere, and have a pleasing effect on the other side. Impressions so taken will resist the effects of damp air.

A WORKING MAN AND A TEETOTALER.—"The Freeholder" is the paper you mean, it is published every Monday afternoon at 337, Strand.—Your other question will be best answered by the Secretary of the Freehold Land Society, King's Arms Yard, Coleman-street, City.

A. X. B. AND AN INTENDING EMIGRANT.—Beware of sending for information as to emigration to persons advertising to furnish "every requisite information," &c., "on the receipt of twelve uncut postage stamps;" they are, in general, impostors.

TRIO.—The following are the names of "the Nine Muses," and "the offices assigned to them:" *Calliope*, the muse of heroic poesy; *Clio*, of history; *Erato*, of amorous poetry; *Euterpe*, of music; *Melpomene*, of tragedy; *Polyhymnia*, of rhetoric; *Terpsichore*, of dancing, &c.; *Thalia*, of lyric poetry and comedy; *Urania*, of astronomy.

W. K.—Ignatius Loyola was born in the year 1491. He established the Order of the Jesuits in 1540. He died in 1556. It was Pascal who wrote the powerful books against them to which you allude. His most celebrated work on this subject is entitled, "Provincial Letters." It was published in 1656, under the name of Louis Montalte. No book ever did the Jesuits more injury.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. II., No. 43.] SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SCIENCE AND COMMERCE.

IN the early ages of the world, Labour, the sturdy son of Industry and Want, worked alone in the fields, and toiled day by day for the support of his numerous family. He was a strong well-built fellow, whom no fatigue could conquer and no disappointment depress. He had married early—as was then, and still is, the custom among the toilers of the earth—but he chose a helpmeet fitting his condition. She was called Endurance, the daughter of Poverty, but her real name was Courage. Many children blessed their union, some of whom were strong and handsome, while the rest were weakly and deformed. These children, the offspring of Labour and Endurance, are known among men by various names. The elder sons and daughters are called Content, Hopefulness, Enterprise, Self-Reliance, Perseverance, Prudence, and Ambition; while the later-born have received the titles of Idleness, Unthrift, Recklessness, Combination, Riot, Intemperance, Scoff, and Ignorance. As the family grew up, many were the little bickerings which their parents had on account of their several propensities—the father inclining to the well-conducted among them, while the mother, as is the custom among women, strove to excuse the shortcomings of her younger children, for in her great love she was apt to overlook their faults. With the care of so many sons and daughters, of such opposite tempers and inclinations, constantly pressing upon him, it was no wonder that Labour failed to become rich. But, in spite of all this, he was still a hard-working, contented, and hopeful man; and as years crept unconsciously upon him, and he was no longer able to endure the heat and burden of the day, he was fain to rely on the strength of character which peculiarly distinguished the wife of his youth, and the good qualities common to the elder branches of his family. If Riot and Intemperance caused, as they often did, confusion and discontent in the household, the kindly feelings of Prudence, and the quiet smile of Hopefulness, were sure to make peace among them; if Unthrift and Recklessness dissipated in a day the earnings of a whole week, the genius of Enterprise and the impulse of Perseverance made up, in some measure, for their lack of knowledge and worldly wisdom. And so, in the course of years, the daughters married, and left the house of their parents, and the sons went out into the world to seek their fortunes, and their families increased and multiplied exceedingly throughout various ramifications—and the old couple were again left alone, as in the days of their youth.



SCIENCE AND COMMERCE. A GROUP IN MARBLE BY A GERMAN ARTIST.

But it pleased God to comfort their age with yet another little child. He was fair and comely and pleasant to look upon, with light-brown curling hair and bright sparkling eyes; and

parents esteemed themselves blessed in the possession so handsome an image of themselves. To the father's ength and energy was added the mother's simplicity and auty; and, as the child grew up, they noted that he possed the characteristics of Activity and Courage, as well as e better qualities which distinguished his elder brothers. e was the last-born of a large family, and his parents called m Commerce.

Years passed away, and the child grew to be a man. In earliest youth, however, he had exhibited a disposition fering very much from that of any of his brothers. Instead working in the fields with his father, it appeared to be the ecial object of Commerce to relieve Labour of the severer orts of his toil, and to give honour to his mother Endurance, associating his brothers Enterprise, Self-Reliance, and Amtion with all his schemes. Thus, if Commerce determined find a new field for his exertions in a distant and hitherto known region, Enterprise went before, and reported well of m, so that when he arrived with Self-Reliance and Ambition, was honourably received by the inhabitants. If, in his avels, Commerce encountered any of the children of Unthrift, Intemperance, and Ignorance—which he often did, for they id intermarried and become extremely numerous in the orld—it was his endeavour to correct their faults in the ntlest manner, and relieve their necessities without offending eir prejudices. And so, wherever he went he was well reived, and the name of Commerce grew familiar in the ouths of mankind, and the youngest child of Labour was noured of his brethren.

Strong, well-formed, and in the full vigour of manhood, ommerce grew daily into greater repute, so that many parents ught him in marriage for their daughters. Literature, Phisophy, and Religion were fain to ally themselves to him, it he turned coldly away, and chose for a wife Science, the ir daughter of Experiment and Study.

The marriage was celebrated with all becoming splendour, id a numerous family was born unto the happy pair. United mind and in love with each other, Science and Commerce ent hand in hand about the world, doing good wherever they journed. Though Labour still toiled and Ignorance still velt in dark places, it was their office to relieve the overasked energies of the one and awaken the slumbering activies of the other; though Riot and Intemperance had become ighty, and had enlisted under their banners the children of lleness, Combination, and Scoff, it was the pleasure of Science id Commerce to teach, by their own example, and to counter- t the evil influences of their relations.

Energetic and tireless, the pair went forth among men, and this day are known and honoured in strange and distant laces, whither they have found their way in ships across the ackless waters. What is wanting in the character of the usband is supplied in the firm yet kindly disposition of the ife. If Commerce be less scrupulous in his dealings than he ould be (as has been more than once alleged of him by his nemies), the undeviating exactness of Science removes the ting from the reproach. and if Science be too severe in her emands (as some of those who have no capacity for abstruse alculations have asserted), then the more popular character f Commerce is brought to her rescue; and thus have the husand and wife divided between them the sympathies and activies of mankind. Hand in hand they have travelled over the orld, the husband appearing to lean rather on the wife, than he wife upon the husband. While he possesses the strength nd energy necessary to their enterprises, she finds the mind nd spirit which make them successful; while he pushes forward with a seeming disregard to the feelings of others, she eaches and explains, and reasons with men till they are put ight in the path of usefulness. On the brow of Commerce ay be seen the stamp of wealth and gain, while in the face of cience shines the light of speculation and thought. Of their many children, the favourite of both parents is their youngest-born, Civilisation—a noble youth whose destiny seems to point o no meaner enterprise than the subjugation of the world.

THE TALENT OF SUCCESS is nothing more than doing what you an do well; and doing whatever you do—without a thought of me. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not ecause it is sought for.

JOHN BUNYAN.

A MAN like Bunyan requires many biographies; for the first few, and indeed more than the first few, are pretty sure to be biographies of bits of him. One writer is entirely taken up with his being a Baptist; another, who admires his piety, regrets that he was a "Dissenter," a third takes the poetic ground, and views his spiritual sufferings just as he would the contortions of a dervish. The popularity of Southey has, of course, made his "Life of Bunyan" a text-book. But it is written so entirely from the point of view of a decorous friend of the church of England, that you are perpetually under the impression that the biographer is patting his hero on the head—wondering that so much genius and piety could come out of a nonconformist—and haunted by a pitying remembrance that his *protégé* was once a tinker. You form to yourself a notion of a scene in which Bunyan is introduced by Mr. Southey to a large and respectable circle, and given a glass of wine as a man who has "raised himself by his own exertions." It is curious, too, to see how Mr Southey is perplexed in dealing with the account of those terrible spiritual conflicts which Bunyan has recorded for us in the "Grace Abounding." The same embarrassment hampers and twists Southey's "Wesley." Nothing can be more clear—Mr. Southey would seem to imply—than the extravagance of Bunyan's religious emotions: nothing certainly can be more unlike (you fancy him reflecting) the mild spiritualism of a dean! Yet one cannot ignore them. The autobiographical "Grace Abounding" contains nothing else. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is a picture of the same—drawn from memory in an ideal form—a poetic record of those sufferings of the soul, as the "Iliad" is a record of the wars under the walls of Troy. Yet they are condemned and poohpoohed as outrageous. The truth is, these sad conflicts were the very essence of Bunyan's being, and differ only in circumstance and detail from the strifes of the most pious men in history. Mr Southey watches and pronounces on them from the outside, and always measures them by a moderate episcopal standard of respectability. Hence, it is no wonder that he should characterise some of poor Bunyan's later proceedings under prosecution as tainted with the "smut of his old occupation." As if the tinkering had been the primary fact about pious Bunyan? As if, indeed, his stern contempt for the triumphant officials of the Restoration were not part of the same earnestness of piety which, elevating his whole being, had raised him from a tinker into a priest. It is really unpleasant to reflect that a man of Southey's goodheartedness and strong sense should have been so spoiled by a long conformity to the worldly side of orthodox opinion as to make his later works almost worthless but for their style. We cannot see how anybody who really respected and appreciated Bunyan could have spoken of him as a "blackguard"—an expression of Southey's, which has been very properly reprehended by Mr. Macaulay.

John Bunyan was born at Elstow, within a mile of Bedford, in 1628. His father's occupation was that of a journeyman tinker. It is a very reasonable suggestion of Sir Walter Scott's that his family was probably of gipsy origin. Young Bunyan is found asking his father whether they were of the "seed of Abraham"—hoping to claim under the Bible promises. This would surely argue a consciousness of something peculiar about his race. And indeed his portrait betrays a swarthiness which reminds one of the eastern types. He got some little schooling and married at nineteen—supporting himself by his semi-vagabond trade. His "Grace Abounding" is made up of his real history. It was the history of his soul, of which it contains a report as minute as the report of a disease in a medical book. That he was a miserable sinner, the chief of sinners; that Satan was ever tempting him, that he sometimes thought of "selling Christ," and heard voices crying, "Sell him! Sell him!"—this painful story may be read till the horror merges into sheer tedium. "Experiences" like these, however, were not confined to Bunyan, they were raging in the blood of many hundreds of his day. They were not a whit more violent than the conflicts of Loyola had been in the previous century, in far different circumstances. But here was the important distinction: the southern sufferer tortured the body to appease the sufferings of the mind. When he recovered from his agonies, he recovered not as a man—but woke up a Jesuit. But poor Bunyan when wounded, flew for relief to his Bible. That pasture was always open to him; and as the wounded animal finds by instinct an herb, the restless Bunyan lighted on text after text. Fit of pain succeeded fit; but there were copious varieties of remedies, and Bunyan gradually developed into a strong, brave, healthy man.

The important phenomenon for Bunyan and hundreds of others was, that there was no Church capable of adequate treatment of their case. For John Bunyan was, first of all, a loyal man. He explicitly tells us that "he began by having a most superstitious

veneration for the high place, the priest, the clerk, and what else belonged to the Church." But there was no church worthy of that veneration to be found; and, most fortunately, there was not a church like that of Rome to avail itself of his high-minded piety and enthusiasm for base and worldly purposes—which Roman policy Macaulay has well described. But there was a Bible, and a people to be reformed, and Bunyan became Mr. John Bunyan, a "servant of the Lord Jesus Christ,"—he had acted his "Christian," and the time had now arrived to act his "Evangelist," and to lead others to the "delectable mountains." Of course, he came into conflict with the authorities, the authorities have always considered that the English Reformation was to bound itself within the limits of "the Church"—and the history of that idea is the history of the immense success of "dissent" whenever dissent has begun with the slightest genuineness at the bottom of it.

Mr. John Bunyan was "one of the first persons who was punished after the Restoration for nonconformity." He was described as "a pestilent fellow in the country"—in fact we know what kind of "fellow" he must have appeared to the gentry and such persons as "Dr Lindale," in Bedfordshire—a wandering, "fellow" worse than a poacher a regular bore—an interrupter of all good practices - a wandering, noisy, plebeian dog—making a hubbub about religion, which was clearly not his business,—he being a tinker, intended by nature for a priest—and not a priest intended by nature for a tinker, like the regular orthodox "fellows." He was brought up before the magistrates—compared to "Alexander the Coppersmith" by "Dr Lindale" (the wag!)—and so sent to Bedford Gaol Mr Southey thinks in the luckiest thing possible for him and perhaps it had its favourable side—no thanks to the [illegible] He stayed here twelve years, and wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress" under the shadow of an iron *chevaux de fr* When [illegible] he wandered about performing his [illegible] in London in 1668. He is buried in Bunhill Fields

By his "Pilgrim's Progress," John Bunyan will be known and loved when all else about him is forgotten and only to be found in Biographical Dictionaries It is a wonderful work and the most popular religious book in the English language. Allegory is never calculated to be popular, but Bunyan's allegory is so, though it is all allegory, and though the scenery has no mere romantic attraction, such as there is in the scenery of the Arabian Nights The scenery suggests no luxury like that of oriental scenery; nor either has it the merely human allurement of the island of Robinson Crusoe Both these celebrated works convey the intense feeling of "illusion" which makes the many feel them to be real—but anything is almost credible to a northern peasant about the East and the homely daily life—the realism of the animal life—in Defoe's romance, endows it with the same interest.

On the other hand, Bunyan's tale—that narrative so popular as a mere story—sets out with an obvious intention to teach religion—is interrupted by conversations, discursive and argumentative—gives names associated with the school and the bush to its personages—and yet one can fancy its being perfectly enjoyed by the vulgarest reprobate who ever raved about Tom Paine or denounced "the parson" Its distinct religious object prevents the "illusion" ever being complete, you never have time to get lost in "Vanity Fair" and mingle as a native there, as you do in Lilliput Your revery is always broken by a tap from honest John Bunyan's pastoral crook And yet the treatment is intensely real The abstractions are solid personages The scenes are real. In truth, the extreme truthfulness of the dramatic phraseology gives that air of reality to the whole. We may call this art, if we like; but it is an art which springs not from labour to produce effect, but from the entire and homely simplicity of John Bunyan's soul. He tells the tale of the marvellous journey with perfect good faith. You believe, and wonder, and you scarcely know whether you are asleep or awake. Reading the "Pilgrim's Progress" is like dreaming and knowing that it is a dream It carries you back in belief to the time when dreams were "from Jove;"—to the tree in the old mythology whose leaves were full of dreams. And indeed it illustrates singularly the passage about the gates of dreams in Virgil, it conveys its divine truths in the homeliest form as the true dreams are said, there, to come through the gate of horn.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated, not only into all the languages which disseminate genius among modern nations, but it is to be found in the Arabic and the Persian, and even in the tongue spoken by the people of Madagascar Never was any work more poetic, and yet never was any work written in more undeniable prose. Bunyan's life had told him that there is poetry and beauty in everything for those who have eyes to see. And the reader of his "Grace Abounding" who comes to the "Pilgrim's Progress," sees there the struggle of this man; how, when a mere stubbly or theological part of his feelings,—for he lived amid the din of "sects"—had burned itself away in smoke and noise, the steady light within him rose up, clear, and bright, and shadowless!

SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.—V.

THE LATER HISTORY OF SPAIN EPITOMISED.

The history of a country is discovered in the acts of her people, rather than in a narrative of the lives and doings of a succession of her kings. We shall endeavour, therefore, to bring our epitome down to the present day by a general description of events, in the place of the more ordinary chronological arrangement.

We have seen how the Moors—those brave and polite people, who did so much for the glory and honour of Europe—were driven out of the peninsula during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella—a period distinguished by an event of the greatest importance to Europe,—namely, the discovery of America by Columbus, under the patronage of the haughty Isabella. Another kind of interest attaches to the history of Spain from this period. We see her now, for the first time, intermeddling with, and mixed up in, the politics of the other European powers. The conquest of Granada, besides having the effect of driving the Saracens and Jews from that part of Europe, had also taught the Spanish kings the value of greatness; and the discovery of America was quickly followed by such extensive conquests and acquisitions in the New World, as could not fail to raise Spain into the very highest position with regard to the monarchies in the old.

The establishment of the inquisition, and the interference of Ferdinand in the affairs of France and Italy—an interference which had the effect of injuring the Italian peninsula, while it benefited none of the combatants—were the next important events in Spain On the death of Isabella, in 1506, the crown of Castile devolved on her daughter Joanna, the wife of Philip, archduke of Austria; and, on the death of the latter, on his son Charles V., afterwards Emperor of Germany. A few years later—on the 23rd of January, 1516—Ferdinand also died, after having appointed Cardinal Ximenes regent of Castile, until the arrival of his grandson Charles, who was then only sixteen years of age. The next year, then, saw the youthful Charles ascend the throne of Spain. Descended from two illustrious men, Ferdinand and Maximilian (the emperor elect of Germany), Charles was received by the Spaniards with the greatest enthusiasm; and his reign is considered one of the most splendid in Spanish history. In his time began a long and fearful struggle, which at one time threatened the liberties of Europe, but which was eventually settled by the intervention of England, on his retirement to the sovereignty of his paternal dominions, and the marriage of his son Philip to the English princess, and afterwards queen, Mary.

The war which Charles carried on with France was too vast an undertaking for his son; and as soon as the latter ascended the throne, his first care was to negotiate a peace through the instrumentality of England In this he was so far successful as to induce the pope to declare the French interlopers in Italy, and to persuade the rest of Europe that Spain was still a first-class power, so delusive are the notions of wealth obtained from a distant and unknown country—for it must be recollected that at this period the Spanish were the only people who had made any progress in colonising America. In the reign of Charles, Mexico was conquered by Hernandez Cortez, Peru was taken by Pizarro, the Straits of Magellan were discovered, and the germ of the Reformation was first felt in Europe; but during the feeble rule of Philip, no very great or worthy acts are recorded. Dying in 1598, he bequeathed to his successor the kingdoms of Naples, Sicily, Belgium, and Portugal. In the reign of Philip III.—a weak and superstitious prince—the remnant of the Moriscoes, or descendants of the Moors, were finally expelled from Spain.

The reign of Philip IV. began in 1621, and was marked by few acts of importance, if we except the insurrection of Portugal in 1640, and an unsuccessful war carried on against France, chiefly in the Netherlands, and concluded in 1659 by the peace of the Pyrenees. To this monarch succeeded

Charles II., the last prince of the house of Austria. He was feeble in body and incapable in mind, and though he reigned thirty-two years (1668-1700) no splendid acts of private or national concern are recorded of the period. On his death began the well-known war for the succession to the Spanish dominions, which lasted thirteen years, and in which Spain, France, England, Holland, and Italy, all engaged.

The victories of our great Marlborough and the chivalrous Prince Eugene, could not prevent, however, the French branch of the royal family from gaining the Spanish throne; and so it was decreed—by the peace of Utrecht, in 1713,—that the grandson of Louis XIV. should reign in the peninsula, and that the Belgian provinces should revert to the house of Austria. Though these may be somewhat dry details, they are nevertheless necessary to be remembered by all who would obtain a knowledge of the history of Spain; and having gone thus far with us, we doubt not that the reader will accompany us to the end of our journey.

Philip V., the first Spanish king of the house of Bourbon, reigned long, but not prosperously. In 1718 he lost the greater part of his navy in a war with England, and in 1733 he recovered the kingdom of Naples. The peace of Utrecht had stripped Spain of her European possessions, and nothing was left to Philip but the Peninsula and the American colonies, the latter consisting rather of honorary titles than profitable dominions. By that peace, Belgium, Naples, Sicily, and Milan were given to Austria, Sardinia to Savoy, Minorca and Gibraltar to England, which latter fortress we still possess. Although Alberoni afterwards conceived the bold design of restoring Spain to her former rank among the nations, the quadruple alliance between England, France, Austria, and Holland defeated all his plans, and in 1721 king Philip abdicated in favour of his son Louis. The prince dying, however, of the smallpox a few months afterwards, Philip was compelled to resume the crown; and, after renewing hostilities with England in 1739, died in his turn (in 1746), and his son Ferdinand VI. reigned in his stead.

This Ferdinand, a brave and prudent prince, appears to have had no disposition to keep up the war which his father had begun; and in his reign, therefore, we find Spain once more at peace with all the world. Unfortunately for his count he died too early—in 1759—and his son Charles III. succeeded to his throne. Wanting the strength of character of Ferdinand, Charles was soon engaged in the war then raging between France and England; and the consequence was that many of the transatlantic possessions of Spain were transferred to this country. After wasting much blood and treasure in fighting, the only course was to make peace, and so a peace was concluded between the island and the peninsula, which continued till 1778. In that year, however, Spain, hitherto neutral, was induced to take part in the quarrel between England and her North American colonies Out of this war she came, however, with somewhat better success; for, by the peace of 1783, she obtained the Floridas and the island of Minorca.

The next king of Spain was Charles IV., who succeeded to the throne in 1788, and speedily became involved in the great European quarrel at that time in full progress. Though at first allowed to be neutral, the monarch was soon made a party to the coalition against republican France; but was, after Prussia, the first of the great powers to conclude a treaty of peace. This took place in July, 1795, but in a little more than a year the wavering cabinet of Spain joined its late opponent, declared war against Great Britain, and received, on the 14th of February, 1797, from Lord St. Vincent, a most memorable proof of our naval superiority.

In the war of 1803, between England and France, Spain, though subject to the influence of Bonaparte, and paying him a monthly tribute of five millions of francs, avoided an open rupture with her ancient enemy. But the British government, believing that the Cabinet of Madrid only waited the arrival of the treasure ships from South America to openly declare war and side with Napoleon, boldly, and without any previous declaration of war, seized on and captured four Spanish frigates returning from the New World freighted with precious metals. This measure, which is indefensible, considered by itself, was sufficient to arouse the dormant energies of a fiery and courageous people, and war with Great Britain, was declared forthwith. But sad reverses awaited the Spaniards; and in the battle of Trafalgar, fought in 1805, the naval supremacy of Great Britain over Spain and France was at once and completely established.

But the interest of foreign warfare was, ere long, overborne by intestine divisions. Ferdinand, the heir apparent to the Spanish throne, coming to open variance with his father, the existing dissensions were eagerly seized by Bonaparte as a pretext for invading the peninsula. The description of the battles on land, and the engagements at sea at this period, belong to a more exact relation than is here attempted; but the compulsory abdication of the royal family of Spain—which took place at Bayonne in 1808—was one of their well-known consequences. This abdication was followed by a general insurrection against the French; which, though kept down for a time by military force, continued in active, though desultory operation, shortened greatly the movements and supplies of the French, and contributed most materially to the success of the British arms.

The evacuation of the Spanish territory by the French took place in the western Pyrenees, after the battle of Vittoria (June 21, 1813), and in the eastern division of the county in the succeeding spring. Ferdinand VII. was now restored to the throne—a consummation to which the reverses of Bonaparte in Egypt, no less, perhaps, than the successes of Wellington, Graham, and Hill in the peninsula, most materially and directly contributed. "Thus ended, after six years of continual struggle, one of the most sanguinary wars on record, in which one is at a loss which to admire most, the courage and perseverance of the Spanish nation, or the steady discipline of the British troops, and the high military talent of their commander!"

In the short contest against Bonaparte in 1815, Spain participated in the views of the allied powers, without however entering the French territory Her only subsequent armaments were expeditions, feeble and indifferently conducted, against her insurgent colonies. In the management of the interior of the kingdom, Ferdinand "seemed to study only the revival of abuses, and the degradation of those who had come forward in the cause of their fatherland against the advances of Napoleon." The dissatisfaction and indignation thus excited, led, in the beginning of 1820, to open insubordination on the part of the military force destined for America, and produced "in the course of that and the next years, a revolution of great importance, by which the constitution of the Cortez, as established in 1812, was restored, and such salutary restraints established on the power of the Crown as seemed best calculated for securing the rights of the people."

The more recent history of Spain has been one of intrigue and imbecility. The French revolution of 1830 caused some little commotion in the peninsula; but it was speedily suppressed. Ferdinand had married Christina, daughter of the king of Naples; and in 1830 there was born to them a female child, named Isabella. The war of succession, consequent on the death of Ferdinand in 1833, which took place between Don Carlos, the heir of the old *régime*, and the asserters of the rights of the youthful queen, lasted till 1835, when it was settled through the intervention of England, and in favour of Isabella. The civil wars had lasted three years, and during the course of them much ill-blood had been generated between the Carlists and the adherents of Christina, the queen-mother. Changes of administration, foreign debts, a dissipated people, and a partially cultivated country, were the natural and inevitable consequences of such a state of things. The intervention of France, and the marriage of the children of Louis Philippe into the royal family of Spain, seem only to open a vista of further inquietude for this unhappy country. Bankrupt in fortune and in fame, the government of the present is only enabled to stagger on from day to day, under its load of debt and dishonour, by the favour of the clergy and the prestige of its, even yet, rather formidable army. The greatness and glory of Spain exist only in the records of the past, of which hundreds still remain in the shape of ruined palace and moated castle, and terraced vineyard and picturesque houses, and a half Mohammedan population.

Of the characteristics of these latter, and the general features of the country, as well as of the many peculiarities of this charming but unfortunate corner of Europe, we have yet to speak.

A VOICE FROM AUSTRALIA:

BEING A GENUINE LETTER FROM AN EMIGRANT, *verbatim et literatum*

Lightwood Farm, Mount Moriac.

DEAR CHARLES,—We received your letter of 30th May on the 12th September, and I should have answered it before had I not wished to give you a full account of the state of affairs in Port Philip at the present time. You will of course have heard ere this of the gold discovery both at Bathurst and Bunomyong, and it is extraordinary what a great difference it has made here already, as there are about 9,000 to 10,000 persons at the gold diggings. Some have left responsible situations in town, working men of all descriptions have gone, among them four of my brothers and Mr N——— (my partner), who are doing very well now, although the first fortnight they did not get much. They dug three holes; the first two they came to water, the next one to pipeclay; and then they went to a hole that had been abandoned by a bullock-driver who had got 1 cwt. of gold out of it, and they are now getting about 3 oz a day, and perhaps next week they may get 50 oz a day, or even more, as many have averaged £100 per day per man, although, perhaps, at first unsuccessful Of course there are many who get scarcely any, but then they go expecting to find the gold without any hard-work, and without being properly equipped for it; and after a week or a fortnight they return disgusted, and say they had no luck. Our party took provisions for two months with them, and they went with the determination of stopping, at all events, until harvest, so as to give it a fair trial, and I have no doubt but that they will be very successful. Now to give you some idea of the alteration it makes even at the farm,—our man Tom has been to the diggings with our dray and team since taking our party up there, and has received for the carriage of 2,300 lb of goods, £26, and he went up there and down again in nine days He will start and take a load both up and down again, making upwards of £30, in about ten days, the distance being only 56 miles from Geelong, but it requires a good team, as the road is awful in some places We give him a share in it, as it is much the best plan, for then the more he makes the more he gets, and of course he will do his best for his interest as well as ours

I am sorry you are not here now, as I have no doubt you could get a good situation as manager of a store up there or in town, as so many have left their situations in every station of society But ordinarily this is not the place for either clerks or managers, as merchants, storekeepers, &c, will not employ new comers, except at very small salaries, until they get colonial experience—the mode of doing business here being very different to what it is in England, and there are so many clerks come out here who are glad to do anything, and in fact are obliged to work or starve. Whilst we were stopping at Melbourne, there was an advertisement for a collector to the hospital, and there were no less than 700 applications, so that you will at once see you would not have a chance of getting a good berth, unless you had the appointment in England, or you happened to come out at some such time as the present

If you could come here with some capital, then I have no doubt you would do well, but when here, you would have to determine quickly what course you intended to pursue, as it does not do to dilly dally, as lodgings and necessaries of every kind in town are very high—flour £3 per bag of 200 lb., water in Melbourne 5*s* per cask, and nearly everything in proportion, except meat, which is 2½d. per lb.. for, in consequence of the gold diggings, labour is excessively high, so that nothing is so cheap as it was three months ago, and storekeepers, &c., are obliged to pay their men double wages, and more, even then, very often they will leave But we cannot complain, as, should prices keep up, we shall get from 10*s*. to 12*s*. per bushel for our wheat, and there is every prospect of our getting a good crop, as it looks splendid.

We often think of you and Amelia, and wish you were here You would be astonished at what we have done in nine months, having grubbed more than 50 acres of land, of which 36 are cropped, having sown 30 acres of wheat, between 4 and 5 of potatoes, and better than 1 acre of barley. From our having done so much in such a short time, you may think it very easy work, but I can tell you it is thundering hard work, and I can assure you that although Mr. N. and myself were never accustomed to work in England, we have beaten all our neighbours hollow. Most of them are working men who have saved money and bought small farms; in fact five of them (one of whom has been nine months longer here than us) have not cleared and cropped altogether as much as we have. Besides which, we have dug two water-holes, put up two miles of brush-fences, and fenced and dug a garden of quarter of an acre, out of which we have had peas, cabbages, cauliflowers, radishes, &c. In short, I question if you would believe me if I told you all we have done since we have been here, with the assistance of only one man and my brother Ted, who has been worth a Jew's-eye, he having driven the bullocks during the whole of the ploughing season.

Nancy and myself have been here alone since our party went to the diggings, and we are as comfortable as we could wish. Whenever we want anything, I ride on horseback into town and bring it out in front of the saddle. Our mare is a fine animal, and will do almost anything,—plough, drag off timber, &c., and in fact has been very useful all through the winter, as the road into Geelong was in a most awful state in the wet season, almost impassable for a dray; and the only way that we could get fresh meat was by sending our horse into town with one of my brothers, and it would bring out a hundredweight and a half across the saddle; and now that our team is away it is especially useful Nancy is, I am happy to say, very well, getting quite fat and stout, with such an appetite; and our dear child is very well and very troublesome. We wish, for your sake and Amelia's, that you could come out, as I have no doubt but that this climate would do wonders. We are very pleased, everything looks so beautiful now,—the grass is so splendidly green, and the wild flowers here are lovely, and in millions, in England some of them would fetch any price; and, with our prospects of getting on, I can only say that they exceed my fondest expectations—as even this year, after deducting the amount which we shall require for next year's expenses, we shall clear by the crop alone (independently of the diggings and carting) more than I could make (extra work included) in England in one year, and leave nothing to put by; besides which we have a nice cottage, fifty acres of cleared land and as many more uncleared, so that every year we can either add to our farm or invest the money elsewhere.

We could not have arrived here at a better time, for we have made a home before the diggings were found, and we can now look out and watch for opportunities of investing our spare cash elsewhere. Should my party make anything extraordinary between this and harvest, I shall go with them after then, when one of my sisters will stop with my darling, and we shall get a man and his wife to be on the farm whilst we are away, so as not to neglect the farm for the sake of the diggings.

The price of wheat here being likely to be very high for some time, as the New Zealand settlements will require to be supplied for some years, and many of the labourers have left Van Diemen's Land for Port Philip and Sydney, and will continue to do so as long as the gold fever lasts, besides which I have no doubt but that the emigration from England and elsewhere will be very great, as gold digging in this colony is likely to become a permanent means of livelihood to many thousands, and they must all be fed they cannot eat gold They are finding out fresh places every day, and there seems to be no doubt but that the gold-fields extend all through the high ranges both in Port Philip and New South Wales, and are only terminated by the sea, about from 12 to 60 miles from our farm Indeed, gold has been found only 14 miles from us, out in the Wurnnbeet and Iron Bark Forests; and I intend to go out there prospecting in a week or two, as I can get away early in the morning, and back again from there in the evening

A week or two back, there was some doubt as to whether there would be hands sufficient for reaping, &c, as some of the farmers have a great deal of wheat in, but now they consider it safe. Taken altogether, there is not so much land in cultivation this year as two years back, a good deal of it being run out, but farms will increase very much, I expect, next year, as many of those who have got a quantity of gold are buying land at the Government Land Sales, and some has fetched a very high price. Land four and five miles farther from town than us sold from £2 to £4 per acre I went to town to buy some, expecting it would go cheaper But, however, as it was the first Government Sale at Geelong, there was a good deal of competition. Perhaps next sale I shall have better luck.

The government are selling the land in smaller lots. Formerly it was 640 acres, but now from 78 to 320 acres. I want to get from 200 to 320 acres at £1 per acre—that being the upset price —and then I shall be pretty well satisfied, as, after it is grubbed and fenced, the land is worth from £5 to £6 per acre, and even more than that in some places. So you may judge how property increases in value in a new country.

However, I must now conclude this rambling epistle; and trusting that you may some day join us here with your dear wife's health improved, believe me to be, yours, &c., J. H. R———.

ANGER.—The anger that is violent and transitory is like the rage of a lion—that which is snappish and irritable, and is prolonged through a variety of unmanly and hasty ebullitions, resembles the action of the sneaking, cowardly cur-dog, which growls, barks, and wishes to bite you, but is afraid to approach and assail you in right earnest

THE LITTLE FLOWER:

A DUTCH LEGEND.

A LITTLE child was dead, and its guardian angel bore its soul to heaven. Already they had passed over the opulent city, the fields covered with the ripe corn, the woods, where the axe of the woodsman was sounding. As they glided along, these things seemed unnoticed by the angel, but presently arriving at a poor village he stayed his flight, and his eyes looked down upon the scene. He saw a ruined cottage, everything about it had the appearance of desolation, rank weeds had sprung up in the once pretty garden, and the place seemed a wilderness. The angel looked for a long time upon the deserted home, and, lo! hidden from the sunshine, he saw at last a pale little flower, and descending close by, he plucked it carefully.

The spirit of the child asked why his guardian was thus arrested by so poor a thing as a field flower, without beauty and without perfume. And the angel answered,—

"Thou seest in that cabin a ruin The snow gathers on the roof, the rain pours through the fissures in the wall In that cottage once dwelt a child of thine own age—a child who was afflicted—whose frail and delicate frame was ill-suited for the world's rough life. The child scarcely ever quitted his bed of straw—through the long, long, weary days, and through the long, long nights, he lay there—sometimes supported by crutches getting out into that garden, and taking two or three turns up and down, but very, very seldom—even that little exertion was too much for him to bear He loved to watch the rays of the joyous sun pour through the window, the poor little creature rejoiced in the light, the blood seemed to circulate more freely in his little veins, and as a tender form bent over him, and kissed his forehead, he would say, 'I am better now'

"He never saw the verdure of the fields nor the rich foliage of the forest. When the other children of the village were sporting with the wild flowers, and waking up the echoes in the wood, he lay upon his little bed, when the beautiful flowers of the summer put forth their leaves in the light, when the birds sang merrily and spread their wings, and flew upwards to the sky, when there was not a cloud in the deep blue heaven, and when the autumn came, and fading leaves grew red and golden, and lay on the thick grass—the poor child grew worse One day his eldest sister, who loved and cared for him as a mother, brought him a little flower with its root, and planted it in a pot of earth And God prospered the flower. It was the garden of the sick child. To him it was the deep water, the blue sky, the shady forest,—all creation.

"They placed the little flower on the window-sill, that the sick child might look upon it, and his little heart was glad as he saw its leaves bright and beautiful in the sunshine and he looked upon it as upon the face of a friend But when God took the little martyr to his own home, the child's family quitted the village, and the house was left desolate, the garden was deserted, and the flower was forgotten, but, by the providence of God, that little blossom was preserved, and that it is which I have now plucked from the moist earth'

"But why have you told me all this?" said the spirit of the child.

"I am myself," replied the angel, 'the poor afflicted child, whose chief solace in life was that little flower God permitted me to suffer in the world, but he has given me now the joys of paradise; but old love is strong, and I would have given the brightest star in the heaven which is now my home, for the poor little field-flower I have this day found.'

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

THERE is a large-hearted writer of the present day, with whose name and works we are most of us acquainted; one who has, as much as any man of his period, dedicated his genius to the improvement of his fellow-creatures in a most pleasing manner. Well-known as the possessor of an original mind, he is best appreciated as a nicely selecting and faithful translator, a transplanter from the soil of other languages into the very mould or finest part of our own, of the fruit-and-flower-like ideas of the minds of men belonging to other ages and to other lands. I refer to Leigh Hunt, now well down the vale of years, but young, they say, at heart as ever; who has industriously written during a long lifetime, and through almost the whole of whose works there flows a fine, clear, bold, brotherly feeling, not the fraternity *à la mode* of a neighbouring nation, but fraternity, I do believe, honestly felt as it is ever earnestly and beautifully expressed. Mr. Hunt has made a rhythmical paraphrase of an oriental fable, which is a favourite of mine:—

> Abou-Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase),
> Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
> And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
> Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
> An Angel writing in a book of gold:—
> Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
> And to the presence in the room he said,
> "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
> And with a voice made all of sweet accord,
> Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord"
> "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay not so,"
> Replied the angel Abou spoke more low,
> But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
> Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
> The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
> It came again with a great 'wakening light,
> And showed the names whom love of God had bless'd,
> And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest

And thus it is. God's love and blessing ever must, and will follow man's love to man. What are the words of the Divine Philanthropist, he who came to show us how heavenly a thing, a perfectly good heart is? "This is my commandment, that ye love one another." In contrast to this truly godlike precept, how very appears the prevailing selfishness of the world which we feel in our bosoms, and can trace in the conduct of almost every one about us! How eagerly do we all listen to what Carlyle somewhere calls "the Gospel of Mammonism!" Personal comfort, personal health, personal aggrandisement, personal knowledge, personal salvation—these are what we strive for. Of *pseudo*, or sham philanthropists, the name is legion! There is not a nook or corner but has its philanthropist, its "public-spirited man." There is for instance, the Dreaming Philanthropist, upon whom (it may be, after an unusual enjoyment of his luxuries), the frightful ignorance and misery of the dense masses of our poor, suddenly crowd like a horrid nightmare, shaking him up into a delirious waking state, only to glare blindly out for a moment into a world he thinks too dark to look into long, to marvel at the strange shock he had so unexpectedly experienced, and to close his eyes, to fold his arms, and to compose himself once more to his selfish sleep, praying that he may not again be similarly agitated; or else, who lies in a tranquil and unbroken repose, radiant with elysian visions of what the world might be, and what the world doubtless will be!—sufficient food, sufficient clothing, sufficient employment, sufficient remuneration, to everybody!—all deficiencies in our social system remedied, all abuses terminated, all old things of this nature passed away, and a new world begun; and yet who is all the while as motionless and as useless as a dead body.

Then there is the talking Philanthropist, who exhausts his vocabulary in benevolent speech, and who will prattle "good will on earth" by the hour. He will deafen you with jeremiads over "the sad state of things,"—with censure of "public bodies"—with his schemes of "total reformation." He will even talk against mere talking; and, regarding him, we might be satisfied that if words, and above all "I might, could, would, or should," were able to arrest the busy arm of drunkenness, or could drag out of our crowded wynds and courts the grim hag Filth, who squats or creeps along muttering fever-curses; or could lighten the cares and increase the domestic comfort of the toil-worn mechanic, or could in any way strengthen the weak and raise the bowed down—earth would ere long become one round Eden, and mankind once more enjoy celestial happiness, even here!

Then there is one whom I would call (though it may sound paradoxical) the Professional or Interested Philanthropist; and of this class the number is very great. Without being more particular, I would simply remark, that in my opinion to it belongs a large body of literary men in this day; who, taking advantage of the wonderful and glorious movement and elevation in the minds of our working classes, live by expressions of feigned sympathy and unfelt appeal: nay, who take to themselves in no small degree the credit of the change. "Movement-men," I think they call themselves. Just as if a puny mortal, borne along by a resistless and sublime billow, should, lifting up and clapping his hands, exclaim, "Here we go. I said it. Let us still advance!" Oh, it is eminently

absurd! The minds of such men, to the minds of those they profess to teach, are whipt cream to the surge of the sea. The most influential are but instruments in great changes; and many of the most important changes which happen seem little indebted even to human agency. Of those *pseudo*-friends of mankind, I would only refer to two others—and these are the Philanthropists in one direction, whose benevolence, like a lantern with one side, only sends out a single and solitary beam of scrutiny and cheerfulness into the surrounding gloom, and who, strange to say, can be almost cruel to all the rest of the world to be kind to a particular section of it; and the Philanthropist who is one from his love of scheme, his ambition of being successful in a plan, and who resembles a tiger in this respect, that, if he misses his leap, he retires into his jungle. Now, in opposition to these, what is the true Philanthropist? First of all, he is rare. Unlike the dreamer he is what may be called a wakened and risen man; he has "got up and set to work." He has looked, and continues to look with daylight eyes into suffering and abuse. He sacrifices, or rather devotes, for it is no sacrifice, his thought, his means, his life, to doing good. He may pay more particular attention to one subject than another, but he is comprehensive and impartial in his good-heartedness. No wrong escapes his observation; no opportunity of being of advantage to others is lost by him, if possible. If he fails in one scheme, he tries another. He is unchilled by the want of co-operation, unstaunted by opposition, not discouraged by present failure. He remembers that his cause is good, although some of his means may have proved, and others may again prove useless. He keeps his eye, as it were, on the distant light, although he may have no companion, though he may be surrounded with brakes, and often may have gone far and hopefully upon the wrong path. Above all, he acts, and without action and perseverance he is no true philanthropist. If Howard had merely been a dreamer about their sufferings, what gloom and squalor might not prisoners be enduring at this very time in their lonely dungeons, in addition to their loss of liberty! If Wilberforce had merely gossiped of the damning disgrace, instead of labouring incessantly, and in many ways for fifty long years, the slave might even now be clanking his fetters and shivering beneath the whip, an article of traffic and the subject of mockery and brutelike degradation. If the amiable Elizabeth Fry had merely sat and wept in her closet over her fallen sisters, instead of going, as she did, into their crowded and sin-festering cells, and raising a voice there, like that of Ben Adhem's vision, "made all of sweet accord," how many miserable women might still be blaspheming and moulding into eternal ruin there! If Lord Ashley had been a mere philochemist, and notoriety-seeking man, instead of being actuated by true and increasing humanity (which grows by what it feeds on), how many poor girls might still, with belt-rutted brows and straining limbs, be dragging the heaped trucks through the narrow and dark avenues of the coal-mine! And how many poor children might still be lifting up the cry—

> "Oh, we are weary,
> And we cannot run or leap—
> If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
> To drop down in them and sleep.
>
> Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
> We fall upon our faces, trying to go,
> And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping
> The reddest flower would seem as pale as snow.
>
> For all day long we drag our burdens tiring
> Through the coal-dark underground,
> Or, all day, we turn the wheels of iron
> In the factories, round and round."

THERE are prouder themes (says Verplank) for the eulogist than the schoolmaster. The praise of the statesman, the warrior, or the orator, furnishes more splendid topics for ambitious eloquence; but no theme can be more rich in desert, or more fruitful in public advantage.

Of satires (says Frederick the Great) I think as Epictetus did.—"If evil be said of thee, and it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it." By dint of time and experience I have learnt to be a good post-horse. I go through my appointed stage, and care not for the curs who bark at me along the road.

THE WONDERS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

THE population of London exceeds that of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany by 300,000, that of the Grand Duchy of Baden by upwards of 500,000, and is nearly or about five times the amount of the population of Nassau. According to kingdoms that fill more or less prominent rôles on the great stage of the political drama, we get the following results.—London is within 4 or 500,000 of half the population of Bavaria, exceeds by upwards of 100,000 half the population of Belgium, and by 400,000 half the population of Holland; is equal to the whole population of Hanover; exceeds the whole population of Westphalia by 450,000, and is considerably more than the whole population of Greece.

Some of us may learn for the first time that "if the streets of the metropolis were put together they would extend 3,000 miles in length," that "the main thoroughfares are traversed by 3,000 omnibuses and 3,500 cabs, employing 40,000 horses." Few of us, perhaps, have considered what amount of meat and drink is annually required to keep London on the move. In 1849, Murray tells us the metropolis alone consumed 1,000,000 quarters of wheat, 240,000 bullocks, 1,700,000 sheep, 28 000 calves, and 35,000 pigs. One market alone supplied 4,024,400 head of game. London, the same year, ate 3,000,000 salmon, which were washed down by 43,200,000 gallons of porter and ale, 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 65,000 pipes of wine. 13,000 cows are yearly required for London milk, and reckoning two gallons a-day from every cow, we have here, "say" 72,000 gallons of "London peculiar" consumed, if not enjoyed, by the London inhabitants. 360,000 gas lights range the streets. London's arterial or water system supplies, it seems, a quantity of 44,383,328 gallons per day," a thousand men are employed in bringing annually to London 3,000,000 tons of coal, and to clothe and wait upon London's people we have no fewer than 23,517 tailors, 26,579 bootmakers, 2,000 milliners and dressmakers, and 168,701 domestic servants.

There are 3,000 omnibuses in London and the suburbs, which carry not less than 300,000,000 passengers yearly, a number equal to one-third of the population of the world—employing 11,000 men, and working a capital of £1,000,000, with an annual expenditure of £1,700,000, and paying to the revenue a duty of £100,000, or as much as all the stage-coaches in the empire contributed before the establishment of railways.

These dry figures suggest a lively idea of the perfection to which we have brought the art of packing, illustrating to the last extremity the economical problem of the greatest possible number in the smallest possible space. Assuming the area of London to be nineteen square miles, it yields us a population on each mile of 130,000 human creatures, performing within that stinted compass all the operations of life and death, mixed up in a fearful *melée* of passions and interests, luxury and starvation, debauchery and criminality, hard work and idleness, besides an infinity of occupations—useful, ornamental, and mischievous, making love, begging alms, picking pockets, juggling, grinding organs, rolling in carriages, exhibiting "happy families" in the streets, and returning at night to unspeakable misery at home.

STATISTICS OF LONDON PAWNBROKING.

THE number of duly Licensed Pawnbrokers in London, and the suburban parishes, is about four hundred, but this does not include Loan Societies, or Money Lenders, whose transactions are in sums over £10. The number of persons entering, and transacting business at the various Licensed Pawnbrokers in London, daily, is one hundred and sixty thousand, or about forty-eight millions annually. The amount of Capital invested in the various Pawnbroking Establishments of London is about one million four hundred thousand pounds. The amount of Money Loaned by them, in various sums but principally in sums of less than £1, amounts to upwards of five millions of pounds annually. The amount of Interest paid to the various Pawnbrokers in London is upwards of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds annually, and that chiefly by the working classes. The amount of property left unredeemed, with the various Pawnbrokers of London is upwards of two hundred thousand pounds annually.

The amount of stolen property pledged with Pawnbrokers is very low, being as one to nine thousand compared with their other transactions.

When we consider that these figures do not include Loan Societies which are but pawnbroking establishments of a higher class, or the numerous public houses and "Dolly Shops" where a regular system of pawnbroking is carried on, we must conclude this to be a subject well worthy the attention of the statesman and the philanthropist.

PARTHUS.

ANOTHER REMINISCENCE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

CHINA, PORCELAIN, EARTHENWARE, &c.

In Classes I., XXV., XXVI., and XXVIII. of the Official Catalogue, we have first the raw materials of which pottery and porcelain are composed, and secondly the finished articles in various forms. We purpose, without entering at large into the history of the manufacture, to speak of the British contributions in china, earthenware, &c. The taste for elegant designs in statuary porcelain, parian, &c. has greatly increased of late; the consequence, doubtless, of the untiring efforts made by our great manufacturers, assisted by the master-mind of the artist. The difficulties to be overcome consequent on the shrinking of the clay in the process of burning, the comparative novelty of the art and the want of the necessary experience in the artists, have combined to render statuary porcelains rather expensive; but there is little doubt that, as these difficulties are gradually conquered, exquisite designs in art-manufacture may be brought within the reach of the artisan and the cottager.

The ceramic art in England owes its celebrity mainly to the exertions and enterprise of Josiah Wedgwood. Before his time the pottery made in this country was of a rather poor and meagre description; but the improvements he introduced both in material and design, speedily attracted public attention, and a market was found for English earthenware in every country in the world. In 1763 he procured a patent for a superior kind of table porcelain called Queen's ware, and besides this he introduced into his works at Etruria—the village built by him in Staffordshire, and not inappropriately named,—various kinds of porcelain, hitherto but little known in England, such as biscuit ware and a terra-cotta resembling porphyry. This public-spirited man was the projector of the Grand Trunk Canal, which unites the Trent and the Mersey, and the inventor of an instrument for measuring degrees of heat called the Pyrometer. From a mean beginning he rose to great wealth and consideration; and when he died, in 1795, was a member of several royal and learned societies.

For the ordinary purposes of domestic life the pottery of Staffordshire—the great hive of this manufacture for more than two centuries—is all sufficient; but the great success achieved in the royal establishments of Sèvres and Dresden has at length induced our manufacturers to turn their attention to the production of the fine and more expensive kinds of porcelain. And with what success, a glance at the engraving introduced will be the best answer.

Sixty exhibitors represented the progress of the ceramic art in the Great Exhibition of 1851; of whom, on the part of Great Britain, one—Messrs. H. Minton and Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent—obtained a council medal; twelve were rewarded with the prize medal; and thirteen received honourable mention in the report of the commissioners. The only other council medal was awarded to the French porcelain manufactory at Sèvres; and of the remaining prize medals, France obtained five; Austria, two; the States of the German Zollverein, four; and Russia, Portugal, Denmark, Bavaria, and India, each one. The "honourable mentions" twenty-seven in number, were thus apportioned. United Kingdom, thirteen; France and Algiers, six; the Zollverein, four; Austria, two; Turkey and Switzerland, each one. By this it will be seen that our manufacturers have no reason to complain of want of consideration at the hands of the jury, they having individually received the same kind of compliment bestowed on the royal manufactories of Dresden, Copenhagen, Meissen, St. Petersburg, and Prussia.

Of the British Exhibitors the highest places must be assigned to Messrs. Minton and Copeland, the first for the application of new means and resources in the art, and the last for the general excellence of their display. But while we select the productions of the first of these firms for illustration, we must by no means forget that Messrs. T. and R. Boote, Mr. J. Bourne, Messrs. T. Wedgwood and Sons, the successors of the famous Josiah—Messrs. John Ridgway and Co., Mr. S. Alcock, Mr. T. Dimmock, and Messrs. J. Rose and Co., have, each in their own way, produced excellent specimens of porcelain and earthenware, china and chemical pottery. If, in the higher branches of the art, our manufacturers must at present yield to the claims of their continental neighbours, it must not be forgotten that their experience in the production of ordinary domestic utensils is the best possible apprenticeship they could undergo, to enable them to compete with the artists of Sèvres and Dresden. Where strength and utility are the main requisites, the wares of Staffordshire may challenge the world; but if to these be superadded beauty of design, elegance of colour, chaste ornamentation and truthfulness of detail, we fear the palm of victory will be bestowed elsewhere. Educate the workman, make the artisan an artist, and the public will speedily second your endeavours and applaud your exertions; but neglect the advantages which the display of 1851 opened up to you, and the pre-eminence of foreign art will be established, and the seal for ever set on national improvement.

But to return to our illustration. The contributions of Messrs. Minton consisted of the raw materials employed in the manufacture and ornamentation of porcelain,—clay from the decomposed rocks of Cornwall, calcined bone, oxides, &c.,—many specimens of colours after having been tested in the furnace; earthenware in the different stages of its manufacture; chemical utensils in hard porcelain; terra-cotta tiles in imitation of majolica ware; vases, flower-pots, &c. in terra-cotta; encaustic tiles, ornamental vases, &c., in fine porcelain, with statuettes and bas-reliefs in parian, after designs by Cellini Thorwaldsen, John Bell, Westmacott, Daneker, and others.

The clay of Cornwall, which is used in the production of the finest porcelain, consists wholly of decomposed felspar of granite, large masses of which abound in the neighbourhood of the Land's End. It is technically known in the potteries as "china clay," and is prepared on the spot. It was discovered, in 1765, by Mr. Cookworthy, of Plymouth, to contain the elements, silica and alumina, of the true kaolin and "petuntsee" of the Chinese. It is occasionally found in a partially decomposed state; when it is broken up in small lumps and laid in a stream of running water. By these means the light argillaceous parts are washed off and kept in suspension; and the quartz and mica being separated, are allowed to subside. The pure clay being thus carried along with the stream, is eventually recovered by a very primitive process. Every here and there the water is arrested in a kind of catchpool; and, being allowed to subside, the clay is afterwards dug out in square masses. These are placed on a series of shelves called "linnees," which are so arranged as to allow of the passage of a free current of air to properly dry the clay. Thus prepared, the Cornish clay is of a pure white; and, being afterwards crushed, forms the impalpable powder so useful to the potter.

In the production the different kinds of porcelain and earthenware various combinations of similar materials are used by all manufacturers in all countries; the clay furnishes the plasticity necessary to the formation of a graceful outline, the bone assists in producing that semi-transparency, so much admired, and the flint imparts to the object the necessary vitreous or strengthening quality. All manufacturers, however, have their secrets; and from the potter, so often alluded to in the Scriptures, down to the latest artist in parian, each has probably had his own peculiar method of producing the necessary hardness, strength, and colour. Into the secrets of the "mixing room," however, we have no desire to intrude.

The group of porcelain, known now as the "Queen's dessert service," from the fact of its having been purchased by Her Majesty,—a fact of no slight importance, when the known good taste of our gracious sovereign is considered,—is, perhaps, one of the most splendid ever produced by an English manufacturer. Its peculiarities consist in the free introduction of parian figures, the immense variety and beauty of its colours,—turquoise and gold, rose tint and or-molu,—and the exquisite taste with which the whole is made to harmonise. In fact the service is "royal" in every respect.

No fewer than eighteen pairs of vases, many of which are after the old Sèvres pattern, and decorated with new and elegant designs, appear in Messrs. Minton's collection. Of course they are resplendent with gold and colours, wreaths of flowers, and fairy landscapes, such as never existed beyond a poet's imagination; birds of paradise with even more than nature's bright adornings; and groups of fruit more blooming and more rich than could by any possibility have ever grown on trees. Besides these, there are vases and flower-pots in terra-



cotta from designs by Baron Marochetti and Thorwaldsen; wine coolers of porous ware, ornamented with festoons of vine-leaves and grapes, ewers, garden-seats, tiles, and tea-urns in every variety of colour and form. The group our artist has chosen for illustration consists of a large figure of Galatea with Cupid and the Dolphin, designed for a conservatory fountain; pillars of enamelled bricks, introduced to show how the exterior of houses may be decorated and rendered waterproof without the aid of paint or other ornament; perforated flower-stands with porcelain plants; nautilus and stand, in the majolicas or old Italian style, in which the glaze is imitated with great success; and an encaustic tile showing the kind of ornament which is proposed as a substitute for paper in the decoration of interiors.

Statuettes in parian, after the most successful models; busts of Michael Angelo and Raphael, by John Bell; candlesticks with figures in the style of Louis XV.; chimneypieces, brackets, jugs, butter-coolers, tazzas, Pompeian cups, inkstands, cardtrays, and a set of chessmen from designs by John Bell, complete the magnificent show made by Messrs. Minton and Co. in the Great Exhibition of the Nations.

Stoke-upon-Trent is prolific of art and industry; for here are situated the porcelain works of Mr Alderman Copeland, of whose contributions to the World's Fair most of our readers will remember specimens. To the competitive industry of this gentleman we are indebted, not only for many charming figures in parian, carrara, &c., but in no small degree for the improvement of the public taste—for it is admitted that he was the first to carry forward the views of those artists who considered the introduction of beautiful forms at an available price as likely to become popular. Nor is this all. The taste for graceful forms being found on the increase, Mr. Copeland was not slow in supplying the demand created. And thus employment was found for numerous artists, and many a dwelling was made to look gay, and almost classical, which else had wanted decoration.

Form is the grand essential in porcelain works, and that no amount of colour or ornamentation can supply its deficiency, a glance at some of the "old china" on our sideboards—prized as heirlooms it may be, or brought from far over sea by an adventurous cousin, the captain—will sufficiently prove. And so, the demands of good taste arresting the attention of manufacturers, the public were speedily supplied with copies of famous sculptures in parian; and vases in which the exquisite outlines of Etruria, Pompeii, Greece, and Rome were rendered familiar to the public eye.

In the production of these the works of Mr. Copeland have been prolific indeed; and thus we have the "Ino and Bacchus" of Foley, from the original in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere; the "Narcissus" of Gibson, as executed for the Art Union of London; the "Dancing Girl Reposing," and "Sabrina," after the originals by W. C. Marshall, R. A.; "Sappho," by W. Theed, from the original; "Lady Godiva," by M'Bride, from the poem by Tennyson, executed for the Art Union of Liverpool; the "Indian Girl" and the "Nubian Girl," an exquisite pair, by Cumberworth: and a group of seven figures called "the Vintage."

Besides these, Mr. Copeland exhibited portrait statuettes of the royal children, under the names of the "Four Seasons," after the originals executed for the queen by Mrs. Thorneycroft; Sir Robert Peel, by Westmacott; Lord George Bentinck, by Count D'Orsay; Shakspeare, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Walter Scott, the Duke of Sutherland, and Jenny Lind.

But the stall of Mr. Copeland, though plentifully supplied with, was by no means confined to, statuettes; for, besides various specimens of fine porcelain in the shapes of dinner, tea, and dessert services, redolent of gold and emblazoned with bright colours, there were vases, tazzas, and jugs of all forms, and in all varieties of earthenware, from the red earthen waterjug of Pompeii to the Warwick vase, 24 inches in height and 28 in width, in royal blue and chased and burnished gold. Several slabs for tables, fireplaces, panels, &c., ornamented in enamel and colours, also testified to the great taste and skill employed in the Staffordshire potteries.

Looking at the productions of our manufacturers in the ceramic art, and remembering that all they exhibit is the result, not of royal patronage, as in the porcelain establishments on the continent, but of private, unassisted enterprise, we can sincerely congratulate them on the evident signs of advancing taste. To be sure, much might be said, were we inclined to be captious, against the evident imitation of ancient forms—for, design and alter as we will, we must come back to the old Greek shapes at last—much might be said of the too frequent recurrence of stereotyped ideas and a tendency to redundancy of ornamentation; but leaving all this unsaid, and endeavouring to realise the great lesson so lately open for our perusal, we may, while we still go on the path of improvement, again express our satisfaction at the beauty and excellence of the porcelain shown in the Crystal Palace.

PRINCE SCHWARZENBERG.

The kind of death by which it has pleased Providence to summon from this world the Prime Minister of Austria, in what may be considered, for a statesman, the flower of his age (he was but fifty-two or three, does not surprise us, however awful and sad the visitation. Prince Schwarzenberg appears to have been from the beginning to the end of his administration in one prolonged and towering passion. Rendered furious by the events of 1848, he seems never to have been able to reconcile himself even to what was inevitable, or to what might have been left, or made, beneficial in them. To him that popular outburst was a profanation, an insult to God and to man. To destroy it and its instruments by the sword, to pass the searing-iron of red-hot vengeance over its events, and all that appertained to or recalled them—this was the pervading sentiment of Schwarzenberg's breast. His policy was in fact a passion. There was neither reasoning nor calculation in it. It bore him up and on, even to a reckless sacrifice of the honour of his sovereign and the good faith of his country, in the hope and with the determination of crushing Hungary into the dust, its liberties, and its constitution. When treachery notwithstanding was found to have failed, Prince Schwarzenberg did not shrink from what to statesmen of his school must have been a greater sacrifice. He did not hesitate to place Austria and its Prince at the feet of Russia, and thus become beholden for their very existence to a foreigner, a rival, and a foe, rather than he would conciliate or make a compromise with those whom he abhorred as rebels. He hated insurrection, in short, as the pope detests heresy. There was fanaticism in his execration of it. He succeeded, for the time in overbearing Hungary by the weight of Russian Artillery; and when faith in Russian generosity and honour induced the Hungarian generals to surrender after the treachery of Gorgey. Schwarzenberg's fanatic hate was not to be satisfied with less than their blood. The same spirit led him to insist on the execution of Louis Batthyani; and when the semi-suicide of that noble victim had superseded the office of executioner, the greed of Austrian vengeance felt as mortified as at the loss of a battle, nor could anything satisfy it short of the cruel ceremony of execution performed on an almost inanimate corpse.

Yet the statesman who gave such orders had lived in the polite circles of Western capitals, and had mingled in the highest society of London, of the dissipation of which it would seem that a man may drink without imbibing any sense of either honour or humanity. We have read of savages kidnapped as it were into educated habits, and for a time accustomed and reconciled to the circles of civilised life, who accidentally brought back once more within sight of their native woods, have rushed to them, throwing off their garments, and resuming the tomahawk with the habits and attributes of the barbarian. So seemed it to have been with Schwarzenberg. All dandy as he was with us, he no sooner found himself in the old clime of despotism and serfdom, than he resumed the cruel barbarism, the malignant passions, and that contempt for human liberty and progress which unfortunately prevails where the Slavic race begins.

Schwarzenberg had a rival in the councils of Austria, a most able and liberal man, Count Stadion, who strenuously maintained that to terminate the revolution by a restoration of the old system, or by a negation of all constitutional rights, would inevitably entail the future destruction of Austria. Unfortunately, Count Stadion's brain gave way under the excitement and anxieties of the epoch; and Schwarzenberg was

left uncontrolled to accomplish not merely a restoration of the old system of despotism, but the establishment of a despotism ten times more concentrated, more absolute, and more intolerant.

The provincial rights and liberties which formerly existed he has completely abrogated. The constitutional and parliamentary privileges, together with the fiscal exemptions of Hungary, he has mowed down with the scythe. Yet this all-powerful minister has been unable hitherto to put anything in the place of that which he has destroyed. An imperial magistracy he has not been able to establish, and the destruction of the fiscal independence of Hungary has not the better enabled him to get a revenue from the Hungarians. The Austrian exchequer is far more empty at this moment than when Austria had far less power over the pockets and revenues of its subject provinces.

Prince Schwarzenberg knew but two sources of authority, the army and the church. The latter it had long been the policy of Austrian princes to keep in due subordination. But Prince Schwarzenberg no sooner obtained full sway, than he reversed the hereditary principles of the House of Austria in this respect, giving up the educational institutions to the Jesuits, and placing the censorship and the academies completely in the hands of the Church. Charles the Tenth of France laid down as a maxim of state that no one should have place, or keep it, in his reign, who did not go to confession. That the same would at last have been the rule throughout Austria, had Schwarzenberg survived, there is little doubt.

The policy of the Austrian statesman, then, cannot be denied the merit of extreme simplicity. It was in all things coercive—in matters of conscience, in matters of provincial right, in matters of administration; and this coercion, being the sole argument he deigned to employ at home, constituted also the entire gist and spirit of his diplomacy. His mode of conduct with regard to Prussia was precisely the same as that with regard to Hungary. In the same spirit he pointed out the one, or the other, to the Czar, as guilty of liberalism For Schwarzenberg and Nicholas had agreed most fully in this—that they could recognise no difference between constitutionalism and democracy. The one was to both of them as heinous as the other; the former more so indeed, as but a disguised and hypocritical democracy. Nor was Nicholas less ready to back Austria with his legions against the Prussians than against the Hungarians. The Prussians, however, unlike the Hungarians, thought discretion the better part of valour; and it must be confessed, though an open rupture was avoided, that Schwarzenberg certainly compelled the old enemy of the House of Austria to "eat dirt." Of course the Austrian monarch and minister would have preferred a campaign and a conquest; but Manteuffel's suppleness balked them of that gratification; and the manner in which the Prussian has more lately out-manœuvred them in the matter of the Conferences on trade, we have made the subject of a separate article.

Schwarzenberg's greatness (littleness some would call it) was that of a foe. He was a good hater. He was a powerful instrument to crush. But he knew not how to consolidate, to establish, or to strengthen. He destroyed every institution that the revolution had spared; and he neither knew how, nor cared to make the attempt, to establish others. If he could have hanged Kossuth, himself turned Lord Palmerston out of office, and put his feet on the neck of the King of Prussia, Schwarzenberg would have died more contented than he has done. He appeared to have none save personal aims, and those rather of vengeance than of ambition.

As a statesman Schwarzenberg, we believe, had no party and no friends. He disliked the old aristocracy and the old functionaries, not less than the new placemen whom the revolution turned up. But he played one against the other, and tried to keep in the Bachs and the Brucks against the influence of the court. It was thought that the old aristocratic party, favoured by the court, would, as soon as it was able to rally under Metternich's direction, have undermined and succeeded Schwarzenberg. There was neither time nor need, however, or the maturing of such a plot, apoplexy having carried off the Prime Minister in the apparently full enjoyment of imperial favour and military power.

[Prince Felix Lewis John Frederic Schwarzenberg died of apoplexy, at Vienna, on Monday, the 2nd of April, in the 52nd year of his age. He was born on the 2nd of October, 1800, and was a nephew of the celebrated Prince Schwarzenberg, who, in 1813 and 1814, commanded the allied armies against Napoleon. The immense estates of the family were inherited by his elder brother John. Felix devoted himself chiefly to diplomacy. In 1825 he was Secretary to the Austrian Legation at St. Petersburg, and in that capacity sheltered Prince Troubetskoi, who was concerned in the famous conspiracy which attended the accession of the present Czar to the throne. The ambassador was absent at the time, and Schwarzenberg, as acting head of the embassy, resisted all demands of the Russian authorities for the surrender of the fugitive. Finally, the house was surrounded, and Troubetskoi gave himself up; but his friend and protector was obliged to leave Russia in consequence. Subsequently he went to London, where he distinguished himself in a not very honourable manner. He was afterwards ambassador at Naples, where he became notorious for his unscrupulous gallantry. This embassy he resigned on March 28, 1848, as we believe, to serve under Marshal Radetzky in Northern Italy. Finally, on November 21, of the same year, after Windischgratz had extinguished every trace of liberty at Vienna, and was on the point of marching to renew the process in Hungary, Schwarzenberg was made the Prime Minister of the Empire, which post he filled until his decease.

The recent death of this prince, whose name and doings are doubtless familiar to our readers, will render this admirable sketch of his character acceptable. It is taken from our contemporary the *Krammer*, a newspaper which however liberal in its political views, and however excellent in its style, is one not likely to have a large circulation among working men]

GOOD TEMPER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear,
'Tis worth more than distinguish'd birth,
Or thousands gain'd a year
It lends the day a new delight,
'Tis virtue's firmest shield,
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content;
To sorrow whispers peace,
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase
It meets you with a smile at morn;
It lulls you to repose,
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch the brow from care;
Turns tears to smiles, makes dulness gay—
Spreads gladness everywhere,
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,
That gems the lily's breast,
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possess'd.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When thund'ring storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where wave contends with wave,
So comes this seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm this bright divinity?
Good temper—nothing more!
Good temper—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings

BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

It is curious and interesting to witness the inflation and ascent of a balloon. To see the silken bag gradually expanding, to notice how it jerks, and struggles with the ropes that hold it down, as if it were a thing of life and anxious to be free; to see the aërial voyagers seated within the car, the signal given, and the huge machine emancipated from its bondage, rising higher, higher, higher in the deep clear sky, until borne onward by the wind it is lost at last to view. Still more curious and interesting it is to be within that car, the observed of all observers, to quit the earth, to leave the groundlings behind us, to look upon the host of upturned faces, and then upon the mystery of trees that mingle, then on the roofs and spires, and streets and lanes and courts, all blended in a wonderful confusion; to take a bird's-eye view of the country that stretches out beneath like an embossed map, fields and towns and villages scarcely distinguishable from the height we have attained; and presently to have the scene shut out by clouds that float betwixt us and the world we live in. To know that down below people are wondering where we shall descend, as we go sailing onward in the air, as if we were the modern instance of the old nursery rhyme, and had gone—

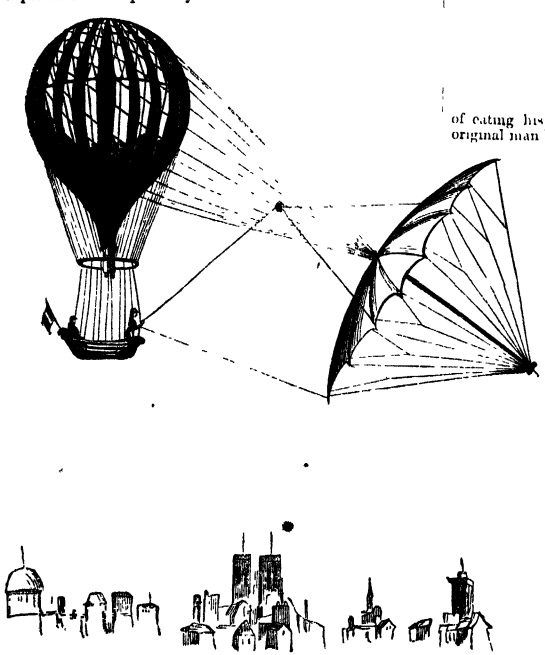
"To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky,
But meant to be back again by-and-by"

What an inventive animal is man! He is not content to live as his father lived; he will not consent to adopt the stereotyped thinkings of people who may have chanced, right or wrong, to say something or other before him, he builds on the experience of the past only so far as he is assured that the foundation is a good one; and is not willing to fall asleep beneath an opium sky that continually rains soporifics. If man had no originality, and no inventive genius, we may readily imagine his condition, occupied solely in subsisting, with a poor hut and a poor dress, though even these were the efforts of originality. Impelled by hunger to the laborious exertion



MONTGOLFIER.

of eating his dinner, after running six miles to obtain it, an original man begins to speculate upon the possibility of venturing on the back of a horse; he carries that speculation into effect, and secures a deputy labourer. The houses have been built of wood, an original man thinks stone or brick would be far better; the smoke has been allowed to escape at the door, an original man invents a chimney; a deal board has been sent for a love-letter (a billet-doux about the size of an ordinary trencher), somebody thinks parchment would be better; somebody else invents paper. Step by step man has made progress, here a little and there a little, till the very elements are subject to him. He intersects the land with a metallic network of broad and narrow gauge; he talks by electricity, and takes your portrait with the sunshine; he lights his streets with gas, travels over the good salt water without a sail or oar, and rides in the air above the clouds.



AERIAL MACHINE INVENTED BY THE BROTHERS MONTGOLFIER.

It is a strange fancy for a man to leave the earth, and go right up a thousand feet above it; but it is one which was indicated in many an old fable in times long gone. Roger Bacon, in the thirteenth century, described a machine consisting of two hollow globes of thin copper, which, if the air were exhausted within them, would float in the atmosphere like a bird. But four hundred years passed before anybody thought anything about it, except that the unfortunate friar was either a great fool, a great knave, or a great wizard; no one gave him credit for superior wisdom till Bishop Wilkins, in 1630, re-issued the idea by suggesting the possibility of constructing a chariot upon philosophical principles, capable of traversing the regions of air. The idea met with little encouragement—it was a new-fangled notion, and one might as well talk of boring a hole through the sea, or riding from Lon-

don to Liverpool in less than six hours. A Jesuit named Lana, in 1670, was the first who attempted to turn it to any account. He proposed to raise a vessel by means of metal balls, strong enough, when exhausted, to resist the pressure of the outward air, but still thin enough to render them lighter than their bulk of air. The fallacy of the plan is evident at once, as it would be impossible to combine the two qualities of thinness and strength in the degree necessary for such a purpose. It was not on this account, however, that the design was abandoned; "he felt assured that God would never allow an invention to succeed which might so readily be made use of to disturb civil government."

Father Gusman, in 1709, was less scrupulous and less doubtful, he constructed a machine in the form of a bird, with tubes and bellows to supply the wings with air. He was rewarded with a pension by the Portuguese government, but the experiment entirely failed. Undismayed by want of success, and with the true spirit of indomitable perseverance, he, nearly thirty years afterwards, produced a new and original plan. He carefully covered a wicker-basket, 7 feet in diameter, with prepared paper, and the air having been exhausted, the basket rose to the height of 200 feet.

About the same period a treatise was published by Joseph Galhen, of Avignon, suggesting the expediency of bags of prepared cloth filled with air lighter than the common atmosphere. In 1766 hydrogen gas was discovered by M. Cavendin, and in



ASCENT ON THE BACK OF A HORSE, BY M. P. HEVIN, FROM THE CHAMP DE MARS, PARIS.

1782 M. Cavallo made trial of this gas with some success, but the practical triumph was yet to come.

In 1782 two brothers, named Montgolfier, paper manufacturers of Annonay, near Lyons, taking a hint from Lana, made the first balloon. It was a huge contrivance covered with paper and filled with hydrogen gas. But they soon found that the hydrogen tore the paper, and the plan was therefore abandoned. It appears that they were under the impression that

GLIMPSES OF BOOKS.

THE HOUSES AND COMFORTS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.—The list may be soon made—for it was scanty enough—of the household furniture of our forefathers in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries That large class called "cabinet goods" were wholly unknown, and the carpenter supplied the tables—then merely long boards placed on trestels, and the benches and joint-stools. The windows at this period were always made with seats in them, and it is curious to observe how this partiality continued through the era of stone houses, of lath and plaster houses, of the clumsy red-brick houses, even to the days of our grandfathers, who, though well provided with huge settees and mahogany chairs, and cross stitch-worked stools, still considered the window-seat indispensable to the parlour and dining-room But our earnest forefathers, if unsupplied with mahogany and rose-wood furniture, did not sit on bare benches, nor eat their meals, "back-wood fashion," on an unplaned board. The benches were always covered, mostly coloured, and the table, even in "upland" villages, displayed its ample folds of snowy napery. Indeed, the indispensability of a tablecloth seems to have been universally recognised among our forefathers In the curious and suggestive "Rolls of the King's Court," we find napery in the possession of quite the inferior classes, in the Subsidy-roll, too, of the twenty-nine of Edward I, for the city of Colchester, we find tablecloths of the tradesmen there valued at from ten to fifteen shillings each of the present money, while in inventories and wills of a later period we meet with household linen, evidently of a superior kind, in great abundance Now, arguing from analogy, can we believe that our forefathers were so deficient in domestic comfort, or so negligent of personal cleanliness, as some writers seem to imagine, when tablecloths, and even napkins were in ordinary use? Thus, too, however rude might be the general style of furniture, the bed was as comfortable, and as well supplied with appendages—counterpanes and "linen sheets" being found, even among the poorest householders, as the modern Arabian, or four-post Few notions have been more ridiculous than the common one, that a *feather*-bed was a luxury almost unknown to our forefathers—a notion which not only the most cursory glance at the homelest Saxon illumination would disprove, but the mere exercise of common sense. While abundant flocks of wild geese haunted every fen, and scores of tame geese fed on every common—when the goose was the appropriate dish for both Michaelmas and Martinmas days, and the feather of the grey goose winged the shaft of the bowman, is it possible that our forefathers contented themselves with straw beds and a log for their pillow? That feather-beds are not distinctly mentioned in records, we think may be accounted for by their not being purchasable articles They were, doubtless, of home manufacture, like the common cloth, both woollen and linen, of this period, and we are greatly inclined to believe that all such articles were exempted from taxation. We have, therefore, no notice of them in the rolls, any more than of the benches and tables, or the cups and trenchers —*British Quarterly*

MEXICAN BOA SNAKES.—I stepped aside for a moment to admire a rich tuft of large purple flowers, my mule having plodded on about eight or ten yards ahead, when, as I turned from the flowers towards the path, a sensation as of a flash of lightning struck my sight, and I saw a brilliant and powerful snake winding its coils round the head and body of the poor mule It was a large and magnificent boa, of a black and yellow colour, and it had entwined the poor beast so firmly in its folds, that ere he had time to utter more than one feeble cry, he was crushed and dead The perspiration broke out on my forehead as I thought of my own narrow escape, and only remaining a moment to view the movements of the monster as he began to uncoil himself, I rushed through the brushwood, and did not consider myself safe until I was entirely free of the forest.—*Mason's Pictures of Mexico*

A SKETCH OF ENGLISH SCENERY.—Would you like to know what old England is like, and in what it most differs from America? Mostly, I think, in the visible memorials of antiquity with which it is overspread; the superior beauty of its verdure, and the more tasteful and happy state and distribution of its woods Everything around you here is historical, and leads to romantic or interesting recollections. Grey-grown church-towers, cathedrals, ruined abbeys, castles of all sizes and descriptions, in all stages of decay, from those that are inhabited to those in whose moats ancient trees are growing, the ivy mantling over their mouldered fragments Within sight of this house, for instance, there are the remains of the palace of Hunsden, where Queen Elizabeth passed her childhood, and Theobalds, where King James had his hunting-seat, and the "Rye-house," where Rumbald's plot was laid, and which is still occupied by a maltster—such is the permanency of habits and professions in this ancient country. Then there are two gigantic oak stumps, with a few fresh branches still, which are said to have been planted by Edward III., and massive stone bridges over lazy waters; and churches that look as old as Christianity; and beautiful groups of branchy trees, and a verdure like nothing else in the universe, and all the cottages and lanes fragrant with sweetbriar and violets, and glowing with purple lilacs and white elders; and antique villages round-wide, bright greens, with old trees and ponds, and a massive pair of oaken stocks preserved from the days of Alfred. With you everything is new, and glaring, and angular, and withal rather frail, slight, and perishable, nothing soft and mellow and venerable, or that looks as it would ever become so —*Life of Lord Jeffrey*

ALL PROGRESS COMPARATIVE —It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts, the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shepherds breakfasted on loaves, the very sight of which would cause a riot in a modern workhouse, when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guinea. We, too, shall, in our turn, be outstripped, and in our turn be envied. It may well be, in the 20th century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with 15s. a week, that the carpenter of Greenwich may receive 10s a day, that labouring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye bread, that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life, that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown or confined to a few may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty working man. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and the poor did not envy the splendour of the rich

THE FRENCH WOMEN IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XV —They rose from bed towards evening, put on their hoops they had sometimes good reason for wearing hoops; they daubed themselves with rouge and patches, in those days there was no space left for a blush, and put on their loose robes with flowing trains. After having wasted three or four hours in powdering their hair and laughing at their husbands, they went out to listen to some fashionable preacher, or to behold some *à la mode* On all sides was heard, "*Ah, zevalier, que c'est joli!*" ("Ah, my lord, how charming!") The letter *z* was used at every chance, in lisping it the mouth made such a pretty smiling pout. Afterwards they would go to some sad tragedy, as *The Execution of Damiens*, for instance, and they would exclaim (Madame de Preandeau is our witness), while they were quartering the criminal, by dragging his limbs apart with horses, "*Ah! les pauvre, zevaux, que ze les plains!*" ("The poor horses, how I pity them!")—*Men and Women in France, during the last Century.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

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MISCELLANEA.

HARSH WORDS are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilise the tender plant they batter down.

THE LAW is a dainty lady; she takes people by the hand who can afford to wear gloves, but people with brown fists must keep their distance.

SUPERIOR TASTE OF WOMEN.—Women have a much finer sense of the beautiful than men. They are, by far, the safer umpires in matters of propriety and grace A mere school-girl will be thinking and writing about the beauty of birds and flowers, while her brother is robbing the nests and destroying the flowers

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DOCTOR.—Since no man, says Bacon, can have a better physician than himself, nor a more sovereign antidote than a *régime*, every one ought to follow my example that is, to study his own constitution, and to regulate his life agreeable to the rules of right reason

FIXING OUR THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE —All the great and good of the earth have given us examples of their cultivation of this faculty. It is, indeed, at the foundation of greatness of mind, which consists in acting with great views, from great motives, to accomplish great purposes. No one who cannot lift himself out of the present, and realise, or rather live, in the future, is capable of such feeling or action, and often, indeed, he must fail in performing the commonest duties of life.—*Clara Harrington.*

A LITTLE WORK AND A GREAT END — If every man and woman would work four hours a day at something useful, employment want and misery would vanish from the world, and the remaining portion of twenty-four hours might be leisure and pleasure.

COMMON ERRORS.—We are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition

TROUBLE.—It is said that none have ever been so great or so high as to be above the reach of troubles This was strikingly illustrated in the case of the great aeronaut who went up very high in a balloon, when a rocket pierced it, and all that was left of him was his memory and the bag.

A MODEL VILLAGE.—A man in Pawtucket lately made application for insurance on a building situate in a village where there was no fire-engine. In answer to the question, "What are the facilities for extinguishing fires?" he wrote - "*It runs sometimes.*"

NEGLECT OF RELIGION —Where religion is neglected, the duties of morality are never regularly practised —For such is the propensity of our nature to vice, so numerous are the temptations to a relaxed and immoral conduct, that stronger restraints than those of mere reason are necessary to be imposed upon man.

POWER ON PUBLIC OPINION.—A writer in the *Times* says, "There is but one power on the increase in the country, and that is the power of public opinion, there is but one profession will certainly be stronger in 1860 than in 1851, and that is the profession of a journalist"

DON'T GET IN DEBT!—Men generally, says a philosopher, look upon a debtor as in some degree their own property Pecuniary difficulties break all ties, absolve from all courtesy, raise the creditor to the eminence of a despot, and often inspire him with the desire of exercising the arbitrary powers of one. The helpless debtor must be suspected, accused, insulted in silence. The attacks of others are unsupported by self-approbation and the natural independence of man. He is a slave, chained, to be spit upon by the angry, and laughed at by the unfeeling; and his own heart, alas! joins his enemies and pleads against him.

LITTLE TRUISMS often give the clue to long, deep, intricate, undisplayed trains of thought, which have been going on in silence and secrecy for a long time before the commonplace result in which most meditations end is expressed

RESULT OF CHEMICAL PHYSIOLOGY — Any substance that has to make its way from the human stomach, through the vessels which proceed to the various parts of the body, must be capable of being dissolved by the fluids of the body. An insoluble substance will pass unchanged and unabsorbed along the alimentary canal, and escape from the body in the usual manner, without producing any material sensible effect A soluble substance, on the contrary, passes into the blood, and if nutritious, nourishes, if poisonous, more or less injuriously affects the functions of life Thus chemists are now familiar with methods by which in their laboratories many soluble poisonous substances can be united with other bodies, so as to become insoluble, and in this new state be rendered capable of being introduced into the stomach without injurious consequences To perform such an experiment in the stomach, is to administer an antidote of more or less certain efficacy, against a poison which has been previously swallowed In this way, lime and magnesia are antidotes against oxalic acid, the white of egg against corrosive sublimate, hydrated per-oxide of iron against white arsenic, and so on. These severally combine with the poisonous substance when brought into contact with it in the stomach, render it insoluble, and consequently inert

YOUNG AMERICA —"Father," exclaimed the hopeful son and heir of a gentleman of our acquaintance, not long since, while the latter was congratulating the youth upon his smartness and scholastic studies—the youngster having attained eight years of age,- "Father, I'm an American, ain't I'" —"Yes, my boy, you are," responded the delighted parent —"Well father, you ain't, are you?"—"Not by birth, my son"— "Well, then," exclaimed young America, in a thoughtful manner, "when I grow up to be a man, I will be able *to lick two like you*—won't I?"—The proud parent's answer is not recorded

RELIGION OF COUNTRIES NEAR THE NORTH POLE.—In Nova Zembla (as the Dutch who travelled there relate) the inhabitants have no regular prescribed religion, but they worship the sun as long as he is with them, and during his absence the moon and pole-star To these they offer yearly sacrifices of deer, which they burn, except the head and feet, they sacrifice also for their dead —The Samoiades, who live a little to the south of Nova Zembla, are great idolaters and believers of witchcraft. Each family has its own temple, priest, and sacrifice. The priest is the oldest man in the family, and his ornaments are small ribs and teeth of fish and wild beasts, which hang about him On his head he wears a white garland. During his officiating he howls, gradually increasing in loudness and fierceness of manner, till at last he appears like a madman. He then falls down and imitates death for some time, then, suddenly starting up, he orders five deer to be sacrificed, and after a few more equally disgusting and senseless actions the ceremony is ended.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A READER OF NEWSPAPERS. — "*For the nonce;*" the origin of the word, "nonce" is uncertain; it signifies a purpose, intent, or design. It had become nearly obsolete, but recently it has been revived. It means something done for a particular occasion, or to answer a special purpose or intention.

MATTHEW (Edgbaston). — Thanks for your commendation of our humble efforts; do all you can to introduce us to your friends.

W. J. P. (Yarmouth).—You will find your questions as to the formation of the various strata of the earth answered in the Lessons on Geology in the "Popular Educator."

A SUFFERER.—In "using opium daily," you are employing a delusive and dangerous remedy. However valuable it may occasionally prove, when prescribed by skilful practitioners, its habitual use cannot be too much reprobated. It impairs the digestive organs, weakens the vigour of the whole body, and gradually destroys the mental energies. Good air, exercise, and temperance, with active engagement in some useful pursuit, will, no doubt, restore you.

AN ARTIST.—The "receipt for making artificial marble" is here given; but as we have not seen any of the casts made with it, you must try it for yourself. "A quantity of plaster of Paris is soaked in a strong solution of alum, and baked in an oven. When cold it is ground to powder, and used as wanted by being mixed with water, as plaster is mixed, and poured into moulds" Our correspondent informs us that this, when set, becomes a very hard composition, capable of taking a high polish. Coloured minerals or ochres may be mixed with it, so as to represent various coloured marbles.

J. B. (Chester).—The word "*Tenement*," in its original, proper, and legal sense, signifies anything which may be *holden*, provided it be of a permanent nature, but in its narrowest sense, it means merely a house, or home-stall.

ALEXIS.—An engraving from Murillo's celebrated painting, "The Assumption of the Virgin," is given in No. 1 of the "History of the Painters of All Nations," but it is not likely that it will be given in the "Illustrated Exhibitor.'

W. B. (Settle).—You are the fourth or fifth correspondent who has urged us to say whether "*upwards of a hundred* means *more* or *fewer* than a hundred! Such questions, put seriously by correspondents, whose letters prove them to be tolerably well acquainted with the English language, do indeed surprise us. What can the word "upwards" mean, except "beyond," "above," or "more than?"

A YOUTH.—*Pelion* and *Ossa* were the names given to two mountains in Thessaly. It is fabled that the giants, in their wars against the gods, placed Mount Ossa upon the top of Mount Pelion, in order to scale the heavens with more ease. The expression, "placing Ossa upon Pelion" is used metaphorically, when an advocate is spoken of who adds one powerful argument to another, or who multiplies proofs and demonstrations, in order to carry his point.

B. DIXON.—We have before given receipts for removing warts, but we add the following, which has been sent us by a correspondent: Break the stalk of the *ranunculus arvensis*, or common crowfoot, a drop of milky juice will be found hanging to the stem; if this be allowed to drop on the wart, so that it be well saturated with the juice, in three or four dressings the wart will die, so that it may easily be picked off.

SAMUEL FORD.—The tinning of the inner surfaces of cooking utensils and other vessels of capacity informed by scouring the surface until it is perfectly bright and clean; then heating the vessel, pouring in some melted tin and rolling it about, and rubbing the tin all over the surface with a piece of cloth or a handful of tow: powdered resin is used to prevent the formation of oxide. Small articles, such as bridle-bits, chains, &c, are tinned by immersing them in fluid tin.

ERRATUM.—The motto over the article, "The Last Revolution in London," in No. 41, should be

Non fumum ex fulgore sed ex fumo dare lucem.

—"Not to elicit smoke from splendour, but splendour from smoke."

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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THE WOLF.

As man advances the inhabitants of the forest retreat. Time was when foxes, wolves, bears, and even lions, were common to the woods and fastnesses of Great Britain; but the last wolf was killed in Scotland more than a hundred and seventy years ago (in the year 1680, in fact), and the British Lion stalks abroad only in the speeches and placards of the behind-the-age order of politicians. Nor does the fact of the retreat in a few years their manners and habits will only be known to the million from the descriptions of Fennimore Cooper, the novelist.* In these respects the forced migration of men and animals is precisely similar. Though the wolf and the bear are still found in the northern parts of Europe, and in both continents of America, it may be considered certain that, when the dense forests are cleared, when farms and



WILD HORSE ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

f the four-footed denizens of the woods stand alone; wher-ver the white man pitches his tent it is found that the abori-es decline. The continent of North America was once eopled by a race of red Indians, from Texas to the Esqui-aux; but the white man came, civilisation followed, and he red man went back and back, till, in the present day, hole tribes have become extinct, and the probability is, that homesteads take the place of tangled woods, and dreary moors, and unhealthy swamps, the wild animals will become gradually extinct. Years must pass, however, before this

* There has lately appeared, in the United States, from the pen of Mr. R. Schoolcraft, a valuable work, entitled, "Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of North America.

takes place; for if, as was the case, the English were the first to extirpate the wild beasts of the forest, we must attribute it not as much to the circumscribed space of the island as to the energetic character of its inhabitants. We learn from old chronicles that in the tenth century, King Edgar promoted the destruction of wolves in England by various means. Amongst others, he decreed that for certain crimes a commutation or pardon should be awarded to the offender if his friends could, within a certain time, produce a number of wolves proportioned to his offences. With the same end in view, this monarch is said to have converted the tax of gold and silver payable by the people of Wales into an annual tribute of three hundred wolves' heads. For years after, the magistrates of the various forest districts were empowered to offer pecuniary rewards for the destruction of wolves, and the heads of the animals were purchased just as the farmers of our day buy mole-skins, simply to rid the land of them. It appears that, in the early part of the thirteenth century, our dear old England was very much troubled by the depredations of wolves. Possibly the barons and magistrates of the land doubled the reward in consequence, for we hear very little of them afterwards—though one was killed, they say (having escaped, perhaps, from a travelling menagerie), as lately as the year 1701, somewhere in Ireland

The wolf belongs to the genus *Canis* (dog-kind), and the class *Mammalia* (animals which suckle their young with milk furnished by the mammæ, or teats of the females). Its general characteristics are cruelty, cowardice, and voracity In height the wolf averages about two feet six inches, though instances have been known of its attaining upwards of three feet; and in length, from the tip of the muzzle to the junction of the tail with the body, it measures about three feet eight or ten inches. It has a straight and rather bushy tail, a greyish brown hide, which varies in colour according to the country the animal inhabits; oblique bright eyes, sharp, well-set teeth; and a gaunt, fierce, hungry appearance.

Except when greatly pressed by hunger, the wolf will not venture to attack man, but with them, as with dogs and other animals, the principle of association is strongly developed, and they will not hesitate, when in flocks, to attack horses and the larger kinds of quadrupeds Our engraving shows how fiercely and determinedly they will select one wild horse from a herd, and hunt and worry it to death, In various parts of Russia and the forests of Northern France the wolves abound. In the dreary nights of winter they will assemble in troops; and, boldly entering a village, bear away and destroy any kind of animals they may chance to encounter. On such occasions they will not fly at the presence of a single man, but will unhesitatingly attack him; and, without assistance is immediately at hand, the fate of the peasant is sealed. It is said, that the wolf, like the tiger, having once tasted human blood, has no relish for any less exciting food; but in our day we have fewer reliable accounts of his ferocity—at least in Europe—than were current during the last century.

Many exciting anecdotes are told of the wolf—some giving him the gentleness of a spaniel-dog, and others the untameable ferocity of the hyena; but with most of these our readers are probably familiar. Cuvier gives a most interesting account of a tame wolf which was confined in the menagerie at Paris. It had been given to the naturalist when quite a cub, and had been brought up with all the gentleness possible. As it grew older, it displayed the greatest attachment for its master, and would come when it was called, and leap and play about his person with all the fondness and security of a lap-dog. When full-grown, Cuvier presented the animal to the menagerie, and did not see it again for many years. At first the poor brute was quite disconsolate, would not take any food, and became fierce and angry with his keepers; but, in course of time, he became attached to those about him, and seemed to have transferred his affections from his old master to his new ones. After a lapse of several years, however, the naturalist returned, and visited his old favourite. The wolf heard his voice amid the crowd in the gardens, and rushed frantically to the bars of its cell. Its master came and set it at liberty, and its joy was unbounded. It licked his face, put its paws upon his shoulders, rushed hither and thither in all the gladness of affection, and would not be put back again into its cell. Again the master left it, and again returned. The wolf recognised him immediately, and displayed the most frantic and touchir pleasure. Once more its master left it, but the poor wc could not bear the desertion. It could make no new frien ships, and so it pined away and died.

But this is the fair—the very fairest—side of the wolf character. The fabulists—and they had rare and exquisi sensibility, and a good knowledge of animals—tell us that t wolf is implacable, revengeful, treacherous; that, wanting th cunning of the fox, the generosity of the lion, the bravery the dog, or the strength of the horse, it unites in its one gau person the savage attributes of the tiger with the cowardice the rabbit, and the brutality of the bear.

In his "Adventures on the Columbian River," Mr. Ros Cox says that the wolf of America is a destructive an rapacious animal; whole herds of them, he tells us, assembl together in the winter time and destroy a vast number horses and cattle, which, in the cold regions, get entangled the snow. In this situation they become an easy prey to thei light-tooted pursuers, ten or fifteen of which will fasten on animal. With their long fangs they fix on the poor horse's neck and in a few minutes drag him down and separate his head fro his body. If, however, the horses are not prevented from pain their legs, they sometimes punish their enemy severely. "A an instance of this, I saw, one morning," says Mr. Cox, "th bodies of two of our horses, which had been killed the nigh before; and around them were lying no fewer than eight dead or mortally wounded wolves; some with their brains scattere about, and others with their limbs and ribs broken by th hoofs of the furious animals, in their vain attempts to escap from their sanguinary assailants."

How vividly does the above short extract recall the account current during the last century, of the ferocity of the wolve of Europe! Thomson, in his immortal "Seasons" [*Winte* v. 389—407] has drawn a picture, the counterpart of whic has doubtless been witnessed in its principal incidents b many a wretched traveller:—

> "By wintry famine roused from all the tract
> Of horrid mountains, which the shining Alps,
> And wavy Apennine and Pyrenees,
> Branch out stupendous into distant lands,—
> Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave,
> Burning for blood; bony and gaunt and grim;
> Assembling wolves in raging troops descend!
> And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
> Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow,
> All as their prize They fasten on the steed,
> Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart;
> Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
> Or shake the murdering savages away.
> Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
> And tear the screaming infant from the breast.
> The God-like face of man avails him nought:
> E'en beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
> The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
> Here bleeds a hapless, undistinguished prey."

SUMMER SHOWERS—SCORCHED LEAVES.

In the summer, after some days of fine weather, during the heat o the day, if a storm happens, accompanied with a few light shower of rain, and the sun appears immediately after with its usual splen dour, it burns the foliage and the flowers on which the rain ha fallen, and destroys the hopes of the orchard. The intense hea which the ardour of the sun produces at that time on the leave and flowers, is equal to that of burning iron. Naturalists hav sought for the cause of this effect, but few of them have assigne satisfactory reasons. The fact appears to be this.—In the serene days of the summer, there gathers on the foliage and the flowers, a indeed on every other part, a little dust. When the rain falls on thi dust, the drops mix together and take an oval or round form, a may be frequently observed on a dusty floor on which water i scattered before sweeping. These little globes of water form con vex lenses, which produce the same effect as "burning glasses." Should the rain be heavy and last long, the sun would not produc this effect, because the force and duration of the rain will hav washed off the dust that caused these drops of water to assum that form, and the drops losing their globular shape, which alon gave them their caustic power, will be dispersed. The above may operate as a caution to our readers who delight in "pot plants" no to sprinkle water over them while the sun shines hotly. It is alway best to water them at the root.

SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.—VI.

SPAIN IN THE PRESENT DAY.

To attempt to describe a people whose general characteristics vary in all specialities, according to the provinces whence they come, and where the Castilian differs in every respect from the Andalusian, and the latter from the inhabitants of Toledo or Valencia, would be difficult indeed—more difficult, in fact, than to generalise the English, Scotch, and Welsh under the name of Britons. To speak of the Spanish as proud, cold, supercilious, idle, mean, and poor, would be, in some sense, true; but to use such general terms with regard to a whole people would be as false as to take the nobler parts of their character—their punctilious sense of honour, their love of truth, their high appreciation of female beauty and virtue, their bravery and chivalrous love of adventure—and to say that they were common to the whole inhabitants of the peninsula. What we have already said in these brief articles, however, will convey to the reader a tolerably correct idea of the general peculiarities of the Spanish people. In this number, therefore, we shall endeavour, in bringing the series to a close, to describe the social condition of Spain as it exists in the present day, even at the risk of a little repetition.

As has already been stated, Spain consists of about four-fifths of the Pyrenean peninsula, and is separated from France by the Pyrenees mountains. The population at the present time cannot be estimated at much less than 12,000,000 souls; though from the want of any reliable official census, no correct data as to the number of inhabitants exists. Besides the Spaniards proper—or Castilians, as they are termed in Spain by way of eminence—there are about half a million Basques, or descendants of the ancient Iberians, Gauls, &c., about 60,000 Modejares, or descendants of the Moors, and 45,000 gipsies.* The established religion of Spain is the Roman Catholic, but at present a liberal toleration exists with regard to other sects, both religious and political. In 1840 the Catholic clergy of Spain numbered eight archbishops—of whom the archbishop of Toledo is primate—77 bishops, 2,393 canons, 1,869 prebendaries, 15,481 curates, 4,929 vicars, 17,411 beneficiaries, 27,757 seculars in orders, 15,015 sacristans, and 3,927 servitors. Besides these there were nearly 2,000 monasteries, with about 40,000 monks, and a proportionate number of nunneries, with about 25,000 nuns; these latter figures, however, cannot be taken as definite, as in 1835 nearly 900 of these cloisters were abolished, and the sale of their estates, yielded the sum of 16,693,260 reals.† This sale of property was designed to alleviate the public burdens, and pay some of the debts of the state, though it is extremely doubtful whether the money so raised was really appropriated to the purposes intended. Of the mountains and rivers of Spain, as well as the general physical conformation, we have already spoken—see pp. 194 and 195); but we may as well repeat that the country is entirely hill and valley, and that the principal rivers are the Ebro, the Guadalquiver, the Tagus, the Duero, and the Guadiana,—the three latter of which run through Portugal. Of the history of this last country we shall speak in another paper.

The climate of Spain is generally mild and pleasant, except in some of the northern coasts. The provinces of Valencia and Murchia enjoy the charms of an almost perennial spring, while in Granada and Andalusia, the sugar-cane, and other tropical productions, thrive amazingly. Noxious winds are the cold and rough gallego from the north, and the scorching and enfeebling salono from Africa on the south, but they do not usually last very long. The soil, of course, varies with the climate; in general it is very fertile; and except in some tracts of the Sierra Morena, and in parts of Granada and Asturias, produces—especially in the Mediterranean provinces—abundance of oil, wine, and southern fruits, especially pomegranates.*

The national riches of the country consist chiefly of salt—rock-salt in Catalonia; spring-salt in Valencia; and sea-salt in Sevilla and the Bellaric isles. Then there are olives and other fruits common to southern Europe, cultivated nearly all over Spain; the finest wines coming from Malaga, Zeres, and Alcante; silks in the southern provinces; horses and mules, fine breeds of which exist in Andalusia and Asturias, though for saddle-riding the mule is the most general animal used in Spain; and sheep in abundance—for which latter animal Spain has been renowned for more than a thousand years. Besides the Merinoes, there are two other less valuable breeds of sheep, called the Churros and Metis. During the summer, the sheep feed on the elevated table-land of Leon and Castile, but in the winter they are driven to pasture on the plains of Estramadura and the adjoining provinces. Since the last great war, however, the flocks have diminished in number, and the quality of the Merino sheep is no longer pre-eminent.

We have already alluded to the riches in gold and silver which Spain possesses. From the remotest ages her mines have been famous, and have been successfully worked by the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, the Moors, and finally by the Spaniards themselves, but the discovery of the rich gold-mines of Mexico and Persia have had the effect of closing them for years, and it is only lately that the attention of the Spaniards has been directed to them. In fact, the possession of colonies has proved of no real benefit to Spain; for, instead of staying at home to cultivate their lands, and produce a trade by making the inhabitants of the New World their customers, the Spaniards have crossed the seas in search of gold and silver, and neglected everything else. The gold of South America has been the curse of Spain; and so vehement was the love of her people for the possession of the precious metals, that even to this day, it is not uncommon in some parts of the country, to see rich gold flagons and centre pieces displayed on tables which exhibit a miserable paucity of wholesome food. In recent times, however, the mines of Spain have been re-opened, and worked so successfully, that in 1848 they yielded 250,000 doublons of silver † But, besides these, there are in Spain—especially in Upper Andalusia, excellent mines of copper, lead, and quicksilver; and in various parts of the Basque provinces, iron, cobalt, alum, &c., have been found in great quantities. The copper-mines, though bad management, have not yet been made profitable; but the quicksilver-mines in the Castilian districts of La Mancha, still supply the European demand for that metal; and next to those of England, the lead-mines of Spain are the most celebrated in the world.

With regard to other branches of industry,—for agriculture, so flourishing in the days of the Moors, have long since declined, and wheat is now only raised in sufficient quantities to supply the inhabitants at a very dear rate—there are indeed manufactures of silk, cotton, and wool; but since the expulsion of the Moors, by which Spain lost nearly a million of her best inhabitants, and as a consequence of the continual and destructive wars of modern times, Spain has ceased to be a manufacturing country. Only the woollen manufactories of Castile, the damask and silk factories of Andalusia, the manufactories of arms in the north-western, and the paper manufactories in the western provinces, were prospering in the seventeenth century, while the cotton manufactures of Catalonia rose in the eighteenth. Nevertheless, the woollen and silk looms did not exceed 10,000 in number, throughout all Spain; and in 1768, there were in the whole country not more than 2,250,000 operatives, mechanics, husbandmen, and others depending for subsistence on handiwork.

Since the beginning of the present century, Spain has been the theatre of almost continual warfare, political convulsion, and internal dilaceration; which, being assisted, fomented, and maintained by the aid of foreign powers, have proved quite fatal to the manufactures, trade, and commerce of the people. It would appear that a British squadron in the Mediterranean, and a British ambassador at Madrid, though they may swell the pride of the Spaniards, are not altogether the means of re-

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* In Mr. George Borrow's "Gipsies in Spain," "The Bible in Spain," and in his latest work, "Lavengro," the reader will find many curious particulars with regard to these interesting people; but from the nature of these articles we are precluded from entering at any length into a description of their characteristics. We cannot too often repeat that the office of all mentary teaching—and in that light only can these "Glimpses of the ople of all Nations" be considered—is to suggest a larger course of read-rather than to fulfil any particular promise, or exhaust any special ject. The *Friend*, however, advises, but does not attempt to dictate.

A real is equal to about 3½d. English money.

* The word Pomegranate is Spanish for *Granada*. The reader will recollect the saying of Ferdinand, when going to war with the Moors—"I will pick the stones from this pomegranate one by one."

† A Spanish doublon is equal to about 15s. English.

creasing their wealth, importance, or commercial prosperity. The chief articles of export are wines, fruits of Southern Europe, salt, olive oil, cork, quicksilver, and wool, of which latter article scarcely a tithe of the quantity formerly exported now leaves the country. Of 2,830 vessels that in 1844 entered the port of Cadiz, 2,060 were Spanish coasters,—poor, mean, ill-manned, inconsiderable craft, for the most part,—while of the remainder 480 were English vessels, 75 from the United States, 6 from Hamburg, 4 from Bremen, 4 from Prussia, &c.—a poor list indeed for a country which once owned half America, and which still boasts the honour of its discovery.

The nature of the articles imported will give a key at once to the poverty and idleness of the inhabitants: besides colonial products and spices, they consist principally of cloth, calicoes, silks, linen, hardware, copper, pewter, and tin utensils, glass-ware, furniture, toys and trinkets, fancy articles, timber, corn, flax, hemp, dried and salt fish, salted beef, butter, cheese, poultry, and hogs. What can we think of the industry of a people, who, living in one of the finest countries in the world,—a country whose mountains are rich in gold and silver and precious stones, whose plains and valleys are abundant exceedingly in all that is necessary to agriculture, and whose seas and rivers are filled with delicious fish,—who are obliged to seek from across the seas, not only the most common articles of food, but even the ordinary kitchen utensils in which they can be cooked?

The means of education in Spain are in the same backward state as her trade and commerce. We have most of us read in Don Quixote, of Spanish universities, but if we may believe the assertion of a member of the Cortes, or hereditary parliament, in 1850, there are not above 900 schools of every description in all Spain. At this rate 13,333 Spaniards must resort to one single school! Nominally there are still eight universities in Spain.—One at Salamanca, which, though founded in 1222, yet in 1845, was frequented by only 302 students; another at Valladolid, with only 1,300 students; a third at Valencia, with 1,600 students, a fourth at Saragossa, with 1,000 students; a fifth at Seville, with 800 students, a sixth at Granada, with 80 students, a seventh at St Jago, with 1,030 students; and an eighth at Oviedo, with 450 students. But partly owing to the wars of modern times, and partly, perhaps, in consequence of the inert, impassible spirit of the authorities, these colleges are without resources, professors, or influence. Of course where the endowed schools are thus neglected, the private seminaries and ordinary places of education would not be likely to be in a very flourishing condition. Thus we find that, in general terms, the youth of Spain are deficient of all that belongs to learning and wisdom, and that the literature of the country is that of the past—the glorious gone-by of Spain—rather than of the present.

In no country in Europe are the financial affairs in a more deplorable state. Every year brings with it a more or less considerable deficit. According to the official statements the deficit of the last year (1850), was about 175,000,000 million reals; but actually it is a much larger sum, the policy of the government being to estimate the revenue account of the kingdom at too high a standard, and to reckon the liabilities to foreign countries at too low a one. The no-price of Spanish bonds, and the repudiating policy of Spanish ministers is a well known commercial proverb, and a sad national disgrace. The public debt of Spain is acknowledged to be not less than 20,000,000,000 reals (twenty thousand millions)! besides about 400,000,000 of recently contracted and partly unfunded debt, which pays interest or not, just according to the strength and determination of the public creditor! It was noticed above, that the sale of convents yielded large sums of money; but, strange to say, Spanish finances were not improved in consequence. Perhaps the leaders of Spanish revolution and the peddling ministers of Spanish finance could throw some light on this subject. On the occasion alluded to, Mr. Mendizabel, the then minister of finance, sold the estates of convents, a vast deal of church property, sacred vessels and utensils, and even the church bells; and, according to the official return of the month of June, 1835, the sum received from such sales amounted to about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling; and yet, in the very next official quarter the deficit, although no taxes had been remitted than three-quarters of a million sterling. This subject might be advantageously pursued, and it might be asked how the minister of Queen Christina, by birth a Jew, and once a pedlar could reconcile himself, and the government, and the people to these facts; but the question *has* often been asked in councils, and British parliaments, and in British counting-houses and in British widows' homes, and no reply has been received.

Notwithstanding, however, this seeming great want of funds and credit, and notwithstanding the known poverty of the great mass of the Spanish people, the army in Spain is really on a grand scale. It need scarcely be said that the latter fact is a consequence of the former, and that the possession of a devoted army is the only means by which the government of Spain in the present day is carried on. Their navy, once a powerful arm of the peninsula, is scarcely worthy of mention. In 1804 it numbered not fewer than 68 ships of the line, 40 frigates, &c.; but, at present, it may be said to consist of about 2 ships of the line, 4 frigates, and about 18 smaller ships of war, all of them more or less out of repair and unfit for active service. The once famous naval stations of Ferrol, Cadiz and Carthagena, have dwindled down to one navy station at Cadiz. But the honours bestowed by the sovereign are as rife as ever, and the knightly orders of the Golden Fleece, and Isabella, and Charles III., and Maria Louisa, are as much prized as of old, when Spain was a first-class power in Europe.

The colonies left to Spain may be thus estimated: 1, the African towns of Ceuta, Penon de Velez, Alhacemas, and Melilla, opposite the province of Granada; the Canary Isles and two islands in the Gulf of Guinea; 2, the islands of Cuba and Porto Rica in the West Indies, which are all that remain of her once large possessions in America; 3, the Philippine islands in the North Pacific ocean, said to be more than a thousand in number, which are only nominally subject to the Spanish government at Manilla; 4, the Ladrone or Marianne islands in Polynesia, which are eleven in number, and very productive. The Spanish colonies of 1852—which, indeed, are colonies only in name, for they produce no revenue, and very little trade to the mother country—extend over an area of about 111,000 square miles. From the year 1580 to 1640, when the immense Spanish dominions on the American continent and the Portuguese colonies were united, the foreign possessions owning the sway of the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella extended over a space of more than ten millions of square miles!

This would be a gloomy conclusion to our notice of a country proverbially rich and fertile, inhabited by a people the most ancient in Europe; but a better state of things "looms in the distance," as D'Israeli says. The apathetical indifference to commerce and industrial pursuits which has distinguished the Spaniards of the last two or three centuries, seems to be giving way, it is believed, to a more active and inquiring spirit, and the cold consent which the people accord to the measures of the government of the day appears, if we may believe report, to be about to undergo some change for the better. In the Great Exhibition of all Nations, Spain was represented almost entirely by her raw materials. It would seem however, that the contrast, afforded in that great international bazaar, between what she *did* and what she *might do*, is already bearing fruit in an improved system and an awakening spirit among the people of the peninsula. Possessed of more than an ordinary share of the good things of this world—beautiful climate, a rich soil, and an abundance of mineral beneath it—her manufacturers and artisans will do well to bestir themselves, and, no longer contenting themselves with things as they are, endeavour to solve the problem, set before them in a thousand shapes of beauty and utility, beneath that wondrous canopy of glass in Hyde Park,—"How shall Spain be raised again to power and might among the nations?" Not by armies, and navies, and crooked policy and state intrigue, and foreign intervention, and domestic jealousy, and private quarrel,—but by the strong arm and the determined will of her inhabitants. And if the strong arm be rightly raised, it will not grasp the sword or wield the musket; and if the determined will be fitly exercised, it must lead to other and better ends than those which shifting and slippery governments shape out for themselves.

mers of the Spanish people,—their national customs, dances, bull-fights, costumes, language, &c.—but the illustrations we have introduced into this series of papers speak, in a great measure, for themselves. In the next, and concluding paper, we shall have something to say of the *Art* of Spain.

HENRY CLAY.

The world has lost another hero, and liberty another champion. Henry Clay, one of the most famous and popular of American legislators, died at Washington, on the 28th of June last in the seventy-fifth year of his age, after a political career which extended over more than half a century.

To merely sketch the life of Henry Clay, it would be necessary to speak of the principal events of American history from the period when the States, now united, acknowledged themselves colonies of Great Britain, to the last great question of international policy which engaged the attention of governments. It is difficult at all times for ordinary readers to comprehend foreign politics, much less to enter into the feelings of the actual actors in the political dramas in the course of performance in various parts of the world. Nor is the United States exempt from this objection; for, with the exception of some few great leading questions—such as the slave-trade, the agitation in favour of international copyrights, ocean penny postage, the doctrine of non-intervention, peace societies, &c., we possess few political ideas in common with our transatlantic brethren. Not that Englishmen feel no sympathy for the United States of America, or that they look with coldness on the doings of her people; on the contrary, the spectacle of a great nation struggling for liberty must always possess a peculiar interest for a country which numbers among her sons such men as Hampden, Cromwell, and Milton. For these reasons—because of the fact that Henry Clay, from his first political essay to his last intelligible utterance, was a consistent advocate of liberty of conscience and freedom of political action—because, among the men of his time and nation, he stood foremost, and shrunk not from the assertion of the right of every man to a voice in the making of the laws by which he is to be governed—because, during a life of more than the usual span, he was pre-eminently a philanthropist and a lover of his country—because he stood manfully up for principles rather than parties, and considered the ultimate good of the millions of greater importance than the popularity of a day—because the achievement of that true political and moral enfranchisement for which our fathers and his fathers fought and bled, was better worth contending for than the applause of senates and the patronage of coteries—for these reasons will the name of Henry Clay, of republican, slave-holding, repudiating, but progressing, and liberty-loving America, be acknowledged by Englishmen with pride and pleasure, and be enrolled by futurity among the great ones of the earth.

Henry Clay was born of English parents at a place called the Slashes, in the county of Hanover, Eastern Virginia, U.S., on the 12th of April, 1777. He was the seventh child of a large family, some branches of which—amongst others, the baronet just returned M.P. for the Tower Hamlets—still reside in England. His ancestors were among the earliest settlers in Amer[illegible] and his father, who died before the future senator had attained his fourth year, was a well known and respected minister of the Gospel. His mother, being left with numerous young children, married a second time; and the name of Henry's step-father—a man in every way worthy—was Captain Henry Watkins.

Of the childhood of Henry Clay we have seen no account,—nor is it any great matter for posterity to know whether he was a sharp, clever lad, or whether his schoolmaster is said—when the pupil had made himself a name among men—to have "always considered him a very dull boy at his books:" such little matters are of no consequence, as the records of the infancy of heroes is very apocryphal indeed. It is sufficient for us to discover that his mother and father-in-law made him acquainted with real life at a very early period—for in his fourteenth year we find him "assisting" at the store of Mr. Richard Denny, at Richmond, "his education at that time having extended no farther than a graduation at an ordinary school of Mr. Peter Deacon."

But that he was not an "ordinary" boy is quite evident from the fact that the Captain took him away from the store and placed him in the office of his friend, Peter Tinsley, Esq., then clerk to the Court of Chancery. Here, we are told by a writer to the *New York Herald*, he attracted the attention of Chancellor Wythe, who being in want of a private secretary, a connexion was formed which continued four years, Henry being nominally in the office of the Clerk in Chancery, but chiefly employed in the office of the Chancellor. It was in this connexion that Mr. Clay's mind received its high destination. It introduced him to a new sphere of thought and improvement. The Chancellor became much attached to him, and perceiving his uncommon capacities, gave him the use of his library, and superintended his studies for the legal profession. It has been remarked that from the hour when Chancellor Wythe took him by the hand, his fortune was decided, and he was made for life. He was for years the pupil and companion of that distinguished Virginian, who, discovering the high promise of his protégé, was not less ambitious to fit him for his destiny than he himself was to attain it. The benefits of the society and tuition of the venerable Chancellor probably transcended the advantages that could have been provided by an ample fortune.

Mr. Clay, after having left the office of Mr. Tinsley, in 1796, became a student-at-law, and in the following year was admitted to practice. His mother and father-in-law having removed, in 1792, from Virginia to Woodford County, in the State of Kentucky, Henry, in 1797, being then in his twenty-first year, practised in his profession in the town of Lexington, in the latter State. Here he met with the greatest success; and, many years afterwards, alluding to his early life, he declared that at this time "he was without patrons, without friends, and destitute of means." "I remember," he says, "how comfortable I thought I should be, if I could make £100 Virginia money per annum, and with what delight I received the first fifteen shillings fee. My hopes were more than realised; I immediately rushed into a lucrative practice." From this period, then, a fair vista opened itself out to his ambitious vision. He married, of course, and the union appears to have been a happy one. The name of the lady was Lucretia Hart, who survives him, the daughter of Colonel Thomas Hart, of Lexington. Eleven children blessed their union, two only of whom are now living,—his eldest son, Thomas Hart Clay, in whose arms he died, and a son who is yet a child.

Henry Clay first entered the field of politics as member for Lexington, and he soon became a favourite with the liberal party in the State. In 1806 he was elected to the United States senate, and in the next year was elected to the honourable post of Speaker.

In 1811 the prospects of war with Great Britain—a question in which Mr. Clay took a deep interest—induced him to decline a re-election to the United States Senate, and to stand as a candidate for the House of Representatives, preferring that field of action in Congress, at that peculiar crisis in the state of his native country. Being triumphantly chosen by the people of his congressional district, he, for the first time, took his seat in the popular branch of Congress, on the assembling of that body, November 4, 1811, and was elected Speaker of the House, on the first ballot, by a majority of 31, out of 128 members present. This was considered a remarkable honour for a new member of a House, in which, at the time there were many veteran members of the party, to which he belonged. The honour was continuously conferred on him, till 1825, when he was appointed Secretary of State, with the exception of his resignation and absence, to negotiate the treaty of Ghent, in 1814; but on his return he was again chosen speaker, at the opening of Congress, in 1815; and in 1820 he temporarily retired from the Speaker's chair, and in 1821 from Congress, until 1823, when he was returned again to the House, without opposition in the district, and re-elected Speaker, by the large majority of 139 to 42. Mr. Clay, therefore, was elected Speaker of the House six times; viz.—1811, 1813, 1815, 1817, 1819, and 1823, and occupied the chair in all about ten years.

We cannot in this brief notice follow the course of Mr. Clay's political life; neither would it be particularly instructive or interesting to tell again the history of that diplomatic struggle which ended in the treaty at Ghent, in 1814,

and by which another war with the parent country was happily avoided. Men die, but principles, if good, remain for ever. As a United States senator, as a member and speaker of the House of Representatives, as an ambassador of his country, and as a high officer in the executive department of the government—for he was secretary of state under John Quincy Adam's presidency, and was four times proposed by his party for the presidential chair of the United States—he was intimately connected with American politics for fifty years. Beginning life as a friendless boy, he rose by his own perseverance and indomitable energy to be one of the lights of civilisation. "Many of his early contemporaries," says Mr. Breckenridge, in an eloquent speech in the House of Representatives at Washington, "have passed away, and many of the measures in which our departed friend was engaged are remembered only as the occasions which called forth the great intellectual efforts that marked their discussion. Concerning others, opinions are still divided, and they go into history with the reverse on either side rendered by some of the greatest intellects of our time and nation. As a leader in a deliberative body Mr. Clay had no equal in America; in him intellect, person, eloquence, and courage, united to form a character fit to command. He fired with his own enthusiasm, and controlled by his amazing will, individuals and masses No reverse could crush his spirit, nor defeat reduce him to despair—equally erect and dauntless in prosperity or adversity. When successful he moved to the accomplishment of his purposes with severe resolution. When defeated, he rallied his broken bands around him, and from his eagle eye shot along their ranks the contagion of his own courage. Destined for a leader, he everywhere asserted his destiny. In his long and eventful life he came in contact with men of all ranks and professions, but he never felt that he was in the presence of a man superior to himself. In the assemblies of the people—at the bar—in the Senate—everywhere within the circle of his personal presence, he assumed and maintained a position of prominence. But the supremacy of Mr. Clay as a party leader was not his only nor highest title to renown—that title is to be found in the purely patriotic spirit which on great occasions always signalised his conduct. We have had no statesman who, in times of real imminent public peril, has exhibited a more genuine and enlarged patriotism than Henry Clay. Whenever a question presented itself actually threatening the existence of the Union, Mr. Clay, rising above the passions of the hour, always exerted his powers to solve it peacefully and honourably. Although more liable than most men, from his impetuous ardent nature, to feel strongly the passions common to us all, it was his rare faculty to be able to subdue them in a great crisis, and to hold towards all sections of the confederacy the language of concord and brotherly love."

Who does not remember the three periods when the American system of government was exposed to its severe trials? And who does not know, that when history shall relate the struggles that proceeded, and the dangers which were arrested by the Missouri compromise, the tariff compromise of 1832, and the adjustment of 1850, the same pages will record the genius, the eloquence, and the patriotism of Henry Clay? Nor was it the nature of Mr. Clay to lag behind until measures of adjustment were matured, and then come forward to swell a majority. On the contrary, like a bold and real statesman, he was ever among the first to meet the peril, and hazard his fame upon the remedy. It is fresh in the memory of us all, that when the fury of sectional discord lately threatened to sever the confederacy, Mr. Clay, though withdrawn from public life, and oppressed by the burden of years, came back to the Senate—the theatre of his glory—and devoted the remnant of his strength to the sacred duty of preserving the union of the states. With characteristic courage he took the lead in proposing a scheme of settlement; but though willing to assume the responsibility of proposing a plan of settlement, he did not, with petty ambition, insist upon its adoption, to the exclusion of other modes—but taking his own as a starting point for discussion and practical action, he nobly laboured with his compeers to change and improve it, and put it in such a form as to make it an acceptable adjustment. Throughout the arduous struggle, the love of country expelled the spirit of selfishness, and Mr. Clay proved, for the third time, that, although he was ambitious and loved glory, he had no unholy ambition to mount to power on the confusion of his country. And this conviction is lodged in the hearts of the American people.

But the time was coming when so eventful a life must draw to a close, when the silver cord must loosen, and the golden bowl be broken at the fountain. With his native land in mourning,—that land in which all Englishmen may find brothers, speaking one language, acknowledging one faith, owning the same traditions, coming from the same great Saxon forefathers, and glorying in the same love of liberty which distinguished the men of the past, and which is the sign by which we know the true patriots of the present,—this is not the time or place to speak of the shortcomings of such a man as Henry Clay. The biography of him, and the history of his time has yet to be written. We are too near to both to be able to look calmly upon either. Great events, like beautiful landscapes, must be viewed from a fitting station and at a proper distance.

On the first of July, the ceremony of removing the remains of Henry Clay from Washington, the capital of the United States, to New York, took place. All due solemnity and ceremony was observed; and senators, friends, and a whole population assembled to do fitting honour to all that was mortal of a great man. From end to end of the Union the expression of sorrow has been general, and gloom hung over many cities in the visible shape of half-mast-high flags, and tolling bells, and the boom of minute guns. On the fourth day of the present month the body of Henry Clay was committed to its parent earth.

THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

Work on! work on! if your cause be good,
The task though hard, is pleasant,
Then strike the iron while it is hot,
There's no time like the present
The bonds are now loosed that enthrall'd the mind,
The fetters are cast asunder
That bigots once forged to enchain the soul,
Enkindling both fear and wonder.
Work on! work on! &c.

By perseverance fair knowledge win,
Bold hearts enlightened love it;
Make bright the age you're living in,
Or the next will shine above it.
Should neglect or sloth intervene
From out of your system wrench them,
And, with heart and hand together join'd,
Drive home the nails and clench them
Work on! work on! &c.

Let heroes of the ensanguined plain,
Proclaim War's bloody mission;
The heralds of Peace shall more proudly stand,
And maintain their high position.
The heroes of Peace are nobler far
Than those thou, grim War, greatest;
Who fight for life, and preserve from death,
Shall ever be counted greatest.
Work on! work on! &c.

Bright pearls are strung on the thread of fame,
Which knowledge and learning brighten;
Strive! and the glorious work advance;
Strive! and your labour lighten.
Your watchwords be, fair learning and peace!
Then blest will be each endeavour.
Cease not to strive! fear not to speak!
For now is the time or never!
Work on! work on! &c.

Pimlico. C. HARRIES.

NEW ZEALAND SUPERSTITION.—When a New Zealander travels by night, if the ideas of his forefathers have not lost their power over his mind, he will carry in his hand a cooked potato, to prevent his being assailed by evil spirits, who are believed to be more mischievous then than by day, but have a great repugnance to come in contact with food of any sort, or any place where it is kept.—*Shortland's New Zealand.*

LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH IN ENGLAND.*

"Shortly after the queen's death, the king hired Hartwell Hall for the reception of himself and suite. The house, the property then of Sir George Lee, is situated on a gentle ascent on the road between Oxford and Aylesbury. It is hidden from passers-by on the highway, by a screen of superb trees, and it was nearly two centuries and a half old when the king took possession. The rent paid is said, by Alfred Nettement, the Bourbon biographer, to have amounted to six hundred pounds sterling, yearly. The sum, however, was one hundred less. The royal revenue amounted to six hundred thousand francs per annum (some twenty four thousand pounds), granted by the British government; but the king had almost as many claims upon it, and it was moreover so charged with encumbrances, that, at the end of the year, the king found himself little better than steward of a property for the management of which he received little or no income. One hundred thousand francs (£4,000) were assigned to the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême; the like sum to the Archbishop of Rheims, for charitable purposes; and a similar amount was consumed in paying political emissaries. The balance, amounting to about £12,000, did not more than suffice for the expenses of a household, where the retainers, being poor, noble, and numerous, had many wants that were costly of gratification. To do the king justice, his liberality to his faithful followers was of a spirit and quality becoming a prince.

"Among the poor of the place, and among the proscribed French exiles who existed painfully near the capital, as well as among the French prisoners of war, who lay captive in our hulks and inland towns, the name of the Duchess of Angoulême was hailed with warm affection. Her charity was at once munificent and exercised with discretion. Occasionally, visits were made to the capital, not for pleasure's sake, but as pious pilgrimages to the humble little chapel in King-street, Portman-square, which was founded by the poor French exiles of the early part of the revolution.

* * * * *

"The apartments of the Duchess of Angouleme were contiguous to the muniment-room, which was occupied by the Count and Countess of Damas, the faithful attendants of the duchess. The aged mother of the countess, the Duchess de Serent, had allotted to her a small chamber, on the opposite side near that of her daughter. In this house, and in the outbuildings, one hundred and forty persons were quartered. The number, including visitors, often exceeded two hundred. So numerous a party required such extensive accommodations, that the halls, gallery, and larger apartments were ingeniously divided and subdivided into suites of rooms and closets, in some instances to the great disorder and confusion of the mansion. Every hothouse, and each of the ornamental buildings in the park that could be rendered capable of decent shelter, were densely occupied; and it was curious to see how the second and third class stowed themselves away in the attics of the house, converting one room into several by the adaptation of light partitions. On the ledges and in the bows of the roof they formed gardens, which were stocked with plants, shrubs, and flowers, in boxes containing mould to the depth of eighteen or twenty inches; and they moreover kept owls and pigeons there, so that the superstructure was thus loaded with many extra tons of weight. But all was well conducted and cheerful throughout a residence of six or seven years, and in the evenings there was much mirth, music, and dancing, kept up at the cottages around.'

"Such is the description given by Captain Smyth, in his Ædes Hartwellianæ,' printed for private circulation. The gallant, and also learned, captain, further tells us that these eternal transformations were made without any fear of the law of landlord and tenant being before the eyes of the roughless delinquents, and with as little regard to the feelings and interests of the goodnatured proprietor, who saw new windows knocked into his walls, old fixtures displaced, and portions of the parapet balustrade ruthlessly removed, in obedience to some idle caprice that cared nothing for the act committed to gratify it. There was more of the Goth than of the Gaul in the deed of that individual who hung up a gigantic French looking-glass before the exquisite 'Lady Elizabeth Lee,' painted by 'Sir Joshua.' There was no face reflected in the mirror, half so beautiful as the one concealed behind it. The bad taste was indisputable. On each side of the porch that led into the house of the exiles there was to be seen a *fleur-de lis* in the old carving. The king smiled at the coincidence. A similar one, as I shall have to notice later, was connected with the stranger's tomb, which opened to receive the body of Charles X., who died in exile at Gorita. Louis XVIII led a very retired life at Hartwell, but he won a large amount of popularity. He was as affable as he was unostentatious, and would enter into conversation even with strangers whom he casually met in his rare and brief walks. The dinner-party seldom numbered less than two dozen; and at this meal a custom of the old French court was observed about once in three weeks, on which occasion the principal families in the neighbourhood were permitted to walk round the royal table while his majesty and family 'sat at meat.'

"The library was converted into a court reception-room, the drawing-room having been surrendered to the Prince and Princess of Conde, for whom it served as both saloon and dormitory. In the library, the king's couch was raised on a dais. The rooms ordinarily inhabited by him were the study and a small room adjoining. The apartment above the library was that in which the queen died, and in which she lay in a 'state' that excited much wonder, and some admiration, among the simple Buckinghamshire squires and their ladies. The dethroned king of Sweden afterwards occupied this room. The house itself held more exiled princes than were met by Candide at the table-d'hôte in Venice."

* From the *Memoirs of Marie Thérese Charlotte, Duchess of Angoulême.* By Mrs. Romer. London Bentley

HOT SUMMERS.

The excessive heat which for some time past prevailed both in this country and on the continent gives some interest to the following account of remarkably hot summers. It is extracted from *Galignani's Messenger*, the English newspaper published in Paris.

"In 1132 the earth opened, and the rivers and springs disappeared, in Alsace. The Rhine was dried up. In 1152 the heat was so great that eggs were cooked in the sand. In 1160, at the battle of Bela, a great number of soldiers died from the heat. In 1276 and 1277, in France, an absolute failure of the crops of grass and oats occurred. In 1303 and 1304 the Seine, the Loire, the Rhine, the Danube were passed over dry footed. In 1393 and 1394 great numbers of animals fell dead, and the crops were scorched up. In 1410 the heat was excessive. In 1538, 1539, 1540, 1541, the rivers were almost entirely dried up. In 1556 there was a great drought all over Europe. In 1615 and 1616 the heat was overwhelming in France, Italy, and the Netherlands. It 1646 there were 58 consecutive days of excessive heat. In 1678 excessive heat. The same was the case in the first three years of the eighteenth century. In 1718 it did not rain once from the month of April to the month of October. The crops were burnt up, the rivers were dried up, and the theatres were closed by decree of the Lieut. of Police. The thermometer marked 36 degrees Reaumur (113 of Fahrenheit). In gardens which were watered fruit trees flowered twice. In 1723 and 1724 the heat was extreme. In 1746 summer very hot and very dry, which absolutely calcined the crops. During several months no rain fell. In 1748, 1754, 1760, 1767, 1778, and 1788, the heat was excessive. In 1811, the year of the celebrated comet, the summer was very warm, and the wine delicious, even at Suènes. In 1818 the theatres remained closed for nearly a month, owing to the heat. The *maximum* heat was 35 degrees (110.75 Fahrenheit). In 1830, while fighting was going on on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, the thermometer marked 36 degrees centigrade (97.78 Fahrenheit). In 1832, in the insurrection of the 5th and 6th of June, the thermometer marked 35 degrees centigrade. In 1835 the Seine was almost dried up. In 1850, in the month of June, on the second appearance of the cholera, the thermometer marked 24 degrees centigrade. The highest temperature which man can support for a certain time varies from 40 to 45 degrees (104 to 113 of Fahrenheit). Frequent accidents, however, occur at a less elevated temperature."

SUMMER-TIME IN LONDON.

Our notions of summer time are all associated with the country—with green fields, blooming hedgerows, umbrageous trees, flowering gardens full of humming bees, shady lanes where the little birds regale themselves, quiet streams where the trout floats deeply down, cool retreats, great blue mountains standing out clear against bluer skies, sun-lit lakes with little boats floating idly on their surface, dashing cascades, and bright expansive waveless seas. No dust, or weariness, or noise, or trouble enter into our ideas; no buzzing flies in the shady lanes, no unbearable heat in the green fields, no toil on the mountains and no sickness on the quiet seas. With our thoughts attuned, the notions of London in the summer-time are dreary ones indeed. Hot pavements and long dusty roads, crowded streets and noisy vehicles, shadeless squares in which grow nothing green, a city of dust and bustle, a west end, too, hot to walk in till the sun has gone down, parks yellow and ragged, and suburbs all too uninteresting to be worth a visit.

The poets have sung of summer, every one of them, but it has been Summer in the Country; who ever heard of a poet celebrating the bright time in London, or invoking the muse to aid him in a description of Hyde Park? It is true that Byron "riots in Rotten Row," but it is in the height of the season, well-mounted and in the cool of the evening; and Byron, of course, is just the exception which proves the rule in this case. The ordinary rhyme-spinner luxuriates in lines of quite a different character, and takes delight in a summer which exists in every man's mind—being more or less true in its details, as the case may be—and in every young lady's album: as, for instance,—

"And who has never felt the joy that summer ever brings,
When every bird with mirthful glee is on its lightest wings;
When wild flowers, springing in the mead and on the upland come,
With beauty's ambient tint, to woo the bees' soft gentle hum;
While slumbering on the deep blue sky, the downy clouds repose,
Till with a wondrous loveliness entaptured nature glows?"



"GRUNSEL FOR YOUR SINGING BIRDS!"

Just so; summer in the country in every line: mirthful birds on lightest wings, wild flowers, humming bees, deep blue skies, downy clouds, wondrous loveliness and the repose of enraptured nature. What can be prettier? Not so much as a passing shower, to say nothing of a storm, to disturb the serenity of the ideas and the flow of the metre. Not a hint of the "severity" of summer, or a syllable about long droughts and hot dusty roads, guiltless of shade and water-carts. Certainly not, why should there be, seeing that it is the poet's habit to look on things from the fairest point of view?



THE FEMALE COSTERMONGER.

But is there no poetry in the summer-time of London? No inspiration and enthusiasm to be got out of long crowded streets and endless suburbs? We think there is. For those who, pent up in close unhealthy courts and alleys, pass their days, and sometimes half their nights, in labour, the flower on the window-sill, though it have no better receptacle than a cracked teapot, and the poor dusty bird in its time-worn cage, have a true meaning and a holy purpose. Go out any summer morning into the wide-spread suburbs—places alike unknown to the courtly loungers of St. James's and the squalid dwellers in St. Giles's—and you shall witness sights that charm, while they dim, your eyes. You shall see in that little court a widowed mother, whose chief care, amid the struggle for daily bread, is to keep her children—the only legacies left of the departed—in cleanliness and moral purity: you shall see from that darkened doorway a man come forth who bravely battles with the world for bread; you shall see how, in spite of poverty and neglect, whole families are proud of their little homes, the which they strive to render gay and garden-like by such poor appliances as cheap plants and common singing-birds: you shall see, amid the filth which corporations and parish authorities cultivate as seething hotbeds of disease, how many a little human flower is reared—here a young mother thinly clad, with her first baby in her arms; there a father, with a crowd of shouting little ones about him; again, an old crone nursing the youngest-born of another generation—uniting, as it were, young life and weary age together. How many a touching picture might be gathered from the streets and alleys where the poor reside, and how many a fair episode and true story, and how many a dark tragedy, of which painters and novelists know little, or perhaps nothing at all!

A little further and the scene changes. A few steps take the pedestrian from the poverty-stricken street to a fair open road, in which a multiplicity of business seems to be going merrily and quickly on. There is a kind of poetry in the picture that we gaze on unequalled in its way, and quite a different feeling agitates the observer, to that which he felt a little while ago. Poverty has shrunk back from the wide sunlit way into strange and unknown nooks; and all before him wears a gay and pleasant aspect. A broad road, with a stream of people passing to and fro on either pathway, and a regular succession of vehicles in the middle—there would seem to be no poetry in such a sight as this. And yet there is, for those who have eyes to see it. There is a greater fascination for many in the presence of human life than in the solitary grandeur of the woods and streams. He who can look on such a scene as this and feel no interest in it, is deficient in the faculty of observation. It is true that the dwellers in London are so accustomed to the sight of thousands in her streets, that they take no note of their well-known aspects; but the poetry of life exists there just the same as if every man were a thinker as well as an actor in them. A unit of the great multitude, it seldom strikes a man *how* great the multitude really is. And so the tens of thousands pass daily up and down amid the bustle and the throng, without a thought of the great human drama in which they are taking a part. Perhaps it is well that it is so; for, if we reflect on these things, if we



"LAVENDER, A PENNY A BUNCH!"

speculate on the doings, thoughts, and aims of the separate items that go to make up this great whole, if we even separate one or two prominent figures from the mass, and try to shape out for ourselves a notion of their probable business and life-ends, we are lost in the multitude of ideas upon the mind. Could men but live with death before their eyes, how changed would be

their bearing! Many a word of harsh reproof, and many a scornful look, would be unsaid, unwrote.

Nevertheless, few persons can walk through the streets of London—those streets so full of life and activity, so redolent of human passion, so crowded with contrasts—here a rich man's palace, there a beggar's hovel; now an earl's retinue, then a widow's starvelings; at one house a gay bridal party, next door a corpse; to-day an Italian sky, lighting up its broad highways and tinting its steeple-tops with gold, to-morrow a dense, black, wet, clinging fog, hanging over river, and palace, and gay park, and dreary suburb with most impartial wretchedness;—those streets so commonplace, and yet so romantic, so dull to untaught eyes, and yet so full of historical recollections to those who read their story rightly;—those streets so teeming with human hopes, and fears, and joys, and sorrows,—those streets in which the thousands move on in their several paths of business or pleasure, and jostle not each other by the way—in which each man's garment covers a world of thoughts and speculations unknown to his neighbour, and in which each woman's shawl environs a beating heart,—those streets like none others in the world in their number and variety, in their close-packed density and their peculiar phases,—few persons can walk through them without discovering new aspects in their familiar looks, new features in their well-known faces, every day. It is a wonderful and merry, or an ordinary and dreary city, just as you choose to look at it. Gaze upon its palaces, and examine its churches; visit its hospitals, and roam through its parks, stand contemplative on its bridge, and look upon the sun-lighted stream beneath, on which the vessels of all nations crowd up to the wharf-sides or float silently in the mid-water, look down from an eminence upon the ever-moving throng of men and vehicles, and watch the evidences of wealth, and greatness, and material power which everywhere surround you—and London is a mighty and a happy city. But look a little deeper, mix more intimately in its ceaseless current, dive into its dark depths and pierce the black, turbid stream of its inner life, and what is London then? The great, mysterious, rushing torrent of existence sweeps along, and carries the dreamer unresistingly away, he knows not whither. But the flood is made up of many little streams, the immeasurable sea is fed by a thousand rivers. And this giant city, so vast as a whole, and so gigantic in its entirety, is but a collection of littlenesses, each one of which, considered singly and without connexion with its fellows, is comprehensible, manageable, and capable of being grasped. Taken by itself, every phase of city life is as easily considered as a single house is examined or a single street traversed. It is then number and variety which puzzles, nothing else.

As it is with the physical so it is with the moral aspects of London. If we attempt to grasp the whole life idea we are as much lost as if we try to comprehend in one picture of the mind its multiplicity of houses, and bridges, and railways, and churches, and streets, with outlying wildernesses of bricks and mortar continually increasing.

But in our erratic gossiping we have almost forgotten the title of our paper—"Summer in London." Well, gentlest of readers, we wish you no worse wish than that, failing to take your usual fortnight "out of town" this charming weather—(no matter where the town may be, for the expression is common to every congregation of houses a thought larger than a village). You may not be less profitably employed than in looking about you in the streets and by-places of London. Of course you are acquainted with the parks and the west end, the picture galleries and the exhibitions, the zoological gardens and the historical Vauxhall—all in their glory from May to September; but perhaps you have never been in Covent Garden market at four in the morning; or visited Spitalfields when the crowds of costermongers are swarming from it with loaded baskets of fruits, vegetables, and flowers,—on their heads or in barrows and trucks; or noticed the number of girls and young men who get their livings in the streets entirely by vending flowers, herbs, and so forth in the suburbs; perhaps you have not observed how musically the cries of "Bow-pots, all a-blowm, all a-blown." "Grunsel for your singing birds," and many similar ones sound in the quiet streets where struggling people—widowed annuitants and half-pay officers with large families—live genteelly on something less than a day-labourer's income." Perhaps, in your notions of London, you forget that for days, and weeks, and months, there is a clear blue sky above you, looking all the more beautiful for the rain-clouds dappled here and there—for we have known clever people who never thought of raising their eyes to the heaven above the city streets;—or perhaps you have no eyes for the picturesque as it is exhibited at steam-boat wharves and suburban stage-coach stations, or railway terminus when the cheap excursion trains are running, and where scores of good-natured faces may be seen good-naturedly beaming at each other, as their owners are pushed and hustled in the throng, with no regard to the pretty bonnets and gay parasols, and cheap clean muslin dresses and light-coloured gloves and ribbons common to such occasions; or, perhaps—but we will not attempt to enumerate the many things which you may not have seen in London in the summer-time; all we would impress upon you is not to rush away in such haste from the "modern Babylon," for there are sights to be seen "free, gratis, for nothing," which are well worth looking at, if you only look at them through the right medium, and the right medium is—That spirit which is in

CHARITY WITH ALL MEN.

G. F. P.

VOYAGE IN A BALLOON.

(*From the French of* JULES VERNE.)

CHAPTER I.

My Ascension at Frankfort—The Balloon, the Gas, the apparatus, the Ballast—An Unexpected Travelling Companion—Conversation in the Air—Anecdotes—At 800 Metres*—The Portfolio of the Pale Young Man—Pictures and Caricatures—Des Rosiers and M. d'Arlandes—At 1,200 Metres—Atmospheric Phenomena—The Philosopher Charles—Systems—Blanchard—Guyton Morveaux—M. Julien—M. Petin—At 1,700 Metres—The Storm—Great Personages in Balloons—The Valve—The Curious Animals—The Aerial Ship—Game of Balloons.

In the month of September, 1850, I arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. My passage through the principle cities of Germany, had been brilliantly marked by aerostatic ascensions; but, up to this day, no inhabitant of the Confederation had accompanied me, and the successful experiments at Paris of Messrs. Green, Godard, and Poitevin, had failed to induce the grave Germans to attempt aerial voyages.

Meanwhile, hardly had the news of my approaching ascension circulated throughout Frankfort, than three persons of note asked the favour of accompanying me. Two days after, we were to ascend from the Place de la Comédie. I immediately occupied myself with the preparations My balloon, of gigantic proportions was of silk, coated with gutta percha, a substance not liable to injury from acids or gas, and of absolute impermeability. Some trifling rents were mended the inevitable results of perilous descents.

The day of our ascension was that of the great fair of September, which attracts all the world to Frankfort The apparatus for filling was composed of six hogsheads arranged around a large vat, hermetically sealed The hydrogen gas, evolved by the contact of water with iron and sulphuric acid, passed from the first reservoirs to the second, and thence into the immense globe, which was thus gradually inflated. These preparations occupied all the morning, and about 11 o'clock the balloon was three-quarters full; sufficiently so,—for as we rise, the atmospheric layers diminish in density, and the gas confined within the aerostat, acquiring more elasticity, might otherwise burst its envelope. My calculations had furnished me with the exact measurement of gas required to carry my companions and myself to a considerable height.

We were to ascend at noon. It was truly a magnificent spectacle, that of the impatient crowd who thronged around the reserved enclosure, inundated the entire square and adjoining streets, and covered the neighbouring houses from the basement to the slated roofs The high winds of past days had lulled, and an overpowering heat was radiating from an unclouded sky; not a breath animated the atmosphere In such weather, one might descend in the very spot he had left.

I carried three hundred pounds of ballast, in bags; the car, perfectly round, four feet in diameter, and three feet in height, was conveniently attached; the cord which sustained it was symmetrically extended from the upper hemisphere of the aerostat; the compass was in its place, the barometer suspended to the iron hoop which surrounded the supporting cords, at a distance of eight feet above the car; the anchor carefully prepared;—all was in readiness for our departure.

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* A metre is equal to 39·38 English inches.

Among the persons who crowded round the enclosure, I remarked a young man with pale face and agitated features. I was struck with his appearance. He had been an assiduous spectator of my ascensions in several cities of Germany. His uneasy air and his extraordinary preoccupation never left him; he eagerly contemplated the curious machine, which rested motionless at a few feet from the ground, and remained silent.

The clock struck twelve! This was the hour. My *compagnons du voyage* had not appeared. I sent to the dwelling of each, and learned that one had started for Hamburg, another for Vienna, and the third still more fearful for London. Their hearts had failed them at the moment of undertaking one of those excursions, which, since the ingenious experiments of aeronauts, are deprived of all danger. As they made, as it were, a part of the programme of the fete, they had feared being compelled to fulfil their agreements, and had fled at the moment of ascension. Their courage had been in inverse ratio to the square of their swiftness in retreat.

The crowd, thus partly disappointed, were shouting with anger and impatience. I did not hesitate to ascend alone. To re-establish the equilibrium between the specific gravity of the balloon and the weight to be raised, I substituted other bags of sand for my expected companions, and entered the car The twelve men who were holding the aerostat by twelve cords fastened to the equatorial circle, let them slip between their fingers, the car rose a few feet above the ground. There was not a breath of wind, and the atmosphere, heavy as lead, seemed insurmountable.

"All is ready!" exclaimed I, "attention!"

The men arranged themselves, a last glance informed me that everything was right.

"Attention!"

There was some movement in the crowd, which seemed to be invading the reserved enclosure.

"Let go!"

The balloon slowly ascended, but I experienced a shock which threw me to the bottom of the car. When I rose, I found myself face to face with an unexpected voyager,—the pale young man.

"Monsieur, I salute you!" said he to me.

"By what right?"—

"Am I here? By the right of your inability to turn me out" I was confounded. His assurance disconcerted me, and I had nothing to say in reply. I looked at him, but he paid no regard to my astonishment He continued

"My weight will disturb your equilibrium, Monsieur will you permit me?—"

And without waiting for my assent, he lightened the balloon by two bags of sand which he emptied into the air

"Monsieur," said I, taking the only possible course, "you are here,—well! you choose to remain,—well! but to me alone belongs the management of the aerostat"

"Monsieur," replied he, "your urbanity is entirely French, it is the same country with myself! I press in imagination the hand which you refuse me. Take your measures,—act as it may seem good to you; I will wait till you have ended—"

"To—"

"To converse with you."

The barometer had fallen to twenty-six inches, we had attained a height of about six hundred metres, and were over the city, which satisfied me of our complete quiescence, for I could not judge by our optionless flags. Nothing betrays the horizontal voyage of a balloon; it is the mass of air surrounding it which moves A kind of quivering heat bathed the objects extended at our feet, and gave their outlines an indistinctness to be regretted The needle of the compass indicated a slight tendency to float towards the south

I looked again at my companion. He was a man of thirty, amply clad; the bold outlines of his features betokened indomitable energy; he appeared very muscular. Absorbed in the emotion of a silent suspension, he remained immovable, seeking to distinguish the objects which passed beneath his view.

'Vexatious mist!" said he at the expiration of a few moments I made no reply.

'What would you? I could not pay for my voyage, I was obliged to take you by surprise."

'No one has asked you to descend!"

'A similar occurrence," he resumed, "happened to the Counts Laurencin and Dampierre, when they ascended at Lyons, on the 8th of January, 1784. A young merchant, named Fontaine, fled the railing, at the risk of upsetting the equipage. He accomplished the voyage, and nobody was killed!"

'Once on the earth, we will converse!" said I, piqued at the want of lightness with which he spoke.

'Bah! do not talk of returning!"

'Do you think then that I shall delay my descent?"

'Descent!" said he, with surprise. "Let us ascend!"

And before I could prevent him, two bags of sand were thrown out, without even being emptied.

"Monsieur!" said I, angrily.

"I know your skill," replied he, composedly; "your brilliant ascensions have made some noise in the world. Experience is the sister of practice, but it is also first cousin to theory, and I have long and deeply studied the aerostatic art. It has affected my brain," added he, sadly, falling into a mute torpor.

The balloon, after having risen, remained stationary; the unknown consulted the barometer, and said,—

"Here we are at 800 metres! Men resemble insects! See, I think it is from this height that we should always look at them to judge correctly of their moral proportions! The Place de la Comédie is transformed to an immense ant-hill. Look at the crowd piled upon the quays! The Zeil diminishes We are above the church of Dom The Mein is now only a white line dividing the city, and this bridge, the Mein-Brucke, looks like a white thread thrown between the two banks of the river."

The atmosphere grew cooler.

"There is nothing I will not do for you, my host," said my companion "If you are cold, I will take off my clothes and lend them to you"

"Thanks!"

"Necessity makes laws Give me your hand, I am your countryman. You shall be instructed by my company, and my conversation shall compensate you for the annoyance I have caused you."

I seated myself, without replying, at the opposite extremity of the car The young man had drawn from his great-coat a voluminous portfolio, it was a work on aerostation

"I possess," said he "a most curious collection of engravings and caricatures appertaining to our aerial mania. This precious discovery has been at once admired and ridiculed. Fortunately we have passed the period when the Mongolfiers sought to make factitious clouds with the vapour of water; and of the gas affecting electric properties, which they produced by the combustion of damp straw with chopped wool"

"Would you detract from the merit of these inventions?" replied I "Was it not well done to have proved by experiment the possibility of rising in the air?"

"Who denies the glory of the first aerial navigators? Immense courage was necessary to ascend by means of those fragile envelopes which contained only warm air Besides, has not aerostatic science made great progress since the ascensions of Blanchard? Look, Monsieur"

He took from his collection an engraving.

'Here is the first aerial voyage undertaken by Pilatre des Rosiers and the Marquis d'Arlandes, four months after the discovery of balloons. Louis XVI. refused his consent to this voyage; two condemned criminals were to have first attempted aerial travelling. Pilatre des Rosiers was indignant at this injustice, and, by means of artifice, succeeded in setting out This car, which renders the management of the balloon easy, had not then been invented; a circular gallery surrounded the lower part of the aerostat. The two aeronauts stationed themselves at the extremities of this gallery The damp straw with which it was filled encumbered their movement A chafing-dish was suspended beneath the orifice of the balloon, when the voyagers wished to ascend, they threw, with a long fork, straw upon this brazier, at the risk of burning the machine, and the air, growing warmer, gave to the balloon a new ascensional force The two bold navigators ascended, on the 21st of November, 1783, from the gardens of La Muette, which the Dauphin had placed at their disposal. The aerostat rose majestically, passed the Isle des Cygnes, crossed the Seine at the Barrière de la Conférence, and, directing its way between the dome of the Invalids and L'Ecole Militaire, approached St. Sulpice, then the aeronauts increased the fire, ascended, cleared the Boulevard, and descended beyond the Barrière d'Enfer. As it touched the ground, the balloon collapsed, and buried Pilatre des Rosiers beneath its folds."

"Unfortunate presage!" said I, interested in these details, which so nearly concerned me.

"Presage of his catastrophe," replied the unknown, with sadness. "You have experienced nothing similar?"

"Nothing."

"Bah, misfortunes often arrive without presage." And he remained silent

We were advancing towards the south; the magnetic needle pointed in the direction of Frankfort, which was flying beneath our feet

"Perhaps we shall have a storm," said the young man.

'We will descend first."

"Indeed! it will be better to ascend; we shall escape more surely," and two bags of sand were thrown overboard.

The balloon rose rapidly, and stopped at twelve hundred metres. The cold was now intense, and there was a slight buzzing in my ears. Nevertheless, the rays of the sun fell hotly on the globe, and, dilating the gas it contained, gave it a greater ascensional force. I was stupified.

"Fear nothing," said the young man to me. "We have three thousand five hundred toises of respirable air. You need not trouble yourself about my proceedings

I would have risen, but a vigorous hand detained me on my seat.

"Your name?" asked I.

"My name! how does it concern you?"

"I have the honour to ask your name."

"I am called Erostratus or Empedocles,—as you please Are you interested in the progress of aerostatic science?"

He spoke with icy coldness, and I asked myself with whom I had to do.

"Monsieur," continued he, "nothing new has been invented since the days of the philosopher Charles Four months after the discovery of aerostats, he had invented the valve, which permits the gas to escape when the balloon is too full, or when one wishes to descend; the car, which allows the machine to be easily managed, the network, which encloses the fabric of the balloon, and prevents its being too heavily pressed; the ballast, which is used in ascending and choosing the spot of descent, the coat of caoutchouc, which renders the silk impermeable, the barometer, which determines the height attained; and, finally, the hydrogen, which, fourteen times lighter than air, allows of ascension to the most distant atmospheric layers, and prevents exposure to aerial combustion. On the 1st of December, 1783, three hundred thousand spectators thronged the Tuileries. Charles ascended, and the soldiers presented arms. He travelled nine leagues in the air, managing his machine with a skill never since surpassed in aeronautic experiments. The king conferred on him a pension of two hundred thousand livres, for in those days inventions were encouraged. In a few days, the subscription list was filled; for every one was interested in the progress of science"

The unknown was seized with a violent agitation

"I, monsieur, have studied, I am satisfied that the first aeronauts guided their balloons. Not to speak of Blanchard, whose assertions might be doubted, at Dijon, Guyton-Morveaux, by the aid of oars and a helm, imparted to his machines perceptible motions, a decided direction. More recently, at Paris, a watchmaker, M Julien, has made at the Hippodrome convincing experiments, for, with the aid of a particular mechanism, an aerial apparatus of oblong form was manifestly propelled against the wind M Petin placed four balloons, filled with hydrogen, in juxtaposition, and, by means of sails disposed horizontally and partially furled, hoped to obtain a disturbance of the equilibrium, which, inclining the apparatus, should compel it to an oblique path But the motive power destined to surmount the resistance of currents,—the *hélice*, moving in a movable medium,—was unsuccessful I have discovered the only method of guiding balloons, and not an academy has come to my assistance, not a city has filled my subscription lists, not a government has deigned to listen to me! It is infamous!

His gesticulations were so furious that the car experienced violent oscillations; I had much difficulty in restraining him Meanwhile the balloon had encountered a more rapid current We were advancing in a southerly direction, at 1,200 metres in height, almost accustomed to this new temperature

"There is Darmstadt," said my companion "Do you perceive its magnificent chateau? The storm-cloud below makes the outlines of objects waver and it requires a practised eye to recognise localities."

"You are certain that it is Darmstadt?"

"Undoubtedly; we are six leagues from Frankfort"

"Then we must descend."

"Descend! you would not alight upon the steeples!" said the unknown, mockingly.

"No; but in the environs of the city"

"Well, it is too warm; let us remount a little"

As he spoke thus he seized some bags of ballast I precipitated myself upon him; but, with one hand, he overthrew me, and the lightened balloon rose to a height of 1,500 metres

"Sit down," said he, "and do not forget that Brioschi, Biot, and Gay-Lussac, ascended to a height of seven thousand metres, in order to establish some new scientific laws."

"We must descend," resumed I, with an attempt at gentleness "The storm is gathering beneath our feet and around us; it would not be prudent."—

"We will ascend above it, and shall have nothing to fear from it. What more beautiful than to reign in heaven, and look down upon the clouds which hover upon the earth! Is it not an honour to navigate these aerial waves? The greatest personages have travelled like ourselves The Marquise and Comtesse de Montalembert, the Comtesse de Podenas, Mlle. La Garde, the Marquis of Montalembert, set out from the Faubourg St Antoine for these unknown regions. The Duc de Chartres displayed much address and presence of mind in his ascension on the 15th of July, 1784; at Lyons, the Comtes de Laurencin and de Dampierre; at Nantes, M. de Luynes; at Bordeaux, D'Arbelet des Granges; in Italy, the Chevalier Andreani; in our days, the Duke of Brunswick,—have left in the air the track of their glory. In order to equal these great personages, we must ascend into the celestial regions higher than they. To approach the infinite is to comprehend it."

The rarefaction of the air considerably dilated the hydrogen, and I saw the lower part of the aerostat, designedly left empty, become by degrees inflated, rendering the opening of the valve indispensable, but my fearful companion seemed determined not to allow me to direct our movements. I resolved to pull secretly the cord attached to the valve, while he was talking with animation. I feared to guess with whom I had to do; it would have been too horrible! It was about three-quarters of an hour since we had left Frankfort, and from the south thick clouds were arising and threatening to ingulf us.

"Have you lost all hope of making your plans succeed?" said I, with apparent interest.

"All hope!" replied the unknown, despairingly. "Wounded by refusals, caricatures, those blows with the foot of an ass, have finished me It is the eternal punishment reserved for innovators. See these caricatures of every age with which my portfolio is filled."

I had secured the cord of the valve, and stooping over his works, concealed my movements from him. It was to be feared, nevertheless, that he would notice that rushing sound, like a waterfall, which the gas produces in escaping

"How many jests at the expense of the Abbé Miolan! He was about to ascend with Jenninet and Bredin. During the operation, their balloon took fire, and an ignorant populace tore it to pieces. Then the caricature of *The Curious Animals* called them *Miaulant, Jean Miaut, and Gredin.*"

The barometer had begun to rise; it was time! A distant muttering of thunder was heard towards the south.

"See this other engraving," continued he, without seeming to suspect my manœuvres. "It is an immense balloon, containing a ship, large castles, houses, &c. The caricaturists little thought that their absurdities would one day become verities. It is a large vessel, at the left is the helm with the pilot's box; at the prow, *maisons de plaisance*, a gigantic organ, and cannon to call the attention of the inhabitants of the earth or of the moon; above the stern the observatory and pilot-balloon; at the equatorial circle, the barracks of the army; on the left the lantern, then upper galleries for promenades, the sails, the wings; beneath, the cafés and general store-houses of provisions. Admire this magnificent announcement. 'Invented for the good of the human race, this globe will depart immediately for the seaports in the Levant, and on its return will announce its voyages for the two poles and the extremities of the Occident. Every provision is made; there will be an exact rate of fare for each place of destination But the prices for distant voyages will be the same, 1,000 louis. And it must be confessed that this is a moderate sum, considering the celerity, convenience, and pleasure of this mode of travelling above all others While in this balloon, every one can divert himself as he pleases, dancing, playing, or conversing with people of talent. Pleasure will be the soul of the aerial society." All these inventions excited laughter But before long, if my days were not numbered, these projects should become realities."

We were visibly descending; he did not perceive it!

"See this game of balloons; it contains the whole history of the aerostatic art. This game, for the use of educated minds, is played like that of the Jew; with dice and counters of any value agreed upon, which are to be paid or received, according to the condition in which one arrives."

"But," I resumed, "you seem to have valuable documents on aerostation?"

"I possess all the knowledge possible in this world. From Phaeton, Icarus, and Architas, I have searched all, comprehended all! Through me, the aerostatic art would render immense services to the world, if God should spare my life! But that cannot be."

"Why not?"

"Because my name is Empedocles or Erostratus!"

CHAPTER II.

The Company of Aerostiers—The Battle of Fleurus—The Balloon over the Sea—Blanchard and Jefferies—A Drama such as is rarely seen—3,000 Metres—The Thunder beneath our Feet—Garnerin at Rome—The Compass gone—The Victims of Aerostation—Pilatre—At 4,000 Metres—The Barometer gone—Descents of Olivari, Mosment, Bittorf, Harris, Sadler, and Madame Blanchard—The Valve rendered useless—7,000 Metres—Zambecarri—The Balloon Wrecked—Incalculable Heights—The Car Overset—Despair—Vertigo—The Fall—The Denouement.

I SHUDDERED! Fortunately the balloon was approaching the earth. But the danger is the same at 50 feet as at 5,000 metres! The clouds were advancing.

"Remember the battle of Fleurus, and you will comprehend the utility of aerostats! Coutelle, by order of the government, organised a company of aerostiers. At the siege of Maubeuge, General Jourdan found this new method of observation so serviceable, that twice a day, accompanied by the general himself, Coutelle ascended into the air; the correspondence between the aeronaut and the aerostiers who held the balloon, was carried on by means of little, white, red, and yellow flags. Cannons and carbines were often aimed at the balloon at the moment of its ascension, but without effect. When Jourdan was preparing to invest Charleroi, Coutelle repaired to the neighbourhood of that place, rose from the plain of Jumet, and remained taking observations seven or eight hours, with General Morelot. The Austrians came to deliver the city, and a battle was fought on the heights of Fleurus. General Jourdan publicly proclaimed the assistance he had received from aeronautic observations. Well! notwithstanding the services rendered on this occasion, and during the campaign with Belgium, the year which witnessed the commencement of the military career of balloons, also saw its terminate. And the school of Meudon, founded by government, was closed by Bonaparte, on his return from Egypt 'What are we to expect from the child which has just been born?' Franklin had said. But the child was born alive! It need not have been strangled!"

The unknown hid his forehead in his hands, reflected for a few moments, then, without raising his head, said to me,—

"Notwithstanding my orders, you have opened the upper valve!"

I let go the cord.

"Fortunately," continued he, "we have still two hundred pounds of ballast."

"What are your plans?" said I, with effort.

"You have never crossed the sea?"

I grew frightfully pale, terror froze my veins.

"It is a pity," said he, "that we are being wafted towards the Adriatic! That is only a streamlet. Higher! we shall find other currents!"

And without looking at me, he lightened the balloon by several bags of sand.

"I allowed you to open the valve, because the dilatation of the gas threatened to burst the balloon. But do not do it again"

I was stupified.

"You know the voyage from Dover to Calais, made by Blanchard and Jefferies It was rich in incident. On the 7th of January, 1785, in a north-east wind, their balloon was filled with gas on the Dover side; scarcely had they risen, when an error in equilibrium compelled them to throw out their ballast, retaining only thirty pounds. The wind drifted them slowly along towards the shores of France. The permeability of the tissue gradually suffered the gas to escape, and at the expiration of an hour and a half, the voyagers perceived that they were descending. 'What is to be done?' said Jefferies —'We have passed over only three-fourths of the distance,' replied Blanchard, 'and at a slight elevation By ascending we shall expose ourselves to contrary winds Throw out the remainder of the ballast.' The balloon regained its ascensional force, but soon re-descended. About midway of the voyage, the aeronauts threw out their books and tools A quarter of an hour afterwards, Blanchard said to Jefferies,—'The barometer?'—'It is rising' We are lost, and yet there are the shores of France!' A great noise was heard 'Is the balloon rent?' asked Jefferies.—'No! the escape of the gas has collapsed the lower part of the balloon.'—'But we are still descending We are lost! Everything not indispensable must be thrown overboard!" Their provisions, oars and helm were thrown out into the sea. They were now only 100 metres in height. 'We are remounting,' said the doctor.—'No, it is the jerk caused by the diminution of weight. There is not a ship in sight! Not a bark on the horizon! To the sea with our garments!" And the unfortunate men stripped, but the balloon continued to descend. Blanchard,' said Jefferies, 'you were to have made this voyage alone; you consented to take me, I will sacrifice myself to you! I will throw myself into the water, and the balloon, relieved, will reascend!'—'No, no, it is frightful.' The balloon collapsed more and more, and its concavity forming a parachute, forced the gas against its sides and accelerated its motion. 'Adieu, my friend,' said the doctor. 'May God preserve you!' He was about to have taken the leap, when Blanchard detained him. 'One resource remains to us! We can cut the cords by which the car is attached, and cling to the network? perhaps the balloon will rise. Ready! But the barometer falls! We remount! The wind freshens! We are saved!' The voyagers perceived Calais! Their joy became delirium; a few moments later, they descended in the forest of Guines. "I doubt not," continued the unknown, "that in a similar circumstances you would follow the example of Doctor Jefferies."

The clouds were unrolling beneath our feet in glittering cascades; the balloon cast a deep shadow on this pile of clouds, and was surrounded by them as with an aureola! The thunder growled beneath our feet! All this was frightful!

"Let us descend!" exclaimed I.

"Descend, when the sun is awaiting us yonder! Down with the bags!" And he lightened the balloon of more than fifty pounds. At 3,000 metres we remained stationary. The unknown talked incessantly, but I scarcely heard him; I was completely prostrated, while he seemed in his element.

"With a good wind, we shall go far, but we must especially go high!"

"We are lost!"

"In the Antilles there are currents of air which travel a hundred leagues an hour! On the occasion of Napoleon's coronation, Garnerin let off a balloon illuminated with coloured lamps, at eleven o'clock in the evening! The wind blew from the N.N.E.; the next morning, at daybreak, the inhabitants of Rome saluted its passage above the dome of St Peter's We will go farther."

I scarcely heard him, everything was buzzing around me! There was an opening in the clouds!

"See that city, my host," said the unknown. "It is Spire. Nothing else!"

I dared not lean over the railing of the car. Nevertheless I perceived a little black spot This was Spire. The broad Rhine looked like a riband, the great roads like threads. Above our heads the sky was of a deep azure, I was benumbed with the cold. The birds had long since forsaken us in this rarefied air their flight would have been impossible We were alone in space, and I in the presence of a strange man!

"It is useless for you to know whither I am taking you," said he, and he threw the compass into the clouds. "A fall is a fine thing You know that there have been a few victims from Pilatre des Rosiers down to Lieutenant Gale, and these misfortunes have always been caused by imprudence Pilatre des Rosiers ascended in company with Romain, at Boulogne, on the 13th of June, 1785. To his balloon, inflated with gas, he had suspended a *mongolfier* filled with warm air, undoubtedly to save the trouble of letting off gas, or throwing out ballast It was like putting a chafing-dish beneath a powder-cask The imprudent men rose to a height of four hundred metres, and encountered opposing winds, which drove them over the ocean In order to descend, Pilatre attempted to open the valve of the aerostat, but the cord of this valve caught in the balloon, and tore it so that it was emptied in an instant. It fell on the mongolfier, overturned it, and the imprudent men were dashed to pieces in a few seconds It is frightful, is it not?" said the unknown, shaking me from my torpor.

I could reply only by these words

"In pity, let us descend! The clouds are gathering around us in every direction, and frightful detonations reverberating from the cavity of the aerostat are multiplying around us"

"You make me impatient!" said he. "You shall no longer know whether we are ascending or descending"

And the barometer went after the compass, along with some bags of sand We must have been at a height of four thousand metres Some icicles were attached to the sides of the car, and a sort of fine snow penetrated to my bones. Meanwhile a terrific storm was bursting beneath our feet. We were above it.

"Do not fear," said my strange companion; "it is only imprudence that makes victims. Olivari, who perished at Orleans, ascended in a mongolfier made of paper; his car, suspended below the chafing-dish, and ballasted with combustible materials, became a prey to the flames! Olivari fell, and was killed. Mosment ascended at Lille, on a light platform; an oscillation made him lose his equilibrium. Mosment fell, and was killed. Bittorf, at Manheim, saw his paper balloon take fire in the air! Bittorf fell, and was killed Harris ascended in a balloon badly constructed, the valve of which was too large to be closed again. Harris fell, and was killed Sadler, deprived of ballast by his long stay in the air, was dragged over the city of Boston, and thrown against the chimneys. Sadler fell, and was killed. Cocking descended with a convex parachute which he pretended to have perfected. Cocking fell, and was killed. Well, I love them, those noble victims of their courage! and I will die like them! Higher! higher!"

All the phantoms of this necrology were passing before my eyes! The rarefaction of the air and the rays of the sun increased the dilatation of the gas; the balloon continued to ascend! I mechanically attempted to open the valve; but the unknown cut the cord a few feet above my head. I was lost!

"Did you see Madame Blanchard fall?" said he to me. "I saw her, I—yes, I! I was at Tivoli on the 6th of July, 1819. Madame Blanchard ascended in a balloon of small size, to save the expense of filling; she was therefore obliged to inflate it entirely, and the gas escaped by the lower orifice, leaving on its route a train of hydrogen. She carried, suspended above her car

by an iron wire, a kind of fire-work, forming an aureola, which she was to kindle. She had often repeated this experiment. On this occasion she carried besides, a little parachute, ballasted by a firework terminating in a ball with silver rain. She was to launch this apparatus, after having lighted it with a *lance à feu*, prepared for the purpose. She ascended. The night was dark. At the moment of lighting the firework, she was so imprudent as to let the lance pass beneath the column of hydrogen, which was escaping from the balloon. My eyes were fixed on her. Suddenly an unexpected flash illuminated the darkness. I thought it a surprise of the skilful aeronaut. The flame increased, suddenly disappeared, and reappeared at the top of the aerostat under the form of an immense jet of burning gas This sinister light projected over the Boulevard, and over the quarter Montmartre. Then I saw the unfortunate woman rise, twice attempt to compress the orifice of the balloon, to extinguish the fire, then seat herself in the car and seek to direct its descent, for she did not fall The combustion of the gas lasted several minutes. The balloon, diminishing by degrees, continued to descend, but this was not a fall! The wind blew from the north-east, and drove her over Paris There were, at that time, in the neighbourhood of the house, No. 16, Rue de Provence, immense gardens. The aeronaut might have fallen there without danger. But unhappily the balloon and the car alighted on the roof of the house. The shock was slight. 'Help,' cried the unfortunate woman. I arrived in the street at that moment The car slid along the roof, and encountered an iron hook. At this shock Madame Blanchard was thrown out of the car, and precipitated on the pavement! She was killed!"

These histories of fatal augury froze me with horror The unknown was standing upright, with bare head, bristling hair, haggard eyes.

Illusion was no longer possible I saw at last the horrible truth I had to deal with a madman!

He threw out half the ballast, and we must have been borne to a height of 7,000 metres! Blood sputed from my nose and mouth.

"What a fine thing it is to be martyrs to science! They are canonised by posterity!"

I heard no more The unknown looked around him with horror, and knelt at my ear

"On the 7th of October, 1804, the weather had begun to clear up a little; for several days preceding, the wind and rain had been incessant. But the ascension announced by Zambecarri could not be postponed! His idiot enemies already scoffed at him. To save himself and science from public ridicule, it became necessary for him to ascend. It was at Bologna! No one aided him in filling his balloon, he rose at midnight, accompanied by Andreoli and Grossetti. The balloon ascended slowly, it had been rent by the wind, and the gas escaped. The three intrepid voyagers could observe the state of the barometer only by the aid of a dark lantern. Zambecarri had not eaten during twenty-four hours, Grossetti was also fasting

"'My friends,' said Zambecarri, 'I am benumbed with the cold; I am exhausted; I must die,' and he fell senseless in the gallery.

"It was the same with Grossetti. Andreoli alone remained awake. After long efforts he succeeded in arousing Zambecarri from his stupor.

"'What is there new? Where are we going? In which direction is the wind? What time is it?'

"'It is two o'clock!"

"'Where is the compass?'

"'It has fallen out.'

"'Ah, the lamp is extinguished!"

"'It could not burn longer in this rarefied air" said Zambecarri

"The moon had not risen; the atmosphere was plunged in horrible darkness.

"'I am cold, I am cold, Andreoli! What shall we do?'

"The unfortunate men slowly descended through a layer of white clouds.

"'Hush,' said Andreoli; 'do you hear—'

"'What?' replied Zambecarri.

"'A singular noise!'

"'You are mistaken!'

"'No!—Do you see those midnight travellers, listening to that inconprehensible sound? Have they struck against a tower? Are they about to be precipitated on the roofs? Do you hear it? It is like the sound of the ocean!'

"'Impossible!'

"'It is the roaring of the waves!'

"'That is true! Light!—light!'

"After five fruitless attempts, Andreoli obtained it. It was three o'clock. The sound of the waves was heard with violence; they almost touched the surface of the sea.

"'We are lost!' exclaimed Zambecarri, seizing a bag of ballast.

"'Help,' cried Andreoli.

"The car touched the water, and the waves covered them breast high. To the sea with instruments, garments, money! The aeronauts stripped entirely. The lightened balloon rose with frightful rapidity. Zambecarri was seized with violent vomiting. Grossetti bled freely. The unhappy men could not speak, their respiration was short. They were seized with cold, and in a moment covered with a coat of ice. The moon appeared to them red as blood. After having traversed these high regions during half an hour, the machine again fell into the sea. It was four o'clock in the morning the bodies of the wretched aeronauts were half in the water, and the balloon, acting as a sail, dragged them about during several hours. At daybreak, they found themselves opposite Pesaro, five miles from the shore; they were about to land, when a sudden flaw of wind drove them back to the open sea. They were lost! The affrighted barks fled at their approach. Fortunately, a more intelligent navigator hailed them, took them on board, and they landed at Ferrara That was frightful! Zambecarri was a brave man Scarcely recovered from his sufferings, he recommenced his ascensions. In one of them, he struck against a tree, his lamp, filled with spirits of wine, was spilled over his clothes, and they caught fire, he was covered with flame; his machine was beginning to kindle, when he descended, half burned. The 21st of September, 1812, he made another ascension at Bologna, his balloon caught in a tree; his lamp set fire to it Zambecarri fell, and was killed! And in presence of these high facts, shall we still hesitate? No! the higher we go the more glorious will be our death"

The ball on, entirely unballasted, we were borne to incredible heights. The aerostat vibrated in the atmosphere; the slightest sound re-echoed through the celestial vaults, the globe, the only object which struck my sight in immensity, seemed about to be annihilated, and above us the heights of heaven lost themselves in the profound darkness!

I saw the unknown rise before me.

"This is the hour!" said he to me "We must die! We are rejected by men! They despise us! let us crush them!"

"Mercy!" exclaimed I

"Let us cut the cords! let this car be abandoned in space! The attractive force will change its direction, and we shall land in the sun!"

Despair gave me strength! I precipitated myself upon the madman, and a frightful struggle took place! But I was thrown down! and while he held me beneath his knee, he cut the cords of the car!

"One!" said he

"Mercy!"

"Two! three!"

One cord more, and the car was sustained only on one side. I made a superhuman effort, rose, and violently repulsed this insensate

"Four!" said he.

The car was overset I instinctively clung to the cords which held it, and climbed up the outside.

The unknown had disappeared in space!

In a twinkling the balloon ascended to an immeasurable height! A horrible crash was heard The dilated gas had burst its envelope! I closed my eyes A few moments afterwards, a moist warmth reanimated me, I was in the midst of fiery clouds! The balloon was whirling with fearful rapidity! I felt myself swooning! Driven by the wind, I travelled a hundred leagues an hour in my horizontal course, the lightnings flashed around me!

Meanwhile my fall was not rapid. When I opened my eyes, I perceived the country. I was two miles from the sea, the hurricane urging me on with great force. I was lost, when a sudden shock made me let go, my hands opened, a cord slipped rapidly between my fingers, and I found myself on the ground. It was the cord of the anchor, which, sweeping the surface of the ground, had caught in a crevice! I fainted, and my lightened balloon, resuming its flight, was lost beyond the sea.

When I recovered my senses, I was in the house of a peasant, at Harderwick, a little town of Gueldre, fifteen leagues from Amsterdam, on the banks of the Zuyderzee.

A miracle had saved me. But my voyage had been but a series of imprudencies against which I had been unable to defend myself.

May this terrific recital, while it instructs those who read it, not discourage the explorers of the routes of air!

CONTENT.—The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—*Johnson.*

EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY.

QUESTIONS FOR SOLUTION.

Cold blows the wind, and high, and shrill,
Though scantly clothed I fear no chill.
I labour on from hour to hour,
With all my might—with all my pow'r
Although I'm blind, much work I do,
Though willing, yet I grumble too—
Still am I dumb, but noisy till
I'm bid to stop against my will.
Good food I take, but never think
From whence it comes, and never drink
Reador my age is known to few,
My birthday no one ever knew,
And yet my name denotes 'twas done
One thousand, fifty, and fifty-one.

2. At a certain election 375 persons voted, and the candidate chosen had a majority of 91; how many voted for each?

3. What number is that from which, if 5 be subtracted of the remainder will be 40?

4. Divide the number 36 into three such parts that ⅓ of the first, ¼ of the second, and ⅕ of the third, may be all equal to each other —S. R PALMER.

5 Divide 20s. among four persons, and give to the first ½, the second ⅓, the third ¼, and the fourth ⅕ of it, so as nothing may remain.—W. M. W.

6. How many inches of wire would go round the earth, assuming its diameter to be 7912 miles?

7. Name all the British Colonies of Africa. Sierra Leone, St. Helena, the Cape, and Mauritius Why was St Helena so called?

8 A. has 100 sheep; B. 5,000. In making folds for their sheep, A. purchases 100 hurdles at 3s 6d each, which is sufficient to contain his sheep, but agrees to allow B.'s sheep to be folded along with his, on condition of B. furnishing the requisite number of hurdles for that purpose. What is the outlay of each for hurdles, supposing both to purchase at the same rate?—ROBERT MIDDLETON.

9.— FIVE ARAB MAXIMS.

Never	All	For he who	Every thing	Often	More than
Tell	You may know	Tells	He knows	Tells	He knows
Attempt	You can do	Attempts	He can do	Attempts	He can do
Believe	You may hear	Believes	He hears	Believes	He hears
Lay out	You can afford	Lays out	He can afford	Lays out	He can afford
Decide upon	You may see	Decides upon	He sees	Decides upon	He sees

A key to this enigmatical inscription is requested.

10. I have long maintained a distinguished station in our modern days, but I cannot trace my origin to ancient times, though the learned have attempted it. After the revolution in 1688, I was chief physician to the king; at least, in my absence he ever complained of sickness. Had I lived in ancient days, so friendly was I to crowned heads, that Cleopatra would have got off with a sting; her cold arm would have felt a reviving heat. I am rather a friend to sprightliness than to industry; I have often converted a neutral pronoun into a man of talent. I have often amused myself with reducing the provident to indigence. I never meet a post-horse without giving him a blow. To some animals I am a friend, and many a puppy has yelped for aid when I have deserted him. I am a patron of architecture, and can turn every thing into brick and mortar. I am so honest, that whenever I can find a pair of stockings, I ask for their owner. Not even Lancaster has carried education so far as I have: I always adopt the system of interrogatories. I have already taught my hat to ask questions of fact, and my poultry, questions of chronology. With my trees I share the labours of my laundry. they scour my linen; and when I find a rent, 'tis I who make it entire. In short, such are my merits, that whatever yours may be, you can never be more than half as good as I am.—A solution in verse is requested.

*** In accordance with the wish of numerous subscribers, a longer day is given for answers to the Exercises The solutions, therefore, to the questions proposed in No. 39, will appear with the last Number of the next monthly Part. Several questions still remain unsolved, an opportunity, consequently, is afforded our friends for giving them further consideration. Mr. T. R. Palmer is requested to forward answers to the several questions proposed to him.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE A FABLE.

A PIN and a needle being neighbours in a work-basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do. I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?" "What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?" "What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is [illegible] can," said the needle "Yes, but you will not live long" Why not?" "Because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin. "You are a poor crooked creature," said the needle "And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back" "I'll pull your head off, if you insult me again" "I'll put your eye out if you touch me, remember that your life hangs by a single thread," said the pin. While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread round the neck of the pin, and, attempting to sew with it, she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle "Well, here we are," said the needle. "We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses." "A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE POPULAR EDUCATOR —AN EXTRA EDITION of this extraordinary work, on fine paper, at 1½d per Number, or in Monthly Parts, in a neat wrapper, at 7d, or when Five Numbers 8½d., is now published, and is issued without the weekly headings. Persons wishing for this edition must be careful to order the "*Extra* Edition." The whole of the Numbers may now be obtained, or the first Three Parts —Part I, 7d, Part II, 8½d, Part III., 7d. The Common Edition, at One Penny per Number, Monthly Parts, 5d., or 6d., is regularly issued

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THE PATHWAY, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper. Vols I and II, neatly bound in cloth and lettered, price 2s 2d each, are now ready.

CASSELL'S SHILLING EDITION OF EUCLID —This work will be ready with the Magazines for August, price 1s. in a neat wrapper, or 1s. 6d. in cloth boards.

MISCELLANEA.

A CONSIDERATE SCOTCHMAN. — Two Englishmen some time ago visited the field of Bannockburn, so celebrated for the defeat of Edward's army. A sensible countryman pointed out to them the positions of the hostile nations—the stone where Bruce's standard was fixed during the battle, &c. Highly pleased with his attention, the gentleman on leaving him pressed his acceptance of a crown piece. "Na, na," said the honest man, returning the money, "keep your crown piece; the English hae paid dear aneugh already for seeing the field of Bannockburn."

A HAPPY PAIR.—There is a happy couple, we learn from an American paper, residing in Canal-street, in Albany, who cannot yet call themselves old, and who in *twenty-four* years of married life, have been blessed with *twenty-two* sons and daughters, all of whom are now living.

THE CURATE *versus* THE BUTLER.—It is related that when Sir R. —— of Bath, was engaging a butler, seventy-five guineas per annum was the salary required. "Why," was the gentleman's remark, "that is the pay of a curate." The butler calmly replied, "It is so, Sir R——, and I am sorry for the gentlemen; but I really cannot do *myself* an injustice on *their* account."

A MODEL HUSBAND.—Here is the picture of one that would satisfy the stoutest advocate of "Woman's Rights" at the late Massachusetts Convention.—He never takes the newspaper and reads it before Mrs. Smith has had a chance to run over the advertisements, deaths and marriages, &c. He always gets into bed first on cold nights, to take off the chill for his wife. If the children in the next room scream in the night, he don't expect his wife to take an air-bath to find out what is the matter. He has been known to wear Mrs. Smith's nightcap, while in bed, to make the baby think it was its mother.

"THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE."—The writer of this popular song, according to Weir's "History of Greenock," was Jean Adams, born about 1710. She became a schoolmistress—gave Shakspearian readings to her pupils, and admired Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe" so much that she walked to London to see the author. Jean Adams published a small volume of poems, printed at Glasgow in 1734, which met with little encouragement, and a large portion of the edition was exported to Boston, in America. Towards the close of her life she became a wandering beggar, died in the poorhouse of Glasgow, on the 3rd of April, 1765, and was "buried at the house expense."—*Willis's Current Notes.*

THE WAY TO PROLONG LIFE.—It is to live twice when we can enjoy the recollection of our former life.

TIMELY PREPARATION.—"John," said an angry parent to a son who had committed a misdeed, "John, go to the next room, and prepare yourself for a severe flogging." The boy departed, and when the parent had finished the letter he was writing, and sought the offending youth, he was surprised at the swollen appearance of the young rascal's back. "What does this mean?" he asked; "what is on your back?" "A leather apron," replied John, "*three double.* You told me to prepare myself for a hard flogging, and I did the best I could!" The hard set features of the father's countenance relaxed, as also did the muscles of the hand which grasped the whip, and he let John off, "for that once," with a gentle admonition.

"BE CONTENT with what you have," as the rat said to the trap, when he saw that he had left part of his tail in it.

"POVERTY," says Jean Paul, "is the only load which is the heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in supporting it."

DR. JOHNSON'S OPINION OF ACTIONS AT LAW.—The great lexicographer compared the plaintiff and defendant in an action at law to two men ducking their heads in a bucket, and daring each other to remain longest under water.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—No man is always right, just as no man is always wrong. A clock that does not go at all is right twice in the twenty-four hours.

IRISH, BUT TRUE.—If a gentleman breaks a horse's heart, he's only "a bowld rider," while a poor servant is a "careless blackguard," for only taking a sweat out of him. If a gentleman shrinks till he can't see a hole in a ladher, he's only "fresh," but "shrunk" is the word for a poor man. And if a gentleman kicks up a row, he's a "fine-spirited fellow," while a poor man is a "disordherly vagabone" for the same; and the justice axes the one to dinner, and sends the t'other to jail. Oh, faix, the law is a dainty lady, she takes people by the hand who can afford to wear gloves, but people with brown fists must keep their distance.

POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION.—A writer in the *Times* says, "There is but one power on the increase in the country, and that is the power of public opinion, there is but one profession which will certainly be stronger in 1860 than in 1852, and that is the profession of a journalist."

LYING IS A hateful, accursed vice. We are not men, nor have other tie upon one another, but our word. If we did but discover the horror and consequence of it, we should pursue it with fire and sword, and more justly than other crimes.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.—In the castles and palaces of the ex-nobility of France, the tapestry frequently represents memorials of their pride of ancestry. On the tapestry of an apartment in the palace of the ex-duke of Choiseul, is a representation of the Deluge, in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out, "My good friend, save the archives of the Choiseul family!"

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE. A FABLE.—A mouse, ranging about a brewery, happened to fall into a vat of beer, was in immediate danger of drowning, and appealed to a cat to help him out. The cat replied, "It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you." The mouse piteously replied, "That fate would be better than to be drowned in beer." The cat lifted him out, but the fume of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in his hole. The cat called upon the mouse to come out—"You, sir, did you not promise that I should eat you?" "Ah!" replied the mouse, "but you know *I was in liquor at the time!*"

A NEW DEFINITION.—The real is the Sancho Panza of the ideal.

LISTEN, YOUNG LADIES!—Dr. Beeswax, in his "Essay on Woman," remarks with some truth, that "beauties generally die old maids. They set such a value on themselves," he says, "that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed. Out of a dozen beauties who have come out within the last eighteen years, eleven still occupy single beds. They spend their days in working green dogs on yellow wool—while their evenings are devoted to low spirits and French novels."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. U.—"*Chloride of Sodium*" is the chemical name now given to common table-salt. It was formerly believed that common salt was a compound of muriatic acid and soda; but Davy has shown that it is really chloride of sodium.

R. BATES.—Having said and done much in our time to discountenance the use of spirituous liquors, we must decline to answer your questions.

A YOUNG ARTIST.—*Creta Lævis* is the name by which a new kind of drawing pencil, intermediate in character between lead-pencils and crayons is known. They will, we have no doubt, answer your purpose.

MATTHEW.—Your "lines" have been received, but we cannot promise you "an early insertion."

D. M. JENKINS.—Members of Parliament are *not* "paid for their services in that capacity," but they are in the way of obtaining favour of various kinds from the Government—that is, if they support Government measures!

MARTHA says she does not like the receipt for curing rancid butter which we furnished in No. 35. Let her try the following.—Melt the butter by putting it in a pan or jar placed in boiling water, with some coarsely-powdered animal charcoal,—that is, charcoal made from bones,—thoroughly freed from *dust* by sifting, then strain through clean flannel.

UN AMI.—You may obtain a common convex obscura for four or five shillings at almost any optician's, but we question whether you will be able to obtain one small enough to carry in the pocket.

J. C.—You can only legally bind your son apprentice by means of an indenture, the price of which will depend upon the amount of the premium required by the master; if the premium be under £30, the price of the indenture will be twenty shillings. If there be *no* premium, you will still require a 20s. indenture.

INQUIRER.—The eyes are too delicate organs to be tampered with, you had better obtain advice from a skilful medical practitioner.

T. A.—The word "Panacea" is derived from two Greek words, which signify "I cure all." It was applied by the ancients to certain remedies which were supposed to be capable of curing all diseases. We do not believe that any such remedy exists.

J. THORMAY.—The paper commonly used to wrap up paste blacking, and to tie over pots and jars of blacking and other greasy preparations, is made by brushing sheets of paper over with "boiled oil," and hanging them on a line till dry. Such paper is sufficiently waterproof for ordinary purposes.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS, some of whose writ als we cannot decipher, have requested receipts for removing freckles, pimples, moles, &c. We decline to insert such receipts. We profess no skill in cosmetics. Let them apply to a skilful practitioner.

A YOUNG MAN.—We question much whether you will better your situation by emigrating to California. Certainly you have no claim to a free passage.

ELIZA.—There are many fluids with which linen may be marked. The following is said to be the most permanent and beautiful ink known:—Dissolve basic or soluble Prussian blue in pure rain-water. The portion of the linen intended to be marked must be first moistened with alum-water and dried. It may then be written upon with a common pen.

A BIBLE READER.—The *Roman* moneys mentioned in the New Testament, are of the following values when reduced to the English standard:—A *mite*, three farthings; a *farthing*, about three halfpence; a *penny*, or denarius, sevenpence three farthings, a *pound*, or mina, £3 2s. 6d. The Jewish moneys, according to the English standard, as follow:—A *gerah*, a fraction above a penny; a *beka*, about thirteen pence, a *shekel*, about 2s. 8d.; a *maneh*, or mina Hebraica, a small fraction above £5 14s.; a *talent*, £342 3s. 9d. A *gold shekel* was worth £1 16s. 6d.; a *talent of gold* was worth £5,475.

W. K. O.—The general penny postage of letters was established January 7, 1840.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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BEARDS AND BARBERS.

BY A YOUNG SHAVER



INTERIOR OF AN ARMENIAN BARBER'S SHOP.

THERE is scarcely any trade or calling which is not connected with a host of old fancies—forgotten haply in the bustle of the world, but recurring again and again in our quiet moments. Every article of dress, every fashion, every custom, every national peculiarity has its own particular history. Beards and barbers are no exception to the rule. In our childish days ere the romance of the nursery had been laid aside for something of a more exciting interest; when the hero of giant-land, the redoubtable Jack, filled us with admiration of his courage and perseverance, and the most intense abhorrence of those huge specimens of manhood who were so cunningly outwitted and so dexterously slain; when we listened with tear-bedewed

eyes to the dear delightful tale of Goody Twoshoes; when we followed in imagination the adventurous Ali Baba in the deeply and intensely mysterious forest cave, and almost trembled at the "Open Sesame;" when every feline animal became suggestive of the white cat and of puss in boots; when we read of Whittington, and wondered whether bell-metal ever had encouragement for poor boys now, then it was that a story about a beard fixed itself in our memory—a dark dismal drama of death and desolation all about Blue Beard and the beautiful Fatima. And when we exchanged romance for history, and read of kings and queens and hard-fought battles, and thrones set up, and empires thrown down, and read the record of our own loved land, we could not fail to remember the Saxon band who held out against the Normans in the marshes of Ely, and wept in the streets of London over William *Longbeard*. Then amid all the glories of the Arabian Nights—the Wonderful Lamp—the adventurous Sinbad—the Genii bottled up, like so much ginger-beer, and the palaces that sprang out of the ground, the turbaned heads, the flowing robes, and the rest of it, the Barber and his Seven Brothers stood out before the others, and the endless clatter of the prattling barber seemed ever in our ears.

Beards and barbers are historical. In the days of old, the Tartars waged a long and bitter war with the Persians about the growth and management of the beard, many a stout hero bit the dust in defence of his beard, and the fearful struggle cost many valuable lives. No doubt the Greeks wore beards till the time of Alexander, who ordered them to be shaved, lest they should afford a handle for their enemies in the tug of war, and the old Greek barbers shaved every chin. The people of Italy did not begin to shave till four centuries after the foundation of Rome, when Ticinius brought over from Sicily a company of barbers who became immediate favourites, and to be among the shaven was a test of respectability. Persons of standing had their children shaved by a person of the same or even greater quality, who, by performing the work of the barber, became the adoptive father of the person so shaved. The hair removed from the face was carefully preserved and consecrated to the gods! In solemn strains blind Homer tells of the white beard of Nestor, and amid all the heroism of the heroic story he does not forget the beard of old King Priam. And Virgil tells us of the beard of Mezentius so thick and long that it covered all his breast. Socrates is called by Persius the bearded sage, Pliny the younger talks of the white beard of Euphrates, a philosopher, and of the awe with which it inspired the people, Plutarch speaks of the long white beard of an old Lacedæmonian, who used to say, "Seeing continually my white beard, I labour to do nothing unworthy of its whiteness;" Strabo relates that the Indian philosophers called Gymnosophists were careful to have long beards to captivate the veneration of the people. The Jews esteemed the beard very highly; thus Hanun, king of the Ammonites, designing to insult David in the person of his ambassadors, cut off half their beards. The Hebrews wore a beard on the chin, but not on the upper lip or cheeks. Mourning was—and still is among the modern Jews—indicated by neglecting the beard; and intense grief, by plucking away the hair of the head and beard. To salute a man by touching his beard was the token of sincere respect. The Druids were accustomed to cultivate their beards, and permit them to grow to a great length; and they were no less celebrated for their white robes and silver knives, than religious services and mystical theology, than for their venerable beards.

In ecclesiastical history we find that priests have fallen to loggerheads on the subject of beards: those of the Greek church adhering to beards, and those of the Roman church inclining to razors. By the statutes of some monasteries, the lay monks were obliged to let their beards grow, while the priests were closely shaven. The old kings of France had their beards plaited and knotted with gold, the kings of Persia did the same; the Chinese were scrupulously careful in attention to their beards, but alas, nature has bestowed upon them no luxuriant crop of the facial ornament. Better be whipped and branded with a red-hot iron than have your beard cut off, in Turkey. One of the buffoons of the bashaw took it into his head one day, for a frolic, to shave his beard, "which," says Belzoni, "is no trifle among the Turks, as some of them, I really believe, would sooner have their head cut off than their beard." In this state he went home to his women, who actually thrust him out of the door; and, such was the disgrace of cutting off his beard, that even his fellow buffoons would not eat with him till it was grown again. Beards are a religious article with the Arabs. Mohammed never cut his beard. The razor is never drawn over the face of the grand signor. Persians who clip their beards are considered downright heretics, only the slaves of the seraglio are shaven.

Whilst the Gauls were under the sway of their native sovereigns, none but nobles and Christian priests were permitted to wear long beards. It was a privilege of the few, not the right of the many. Legislation clipped their beards; but the Franks having made themselves masters of Gaul, bondsmen were commanded to shave their chins. Even the right of wearing a short beard was taken away, and a clean shave was the lot of the serfs so long as servitude continued in France.

Who has not heard of Robert of France, with his long white beard, who on every battle-plain led on his harnessed knights, and in the struggle of the fight was still conspicuous for the beard, which was let down outside his cuirass, and which floated in the breeze like a silver-scarf? or of that celebrated German painter, in the days of Charles V., who long ago would have been forgotten altogether if his beard had not made him remembered:—it was so long that it reached the ground, and was looped to his girdle with a golden chain; or how, in those old times, two or three hairs from the king's beard were the sure and certain pledge of safety? how solemn deeds and acts of government were sealed with melted wax, in which a hair or two from the king's beard made all complete and legal, or how, as tokens of favour, a small portion of the sovereign's beard would be sent to some beloved courtier, who treasured it more than gold, or jewels? how, in the reign of Catherine, queen of Portugal, John de Castro took the castle of Diu, in India, but how he was obliged to ask the people of Goa to lend him one thousand pistoles, and, as a security, sent them one of his whiskers, saying,—"All the gold in the world cannot equal what I now send, but I deposit it with you as a security for the money." So charmed were the people of Goa with this conduct that they sent him back the money and the whisker too? How, in the days of our own King Henry VIII., when the good Sir Thomas More was brought to the block—and really in those troublous times it seemed a very lottery whether one's head was high in favour at Westminster or Windsor, or high in public odium on the Bridge-gate—he lifted up his beard and permitted it to fall on the further side of the block, saying in his quiet way, 'My beard has not committed treason, and it would be an injustice to make it suffer;"—how, when in France, Louis XIII. ascended the throne, and was without a beard, all the courtiers except Sully shaved their chins, and how, when that wise man, with his long beard, appeared at court, the shaven gentry laughed at his grave appearance; which ridicule drew from the minister the remark, "Sire, when your father did me the honour to consult me on his great and important affairs, the first thing he did was to send away all the buffoons and stage-players of the court;"—how, in Spain, when Philip V. succeeded to the throne, and with a shaven chin began to reign, the fashion was imitated by all classes, but with great reluctance and sorrow; for, said they, "Since we have lost our beards we have lost our souls."

Czar Peter in his most successful efforts for the civilisation of his land insisted on his subjects shaving their beards.

Hair and the fashion of wearing it have ever been a matter of dispute. Loudly the church denounced both flowing locks and flowing beards as "burdles of vanity;" but though it sometimes prevailed that a temporary reformation was effected, the curls soon came back again, and the gallants of the age in the lordly Strand or Paul's-walk, the Rialto of Venice, the public walk of Paris, the Grand Square of St. Peter at Rome, or the fashionable resorts of Madrid, still sported their flaunty locks and perfumed beards.

But enough of beards; let us turn to the beard-trimming barber. It is an old trade. We find that out by the fact that it was introduced into Rome so many centuries ago, and even that it had gained high repute in Sicily. In England the barbers formed an ancient and honourable body. The company of Barber-Chirurgeons was incorporated by Edward

the Fourth, "but confirmed," says Howel, "by every king and queen since." It was first instituted by the good offices of one Thomas Morestead, who was one of the sheriffs of London, and barber to the kings Henry IV., V., and VI.; and his efforts to establish a company were continued by Jacques Fries, physician, and William Hobbes, barber to Edward IV., who, as we have seen, graciously granted their request. The barber's shop, in those days was the resort of people above the ordinary level of society, who went to the barber either for the cure of wounds, or to undergo some surgical operation, or, as it was then called, to be "trimmed," a term which signified either shaving the beard or cutting and curling the hair. The shop was usually furnished with a lute, a viol, or some other musical instrument, that the patients or customers might beguile the time they had to wait, before they could engage the services of the barber surgeon. The pole with its painted fillet of blue or red indicated that the professor was a blood-letter, the ribbon representing the bandage which during the operation of bleeding, was twisted round the arm of the patient, and the pole itself a Brobdignagian specimen of the staff which he commonly held.

Time works wonders. A change has indeed come over the trade of the barber surgeon, and a wondrous difference exists between the old blood-letter surgeon of the past, surrounded by court gallants, and holding no small place in public estimation as a man of science and philosophy—and the cheap barber with his pole, his jack towel, his small looking-glass, his windsor chair, his copy of the weekly paper and of Punch, his picture of a bear, his birds.—nearly all barbers have birds,—and his endless flow of intelligence and small talk Talk! all barber's talk. Depend upon it that grave-looking Armenian in our illustration, who is just beginning the operation of shaving upon one of his own countrymen, is telling all the news of the city. not a fashion—not a birth—not a marriage—not a death—not a fortune lost nor fortune won—could possibly escape his penetration. Look at him, as if he felt the full importance of his work—how self-complacent is he, and yet a touch of sternness in him too—one might imagine him doing business in one of our suburbs—or one might almost fancy that he was the veritable Bagdad barber!

A word or two about the philosophy of shaving The consideration of everything is philosophy now—from a star to a stone—and why not the philosophy of the razor. The fabrication of a good razor depends on so many circumstances and conditions,—the material, the art of forging, the hardening, and the temper,—that the artist himself, after he has exercised his utmost skill, can only select such instruments as he knows to be good by actual use. The razor which possesses the best edge should be selected,—such as, upon looking along its edge, has little or no flat part when the action of the hone has taken place; and which, when drawn along the hand, appears keen and smooth. The original keenness of the edge will, of necessity, go off by use. It can only be restored by means of a good strap. The act of stropping produces a smooth edge, but, on account of the elasticity of the strop, this edge becomes round and obtuse in the angle formed by its faces. When this is the case it must be sharpened upon the hone. The principal instructions for whetting a razor are, 1, that it should be drawn lightly along the stone by repeated alternate strokes, with the edge foremost, and by no means backwards and forwards; 2, that the edge should be tried upon the hand after every two or three strokes, in order to ascertain the instant at which the operation is complete; 3, that the final edge be given by a stroke or two upon the strop. The edge of the razor is, in fact, nothing but a very fine saw. When in complete order, the razor should be for a moment or so immersed in hot water before shaving is commenced. There is some difference of opinion as to the application and use of soap. Sir John Chardin asserts that the great excellence of the Persian barbers consists in the practice of using a thick hot lather of soap. Others, on the contrary, declare that the Chinese shave far better with the use of cold water and soap. Soap, they say, acts in a twofold benefit to the shaver: it dissolves and removes perspiration, and lubricates the skin. Some operators place the razor flat on the face, and others raise it to a considerable angle. It is a very bad practice to press the razor at all against the face; and, indeed, this cannot be done with impunity, if a drawing stroke be used. The line of the motion of the razor itself should be very oblique to the line of the edge, and not at right angles to that line, as is commonly pratised; this method is, indeed, so very effectual, as to require great care before it can be adopted, in the extreme, with perfect safety; but the same efficacy which endangers the skin, renders it easy and pleasant with regard to the beard.

SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.—VII.

THE ARTS IN SPAIN.

With the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella commenced a grand era in the history of Spain; and in the sixteenth centuries she took high rank among the nations of the earth. But her greatness was short-lived and fleeting. If the growth of her celebrity and power was rapid, the decay of the material sources of them were no less so, and, as we have seen, the sceptre of the first monarchs of "all Spain" became at length a feeble rod in the hands of the successors of Isabella.

The era of her greatness was likewise the great period of literature and art in Spain. Growing up with her political importance, says Mr. Stirling, in his "Annals of the Artists in Spain," they added lustre to her prosperity, and a grace and charm to her decline. During the middle ages her taste and imagination had been imbodied in the unrivalled multitude of ballads, sung by unknown bards, part of which the Castilian Romanceros still preserve, and in the magnificent cathedrals reared by nameless architects in her Christian cities, the songs and the shrines being equally tinged with the colouring of northern piety and oriental fancy. Poetry, the eldest and most docile of the fine arts, was the first of the sisterhood to be affected by the revival of ancient learning. Spanish writers had borrowed somewhat of refinement and correctness from the Latin and Italian, long ere architecture in Spain had yielded submission to Greek and Roman rules, and ere painting and sculpture had produced ought but uncouth caricatures of the human form. Juan de Mena had written his graceful love-songs, Santillana had even wandered from the gay science into the strange field of criticism, and Hernan Castillo was probably preparing the first Cancionero for the press of Valencia, before the pencil of Rincon had obtained for him the cross of Santiago from the hands of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The reign of "the Catholic Sovereigns" is memorable for the discovery not merely of a new continent, but of vast regions of intellectual enterprise History, the drama, and painting, were revived in Spain in the same stirring age that sought and found new empires beyond the great ocean. Pulgar, the father of Castilian history, Cota, the earliest forerunner of Calderon, Rincon, the first native painter in the peninsula who deserved the name, were the contemporaries of Columbus, and, with the great navigator, mingled in the courtly throngs of the presence-chamber of Isabella. The progress of refinement during the first half of the sixteenth century was perhaps more rapid in Spain than in any other country. The iron soldier of Castile, the Roman of his age, became the intellectual vassal of the elegant Italians whom he conquered.

Under the Emperor Charles V., the Iberian Peninsula, the fairest province of ancient Rome, grew into the fairest colony of modern art. The classical Boscan and Garcilasso, and the many-gifted Mendoza, left behind them monuments of literature which might bear comparison with those of Italy, Berruguete and Vigarny, schools of painting and sculpture that Florence might have been proud to own. The odes of Fray Luis de Leon were excelled in strength and grace by none ever recited at the court of Ferrara; and pastoral Estremadura could boast a painter—Morales of Badajoz—not unworthy to cope with Sebastian del Piombo on his own lofty ground.

During the reigns of the three Philips, literature and art kept an even pace in their rapid and triumphant march. When Juan de Toledo laid the foundations of the Escorial, Cervantes was writing his early poems and romances in the schools of Madrid. The versatile Theotocopuli was designing his various churches in and around Toledo, and embellishing them with

paintings and sculptures, whilst Lope de Vega was dashing off his thousand dramas for the diversion of the court Mariana composed in the cloister his great history of Spain, whilst Sanchez Coello, the courtier and man of fashion, was illustrating the story of his own times by his fine portraits of royal and noble personages. In the reign of Philip III, Velasquez and Murillo were born, and the great novel of Cervantes first saw the light. Solis and Villegas, Moreto and the brothers Leonardo de Argensola, famous in history, poetry, and the drama, were contemporaries of Ribera, Cano, and Zurbaran, and with them shared the favour and patronage of the tasteful Philip IV. When Velasquez received the cross of Santiago, Calderon was amongst the knights who greeted the new companion of that ancient order. In the evil days of Charles II., Spain and her literature and her arts drooped and declined together. Painting strove the hardest against fate, and was the last to succumb. Murillo and Valdés, Mazo and Carreno, and their scholars nobly maintained the honour of a long line of painters, till the total eclipse of Spain in the War of the Succession. With the House of Bourbon came in foreign fashions, and foreign standards of taste Henceforth Crebillon and Voltaire became the models of Castilian writing; Vanloo and Mengs, of Spanish painting. From the effects of this disastrous imitation, painting, at least, has never recovered.

If Spain holds a high place in the roll of nations illustrious in art, it owes it to her painters, her sculptors have never obtained, nor indeed have often deserved, much notice beyond the limits of the peninsula. Amongst them, however, were several men of fine genius. Berreguete, the disciple of Michael Angelo, was a great sculptor, Juni and Hernandez modelled with singular feeling and grace; and had Montanes and Cano flourished beneath the shadow of the Vatican, they would have been formidable rivals to Bernini and Algardi. Flanders can show no carvings more delicate and masterly than those which still enrich the venerable choirs of many of the peninsula churches—stalls embowered in foliage—almost as light as that which trembled on the living tree—where fruits cluster, and birds perch in endless variety, or those arabesque panels and pillars, where children rise from the cups of lily blossoms, and strange monsters twine themselves in a network of garlands, or the niches filled with exquisite figures, or the fretted pinnacles crowned with a thousand various finials, and towering above each other in graceful confusion. But of all such religious statuary, the Virgin of the chapel of the Dutch canon of the abbey—the Spanish sculptor was too often unhappy in his choice of materials. Neglecting the pure marble and abiding bronze, the time-honoured and fitting vehicles of his thought, he wrought either in metals too precious to escape the chances of war, and the rapacity of bankrupt power, or in wood and clay, offering little resistance to the tooth of time, and but too much temptation to the foreign trooper, weary and hungry with his march, and seeking wherewithal to kindle his fire and make the camp-kettle boil. The use of colour—universally adopted in the larger statues and groups—was also injurious to Spanish sculpture; bringing the art, so far as it addressed the taste of vulgar monks and country clowns, within the reach of every hewer of wood who possessed a paint pot, and causing the works even of the man of genius, at first sight, rather to startle than to please, by their similitude to real flesh and blood.

The early religious architects of Spain were great masters in art. Their magnificent cathedrals—too often mere portions of giant plans—were worthy of a people who possessed so many noble remains of older times, who inherited from the Roman the bridge of Alcantara, and the aqueduct of Segovia—and who had won from the Saracen the Mosque of Cordova and the Alhambra of Granada. But the architects of the Renaissance were a feebler folk—lovers of the ornate, rather than the grand. Machuca, Toledo, and Herrera, indeed, left examples of a pure and admirable style, but they found few followers. Ecclesiastical buildings, while they increased in numbers, grew likewise in ugliness; and the monastic system bore equally hard on the financial resources and architectural taste of the country. Amongst the churches and convents erected since the end of the sixteenth century, there are few that are not either plain to bareness, or loaded with tawdry decoration; and rare, indeed, it is to meet with that graceful propriety of design, which lends its chief charm to Italian architecture, and is often to be found in the monastery of the Apennine woodlands, as well as in the princely palace on the Corso.

In age, the Spanish school of painting ranks third amongst the national schools of Europe, after the German and before the French; in artistic importance, second only to the Italian. But Spanish painting, like Spanish literature, has a glory proper and peculiar to itself. It is true that no Spaniard can claim to rank with those great Italian painters, whom their most illustrious followers have regarded with a reverence that forbade rivalry. Spain has no Raffaelle—no Correggio—nor has she a Dante nor a Shakspeare; yet her noble Castilian tongue possesses the single book of which the humour—so strictly national, and yet so true and universal—has become native to all Europe. And Spain has produced the painters whose works unite high excellence of conception and execution, with an absolute adherence to nature, and are thus best fitted to please the most critical as well as the most uneducated eyes. If the visible and material efforts of the pencil may be compared with the airy flights of thought, Velasquez and Murillo may be said to appeal, like Cervantes, to the feelings and perceptions of all men, and, like him, they will be understood and enjoyed where the loftiest strains of Shakspeare, and the ideal creations of Raffaelle, would find no sympathy, because addressed to a kindred and responsive imagination belonging only to minds of a higher order. The crazy gentleman of La Mancha and his squire will always be more popular with the many than the wondrous Prince of Denmark And those who turn away, perplexed and disappointed, from the Spasimo or the Transfiguration, would probably gaze with ever fresh delight on the living and moving captains and specimen of Velasquez, or on Murillo's thirsty multitudes flocking to the rock that gushed in Horeb.

The venerable city of Toledo was the cradle of Spanish painting there the school of Castile was founded in the first half of the fifteenth century, and chiefly flourished under the fostering care of munificent prelates and chapters till the close of the reign of Charles V. Viloldo, Blas del Prado, El Greco, Tristan, and others, maintained the reputation of Toledo till the days of Philip IV Under Philip II. Madrid, the seat of government, became the resort of many good Flemish and Italian artists, and of those native painters, such as El Mudo and Sanchez Coello, who enjoyed or hoped for the royal favour Valladolid, a city more famous for its goldsmiths and sculptors than its painters, was the chief residence of Philip III., Madrid, however, continued to prosper as a school of art, and finally became, in the brilliant times of Philip IV. and Velasquez, the metropolis of Castilian painting as well as of the monarchy.

Of the school of Estremadura, if school it can be called, Morales is the sole glory and representative; and if his history were better known, it would probably be found that, although he lived and laboured at Badajoz, he belonged to the school of Castile

The great school of Andalusia was founded by Sanchez de Castro, at Seville, about 1454, and flourished till the troubles of the war of Succession. The beautiful Terra Bætica has ever been prolific of genius. The country of Lucan, and Seneca, and Trajan, of Averroes, and Azzarkal, likewise brought forth Vargas, Velasquez, and Murillo. Seville was always the principal seat of Andalusian painting, but some able masters resided also in other cities, as Cespedes at Cordova, Castillo at Cadiz, and Cano and Moya at Granada.

The Valencian school sprang into eminence under Vicente Joanes about the middle of the sixteenth century, and sank into mediocrity at the death of the younger Espinosa in 1680.

The northern provinces and the Balearic Isles were not prolific, yet not altogether destitute, of artists. Zaragoza possessed a respectable school of painting till the end of the eighteenth century, of which Jusepe Martinez may be considered the chief; and Barcelona is justly proud of Viladomat, who maintained the honour of the Spanish pencil in the corrupt age of Philip V.

Spanish art, like Spanish nature, is in the highest degree national and peculiar. Its three principal schools of painting differ in style from each other, but they all agree in the great features which distinguish them from the other schools of

Europe. The same deeply religious tone is common to all. In Spain alone can painting be said to have drawn all its inspiration from Christian fountains, and, like the architecture of the middle ages, to be an exponent of a people's faith Its first professors, indeed, acquired their skill by the study of Italian models, and by communion with Italian minds. But the skill which at Florence and Venice would have been chiefly employed to adorn palace-halls with the adventures of pious Æneas, or ladies' bowers with passages from the Art of Love, at Toledo, Seville, and Valencia was usually dedicated to the service of God and the Church. Spanish painters are very rarely to be found in the regions of history or classical mythology.* Sion hill delights them more than the Aonian mount, and Siloa's brook, than ancient Tiber or the laurel-shaded Orontes. Their pastoral scenes are laid, not in the vales of Arcady, but in the fields of Judea, where Ruth gleaned after the reapers of Boaz, and where Bethlehem shepherds watched their flocks on the night of the nativity. In their landscapes it is a musing hermit, or, perhaps, a company of monks, that moves through the forest solitude, or reposes by the brink of the torrent. Then fancy loves best to deal with the legendary history of the Virgin, and the life and passion of the Redeemer, with the glorious company of apostles, the goodly fellowship of prophets, and the noble army of martyrs and saints, and they tread this sacred ground with habitual solemnity and decorum.

The great religious painters of Spain rarely descended to secular subjects Not so the Italians Raffaelle could pass from the creation of his heavenly Madonnas to round the youthful contours of a Psyche, or elaborate the charms of a Galatea, Correggio, from the Magdalene repenting in the desert, to Antiope surprised in the forest Joanes of Valencia would have held such transition to be a sin, little short of sacrilege, and worthy of the severest penance Titian's "Last Supper," and his "Assumption of the Virgin," are doubtless amongst the noblest of religious compositions But his fancy ranged more freely over profane than sacred ground, his Maries are fair and comely, but they sometimes want the life and warmth that breathe in his Graces and his Floras, in whom he delighted to reproduce his auburn-haired mistress, who figures in one of his most charming allegories with his name inscribed on her bosom. The Queen of Love herself was his favourite subject, she it was who most fully drew forth all

"The wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man"

Far different were the themes on which Murillo put forth his highest powers. After the "Mystery of the Immaculate Conception," he repeated, probably more frequently than any other subject, the "Charity of St. Thomas of Villanueva," and it was his finest picture of that good prelate, inimitable for simplicity and grandeur, that he was wont to call emphatically "his own."

The sobriety and purity of imagination which distinguished the Spanish painters, is mainly to be attributed to the restraining influence of the Inquisition. Palomino quotes a decree of that tribunal, forbidding the making or exposing of immodest paintings and sculptures, on pain of excommunication, a fine of fifteen hundred ducats and a year's exile The Holy Office also appointed inspectors, whose duty it was to see that no works of that kind were exposed to view in churches and other public places. Pacheco, the painter and historian of art, held this post at Seville, and Palomino himself at Madrid. But the rules of the Inquisition cannot have been observed to the letter, otherwise so many of the Loves and Graces of Italian painting would not have been left hanging almost to our days on the walls of the Escurial.

Another cause of the severity and decency of Spanish art is to be found in the character of the Spanish people. The proverbial gravity—which distinguishes the Spaniard, like his cloak—which appears in his manner of address, and in the common phrases of his speech, is but an index of his earnest and thoughtful nature. The Faith of the Cross, nourished with the blood of Moor and Christian, nowhere struck its roots so deep, or spread them so wide, as in Spain. Pious enthusiasm pervaded all orders of men; the noble and learned as well as the vulgar. The wisdom of antiquity could not sap the creed of Alcala or Salamanca, nor the style of Plato or Cicero seduce their scholars into any leaning to the religion of Greece or Rome. Whilst Alexander Borgia—a Spaniard indeed by birth, but Italianised by education—polluted the Vatican with filthy sensuality, whilst the elegant epicurean Pope Leo banqueted gaily with Infidel wits, or hunted and hawked in the woods and plains around Viterbo—the mitre of Toledo was worn by the Franciscan Ximenes, once a hermit in the caves of the rocks, who had not doffed the hair-shirt in assuming the purple, nor in his high estate feared to peril his life for the Faith In the nineteenth century, of which superstition is not the characteristic, a duchess returning from a ball, and meeting the host at midnight in the streets of Madrid, resigned her coach to the priests attendant on its Majesty, the Wafer, and found her way home on foot. After all the revolutions and convulsions of Spain, where episcopal crosses have been coined into dollars to pay for the bayoneting of friars militant on the hills of Biscay, and the primacy has become a smaller ecclesiastical prize than our Sodor and Man; it is still in Spain—constant, when seeming most false—religious, when seeming careless of all creeds—that the pious Catholic looks hopefully to see the Faith of Rome rise, refreshed, regenerate, and irresistible

Nurtured in so devout a land, it was but natural that Spanish art should show itself devout. The painter was early secured to the service of religion. His first inspiration was drawn from the pictured walls of the churches or cloisters of his native place, where he had knelt a wondering child beside his mother, where he had loitered or begged when a boy: to their embellishment his earliest efforts were dedicated, out of gratitude, perhaps, to the kindly Carmelite or Cordelier, who had taught him to read, or fed him with bread and soup on the days of dole, or who had first noted the impulse of his boyish fancy, and guided "his desperate charcoal round the convent walls." As his skill improved, he would receive orders from neighbouring convents, and some gracious prior would introduce him to the notice of the bishop or the tasteful grandee of the province The fairest creations of his matured genius then went to enrich the cathedral or the royal abbey, or found their way into the gallery of the Sovereign to bloom in the gardens of Flemish and Italian art. Throughout his whole career the Church was his best and surest patron. Nor was he the least important or popular of her ministers His art was not merely decorative and delightful, but it was exercised to instruct the young and the ignorant, that is, the great body of worshippers, in the scenes of the Gospel history, and in the awful or touching legends of the saints, whom they were taught from the cradle to revere. "For the "learned and the lettered," says Don Juan de Butron, a writer on art in the reign of Philip IV, "written knowledge may suffice, but for the ignorant, what master is like painting? They may read their duty in a picture, although they cannot search for it in books" The painter became, therefore, in some sort, a preacher, and his works were standing homilies, more attractive, and perhaps more intelligible, than those usually delivered from the pulpit. The quiet pathos, the expressive silence of the picture, might fix the eye that would drop to sleep beneath the glozing of the Jesuit, and melt hearts that would remain untouched by all the thunders of the Dominican.

It would exceed our limits to attempt more than the merest sketch of Spanish art, patronised by the Church, and carried forward by his own religious enthusiasm, the artists of Spain speedily obtained a high position; and miracle-working pictures became as common in the peninsula as scraps of the Holy Cross. No wonder that, in after times, the religious of the continent prize the works of Velasquez and Murillo, seeing that it is often asserted that the painters were favoured by angelic visitation during the progress of their pictures.

Spanish art was, however, but little known to the rest of Europe till the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century, Ribera—the "Spagnoletto," and favourite of Naples—whose passion for the horrible was little likely to produce a favourable impression of Spanish taste, was long the sole Spaniard whose name and works were familiar to Europe. At Rome, Vargas, Cespedes, and a few others had acquired some distinction in their day; and Velasquez had left a few portraits in the palaces, and enjoyed a traditionary reputation as a member of the academy of St. Luke. Few Spanish pictures travelled northwards, except

the royal portraits sent to imperial kinsfolk at Vienna, and the works now and then carried home from Madrid by tasteful ambassadors. The catalogues of the rich collection of our Charles I. do not contain the name of a single Spanish master. Evelyn indeed tells us, that, at the sale of Lord Melford's effects at Whitehall, in 1693, "Lord Godolphin bought the picture of 'The Boys,' by Morillio, the Spaniard, for eighty guineas," which he remarks was "deare enough." Yet Cumberland, nearly a century later, while he admits Murillo to be better known in England than any Spanish master except Ribera, "very much doubts if any historical group or composition of his be in English hands" The Bourbon accession and increased intercourse with Spain brought a few good Spanish paintings into France to adorn the galleries of Orleans, Praslin, and Presle, most of which at the revolution emigrated, like their possessors, to England. Yet the Abbe Dubos, in his Reflections on Poetry and Painting, first published in 1719, cites Spain as one of those unfortunate countries where the climate is unfavourable to art, and remarks that she had produced no painter of the first class, and scarcely two of the second; thus with one stroke of his goosequill erasing from the book of fame Velasquez and Cano, Zurbaran and Murillo. Nevertheless the Abbé was a man of curious reading and research,—for he made the discovery that the poetry of the Dutch was superior in vigour and fire of fancy to their painting; and his Reflections—which formed the last round of the literary ladder whereby he climbed into the Academy—passed unquestioned through many editions, and were praised by Voltaire as the best and most accurate work of the kind in modern literature Meanwhile the countless treasures of Spanish painting—thus triumphantly libelled—hung neglected in their native convents and palaces, far from the highways of Europe, wasting their beauty on gloomy walls, unstudied, unvisited, forgotten, except by a few tasteful and patient spirits, like Ponz and Bosarte.

But the time of their deliverance drew nigh. The French eagles stooped on the peninsula, and then was the wall of partition broken down that shut out Spanish art from the admiration of Europe. To swell the catalogue of the Louvre was part of the recognised duty of the French armies, to form a gallery for himself, had become the ambition of almost every military noble of the empire. The sale of the Orleans, Calonne, and other great collections, had made the acquisition of works of art fashionable in England and had revived the spirit of the elder Arundels and Oxfords in the Carlisles and the Gowers. With the troops of Moore and Wellesley, British picture-dealers took the field, well armed with guineas. The peninsula was overrun by dilettanti, who invested galleries with consummate skill, and who captured altar-pieces by brilliant manœuvres, that would have covered them with stars had they been employed against batteries and brigades. Convents and cathedrals — venerable shrines of art—were beset by connoisseurs, provided with squadrons of horse or letters of exchange, and demanding the surrender of the Murillos or Canos within; and priest and prebend, prior or abbot, seldom refused to yield to the menaces of death or to the temptation of dollars Soult at Seville, and Sebastiani at Granada, collected with unerring taste and unexampled rapacity, and having thus signalised themselves as robbers in war, became no less eminent as picture-dealers in peace. King Joseph himself showed great judgment and presence of mind in his selection of the gems of art which he snatched at the last moment from the gallery of the Bourbons, as he fled from their palace at Madrid Suchet, Victor, and a few of "the least erected spirits," valued paintings only for the gold and jewels on their frames; but the French captains in general had profited by their morning lounges in the Louvre, and had keen eyes as well for a saleable picture as for a good position.

By the well-directed efforts of steel and gold, Murillo and his brethren have now found their way, with infinite advantage to their reputation, to the banks of the Seine and the Isler, the Thames and the Neva. French violence and rapine, inexcusable in themselves, have had some redeeming consequences. The avarice of Joseph and his robber-marshals, by circulating the works of the great Spanish masters, has conferred a boon on the artists of Europe. Nor is the loss to Spain so serious as it may at first appear. Great as was their booty the plunderers left behind, sorely against their will treasures more precious than those which they carried away, and the rich remainder is now more highly valued than the whole ever was, and more carefully preserved.

Large numbers of Spanish pictures exist in the various galleries of Europe; and, though the National and Dulwich galleries furnish but few specimens, it is certain that the paintings, in the possession of private gentlemen in England, could furnish forth a gallery more extensive perhaps than that of the Louvre, and assuredly more genuine.

The late sale of Marshal Soult's collection at Paris has contributed still further to the distribution of the masterpieces of Murillo and his compeers. It is to be lamented, however, that Spanish art, like Spanish glory and magnificence, belongs entirely to the past.

"WE HEARD A SAGE."

We heard a sage of our England say,
"She is strong by forge and loom;
But where will the soul of the elder day
In these trading times find room—
The soul that hath gotten our land renown
By the patriot's sword and the martyr's crown?

"Banner and battle flag are furl'd,
Glory and valour wane;
We have come to the work-day of the world,
To the times of toil and gain.
The song and the symbol lose their hold;
Our hands are strong, but our hearts are cold,
For faith have come to be bought and sold,—
It is only these that reign.

"Our people's sport and our children's play
They have sounds from shop and school,
And ever the sound of youth grows gray
With the Reckoner and the Rule,
With the husks of knowledge dry and dead,
With the strife for gold and the cry for bread.

"There are wealth and work in our crowded marts,
There is speed in our hurrying ways,
But men must seek the craftsman's arts
For the story of these days.
Pencil and pen and lyre are brought
To the engine's haste and the trader's thought;
For life with the din of wheels is fraught,
And again the iron sways."

So that half-seer spake,—and more
Had said, but one who pass'd
The twilight-stand of his narrow lore
Replied—"Look forth at last,
From thy bounded school and thy trusted page,
On the breadth of thy land's brave heritage!—

"It is rich with glorious victories
O'er the old material powers,—
The Titan gods that from eldest days
Have warred with us and ours.
It hath conquer'd the might of time and space,
It hath broken the bars of clime and race,
It hath won for our human freedom place
From life's dusty wants and dowers

"Great hearts of old by the Druid's tree
In the towers with ivy green
Have pined away in the wish to see
The things that we have seen.
Yet never had England nobler scope
For the martyr's faith or the patriot's hope.

"Her march is swift but the way is far
To the goal where the conflict cease:
For wide is the search and long the war
That must work the world's release.
But strength and cheer to the humblest hand,
To thee feeble step in the van-ward band
Who have won such conquests for our land
In the battle fields of peace!"

FRANCES BROWN.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.*

AMONGST the women of the French Revolution, there is one who stands essentially apart—a solitary episode of the eventful story. She appears for a moment, performs a deed—heroic as to the intention, criminal as to the means—and disappears for ever, lost in the shadow of time—an unfathomed mystery.

And it is perhaps this very mystery that has invested with so much interest the name of one known by a single deed, which, though intended by her to deliver her country, changed little its destinies. To admire her entirely is impossible, to condemn her is equally difficult. No one can read her history without feeling that, to judge her absolutely lies not in the province of man. Beautiful, pure, gentle, and a murderess, she attracts and repels us in almost equal degrees; like all those beings whose nature is inexplicable and strange, according to the ordinary standard of humanity. Although it is generally acknowledged that she did not exercise over contemporary events that repressing power for which she sacrificed her life, it is felt, nevertheless, that no history of the times in which she lived is complete without her name, and to her brief and tragic history an eloquent modern historian† has devoted some of his most impressive pages.

The 31st of May was the signal of the fall and dispersion of the Girondists. Some, like Barbaroux, Buzot, Louvet, and their friends, retired to the provinces, which they endeavoured to rouse for one last struggle. Others, like Madame Roland and the twenty-two, prepared themselves in their silent prison solitude for death and the scaffold. The name of the Girondists now became a sound as proscribed as that of Royalists had been during their brief sway. No voice gifted with power was raised throughout the republic in favour of the men by whom, in the midst of such enthusiastic acclamations, that republic had been founded. France was rapidly sinking into that state of silent apathy which foreboded the Reign of Terror: discouraged by their experience of the past, men lost their faith in humanity, and selfishly despaired of the future. A maiden's heroic spirit alone conceived the daring project of saving those who had so long and so nobly striven for freedom, or, if this might not be, of avenging their fall, and striking terror into the hearts of their foes, by a deed of solemn immolation, worthy of the stern sacrifices of paganism offered of yore on the blood-stained shrines of the goddess Nemesis.

The maiden was Marie-Anne Charlotte, of Corday and of Armont, one of the last descendants of a noble though impoverished Norman family, which counted amongst its near relatives Fontenelle, the wit and philosopher of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and amongst its ancestors the father of the great tragic poet of France, Pierre Corneille.

Her father, Jacques of Corday and of Armont, was a younger son of this noble line. He was, however, poorer than many of the peasants amongst whom he lived, cultivating with his own hands his narrow inheritance. He married in early life a lady of gentle blood, but as poor as himself. They had five children and a noble name to support, in a vain show of dignity, on their insufficient income. It thus happened that Charlotte, their fourth child and second daughter, was born in a thatched dwelling, in the village of Saint-Saturnin des Lignerets, and that in the register of the parish church where she was baptized, on the 28th of July, 1768, the day after her birth, she is described as "born in lawful wedlock of Jacques François of Corday, esquire, seur of Armont, and of the noble dame Marie Charlotte Jacqueline, of Gauthier des Authieux, his wife." It was under these difficult circumstances, which embittered his temper, and often caused him to inveigh in energetic terms against the injustice of the law of primogeniture, that M. d'Armont reared his family. As soon as they were of age, his sons entered the army; one of his daughters died young, and he became a widower when the other two were emerging from childhood into youth. They remained for some time with their father, but at length entered the Abbaye aux Dames, in the neighbouring town of Caen.

The greatest portion of the youth of Charlotte Corday—to give her the name by which she is generally known—was spent in the calm obscurity of her convent solitude. Many high visions, many burning dreams and lofty aspirations, already haunted her imaginative and enthusiastic mind, as she slowly paced the silent cloisters, or rested, lost in thought, beneath the shadow of the ancient elms. It is said that, like Madame Roland, she contemplated secluding herself for ever from the world in her monastic retreat; but, affected by the scepticism of the age, which penetrated even beyond convent walls, she gave up this project. From these early religious feelings Charlotte derived, however, the calm devotedness which characterised her brief career; for though self-sacrifice may not be the exclusive attribute of Christianity, it cannot be denied that the deep humility by which it is accompanied—a feeling almost unknown to the ancients—is in itself the very spirit of Christ. The peaceful and solemn shadow of the old cloister favoured the mild seriousness of Charlotte's character. Within the precincts of her sacred retreat she grew up in grace and serene loveliness, a being fit for the age of the purest virtues of woman's household life, or for one of [illegible] deeds which lead to those bold and give martyrdom, a holy cause.

The scepticism that prevailed for the last few years preceding the revolution, was not the sensual atheism which had disgraced the eighteenth century so long. The faith in a first and eternal cause, in the sacredness of human rights, and the holiness of duty, was firmly held by many noble spirits, who hailed with enthusiasm the first dawn of democracy. This faith was breathed in the soul of Charlotte Corday, with a passion for admiration of antiquity. All the austerity and republican enthusiasm of her illustrious ancestor, Pierre Corneille, seemed to have come down to his young descendant. Even Rousseau and Raynal, the apostles of democracy, had no pages that could absorb her so deeply as the scenes of ancient history, with its stirring deeds and immortal recollections. Often, like Manon Phlipon in the recess of her father's workshop, might Charlotte Corday be seen in her convent cell thoughtfully bending over an open volume of Plutarch, that powerful and eloquent historian of all heroic sacrifices.

When the Abbaye aux Dames was closed, in consequence of the revolution, Charlotte was in her twentieth year, in the prime of life and of her wonderful beauty, and never perhaps did a vision of more dazzling loveliness step forth from beneath the dark convent portal into the light of the free and open world. She was rather tall, but admirably proportioned, with a figure full of native grace and dignity, her hands, arms, and shoulders were models of pure sculptural beauty. An expression of singular gentleness and serenity characterised her fair, oval countenance and regular features. Her open forehead, dark and well-arched eyebrows and eyes of a gray so deep that it was often mistaken for blue, added to her naturally grave and meditative appearance, her nose was straight and well-formed, her mouth serious but exquisitely beautiful. Like most of the women of the Norman race, she had a complexion of transparent purity, enhanced by the rich brown hair which fell in thick curls around her neck, according to the fashion of the period. A simple severity characterised her dress of sombre hue, and the low and becoming hood which she habitually wore is still known by her name in France. Her whole aspect was fraught with so much modest grace and dignity, that, notwithstanding her youth, the first feeling she invariably inspired was one of respect, blended with involuntary admiration for a being of such pure and touching loveliness.

On leaving the convent in which she had been educated, Charlotte Corday went to reside with her aunt, Madame Conseiller de Bretteville Gauville, an old royalist lady, who inhabited an ancient looking house in one of the principal streets of Caen. There the young girl, who had attained a little property, spent several years chiefly engaged in watching the progress of the revolution. The feelings of her father's [illegible] and he wrote several pamphlets in favour of the revolutionary principles, and one in which he attacked the right of primogeniture. His republican tendencies confirmed Charlotte in her opinions; but of the deep, overpowering strength which those opinions acquired in her soul, during the long hours she daily devoted to meditation, no one ever knew, until a stern and fearful deed—more stern and fearful in one so gentle—had revealed it to all France. A silent reserve characterised this epoch of Charlotte Corday's life: her enthusiasm was not extinct, but inward: she listened to the discussions which were carried on around her without taking a part in them herself. She seemed to feel instinctively that great thoughts are always better nursed in the heart's solitude: that they can only lose their native depth and intensity by being revealed too freely before the indifferent gaze of the world. Those with whom she then occasionally conversed took little heed of the substance of her discourse, and could remember nothing of it when she afterwards became celebrated; but all recollected well her voice, and spoke with strange enthusiasm of its pure, silvery sound. Like Madame Roland, whom she resembled in so many respects, Charlotte possessed this rare and great attraction, and there was something so touching in her youthful and almost childlike utterance of heroic thoughts, that it affected even to tears the few who heard her on her trial calmly defending herself from the infamous accusations of her judges, and glorying with the same low, sweet tones in the deadly deed which had brought her before them.

The fall of the Girondists, on the 31st of May, first suggested to Charlotte Corday the possibility of giving an active shape to her hitherto passive feelings. She watched with intense, though still silent, interest the progress of events, concealing her secret

* From a clever and well written work entitled "Women in France," by Julia Kavanagh.

† Lamartine.

indignation and thoughts of vengeance under her habitually calm aspect. Those feelings were heightened in her soul by the presence of the fugitive Girondists, who had found a refuge in Caen, and were urging the Normans to raise an army to march on Paris. She found a pretence to call upon Barbaroux, then with his friends at the Intendance. She came twice, accompanied by an old servant, and protected by her own modest dignity. Pethion saw her in the hall, where she was waiting for the handsome Girondist, and observed with a smile,—

"So, the beautiful aristocrat is come to see republicans"

"Citizen Pethion," she replied, "you now judge me without knowing me, but a time will come when you shall learn who I am"

With Barbaroux, Charlotte chiefly conversed of the imprisoned Girondists, of Madame Roland, and Marat. The name of this man had long haunted her with a mingled feeling of dread and horror. To Marat she ascribed the proscription of the Girondists, the woes of the republic, and on him she resolved to avenge her ill-fated country. Charlotte was not aware that Marat was but the tool of Danton and Robespierre. "If such actions could be counselled," afterward said Barbaroux, "it is not Marat whom we would have advised her to strike"

Whilst this deadly thought was daily strengthening itself in Charlotte's mind, she received several offers of marriage. She declined them, on the plea of wishing to remain free, but strange indeed must have seemed to her, at that moment, those proposals of earthly love. One of those whom her beauty had enamoured, M. de Franquelin, a young volunteer in the cause of the Girondists, died of grief on learning her fate. His last request was, that her portrait and a few letters he had formerly received from her might be buried with him in his grave.

For several days after her last interview with Barbaroux, Charlotte brooded silently over her great thought, often meditating on the history of Judith. Her aunt subsequently remembered that on entering her room one morning, she found an old Bible open on her bed, the verse in which it is recorded that "the Lord had gifted Judith with a special beauty and fairness," for the deliverance of Israel, was underlined with a pencil.

On another occasion Madame de Bretteville found her niece weeping alone, she inquired into the cause of her tears.

"They flow," replied Charlotte, "for the misfortunes of my country."

Heroic and devoted as she was, she then also wept, perchance, over her own youth and beauty, so soon to be sacrificed for ever. No personal considerations altered her resolve; she procured a passport, provided herself with money, and paid a farewell visit to her father, to inform him that, considering the unsettled condition of France, she thought it best to retire to England. He approved of her intention, and bade her adieu. On returning to Caen, Charlotte told the same tale to Madame de Bretteville, left a secret provision for an old nurse, and distributed the little property she possessed amongst her friends.

It was on the morning of the 9th of July, 1793, that she left the house of her aunt, without trusting herself with a last farewell. Her most earnest wish was, when her deed should have been accomplished, to perish, wholly unknown, by the hands of an infuriated multitude. The woman who could contemplate such a fate, and calmly devote herself to it, without one selfish thought of future renown, had indeed the heroic soul of a martyr.

Her journey to Paris was marked by no other event than the unwelcome attentions of some Jacobins with whom she travelled. One of them, struck by her modest and gentle beauty, made her a very serious proposal of marriage; she playfully evaded his request, but promised that he should learn who and what she was at some future period. On entering Paris she proceeded immediately to the Hotel de la Providence, Rue des Vieux Augustins, not far from Marat's dwelling. Here she rested for two days before calling on her intended victim. Nothing can mark more forcibly the singular calmness of her mind: she felt no hurry to accomplish the deed for which she had journeyed so far, and over which she had meditated so deeply: her soul remained serene and undaunted to the last. The room which she occupied, and which has been often pointed out to inquiring strangers, was a dark and wretched attic, into which light scarcely ever penetrated. There she read again the volume of Plutarch she had brought with her—unwilling to part from her favourite author even in her last hours—and probably composed that energetic address to the people, which was found upon her after her apprehension. One of the first acts of Charlotte was to call on the Girondist, Duperret, for whom she was provided with a letter from Barbaroux, relative to the supposed business she had in Paris: her real motive was to learn how she could see Marat. She had first intended to strike him in the Champ de Mars, on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, when a great and imposing ceremony was to take place. The festival being delayed, she resolved to seek him in the convention, and immolate him on the very summit of the mountain; but Marat was too ill to attend the meetings of the National Assembly: this Charlotte learned from Duperret. She resolved, nevertheless, to go to the convention, in order to fortify herself in her resolve. Mingling with the horde of Jacobins who crowded the galleries, she watched with deep attention the scene below. Saint Just was then urging the convention to proscribe Lanjuinais, the heroic defender of the Girondists. A young foreigner, a friend of Lanjuinais, and who stood at a short distance from Charlotte, noticed the expression of stern indignation which gathered over her features, until, like one overpowered by her feelings, and apprehensive of displaying them too openly, she abruptly left the place. Struck with her whole appearance, he followed her out, a sudden shower of rain, which compelled them to seek shelter under the same archway, afforded him an opportunity of entering into conversation with her. When she learned that he was a friend of Lanjuinais she waived her reserve, and questioned him with much interest concerning Madame Roland and the Girondists. She also asked him about Marat, with whom she said she had some business.

"Marat is ill, it would be better for you to apply to the public accuser, Fouquier Tinville," said the stranger.

"I do not want him now, but I may have to deal with him yet," she significantly replied.

Perceiving that the rain did not cease, she requested her companion to procure her a conveyance. He complied, and before parting from her begged to be favoured with her name. She refused, adding, however, "You will know it before long." With Italian courtesy, he kissed her hand as he assisted her into the fiacre. She smiled, and bade him farewell.

Charlotte perceived that to call on Marat was the only means by which she might accomplish her purpose. She did so on the morning of the 13th of July, having first purchased a knife in the Palais Royal, and written him a note, in which she requested an interview. She was refused admittance. She then wrote him a second note, more pressing than the first, and in which she represented herself as persecuted for the cause of freedom. Without waiting to see what effect this note might produce, she called again at half-past seven the same evening.

Marat then resided in the Rue des Cordeliers, in a gloomy-looking house, which has since been demolished. His constant fears of assassination were shared by those around him, the porter, seeing a strange woman pass by his lodge without pausing to make any inquiry, ran out and called her back. She did not heed his remonstrance, but swiftly ascended the old stone staircase, until she had reached the door of Marat's apartment. It was cautiously opened by Albertine, a woman with whom Marat cohabited, and who passed for his wife. Recognising the same young and handsome girl who had already called on her husband, and animated, perhaps, by a feeling of jealous mistrust, Albertine refused to admit her. Charlotte insisted with great earnestness. The sound of their altercation reached Marat, he immediately ordered his wife to admit the stranger, whom he recognised as the author of the two letters he had received in the course of the day. Albertine obeyed reluctantly, she allowed Charlotte to enter, and, after crossing with her an antechamber, where she had been occupied with a man named Laurent Basse in folding some numbers of the "Ami du Peuple," she ushered her through two other rooms, until they came to a narrow closet, where Marat was then in a bath. He gave a look at Charlotte, and ordered his wife to leave them alone: she complied, but allowed the door of the closet to remain half open, and kept within call.

According to his usual custom, Marat wore a soiled handkerchief bound round his head, increasing his natural hideousness. A coarse covering was thrown across his bath, a board, likewise placed transeversely, supported his papers. Laying down his pen, he asked Charlotte the purport of her visit. The closet was so narrow that she touched the bath near which she stood. She gazed on him with ill disguised horror and disgust, but answered as composedly as she could, that she had come from Caen, in order to give him correct intelligence concerning the proceedings of the Girondists there. He listened, questioned her eagerly, wrote down the names of the Girondists, then added with a smile of triumph—

"Before a week they shall have perished on the guillotine"

"These words," afterward said Charlotte, "sealed his fate." Drawing from beneath the handkerchief which covered her bosom the knife she had kept there all along, she plunged it to the hilt in Marat's heart. He gave one loud expiring cry for help, and sank back dead in the bath. By an instinctive impulse Charlotte had instantly drawn out the knife from the breast of her victim, but she did not strike again; casting it down at his feet, she left the closet and sat down in a neighbouring room, thoughtfully passing her hand across her brow: her task was done.

The wife of Marat had rushed to his aid on hearing his cry for help. Laurent Basse, seeing that all was over, turned round

toward Charlotte, and with a blow of a chair felled her to the floor, whilst the infuriated Albertine trampled her under her feet. The tumult aroused the other tenants of the house, the alarm spread, and a crowd gathered in the apartment, who learned with stupor that Marat, the Friend of the People, had been murdered Deeper still was their wonder when they gazed on the murderess She stood there before them with still disordered garments, and her dishevelled hair, loosely bound by a broad green ribbon, falling around her; but so calm, so serenely lovely, that those who most abhorred her crime gazed on her with involuntary admiration

"Was she then so beautiful?" was the question addressed many years afterward to an old man, one of the few remaining witnesses of this scene.

"Beautiful!" he echoed enthusiastically, adding, with the eternal regrets of old age, "Ay, there are none such now!"

The commissary of police began his interrogatory in the saloon of Marat's apartment. She told him her name, how long she had been in Paris, confessed her crime, and recognised the knife with which it had been perpetrated. The sheath was found in her pocket, with a thimble, some thread, money, and her watch

"What was your motive in assassinating Marat?" asked the commissary

"To prevent a civil war," she answered.

"Who are your accomplices?"

"I have none"

She was ordered to be transferred to the Abbaye, the nearest prison An immense and infuriated crowd had gathered around the door of Marat's house, one of the witnesses perceived that she would have liked to be delivered to this maddened multitude, and thus perish at once. She was not saved from their hands without difficulty, her courage failed her at the sight of the peril she ran, and she fainted away on being conveyed to the fiacre On reaching the Abbaye, she was questioned until midnight by Chabot and Drouet, two Jacobin members of the convention She answered their interrogatories with singular firmness, observing, in conclusion, "I have done my task, let others do theirs" Chabot threatened her with the scaffold, she answered with a smile of disdain. Her behaviour until the 17th, the day of her trial, was marked by the same firmness She wrote to Barbaroux a charming letter, full of graceful wit and heroic feeling. Her playfulness never degenerated into levity like that of the illustrious Thomas Moore, it was the serenity of a mind whom death had no power to daunt Speaking of her action, she observes,—

"I considered that so many brave men need not come to Paris for the head of one man He deserved not so much honour the hand of a woman was enough . I have never hated but one being, and him with what intensity I have sufficiently shown, but there are a thousand whom I love still more than I hated him . . I confess that I employed a perfidious artifice in order that he might receive me. In leaving Caen I thought to sacrifice him on the pinnacle of 'the mountain,' but he no longer went to it. In Paris they cannot understand how a useless woman, whose longest life could have been of no good, could sacrifice herself to save her country . . May peace be as soon established as I desire! A great criminal has been laid low The happiness of my country makes mine A lively imagination and a feeling heart promise but a stormy life, I beseech those who might regret me to consider this they will then rejoice at my fate"

A tenderer tone marks the brief letter she addressed to her father on the eve of her trial and death.

"Forgive me, my dear father," she observed, "for having disposed of my existence without your permission I have avenged many innocent victims. I have warded away many disasters The people undeceived, will one day rejoice at being delivered from a tyrant. If I endeavoured to persuade you that I was going to England, it was because I hoped to remain unknown I recognised that this was impossible. I hope you will not be subjected to annoyance; you have at least defenders at Caen, I have chosen Gustave Doulcet de Pontecoulant for mine, it is a mere matter of form. Such a deed allows of no defence. Farewell, my dear father I beseech of you to forget me; or, rather, to rejoice at my fate I die for a good cause. I embrace my sister, whom I love with my whole heart. Do not forget the line of Corneille

'Le crime faite la honte, et non pas l'echafaud.'

To morrow at eight I am to be tried."

On the morning of the 17th, she was led before her judges. She dressed with care, and had never looked more lovely. Her bearing was so imposing and dignified, that the spectators and the judges seemed to stand arraigned before her. She interrupted the first witness, by declaring that it was she who had killed Marat.

"Who inspired you with so much hatred against him?" asked the president.

"I needed not the hatred of others, I had enough of my own," she energetically replied. "Besides, we do not execute well that that which we have not ourselves conceived.

"What then did you hate in Marat?"

"His crimes."

"Do you think then that you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"No, but now that he is dead, the rest may fear"

She answered other questions with equal firmness and laconism Her project, she declared, had been formed since the 31st of May. "She had killed one man to save a hundred thousand. She was a republican long before the Revolution and had never failed in energy"

"What do you understand by energy?" asked the presiden

"That feeling," she replied, "which induces us to cast aside selfish considerations, and sacrifice ourselves for our country"

Fouquier Tinville here observed, alluding to the sure blow she had given, that she must be well practised in crime.

"The monster takes me for an assassin!" she exclaimed, in a tone thrilling with indignation

This closed the debates, and her defender rose. It was not Doulcet de Pontecoulant—who had not received her letter—but Chauveau de la Garde, chosen by the president Charlotte gave him an anxious look, as though she feared he might seek to save her at the expense of honour He spoke, and she perceived her apprehensions were unfounded. Without excusing her crime or attributing it to insanity, he pleaded for the fervour of her conviction, which he had the courage to call sublime The appeal proved unavailing Charlotte Corday was condemned. Without deigning to answer the president, who asked her if she had aught to object to the penalty of death being carried out against her, she rose, and walking up to her defender, thanked him gracefully

"These gentlemen," said she, pointing to the judges, "have just informed me that the whole of my property is confiscated I owe something in the prison as a proof of my friendship and esteem, I request you to pay this little debt."

On returning to the conciergerie, she found an artist, armed Hauer, waiting for her, to finish her portrait, which he had begun at the tribunal. They conversed freely together, until the executioner, carrying the red chemise destined for assassins, and the scissors with which he was to cut her hair off, made his appearance

"What, so soon?" exclaimed Charlotte Corday, slightly turning pale, but rallying her courage, she resumed her composure, and presented a lock of her hair to M Hauer, as the only reward in her power to offer A priest came to offer her his ministry. She thanked him and the persons by whom he had been sent, but declined his spiritual aid The executioner cut her hair, bound her hands, and threw the red chemise over her. M Hauer was struck with the almost unearthly loveliness which the crimson hue of this garment imparted to the ill-fated maiden "This toilet of death, though performed by rude hands, leads to immortality," said Charlotte, with a smile

A heavy storm broke forth as the car of the condemned left the conciergerie for the Place de la Révolution An immense crowd lined every street through which Charlotte Corday passed Hootings and execrations first rose on her path, but as her pure and serene beauty dawned on the multitude, as the exquisite loveliness of her countenance, and the sculptural beauty of her figure became more fully revealed, pity and admiration superseded every other feeling. Her bearing was so admirably calm and dignified, as to rouse sympathy in the breasts of those who detested not only her crime, but the cause for which it had been committed Many men of every party took off their hats and bowed as the cart passed before them Amongst those who waited its approach, was a young German, named Adam Luz, who stood at the entrance of the Rue Sainte Honore, and followed Charlotte to the scaffold He gazed on the lovely and heroic maiden with all the enthusiasm of his imaginative race. A love, unexampled perhaps in the history of the human heart, took possession of his soul Not one wandering look of "those beautiful eyes, which revealed a soul as intrepid as it was tender," escaped him Every earthly grace so soon to perish in death, every trace of the lofty and immortal spirit, filled him with intoxicating emotions unknown till then "To die for her, to be struck by the same hand, to feel in death the same cold axe which had severed the angelic head of Charlotte; to be united to her in heroism, freedom, love, and death, was now the only hope and desire of his heart"

Unconscious of the passionate love she had awakened, Charlotte now stood near the guillotine She turned pale on first beholding it, but soon resumed her serenity. A deep blush suffused her face when the executioner removed the handkerchief that covered her neck and shoulders, but she calmly laid her head upon the block. The executioner touched a spring, and the axe came down. One of Sams n's assistants immediately stepped forward, and holding up the lifeless head to the gaze of the crowd, struck it on either cheek. The brutal act only excited a feeling of horror; and it is said that though even in death her indignant spirit protested against

this outrage—an angry and crimson flush passed over the features of Charlotte Corday.

A few days after her execution, Adam Luz published a pamphlet, in which he enthusiastically praised her deed, and proposed that a statue with the inscription, "GREATER THAN BRUTUS," should be erected to her memory on the spot where she had perished. He was arrested and thrown into prison. On entering the Abbaye, he passionately exclaimed, "I am going to die for her!" His wish was fulfilled ere long.

Strange feverish times were those which could rouse a gentle and lovely maiden to avenge freedom by such a deadly deed, which could waken in a human heart a love whose thoughts were not of life or earthly bliss, but of the grave and the scaffold. Let the times, then, explain those natures, where so much evil and heroism are blended, that man cannot mark the limits between both. Whatever judgment may be passed upon her, the character of Charlotte Corday was certainly not cast in an ordinary mould. It is a striking and noble trait, that to the last she did not repent never was error more sincere. If she could have repented, she would never have become guilty.

Her deed created an extraordinary impression throughout France. On hearing of it, a beautiful royalist lady fell down on her knees, and invoked "Saint Charlotte Corday." The republican Madame Roland calls her a heroine worthy of a better age. The poet André Chenier who, before a year had elapsed, followed her on the scaffold—sang her heroism in a soul-stirring strain.

The political influence of that deed may be estimated by the exclamation of Vergniaud: "She kills us, but she teaches us how to die!" It was so. The assassination of Marat exasperated all his fanatic partisans against the Girondists. Almost divine honours were paid to his memory, forms of prayers were addressed to him, altars were erected to his honour, and numberless victims sent to the scaffold as a peace-offering to his manes. On the wreck of his popularity rose the far more dangerous power of Robespierre, a new impulse was given to the Reign of Terror. Such was the "peace" which the erring and heroic Charlotte Corday won for France.

THE OPENING AND THE CLOSING SCENE IN THE LIVES OF CELEBRATED MEN.

THE contrast which so frequently exists between the external circumstances that surround us at the time of our birth, and those which distinguish the closing scenes of life, affords in the case of illustrious individuals, a curious and not uninstructive chapter in the history of humanity. It does not, however, fall within our present province to perform the part of monitor, by deducing the various important lessons which might fairly be drawn from so copious a source, but simply to furnish to our readers some of the most eminent instances of this kind which are recorded in the biographies of celebrated persons, and which, we hope, will be found both useful and entertaining.

Columbus, the discoverer of the western world, and the son of a poor wool-carder, was born at Genoa early in the fifteenth century, and, having attained celebrity as a navigator and geographist, came to Valladolid, where he was patronised by the Spanish monarch and his courtiers. Here, too, he subsequently expired in the zenith of his fame as a discoverer. No reward had crowned his splendid success. The king was jealous of his renown, and the last days of the great man were embittered by a sense of royal disfavours. When it was too late, Ferdinand endeavoured to make atonement for his injustice by the erection of a monument to the memory of Columbus, inscribed in the Spanish tongue with the words, "For Castile and Leon, Columbus discovered a new world."

Three centuries later, another voyager, Captain James Cook, was born of parents equally low, his father and mother both earning their subsistence as servants on a village farm near Whitby, in Yorkshire. Receiving high and merited honours during his lifetime, Cook's summons to the better land came whilst he was still engaged in the labours of discovery near the Sandwich Islands. In this distant region, a collision having occurred between a party of the natives and his ship's crew, he was stricken down, and, his body being seized by the natives, nothing but a few charred and broken bones were ever recovered of his remains.

The father of John Bunyan was a tinker; and the humble cottage, with its small garden-plot of crocuses and snowdrops, in which his gifted child first drew breath, is yet shown to visitors; but it was in the heart of London, in its Bunhill-field Cemetery, that the immortal author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was interred; and a monument since erected to his memory marks the spot.

The vicissitudes of fortune are particularly illustrated in the lives of professional persons, whose eminent talents frequently alone raised them to eminence; and of this truth, Sir Thomas Lawrence, the son of a country innkeeper, is a notable example. Visiting royalty on the footing of a familiar acquaintance, fame and fortune crowning his brilliant and successful artist career, a knight of the French legion of honour, and a member of six foreign academies, he died amidst the most sunny prosperity, and his mortal frame rests in the national mausoleum of St. Paul's Cathedral, whither it was attended by the lord mayor, the sheriffs, and a large body of the members of the Royal Academy. A yet more interesting instance is that of the great painter, Claude, whose poverty-stricken parents were compelled to bind him to a pastry-cook, but whose artist-spirit stirring within him spurred him on to leave France for Italy, where he created for himself a reputation that will last as long as those European nations which proudly exhibit so many hundreds of his paintings. Amiable and illustrious, he breathed his last in the Eternal City, at the venerable age of eighty-two years. The first rural landscape painter of England, as he has been termed, the dissipated George Morland reversed the usual order of advancement, and, though born of parents in good circumstances, expired in a sponging-house, whilst Opie, the portrait painter, who passed his earlier years in a carpenter's shop, near Truro, in Cornwall, after winning a high reputation, finally reposed in St. Paul's Cathedral. Another beautiful and wonderful songstress of the last century, Mrs. Billington, the daughter of a German flautist player, was born in London, and after realising a princely fortune by her extraordinary voice—which sometimes brought her as much as £10,000 in the course of twelve months—died on her own fertile estate of Le Terner, near Venice. Our finest bass singer, Bartleman, first saw the light in a London night chamber, and began life as a chorister boy in Westminster Abbey, in whose cloisters he was buried, after a long illness of terrible suffering, and where his modest grave may yet be seen, with the inscription of the commencing notes of Pergolesi's air, "O Lord have mercy upon me!" The infant quaker of the United States, Benjamin West, who was obliged to rob the cat's tail of hair to make his first brush, was born in Philadelphia, and, winning his way to eminence in Rome and England, died president of the Royal Academy, and was followed to his resting-place, in St. Paul's Cathedral, by a train of noblemen, ambassadors, and artists. A very different ending, at least to the feelings of the party concerned, closed the splendid career of the son of a poor bargeman, early in the sixteenth century, who, too poor to pay for a light by which to study, was obliged to prepare for his classes by the lamps in the street and church porches, and, gradually ascending to successive preferments, finally ascended the papal throne, under the title of Adrian VI. His own words, which he commanded should be inscribed on his tomb, will best relate the sequel of his greatness: "Here lies Adrian VI., who esteemed no misfortune which happened to him in life so great as his being called to govern." The well-known lines of Gray, concerning the Miltons and Hampdens, whose talents he thinks remain buried in their native villages, in the absence of exciting circumstances to call them out, would seem to be almost disproved by the numberless examples of villagers who, unassisted by patronage or interest in taking "*le premier, pas qui conte*," have yet attained to the highest honours. Our celebrated countryman, Sir Isaac Newton, a weakly posthumous child, was born in a Lincolnshire hamlet, on a small ancestral farm, and, commencing his education at the parish school, made himself a world-wide reputation and knighted by Queen Anne. Rich in friends and fortune, he was, at last, interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. Moliere, the son of an humble Parisian tradesman, could neither read nor write at the age of fourteen, yet he was destined to change the whole character of the French drama, by producing a series of immortal works. He was attacked by his last illness when performing the part of *Le Malade Imaginaire*; and died so deeply regretted, that Louis XIV., although the comedian had been excommunicated, and was regarded with abhorrence by the clergy whom he had so severely satirised,

prevailed on the archbishop to allow his much-prized remains to be buried in consecrated ground. Of musical notoriety is the instance of Joseph Haydn, whose father was an humble wheelwright, and who first drew breath in an Austrian village, when he had attained the age of threescore-and-ten, he witnessed the performance of his own beautiful oratorio of "The Creation," at Vienna, attended by the Princess Esterhazy. His entrance was welcomed by the rising up of all the most illustrious personages in the land, the triumphant flourishes of the orchestra, and the loud reiterated applauses of the whole august assembly. War was then raging between France and Austria, and the aged composer was terribly alarmed by the firing of Napoleon's cannons, at the very gates of Vienna; and one day, having sung the national anthem, "God save the Emperor," three times with great enthusiasm, but trembling accents, he immediately fell into the stupor which preceded his death. Mozart's requiem was performed in his honour, and he was laid in the same distinguished sepulchre which contained the bones of that master composer.

On the steps of the church of St Jean Le Rond, in Paris, in the last century, a policeman picked up the body of a little foundling, left there to perish. A kind glazier's wife took charge of the infant, who afterwards became, under the name of D'Alembert, one of the most eminent mathematicians of France. He died the peaceful death of a great and amiable savant, at an advanced age. Cædmon, our earliest English poet, and who sang of the creation so finely, that some commentators suppose Milton himself did not disdain to imitate him, was originally a cow-boy; and died in the receipt of royal patronage, the revered member of a religious establishment, and leaving his name recorded lastingly in the annals of his country's literature. But to enumerate more of the long list who have raised themselves to eminence from lowly stations, might become monotonous; so, passing by Arkwright, Brindley, Burns, Telford, La Place, Franklin, Canova, and a host of others, who, born in hovels, finally repose in stately tombs, we will notice another class, who, having commenced their career in prosperity, closed it amidst the bitterest reverses of fortune. Of these Sir Thomas More is a notable example. His father was a judge on the King's Bench, whose promising boy, born in London, and surrounded by every advantageous circumstance which could be bestowed by birth, fortune, and education, won the regard of his king, the love of his country, and the veneration of foreign nations, only to close his life on the scaffold, condemned to death by his most ungrateful monarch, for his conscientious adherence to principle. Every one will remember the deplorable termination of life which awaited that early favourite of fortune, the most lovely and unfortunate Mary Stuart, as well as the untimely end of France's wisest king, Henry IV., who was assassinated in his carriage when in the fifty-seventh year of his age. Sir Walter Raleigh, also, the son of a Devonshire farmer, distinguished himself in a prosperous and most romantic career, until he was forced to languish twelve years of his existence in a prison, and, after being unjustly condemned to death, was sent out of the country to command a warlike expedition of importance, for which services he not only received no remuneration, but on his return, fifteen years after the sentence of condemnation had been pronounced, he was, "out of compliment to Spain," beheaded in the Tower of London. Luttle, too, could the humble Pisan mechanic of the 16th century, who, perceiving that one of his boys possessed uncommon abilities, strained his own narrow means to send him to the University, foresee that the young Galileo would become one of the world's most celebrated scientific men, and then conclude his famous life blind, dead, and crippled, under the application of torture in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

Born of an ancient family in Northamptonshire, the [illegible] celebrated Archbishop Thomas [illegible] from the character of mingled sweetness, power, and weakness, which strongly enlisting our sympathies, first raised him to the highest station in the Church, and afterwards betrayed him into a false profession of his religious sentiments; expiated in some measure by the subsequent nobleness of his recantation, and the heroism with which he met a martyr's fate, and expired amidst the flames at Oxford. Cradled in regal pomp, Charles V., at sixteen years of age, succeeded to the kingdoms of Arragon and Castile, then became king of the Romans, and emperor of Germany, and forty years later gave up the government to his son Phillip, and, retiring to a monastery, died, after two years' practice of most un-kingly austerities, in a state of the deepest melancholy, which appears only the fitting retribution of one who had mowed down his subjects by hundreds of thousands in the diabolical game of war. It would be matter of whimsical speculation could we trace the history of all the great men who were bred in a carpenter's shop. Certainly a very large number have sprung from parents engaged in this humble profession, which must ever be a source of sacred interest to all who profess the faith of the carpenter's son. One notable example is that of Hildebrand, the talented son of a carpenter in Tuscany, who was born early in the 11th century. This clever, energetic boy became an inmate of the monastery of Cluny, near Macon, in France, and in the retirement of its shady gardens, formed, even in boyhood, those vast plans of church reformation which, amidst the most arduous difficulties, were afterwards carried out when the young monk became Pope Gregory VII. He sustained many deep discouragements, mingled with brilliant triumphs over his enemies and the Church's guilty errors. But, though lying on his dying bed that he had sown good seed, whose fruit would appear hereafter, yet, when thus surrounded by his sorrowing bishops, who knew that they should soon see his face no more, he could not help murmuring, "I have loved justice, and hated evil, therefore I die in exile." An aged bishop bent over him, and tried to comfort him by replying, "Not so, holy father; you cannot die in exile, for God has given you all nations for a heritage, and the ends of the earth for a dominion," and while these words were speaking, the carpenter's son expired. His inveterate enemy, Henry IV. of Germany, soon afterwards ended his royal life on a door-step, where he died of cold and hunger,—thus adding another name to the long list of regal persons whose lives have ended tragically. What a peaceful contrast is presented by the closing scene of the sweet-gifted poet Petrarch, whose paternal inheritance, though sanctified, did not prevent his leaving a rich legacy of mental fruits to his country. When seventy-two years of age, wasted as he was by repeated fevers, he still struggled on to acquire knowledge, and to give expression to his own vivid conceptions; and, one July morning, was found dead in his study, seated in his favourite arm-chair, and his head resting on the open pages of a book. Our own peculiar national poet, Cowper, born of aristocratic parentage, and who spent many of his best days in writing for the cottage homes of England, expired in that clouded state of intellect which seems to us so mysterious, and which at the same time proves immortality so clearly, by showing us how independent are the spirit and its perishable earthly tenement of each other.

It would afford us an instructive chapter in the annals of dying moments, were we able to depict the previous inner life (now imperfectly known) of the many sensitive beings who have gone to their last homes, either without waiting their summons from Him who endowed them with existence, or those who died unconscious of the great change which awaited them, or were hurried to another world by the injustice of their fellow-men, from the eccentric, clever author of the "Tale of a Tub," down to our pure-hearted, single-minded statesman Sir Samuel Romilly. Such a *resumé* would be full of deep and melancholy interest, but would occupy too much space to be here entered upon, comprising, as it must do, "the noble army of the martyrs,"—the victims of secret imprisonment in Spelberg, the Bastille, and other fearful dungeons, and the painful instances of gifted individuals who, like Keats, Chatterton, Toussaint L'Ouverture, and many others, died under the effects of the less open, but not the less certain, oppression of their fellow-creatures. A few more examples of those great men who have left their broad signature indelibly inscribed on the roll of time, and we must bring these desultory remarks to a conclusion.

Let us look at the two most popular poets in our own country twenty years since: one, of high birth, pursued a brief meteoric career, dazzling in its occasional brilliancy, but obscured by sin and a fearful display of noble powers misused for evil, and his fitful light expired in a transient gleam of

splendour, when devoting his young but already wasted energies in the cause of Grecian freedom at Missilonghi; the other mighty minstrel of the north, also lame, though of far less aristocratic descent, passed an almost blameless life of untiring industry, and, after blessing our country with an inexhaustible treasury of high-hearted, invigorating romance, died a grayheaded man in the noble abode which he had himself erected on the banks of the Yarrow, and for long ages to come, will pilgrims continue to visit the two famous shrines of Newstead and Abbotsford. Schoolboys, whose imaginations are inflamed by the romantic incidents with which the lives of the ancient Greeks and Romans are filled will wonder that we can pass over so rich a store of suitable illustrations to our subject, but they would require a chapter to themselves, though it is with reluctance we omit all notice of Plutarch's heroes. The very name of this well-known biographer recalls a host of bloody exploits, of Pompey's death—he, beloved by the Romans in his youth, and who embracing his wife, well aware that his end drew near, repeated these lines from Sophocles—

"Whoever to a tyrant bends his way,
Is made a slave, e'en if he goes his freeman"

And then stepping into a smaller boat, in order to land on the Egyptian coast, he was murdered by the conspirators, and his ashes were interred in his Alban villa. Then, who does not remember the assassination of Caius Cæsar, by Brutus and others, within the walls of the Senate, and the expiatory decree, after the deed was done, that he should be honoured as a god? And what young student does not dwell with delight on the history of the stern, upright Cato, who, when he had resolved on self-murder, went to bed, and after reading Plato's beautiful dialogue on the soul, calmly put an end to his existence, but a few years before the advent of Him who would have taught him how inconsistent was such a close to the life which the God who gave it had alone the right to take away? How we used to revel in the account of the Roman infant, born in a fuller's workshop, to whose nurse a vision appeared, telling her that she was nurturing a great blessing for all Romans; but whose nursling, after a mingled course of weakness, crime, and many good deeds, was murdered on the sea-shore, leaving his discourse on old age, and numerous other writings, to instruct posterity and render his name famous. The Romans seem to have looked upon self-destruction with peculiar satisfaction, for they furnish a singularly large list of complacent executioners in this line. Brutus, by some supposed to be of plebeian parentage, was one of those notorieties, and received a fatal wound by falling upon his sword in the presence of friends who had passed the night with him, but the strangest of the self-immolaters were Antonius and Cleopatra, the former of whom, having lost a battle, and, in despair at the supposed death of his inconstant and beautiful wife, pierced himself with a dagger and then, finding that Cleopatra still lived, was drawn up to her by women into an upper apartment, where he soon expired, and his example was imitated by his extraordinary wife, who feasted herself on delicacies, and then, decked in diadem and regal robes, allowed an asp to sting her to death. It is difficult to quit the Eternal City when once author or artist has entered within its precincts; yet, ere we leave them, we would reverently advert to the sacred victim of man's injustice, who was sacrificed within its walls only one century later than the barbarian examples just quoted. Born of no mean lineage, how astonished would the proud young Hebrew have felt, had any one prophesied in his youth that, a few years later, a new faith should have arisen, which would no longer single out the Israelites as a peculiar people to be solely honoured by its adoption; and that, in defence of this new creed, he would abjure friends, country, the time-honoured ritual of his native Jerusalem; and, supporting himself by the work of his own hands, would finally lay down his life in the far-famed Roman city, which his execution, by the monster Nero, was thenceforth to render yet more hallowed in the sight of nations.

Of kingly departures to another world, perhaps the most peacefully interesting is that of Louis the Ninth, who was born when hot werfare was raging with the Albigenses, and who, well brought up by his gentle, pious mother, ended his days in the Holy Land, for whose rescue from the Turks, he believed it to be his sacred duty to fight. On his dying bed he sent messages of affection to other sick persons, wasting under the hot sun of Palestine, and dictated the holiest precepts to his son and successor. He was then, at his own request, laid on a couch of ashes, and the long-expected fleet bringing succour to the plague-stricken crusaders, came in sight as the truly-pious king breathed his last. A few centuries earlier, but in the same eastern land, a little baby, born, it was declared, amidst the strangest portents in heaven and earth, grew up to found a religious empire, which, even now, exceeds that of the whole Christian race; but who, when the closing scene arrived, was compelled, like other mortals, to supplicate the Omnipotent Father of all for support in the hour of death. He gave orders that his slaves should all be set free, and, with his head resting on the lap of his beloved wife, Avesha, he exclaimed, in a faint voice, "O, Allah, be it so!" among the glorious associates in Paradise," and became numbered with the dead. To rightly estimate the sublimity of the death-bed of Ignatius Loyola, would require that his arduous life-time should be well studied; but those who have followed the high-born Spanish page, gallant and warlike, through his eventful existence, will enter with awe his lonely chamber, in the city of Rome, at sunrise, on the 30th of July, 1556, where lay extended the emaciated form of the founder of the great Jesuit sect. His pulse was failing, but his eye retained its vigour, and, as the ministering monks came in and knelt around their dying superior, the single word, "Jesus" escaped his lips, and his spirit passed away. Let us next turn to the naughty little son of a poor watchmaker of Geneva, who afterwards made himself a world-wide reputation as an author and a disinterested socialist, of modern times (no ordinary praise), and the summons having gone forth, he asked his wife to sit beside him, desiring her, at the same time, to open the window, and, looking out at the beautiful green of the fields, he observed, "How pure and beautiful is the sky! There is not a cloud. I trust the Almighty will receive me there above." Dazzled by the brightness of the day, he then fell forward, and, in so doing, expired. Need we say that his name was Jean Jaques Rousseau? He lies buried in an island shaded by poplars, on a small lake in the park of Ermenonville. In the Rue Charles, on the 15th of August, 1760, in the town of Ajaccio, beheld a young and handsome woman, the wife of an acute lawyer of a respectable Ghibelline family, she has been to Mass, and, on her hasty return, is resting on a couch covered with tapestry representing the heroes of the Iliad, on which she gives birth to an infant, whose beauty promises to rival her own, and who, hardly educated, grows up in the same retired island, and prepares to follow the profession of arms.

Fifty-two years after the birth of this child, we must transport ourselves, in imagination, to another island, far, far away from Corsica, and there, in a secluded chamber, guarded like a prison of importance, by military videttes, we beheld the celebrated Corsican whose name has been the watch-word of aggression throughout Europe for at least a score of years. Extreme unction is administered amidst the raging of a tremendous hurricane, which roots up the state-prisoner's favourite willow-tree; and, on the 5th of May, the French hero of a hundred battles, muttering "*tête d'armée*," breathes his last, and, a few days later, is borne to his grave by British grenadiers, his requiem being fitly performed by salvos of artillery over the tomb on the rocky islet, whose far-off seclusion had served to restrain any further outbursts of the fiery spirit which had so long desolated the European world. Twenty four years after this, the dust of the mighty warrior is disinterred, and, amidst unbounded enthusiasm, is deposited in the Hotel d'Invalides, on the banks of the Seine.

XANTHUS.

[The above clever article is extracted from a well-conducted periodical entitled the *Biographical Magazine*. It is published in weekly numbers by Mr. Passmore Edwards, of Horseshoe-court, Ludgate-hill. This gentleman is well known for his advocacy of temperance, free-trade, universal peace, and other well known topics of the day. Under his editorship, the Magazine deserves to succeed.]

MEMOIR OF BENJAMIN WEST, R.A.

THROUGH all the occupations which employ life, the moral principle may be favourably cultivated if mankind be so disposed; this can never be more substantively promoted than when a disposition prevails to give pleasure to others—when an ardent desire to please is the impulse to action, coupled with our own approbation of the means. We all love pleasure; it is the object of our continual search, to obtain it we readily part with a portion of our substance; it is this mutuality of pleasure and profit which forms the basis of the social system. The great question therefore is, what pleasures are most conducive to happiness? or rather, what is pleasure in reality? Whatever has a tendency to lead us astray, everything which either lessens or destroys moral rectitude, is very improperly so designated; it is anything but substantive pleasure—for, although it may beguile us for a time, it will eventually be found surreptitious, to be of a base family, every way calculated to entail misery, then, instead of being cheered by pleasurable remmiscences, we shall feel the gnawings of remorse.

Pleasure can never be legitimate unless it be innocent, everything tending to enlarge the mind, to excite benevolence, to elevate moral courage, or give play to genial feelings, is praiseworthy, and deserves encouragement. Thus viewed, we should say painting decidedly falls within the range of sterling pleasure, because it is an innocent and instructive amusement, well suited to yield delight and unfold generosity; if it be urged that it may be turned to other purposes, we reply, that the abuse of any given principle does not affect its merits, those must remain unimpaired, independent of adventitious circumstances, with this consideration, few men have contributed more rational gratification, or roused liberal feelings into activity, than



BENJAMIN WEST.

BENJAMIN WEST, R.A., who was a native American, descended from a respectable English quaker family, who emigrated with the truly illustrious William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, when that real patriot crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of settling in the New World, that he might withdraw himself and his friends from persecution in the Old. His parents resided at Springfield, within ten miles of Philadelphia, where he was born 10th October, 1738. At the early age of seven, his propensity for drawing displayed itself by sketching with pen and ink the likeness of an infant sleeping in a cradle; some Indians taught him how to prepare the red and yellow colours with which they painted themselves, pencils he made by cutting hairs off the cat, subsequently he obtained a piece of indigo, and thus became furnished with three primary colours, in the use of which he employed nearly his whole time, absenting himself from school to work in the garret, until complaint from his master brought his predilection to light. Mr. Pennington, a relative, calling upon his father, was surprised to find so many rude paintings about the house; when he learned by whom they were executed, he expressed himself pleased, and made him a present of a box of paints, camels' hair pencils, some prepared canvass, with a few engravings. From an examination of the latter our youth composed and painted some pictures, one of which was sent him from America by his brother, after the lapse of fifty-seven years, and placed in juxtaposition with his celebrated picture of "Christ Rejected," then exhibiting at the great rooms in Pall Mall with most distinguished eclat. He frequently declared "there were in that juvenile attempt certain inventive touches which, with all his subsequent experience, he had never been able to surpass." Such an opinion was entertained of young West's rising merit, that he was carried by a friend to Philadelphia, and introduced to Richardson the portrait painter, who lent him the works of Fresnoy, and made him acquainted with a number of pictures and drawings. This decided him; he resolved to adopt the profession, and returned home, his mind wholly engrossed by painting. His family, perceiving his bent, wisely gave up their scruples, but not until a consultation of the elders of their faith had been held, who made a report in his favour. Thus sanctioned, he set to work in earnest, painted some boards, which were soon purchased, for which he received two dollars, one of his admirers, a Mr. Henry, urged him to paint "the Death of Socrates," being unacquainted with the subject, he confessed his ignorance, upon which his friend gave him Plutarch to read. Here another difficulty occurred, he had hitherto only represented the human face, or bodies clothed; he therefore felt he could not do justice to the naked figure. His friend, however, hit upon an expedient that removed his fears; a handsome young slave was brought into the room with all those parts uncovered requisite to enable him faithfully to portray the catastrophe of that vile tragedy. West now for the first time had nature full in his view, his conviction was decisive, that it was in her school alone perfect models were to be found. The picture spread his fame, procured him employ, and made him numerous friends. Among these was Dr. William Smith, provost of the college of Philadelphia, who, perceiving that the painter's education was very imperfect, offered to take him under his own tuition. The offer was gladly accepted, and the student quickly did honour to his professor. About this time he purchased out of a Spanish prize a picture of Ignatius Loyola, supposed to be painted by Murillo, which he copied with great success, and was in consequence advised to paint the "History of Susanna, the Elders, and Daniel," this highly-valued picture, into which he introduced forty figures, and executed in a masterly style, was destroyed by fire. He went to New York, and established himself as a portrait painter. The progressive increase in his prices will best speak to the general estimation of his talent. In 1751 he had one guinea for a likeness, in 1755, two; in 1756, three, in 1758, four, which was augmented in 1760 to five, and ten guineas for a half-length. A commercial friend now offered to frank him to Italy, with whom he went to Rome, where his fame had preceded him. He expressed a wish to see the works in the Vatican, a day was appointed, it was so contrived that the first object should be a full view of the Apollo. The moment he beheld it he exclaimed, "How much it resembles a young Mohawk warrior!" Somewhat disappointed, they inquired what a Mohawk was? He then explained that "he had often witnessed the elasticity of their limbs, their dexterity with the bow and arrow, the expression which active life gave to their chest, and the dilation of the nostrils, which their quick breathing while engaged in the chase always produced." This was allowed to be as perfect a criticism as had ever been delivered, and gained him the esteem of all the connoisseurs. His health being affected, he went to Venice and Parma; at the last he copied the "St. Jerome" of Correggio so excellently, that he was chosen a member of the academy of that city; a similar dignity was also conferred upon him by those of Florence and Bologna, which cities he also visited, and where he was equally caressed.

Quitting Italy, he came over through France and Switzerland to England, on which he first set foot in August, 1763. He was well received, his merit acknowledged, and visited by the enlightened Reynolds, who, far from feeling envy, took him by the hand, introduced him everywhere, and advised him to exhibit his two pictures, "Cymon and Iphigenia" and "Angelica and Medora," which he did at Spring Gardens, where they attracted crowds of visitors, recruited his exchequer, and met with general commendation; this success induced him to give up the idea of returning to America, although an attachment he had formed, to which the young lady ardently responded, offered an almost unconquerable incentive. However, determined to locate on our island, he wrote over to his father, his mother being dead, requesting him to escort his destined bride, who was the daughter of a merchant in Philadelphia His sire consented, and they arrived safe in London, where the marriage between himself and Miss Stowell was celebrated The union lasted full fifty years, she died in 1815. He painted Agrippina for Dr. Drummond, the archbishop of York, with which he was so pleased that he caused it to be shown to George III, who, delighted with the performance, became his immediate patron, cultivated his acquaintance, was frequently at his studio in Panton-square, gave him employment, and continued his steady friend for more than half a century. It is rather singular that the monarch and his painter were both born in the same year, and both died within two months of each other.

In 1765 the Society of Artists was incorporated by royal charter; West became both a member and a director, jealousies however crept in; it was dissolved, and the Royal Academy was founded on its ruins His rise was rapid, and his paintings numerous On 23rd February, 1792, that elegant scholar and finished artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, paid the great debt of nature, when Mr. West was unanimously elected to supply his place in the president's chair

In 1802 he visited Paris, where he was waited on by a deputation from the National Institute, who met him in the Gallery of Arts, and invited him to a sumptuous banquet. In the same year, then sixty-five, he painted Christ healing the sick, for the quakers of Philadelphia, to aid them with funds to erect an hospital in that city It was exhibited in our metropolis, where the rush to see it was so great, and its merit so highly prized, that he was offered three thousand guineas for it by the British Institution; this he accepted, upon condition he should be allowed to make a copy, with alterations, for his American friends, who still derive large profits from its exhibition. In 1817, when verging upon fourscore, he painted "Death on a Pale Horse," which is a masterpiece both in style and imagination. The design is full of grandeur, the contour gracefully majestic, the grouping of the first order. The ideal King of Terrors is terrifically grand, nor less so is the supernatural courser that he bestrides, and which, issuing from the womb of night, seems to paw space, delighted at the desolation that attends its steps The right arm of the spectral monarch is wreathed with a serpent, the other is armed with meteoric plagues, beneath lies a dead female, with her husband and motherless child lamenting their loss, and awaiting their own dissolution. On the right, human desolation is depicted under a variety of sanguinary forms, while behind, in a murky sky, are seen through a dusky veil the ghastly shapes of infernals, that in the "palpable obscure" find out their uncouth way Before this group is the representation of the black horse of the third seal, with its rider and the balances in his hand, approaching the foreground are two figures of Pestilence and Famine vigorously conceived, and most powerfully expressed Hence to the right, the opening of the first and second seals obtains a "local habitation." The white horse, and the Saviour of men with a bow in his hand, going forth conquering and to conquer, is the finest figure in the composition The head of Christ is in profile, and the eye directed to a beatifical vision in the heavens! Behind this is the red horse, bestrode by a helmed warrior, spreading around him, with unfeeling sternness, misery and carnage. In this sublime composition, where less regard is paid to colour than to expression, it must be apparent that the object of the venerable artist was to produce a great moral effect. On the 11th March, 1820, he closed his mortal career, his faculties remained vigorous to the last. He was buried with great funeral honours in St. Paul's cathedral, beside Reynolds, Opie, and Barry, to which sepulchre his remains were accompanied by a numerous train of artists and private friends.

It has been remarked that genius is a gift from nature; this is probably true, but if unaided by industry, we are of opinion it would be little worth. Its power, when so combined, was perhaps never more forcibly evinced than in young West, the child of quaker parents who had fled from Europe the more effectually to carry out and preserve the primitive doctrines of George Fox, whose tenets proscribe music and painting, he had to struggle with long and deep-rooted prejudices, as well as against parental authority; yet so decided was the bent of his inclination, so quiet his demeanour, and so persevering his labour, that he overcame all obstacles, removed their objections, and thus established for them, as well as for himself, an enduring fame. It has been objected to him that his colouring is too glaring, too hard and edgy, and we believe it is allowed that below the knee his figures are deficient in their anatomy.

The following list includes the greater portion of those pictures which occupied the long period of his life:—

Agrippina landing at Brundusium with the Ashes of Germanicus
Alfred and Guthrum's Lodge with the Pilgrim
Apollo Slaying the Rebels and Will of Cæsar to the People
Apotheosis of Princes Alfred and Octavius.
Angelica and Medora—Battle of the Boyne.
Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness—Battle of La Hogue.
Cave of Despair, from Spenser—Cordelia and Lear.
Commence of Snip [illegible] and Iphigenia
Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament
Christ rejected by the Jewish High Priest, the Elders, and the People—Landing of Charles II at Dover
Daniel interpreting the Handwriting on the Wall
Death on the Pale Horse, as described by St. John in the Apocalypse.
Death of Bayard—Diana and Endymion
Departure of Regulus from Rom—Death of Wolfe.
Death of Nelson—Edward III passing the Soane
Edward III. embracing his Son after the Battle of Cressy
Edward the Black Prince receiving John, King of France, Prisoner after the Battle of Poictiers
Erasistratus discovering the Love of Antiochus
Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise.
Grecian Daughter—Hector and Andromache
Hannibal swearing eternal Hatred to the Romans.
Jupiter and Europa—King Lear
The Lord's Supper—Moses receiving the Tables
Macbeth and the Witches—Moses striking the Rock
Penn's Treaty with the Indians for Pennsylvania
Philippa, Queen of Edward III, at the Battle of Neville's Cross.
Pylades and Orestes—The Presentation in the Temple
Queen Elizabeth going in Procession to St Paul's after the Defeat of the Spanish Armada
Queen Philippa [illegible] Burghers of Calais.
[illegible] and Pisa [illegible] and Ataida
The Raising of [illegible] Daniel [illegible]
St. Peter preaching—The Stoning of Stephen.
The Three Marys at the Sepulchre
Una, from Spenser's Fairy Queen—Venus and Cupid
Venus lamenting the Death of Adonis
William de Albanac and his three Daughters
Our Saviour receiving the Lame and the Blind in the Temple to heal them a Gift to the Pennsylvania Hospital.
The first Installation of the Knights of the Garter, for the Audience Chamber at Windsor Castle.

As Altar Pieces.

Devout Men taking the body of Stephen, for St Stephen's church, Walbrook
St Michael the Archangel, for the Chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge
Raising of Lazarus, for Winchester Cathedral
The Annunciation, also the Nativity, for the new Church at St. Marie-la-bonne.
The Conversion of St. Paul, for a Church at Birmingham.
The Ascension, The curing of the Demoniacs, The descent of the Holy Spirit upon our Saviour, St Paul and Barnabas rejecting the Jews, for the King's Chapel at Windsor.

The pictures enumerated are, most of them, in the possession of English noblemen, or are hung in public galleries.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

The following cautions and advices respecting fires, extracted from an expensive volume, cannot be too widely circulated.

Fires are but too frequently said to arise by accident, which is merely a condensed phrase, equivalent to *carelessness* and *recklessness*. There are few fires that might not have been prevented by the exercise of *common prudence*, and a vast number have been caused by *negligence*, arising from sheer *laziness*. As familiar instances may be mentioned, the permitting of sparks to fall on the ground and remain there, without extinguishing them; carrying a *naked* candle into rooms containing inflammable substances, &c. &c.

The following PREVENTIVES are suggested —

1. Avoid leaving your candle burning at the side of your bed, but place it on a table or the floor, at a good distance from any article of linen, or other equally inflammable substance. *Rush, wax, floating lights, Child's*, or *Albert lights*, are the safest for night-burning. The practice of reading in bed cannot be too much censured, it is a frequent cause of fires

2. Never set aside a bucket or box containing hot ashes or cinders in a closet.

3 Never throw a piece of lighted paper, cigar, or other burning substance on the floor; even in the open street this is dangerous, should such fall by accident, immediately extinguish them by treading upon them

4. Never blow gas lights out, but always extinguish them by turning off the supply.

5. Should the smell of gas be strongly perceived, immediately turn off the cock at the meter, and avoid carrying a lighted candle into the part where the escape has taken place before the gas has been removed by thorough ventilation. Attention to this point will prevent the possibility of an explosion.

6. Have your chimneys kept in a clean state by frequent sweeping

Fires might often be readily extinguished if when first discovered, by the timely application of a few buckets of water Water may be applied with good effect by means of a handbrush. When an apartment is discovered on fire, the door, chimney, and windows should be immediately closed, if possible, and only opened for the purpose of projecting water upon the flames By this means the supply of air will be cut off, and rapid combustion prevented The neglect of this precaution has often caused a mere smouldering fire, that might have been easily put out, to burst into an inextinguishable mass of flame It has been proposed to add common salt or pearlash to the water thrown on fires, as even a weak solution of those substances speedily stops combustion Such a plan is very plausible, and may easily be applied, by adding the same matter to the buckets of water used to feed the engine for the first few minutes of its working; but when a fire has acquired any extent, the action of such substances becomes scarcely perceptible

Escape from apartments on fire may generally be readily effected by creeping on the hands and knees In this way the window or door may be reached It is found that the atmosphere of a room so full of smoke as to produce suffocation to a person standing upright, may generally be safely breathed, on nearly a level with the floor. Should descent by the staircase be found impossible, then the window should be immediately sought. Here, presence of mind is of the utmost importance If a ladder or fire-escape be not provided by persons without, a rope should be made by tying the sheets and blankets of the bed together, one end of which should be firmly secured to a chair, table, or, still better, to one of the bedposts, and with this apparatus descent should be cautiously attempted. Jumping out of the window should be avoided, as most persons in doing this run as much danger as they do by remaining in the burning building Persons have frequently lost their lives by hastily throwing themselves out of window, under the dread of being burnt alive, who would have been rescued by those without, had they waited but a few moments longer When it is impossible to escape from a burning building by the stairs or windows, retreat may sometimes be secured by a trap-door opening on to the roof, or by a skylight, when, [illegible] by itself, the roof of one of the adjoining [illegible] may be gained with safety, provided common caution be observed. *Fire escapes* of various kinds are now placed in conspicuous parts of the metropolis; these some by-stander should run for without delay, as well as the engines, by the working of which the fire is to be extinguished.

The *clothes of females and children*—(for the clothes of *males*, being for the most part composed of wool, do not readily take fire) —when on fire, may be most readily extinguished by rolling the sufferer in the carpet, hearth-rug, table-cover, a great-coat, cloak, or any other woollen article at hand. If this be expertly done, the flames will be rapidly put out. Should assistance not be at hand, the person whose clothes are on fire should throw herself on the ground, and roll the carpet round her as before described; or if such a thing is not in the room, she should endeavour to extinguish the flame with her hands, and by rapidly rolling round and round on the floor. In this way the fire will be stifled, or at least the combustion will proceed so slowly that less personal injury will be experienced before assistance arrives. But if, on the contrary, the person whose clothes are on fire remains in an upright position, the flames will naturally ascend, and scorch the face and other unprotected parts of the body. The advantage of falling flat on the ground is also manifest from the fact, that, nine times out of ten, it is the lower part of the dresses of females that first catch fire A lady's muslin dress taking fire at the skirt would burn from bottom to top, and produce a fatal density of flame in half a minute while she is standing upright; but when lying down, even though she took no pains leisurely to extinguish the flames, ten minutes would probably elapse before it would be consumed, and the flame might at any instant be extinguished by the thumb and fingers Here, again, the exercise of *presence of mind* is of unspeakable importance

The addition of half an ounce or an ounce of alum or sal ammoniac to the last water used to rinse a lady's dress, or a less quantity added to the starch used to stiffen it, would render it uninflammable, or at least so little combustible that it would not *readily* take fire and if it did, would be *slowly* consumed *without flame*.

DILIGENCY OF "THE MEN."—Mrs. Partington says that when she was a gal she used to go to parties, and always had a beau to escort her home But now she says, the gals undergo all such drudgeries, the task of extorting them home revolves on their own selves The old lady drew down her specs, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men were more palpable in degree rating the worth of the female sex

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LITERARY NOTICES.

CASSELL'S SHILLING EDITION OF EUCLID.—THE ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY, containing the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid, from the text of Robert Simson, M D, Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow, with Corrections, Annotations, and Exercises, by Robert Wallace, A M, of the same university, and Collegiate Tutor of the University of London, is now ready, price 1s in stiff covers, or 1s 6d neat cloth, 216 pages, crown 8vo.

THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART—The First Volume of this splendidly embellished work, handsomely bound, price 6s 6d, or extra cloth gilt edges, 7s 6d, is now ready, and contains upwards of Two Hundred principal Engravings and an equal number of minor Engravings, Diagrams, &c

HISTORY OF HUNGARY, WITH UPWARDS OF EIGHTY ILLUSTRATIONS —The First Volume of the New Series of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, neatly bound in cloth, price 1s 6d, contains the completest History of Hungary ever published, also a History of China and the Chinese, with Forty-six Illustrations of the Manners, Customs, Public Buildings, Domestic Scenes, &c, of this most remarkable people, together with numerous instructive Tales and Narratives, Biographies, with Portraits, Scientific and Miscellaneous Articles, &c

CASSELL'S EMIGRANTS' HANDBOOK, a Guide to the various Fields of Labour and Wealth of the Globe, Second Edition, with considerable Additions and Map of Australia, with the Gold Regions clearly marked is now ready, price 9d

THE PATHWAY, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper No 32, for August, is now ready, and Vols I and II, neatly bound in cloth and lettered, price 2s 6d each, may be obtained by order of any Bookseller

SCRIPTURAL LIBRARY FOR THE YOUNG, in Shilling Volumes.—The first two volumes of this instructive series of works, "THE LIFE OF JOSEPH," illustrated with sixteen choice engravings and maps, and "THE TABERNACLE, its PRIESTS, and SERVICES," with twelve engravings, are now ready "THE LIFE OF MOSES" is in the press.

MISCELLANEA.

Tale of a Pin.—In an early month of the year 1778, with a tolerable education, and with many natural qualifications for a financial life, Jacques Laffite was seeking for a situation as a clerk. He had high hopes and a light heart, for he brought with him a letter of introduction to M Perregaux, the Swiss banker. But with all his sanguine anticipations and golden day-dreams, he was bashful and retiring It was with a trembling heart that the young provincial appeared before the Parisian man of bonds and gold; he managed to explain the purpose of his visit, and presented his letter of recommendation. The banker quietly read the note "It is impossible," said he, as he laid it aside, "that I can find room for you at present, all my offices are full; should there be a vacancy at a future time, I will see what can be done, in the meantime, I advise you to seek elsewhere, as it may be a considerable period before I shall be able to admit you" Away went sunshine and prosperous visions! Disappointed and gloomy, poor Jacques left the presence of the polite banker As he crossed, with downcast eyes, the court-yard of the noble mansion, he observed a pin lying on the ground, his habitual habits of frugality, amidst his disappointment, were still upon the watch; he picked up the pin, and carefully stuck it into the lappel of his coat. From that trivial action sprang his future greatness, that one single act of frugal care and regard for little things opened the way to a stupendous fortune. From the window of his cabinet M. Perregaux had observed the action of the rejected clerk, and he wisely thought that the man who would stoop to pick up a pin, under such circumstances, was endowed with the necessary qualities for a good economist; he read in that single act of parsimony an indication of a great financial mind, and he deemed the acquisition of such a one as wealth itself Before the day had closed, Laffite received a note from the banker. "A place," it said, "is made for you at my office, which you may take possession of to-morrow" The banker was not deceived in his estimate of the character of Laffite, and the young clerk s on displayed a talent and aptness for his calling that procured his advancement from the clerk to the cashier, from a cashier to a partner, and from a partner to the head proprietor of the first banking-house in Paris. He became a deputy, and then president, of the council of ministers What a destiny for the man who would stoop to pick up a pin!

Excellent News.—The working classes in Sheffield, if we may judge by the savings-bank returns, are doing exceedingly well, the deposits for 1851 showing an increase of £15,669 over the previous year, and of £23,122 over the year 1849.

How the Taxes on Knowledge Affect the Public—Mr. Alfred Novello, the musician, writing to the *Hull Advertiser*, says, that he would have an advertisement in every country newspaper were it not for the advertisement duty, which may be termed a duty for the prevention of trade.

Absence, like every other pang, weakens by repetition, the friend who has once returned in safety may return so again—we soon draw precedents from the past.

A Proverb for Clever Boys—Positive decision in youth upon things which experience only can teach, is the credential of vain impertinence.

Chinese Theory of Justice.—"Depend upon it," says the author of the "Porcelain Tower," "justice that is given away is not of the best quality—*it goes for nothing*; but if people pay well for it, they may be secure of the prime article." We are on a wrong plan, you may be sure, and do not consult the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The Chinese practice does so. The offender bribes the judge, and is happy to escape punishment; the judge receives the bribe, and is happy to put money in his purse, and the offended party only is dissatisfied. Now, of these three persons, the offender and the judge constitute a greater number than the man offended, in the proportion of two to one; and, therefore, there can be no question as to the propriety of their being made happy, although at his expense But if the offended can bribe higher than the offender—in words; if he can afford to pay for a larger slice of justice—that of course works a radical change in the aspect of affairs; and *he* must have justice then, his due purchase, at the market value

"Quid Pro Quo"—"Take care of your pockets," cried the conductor of one of the more aristocratic "threepenny 'busses," to a gentleman who was in the act of getting into one of the new "penny" ones" "Just what I am doing," was the reply.

A Conundrum from the First Form—Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C?—Because she forms lasses into classes

A Truth—There is always more error in hatred than in love

What would our Ancestors have thought of this?—A despatch was received at Vienna, the other day, from London, *viâ* the submarine telegraph, in three hours and a half!

THE WINDS.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Talk to my heart, O Winds!
Talk to my heart to-night,
My spirit always finds
With you a new delight
Finds always new delight
With your silver talk at night

Give me your soft embrace,
As you used to long ago,
In your shadowy trysting place,
When you seem'd to love me so
When you sweetly kiss'd me so,
On the green hills, long ago

Come up from your cool bed,
In the stilly twilight sea,
For the dearest hope lies dead,
That was ever dear to me
Come up from your cool bed,
And we'll talk about the dead.

Tell me, for oft you go,
Winds—lonely Winds of night—
About the chambers low,
With sheets so dainty white,
If they sleep through all the night
In the beds so chill and white.

Talk to me, Winds, and say
If in the grave be rest?
For oh! Life's little day
Is a weary one at best.
Talk to my heart and say
If death will give me rest.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Charles R—Cambogia, or Camboge, is the product of the *Stalagmites Cambogioides*, the leaves and young branches of which, being bruised, emit a yellow juice. This is received in cocoa-nut shells or earthen vessels, and is allowed to thicken by evaporation. It is afterwards formed into rolls or cakes. The finest sort is that in rolls, and is called the *Pipe Camboge of Siam*. For your purpose, that of a clear wash, the best plan would be to dissolve a portion in spirits of wine, and then reduce it to the shade you require by adding clear soft water.

A Young Engineer—Robert Fulton, the first to establish steam navigation on the American seas and rivers, was born in 1765, in Pennsylvania. He died in 1815.—In answer to your second inquiry, we are sorry to add that, though his reputation became fully established, and though by his invention his country was enriched to an astonishing extent, lawsuits in reference to certain patents kept him poor, and anxiety and excessive application shortened his days. But do not let this discourage *you*, the world has grown wiser, and henceforth useful inventions will, no doubt, meet their due reward.

W. Kinsman—Shagreen is not, as you suppose, the skin of a fish. It is an artificial production—a sort of leather grained so as to be covered with small circular spots. The skin, which may be that of horses, asses, or mules, is well soaked in water, scraped clean, and stretched on frames While in a soft state, small seeds—such, for instance, as mustard-seeds—are pressed into it, and it is dried with the seeds in it It is then dyed green, and again dried, the seeds are then beaten out, the leather is flattened and highly polished. It may be dyed of various colours

C H (Chelsea)—So many serious accidents have happened in connexion with the manufacture and use of gun-cotton, that we decline furnishing you with a recipe for making it.

W Stephinson.—The brushes called camels' hair pencils are made, for the most part, of the hair of squirrels' tails, for the best and choicest kinds of camels' hair, imported from Persia, is used. The sort called sables will be best for your purpose, these are made from the tails of the sable

R Turnbull—Cases for binding the volumes of "The Working Man's Friend" may be had at our office. You will find it best to have them bound in *single* volumes

S T W—The Australian Emigration Office will be the best place for you to apply to for information, it is at No 21, Parliament-street, City.—Mrs Chisholm's address is, 3, Charlton-terrace, Islington

A Drapers' Assistant—We do not think you can get assistance from any existing company You will have to pay the regular fare, and it is very doubtful whether you will be able to obtain employment in Australia when you arrive there. The Government will render you no aid, as they take only practical farmers and agriculturists The passage to Port Philip will cost you from £20 to £10.

K L M—Do you mean to say that the lines you have sent us, beginning "Droop not on your Way," are your own composition? If so, we request you to look to page 67, vol. II., of "The Working Man," published a year and a half ago, where you will find them verbatim, and ascribed to "John Barnes." Read this and then blush—if you can!

Inquirer—The "Alexandrian Library" is said to have contained about 700,000 volumes. It was divided into two compartments; one was attached to the temple of Jupiter Serapis, and contained 400,000 volumes; the other was appropriated to the use of the academicians, and numbered 300,000 volumes. A great number of the volumes were of papyrus, but many were of parchment, and some of wood and lead A large portion was burnt during the siege by Julius Cæsar, the remainder were preserved to the time of Theodosius the Great, who caused the heathen temples to be destroyed, and also this valuable library, which embraced the whole Greek and Latin literature.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EUROPEAN-RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

THE name of Russia in the present day is one of dread in many parts of Europe and Asia, and of the influence which it possesses in the political affairs of other countries, recent events have afforded sufficient evidence. Scarcely known when other European nations had arrived at a high state of civilisation and refinement, this northern power has managed to attract to itself a more than ordinary share of the consideration and attention of continental governments, and this too, not in virtue of any great or striking qualities possessed by the people—for the Russians are, even now, but a rude, half-civilised race—but solely arising from the ambitious and energetic views of the successors to Peter the Great. In this series of papers we shall endeavour to present our readers with a pictorial and descriptive glimpse of Russia, and, that we may begin at the beginning, we shall in this number of our *Friend* endeavour to make them acquainted with the physical character and resources of European Russia, and in our next we shall attempt a slight epitome of its history.

In the widest sense of the phrase, Russia may be said to consist, not only of that part of Europe which is shown on the map, but also of a considerable portion of Asia, and even part of North America. Taken in this view it is called the Russian empire. Its total area is estimated at not less than 8,552,700 (eight million six hundred thousand, nearly) square miles, and its entire population numbers upwards of 67,000,000 souls. It will assist the imagination, to compare this area and population with that of Great Britain and her colonies; the total area of the latter being about 1,700,000 square miles, and the total population, consisting of certainly not less than 132,000,000 inhabitants. It is of Russia in Europe, however, that we propose to treat, though from [illegible] several of the chief sources of public revenue and importance are derived from the Asiatic part of the empire, it will be necessary occasionally, perhaps, to cross the Ural Mountains.

An examination of the map of Europe will inform the reader of the precise situation of European Russia. On the



RUSSIAN CONSCRIPTS.—A CONVERSAZIONE.

north it is bounded by the Arctic Ocean and the White Sea; on the south by the Caucasian Mountains and the Black Sea; on the east by the Oural or Ural Mountains and river; and on the West by the Baltic Sea and the kingdoms of Prussia, Austria, and European Turkey. Its principal seaports to the north are—Archangel in the White Sea, St. Petersburg on the shores of the Gulf of Finland, Riga in the Gulf of Bothnia; and to the South, several smaller ports in the Black Sea, the only opening in this direction for the naval strength which the emperors of Russia have so long wished to acquire In that respect, as in many others—their style, for instance, which is not yet altered—they are at least "twelve days" behind the rest of Europe.

If Russia has not much sea-room that is not crowded with ice-blocks for at least seven months in the year, it has, on the other hand, many noble rivers and lakes The principal rivers are—the Volga, which takes its rise in the Wolchonsky Forest and after traversing the country through a course of 2 200 miles, empties itself by about seventy outlets into the Caspian Sea; the Dnieper, which has its course in the province of Smolensk, and its outlet in the Black Sea at Odessa it is the Borysthenes of the ancients, and is estimated to be upwards of 1,200 miles long, the Don, the Tanais of antiquity, rises in the Ural Mountains, and reaches the sea, after a course of more than a thousand miles, in the Sea of Azof, the the Dniester has its source in the Carpathian mountains, and after flowing through 500 miles of country, empties itself in the Black Sea several smaller rivers, such a the Kuban—the Hypanis of Herodotus—the Terek, the Petschora, the Mezen, the Dwina, the Onega, the Kemi, the Neva, the Duna, and the Tornea, flow through a country, which, while it is in many parts of a cold, dreary, and desolate character, without trees or shrubs, and but thinly inhabited by a wretched population, may be said to be on the whole well watered considering its extent

The principal lakes in Russia are—the lake Ladoga, east of the Gulf of Finland, in the neighbourhood of St Petersburg, is computed to cover upwards of 6,000 square miles—a larger space than the entire kingdom of Saxony, the lake of Onega, east of Petersburg, which is upwards of 1000 miles in extent; lake Ilmen, in the province Novgorod, which is about 28 miles long by 20 wide, and lake Saima, in Finland, which is considered to be about 40 miles square

Russia in Europe contains about 62,000,000 inhabitants, of whom, fully three-fourths belong to the great Caucasian family; while the Laplanders, the aboriginal race, are not to be confounded with the predominant inhabitants of Finland, who are of Swedish origin.—The Samojedes, Kalmucks, and the greater number of the Bashkirs belong to the Mongolian race

As to their origin, the Russians proper and the Poles belong to the great tribe of Slavonians, whose total number in the Russian empire amounted in 1847 to 48,000,000, including 4,000,000 Lettonians, Bulgarians, &c The number of Germans in Russia (whose chief seat is in the Baltic provinces) is estimated at 800,000, that of the Jews at 1,600,000 (chiefly in the Polish provinces) More than 6,000,000 are of Tartarian origin (not to be confounded with the Mongolian race, as all genuine Tartarian tribes, for instance, the Turks, Magyars, &c., belong decidedly to the Caucasian race), and the remainder consists of Greek, Persian, and other oriental tribes, Gipsies, and the above-mentioned people Laplanders, Samojedes, Kalmucks, &c *

In regard to religion, the established church is the Greek, and generally all Russians are Greek Christians, while nearly all Poles are Roman Catholics, and most of the Germans Lutherans The Tartarian and other kindred tribes in the southern and south eastern provinces of European Russia are for the most part Mohammedans

The Russian people are divided into three classes, the nobility, citizens, and peasantry. About the same distinction is established in Poland, while in the Baltic provinces the social condition of the population bears a strong resemblance to that of Germany. There is an essential distinction between hereditary and personal nobility. The number of nobles by birth (or of those who belong to the hereditary nobility) in the whole Russian empire (thus including the Polish, Bulgarian, Tartarian, and other nobles), was some years ago about 551,000; while the personal nobility (*i. e.* for lifetime only) is conferred upon the higher classes of the clergy and citizens, and upon the civil and military public officers (provided that they are not already nobles by birth). The nobles, as well as the commoners, are exempted from the poll-tax (land-taxes, excises, and other similar taxes they have to pay), and cannot be compelled to enter the army, though a great many of them enter it voluntarily. By the term of citizens is to be understood all free inhabitants of cities and towns, who are engaged in commerce, trade, manufacturing, and other branches of industry They are divided into six classes, styled guilds, and are about 4,500,000 in number. The peasantry comprises freeholders (about 700,000), peasants of the crown (more than 17,500,000), who at present are to be considered as personally free men, and finally, bondsmen, about 21,000,000 in number, and for the most part on the estates of the nobility. Thus two-thirds of the population are freemen, and moreover the emperor, Nicholas, has in recent times provided by the law for the gradual emancipation of the remaining third also. To emancipate them at once, would have been a hard blow to the bondsmen themselves, for it is a fact, that they generally are in a better and more comfortable condition than many free men, at least among the lower classes, who not seldom endure great distress, while the bondsmen, so to say, are never suffered to starve, their masters being compelled by the law to provide for their wants, in cases of necessity (sickness, weakness from age, &c) It has frequently occurred that bondsmen, emancipated by their masters, have spontaneously returned into their former condition of servitude. They not only till the ground (two days in the week for their own account), but are employed in various other ways as mechanics, operatives, servants, coachmen, &c, and have some opportunity to earn sufficient money for their redemption from bondage Hundreds of them are annually levied as recruits, and they are at once free, for themselves and their descendants, as soon as they enter the army

The surface of European Russia is generally level; its chief features being vast plains and large rivers, with numerous lakes in the north-western quarter. In the northern provinces, it is intensely cold in winter, while in the southern, the climate is mild and pleasant

The soil is, in general, highly productive, though in the most northern provinces the cold climate and the short summer prevent the full development of the natural fertility of the soil In the southern and some other parts of the country more or less extensive steppes are to be found, the most remarkable of which are those of the Kirgises, in Bessarabia, near the Don and the Dnieper, the Nogaian, of Azow, &c Nearly 300 millions of acres are appropriated to agriculture, yielding annually about 152,750,000 quarters of wheat, rye, and other descriptions of grain, of which more than 9,600,000 are exported. In 1841 corn was exported to the value of 10,182,509 rubles in silver, in 1842 to the value of 12,191,529 rubles; and in 1843 to the value of 12,899,911 rubles in silver.* Of flax were, in 1843, exported 965,953 quintals, and of hemp 739,324 quintals. In Bessarabia, Tauria, Crimea, and on the banks of the Don even the vine is cultivated, and the annual produce of very good wines is estimated at about 2,200,000 gallons. Vast forests abound in various parts of Russia, and they furnish the seaports with large supplies of timber, pitch, tar, &c., for exportation. Black cattle are reared in immense numbers, the finest breed is to be found in Podolia, Volhynia, and Ukraine, from which provinces thousands of heads are annually exported. Horses are likewise reared in vast numbers, and of various breed, they are in general distinguished for their swiftness and endurance. The total number of sheep in the Russian empire is estimated at 60 000,000, they are of different breed. European Russia numbered 4,000,000 of improved breed in 1843, when 161,491 quintals of their wool was exported. The above-mentioned extensive forests (*i. e.* those in the northern provinces, and

* The Cossacks are probably not a separate tribe, but genuine Russians, with the only difference, that since the 17th century they are endowed with various privileges, and (on the other hand) in lieu of paying taxes, are required to act as soldiers in time of war.

* The Russian ruble is equal to 3s. 4d English.

especially in Siberia) abound in wild animals that are eagerly hunted for their valuable furs, as the sable, ermine, black fox, &c. Yet the bear, wolf, and other beasts of prey are likewise very common. The sturgeon, &c., fisheries of the river Volga, and of the Caspian Sea, are extensive and very productive. Upwards of 10,000 fishing-boats are employed on the Volga alone. Russia is noted for its precious metals, of which gold and platina are found in the Ural Mountains, also in the Siberian province of Jenisi-sk, and silver in Siberia, while copper, iron, and lead are met with in various quarters. In the five years' period of 1812-1816, the Russian gold-mines in the Ural Mountains yielded a total produce of gold, which was, in England, estimated at £12,784,808 In the one year of 1843, they produced 724,640 ounces of gold Of platina were, in the same year, 71,680 ounces produced. The annual produce in silver is, upon an average, estimated at 84,000 marks, of copper, at 86,000 quintals, of lead, at 14,350 quintals, and of iron, at 3,500,000 quintals. The Ural Mountains contain also diamonds, emeralds, and other precious stones.—Salt is extensively made, especially in the southern provinces.

The manufactures, which, during the greater part of the last century was almost restricted to those of the noted Russia leather, have, since the reign of the empress Katharine II., and especially since that of the emperors Alexander and Nicholas, made astonishing [illegible] In 1842 the Russian empire numbered 2,332 manufactories, with 119,093 operatives, in 1835, 6045 manufactories, with 279,673 operatives, in 1839 the former had increased to 6,855, and the latter to 412,961, and since the manufactures have increased to such an extent that they furnish the country with almost sufficient supplies, of which only about one-sixth is imported from foreign countries. The various articles manufactured in 1843 had a value of nearly 107 millions of rubles in silver, while those which were imported in the same year had only the value of 18 millions. The chief manufacturing districts in and around Moscow, where in the just-named year cotton goods were manufactured to the value of 20,163,174, and silks to the value of 1,367,321 rubles in silver. Of other articles are to be noticed cloth, canvass, cutlery and hardware, leather, glassware, &c.

The commerce is very extensive, and increasing almost every year. In 1843 the exports were to the value of 82,755,600, and the imports to the value of 75,028,399 rubles in silver, thus, the former surpassing the latter by 7,537,201 rubles in value. The exports consist chiefly of tallow, corn, hemp, flax, linseed, hemp-seed, timber, wool, canvass, iron, copper, leather, furs (in 1843 exported to the amount of 2,205,000 silver rubles in value), wax, hogs' bristles, candles, soap, &c. Great fairs are held in different places, which attract vast crowds of merchants and traders from all parts. The inland commerce is much facilitated by the numerous rivers, canals, and lakes, and by the snow, in the winter season, over which sleighs travel with great rapidity. The chief internal trade is with China, Independent Tartary, Persia, and Germany. With regard to the canals in European Russia, it is doubtful whether they, in general, do not afford more practical advantages than those in Great Britain. At least, it is a fact, that by these canals the White, Black, Caspian, and Baltic Seas have been brought into [illegible] with each other, and thus a [illegible] of [illegible] length, been established. The [illegible] White Sea with the Baltic, the canals of Kubenski and Katharine unite the Caspian with the White Sea, and the canals of Berezina, Oginski, and Machawez unite the Black Sea with the Baltic, while on the other hand, a direct communication between the canals themselves is established likewise.

With regard to the general diffusion of knowledge, and to common school education, Russia has hitherto been greatly behind other European countries, yet is at present advancing in this particular, as well as in others. Considerable exertions are made by the government to introduce schools and instruct the lower classes of the people. In the period from 1837 to 1845 not less than 4,924 common schools have been founded among the peasantry of the crown. They were in the last-named year frequented by 271,262 children. In the higher branches of knowledge Russia rivals the rest of Europe. Beside several scientific societies, and public and private libraries, each of which contains from 100,000 to 450,000 volumes, the are seven universities (those of Warsaw and Wilna have been abolished in 1832), viz, at Dorpat (founded in 1632, and in 1844 frequented 484 students), at Moscow (founded in 1705, and in 1844 with 836 students), at Kasan (founded in 1803, and in 1844 with 359 students), at Charkow (founded in 1803, and in 1844 with 410 students), at St Petersburg (founded in 1819, and in 1844 with 557 students), at Helsingfors (founded in 1640 by Queen Christiana of Sweden, in Abo, in 1827 transferred to Helsingfors, and in 1843 with 463 students), and at Kiew (founded in 1833, and in 1844 with 320 students). Every governmental or provincial capital contains a gymnasium, in those of Irkutsk and Kiachta the Japan and Chinese languages are taught.

The government is an absolute monarchy All power emanates from the emperor, who is the head of the state and (Greek) church, and styled the Autocrat of all the Russias.

The amount of the revenue, and of the expenditure, for several years has been about £20,000,000. One of the chief sources of the revenue are the customs, or duties, on goods imported from foreign countries. The public debt amounted in 1843 to 290,134,155 rubles in silver, thus being far less than that not only of Great Britain, but also of France or Spain.

The Russian army numbers at present not less than 1,000,000 men in the war department, and is arranged into six main bodies, the general reserve, and the general corps of Cossacks The six main bodies of the army are the following. 1. The great movable European army of operation, consisting of 165,720 men, with 1,200 pieces of ordnance 2. The European army of reserve, numbering 202,480 men, with 472 pieces of artillery 3. The Caucasian army, consisting of 150,167 men, with 302 pieces 4. The main body of the army in Finland, numbering 16,000 men, with 16 cannons 5. That of Orenburg, consisting of 61,000 men, with 16 pieces, and 6. The main body of the army in Siberia, consisting of 16,000 men, with 16 pieces of artillery The several corps of Cossacks amount to 50,000 men Other Cossacks, generally forming irregular troops, have to guard the frontiers of the empire from inroads, &c Thus the disposable forces Russia is entitled to send in the field in time of war, amount to about 800,000 men Of course they consist only of the European armies of operation and reserve, and of the regiments of Cossacks, because the main bodies of army in Caucasian Russia, in the province of Orenburg, &c, must keep their stations for the maintaining of internal peace and order there, and for the safety of the frontiers. As for the garrisons in other parts of the interior, and especially in the Polish provinces, they are solely provided for by the general reserve, whose amount depends on the urgency of the circumstances, and for the most part comprise the troops trained up in the military colonies The latter were established in 1820 with the view partly to save a large amount of the expenses for the army, and partly to alleviate the burden of the recruiting They number about 100,000 soldiers In 1831 they underwent some reforms, and are now styled districts of farmer-soldiers. Since that period the system of recruiting the army by the conscription, or a general levy, prevails again. The sons of tradesmen and peasantry are particularly liable to conscription, and usually two out of one hundred are levied The merchants, professors, artists, physicians, civil officers, lawyers, &c, are not liable to the duty of military service; and that bondsmen become free men as soon as they enter the army, is already noticed above.

The navy consisted in 1840 of 56 ships of the line, carrying from 71 to 120 guns, 48 frigates, carrying from 41 to 60 guns, and an adequate number of sloops of war, brigs, and steamers Of the ships of the line 31, and of the frigates 30, were stationed in the Baltic Sea (where Kronstadt and Reval are the chief stations), and the remainder in the Black Sea, where the chief stations of the navy are Sevastopol, Cherson, and Nicolojew Ships of war of smaller size are stationed in the Caspian and White Seas.

There are the following orders of honour:—1. The order of St. Andrew, in one class, and instituted in 1698 2. The Alexander Newsky order, in one class, and instituted in 1722. 3. The White Eagle order, primitively a Polish order, instituted in 1335, and renewed in 1705, in one class 4. The St Ann order, primitively a Holsteinian order, instituted in 1735,

and in four classes. 5. The St. Stanislaus order, primitively a Polish order, instituted in 1765, and in three classes. 6. The order of St. George, a military order of merit, instituted in 1769, and in four classes. 7. The order of St. Wladimir, in four classes, and instituted in 1782. 8. The St. Katharine order, only for ladies, in two classes, and instituted in 1714.

STRAY THOUGHTS ABOUT HANGING.

HANGING is a remnant of barbarity, one of the last tottering relics of feudalism. In countries boasting of being governed by laws, men have been burnt at the stake, curious tortures have been invented to stimulate the conscience to confession Iron boots with screws, collars with spikes for the neck, heavy weights to be piled on the body; the insufferable agonies of the wheel; the creaking and rattling of bones and chains on gibbets; the quartering of traitors—have been amongst the refined instruments of justice. Of these, the very names of some have entirely perished; and it requires some pains and antiquarian research to find out how ingeniously human limbs were tortured, and with what cunning arts the vexed and harassed spirit has been driven from the bodies of malefactors. Countless inhuman tortures have, happily, passed away and are forgotten; one, among the oldest and the vilest, remains to this day. When a small band of righteous men crossed the ocean to found the American republic, they left behind them many iniquities of legislation and government, that had never hitherto been seen or heard of on that soil they would have added to the bonds of brotherhood by which we are endeared to them, had they, in solemn act, asserted, in a memorable manner, never to be forgotten, the dignity of human life, and renounced the punishment of death

It is one of the chief triumphs of modern civilisation one of the few infallible proofs that we have of the onward progress of society, that the *sanctity of human life is asserted and upheld*. There is hardly a condition of social welfare which does not touch upon this sacred obligation The maintenance of peace instead of war, justice between man and man, the duty of moderation in the rule of the passions, the mutual affections, the love of the husband and wife, the parent and the child; the law which forbids duelling, the fear of the conscience which shudders at suicide, the wisdom of the statesman who shuns war as the curse of the state—all look at the worth of a single man's life. It is no answer to the charge of the violation of life, by the state, to say that it is the penalty of murder The punishment is the very sacrifice we would avoid, two murders are committed,—two victims are sacrificed,—one by the criminal, the other by the state

No one, we presume, can doubt the value of life; the law, by its very sentence, admits it—admits it in the very act of execution, for the murderer is always attended by a clergyman who is there to prepare his soul for eternity But what if his soul be not prepared? The man is cut off all the same, and, if we are to believe that which we are taught on Sundays, as assuredly we are, this impenitent soul must perish eternally And this has the sanction of the law—the law of the nineteenth century! There is no apology for murder, we would not attempt to vindicate it, but common humanity revolts at the punishment of death, teaches us that the murderer has a capacity for improvement He is still a man! He has forfeited his property, his liberty, all secondary privileges to the state. He should not walk abroad, lest he should injure another; he should be imprisoned and condemned to labour, that others might profit by his example, and be deterred by a knowledge of his suffering, but he should not die until the great Disposer of life and death calls him as a sentinel from his post! Discipline, the end of our being on earth, may be obtained as well in a prison as a palace. The soul may grow wiser and better in a jail. *The law should be remedial, not vindictive*

We fear there is yet lurking in the public mind something of the old prejudice upon the subject; the idea that punishment is a satisfaction, an expiation of the law. The law, it is said, must be satisfied, in the same spirit with which the ancient Druids satisfied their gods, by sacrificing their hundreds in a huge wicker basket, made in the figure of a man and filled with victims to his honour The idol was to be satisfied;—what satisfaction can there be for the law? Guilt is not removed from the soul of a man by hanging him. Repentance, a personal spontaneous act of the man himself, assisted by prayer, is the only expiation—and this is denied him by the law. All that the law, expressed in legislative acts, can ask, is, that the offender shall never do the like again; that by his reform he shall set an example to the people of an amended life—the only reparation which it is in his power to make to man and the offended laws of his country—and that his punishment shall act as a warning to the wicked.

Let not this be denounced as impracticable; let it not be said that punishment and improvement cannot proceed together, and that no punishment can so effectually act upon men's fears, as the fear of death. In one sense it is the most certain of all penalties, for it is an act that admits of no recal, however unjustly done In the actual state of the case, however, it is the most uncertain of all punishments, for it is an extremely difficult thing to find twelve men who will condemn even an openly guilty prisoner to so dreadful a fate. Such is the horror with which humane men view the punishment of death and such the public opinion as expressed by the voice of conscientious juries And the time is, we trust, not far distant, when that voice will be responded to in the state. They are right; humanity and justice imperatively demand that this disgusting and degrading punishment shall have an end The gallows is no school of reform, but a theatre for vice, and all the worst and vilest passions which find a home in human breasts Men of the nineteenth century! shall this state of things continue? We say again, the punishment of death is unworthy of the enlightenment of the age in which we live Why then retain so horrible and disgusting a stain upon our national character? The spirits of the victims of a revengeful law call upon us at once and for ever to do away with the instruments of judicial death,—to tear the page from our judicial records Verily, the days of the gallows-tree are numbered! The era of a new state of things is at hand—a law that shall not offend public opinion, nor disgust the enlightened consciences of jurors

With regard to the so-called religious argument, it is yet an obstacle with many, who interpret the oft quoted sentence "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," into a command Now this, in our opinion, is quite a mistake—a most fatal mistake, and a little examination will show that it is an unfair interpretation of the text; which as it stands, is consistent with, nay, asserts, the law of sound judgment and enlightened humanity. According to Grotius, this passage is to be held predictive, rather than judicial. It says not to man—slay thy brother who kills his fellow; but it points out the danger to which every shedder of blood is liable at the hands of his fellow-men. Thus a mark was solemnly set upon Cain, the first murderer not that he should be slain, but that all men might be warned *not* to slay him In the side-note to this passage in Ostervald's Bible, is a reference to Matthew xxvi 52,—"They who take the sword shall perish by the sword." Thus it asserts the folly of crime, pronounces murder a great wrong, foretels the danger to the life of the guilty and the evil passions that will be excited. Again, it is urged by Grotius, to whom was the command, if any, given? To man, but assuredly not to *every* man; for this would have violated all law, by making *any* man an executioner. Not to a magistrate, for at that time, when the world numbered only the single family of Noah, there was no magistrate on the earth. Now, mark what goes before and after the text, a solemn assertion of the sacredness of human life under all circumstances. "At the hand of *every* man's brother will I require the life of man, for in the image of God made he man." Here, then, is pronounced upon all, every man, murderer or legislator, a terrible penalty, and the punishment which is to follow the taking of life, so solemnly asserted, is reserved for the Deity alone—"*will I require the life of man.*"

Thus driven from his stronghold in the Noahic dispensation, the advocate for capital punishment will find no relief in the Levitical law, for that was abrogated by the New Testament, which breathes love, mercy, humanity, peace! As it is beautifully expressed in the Scripture of our Faith—"God desireth not the death of the sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live." Pure Christianity must, sooner or later, prevail on this important subject.

To conclude: If not by divine laws, certainly not by motives of human policy is this punishment to be enforced; it is cruel to the murderer; it is a bad example to society—the scenes of immorality which are *always* witnessed at a public execution are fearful to contemplate. There is a false excitement thrown around the gallows, which lends something of the glory of the hero to the coarsest villain. The scene, whether witnessed by crowds, or reported in the columns of the press, excites the worst passions of our fallen nature; unfeeling jests or desperation hardens the character of the criminal, and the gibbet is regarded as the one unlucky throw in the game of life. Surely it is high time for us to awake to the glaring inconsistency of trying to teach lessons of morality at the Old Bailey, while, at its very doors, thousands assemble to witness the horrible excitements of a judicial murder. A man of humanity would not hang a dog!

LITERARY QUAKERS.

BERNARD BARTON, AND WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT

(*By* N. P. WILLIS, *Author of "Pencillings by the Way"*)

FROM the times of George Fox and his contemporaries, down to the present day, many of the members of the Society of Friends have been scribblers of books. Some of them have contributed valuable additions to the list of useful and moral publications, such as Benjamin Franklin;* and a few, like Bernard Barton and the Howitts, have wandered into the flowery realms of Poetry and Romance. In this chapter I purpose more particularly to give sketches of the last-named authors, whose numerous productions are almost as well known in America as in their native land.

Bernard Barton, the quaker poet, was for many years a cashier of a bank in the small country-town of Woodbridge, in Suffolk, a place from which he seldom travelled. He was by no means a "stiff Quaker," although he observed most of the customs of that sect. Indeed, his sociality and love of good company, such as that of Charles Lamb, for instance, was not quite approved of by the more rigid "Friends." He was, however, an amiable man and a pleasing poet, but by no means a powerful writer. I met him once in London, and well remember his person. He was dressed in sober brown; his face was plump and florid, and over a steaming tumbler he was far more jocose than a Quaker usually chooses to be.

On that particular evening, I well remember his telling an anecdote or two of Charles Lamb, and especially a characteristic one of Coleridge, communicated by the author of "Elia." Though somewhat out of place, I will relate it here

"Coleridge was a great talker, and when he fairly got into one of his speculative discourses, it was no easy matter to stop the wordy tide. With eyes closed, the 'old man eloquent' would preach by the hour, and frequently preach his hearers out of all patience. So it happened in the following instance —

"Lamb was clerk at the East-India House, and one morning, as he was hurrying from his cottage at Enfield to the city, he met Coleridge proceeding to pay him a visit. Lamb's time for being at his desk had nearly arrived, but Coleridge cared not a pin about that: he had some wondrous ideas to communicate, and in order to detain Lamb until he had done so, he seized him by a coat-button, drew the good-natured Charles into a narrow passage, and, shutting his eyes, commenced his talk. With one hand holding the button, and with the other waving to and fro in the air, he went on for a full hour, heedless of Lamb's impatience. At length a happy thought struck the victim. Taking out his penknife, he adroitly severed the button from the coat, and quietly slipped off Coleridge did not observe the elopement, but went on with his subject; and Lamb solemnly declared that when, four hours afterwards, he passed by the spot, there stood the rapt Coleridge, with the button between his fingers, just as when he left him in the morning, his hand placidly waving, his eyes closed, and—talking!"

Bernard Barton died about two years ago, his latter days having been made comfortable—for illness had compelled him to quit the bank—by a pension from Queen VICTORIA. His daughter Lucy has written a pleasing memoir of the Quaker Poet, to which I would refer those who may desire to know more of him.

And now for "the HOWITTS."

A very general opinion is entertained in America—and, indeed in England too—that WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT are brother and sister. This may be owing to the fact that few married couples pursue together literature as a vocation. Many persons have an idea that such unions are not productive of connubial felicity indeed, I heard a man of great talent once declare, that a literary man should marry a fool, and *vice versâ*. There are some instances, doubtless, of couples who travel well enough together in literary harness for my own part, I see no reason on earth why they should not.

William and Mary Howitt, then, are husband and wife. The question whether, as such, they follow a certain good example, set by a pair of English sovereigns whose effigies, being stamped in company on their coins, have provoked the simile of

——"cooing and billing,
Like WILLIAM and MARY on a shilling,"

it is not for me to express an opinion upon. I have only to speak of them as author and authoress.

When William Howitt was, a few years ago, compiling his book entitled the "Homes and Haunts of British Poets," he had occasion to consult a biography of Chatterton, which then happened to be out of print. Through a friend he applied to me, as its author, for some information regarding the poet, and this led to my introduction to William and his wife.

At that time they resided in a pleasant suburb of the great metropolis, and one Sunday afternoon I set out for their dwelling. After a long omnibus-ride, my friend and myself were set down in front of a large house called "The Elms," at Lower Clapton. "Here," said P——, enthusiastically, for he was a thick-and-thin-admirer of the literary pair, "here live the Howitts!"

Our rap at the door soon brought to it one of the neatest of "neat-handed Phyllises," who, on our inquiring for Mr Howitt, ushered us up a flight of stairs and into a spacious drawing-room which, at the moment was untenanted, so that I had leisure to look about me.

The furniture and decorations of an apartment, and more especially the books in it, are generally tolerably true indications of the tastes and pursuits of its owners. at least, so I have generally found or fancied them to be. In the present instance I was not out in my judgment. Vases of flowers—who has written more lovingly of flowers than Mrs Howitt?—and pictures of rural scenery, such as her husband has so often described, were to be seen on pedestals, on tables, and on the walls. Busts of celebrated authors were placed on brackets, and at one end of the room was a piano. Books were in plenty, and folios of prints lay here and there. From the windows of the room might be seen a pretty garden; and birds sang cheerfully among the leafy branches which rustled close to the panes.

We sat patiently for a few moments, then the door opened, and a lady entered it was MARY HOWITT.

How seldom it happens that the personal appearance of authors or authoresses, or indeed those of any noticeable people of whom we have heard, or whose works we may have read, correspond to the fancy portraits which we may have in our minds drawn of them! In only one case, in my experience, did the veritable original surpass the imaginary likeness I had drawn that was in the case of Mrs. Hemans. The same almost spiritual beauty which I had recognised in her poetry, and which I had transferred to their author, I found was really to be seen in her charming face. One might have fancied Miss Landon lovely in person, but she was by no means a "beauty." Hundreds have called and thought Mary Howitt a charming creature, and I fancied her something out of the common. I was mistaken. She appeared, at the first glance, mild and matronly, nothing more

The poetess welcomed me very pleasantly, and her mild, unassuming manners at once banished all feeling of constraint. I will endeavour, though, before proceeding farther, to give some definite idea of her personal appearance

If the lady's face was not decidedly handsome, neither was it the reverse. Her forehead was intellectually shaped; and her

* FRANKLIN wore the plain Quaker garb, for convenience' sake but he was not a member of the Society of Friends.

brown hair, a little inclined to gray, was simply parted on its summit. A plain cap, but not of a Quaker cut, covered her head. The most striking features were her eyes, which were large and of a pale blue; the nose seemed rather long. The mouth would have been good had it not been somewhat disfigured by a large, prominent front tooth, which destroyed the symmetry of the upper lip. The complexion was light, and the general expression benevolent, simple, and agreeable.

For the benefit of those of my lady-readers who are curious in such things, I would, if I were able, minutely describe Mary Howitt's dress, but I am unlearned in such matters as bodices and bustles, or crapes and crinolines. All I can say is, that the poetess wore a lavender-coloured gown, neatly made, but not formed like those common to her sect. Indeed, the Howitts have for years abandoned Quaker costume altogether.

Mrs. Howitt's conversation was cheerful and pleasant, but not sparkling. The topic on which she appeared to like to talk was America, which was natural enough, I having just returned from thence. She told me that she had relatives in Ohio, and hinted at an intention of emigrating to that State at some future time. Since then, it will be remembered she has written a work entitled, "Our Cousins in Ohio;" but I believe the emigration-project has been long abandoned.

While we were talking, a gentleman entered the room, and Mrs. Howitt introduced me to him it was her husband.

He was short, stout, and harsh-looking, and struck me as being more like a shrewd city-broker, hard at driving a bargain, than as an author There was a *hauteur* in his manner which to me was anything but prepossessing His head was bullet-shaped, and covered except just at the summit, with short, gray hair. Small, keen, blue eyes told that he was a minute observer. A nose short and stubby such as his would not have been taken as a model by a sculptor—and the mouth hard and firm, was not indicative of amiability of character. His manner, like his style, was hard, and at times conceited, and there was a something in his whole bearing and appearance which repelled instead of attracted

Never mind his dress, reader, it was neat, and suited to a plump personage; that is all that needs be said about it.

He took me, after a time, into his garden, and I soon found that he did not live on good terms with his brother authors His remarks on some of them were short, sharp, and snappish He had plenty of vanity, too, and evidently considered himself "some pumpkins." I have reason *now* to know that he is almost singular in the opinion, for his reputation, to a great degree, rests on that of his wife, without the *prestige* of whose name, and it is said, without the assistance of whose pen, he would be regarded merely as a rather dexterous book-*compiler*.

If, as I have intimated, William Howitt does not live on the best terms with other literary men, other literary folks do not entertain the highest respect for him, for in his displeasure he has shown himself to be bitter, vindictive, and of as persecuting a spirit as Bishop Bonner himself. The meekness of the Quaker does not seem to belong to him. To be sure, he writes pleasantly of birds and trees, but when he speaks of certain authors, he is so savage as to remind one of Mrs Mackenzie's remark to her husband, Henry Mackenzie, the well-known author of "The Man of Feeling" Mackenzie was, in private life, a bear, and, indeed, addicted to cruelty; but from his sentimental works one might imagine him to be the mildest and gentlest of his species. One day, after an outburst of domestic violence, his wife exclaimed, "Ah, Henry, Henry, *you put all your fine feelings on paper*!" In the case of the subjects of this sketch, I leave the application of the story to the reader.

About four years ago, there occurred in England a fine specimen of the "Quarrels of Authors," which D'Israeli the elder ought to have lived to comment on William Howitt was one of the parties concerned in it. In connexion with a Mr. Saunders, William Howitt edited a weekly serial, called the "People's Journal." Some differences occurred, and the partnership ceased. Then both parties commenced one of the most bitter quarrels "which have ever disgraced," as Douglas Jerrold said of it, "literature and literary men." William Howitt got by far the worst of it, and became bankrupt, as also did his partner, John Saunders. The "People's Journal," the subject of the dispute, was sold by public auction to Mr. R. Willoughby, who, after carrying it on successfully for three years, under the editorship of a young but not unknown author, discontinued it from want of capital. It is still sold, however, in volumes, under the name of the "People's and Howitt's Journal." Since my visit, the Howitts have quitted Clapton, and reside at St. John's Wood. A recent novel of William Howitt's has fallen almost still-born from the press; nor has any success (for which I am sorry) attended the beautiful volume of the collected ballads by Mary Howitt. Copies of it may be seen in the old book-shops in London, marked at five shillings; it was published not long ago at one sovereign.

Mrs. Howitt has written very little original matter of late, the fields of Danish and Swedish literature affording her plenty of material for her translating pen. She has rendered into English the principal works of Hans Christian Andersen, and Frederika Bremer, and these translations have been republished in America. Mrs. Howitt once remarked to me, "We are dreadfully hard-working people." This is true, doubtless, for they have a large family dependent on their labours. Their eldest daughter, Anna Savage Howitt, is a very accomplished artist, and occasionally illustrates the works of her parents.

I met at different times at the Howitts', three literary foreigners, Ferdinand Freiligrath, the author of the celebrated "Lion's Ride," who, for political offences, was compelled to leave Prussia, Hans Christian Andersen, of Stockholm, and Frederika Bremer. Freiligrath was a fine-looking fellow, of an impetuous nature, and one very likely to kick against despotism. He subsequently became clerk in a London counting-house. Andersen was of a milder temperament, and of placid appearance and manners Miss Bremer was amiable and gentle, but in society far from brilliant. She has recently visited America, and will doubtless perpetrate a book. I predict that she will give a far more correct view of American manners, institutions, &c, than either the aristocrat Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, the speculative Harriet Martineau, or Mrs Trollope, the sarcastic!

[The above *American* sketch is extracted from the "Knickerbocker, New York Magazine."]

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was *then* the gentleman?"

THE conventional idea of gentility is so intimately connected with birth and riches that we find it difficult to think of mere virtue, honour, education, and good breeding, without wealth, as the proper attributes of a gentleman.

It is easier to say what is *not* gentlemanly than to discover what is, and we commonly find the vulgar acceptation of the word *gentleman* admitted by the world in preference to a higher standard of honesty and honour, and into this error we have been led unconsciously by what Theodore Hook calls the six-and-eightpenny feeling of society—though his own notions of a gentleman were vague and loose enough, in all conscience. With the author of "Sayings and Doings" it was "genteel" to express horror and disgust at trade and traders of all kinds; and to dine before six, or live eastward of Temple-bar, was vulgar in the extreme. Fortunately, the Hook school is going fast out of fashion.

For merely genteel people—folks who live beyond their means, and boast of their acquaintance with Sir "Harry" and Lord "Thingum"—we have the greatest possible horror; and would rather clasp the horny fist of an honest man in friendship than take the cool, white-kidded fingers of your very "genteel" people from a carriage in Rotten-row or a box at the Opera. Genteel people do and say things every day at which they would "blush interestingly" if they were called by their right names. For instance, if you were to tell Mrs. Matchmaker and her fair daughters that they were acting a lie when they said "not at home" to their servant, they would be quite astonished; and if you ventured to hint to young Fastman that ordering clothes without intending to pay the tailor was a dishonest swindle, he would most likely "cut your acquaintance" immediately. In fact, there is a great deal of humbug in the world, and the "genteel" humbug is the most unbearable—at least, to all right-minded people.

The idea that money makes the gentleman may be seen exemplified every day of our lives, and in all manner of ways. Try it by a cheap experiment: give a halfpenny to the beggar who waylays you in the streets with a professional drawl about hunger and

cold, and you are overwhelmed with a torrent of thanks; refuse it, and you go home with a curse upon your head: assist an infirm old lady into an omnibus—"You are a gentleman, sir," says she, in a grateful whisper; offer the legal fare to the conductor when you get out, and you are told by that individual "you are *no* gentleman to dispute about threepence:" give up your seat in the front box at a pantomime to a couple of noisy children—"Sir you are a gentleman," says the gratified father; refuse the customary extortion of a penny to the waiter at a cheap dining-room, and you are told by that hitherto obsequious person that he "is sure you are *no* gentleman," and if you ever go to that establishment again, make up your mind to an inferior cut of the beef or mutton, and a cold potato left from somebody else's dinner

Somebody has cleverly said that in every block of marble is concealed an unhewn statue; and so we earnestly believe that in every true and noble nature lies the germ and spirit of nobility, no matter what the merely wordly condition of that nature be—mark, in every block of *marble*, but for one specimen of the true mineral there are half-a-dozen counterfeit imitations in mere chalk and rubble. Your true gentleman is not a thing of purchase and sale, and can no more be manufactured than the diamond, it is a hard thing to say, but half your gentlemanly jewels—bright, and polished, and well-set in gold and silver though they be—are paste, sir, mere paste! "A king can make a belted knight," sang Burns, a "marshal, duke, and all that;"—what a poor notion of manufactured nobility the unpensioned exciseman must have had when he wrote that song! But there's no bitterness in it, not a morsel, he merely felt, as all true natures feel whether clothed in velvet or fustian, that "a man's a man for a' that."

As we said, it is easy to say what a gentleman is *not* though my friend Heavytop thinks that the essence of nobility lies in a good round income, first-rate dinners, and a handsome balance at your banker's. Heavytop is a highly respectable man, has a stake in the country—a pretty large one, too—and has some very fun notions on the subject, especially with regard to the "balance," but these are, if anything, the mere *addenda*, and not the *essence* of gentility they don't constitute the "real thing," as Sam Slick says but when Heavytop backs his pretensions by an oath over his cups, and *his* friends (not *my* friends) applaud vociferously—of course he is a gentleman Not a bit of it. It won't do, Heavytop, that last dinner betrayed you—gentlemen *very* seldom swear, and *never* drink to excess.

Then, again, there's little Jack Holiday, he is a gentleman entirely in his own opinion He is a member of a good family, well-looking, easy-tempered, high spirited, liberal, kind to his sisters, and knows how to conciliate those below him without making them feel as if they compromised their independence. He rides the best horses, keeps a good table, is quite up to the mark in the literature and politics of the day, esteems himself a tolerable judge of pictures, always makes a point of visiting the Academy on the first of May, is something of a musician, and is altogether the neatest dresser you ever saw. Jack Holiday is what is called, in certain circles "a devilish gentlemanly fellow," but he is not altogether a gentleman, I'm sorry to say; for he is so devoted to play that he would cheat his own mother at hazard, if he could get that dear old sixteen stone of good nature and dress to sit down with him

No man need despair, if he be in the mind, of being thought a gentleman, for, if a high standard of morality, an unflinching love and practice of truth, honesty unimpeachable, and virtue and justice untainted, constitute, as we believe they do, the true signs by which a gentleman may be known, then is there hope for every one of us, and if we possess not these attributes, we must strive to gain them "Princes have but their titles for their glories," Shakspeare tells us, and without the innate nobility of soul which distinguishes the true nobleman from the churl,

> —"Between their titles and low name
> There's nothing differs but the outward fame"

There is erected in society an invisible standard of gentility, and if we possess it not ourselves, we have within us a secret talisman by which to try the true from the false, every body knows a gentleman when he is encountered—though a black coat and kid gloves go but short way in making one, and many a "Paris nap" covers a snob.

> "For best in good breeding and highest in rank,
> Though lowly or poor in the land,
> Is Nature's own nobleman, friendly, and frank,
> The man with his heart in his hand"

But, lest any should be in doubt as to the true gentlemanly metal, it may be as well to say, that though a gentleman *may be* a rake, he is neither a liar, a cheat, a scoffer at other men's religion, a loud talker, a showy dresser, a boaster, a drunkard, a swindler, a hanger on at taverns, a frequenter of gambling-houses, a maker of accommodation-bills, a pimp, a bully, or a discounting attorney. Whenever you are in doubt, ascertain if your acquaintance is any of these, and if he be, then you may conclude he is NOT A GENTLEMAN. G. F. P.

VISIT TO THE STATE PRISON, CHARLESTOWN, UNITED STATES

It was a huge building of grey stone, of no particular order of architecture After passing through a court-yard, and ascending a flight of stone steps, we entered a large low square apartment, the walls of which were ornamented with guns, horse pistols, and swords of monstrous size, all, however, giving dusty evidence of "piping times of peace."

A turnkey sat in this apartment, in a chair close to a window which overlooked the prison yard, reading a newspaper, from which every now and then he raised his eyes, and gazed through the panes, as if some great and urgent necessity required his attention in that direction. A list of officers' turns on duty, a few chairs, and a desk, constituted the furniture of the place, which was called "the guard room."

Having exhibited our passports, the officer, thrusting his head into a recess near the window, caused, by means of some complicated machinery, a distinct rattling of bars, and the opening of a door outside. Through an inner, and then through an outer gate, we passed, and found ourselves at the head of some stone steps, down which we went into the yard of the prison It was a dismal sloppy locality. Two or three men, clad in motley coloured dresses and grotesque caps, eyed us as asha it as we walked along, and then turned sullenly to their occupation of moving some loose stones. There was that afternoon to be delivered an address to the prisoners on Temperance, and we inquired of a tall, burly keeper our way to the chapel, he directed us, and we were soon seated in the prison sanctuary.

This place of worship had no Gothic arches, nor clustered pillars, nor fretted roof, nor luxurious pews, nor magnificent altar-piece, nor stately monuments. The walls were whitewashed, the roof was plain The benches were of plain timber, the pulpit unornamental, and nothing but extreme cleanliness was very conspicuous. Near the pulpit were one or two raised seats for the warden and visitors, and to one of them we were shown. The congregation came in, every forty or fifty men being attended by a keeper. Tramp, tramp went their shoes as they proceeded down the aisle to their respective seats. At length the place was filled with men of all ages—a congregation of crime!

At the far end of the room a dozen or more prisoners sat somewhat apart, they had a violin, a clarionet, and a few flutes this was the prison choir, and their services were soon put in requisition.

A solemn congregation was that, and one which of itself preached a touching sermon from the text—"*The way of transgressors is hard*" "Be sure your sins will find you out," was as plainly written on the walls as if a shadowy hand had inscribed it there in luminous characters. The prisoners were clad in uniforms of grey and dingy-red coarse cloth. Their persons were clean, their hair well brushed, and amongst them I observed many whose countenances bespoke no mean powers of mind. There were old grey-headed sinners, over whose faces time and crime had gone hand in hand, ploughing deep furrows—and young men beside them who wore reckless smiles, which were fast changing into looks of perfect hardihood. Some scowled others leered at their companions—many sat with subdued, saddened countenances—and many appeared intelligent, and would, but for the prison dress, have looked even manly. But that garb of disgrace half suppressed the beatings of many a heart, chafed the spirit, and forced its wearer to bear about with him a visible degradation, perhaps—terrible idea—through life!

The lecturer then delivered his address, at the termination of which a prayer was offered up, in which the supplicant in-

treated that God in his mercy would bless the prisoners, their mothers, wives, and children; and at the mention of these dear familiar names, many an eye grew dim with tears. Then followed a piece of music, loudly and lustily sung, and the service was concluded.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, again, as in long files, and separate detachments, the prisoners left the chapel. As they passed through the court-yard they drew up in ranks for a minute or two, underwent a slight drill, and then each one taking with him a small vessel of water, was conducted to his cell—some to ponder over the past, some to contemplate the future, and a few to wish that the dreary life which was, and always would be, bounded by the dim cells of a prison, were ended.

Passing through the prison yard in company with the warden, I entered an immense shed, where a number of men were engaged in shaping huge blocks of granite and mill stones. As they laboured there was an evident difference between them and those who wrought in freedom. There was nothing of that cheerfulness which appears on the countenances of those who rise with the lark and go to their daily avocations, which are cheered by the prospect of repose in a happy home. Not a man or boy of them all whistled a little tune, or amid the brief intervals of labour, burst forth into a joyous stave. There was only the dull click of the hammer, or the sharp sound of the chisel. Labour in this place ruled with a rod of iron, and his slaves looked dogged and discontented, for there was not that hope of reward to sweeten the daily toil which urges on the freeman, as he guides the plough, or drives the wheel.

We entered a place where a number of prisoners were engaged in making brushes, and other articles. At the upper end of the apartment was a boiler, by which were standing some men engaged in felting. Pointing to one of them, my companion said, "There's a murderer!" I looked in the direction he indicated, and saw a coloured man of a stature below the middle size, and of a light, active-looking frame. There was nothing ferocious, but something very determined in his countenance. This was "Peter York," who had killed a man at the entrance of a house of bad repute in Boston. He was condemned to be hanged, but his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life.

"Look at that man a little behind him," said the guide, "there is another murderer, he killed two men, and almost massacred another." I observed a man who might have numbered some sixty years; he was grey-headed, of an athletic form, not at all bowed by age; he was making kegs for white lead. Seeing that he was an object of attention, he paused amid his work, and, turning round, looked me full in the face, and so repulsive a countenance I have rarely seen. His eyes were very large, of a light colour, and impudently diabolical in their expression; he had a small nose, a large mouth, and a pointed chin. Altogether he looked the very incarnation of evil. The name of this murderer of almost three fellow creatures, was "Seth Perry." He had been a liquor seller, and in a drunken frenzy, had shot down three of his customers, victims to intemperance! Here was a terrible example to those who "tarry long at the wine, till wine inflame them!"—There stood the murderer unabashed, unconfounded, and apparently as unconcerned, as if the blood of his brethren had not gone up to God, with a cry of vengeance. By some means he had only been convicted of manslaughter, and so was condemned to imprisonment for a long term of years, after that, perhaps he will, on leaving his prison, resume his trade of death.

I turned, with shuddering repugnance, from the wretched man, and when I had gone some distance from him I looked round, and there he was, his head resting on a stone, his grey eyes steadfastly on me, his lips compressed, and his brow knit up, as if in deep rage. He looked perfectly frightful. If ever there was heart which could not, or would not repent, it must, I think, have been the one in the breast of that hardened-looking old man.

"There is another murderer," said the warden, "that stout-looking man yonder, perfectly harmless when sober, but when drunk there is no controlling him. He got intoxicated, and murdered a woman with a scythe, he actually *mowed her down*. That rather good-looking prisoner," he continued, "murdered a man, under circumstances of great provocation, he has been here many years, and will probably get pardoned at last. He behaves very well, as indeed all those convicted of murder do." The warden seemed unable to assign a reason for this; but as nearly all the prisoners who had committed murder, did so *while under the influence of liquor*, it may fairly be assumed, that the withdrawal of the maddening potations was the cause of their altered conduct.

After visiting the hospital, the kitchen, bakery, washhouses, &c., we entered a shop where two engravers were at work. One of them was a pale, worn, anxious-looking man, engaged in cutting a plate for one of the Lowell factories. He was evidently skilful in his occupation. As he spoke to me there was something inexpressibly sad in his countenance. He was confined there for some petty offence committed while he was in liquor—another fearful warning to the intemperate. He had written some verses in his imprisonment. In the first five verses, he recalls the circumstances of his early life, when he was "free and happy," with a wife and children, and a circle of friends. After lamenting the loss of these, he says:—

"And if these erring feet should tread,
Once more upon this world's broad stage,
I'll strive to earn my daily bread,
From precepts in the sacred page,
I'll strive to do by other men,
As I would they should do by me;
And God will make me happy then,
And from a prison keep me free."

I and my companion were sick at heart, and felt glad when the prison door closed behind us.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

No I.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S PLEA FOR THE SLAVE.

On the western breezes swelling hear ye not a piercing cry,
Mingled with the clank of fetters? 'Tis the slave's wild agony
Not alone across the ocean comes that loud, appealing prayer,
It has risen up to Heaven, and it stands recorded there
Why should *England* pause and listen? she has set her captives free—
Oh! my Sisters, hear the answer from the bondman o'er the sea.

"HALF COLUMBIA'S SLAVE-GROWN COTTON FINDS ITS WAY TO ENGLAND'S SHORE"

We have worn the blood-stained fabric, Sisters! let us wear no more
All unconsciously we aided in America's disgrace,
Help'd to bind the galling fetters upon millions of our race
Let the time gone by suffice us, we are not in darkness now,—
Never more at Slavery's altar let an *English* woman bow

Nobly have earth's choicest spirits toil'd in Freedom's holy cause,
Battled with the proud oppressor, fought against his cruel laws,
Yet, despite the stern devotion of these heroes bold and brave,
Still the chain is on the bondman, still our brother is a slave,
And, it may be, that for Woman is reserved the high renown,
To achieve the mighty conquest—hurl the fierce usurper down.

Not as smote the wife of Heber, when the warrior's steps were bent,
Lying from his swift pursuers to the shadow of her tent,
Tongue and Pen *our* only weapons, LOVE shall point the feather'd dart,
From the bow of TRUTH outspringing, it shall pierce the monster's heart;
As Philistia's vaunted champion fell before a stripling's might,
Woman's hand *may* speed the arrow for the cause of Truth and Right.

But, if she would win a blessing, her own hand must spotless be,
Free from Slavery's pollution, from her brother's anguish free;
She must stand erect in Freedom, on her brow the light of love,
Wise as is the wary serpent, harmless as the gentle dove,
Then with firm, unfaltering courage she the tyrant's wrath may brave,
Strong in purity of purpose she may battle for the slave

Let Britannia's daughters rally, "England to the rescue!" cry—
Of the free-grown Cotton woven, lift our stainless banner high.
In God's blessed sunshine waving on the glad winds floating free
It may prove the rallying standard of the friends of Liberty
"Up and onward," is our motto—shrink not from fearful odds,
Not our own the might and power, nor the battle ours, but God's

A TRIAD OF PAINTERS.

In our last Number we gave a portrait and memoir of Benjamin West, the American painter. We now present to our readers the presentments, and some brief notes of the lives of three celebrated artists, one of whom is still living amongst us. What was then said of the importance of art, and the good influence exercised by the artist need not be further enforced; but we may at once proceed to notice a few of the incidents which have contributed to make the names of these three painters worthy of remembrance. We have placed them on the page in the order of their respective births;—of their merits as artists their works are the best evidence



FUSELI

Henry Fusely, the first on the page, was born at Zurich, in Switzerland about the year 1741 Of the exact date of his birth, and of the precise manner of spelling his name, there are some slight differences. The artist himself altered the first from that of his father's, and the last from the register in the parish church where he was christened His father, John Gaspard Fuessli, was a portrait painter of some celebrity, and one of his ancestors, Matthias Fuessli had, a century before, made himself a name in Switzerland, as a painter of battles, pillages, storms, conflagrations, &c It was no wonder then, that with an artist for a father, and the name of a clever man in the family, that the youthful painter grew enthusiastic about pictures, and took to painting as naturally as a duckling does to water. When he grew old, he loved to get a willing listener to whom he could impart the struggles of his youth how, with purloined candles and pencils purchased from his school pocket-money, he would slink away in the night time to make copies of the prints of Michael Angelo and Raphael; how his schoolfellows perceiving his talent for drawing, were anxious to procure specimens of his pencil's vagaries, even though purchased at the expense of toys and sweetmeats; and how, finally, his father becoming acquainted with the fact that his son *would* be a painter, took the very best possible means to bring about such a consummation, by giving him a regular artistic education.

Fuseli's instructor in the arts was Salzer, of Berlin, the author of "A Lexicon of the Fine Arts." At Berlin, whither he had been accompanied by his friend and companion, the then youthful, but afterwards celebrated Lavater, our young artist speedily attracted attention, for, besides being a painter, he was a poet of no mean talent. Among the admirers of his genius was Sir Andrew Mitchell, the British ambassador to the Court of Russia. From this gentleman Fuseli received much kindness, and it was principally by his advice and assistance that he was enabled at the early age of twenty-two to visit England—then, as now, the home of genius. On parting, the physiognomist presented his friend with this piece of advice, inscribed on a card, in the German language:—"Do but a tenth of what you can do, and fame and fortune will be the result."



SIR DAVID WILKIE.



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

Behold the painter in London. His first sensations, he says, were more of overwhelming astonishment and solitude; but these soon gave way to others of a more temperate character,

and in a short time we find our artist in the capacity of tutor, translator, essayist, and critic. In fact, the letters of recommendation with which he was provided by his friends in Berlin, served no other purpose than to make him acquainted with the booksellers, and, through them, with the miseries of a literary man's life in the last century.

In this way he passed several years, alternately in debt and in high spirits, just according to his success or otherwise with the booksellers and the public. But while he pursued literature he did not neglect art. One day, he was introduced by a friend to the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the then president of the royal academy, and arbiter of taste and excellence in all that concerned the fine arts. To him Fusch ventured to submit a few of his drawings. Reynolds examined them attentively and kindly, as his manner was, and inquired of the youth how long he had studied in Italy. Being informed that he had never been in Italy, but was a native of Switzerland, and hardly thought it necessary to go to Rome for inspiration —"Young man," said the President, "were *I* the author of these sketches, and were offered a thousand a year *not* to practise as an artist, I would reject the proposal with contempt." So flattering a judgment decided Fusch, and from that day the *trade* of an author was abandoned for the profession of a painter.

To paint was with Fusch to attract a fashionable and admiring audience; and but few years passed ere he was considered as amongst the first of his profession. The characteristics of his peculiar style are well portrayed in the following verse:—

> "All dark and monstrous shapes
> He brings before our eyes
> And crowds his canvass page
> With hideous phantasies."*

In 1798 he opened his Milton Gallery, and crowds assembled daily to gaze on and wonder at the genius and extravagance of the painter. All the [illegible] in the pages of the poet were made [illegible] and grotesque on the canvass of the painter, and few, who came for merely pleasure's sake, went away from the gallery without a feeling of sadness and gloom,—perhaps as much impressed with the peculiar character of the artist's mind, as informed by his pencil of the attributes of the poet's story.

To attempt anything like a catalogue of the pictures which Fusch painted—pictures which are esteemed of little value now—would exceed our limits. As a scholar and an artist he was equally esteemed in his day, and for twenty years he held the offices of Professor of Painting and Keeper of the Royal Academy. He is known to the present generation rather by his literary than his artistic productions. Of his singularly eccentric style of conversation—a kind of broken English and French intermixed—there are many anecdotes, but for these we have no particular taste, as they one and all exhibit the artist in a severe, disagreeable, sarcastic, almost Voltairean mood; but that he had warmth of character enough to obtain himself friends, and strength enough to secure them, and genius enough to place his name on the record of the "world's great men," is sufficient praise and sufficient reward. He died on the 16th of April, 1825, in the 84th year of his age."

DAVID WILKIE was born in a country house, in the parish of Cults, in Fifeshire, N. B., on the 18th of November, 1785. His father was the minister of the parish, and appears to have been a quiet studious man. As soon as David was old enough he was sent to school, but, instead of making progress with his books, he used, as Dr. Stoneham, the preceptor of Kettle grammar school, and now bishop of Toronto —would persist in thinking, "waste his time in drawing pictures." Our youth was determined to be a painter, and although his father did not like the profession and would rather David had been a preacher, his mother encouraged his inclinations, and provided him with the means of studying in the arts.

He was sent in 1799, we are told, to "the Trustee of the Academy in Edinburgh for the Encouragement of Manufactures, with some specimen drawings, and a letter of introduction from the Earl of Leven to Mr. Thompson, the secretary. The drawings were not considered satisfactory, and it was only at the earnest request of the Earl of Leven that he was admitted. But he soon made wonderful progress. Everything he attempted he executed with the greatest precision and faithfulness to leading principles. He showed himself a keen observer of nature, and gave early indications of the after excellence of his *tableaux de genre*. He was a constant frequenter of scenes likely to furnish subjects for paintings of this sort—trysts, fairs, and market-places. In that species of drawing in which taste and knowledge are combined, he was far behind many in the same class who had not a tithe of his talent; but though behind them in skill, he surpassed all his companions in comprehending the character of whatever he was set to draw. He was always one of the first to enter the academy when opened in the morning, and invariably one of the last to depart, and his intense application during the hours of study drew upon him the ridicule of the other students, who frequently bantered him on the subject. When the drawing hours were over he returned to his lodgings, and there laboured during the remainder of the day to carry out what he had begun in the forenoon, by sitting before a looking-glass and copying his own face and hands, and thus endeavouring to blend his impressions drawn from the antique with those derived from a diligent study of nature. He had already begun to perceive the importance of the action of the hands in telling a story, and who never he was unable to obtain a model which pleased him, he invariably introduced his own. In his picture of the "Blind Fiddler," which is now in the National Gallery, the hands of every one of the figures are drawn from his own, and also the expression of the heads. The girl leaning on the back of the chair is said to be very like what he was at the time.

In 1803 he won the ten guinea prize which had been offered for the best painting of "Callisto in the Bath of Diana." At the sale of his effects after his death this was sold for £48 6s. In the same year he made his first sketch of the "Village Politicians." He also about this time painted a "Scene from Macbeth," where the murderers sent by Macbeth to the house of Macduff meet his wife and child. The expression of the boy who boldly answers their questions was so excellent, that Mr. Graham, the teacher of the academy, immediately on seeing it, predicted that he would one day arrive at eminence from his strong delineation of nature. In 1804, in his nineteenth year, he left the academy and returned home. While there he painted "Pitlessie Fair," in which he inserted one hundred and forty portraits of rustics of the neighbourhood, most of whom he sketched in church for want of a better opportunity. For this he only received £25 from Kinnear, a Scotch laird."

But the time was coming soon when he was to make himself famous in the world. In 1805 he came to London, and became a student of the Royal Academy. He soon secured the patronage of the rich and noble, and was not allowed to waste his energies in ignoble pursuits. The "Village Politician," exhibited at the academy, proved the stepping-stone to Wilkie's fortune, and from that time he earned "golden opinions from all sorts of people." Soon afterwards, he produced that exquisitely natural and well known picture, the "Blind Fiddler," which was painted to order for Sir George Beaumont. Its success was immediate and immense, and Wilkie was everywhere considered as the first of British artists for domestic subjects.

> "That genius might depict
> The household feelings well,
> Let the 'Blind Fiddler' teach,
> Or Wilkie's 'Rent Day' tell."

The public were impatient for other specimens of his happy pencil, and various well-known subjects followed in rapid succession,—all of them distinguished by a most intimate acquaintance with the habits of "the people," a free touch and good eye for grouping and colour, and in fact by the genius of the man. "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage," for Mr. Davidson; "The Card Players," for the Duke of Gloucester; and "The Rent-day," for the Earl of Mansfield; "The Sick Lady," "The Jew's Harp," &c. The "Village Festival" was painted

* Pen and Ink Sketches of Authors and Authoresses London Partridge and Oakey

for Mr. Angerstein, for eight hundred guineas. In 1809 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and a member in 1811. His own health was now beginning to decline rapidly from the closeness of his application. He therefore determined upon paying a visit to Scotland, where he remained from August until October. Upon his return to town he took apartments in Kensington. In May, 1812, he opened an exhibition of his pictures, twenty-nine in number, in Pall-mall. The undertaking extended his reputation, but caused him a loss of £414. His father died in December, and he then invited his mother and sister to come and live with him in London, in a house which he took in Kensington. In 1813 he painted "Blindman's Buff" for the Prince Regent. For the "Letter of Introduction" and the "Refusal," both small pictures, painted during this year, he received two hundred and fifty and three hundred guineas respectively.

In 1814 he visited Paris with his friend Mr. Haydon—and "the rest of the fashionable world,"—and during the following year he painted and exhibited "Distraining for Rent," "The Rabbit on the Wall," and 'The Pedlar,' and in 1817 he produced that wonderful work called, "The Chelsea Pensioners." It was painted for the Duke of Wellington, at a cost of 1,200 guineas, and is by many considered as the masterpiece of the artist.

In 1824 he travelled in Italy for the benefit of his health, in 1830 he was appointed painter in ordinary to his Majesty, a post vacant by the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in 1831 he exhibited his "John Knox," and his "Columbus," in 1836 he was knighted by king William the Fourth; and in the next year the world was gratified by the appearance of his "Cotter's Saturday Night," and his "Mary Queen of Scots." In fact, so indefatigable was he in his profession, that every year the Academy Exhibition was graced by two or more of his paintings. In the autumn of the year 1840, he went to the east in company with Mr. Woodburn, and travelled over various parts of that classic region till the spring of 1832. On the 21st of May of that year he embarked at Constantinople on board the *Oriental* for England. On the 26th he arrived off Malta, where he imprudently eat a large quantity of fruit and iced lemonade, and on the first of June, whilst off Gibraltar, he died, and on the same evening his body was committed to the deep, the burial service being read over him by the Rev. James Vaughan, Rector of Wroxall. And there he sleeps

"A calm and peaceful sleep
With the wild waves dashing o'er him."

We have but little to say of George Cruikshank. As every one knows,

"With his instructive lines
He gladdens fair or sage,
And well may be declared
The Hogarth of his age"

We do not even know the year of his birth,—though he is apparently about sixty years old,—nor the names of his father or mother—though the great probability is, that he had both. But after all, these are of little consequence—the man and the artist is with us still, and may his memoir remain long unwritten.

In place, therefore, of any laboured or lengthened notice of George Cruikshank and his immitably humorous productions, we take the following sketchy "bit" from the before-quoted work—merely premising that the writer was at a morning party at the mansion of Samuel Rogers the poet —

"Ainsworth and George Cruikshank, appropriately enough, entered the apartment together. I say appropriately enough, because they were so intimately connected with each other, as author and artist, that they had, to the public eye, been for some time *Siamesed*. Ainsworth looked much like the portrait of him, prefixed to one of his recent volumes. He is strikingly handsome, his profile is well cut, and his upper lip has much of that regular curve which we see in some of the Byron portraits. His eye is very dark, and piercing rather than brilliant. It is evident that he takes great pains with his hair, which is of jet black, and falls in little ringlets, not altogether natural, I guess, down his neck. His dress was in the very height of fashion—so much so, as to appear somewhat foppish, and he sported an abundance of trinkets. Ainsworth's manners were by no means easy, and formed quite a contrast to those of Hook, which were marked with peculiar grace.

"Who has not heard of George Cruikshank? The humorous, ever-toiling, indefatigable George? Some years since, a sketch of this immitable caricaturist appeared in 'Frazer's Magazine,' where he was represented seated on a cask, and sketching on a piece of paper, placed on the crown of his hat. It was much like him, but as many of my readers may neither have seen that drawing nor the original, I will try to describe him, as he appeared that morning at Rogers's.

"Cruikshank is tall, and rather lanky in person, his head is well shaped, and his face very expressive, but pale and thin. His gray eyes are piercing, and ever moving, or when they do rest on any object, seem at once to look *through* it. He has lightish-coloured hair (which he wears carefully combed back, so as to leave his right temple, which is high and well developed, exposed), and also enormous whiskers. He sports moustachios of a very peculiar cut, which gives to his visage a half-martial appearance. At first sight, most persons would take him for a foreigner, many suppose that he whose comic sketches had so often moved their risible muscles, has something of the humorous in his physiognomical aspect. Such is not the case—he looks more like a Cynic than a comic illustrator. There is a sort of severe expression in his countenance, which at times is almost forbidding.

"I did not get any opportunity of being near him, so that I could not listen to his conversation, but I have heard that he is usually taciturn, and almost morose. I was told that he is seldom to be seen in society, and when we consider the vast amount of work which he gets through, this may easily be credited. For years past he has illustrated the best comic works which have appeared, and not only has he surpassed all others in his own peculiar line, but he has shown that in serious, and even tragic subjects, he is a master of his art. In proof of this, I need only to refer the reader to some of his illustrations in 'Oliver Twist,' especially that striking one of Fagin, in the condemned cell."

The Bamboo.—Scarcely any native product in any part of the world, is turned to more valuable or more various uses than the bamboo. Besides being employed in the construction of the implements of weaving, it is used for almost every purpose to which wood is applied in other countries. It forms the posts and frames of the roofs of huts, scaffoldings for building houses, portable stages used in the various processions of the natives, raised floors, for storing rice and various kinds of agricultural produce, in order to preserve them from damp, platforms for merchandise in warehouses and shops, stakes for nets in rivers, bars over which nets and clothes are spread to dry, rafts, the masts, yards, oars, spars, and decks of boats. It is used in the construction of bridges across creeks, for fences around houses and gardens, as a level for raising water for irrigation, and as flag-poles in bazaars, police stations, akharas, &c. It is the material of which several agricultural implements are made, as the harrow, and handles of hoes, clod breakers, &c. Hackeries or carts, doolees or litters, and biers are all made of it. The common mode of carrying light goods is to suspend them from a piece of split bamboo laid across the shoulder. The shafts of javelins or spears, and bows and arrows, cubs, fishing rods, &c., are formed of it. It is employed in the manufacture of fireworks, as rockets, &c. A joint of it serves as a holder for many articles, as pens, small instruments, and tools, and a case in which things of little bulk are sent to a distance. The eggs of the silkworm were thus brought from China to Constantinople, in the time of Justinian. A joint of it also answers the purpose of a bottle, and is used for holding milk, oil, and various fluids, and a section of it constitutes the measure for liquids in bazaars. A piece of it, of small diameter, is used as a blowpipe, to kindle the fire, and by gold and silversmiths in melting metals. It also supplies the place of a tube in a distilling apparatus. A cleft bamboo is employed as a conduit for conveying water from the roofs of huts. Split into small pieces, it is used in making baskets, coops for poultry, birdcages, and various traps for fishing. A small bit of it, split at one end, serves as tongs to take up burning charcoal, and a thin slip of it is sharp enough to be used as a knife in shelling betel-nuts, &c. Its surface is so hard, that it answers the purpose of a whetstone, upon which the ryots sharpen their billhooks, sickles, &c.

THE DEATH OF THE STAG; OR, THE TALBOTS IN TEVIOTDALE.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade,
But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvorlich's head,
The blood-hound's deep resounding bay
Came swelling up the rocky way."—LADY OF THE LAKE

"TAYHO! Tayho!"*

And straightway to the cry responded the long-drawn, mellow notes of the huge French horns which were in those days used by every yeoman pricker, as the peculiar and time-honoured instrument of the stag-hunt, the *mots* of which were as familiar to every hunter's ear as so many spoken words of his vernacular

It was the gray dawn of a lovely summer morning in the latter part of July, and although the moor-cocks were crowing sharp and shrill from every rocky knoll or purple eminence of the wild moors, now waving far and wide with the redolent luxuriance of their amethyst garniture, for the heather was in its full flush of bloom, although the thrush and blackbird were carolling in emulous joy, at the very top of their voices, from every brake and thicket which feathered the wild banks of the hill-burns, the sun had not lifted a portion of his disc above the huge, round-topped fells which formed the horizon to the north and westward of my scene. That scene was the slope of a long hill—

"A gentle hill,
Green and of mo[illegible]
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge that
Save that there was no sea to lave its base
But a most living land cap[illegible]th wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the ab[illegible]des of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs."

The hills above and somewhat farther off to the southward and eastward are clothed and crowned with oak woods of magnificence and size so unusual, and kept with such marked evidences of care and culture, that no one could doubt, even if it were not proved by the gray turrets of an old baronial manor and the spire of a tall clock-house shooting up high over the tops of the forest giants, that they were the appendages and ornaments of some one of those ancient homes of England which, full of the elegances and graces of the present, remind us so pleasantly of the ruder, though not less homely, hospitalities of the past

The immediate summit of the slope I have mentioned is bare, yet conspicuous for a single tree, the only one of its kind existing for many miles in that district—a single white pine, tall enough for the mast of some huge admiral, and as such visible, it is said, from points in the four northern provinces of England, and the two southernmost of Scotland—whence it is known far and wide, in many a border lay and legend, as the one-tree hill on Reedswood † Below the bare brow of this inland promontory—for such indeed it is—which is covered with beautiful, short, mossy grass, as firm and soft as the greensward of a modern race course, and used as one vast pasture of two hundred acres, lies a vast track of copper, principally of oak and birch, but interspersed with expanses of waving heather, where the soil is too shallow to support a larger growth, and dotted here and there with bold, gray crags, which have cropped out above the surface, and amongst these, few and far between, some glorious old gnarled hawthorns, which may well have furnished May-wreaths to the yellow-haired daughters of the Saxon before the mailed-foot of the imperious Norman had dinted the green turf of England This copper overspread the whole declivity and base of the hill, until it melted into the broad, rich meadows, which, with a few scattered woods of small size, and here and there a patch of yellow wheat, or a fragrant bean field, filled all the bottom of the great strath or valley, down to the banks of a large stream, beyond which the land rose steeply, first in rough moorland pastures, divided by dry stone walls, then in round heathery swells, then in great, broad-backed purple fells, and beyond all, faintly traceable in the blue haze of distance, in the vast ridges of the Cheviots and the hills of Tevydale. Along the base of the hill-side, parting it from the meadows, ran a tall, oak park-paling, made of rudely-split planks, not anywhere less than five feet in height, through which access was given to the valley by heavy gates of the same material, from two or three winding woo[illegible] roads into the shadowy lanes of the lovely lower country.

Such was the scene, o'er which there arose before the su[illegible] startling the hill echoes far and near, and silencing the grous[illegible] cocks on the moors, and the song-birds in the brake and thick[illegible] by their tumultuous din, the shouts and fanfares that told the hu[illegible] was up

"Tayho! Tayho!"

Tarà tarà-tara tantara rà-tarantantara-tantara-rà-rà-ràh. Whic[illegible] being interpreted into verbal dog-talk, is conceived to say—"Go[illegible] away! gone away! gone away! away! away! away!" and immediately understood as such, not by the well-mounted sport men only, but by what Scott calls—himself no unskilled woodsm[illegible] —"the dauntless trackers of the deer, who rush full-mouthed the cheery clangour, filling all earth and ether with the music discords of their sweet chidings.

The spot whence the first loud, manly shout, "Tayho" r[illegible] sounded, was almost within the shadow of the one tree, where, from a station commanding the whole view of the covert, which powerful pack of the famous Talbot blood-hounds, numbering n[illegible] less than forty couple, were in the act of drawing, a gay group w[illegible] collected, gallantly apparelled, gallantly mounted, and all inten[illegible] like the noble steeds they bestrode, eyes, ears, and souls erect [illegible] the gallant sport of the day

Those were the days of broad-leaved hats and floating plume of velvet justaucorps, rich on the seams with embroideries of go[illegible] and silver, of the martial jack-boot and the knightly spur on th[illegible] heel, and the knightly sword on the thigh, and thus were our bo[illegible] foresters accoutred for such a chase as is never heard tell of these times of racing hounds and flying thoroughbreds, when th[illegible] life of a fox is counted by the minutes he can live with a breas[illegible] high scent before the flyers, and the value of a hunter by th[illegible] seconds he can go in the first flight with a dozen horseman's stor[illegible] upon its back.

Things then were otherwise, the fox was unkenneled, or the str[illegible] unharboured at daybreak, and killed, if the scent lay well, sooner [illegible] later, before sunset, runs were reckoned by hours, hounds picke[illegible] for their stanchness, not their fleetness, horses bought not fo[illegible] their speed, but for their soundness, and the longest, steadiest, la[illegible] rider, not the most daring or the foremost, won the palm of th[illegible] chase, were it brush or antler, when the game fox was run into, [illegible] the gallant stag turned to bay

The gentlemen, who were gathered on the broad, bare brow [illegible] the one-tree hill, were, in all, twelve or thirteen in number, all, [illegible] first sight, men of gentle blood and generous education, although [illegible] as there ever is, ever must be, in every company, whether of me[illegible] or of inferior animals, there was one to whom every eye, even [illegible] the unknown stranger or the ignorant peasant, would have natural [illegible]rded as evidently at least undoubtedly the superior of the party, bot[illegible] [illegible]rkable and [illegible] he mingled nevertheless with the rest o[illegible] [illegible] of equality only, but of intimate familiar intercourse and friendship No terms of ceremonial, no titles [illegible] rank or territorial influence, but simple Christian names passe[illegible] between those gay and joyous youths, nor was there anything i[illegible] the habit of the wearers, or the mounting of the riders, to indica[illegible] the slightest difference in their positions of social well-being an[illegible] well-being One youth, however, who answered to the name [illegible] Gerald, and sometimes to the patrimonial Howard, was so far th[illegible] handsomer, both in form and feature, the statelier in stature, th[illegible] gracefuller in gesture, the manlier in bearing, the firmer and easie[illegible] of seat and hand on his hunter, that any one would have been prompt to say, at a glance there is the man of all this gentle an[illegible] generous [illegible], when, in war wakes its clangour in the land, external perils threaten its coasts, or internal troubles shake it state, foreign war or domestic strife will alike find the foremos[illegible] whether in his seat with the senate, or in his saddle on the fiel[illegible] wielding with equal force and skill the statesman's, scholar' soldier's eye, tongue, sword—all honoured him, indeed, and h[illegible] deserved that all should honour him

I have omitted, not forgotten or neglected, to mention, as fir[illegible] and fairest of that fair company, a bevy of half-a-dozen fair an[illegible] graceful girls—not like the gentlemen, all of one caste, but, a was evident, not so much from the difference of their grace an[illegible] beauty—though in these also there was a difference—as from th[illegible] relative difference of position which they maintained, four remaining somewhat in the rear of the other two, and not mingling unless firs[illegible] addressed in the conversation, and from some distinction in th[illegible] costliness and material of their attire.

A mounted chamberlain, with four or five grooms, who stoo[illegible] still farther aloof, in the rear of the ladies in waiting, and two o[illegible] three glittering pages standing a-foot among the latter, in full tid[illegible] of gallantry and flirtation, their coursers held by the grooms i[illegible] attendance, made up the party, from which must always be excepte[illegible] the huntsman, the verdurer, and eight or ten yeoman prickers, i[illegible] laced green jerkins, with round velvet caps, like those worn by th[illegible]

* "Tayho!" is the technical hunting [illegible] when the stag has broken cover, as is "Tallho!" the [illegible] "Tallho!" Both words are corruptions from the French "*Taut[illegible] Hors!*" "Out of the thicket." French being used to a very late day as the especial language of the chase.

† In Northumberland, a few miles from the Scottish border

whippers-in of the present day, and huge French-horns over their left shoulders, who were seen from time to time appearing, disappearing, and reappearing in the glades and dingles of the hill-side covert, and heard now rating the untimely and fallacious challenge of some wayward and wilful puppy, now cheering the earnest and trusty whimper of some redoubted veteran of the pack, as he half-opened on a scent of yesterr-even.

The hounds had been in the coppice above an hour, and two-thirds of its length had already been drawn blank—the gentlemen were beginning to exchange anxious and wistful glances, and two or three had already consulted more than once or twice their ponderous, old-fashioned repeaters—and now the elder, shorter and fairer of the two damsels, giving the whip lightly to her chestnut palfrey, cantered up to the side of Gerald Howard, followed by her companion, whose dark redundance of half disheveled nut-brown tresses fell down from beneath a velvet cap, with a long drooping plume, on each side of a face of the most exquisite oval, with a high brow, long, jet-black eyelashes, showing in cold relief against her pure, colourless cheeks, for her eyes were downcast, and an expression of the highest intellect, which is ever found in woman mingled with all a woman's tenderness and softness She was something above the middle height, with a figure of rare slenderness and symmetry, exquisitely rounded, and sat her horse at once most femininely and most firmly, without the least indication of manliness in her seat or demeanour, yet with a certain of-at-homeness in her position and posture that showed she could ride as well, perhaps as boldly, as the best man among them.

"Ah! Gerald, Gerald," said the elder girl, laughing, as she tapped him on the arm with the silver butt of her riding-whip, "is this your faith to fair ladies, and especially to this fairest Kate, that you deluded us from our soft beds at this untimely hour, with promise to unharbour us a stag of ten within so many minutes, all for the pleasure of our eyes and the delectation of our hearts, and here have we been sitting on this lone hill-side two hours and upwards, to the great craving of our appetites, and the faintness of our hearts, yearning, as the queen's good puritans would have it, after creature comforts Out on you! but on you, for a false knight, as I believe not, for my part, that there is one horn or hoof from the east to the west on the hill-side—no, not from the 'throstle's nest' to the 'thorny brae'!"

"Ah! sister-mine, art so incredulous, but I will wager you or ere the Talbots reach that great gray stone, with the birch boughs waving over it like the plumes, as our bright Kate would say, of a dead warrior's helmet over his cold brow We *will* have a stag a-foot—ay, and a stag of ten" And instantly rousing his voice to a quicker and clearer note—"See now!" he cried, "see now!" as a superb, dark coloured animal, not lower than a yearling colt at the forehand, leaped with a bound as agile as if he was aided by wings, on the cope-stone of the dry stone wall which bounded the hither side of the hill coppice, with vast, branching antlers tossed as if in defiance, and a swan-like neck swollen with pride and anger He stood there an instant, self-poised, self-balanced, like the herald Mercury new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill"—uttered a hoarse, belling cry, peculiar to the animal in his season, and then sprung forth in a long, easy curve, alighted on the springy turf, without apparent effort or sensation, and then swept up the gentle slope almost toward the admiring group on the brow, but in a diagonally curved line, that would carry him, in the long run, to the south-west of them, at the distance of perhaps a hundred yards

"Tally-ho!" burst in a clear and cheery shout from the excited lips of Gerald Howard

And instantly from every part of the hill-side, from east to west, from the throstle's nest to the "thorny brae," from ten well blown French-horns burst the wild call Tara-tara—tara-tantara-ra—tara-tantara-tantara—rā—rā—rāh—"Gone away gone away—gone away—away—away!" and the fierce rally of the mighty Talbots broke into tongue at once through the whole breadth and length of the oak coppice, as they came pouring up the hills, making the heather bend and the coppice crash before them like those famed Spartan hounds of Hercules and Cadmus,

> "When in the woods of Crete they bay'd the bear—
> So flew'd, so ranged, and then heads were hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew,
> Crook-kneed and dew-lapped, like Thessalian bulls,
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
> Each under each."

As fifty separate spots they leaped the wall nearly abreast, but four were, it may be, a spear's length the leaders, and they, laying their head right at the noble quarry, which was still in view, came straining up the hill, making all ring around them with their deep-mouthed thunder. The rest topped the wall one by one, in view too, and on a breast-high scent at once came streaming up the rich grass slope on converging lines, so that as they passed the attentive group to the westward, within a hundred yards, the pack had got altogether within, perhaps, another hundred yards of his haunches, running so that a large carpet might have covered the whole forty couple, and raving with such a din of harmonious discords, such shrill and savage trebles of the fierce fleet bitch-hounds, such a deep diapason of the old veteran dogs, such sweet and attuned chidings of the whole, that not an ear but must have listened with delight, not a heart but must have bounded with rapture at the exulting sounds

And ever and anon there rang up from the wild-wood the deep, mellow blasts of the French-horns, blent with the jangled cries of the Talbots into a strange and indescribable clangour and crepitation, at once most peculiar and most entrancing.

At the same moment the sun burst into full view above the eastern hills, and, pouring down a great flood of golden lustre over the whole glowing scene, kindled up everything into light and life, tinging with ruddy light the dappled sides of the noble beast as he swept by them now within fifty yards, for he had circled round them, wantoning and bounding to and fro, perfectly unconcerned by the nearer presence of his pursuers, and seemingly desirous to display the miracles of his speed and beauty to the fair eyes that admired him, enlivening the dappled hides of the many-coloured glossy pack, burnishing the sleek and satin coats of the noble coursers, till they glowed with almost metallic splendour, flashing upon the rich laces, the bright buckles, and the polished sword-hilts of the hunters, and gilding the bridle-bits and brazen horns of the verdurers and yeomen prickers, until the whole hill-side was glittering with a thousand gay hues and salient lights, filling the mind with memories of fairy-land and magic marvels.

Hitherto the little group on the brow of the one-tree hill had stood motionless, while the gay, animating scene, revolved around them, a glittering circle wheeling around the stationary centre; but now, when the servants of the chase, huntsman and verdurer, prickers, all streamed up the long hill at their best pace, all wheeled around the tree and its gay company, swelling the din with the flute and braying of their horns, the gallant stag appeared to comprehend that a fresh band of enemies were added to his first pursuers, for he half turned his head to gaze on them, half paused for a moment to snuff the air, with nostrils pridefully dilated, and flanks heaving, not with weariness as yet, but with contempt and scorn, then with a toss of his antlers, and a loud snort of indignation, set his head fair to the north-west, full for the hills of Scotland, and went away at long sweeping bounds, that seemed to divide the green slope, by leaps of eight yards each, cleared back again over the rough stone wall, and went crashing through the [illegible] the tall oak palings and the river, as if he were [illegible] straight for the well-known point, on a right line, as the crow flies it.

And now for the gentlemen the chase was begun, and Gerald Howard led it like their leader, as he was in all things, and the rest followed him like men, as they were, and brave ones—but to the ladies it was ended so soon as they had breathed their palfreys down the slope to the stone-wall and the wood-side at an easy canter, and they returned to the hill top, where they found viands and refreshments spread on the grass, and long they lingered there, watching the hunt recede, and the sounds of the chase die away in the far distance But it was long ere the eager hounds were lost all and wholly to their eyes and ears, for the gay band drove on, as straight as the crow flies, due north-ward—due north-ward the chase followed

They saw the gallant stag swoop over the oak-pales, as if they were no obstacle, they saw the yelping pack crash and climb after him, then they saw Gerald Howard, on his tall, coal-black barb, soar over it unhindered, but till the rest turned right and left to gate or gap, or ere they might follow him The valley was crossed as by a whirlwind, the river swam by hunt, hound, and hunters, unhesitating and unheeding, and far [illegible] up [illegible] green meadow-land pastures, over the stone-walls, now [illegible] their gaze [illegible] tops into the misty hollows, now glimpses [illegible] some yet more distant stretch of purple heath, and still the chiding of the hounds, and still the wild bursts of the French-horns, fell faintly on the ears as the wind freshened from the westward, but at length sound and sight failed them, and when silence had sunk [illegible] and solitude reigned almost perfect over the late peopled slope [illegible] the one-tree hill, the gay bevy of dames and damsels returned homeward, something more serious, if not the sadder, for the parting, to await the gathering of their partners to the gay evening meal

Long they awaited—late it grew—the evening meal was over—the close of night had come—the lights in bower and hall were kindled—the gates were locked and barred—long ere the first of the belated foresters returned, soiled and splashed, way-worn and weary, with the jaded and harassed hounds, and horses almost dead from the exertion and exhaustion of the day. At midnight, of the field of all the men save one were collected, though two or three came in on foot, and yet more on borrowed horses—their

own good steeds left in the morass or on the moorlands, to feed the kites and the hill-foxes Of the pack, all save two mustered at the kennel-gates in such plight as the toil they had borne permitted.

The man missing was Sir Gerald Howard, the master of the pack—the two hounds were its two leaders, Hercules and Hardheart, of whom no rider had ever yet seen the speed slacken or the heart fail

The old verdurer, who gave out the last, reported Gerald Howard going well when he saw him last, with the stag and two Talbots of all in full view, and this many miles into Scotland, within the pleasant vale of Teviotdale, with the great Scottish hills, grim and gray, towering up before him, and the night closing fast on those dim solitudes.

It was late on the next day when Sir Gerald Howard was seen riding up the road on the same steed he had backed so gallantly, still weary and worn, though recruited, with the huge antlers at his saddle-bow, but no brave Talbots at his heel

He had ridden far in the darkness, still guided by the baying of the stanch hounds, and when he could see to ride no longer, had obtained timely succour and refreshment from a stout borderer of Teviotside At daylight remounted a fresh horse, a guide of the country, to renew the chase, but it was now soon ended Scarce had he gone a mile on the straight line they led run throughout, ere he found Hardheart stiff and cold on the mountain breast and not a hundred yards yet onward, ere the great stag lay before him, not a hair of his hide injured, and Hercules beside him with his head upon his haunches, where he had breathed his last, powerless to blood the brave quarry he had so nobly conquered

Sixty miles had they run on that summer's day from point, they had died together, and in their graves they were not confounded, for a double tomb was scooped in the centre or hollow of the mountain-side, wherein they were found and above it was piled a rough, gray column, whereon may be seen, rudely sculptured, this true epitaph —

"Hercules hic a Hart O'Grese,
And Hart O'Grese hic Hercules."

For reader mine, this is a true and true tale, and I, who tell it you, have sat upon the stone and tempered mine cup of Lent beside the little rill beside it, with the wreck of the old mansion far before me, the dark Cheviots at my right, the blue hills of the Great Moor looming away almost unreasonably to the westward, and no companions near me save the red grouse of the heather and the curlew of the moors — neither of which were in time that my weary setters slept in the noonday sun, save this ever-time tradition

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COLONEL EASY

AN AMERICAN SKETCH

Every one knew Colonel Easy He was invariably called Easy Colonel Parson Quiet knew him, Esquire Short knew him, Judge Bluff, of the adjoining county, knew him, and the Honourable Mr Stiff knew him It was, "How are you Colonel, and what news have you-" He lived in a gabled red house, just on the corner near the hotel, an old house, owned to him because his father's father built it, and he was very sure when time crumbled away an old pillar that supported the porch, and obliged him to replace it with modern wood The interior was plenished with old family portraits looked down from the walls, and a spread-eagle projected an antique mirror by being placed above, and gazed below with open beak The kitchen, too, looked south, and its old cornices were cozy, and the fireplace, oven, and painted beams above, claimed near relationship by its cooth poles stretched from one to the other, supporters for sausages, seed-corn, &c. The Colonel loved this place, and of an evening he smoked a pipe here, and laughed out of his eyes, and chatted with a negro-boy and the parson And told many funny stories This old kitchen *was* cozy. And then the lawn, with elms, and maples, and oaks His father played here, he had played here, his sons had played here; every blade of grass was dear to him—why not?

Every one knew the Colonel The boys in the parish, as he passed, took off their caps and whispered one to the other, "There is Colonel Easy, a good man I wish he could hear from his son; how long he has been gone! Papa says *he* owes Colonel Easy a great deal, for he got his contract for him, and I know Esquire Short never would have gone to the legislature if it hadn't been for the Colonel; and Judge Bluff never would have had the say about hanging 'poor Tom,' if the Colonel had'n't got him his judgeship." And so it was. Colonel Easy had inherited an easy property, and, when young, *dashed* some; had always been the poor man's friend; had benefited others and not himself; had placed his parson in a lucrative position, and sent Senator Stiff to Washington, and helped Judge Bluff to the bench, and endorsed for Esquire Short, and a great many farmers; had educated an expensive family, and at the age of sixty found his property dwindled to a small amount; enough, though, he hoped, to bury himself and companion, but he was forgetful of contingencies. If any one found himself in trouble, Colonel Easy was the man, if advice or calculation, why, Colonel Easy could do it, if pecuniary assistance, Colonel Easy, and so it had been until it was a common saying, "Colonel Easy cares for every body and not for himself" Yes! he was a '*clever*" man, and did many *clever* things, hoping, by so doing, to carry out the Scripture admonition, "Love thy neighbour as thyself" He had always granted favours and never asked a return, that his many kind actions might prove bread cast upon the waters in time of need if such a season should ever come upon him Human nature smiled in the creation of Colonel Easy, a God-send to many, a blessing to all Why should he have burdens of sorrow, heavy trials, and sore afflictions? Alas! he was of the earth, earthy, for "the rain falleth alike upon the just and the unjust" The poor Colonel had shed bitter tears over the loss of two noble sons, and he mourned in bitterness for his first-born Three scions clustered about him and opened a bright future for his old age, but two faded from his sight, and the other strayed from his call He was childless, and yet his eye spoke kindness, his heart went forth to other's relief, and he was the same good, easy Colonel Easy Perhaps the uncertain fate of his son Paul aroused him more than the death of his other sons, and sometimes in the gloaming, when the day had passed, a tear could be detected stealing from its covert upon his old wrinkles, yet the sight of his fine portrait would cheer it up, and the pleasant smile stood over the wreck On a Sabbath at church, too, when Esquire Short's boy was sometimes the nucleus for all eyes by the return of his son from sea, the lips of Colonel Easy *would* tremble, and his hand shade his eyes, he could not help it, but his devotional air seemed more deep, and himself more contrite No one inquired of him for Paul for he had never heard from him since his departure He had grown up with dissipated habits, and in a wild frolic had wounded a companion and, before the result of his rashness was known, fled his home and country This was the history of the Colonel's agony, which he had endured for twenty long years But for his son's wild passion the Colonel had made full amends the wounded boy he had educated and cared for as for his own It was no less a personage than the honourable Mr Senator Stiff, in fact, he looked upon him as a substitute for his lost Paul Had it not been proven before the unfortunate family trouble that Colonel Easy was proverbially a kind man, his great considerateness might have been attributed to domestic sorrows, but no one, to look upon his face, could discover a *callous* feature, it was innate. Not a needy dwelling in the county but felt the generous hand of this philanthropist

But the shadow of life began to lengthen and thicken upon the Colonel's pathway It would appear, that, like unto Job, the Almighty had permitted Satan to harass him for His own wise purposes, and with the swift feet of evil had visited his friends, to steel their hearts against his misfortunes as also to bring troubles in frequent reputation Senator Stiff, for whom the Colonel had largely endorsed, ever open to the memory of the many he had sustained, as it were, from his own hand, died suddenly at Washington with larger liabilities than his assets could cancel. The village merchant, a debtor for heavy cash sums lent, had failed and put an end to his existence Farmer Worth's buildings were destroyed by fire, and his delinquencies were fearful, all which riveted the Colonel still more fast in close and awkward circumstances. He began to feel and fear People said the Colonel had grown old very fast Poor man! I hope he will find a quick return for his life-long services of devotion to others Surely Judge Bluff and Esquire Short could easily advance all necessary aid, for the Colonel taught them how to do well in the world The Colonel lamented that he could assist no more, but must *seek* assistance A very quiet letter was sent to Judge Bluff and a note to Esquire Short, couched in manly language of distress He spoke of no previous business; he touched no chord of memory; it was merely for present assistance, and they

could do it. He was sanguine that all was right. Return of post brought the following reply from the Judge:—

"——ville, *September*, 18—.

"PAUL EASY, ESQ.

"SIR,—Your letter of the 12th, requesting a loan, is received. I regret, Sir, to say, I have made such a disposition of my ready cash that it would materially inconvenience me to favour you at this time. Hoping your many friends will appreciate your necessities,

"I remain
"Your obedient servant,
"R. BUFF."

The Colonel read it, wiped his spectacles, and read it again. It was from a person to whom he had rendered numerous pecuniary favours, and who owed his political position to him. Esquire Short's answer was also before him—

"*Tuesday morning, Sept.* 18—

"P. EASY, ESQ.

"SIR,—I was surprised to receive your note this morning, considering the sum total of liabilities, present or prospective, to me, as security for the sum you desire. I had supposed that your handsome home and large income, and it was a sufficient guarantee against me such equivocal exposure of character. Of course, sir, my experience will prevent me from indulging in such a struggle with [illegible] GEORGE SHORT."

The Colonel had not recovered from this unkind and ungentlemanly reply when the Judge's letter arrived. He could hardly believe, and yet the truth was before him. He had played the benefactor, and was reaping the usual reward. Other sources failed, and he gave up the game, retiring into a state of feeling, unexpressible beyond measure. There was but one more step, he strove to avoid it. He resorted to all his female to office, yet the [illegible] before him—a mental relinquishment of his all, the old gabled house, the kitchen, the lawn, the trees. His heart-strings were breaking, but the same pleasant face covered all.

On October day, the inhabitants of the quiet village of ——— read with sorrow the following notice in the county paper:—

"PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE. Being about to [illegible] from some of its vicinity, the subscriber will offer [illegible] on the 1st day of December, all those lots in the town of [illegible] known as Paul Easy, and also all other lots to such in said town [illegible]. This land is one of the most delightful situations in the county. On it is a large and commodious [illegible] and two barns.

"For particulars, inquire of O. [illegible] or the subscriber on the premises.
"October 10, 18—." "P. G. PEARMAN."

But the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb. Before the "ides" of December had come, the thick darkness which had enveloped, and the Colonel's eyes were moist with pity and happiness. His lost son Paul had returned rich from a long residence in South America, and the old gabled house, the kitchen, the lawn, and the trees, were still his.

Reader, you have read tales without a moral, but the one now attended here. I need not demonstrate but do you know any Colonel Easys? Are you the protector of such a one? Have you received kindness and returned it not? Have you rendered good even a stone? Have you felt the kindness of others, and repaid them in selfishness? Is there any truth in this tale?

A LITERARY TASTE PROMOTIVE OF WORKING MAN'S HAPPINESS.

A MECHANIC with a literary taste says Mr. Alexander Wallace, in the "Bible and the Working Classes," has a constant source of delightful companionship, and can pursue bodily and mental labour at the same time. He can talk back upon the books that he has read, he can repeat select passages from his favourite poets, and thus provide himself with cheerful fellowship on all times. He can hold converse with the departed great the poets sing for him—the orators declaim. By his book he can walk in all centuries, and at all places, and never for a moment be lacking in company for an honourable subsistence. His fellow workmen who have no such taste for reading, who is illiterate and ruthless has no such resource to fall back upon—he has no proper companionship within himself, for, if his mind is not an utter blank it is filled with a crowd of trifling and debasing thoughts—gloating over past scenes of sensual enjoyment, a looking forward with impatience for similar pleasures. A man, disciplined like the former—accustomed to think, and to read, and to hold intercourse with pure and lofty minds—never [illegible] little for more rational pleasures than [illegible] cannot help to occupy a better vantage ground for the sure possession of all the social decencies of life.

"The small but well-selected collection of books in the dwelling of the artisan, is a pledge of domestic comfort of happy fireside influences, and a security for their continuance. The ancient Romans were in the habit of cherishing feelings of great veneration towards certain deities which presided over home, the protectors of household virtues. The images of those divinities were kept sacred in the innermost part of the house. A house without such protection, in the eye of an ancient Roman, would be comfortless and unsafe, but the poorest artisan in the land may now have a far nobler protection for his home—a security for domestic comfort and peace, in a few well selected standard works in the different departments of literature and religion. These are your household deities, and, in the light and beaming intelligence which they will shed around you—in the feelings of kindly interest which they will beget within you, to man and every living thing—in the elevating views which they will give you of the works of God in the work held of contemplation which they will open up for you in this world and in the bright world above—you are protected against the downward tendencies of your nature, your affections are purified, ennobled, and enlarged, and instead of ignorance and superstition being the shield of household virtues and the protection of home (such as the Penates were to the imagination of the ancient Romans), the holy affections cherished by the companionship of good books, by an elevated literature and a lofty divine—the light of truth pointing you to another and a better world—will be the best protection of every social virtue and the best security to domestic comfort and peace."

SWEET POTATOES.—Some years ago a gentleman visiting a farm in Tolland, Connecticut, took from his pocket a small root, which by some means had come in the east home. It was brought with us, and I cannot tell my farm hand what it was. "Oh nothing but a potato, you take and plant it, and you'll have all you can eat for all you are free." The lad went, and the farm thought no more about it at that time. The boy however, no doubt cut the potatoes, carefully divided into eyes, spread the seed leaves, and put them into the ground. The ground was carefully put aside in the fall, and [illegible] the spring and second year, the yield began to [illegible] and the second product was four hundred bushels. The farmer seeing the prospect that the potato-seed would by [illegible] very cheap, which [illegible] asked to be treated from [illegible] for [illegible] not to be despised even though [illegible] the [illegible] child. Everything little helps as [illegible] the [illegible] is once a small spring bubbling up from [illegible] and [illegible] that costs its cost, refreshing [illegible] on [illegible], we only ask all about, that perhaps, a [illegible] not [illegible] be sold. Never despise trifles.

LITERARY NOTICES

CASSELL'S SHILLING EDITION OF EUCLID.—THE ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY containing the First, Second, Third, and Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid from the Text of Robert Simson, M.D., Late Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow, with Corrections, Annotations, and Exercises, by Robert Wallace, A.M., of the same University, and Charles Tutor, of the University of London, is now ready price 1s. 6d. cloth or 1s. 6d. neat cloth.

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COMPLETION OF JOHN CASSELL'S LIBRARY.—The invaluable Work is now complete, in 26 Volumes 7d. each in paper covers, double Volumes cloth, 1s. 6d., or when 4 Vols. in 1, 2s. 3d. The entire Series may be had, bound in cloth, 19s. 6d., or arranged in a Library Box 25s.

THE EMIGRANT'S HANDBOOK & GUIDE to the Various Fields of Emigration in all parts of the Globe. Second Edition, with additions, to which has been appended a "Guide to the Gold Fields of Australia," with copious Instructions Government Regulations &c., accompanied by a Map of Australia, in which the Gold Regions are clearly indicated, is now ready, price 9d.

THE PLEASANT WAY, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence. 32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper. Vols. I. and II., neatly bound in cloth and lettered, price 2s. 6d. each, are now ready.

WORK AWAY! WORK AWAY!

Work away!
For the MASTER'S eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day,
Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying,
Keep the ceaseless shuttle flying,
See that never thread be wrong,
Let not clash nor clatter round us,
Sound of whirling wheels confound us,
Steady hand, let woof be strong
And firm that has to last so long!
Work away!

Work away!
Keep upon the anvil ringing
Stroke of hammer on the gloom—
Set twixt cradle and twixt tomb
Shower of fiery sparkles flinging;
Keep the mighty furnace glowing,
Keep the red ore hissing, flowing,
Swift within the ready mould,
See that each one than the old
Still be fitter, still be fairer
For the servant's use, and rarer
For the master to behold—
Work away!

Work away!
For the LEADER'S eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
With the treckless prairie round us,
Dark and unsunn'd woods surround us,
Deep and savage mountains bound us
Far away
Smile there of Savannah's grove,
Rivers sweep and roll below
Work away!

Work away!
Bring your axes, woodmen true
Smite the forest till the blue
Of heaven's sunny eye looks through
Every wide and tangled glade,
Jungle, swamp, and thicket shade
Give to day!
O'er the torrents fling your bridges,
Pioneers! on the ridges
Widen, smooth the rocky stair—
They that follow far behind
Coming after us, will find
Surer, easier footing there,
Heart to heart, and hand with hand
From the dawn to dusk of day
Work away!
Scouts upon the mountain peak,
Ye that spy the promised land,
Hearten us, for you can speak
Of the country you have seann'd
Far away!

Work away!
For the FATHER'S eye is on us
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work and pray!
Pray, and work will be complete—
Work, and prayer will be the sweeter
Love, and prayer, and work the better,
Will ascend upon their way,
Fear not lest the busy finger
Weave a net the soul to slay,
Give her wing—she will not linger—
Soaring to the source of day,
Cleaving clouds that still divide us
From the azure depth of rest,
She will come again! beside us,
With the sunshine on her breast,
Sit and sing to us while quickest
On and on the fingers move!
While the outward din is thickest,
Songs that she hath learn'd above.

Live in Future as in Present—
Work for *both* while yet the day
Is our own! for lord and peasant,
Long and bright as summer's day,
Cometh, yet more sure, more pleasant,
Cometh soon our holiday;
WORK AWAY!

OLD WOMEN.—If a whymsical or ridiculous story is told of any one, it is sure to relate to an old woman. If a man lacks wit, or is in any way eccentric in his ideas of neatness and propriety, he is called an old woman A deficiency of firmness of purpose, or timidity in intercourse with the world, subjects one to a similar epithet, and yet what does the common sense of this saying amount to? Simply this, that a man is like his mother! And who, pray, is a real mother? A being filled with devoted and disinterested love for her offspring. Did any one ever hear of a selfish mother?—of one who would not practise self denial that she might minister to her children? Here, then, is a trait which is, in reality, old womanish, and the only one, in our mind, that distinguishes the peculiarities of the venerable females from those of selfish, bombastic man!

TO COAT IRON WITH COPPER.—A process has recently been invented, by M. Reinsch, by means of which a firm and durable coating of copper may be deposited on iron. This method is as follows.—Polish the iron by rubbing it well with cream of tartar, and afterwards with charcoal powder. Place it then in hydrochloric acid (or muriatic acid), diluted with three or four times its volume of water, in which a few drops of a solution of sulphate of copper have been poured. After a few minutes have expired, withdraw the iron, and rub it with a piece of cloth, [illegible] and [illegible] by [illegible] and [illegible] with [illegible] and polish with chalk. The coating thus attached will be as firm and durable as that deposited by the electrotype process.

NEW APPLICATION OF THE WATER GAS.—Mr. Samuel Cunliffe Lister, of Bradford, has made use of [illegible] Mr. Wright's patent water gas [illegible] water on incandescent charcoal or coke—to the heating of his machines for preparing and combing wool, in place of using fire from charcoal, as is the general practice in Yorkshire. These [illegible] present no troublesome from the use of charcoal, and avoiding the very deleterious influence of generating such a mass of carbonic acid, so perilous to the workpeople, and from which so many of them suffer severely. It is stated to be very easily and very rapidly made—one retort of six feet long making 200 to 300 feet an hour, and at a small expense, while the intensity of the heat given off is certainly that of ordinary gas. A piece of iron or copper wire held to the jet is almost instantly ignited, while the gas is so pure as in no way to injure the finest machinery with which it comes in contact. We cannot doubt but an improvement so decided must make rapid way in Yorkshire. The same gas for all purposes of singeing is far superior to coal or cannel gas, and never fills up the small apertures of the singeing machines. Messrs. Gardner and Bazley, of Dean Mills, Bolton, are using it extensively for singeing their yarns.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. L. (Newport, Mon.)—You must state for what purpose you need "black and yellow composition" before we can furnish you with a receipe.

MARY SIMSON.—The author of "Reflections on the Works of God" was C. C. Sturm, a German divine, who was born in 1740, and died in 1786. There are several translations of his "Reflections" in other languages besides English.

YOUNG THOMAS.—You have misspelt one of the words in your Latin motto, it should be, *Tempus rerum imperator*, in English, "Time is the ruler of all things." The *Gymnosophistæ* were a sect of philosophers in India who despised bodily pain, and inured themselves to suffer the greatest tortures. "The *Modern Speaker*, by Leman T. Rede," contains selections in prose and verse, and will probably suit you as well as any book we could name.

C. D.—The expense of an application to the Court of Chancery we'll be at no end, we fear, in your [illegible] we'd excuse Latin.

THOMAS.—It was on the last day of March, 1814, that the allied Sovereigns entered Paris. The battle of Waterloo was fought June 18, 1815.

MARY ANN.—If you put a *small* pinch of carbonate of soda into the water in which you place your cut flowers, they will keep fresh eight or ten days, so one of our female acquaintances assures us.

SCORBUTICUS.—We do not profess "skill in surgery," you should apply to some respectable medical practitioner.

ROVER.—You will be most likely to get the information you need by addressing your inquiries to the Secretary of the Admiralty.

A YOUTH.—Belisarius was one of the greatest generals of R[illegible] He died in the year [illegible] deprivation of sight, and begging in the streets of Constantinople, crying, *Data obolum Belisario*, is a fiction of later times, altogether unsupported.

ANOTHER "YOUTH" (Burslem).—You have strangely confounded Epoch and Epact! An *Epoch* is the time at which a new computation is [illegible] an *Epact* is the [illegible] excess of the common solar year above the lunar, and thereby may [illegible] every year.

"Those [illegible] you have sent (*Fontes vos attendendos*), may be translated thus,—"Mark the end."

A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—The term "*O Yes*" used by public criers, is a corruption of the French word *Oyez*, hear ye! It is used to enjoin silence, and attention to what is about to be proclaimed.

W. KING (Kensington).—Lithographic crayons,—that is, crayons for drawing upon lithographic stone,—may be made thus.—Like hard tallow-soap 7 parts, white wax 6 parts, melt them together by a gentle heat, then add lampblack 1 part, and mould into suitable shape when sufficiently cool.

T. W. (Birmingham).—If you have good reason to believe that your master is drawing from you more time and labour than he ought, you had better apply to a magistrate, especially as you say, your master compels you to work at your ordinary calling on Sundays. Consult your indenture carefully, and see whether it be stamped.

CHARLES S.—If you wish to see the House of Lords, you must obtain an order from the Lord Chamberlain.

A YOUNG SURGEON.—We think Sydney or Melbourne are, either of them, places in which you may get a good living.

JUVENIS.—Many of the shawls and dresses [illegible] be made of "Cashmere" [illegible] Cashmere articles are made bears a high price, the quantity produced by each goat does not average more than three ounces, and it requires the produce of at least ten goats, male and female, to supply sufficient materials for one shawl measuring fifty-four inches square.

R. W. (Chelmsford).—We cannot undertake to search for the extracts you wish to see published in the "Working Man's Friend." If you will send them to us we will endeavour to find room for them.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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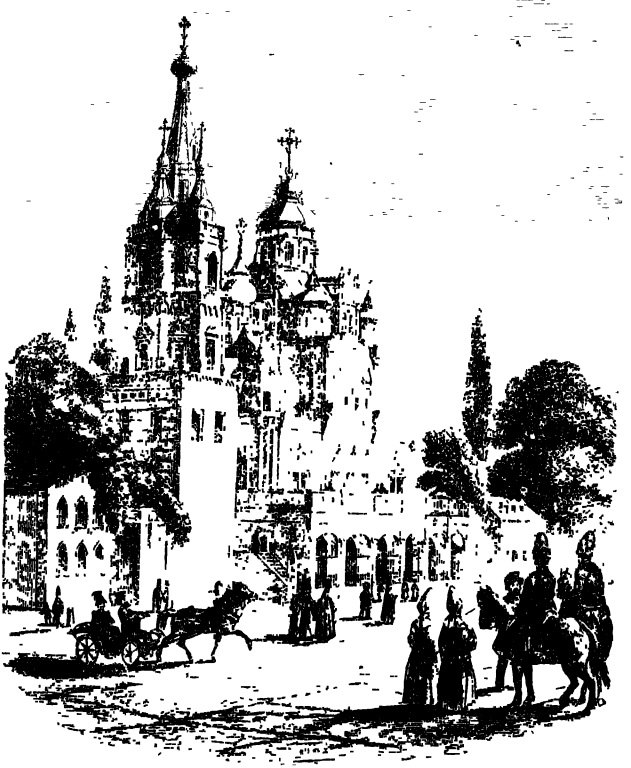
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS. -II.

AN EPITOME OF RUSSIAN HISTORY



CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, MOSCOW.

HISTORY and tradition concur in showing that Europe was peopled by three great families of the human race, who emigrated westward, at distinct periods; the last of these migrations was that of the Sclavonians, who established themselves on the Don, about 100 years before Christ. Herodotus calls them the Sauromatæ, and they were, until the fourth century of the Christian era, known in Europe by the appellation of Sclaves, or Sclavonians. In the days of the Greek historian

their mode of life was exceedingly rude and barbarous; they had no houses, and lived, very much like the Malo or Lattle Russian of the present day, a nomade and pastoral life, journeying from one verdant spot to another in a long waggon, which contained all their worldly belongings, and stopping at each only so long as they found there was sufficient pasture for their flocks and herds. In time of peace their principal occupations were the rearing of cattle, the chase, and the management of bees, while their chief characteristics seem to have been in a degree analogous to those of their descendants, the modern Russians; they were hospitable, courageous, good-humoured, contented, and immoderately fond of spirituous liquors, like most barbarous nations, however, the courage of the Sclaves frequently degenerated into cruelty, and murder was no uncommon crime amongst them. Their religion was idolatrous, and their mode of worship resembled the gross and degraded form of the ancient Druids, they not only offered up their prisoners as a holocaust to their chief deity, Perune, the Zeus of the Greeks and the Jupiter of the Romans, but would sometimes even immolate their own children to his honour.*

It was not till the fifth century, that the wild Sclavonians, who had overrun a large portion of European Russia, founded any remarkable settlements, these were Novogorod, on the Ilmen, and Kief, or Kiow, on the Dnieper, where they afterwards became distinguished for their commerce, their arts, and their incipient civilization. Singularly enough, democracy was at this period then established form of government, but in the ninth century, the inhabitants of Novogorod became divided into several political factions, which weakened their power, and exposed them to the incursions of the surrounding states. In this condition they were induced by Gostomsle, the first magistrate whose name is recorded in the history of the republic, to invite Rurik, a Varago-Russian prince, to come to their assistance, and, accordingly, in the year 864, that prince acceded to their request, took up his residence at Novgorod, and there founded the Russian monarchy, the sceptre of which continued to be held by his descendants for upwards of 700 years. Two of Rurik's followers subsequently left him to seek their fortunes in the south, and on their journey to Constantinople they attacked the town of Kief, gained possession of it, and it thus became the capital of a second Sclavonian kingdom.

Six sovereigns succeeded Rurik, and their congenial occupation seems to have been to make war upon the Greeks and the countries bordering their own. These princes all followed the pagan worship of their father, but Vladimir, the seventh in descent, who possessed himself of the throne in 981, was converted to Christianity, a conversion, however, which was accompanied by several acts of capricious cruelty. Christianity was indeed fearfully sullied at its introduction by the conduct of this monarch, and its profession softened but little the coarse pagan temperament of the Russian people, though Vladimir's own conduct was afterwards in a great degree effected by its precepts. His nature became changed, the cruelty of his disposition gave way to clemency and humility, and when awarding punishments for crime, he is said to have exclaimed, "What am I, that I should condemn a fellow-creature to death?" He also endeavoured to overcome the violent prejudices and superstitions of his subjects, by founding seminaries for the education of the nobles, in these he placed professors obtained from Greece, and from that classic land he likewise procured architects, and other ingenious persons, to instruct his people in their several crafts. Such was the conduct of Vladimir, who lived 700 years before Peter the Great. But, as we have already remarked, his example does not seem to have produced any great amelioration in the condition of his subjects, or to have raised their tone of moral feeling; in common with almost all early and barbarous histories, superstition, breach of faith, and cruelty in all their worst forms, continued to be but too prominently displayed. Vladimir, however, deserved well of his country, and the Russian church has enrolled him in the number of her saints. History, also, to distinguish him from other princes of the same name, has considered him worthy of the surname of Great. His son Yaroslaf, who reigned thirty-five years, and died in 1054, at the age of seventy-seven years, was a prince of considerable attainments, and a great patron of the arts; the church of St. Sophia, at Novogorod, was by his order decorated with pictures and mosaics, portions of which are said to remain to the present time. His expedition against Constantine XI, who then held the sceptre of the Eastern Empire, though unsuccessful as well as his acquirements, and the splendour in which he lived, made his name known and respected throughout Europe. Three of his daughters were married to the kings of France, Norway, and Hungary; and his eldest son, Vladimir, who died before him, had for a wife a daughter of the unfortunate Harold, the last of our Saxon kings. Yaroslaf died in 1054, and divided the empire, as was usually the case, among his sons. Vladimir Monomachus, his grandson, who died in the early part of the next century, did the same, and as the Russian monarchs were blessed, generally speaking, with a numerous offspring (the last-mentioned sovereign had eight children), the country was continually a prey to internal dissensions and strife, and these family feuds were not settled until an appeal had been made to the sword, which, being congenial to the disposition of the people and the temper of the time, was frequently prolonged for years. In the year preceding the death of Monomachus, Kief was nearly destroyed by fire, and from the great number of churches and houses that fell a prey to the flame, that city must then have been of great opulence and extent. This calamity was followed in the succeeding reign by a still greater one, when the sister capital, Novogorod, was desolated by a famine so awful that the survivors were not sufficiently numerous to bury the dead, and the streets were blocked up by the putrid corpses of the inhabitants.

The reigns which followed this period of Russian history, and they extend to little else than continual wars with the Polovetzes, Polovetzes and Petchenegues, with the exception, that the town of Vladimir, built by Yury I, in 1158, became in that year the capital instead of Kief. But a more formidable enemy than the inhabitants of the countries and tribes already mentioned drew near the Muscovite territory, in the person of Tuschki, the son of Zenghis Khan, who, emigrating with his Tartars westward, led them, about the year 1223, from the shores of the Sea of Aral and the Caspian, to those of the Dnieper. The Circassians and Polovetzes having endeavoured in vain to arrest the progress of the horde were at length constrained to apply to their hitherto inveterate foes for assistance, and, the cause being now equally dear to all parties, the Russians made an intrepid stand on the banks of the Kulka. The impetuous attack, however, of the invaders was not to be withstood, and, the prince of Kief treacherously abstaining from taking part in the battle, the Russians were completely routed, and scarcely a tenth part of an army, composed of 100,000 men, escaped. The enemy then pursued his way unmolested to the capital, which he took, and put 50,000 of the inhabitants of the principality of Kief to the sword. The further progress of the Tartars northward was marked by fire and sword, but, having reached Novogorod Severski, they faced about and retreated to the camp of Zenghis Khan, who was at this time in Bukharia. Thirteen years after, Boatz Khan, his grandson, desolated Russia afresh, committing every species of cruelty, and aggravated breaches of faith with the towns who submitted to his arms. In this manner, the provinces of Ruzan, Periaslavl, Rostof, and several others fell into his hands; for with incredible apathy, and contrary to their usually warlike inclinations, the Russian princes neglected to raise any troops to dispute the progress, and Yury II, prince of Vladimir, was at this critical juncture occupied in celebrating the marriage of one of his boyards. At length, suddenly roused to a sense of his desperate position, he placed himself at the head of some troops hastily called together, and left his family under the protection of one of his nobles, trusting that his capital would be able to sustain a long siege. He was mistaken. The Tartars soon made themselves masters of Vladimir, and the grand princesses, as well as other persons of distinction, were burnt alive in the church in which they had taken shelter. On hearing of this tragical event, Yury marched with his adherents to meet the foe, the conquest was sanguinary and short, but after performing prodigies of valour they were borne down by overpowering numbers, and the prince was left

* Murray's Handbook for Northern Europe.

among the slain. There was now nothing to dispute the march of the ruthless Tartars, and they pushed forward to within sixty miles of Novogorod, when they again turned round without any ostensible motive and evacuated the Russian territory. The wretched condition into which the southern and central parts of the empire was thrown by these invasions afforded a most advantageous opportunity for other enemies to attack it; and, accordingly, in 1242, and during the reign of Yaroslaf II, the Swedes, Danes, and Livonians, sent a numerous and well-disciplined army to demand the submission of Novogorod, this Alexander, the son of the reigning sovereign, refused, and leaving his capital, he advanced, unaided by any allies, to meet his opponents, and fought the celebrated battle of the Neva, which gained him the surname of Nefski, and a place in the Russian Calendar. The personal courage of Alexander in this battle was of the highest order, and mainly contributed to secure the victory. His memory is still cherished by the Russians, and the order instituted in honour of him is much valued.

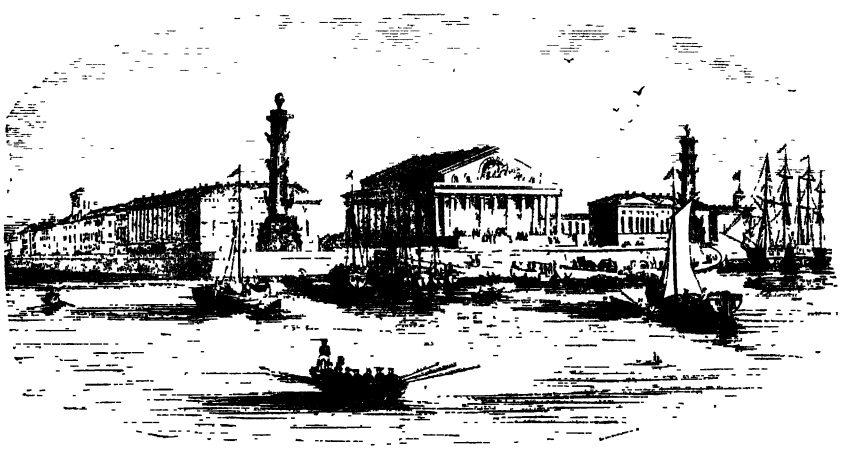
A cruel and constantly fluctuating war with the Tartars, varied by incursions by the Livonians, Lithuanians, Swedes, and Poles, and the most frightful civil discord amongst the several, almost regal, provinces of Russia consumed fourteen successive reigns, between Yury II. who died in 1237, and Ivan I., who succeeded his father in the Principality of Vladimir in 1328. At times, during this period, the Tartars, seeing insult to injury, arrogated to themselves the power of sovereigns of this or that district, and, in the case of Ivan I., Uzbeck Khan secured to him the possession of Novogorod, as well as of Vladimir and Moscow. Ivan's father had greatly beautified and improved the latter town, and Ivan followed his example and made it his residence. Here also resided the Metropolitan, and it therefore rapidly advanced in importance. Ivan's reign of thirteen years was remarkable as improving and peaceful, and he exercised a sound discretion by building a wall of wood round the city, which supported a rampart of earth and stone. At the close of his life he took monastic vows, and died in 1341. In the reign of Ivan II., second son of the previous Tzar of that name, Moscow established its pre-eminence as a city, and became the capital of the empire; Ivan died in 1358.

Towards the close of this century the Russians, under Dmitri IV., raised an army of 100,000 men, and met the Tartars near the Don, who were defeated with great loss; the victors, however, suffered greatly, and when Dmitri reviewed his army after the battle he found it reduced to 40,000 men, this success obtained for him the surname of Donski. Subsequent, however, to this victory, the Tartars again advanced, and Dmitri, betrayed by his allies, the princes of the neighbouring states, deserted Moscow, which fell by capitulation into the hands of the Tartars, who devastated it with fire and sword until it was utterly destroyed, no building being permitted to remain except those which happened to have been constructed of stone by the Grand Prince. The character of Dmitri is thus given by the Metropolitan Cyprian —"He knew," says that ecclesiastic, "how to soften the kingly office by condescension, he was impartial in the administration of justice, and delighted to promote the peace and happiness of his subjects; his learning was small, but the rectitude of his disposition, and the kindness of his heart, supplied the defects of education, and entitle him to a distinguished place amongst Russian sovereigns." It was this prince who caused the Kremlin to be erected of stone, and closed by a wall flanked with towers, which were defended by ditches surmounted with stone. His son, Basil II., who succeeded him in 1389, was also destined to see his country invaded by the Tartars under Tamerlane; but they never reached the capital, for he prepared to give them battle on the river Okha, when they suddenly turned round and retired, as their countrymen had previously done on two other occasions. The Russians attributed this to a miracle performed by a picture of the Virgin Mary, painted by St. Luke. The horde, however, joined by the Lithuanians, afterwards laid siege to Moscow, but were repulsed by the inhabitants, the Grand Prince having retired with his family to Kostroma; exasperated at this defeat, the Tartars in their retreat harassed the surrounding country, and slaughtered the defenceless peasantry. Money was first coined in Novogorod during this reign, hitherto its place had been supplied with skins and pieces of leather; twenty skins of the marten were considered as equivalent to a *grivna*, the value of which was a real pound of gold or silver, of nine and a quarter ounces in Kief, and thirteen in Novogorod.

During the reign of Basil, Kazan was taken from the Tartars, and Russia was thrice visited with the plague and famine, while the ancient city of Novogorod was shaken by an earthquake after the greater part of its buildings had been consumed by fire. Internal dissensions broke out on the death of Basil, a dispute having arisen respecting the succession to the throne between the son of that monarch and his uncle George, this was by the consent of both parties left to the decision of the Khan of Tartary, who determined in favour of the former, nevertheless a civil war followed, and George was for a short time in possession of the throne, when, finding himself abandoned by his party and his family, he restored it to his nephew, and returned to his principality of Galitch. Complicated wars, Russia, and Tartar, followed, the principal incident of which was that Ivan, the Prince of Mojesk, in the interest of the mare Chomaika, induced Basil to stop at the monastery of the Trottzkoi to return thanks on his arrival from the horde, and, having seized him there, he took him to Moscow and put out his eyes. A few years after the Prince of Mojesk had committed this savage act, Basil was restored to the throne, and died in 1462. The Tartars under Mahmet again possessed themselves of Kazan on the reign.

The first exploit which Basil's successor, Ivan III., attempted was the reduction of that province, in which he succeeded after two severe campaigns, the next was the subjection of Novogorod, in which he also succeeded, incorporating that city and province with his own dominions, and, having received the oaths of the inhabitant, he carried off with him to Moscow their celebrated town clock, which he suspended in a tower before the Kremlin, to be used only to call the people to their devotions. The next and most arduous undertaking was the destruction of the Golden Horde, under Achmet, which he effected in revenge for the insult offered him by that Khan in demanding the homage which he had received from his predecessors. Ivan spat on the edict and Achmet's seal, and put his ambassadors to death, sparing one only to convey the intelligence to his master, who prepared in the following year to take his revenge, but, awed by the preparations made to receive him on the Okha, he retired for a time, and subsequently took the more circuitous route through Lithuania, from which country he expected support, the Russians, however, met and defeated a part of his horde, and were returning home, when the Khan was met on a different route by the Nogay Tartars, who routed his army and slew him in the battle. His ally, Casimir IV., also brought himself under Ivan's indignation, not only for this war, but because he attempted to poison him, and a raid that he made into the territories of the Polish king was eminently successful. This powerful and ambitious prince also made treaties of alliance with, and received ambassadors from, the Pope, the Sultan, the King of Denmark and Poland, and the Republic of Venice, it was he who assumed the title of Grand Prince of Novogorod, Vladimir, Moscow, and all Russia, and changed the arms of St. George on horseback for the Black Eagle with two heads, after his marriage with Sophia, a princess of the imperial blood of Constantinople. In fact, Ivan III. may be called the true founder of the modern Russian Empire. The Russian historian, Karamsin, thus describes him —"Without being a tyrant like his grandson, he had received from nature a certain harshness of character which he knew how to moderate by the strength of his reason. It is, however, said that a single glance of Ivan, when he was excited with anger, would make a timid woman swoon—that petitioners dreaded to approach his throne, and that even at his table, the boyards, his grandees, trembled before him;" which portrait does not belie his own declaration when the same boyards demanded that he should give the crown to his grandson Ivan, whom he had dispossessed in favour of a son by his second wife, "I will give to Russia whomsoever I please." He died, very infirm, in 1505, having reigned forty-three years. Wars between the Russians, the Poles, the Tartars, and the Novogorodians again rose on the death of Ivan, and it was not till the death of Basil IV., his successor, and a minority of twelve years had elapsed in the reign of Ivan IV., that internal cabals and intrigues were for

a time suppressed. This monarch, the first to take the title of *Tzar*, married Anastasia, the daughter of Roman Yuryvitch, who in the early part of his reign had the happiest ascendancy over a character naturally violent and cruel. Ivan was at this period affable and condescending, accessible to both rich and poor, and his mental powers under her guidance were employed in advancing the interests and happiness of his subjects. Ivan soon perceived that to preserve his own power he must annihilate the Tartar dominion, to this he felt his unistructed army was unequal: he therefore established, in 1545, the militia of the Strelitzes, and armed them with muskets instead of bows, hitherto their arms, as their name imports, from *Strelai*, an arrow. He then laid siege to and captured Kazan, taking the Khan prisoner. He likewise defeated Gustavus Wasa in a pitched battle near Viborg, ravaged Livonia, taking Dorpat, Narva, and thirty fortified town, and made war on the king of Poland because he had refused him his daughter in marriage. An unsuccessful campaign against this potentate, attributed by the boyards to the unskilful arrangements of the foreign generals, as well as the death of his wife Anastasia, whose controlling influence was no longer felt, led to the [illegible] of his naturally ferocious disposition, and the remaining acts of his life, which this short sketch will not permit us to dilate upon, gained for him, in the history of his country, the surname of "The Terrible." Independently of the many and dreadful acts of barbarity of which he was guilty, he killed his own son in a paroxysm of rage, but died a prey to the grief and remorse which this fearful crime occasioned him, after having endeavoured to atone for it by giving large sums of money to different monasteries, he received the tonsure in his last moments. As a legislator he was superior to his predecessors, having, with the assistance of his nobles, compiled a code of laws called *Soudebnik*. In his reign an English ship, commanded by Richard Chancellor, on a voyage of discovery in the Arctic Sea, anchored in the mouth of the Dwina, and, when the information of this circumstance was forwarded to Ivan, he invited Chancellor to Moscow, where, on his arrival, he was received with marked attention, and presented with a letter to carry back to his sovereign, expressing a desire to enter into commercial relations with England, and to have English artificers and workmen sent to him; it is curious that even at this early period the fair which he established at Narva was so glutted with English, Dutch, and French goods, that some of them were sold for less than the prime cost in their respective countries. Ivan controlled his religious prejudices, and tolerated the Lutheran churches of the German merchants at Moscow, but he never shook hands with a foreign ambassador without washing his own immediately after his visitor had taken his leave. With a character so strongly marked by cruelty, superstition, and caprice, it is remarkable to find not only that he was enterprising and intelligent, but that he should ever have entertained the idea of placing the Scriptures in the hands of his subjects in the mother tongue. he did, however, order a translation to be made of the Acts and Epistles, and had it disseminated over his dominions. "*In the memory of the people*," observes Karamsin, "the brilliant renown of Ivan survived the recollection of his bad qualities. The groans had ceased, the victims were reduced to dust, new events caused *ancient traditions* to be forgotten, and the memory of this prince reminded people only of the conquest of three Mogul kingdoms. The proofs of his atrocious actions were buried in the public archives, whilst Kazan, Astrakan, and Siberia remained in the eyes of the nation as imperishable monuments of his glory. The Russians, who saw in him the illustrious author of their power and civilisation, rejected or forgot the surname of tyrant given him by his contemporaries. Under the influence of some confused recollections of his cruelty, they still call him Ivan "The Terrible," without distinguishing him from his grandfather Ivan III., to whom Russia had given the same epithet rather in praise than in reproach. History does not pardon wicked princes so easily as do people." Ivan IV died in 1584, having governed the Russian nation for a longer period than any other sovereign,—namely, fifty-one years.



ST. PETERSBURG.

Fedor I., who ascended the throne after his death, and was a feeble and vacillating prince, died in 1598. His successor was Boris Godunof, the brother of Anastasia, the Tzar Ivan's first wife, who, like our own Richard, compassed the death of his nephew, Dmitri, Fedor's younger brother, during that Tzar's lifetime, and therefore in Fedor ended the dynastry of Rurik, which during eight centuries had wielded the Russian sceptre. Consequent upon this deed came all kinds of civil calamities, and in 1604 there arose a pretender to the throne in the person of a Russian monk. This man assumed the character of the murdered Dmitri, and, after having drawn to his standard the Poles and the Cossacks of the Don, met Boris in the field, remained master of it, and in the space of one year seated himself on the throne. Nor was this civil war the only calamity which befell the Russians during the reign of Boris; Moscow was, in 1600, decimated by the most appalling famine that ever devastated the capital of a country, it is

related that, driven by the pangs of hunger, instances occurred of mothers having first slain and then eaten their own children; and it is recorded that a woman, in her extremity, seized with her teeth the flesh of her son, whom she carried in her arms Others confessed that they had entrapped into their dwellings, and subsequently killed and eaten, three men successively. One hundred and twenty-seven thousand corpses remained for some days in the streets unburied, and were afterwards interred in the fields, exclusive of those which had been previously buried in the four hundred churches of the city. An eyewitness relates that this awful visitation carried off 500,000 persons from this densely-peopled capital, the population of which was, at the time, augmented by the influx of strangers. During this dreadful calamity, Boris, with justifiable violence, broke open the granaries which avarice had closed, and had the corn sold at half its value.

Interminable and inexplicable troubles, a second false Dmitri, and other impostors, led to the occupation of Moscow by the Poles in 1610, who entered the city with Vladislaus, son of Sigismund, king of Poland, elected to the throne by the boyards, on condition that he should embrace the Greek religion. This gave great offence to the national feeling, and Minin, a citizen of Nishni Novogorod, called his countrymen to arms, and entreated the General Pojarski to take the command, this he did without reluctance, and his army was quickly increased by the arrival of troops and money from various towns, and by the Cossacks and Strehltzes who flocked to his banner Thus strengthened, they marched to Yaroslaf, and afterwards to Moscow, to which they laid siege, carried the Kitai Gorod by assault, and made a fearful slaughter of the Poles—when the inhabitants, driven to the last extremity by famine, surrendered, and Vladislaus abandoned the country A fine monument was erected in the open space, under the Kremlin walls, in 1818, to the memory of Minin and Pojarski, it represents the high-spirited citizen of Nishni calling on his countrymen to rid Russia of the foreign enemy, while Pojarski listens attentively to the stirring exhortation.

With a vacant throne, and unembarrassed by republican feelings, the boyards, after the flight of Vladislaus, proceeded to elect as their Tzar Michael Romanoff, the son of the Metropolitan of Rostof, who was, at the time, only sixteen years of age, and from him is descended the present imperial family The usual routine of civil strife and foreign wars continued after the accession of Romanoff, and that in which the Tzar was involved with Gustavus Adolphus was terminated, much to the advantage of Russia, through the mediation of England, France, and Holland A treaty was signed by the belligerent parties on the 26th of January, 1616, which gave to Sweden Ingria, Careha, Lavonia, and Esthonia, the Russians retaining Novogorod, and these terms seem to have been dictated by the Tzar's love of peace. The Poles were, at this time, masters of Smolensk, and ravaged the country up to the walls of Moscow, against which they made a night attack, but were repulsed, they remained, however, in possession of Smolensk, after sustaining a siege of two years Dragoons are mentioned, for the first time in this reign, as forming part of a Russian army, and the Tzar was assisted in his wars by both German and French troops, these regiments served him as models for the organisation of the Russian army, which was further improved by the discipline introduced by the foreign officers in Romanoff's pay After a reign distinguished by an enlightened policy and virtuous habits, the Tzar died in July 1645, at the age of only forty-nine years. His son Alexis, who was a prince of a mild and benevolent disposition, succeeded him, the chief events of his reign were the marauding expeditions of the Cossacks of the Don led by Ruzan, a rebellion in the city of Astrakan, and the appearance of another false Dmitri, who was brought captive to Moscow and put to a violent and cruel death In this reign shipwrights came over from Holland and England, and a Dutchman named Butler built a vessel called the Eagle, at Didiloff, the first ship that the Russians had seen built on scientific principles. Alexis died in 1676, and was succeeded by his son Fedor III., who died young, in 1682 During the brief period allotted him for the exercise of power he evinced every disposition to carry out his father's plans, he directed his attention to the improvement of the laws, and rendered justice accessible to all, and, in the words of a Russian historian, "lived the joy and delight of his people, and died amidst their sighs and tears. On the day of his death Moscow was in the same distress that Rome was on the death of Titus." The sovereignty of the Cossacks was secured to Russia in this reign Fedor left no children, and named no successor, expecting, no doubt, that his own brother Ivan would succeed him, that prince, however, was both mentally and physically incapable of holding the reins of government, and, in consequence, his sister Sophia was intrusted with the affairs of state by the Strehltzes, who had arrogated to themselves the power of the Pretorian bands, and decided that the Tzar's half-brother Peter Alexiewitz, the Great, the son of Natalia, Alexis's second wife, should share the throne with him in consequence, the two boys were crowned together by the Patriarch on the 15th of June, 1682, but Sophia actually reigned. Subsequently to this the Prince Khovanski, leader of the Strehltzes, not only neglecting to cultivate the princess's friendship, but allowing her to perceive that he and his men watched her proceedings, she determined upon his ruin, which was further hastened by the intrigue of his known enemy, Miloslavski. This boyard accused him, in a public placard, of having, with his son and his Strehltzes, conspired to effect the death of the two Tzars and the family of Romanoff, and, under this accusation, Khovanski and his son were seized and beheaded Their followers, at first furious at his death, afterwards becoming disheartened at the preparations made to resist and punish them, proceeded to the monastery of the Troitzkoi, and made their submission to Natalia and the Tzars, who had fled there for refuge Subsequently Sophia still contrived, with the assistance of her minister, Galitzin, to govern Russia, until she affronted Peter, who retired to the town of Kolomna, to which place he was followed by a large party, and soon after this, being informed that the Strehltzes were again in revolt, under Sophia's influence, Natalia once more removed him to the fortified walls of the Troitzkoi It was in vain that Sophia disclaimed this accusation. Peter neither believed her nor forgave her, and, failing in her attempt to reach Poland, she was incarcerated in a monastery for the rest of her life. This princess was, considering the times in which she lived, a woman of extraordinary taste and literary acquirements. A tragedy, written by her when she was involved in state intrigues, and apparently absorbed in political turmoil, is still preserved On Peter's return from the Troitzkoi to Moscow, his brother resigned to him his share in the government, and in 1689 he became sole Tzar, being, at this time, only seventeen years of age Ivan survived till 1696.

SONG OF THE SCHOOL

Come now and let us work all the time that we are here,
And learn something new every day of the year,
'Tis for this we come to school, and we wont be lazy knaves,
For none gets praise but he who is busy and behaves
Then let us read and spell,
And write and cipher well
Always be busy—
Boys and girls, busy
And then we shall be honoured all, wherever we dwell

We'll not come late to school, as the lazy children do,
We'll keep our hands and faces clean, our frocks and jackets too,
Nor will we be disheartened though we get a puzzling sum,
But try again—and try again—until we make it come
Then let us read and spell, &c

And should a word be hard to spell, we will not let it pass,
But every day we'll strive to be the highest in the class,
No noise we'll make, nor play in school, for that would not be right,
But wait until the school is out, then play with all our might
Then let us read and spell, &c

Then busy, busy, busy, as the busiest bee you'll see,
And quiet, quiet, quiet too, as puss herself can be,
We'll gather, gather knowledge, till our little heads are full,
So happy, happy, happy, that we ever came to school
Then let us read and spell,
And write and cipher well
Always be busy—
Boys and girls, busy
And then we shall be honoured all, wherever we dwell.

THE GENIUS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

At the very heyday of the renown of this great master, some remarks on his general characteristics cannot be out of place Having, before he reached the age of thirty-five, attained to an unexampled popularity, when at last we might expect that he would become exhausted, or repose on the laurels already won, we find him to possess a fresh alacrity, which belongs to the beginning of a career. He has outstripped those who started before him, and has not been overtaken by any who followed after.

In this respect he stands in marked contrast with many popular writers of his generation. A few, who happen suddenly on some vein of surpassing richness, are only able afterwards to reproduce themselves. Then there is an imitative set, who can create nothing, but so slavishly copy originals as to deceive almost "the very elect." Their race is also short. Again, there are many of decided talent who, from degrading the *Ars Poetica* to a mere trade, seem fairly to have written themselves out; while the early, spontaneous leafing of their genius has become changed to a deplorable seediness of aspect. But of the great writers of fiction who hold their own, there is not one whose reputation is more deeply or solidly established than that of Charles Dickens.

In the ability to illustrate principles of widest application by types or language most universally understood, there is early genius; and thus considered Dickens is destined to stand in the first rank of authors. A genuine sympathy is at the core of his works, and imparts a glowing warmth and vitality to all. That they are universally read is because they are imbued with this universal principle. It is not with fine lords and fine ladies that they have to do, but in depicting life and characters in the humbler classes, they bespeak in advance the most extensive interest. For poverty, which is hardly an accident, but the common lot and natural birthright of the masses, is itself a bond of communion with the many. In the depths of this poverty the author of the Pickwick Papers has discovered his wealth. Hence he has gathered the accessories best fitted to adorn a heart-felt tale; and his illustrations return to common life, from which they came, with a signal stamp and attestation of their verity. Nor does he separate from him any class of readers by such a choice, because for all there is interest in

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

It is true that some mercenary scribblers have mistaken the ground of our author's popularity; and, because he has depicted the humble, they have chosen to grovel with the bad. Because he has unveiled sufferings to deprecate the oppressor, or with a tender solicitude to heal, they have exhibited the leprosy, and sickness, and convulsions of degraded nature for a disgusting show. The romance of such history will occasionally bring its lovers to the prison or the scaffold, while, in a literary point of view, it is worthless, being relieved by no intervening lights and shadows. Dickens's works are favourably distinguished by their universality from any other class of novels. The sentimental romance is neglected now, not so much from changing forms, as from want of substance It borrowed its old success partly from actual merit, partly from rarity of works, and the listening age of literary childhood The long-drawn story was followed with fixed attention to the end. It is true that love was the groundwork and staple of the story, as it is to this day but your sentimental lover is no more the representative of the true lover, than Tyrtæus of the genuine swain. If the common reader were interested, it was not by arousing his best sympathies, albeit some "good moral" might be professed or conveyed It might be because it conducted him into the charmed circle of high life, into the disturbed and shallow vortex of mere fashion, where its votaries were on the surface a little while, from whom he returned shortly to the common world, and sought in vain for any counterpart.

This highest humanity of letters endears us to Dickens almost beyond Scott, although this is saying a great deal because the works of the latter are also honest, cordial, right-minded, and with the best tendency The writers write "not for an age but for all time" Shakspeare holds possession of the stage, and is more read and better understood than ever, because he fulfils the definition with which we set out. The unlearned are capable of understanding his knowledge, because he holds the mirror up to common nature. The secret of our entertainment is, not that he depicts men as kings, but kings as men; not men as peasants, but again peasants as men. The student of history does not read his plays because they appertain to periods, but to that which is the same in all ages.

If we examine a few prominent characters depicted in the writings of Dickens, they serve to illustrate the foregoing remarks. Pickwick, the greater and lesser Weller, are endeared to the reader and claimed for immortality by the same breadth of delineation. The adventitious part of the elder Weller is his destiny as a coachman. But M'Adam roads belong to a modern era. Time was when a "pike" was not known; and, *proculdubio*, we are afraid time will be when a pike will no more be known, and the explosion of the whip-lash and rumbling of chariot-wheels be never heard. Our affection is not for the temporality. We are pleased, not because the Weller is a coachman, but because the coachman is a Weller. And what is a Weller? He is a philosopher older than Plato or Aristotle. There is an element in his character worthy of universal imitation His eye twinkles with a loving humour on the very vicissitudes of life. He may be deceived by a Trotter; he may be a witness to the melancholy defection of widows, to the atrocities of a Jingle, but neither Trotters, nor widows, nor Jingles, can imbue his wisdom with a melancholy tinge. We like him not because he is a figure *sui generis, sed humani generis* Ever since the world began, a Weller has escorted a Pickwick. In other words, humour and benevolence are apt to be conjoined. This has raised up a dubious boundary-question betwixt smiles and tears Weller is the articulate voice of a Pickwick. They are, in fact, one; separated only by the artificial distinction of master and man. The same plausible view of the world as it is, brought them into coalition Mr Pickwick's humour is of the quiet kind Mr. Pickwick's heart often reveals itself in a variety of smiles, from the first warmth and faint sunshine of appreciation, to the broadest light of expansive benevolence. In general, he looks with a recognising smile on the lights and shadows of human life. But he wanted some one to drive him safely through the vicissitudes of the world, and to give a running commentary on things by the wayside. Now Mr. Weller was gifted with the keenest observation, and with a style of expressing himself fluent and altogether original From the days of Solomon down to those of Tupper, it is doubtful whether Weller has ever been exceeded for the profuseness or aptness of his similitudes; and a *cheerful* philosophy is apparent in all he says. He can allude to the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge, where he was forced to sleep in times when he wanted a better shelter, as "unfurnished lodgings," and his progenitor regards perplexities from widows as a capital remedy for the gout This kind of philosophy runs in the family. Thus, when mother-in-law blows up the governor, he "whistles." When she flew into a passion and broke his pipe, he stepped out and got another When she screamed "very loud" and fell into "strickes," he "spoke very comfortable till she come to again." A golden vein of benevolence lay under the homely wit of Sam Weller which will be evident on a scanty examination of the pages of the Pickwick Club

Other characters in Pickwick possess the like universal appreciation, whether they bring you to the verge of tears, or of the most inflammatory laughter Thus we find the whole book has been translated into Russian, and is extremely relished. It has met with a reception in the palaces of the Czar, in the saloons of St Petersburg, and Moscow, "that great city," and has been perused, it may be, by the Cossacks and Nomad tribes. It would be difficult to find a work more wedded to our mother-tongue with peculiar idioms, which seem to defy the very thought of transfer. What is Samivel in Russian, or how shall Samivel manage his *w's* (v's)? Though Mr. Pickwick also may speak indifferently in a foreign language, and Sam's loquacity be at a comparative stand, there is still enough about these distinguished personages, by virtue of their partnership, to work their independent way in all parts of Christendom where there are any highways, and where any civilised "human natur" is to be found. John Bull and Brother Jonathan alike claim them; Monsieur delights in them; sunny South cries Bravo; cold and frigid North, where there is no daylight, is warmed into a sunny glow.

Squeers differs altogether from Mr. Pickwick But does he inhabit Yorkshire only? So thought sundry persons who knew him, and could swear to his personal identity, and besought the Rector of Dotheboys Hall to bring an action for slander. Yet ever since birch flourished, the system of pedagoguism has been associated with it in its application to the tenderer parts. Boyer used to cry

out, "I have a good mind to flog you, sirrah." In fifteen minutes he would leap furiously from his seat on the unsuspecting offender, saying, "and I will, too!" This is the testimony of Coleridge. Yet this was not so much like Boyer, as Boyer was like his whole class. Did Squeers alone discover "richness" in a pot of milk infinitely diluted? Other professors have shown the same keen detection of luxury, when little boys were to be frugally fed. As to the nibbing of a pen, when the artist has illustrated in one of the pages of Nicholas Nickleby, that picture will find its original far beyond the date of Rogers's patent, and is coeval with the goose. The "school spoon" which Mistress Squeers was in vain searching, when Smike's wits were quickened by having his ears boxed, to suggest that probably it might be found in the lady's pocket, where, indeed, it was—the school-spoon, wherein treacle and sulphur were administered to correct the too exuberant blood of youth, is older than molasses, and contemporaneous with ringworms. The creation of Squeers is one of the most faithful and enjoyable which ever came from the author's pen. The very name is given with a most subtle accuracy and philosophy of nomenclature. As Gazelle is suggestive of the graceful darling, and Lion of a royal look, and Fox is a shrewd word, and Elephant declares the grandeur of the beast, so nobody could be mistaken as to what a Squeers should be. You would recognise him among a variety of animals, though accident had removed him from his birch. Little children would instinctively stand in the attitude of self-defence, and every one who had been blessed with the first rudiments of education would instinctively cry out, "Surely that must be a Squeers!" But even had the author been less fortunate in his christening, never was a picture better drawn. It would be recognised in the back-woods of America, in the wilds of Oregon, wherever youth are indoctrinated, "boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket money, and provided with all necessaries." Not "Young England," not "Young America," but the whole young world of doggable age, ought to have grateful loans for this picturesque description. Thanks be to Dickens for what he has done for poor *men*, and many thanks for what he has done for poor *boys*, a new and hitherto neglected department of Humanity. He has brought to light the evils which lurked beneath the systems of cruelty. Boy, whether fortified by toughness or shrinking in his delicacy, never tells of the disgraces of the schoolroom, or the stinging, cutting severity of the rod. His highest hoppings, his most agonised wrigglings, the pang of the classic birch, so exquisite as to be almost pleasure, are concealed from *men*. Many desirable reforms are on the hither side of that point to which legislators have addressed themselves; in short, before the treble and the bass fight for supremacy in the boy's throat, as early as that year which the shepherd Damon calls *alta ab ulmicamo*. How much is required to be done, let the form of the dejected Smike answer; the pathetic voice of "Oliver asking for more."

We are willing to appeal to one of the Christmas Stories of Mr Dickens for the distinctive excellence of the writer, although it is a scanty production, dismissed with a few lines and touches of the pencil, yet full of grace and truth. The sublimity of self-sacrifice is the lesson taught in the "Battle of Life," and because the proceeding of Marian is thought questionable, and the author has transferred an attribute usually given to uncommon junctures to *common life*, he is thought to have detracted from the consistence of the tale. Yet we cannot see that the crowning act savours less of probability than the other incidents. Noble deeds are often heralded by noble circumstances, but in the valley where the corn grows, or tendrils of the vine clasp the domestic bowers, there is many a more glorious struggle which is never known. Wherever a mother presses a child to her heart, there lives a resolution gigantic enough to drown with it in the water, or perish with it in the flames. The still conquest of any selfishness is better than victory with the clangour of arms.

It is not true that the resolve of Marian is beyond the limits of probability, or that there is any conflict except of one love with another in order to make the nobler triumph. At any rate, is not the lesson Christian? We are willing to acknowledge heroic deeds which belong to some great exigence, or are mingled with the dim fables of history. Rather, we should say, let *every day* witness something which is sublime. Scarce an hour passes when it does not become a duty to undergo some sacrifice, to withhold some glance which might cause destruction, to withdraw some footstep which might fall crushingly, to deny yourself in order that the hungry might be satisfied, or to take up some burden in order that the weary may have rest.

There are certain characteristics of style, a cunning and unprecedented use of words and figures, in which Mr. Dickens excels, which give a stalking animation to objects destitute of life. Herein is a great art, to translate the abstruse idea into the material figure appreciated by the common sense of common men. Thus a *single wind* may be pictorial, and successive words become successive pictures. But if all who write for all to read knew this, they would not be able to avail themselves of the knowledge. If they did, they would be using an inverse process, since Shakspeare, and every true genius, had it by intuition. Rules of rhetoric are drawn from pre existing models, and not the reverse. Personification is used with great effect. How remarkable, for instance, this description of the night-wind. "Wandering round and round a building, and moaning as it goes, trying, with its unseen hand, the windows and the doors and seeking out some crevices at which to enter, and when it has got in, as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that may be, it wails and howls to issue forth again, and, not content with stalking through the aisles, and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend the rafters, *then flings itself despairingly on the stones below, and passes moaning into the vaults.*" Was ever an airy spirit made more visible by witchcraft, and gifted with a "local habitation" and a bodily shape?

Again, the author speaks of "fruiterers shops," where there were "great, round, potbellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. And ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish friars, and winking from their sleeves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glancing demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. Norfolk biffins, squab and swarthy in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper-bags, and eaten after dinner!" Mark his description of the kettle, in the first chapter of "Cricket on the Hearth." "The kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top-bar, it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal. It would lean forward with a drunken air, and *dribble, every now and then a little*, on the hearth." But presently the kettle began to spend the evening, and we should quote more largely than would be consistent with our space to describe the whole moral conduct of the said kettle, how it grew musical and convivial. Can anything exceed it, except when the writer exceeds himself by going on to describe the contest between kettle and cricket, applying thereto the technicalities of the prize-ring? From first to last we notice the like art of successful personification. Miss Blimber was "dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. They must be dead, stone-dead, and then she dug them up, like a Ghoule. Doctor Blimber's young gentlemen knew no rest from the pursuit of stony-hearted verbs, savage noun substantives, and inflexible syntactic passages." The author has a reverse method, no less successfully employed. "Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hothouse. All the boys blew before their time. *Mental green-peas* were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. But there was not the right taste about the premature productions." All figures are used, or others hitherto unknown are invented, as the occasion demands. Sometimes a part is put for the whole, and the man denominated by the cravat he wears, and we pause to admire the happy coincidence of thought and expression, in which a sympathetic reader eagerly yields up the proper word. Such was that "complete neck, the last of a series which invested the person of Mr Stiggins, which, duly analysed, we may suppose to have consisted of motive force, energy, and the application of civil engineering incompatible with passion, yet requisite to make the aim sure. No man falls more happily on the identical phrase, (shining gumea that it is!) like one "born to good luck," or from intuitive erudition, or from deliberate choice. Poets* often gratulate themselves when they

* A disposition is observable in some of the author's late productions to run occasionally into blank verse. Of this, a more curious exemplification than any we have seen, it is to be found in the "Christmas Carol."

"Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife,
Dress'd out but poorly in a twice-turn'd gown,

have had the like fortune, as Keats clapped his hands for joy when he had invented that

"Lucent syrop tinct with cinnamon."

Our author can use a refined Attic, or, when the scenes of the comedy shift and introduce less polished characters, he puts words into their mouths which neither a Weller, a Swiveller, nor a Mantilini, could wish to repudiate. A few sentences from him are often more suggestive than a whole page of description. How happily does he call up, though merely in passing, the whole mirth and jollity attendant upon a snow-storm! But when he paints, his picture is almost more crowded with quaint minutiæ than any of the immortal Hogarth. No man knows better how to describe those little nestling-places and retired nooks where the river of domestic life flows calm and beautiful and as you read, the bosom heaves, the tear trembles. It is like being in some delightful garden, where every influence is seductive to the soul, and the birds sing, the bees murmur, and the humming-bird darts down to identify itself with the flowers, "to paint the lily, to adorn the rose." In short, the works of this author will live, not only for the sake of their genius, but because they appeal to our best sympathies, and sustain the cause of the suffering poor. For when the arm of legislation hung down inactive, their powerful earnest pleadings, like those of poor Hood, have not sued for redress in vain. They shall be admired at some later day, not on account of antiquity, but in spite of it; because they have set forth nothing less general than the truth of nature, and appeal to all men by a common bond They have exhibited, for the most part, neither ghosts vanishing into thin air, nor beings surrounded by conventional graces, nor hateful vice carved into an heroic attitude, but creatures of flesh and blood, bone and sinew, human heart and human affections. They have depicted characters, though good not perfect, though bad, not altogether hopeless; not angels, for then they were too high for our sympathy; not devils, for then they had been beyond the sphere of our regret.

ANOTHER VOICE FROM THE "DIGGINGS."

Adelaide, South Australia
March 30, 1852.

DEAR COUSINS,—I take this opportunity of writing to you, hoping to find you all in good health, as it leaves me at present This country affords a fine scope for industrious, healthy young men of any capacity. Here a man with £100 may, by frugality and industry, secure an independence for life Say he buys 40 acres of land, £10, gets his crop in, with the fencing, will cost him £40 more, by the second year, he clears his £100, and has the land to the good to proceed on in after years, the profits of which will add to his 40 acres, or buy some stock such as cows, pigs, fowls, &c., or a good compositor will get good wages and permanent situations just now A good boot or shoe maker will get his £2 per week without rations The aspect of the country generally is very beautiful, more like our parks at home—such as Greenwich or Richmond—it abounds in copper, there is no end of it, and very likely gold, although it is not found yet, there has been a little found, but to no great extent, they are searching now for it, and I have no doubt by the time you get this we shall have a gold-field here I will tell you the latest news from the gold diggings in the neighbouring colony —The water is so scarce and bad, that the people are dying in hundreds with dysentery, little is doing except gambling and drunkenness, numbers get shot accidentally by means of others discharging their fire-arms when they come to the tent in the evening, the number of robberies is out of the question; in fact, it is all a lottery, some are fortunate, others are ruined. This colony is almost deserted, but numbers have returned for want of water to wash the quartz wherein the gold is contained. I shall not go till next December, if I go at all. At present I am shepherding. I have the charge of 1,300 breeding ewes; 300 are to be added in a week's time from this. It is an easy, pleasant life, and through the scarcity of men just now, the wages are very high. I have been on the point of marriage twice, but broke off once on account of the fair one whistling, and would not stop when I told her I did not like to hear a female whistle; and the other, because she said she could drink as much as me without being drunk,—rather a bad sign, thought I, and dropt that speculation. When I find one that suits me, I intend to be spliced at once. I have one in my eye now I read that one man, a tradesman of Adelaide, sold off his stock at half price, and took his wife and family with him to the diggings; he dug 14 holes, each of which you have to pay 30s for licence, he had been at work for the last seven months, and found nothing, but himself ruined and starving, so made one more hole (in his head) with a pistol-ball, which made 15 holes This is but one instance out of hundreds. I know the party well. Do not believe the papers, I have every opportunity of knowing the truth. The people pass (to and from the diggings) the station that I am at; besides, I have conversed with numbers of my acquaintance, who have been and come back, and persuade me not to go till next year, when there will be more order restored, better regulations, and plenty of water. They are making creeks—damming up other creeks; so that, by the time the winter is over, there will be plenty of water, and the gold digging is but in its infancy yet I must have either a golden chain or a wooden-head.

(*The other half of the letter is marked strictly private*)

But brave in rags with ale are cheap, and make
A goodly show for a time, and she had
The cloth, as stole by Bessie Gratchit,
Second of her daughters, also brave in rags—
While Master Peter (Cratchit's pride) took
Into the saucepan of potatoes, and
Getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-
Collar (Bob's private property, conferred
Upon his son and heir in honour of
The day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find
Himself so gallantly attired, and yearn'd
To show his linen in the fashionable parks."

Thus far the measure is unimpeachable, and would be to the end of the paragraph, with slight liberties, until the slow

"Potatoes, bubbling up, knock'd loudly at
The saucepan-lid to be let out and peel'd."

All this, however, is a mere accident, the natural tendency to his own element, by a poet who writes in prose.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. II.—THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

BY GEO. F. PARDON.

CAN I say farewell, O England,
As I sadly leave thy shore?
And thy white cliffs dim receding,
I may never see them more!
Though no tears are on my eyelids,
There's a sorrow at my heart,
Joined to a silent pleasure,
Now I know that we must part;
But there's not a taint of anger
In my mute and sad regret—
Though you've cast me out your bosom,
Hope is smiling for me yet.

Though ten thousand miles divide us,
There may come across the sea,
Kindly words, to make my heart beat,
When I think of thine and thee.
Though no want or sorrow ever-
More may weigh my head with care,—
Though no cold conventionality
May dim my spirits there,—
Yet ever in my memory
Thy fame shall have a place;
And though *they* spurn'd my poverty,
I will not blame my race!

Then, old England, still I'll love thee,
And, in my new-found home,
I'll think of thee with reverence
In all the time to come,—
The happy time in opulence,
When o'er the heaving main,
Pleasant homes and children's faces
May welcome me again.
Yes! I'll love thee for the memory
Of my gone youth's happy time,
And I'll pray for thy prosperity,
Though in another clime!

BOTANY BAY THEATRICALS.—Some years ago, one of the male convicts in Botany Bay wrote a farce, which was acted with great applause in the theatre, Port Jackson. Barrington the noted pickpocket, furnished the prologue, which ended with these two well-known lines:—

"True patriots we, for be it understood,
We *left* our country for our *country's good*."

A CUP OF COFFEE.

THE first cup of coffee drank in England was brewed by the servant of Mr. Edwardes, a Turkey merchant, in 1652, during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. But so little was the flavour relished by the friends of the merchant, that coffee did not become the drink of the people for more than half a century afterwards. Its introduction into France is said to have been made as early as 1658, by some Marseilles merchants, but fashion made its use common. Thevenot, on his return from his travels in the east, regaled his friends with coffee to visit him at his house. The manner in which he received them not only inspired a wish to renew the visit, but induced others to follow their example. He caused coffee to be served to his guests according to the custom of his country; for since fashion had introduced the custom of serving this beverage among the Turks, civility demanded that it should be offered to visitors, as well as that those should not decline partaking of it. If a Frenchman, in a similar case, to please the ladies, had presented to them his black and bitter liquor, he would be rendered for ever ridiculous. But the beverage was served by a Turk—a gallant Turk—and this was sufficient to give it



COFFEE-HOUSE ON THE BOSPHORUS

after dinner, "but this," says Le Grand, "was but the eccentricity of a traveller, which would not come into fashion among such a people as the Parisians. To bring coffee into credit, some extraordinary and striking circumstance was necessary. This circumstance occurred on the arrival, in 1669, of an embassy from the Grand Seigneur Mahomet IV. to Louis XIV. Soliman Aga, chief of the mission, having passed six months in the capital, and during his stay having acquired the friendship of the Parisians by some traits of wit and gallantry, several persons of distinction, chiefly women, had the curiosity [illegible] Besides, before the palate could judge, the eyes were seduced by the display of elegance and neatness which accompanied it,—by those brilliant porcelain cups into which it was poured,—by napkins with gold fringes on which it was served to the ladies; add to this the furniture, the dresses, and the foreign customs, the strangeness of addressing the host through an interpreter,—being seated on the ground on tiles, &c., and you will allow that there was more than enough to turn the heads of Frenchwomen. Leaving the hotel of the ambassador with an enthusiasm easily

imagined, they hastened to their acquaintances to speak of the coffee of which they had partaken; and heaven only knows to what a degree they were excited (exalté)." Of course so long as coffee was considered as a luxury by the rich, its price, both in England and on the continent, was proportionably high, and we hear of enormous prices being paid for small quantities of the fragrant berry. In 1672 an American, of the name of Pascal, opened the first public coffee-house in Paris. It was arranged on the plan of those at Constantinople, and so much was it patronised by the public, and so numerous were the imitators of the American, that coffee became a common beverage among them, and the sellers of it were erected into a regular society, with special regulations for its government. About the same time that Pascal set up his coffee-house in Paris, the Greek servant of Mr. Edwardes opened a place of entertainment in the city of London, "where gentlemen might indulge in the eastern luxury with little trouble or expense."

"Coffee, the *Coffea arabica* of botanists," says Mr. Crawford, in a paper read before the Statistical Society, "belongs to the same natural order of plants as the different species of Peruvian bark, viz., the Rubiaceæ. Its ordinary appearance much resembles that of a Portugal laurel; its flowers, both as to shape and fragrance, the jasmine, and its fruit, small wild cherries. The trees in a plantation, in order to afford nourishment, light, and air, must be planted not nearer to each other than nine feet. The plant yields fruit at two years old, is in full bearing at four, and its cultivation is worth continuing until it reaches the age of twenty. When it comes into full bearing, its height is about eight or ten feet, but it will live to attain that of twenty. A coffee-plantation in full flower has much the appearance of a grove of evergreens in a temperate climate, on which has fallen a pretty heavy snow shower, superadding heat and fragrance.

There are about a dozen species of the genus to which coffee belongs, some African, some Indian, some American, and some Polynesian, but all of them inhabitants of countries within and immediately about the Tropics. One species alone, the *Coffea arabica*, is cultivated, or at least largely so, and yields the important commercial article. Within the limits described, coffee is a very hardy plant, and seems readily to yield fruit in any tolerably rich soil, over every part of a zone of at least forty degrees around the globe. Its favourite locality, however, is hill-sides, at an elevation of from 1,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and hence its wide diffusion, its extensive cultivation, and large consumption. As an object of cultivation, it takes the place, within the Tropics, in relation to other objects of culture, that the vine does in the South of Europe, or tea in China.

In comparison with the production of sugar and spirits from the cane, which partakes at least as much of the character of manufacture as of agriculture, that of coffee is a simple process, which may be carried on by small capitalists, and in some localities, from the temperance of the climate, even by European capitalists. The tea of China, of which the production is so immense, is certainly all so produced. Even coffee itself is so produced by the small negro proprietors of Hayti, by the inhabitants of several parts of Sumatra, and by those of Celebes.

Coffee, although taking its name from Arabia, is not a native plant of that country, but of Abyssinia, where it is found both in the wild and cultivated state. From that country it was brought to Arabia, in comparatively very recent times. Mr. Lane states that it was first used there about the year 1450. It was not known to the Arabs, therefore, for more than eight hundred years after the time of Mahomed, and was introduced only between forty and fifty years before the discovery of America. The Arabians called coffee kâhwâh, which is an old word in their language for wine. The unlucky word gave rise to a dispute about the legality of its use among the Mahomedan doctors, who, mistaking the word for the thing it represented, denounced as a narcotic that which was anti-narcotic. They were beaten, and coffee has ever since become a legitimate and favourite potable of the Arabs. In a century, its use spread to Egypt and other parts of the Turkish empire.

For two centuries from its introduction into Arabia, the use of coffee seems to have been confined to the Mahomedan nations of Western Asia; and, considering its rapid spread and popularity among the European nations, it is remarkable that it has not, like tobacco, extended to the Hindus, the Hindu-Chinese, the Chinese, the Japanese, or the tribes of the Indian Archipelago, who no more use it than Europeans do the betel preparation. The high price of coffee, and the low cost of tobacco, most likely afford the true solution of the difference. One striking result of the use of coffee first, and then of tobacco among the Mahomedan nations, is well deserving of notice. These commodities have been, in a great measure, substituted for wine and spirits, which had been largely, although clandestinely used before, and hence a great improvement in the sobriety of Arabs, Persians, and Turks.

From Arabia, which for nearly a century supplied the whole of Europe with the delicious berry, the cultivation of the plant was spread over various parts of the world. The old Dutch East India Company carried on some traffic with the Arabian ports on the Red Sea; and about the year 1690, the Dutch governor-general of India, Van Hoorne, caused some ripe coffee-seeds to be brought to Java: they were planted, grew, and produced fruit. He sent a single plant home from Batavia to Nicholas Witsen, the governor of the East India Company, which arrived safe, and was planted in the Botanic Garden of Amsterdam where it prospered, produced fruit, and the fruit young plants. From the Amsterdam garden, plants were sent to the Dutch colony of Surinam, and the planters entered on the cultivation of coffee in 1718, or 133 years ago. The authority for this is the celebrated physician and botanist Boerhaave, in his Index of the Leyden Garden. In ten years after its cultivation in Surinam, it was introduced from that colony by the English into Jamaica, and by the French into Martinique. The first coffee-plant cultivated in Brazil, now the greatest producing country in the world, was reared by a Franciscan monk, of the name of Vellosa, in the garden of the convent of St. Antonio, near Rio Janeiro; it throve, and the monk presented its ripe fruit to the Viceroy Lavradio. He, judiciously, distributed it to the planters, who commenced the cultivation in 1774, only 77 years ago.

It was about 1690, as already stated, that the coffee-plant was first introduced into Java. From thence it was conveyed to Sumatra, to Celebes, to the Philippines, and, in our own time, to Malabar, Mysore, and Ceylon. The few coffee-berries brought from Mocha to Batavia are the parents of the vast quantity now produced; and all the coffee that is consumed, save the trifle yielded by Arabia, has the same origin. The success of the cultivation of coffee in the colonies of European nations is a striking contrast to the substantial failure which has taken place in the culture of the vine and the tea plant.

The consumption of coffee in England has varied with the high or low rate of duty imposed by the state. In 1850, 31,226,840 lb. paid duty. The population of Great Britain and Ireland being 27,452,261, the consumption per head was 1·1138 lb. It had rapidly risen down to 1847 but has since been declining, from causes not very obvious. The heavy duties imposed down to 1825, were the cause, no doubt, of the low consumption down to that year. They had, before then, been, on colonial coffee, 1s., on British Indian, 1s. 6d., and on foreign, 2s. 6d., the last virtually prohibitory. With such duties, the consumption in 1824 was 8,202,913 lb. Next year the three different kinds of duty were respectively reduced to 6d., 9d., and 1s. 3d. and the consumption rose at once 11,082,970 lb., and continued to rise until 1847. In 1846 the duty was reduced to 4d a pound on all British, and to 6d. on all foreign. Next year the consumption attained its maximum, viz., 37,441,373 lb., from which, down to 1850, there had been a fall, 6,214,503 lb. Last year, however, the duty on all coffee having been reduced to 3d. a pound, there has been an increase over the consumption of 1850 of 1,337,324 lb.

The defalcation in the consumption since 1847 has been charged to what has been called the substitution of chicoree for coffee. Chicoree, however, is not a substitute for coffee, for it cannot be used alone, and, indeed, in no way, without coffee. It seems to be only a cheap diluent, and the effect of its use ought to be, not to displace, but to extend the consumption of coffee, by rendering it more accessible to the poorer classes of consumers.

In other countries the use of coffee appears to have been greater or less precisely as it has borne a heavy or light revenue tax. In Denmark the average consumption is about five pounds per head; in the German Union about three-and-a-half pounds; and in Belgium not less than eight pounds. The relative consumption of tea and coffee in the United States of America, and in the United Kingdom, will assist us in understanding what the proportions of the two commodities would be, if England and America, in point of general taxation, were placed under the same circumstances. Neither of these commodities pays a duty in America, and generally the population of the two countries has the same tastes. We must take the consumption of America to be the same as the importation, after deducting re-exportation. The importation of coffee in 1850 was 115,272,687 lb., and the re-exportation having been 15,381,758 lb., there remained for consumption 129,890,929 lb. The population in the same year being 23,000,000, the rate of consumption per head was 5·57 lb. It follows from this, that the proportion of coffee consumed in America is as five to one of that consumed in the United Kingdom.

The tea imported into the American Union in 1850 was 29,872,654 lb, and the re-exportation being 1,673,053 lb, there remained for consumption 28,199,601 lb. The quantity of coffee, therefore, consumed in America, is about four times that of tea, while with us the consumption of coffee is only as 60 to 100.

It can hardly be denied, says our authority, but that the consumption of tea and coffee, and I will add another stimulant, tobacco, of which the effects are to a considerable extent of the same nature, have contributed materially to the sobriety, decency, and even morality of the inhabitants of this country.

They all stimulate the nervous system, without producing intoxication, and it is difficult to commit an excess in them. The change in manners effected by them, whatever its extent, has been the work of about two centuries and a half, for before that time every stimulant of popular use had been intoxicating. The actual price paid by the consumer for the three articles in question cannot, I think, be estimated at less than £25,000,000 a year; viz., £12,000,000 for tea, £3,000,000 for coffee, and £10,000,000 for tobacco. Had this enormous sum, chiefly contributed by the middle and working classes, not been expended in these commodities, it must have been so in the intoxicating potables used by our ancestors. It is true that tea, coffee, and tobacco, have not displaced ale and spirits, but it is certain, also, that they have, to a large extent, been substituted for them.

THE PROVERB REVERSED.

"Two of a trade can never agree"—*Old Proverb*

MARIA WALKER was usually allowed to be the beauty of one of the small towns round London in the direction of Greenwich, of which ancient place she was a native. Her father had originally practised as a physician in that place, but circumstances had caused his removal to another locality, which promised more profitable returns. The house they occupied was an ancient red brick mansion in the centre of the town, with a large bow window, always celebrated for its geraniums, myrtles, and roses, that with a couple of small orange-trees were the admiration of the whole neighbourhood.

Maria was twenty, and I was not sixteen at the time of which I speak, but we were the best friends in the world. In front of the house of the Walkers had been, a few years before, an open space, which now, thanks to the rapid march of improvement, was being changed into a row of very good houses. There were a dozen of them, and they were dignified with the name of Beauchamp-terrace. They were, about the time I speak of, all to let, the last finishing touch had been put to them, the railings had been painted, the rubbish all removed, and they wanted nothing, save furniture and human beings, to make them assume a civilised and respectable appearance. I called one morning on Maria Walker, her father was out, she had been playing the piano until she was tired, so we sat down in the bow-window and talked.

"So the houses are letting?" said I, who took an interest in the terrace which I had seen grow under my eyes.

"Two are let," she replied, "and both to private families; papa is pleased, he looks upon these twelve houses as twelve new patients."

"But," said I, laughing, "have you read the advertisement—'Healthy and airy situation, rising neighbourhood, and yet only one medical man.'"

"Oh! yes," smiled Maria, "but sickness, I am sorry to say, is very apt to run about at some time or other, even in airy situations."

"But Maria, you are mistaken, there are three houses let," said I suddenly, "the bill is taken down opposite, it has been let since yesterday."

"Oh, yes, I recollect a very nice young man driving up there yesterday, and looking over the house for an hour, I suppose he has taken it."

"A nice young man," said I, "that is very interesting—I suppose a young couple just married."

"Very likely," replied Maria Walker, laughing, but whether at the fact of my making up my mind to its being an interesting case of matrimony, or what else, I know not.

It was a week before I saw Maria again, and when I did she caught me by the hand, drew me rapidly to the window, and, with a semi-tragic expression pointed to the house over the way. I looked. What was my astonishment when on the door, in large letters I read these words, "Mr Edward Radstock, M.D."

"Arrival," cried I, clapping my hands, thoughtless girl that I was, "another feud of Montague and Capulet. Maria, could not a Romeo and Juliet be found to terminate it?"

"Don't laugh," replied Maria, gravely, "papa is quite ill with vexation. Imagine, in a small town like this, two doctors! it's all the fault of that advertisement. Some scheming young man has seen it, and finding no hope of practice elsewhere, has come here. I suppose he is as poor as a rat."

At this instant the sound of horses' footsteps was heard, and then three vans full of furniture appeared in sight. They were coming our way. As I expected, the van stopped before the young doctor's house, and in a few minutes the men began to unload. My friend turned pale as she saw that the vehicles were full of elegant furniture.

"The wretch has got a young wife too!" she exclaimed, as a piano and harp came to view, and then she added rising, "This will never do, they must be put down at once, *they* are strangers in the neighbourhood, *we* are well known. Sit down at that desk, my dear girl, and help me to make out a list of all the persons *we* can invite to a ball and evening party. I look upon them as impertinent interlopers, and they must be crushed." I laughingly acquiesced, and, aided by her, soon wrote out a list of invitations to be given.

"But now," said Miss Walker, after a few moments of deep reflection, "one name more must be added, *they* must be invited."

"Who?" exclaimed I, in a tone of genuine surprise.

"Mr. and Mrs Edward Radstock," replied Maria, triumphantly, while I could scarcely speak from astonishment. The rest of my narrative I collected from the lips of my friend, a little more than a year later.

The ball took place to the admiration of all C——. It was a splendid affair. Mr and Miss Radstock came, and were received with cold politeness by both father and daughter. The young man was good-looking, with an intelligent eye, a pleasing address, and none of that pertness of manner which usually belongs to those who have just thrown off the medical student to become the doctor. Miss Radstock, his sister, who kept house for him until he found a wife, was a charming girl of about twenty. She smiled at the manner of both Mr and Miss Walker, but said nothing. Young Radstock's only revenge for the lady of the house's coldness and stateliness of tone, was asking her to dance at the first opportunity—which certainly was vexatious, for his tone was so pleasing, his manner so courteous, that my friend Maria could not but feel pleased,—when she wanted to be irate, distant, and haughty. They danced together several times, and, to the astonishment of many friends of the young lady, of myself in particular, they went down to supper the best friends in the world, laughing and joking like old acquaintances.

Next day, however, she resumed her original coldness of manner when the brother and sister called to pay their respects. She was simply polite, and no more, and after two or three words they retired, Emily Radstock becoming as stiff and formal as her new acquaintance. From that day Maria became very miserable. She was not avaricious, and did not fear her father losing his practice from any pecuniary motives, but it was pride that influenced her. Her father had for some years monopolised the parish, as his predecessor had for forty years before him; and now to behold a young unfledged physician setting up exactly opposite, and threatening to divide in time the business of the town, was dreadful. *The* physician of the town, sounded better too, than one of the doctors, and altogether it was a most unpleasant affair.

Maria's place was now always at the bow-window, to see if patients came, or if Edward Radstock made any attempt to call about and introduce himself. But for some time she had the satis-

faction of remarking that not a soul called at the house, save the butcher, the baker, and other contributors to the interior comforts of man, and Maria began to feel the hope that Edward Radstock would totally fail in his endeavours to introduce himself She remarked, however, that the young man took it very quietly; he sat by his sister's side while she played the piano, or drove in his gig, always, when he remarked Maria at the open window, bowing with provoking courtesy, nothing daunted by her coldness of manner, or her pretence of not noticing his politeness

One day Mr. Walker was out (he had been called to a distance to see a patient who was very seriously ill, when Maria sat at the bow-window looking up the street Suddenly she saw a boy come running down on their side of the way, she knew him by his bright buttons, light jacket, and gold lace It was the page of the Perkinses, a family with a host of little children, who, from constant colds, indigestions, and fits of illness, caused by too great a liking for the pleasures of the table, which a fond mother had not the heart to restrain, were continually on Mr. Walker's books The boy rang violently at the bell, and Maria opened the parlour door and listened

"Is Mr Walker at home?" said the boy, scarcely able to speak from want of breath.

"No," replied the maid who had opened the door

"He will be home directly," said Maria, advancing

"Oh! but missus can't wait, there's little Peter been and swallowed a marble, and the baby's took with fits," and away rushed the boy across the road to the hated rival's house

Maria retreated into her room and sank down upon a sofa The enemy had gained an entrance into the camp, it was quite clear In a moment more she arose, just in time to see Mr E. Radstock hurrying down the street beside the little page, without waiting to order his gig. This was a severe blow to the doctor's daughter The Perkinses were a leading family in the town, and one to whom her father was called almost every day in the year They had a large circle of acquaintances, and if young Radstock became their medical adviser, others would surely follow. In about an hour the young man returned and joined his sister in his drawingroom, as if nothing had happened This was more provoking than his success If he had assumed an air of importance and bustle, and had hurried up to inform his sister with an air of joy and triumph of what had happened, she might have been tempted to pity him, but he did everything in such a quiet, gentlemanly way, that she felt considerable alarm for the future.

Maria was in the habit of spending most of her evenings from home, her father being generally out, and that large house in consequence lonely The town of C——— was famous for its tea and whist parties, and though Maria was not of an age to play cards, except to please others, she sometimes condescended to do so One evening she was invited to the house of a Mrs Brunton, who announced her intention of receiving company every Thursday She went, and found the circle very pleasant and agreeable, but horror of horrors—there were Mr Edward Radstock and his sister Emily; and worse than that, when a lady present volunteered to play a quadrille, and the ladies accepted eagerly, up he came, of all others, to invite her to dance! Mrs Brunton the instant before had asked her to play at whist, to oblige three regular players, who could not find a fourth.

"I am afraid," she said, quietly, but in rather distant tones, "I am engaged"—the young man looked surprised, even hurt, for no gentleman had spoken to her since she had entered the room—"to make a fourth at the whist table, but—"

"Oh, go and dance, Miss Walker!" exclaimed Mrs Brunton, "I did not know dancing was going to begin when I asked you to make up a rubber."

Maria offered her hand to the young man, and walked away to the dancing-room Despite herself, that evening she was very much pleased with him He was well-informed, had travelled, was full of taste and feeling, and conversed with animation and originality; he sought every opportunity of addressing himself to her, and found these opportunities without much difficulty For several Thursdays the same thing occurred The young man began to find a little practice. He was popular wherever he went, and whenever he was called in was sure of keeping up the connexion He was asked out to all the principal parties in the town, and had Mr. Walker not been very much liked, would have proved a very serious rival

One morning the father and daughter were at breakfast Maria, who began to like her bow-window better than ever, sat near it to scent the fragrance of her flowers, and always returned the young doctor's bow when he came out Mr Walker had been called out at an early hour, and returned late. He was not in the best of humours, having waited four hours beyond his time for his tea.

"I shall die in the workhouse," said he, as he buttered his toast, with an irritability of manner quite alarming "This Radstock is getting all the practice. I heard of two new patients yesterday"

"Oh, papa," replied Maria, gently; "I don't think he has got a dozen altogether"

"A dozen—but that's a dozen lost to me, miss. It's a proof that people think me old—worn-out—useless"

"Nonsense, papa, C——— is increasing in population every day, and for every one he gets, you get two."

"My dear," replied Mr Walker, with considerable animation, "I think you are beginning to side with my rival."

A loud knocking came this instant to the door, and the manservant immediately after announced "Dr. Radstock."

Mr. Walker had no time to make any remark ere the young man entered the room, bowing most politely to the old gentleman and his daughter, both looked confused, and the father much surprised He was in elegant morning costume, and looked both handsome and happy—the old doctor thought triumphant

"Pardon me, sir," said he, "for disturbing you at this early hour, but your numerous calls take you so much out, that one must take you when one can find you. My errand will doubtless surprise you, but I am very frank and open, my object in visiting you is to ask permission to pay my addresses to your daughter."

"To do what, sir?" thundered the old doctor in a towering passion "Are you not satisfied with trying to take from me my practice, but you must ask me for my child? I tell you, sir, nothing on earth would make me consent to your marriage with my daughter"

"But, sir," said Edward Radstock, turning to Maria, "I have your daughter's permission to make this request I told her of my intentions last night, and she authorised me to say that she approved of them"

"Maria," exclaimed the father, almost choking with rage, "is this true?"

"My dear papa, I am in no hurry to get married, but, if I did, I must say that I should never think of marrying any one but Edward Radstock. I will not get married against your will, but I will never marry any one else, nothing will make me"

"Ungrateful girl," muttered Mr. Thomas Walker, and the next minute he sank back in his chair in a fit of apoplexy.

"Open the window, raise the blinds," said the young man, preparing with promptitude and earnestness to take the necessary remedies, "be not alarmed. It is not a dangerous attack"

Maria quietly obeyed her lover, quite aware of the necessity of self-possession and presence of mind in a case like the present In half an hour Mr Walker was lying in a large, airy bedroom, and the young man had left, at the request of Maria, to attend a patient of her father's It was late at night before Edward was able to take a moment's rest What with his own patients and those of his rival he was overwhelmed with business, but at eleven o'clock he approached the bedside of the father of Maria who, with her dear Emily now by her side sat watching.

"He sleeps soundly," said Maria, in a low tone, as Edward entered.

"Yes, and is doing well," replied Radstock. "I answer for his being up and stirring to-morrow, if he desires it."

"But it will be better for him to rest some days," said Maria

"But my dear Miss Walker," continued the young doctor "what will his patients do?"

"You can attend to them as you have done to-day," replied Maria.

"My dear Miss Walker, you, who know me, could trust me with your father's patients, you know that when he was able to go about I would hand them all back to him without hesitation But you must be aware that for your father to discover me attending to his patients would retard his recovery If I do as you ask me, I must retire from C——— immediately on his convalescence"

"No, sir," said Dr Walker, in a faint voice, "I shall not be about for a month, after making me take to my bed, the least you can do is to attend to my patients"

"If you wish it, sir—?"

"I insist upon it, and to prevent opposition, you can say we are going into partnership"

"But—" said Edward.

"If you want my daughter," continued Mr. Walker, gruffly, "you must do as I tell you If you wish to be my son-in-law, you must be my partner, work like a horse, slave day and night, while I smoke my pipe and drink my grog"

"My dear sir," exclaimed the young man, "you overwhelm me"

"Dear papa!" said Maria.

"Yes, dear papa!" muttered old Walker; "pretty girl you are, give a party to crush the interloper, faint when he gets his first patient, watch him from your bow-window like a cat watches a mouse, and then—marry him"

"But my dear papa, is this not the surest way to destroy the opposition?" said happy Maria

"Yes, because we cannot crush him, we take him as a partner," grumbled old Walker; "never heard of such a thing, nice thing it is to have children who take part with your enemies."

Nobody made any reply, and after a few more faint attempts at fault finding, the old doctor fell asleep.

About six months later, after a journey to Scotland, which made me lose sight of Maria, I drove up the street of B——, and eager to see the dear girl, never stopped until I was in her arms.

"How you are grown!" said she with a sweet and happy smile

"Grown, indeed; do you take me for a child," cried I, laughing "And you, how well and pleased you look! always at the bow-window, too, I saw you as I came up."

"I am very seldom there now," said she, with a strange smile

"Why?"

"Because I live over the way?" replied she, still smiling.

"Over the way?" said I.

"Yes, my dear girl, alas for the mutability of human things—Maria Walker is now Mrs. Radstock."

I could not help it; I laughed heartily I was very glad I had been interested in the young man, and the *denouement* was delightful.

The firm of Walker and Radstock prospered remarkably without rivalry, despite a great increase in the neighbourhood, for the experience of the old, and the perseverance of the young man, frightened away all opposition They proved satisfactorily that union is indeed strength Young Radstock was a very good husband He told me privately that he had fallen in love with Maria the very first day he saw her, and every time I hear from them I am told of a fresh accession to the number of faces that stare across for grandpapa, who generally, when about to pay them a visit, shows himself first at the bow-window And thus was the old proverb reversed—for two of a trade *did* agree after all.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA, THE FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY OF THE JESUITS.

"Who hath not heard of Loyola's sainted name,
Before whom king's and nations bow'd the knee?"—*Southey.*

THIS celebrated founder of a still more celebrated and very dangerous fraternity, was a Spaniard, he was born (according to some authors) in the year 1491, at the castle of Loyola in Guipuscoa, which is a part of Biscay, adjoining the Pyrenean mountains: but others place the date of his birth in 1495 In early youth he was distinguished by a pregnancy of wit and discreetness far above his years, with an obliging and affable, but very irritable disposition, combined with an eager desire of renown. His relative, the Duke of Najara, superintended his education, and very early introduced him to the court of Ferdinand V., King of Spain, to whom he soon became a page, and by whom he was afterwards appointed an officer in the Spanish army. In this capacity he signalised himself equally by his valour, and by an eager pursuit of licentious pleasures and vices: he had also a poetic taste, and even composed a poem in honour of his tutelar saint, Peter.

In the year 1521, when he was about thirty years of age, or, as some will have it, in his twenty-sixth year, he was one of the garrison of the city of Pampeluna* when it was besieged by the French. The assailants having made a breach in the wall, Loyola mounted the breach, sword in hand, to resist the attack, when a piece of stone, which was broken off from the ramparts by a cannon-ball, bruised his left leg, and, at the same time, the ball rebounded, and broke his right. This accident was the cause of his quitting the army, and the original means of raising him to that eminence which he afterwards enjoyed as the patron of *the Society of Jesus*, a society which speedily eclipsed the existing institutions dependent on the church of Rome.

Ignatius suffered much from his broken leg, which was unskilfully treated, and consequently long under the surgeon's hands. It is related that, after the wound was cured, the end of a bone stuck out under his knee, and disfigured his leg. Ignatius having been a spruce young gallant, and being desirous to appear again in the most comely fashion, caused it to be cut off, so that his boot might sit more handsomely; nor would he suffer himself to be bound during the performance of the operation.

"When long care
Restored his shatter'd leg, and set him free,
He would not brook a slight deformity,
As one who being gay and debonair,
In courts conspicuous, as in camps must be,
So he forsooth, a shapely boot must wear;
And the vain man, with peril of his life,
Laid the recover'd limb again beneath the knife."
Southey's "Tale of Paraguay."

It is also asserted that, the wound having caused one of his thighs to shrink, Ignatius, fearful that lameness would ensue, put himself for many days together upon a kind of rack,* and, with an instrument of iron, violently stretched and drew out his leg, in order to render it equal with the other. But all these ridiculous effects of his inordinate vanity were as vain in their execution as their intent, as he could never extend the shrunken limb, which ever after remained shorter than the other; and that lameness which he so much dreaded, was permanently settled upon him.

In the course of his confinement with the broken limb, he was obliged to have recourse to books to beguile the tedium of inactivity.

"Long time upon the bed of pain he lay,
Whiling with books the weary hours away,
And from that circumstance, and this vain man,
A train of long events their course began,
Whose term it is not given us yet to see."—*Southey*

Among others, he met with a romantically written volume of *The Lives of the Saints*. This book made a powerful impression on his mind, and strongly incited him to obtain distinction as an adventurer and a religious devotee. Immediately, therefore, on the re-establishment of his health, he forsook the military for the ecclesiastical profession, and commenced his endeavours to obtain disciples. He first devoutly dedicated himself to the Blessed Virgin Mary, as her knight, after which he performed a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, during which he voluntarily suffered many hardships and privations; his object being to become eminent in afflicting his body. It is recorded that, throughout this pilgrimage, he wore a cassock of coarse canvass, girded with a cord, instead of a coat, and would have gone barefooted, but that he was obliged to wear a buskin† on the foot of the broken leg. Thus habited, and having a bottle and a pilgrim's staff, he performed the weary journey, having first given his horse to the monastery of Montserrat,‡ suspended his sword and dagger at the altar, and spent the night of Lady-day (1522), before the same altar, in watching and prayer.

During this pilgrimage he so mortified and tormented his body, that, from a lusty and strong man, he became exceedingly weak and infirm. It was his custom to live throughout his journey by begging from the poor: he suffered his beard, nails, and hair to grow, without cutting or combing; he slept, if in a house, on the bare ground, or on a board; and, if travelling, he laid himself down wherever he might chance to be when night arrived; but he generally passed great part of the night in watching, weeping, and prayers; scourged himself three times a day, and often spent seven hours together on his

* The capital of the kingdom of Navarre, in Spain. It is a rich bishopric, has a strong citadel, is handsome and populous, and a place of very considerable trade.

* The rack is an instrument of torture, by which the limbs of a criminal are violently stretched till the joints are dislocated. It has long been disused in England, but is still employed in foreign countries. A specimen of the ancient rack is preserved in the Tower of London.

† A kind of rough boot, covering the foot and mid-leg, and tied with thongs underneath the knee. It is generally made with a thick and clumsy sole, and is adapted to either leg.

‡ A mountain of Catalonia, in Spain, on which stands a celebrated monastery of Benedictine monks, and a splendid church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, containing a famous statue of the Virgin. Montserrat is also thickly studded with hermitages on its various romantic heights. This mountain is one of the most singular in the world for its situation, shape, and composition. It stands alone in a very hilly country, towering majestically above all the surrounding eminences. It is composed of numerous steep rocks, which, at a distance, seem indented like the teeth of a saw. From this appearance the mountain derives its name, from the Latin word *serra*, a saw. The beauty, richness, and variety of the landscapes discoverable from the elevated points of Montserrat, are indescribable, but some idea of their extent may be formed, when we say, that the islands of Majorca and Minorca, in the Mediterranean sea, at a distance of sixty leagues, or 180 miles, may be seen from its highest station.

knees. These austerities so debilitated his body, that in 1523 he had become so weak and feeble as scarcely to be able to put one foot before the other. At length, after excessive suffering, often failing in his attempts to drag himself along, he contrived to reach Rome, where he remained fifteen days; after which he journeyed in the same manner to Venice, whence he embarked for Cyprus,* and finally arrived at Jerusalem,† on the 4th of September, 1524.

On his return from Palestine, Ignatius continued his theological studies in the Spanish universities; from whence he went to Paris, where he perfected himself in the Latin language, and in other studies, philosophical and theological. Whilst he resided in France, he composed the institutes of his new order, which he denominated the *Society of Jesus*, and the members of which have therefrom been known by the name of *Jesuits*. These institutes, together with his proposals for the establishment of the fraternity, he submitted to the consideration of the Pope, Paul III., who made many objections to them, but referred them to the examination of three cardinals. This committee violently opposed the measure, and represented it as unnecessary and dangerous. Ignatius, being enthusiastic in his designs, and determined to accomplish his object, immediately made such offers as no pontiff could easily resist. He proposed that, besides the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and monastic obedience, which are taken by all orders of regulars, the members of his society should take a vow of implicit obedience to the Pope, and should bind themselves to go whithersoever he should at any time command for the service of religion, without requiring anything from him for their support.

These proffers were irresistible. The papal see‡ had been, and still was, suffering under the repeatedly successful attacks on its tenets and superstitions, which were violently directed against them by the reformers and their disciples, and several nations had revolted from the papal authority; therefore, at so critical a juncture, the acquisition of a set of men so peculiarly devoted to the see of Rome as the Jesuits would undoubtedly prove, and who would be arrayed in opposition to its foes, was an object of the highest consequence. Consequently, the proposals of the crafty and aspiring Ignatius were instantly acceded to, and, on the 27th of September, 1541, the society received a bull of confirmation from Paul III., and the grant of many very extensive privileges.

Thus was established a fraternity which has, through succeeding ages, proved the bane and terror of the peace and liberties of mankind. Under the specious mask of religious zeal, the Jesuits have constantly concealed the vilest passions. Bigoted intolerance, complete devotedness to the interests of the papacy and their own order; active and general espionage§ into, and interference with, the most secret and important affairs, as well of states and governments as of individuals; the direction, according to their own will, of the education of youth, so as to train them up to their own ends, and to enlist them, when of proper age, in their own interest; consummate duplicity and cunning; passive obedience to their own superiors, and despotic influence over the rest of mankind; these and all such views, motives, and rules of conduct as would tend to their own interest and to the increase of their power and wealth, formed the profound and artful policy of the Jesuits.

Unhappily for mankind, the vast influence which they acquired by these different means, has been often exerted with the most pernicious effect.

Upon the establishment of this dangerous association, Loyola was naturally appointed its general. In this office, by the institutions of the order, he became possessed of the most despotic power. By his sole authority he could at pleasure appoint or remove every officer employed in the government of the society: in him was vested the sovereign administration of the revenues and funds of the order; every member belonging to it was at his disposal; and, by his uncontrollable mandate, he could impose on them any task, or employ them in whatever service he pleased. His commands were revered as if from a Deity; and, under his direction, the members of the society were mere passive instruments to effect his will. His influence became thus so extended over, not only the secluded brethren of the order, but over the minds of its agents and the people with whom they associated in different parts of the world, that the annals of mankind do not present such another example of perfect despotism.

The zeal of Ignatius and his coadjutors soon advanced the fortunes of the fraternity with an astonishing rapidity, and raised it to a height from which it looked with proud superiority on every other institution that papal authority had incorporated. It was thus eminently qualified for its subsequent attacks on the repose and liberties of mankind.

Ignatius enjoyed this exalted station of power and authority about fifteen years, and at length died on the 31st of July, 1556, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

After his death he was canonised by the pope, and is now revered as a saint, by the Roman Catholics, who observe the festival in commemoration of him on the anniversary of his decease. Their legends contain many ridiculous and blasphemous fables concerning him; and they foolishly believe that he in his life-time performed, and that his relics still have the power to perform, miracles.

The society of the Jesuits flourished undisturbed in many countries till different periods, but was finally abolished by Pope Clement XIV. in 1773. To the eternal disgrace, however, of the late pope, it was revived in 1816, and still exercises its infamous powers and dangerous interference in secular affairs, though to a less extent than formerly, owing to the increase of knowledge among mankind in general.

* An island in the Mediterranean sea.
† The capital of Judea, or Palestine. It was the scene of our Saviour's sufferings, and is often emphatically called *the Holy City*.
‡ The dominion of the pope.
§ Secret inquiry, and procurement of intelligence.

THE STAR AND THE LILY:

A LEGEND OF THE OJIBBEWAY INDIANS.

AN old chieftain sat in his wigwam, quietly smoking his favourite pipe, when a crowd of Indian boys and girls suddenly entered and with numerous offerings of tobacco, begged him to tell them a story. Then the old man began,—

"There was once a time when this world was filled with happy people, when all nations were as one, and the crimson tide of war had not begun to roll. Plenty of game was in the forest and on the plains. None were in want, for a supply was at hand. Sickness was unknown. The beasts of the field were tame, and they came and went at the bidding of man. One unending spring gave no place for winter—for its cold blasts or its unhealthy chills every tree and bush yielded fruit.

Flowers carpeted the earth, the air was laden with their fragrance and redolent with the songs of married warblers, that flew from branch to branch, fearing none, for there was none to harm them. There were birds then of more beautiful song and plumage than now.

It was at such a time, when earth was a paradise, and man worthily its possessor, that the Indians were the lone inhabitants of the American wilderness.

They numbered millions, and, living as Nature designed them to live, enjoyed its many blessings. Instead of amusements in close rooms, the sports of the fields were theirs. At night they met on the wide green fields. They watched the stars; they loved to gaze on them, for they believed them to be the residences of the good who had been taken home by the Great Spirit.

One night they saw one star that shone brighter than all others. Its location was far away in the south near a mountain peak. For many nights it was seen, till at length it was doubted by many that the star was as far distant in the southern skies as it seemed to be. This doubt led to an examination, which proved the star to be only a short distance, and near the tops of some trees.

A number of warriors were deputed to go and see what it was. They went, and on their return said it appeared strange and somewhat like a bird. A committee of the wise men were called to inquire into it, and, if possible, ascertain the meaning of the strange phenomenon.

They feared that it might be the omen of some disaster.—Some thought it the precursor of good, others of evil, and some supposed it to be the star spoken of by their forefathers as the forerunner of a dreadful war.

* *Canonised*—declared to be a saint. The act of declaring a deceased person to be a saint, is called *canonisation*, because the day on which the new saint's memory is to be celebrated, is accordingly noted by the pope in the Roman Catholic *canon*, or ritual for the observance of festivals.

One moon had nearly gone by, and yet the mystery remained unsolved.

One night a young warrior had a dream, in which a beautiful maiden came and stood at his side, and thus addressed him

'Young brave! charmed with the lands of thy forefathers, its flowers, its birds, its rivers, its beautiful lakes and mountains covered with green, I have left my sisters in yonder world to dwell among you. Young brave! ask your wise and great men where I can live and see the happy race continually ask them what form I shall assume in order to be loved'

Thus discoursed the bright stranger The young man awoke. On stepping out of his lodge, he saw the star yet blazing in its accustomed place.

At early dawn the chief's crier was sent round the camp to call every warrior to the council lodge. When they had met the young warrior related his dream They concluded that the star that had been seen in the south had fallen in love with mankind, and that it was desirous to dwell with them

The next night five tall, noble-looking, adventurous braves were sent to welcome the stranger to earth,

They went and presented to it a pipe of peace, filled with sweet-scented herbs, and were rejoiced to find it took it from them As they returned to the village the star with expanded wing followed and hovered over their homes all day long

Again it came to the young man in a dream, and desired to know where it should live, and what form it should take

Places were named On the top of giant trees, or in flowers At length it was told to choose itself a place, and it did so

At first it dwelt in the white rose of the mountains, but there it was so buried it could not be seen. It went to the prairie, but it feared the hoof of the buffalo. It next sought the rocky cliff, but there it was so high that the children who it loved most could not see it

'I know where I shall live,' said the bright fugitive, "where I can see the gliding canoe of the race I most admire Children, yes, they shall be my playmates, and I will kiss their brows when they slumber by the side of cool lakes The nations shall love me wherever I am.'

These words having been said, she alighted on the waters where she saw herself reflected. The next morning thousands of white flowers were seen on the surface of the lakes, and the Indians gave them this name, *Wah-be-gwan-nee* (White Lily)

Now (continued the old man) this star lived in the southern skies. Its brethren can be seen far off in the cold north, hunting the great bear, whilst her sisters watch her in the east and west

Children! when you see the lily on the waters, take it in your hands and hold it to the skies, that it may be happy on earth as its two sisters, the morning and evening stars, are happy in heaven"

WATER GAS.

CAN gas be produced from water? This question has at length been answered in the affirmative, and the question of supremacy between coal gas and water gas, has, it appears, received a practical solution in Paris. An apparatus, described some years ago a Mr. Jobard, of Brussels, has been erected by Mr Chillard in the workshops of Mr. Christofle, the well known silver-plater Gas produces flame by its combination with oxygen, this combination develops heat, and if there are in the gas particles of solid substances, it heats them so much that they give light, but if there be no such particles, the molecules of gas are so far apart, and so small, that the flame is hardly visible, like that of alcohol Coal gas is a mixture, of which the largest part is carburet of hydrogen, and in burning the hydrogen furnishes the heat which makes the carbon give light until the latter is consumed Water gas is pure hydrogen obtained by separating the two elements of water, hydrogen and oxygen, and in burning, it develops much more heat than any other substance, but gives no light. The new apparatus consists of a furnace and two retorts of cast iron, into which an iron tube is introduced, intended to let in steam, and whose extremity pierced by a number of small holes, is of platinum, in order to obviate oxydation and obstruction The retorts being heated red-hot, a layer of powdered charcoal is placed in them, and as soon as they are closed, the jet of steam follows by the opening of a faucet, the steam pipe being in communication with the boilers of the establishment. Oxygen having more affinity for heated carbon than for hydrogen, leaves the latter, and with the carbon, produces carbonic acid, which gas, mixed with hydrogen, now freed, is pushed out of the retort to the purifier through a large pipe The purifier, much like those now used for coal gas, contains dried lime, which absorbs the carboric acid, and produces carbonate of lime The hydrogen gas, thus rendered completely pure, is conducted to a gasometer, and is ready for use.

The particles here introduced in the flame form a solid body, a resisting and durable substance, consisting simply of a wick of fine platinum wire suspended over the gas-burner; when heated by the flame, it dazzles by its brilliancy. This is made on the principle of the Drummond light

The lime used in the purifier being transformed into carbonate of lime, a single calcination restores it again, so that the same may be indefinitely used, which is not the case when used for coal gas, since in that gas it absorbs not only carbonic, but sulphydric acid also The price of coal gas in Paris is ten cents a cubic *metre* (about thirty-eight cubic feet), the cost of fabrication of water gas is 2½ cents If these results have been carefully observed and proved, they will attract much attention The importance of the interest engaged in gas-making may be understood by knowing that in the city of Paris alone 100,000 tons of bituminous coal are yearly used in that manufacture, producing twenty-five millions of cubic *metres* of gas, sufficient for eighty-five thousand gas-burners Coal gas has disadvantages which water gas has not. It is unhealthy and destructive, unhealthy, because in burning it produces not only water but carbonic acid, and often contains sulphydric acid, it is destructive, because sulphydric acid turns all lead paints black, though it has not that effect on the new zinc paints, and it attacks metals It is true that the acid ought not to be in the gas always, and when it has spoiled the stock of a cutler spoiled by it in the course of a week The manufacture of water gas, however imperfect, will not leave this acid, since there is none in water or charcoal

CASSELL'S EDITION OF EUCLID.

FOR the first time in the history of literature has the work of the famous Greek Geometrician been brought within the reach of the sons of labour We have here the Elements of Geometry, as comprised in the first six and the eleventh and twelfth books of Euclid, neatly bound in a paper cover, for a shilling, or in cloth for eighteen pence Of course anything like criticism on such a work would be misplaced, but we may mention, that the text of Robert Simson the standard editor of Euclid, has been carefully revised and annotated by Professor Wallace, the editor of the *Popular Educator* The style has been much simplified and modernised, and its technicalities in great part removed Many new demonstrations of propositions have been given, in addition to those of the original [illegible] and there have also been [illegible] explanations and comments [illegible] short sentences point and many colored [illegible] Advantages are thus laid open to the teachers of Geometry in Euclid, which the readers of the most expensive editions never before possessed To enlarge on the usefulness of geometry as a science, or to advise working men to pursue it, would be mere commonplaces, but, in the words of the preface, we may conclude by saying, that Euclid is now placed within the reach of all who are desirous of making themselves acquainted with this masterpiece of reasoning, with the foundation of all the sciences, with the basis of all the arts of design and machinery, and with the origin of all the processes relating to the measurement and calculation of surfaces and solids, required both in the arts of life and the arts of production.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART—The First Volume of this splendidly embellished work, is now ready, and may be had in stiff covers, at 4s 8d handsomely bound, price 6s 6d., or extra cloth gilt edges, 7s 6d It contains upwards of Two Hundred principal Engravings and an equal number of minor Engravings, Diagrams, &c

HISTORY OF HUNGARY, WITH UPWARDS OF EIGHTY ILLUSTRATIONS—The First Volume of the New Series of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, neatly bound in cloth, price 3s 6d, contains the completest History of Hungary ever published, also a History of China and the Chinese, with Forty-six Illustrations of the Manners, Customs, Public Buildings, Domestic Scenes, &c, of this most remarkable people, together with numerous instructive Tales and Narratives, Biographies, with Portraits, Scientific and Miscellaneous Articles, &c

CASSELL'S EMIGRANTS' HANDBOOK, a Guide to the various Fields of Emigration in all Parts of the Globe, Second Edition, with considerable Additions, and a Map of Australia, with the Gold Regions clearly marked, is now ready, price 9d

THE PATHWAY, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper No 32, for August, is now ready, and Vols I and II, neatly bound in cloth and lettered, price 2s 3d. each, may be obtained by order of any Bookseller

SCRIPTURE LIBRARY FOR THE YOUNG, in Shilling Volumes—The first two volumes of this instructive series of works, "The LIFE OF JOSEPH," illustrated with sixteen choice engravings and maps, and "The TABERNACLE, its PRIESTS, and SERVICES," with twelve engravings, are now ready. "The LIFE OF MOSES" is in the press.

MISCELLANEA.

PEOPLE often wonder why men of great genius often have married very commonplace, unlearned women. It seems to me perfectly natural. No woman however accomplished in the ordinary sense can come within many degrees of a man of great talent. What difference then can it make to such a man whether he be ten miles or only nine miles and three-quarters before his partner? This is one of the miseries of genius, that it can have no companion

GOOD READING ought not to be confused with what players call "reading." The reading of players is acting, only the acting is in a plain coat and standing behind a table; but this is not what is meant by reading in the ordinary sense.

IN literature be sure you never suffer the "simple" to degenerate into the "silly."

CLEVER SCHOLARS.—"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the *dark ages* of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next—Master Smith, can't you tell what the dark ages were?" "I guess they were ages just before the invention of *spectacles*" "Go to your seats."

IT has always seemed to me to be one of the best proofs of a healthy mind when the spirits rise and are buoyant in the country and by the sea-shore, amidst the scenes of nature. The mind that feels keenly the beauties of creation and is affected by a lively joy and admiration when amongst them must, I think, be much as it was intended by its divine Creator

CREATOR.—Souls who cannot live out of the smoke of cities, the stink of the lamp, the fumes of the tavern, or the meretricious delights of what is miscalled "life" and "gaiety" are either diseased souls or degraded souls, or probably both To such people I have a decided misliking, and between them and me a "gulf is fixed" One of the best lines Cowper ever wrote is,

"God made the country, and man made the town."

I am for God's work

THE porpoise is good eating, though now not used a steak from it, broiled, eats like a beef steak, not from the finest part of the beef, but short, rich, tender, and well flavoured. Our ancestors gave high prices for this fish.

IT never could be driven into me that the fashionable greenhouse exotic plants, &c, are comparable to our native flowers and shrubs. They are splendid sometimes such as the "camelia japonica" and the different "cacti;" but they want picturesque leaf and want (the best of all) fragrance. What "cactus" or "japonica" is equal to the moss-rose? To me the fine *old Paynisk white rose*, which in good soil grows to eight feet high and bears scores of rich flowers, steeping the air in fragrance, is the queen of all flowering shrubs! In horticulture I am a "Lancastrian," determined to honour the old "Temple-garden," where they grew when "the Wars of the Roses" commenced.

THE COST OF WAR.—The cost for powder alone of a single discharge of the armament of a line of battle ship of 120 guns is upwards of £20. The cost for powder alone of the firing of a morning and evening gun exceeds £100 a year.

LIBERTY.—Brasidas, the famous Lacedemonian General, caught a mouse! it bit him, and by that means made its escape. "There is no creature exclaimed he that is so contemptible, but that it may have its liberty, if it will but contend for it?"

FRENCH NOTIONS OF JOHN BULL.—Notwithstanding the constant communication between England and France—notwithstanding the vast number of Frenchmen who have visited London, and the immense number of English always residing at Paris—the French seem to be as much convinced as ever that *milord* John Bull is utterly unlike all the rest of humanity in his way of thinking, acting, dressing, eating, and in every other respect whatsoever. There is not a week in which their newspapers do not make one of his sons the hero of some absurd adventure The other day, for example, it was gravely stated that one English *milord*, on passing a provision shop, was seen to burst into tears at the sight of a haunch of venison, he having recognised, by a peculiar mark, that it was that of a deer named Billy, which he had tenderly loved, and he immediately rushed into the shop, "with a handful of bank notes," to purchase the haunch and preserve it from the profanation of being cooked. A *feuilletoniste*, hard-up for matter, always brings forward some extravagant *excentricite*, perpetrated by a *milord* or a *milady* On the stage, our countrymen are almost invariably represented as carrying with them a huge bottle of prussic acid, that they may be able to commit suicide whenever the whim takes them At the Palais Royal there was lately in performance a piece which the Parisians consider a faithful picture of English manners A French artist, on his last legs, makes his fortune by buying at Smithfield-market the wife of his landlord, and selling her immediately after to a Peer for thirty-fold the cost price. The said Peer (he wears a red Turkish cap as a mark of his dignity) afterwards sells her back to her husband in order that he may marry the daughter of his own brother, who is a policeman!

SHAKSPEARE A PLAGIARIST.—Capel, the commentator, once quoting two lines from a speech in Henry VI, declared that "he who could not discern the pen that wrote them ought never to pretend to discernment hereafter." Unfortunately for Capel, in 1811 there was sold a play by Marlowe, from which it appeared that the whole speech of which he had quoted the opening was Marlowe's, but that it had been appropriated with slight alterations by Shakspeare. Here are the openings of the two speeches —

MARLOWE

Glo'st What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sinke *into* the ground? I *had* thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weepes for the poore King's death!
Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed,
For such as seeke the downefall of our house!
If anie sparke of life remaine in thee, (*Stabs him againe*)
Downe, downe to Hell, and saie I sent thee thither.

SHAKSPEARE.

Glo'st. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor King's death!
Oh may such purple tears be always shed
From those who wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Downe, downe to Hell, and say I sent thee thither. (*Stabs him again.*)

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

N.—It is only under very peculiar circumstances that you could obtain ordination as minister of the Church of England without regular college education. To enter either of the Universities, you must have a tolerable knowledge of the classics and of mathematics; you must reside there four years, which, with strict economy, will cost you from £70 to £100 a year. The degree of attainment required in a candidate for ordination depends much upon the character and views of the person, the bishop, or his chaplain, by whom you may be examined.

YOUNG THOMAS.—Yes, you may expect to see a good biography of your "favourite Franklin in an early number of the "Popular Educator."

MARIANNE.—Mrs. L. H. Sigourney is a native of America. She was born at Norwich, Connecticut, and is, if we mistake not, about 50 years of age. The "long poems" you inquire about, must be her "Oniska and Pocanontas," stories founded on the ancient lore of her own country.

J. P. TATE.—You should direct your inquiries to the Secretary of the East India Company, Leadenhall-street.

AN ENQUIRER.—"Bear's Grease" is usually recommended for the purpose you name—that of promoting the growth and thickness of the hair. But the fact is, first, that this, in reality, possesses no superiority over any other animal fat, and, secondly, that the mass of that which is sold for "bear's grease" is really hog's lard! The following is an approved recipe.—Hog's lard 16 ounces, flowers of benzoin and palm-oil, of each 4 ounces; melt together until combined, and stir until cold. This will keep for some time and may be scented at pleasure.

TURO.—The *Aborigines* were the original inhabitants of Italy, said to have been polished by Saturn, and [illegible] by him from Egypt and placed in Italy. The word is now used to describe the first inhabitants of any country.

MARY.—The sentence you have sent us—*Aiutato, e Dio l' aiutera*—is an Italian proverb and may be translated thus:—"Help yourself, and God will help you."

A COTTAGER.—The Papers on "Cottage Economy" appeared in the fifth volume of the "Working Man's Friend." They relate to the modes of rearing bees, poultry, rabbits, chickens, and the preservation of eggs.

ELIZABETH.—Descriptions of Niagara abound, you will find a beautiful and original one, written expressly for the "Working Man's Friend," by an eye-witness, in No. 53 of the First Series, or Volume 5, page 11.—Your friend will not be able to obtain any assistance from Government, it assists none but practical agriculturists and farmers

T. T. T.—We cannot recommend you to apply to the office you mention. The majority of those advertisers who promise to obtain situations for persons sending them certain sums of money, are mere adventurers, who have no power to fulfil their promises. Instances of heartless robberies of this kind are occurring every day

A WORKING CARPENTER.—There are various modes of protecting timber from the *dry-rot*, but they are not very easy of application by an individual, as expensive apparatus is required. The most successful modes have been those on the principle of impregnating the timber, or filling the pores, with some antiseptic substance—as creasote, pyrolignite of iron, &c. The process called *Payniszing*, from the name of the inventor, has recently been much used. This process consists in filling the pores of the wood with a solution of chloride of lime, and next forcing in a solution of sulphate of iron, by which an insoluble sulphate of iron is formed in the body of the wood, rendering the latter extremely hard.

W. F. H.—The office of the "Truss Society" is in Hatton-garden, Holborn. Address your letter to the secretary at that place.

CHARLES.—"*Pompey's Pillar*" was a column erected on the shore of Alexandria, to commemorate certain splendid victories obtained by "Pompey the Great," or "Cneius Pompeius Magnus," a celebrated Roman statesman and warrior, the contemporary and rival of Julius Cæsar.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.—III.

AN EPITOME OF RUSSIAN HISTORY.

THE ruling passion of Peter the Great was a desire to extend his empire and consolidate his power; and accordingly his first act was to make war on the Turks, an undertaking which was at the outset imprudently conducted and, consequently, unsuccessful; he lost 30,000 men before Azoff, and did not obtain permanent possession of the town till the year 1699, and then by an armistice. In the following year he was defeated at Narva by an inferior force under Charles XII., and, having led them into a very disadvantageous position near the Pruth, he was reduced to propose a peace, one of the conditions of which was that the king of Sweden should be permitted to return to his own country. From this period to 1718 he was constantly occupied in pursuing with vigour the plans which he had originated for extending the frontiers of his kingdom towards the west, and in 1718 he drove the



A WINTER SCENE IN RUSSIA.

then only a boy of seventeen; and on many other occasions the Russians suffered severe checks and reverses. But at length the indomitable perseverance of Peter prevailed. In 1705 he carried Narva, the scene of his former defeat, by assault; and two years after, by the crowning victory of Pultava, where he showed the qualities of an able general, he sealed the fate of his gallant and eccentric adversary and the

Swedes out of Finland, made several descents upon the coast near Stockholm, destroyed whole towns, obliged her navy to fly, and, finally, in 1721, by the peace of Nystadt, retained Esthonia, Livonia, Ingria, a part of Carelia and Finland, as well as the islands of Dago, Moen, Oesel, &c. Having now no enemy on this side, he turned his arms eastward, and took Derbend, on the Caspian, in 1724—an inglorious conquest, for

sides Cossacks and Kalmucks. This was his last military achievement, for he died in 1725 in the fifty-second year of his age.

We have said the Tzar's ruling passion was to extend his empire and consolidate his power, but he likewise possessed in an eminent degree the national characteristics—a persevering mind and a resolute will, which bid defiance to all difficulties. By the assistance of his foreign officers he succeeded in forming and bringing into a high state of discipline a large army; he found Russia without a fishing-smack, and bequeathed to her a navy to which that of Sweden, long established and highly efficient, lowered her flag; he built Petersburg, which may be said to float upon the waters of the Neva; he caused canals and other works of public utility to be constructed in various parts of his empire, endowed colleges and universities, and established commercial relations with China and almost every other nation on the globe. The Tzar likewise possessed the capability of enduring privation and bodily fatigue to an almost incredible extent, and seemed to act upon the idea that by his own personal exertions and the versatility of his genius he could accomplish for Russia that which it had taken centuries to effect in other countries, and fancied he could infuse into her citizens an immediate appreciation of the mechanical and polite arts, as well as a taste for those things which are seen only in an advanced state of civilisation. Peter devoted his whole attention and energies to this theory, and, though he could not compass impossibilities, he was enabled, by the uncontrolled exercise of the imperial will and inexhaustible resources, to effect a most extraordinary and rapid change in the political and physical condition of his country

His manual dexterity and mechanical knowledge were great Against the express wish of his boyards and the clergy, who thought it an irreligious act, he left Russia to make himself acquainted with the arts and inventions of other European nations, and worked with an adze in their principal dockyards —he not only built, but sailed his own boat, which is still to be seen in St. Petersburg, as are specimens of his engraving, turning, and carpenter's work. He rose at four, at six he was either in the senate or the admiralty, and his subjects must have believed that he had the gift of ubiquity, so many and various were his occupations. He had also the virtue of economy, a quality rarely seen in a sovereign. He even found time to dabble in literature, and translated several works into Russian; among these was the "Architecture" of Leclerc, and the "Art of Constructing Dams and Mills" by Sturm; these MSS. are preserved. During the Tzar's visit to London he was much gazed at by the populace, and on one occasion was upset by a porter who pushed against him with his load, when lord Carmarthen, fearing there would be a pugilistic encounter, turned angrily to the man, and said, "Don't you know that this is the Tzar?" "Tzar!" replied the man, with his tongue in his cheek, "we are all Tzars here" Sauntering one day into Westminster Hall with the same nobleman, when it was as usual alive with wigs and gowns, Peter asked who these people might be, and, when informed that they were lawyers, nothing could exceed his astonishment. "Lawyers!" he said, "why I have but two in all my dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home." His vices were such as to have been expected in a man of his violent temperament, despotic in a barbarous country, and who in early life had been surrounded by flatterers and dissolute associates. But it would be foreign to the purpose of this work to enter into a discussion of this nature. The Russians date their civilisation from his reign; but a slight glance at the history of some of the early Tzars will show that, in many of the points on which the greatness of his reputation rests, he was anticipated by his predecessors. Dark and savage as the history of the country is, an attempt at public education had been made, religious toleration and an anxiety to promote commerce existed, and the institution of a code of laws had already occupied their attention. The untimely deaths of some of these princes deprived Russia of monarchs far more benevolent than Peter, men of finer and more generous minds, and, though not so ambitious, quite as anxious for her welfare. Under their sway no such rush at improvement would have been made; no such influx of foreigners would have taken place; but, if not so rapidly, at least as surely these sovereigns would have effected quite as much real good. Peter left no code of laws established on the broad principles of justice; he travelled in England and Holland, but thought, only of their navies, and wholly overlooked the great principles of their government, by which he might have ameliorated the condition of his own. Trial by jury never appears to have attracted his attention. The Tzar, it is true, reigned over a nation of serfs—so did Alfred, and in the 9th instead of the 18th century. The empress Catherine survived him only two years, dying at the age of thirty-nine. The reduction of the capitation tax was the most popular act of her short reign, and Delille, Baer, and the Bernouillis were the most distinguished members of the Academy of Sciences she established. Peter, the son of Alexis, and grandson of Peter the Great (by his first wife Eudoxia, who survived Catherine), died of the small-pox at the age of fifteen; in him the male line of the Romanoffs became extinct. His intellect was good, and, though so young, he gave great promise of being an honour and a blessing to his country. Anne, duchess of Courland, who followed this youthful sovereign, was daughter of Ivan, half-brother of Peter the Great; she died in 1740, after reigning ten years. Her chief merit was in advancing the commerce of the country and establishing silk and woollen manufactories —her chief folly, the building a palace of ice, to which she sent a prince Galitzin, one of her buffoons, and his wife, to pass the night of their wedding-day, the nuptial couch was also constructed of this cold material, as well as all the furniture, and four cannons which fired several rounds. A war which was prosecuted against the Turks in this reign, ended to the disadvantage of Russia, and, as the price of peace, Azoff, Otchakof, and Moldavia were given up to the Porte. Intrigues drove Ivan VI, the infant son of the princess of Brunswick, neice of the empress Anne, from the throne, and in 1741, Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, took possession of it.

Her reign was one series of wars and intrigues, and wholly unfavourable to the intellectual improvement and progress of [illegible] The Swedes thought this a favourable moment to [illegible] possessions, but were obliged to [illegible] peace on the basis of that of Nystad. Detesting Frederic [illegible] coarse remark levelled at her mother, Elizabeth made war with Prussia, which lasted from 1753 to 1762, the year of her death. The taste of this empress for architecture greatly contributed to embellish St. Petersburg, and the Academy of Painting and Sculpture in that capital was instituted by her; but she was a model of hypocrisy, and, while from feelings of pretended humanity she abolished capital punishments and deplored the miseries her troops suffered in the war with Prussia, she established a kind of star chamber in which justice and mercy were unknown. Peter III., son of the princess Anne, eldest daughter of Peter the Great, succeeded Elizabeth, and, being a great friend of Frederic, he immediately made peace with Prussia; he also suppressed the secret council established for the examination of political offenders, softened the rigour of military discipline, permitted his nobles to travel, lowered the duties in the Livonian ports, reduced the price of salt, and abated the pressure of usury by the establishment of a loan bank, and instituted other salutary and wise measures. He was, however, of a weak and vacillating disposition, and his tastes were entirely German, which amounted to a crime in the eyes of the nobility; this, and the intrigues of his wife, afterwards the empress Catherine II., whom he grossly neglected, led to his downfall, and he terminated his days in the prison of Ropscha in 1762.

The reign of this extraordinary woman is one of the most remarkable in the Russian history. In the early part of it she interfered in the affairs of Poland, which produced a civil war, and ended in the conquest of that country. In 1769 the Turks declared war, which was at first favourable to their arms; they were afterwards defeated with great slaughter on the Dniester, and abandoned Choczim. At this period was fought the celebrated action before Tchesme, in which the Turkish fleet was completely destroyed; an achievement that was mainly owing to the gallant conduct of admirals Elphinstone and Greig, and Lieutenant Dugdale, Englishmen in the Russian service. In another campaign the Russians carried the lines of Perecop, defended by 57,000 Turks and Tartars, and thus obtained possession of the Crimea and Romanzoff gained several victories in the Danubian provinces. These conquests were, however, dearly purchased; the plague

passed from the Turks into the Russian armies, and the frightful malady was carried by the troops into the very heart of the country; 800 persons died daily at Moscow, and the disease subsided only with the severity of the winter. It was in this year that the Kalmuck Tartars, who had been upwards of half a century settled near the steppes of the Volga, north of Astrakan, suddenly, and to the number of 350,000 souls, left the Russian territory for their old haunts on the Chinese border—an affront offered to them by the empress is said to have been the cause of this extraordinay flight. Every attempt at negotiation having failed, the contest with the Turks was renewed in 1773, and though the Russians again suffered severe losses, Romanzoff brought the war to a successful termination, and, by the treaty of peace concluded in 1774, his country obtained the free navigation of the Euxine, the cession of Kilburn, Yenikalé, with a tract between the Bug, the Dnieper, and the Taganrog. Russia restored her other conquests, and the Turks paid into the Russian Treasury 4,000,000 of rubles towards the expenses of the war; also, they asknowledged the independence of the Crimea, which in the year 1784 fell altogether into the hands of Russia, as well as the Island of Taman and part of the Kuban. Shortly after this, Catherine and the northern courts, with France, jealous of the British maritime power, brought about a combination against England, which was hastened by the following singular incident.—The British minister, fearing that this intrigue was going on, desired Potemkin to lay before the empress a memorial that he had drawn up, which the prince promised to do. Of this memorial the French governess of his nieces contrived to possess herself, and, after allowing the French minister to make his notes in refutation of it in the margin, replaced it in Potemkin's pocket, who, ignorant of the circumstance, laid it before Catherine; when the empress, conceiving the notes to have been made by her favourite, formed a league with Sweden and Denmark, and announced her intention of supporting it with her navy. In 1787 she made, in company with Potemkin and an immense suite, her famous progress to the Crimea, and the following year found her once more at war with the Turks, soon after, Finland was invaded by Gustavus III. This contest was settled by pacification in 1790. In the close of that year Constantinople trembled at the forward movement of the Russians, and the fall of Ismail under Suwaroff, after the ninth assault, closed the war on the 22nd of December. In this extremity Europe combined to save the Porte from destruction, and in 1791 Russia relinquished all the territory she had acquired, excepting that guaranteed by the treaty of 1784. In these wars with the Ottoman Empire there were destroyed 130,000 Austrians, 200,000 Russians, and 370,000 Turks, in all 660,000 men. About this time the intrigues of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, for the partition of Poland, commenced, and, carried on for several years, were brought to a conclusion by two sieges of Warsaw in the first, Kosciusko was made prisoner, and in the second the Poles, unassisted by his genius, gave way in that fearful assault which, on the 9th of November, 1794, consummated the ruin of Poland as a nation. Catherine's subsequent plans of aggrandizement in Daghestan and the shores of the Caspian were cut short by her death, on the 9th of November, 1796. The great talents for governing which the empress possessed are universally admitted; and, though her energies were principally displayed in carrying out her schemes of foreign conquest, she by no means neglected the interior economy of her empire. Her views on all subjects were far more enlarged than those of her predecessors, and upwards of 6,800 children were educated at St. Petersburg at the public expense. Catherine invited Pallas, Euler, and Gmelin to survey her territories and describe their characteristics, and requested D'Alembert to undertake the education of her grandson, the grand duke Alexander, which he declined. The empress also confirmed the abolition of the secret state inquisition, and, by dividing the college of the empire into separate departments, facilitated the despatch of business, and rendered the administration in each more efficient. With a view to check corruption, she raised the salaries of the government officers, put down many monopolies of the crown, and issued an ukase, which prevented any proprietor from sending his serfs to the mines, or any distant part of the empire, except for agricultural purposes. Catherine purchased the praises of the French philosophers, corresponded with Voltaire and D'Alembert, and complimented Fox by asking him for his bust, which she placed between those of Cicero and Demosthenes.

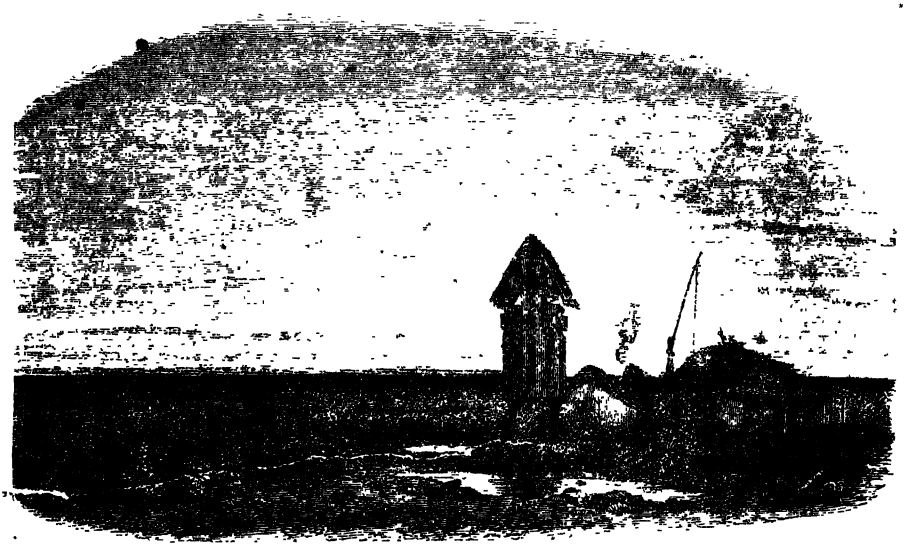
Catherine, possessed of great beauty in her youth, preserved the traces of it to the end of her life, in matters of religion she was tolerant from political motives, extravagant in an extraordinary degree, and, with a woman's liberality, paid well those who served her; and, though there are many acts in her reign which cannot be defended, she did more for the civilisation of Russia than any of her predecessors. She was succeeded by her son Paul, whose short reign, to 1801, was not of any great historical importance. At his coronation he decreed a law of hereditary succession to the crown in the male line, and afterwards in the female, instead of leaving it to the caprice of the reigning Tzar The emperor declared war against the French in 1799, sent an army into Italy to oppose the republican generals, and through the intervention of England, Suwaroff, who had been banished from the capital by Paul, was recalled, and placed at the head of it. But the campaign in Italy, successful at first, ended unfavourably to the Russian arms—when the emperor suddenly became a great admirer of Bonaparte, and, with the same inconsistency that he exiled Suwaroff, he liberated Kosciusko, subsequently the eccentricity of his actions led to the conclusion that he was of unsound mind. Amongst his ukases was one against the use of shoe-strings and round hats, and in the number of queer whims which infected his brain was a rage for painting with the most glaring colours the watch-boxes, bridges, and gates throughout the empire. The career of Paul was closed in March, 1801, at the castle in St. Petersburg, where he then resided—it is now used as a School for Engineers

Alexander, the eldest son of the late emperor, succeeded to the throne, being then twenty-four years of age. In the same year he recalled the Siberian exiles, suppressed the secret inquisition, re-established the power of the senate, founded in 1804 the University of Kharkoff, and emancipated the Jews In 1805 the emperor joined the Northern Powers against France, and on the 2nd of December the Austro-Russian army was defeated at Austerlitz. In 1806, Mr. Fox having failed in negotiating a peace between France and Russia, Napoleon overran Prussia, and, Benningsen having evacuated Warsaw, Murat entered that city on the 28th of November On the 26th of December the French were beaten at Pultowsk, and in February, 1807, the severely contested battle of Eylau was fought, each side having three times lost and won; the deciding move being made by Benningsen, who took Konigsberg by assault. On the 28th May, Dantzig capitulated to the French, and on the 14th of June they won the battle of Friedland, ten days after, Napoleon and Alexander met on a raft moored in the middle of the Niemen, and concluded an armistice, which was a prelude to the treaty of Tilsit, concluded on the 27th of July of the same year. Alexander by this act became the ally of France, which enabled the French to carry on their aggressive policy in Spain. But the injury inflicted on Russian commerce by Napoleon's continental system against England, and his interference with Alexander's conquest in Finland in 1809, roused that sovereign to a sense of his true interests. He broke with France, and the invasion of Russia by the French was the consequence. To prepare for and carry on his defence against this, the emperor made peace with the Porte, and re-established his alliance with Great Britain. The operations which took place during this memorable struggle are so well known, that they will only be briefly adverted to here.

On the 23rd of June, 1812, the French crossed the Niemen and pushed on to Wilna, the Russians carefully retreating, and leaving Napoleon to pass that river on the 28th, and enter the town unopposed. Here the French emperor remained eighteen days, and then, after considerable manœuvring, marched on Vitepsk, where he fully expected to bring the Russians, under Barclay de Tolly, to action. The Russian general, however, declined; and Napoleon, instead of following the advice of his marshals, and wintering on the Dwina, crossed the Dnieper and marched on Smolensk. On the 16th of August he was once more in front of the Russian grand army near that town, but the wary and intelligent De Tolly

had occupied it only to cover the flight of its inhabitants, and carry off or destroy its magazines; and on the following morning Napoleon, to his great mortification, learnt that the enemy, in pursuance of his Fabian tactics, was again off. Smolensk was now taken by assault, the last inhabitants that remained having set fire to it before they left. Up to this time the Russian commander-in-chief had been able to adhere to his plan of drawing the French into the country without risking a general engagement until a favourable opportunity should occur—tactics which were not liked by his army, and Alexander, yielding to the clamour, appointed Kutusoff to the command. The battle of Borodino, sometimes called that of Moskowa, fought on the borders of the government of that name, on the 1st of September, was the result of this change of leaders. The combatants amounted on either side to about 120,000, and the killed and wounded in both to about 80,000. On the 12th Bonaparte again moved forward, his troops by this time nearly famished, and heartily tired of the war, for the day of Borodino had given them a clear idea that the enemy would yield only after a desperate struggle. On

which had at first given but little cause for alarm, could not be restrained—fanned by the wind, it spread rapidly, and consumed the best portion of the city. "The churches," says Labaume, "though covered with iron and lead were destroyed and with them those graceful steeples which we had seen the night before resplendent in the setting sun; the hospitals, too which contained more than 20,000 wounded, soon began to burn—a harrowing and dreadful spectacle—and almost all these poor wretches perished! A few who still survived were seen crawling, half-burnt, amongst the smoking ruins, while others were groaning under heaps of dead bodies, endeavouring in vain to extricate themselves. The confusion and tumult which ensued when the work of pillage commenced cannot be conceived. Soldiers, sutlers, galley-slaves, and prostitutes, were seen running through the streets, penetrating into the deserted palaces, and carrying away everything that could gratify their avarice. Some clothed themselves in rich stuffs, silks, and costly furs; others dressed themselves in women's pelisses, and even the galley-slaves concealed their rags under the most splendid court dresses; the rest crowded



VIEW OF THE STEPPES OF RUSSIA.

Sunday, the 13th, the Russian army marched out of the old capital with silent drums and colours furled, by the Kolomna Gate, and left the city to its fate. In the afternoon of Monday the advanced guard of the French army caught the first view of her golden minarets, and starry domes, and the Kremlin burst upon their sight. "All this is yours," cried Napoleon, when he first gazed upon the goal of his ambition, and a shout of "Moscow! Moscow!" was taken up by the foremost ranks, and carried to the rear of his army. In Moscow they bivouacked the same evening. Ere the night had closed in, their selfish marauding leader arrived at the Smolensko Gate, and then learnt to his astonishment that 300,000 inhabitants had fled, and that the only Russians who remained in the city were the convicts who had been liberated from the gaols, a few of the rabble, and those who were unable to leave it. On Tuesday, the 15th of September, the mortified victor entered Moscow, and took up his residence in the Kremlin; but here his stay was destined to be short indeed, or on the morning of the 16th it was discovered that a fire,

to the cellars, and forcing open the doors, drank the wine and carried off an immense booty. This horrible pillage was not confined to the deserted houses alone, but extended to the few which were inhabited, and soon the eagerness and wantonness of the plunderers caused devastations which almost equalled those occasioned by the conflagration. "Palaces and temples," writes Karamsin, "monuments of art and miracles of luxury, the remains of past ages and those which had been the creation of yesterday, the tombs of ancestors and the nursery cradles of the present generation were indiscriminately destroyed, nothing was left to Moscow save the remembrance of the city, and the deep resolution to avenge its fate." And how the cause of all these horrors conducted himself let his own countryman tell.

"Towards evening," writes Labaume, "when Napoleon no longer thought himself safe in a city the ruin of which seemed inevitable, he left the Kremlin, and established himself, with his suite, in the Castle of Peterskoi When I saw him pass by, I could not, without abhorrence, behold the chief of this

barbarous expedition, who evidently endeavoured to escape the decided testimony of public indignation by seeking the darkest road; he sought it, however, in vain; on every side the flames seemed to pursue him, and their horrible glare, flashing on his guilty head, reminded me of the torches of the Eumenides pursuing their victims." On the 20th Napoleon returned to the Kremlin, and soon tried to negotiate with Kutusoff, who replied that no treaty could be entered into so long as a foreigner remained within the frontier. The emperor then requested that he would forward a letter to Alexander. "I will do that," said the Russian general, "provided the word *peace* is not in the letter." To a third proposition Kutusoff replied that it was not the time to treat or enter into an armistice, as the Russians were just about to open the campaign. At length, on the 19th of October, after a stay of thirty four days, Napoleon left Moscow with his army, consisting of 120,000 men, and 550 pieces of cannon, a vast amount of plunder, and a countless host of camp followers, And now the picture of the advance was to be reversed. Murat was defeated at Malo-Yarowslavitz on the 24th, and an unsuccessful stand was made at Viasma on the 3rd of November. On the 6th, a winter peculiarly early and severe, even for Russia, set in—the thermometer sank 18°—the wind blew furiously—and the soldiers, vainly struggling with the eddying snow, which drove against them with the violence of a whirlwind, could no longer distinguish their road, and, falling into the ditches by the side, there found a grave Others crawled on badly clothed, with nothing to eat or drink, frost-bitten, and groaning with pain. What scenes did not the retreat then present!—discipline was gone—the soldier no longer obeyed his officer, disbanded, they spread themselves right and left in search of food, and, as the horses fell, fought for their mangled carcasses, and devoured them raw like dogs—many remained by the dying embers of the bivouac fire, and as these expired, an insensibility crept over them which soon became the sleep of death—thus thousands perished On the 9th of November Napoleon reached Smolensk, and remained till the 15th, when he set out for Krasnoe. From this time to the 26th and 27th, when the French crossed the Beresina, all was utter and hopeless confusion; and in the passage of that river the wretched remnant of their once-powerful army were nearly annihilated—the exact extent of their loss was never known, but a Russian account states that 36,000 bodies were found in the river alone, and burnt after the thaw. On the 5th of December Napoleon deserted the survivors On the 10th he reached Warsaw, and, on the night of the 18th, his capital and the Tuileries, by the back-door The army that had too well and enthusiastically served him was disposed of as follows:—

Slain in fight	125,000
Died from fatigue, hunger, and the severity of the climate	132,000
Prisoners	193,000
	450,000

The remains of the grand army which escaped the general wreck (independent of the two auxiliary armies of Austria and Prussia, which knew little of the horrors of the retreat) was about 40,000 men, of whom it is said scarcely 10,000 were Frenchmen. Thus ended the greatest military catastrophe that ever befel an army in either ancient or modern times, and which, though on a much smaller scale, was, alas! realised to Englishmen in the gorges and ravines of the Khoord Cabul. To return to Napoleon. Europe was now exasperated, and combined against him; and though in the following spring he gained the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, and on the 27th of August that of Dresden, the wings of his eagles were pinioned on the 18th of October of the same year on the field of Leipsic. On the Rhine the Allies offered him peace and the empire of France, which he was fool enough to refuse, and on the 31st of March, 1814, Alexander had the satisfaction of marching into Paris at the head of his troops. After the general peace in 1815 the emperor devoted himself to the internal improvement of his country, making many judicious alterations in the government, in which he evinced much liberality of feeling. He had good abilities, but not brilliant talent, and his greatness of mind was not fully developed till the invasion of his country by the French; this aroused all his energies, and exhibited him to the world conducting himself with consummate discretion and unflinching steadiness of purpose in that alarming crisis. His disposition was kind and generous, his manners mild and amiable, and his moderation prevented him from ever abusing his unlimited power. Under the influence of his mother, and the empress, the levity and extravagance of the court were materially repressed. Alexander, attended to the last by his wife, died of erysipelas, in a small and humble dwelling near Taganrog, when on a tour of inspection through the southern provinces of his empire. He left a noble example, not only to his country, but to his class, when the news of his death spread over his vast dominions, he was universally deplored, and the murmur of regret in other countries responded to the grief of Russia. He was succeeded by Nicholas I, the present emperor, on the 25th of December, 1825, Constantine, his elder brother, having resigned the crown in his favour.

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

To a commercial nation, the progress of her manufactures must always be of paramount interest, its direct tendency is to increase the polish of society, improve its union, advance liberal opinions, and add stability to the social compact; because it enables her to exchange workmanship against raw material, as well as for the food and luxuries of other countries, and by thus extending the range of her operations, to become less dependant. This causes an influx of wealth and growing comforts, which spread themselves advantageously throughout the whole community. That man, therefore, be whom he may, who devotes his genius and his ingenuity to discover modes by which they may be rendered more perfect, not only deserves to be well rewarded, but is also entitled to the lasting gratitude of his fellow-citizens, who are by this means essentially benefited; public honours would be most deservedly bestowed upon such individuals, both the monarch and the nation would derive dignity from disposing of them so meritoriously.

A century back, to supply the demand, immense quantities of muslin, calico, and long cloths were annually brought home by the East India Company. Our cotton manufactures were then comparatively of but trifling amount. The magnitude to which they have since swelled, their still increasing value as articles of trade, with their consequence in the employment of labour, has given them an importance in commercial transactions almost unknown to any other branch, while the enormous fortunes which have resulted from their activity has completely astounded the mercantile world.

Time was when those beautiful thin dresses worn by our still more beautiful women, could not have found purchasers unless imported from Asia; these have at length yielded to the improved fabric of Scotland, and have ceased to be in request, an English belle no longer feels ashamed to appear in a costume fashioned in home-made muslin. The superior tact of our workmen, especially in the finer qualities, has given to British cotton goods a decided preference in the European markets, America, North and South, take off large cargoes; our own colonies are by no means unimportant customers; even India itself now consents to receive and to use the products of our industry and ingenuity.

When we call to mind that this flourishing state of things has resulted from the indefatigable industry and perseverance of an almost uneducated man, it would be to clothe ourselves with the besetting sin of ingratitude, not to class him among those eminent characters whose transcendent talents have adorned our island; who rank not merely as the benefactors of their own country, but of the world at large.

Richard Arkwright, so famous for his inventions, was born at Preston, in Lancashire, in 1732. His parents were in humble circumstances, with a family of thirteen children, of which he was the youngest. His education was but indifferent. He was bred up a barber, and in 1760 established himself at Bolton-le-Moor; while there he acquired a little property by the discovery of a chemical process for dyeing hair, and travelling as a hair merchant, in pursuing which it is supposed he became intimate with the cotton manufactory;

little, however, is now known of what caused him to turn his mind to those inventions which raised him to distinction, and immortalised his name.

The people in Lancashire were not always in good humour with the introduction of machinery among them; riots ensued in consequence, and Hargraves, the inventor of the spinning-jenny in 1767, was obliged to quit the county. This machine afforded means to spin twenty or thirty threads at one and the same time, with no more labour than had previously been required in drawing a single thread; this, however, could only be used as weft, not possessing sufficient strength and hardness for the longitudinal threads or warp It was this deficiency which Arkwright supplied by his invention of the spinning-frame; by this, a vast number of threads of any degree of fineness and sufficient hardness could be spun, requiring no other attendance than to join them when they broke, and to feed the machine with cotton. by the adaptation of the spindle and fly of the common flax wheel to this machinery, a twist is given to the thread, which fits it for the designed purpose, and which could not be effected by Hargraves's jenny. Spinning by cylinders was an original idea, and it would be difficult to say which is most worthy of admiration, the genius which led to so important a discovery, or the consummate skill and address by which it was so speedily perfected and brought into practice. Arkwright's own version of it was, that he derived the first hint from seeing a red-hot iron bar lengthened by being made to pass between rollers, the time at which this occurred is not accurately known, but is supposed to be at the period when Hargraves was engaged in contriving the jenny. Arkwright was not himself a practical mechanic; he, therefore, applied to a watchmaker living at Warrington, by name John Kay, for assistance in preparing parts of his machine, in which he was also aided by a Mr Atherton, of Liverpool. To avoid the turbulence which had obliged Hargraves to leave Lancashire, he removed to Nottingham, carrying with him his partner, Mr. Smalley, of Preston, and Kay, the watchmaker. Want of capital, however, retarded their progress, and they made but little way. In this situation it was his good fortune to attract the notice of Mr. Strutt, of Derby, who was largely engaged with Mr. Need in the stocking manufacture, and was a gentleman of considerable mechanical skill; he no sooner examined Arkwright's machines than he felt convinced of their extraordinary skill and utility. In consequence of this, a partnership was immediately projected, and a firm established, consisting of Arkwright, Strutt, and his partner Need. The means thus furnished, Arkwright lost no time, took out a patent for spinning by cylinders in 1769, and erected his first mill at Nottingham, which was driven by horses; horse-power, however, was found much too expensive; he therefore built a second factory in 1771 at Cromford in Derbyshire, the machinery of which was set in motion by a water-wheel. Having made several additional discoveries and improvements in the processes of carding, roving, and spinning, he applied for, and obtained, a fresh patent for the whole in 1775, and thus completed a series of machinery so various and complicated, yet so admirably combined, and so well adapted to produce the intended effect, in its most perfect form, that it excited the astonishment, and called forth the plaudits, not only of men of science, but of every one capable of appreciating the ingenuity displayed, and the difficulties overcome. When the importance of these machines became generally known, it induced many to enter the field as competitors, to trespass on his rights by building machines upon his own plan and working them, while some even disputed his claim to the merit of the invention. Thus circumstanced, he commenced an action, in July, 1781, in the Court of King's Bench, against Colonel Mordant, for invading his patent; the defence to which was, that Arkwright had not fully communicated his inventions in the specifications lodged in the patent office as required by law, that, therefore, the patent was invalid; Arkwright admitted that such was partly the fact, but added that the obscurity charged against the specifications had been intended only to prevent foreigners from pirating his inventions; the verdict of the jury, however, went against him, notwithstanding the eloquent exertions of his counsel. A second action, nearly four years after, in 1785, met with a different fate; a decision was obtained in his favour, because he brought a number of talented artists to prove that they could construct machines from his specifications. In consequence of this, an acknowledgment of so much per spindle was demanded from all those who had erected machines for cotton spinning upon his plan; this caused great alarm among the manufacturers, who had by this time embarked extensive capitals, and incurred heavy expenses in erecting machinery. Therefore, to set the question finally at rest, a process was instituted the same year against Arkwright in the Court of King's Bench, in which the whole question, not only on the point of the unintelligibility of the specifications, but on the less technical, but more important ground of his not being himself the inventor of the machines for which he had obtained a patent. After a long and ably conducted trial, a verdict was given against him, and in November, 1785, the patent was cancelled. In despite of all this, neither his most intimate friends, nor those who were best acquainted with his character, ever entertained a doubt with respect to the originality of his invention. Some of them, indeed, could speak to the business from their own personal knowledge, and their testimony was uniform and consistent. This would appear now to be the prevailing opinion among the Manchester manufacturers. He continued his concern with such success, that he was generally supposed to have accumulated half a million of money. The year after, in 1786, he served the distinguished office of high-sheriff for Derbyshire, and was during that time made one of those who have been termed Peg Nicholson's knights. In his capacity of sheriff, he was deputed to present a congratulatory address, from the Wapentake of Wirksworth to George III, on his escape from the attempt made on his life by a maniac named Margaret Nicholson, on which occasion he received the honour of knighthood.

Sir Richard twice entered the temple of Hymen; by his first wife he had a son, the present Richard Arkwright, Esq., of Willersley Castle, near Cromford. His second lady presented him with a daughter, who married Mr. Charles Hurst, of Wirksworth, Derbyshire. His grandchildren are numerous.

He is said to have displayed great personal prowess in his youth at the riots which generally occurred at Preston during the elections, but his health was never good; during the whole of his splendid and ever-memorable career of invention and discovery, he was suffering under a severe and incurable asthmatic affection. At length a complication of disorders terminated a life of great utility. He died at his cotton-works, Cromford, in 1792, in the sixtieth year of his age, universally beloved and respected.

FALSE CONCLUSIONS.

Nothing is sooner arrived at—nothing takes so long to disabuse the mind of—nothing is so common, as a false conclusion; and having once made it, how tenacious we are of its safe keeping, and how offended we are, if any bold people, glorying in their strong-mindedness, dare to hint that what we esteem to be truth is nothing but a flam! What prejudice was ever nursed by the philosophers with half the fondness they exhibited for the false conclusion that the world was a flat plane instead of a sphere? We laugh at these errors now, and esteem ourselves wise in our superior knowledge and freedom of childish notions—and yet we every day, every one of us, give ourselves up, unhesitatingly and unquestionably, to a belief in any species of falsehood that assumes the garb of truth; and this, not because we are deficient in discernment or good sense, but because there is in all of us a natural love of the mysterious and the romantic.

The prevalence of false conclusions is to be attributed to nothing but idleness and love of mental ease; and we accept a dogma without examination, just as a near-sighted traveller might an umbrella at an inn; never discovering its poverty and "looped and windowed wretchedness" till we come to bring it into use. No man, says Hooker, ever attained belief from the mere contemplation of the heavens and earth, for they are insufficient to give us the least spark of light concerning the mysteries of our faith; and so no man can be said to be mentally honest and independent who takes the coin of other men's experiences in the place of his own studied and painfully-arrived-at conclusions.

There is an old story—almost too old to bear repeating—but, like many other old things, it is improved by years rather than otherwise—about two knights meeting in a field where there was a tablet, or scutcheon, or something of that sort, set up in the midst. One maintained that the shield was white, while the other as stoutly argued that it was black. Words ran high—and, as is common in these cases, from words of course they came to blows; and then, when they had sufficiently abused and injured each other, they discovered, to their mutual regret, that they were both right and both wrong—for the tablet had two sides, and neither had taken the trouble to examine his neighbour's. Now, from this old story—we have read it, no doubt, every one of us, when we were children—there is a deep and important moral to be drawn; as there is, indeed, from almost every old tale that is told, and it is this—whenever we would discover the truth of a question, no matter whether it be great or small, we must be sure to remember to *look on both sides!*

Half the wars that have desolated the earth—half the misunderstandings that have arisen in families—half the popular errors we are prone to cherish, and the weaknesses that we nurse like schoolgirls do their dolls, have arisen in the first place, probably, from some mistaken authority, who should have known better, and were, likely enough, paid for knowing better, arriving at False Conclusions.

Seeing, therefore,—for it is as well to put the matter in regular argumentative shape—that much mischief has arisen, and constantly arises, from the indulgence of that species of mental idleness which is content to take all it hears for granted without inquiring into its truth or falsehood, it will be well in future, if he who would possess a mind of his own—not a dictatorial, positive, disagreeable, contradictory sort of way, but a firm and independent manliness—to study well before he gives entire assent to a seeming fact, and, at the same time, never to take that for falsehood which may by possibility be sterling truth.

C. F. P.

THE CELT AND THE SAXON.

(To the Editor of the "Working Man's Friend")

WOULD you allow me, a Scotch Celt, to correct an impression, likely to be formed in the minds of our Saxon friends across the Tweed, by perusing an extract in No. II, p. 235, of your excellent WORKING MAN'S FRIEND from a lecture of Mr Mackintosh at the Birmingham Polytechnic Institution, as follows above

In that paragraph, at p. 236, commencing thus—"In speaking of the religion of the Celts, &c.," he asserts that the Roman Catholic Religion is that of the Highlands of Scotland, from conclusions of his own he assures us that the Celtic mind is fitted for none other, while he allows the Welsh to be Calvinists, if he has ascertained what the religion of the Saxons is, he is silent on that point, or we may judge for ourselves.

The fact of the matter is, the thought of papacy is intolerant to our Gaelic minds, and I consider a person to be ignorant, very ignorant of us, indeed, who for a moment could harbour the supposition. The Highlands is a stronghold of Protestantism, as stanch as the Bible; England, in ratio to the population, having more Roman Catholics than the Highlands, and the few among us here are in the fastnesses of the rocks, where the light of the Reformation never shone; and it is likely enough that previously to the reformation, were alike naturally inclined to the Roman Catholic, both readily giving assent to that system, whereas formerly both were pagans

Are the English like the Highlanders and Welsh—Calvinistic? The articles of the Church of England are so. Bunyan and the Puritans answer, yes; and see the two parties into which England is divided—the Calvinistic Presbyterians, and Calvinistic Puritans, and the latter ascendant in the person of Cromwell, and are the English more Saxon now than in Cromwell's days? Of course, Mr. Mackintosh knows best

To compare the Highlanders with the Irish is absurd. It may be said that the Celtic Irish are Roman Catholic, and noted for rebellion and bloodshed, the Teuton being the reverse, and as sure as the Teuton can be marked for the reverse, so sure may the Celtic Highlander be ranked by his side. You may retort, look at the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. I say that is merely a continuation of the English parliamentary wars, and, being settled, is lost sight of for ever. Does not her Majesty cast herself into our arms, and yet both Irish and Highlanders are Gaelic Celts.

In their savage and uncultivated state, Mr. M. (who, by the by, wears a Celtic name: query, has he an antipathy to his brethren?) enumerates the Celtic vices (and what nation has them not) as classed by their Roman enemies, the truth of which is doubtful, but he has told us none of the vices of the Saxon—are they akin? I wonder whether the Cambrian Celt, who works the mines of Cornwall, is less virtuous or intelligent than the Saxon who works in the [illegible]

As to the physical [illegible] Mr. M. gives, the falsity of them may be seen, in general, by perusing "Grant's Origin and Descent of the Gauls"

As to mental capacity, every Saxon is not a Milton, a Locke, nor a Shakspeare, nor every Celt a Campbell, a Sir James M'Intosh, nor a Stewart

And as to commerce, every Saxon town is not a Manchester; nor every Celtic one a Glasgow, nor can Scots spread the circumference of their country to equal England, nor cultivate their barren rocks. When Mr M.'s [illegible] one cannot but wish that he [illegible] Who [illegible] cause an [illegible] are good, [illegible] Catholics are bad, not because they are Celts, but because they are Papists and Celtic France, why a Saxon not Protestant? Let the revocation of the Edict of Nantes reply. By acting on Mr M.'s theory, a missionary might well exclaim, "The heathens are idolaters, because their minds are so inclined, it is useless to try to convert them any other way than by inculcating Saxon blood!" This would be a palpable delusion. It shows, also, that Mr M.'s theory is as bad as that of the "Vestiges of Creation," as it would tend to destroy the common origin of mankind, and the responsibility of man, and it has other statements he is correct as that regarding the Highlanders, and the theory so untenable, good-by to him who would destroy the harmony of a man and his brother, the Saxon and the Celt.

FOUR-CRUX.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No III.—LABOUR.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us,
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us,
Hark, how creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stayeth its growing,
More and more richly the rose-leaf keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labour is worship!"—the robin is singing,
"Labour is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
Lo! [illegible] whisper upsringing,
[illegible] our Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labour is life! 'Tis the still water faileth,
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth,
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth,
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon
Labour is glory!—The flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens,
Idle hearts only feel fetters around them.
Play the sweet lyre, we would have it in tune!

Labour is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-snares, that lure us to ill
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow,
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work!—for some good—be it ever so slowly!
Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly!
Labour! All labour is noble and holy,
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

STEAM NAVIGATION.

The Americans boast that the steamboat of Robert Fulton was the first that ever ploughed the waters. It appears, however, that "Fulton's Folly," as it was ironically called by the very clever folk of that day, was not the first vessel propelled by steam—for many years previously, Jonathan Hulls, an Englishman, had obtained a patent for an invention for carrying vessels or ships by steam "out of or into any harbour, port, or river, against wind or tide, or in a calm." This invention of Jonathan Hulls was, in fact, the forerunner of all that has since been accomplished in the way of steam navigation. The vessel which he patented was not, to be sure, a very elegant one, for it had but one paddle-wheel, which was placed at the stern, an ill-constructed steam-engine, a wretched funnel, and no masts, sails, or other assisting apparatus. Nevertheless, by it the fact was asserted that steam could be made to do the duty of oars and sails—a fact which has since become patent to all the world. By this experiment of Jonathan Hulls, a new era was opened in navigation, and though fifty years have scarcely elapsed since the first rude steamboat went doubtfully and unsteadily on its way, the idea then initiated has so rapidly progressed, that the sixteen thousand miles between Old England and Australia are considered no immense achievement for a well-appointed steamer.

Not to be too diffuse, we may briefly trace the progress of this fact. Symington, a Scotch engineer, having heard of Jonathan Hull's experiments, fitted a small vessel with engines and paddle-wheels, and experimented with it on a small lake Having attained a speed of five miles an hour, there could be no reasonable doubt that much more might be accomplished, and shortly afterwards, a vessel on the Clyde was propelled at a regular and sustained rate of seven miles an hour. The attention of scientific men, thus called to the subject, was speedily engaged in making experiments with the new power, or rather with the new application of the already serviceable vapour, steam; and the news of these achievements, travelling over the Atlantic, found in Fulton a man who was ready to risk his reputation by carrying them forward. He came to England to test the truth of the reports which had reached him in America; he witnessed what the English engineers had done; and returning to the United States, he, in 1817, launched, on the River Hudson, the first steamboat which had ever appeared in the new world. Its success, however, was by no means immediate or decisive; and it was not till after repeated trials, that the *Clermont*, which was the name of Fulton's steamboat, was allowed by the public to possess any claims above those of an ordinary ship with sails For a time, however, it ran at regular intervals, between the cities of New York and Albany.

In less than five years the *Comet* was plying on the waters of the Clyde, and, in 1814, no fewer than five steamers made regular passages on the Scottish rivers, neither England nor Ireland possessing one. But the idea progressed—as it could not fail to do—and in 1819-1820, we find that in England there were seventeen steam-packets making regular trips to and from various places; in Scotland fourteen; and in Ireland three. Less than twenty years afterwards—in 1840—the number of steam-vessels in constant use in the three countries respectively were—987, 244, and 79. Many of us can remember when steamboats first became regular means of passenger conveyance on the Thames; and as lately as 1821, it was that the mail service between England and France by way of Dover and Calais, was first performed by steamboats. In the autumn of the same year, the mails between Holyhead and Dublin were also carried by steam. Now, we need scarcely say, steam is brought into requisition, wherever speed is requisite, alike in vessels of war, commerce, and pleasure!

As steamers had crossed the English Channel, the question was naturally asked—Could they not also cross the broad Atlantic? The enterprising men of 1836 speedily answered the question. Of course, as is usual in such cases, the project was considered illusive and dreamy, a very midsummer madness. Scientific men—even Dr. Dionysius Lardner, who has himself since crossed the Atlantic in a steam-vessel—did not disdain to pooh-pooh the project, and array against it all the force of philosophy, backed by figures, notwithstanding that there were steamboats employed on the Mediterranean and other home stations, from which data might have been supplied to show the practicability of the project. The Atlantic had actually been already crossed by a steamer, showing that what man had done that man might do; but as she had used sails as well as steam, and was a week longer on the voyage than the time occupied by the regular traders, the achievement was held to be worthless either as a precedent or guide. "This vessel was named the "Savannah," and in "Marwood's Commercial Report" for the week, July 21, 1819, is the following note of her arrival at Liverpool.—"Among the arrivals yesterday at this port we were particularly gratified and astonished by the novel sight of a line steam-ship, which came round at 7½ P.M., without the assistance of a single sheet, in a style which displayed the power and advantage of the application of steam to vessels of the largest size, being 350 tons burden. She is called the "Savannah," Captain Rogers, and sailed from Savannah (Georgia, United States), the 26th of May, and arrived in the Channel five days since. During her passage she worked the engine eighteen days. Her model is beautiful, and the accommodations for passengers elegant and complete. This is the first ship on this construction that has undertaken a voyage across the Atlantic." The "Savannah" visited Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, and Constantinople, and her captain received several magnificent royal presents in recognition of his daring. She was built by Francis Ficket, for Daniel Dodd, and her engines were supplied by Stephen Vail

The opinion of the philosophers was still adverse to the plan when it was resolved that it should be put to the test of a trial. Accordingly the lines of the "Great Western" were laid down at Bristol, and on the 8th of April, 1838, she was announced to start on her voyage. Her appearance, rather that of strength than of beauty, inspired confidence that she would successfully achieve the passage. She had one thick funnel, and four masts; her deck was 236 feet long, her width between the paddle-boxes nearly 60 feet; the power of her engines was equal to that of 450 horses; her wheels were 28 feet in diameter, with paddles 10 feet long; the whole weight of her boilers and machinery was 300 tons, her burden being 1,340. On the appointed day she sailed from Bristol, having on board 660 tons of coal and seven passengers, to set the question of steam navigation of the Atlantic at rest for ever. She was not alone, however; a smaller vessel, the "Sirius," had started three days before her; and never was such a race known before as now took place over the broad bosom of the Atlantic. Both vessels encountered heavy seas and adverse winds on their voyage, but they bore bravely on. The "Sirius" had a start of about 500 miles; the "Great Western's" average of speed was ten miles an hour, and it was thought she would quickly overtake her competitor. The "Sirius," however, had too great a start, and reached New York the winner, on the morning of the 23rd of April, the "Great Western," coming in the same afternoon. The excitement prevailing at New York was intense in respect of these steamers from the old world; and cheer upon cheer greeted the "Sirius" as she dropped her anchor in the Hudson. The "Great Western" was also received with the most enthusiastic expressions of welcome—shout rose upon shout, the Battery fired a salute of 26 guns, church-bells were set ringing, and it seemed as though the vast multitude collected were quite distraught with the excitement.

Between 1838 and 1843 the Atlantic was navigated by several steamers—many of them larger than the "Great Western"—viz., the "Royal William," the "British Queen," the ill-fated "President," and the "Liverpool." The "Great Western" was built of wood, and when her proprietors became assured of her success, they determined to construct a larger ship of iron, to be propelled by the screw instead of the paddle-wheel. The keel of this intended mammoth vessel was accordingly laid down at Bristol in 1839; and when she was launched, in 1843, she was christened the "Great Britain," by Prince Albert. The total length of this magnificent ship was 322 feet, her breadth 51 feet, and depth 32 feet; she could stow 1,200 tons of coal; her engines were of 1,000 horse-power, and 340 tons weight; and the screw, which worked in a space immediately in front of the helm, weighed four tons: she carried at first six masts, on which she could spread 5,000

THE "OREGON," MISSISSIPPI STEAMER.

yards of canvass; and from kelson to topmast was beautifully proportioned. Her fitting was elegant, though not so expensive as the "Great Western's," and her cost altogether £100,000. Every one knows that she made a few successful voyages in 1845-6, and was unfortunately thrown ashore on her last outward voyage in Dundrum-bay, and that she was thence conveyed a melancholy spectacle to the Liverpool docks.

Shortly after the successful experiments of 1838 had demonstrated that a regular steam communication could be maintained between Europe and America, the English government called for tenders to carry the mails in steamers across the Atlantic. Both the companies to which the "Sirius" and "Great Western" belonged tendered for the service, but the offer of neither was accepted. Subsequently Mr. Samuel Cunard, who had for fifteen years held a contract for the mail service between Halifax and Bermuda, proposed to take the Atlantic contract. The government did not accept his offer at first, but subsequently agreed to give the annual sum of £65,000 for carrying the mails twice a month between Liverpool, Halifax, Quebec and Boston, and on the 4th of July, 1840, the "Britannia," a vessel of nearly the same tonnage as the "Great Western," sailed from Liverpool in commencement of the contract. Thus was formed the nucleus of the now famous Cunard line. The Americans had not hitherto taken any part in conducting the steam navigation of the Atlantic, but the speedy formation of several companies with this object made it evident that they would not continue to allow all the traffic to rest with the British and North American company. Mr. Cunard therefore applied for an extension of his contract, so as to carry the mails once a week, and thereby enable him to meet the expected competition. The proposal was felt to be reasonable; and the British and North American company at length obtained a yearly grant of £145,000 for a service thus regulated.—two departures a month from Liverpool for New York or Boston during the months of December, January, February, and March, and one departure a week during the other eight months of the year. When the harbour works at Holyhead are completed, it is proposed that these steamers shall sail from Liverpool regularly once a week throughout the year without intermission, calling, as at present, at Halifax, *en route*, each alternate voyage.

In conclusion we may remark that out of a budget which, after deducting the interest of the national debt, pensions, &c., does not exceed twenty millions, England annually devotes nearly £800,000 (in the last estimates it is £809,496) towards the maintenance of those lines of mail steam-ships which, extending from Liverpool to New York, from Southampton to Hong-Kong, the Cape of Good Hope, the Brazils, and Chili, concentrate the whole sea-borne correspondence of the globe in the hands of British agents. A portion of this sum is divided among companies working short lines from London to Ostend, Rotterdam, and Hamburg; from Hull to Petersburg, and Russia; from Liverpool to Dublin, from Southampton to the Channel Islands, &c.; but nearly seven-eighths of the entire amount is shared between six great companies, viz., the British and North American Company (Cunard's line), which receives, as we have stated, £145,000, the West India Company £210,000, the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, £40,000, the Screw Steam Shipping Company (which has recently taken the mail contract to the Cape of Good Hope), £30,000, the Peninsular and Oriental Company, £220,000; and the East India Company, for performing the mail service between Suez and Bombay, £50,000.

The steamer shown in the engraving is a good representation of the hundreds of vessels afloat on the Mississippi and other great rivers of America. The cabins, as will be seen, are built above instead of below the deck; and no kind of contrivance is spared to render the vessel extremely fast. Indeed they are made to draw so little water, that it is a standing joke in New York that some of their crack steam-ships will go across the country after a heavy dew! It need scarcely be said that, with wood fires, light timbers, and low pressure engines the "point of safety," is more than passed and that life is but too frequently sacrificed to speed. Scarcely an American paper but contains an account of "Another Steamboat Explosion." There is such a thing as going rather too FAST.

THE ATTACHMENTS OF POETS.

DANTE, PETRARCH, TASSO, &c.

No records are more interesting than those which tell of the attachments of men of genius—attachments often suddenly formed, and yet as remarkable for their constancy as for their fervency. Years may still speed on, but imagination supplies every charm of which they may have robbed the beloved one; the grave may have withdrawn her from other eyes, but still her pure spirit lingers by her lover's side, in the haunts where they so often met.

Love at first sight was exemplified in Raphael. His window overlooked the garden of the adjoining house, and there he saw the lovely girl who amused herself among her flowers; he saw her lave her beautiful feet in the lake; he fell passionately in love. He soon made his feelings known, his love was not rejected, and she became his wife. He is said to have been so passionately enamoured of her beauty, that he never could paint if she were not by his side. The lineaments of that fair face still live in some of his sublime productions, and thus while she gave inspiration, he conferred immortality.

Though among poets the most remarkable instances of ardent and enduring attachment may be found, their marriages have not, generally speaking, been happy. Milton failed in securing the felicity of wedded love, which he has so beautifully apostrophised. Neither the name of Dante, nor that of Shakespeare, was one of domestic happiness. Racine's tender sensibility met with no responsive sympathy in his partner, and Molière experienced all the bitterness of the jealous doubts and misgivings which he has so admirably depicted. Yet the poet is of all, perhaps, the most capable of strong attachments. His warm imagination throws its glow over all that he loves; home, with all its fond associations, "the mother who looked on his childhood; and the bosom friend dearer than all,"—are sanctified upon his feelings that they mingle with every mood of his fancy. True, some critics, of more acuteness than judgment, have doubted the real existence of the romantic attachments by which some of the finest poets have been inspired, and endeavour to explain as ingenious allegories the impassioned and pathetic effusions which find their way to every heart. Beattie—of whom we might have expected better things—sees, in the ardent expressions of Petrarch's devotion to Laura, the aspirings of an ambitious spirit for the laureate-crown; and Dante has been said to have allegorised his energy in the study of theology under the guise of a passion for Beatrice. But the great charm of Dante's poetry is its deep earnestness and truthfulness, and those touches of tenderness which are scattered throughout his sublime work, like the wild flowers of home unexpectedly met with in dreary and remote recesses: the facts of an imperishable attachment can be traced through their immortal poetry. It is the custom in Florence for friends, accompanied by their children, to assemble together on the first of May, to celebrate the delightful season. A number of his neighbours had been invited by Folco Portinari to do honour to the day. Dante Alighieri, then a boy of nine years, was among them; young as he was, he was instantly attracted by the loveliness of one amidst the group of children. She was about his own age, the daughter of the host. Through all the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life, that early impression was never effaced—he loved her ever after with an intenseness of passion and unshaken constancy that gave a colour to his whole existence—in the various paths of life which he was destined to tread, her image was ever present, inspiring the desire for distinction; their early intercourse, like the sweet May morning on which they had first met, was bright and happy; the purity and artlessness of youth made it so. The young companions of Beatrice rallied her on the devotion of the youthful poet, and the gay sallies with which she herself treated the ardour of his love, only served to make her the more engaging in his eyes. She was induced to bestow her hand elsewhere; more, it has been said, in accordance with duty than inclination; for it is supposed her heart was not insensible to the love of the gifted youth, whose devotion, purity, and intellectuality might have found their way to one harder than hers. Dante fell sick and slowly recovered; whether her marriage was a subject of which he could not bear to think, it is certain that it is not once alluded to in his poetry. Beatrice did not long survive her marriage; within the year she was borne to her grave. The anguish of Dante was so intense, that it brought on a fearful illness, in which his life was long despaired of. Boccacio mentions that he was so altered by grief

that he could scarcely be known. Beatrice occupied all his thoughts; on the anniversary of her death, he sat alone thinking of her, and portraying "an angel on his tablets." The influence which she had over him was as powerful in death as it had been in life—still to be worthy of loving, and of joining one so good and pure beyond the grave was his constant aim, all that he desired in renown, all that he wished for in fame, was to prove himself not undeserving of having devoted himself to her; in the camp—in the highest diplomatic positions, this was his great object in all his trials, and they were many and severe; this inspired him with a lofty dignity, and supported him under insults and injuries which would have broken many a proud spirit, but sublimed above the concerns of earth, his affection was such as might be felt for one translated to a celestial abode. By continually dwelling on but one subject, his mind became utterly estranged from passing events, and he often fell into such fits of abstraction and despondency that his friends, fearing that his reason would be completely upset, anxiously sought to give him some new interest in life, and at length prevailed on him to marry. This made him still more wretched, he could not if he would, detach his mind from dwelling on her who had been his early and his only love, and to all his other misfortunes that of an unhappy marriage was added.

Like the attachment of Dante for Beatrice, that of Petrarch for Laura was the result of a sudden impression, he had hitherto ridiculed the notion of the power of love, but he was yet to experience it in its most extreme intensity. He was twenty-three when he first saw Laura de Sade, then in her twentieth year, he has himself recorded over and over again the exact hour, day and year; it was at six in the morning on the 6th of April, 1327, that he was at the church of Santa Claire at Avignon. Everything connected with that memorable meeting has been dwelt on with fond minuteness by the poet, the dress which she wore, the green robe sprigged with violets; every movement, every look was for ever treasured in his memory; the celestial beauty of her countenance bespoke the purity for which she was so remarkable in that age of licentiousness, and in contemplating her loveliness, reverence for virtue mingled with admiration. Petrarch and Laura often met in society, and became intimately acquainted, he was charmed with her conversation; she appears to have been in every way capable of appreciating Petrarch, and deserving of the influence which she possessed over him, which was exerted only to exalt his sentiments and strengthen his principles; though unhappy in her marriage, true to her vows, she preserved all that purity of thought which gave such an unspeakable charm to her beauty. The chivalrous spirit of the age encouraged a devotion to the fair sex, and platonic attachments were the fashion of the day, so that the dignity of Laura was not compromised when Petrarch made her the object of his poetical devotions, and the celebrity which he gained by this homage to her charms may have gratified much better feelings than those of vanity; the faith which she had pledged, though to an unworthy object, she held most sacred; she repressed the feelings of the enthusiastic poet whenever they appeared to transgress the bounds of friendship. Once, when in an [illegible] he ventured to allude to his passion, she took [illegible] with which she regarded him, and the tone in which she said, 'I am not the person you take me for," overwhelmed him with shame and sorrow. The hopeless passion, of which he only dared to speak in song—and even the allowed indulgence of thus giving it expression, had a fatal effect: his health gradually declined, he grew pale and thin, and the charming vivacity which had been the delight of his friends utterly forsook him; he estranged himself from the society of his former companions, and was no longer met with in the circles of which he had been the darling. At length he made an effort to conquer feelings that were too powerful to yield, and sought in foreign travel and the pursuit of literature to dissipate the inquietude which was consuming him, but still the image of Laura haunted him through all his wanderings, and inspired that poetry whose purity, fire, and tenderness, have been the admiration of the world. He returned to Avignon, but soon fled from the presence which was so dear to him, and sought in the solitudes of Vaucluse, to regain the peace which he was never to find. Shut in from the whole world by the rocks and hills, he found that solitude was "no cure for love;" through that sweet valley, among its shades and by its fountains, he sung the praises of Laura. And thus years passed on. It was during this seclusion that he got Simon Memoni, a pupil of Giotti, to take Laura's likeness. So delighted was the artist with the beautiful subject that the same lovely face was recognised in several of his pictures of saints and angels. On the 24th of August, 1340, Petrarch received two letters, each with an offer of the laurel crown; one from the University of Paris, the other from the Roman Senate; he decided on accepting it from the latter. He valued the honour as the meed of his celebration of Laura; all selfish considerations were lost in the one desire that the lover of Laura should be renowned and distinguished. The feelings with which Laura must have heard of the honours paid to the one so long and so devotedly attached to her have not been described, but they may be conceived. Thirteen years had now passed since they had first seen each other. When Petrarch and Laura met, time and care had wrought their changes in both. Petrarch's locks were already sprinkled with gray, and the animation of his countenance was saddened by sorrow, the bloom of girlhood had passed from Laura, and the traces of melancholy which an unhappy lot had left were, but too visible, but all the tenderness and sympathy of other days remained. The jealous disposition of M. de Sade prevented Petrarch's being received at his house, but they often met and conversed together, and Laura would sing for him those songs to which he had so often delighted to listen; there was a tender sympathy in this intercourse, soothing to both. Petrarch's allusion to their last meeting is very affecting; he found her, as he describes in the midst of a circle of ladies, her whole air betokened dejection, and the sorrowful look with which she regarded him, and which seemed to him to say, "Who takes my faithful friend from me?" made an indelible impression on him—his heart sank within him, and they seemed to feel at that sad moment that they were to meet no more. In the following year the plague broke out, Petrarch, who was at Parma, heard that it had reached Avignon; he was haunted by the recollection of the last moments that he had passed with Laura; it seemed to him as if the hand of death had been on her already. The most cruel forebodings tortured him by day and by night; his dreams represented her as dying or dead. The dreaded news reached him—Laura *was* dead! An attack of the plague had carried her off in three days; she had died on the anniversary of that day on which they had first met. In all the bitterness of his grief, he recalled all that had passed at their last meeting, the melancholy solemnity of her adieu seemed to his memory as that of one on the confines of eternity; every kind word she had ever spoken, every kind look she had ever given, was dwelt on with passionate fondness; and the hope, the belief, that he had been dear to her was the only thing which could soothe. His dreams previously to her death appeared to his imagination mysteriously linked with that event; he has most touchingly described one of these visions, when he believed her pure spirit was permitted to visit and comfort him. His pathetic lamentations were heard throughout the world with the deepest sympathy, and wrung the heart of many a one who had in happier days shared "sweet counsel" with him.

The misfortunes of Torquato Tasso commenced in his early childhood, he was but eleven years old when political events obliged his father to quit Naples, and seek refuge in Rome. It had been settled that Torquato should follow him. The banishment from home, and from a mother on whom he doted, were sad trials. Some lines of touching tenderness commemorate the parting, and show how bitterly it was felt. They were never to meet again, in eighteen months after they parted she died. He was indeed a child that must have been regarded with the fondest tenderness and pride. To wonderful acquirements for his age, were added what can never be acquired—a feeling heart, and poetical genius of the highest order, which in all his wanderings, in all his trials, had magic influence to charm a world which had nothing but misfortune for him. His mother best knew how much his sensitive nature required the tranquility of a home, and the sympathy and endearments of those who loved him. But his lot was to be cast among strangers, and some among them proved implacable enemies. A life of stranger vicissitudes is scarcely to be met with, sometimes courted and caressed, the companion of princes, at others [illegible] and extremity of want, inspired by a sacred love of liberty, yet condemned to long years of the saddest captivity, [illegible] moderate to a little love of the fairest and the best, yet devoted [illegible] to the pangs of a hopeless passion! A being more to be admired and more to be pitied than Tasso surely never existed. He was but twenty, when he received the most flattering office of employment from Cardinal Luigi d'Este, brother

to the duke of Ferrara, who was anxious to secure the services of one possessed of such genius. Though a connexion with the d'Este family opened a brilliant prospect for a young man, yet the friends of Tasso, dreading for him the dangers of a court, endeavoured to persuade him to decline the proposal; but it was too flattering to be refused, and he hastened to Ferrara, in compliance with the Cardinal's wish, who received him with every mark of distinction, and on occasion of his being appointed legate to France, introduced him at the French court, where he was received in the most flattering manner by Charles the Ninth, who was a warm admirer of his poetry. At Ferrara, Tasso became acquainted with the sisters of the duke, who, intellectual and accomplished, could appreciate the gifted poet. His hours passed delightfully in their society. He has described the effect of his first interview with these fascinating ladies, in a rhapsody given to Tirsi, the character meant to represent himself in his "Aminta," in which the terms of goddesses, sirens, nymphs, minstrels, and luminaries are liberally bestowed, and show at least that the young poet was intoxicated with delight in their presence. On their parts they enthusiastically admired him and his poetry. But there was one among them eminently attractive, whom he soon loved with all the passionate earnestness of which his ardent feelings were susceptible. Many of Tasso's biographers say that she was not insensible to the varied graces of the youth; in truth, his personal advantages, his rare accomplishments, and, above all, the enthusiasm of genius, so captivating and so winning, made him a dangerous companion for the young princesses.

Leonora was the youngest of the three sisters, and just nineteen when she and Tasso met. The princesses interested the Duke of Ferrara in his favour, and he appointed him to a situation in which he was exempt from duty, that he might devote himself exclusively to poetry. There was a handsome salary annexed, and apartments in the ducal palace. An inmate under the same roof with Leonora, the predilection which the young people felt for each other could not but increase. Confessions and vows may have passed between them, or Leonora's heart may have kept its own secret; the delicacy of Tasso's affection is clearly proved by the mystery which rests on those passages of his life in which she was concerned, for while allusions expressed with infinite tenderness, found throughout his poetry, discover the state of his own feelings, there is not one word which can furnish a suggestion relative to hers. He had ventured, in accordance with the custom of the times, to celebrate her praises in verse; this, or some other circumstance, awakened the suspicions of the duke, the intercourse of Tasso with the princesses was abruptly terminated, and they were not suffered to meet. The duke, to put an end to any vague hopes which he might entertain, pressed Tasso to marry, and suitable matches were proposed and declined He withdrew for some time to Rome, on his return he felt that he was incessantly watched, and his sensitive nature could ill brook the want of confidence which this betrayed, and he left Ferrara again and again, wandering, while absent, reckless and restless, from place to place; and then, impelled by his passion for Leonora, he would return, notwithstanding all his resolutions to the contrary, and regardless of the suspicions and machinations of the duke. His melancholy increased, and his imagination continually represented that plots and designs against him were in agitation; he became irritable, and one day, in a fit of excitement, drew his dagger on one of the attendants; but he was instantly disarmed, and was confined, by order of the duke, within the precincts of the palace—he was, in fact, a prisoner; but on expressing the regret which he felt for the intemperate act, the restraint was removed, and the duke affected to treat him with his former kindness; but Tasso's feelings were too quick to be deceived; he felt that he was the object of the duke's dislike and displeasure. Unhappy and irresolute, he sometimes wished to retire to a convent for the remainder of his life; but thoughts of his early home and happy days would often recur to his mind, and he longed to see his sister, the companion of his childhood, whom he had not met for years; and he resolved to leave Ferrara secretly, and find his way to her. His sister was a widow, living at Torrento with her two children. One evening in the summer, as she sat alone, having sent the children out to amuse themselves, a shepherd brought a letter, which he had been directed to put into her hand—it was from Tasso, and told that he was in the midst of enemies and dangers at Ferrara, and that, unless she could devise some means to save him, his death was inevitable. She questioned the messenger; his recital confirmed the intelligence, and represented the misery to which her brother was reduced in such terms, that overcome with anguish, the lady fainted away. When she revived, Tasso discovered himself, and in those moments of affectionate recognition, he told her that he would never leave her for a world of which he had had too much; but his resolves were of short duration; Ferrara and its attraction could not be withstood. It was on the occasion of one of his returns from his restless wandering that he saw Leonora; the surprise and delight of being again in her presence were so great that he uttered an impassioned exclamation; this gave the duke the pretext for consigning him to St. Anne's Asylum for lunatics. "None but a madman would dare to act so!" was repeated over again. So hardly was poor Tasso dealt with for having indulged a hopeless, and it may have been an unrequited passion. At that time, and for very long after, the insane were treated as if they were not human beings, and the receptacles for them were under no regulations but those of caprice and cruelty. Tasso gives a most appalling account of his sufferings to his friend Gonzago; it ends with these affecting words: "Above all, I am afflicted by solitude, my cruel and natural enemy, which even in my best state was sometimes so distressing that often, at the most unseasonable hours, I have gone in search of company Sure I am, that if she who so little has corresponded to my attachment, if she saw me in such a condition, and in such misery, she would have some compassion on me!"

Even this abode of wretchedness could not extinguish his poetic fire, and from his solitary cell poems of surpassing beauty found their way to the world from which he was utterly shut out, they were read in every circle, and the genius of the author extolled, but his misfortunes found no helping hand for seven long years: at length, through the intervention of his friend Gonzago, he was released During his confinement Leonora had died sorrow and sympathy may have had their share in bringing her to an untimely grave Cruelty had done its part; the young and beautiful sank beneath its weight, and the gifted mind had received a shock from which it never after thoroughly recovered Tasso left Ferrara never to return, like the troubled spirit, he could find rest nowhere; but at length he took up his abode at Naples, his mother's property, which had long been unjustly withheld from him, was restored. The beauties of nature please when nothing else can, and they may not have been without their gentle influence on the stricken heart, but the haunts of childhood must have been mournfully contrasted with the dark scenes of after days. Tasso received an intimation from the pope, that a decree had passed the senate, awarding the laurel crown to "the greatest poet of the age," "the honour," added the pope, "is to the laurel, and not to Tasso." Tasso accepted the honour with deep melancholy, and left Naples with a foreboding that he should see it no more. Though affliction had not extinguished a spark of poetic fire, it had not left a vestige of ambition; those that would most have delighted in his fame, and taken pride in his triumph were in their graves, and he longed to be with them. The most gorgeous preparations were in progress, not only in the palace and capital, but in every street through which the procession was to pass. Tasso, with a prophetic spirit, declared the preparations were vain. Affliction, and his long confinement, had anticipated the work of years—the infirmities and languor of old age had overtaken him before their time; he fell ill—medical aid was unavailing—he was apprised of the approach of his last moments; he received the intimation with perfect calmness—all earthly concerns were lost in heavenly contemplations, and the only crown to which he aspired was that unfading crown which awaits the blessed in heaven.

The crowds were still collecting—fresh flowers were gathered to weave into the garlands that were to deck his triumph; but ere they had faded away the poet was dead!

GOLDSMITH was once introduced into a club by Samuel Derrick, an Irishman of some humour. On entering, Goldsmith was struck with the self-importance of the chairman, seated in a large gilt chair "This," said he, "must be the Lord Chancellor at least." "No," replied Derrick, "he's only master of the *rolls*." The chairman was a baker.

TOO TRUE TO BE PLEASANT, PERHAPS.—"What's the matter, my dear?" said a kind wife to her husband, who had sat for half an hour with his face buried in his hands and apparently in great tribulation." "Oh! I don't know, I've felt like a fool all day" "Well," returned the wife consolingly, "I'm afraid you'll never feel any better; you look the picture of what you feel."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A "SCRAP" OF PAPER.

I AM a foundling. At any rate, I have never so much as heard who either of my parents were · I cannot ascribe my being to chance, but am content to leave my pedigree involved in obscurity.

My existence, like that of the butterfly, has known so many vicissitudes, and, like the moon, presented so many phases, that it is with great difficulty I call to mind any incident connected with my younger days. Taking a retrospective view of my transit through this sublunary world, I look back through a vista of no ordinary length or irregularity; in fact I become lost and bewildered when I endeavour to unravel the mystery of what I was, and what I am.

As well as I can remember, I first saw light in the open air—on British soil—I'm proud of that. It was the sun and rain of heaven which first took me, a *flaxen*-haired urchin, in hand, and "taught the young idea how to shoot." Under their care and assistance I progressed wonderfully, and, by the time I was fully grown, I was left to the protection of my first guardian, the other having left the country for a while. I was a very dutiful ward, and obeyed my superior to the letter,—but then he was such a jolly-faced old gentleman, I could not help liking him; besides he used to tell me what a good *son* he had always been, so I tried to follow his example. He was not disappointed · in due time he saw the fruits of his fostering care; but, alas! those fruits were my downfall—I suppose I must have worked too hard, or grown too fast, at any rate, I was cut down suddenly in my prime, and left no issue But I was not doomed to end my existence here, ah, no! would I had! I had merely passed from the caterpillar to the chrysalis. As returning consciousness dawned upon me, it was only to show me I had been robbed of my *understanding*, and ere I was aware of the *shock* I had sustained, I was thrown neck and *crop* into a pond. How long I remained there I cannot say, but I was suddenly awakened to a sense of my position by being *yerked* out of the water, and soundly beaten—why, I could not then conceive. Having now not a particle of skin left, and having been pulled about enough to separate, limb from limb, any man of ordinary *fibre*, I was left for a time to shift for myself

After a time I changed hands—but not, I am sorry to say, for the better, my new master was as cruel as the last, and the very day he took charge of me, I heard him signify his intention of having me well *mulled*. He kept his word. I was pummelled soundly, and tied on more knots than a mountebank. However, I was not solitary, others shared the same fate, and we kept each other company. Our society was a regular patchwork, made up of all classes, and, I am proud to say, I was equal to any of my *cloth*

My next-door neighbour was a worthless fellow, and being unfit for the *wear* and *tear* which his duty imposed on him, he broke down, and "Fate's scissors cut his thread."

"The world's a stage," says Shakspeare, "and all the men and women merely players," and having now come to the *end of the piece*, played my part well, and so gained my end, I left that stage for another sphere.

I came up to town "in the raw," as most young fellows do, and had to be "licked into shape" before I was presentable. I was accordingly cut off (not with a shilling, but a pair of scissors) and packed off to an humble abode, where I was to be fitted for my future rank in society. I now suffered from a complaint formerly unknown to me—I mean that generally described as "pins and needles." I had no rest—it was incessant—from morning to night, and from night to morning; but, ah! had I known then, as I do now, what a small proportion my sufferings bore to those of my tormentor, I should, I think, have borne it in silence, or wept for her who wept such bitter tears over me.

Having added but little, I fear, to the support of my benefactress, I left her, and passing through the hands of a highly-respectable hosier, made my *début* in tip-top society. I was now in my zenith, and showed as good a front as most people. I had entered the service of a very fashionable young man; we suited each other admirably, and cut a pretty figure at the west end. My companions of the wardrobe envied me, one and all, for I was always the favoured one on great occasions. When my Lady Jinks gave a hop—my studs! didn't I come out strong!

One by one, my comrades wore away, for now our master was in less flourishing circumstances, and would repeatedly "dash our buttons," without repairing the insult. Such behaviour who could stand? The others declined, pined, and were completely laid on the shelf; I held out longest, but felt my time was come—and at last I went the way of all shirts—to the flunkey!

My studs of coral and torquoise were changed for mother-of-pearl; I was roughly handled and worse washed; besides I did not like the smell of the kitchen, and soon began to feel seedy. One day my owner, being in a great hurry, seized me by the tail, and plucking me hastily from my narrow home, split me from arm to arm. He stamped, he swore at me, and threatening things unutterable, threw me into a corner, whence I was snatched the very next morning, only to be exchanged for filthy lucre, and handed over to the tender mercies of a rag-and-bone boy. Oh! the agonies I endured in that wretched bag, during a walk from Cavendish-street to Seven Dials, no tongue can describe. I would now have gladly exchanged it for the offensive odour of the scullery. The day after my arrival in the house of refuge for destitute shirts, I was sent to adorn the black doll, and to be wafted by such of the airs of heaven as chanced to favour St. Giles's alleys. But it was soon evident that, low as I had been brought, my star was still on the decline. They considered me even too shabby for the *Belle noire*, and rudely snatched me from her bosom. My next change is but indistinctly recalled. The chrysalis was approaching its liberation: a dreamy torpor came over me, disturbed only by divers sensations of warmth and pressure; and, at last, being cleaned of all my impurities and worthlessness, I emanated from my state of probation, and, spreading my snowy wings, found myself at liberty to roam where fate might direct. I might now revisit the drawingrooms from which I had been ignominiously ejected—I might again be courted by the fashionables who had discarded me—I might be gently handled and scented by fair fingers,—but such a fate was not reserved for me No, I was packed off one fine day to the printing-office, that awful and mysterious establishment, where the merits of human creatures, from the throne to the prison, are criticised, and if they have no compunction in hauling royalty, or some half-dozen peers, before the public every week, to be used instead of tennis-balls,—if, I say, they do this with impunity, what mercy could I hope for? Then what was my indignation? How did I, British-born, feel myself insulted, when I was branded on the face with the form and figure of Pio Nono, triple crown, great toe, and all? To be sure I was on the right side of his holiness, to use a common term as I kept under him, and brought him into subjection, but he, nevertheless, made an impression on me which I have never lost, and which I shall most likely carry with me to my latest moment I was next sent off, post-haste, with his holiness on my back, to Canton by the overland mail, but, much to my disgust, being well fastened up in a strong box, I saw nothing of the wonderful countries and seas we passed through. On again being blessed with the light of the sun, my old protector, I found myself in the dominions of his majesty Ti-chu, emperor of the Celestial Regions. I was left at the abode of a distinguished mandarin, by name Sing-ho, who is a great favourite at court He perused me last evening with the assistance of an interpreter, and is to present me at the palace to-night.

The time is fast approaching—how confused I am—to think that I should ever behold the face of so august a personage as Ti-chu Well, at the hour when the Celestial Empire is steeped in the fumes of the fragrant leaf, I was placed in the venerable pocket of Sing-ho, who, taking the arm of his brother Sing-hi, marched off to the Royal Pavilion. I now began to feel proud, but I said to myself—"don't"—for pride goes before destruction. His majesty was sipping his Pekoe as we entered the audience-chamber, and was pleased to look on our approach, and bid us welcome. The celestial beverage was good, and so was his highness's temper.

I must here pause; I feel my last change advancing; I shall not long waft my wings over the painted fields of the Land of the Sun Tea was gone, and with stentorian voice the emperor calls for his hookah—it is at his feet in a moment, but it won't light, there is nothing combustible at hand · the royal eyes are fixed on me, and the royal voice exclaims—"*A scrap of paper, look sharp*" I am in a nightmare or a trance, or there is a spell upon me—I can't move—I begin to feel the force of instinct, like the silly moth (which I have always resembled) I have flown too near the fire—oh! there, he's got me: I am squeezed, twisted, torn, lost—the flames close upon me, and I fall on the mouth of the royal bowl—a heap of ashes, and the victim to adventure! Thus ends my life, and, of course, MY BIOGRAPHY

EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY.

Solutions to Questions in No. 39, June 26.

1. The Canadas were acquired by General Wolfe in the reign of George II —year 1759—English possession confirmed in 1763. —W. T Truscott.—Canada derives its name from the Iroquois word *Kanata*, signifying a collection of huts, and which the early European discoverers mistook for the name of the country. Sebastian Cabot, the son of John Cabot, a Venetian, is said to have been the first discoverer, in 1497, but the first settlement made by Europeans was in 1541, at St. Croix's harbour, by Jacques Cartier, a French navigator, who sailed up the St Lawrence, to which he gave its present name. In 1608 a permanent settlement was made by the French upon the present site of Quebec—Canada being then called New France. From this period, till 1759, the French continued to occupy the country, though much harassed by various tribes of Indians, particularly the Mohawks, but in the year just named, an English army, under General Wolfe, captured Quebec; and by September 8th, 1760, all other places within the government of Canada were surrendered to the British, and the French power in that quarter of the world entirely annihilated In 1791 Canada was divided into two separate provinces, to be called the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada In 1840 these provinces changed their names to Canada East and Canada West.—Bennet Lowe.

2. Jamaica was discovered by Columbus in 1494, and was acquired by the English in 1655, in the time of the Commonwealth —W. T Truscott

3. Helgoland is the small island in the German Ocean belonging to Great Britain - H. R.—Helgoland or Helgoland is the name of the island, belonging to the British government, in the German Ocean. It is a long and narrow rock, nine miles in circuit, rising in the centre to a round elevation It was taken by the English in 1807 —Bennet Lowe

4. In travelling from Washington to the north of the island of Borneo, thence to New Zealand, thence to Chinchina, and lastly to India, a vessel would have to cross the equator four times [illegible]

5. Rosemary. By several correspondents, some of whom sent poetical answers.

6. When he went into the house he had 5½d This general answer is arrived at by a variety of methods by more than 10 correspondents All the workings are more or less correct in the details. The following by our old friend M. Bennet Lowe is perhaps the most exact.

Let x=the number of pence he had at first

Then $2x$=what he had on coming out of the 1st house

$4x-18=$	,,	,,	2nd do
$8x-42=$	,,	,,	3rd do.
$8x-42=0$			
$8x=42$			
$x=5\frac{1}{4}$ pence.			

7. At 9 o'clock the hands of the clock [illegible] angle whose hypotenuse is =26 inches [illegible] hypotenuse, which is also the square of the other two sides The hands being in the proportion of 2 to 3, then $2^2=4$ and $3^2=9+4=13$ and $676\div13=52\times9=21{\cdot}633$ inches length of minute hand Then $21{\cdot}633\times2\times3\cdot1416=135{\cdot}925$ inches or 11·327 feet distance gone over by the minute hand per hour. The snail performed the journey in 9 hours; therefore $11{\cdot}327\times9=101{\cdot}943$ feet, height of steeple; 21·633 inches, length of minute finger, 11·327 feet, pace of snail per hour.—Robert Middleton

When loudly strikes the church clock nine
An angle right its hands contain,
And inches twenty-six shall line
'Tis said their points extreme would join
Because their ratio is named
Inversely being as three to two,
A pure quadratic may be form'd
The length of minute-hand to show.
But if some readers still should think
These data are not very clear;
One inch to twenty they may link,*
Its length they'll know then very near.
Its point extreme once passing round
A circle, marks of which I state;
Circumference is nearly found,
To be eleven and one-fourth feet†

* 21·633 inches. † 11·3273 feet.

And if the thing I clearly see,
Each hour his snailship ran those feet;
A pace wherewith one thinks that he,
Profusely, rather, must have sweat.
We too are told one third his race
He in three hours exactly run;
Then, if throughout he kept his pace,
He in six more his task had done.
Then nine times what he ran one hour,
Must surely be the steeple's height,
Which is in yards near thirty-four,*
So now that wondrous tale's complete.

Joseph Timms.

8. The letters S P Q R, on the ancient Roman ensigns, signifies *Senatus populusque Romanus*—"The Roman Senate and the Roman People."

9 — 58 1193 = 3·1416 = 18½ inches diameter.

18½ × 18½ × 1·5 × 5·362 = 3315·23885 cubic inches content.

$\frac{1}{10}$ = 0·5, and ·025 × ·025 × 7854 = ·000490875 in superficies of end of wire

3315·23885 ÷ ·000490875 = 6757433·33 inches, length of wire.

6757433·33 ÷ 63360 = 106·593 length in miles

165·705 × 17·6 = 1870·867 yds. at 2d. = £195 8s. 4½d.

106·593 miles in length

Answer, £195 8s. 4½d. cost

10 — 18×3·1416 = 56·5488 circumference of tower.

56·5488 = 3197·796 square of circumference.

10×10 = 100 square of height of one apartment

32·7766 = 57·43 length of pipe for one apartment

57·43×5 = 287·15 feet Whole length of pipe.

1·95 × 1·95 × ·7854 = 1·2271·75 superficies of end of pipe

1×1×·7854 = ·7854 superficies of end of bore, and 1·2271875 − ·7854 = ·4417875 Superficies of end of lead.

344·75 [illegible] = 4134·96 inches 4134·96×·4417875 = 1826·4 [illegible] cubic inches

1826·4 × 11×7—10 = 799·21347 lb. at 3½d. = £10 16s. 5¼d.

Answer, £10 16s 5¼d.

11.— 6272640 inches in one acre.

6272640 = 2501·524×1 = 10018·096 inches, perimeter of acre.

£20 = 400 shillings 10018·096 − 100 = 25·04524 = 627·264 ac. area of square and 627·264×·7854 = 492·653 ,,

area of circle 121·611 ,,

excess of square.

PROOF.

Perimeter of 627·264 acres = 250905·6 inches.

Add 627·264 acres at £20 = 250905·6 shillings.

Circumference of circle = 197061·25 inches.

492·653 acres at £20 = 197061·25 shillings

Robert Middleton

12. $\frac{1}{10}$ = 3·14159 × √(5·362 − 3864) 10000 (0·026 √ = 1612.

·1612

61413

3456

164

61

2

1

0·5051 = time of 1 vibration.

8

4·0512

21504

162018

20296

41

8

16·4123 × 32·2 = 528·47606 = feet, or nearly 177 yards.

13. The number of pears the maid had left was 12, then $12-1=11\times2=22-2=20\times3=60\div2=30-3=27\times4=108\div3=36-1=32\times5=160\div4=40$ answer.—George Walker, W. L, and 19 others.

14 The first land-tax in England appears to have been levied by Ethelred II. All persons holding or owning land above the yearly value of 40s., were subject to pay a certain propor-

* 33·9816 yards.

tion of their incomes to the state. This tax was called a Danegelt.

The first land-tax of which we have any record is that mentioned in 2 Kings xviii. 35—"And Jehoiakim gave the silver and gold to Pharaoh, but he *taxed* the *land* to give the money, and for which tax I find no particular name; but the first land-tax of which we have record in England was in the tenth century, and produced £82,000, in 1018. The original name of it was Danegelt, and was formerly paid to the Danes, arising out of their exactions to stop their ravages in this country The Danegelt was thus raised. Every hide of land, i.e. as much as one plough could plough, -or, as Bede says, maintain a family one day,—was taxed one shilling.—J. Sowden.

15. 12 and 36. By several correspondents

16 Any article weighing from 1 to 19 lb may be weighed with the four following weights, 1, 3, 9, and 27 lb —W C

17. A figure being wrongly inserted in this question readers the answer sent by the proposer also incorrect As the question stands the answer is 26 lb 10 ounces, and nearly 3½ drachms, which is the weight of a body, at 100 miles above the surface of the earth, which weighed 28 lb on it —G F.—"For as attraction of gravitation proceeds from a centre the diameter of the earth must be halved for the centre, which will be at 3962 miles from the surface (I've leaving out fractions) As an attraction or gravitation like all forces proceeding from a centre, decreases as the squares of the distances increase. Then at the 3962 miles, the semi-diameter of the earth, be added to 100 miles, the distance above the surface, the sum will be 4062 miles Then, as 4062 : 3962 :: 28 lb : 27 lb 10 oz. 3½ drams nearly, which is the weight at 100 miles from the surface of the earth, which weighed 28 lb out."—J H P.

Questions for Solution.

1 A May-pole, who's top was broken off by a blast of wind, struck the ground at 15 feet distant from the foot of the pole; what was the height of the whole May-pole, supposing the broken piece to measure 39 feet in length?

2 How many square yards of paving are in a room whose length is 65 feet, and the two breadths 21 and 18 feet?

3 Required, the solidity of a square pyramid, each side of its base being 30, and its perpendicular height 20?

4 Place the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 in such order that, without any of the figures being repeated, the sum of them shall equal one hundred.

5 Who was the inventor of the writing letters now in use?

6 Why does a sudden fright cause the hair to stand erect?

7 What is the reason that an article weighing a pound at the top of a high mountain

8. An applewoman being asked how many apples she had, replied, "When I count them by twos I have 1 over; by threes, I have 2 over, by fours, I have 3 over, by fives, I have 4 over, by sixes, I have 5 over, by sevens, I have none over How many apples had she?

9.— Found long ago, yet made to-day,
Employ'd while others sleep,
What few would wish to give away,
And none would wish to keep

10. One-third of the trees in a garden are apple trees, one-fourth pear trees, one-fifth cherry trees, one-sixth peach trees, and six other trees. How many are there in all?

11. Who was the first organist?

12. What king of England conquered Ireland, and when was it fully incorporated with England?

13. Who were the kings of the House of Plantagenet, and why was the line so called?

14 Who was the first of the English earls?

15.— My first is what all ought to be,
My second's in the Arctic sea;
And when united they will show
My whole's what every one should do.
W. H. Eddy, and N. T. Nicholas.

16 What is the length of the side of a cube inscribed in a sphere of 1 inch diameter?

17. Given the radius of a circle which is six. Required the side of its circumscribed rhombus.

18. There is a lamp-post that stands ten feet high. At what distance from it must a man stand who is six feet high so that he may project a shadow of 15 feet.

The answers to questions in No. 44 will appear in the last number of the next month

In answer to the Charade of the late Mr. Praed, the following has been forwarded —

Would I could grasp a *Campbell's* lyric pen!
I then might justice do to "arms and men,"
And sing the well-fought field of Agincourt,
Where, hand to hand, mix'd in the bloody sport,
The hosts of France, vain of superior might,
By English valour were o'erthrown in fight,
And bade wealth and fame a long *Good Night*"

Our kind friend and correspondent, Mr. Middleton, writes us as follows —

"Dear Sir,—In your last 'Solutions to Questions,' On 9, John Mather says, 'crowns were originally wreaths of leaves or flowers' I wish he had given his authority. He also says the first golden crown of which he finds any mention, was that worn by Mordecai But John Mather must surely have begun his search at the wrong end of his bible, for in Lev. viii. 9, it is said that when Moses consecrated Aaron to the office of high-priest, he put on him a golden crown And in Chron. xx. 2, it is recorded that when Joab took Rabbah, the king of that city had a crown which weighed a *talent of gold*, there were also precious stones in it Again, in Esth i. 11, king Ahasuerus ordered queen Vashti to be brought before him with the Crown Royal on her head, which is said to have been also of gold —Yours truly, Robert Middleton"

Our friend Mr Lowe has forwarded an ingenious answer to a question which appeared a couple of months since —"The old custom of decking houses and churches at Christmas with evergreens, is derived from ancient heathen practices Councils of the church forbade Christians to deck their houses with bay-leaves and green boughs, at the same time with the pagans; but this was after the church had permitted such doings, in order to accommodate its ceremonies to those of the old mythology. Where druidism had existed, "the houses were decked with evergreens in December, that the sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain unnipped with frost and cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abodes." Polydore Vergil says that, "Trimmyng of the temples, with hangynges, flowres, boughes, and garlondes, was taken of the heathen people, whiche decked their idols and houses with suche array." In old church-calendars, Christmas-eve is marked "Templa exornantur." (Churches are decked) The holly and the ivy still maintain some mastery at this season At the two universities, the windows of the college chapels are decked with laurel. (Full particulars and information will be obtained by referring to "Hone's Everyday Book" Vol 1.)—Bennie Lowe.

We are gratified extremely to recognise the interest which our readers take in the Exercises for Ingenuity, and from our success in this particular we think we could organise a regular system of intercommunication between our subscribers on subjects of a more general and interesting character. Perhaps a few of them will be kind enough to ask questions, we have no doubt about obtaining answers. In this way a large number of readers might be instructed on a variety of subjects.

LITERARY NOTICE.

The Science of Botany beautifully illustrated by upwards of Three Hundred Engravings from Drawings from Nature.—In The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art, for September 4th, will be commenced a series of chapters on the instructive science of botany Each chapter will be profusely illustrated with engravings, carefully executed, These chapters on Botany will not interfere with the general character of the work, which contains first-class engravings, including portraits and specimens of the works of the great masters, in painting, sculpture, and architecture, portraits of eminent characters; views of cities, palaces, and public buildings, natural history, manufacturing processes, machinery and inventions, scientific, including the elements of design, perspective, hydraulics, the stereoscope, &c., ornamental sculpture, needlework, &c., with original literary articles, including biographies, descriptions of works of art, details of manufacturing processes and machinery, papers on natural history and other branches of science, and much interesting fragmentary matter The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art is published in weekly Numbers, twopence each, or in monthly Parts, 9d or 11d each, according to the number of weeks in each month.

MISCELLANEA.

If even the *worst* women be, as they are, to men *tolerable* creatures, what must the *best* be?

If you have daughters and anything to leave them, bequeath part at least in the shape of an *annuity for life*; it is an insurance for good usage from their husbands, and the *only* "insurance" I know.

What is Puseyism?—The late facetious Sidney Smith when asked to define Puseyism, remarked that it was a mixture of posture and imposture, flexions and genuflexions, of bowing to the east and courtesying to the west, with an immense amount of man-millinery.

Clever Boy!—"Here you little rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself Where have you been?" "A'ter the gals, father." "Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?" "No, sir,—but mother did."

Confidence in Man.—People have generally three epochs in their confidence in man In the first they believe him to be everything that is good, and they are lavish with their friendship and confidence In the next they have had experience, which has smitten down their confidence, and they then have to be careful not to mistrust every one, and to put the worst construction upon everything. Later in life they learn that the greater number of men have much more good in them than bad, and that even where there is cause to blame there is more reason to pity than condemn, and then a spirit of confidence again awakens within them,

Excuses for not attending Public Worship.—Overslept myself—wasn't shaved in time. Too cold—too hot—too windy—too dusty. Too wet—too damp—too sunny—too cloudy Don't feel disposed No other time to myself. Look over my drawers. Put my papers to rights—Letters to write to my friends. Taken a dose of physic. Been bled this morning. Mean to walk to the bridge. Going to take a ride Tired to the shop six days in the week. No fresh air but on Sundays. Can't breathe in church, always so full. Feel a little chilly. Feel a little feverish. Feel very lazy. Expect company to dinner. Hurt my great toe. Got a headache.—Caught cold. Must watch the servants. Can't leave the house for fear of fire. Servants up to all mischief when I go to church. Intend nursing myself to-day. New bonnet not come home. Tore my dress coming down stairs. Got a new novel, must be returned on Monday morning. Wasn't dressed in time Don't like a liturgy—always praying for the same thing. Don't like extempore prayer—don't know what is coming.

Rather Satirical.—"I say, Bill, Jim's caged for stealing a horse." "Sarve him right; why didn't he buy one and not pay for it, like any other gentleman?"

An Actor's Defence.—An itinerant player, possessed of more wit than money, was a few days ago driven by that hard master hunger, to commit the high crime of poaching in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, and was unluckily detected in the act, and carried forthwith before a bench of magistrates, when the offence was fully proved. The knight of the buskin, however, being called upon for his defence, astonished the learned justices, by adapting "Brutus's speech to the Romans on the death of Cæsar," to his case, in the following manner:—"Britons, hungry men, and epicures! hear me for my cause and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honour, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of this hare, to him I say that a player's love for hare is no less than his. If then, that friend demand why a player rose against a hare, this is my answer:—Not that I loved hare less, but that I loved eating more. Had you rather this hare were living, and I had starving died, than that this hare were dead, that I might live a jolly fellow? As this hare was pretty I weep for him; as he was nimble, I rejoice at it; as he was plump, I honour him, but as he was eatable, I slew him." Here the gravity of the court was obliged to give way! prosecutor, spectators, and all burst into laughter at the ready wit displayed by the "poor actor" The information was withdrawn, and the knight of the sock and buskin left the court with pockets much heavier than when he entered it, with the intention of appearing on the stage the same evening in an "entirely new character"

Throw Physic to the Dogs.—"Is there really anything the matter with you?" said a physician to a person who had sent for him. "I don't know how it is," was the reply, "I eat well, sleep well, and have a good appetite."—"Very well," said the doctor, "I'll give you something that will very soon take away all that"

Paper.—In "A Council of Four," paper is described as building-ground for genius, a receiver of stolen goods, the product, the cause, and the preventive of rags, a poor flat much put upon

Lugerdi main.—A noted juggler perceived at the commencement of his performances that he was very narrowly watched by a gentleman whom he knew at once to be a very acute observer. He was embarrassed, and he felt that he could not practise his deceptions with so free and easy a hand as he could if he were not watched by so intelligent an eye. The consciousness of being thus watched distracted his mind, and prevented him from concentrating its energies upon one object The juggler therefore gave this gentleman a piece of money, telling him that he must look out, or he would get it away from him in the course of the evening. At the conclusion of the exhibition, the gentleman said to the juggler, "Well, sir, here is your money, you see that I have kept it safely." "Yes," replied he, "and I meant that you should, for I chose that you should have something else to watch besides me."

Exact Definition.—"Ma'am," said a quack to a nervous old lady, "yours is a scrutinary complaint." "What is that?" "It is the dropping of the nerves The nerves having fallen into the pizarintum, the chest becomes torberous, the head goes tizarizzen, tizarizzen" "Oh, doctor, you have exactly described my feelings!"

The Value of a Good Voice.—Bastardini, when engaged at the Pantheon in London (one of the then rival opera-houses), used to receive for each night of her performance of two songs one hundred guineas—an enormous sum at that time. Storace, who was then a boy, studying music under his father, who gave him a bravura song of Bastardini's to copy, was so astonished that fifty guineas should be paid for singing a song, that he counted the notes in it, and calculated the amount of each note at 4s. 10d. He valued one of the divisions running up and down at £18 11s. Jenny Lind is said to have made while singing upwards of £2 10s. a minute.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

Artisan.—*Lac* is a species of resin which flows from a tree growing in the East Indies. *Stick-lac* is the substance in the natural state, *seed-lac*, when boiled in water; and *shell-lac* when it has been melted. It is the principal ingredient in sealing-wax.

Juvenis.—The *Parthenon*, the temple of Minerva, is seated on the Acropolis of Athens. It was erected about B. C. 448. What is now, as may be supposed, in a shattered and mangled state, but it is still the admiration of the travellers and artists who have seen it The chief portion of the sculptures of the edifice were removed by Lord Elgin, and are now to be seen in the British Museum.

Noncon.—The *Pilgrim Fathers* sailed from Plymouth in the *Mayflower*, September 6, 1620. After encountering fearful storms and other perils, they landed at a place in New England (to which they afterwards gave the name of Plymouth) on the 8th of December following.

J. L. (Newport).—The best composition for preserving the coverings of carriages, &c., is Indian-rubber dissolved in caoutchoucine, and then coloured as required. But the process of making it is rather difficult and expensive. Mr. Barnard has a patent for it.—The celebrated patent mackintosh garments are made by dissolving Indian-rubber in hot naphtha. Indian-rubber may be dissolved in oil of turpentine, but it dries with difficulty, the solution made with the fixed oils always remain glutinous.

An Encouragor.—The comparative weight of hydrogen and common air is most correctly stated in the second article to which you refer, namely, vol. ii. p 281. Dr. Stöckhardt says, "Hydrogen is the lightest of all gases; 11½ measures of it only weigh as much as one measure of atmospheric air."

W. A (*Fir-Tree*).—You should get a good dictionary. We will, however, give you the meaning of the three words about which you inquire.—1 *Picnic* This originally meant an assembly where each person contributed something to the common entertainment. It is now used chiefly in reference to parties traveling, or "gipsying," where each person brings something towards making up a comfortable meal. 2 *Philharmonic* The prefix *phil* means a lover, and a Phil-harmonic Society is a society of persons loving harmony. 3. *Synchronous*, or *Synchronal*, means happening at, or belonging to, the same time.—Your other question is handed to the editor of the "Popular Educator."

J. A. Amateur.—The best *Lavender Water*, "Eau de Lavande," is thus prepared.—Take three pounds and a half of fresh flowers, picked; put them in one gallon of rectified spirits for a week, then distil the whole. Another very fine form, Eau de Lavande, prepared according to which is said to be used by her Majesty and many of the nobility, is as follows:—Mitcham oil-of-lavender, 4 ounces; essence of bergamot, ½ ounce, essence of musk, two ounces; rectified spirit, one gallon; mix well. The *Hungary Water* may be made thus:—Rosemary tops in bloom, two pounds, fresh sage, ½ pound, bruised ginger, one ounce, rectified spirit, three quarts; water, one quart Macerate for ten days, then distil eleven pints, or thus French rosemary flowers, one pound; ditto lavender flowers, one ounce; rectified spirit, one pint and a half. Distil three pounds.

An "Ex-Painter's Devil."—The Supplementary Numbers of the "Working Man's Friend" have long since been discontinued. The whole of the Numbers are published in two uniform volumes, under the title of "The Literature of Working Men."

T. Roberts.—We thought everybody knew the meaning of the French motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, "Evil be to him that evil thinks." It is the motto of a military order, called the Order of the Garter, which was instituted by Edward III. in 1350. The motto is inscribed on a garter which is worn on the left knee of the knights of the order. The sovereign is the chief of the order, and the badge is the highest mark of esteem which the sovereign can bestow on the highest subject of the realm. The story about Edward's mistress dropping her garter, as the origin of the order, is said to be without foundation.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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THE

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RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.—IV.

MOSCOW AND THE KREMLIN.

IN continuing this series of sketches, we must beg our readers to understand, once for all, that we have no personal knowledge of the empire of the Tzar, and that what we tell them, we gather from books. In this, however, we believe we are doing them good service; for it is not to be expected that they can have access to the best authorities, or even leisure to examine them if they had. The history of Russia, which in the last Number we brought down to the time of the present emperor, will, we trust, give them such an insight into the constitution and manners of the people of this great empire, as will, with the general view with which we set out, familiarise their minds, somewhat, with a new subject, and prepare them for a further acquaintance with Russia and the Russians.

Without further preface, we proceed to give the reader an insight of Moscow, the capital of European Russia.

In our last some account was given of the conflagration of Moscow on the occasion of the Napoleonic invasion; we may now, however, give a slight *résumé* of the history of the city itself. The history of the Russian provinces through which the traveller has passed on his way to Moscow has reference to that of this ancient capital; for, though the government of Novgorod and Tver were at one period independent, each in its turn, whether republic or principality, was subjugated by this their more powerful neighbour, and in the fourteenth century Moscow became the capital of Muscovy; Kief, and afterwards Vladimir, having till then enjoyed that distinction. The fearful calamities with which Moscow was visited in the early part of its history were of the same character as those which have befallen almost any other capital, though far more intense. In the early part of the reign of Basil II., it was taken and ravished by the Eastern destroyer, Tamerlane; and, on a subsequent occasion, it fell into the hands of the Tartars, who sacked it, and put many of the inhabitants to the sword. In 1536 the town was nearly consumed by fire, and 2,000 of the inhabitants perished in the flames; and in 1571 the Tartars fired the suburbs, and, a furious wind driving the flames into the city, a considerable portion of it was reduced to ashes, and not less than 100,000 persons perished in the flames or by the



FROZEN MEAT MARKET IN MOSCOW.

less lingering death of the sword. In 1611 a great portion of the city was again destroyed by fire, when the Poles had taken possession of it under the pretence of defending the inhabitants from the adherents of Andrew Nagui, a pretender to the crown. And lastly, in 1812, the indomitable population of Moscow, seeing that they were for the moment unable to withstand the invading hordes of the Emperor of the modern Huns, gave up their ancient and beautiful city to this devouring element—the grandest sacrifice ever made to national feeling. The city was the idol of every Russian's heart, her shrines were to him the holiest in the empire—hallowed by seven centuries of historical associations, it was for Russia's safety given up to destruction with ready and cheerful submission, and this sacrifice was the means of enabling her to take that deep and just revenge on the banks of the Beresina which led to the annihilation of her foe, and allowed the rest of Europe to rise, and, with her, pursue him to his utter discomfiture and ruin.

But we have to describe the city as it is, the hospitals, churches, and gostinnoi dvors, rather than revert to Russian history. The assertion sometimes made, that no city is so irregularly built as Moscow, is in some respects true, none of the streets are straight; houses large and small, public buildings, churches, and other edifices are mingled confusedly together, but it gains by this the advantage of being more picturesque. The streets undulate continually, and thus offer from time to time points of view whence the eye is able to range over the vast ocean of housetops, trees, and gilded and coloured domes. But the architecture of Moscow, since the conflagration of 1812, is not quite so bizarre as, according to the accounts of travellers, it was before that event; nevertheless it is still singular enough. In 1813 the point chiefly in view was to build, and build quickly, rather than to carry any certain plan into execution; the houses were replaced with nearly the same irregularity with respect to each other, and the streets became as crooked and tortuous as before. The whole gained, therefore, little in regularity from the fire, but each individual house was built in much better taste, gardens became more frequent, the majority of roofs were made of iron, painted green, a lavish use was made of pillars, and even those who could not be profuse erected more elegant cottages. Hence Moscow has all the charms of a new city, with the pleasing negligence and picturesque irregularity of an old one. In the streets we come now to a large magnificent palace, with all the pomp of Corinthian pillars, wrought-iron trellis-work, and magnificent approaches and gateways; and now to a simple whitewashed house, the abode of a modest citizen's family. Near them stands a small church, with green cupolas and golden stars. Then comes a row of little yellow wooden houses, that remind one of old Moscow; and these are succeeded by one of the new colossal erections for some public institution. Sometimes the road winds through a number of little streets, and the traveller might fancy himself in a country town; suddenly it rises, and he is in a wide "place," from which streets branch off to all quarters of the world, while the eye wanders over the forest of houses of the great capital; descending again, he comes in the middle of the town to the banks of a river planted thickly with gardens and woods. The exterior wall of the city is upwards of twenty English miles in extent, of a most irregular form, more resembling a trapezium than any other figure; within this are two nearly concentric circular lines of boulevard, the one at a distance of about a mile and a half from the Kremlin, completed on both sides of the Moskva; the internal one with a radius of about a mile, spreading only on the north of the river, and terminating near the stone bridge on the one side, and the foundling hospital on the other. The river enters the barrier of the vast city to which it has given a name about the central point of the western side, and after winding round the Devitchei convent like a huge serpent, and from thence flowing beneath the Tartar battlements of the Kremlin, and receiving the scanty stream of the Jaousa, issues again into the vast plain, till it meets the Oka, a tributary of the mighty Volga, which joins the king of the northern rivers at Nijni Novgorod.

On the north of the Moskva, streets and houses, in regular succession, reach to the very barrier; and though a vast proportion of ground is left unoccupied, owing to the enormous width of the streets and boulevards, the earthen rampart may truly be said to gird in the city. But in the other quarters, and particularly to the south, the city can hardly be said to extend farther than the outward boulevard. Beyond this there are vast convents, the Devitchei, Donskoi, and the Seminofskoi; large hospitals, the Galitzin, the St. Paul, and the Cheremeticff, the largest of all; the race-course, and the beautiful gardens of the Princess Galitzin along the banks of the Moskva; fields, and lakes, and marshes; but all these are within the outer enclosure of the outer wall. This will account for its seemingly scanty population of 330,000 souls.

The centre of this vast collection of buildings is the Kremlin, which, with its beautiful gardens, forms nearly a triangle of somewhat more than an English mile in circumference. The original founder of the city settled, without doubt, on the Kremlin hill, which naturally remained the nucleus of the city at a later period. Adjoining this to the east comes the Kitai Gorod (Chinese city), which still preserves its ancient fence of towers and buttresses. Encircling these two divisions, and itself bounded by the river and inner boulevard, lies the Belo Gorod (white city). The space enclosed between the two circles to the north of the Moskva, and between the river and the outward bouleward on the south, is called the Zmelnoi Gorod. Beyond the boulevards are the suburbs.

Previous to the conflagration of 1812, each of the four quarters was surrounded by a wall and bastions; but all perished in that mighty blaze except the embattled enclosure of the Kitai Gorod, which escaped almost unscathed and the pious veneration of the worshippers of St. Nicholas soon restored the broken walls and crumbling turrets of the Kremlin, "black with the miner's blast," to their present perfect state. The defences of the remaining districts have wisely been dispensed with, and a style somewhat resembling that of its previous architecture was observed in repairing the destruction caused by the fire. But this remark does not apply to the interior of the Kremlin, where the arsenal and the new imperial palace are in modern taste, and quite out of character with the ancient buildings within the walls. Before entering the Kremlin, it will be well to view it from one or two points on the outside, and the most favourable spot for this purpose, on the south side, is the bridge of Moskva Rekoi; from the river that bathes its base the hill of the Kremlin rises, picturesquely adorned with turf and shrubs. The buildings appear set in a rich frame of water, verdant foliage and snowy wall, the majestic column of Ivan Veliki rearing itself high above all, like the axis round which the whole moves. The colours are everywhere most lively—red, white, green, gold, and silver. Amidst the confusion of the numerous small antique edifices, the Bolshoi Dvoretz (the large palace built by Alexander) has an imposing aspect. The churches and palaces stand on the plateau of the Kremlin as on a mighty salver; the little red and gold church of the Tzars, coquetting near the border like some pretty little maiden, and the paler coloured cupolas of the Michaelis and Uspenski churches representing the broad corpulence of a merchant's wife. The Maloi Dvoretz (little palace), and the convent of the Miracle draw modestly back, as beseems hermits and little people. All these buildings stand on the summit of the Kremlin, like a crown, themselves again crowned with a multitude of cupolas of which every church has at least five, and one has sixteen glittering in gold and silver. The appearance of the whole is most picturesque and interesting, and it is certainly one of the most striking city views in Europe.

The northern side of the Kremlin is the least attractive; a plain high wall with two gates separates it from the Krasnoi Ploschad (the red place). The most adorned is the north-west side. Here, in former times, was the Swan Lake. It is now drained, and its bed forms the site of the Alexander Garden, which stretches from the Moskva to the giant wall of the Kremlin.

Though assisted in his wanderings by a good lacquey-de-place, the traveller will not be able to see the sights of Moscow in less than a week, indeed a fortnight may be passed very pleasantly here. Judging from our own experience, the period is not too long to see in comfort everything there is to be seen; for though furnished with tickets and orders from the governor, Prince Galitzin, which acted on all occasions like the *sesame* of Ali Baba, and taken at a capital pace by a good pair of horses, we were a week seeing the sights with

the walls. After a general survey of the city, in a droshky or caléche, the traveller's first object will naturally be the Kremlin, and traversing the wide square in front of the theatre, the white walls of the Kitai Gorod, with their massive buttresses and odd-shaped battlements, will give the stranger the first indication that he is in front of the ancient Tartar city.

What the Acropolis was to Athens and the Capitol to Rome, the Kremlin is to Moscow. It is surrounded by a strong and lofty wall, embattled with many towers and turrets, and several gates. The most important of these is beyond doubt, the "Spass Vorota" (the gate of the Redeemer). It is the *porta sacra* and *porta triumphalis* of Moscow. Through it entered the triumphant warriors of Ivan Vassilievitch, after the conquest of Kazan and Astrakhan, and those of Michaëls and Alexis, after the victories obtained in the Ukraine. Over this gate is a picture of the Saviour, under a glass, and before it hangs a large ill-formed lamp, in a massive metal frame; this is suspended by a heavy chain, and under it, to wind it up, stands a complicated old machine, that jarred and rattled here in the time of the Tzar Michæl. A man, whose sole business it is to wind it up, has a table beside him with wax tapers, which he sells to be lighted before the picture. This shrine is an object of the greatest reverence with the Russians, although few know what it represents, it hangs so high and the colours are so faded.

This gate forms a passage through the tower, of about twenty paces long, and every one, be he what he may, Mohammedan, Heathen, or Christian, must take off his hat, and keep it off till he has passed through to the other side. It is a singular sight, to watch the carriages-and-four, coming along at full speed, and slackening their pace as they approach the sacred gate, while lord and lacquey cross themselves reverently, and drive through hat in hand. Any one passing through, and forgetting to uncover, is immediately reminded of the fact, nor would it be safe to neglect the hint, we once forgot the salute, and were reminded of it merely by a gently murmured warning, "Shlapa, shlapa, batiushka" (The hat, the hat, father).

This gate obtained its sacred reputation in the course of centuries, through many miracles wrought by its means Often, as the people relate, the Tartars have been driven back from it; miraculous clouds have veiled the defenders of the Kremlin, who sought its shelter, while the pursuing Tartars were unable to find the entrance. Even the presence of the temple-plundering Gauls, according to the Russians, only served to increase the renown of this gate. They thought the frame of the picture was of gold, and endeavoured to remove it. But every ladder they planted broke in the middle. Thus enraged the French, who then brought a cannon to batter down door and picture together; but, do what they would, the dry powder was possessed by the devil of water, who was too much for the devil of fire, and would not explode. At last they made a great fire with coals over the touch-hole. The powder was now subdued, but it exploded the wrong way, blowing the cannon into a thousand pieces, and some of the French artillerymen into the bargain, while gate and picture remained unharmed. The spoilers, now over-mastered by dread, withdrew, acknowledging the miraculous power. Such was the story we heard from the taper-seller at the gate. The origin of the custom of uncapping at the Holy Gate is unknown; and, though several traditions are extant, the authenticity of any fact is lost in the darkness of ages; but the feelings of devotion are still fresh and powerful, and it is to be doubted whether any bribe would be sufficient to induce a Russian to pass this archway either by day or night without uncovering his head. The Emperor himself bares his imperial brow as he approaches the Spaskoi; the officer and soldier in all the pomp and circumstance of war do the same, and thus tradition says it has been since the wooden walls of the first Kremlin were raised. And we would strongly recommend the traveller to do at Moscow as they at Moscow do, or he will either be bonnoted by the sentry or some passing mujik, and thus sacrifice his best *André* where it cannot be replaced, or perhaps have the pleasure of being shown the interior of a Russian guard-house instead of the Kremlin.

The greatest care is taken not to allow dogs to enter by the Saviour's Gate, a proof that in a religious point of view the Russians look upon this animal as unclean.

The Nicholas Gate, although not so privileged as the Spass Vorota, has also a wonder-working picture, that of St. Nicholas over it. It was near the entrance of this gate that Napoleon's powder-waggons exploded and destroyed a large part of the arsenal and other buildings. The gate escaped with a rent, which split the tower in the middle as far as the frame of the picture, which stopped its further progress. Not even the glass of the picture, or that of the lamp suspended before it, was injured. So says the inscription on the gate, and the remarkable rent is eternalised by a stone differing from the rest in colour.

All the gates of the Kremlin are connected by a strong and lofty wall, which encloses it in the form of a vast triangle with many towers. Within this wall are contained all the most interesting and historically important buildings of Moscow; the holiest churches with the tombs of the ancient Tzars, patriarchs, and metropolitans; the remains of the ancient palace of the Tzars, the new one of the present Emperor, the arsenal, senate house, &c., and architectural memorials of every period of Russian history—for every Russian monarch has held it his duty to adorn the Kremlin with some monument.

The two most important remains of the old palace of the Tzars are the Terema and the Granovitaya Palata, the former containing the Gymnaceum, the latter the coronation hall of the Tzars; the main body of the palace was so much injured by the French, that no restoration was possible. In its place a new palace was erected, called the Bolshoi Dvoretz (great palace), or, from its builder, the Alexanderski Dvoretz. The ruins of both the others are by the side of it, and connected with it by stairs and galleries. They were, as our guide told us, "so desolated by the French, that door and window stood open to wind and tempest," the coronation hall was restored long ago, and the Emperor Nicholas has repaired the Terema, or houses of the peasants.

In Moscow there are markets in every part of the city, but its chief commerce is centred in the Kitai Gorod, where is the *Gostinnoi Dvor* and the *Riadi* (rows of shops). The former, after that of Nijni, is the largest in Russia. It is a colossal building of three stories, and three rows of pillars and shops stand one above another, connected by countless passages and steps In these courts and galleries there is, during the whole year, a continual fair, and hither the tide of commerce flows from the Baltic, the Black Sea, the Levant, Western Europe, Siberia, China, and Tartary. The mass of the promenaders and purchasers are Russian, and bearded; but the black-robed Persian, with his pointed lambskin cap, and the silken-clad Bokharian may be distinguished in the crowd; the most considerable merchants, who trade here by wholesale, are upwards of 1,000 in number.

Of the various public promenades in Moscow it may be said that the gardens of the Kremlin are to Moscow what those of the Tuileries are to Paris; and in these gardens the *beau-monde* of Moscow promenade in the fine spring evenings. At the foot of the wall a number of artificial hills have been raised, where, on holidays, musicians are placed. These hills are hollowed out beneath, and supported by pillars, and the benches with which they are provided afford cool resting-places for the weary.

The Tver Boulevards, surrounding the Beloi Gorod, are not unpleasing, though less agreeable than the Alexander Garden. They are broad walks laid out with trees, shrubs, and parterres, far more rural and pleasing than the formal lime avenues of Berlin, and they will be much handsomer some time hence, for at present the plantations are very young. The different boulevards round Beloi Gorod have an extent of seven versts, or about a mile. During the Easter week these boulevards are greatly frequented by parties in their sledges, and the numerous booths give them all the appearance of a fair. In addition to these may be mentioned the Peterskoi Gardens, already described, and the Summer Gardens of the Empress Elizabeth in the eastern suburb. These are very extensive, but their beauties are in the sere and yellow leaf. The traveller should on no account leave Moscow without having seen the Kremlin by moonlight. There are three clubs at

Moscow, to which foreigners can obtain admission through a member. That called the English, originally established by the merchants of our nation, is a splendid establishment, well planned and skilfully directed in fact, like the clubs of other countries. Twice a week there is a *table-d'hôte*, at three rubles *par tête*, which is well attended. The club of the nobility is also a very handsome structure, particularly the principal saloon, ornamented with pillars and a statue of Catherine II.: in the winter, magnificent balls are given in it; and, during the carnival, morning masquerades with dancing; these assemblies are attended by as many as 2,000 persons, and the room is calculated to hold 3,000.

Should the traveller desire to know what a Russian *château* is like, he may drive to that of *Astrakina*, three miles from Moscow, a seat of the Cheremetieff family, one of the wealthiest in Russia. The dining-hall is furnished in the Louis Quatorze style; and in the drawing-rooms are some good pictures, a Claude and a Rembrandt being the best. There are also some antiques; a Vulcan lays claim to some merit. These country seats bear the singular name of Moscow *appurtenances*, because the habitations twenty-five miles round are considered as belonging to it. The great number of horses kept by the rich, at a small cost, abridges the distance; and many persons who spend the day at a distant country-seat, enjoy at night the pleasures of the city. The "*Allee des Peuples*," outside the barrier, on the Cheremetieff estate, is a great rendezvous for the shopkeepers and merchants of Moscow. One of the prettiest and most picturesque places in the environs is Koonsova; a drive to it, in the summer, will repay the traveller for his trouble. Moscow prides herself on her manufactures, and her intention never to take foreign manufactured goods, that



PEASANTRY OF RUSSIA.

is to say, never to adopt the principles of free trade, nor have, we believe, the Russian manufacturers altered their opinion since the itinerant apostle of that system visited them. The traveller will readily obtain access to the silk and cotton mills; the machinery is frequently under the care of Englishmen.

In our next we shall have more to say of the city of Moscow, and some of its peculiar institutions. The engraving of the Frozen Meat Market, &c., will convey a good pictorial idea of the appearance and costume of the people during the Russian winter.



RUSSIAN TRAVELLING SERVANTS.

A TRUE BROTHER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

You're rich, and yet you are not proud;
You are not selfish, hard, or vain;
You look upon the common crowd
With sympathy, and not disdain;
You'd travel far to share your gold
With humble sorrow unconsoled;
You'd raise the orphan from the dust,
And help the sad and widow'd mother
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother.

You're poor, and yet you do not scorn
Or hate the wealthy for their wealth,
You toil contented night and morn,
And prize the gifts of strength and health;
You'd share your little with a friend,
And what you cannot give you'd lend;
You take humanity on trust,
And see some merit in another;
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother.

And what care I how rich you be?
I love you if your thoughts are pure;
What signifies your poverty,
If you can struggle and endure?
'Tis not the birds that make the spring,
'Tis not the crown that makes the king—
If you are wise, and good, and just,
You've riches better than all other.
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AND THE BETTING NUISANCE.

We were the first to draw public attention to the abominable nuisance of the betting shops,* and it is with pleasure we perceive that our example has been extensively followed by editors of newspapers and influential periodicals. It is true that the newspaper reports had previously teemed with *exposés* of the betting system; true that the streets, courts, and alleys of the metropolis abounded in "offices," where the spirit of vice was fostered in the breasts of the young and inexperienced; true that police magistrates and legislators had lamented their inability to check the alarming increase of the gambling spirit in our youthful population,—but police reports and magisterial frowns had no influence in "putting down" the crying evil which was fast filling our prisons and demoralising our people; and no remedy was found in the law for a state of things becoming day after day more unbearable. What was to be done? To tear down the "lists" was an easy thing enough when they were exposed in the front of the licensed victuallers' bars,—for the magistrates had direct control over that class of tradesmen,—but when houses were taken and shewy shops fitted up for the direct and avowed purpose of gambling, and when the conductors of these establishments openly stated, by means of placards in their windows and advertisements in the sporting newspapers, that they were prepared to "give the odds on all the races, and to receive deposits from one shilling upwards," the licensing magistrates were powerless, and no course remained for the well-wishers of morality but direct and immediate exposure of the effects and consequences of a system alike alarming to parents and legislators. That the public did not long remain in ignorance of the abominable doings of the betting-shop gamblers seems natural enough, when we find such men as Charles Dickens and George Cruikshank giving their aid, by pen and pencil, in exposing them in their true colours to the world. Our old friend *Punch* has not, of course, been behindhand in drawing a moral from the betting shops which will long be remembered; but perhaps the most direct hit of all is that last of George Cruikshank's productions—The Betting Book,†—in which he has brought together such a mass of evidence, both literary and pictorial, against the system, as must, we feel assured, do good service in the cause of public morality. If young men would only consider how much they risk, besides their money, when they "back a horse" at the counters of these blacklegs,—character, reputation, virtue, honour, self-esteem,—they would pause ere they crossed the threshold, and if they really do *not* know the extent of the mischief they are assisting in, if they are really *not* aware of the precipice on which they stand when they pause on the betting-shop door-step, we would advise them to purchase and peruse George Cruikshank's little volume,—the drollery of the thing will amuse them, — and, if we mistake not, the moral drawn from the exposure will improve them too. It is a fact that upwards of three hundred "offices" are open in the metropolis and suburbs, where large numbers of persons, chiefly young, including clerks, shopmen, mechanics, errand-boys, and many having the decided marks of "black legs," are continually crowding to examine race lists, and to deposit sums of various extent from one shilling to five pounds, in the hope of gaining twenty, fifty, or a hundred fold, and as every day's Police Court or Old Bailey report furnishes instances of the demoralising and ruinous tendency of the "betting system," we rejoice to find that it has engaged the attention of the moralist, the magistrate, and the satirist. Only a week or two since, a clerk in the banking-house of Messrs. Robarts, Curtis, and Co., was, after ten years' service, convicted of defrauding the firm at various times of one thousand pounds, for the purpose of "making up his betting-book." He pleaded guilty, and is doomed to transportation. The magistrates of the city of London are prepared to address the legislature on the subject early in the ensuing session of parliament; and we trust that ere long we shall be enabled to announce to our readers that the "betting shops" of the metropolis are closed altogether. Our friend George Cruikshank, has, in his little book, brought together a great number of facts, and has founded upon them exhortations and advices which do honour to his understanding and his feelings. He has, of course, illustrated his exposure with "cuts," which are highly characteristic of the eminent caricaturist. If any one can read this pamphlet, and then enter his name in a betting-book, he will sin against faithful warnings, and his sin will be upon his own head!

* See Article entitled "Mr. Alfred Verdant's Gambling Experiences," in No. 27 of *The Working Man's Friend*, New Series."

† Published by Tweedie, 337, Strand.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Whether novelists do, or do not, occupy a high standing in the republic of letters, candour must at least allow, that not only do they furnish abundance of amusement, but also that their works are not always deficient in instruction; among them have appeared some of very superior genius. Provided these mental painters, in sketching character, keep nature closely in view, their entertaining themes will prove very far from an indifferent school for ethics; because it has not unfrequently happened that minds which could not otherwise be operated upon, have been attuned to the beauty of moral rectitude by the perusal of a well-told tale of fiction; and be it remembered, that this was the mode in which the ancient philosophers taught morality. Be this as it may, Sancho Panza has immortalised the witty Cervantes, and Don Quixote will continue to be read and to grace the shelves in the libraries of all lovers of literature. The immitable Adams, as depicted by the masterly pen of our own laughter-stirring Fielding, of facetious memory, must always remain the juxta-companion to the Knight of the Woful Countenance. The depth displayed by the humorist in his introductory chapters, the truth and richness of his colouring, will render his fame not less enduring than that of the satiric Spaniard; while Black George bears ample testimony to the raciness of his imagination, as also to his intimate acquaintance with the workings of the human heart, and will carry down Tom Jones, as a first-rate production, to the remotest ages. Don Raphael and Ambrose Lamela have encircled the brows of Le Sage with never-fading laurels, and wrested Gil Blas from the withering hand of time. The author of the Waverley Novels, whose memoir we are about to detail, has added another link to that chain of excellence which has so long delighted the reading world.

More than eighty years have spun their course since the illustrious author of Waverley first became a breathing citizen of the world, and about twenty years have elapsed since the remains of this highly-gifted son of Invention were consigned to their kindred clay. He was the eldest son of a writer to the signet at Edinburgh, where he was born on the 15th of August, 1771. His mother was of a literary turn, wrote several poems, and died in the year of the commencement of the ever memorable French Revolution, 1789, which forms an epoch in the annals of the world of the very first magnitude as to its importance in the future destiny of nations. When a boy, he gave but slender promise of his adult fame. Dr. Blair, when he visited the school at Musselburgh, where our novelist received the rudiments of his education, was observed to take particular notice of young Scott, upon which Dr. Paterson, who had then lately succeeded the former pedagogue, said, speaking of the youthful poet, "My predecessor tells me that boy has the thickest skull in the school." "May be so," replied Blair, "but through that thick skull I can discern many bright rays of genius" He was subsequently placed at the High School in the Scottish metropolis, conducted by Dr. Adam, the same fountain at which that luminary Brougham some years after also began to slake his thirst after knowledge; from thence he was removed to the University, where he finished his education under the celebrated professor Stewart. Having completed his clerkship, he was called to the bar, July 11, 1792. By the influence of the Buccleugh family, to which he was allied, he was appointed deputy-sheriff of Selkirkshire. In 1798 he married Miss Carpenter, by whom he had four children.

His politics were in accordance with Pitt, who proposed to invest him with the valuable appointment of clerk of the sessions, but this was frustrated by the death of the premier, which dissolved the then administration before the warrant had passed the seals. Fortunately the new ministry consisted of such men as Fox, Sheridan, Lord Erskine, the present Mar-

is of Lansdowne, Earl Grey, and many others attached to erature and philosophy, who, to their infinite honour, volunrily presented their political opponent with the post their edecessors intended for him. His first productions were The Chase" and "William and Mary," ballads translated from ie German, but published anonymously; the next, and to hich he prefixed his name, was a tragedy translated from the erman of Goethe, entitled "Goetz of Berlenchingen." At early the same period he contributed those two romantic and teresting ballads, "The Eve of St. John" and "Glenfinlass," Lewis's Tales of Wonder. "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish order" appeared in 1802. His studies then became entirely ntiquarian. His deep interest in the history of his country arried him where, perhaps, none had visited before for cenuries, at least with the same penetrating eye. This enabled im to treat this subject with so masterly a hand in his historial novels. The first result of this application appeared in 804, in a metrical romance of the thirteenth century, called 'Sir Tristram," by Thomas of Ercildoune. The following ear ushered in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," one of his ost beautiful, original, and highly-conceived poems, the anners, the pursuits, the vices, the virtues of the ancient hivalry of Scotland are admirably delineated; the introducon of the author's ancestry into the poem giving it a portion lmost of his identity, and chaining all the powerful enthusiasm f his gloomy imagination, swell the picture into reality, and e feel ourselves in a world where romance, religion, individual alour, priestly lore, and ladye love by turns enchant, delight, nd exalt the mind. In the same year he published six ballads nd lyrical pieces.

His next great production was "Marmion, a Tale of Flodden ield," a work of deep interest. In 1810 appeared "The Lady f the Lake," which is undoubtedly the best, and will ever be he most popular, of his poetical productions. Its scenery is ascinating. This poem alone would have procured our author verlasting fame. "The Vision of Don Roderick" in 1811, 'Rokeby" in 1812, and "The Lord of the Isles" in 1814, are ll inferior to his former productions Shortly after, he pubished a smaller poem, "The Battle of Waterloo," and, nonymously, the "Bridal of Triermain" and "Harold the Dauntless," two minor poems of great merit.

In addition to the works above enumerated, he produced 'Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," "The Border Antiquities of Scotland," "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," and edited the vorks of John Dryden, Lord Somers's Collection of Tracts, Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers, Poetical Works of Anne Seward, he Works of Jonathan Swift, &c.

The year 1811 may be fairly said to have closed his poetical areer. His fame as a poet had now spread over the world, nd while he suffered his poetical genius to rest within him, e was preparing to effect a new era in our English literature.

"Waverley" at this time appeared without any author's ame, and never did a work of fiction create such a sensation n the minds of the literati and all lovers of this species of composition. In the following year was produced "Guy Mannering," by the "Author of Waverley," and in this inimitable manner all these ever-celebrated historical novels appeared. Though he was universally believed to be the author of these novels, yet the same was not proved until the unfortunate failure of Messrs. Constable and Co. of Edinburgh, in which he was involved; and the assignees claimed the original manuscripts, *in the handwriting* of Sir Walter. The trustees of the Advocates' Library, anxious to enrich their valuable collection of manuscripts, offered £1,000 for the whole collection. This offer was rejected. They were afterwards offered to the British Museum, the trustees of which would not purchase them. They were subsequently brought forward, for *public competition*, at the sale-room of Mr. Evans, in Pall Mall. The following is the list, with the prices they produced :—

1	The Monastery, perfect	£.8	18 0
2.	Guy Mannering, wanting a leaf at the end of Vol II.	27	10 0
3	Old Mortality, perfect	33	0 0
4	The Antiquary, perfect	42	0 0
5.	Rob Roy, perfect	50	0 0
6	Peveril of the Peak, perfect	42	0 0
7.	Waverley, imperfect	18	0 0
8	The Abbot, imperfect	14	0 0
9.	Ivanhoe, imperfect	12	6 6
10	The Pirate, imperfect	12	0 0
11.	The Fortunes of Nigel, imperfect	16	16 0
12.	Kenilworth, imperfect	17	0 0
13.	Bride of Lammermoor, only 61 pages.	14	14 0

Sir Walter meeting Captain Basil Hall, the fortunate purchaser of "The Antiquary," accidentally at Southampton, told him that it was his most favourite novel, and kindly offered, that if he had the manuscript with him he would write a few lines to that effect at the end of it.

As an author he had the happy talent of uniting the old English ballad style with the refined beauties of our language and the graces of modern poetry, and he blended with a tact peculiar to himself subjects the most incongruous in their nature. His fancy was luxuriant and excursive, corrected by a judgment that could not be called in question. Upon the accession of George IV., he was the first person upon whom that monarch conferred the honour of a baronetcy, in 1820. His private life was a tissue of those virtues and amiabilities the exercise of which so endear men to their fellows, that when his name swelled the obituary it was followed by universal regret.

Early in 1831 symptoms of paralysis appeared, a disease hereditary in his family. His physicians having recommended the air of Italy, the government gave him a passage to Malta in the Barham ship of war; from thence he went to Naples at Christmas; in April he removed to Rome; there all hopes of his recovery were at an end, and at his own desire he returned to his own house, Abbotsford, within the walls of which he expired, September 21, 1832.

The farewell address of this child of fancy will speak for itself, and may be found at the conclusion of the Fourth Series of the "Tales of my Landlord."

"The gentle reader is acquainted that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its Royal master to carry the Author of Waverley to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable, that at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one who has enjoyed, on the whole, an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportion of shadows and storms. They have affected him at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have ensured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

"He public have claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of Waverley has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope, that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronising friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch, which may not call for the remark, that—

'Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.'"

"Perhaps no writer," says a reviewer in the *Edinburgh*, "has ever enjoyed in his lifetime so extensive a popularity. His reputation may be truly said to be not only British, but European—and even this is too limited a term. He has had the advantage of writing in a language used in different hemispheres by highly civilised communities, and widely diffused over the surface of the globe; and he has written at a period when communication was facilitated by peace. While the wonder of his own countrymen, he has, to an unexampled degree, established an ascendancy over the tastes of foreign nations. His works have been sought by foreigners with an avidity equalling, nay, almost exceeding, that with which they have been received among us. The conflicting literary tastes of France and Germany, which, twenty years ago,

seemed diametrically opposed, and hopelessly irreconcilable, have at length united in admiration of him. In France he has effected a revolution in taste, and given victory to the 'Romantic School.' He has had not only readers but imitators. Among Frenchmen, the author of 'Cinq Mars' may be cited as a tolerably successful one. Italy, in which what we call 'Novels' were previously unknown, has been roused from its torpor, and has found a worthy imitator of British talent in the author of the 'Promessi Sposi.' Many of them have been translated into French, German, Italian, and other languages.

"In 1813, before the appearance of Waverley, if any one should have ventured to predict that a writer would arise, who, when every conceivable form of composition seemed not only to have been tried, but exhausted, should be the creator of one hitherto unknown, and which, in its immediate popularity, should exceed all others,—who, when we fancied we had drained to its last drop the cup of intellectual excitement, should open a spring, not only new and untasted, but apparently deep and inexhaustible—that he should exhibit his marvels in a form of composition the least respected in the whole circle of literature, and raise the Novel to a place among the highest productions of human intellect,—his prediction would have been received, not only with incredulity, but with ridicule; and the improbability would have been heightened, had it been added, that all this would be effected with no aid from the influence of established reputation, but by a writer who concealed his name. His productions are virtually novelties in our literature. They form a new species. They were, it is true, called Historical Novels; and works bearing that appellation had existed before. But these were essentially different: they were not historical in the same sense; and were as little to be classed with the Waverley Novels, as are a chronological index or a book of memoirs, because the same names and circumstances may be alluded to in each. The misnamed historical novels which we possessed before Waverley, merely availed themselves of historical names and incidents, and gave to the agents of their story the manners and sentiments either of the present period, or, much more commonly, of none.

"One of the points of view in which he is first presented to us is, as a delineator of human character. When we regard him in this light, we are struck at once by the fertility of his invention, and the force, novelty, and fidelity of his pictures. He brings to our mind, not abstract beings, but breathing, acting, speaking individuals. Then what variety! What originality! What numbers! What a gallery has he set before us! No writer but Shakspeare ever equalled him in this respect. Others may have equalled, perhaps surpassed him, in the elaborate finishing of some single portrait, or, may have displayed, with greater skill, the morbid anatomy of human feeling—and our slighter foibles and finer sensibilities have been more exquisitely touched by female hands—but none, save Shakspeare, has ever contributed so largely, so valuably, to our collection of characters;—of pictures so surprisingly original, yet, once seen, admitted immediately to be conformable to nature. Nay, even his anomalous beings are felt to be generally reconcilable with our code of probabilities; and, as has been said of the supernatural creations of Shakspeare, we are impressed with the belief, that if such beings did exist, they would be as he has represented them.

"His descriptions of persons are distinguished chiefly by their picturesqueness. We always seem to behold the individual described. Dress, manner, features, and bearing are so vividly set before us, that the mental illusion is rendered as complete as words can make it. But if we feel thus familiar with the personage introduced, it is rather because the mind's eye has received his image, than because we are endowed with a knowledge of his character. It is the outward, not the inward man, that engages our attention. We comprehend Iago perfectly, without knowing what manner of man he was to look upon. But Varney, Rashleigh, or Christian, must be presented mentally to the eye, as well as to the understanding, before we can feel an equal intimacy. His method has the merit of individualising an imaginary person in a remarkable degree, and is well suited to the nature of the Novel. It effects much of what, in the drama, is supplied by the actor who represents a character on the stage. But it is an inferior art to that of unveiling the recesses of the mind, and presenting to us thoughts, passions, tastes, and springs of action—causing us, in fact, to perceive and know the person not merely as if he stood before us, but as if he had long been our intimate acquaintance. His best-drawn characters make us feel as if we saw and heard them; those of Shakspeare as if we had lived with them, and they had opened their hearts to us in confidence.

"That he was a master of the pathetic, is evinced by several well-known passages. Such are the funeral of the fisherman's son in the 'Antiquary,'—the imprisonment and trial of Effie Deans, and the demeanour of the sister and the broken-hearted father,—the short narrative of the smuggler in 'Redgauntlet,'—many parts of 'Kenilworth,'—and of that finest of tragic tales, the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' We must pause to notice the last. In this, above other modern productions, we see imbodied the dark spirit of fatalism,—that spirit which breathed in the writings of the Greek tragedians, when they traced the persecuting vengeance of Destiny against the houses of Laius and of Atreus. Their mantle was, for a while, worn unconsciously by him who showed to us Macbeth: and here again, in the deepening gloom of this tragic tale, we feel the oppressive influence of this invisible power. From the time we hear the prophetic rhymes, the spell has begun its work, and the clouds of misfortune blacken around us; and the fated course of events moves solemnly onward, irresistible and unerring as the progress of the sun, and soon to end in a night of horror. We remember no other tale in which not doubt, but certainty, forms the groundwork of our interest.

"The plots in the Waverley Novels generally display much ingenuity, and are interestingly involved, but there is not one in the conduct of which it would not be easy to point out a blemish. None have that completeness which constitutes one of the chief merits of Fielding's 'Tom Jones.' There is always either an improbability, or a forced expedient, or an incongruous incident, or an unpleasant break, or too much intricacy, or a hurried conclusion. They are usually languid in the commencement, and abrupt in the close: too slowly opened, and too hastily summed up. 'Guy Mannering' is one of those in which these two faults are least apparent. The plot of 'Peveril of the Peak' might, perhaps, on the whole, have been considered the best, if it had not been spoiled by the finale.

"It may be said of his novels, as of the plays of Shakspeare, that though they never exhibit an attempt to enforce any distinct moral, they are, on the whole, favourable to morality. They tend to keep the heart in its right place. They inspire generous emotions, and a warm-hearted and benevolent feeling towards our fellow-creatures; and, for the most part, afford a just and unperverted view of human character and conduct.

"He has been the master of his imagination, rather than the slave. He has controlled it as with the rod of an enchanter, and compelled it to do his bidding, instead of becoming, like the frantic Pythoness, the utterer of the eloquent ravings which were prompted by the demon that possessed her. His writings display a calm consciousness of power. There is in them nothing of the feverishness of distemper; and they are not sullied and corroded by the operation of human passions. He seems to have looked forth upon nature, serene and unruffled, from the watch tower of a commanding intellect.

"Time may raise up other writers, whose comparative greatness may deprive him of his present eminence; but it cannot deprive him of the merit of originality, and of having first opened a new and delightful path in literature. Not in a presumptuous spirit of prophecy, but as a token of our present admiration, we will say, that we think his Novels likely to endure as long as the language in which they are written."

PROVERBIAL PICKINGS FOR ANGRY PEOPLE.

"*Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous*"

RAGE or anger, if it be but a small time detained, the force thereof will be greatly assuaged; but if it be suffered to continue, it multiplieth more and more in mischief, until by revenge it be fully satisfied.

Anger is the first entrance to unseemly wrath. Wrath proceedeth from the feebleness of courage, and the lack of discretion.

Anger is soon buried in a wise man's breast.

A CHAPTER ON DOGS, WITH PORTRAITS OF A FEW OF THEM.

Down, Rover, down!"

And as my little boy—a fairhaired, chubby fellow of three ears—says this, the Newfoundland crouches at his feet; and sitting in my easy chair, admire the pair, and fall to thinkg about dogs. rom thinking to riting is a natural ansition with the elders of the gray ose quill; and so, od reader, you ve here the result my cogitations. In nearly all civied countries the g and the horse e the friends and rvants of manand; and if men ize themselves, in general way, on eir knowledge of ıy kind of anals, these are the o species they rticularly favour. is not my intenon to enter into a ry minute deription of the geıs *Canis*, or to deribe their anatoical conformation d geographical stribution, or even to speak of the general characteristics



THE STAG-HOUND.

the dog kind,—from which class I altogether ignore the olf,—much less to give a detailed account of the almost dless varieties of animals said to have sprung from one original stock, of which the shepherd's dog is the well-known type. On the contrary, I mean merely to indulge in an anecdotical gossip about some half-dozen well-known kinds of dogs. My predilections are in favour of the larger and nobler descriptions of animals; and, as a consequence, we will start off at once with the HOUNDS.

A distinct group of dogs is that which contains the hounds. In former times two noble varieties of this animal were common in England: the Talbot, or old English hound, and the blood-hound; but they are now seldom seen.

The old English hound has been described as the original breed of our island. It was tall and robust, with a chest of great breadth and depth, ears large and long, and eyes deeply set; a broad nose, and nostrils large and moist, pendulous lips, and a deep, full, and sonorous voice. All who know this fine animal will recognise him by his portrait, if not by our rather wordy description. The general colour of the animal was black, passing into tan or sandy-red about the muzzle and along the inside of the limbs. Shakspeare, when describing the hounds of Theseus, in his "Midsummer Night's Dream," has painted the Talbot to the very life:—

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd,* so sanded, and their heads are hung



THE TALBOT, OR OLD ENGLISH HOUND.



THE FOX-HOUND.

With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed and dewlapp'd like Thessalian bulls;

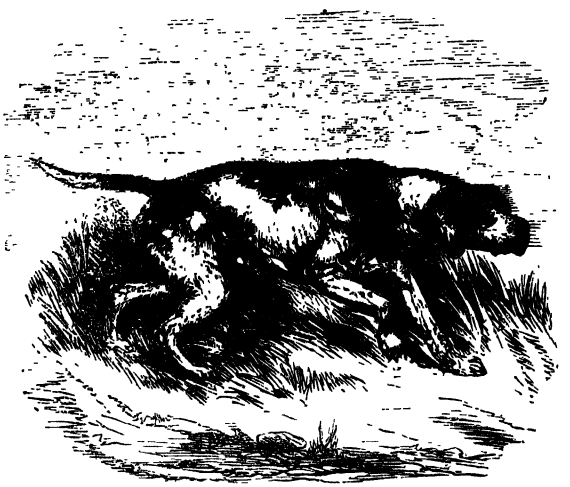
* The flews are the large chaps of a hound.

> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells
> Each under-each. A cry more tunable
> Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn."

The great poet was no doubt familiar with dogs of the hound kind. He alludes to them, also, in his "Tempest," and his "Comedy of Errors;" in his "Taming of the Shrew," the lordly attendant to Christopher Sly, says,—

> "Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
> Above the morning lark or wilt thou hunt?
> Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
> And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth."

It was with such hounds that our ancestors chased the wild deer and other game, when there was so much of forest and waste on our island. It was, most probably, two dogs of this breed which, on one occasion, we are told, continued the chase of a very large stag in the county of Westmoreland, when, either by fatigue or accident, the whole pack was thrown out. The stag returned to Wingfield-park, from whence he started, and, as his last effort, leaped the wall, and immediately expired. One of the hounds pursued him to the wall; but being unable to get over, laid down, and almost immediately expired: the other was found dead at a little distance. The length of the chase is uncertain but, as they were



THE POINTER.

jectured that the circuitous route they might be supposed to take, would not be less than one hundred and twenty miles! Another calculation makes it about half that distance. The horns of the stag, however (the largest ever seen in that part of the country), were long placed in the park on a tree of enormous size; and hence called Hart-horn-tree.

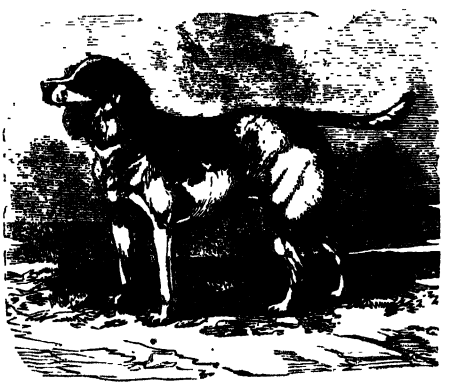
The STAG-HOUND is the nearest representative of the Talbot. In the time of James I. stag-hounds were hunted in close packs. The more general culture of the country, and the confinement of the stag to close parks, led subsequently to the decline of the chase. It was then confined to the neighbourhood of the scattered forests that remained, and was continued only by the sovereign and a few nobles, of whose establishment, from time immemorial, a kennel of deer-hounds had formed a part. Since the death of George III., who was much attached to the chase, stag-hunting has rapidly declined. The modern hound is handsomer, though somewhat smaller than those of former times, and the breed, having been crossed with the fox-hound, became much faster. They have a large, rather stout head, with a wide nose, loose, hanging, broad, and long ears, muscular hams, round, small feet, and a rush tail, carried high. They are invariably white, with some black and tawny marks about the ears, and on the sides or back, distributed in two or three large spots.

The stag-hound, it is needless to say, retains its shape and colour only by the most careful breeding.

"When the stag first hears the cry of the hounds," says Mr. Youatt, "he runs with the swiftness of the wind, and continues to run as long as any sound of the pursuers can be distinguished



THE HARRIER.



THE BEAGLE.

seen at Red-Kirks, near Annan in Scotland, distant, by the post-road of the time, about forty-six miles, it has been con-

That having ceased, he pauses, and looks carefully around him; but before he can determine what course to pursue, the cry of the pack again forces itself upon his attention. Once more he darts away, and after a while, again pauses. His strength, perhaps, begins to fail, and he has recourse to stratagem in order to escape. He practises the doubling and the crossing of the fox or the hare. This being useless, he attempts to escape by plunging into some lake or river that happens to lie in his way, and when at last every attempt to escape proves abortive, he boldly faces his pursuers, and attacks the first dog or man that approaches him." Formidable, indeed, is the antagonist with which he has to contend. In 1822 a deer was turned out before the Earl of Derby's hounds, at Hayes Common. The chase was continued for nearly four hours without a check, when, being almost run down, the animal took refuge in some outhouses near Speldhurst, in Kent, more than forty miles across the country, and having actually run more than fifty miles. What endurance these hounds possess is further obvious from the fact, that in consequence of the severity of the chase nearly twenty horses died in the field.

The FOX-HOUND is the old English hound sufficiently crossed with the greyhound to give him lightness and speed, without impairing his scent. He derives from the greyhound a head somewhat smaller and longer, in proportion to his size, than either the stag-hound or the harrier. "The ears should not," says Mr. Youatt, "comparatively speaking, be so large as those of the stag-hound or the harrier, but the neck should be longer and lighter, the chest deep and capacious, the fore-legs straight as arrows, and the hind ones well bent at the hock."

The BLOOD-HOUND is now considered a rather rare animal. It has equal delicacy of scent with the talbot, but its ears are shorter, and its figure is taller, and, perhaps, lighter. Mr. Bell, in his interesting account of British quadrupeds, describes the breed in the possession of Mr. J. Bell, of Oxford-street, as standing twenty-eight inches high at the shoulder, the muzzle broad and full, the upper lip large and pendulous, the vertex of the head protuberant, the expression stern, thoughtful, and noble, the breast broad, the limbs strong and muscular, and the original colour a deep tan with large black clouds. The blood-hound is graphically pourtrayed by Somerville, in his poem called "The Chase, so popular in a former and different age —

> "Soon the sagacious brute his curling tail
> Flourish'd in air, low bending, plies around
> His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
> Inquisitive, not leaves one turf untried,
> Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
> Beats quick, his snuffling nose, his active tail,
> Attest his joy, then, with deep-opening mouth,
> That makes the well-inn tremble, he proclaims
> Th' audacious felon: foot by foot he marks
> His winding way, while all the hissing crowd
> Applaud his reasonings, o'er the watry ford,
> Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
> O'er beaten paths, with men and beast distain'd,
> Unerring he pursues, till at the cot
> Arrived, and seizing by his guilty throat
> The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey.
> So exquisitely delicate his sense."

Even now the blood-hound is employed on the continent to follow the scent or the track of a wounded beast of the chase, or to lead the huntsman to the lair before the toils are set, and sometimes even to track out the footsteps of the criminal.

Many anecdotes of the remarkable sagacity of these animals might be given, one will suffice. Aubri de Mondidier, a man of fortune, while travelling alone through the forest of Bondi, was murdered, and buried under a tree. His dog, an English blood-hound, continued for several days at his master's grave; but at length, compelled by hunger, he went to the house of an intimate friend of his master's, at Paris. Here he attracted the attention of that gentleman by his melancholy howlings, then repeated his cries, ran to the door, and looked back to see if any one followed him, and by his being alone and his extraordinary movements, induced his master's friend, accompanied by some other persons, to follow him. Conducting them to a tree, scratching the earth with his feet, and violently howling, he induced them to dig on that particular spot, and there they discovered the corpse of the murdered Aubri de Mondidier.

But this was not all. Some time after, the dog seized a man whom he met, by the throat, and was with great difficulty compelled to quit his hold; and whenever he saw that person—the Chevalier Macaire—he attacked him with equal fury. These circumstances awakened suspicion, which was increased by others, and at length the king, Louis VIII., heard of them, and sent for the dog, who was perfectly gentle till he perceived Macaire, in the midst of some nobles of the country, when he rushed upon him with all the violence he had previously displayed. It was now resolved to submit the decision of the question of Macaire's innocence or guilt, according to the practice of the time, to the issue of a conflict between the chevalier and the dog. It was appointed to take place in the Isle of Notre Dame, then unenclosed and uninhabited: Macaire was provided with a great cudgel; and an empty cask was placed as a retreat for the dog. The crisis came: the instant the dog was at liberty, he ran round his antagonist, avoiding his blows, and menacing him on every side till his strength was exhausted; when, with one bound, he seized Macaire by the throat and threw him on the ground; when in the presence of the king and his court, the murderer confessed his guilt; and a few days afterwards he was beheaded for his crime!

This extraordinary story is related by many writers who are entirely free from all charge of substituting fictions for facts; and of it there is a monument in bas-relief, on the chimney-piece of the grand hall, at the castle of Montargis, a well-known town in France, at the confluence of the canals of Orleans, Briare, and Loing.

Among the varieties of hounds which now exist, there are two requiring a few remarks; the beagle and the harrier. No country equals England in the swiftness, spirit, and endurance of its hounds, and nowhere is so much attention paid to the various breeds.

The BEAGLE was formerly a great favourite with country gentlemen, but is now little used. It is of small stature, but stout and compact in make, with long ears, its scent is exquisite, and when heard at full cry, its tones are said to be musical. It has not, however, the strength or fleetness of the harrier, and still less so of the fox-hound, which was recently described. The beagle is regarded by some as the brachet of the middle ages, and we think it the only species of the long-eared dogs known in the west during the Roman empire. On the continent there is a coarse haired buff-coloured hound of a mixed breed, figured by Buffon, the naturalist, apparently formed from the French braque and the crisp wire-haired dog. It is now uncommon, probably neglected, because of its want of beauty, though formerly much esteemed in otter-hunting, and in the chase when the country was swampy and intersected by rivers. In Queen Elizabeth's reign, the fancy is said a race so small that a complete cry of them could be carried out to the field in a pair of panniers. That princess had little *singing* beagles, which could be placed in a man's glove.

The HARRIER is well known from its being so commonly connected with the chase of the hare, from which, indeed, it derives its name. Truly has one of our poets said,—

> "Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare,
> Yet vain her best precaution, though she sits
> Conceal'd, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
> By nature raised to take th' horizon in,
> And head conceal'd betwixt her hairy feet,
> In act to spring away. The scented dew
> Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep
> In settled sullen sings, far behind,
> With every breeze, she hears the coming storm,
> But nearer, and more frequent, as it heeds
> The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all
> The savage soul of game is up at once."

The harrier is smaller than the fox-hound. It is of more recent and artificial breed, probably between the hound and the beagle, and is marked in a manner something like that of the fox-hound, but often the dark colours occupy still more surface.

The POINTER, with its stout limbs, blunted muzzle, stunted tail, and smooth hair, is taught to discover game, and it practises what it has learned with great attention and steadiness. Its scent being very acute, it gently approaches the spot where the game lies; at length it stops, and fixes its eyes steadily upon it, with one foot commonly raised a little from the ground,

and the tail extended in a straight line. So firm is this habit of pointing in some, that the late Mr. Gilpin is said to have painted a brace of pointers while in the act, and that they stood for an hour and a quarter without moving! These were Pluto and Juno, the property of Colonel Thornton. Dash, another pointer, the property of the same sportsman, was sold for £160 worth of burgundy and champagne, one hogshead of claret, an elegant gun, and a pointer, with the proviso, that if an accident should disable the dog, he was to be returned to the colonel at the price of £50! When a bird runs, the dog observes its motions, steals cautiously after it, preserving the same attitude, and when it stops the pointer is again steady.

Many stories are told of this animal's sagacity: the following are accredited by Mr. Jesse.—"An old friend of mine had a very sagacious pointer, which was kept in a kennel with several other dogs. His gamekeeper having gone one day into the kennel, dropped his watch by some accident. On leaving the place, he fastened the gate as usual, but had not gone far from it when he heard it rattled very much; and on looking round he saw his favourite pointer standing with her forepaws against it and shaking it, evidently for the purpose of attracting his attention. On going up to her, he found her with his watch in her mouth, which she restored to him with much seeming delight."

"A gentleman in Nottinghamshire has a pointer dog very eager at all times to go out shooting with his master. His master is a bad shot, and when he has missed his game several times together, and which the dog has had the trouble of finding for him, the animal gets provoked, and has several times attacked his master in a manner not to be mistaken. This," adds Mr. Jesse, "is very much the case with my old terrier, Peter. He accompanies me when I am trolling, watches every throw with much anxiety, and shows great impatience, and some degree of anger, if I am a long time without taking a fish; when I do, he appears delighted."

The SETTER is supposed to have originated in, or been brought from, the peninsula of Spain. The head of this race shows a remarkable development of the brain, and in character we find a corresponding intelligence, affection, and docility, and though somewhat timid, they bear fatigue better than the pointer. Their more ancient colours were dark-chestnut and white, or quite red; in England they are white, or white with black or brown marks; but the least adulterated breeds are still found in Ireland, where high prices are paid for the best dogs of this kind.

To Mr. Bell, we are indebted for the following fact:—"By far the most interesting, and, if I may so employ the term, amiable animal I have ever known, was a bitch of this kind, formerly belonging to my father, which he had from a puppy, and which, although never regularly broke, was the best dog in the field that he ever perceived. The very expression of poor Juno's countenance was full of sensibility and affection. She appeared always on the watch to evince her love and gratitude to those who were kind to her; and the instinct of attachment was in her so powerful, that it showed itself in her conduct to other animals, as well as to her human friends.

"A kitten which had lately been taken from its mother, was sent to us, and on Juno's approach showed the usual horror of the cat towards dogs. But Juno seemed determined to conquer the antipathy, and by the most winning and perseverng kindness and forbearance,—advancing or receding as she found the waywardness of her new friend's temper required,—she completely attached the kitten to her; and as she had lately lost her puppies, and still had some milk left, I have often seen them lying before the fire, the kitten sucking her kind foster-mother, who was licking and caressing her as her own offspring. She would also play with great gentleness with some tame rabbits of mine, and would entice them to familiarity by the kindness of her manner; and so fond was she of caressing the young of her own species, that when a spaniel bitch of my father's had puppies, of which all excepting one were destroyed, Juno would take every opportunity to steal the remaining one from its mother's nest, and carry it to her own, where she would lick and fondle it with the greatest tenderness. Poor Bessy, the mother, also a good-tempered creature, as soon as she discovered the theft, hastened, of course, to bring back her little one, which was again to be stolen on the first opportunity; until at length the two bitches killed the poor puppy between them, as they were endeavouring each to pull it from the other; and all this with the most perfect mutual good understanding. Juno lived to a good old age, an unspoiled pet, after her master had shot to her for fourteen seasons."

On the subject of the general faithfulness, courage, and temper of the dog, much might be said. Neither Rover nor Fanny have any predilections in favour of fine clothes or fine houses, and both love their masters equally well whether they be princes or beggars. The cat is attached to the house, the dog to its owner; but having, by aid of book and memory, almost exhausted the patience of the reader, but not the interest of the subject, we refrain. The little boy has been long in bed and the lamp wants trimming.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. IV.

"SEND THE LETTERS, UNCLE JOHN"

A Plea for a Penny Ocean Postage

BY H. G. ADAMS.

UNCLE John is stout and sturdy,
Uncle John has gold in store;
Mighty fleets upon the ocean,
Merchand se upon the shore;
Lands and houses, sheep and oxen,
Corn in granaries and fields—
All that giveth ease or pleasure,
Or to men subsistence yields.

Uncle John has many children,
Scatter'd widely here and there,
And the language that he speaketh,
It is spoken everywhere.
Wheresoever foot hath trodden,
There the sons of Uncle John
Travel, trade, and preach the Gospel,
Earnest workers, every one.

Uncle's ships are ever passing
And repassing o'er the wave,
And our yearning hearts do ever
Tidings of the absent crave,
News of relatives who travel,
Or the friends afar who dwell,
We would know how feel, how fare they,
How they prosper, ill or well.

Greetings o'er should pass between us,
And the heart's fond interchange,
But alas! we're poor, and, therefore,
Distance must our hearts estrange,
And the white-winged herald, as they
O'er the Atlantic go and come,
To the watching waiting many,
Upon either shore are dumb

Uncle John! do send the letters
By your ships that go and come,
Friends abroad would fain be writing
Unto anxious friends at home,
We would wish the absent loved one
In our joys and woes to share,
Send them *for a penny*, Uncle,
It is all we have to spare.

"WILL IT PAY?" Why Uncle! Uncle!
Can you doubt it? look at home,
See how, from all parts, your mail bags
Daily weightier become,
Hear how all your children bless you
For the boon they here enjoy,
Oh, extend it o'er the waters,
And our eager pens employ.

WILL IT PAY? Why fifty letters
Will be sent in place of one,
Fifty pence for *one* poor shilling,
Think of that, good Uncle John!
Think, too, how 'twill foster commerce,
And all friendly ties increase,
Binding nation unto nation
In the bonds of LOVE and PEACE.

HYDE-PARK, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY GEORGE F. PARDON.

Hyde-park now consists of about four hundred acres, bounded on the east by Park-lane, which joins Piccadilly and Oxford-street; on the west, by the village and gardens of Kensington; on the north, by Bayswater; and on the south, by the Green-park and Constitution-hill; from which latter it is separated only by the width of Piccadilly; so that, from the Horse Guards at Whitehall to the hamlet of Kensington, there is one continuous open space or park. A glance at the map of London will make this apparent in a minute.

Such other characteristics of the present appearance of Hyde-park, as may be necessary to be noticed, we shall jot down as we go on—plunging at once, and without further preface, into the past.

The earliest authentic mention of Hyde-park is made by Lysons, who tells us that there were "two ancient manors belonging to the church of Westminster, which were called Neyte and Hyde." At the suppression of the monasteries by Henry the Eighth, they became the property of the crown, having been given, together with the advowson of Chelsea, in exchange for the priory of Hurley, in Berkshire. The site of the manor of Hyde, then, is occupied by what we now know as Hyde-park and Kensington-gardens, which latter consisted originally of only twenty-six acres; they were enlarged by Queen Anne by an addition of thirty acres, and by Caroline, Queen to George II., by a further grant of three hundred acres. There was a royal palace at Kensington-gardens as early as 1686. It was originally built by, and constituted the seat of, Heneage Finch, Earl of Nottingham, and Lord Chancellor of England, whose son, the second earl, sold the house and grounds to William of Orange, soon after his accession, since which period they have remained in possession of the crown. William made several alterations in his new house, the most important of which was the entire re-erection of the upper story, under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren. A melancholy interest hangs around the irregular pile, for within its walls died William III., Mary his queen, Anne, Queen of England, and her husband George of Denmark, as well as the second George. It was the town residence of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and has the honour of being the birthplace of her present majesty. Kensington-palace is a spacious, rambling, red brick building, and more like what it was intended for, a private gentleman's dwelling, than a royal palace; and if, as Sir John Soane says, monarchs can best appreciate the utility and importance of the noble art of architecture, we should imagine the Hanoverian kings had but small liking to their lodging.

Crabbe, in his journal, says that Kensington-gardens have a very peculiar effect: not exhilirating, but lively and pleasant. This is just the impression that most strangers receive of its somewhat formal walks and flower beds, insterspersed here and there with bits of wild nature and luxuriant meadow; but its great charm consists in its pleasing variety of perspectives, and its glimpses of bright water; and on summer afternoons when the band is playing, and the green sward is crowded with elegantly-dressed men and women—the gardens were formerly confined to pedestrians, but a ride was opened last year during the Exhibition—the scene is well worth looking at, especially if the gazer prefer, as we do, the rustle of silk and satin, and the merry sound of young voices, to the dust and turbulence of the hot highway on July evenings.

It seems, however, that the public had not always access to this pleasant place, for in the "Historical Recollections of Hyde-park," by Thomas Smith, we find a notice of one Sarah Gray having had a pension granted to her of £18 a year, as a sort of compensation for the loss of her husband, who was accidentally shot by one of the keepers, while fox-hunting in Kensington-gardens.

Return we to Hyde-park proper, leaving the crowd in the gardens—

> Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
> And chintz, the rival of the flowery bow—

to amuse themselves as they may; merely premising that the Serpentine, of which we shall speak again, was formed in the reign of George II. (1730—1733) by the union of several shallow swampy ponds, and that the bridge over it was erected in 1826, and completes the separation between the park and the gardens.

The two principal entrances to Hyde-park, as most of our readers know, are the triple archway on the top of Constitution-hill, Hyde-park Corner, as it is called—,and Cumberland-gate, or, as it is more frequently designated, Tyburn-gate, at the junction of Oxford-street and the Uxbridge-road.

It may happen, say, it is almost certain, that we may be talking to some who have never been in London, much less in Hyde-park; so, like a guest before a strange house, we will linger for a few minutes about these entrances. Merely glancing up at Wyatt's statue of the Iron Duke, on the Triumphal Arch,—about which there was so much controversy, and about which there is still so much diversity of opinion, and which cost, we believe, no less than thirty thousand pounds,—we will pause before the palatial residence of the Iron Duke himself. This has been the London residence of the hero of a hundred fights for above thirty years, and is so called from a house which stood on the same site, built by Henry Bathurst, Baron Apsley, Earl Bathurst, and Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain (Pope's Lord Bathurst), who died in 1794; in 1665, there were cottages on this spot, and the legend goes—though whether it is true or not we have not been able to ascertain—that where the principal doorway in Piccadilly stands, an old woman once kept an apple-stall, and that, when the first house was built, she disputed with the founder his right to the site, and so far succeeded as to procure an annuity by way of purchase-money for the spot of earth on which she was wont to vend her fruit, however that may be, the mansion was erected; and here, with the doorway and knocker still intact, stand the walls of Apsley-house the new, covering and protecting those of Apsley-house the old. On part of the site too, demolished to make room for the present building, stood the Hercules' Pillars, the noted inn where Squire Western, in "Tom Jones," put up when in pursuit of that scapegrace hero —"While Sophia was left with no other company than what attend the closest state prisoner, fire and candle, the Squire sat down to regale himself over a bottle of wine with the parson and landlord of the Hercules' Pillars, who, as the Squire said, would make an excellent third man, and could inform them of all the news of the town." And here, too, "that bluff, brave soldier," the Marquis of Granby, who died in 1770, is said to have spent many a merry and convivial hour in the midst of his boon companions. The western front of Apsley-house is ninety feet long, and was built by the nation for the Duke of Wellington, after the designs of the Brothers Wyatt, and is principally remarkable for a certain air of massive grandeur, as if in accordance with the character of its owner. During the reform riots, the duke was unpopular, and his windows were destroyed by the crowd. The bullet-proof iron shutters were put up about that time—in anticipation of another ebullition of popular feeling, probably—and have never since been taken down, the precaution having, as it is often the case, outlived the danger. Within that long dark chamber, however, rest some of the finest pictures in the world, among the most prominent of which is a portrait of Napoleon by the celebrated David, and the battle of Waterloo by Sir David Allan, in which Bonaparte is the foremost figure. The duke bought the last at the Royal Academy Exhibition, and his terse criticism—"Good, very good, not too much smoke," has stamped it as the *chef-d'œuvre* of battle-pieces. There are also several specimens by the old masters; and one, the portrait of the first Lady Lyndhurst, by Wilkie, has become historical from the fact of having been so much injured by a stone during the above mentioned riots as almost to defy repair.

According to Spence, Alexander Pope was a little while at Mr. Dean's academy, at or near Hyde-park Corner, where he signalised himself by a satire on his schoolmaster. It appears that, as now in that part of the New-road near Regent's-park, Piccadilly was once famous for statuaries, for in the "New Guide to London," published 1726, we are told that the statues at Hyde-park Corner is a sight worth seeing. There is an interest of another kind, however, attaching to this spot, for near here, though within the brick wall of the park, a fatal duel took place between Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton, on the 15th of November, 1712, in which both combatants fell. There has always been somewhat of mystery attached to the cause of this quarrel, though politics were no doubt at the bottom of it: men killed each other for opinion's sake in those days.

But the other principal entrance possesses by far the greatest amount of interest, for here stood, near the spot now decorated by the marble arch from Buckingham Palace, the most conspicuous monuments of the extravagances of George IV., "the greatest gentleman in England"—the Tyburn gallows, the "deadly never-green" tree. The gallows took its name from a brook that

rose near Hampstead, and emptied itself into the Thames near Chelsea (now probably King's Scholars sewer), and the street through which the criminals passed to execution took its name from the gallows, for all Oxford-street was formerly known as Tyburn-road, and was so called by our grandfathers. What is now called Park-lane, was originally Tyburn-lane; and many a blood-stained criminal on his way to death has passed the portals of Holdernesse-house.

About Tyburn gallows a volume might be written; indeed, a vast deal has been written on its history, and the novels and poems of the last two centuries are full of allusions to its fame. It existed as a place of execution as early as the reign of Henry IV.; it was a wooden triangular erection, with a stage for the hangman, and the precise spot where it stood is now occupied by a handsome row of houses called Connaught-place. In Minsheu's Dictionary, published 1617, its derivation is given as having been so called of bornes and springs, and tying up men there; and in "Love's Labour Lost," Shakspeare makes Biron say—

> "Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner cap of society,
> The shape of Love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity,"

and Taylor, the water poet, says of it, in his "Praise and Virtue of a Jayle and Jaylers," 4to, 1623,—

> "I have heard sundry men oft'times dispute,
> Of trees that in one year will twice bear fruit;
> But if a man note Tyburne, it will appeare
> That that's a tree which bears twelve times a yeare."

To give merely a list of the celebrated criminals who have suffered here would fill a column.

On Tyburn tree were hung the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, at the Restoration. Their dead bodies were dragged from their graves in Henry VIII.'s chapel, in Westminster Abbey, whence they were taken by night to the Red Lion Inn, Holborn, carried on sledges the next morning to Tyburn, and suspended at the three angles of the gallows till sunset, to be afterwards beheaded, their bodies buried beneath the gallows, and their skulls exposed on the top of Westminster Hall!

In the last picture of Hogarth's Idle and Industrious Apprentices, we have a view of the triple tree, and its usual accompaniments.

To Tyburn, Henrietta Maria, the Queen of Charles I, made penance, walking bare-footed through the park; though the fact has been denied by the Marshal de Basompierre, the French ambassador. Poor queen, she might well be glad to escape to France during the stormy period that followed her husband's death, whether this story of the penance be true or not.

The daring of the highwaymen of the last century was the frequent subject of conversation in all circles. We have a vivid picture in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," of the impression made in even literary circles. Boswell asks his patron if he does not think Gray's poetry towers above the common mark! "Yes, sir," replied the great chain in his own peculiar way; "but we must attend to the difference between what man in general cannot do if he would, and what every man may do if he would. Sixteen-stringed Jack towered above the common mark." After this long palaver at the gates, methinks we can safely enter the park.

Turning round, naturally enough, to see the effect of the marble arch from the inside, we catch a glimpse through the opening of the churchyard belonging to the parish of St George's, Hanover-square; in the centre of which, Laurence Sterne, the author of the "Sentimental Journey," lies buried. There is an ordinary-looking head-stone erected to his memory. He died at the "silk-bag shop" mentioned by him in "Tristram Shandy," 41, Old Bond-street, on the 18th of March, 1768. The shop is now kept by a cheesemonger: alas, poor Yorick! In the same street, 146, with Sterne, lived the brave Sir Thomas Picton, who fell at Waterloo; and in the same churchyard with Sterne he was buried—though fifty years divided the tenancy of each, of both home and tomb.

But we are now fairly in the park, and luxuriating in the sunshine. Well, it is a noble place, and worthy the World's Fair. Rather different in appearance now to what it was three hundred years ago, when the French ambassador hunted with King Edward VI., and the Duke Casimir "killed a barren doe with his piece in Hyde-park, from amongst three hundred other deer!" And what a contrast it presents in our day to what it did in that of Charles I., when horse and foot-races round the Ring were the principal source of amusement to the frequenters. The second Charles, however, introduced a better style of pleasure in Hyde-park; and it was during his reign that it was first regularly laid out in walks and drives, and became celebrated as a place of fashionable promenade—a reputation it has ever since retained. And we need only cast our eyes around on the gay equipages in the Ring, the spirited horsemen and horsewomen in Rotten-row, and the delighted pedestrians everywhere, to justify our previous good opinion of the taste which chose this most noble of parks as the temporary home of the Crystal Palace.

Hyde-park was first enclosed in a brick wall during the reign of the second Charles, having been previously only fenced in with what are called indifferently "park palings" and "deer fences." The present open iron railings were erected by desire of George IV.; in whose reign also the so called statue of Achilles, "inscribed by the women of England to Arthur Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms," was erected. The statue was cast by Sir R. Westmacott, R.A., from cannon taken from the enemy during the Peninsular war, and the cost of erection was entirely defrayed by a subscription raised among the fair sex, which is said to have amounted to upwards of £50,000. It is a fine figure, though there is little of originality of conception in it, it being a good copy merely of one of the fine antiques on the Monte Cavallo at Rome. When reviews are held in Hyde-park, they usually take place in the open space behind and to the left of the Achilles statue.

Making our way towards the Ring, which was planned in the time of Charles I.,—and somewhat defaced in order to get room to complete the Serpentine, though several of the original trees are still standing,—we come in full view of what constitutes the great charm of an English park;—not trees and water alone, nor gravelled paths and well-kept rides, but the green luxury of beautiful meadow free to all, from prince to peasant. If in days past Oliver Cromwell, "accompanied by his secretary, Thurloe, and some few gentlemen," was wont to "take the air" and show off his skill in coachmanship, even to the detriment of his own limbs and the spraining of his secretary's ankle (for which fact search in Thurloe's State Papers, vol. ii. p. 552, "and when found, make a note of it"); in our day, Thomas Smith, or Robert Jones, or John Robinson, citizens and householders, can drive their dear partners, or sweethearts, or children, in the "chay" on Sundays, without let or hindrance, and with probably much less chance of a tumble than the parliamentary soldier had.

Better than any regular history of the Park are the snatches of gossip we find in the works of the poets and playwriters of the last two centuries. Glorious old Pepys and famous John Evelyn make frequent mention of the sports common to the spot in their day, but, though they were contemporaries, we much prefer the authority of Pepys, because he kept his diary day by day, while there is internal evidence to prove that Evelyn sometimes neglected to insert anything in his note-book for weeks together. Now, although the fact is nowhere positively stated, it is certain that at one time, the privilege of riding in the Park was a purchaseable one; for under date April 11, 1653, Evelyn says he "went to take the aire in Hyde-park, where every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchased it of the State as they were call'd." And five years after (May 20th, 1658), he tells us that he "went to see a coach-race in Hyde-park, and collationed in Spring-garden." Shortly afterwards it appears that the shilling tax was taken off, and the coach-races discontinued; for two years later (August 10th, 1660), we learn from the diary of the immortal Pepys that running matches were common in the park—"With Mr. Moore and Creed to Hyde-park by coach, and saw a fine foot-race three times round the park, between an Irishman and Crow, that was once my lord Claypoole's footman." Three times round the park probably meant three times round the Ring. It was the custom in Hyde-park in that day, it appears, to sell milk and so on at the lodges, as it has been of late years in various parts of St. James's-park: for Pepys tells us that on the 25th of April, 1699, he took his wife to Hyde-park, and "there in our coach (he set up a coach of his own in this year), eat a cheesecake and drank a tankard of milk." It must not be supposed, however, that the good old chronicler always confined himself to such simple beverages; by no means—for the master of the Clothworkers must needs have been a "jovial soul," else he would not have presented his company with the silver "loving cup" out of which they still quaff their sherbet on state occasions.

That Hyde-park was a fashionable place of meeting in Charles II.'s reign there are heaps of satisfactory evidences. De Gram-

mont tells us that all who had sparkling eyes and splendid equipages constantly repaired thither, while young Bellair, in Etherege's "Man of Mode," says, the most people preferred Hyde-park to the Mall (in St. James's). Many curious customs of our ancestors are incidentally mentioned in these notices;—for instance, we are told by Colley Cibber, that the ladies were in the habit of taking Kynaston, the actor who played the female parts in Shakespeare's plays, with them in their carriages in the Park after the play, and that on such occasions the actor wore his theatrical habit. Lest people should doubt as to ladies riding in the park *after* the play, Cibber goes on to tell us that they could do so easily, "because plays were then used to begin at four o'clock: the hour that people of the same rank are now going to dinner. Of this truth I had the curiosity to inquire, and had it confirmed from his (Kynaston's) own mouth in his advanced age." It does not say much for the delicacy of the language used at the theatres in Charles's age, when the fact of the ladies going thither in masks is mentioned; nor does the publication of the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Post Boy*, June 8th, 1695, say much for public morality:—"Some days since, several persons of quality having been affronted at the Ring in Hyde-park, by some persons that rode in hackney-coaches in masks, and complaint thereof being made to the Lord Justice, an order was made that no hackney-coaches be permitted to go into the said park, and that none presume to appear there in masks," an order which has never since been rescinded.

The Ring in Hyde-park is memorable as having been the place of meeting between Wycherley and the Duchess of Cleveland. Pope tells the anecdote in a piquant way. "Wycherley's acquaintance with the famous Duchess of Cleveland commenced oddly enough: one day as he passed the duchess's coach in the Ring she leaned out of the window, and cried out loud enough to be distinctly heard by him, 'Sir, you're a rascal!' 'you're a villain!' Wycherley from that moment entertained hopes." It must be explained, here, that when the duchess called the poet a villain and a rascal she was quoting a line from one of his own songs, and, for that reason, possibly, he had ground for hope, at any rate, events proved that his hopes were well founded. In the Ring, too, was fought the celebrated duel between Samuel Martin, M.P., and John Wilkes, in which the latter was wounded in the stomach. The cause of dispute was a passage in Wilkes's paper, the *North Briton*; and the event made a great noise at the time (November, 1763). With one other remark we will quit the Ring and make our way to the Serpentine, in which, before eight a.m., we have often plunged. The water is too dirty now. In Pope's "Rape of the Lock" he says—

> "Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
> Than wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;"

which distich clearly indicates the tendency of mankind to *go west*.

> "The river, the river that ceaselessly flows,
> Where the nightingale warbles, the violet blows,"

is far from an applicable rhyme for the Serpentine river; for a more unfit stream for all the purposes of health, recreation, or utility, it would be difficult to find near London. It is a wonder how the foreign-looking ducks and wild fowl contrive to live on its bosom—but perhaps dirty water suits their constitution. At any rate it has been proved over and over again, that the fifty acres of water here collected is in a high degree dangerous to the sanitary condition of the surrounding neighbourhood. In the summer of 1848, a commission was appointed to consider the propriety of cleansing the Serpentine, and Sir John Rennie estimated the cost of removing the mud deposit from the bottom of the stream, reducing it throughout to one uniform depth, and insuring a constant stream of pure water, at not less than £30,000. And when we consider how many thousands bathe in these waters, and how many more thousands inhale the insensible miasma while walking beside what appears to be a clean running-stream, but which is in reality a partially stagnant pool, we cannot but regret that considerations of expense should weigh with the government, nor forbear the expression of our hope that this memorable summer will not pass over without something being done to alleviate this crying evil.

We have already said that the Serpentine river was formed by order of Caroline, Queen of George II, but we forgot to add that when the supply from the Bayswater sewer was cut off, in 1834, the less of water was so great that the river was fed by pipes from the Chelsea water-works, and that to this partial and insufficient supply are to be traced nearly all the evils attendant on the present state of this artificial collection of water. In 1820 the waterfall at the east end was erected, though it is often dry and dumb for weeks together. The neat classical edifice erected by Decimus Burton for the Royal Humane Society, and the boat-house, where boats are let for hire, are on the north side; while the Palace of Glass, now in course of removal, was built on the slip of ground between Knightsbridge and Rotten-row, having a small grove of trees between it and the high road. What is called the ornamental water in St. James's-park, as well as that in the private gardens of Buckingham Palace, is supplied from the Serpentine, the depth of which varies from one to forty feet; a fact which renders a bath rather a perilous undertaking, if the bather does not happen to swim. In 1783, Price's Lodge (interesting only in connexion with the deaths of Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton) was taken down, "together with part of the grove, in order to complete the Serpentine river." The last words are quoted from the *Daily Post*, April 20th, 1733.

We are not acquainted with any other historical fact connected with Hyde-park of sufficient importance to warrant our lengthening this already-too-long paper, and it is foreign to our purpose to speak of the sad uses to which weary humanity has too often put the Serpentine river, but we must not conclude without expressing a hope that our gossip will be acceptable to those who are acquainted with Hyde-park; with those who are *not* we are quite sure to find a welcome.

Here's a quotation from Byron quite *apropos* as a finish.—

> "When its quicksilver's down at zero—lo!
> Coach, chariot, luggage, baggage, equipage!
> Wheels whirl from Grafton palace to Soho,
> And loppers they who horses can engage;
> The turnpikes glow with dust, and Rotten-row
> [illegible]
> [illegible]"

MISSISSIPPI STEAM-PACKETS.

In our last week's Number we gave some few particulars of steam navigation, with an engraving of an American iron steamboat. In that article we refrained from making many remarks on the peculiar vessel on which our cousins of the west so pride themselves,—simply for the reason that we could say nothing on the subject from our knowledge; the publication, however, of a new volume,* and the arrival of a file of American papers, enables us to add a few particulars, which may be considered authentic. In the following extract we have an interesting description of the incidents of Mississippi steamboat journeying.

"A rainy and unpleasant day; I went down to the Levee (*i.e.* quay), and inquired on board one of the Orleans packet the 'William Noble,' when she would start, as the printed board intimating in eight-inch letters that 'the William Noble for New Orleans this day,' had been, or may have been statin the same thing for any indefinite number of days previous. The nearest approach to certainty is to be had only by examining the quantity of freight on board, and on the levee for shipment, and conclude accordingly. If she lies high, and there is a good deal of freight to go aboard, with only a few passengers entered, you may read this day, as in five days and so on, according to circumstances; it graduates down until, eventually, it may be held to signify, to-morrow. Sometimes you will perceive the dense smoke, and hear the bustle of preparation to be off, you conclude she is going now, sure but no—you need not hurry, it is only a pleasant fiction of the captain's. they are merely firing up, as the finale of advertising stratagems; it is merely a puff, and coming evening ends in smoke. With all this experience in view, I did, neverthless, ask the clerk when she would start. 'This evening, sir, at five o'clock precisely, sir,' said he, with the emphatic precision of a man that considered five minutes after five as a perfect impossibility: perhaps I asked deprecatingly, 'Six o'clock will be time enough to come down?' 'We start at five, sir,' was the oracular response, with the addenda, 'if you wish to go with us, sir, you had better be on board at a quarter to five o'clock.'—Having paid our fare, with an inherent longi

* Two Years on the Farm of Uncle Sam; with Sketches of his Location, Neighbours, and Prospects. By Charles Casey. London: Richard Bentley.

after the wonderful, we were on board at fifteen to five, but there she lay, smokeless and steamless; her gangway filled with a stream of strong men, rolling in heavy barrels, boxes, &c. We went up to the saloon, sat down at the stove, and counted the minutes (not that we had the most remote idea of departure), but to demonstrate to our own satifaction, that we had once and again hoped against fate, by relying on the clerk's promise. 'How soon will you get out, sir?' said a new comer to my precise friend.—'After dark, I expect, sir!' replied the infallible official. Whereupon we mentally hugged ourselves, from a knowledge of the superior experience which we had bought and *paid for*. At nine o'clock we were to start in the morning, and in the morning we were to be off at ten o'clock, which said ten o'clock eventually came in the familiar shape of four o'clock in the afternoon, when we at length slipped off down the Ohio; and as we watched the receding town, and the beautiful banks, we could not help philosophising a little on the uncertainty of terrestrial things in general, and the emphatic uncertainty of the starting time of Orleans boats, in particular; and as the shades of evening rendered the outlines of our course dim and shadowy, and we watched the two volumes of brilliant sparks, that showered in a cascade of fire, from the tall chimneys, shooting hither and thither in mazy, serpent-like masses, we found we had arrived at a settled conviction, which we hold to this day, that, with the captains' clerks and other officials of steamboats, hyperbole is a natural form especially on subjects appertaining to the capacity, safety, speed, and staring fame, of the particular boat with which they are connected. But to every question there are two sides, nor do we think there is unmixed evil in the world. The saloon of the western steamboat runs clear fore and aft the length of the boat; it is elegantly fitted up, and has a succession of two berthed state-rooms at either side for the whole length. The table is good, and the general comfort provided for The charges are particularly moderate, being from 10 to 15 dollars for an Orleans passage (1,500 miles), including board, attendance, &c"

On the subject of the actual danger encountered by the voyagers in these light and elegant vessels we present our readers with an extract from the *New York Herald* of August 7th. In the following table is given a list of steamboat accidents in America within the present year,—a period of little more than six months:—

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENTS IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1852

Jan. 9.—Boiler of steamer Magnolia exploded at St Simon's Island, Georgia 13 persons killed, 11 injured
14.—Boiler of steamer George Washington exploded near Grand Gulf, Miss. 16 lives lost, ten persons injured
14.—Steamer Martha Washington burnt near Memphis, Tenn 5 lives lost.
23.—Steamer Pitzer Miller's boiler exploded at the mouth of the White river. Several persons killed
25.—Steamer De Witt Clinton struck a snag near Memphis, Tenn. 40 lives lost
31.—Steamer General Warren wrecked at Astoria, Oregon 42 lives lost
Feb. 14.—Steamer Caddo sunk near New Orleans 5 lives lost.
29.—Steam towboat Mary Kingsland's boiler burst below New Orleans. 5 lives lost, 3 persons injured
Mar. 26.—Steamer Pocahontas collapsed her flues near Memphis, Tenn 8 lives lost, 18 persons severely scalded
26.—Steamer Independence wrecked in Matagorda Bay, Texas. 7 lives lost.
April 3.—Steamer Redstone's boilers exploded near Carrollton, Ia 21 lives lost, 25 persons injured
3.—Steamer Glencoe blew up at St. Louis Number of lives lost unknown.
9.—Steamer Saluda's boiler exploded at Lexington, Mo 100 lives lost.
11.—Steamer Pocahontas burnt near Choctaw Bend. 12 lives lost.
25.—Steamer Prairie State collapsed her flues on the Illinois, killing and wounding 20 persons.
May 19.—Steamer Pittsburg's cylinder heads broken, killing 1 and injuring 3 persons.
June 14.—Steamer Forest City collapsed a flue at Cleveland. 3 lives lost.
July 5.—Steamer St. James's boiler exploded near New Orleans. About 40 lives lost.
July 12.—Propeller City of Oswego run into by another steamer, near Cleveland, and sunk. 20 lives lost.
28.—Steamer Henry Clay burnt near Yonkers, on the Hudson. About 80 lives lost, and about 20 more or less injured

THE MELANCHOLY RESULT IN FIGURES.

	Number of Steamers.	Lives Lost.	Persons Injured.
January	6	116	21
February	9	10	3
March	2	15	18
April	5	113	35
May	1	1	3
June	1	3	.
July	3	140	20
Total	20	428 (!)	100 (!)

"The numbers lost by the disaster to the Pitzer Miller and Glencoe, not being known, are not included in the foregoing list; but there can be little doubt, that if added to the other cases which have been ascertained, the aggregate would amount to at least five hundred human beings sent prematurely to their account, with all their imperfections on their heads. We give this frightful table in order to draw the attention of members of Congress to the subject, in connexion with the bill now before them. We learn that this bill, though very valuable, is found to be deficient in some points, and that the attention of Congress will be directed to the subject, in order to cover those points, and to render the bill as perfect as possible. Now is the time for action on the part of Congress: and the country looks to their wisdom and humanity for a measure that will give ample protection to the whole travelling community of the United States."

We are unwilling to add a word on this subject. The facts, as stated, speak for themselves.

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE SCIENCE OF BOTANY Illustrated by upwards of Three Hundred Engravings from Drawings from Nature.—In THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART, Number 36, is commenced a series of chapters on the instructive science of Botany Each chapter will be profusely illustrated with engravings, carefully executed These chapters on Botany will not interfere with the general character of the work, which contains first-class engravings, including portraits and specimens of the works of the great masters, in painting, sculpture, and architecture, portraits of eminent characters, views of cities, palaces, and public buildings; natural history, manufacturing processes, machinery and inventions, scientific, including the elements of design, perspective, hydraulics, the stereoscope, &c.; ornamental sculpture, needlework, &c, with original literary articles, including biographies, descriptions of works of art, details of manufacturing processes and machinery, papers on natural history and other branches of science, and much interesting fragmentary matter The ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART is published in weekly Numbers, twopence each, or in monthly Parts, 9d. or 11d each, according to the number of weeks in each month.

CASSELL'S SHILLING EDITION OF EUCLID — THE ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY, containing the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid, from the text of Robert Simson, M D, Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow; with Corrections, Annotations, and Exercises, by Robert Wallace, A M., of the same university, and Collegiate Tutor of the University of London, is now ready, price 1s, in stiff covers, or 1s 6d neat cloth.

THE POPULAR EDUCATOR —AN EXTRA EDITION of this extraordinary work, on fine paper, at 1½d per Number, or in Monthly Parts, in a neat wrapper, at 7d., or when Five Numbers 8½d., is now published, and is issued without the weekly headings. Persons wishing for this edition must be careful to order the "*Extra* Edition" The whole of the Numbers may now be obtained, or the first Three Parts—Part I., 7d, Part II, 8½d, Part III., 7d. The Common Edition, at One Penny per Number, Monthly Parts, 5d., or 6d., is regularly issued. The First Volume of THE POPULAR EDUCATOR will be ready Oct 1st Common Edition, with Weekly Headings, 3s. 6d; Extra Edition, without the Weekly Headings, 4s. 6d, or strongly bound, 5s.

THE PATHWAY, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper. Vols I and II, neatly bound in cloth and lettered, price 2s. 3d each, are now ready.

BITS OF MY MIND.

I HAVE sometimes wondered whether *Methuselah* went on through *his* life, thinking worse and worse of human nature, all the time?

MEN believe any religion, rather than none, however absurd, for the same reason that if compelled to set out on a voyage of which they absolutely know *nothing*, they would take the directions of *any old woman* who professed to know *something*, rather than none.

THERE is a certain class of men whose great apparent *serenity* is nothing more than an habitually repressed *irritability*

"A STATE" is only the aggregate of the virtue and intelligence of its citizens. If they cease to be "citizens" and become "self-seekers" merely, there must soon cease to be a state.

To teach young women to prattle learnedly, about science or any other recondite topic always seems to me to be like teaching *canary birds* to go through the military exercise, fire cannons, &c. One wonders to see it done at all; but still more at the misplaced pains that produced it

UNDER the head of "feeling" there are three classes of persons. *First*, persons who can feel for others, as well as what immediately pertains to themselves. *Second*, persons who can feel for themselves and those depending immediately upon them. *Third*, people who can neither feel for themselves nor anybody else.

I NEVER could understand the notion of generals holding "councils of war," as they are called In my mind the general's or admiral's office is *sole* and cannot be communicated to others without certain and probably immediate mischief Thus all great generals have viewed it. Napoleon, Wellington, and Nelson, in modern times, and Hannibal, Scipio, Marius, and Cæsar, in ancient ones, never listened to "councils of war."

NEVER be "talked into" doing anything that is irrevocable, for this plain reason,—because if it do not answer the representation you cannot be *talked out of it again*.

I WOULD rather associate with *good-hearted* people, however moderate in talent or deficient in shining qualities, than with the most accomplished *heartless* coterie in the universe

THERE is one marked and remarkable feature of Astronomy, and that is, that multitudinous as seem to be the stars (suns or worlds be they) planted over the vast visible universe, various as must be their attributes, products, natures, and bases, yet in one or two grand points they all agree and are one and the same—*They are all spheres! They all give out or reflect light.*

I FANCY it will hardly be denied that *authors*, even upon the most ordinary estimate of the utility of their labours, have been the *worst paid* of all labourers of whom we know anything Now what does this prove? That, after all, appearances deceive and that a *plough* is a far preferable thing to a pen, or that *money payment* is not applicable to labourers so transcendental as those of mind? If it proves neither of these alternatives, I wish somebody would tell me what it *does* prove for, from so astounding a fact, we ought, if we are able, to deduce *something*.

"SLANG" sticks to coarse and vulgar minds just as "burs" stick to duffle coats

To treat prosaical things in a poetical way is often called "eloquence;" I am by no means sure it is not ill-taste.

I WOULD no more advise any man to show that he is in advance of his neighbours, either in point of knowledge or virtue, than I would advise a soldier to stand in advance of his regiment, when they were about to fire a platoon of ball cartridge.

THE horse outstrips the man the first day, but in a journey of fifty days, the man out-walks the horse So noise and bombast tell on the crowd at first, but in the end, common sense prevails and leaves mere rhetoric behind

THERE is an old saw, that "he who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing." That is to say, he who goes on "tick," finds it in the end to be "tic dolloureux!"

BEWARE of those (man or woman be they) who think their home a prison. The odds are that they, and all connected with them, nearly, will, in the end, get a prison for their home.

PERHAPS the most valuable part of the true English mind is its *clearness* France, Italy and Germany, have produced mighty minds, but are they not inferior in this respect to our English reasoners? To our Lockes, our Humes, our Newtons, our Edwardses, our Cobbetts, and our Paines?

IT is strange but there are some men, nay many—ay, and clever men too, who either give the world credit for so much understanding, or so mistake their own, that they will render obscure that which they ought to make clear, and be ashamed to utter truth save in dark oracles and adumbrated sayings

I HAVE heard it maintained that no man, nor woman either, could attain a fine English style, unless he (or she) knew a good deal of Latin and Greek This is sad pedantry! Shakspeare, the greatest master of the English poetry, knew little or no Latin and Cobbett, one of our very best prose-writers, none at all

LET political economists turn, twist, subdivide and perplex the matter as they will, it is clear enough to me that a nation can only be enriched by its own direct industry and toil,—that chicane has nothing to do with it, but in appearance, and that foreign trade is only a roundabout road to the same end.

IT is one of the wonderful privileges of men of genius to make friends *at a distance* amongst kindred minds, without even seeing or being seen by the owners of these sympathetic minds. This is *to compensate* for the paucity of the persons capable of sympathising with them, with whom they come into frequent, actual contact How mysteriously is this world governed! How wonderfully managed!

A SAILOR in a surtout and a fish out of water are synonymous terms

THE world is undoubtedly "a jostle" but a good government makes it a friendly and pleasant jostle, like the crush for the supper-room at a ball, where though *some* get *best* in, and first served, *all* get in and are comfortable at last

WHEN a man says "he believes he may say a thing with certainty," he means he is somewhat *uncertain* of it

ONE of the worst of mistakes is the notion that people may go on living in the constant practice of *absurdity* without accompanying *mischief*

IT is a very common observation that poets, indeed men of genius in general, are "not fit for the world" Be it so. But, let it also be granted that the converse proposition holds good, and the world is "not fit for them."

IT always appeared to me that La Fayette was the "Sir Charles Grandison," of the French Revolution.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MACEDONIA.—The immediate successor Washington as President of the United States America was John Adams. He was elected March, 1797, and remained in office till March 1801. There are 32 states in the union. Th Congress consists of a Senate, composed of tw members from each state, and a House of Repr sentatives, composed of one representative f every 70,680 persons in each state, and one addi tional representative for each state having a frac tion greater than one moiety of the said ratio Members of the Senate are chosen for six years one-third of them being elected biennially. Th representatives are elected for the term of tw years The number of vessels of war of the Unite States navy is thus given an an American navy list now before us —Ships of the line, 11, frigates first class, 12, frigates, second class, 2, sloops o war, 22, brigs, 5, schooners, 8; bomb-vessels, 5 steamers, 13; storeships and brigs, 6 You other questions we must answer in our nex number

A LABOURER.—The lowest scale of outfit re quired by the government commissioners fron free passengers (males), is 6 shirts, 6 pairs o stockings, two pairs of shoes, two complete suit of exterior clothing, towels and soap And in re turn for the deposit of one or two pounds, the supply each emigrant with a mattress, bolster blankets, counterpane, canvass bag, knife, fork and drinking-mug.

A CONVALESCENT —Without doubt the "bitte ales" contain a portion of alcohol, quite enough to intoxicate if taken in sufficient quantities, and quite enough to injure and to excite a desire fo stronger liquors, if taken in any quantity "Pale' and "bitter ales" may be free from strychnine and yet possess other injurious properties.

C TURNER (Mile-end).—If the nuisance o which you complain existed before you took the house, we fear you have no remedy It is not case in which the Commissioners of Sewers would interfere

A YOUNG MECHANIC —If, as you say, you ca get constant employ at 24s a week, pray keep to your work, and abandon the idea of seeking em ployment 3,000 miles off

AN APPRENTICE —If your master is dead, and your mistress does not see that you are properly instructed in your business, you had better appl to a magistrate and get your indentures cancelled

S R W —Hobbs's patent locks may be obtained at his office, recently opened in Cheapside

W T A.—As you have been refused your certificate as a bankrupt, without protection, you certainly are at the mercy of any creditor You should endeavour to make arrangements with them, giving them reason to believe that you intend henceforth to act honestly and honourably

A SINGLE MAN.—We have no influence with the authorities at the Inland Revenue Office It is not easy to obtain a situation there.

A YOUTH (Hackney-road).—The Spitalfields Government School of Design is just the institution you require. Show your sketches to the secretary You will have more than an hour's instruction three days in the week, at the small charge of 6d. per week for the morning lessons, o 3d per week for those in the evenings.

W. KINGSTON.—The portraits you want are scarce Inquire for them at Evans's, corner o Great and Little Queen Streets, Lincoln's-inn fields

A WHEELWRIGHT.—You may safely reckon upon constant employment in Australia The sum you say you have saved will take you there in comfort, and enable you to take with you some axles, tires, springs, and other articles ready made, the possession of which will render you services most desirable immediately on your arrival

A REFORMER (Chelsea).—"The Standard o Freedom" is discontinued, but you are welcome to search our file, if you can call at our office.

A TEETOTALER.—Yes A subscription of 5s a year entitles you to membership in the London Temperance League, and to the use of the library &c., at the reading-room, 337, Strand The Rev Albert Barnes declines attending any public meetings during his stay in this county, on account of the delicate state of his health.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.—V.

MOSCOW.

As an intimate acquaintance with a great city cannot be made in a single visit, so neither can we hope to exhaust the interest of a subject, so large and various as the description of Moscow, in a single article. Without attempting, however, anything like a description of the numerous attractions of this city, we may follow the footsteps of the intelligent traveller, and jot down our conclusions by the way.

The palaces of Moscow of course claim precedence over all other kinds of buildings. Next to the Kremlin, the Terema, is that part of the old palace of the Tzars is called, demands attention. The word Terema, or Terem, is applied, in every peasant's dwelling, to that part of the building round which runs a covered balcony; but the word is, *par excellence*, applied to the palace of that name in Moscow. It consists of four stories, of which the lowest is the largest; the upper ones diminish, pyramidally, till the uppermost contains but a single apartment. On the space thus left by the retreat of the upper story from the ceiling of the lower, is formed a kind of balcony both within and without the building, the steps of which proceed from the ground to the roof of the building. The lowermost rooms consist of the throne and audience chambers of the old Tzars, the next floor contains the rooms devoted to the education of the Tzarovans or princesses, while those above consist of the apartments of domestics and officers of state. The Terema is now used only as a kind of show palace, just as the greater part of our Windsor Castle is, and it is therefore decorated in a most gorgeous



PUNISHMENT OF DRUNKARDS IN MOSCOW.

style—arabesque ornamentation in the manner of the Alhambra, gold, silver, flower, scroll, and figure work mingling together in a kind of semi-barbarous splendour. In the Terema are preserved the portraits, armorial bearings, and other trophies of the ancient Tzars: besides heaps of knick-knackeries of a kind and variety which would have delighted the heart of Horace Walpole, being crowded into every imaginable corner, and stowed away in every conceivable space. From the roof of this building a fine view of the city

may be obtained; and it was from its topmost terrace that Napoleon looked down upon its crowded streets and houses on his arrival in Moscow, and contemplated the splendour and beauty of his unholy conquest. A little time elapsed, and he stood at one of the windows of the Kremlin and watched the burning of the devoted city, and, as the flames mounted higher and higher, and twined their snake like tongues about the fair outlines of many a beautiful dwelling, it may be that he felt a pang of remorse for the result of his own towering ambition, mingled with an involuntary feeling of respect and admiration for a people who were patriotic enough to sacrifice their houses and wealth, rather than acknowledge allegiance to the Corsican.

We mentioned the Granovitaya Palata (see p. 355); this is a singular building of a quadrangular or cubical form, which was formerly attached to the great palace. It contains the coronation-hall of the Tzars, and in it the present emperor was crowned The crimson velvet hanging used on that important occasion still decorate its principal apartment, and the throne of the emperor, under a velvet canopy, is shown to the visitor After the ceremony, the kings of Russia were wont to sit in this apartment in their imperial robes, and entertain the principal personages of the realm. After the royal banquet the room is unused and untrodden, except by the foot of the curious stranger, and no kind of ceremonial takes place within it, till death calls the monarch away, and the luxurious table is spread anew for his successor.

The palace erected by the emperor Alexander is situated on he spot where the old Tartar palace once stood. It is called he Bolshoi Dvoretz, or greater palace, and is distinguishable imply by its lofty façade, and its rather ambitious style of ornamentation The interior, however, is comparatively mean nd insignificant, and it is principally used as a sort of lesser oyal palace. Of course, the visitor to Moscow wishes to see ll that is worthy of observation, and for that reason he eldom misses a sight of the private apartments of the various crowned heads who have from time to time made the palace their home. Here may be seen the throne-room and the bath of the empress Marin, and in almost every apartment are preserved memorials of various great personages—here a scent box of a queen, there a handkerchief which once belonged to an emperor; everywhere some personal memorial, more or less affecting according to the renown of the original owner, or the knowledge and taste of the visitor. In this palace is shown the apartment, from the windows of which Alexander addressed the assembled multitude on his return from Paris in 1814, with the news of the complete overthrow and banishment of the emperor Napoleon.

There is attached to the Granovitaya another palace called the Maloi Dvoretz or little palace. It was built by the emperor Nicholas, and is considered a kind of private residence for the monarch. The principal things in this palace which will attract the attention of the visitor, are the pictures, and, as in the larger building, the personal properties left by its various occupants, all of which are shown to the stranger without fee or reward. The bed on which the present emperor lies when he visits this palace is quite a curiosity in its way, if only for the extreme plainness of its style, and the tremendous hardness of its mattrass. The gilded couches in which kings are said to take gentle slumbers to the sound of delicious music are evidently quite unknown in Moscow. The library of the emperor is small but valuable, as it contains a copy of every principal work which has been written on the subject of the Russian empire.

In Number 47 we gave an engraving of the Church of the Assumption – the Aspenai Sabor, as it is called, in the Russian language. It is difficult to say how many churches and chapels are to be found in Moscow. Many of them are extremely beautiful, especially the Angel Roi Sabor—the church of the Archangel Michael—on the height of the Kremlin. Next in beauty and importance is the Church of the Assumption. It was founded in 1325, and rebuilt in 1472. In it are the tombs of the patriarchs of the Greek church, one of whom, St. Philip, is said to have bearded Ivan the Terrible in his palace with these remarkable words—"We respect you as an image of the Divinity, but as a man you partake of the dust of the earth." The church, like most large Russian buildings, is full of gold and silver ornaments, statues, and relics. "The cathedrals and churches of Russia," says the Marquis of Londonderry,* "are decidedly amongst the objects well worthy of examination. The Church of Vassehi Blagoden is of all other the most singular and remarkable. I should not forget to allude to the enormous bell which is close to the Kremlin Cathedral, in commemoration of a horrible famine in Russia in 1600 This bell was destroyed by the French in 1812, but was afterwards repaired and put into its tower again, from which place you can see thirty-two large cathedral or church spires.

"The institutions are composed of three classes: those established by the government for public instruction; those that are formed by general and individual philanthropy; and those that are purely military, and for branches of the public service Those which I inspected are the following —

"1st. The Foundling Hospital, which is on a much greater scale than anything I ever could have imagined; it is in perfect order and under the most judicious management.

"2nd. The Establishment des Demoiselles Nobles.

"3rd. The Military Hospitals.

"4th. The Cholera Hospital.

"5th. The Lunatic Hospital.

"6th. The Corps des Cadets.

"At Moscow, as elsewhere in Russia, the most talented persons from other countries have been engaged to be placed at the head of the institutions. Russia shows sense and dexterity in availing herself of all the advantage which can be derived from the information, superior knowledge, and acquirements of other countries. Moscow is governed by a senate and a synod and a College des Affaires Etrangères (all under the civil and military governor), who correspond with and receive their orders direct from the departments of Petersburg.

"The number of public institutions is beyond belief. I was informed there were upwards of 1,000 professors, and 16,000 clerks in the different seminaries. There are 7 cathedrals, 300 churches, and 700 chapels, and the population is about 280,000. The convents are 21, 14 of which are for monks, and 7 for nuns There are 168 large streets, 651 small, and 54 squares, 9,000 shops, 500 hotels or inns, and 300 restaurateurs also 33 public and 600 private baths. This may give some idea of the magnitude of the place. Many beautiful châteaus and palaces are in the neighbourhood, which I was unable to visit. The Château Petrokshi, built by Catherine II, the Château Isantique, erected entirely by Potemkin for the empress, the Chateau Kolomenskir Celo, the Château Askhangkelsk, and various others, are very worthy (as I was informed) of examination, possessing great riches in pictures and other valuables.

The St. Sauveur Bridge and another form the communication between the Kremlin and the citadel; the latter, called La Belle Place, has in itself formidable works. The garden of Alexander, and the boulevards which surround the town afford beautiful drives and walks. The magnificent Bazaar of Moscow (which resembles the Gastinodivor of St. Petersburg) is situated in the Place Rouge or La Belle Place. It contains all the depôts of merchandise, persons of all nations, denominations, and tribes. The Exchange is conspicuous, and connected with the *Raidhi*, the name of the bazaar. The next two important streets are St. Basbe and St. Else; and not far from these the Grand Place of the Theatre, called Petrosskaia The representations here are often equal to those of St. Petersburg, especially in national pieces; and the building is of the largest description. Not far off the theatre is the most extensive riding school perhaps in the world, in which a large body of cavalry may be exercised. There is, besides, an extraordinary large ball-room, called L'Assemblée de la Noblesse. The city is divided into twenty sections. The houses in the suburbs are of wood, but the fine palaces and buildings in the city of stone. The pavement is bad, and the lighting indifferent; but twilight in this northern clime is so long, that this inconvenience is not much felt.

"In the two Russian capitals,† Moscow the ancient and Petersburg the modern, there is a freshness of colouring," says Captain Frankland, "which does not exist elsewhere; the façades of all the houses, and the towers of the churches, are either white, yellow, stone-colour, pink, or French gray

* Recollections of a Tour in the North of Europe in 1836-1837; by the Marquis of Londonderry. London: Bentley.

† Narrative of a Visit to the Courts of Russia and Sweden in the years 1830-31. By Captain C. Colville Frankland. London Colburn.

the roofs are light green or deep red. The effect of this elegant colouring is amazingly heightened in Moscow by the bulbous, swelling, inverted-balloon-looking domes of the churches and monasteries, covered, as most of them are, with glittering gold; many of them, for the sake of contrast, are painted blue, and spangled with golden stars; others are green or red, and surmounted by filagree crosses standing upon a crescent. The beauty of their graceful groupings is hardly to be conceived. Surely the Russo-Greco architects must be born with an intuitive conception of the beautiful. I take it that these inverted-balloon-looking domes are of Indian or Tartar origin; for such are those of the great temples of Agra and Delhi, of which I have seen drawings. There are, however, many Italian, and some few Byzantine cupolas, mixed up in the panorama.

"Nature has done a great deal for Moscow, as its site and environs are very diversified and undulating. However, there are no streets here to compare with the *Prospekts* of Petersburg, neither can the quays and rivers of the Moskwa and the Yausa compare with those of the lovely and limpid Neva. As a painter I should say that Moscow bears away the palm of beauty from her sister of the Baltic; but as a mere lounger, that Petersburg is far superior to Moscow.

"I wandered about until dark, exploring various streets, and strolling along another public promenade which intersects the Tverskoia at no great distance from my hotel. I was almost the only lounger. I observed, however, in the course of my day's ramble, that the *beau sexe* here is not so *ugly* as in Petersburg. The troops are few and shabby; they look like provincial militia, as compared with the soldiers of the guard in the capital. Most of them seem to be veterans, and are badly clothed and equipped enough.

"In short, one must go into the interior, if he wishes to know anything of Russia. In that splendid city all is for effect, all is delusion; and although the system of *decoration* is carried to a great extent even along the vast line of road between the two capitals, yet it so forcibly contrasts with the real wretchedness and poverty of all around, as to make its very beauties appear absurd by the comparison too forcibly obtruded upon the eye of the traveller. And so it is, I fear, in beautiful Moscow; its general effect is superb, splendid, unrivalled, but its details are poor and mean."

In Moscow the vice of drunkenness exists to an extent unknown in any other part of Russia. All classes drink to excess in spite of legal enactments and degrading punishments. It is not an uncommon thing to observe well-dressed people sweeping the crossways of the streets, under the strict surveillance of police officers. This kind of punishment is awarded to the drunkards of the better class; the peasants and mechanics undergo the torture of the knout, if they are brought frequently before the authorities charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct in the public streets.

The Russians are in general tall and robust, the men of course much more so than the women. "It is rare," we are told by the Marquis, "to see a thin person, and you hardly meet with deformity. The Russian countenances are not handsome, but they have a steady, quiet, enduring look and manner. Generally they have small eyes and short noses, and the greater part light hair. The rigour of the climate lessens their perception of taste and smell, and the great plains of snow evidently affect their sight. Their hearing, on the other hand, is remarkably quick, and they have great strength of limb, with hardy constitutions, capable of enduring great privations. Their diet is simple, and their general beverage *krass*, but their passion is *eau-de-vie*; the consequence is general inebriety, when they are not at work or on duty. The dress of the men is of sheep-skins, inside and out, made loose, and tied round the middle by a long sash. They universally wear boots, or shoes covered with fur-skins. When their spirits are excited, they are excessively jovial, remarkably intelligent, deeply alive to their own interest, scrupulously religious and attentive to the smallest ceremony of their church, although I did not perceive they had any great respect for their clergy. They unquestionably possess the art of imitation, and improving on any given ideas or plans more than any other people; but their manufacture does not appear to be as solid and as good as that of other countries, especially England. Their efforts are concentrated in making the articles for sale look elegant and pleasing; but in solidity, use, or durability they are sadly deficient. I should say that this observation applies nearly to all articles of luxury made in Russia.

"The natural and innate capacity of the people is very great. As a specimen of this daring activity, you may see artificers and common workmen stuccoing or whitening their houses in buckets from the roofs, and some sit across a plank suspended by ropes, changing their position on it with wonderful agility, their axes and tools in their girdles, nor do they ever seem at a loss for any dexterous effort.

"Extraordinary superstition seems to reign amongst them, and I think this pervades the higher classes as well as the lower. They are fond of gipsies, and of having their fortunes told, and have great faith in omens. A salt-cellar overturned, or thirteen at table, create an inconceivable sensation in the high classes; and every sort of delusion of necromancy is produced amongst the lower orders. The hospitality of the country is remarkable, as also the universal charity and readiness to relieve the poor which prevails. This is a singular contrast to their seeming cupidity; but it is not more remarkable than the violence of their temperament, when contrasted with the great charm and politeness of their manners."

"Pouschkin (the Russian Byron)," says Captain Frankland, "seems to be throughly versed in the political, civil, and literary history of his country, and is also fully aware of the faults and vices of Russian administration. He is of opinion, however (as are all wise and good men), that no great and vital change can take place in the political and social state of this vast and disjointed empire, but by gradual and cautious steps, each one of which must be placed upon the firm basis of increased civilisation; or in other words, upon the enlightening of men's eyes, and the extension of their understandings. Much yet remains to be done among the higher classes, when they shall be taught their true interests, and those of their poor serfs, then something may be done to ameliorate the condition of these latter,—all this requires time. No change can be lasting which is not based upon a good and solid foundation. The Russian serf is not yet in a condition either to desire or to deserve emancipation from bondage; the greater part would either willingly or necessarily return to the yoke, were they even once freed from it. The protection of the seigneur is like the wing of the mother extended over her helpless offspring; often, very often, do they from their private stores bear the expense of maintaining whole villages, whose harvests may have failed, or which may have suffered from sickness or other calamities. Liberty, it is true, is an inestimable blessing to the civilised man; but is the barbarian in a state to appreciate it, to profit by it, or to maintain it? The fact is, that Russia is still governed *socially* by the feudal system under which the west of Europe so long groaned. Europe threw off the feuds by slow degrees, and at last only by the influence of the wealth, the intelligence, and civilisation of the burgher classes of free towns (societies which had never been subject to the barons), aided by the sovereign, who was always happy to assist in the humbling of the said turbulent and powerful nobility. Such classes are appearing gradually in Russia, and in all probability will, some day, with the help of the crown, work out the emancipation of their fellow-countrymen. Commerce and manufactures are rapidly finding their way into the heart of this empire, and these great means of civilisation must sooner or later produce their effect. Unfortunately, the perpetual wars of Russia retard the nation in its march towards prosperity; they are a terrible drain upon the agricultural and manufacturing classes. They decrease very sensibly the means of population, which is still so lamentably deficient. When they shall cease, the sovereign may have time to turn his undivided attention to the interior and vital interests of his country, but not till then.

"Upon those estates, belonging to rich non-resident proprietors, the serfs are completely governed by the patriarchal system. They have a council of elders, and a sort of local chief, called starost. The starost and the elders collect the obrok, or annual sum due from the serf to the seigneur, and when this is paid, the residue produced by the farm of the serf (for each agricultural serf has a certain quantity of ground allotted for him to till), belongs not to the seigneur, but to himself.

"Many serfs are known to be extremely rich; nay, some of

them are *des millionaires*, but these are generally engaged in commerce, and are domiciliated in the great towns.



NAPOLEON AT THE KREMLIN.

"Each serf who may wish to absent himself from his village to drive his trade of yamshick (carrier), or ishvochick (proprietor of carriages), or merchant, or any other profession, in the towns or on the coast, must be provided with a passport from his seigneur, and as long as he pays his obrok to his lor he is as free as the air he breathes; so that the idea of slaver



RUSSIAN MECHANICS.

is purely a bugbear; the evil lies in the word, not in the reality. The Russ serf is migratory by nature, seeing the immense distances he has to carry his goods to market.



ALEXANDER AT THE BOLSHOI DVORTZ.



RUSSIAN PEASANTRY.

"The obrok in no case exceeds twenty-five roubles a year, and in most cases is infinitely below that sum. The agricul-

tural peasant may be said to be a copyholder, who, as long as he can pay his annual fine, retains possession of his farm. When the Russ serf cries for emancipation, he means that he is to become possessed of a freehold, that is, he is to pay no more obrok to his seigneur. The seigneur is responsible to the crown for all government taxes; and very often, as in cases of bad harvests, or visitations of Providence, all the weight falls upon him, and not upon the serfs.

"The seigneur is entitled to three days' labour from his agricultural serfs out of the week, the other three days belong to himself, and more particularly the Sunday, which he is sure to turn to account; the numerous festivals of the Russo-Greco church ensure plenty of idleness to the peasant, who in no case can be overworked."

JOHN MILTON.

We fear there are but few of our readers who will not, at first sight, deem us guilty of something very like paradox in stating it as our opinion, that not one of the great lights of our literature has received such scant measure of justice as the illustrious John Milton. Such is, nevertheless, our firm and well-considered opinion.

We are well aware that "Paradise Lost" is widely known and fully appreciated; and we would fain believe that the glorious "Sonnets" are scarcely less so—though of that we are by no means so certain. But, to the majority of readers, the giant power of Milton, his mighty prose, that

"Pure well of English undefiled,"

is as though it had no existence save in name. And yet, if we had to chose between the loss of Milton's poesy—even including his exquisitely-beautiful "Comus"—and that of his prose, we much doubt if we should not be more easily reconciled to the former loss—vast as it would unquestionably be—than to the latter. For, though we are far from being lovers overmuch of the ultra-utilitarian spirit which, of late, has manifested itself as strongly in our literature even as it has in our politics, we should not easily find in *any* poesy, however sublime or beautiful, a sufficing substitute for the stern vigour and masculine eloquence of Milton's prose. Differing from that mighty master, in not a few of his opinions on matters of both Church and State, we are not the less sensible of the value of his general zeal for the true, the lofty, and the free, and never, in our bard's history, was there a time when such a spirit as breathes and burns through his his splendid and nervous argumentation was more requisite to the healthfulness of the public taste than it is at the present It is requisite to preserve our literature from becoming effeminated and trivial; the very abundance of our literature—and especially of our periodical works, devoted principally or chiefly to the merely amusing—rendering us less fitted than we ought to be for painful and sustained research; and, at the same time, in appealing with undue frequency to our imagination, making truth less prominently and especially the object of our search and of our worship.

The stern severity of Milton's mind would do not a little to ridding us of the fatal habit of reading for the present pleasure rather than for the future profit; and when we consider what treasures of eloquent truth are contained in his prose works, we cannot but deem that the comparative neglect into which they are fallen is unjust to their illustrious author, and a misfortune, as well as a discredit to an age in which books are multiplied to an extent without previous parallel, and in which the veriest namby-pamby of rhymed twaddle, and prose fiction no less twaddling, finds type and paper for a second and third edition. No! Milton has *not* yet received due honour at the hands of the English people; nor will he have done so, until the beauties, at least, of his prose works shall be published at such a price, and in such a form as to be accessible to every English reader who is really deserving of that name.

If ever man was perfectly well qualified to write the Life of Milton, Dr. Johnson was that man, could he but have divested himself for the time from his fierce, though honest, and, in fact, unconscious prejudice. He had the vigorous and acute judgment, the fervent detestation of cant and hypocrisy, the undying and indomitable love of truth and of learning which should have made him the most fervent of Milton's admirers and he had the comprehensive mind and the perfected taste which should have rendered him the ablest of all Milton's numerous expounders But his prejudice prevented this; and, notwithstanding its frequent felicity of criticism, and its invariable beauty of style, we are compelled to consider his Life of Milton not only inferior to most, if not all of his other "Lives of the Poets," but a decided failure, even when viewed as a single biographical essay.

It is not possible for us, even were we otherwise fully qualified for so important a task, to give, within our extremely narrow limits, anything like a detailed and critical biography of such a man as Milton; a man whose literary genius, vast as that was, can scarcely be considered so extraordinary as the stern high courage with which, in most troublous and perplexed times he did all, dared all, and bore all that seemed to him to be due to that cause which he—however mistakenly and however unfortunately for his country, and the cause of monarchy and real liberty—deemed to be the just and the righteous cause. But, though we cannot aim at supplying this important and discreditable want in our literature, we deem it not the less our duty emphatically to point it out to those who have it in their power to remove this reproach from our nation, and to put an end to the injustice, of so long-standing, done to one, of whom, proud as our nation justly are of other great men, they have as yet neglected to show themselves fully worthy. Praise, it is true, and monuments, whether of the sculptor's or the rhetorician's reading, are inevitably powerless to

"—— soothe the cold, dull ear of death,"

but the debt of gratitude is due to the memory of the mighty dead notwithstanding, and in paying that debt we not only do justice to our own higher and better feelings, but, at the same time, best consult our own interests, by showing to the living and the struggling, that whatever may be the immediate effect of their exertions upon their worldly circumstances, and whatever may be their lot as to achieving present reputation, he who benefits and honours his nation will, sooner or later, do honour to him, and, in so doing, do justice to its own character.

We are the more inclined to insist upon the necessity for our reading population, and more especially the rising generation, being made intimately acquainted with something more of the character and views of Milton than can be gleaned from his poetical works and a dry and meagre sketch of his life, because, in his own time, he was known far less as a poet, than as a ripe and real scholar, armed at all points for controversial warfare; and a high authority among the learned of all Europe, whether upon a question of the scholastic training of little children, or of the civil and ecclesiastical institutions of great nations.

The father of our illustrious subject was a scrivener in highly respectable practice, in Bread-street, Cheapside, where the future poet was born, on the 9th of December, 1608.

At an early age he was sent to St. Paul's School, where he made a progress equally creditable to himself, and to the foundation upon which so many eminent men have been reared. Though so attentive to his classical studies, as, at a very early age, to give promise of that scholarship for which he subsequently became so famous, he at the same time manifested his taste for poetry. Fortunately for all who love his poesy, or, in other words, for all who have taste, judgment, or feeling, his devotion to polite literature was not repressed by his father, but nurtured and encouraged.

At the age of seventeen, in 1625, he was considered sufficiently proficient in scholastic studies, to go to the university, and he was duly entered of Christ's College, Cambridge. To his college he seems, by no means, to have borne, in after-life, the affectionate feelings which many other great men have cherished and expressed. Even at this early period of life he seems, in fact, to have been of a stern and self-relying turn of mind, examining, with a spirit of perfect independence, where he was expected implicitly to assent; and putting himself in the position of an equal disputant, where he was expected to obey with the promptitude of a dependent, and with the humility of a child.

However disinclined to submission to the strict and unquestioned discipline which is so indispensable in scholastic establishments, Milton gave his college no reason to blush for him

as a scholar; and his bent was so obvious to his father, that that sensible and indulgent parent, who retired from his professional avocations with a sufficient—though not very large—fortune, easily consented to forego the desire he had expressed to see his son a minister of the church. In truth, all mere taste being left wholly out of view, the opinions of Milton were so determinedly hostile to episcopacy, that he could not, without being guilty of the most flagrant and disgraceful hypocrisy, have enrolled himself among the supporters of the church, or availed himself of any chance he might have had of obtaining church preferment.

Milton's father, on retiring from professional business, settled at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, and here the young and ardent votary of learning resided for several years—the happiest probably of his life—studying again and again the chiefest of the Greek and Latin classics, and, at the same time, making an intimate acquaintance with the most important of the arts and sciences. It was while he was thus peacefully and profitably employed that he composed the exquisite Masque of "Comus," "Lycidas," perhaps the most perfect monody in our language; "Il Penseroso," and "L'Allegro."

It seems most likely that, so far as Milton's own happiness was concerned, it would have been well for him if his splendid talents and vast scholastic acquirements had never attracted the notice of persons sufficiently powerful and influential to withdraw him from his studious and delightful obscurity But a genius such as his could not long escape the notice of the great, and, in 1638, ere he had attained his thirtieth year, some powerful friends of his father, including Sir Harry Wotton, Provost of Eton, advised that the young poet should travel in Italy To that poetic and famous land he accordingly proceeded, and the letters of recommendation with which he was furnished, procured him, immediately on his arrival, the attention and the interest of the learned and eminent; an attention and interest which his great talents and winning manners soon warmed into a zealous and sincere friendship. From his earliest youth, Milton had been singularly addicted to the study of languages, and was fully as successful as he was zealous in that particular kind of study So qualified, it is not to be wondered at that he studied the mellifluous language of Italy; and he did so with a success which won him the admiration of his contemporaries. How well warranted that admiration was, is abundantly proven by his beautiful Italian sonnets, of which it is by no means speaking too highly to affirm, that they would do no discredit to the very greatest poet of the especial land of poesy

His residence in Italy by no means tended to abate his dislike to episcopacy: indeed, it is one of the few, but serious, errors which are fairly chargeable upon Milton's intellectual character, that he was not a little given to confounding together the just and scriptural authority of a tolerant and enlightened religion, and the usurped power and unholy arts of a gross superstition.

On his return to England in August, 1639, he took a "garden house" in Aldersgate-street, where he educated a few youths, sons of some of his most influential friends. This circumstance was subsequently laid hold of with a most virulent and discreditable eagerness by certain of his opponents, who took the occasion to stigmatise him as a mere "schoolmaster" Upon this point it is only requisite to remark that there is no surer proof of the general goodness of a man's morals, than is afforded by the circumstance of his enemies seizing upon some petty conventional sophism as their weapon against him. To have tamed down his mighty and glowing intellect to the irksome, though important, task of communicating knowledge to children, is surely not the least creditable of the doings of the Bard of Paradise; and they who used the term "schoolmaster," as one of reproach to him, only showed that they little deserved such schoolmaster skill as *had* been bestowed upon their juvenility, and that they would have been all the better for a very much longer subjection to the pedagogue and the ferula.

Alienated from the church at a very early period, Milton, most unfortunately, was environed by circumstances but too well calculated to increase his puritanical tendencies. The fierce contests between Charles I. and his equally deluded and unjust people having terminated in the ruin of both the monarchy and the church, not a few of the most violent opponents of episcopacy were for erecting a spiritual despotism of the own peculiar fashion; and, had not their virulence been ke within bounds by the stern, strong hand of the most accon plished and resolute impostor of either ancient or modern time it is pretty evident, from what *did* take place, that after havin persecuted to the death all who preferred religion to cant, an social order to anarchy, they would have fallen upon eac other, sect upon sect, and impostor upon impostor, until ou raged humanity could no longer endure the sights and woun of horror, or until the disgraced and depopulated land ha fallen an easy prey to Holland, or to whatsoever other foreig nation should have deemed fit to profit by English folly, an to trample upon English weakness. But Cromwell was n the man to allow cant and violence to go one step farther tha suited his own purposes, and the most attentive considerati induces us to believe, not only that Milton was perfectl sincere in the detestation he professed of the attempts c certain of the ultra-puritanical to set up a spiritual despotism but, also, that in giving his adhesion and his aid to Cromwel he really acted worthily and wisely—*circumstanced as the natio then was.*

Being appointed Latin secretary to Cromwell, Milton becam a personage of first-rate importance in the political and diplo matic world, and when the celebrated Salmasius published bitter—because just—invective against the people of Englan for the shameful murder of their sovereign, Milton replied t it, with the utmost ability as a writer, but with scant measur of justice, indeed, whether as a jurist or as a moralist. Th controversy between our poet and Salmasius was so keen an so eagerly kept up, that Milton, who, from his boyhood, ha injured his sight by night-study, aggravated his complaint c the eyes until it terminated in a hopeless case of *gutta serenc* Blessed with daughters with minds scarcely inferior to h own, as far as the love of study was concerned, even blindnes did not interrupt his studies. He was read to, and his dicta tion was written from, but, though he bore his calamity wit a firmness worthy of a Christian and a philosopher, we ma easily see in his pathetic bursts, both in "Paradise Lost" an in "Samson Agonistes," that, however well he *bore* th stroke, he *felt* it in all the fulness of its terrible severity,

Either wearied with the mere ephemeral labours of th controversialist and the politician, or haunted by the conscious ness of a fitness for higher achievement, he pondered for som time on the fittest subject for an English epic poem Nobl he chose his theme, thrice nobly did he treat it. For this—*the* English epic—he received in the first instance only £ and all that he or his received for it from first to last was onl £15!

After he had published "Paradise Lost," his friend Elwoo suggested to him the subject of "Paradise Regained." Suc a subject, treated by a Milton, could not be treated otherwis than well, but, we fancy there are few readers who will agre with the great poet in preferring his "Paradise Regained" t his immortal "Paradise Lost."

The Restoration of Charles II. reduced Milton to muc distress, and, for a time, put him in some peril; but on th passing of the Act of Indemnity, he appeared once more i public. From this time his life was passed in constant eas and study. His diet was simple, his beverage chiefly water and he lived to the age of sixty-six, nearly free from disease His conscientious life—however erroneous some of his judg ments must be deemed—secured him calm in his old age, anc at his death, which took place on the 10th of November, 1674

Of the prose works of this truly sublime writer, we hope t take an early opportunity to speak. Of his great poem, n higher character can be given than is contained in the words of his anything but favourable critic, Dr. Johnson, who says "His great works were performed under discountenance anc in blindness; but difficulties vanish at his touch. He wa born for whatever is arduous; and this work is not the great est of heroic poems, only because it is not the earliest."

A *curious discovery* was made last year at the fine old Roman station of "Risingham" (Habitancum), on the banks of the Reed near Horsley. In a bath, a large mass of *coal* was found, evi dently placed there for the purpose of fuel. All the hydrogen was gone, but it was very *bituminous*. From this it would seem that the Romans really worked coal.

THE BEAUTY OF SELFISHNESS.

" How little and how lightly we care for another!
How seldom and how slightly, consider each a brother!
For all the world is every man to his own self alone
And all besides no better than a thing he does n't own "
MARTIN F TUPPER.

He must be a bold man indeed who could glory in his selfishness, or make it his boast that he considered his own peculiar interest before and beyond that of all else beside—who could calmly stand upon the principle of his own self-love being an estimable quality, and the egotisms of all other men mere amiable weaknesses. Such an avowal in a man would be as rare and unlooked for as the confession of a lady's age after twenty, or the admission of a leaning towards the world in the Rev. Mr. Cushionthumper. But even were he bold enough to tell the naked truth about the matter—and we have grown so refined now-a-days that boldness in matters of opinion is considered rather heretical—he would scarcely be believed in polite society, in fact, while all deplore the existence of selfishness in the mass, we deny it *in toto* when we come to consider it as an individual failing. So that, while we are eating and drinking, and buying and selling, and marrying and dying, and destroying and setting-up, and peddling and carping, and doing all manner of meannesses for the sake of pelf and self—getting rich as fast as we can, and scraping together dirt, as some call gold, with fingers and toes -lying prone upon our bellies before the god of wealth, and despising all besides, there is no such thing as individual selfishness in all the wide and beautiful world —at least, if we may believe the evidence of our ears!

But why is this? why should we wilfully shut our eyes to the beauty of selfishness? Is not the world sufficiently inured to new doctrines in physics—electricity, and galvanism, and steam, and photography,—to bear the shock of a new truth, or must it, like a little child, be kept from a knowledge of forbidden things till it grows a year or two older? No, sooner or later it must come out —at some time or other, now or at some other while, as the case may be, the doctrine must be taught—and here, then, we avow, shading our face a little from *very* straight-laced moralists, that selfishness, properly considered, is one of the cardinal virtues!

But the proof, the proof,—ay, there's the rub Well, let us consider Very deep metaphysicians with all their senses perfect,—acute philosophers looking through wise spectacles at themselves,—have found it difficult to prove that they themselves existed and were not mere animated plants, carrying their earth-boxes about them, a sort of peripatetic botanical curiosities, how, then, shall we make it evident that selfishness is not a giant vice, as has been taught, but a great good, if properly examined?

Why, thus-wise —it's a dangerous doctrine, and we wouldn't sign our name to it for the world, we should expect to suffer moral martyrdom, at the very least, if we did,—but then, are not all new views dangerous? Was it not dangerous for Harvey to say that the blood flowed in the veins? was it not dangerous for Lady Mary Wortley Montague to preach inoculation? was it not dangerous to say that steam-carriages could travel twenty miles an hour? was it not dangerous to talk of getting gas from coal and sugar from potatoes? In truth, it is dangerous to do or say anything that is opposed to old-fashioned prejudices—dangerous to think for one's self—and much more dangerous to print one's own impressions free speaking is dangerous; a talent for observation is dangerous, love and religion are dangerous, if they be pursued in an original manner, and the only safety is in a gentle mediocrity

But, coming to the point without further beating round the bush, let us see whether, as we said, we cannot *prove* our position Selfishness, *per se*, is a virtue. A man loves a woman, why shouldn't he?—though, by the way, what a pity it is that the passion should not be brought under proper control, and not be put aside as something to be ashamed of? why should it not be made a part of education, like dancing or the rule of three? why should the world go on as if it didn't exist, and wasn't the main-spring of all our best desires? Why should the fact be burked by the pulpit, the bar, the school-room and the state, and forced to take refuge in stage-plays and fashionable novels?—Well then, he would be a clever fellow who could bestow his heart's affections on a woman entirely for *her own* sake —bow down to a shrine for the sake of the beautiful idol on the top; the thing is impossible, sheer moonshine and improbable nonsense. Of course, love is pure selfishness; we love a woman for our *own* sake and no other, and selfishness is a great virtue. We love her and desire to possess her: she loves us and has a similar feeling, only a little more etherealised—both affections are eminently selfish, yet who shall say the passion is a vice?

Learning is a fine thing, a most desirable possession; a key to open otherwise locked and close shut-up doors; a pickaxe and mattock to work with in the mine of truth; a light to lighten the darkness of the people, a resting-place in a weary land of sorrow and covetousness, a possession which pays no taxes—though the paper-duty rather cramps its circulation,—a purse of riches which requires no strong box or patent Bramah lock to keep it safe; a joy over which acts of parliament have no control, a pleasure in which there is no alloy, a friend who never reproaches us, and a mistress who can feel no jealousy, - and yet learning is pure selfishness, after all, for no man ever learned a science, or a language, or an art, or a mystery, for the sake of others *only* Therefore, learning is self-interest entirely, and selfishness is a virtue

Of faith, hope, and charity,—those most amiable and never-to-be-too-much-cultivated selfishnesses,—we need only say, that their indulgence goes further, and their prevalence does more, to support and elucidate our theory than anything hitherto advanced. How could faith be properly exerted, or hope beneficially exercised, or charity healthfully bestowed, if self had no part in their manifestations? as far as *they* are concerned, therefore, the argument requires no further illustration.

Trade and commerce are the wheels and cranks of the social machine, but selfishness is the motive power—the fire and water that keep it moving But who shall say that trade and commerce are anything but good and estimable? Who shall accuse the merchant princes of Mark-Lane and Liverpool of unworthy motives, or breathe a syllable against the character of a Baring or a Rothschild, and has not Mr Loyd been made a peer? None dare avow that the Lombards and Venetians, the pioneers of commerce and refinement in Europe, were actuated by vicious motives when they traded in silk and lent money at fifty per cent., and yet it was pure selfishness that prompted all their actions

And so through all grades and classes of men the father loves his child, but he is selfish in wishing her well married, the mother loves her son, but it is selfishness that makes her dream of his one day growing to be a great man, the brother loves his sister, but it is selfishness in his knowing that she is his sister and no one else's. And, taking a wider scope, the virtue of selfishness is seen pervading all society The politician mixes up a little (often a great deal of) selfishness in his patriotism, the lawyer does not study *only* for his client—nor the physician waste his health and shorten his life *only* for his patients, the preacher does not think *only* of the souls of his followers, and forget altogether the loaves and fishes of material life, the master has other thoughts than of his servant's welfare, and the servant has an eye to one day setting up as master for himself But instead of all this being vile and scandalous, it is really good and proper, and provides just the sort of stimulus which prevents men from becoming mere machines, vapid do-nothings, dumb-dogs, and idle time killers

Imagine a state of society in which the virtue of selfishness had no place Fancy it is too stupendous, really The London markets would be unsupplied, for no market-gardeners, or butchers, or clothiers, or artisans, or agriculturists, or manufacturers, or tinkers or tailors, or soldiers or sailors, would feel self interest enough to trouble themselves about the keeping up the balance of trade—and commerce and kindly feeling would soon be insolvent and go through "the court." Reforming your tailor's bills would be a farce, and the linendrapers would feel no further wish to "shave the ladies," love, patriotism, public spirit, energy, perseverance, education, cleanliness, morality, religion, and loyalty, would go by the board, as the sailors say, and we should sink into mere do-littles and ridiculous nonentities Ships would rot in the harbours, and we should not trouble ourselves to build more, houses would go to ruin and fall to pieces, banks would fail, shopkeepers would smoke pipes at noonday, fashion would go out of fashion, opinion would sink into lethargy, toryism would die away, chartism would become extinct, land would lie uncultivated, churches would be empty, theatres shut up, prisons useless, law forgotten, and equity obsolete; we should be too idle even to look after our health; too much eaten up with *ennui* to abuse the rich or foster the poor; too foolish to acquire wisdom and too conceited to discover our own ignorance; all virtue and nobleness would decay, and sporting men would be too lazy to take the "odds about the Derby" In a word, the world would resolve itself into its origi-

nal chaos, and we should go unwashed and unshorn to our unwept graves!

In fact, the principle of selfishness enters so largely into all our transactions with the world—and not with the world merely, but with our hopes of heaven; for we are taught to expect crowns and thrones and sceptres, even there, though in a metaphorical sense, of course—that we should do well in future to look upon it in the light here faintly shadowed forth. And that we should commence the study in a straightforward and proper way, we would counsel the teaching the virtue of selfishness in all our schools, and immediately erect professorships of selfishness at our colleges, so that our youth might matriculate without delay. It would be a great triumph for the writer, if some far-sighted teacher, after perusing these brief hints, should add to his circular of terms a line addressed especially to parents—SELFISHNESS TAUGHT ON THE MOST APPROVED PRINCIPLES.

To put an end to this,—for even the best of things must have an end at some time or other,—once let selfishness be admitted among the virtues, once let it be brought under proper control, once let it be put in training like other good things,—for even good things become vicious when in excess,—once let it be made part of our regular education, and the prejudice against it will vanish away like a fog before a noonday sun. For the want of a systematic classification and control, this virtue has degenerated and come to be considered a vice—just as a good man falling into bad society comes at last to be reckoned up with the vile crew of sinners with whom it is his misfortune to come into contact. Selfishness, properly governed, is a real blessing to the world, but in the present state of society, and without careful looking after, it produces thefts, murders, lies, profamities, and other disagreeables not to be mentioned to ears polite. In its highest manifestation, selfishness is a splendid virtue, in its lowest, it is a filthy vice.

G. P.

AN IMAGINARY EXTRACT

From the next Number of MR DICKENS'S *"Bleak House"*

"PODGERS had been upon the Atlantic before. 'He knew the sea,' as he said himself, 'intimately.' That was enough. No person could speak of any ocean that he, JOHN PODGERS, had crossed, except in a respectful manner. It was a peculiarity in his temperament, that when an idea got rooted in him it was apt to run all over his mind, like a bean. It grew, in fact, to be a part of himself, and he claimed for it a corresponding degree of respect. Consequently, he would take an ocean or a continent which interested him under his protection with as much care as he would take a lady under his umbrella. There was one thing for which he had the highest regard. It was a pronoun, first person, singular number. When he said '*my* baker' or '*my* tailor,' you somehow got an idea of a baker or tailor as much the exclusive property of JOHN PODGERS as his own pocket-book. As for his father—senior partner of PODGERS AND SON, drysalters, No. 3, Fetterlock-lane—he looked upon him as a sort of heirloom, and in regard to his mother, I believe he would have given a chattel-mortgage upon her without the slightest compunction. 'Mrs. JELLYBY,' said he, 'when I was acquainted with Niagara, there was a feeling between me and that cataract that would have surprised any one unacquainted with the parties.' Viewing everything as he did upon extensive principles—that is, upon a scale commensurate with himself—it is no wonder that he took TUNKLES to task when that individual ventured to remark, 'he considered a passage across the channel as being, he should say, rather unpleasant.' 'TUNKLES,' said he, untying his choker and re-tying it into a double bow-knot of offended dignity. '*TUNKLES*, a man does not know what it is to feel unpleasant until he *gets* upon the ocean. When I stepped on board of my packet, sir, and saw my native land fading from my sight, and the waves rolling under my feet, I felt a sensation, sir, which it is impossible to describe. Retiring to my berth, sir, to avoid any unfavourable impressions of an element I had been taught to respect from my infancy, I endeavoured to keep down my feelings, but I found I could not contain myself. There was a smell of fresh paint, sir, in my state-room, mingled with an odour which I should call decidedly fishy, and I was assailed in this manner, sir, for fourteen days, until I almost imagined I was on a sea of turpentine, full of salt mackerel. Then I had a storm, sir, a storm that lasted fourteen days more. My wind, sir, should come from the north-east, but this wind came from the north-west, sir. Consequently, I could make no head-way, sir, my canvass was torn from my bolt-ropes, my topmasts went by the board; and although my helm was lashed down, I expected to be on my beam-ends every moment. Fortunately the wind abated just as it was discovered I had sprung a leak, sir. Fortunately also, it was in my side, and soon stopped. When I got an observation, sir, I was off the coast of Africa. I had been praying for a calm, and there's where I got it. Off the coast of Africa, sir, with an African sky over my head, an African ocean under my feet, and my sun, sir, was such a sun as a man knows nothing about who has never been in the tropics. Think of that, sir; think of a calm that lasted fourteen days,' continued Mr. PODGERS, thrusting his wrinkled neck out of his white choker, and suddenly drawing it back like a terrapin; 'think of that, sir! Becalmed fourteen days off the coast of Africa!' Mr PODGERS came down upon the coast of Africa with such astonishing emphasis that it aroused Mrs JELLYBY.

"'In the vicinity of Borioboola Gha?' said that lady, with her fine eyes on the tin candle sticks.

"'Latitude 186, longitude 35.59,' said Mr. PODGERS sententiously.

"'Ah!' replied Mrs JELLYBY.

'Mr PODGERS resumed. 'When I left my native land, I was a stout man, sir, when I left my African climate, I could have crept through the armhole of my own waistcoat. I had rain, sir, from the time I left Africa until I arrived off Fire-Island light, and then I had snow. I made Sandy-Hook, sir, and then I had a wind that blew me three hundred miles out to sea again. When I did get ashore, it was in a life-boat, at a place called Barnegat. A man dressed in my clothes, sir, with my watch in his pocket, very kindly gave me a light half-guinea out of my own purse, sir, to keep me from starving on my way to New York. Mr TUNKLES, continued Mr. PODGERS, insinuating his right fore-finger into the fifth left-hand buttonhole of that person's coat, 'don't do that again!' Don't speak of the channel as being, certainly by any sane person, considered as—unpleasant. The ocean, sir, which I have crossed, is the only institution that merits that distinctive epithet. And if I ever cross it again'—here Mr PODGERS buttoned his lower lip over his upper, took a long breath, looked at Mrs JELLYBY out of the corner of his left eye, and then said very softly but emphatically—'——!'"

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

No. V.—BUILD NOT ON THE SAND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis good to wed,
For so the world has done
Since myrtles grew, and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair,—
Be sure you pledge with truth,
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.

For if we give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've play'd the "unwise" part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold.

But place not all your hope and trust
In what the deep mine brings,
We cannot live on yellow dust
Unmix'd with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer chest, and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe where'er we can;
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words,
Let deeds with language dwell,
The one who pities starving birds,
Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand,
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

MY FIRST SUNDAY IN MEXICO.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VOLUNTEER OFFICER.

I HAD reached the goal of my hopes and my ambition, and was comfortably quartered in the city of the Montezumas. There, in that proud and ancient capital, and surrounded with so many of the comforts and luxuries of life, I almost forgot the toils and sufferings of the march and the bivouac, and here, for a while, in comparative ease, "the pomp, pride, and circumstance, of glorious war," which is so fascinating to the untried soldier, seemed almost realised. The American army had occupied the city long enough to establish order, by a well-regulated and efficient military police, and the enemy having retired some distance, the officers and men began to extend their sphere of observation beyond the limits of the capital, when off duty, to the beautiful suburban towns and villages near by.

I spent my first Sunday in sight-seeing, in a visit to the somewhat celebrated city of Guadalupé de Hidalgo, about four miles to the north of Mexico. It is situated at the foot of a rocky mount, called Tapeyac, in the midst of a romantic but not very fertile country, and is approached by one of the six causeways which lead out from the city. They are broad, straight, finely macadamised, and planted on each side with shade-trees, and have been constructed through the waters of the lake at great expense. In point of size this place is not of much importance, and does not contain more than a thousand inhabitants all told. Besides the church erected there, dedicated to the patron saint of the country, and a few religious establishments, the buildings are of mud and reeds, inhabited by a miserable and filthy population. Here it was the "Virgin of Guadalupé" is said to have made her miraculous appearance, and here, once every year, a great festival and celebration is held in honour of her, which is looked upon as one of the most important days in the church. The manner in which the "Virgin" made her first appearance is very remarkable, and the story, as related by one of the early bishops, seems quite as incomprehensible to us, who are without the pale of the church, as the myths which come down to us from pagan antiquity. But since the priesthood appear to put full faith in the *modus operandi* of her advent, the people of the country, as a matter of course, believe it.

The legend runs as follows:—"In the year 1531, an Indian, named Juan Diego, was passing by this mountain of Tapeyac, on his return home from the city, when the Most Holy Virgin appeared to him, and directed him to go back to the city and tell the bishop to come out there and worship her. The bishop refused to admit him into his presence, having no faith in the miracle. In passing by the same spot a few days afterward she appeared to him a second time, and told him to return to the bishop and say that, 'I, Mary, the Mother of God, have sent you.' Again the bishop refused to admit the Indian to his presence, being still incredulous, but required some token of the annunciation. The Virgin appeared to the Indian the third and last time, two days afterward, and ordered him to ascend the mountain and pluck roses therefrom and present them to the bishop as his credentials. Now, this mountain is a barren rock, without a particle of vegetation upon it. The Indian, however, went as he was directed, and there found flowers, which he threw into his *tilma*, a sort of apron worn by the inhabitants of the country. He returned to the city and was admitted into the presence of the bishop, but when he opened his *tilma*, instead of the roses which he had gathered and put into it, there appeared an image of the Holy Virgin, which is said to be preserved to this day in the church which bears her name. From the name of the town she was called the Virgin of Guadalupé, and has been made the patron saint of the country. This is the history they give of her appearance, and it is as bad as rank heresy for Catholics to disbelieve it. With them she is all-important, and appears to have a powerful influence over all the affairs of life. With the great mass of the population she is the only identity in religious reverence, the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end of all their faith and worship. She is appealed to on every occasion, and her name is given to nearly half the females in the country; her image is hung up in every house, and even in the butcher-stalls and drinking-shops she occupies a conspicuous place, where her presence is supposed to preserve the meat sweet in the one, and to bring customers to the other."



COSTUMES OF THE MEXICANS.

On Sunday, the 12th of December, 1847, I rode out to Guadalupe, to witness the ceremonies in honour of this saint. I mounted my horse at an early hour, and set out alone, but by the time I had reached the Garita and turned upon the causeway, I found myself in the midst of a crowd tending the same way. It was as pleasant and beautiful a morning as ever broke over that lovely valley, and everything reminded me of spring-time or early summer. The air had that balmy softness peculiar to the season of opening flowers, and the gentle zephyrs which came from the shining bosom of lake Tescoco, were loaded with a delightful odour. The trees and bushes and grass were dressed in their garb of living green, and the merry-hearted songsters were singing their sweetest melodies in honour of the opening day. Such a delightful season in winter seemed like reversing the order of nature. The crowd which came pouring out of the city was immense, and as checkered in appearance as ever made pilgrimage to the shrine of a saint. From their appearance there were all sorts and conditions of persons, and every class of the proud capital was fully represented, ranging from the caballero to the lepero. Here might be seen an elegant

carriage, drawn by sleek-looking mules, the smiling inmates looking the very personification of luxury and ease—there came a rude, country cart, lined with raw hide and filled with the family of some poor ranchero, drawn by a rawboned ox made fast by thongs around his horns—here ambled by a crowd of donkey cavalry, whose riders, with feet trailing on the ground, urged the animals forward in hot haste towards the scene of festivities—then thousands came on foot, some bearing children strapped to their backs, some bending under loads of nick-knacks for sale Men, women and children, mules, donkeys and dogs, were all mingled together in one throng, and the noise of confused sounds reminded me somewhat of a modern Babel on a small scale Among this mottled group were many American officers, in their neat uniforms, and mounted on prancing steeds On each side of the road, up to the very gates of Guadalupé, booths were erected for the sale of cakes, drinks and sweetmeats, and where all kinds of buffoonery were being performed, gambling-tables were numerous, loaded with shining coin, and here and there I noticed pits for cock-fighting, with anxious crowds assembled round to witness the cruel sport, and bets seemed running high on the favourite chickens The whole assemblage seemed enjoying and amusing themselves to the utmost of their capacity in eating and drinking, gambling and dancing The dancers were assembled under the shade of the wide-spreading trees, where, to the music of the harp and guitar, they performed their national dances with much spirit, dressed in the romantic costume of the country Inside the enclosure, where the sacred edifice stands, was a perfect jam of men, women, and children, old and young, white, yellow, and black, greasy and well-clad, who had come up here to do honour to the saint who rules over their destinies.

When I arrived at the gate leading into the enclosure where the performance was to take place, the procession of the Host was passing, and if it had not been a religious ceremony, I could not have prevented myself from laughing loud, the scene was so ludicrous and ridiculous. The image of the Virgin was borne aloft on a pole, followed by a number of priests in their stove-pipe hats and sacred vestments—then came a platoon of filthy-looking soldiers, with a band of music playing some national air, the whole brought up in the rear by a crowd of "red spirits and white, blue spirits and gray," shooting squibs and hallooing at the top of their voices. It reminded me much more of a Fourth of July celebration, or a militia training in a frontier settlement of the United States, than a religious festival Dismounting I gave my bridle to a soldier standing near, to hold, while I went in and witnessed the performance. On entering, I found much difficulty in getting through the crowd, but by dint of a good deal of pushing and elbowing, and also rapping a few stubborn, greasy-looking fellows over the shins with my sabre, who were slow to make room, I at last reached the door of the sacred edifice The crowd was as dense within as without, and it seemed wholly impossible to be able to enter, besides, an odour, not as pleasant as the ottar of roses, arose from the assemblage. These considerations were sufficient to induce me to turn back and retrace my steps This was no easy matter, as the crowd had closed up again immediately, and I found myself in as dense a throng as ever However, return I must, and putting full faith in the old adage, that "where there is a will there is a way," I set about the matter in good earnest, and in a short time I found myself at the point from which I had started I again mounted my horse, but was uncertain which way to turn. Just then, I was joined by two officers of my regiment, who proposed to ride round the base of the hill towards the left, and, if possible, ascend it on horseback We spurred our horses through the crowd, which opened to let us pass, and turning to the right, rode along the base until we had reached a point nearly opposite to the place from which we started The hill of Tapeyac is some six or eight hundred feet in height, and is a mass of rocks of igneous origin, the surface being quite smooth and bare of vegetation It rises up from the plain abruptly, and is steep in its most sloping part We found the ascent much more difficult than we had anticipated, and it required a great deal of hard labour to get up it. We kept in the saddle for some distance, but at last were obliged to dismount and lead our horses up the steep slope. It was really painful to see the poor animals struggle up the smooth surface of the rock, and now and then it seemed almost impossible for them to keep their footing Thus we laboured upward, and at last stood upon the summit, when man and beast rested from their toil. And while we sat down, holding in our hands the reins of the faithful animals, we looked abroad upon the varied scene below us and enjoyed the beautiful prospect. It was really magnificent, and fully repaid us for the toil we had in ascending The elevation of our position brought under our view the famous valley of Mexico for many miles in every direction To the south lay the city, with the bright sun shining in gilded rays upon the steeples and cupolas of the cathedral and churches, giving them almost the appearance of burnished gold and silver. More distant, in the same direction, the two snow-capped mountains of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl loomed up in stern grandeur into the clear, blue sky, and stood out from all their fellows in beautiful relief To the left, the eye swept over the sparkling surface of lake Pezcoco, which washes the eastern barrier that shuts in this fair Eden of the New World. Nearer, to the front and to the right, the eye rests upon a wide expanse of plain, variegated with cultivated fields, with their irrigating ditches, like threads of silver, meandering through them. Here and there flocks and herds were grazing on the verdant pasture, or seeking the shade of the trees to shield them from the sun. Such, in a few words, is the nature of the beautiful landscape which opened to our view from the rocky summit where we were seated, and for the reader fully to appreciate it, he must be aware of the freshness and enchantment the balmy air and crystal skies of that clime lend to every scene. We enjoyed it to the utmost stretch of human capacity to enjoy the beauties of nature, and as we descended the rocky mount, so loth were we to have it shut from our sight, that we cast "many a longing, lingering look behind," ere we reached the level of the plain

On nearly the highest point, on the spot where the Indian is said to have plucked the roses, a small church has been erected, which tradition says, sprung up out of the rock in a single night. It is a dark-looking stone building, built in the heavy Spanish style of two centuries ago It is reached from below by a winding stairway, cut in the solid rock, considerably crumbled by time, and worn by the footsteps of the thousands who pass up to worship at the shrine of their favourite saint We entered the sacred edifice, and found it thronged with devotees, mostly half-naked Indians, who had come from the mountains and valleys beyond, on this their annual pilgrimage to the Mecca of their spiritual hopes, and who, like the devout Moslem who yearly kneels at the tomb of his Prophet, having finished his mission, is ready to lie down and die They jostled and pushed each other in their anxiety to approach the altar and touch the garments of the image of the Virgin, and deposit their offering of money in the dish ready to receive it Parents, anxious that their little ones should behold the great saint, lifted them up over the head of the multitude, and at a given signal the whole assemblage prostrated themselves on the hard paved floor to receive the blessing of the good father who ministered there The poor Indians gazed in mute astonishment at all they saw, but to them the riddle was not to be solved, they were taught to believe, not to inquire When they had deposited their offerings, and received a blessing they turned away to make room for others who were continually pressing on.

Turning away from this scene, we led our horses down the stone stairway into the enclosure below The crowd was not so dense as before, and we now found no difficulty in making our way through Giving our horses to a Mexican to hold, we entered the sacred edifice dedicated to the Virgin of Guadalupé The building was yet crowded with people, and the high dignitaries of the church were performing some solemn ceremony, commemorative of the occasion In appearance this church is by far the most magnificent one I was in, in Mexico It seemed almost one blaze of gold and silver in the bright sunlight which streamed through the windows and played upon the rich decorations The whole ceiling, and especially the dome, is painted in the most beautiful fresco, and so life-like are the images, that they appear almost to speak from the panels Above the altar, at the east end of the church, in a frame work of solid gold, is an image of the Virgin as large as life Her dress [illegible] whole length, thickly studded with diamonds, pearls, and emeralds—golden rays issue from each side and suspended above it is a silver dove as large as an eagle. The altar is of finely polished marble, and highly ornamented, and in front runs a railing of silver On both sides of the middle aisle extending from the altar to the choir, some sixty feet, is a railing covered with pure silver half an inch in thickness. In addition to these, there are many silver lamps suspended from the ceilings silver candlesticks before and around the altar, and some of the sacred desks are beautifully wrought in the precious metals. The choir is made of a beautiful dark wood, richly carved and ornamented, and the ceiling is supported by several marble pillars highly polished, and of great beauty As we crossed the threshold the rich deep tone of the organ, accompanied by the sound of many voices chanting a song of praise, swelled beneath the lofty dome and impressed the listeners with feelings of reverence and thanks giving The building was odorous with the perfume of the scattered incense which had a few minutes before been cast abroad over the worshippers, and numerous priests, in their rich robes, were ministering around the altar. The anxious gazing multitude, with in the temple, seemed fully impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and conducted themselves with much propriety We remained there a short time, and then returned to the yard to look at one or two objects of interest before we rode back to the city Not far from the church is a "holy well," over which a small chapel

nas been erected. The water is supposed to be sacred, and to have the power of healing wounds and preserving all who are touched by it Crowds were gathered there, some dipping the tips of their fingers in, and crossing themselves, others applying a handful to the face, while some of the anxious mothers plunged their dirty children in, in order that the influence of the holy water might be sure to spread throughout the whole system, that is, if the dirt of the little urchins did not prevent it from penetrating Being now tired of Guadalupé, and the dirty crowd we met there, we rode out of the enclosure, and galloped down the causeway toward Mexico, where we arrived in time to dine.

Having indulged in a short siesta, I again mounted my horse toward evening, and in company with General C , rode to the Alemeda and Passeo Nuevo. The Alemeda is a public square, in the western part of the city, planted with trees and shrubbery, adorned with shady avenues, fountains and statuary, and beautifully laid out in walks and drives. It contains about ten acres, and is the most pleasant place of resort in or near the city The shrubbery is kept neatly trimmed and attended with great care, and is odorous the live-long year with the perfume of opening flowers. The trees clothed in their perpetual green foliage are fairly alive with birds of bright plumage and sweet song, which carol their morning and evening hymns free from harm In the centre of the square is a large fountain, surmounted by the Goddess of Liberty, which spouts pure water high up in the air, and at its base crouch four lions, from whose mouths spout up smaller jets; a semicircular row of seats surrounds the fountain, and the surface of the space within is paved with large flat stones, laid in tasteful figures From this point the paths and gravel-walks radiate in every direction, which are again met by others running from other centres, the point where they cross being adorned by smaller fountains In pleasant weather hundreds of children assemble in this charming place in the afternoon, and amuse themselves with their innocent gambols in the shade of the wide-spreading trees Hither the beauty and fashion of the capital, who seek pleasure on foot, resort toward evening, to promenade through the shady avenues There the student carries his book, and, in some quiet secluded corner, apart from the fashionable world which rejoices around him, he sits alone and pursues his favourite study, and there also the lovers repair at the enchanting hour of eventide, and whisper anew their vows of faith and constancy A numerous throng were gathered there, enjoying themselves in many ways apparently unmindful that "grim-visaged war" had erected his shrine in their beautiful city, and that foreign soldiery were overlooking them on the corner of every street We rode through these shady avenues, and then passed out at the south-west angle into Passeo Nuevo, with the crowd which moved that way This is one of the fashionable and most frequented public drives of the city, it is a beautifully macadamised road, half a mile in length, planted on each side with fine shade-trees, and adorned in the centre by a fountain, which spouts four jets of water Seats are placed at intervals along each side of the drive, and opposite to the fountain, for the accommodation of foot people Here all the world of Mexico may be seen toward evening, on a bright afternoon, in carriages and on horseback, and a lively, animated scene it presents. Rich equipages glitter in the declining sun, noble steeds, superbly caparisoned, and ridden by gay cavaliers, prance along, and beauty smiles upon every beholder Everybody who can command any kind of a vehicle drives to the Passeo, and sometimes it is so much crowded, as to be quite difficult to drive or ride along it The equipages which throng this path of fashion are various, and some of them are quite unique, and it is not uncommon to see the elegant turn-out of the English minister, side by side with a common country cart, lined with ox-hide, and drawn by a poor old apology for a horse that would hardly dare to look a vulture in the face. Yet both parties are enjoying themselves in the fashionable world. The custom of this drive is somewhat peculiar, which all follow to the very letter of the law, it is to drive the full length twice, stop in the centre opposite the fountain to salute your friends, as they pass by, and then return home To show our knowledge of the fashionable world, we conformed as nearly as possible to the ways of those who were initiated into the mysteries of the Passeo, and thereby, no doubt, passed for current coin. We spent one hour thus, in seeing and being seen, pleased with the animated scene we had witnessed, and then returned to our quarters. Thus I passed my first Sunday in the city of the Montezumas, and although not as religiously kept as would have been done at home, it had no evil effect upon the spiritual or moral man.

As the greatest tyrannies that ever were perpetrated have been committed under the forms and name of "freedom," so some of the greatest nonsense that ever was uttered has been talked under the garb and form of "science"

VISIT TO THE VALLEY OF CONSTANZA,

In the Cibao Mountains of the Island of St. Domingo, and to an Indian Burial-ground in its Vicinity.

BY SIR ROBERT H. SCHOMBURGK.

We left the small hamlet Pedro Ricart, at the foot of the mountain Barrero, on the 20th of July, at noon. The breeze wafted occasionally to us the report of guns and the sound of bells from the adjacent village Jarabacoa. There the multitude were feasting in honour of Nuestra Senora del Carmen, to whom this hermitage is dedicated.

The ascent of the Barrero commences almost immediately behind the hamlet. I saw on the wayside some large granitic boulders —perhaps a shock of an earthquake—to which the country is subject—had hurled them from the mountain-top to a situation so low. The narrow path up the mountain is a continuous zigzag. Ramon, our guide, led the way on his sturdy pony, decked in a dress befitting the occasion, and very different from the finery in which he was attired the previous day at the fête of Nuestra Senora del Carmen. I followed with my companion, -and then came the servants, and the peons or attendants to the cargo-horses, with their beasts of burden in the rear.

The leaves (or needles, as they are called in the German language, in consequence of their linear structure) of the pine-trees which covered the path rendered it very slippery, and as the ascent made, in spite of the zigzag, often an angle exceeding 30°,* the greatest caution was necessary.

The pine-trees of the tropics, like their congeners of a more northern clime, allow but few plants to grow beneath the shade of their branches I observed principally a few grasses and sedges, and here and there a scarlet *Salvia* A kind of gully was overgrown with bushes; and between them I observed tufts of an *Alpinia*, with rose-coloured flowers and deep-black berries. A few arborescent ferns were noted between the Alpiniæ

We had continued the ascent for an hour, but the prospect was by no means extensive. Through the column-like trunks of the pines the vista presented occasionally the hamlet, with its surrounding plantain and banana cultivations, but apparently so close in a line below our feet that we really were disposed to wonder how we got up there.

The narrow path wound now round a gorge, when a mass of bright scarlet flowers attracted my attention and raised my curiosity to such a degree, that I passed honest Ramon on his slow steed, though an unpleasant tumble into the gorge below was very imminent to both of us, as a consequence of my movement The flowers were those of a splendid fuchsia (perhaps *F. racemosa*), their drooping elegant blossoms nearly two inches long, and, to enhance the beauty, there were sometimes a dozen of these splendid flowers on each branchlet. The fuchsia is one of our favourite flowers in Europe. As a stranger, it is there carefully raised in the conservatory of the rich, and cherished in the enclosure in front of the poor cottage The bride twines it in her hair with the orange-flower and the blossoms of the rose. Yet here in its native soil I met with this plant for the first time to-day I had wandered over mountain and dale under the tropics—the former much higher in elevation, the latter much richer in vegetation—yet no scene had hitherto presented me with a fuchsia

The red soil bespeaks the ochreous nature of the Barrero, and it seemed to me as if Flora herself had adopted this hue as her favourite colour. Higher up, where a deep and narrow cutting exposed the formation of the mountain, I found slaty clay tinged with iron. Soon after we reached the highest pass where we halted. The cargo-horses arrived half an hour later. It was then half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, and the thermometer stood at 69° Fah.†

Here we allowed our panting horses a short rest, and a fine carpet, formed of the favourite grass of the equine race (*Elcusine indica*), was eagerly resorted to by them. In a little recess of the mountain—perhaps hollowed out by former tor

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* I measured in one instance 35° by the clinometer

† I had an aneroid barometer with me, but, as I have not yet calculated the elements, I do not venture to state the height.

rents of rain—were assembled a variety of interesting plants. The splendid fuchsia neighboured the psychotria, with its large lovely panicles of flowers of the finest azure blue—that colour so scarce in Flora's empire—its footstalks of bright crimson, its leaves large, and of a dark, shining green. How beautiful was this when combined with the scarlet fuchsia! From the midst of this bouquet, planted by the hand of Nature, rose the symmetrical form of the royal palm (*Palma real* or *Orrodoxa oleracea*). The alpinia clustered at its foot, and the pliant branches of a tropical grape-vine hung from shrub to shrub in natural festoons. A few fern-trees completed one of the finest pictures of vegetation that I had beheld under the tropics.

It is strange to a European to see himself surrounded at once with the products of the two extreme zones—the pine and the palm-tree. Yet, may not this picture have presented itself in former geological eras in the north of Europe; and to that may we not ascribe the occurrence of trunks of palms in its coal measures?

We mounted our horses, and followed the narrow path that led along the side of the hill. The strong wind blew the rain, that now descended in torrents, into our faces. The thermometer had sunk to 55°. The storm could not have overtaken us in a more exposed situation; and we found some difficulty in maintaining ourselves on our horses, for the large trees bent around us like reeds. So we halted, and placed ourselves to the lee of the horses, until the storm should have ceased.

The rapid atmospherical changes so common on high mountains presented, shortly after, a splendid view through the opening between the Barrero and the Jagua mountains. The summits of the high elevations that formed the back-ground of the picture in the west were encircled with white fleecy clouds; the sky in that direction was of a dark blue, which gave to the scenery a similar tint, and showed the outlines of the mountain-chain with greater sharpness, streams of light, similar to the fitful bands of the auroral phenomena, played over the sky to the north-west, and at our feet the little village of Jarabacoa was lying in full sunshine. The course of the river Jimenoa showed like a broad silvery thread, fringed with dark-coloured pine-forests.

These mountains are peculiarly formed. The main direction of the chain is east and west, but there are so many interlacings, by sharp-ridged offsets, that one who had not seen the chain from the distance, so as to form an idea of its longitudinal direction, would find himself bewildered in seeking the points of the compass to which this backbone of the island of Santo Domingo really stretches. I feel inclined to describe it as a net of mountains—the extreme northern and southern sides forming the frame, and the connecting-links the meshes. Narrow deep valleys on each side of the interlacing ridges force the traveller to continue on their summits, although he is, in consequence, obliged to make long detours; and instead of advancing steadily towards the south-south-west—which is his true course to Constanza—he is often obliged to follow the ridge to the north and eastward before he is able again to continue to the south-south-west. Our guide had already told us, that so eccentric are the ways of these mountains, that two friends meeting in the morning, the one coming from Constanza, the other from Jarabacoa, in opposite directions, and having each parted on his several way, might at noon have another opportunity of saying, "How d'ye do?" across some chasm, in consequence of the twistings and turnings which both had to take. We did not understand what he meant at the time, but it became clear to us now.

We arrived after four o'clock at a spot called Cristobal. Here stood formerly huts to receive and shelter the way-worn traveller; but some guerilla troops, who were to guide these mountain fastnesses during the late invasion of the Haytians, had wantonly set fire to them. It was very chilly, the thermometer at 69° F. We found, luckily, that some of the posts were only half burnt; and there being a large number of palm-trees in the neighbourhood, a hut or rancho was ready before nightfall. The pine forest gave plenty of materials for maintaining a bright fire: the more requisite as it rained until after midnight, and we found soon that our roof was not waterproof.

The morning was bright. The rain-drops on the scarlet bells of the fuchsia glistened in the rays of the sun, and the delicious morning song of the silguero (*Cyphorinus cantans*, Cab.) resounded through the forest. Our road was of a description similar to that of the previous day, the vegetation, however, more varied. Near to our camp I observed the guava (*Psidium pomiferum*)—a very pretty clitoria, the numerous blue pea-shaped blossoms of which formed garlands for the trunks of trees and underbushes,—the white-blossomed bastard ipecacuanha (*Asclepias curassavica*), an orange-coloured lantana, and several other plants from the valley below. The psychotria, with its azure-blue flowers, was most luxuriant, presenting a mass of flowers which, seen through the dark-green foliage, seemed to be surrounded with a brighter light than we observable around other plants. This optical illusion is, no doubt, ascribable to the strong contrast between the colour of the leaves and the lively blue of the flowers. It is not possible to convey an idea of the gorgeous appearance of this shrub, which, in all my wanderings in South America and the West Indies, I had never met with before. There were two other species of the same genus, one with yellow flowers, the other pale rose-coloured. Among the trees I noticed a species of sumach (*Rhus arborea*), fern-trees—those true children of a moist tropical clime, alpinias, begonias. The trunks of the pine-trees were covered with purple-leaved Tillandsias, and the gigantic Dyckia, which just put forth its flower-stem, resembling in appearance an agava in miniature. A pretty orchidea grew in groups among the long grass, the flower-stem richly set with pink-coloured blossoms.

During my previous excursions I had frequently observed in the beds of the rivers which descended from the Cibao range, masses of granite of larger or smaller size, but I had never met it *in situ*. I saw it here for the first time, indeed the sharp ridges of the mountains were all granitic. One of the projecting points of the mountain was composed of calcareous sandstone. Soon after, large boulders of a close-grained blue sandstone crossed our path. The direction was east and west. It was in masses and denuded, and seemed almost as if it had been ejected from between the granite.

A conical hill was pointed out to me as Redondo, or "el Castillo Rances," the French Castle. Here, tradition says, the French had a fortification, but at what period I have not been able to learn. It was certainly not during the middle of the last century, as of that period there are still eye-witnesses living. I consulted a person now ninety-eight years of age, who had frequently passed the road when young. Even then, he said, no vestiges of the walls were to be seen, and the place was overgrown with pine-trees.

A better situation for hindering an enemy from availing himself of the mountain-pass, to penetrate from the western parts of the island to the eastern, or *vice versâ*, could not have been selected. The conical hill is connected by a ridge scarcely a foot wide with the other mountains, and rises considerably above those in the neighbourhood. The hill consists of decomposing granite, and its summit affords a splendid mountain view. The trench, or fosse, is still visible, but nothing can be discovered of mason-work. The fortifications must have been very circumscribed, as the summit does not afford much room. It is now overgrown with centenarian pine-trees, from the branches of which "old man's beards" (*Tillandsia usneoides*) hang down to a most respectable length.

We traversed the Jimenoa, here much reduced in size from what we had seen this river near Jarabacoa. The banks of these mountain-streams are generally thickly lined with palm-trees; and as the sun's rays cannot penetrate to the soil below their feathery branches, we find usually a deep morass in such situations. The right bank of the Jimenoa seemed so inviting, and presented such a fine tuft of grass to our horses, that we resolved to breakfast here. It swarmed, however, with musquitoes and sandflies, which rendered our halt irksome, and we hastened to ascend the hills before us. I observed here a pommerose tree (*Jambosa vulgaris*), and further on some coffee-plants. If I was rightly informed by General Reyes, the pommerose-tree was introduced from Jamaica only in 1751. It has now so spread over the island, that it might be considered indigenous by one not acquainted with its eastern origin. I have found in some parts whole acres covered with this tree.

The chain which we had traversed separates the tributaries of the river Yacki from those of the Yuna. We now descended to the Tireo, which flows into the Yuna, unquestionably the

largest river in the Dominican Republic. It disembogues into the great bay of Samana. Shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon we halted at Pontezuela, and enjoyed the first view of the Valle de Constanza. The pass of Pontezuela (or little bridge) is the connecting-link between the two mountain-chains that encompass the valley. We had now entered the system of rivers which empty themselves into the Atlantic on the south side of the island. The little rivulet that flowed sparkling valley-ward to the W.S.W. entered the river Limon, a tributary of the little Yacki, which flows into the Bay of Neyber, while its larger namesake passes the city of Santiago, from whence it takes a west course, and flows into the Bay of Manzanillo. At the time of Columbus—indeed, until 1804—it disembogued into the Bay of Montechristo, and the great discoverer called it the Golden River.

The view from Pontezuela over the valley is lovely. The bright yellowish-green of the savannahs produces an admirable effect among the sombre pine-trees which encompass them. Mountains of a dark blue, whose summits tower into the sky, form the background of the picture.

We descended, and passed for some distance through forests. The ground was now quite level. After half an hour's ride, we issued from the forest and entered on the savannah. The contrast is great. The view, previously bounded by high trees, is now free, and the eye glances with some astonishment to the summits of the mountains, which, in grotesque forms, encircle the valley in the figure of an elongated ellipsis.

The savannah was alive with grazing cattle; and a number of young horses, under the guidance of their dams, approached to reconnoitre our cavalcade. On the attack of our dogs, they threw out their hind legs most lustily, and scampered back into the forest. The grass on the savannah is short, but much coveted by animals. It seemed to consist principally of *Panicum horizontale*, *Leptochloa*, and *Eleusina indica*. These grazing-grounds, as I learned afterwards, are surpassed by none. The cattle thrive, and the meat is described as possessing a superior flavour. For this reason the secluded valley to which access was so difficult was selected as a pasture as long ago as 1750, and has continued such to this day.

Our path led once more through pine-woods, and we reached, soon after, the western mountain that sets a boundary to the valley. At its foot flows the rivulet Pantufo, on the banks of which we discovered a wretched-looking "buhio," or hut, covered with palm-leaves, which, nevertheless, I was told, is the best of the six that are to be found in the valley. A single family has resided permanently for the last two years at Constanza; the others come hither only occasionally, to look after the cattle, to brand the young ones, and to carry such as are fit for the market to the plains. The proprietors of the cattle and horses reside mostly in Jarabacoa and Pedro Ricart. With the exception, then, of the family mentioned, there are periods when the valley is without inhabitants. I had no choice but to put up at the "buhio." The brother of the proprietor, with the mayoral and six herdsmen, were there, all of whom, with ourselves, servants, and peons, had to find room in a hut not thirty-five feet square, and open to the winds. It swarmed, moreover, with fleas, from the large number of dogs that belonged to the farm. However, Senor Juanico was obliging, and willing to afford us all the accommodation which his mountain-hut possessed. Night approached, and our cargo-horses had not arrived. Except our slight breakfast on the banks of the Jumenos, we had not tasted food, and all our stock was with the beasts of burden. We addressed ourselves, therefore, to our obliging host, to know if he could furnish something to satisfy the cravings of our stomachs. But he informed us, with wo-begone face, that there was "un poco menos que nada" (a little less than nothing) in the hut. He had neither fowls, nor plantains, nor batatas.—"For heaven's sake," said I, "then, on what do you live here, for none of you seem to be in a starving condition?"—On milk and cheese principally. We receive occasionally cassavi bread and plantains from Jarabacoa, the arrival of which constitutes a feast."—"Have I been deceived in my supposition that the soil is fertile?"—"No, it is extremely fertile."—"Why, then, do you not cultivate it?"—"El Volcan!"—It then occurred to me that I had heard in La Vega of a remarkable blast which occasionally sets in, and by its icy current destroys the leaves of the trees and kills every plant of tender growth. The destroyer appears during the night, without previous warning, when the sky is clear and the air calm. The course of its path can be distinctly traced, though it is variable in its direction. It comes, however, generally, in December and January, from the eastern high mountains, and sweeps over the valley, seemingly exhausting itself on the opposite hills. In the morning, the leaves of all trees, with the exception of the pine, are yellow, and drop; and in a day or two, the naked branches present the picture of our northern winter. The noble stems of the banana and plantain first droop, and afterwards fall,—their vessels over-filled with watery juice. A similar fate meets the other culinary plants. This blast has received the name of Volcano, from the circumstance that the vegetation assumes a yellow hue as if fire had passed over it:—at least so Senor Juanico told me. This phenomenon struck me as very remarkable, as the absolute height does not warrant frost. It can be ascribed only to local causes, to investigate which would require more time than I can give to it. On making further inquiries, on my return to Jarabacoa and La Vega, I was told by well-informed people that it is always known, from the chilly dry air that prevails, even at the foot of the mountains, that "el Volcan" has passed the Valle de Constanza. Sometimes a couple of years pass without the occurrence of this phenomenon, at other periods, it takes place several times in the course of a year.

Under these circumstances, I was not a little astonished when the permanent resident of El Valle de Constanza, a mulatto of much intelligence, brought me next day a dray of fine cabbages which would have done honour to Covent Garden market, thyme, onions, shalots, celery, with batatas, and other tropical productions,—accompanied by a nosegay of some centifolia roses, pinks, and tuberoses. I began to doubt the effects of "el volcan."—but Senor Antonio explained to me his success in the following manner.—"I am," he said, "a native of San Juan, close to the Haytian frontier. The late wars between the Haytians and Dominicans deprived me of all I possessed; and when Soulouque approached the frontier anew, I resolved to fly to the mountain recesses of Constanza. On my arrival with my family at this spot about two years ago, one of the blasts of which you speak had just swept over the valley,—and all vegetation was destroyed. It was a gloomy sight for a man who intended to settle here and cultivate the ground for the maintenance of his family. Nevertheless, I took good heart. Better, thought I, to contend against nature than against savages like the Haytians,—who, in the dark of the night, fell upon my farm, stole away my son, drove off my cattle, and set fire to my buhios. So I fell on my knees, and made a vow to Nuestra Senora de la Merced,—which she has heard—for since I came here the destroyer has not once swept over the valley. Nevertheless, I must leave it,—for since I am the only one who works, all the rest wish to live on me,—and my provision-grounds are constantly robbed."—I have a good opinion of Antonio, and leave unquestioned his faith in Nuestra Senora de la Merced, I believe his tale to be true.

The remains of bygone tribes that once peopled the countries from which Europeans, under the plea of introducing the Christian religion and charity, have extirpated the indigenous inhabitants, have always been of the highest interest to me. On approaching the hut of Juanico, I observed some earth-works on my right. On inquiry, I learned that these were the remains of the palace of the Indian queen Constanza:—so, at least, it had been reported from father to son. Constanza took now additional interest in my eyes.—a female chieftain of that name lent it new lustre. I had considered the name of the valley accidental, but it seemed now to possess historical interest. My inquiries, however, to find out who Queen Constanza was proved fruitless. She seems to have been converted to the Christian religion:—at least so the name would indicate.

"Oh," said Juanico, "there is likewise an Indian sepulchre, or burial-ground, in the neighbourhood." This I was very anxious to see; but there seemed to be a great unwillingness to visit it, and I had to insist on guides being given to me. Antonio and a boy at length showed themselves ready to serve as guides, and we turned towards the foot of the southern mountains of the valley. An hour's good walking through the pine-forest brought us to a rivulet:—here I observed earth-walls of a semicircular form. Crossing the brook, I saw on a

hill-side traces as if a broad path in zigzag form had led to a mount, from the foot of which the burial-place of a thousand or more of the aborigines spread in a circular form, bounded by the mount, the rivulet, and the pine-forest.

The tumuli are of a rounded shape, or rather oblong; covered invariably with fragments of rocks, among which I particularly observed greenstone. This I think has been brought from a distance, as I did not discover any of it *in situ*. The graves have an east and west direction. The greater number are of dimensions calculated for only a single individual; but there are others which, judging from their appearance, may cover several persons. What shall we say to this discovery.—had the aborigines an idea of family sepulchres?

I have said that I stood on the burial-place of a thousand or more. The number of graves in the more open place, where only here and there a pine-tree sprouts, from spots containing

Saat, von Gott gesat, dem Tage der Garben zu reifen,

are underrated if assumed only at a thousand. They extend in the adjacent forest to the rivulet's banks, and there may be probably double the number altogether. I did not disturb the ashes: this I must leave to others. Time was sparingly measured to me; and the absence of proper instruments for digging, as well as the unwillingness of my guides, prevented.

I left the burial-place with strange feelings. Perhaps I was the first European that had ever approached and wandered amongst the resting-places of proud warriors who ruled over these regions. Save these grave that speak of their extinction, not a trace is left of their existence.

My guides spoke of an old sweet orange tree planted by the Indians. The forest was full of sour orange, but this they said was of excellent taste, and had a trunk larger than a man's body. After much search it was found, the guides had not been there for some years. The mother plant had fallen to the ground from old age, and was lying withered on the earth, but a shoot about thirty feet high, and of quite healthy appearance, bore a few fruits. They were of excellent taste, and the greater number had no seeds. This is sometimes the case with old trees. The mother trunk must have been of very large size: the heart of the wood, which had withstood decay, measured nearly three feet in circumference. This was no doubt the first sweet orange tree ever cultivated in this part of the island. Few trees are longer lived; and it is well known that the orange-groves of Spain contain trees 600 years of age.

On my return to the "bohio" I measured the earth-walls of "La Casa de la Reyna Constanza." The longitudinal direction of the two walls is W.N.W., the sides, which are open, N.N.E. The walls are about 6 feet high, 286 feet long, and stand 165 feet apart. About 158 feet from the northern end, there seems to have been an entrance, and a corresponding one opposite. Several old pine-trees grow now from the top of the walls, attesting the antiquity of the structure. It stands close to a hill, the side of which bears traces of a broad path having led up to its first platform-like elevation.

[The above excellent article is extracted from the *Athenæum*.]

THE INFIRMITIES AND DEFECTS OF MEN OF GENIUS.

The modes of life of a man of genius, says the elder Disraeli, are often tinctured with eccentricity and enthusiasm.* These are in an eternal conflict with the usages of common life. His occupations, his amusement, and his ardour, are discordant to daily pursuits and prudential habits. It is the characteristic of genius to display no talent to ordinary men; and it is unjust to censure the latter when they consider him as born for no human purpose. Their pleasures and their sorrows are not his pleasures and his sorrows. He often appears to slumber in dishonourable ease, while his days are passed in labours more constant and more painful than those of the manufacturer. The world is not always aware that to meditate, to compose, and even to converse with some, are great labours; and, as Hawkensworth observes, "that weariness may be contracted in an arm-chair." Such men are also censured for an irritability of disposition. Many reasons might apologise for these unhappy variations of humour. The occupation of making a great name is perhaps, more anxious and precarious than that of making a great fortune. We sympathise with the merchant when he communicates melancholy to the social circle in consequence of a bankruptcy, or when he feels the elation of prosperity at the success of a vast speculation. The author is not less immersed in cares, or agitated by success, for literature has its bankruptcies and its speculations. The anxieties and disappointments of an author—even of the most successful—are incalculable. If he is learned, learning is the torment of an unquenchable thirst, and his elaborate work is exposed to the accidental recollection of an inferior mind, as well as the fatal omissions of wearied vigilance. If he excels in the magic of diction and the graces of fancy, his path is strewed with roses, but his feet bleed on invisible yet piercing thorns.

Rousseau has given a glowing description of the ceaseless inquietudes by which he acquired skill in the arts of composition, and has said, that with whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily obtained.

It is observed by M. La Harpe (an author by profession) that, as it has been proved there are some maladies peculiar to artists, there are also sorrows which are peculiar to them; and which the world can neither pity nor soften, because it cannot have their conceptions. We read, not without a melancholy emotion, the querulous expressions of men of genius. We have a little catalogue *de calamitate literatorum*, we might add a volume by the addition of most of our own authors.

The votaries of the arts and sciences are called, by Cicero, heroes of peace, their labours, their dangers, and their infirmities, make them heroes, but peace is rarely the ornament of their feverish existence. Some are now only agreeable, who might have been great writers, had their application to study and the modes of their life been different. In Mr. Greaves's lively recollections of his friend Shenstone are some judicious observations on this subject. He has drawn a comparison between the elevated abilities of Gray, and the humble talents of Shenstone, and he has essayed to show, that it was the accidental circumstances of Gray's place of birth, education, his admittance into some of the best circles, and his assiduous application to science, which gave him that superiority over the indolence, the retirement, and the inertion of a want of patronage, which made Shenstone, as Gray familiarly said, "hop round his walks like a bird in a string."

Men of genius are often reverenced only where they are known by their writings. In the romance of life they are degraded, in its history, they are men. From errors of the mind and derelictions of the heart, they may not be exempt, but are perceived by their acquaintance, who can often discern on these qualities. The defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces. For their foibles it appears more difficult to account than for their vices, for a violent passion depends on its direction to become either excellence or depravity; but why their exalted mind should not preserve them from the imbecilities of fools, appears a mere caprice of nature. A curious list may be formed of

"Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise."—*Johnson.*

In the note underneath, I have thrown together a few facts which may be passed over by those who have no taste for literary anecdotes.*

But it is also necessary to acknowledge, that men of genius

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* Essay on the Literary Character, by Isaac Disraeli.

* Voltaire was the son of a vintner, and, like our Prior, was so mortified whenever reminded of his original occupation, that it was said of him, that wine, which cheered the hearts of all men, sickened that of Voltaire. Racine, the poet, was the son of a cobbler, and, when his honest parent waited at the door of the theatre, to embrace his son on the success of his first piece, the inhuman poet repulsed the venerable father with insult and contempt. Akenside ever considered his lameness as an insupportable misfortune, since it continually reminded him of his origin, being occasioned by the fall of a cleaver from one of his father's (a respectable butcher) blocks. Milton delighted in contemplating his own person, and the engraver, having reached our sublime bard's "ideal grace," he has pointed his indignation in four iambics. Among the complaints of Pope, is that of "the unpictured shape." Even the strong-minded Johnson would not be painted "blinking Sam." Mr. Boswell tells us, that Goldsmith attempted to show his agility to be superior to the dancing of an ape, whose praise had occasioned him a fit of jealousy, but he failed in imitating his rival. The insertion under Boileau's portrait, describing his character with lavish panegyric, and a preference to Juvenal and Horace, is unfortunately known to have been written by himself.

are often unjustly reproached with foibles. The sports of a vacant mind are misunderstood as follies. The simplicity of truth may appear vanity; and the consciousness of superiority, envy. Nothing is more usual than our surprise at some great writer or artist contemning the labours of another, whom the public cherish with equal approbation. We place it to the account of his envy; but perhaps this opinion is erroneous, and claims a concise investigation. Every superior writer has a manner of his own, with which he has been long conversant, and too often inclines to judge of the merit of a performance by the degree it attains of his favourite manner. He errs, because impartial men of taste are addicted to no manner, but love whatever is exquisite. We often see readers draw their degree of comparative merit from the manner their favourite author does the same; that is, he draws it from himself. Such a partial standard of taste is erroneous; but it is more excusable in the author than in the reader.

This observation will serve to explain several curious phenomena in literature. The witty Cowley despised the natural Chaucer, the classical Boileau, the rough sublimity of Crebillon, the forcible Corneille, the tender Racine, the affected Marivaux, the familiar Moliere, the artificial Gray, the simple Shenstone. Each alike judged by that peculiar manner he had long formed. In a free conversation they might have contemned each other, and a dunce, who had listened without taste or understanding, if he had been a haberdasher in anecdotes, would have hastened to deposit in his warehouse of literary falsities, a long declamation on the vanity and envy of these great men.

It has long been acknowledged that every work of merit, the more it is examined, the greater the merit will appear.

The most masterly touches, and the reserved graces which form the pride of the artist, are not observable, till after a familiar and constant meditation. What is most refined, is least obvious, and, to some, must remain unperceived for ever. But, ascending from these elaborate strokes in composition, to the views and designs of an author, the more profound and extensive these are, the more they elude the reader's apprehension. I refine not too much when I say, that the author is conscious of beauties that are not in his composition. The happiest writers are compelled to see some of their most magnificent ideas float along the immensity of mind, beyond the feeble grasp of expression. Compare the state of the author with that of the reader; how copious and overflowing is the mind of the one, to that of the other; how much more sensibly alive to a variety of exquisite strokes, which the other has not yet perceived; the author is familiar with every part, and the reader has but a vague notion of the whole. How many noble conceptions of Rousseau are not yet mastered! How many profound reflections of Montesquieu are not yet understood! How many subtle lessons are yet in Locke, which no preceptor can teach!

Such, among others, are the reasons which may induce an author to express himself in language which may sound like vanity. To be admired, is the noble simplicity of the ancients (imitated by a few elevated minds among the moderns) in expressing with candour the consciousness of genius. We are not more displeased with Dryden than with Cicero, when he acquaints us of the great things he has done, and those he purposes to do. Modern modesty might, perhaps, to some be more agreeable, if it were modesty; but our artificial blushes are like the ladies' temporary rouge, ever ready to colour the face on any occasion. Some will not place their names to their books, yet prefix it to their advertisements; others pretend to be the editors of their own works, some compliment themselves in the third person; and many, concealed under the shade of anonymous criticism, form panegyrics as elaborate and long as Pliny's on Trajan, of their works and themselves, yet, in conversation, start at a compliment, and quarrel at a quotation. Such modest authors resemble certain ladies, who, in public, are equally celebrated for the coldest chastity.

Consciousness of merit characterises men of genius; but is it to be lamented that the illusions of self-love are not distinguishable from the reality of consciousness? Yet, if we were to take from some their pride of exultation, we annihilate the germ of their excellence. The persuasion of a just posterity smoothed the sleepless pillow, and spread a sunshine in the solitude of Bacon, Montesquieu, and Newton; of Cervantes, Gray, and Milton. Men of genius anticipate their contemporaries, and know they are such, long before the tardy consent of the public. They have also been accused of the meanest adulations; it is certain that many have had the weakness to praise unworthy men, and some the courage to erase what they have written. A young writer, unknown, yet languishing for encouragement, when he first finds the notice of a person of some eminence, has expressed himself in language which gratitude—a finer reason than reason itself—inspired. Strongly has Milton expressed the sensations of this passion—"gratitude." Who ever pays an "immense debt" in small sums?

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BY JAMES MORGAN, BOOKBINDER.

How richly braut ful, how calm the scene,
To climb the woodland heights at close of day,
When ev'ry zephyr whispers peace serene,
And all around God's goodness doth portray!

The vale beneath in verdure gaily dress'd
Echoes the ev'ning hymns of thankful birds,
And roving bees return with sweets compress'd,
While 'neath the cliffs repose the friendly herds

Oh, holy scene! a placid calm like this
Absorbs my soul, and bids life's cares retreat,
This hour I'll consecrate, so full of bliss,
To God who swells my soul with joys complete

To heaven I'll raise my thoughts where cherubs sing
Of love and truth in symphonies divine,
There shall I soar on contemplation's wing,
And catch their spirit as they flying shine

Oh! may life's ev'ning hours unruffled roll
Lit by heaven's ceaseless unexhausted ray,
Which penetrates with light and hope the soul,
Illumes the grave, and points to endless day!

LITERARY NOTICES.

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SWEEPINGS OF MY STUDY.

It is a pity, on many accounts, that the ancient Cornish tongue has been suffered to be lost. The Phœnicians are believed to have worked the Cornish tin-mines; and, if so, this ancient dialect may have been partly Phœnician. Now, it is pretty clear, that the Carthaginians possessed that district called by the Greeks *Phoinike*, and spoke a dialect of Phœnician. That this bore a close affinity to Hebrew is the opinion of Sir William Drummond, who says of St. Augustine that, "had he understood the Punic tongue, he could never have been puzzled, as he confesses he was, with the Hebrew." This opinion is common to many other scholars. The curious thing would have been to have *compared* the *Cornish vocabulary* with the *Hebrew*, a comparison which might have given some singular results. All that is now known of this Cornish language is, that it was *very different* from either Welsh, Gaelic, or Erse, and yet it was a living language in Cornwall up to the eighteenth century. Nay, later than that.

THERE is no truth more important to writers and public men of all descriptions than this—you cannot take the prejudices of mankind "*by storm*." "Sap and mine" are *here* the *only* strategy.

OF all pedantic words, "ancillary" is one of the vilest. "Ancilla" is the Latin for a servant-maid Therefore, to say a thing is "ancillary" to some other thing, is equivalent to saying, that it is "servant girlary" to some other thing. "Ots splut," as Sir Hugh Evans says, "what phrases this?"

BE he who he may — or of what consequence soever—who quarrels with the world, let him be sure he will come off *second best*, and find, in the end, that the world is of more consequence to him than he to it. "Secessions," unless they be like that of the Roman "Populi" to Mount Aventine, seldom or never succeed That of Sir William Wyndham and others from the House of Commons, in Sir Robert Walpole's time, advised as it was by Lord Bolingbroke, failed indecorously That of Fox and others, during Pitt's ministry, was just as unfortunate The secession just now (1843) from the Scotch church will probably share much the same fate, but it is not like a "parliamentary secession." The men are *not silenced* That is in its favour, doubtless.

THE greatest tempest that ever raged in England, seems to have been that which blew in the reign of Queen Anne, in 1703. It blew down whole streets in the Metropolis, so that hundreds, nay, thousands, were perishing amidst the ruins. The loss at sea was enormous, some hundreds of merchantmen were wrecked or foundered, and no less than fifteen sail of the line suffered; amongst which was Admiral Bowater's flag-ship, in which he perished with all his crew. So awful was the tornado, that two persons committed suicide in sheer madness of terror. All this is commemorated in an annual sermon preached in London. It is called "The Storm-Sermon"

IT is a disagreeable thought—but, I fear me, too often a true one,—that literature and corruption frequently reach their height together in a nation, and that a splendid literary era is oftentimes the epoch, also, of the commencement of national decline With *Rome* it was thus, literature broke out just as the two Cæsars subverted the vestiges of the republic. At *Athens* it was much the same, though less marked. *French literature* blazed out under the gaudy tyrant, Louis the Fourteenth. In *England*, literature first made great head after the despotic Tudors had subverted what remained of Anglo-Saxon freedom.

I HAVE often seen persons who had fallen from wealth into poverty, exceedingly grieved, because many persons who formerly paid them attentions, ceased, after that, to do so. This seems very absurd All that the cessation proves is, that the former attentions were *not* paid to the *man himself*, but to his *wealth*. Why, therefore, should he grieve, because he apparently loses that which he *really never had*.

THE cormorant is still tamed in China for the purpose of fishing It was anciently used in England for the same purpose Charles the First had a "Master of Cormorants," as well as a Head-Falconer. Our modern cormorants are of a different species, and trained under different officers. They hunt *loaves* as well as *fishes*.

I HAVE never found it possible in composition to refrain from the use of that inexplicable looking thing—"the dash"—in writing, though I have often tried to tie myself down to the legitimate price of comma, semicolon, colon, and period I fancy that, after all, "the dash" is a necessary part of what is called punctuation The ordinary stops are enough, no doubt, to fix the sense, but this is not all. To give a sentence its *full* effect, a pause, not requisite for fixing the more abstract *sense*, is often absolutely required. This pause the dash denotes, and therefore, I am, after the best review I can give to this matter—*for* "the dash."

IF you get any thing of cloth or silk daubed with mud, do not attempt to clean it hastily, but hang it up in a warm place for several days until the dirt be thoroughly dry, when you will find it brush easily off, without damage to the cloth or stuff, whatever it may be. Even thus, *injuries* not hastily resented, but patiently borne, will *cease to be injuries at all*

NOTHING shows so strongly the great opinion which was entertained of the medical skill of the famous Dr. Radcliffe, as the treatment he met when Queen Anne died Radcliffe was a violent Whig, and in the queen's last illness, when the case grew desperate, was summoned to the royal chamber, but, being himself very ill, refused to go The queen died, and the most violent threats were uttered against the doctor, who, it was alleged, could have *saved* the queen, *but did not choose*, because her death was also that of the Tory administration of Harley and Bolingbroke This prejudice was so strong that it is believed the vexation of it hastened Radcliffe's end It was the highest compliment to his skill, but at the expense of his character

TIME—the soberer of all that is extravagant—has much the same effect upon a finely-constituted mind, that it has upon a finely-painted picture It does not obliterate a tint in the one, but it mellows, refines, and blends them. In the other, it does not blot out a hope, an aspiration, or a feeling, but it sobers down their extravagances. Experience, the fruit of time, acts, in short, like a "gloze," or "medium-tint," upon the hues, which youth has spread with too much brilliance, or passion has touched with too vivid a light.

DEAN SWIFT was one of the few men, Tacitus was another, who have been *far too good for their age and period*. Swift as an honest and wise man was leagues beyond Pope, Harley, Arbuthnot, St. John, and the rest of them. He evidently *felt* the heartless corruption of courts.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUSSEX.—We decline furnishing you with directions for "making all sending up fire balloons." The practice is dangerous, and is a misdemeanour punishable by law.

R. L. (Berwick).—The sentences you have sent are Latin; the first, "*Misereis succurere disco*," means, "I learn to succour the unfortunate;" the second, "*Nisi dominus*," is only a portion of a sentence, the first two words of the 127th Psalm, —"Unless the Lord," &c.

JAMES SMITH.—We believe the trade you mention is as good as many others; but it is quite impossible for us to say whether, if you were apprenticed to it, you would be sure to get a situation when out of your time There is good room for improvement in your *writing* (not "*written*"), and also in your spelling.

MACEDONIA.—The "salic law" was a law made by king Pharamond of France, or, as some say, by Philip the Long, by which females were excluded from sitting on the throne. As the character of the people of that age and country was peculiarly martial, it was probably thought inconsistent to have a female ruler. The law is still in force in France, in Germany, Hanover, &c.

G WEBB.—You had better put you inquiries as to the prices of certain books to a bookseller; our answering them would subject us to the advertisement duty

J JAMES (Halsted).—We fear that there are too many shops in the "general line" in the vicinity of London to make it worth your while to leave your present business for the purpose of trying the experiment We are not aware of the existence of any society "to assist tradesmen whose capital is limited," most of the "loan societies" are conducted by rapacious adventurers

JOURNEYMAN.—A warehouseman is readily likely to find employment either in America or Australia. For particulars as to rates of passage &c., you should get the last edition of the "Emigrants' Handbook," published at our office.

J. RATHBONE.—We have no society in London of the description you name. As to rules, &c., you had better apply to *Judd Pratt*, Esq., Temple, London, who is appointed by the government to attend to such matters.

A MINER.—Your young friend the chemist,—begging his pardon,—is a fool, and is trying to make a fool of you. Bring common sense to your aid.

A CONSTANT BATHER.—We think your practice of "bathing in a tepid bath four times a week, staying in the water half an hour each time," is calculated to injure your constitution very seriously *Cold bathing*, for a few minutes at a time, is much more likely to benefit you

A VOYAGER.—The most effectual preventive for sea-sickness is *not to go to sea*. You may, however, greatly stay the disagreeable sensation by remaining in the horizontal position, Excess in eating and drinking should be avoided.

G PASS (Burslem).—You will find a good receipt for *varnishing* water-colour drawings in No. 40 of the "Working Man's Friend," p. 231 If you wish to *polish* them in addition, you must lay on two or three coats of the varnish. Your work may then be polished with the *soft* pulpy part of your hand, previously rubbed with a very small portion of fresh butter.

T J D.—*Liquid glue* is made thus.—Dissolve a quarter of a pound of shell-lac in three ounces of naphtha; put the lac into a wide-mouthed bottle, and pour the naphtha upon it, cork it up; stir it with a piece of wire two or three times during the first thirty-six hours. When thoroughly dissolved it will be about the thickness of cream, and forms a liquid glue always ready for use, and peculiarly applicable to pattern-makers, joiners, or carpenters, and perfectly waterproof.

A YOUNG PAINTER.—*Caoutchoucine* is an inflammable liquor procured from caoutchouc (Indian-rubber) by distillation. When mixed with highly-rectified spirits of wine, it is a ready solvent for all the resins, even copal, and that without heat. As it mixes readily with oils, and dries quickly without injury to the colours, it will, no doubt, answer your purpose well

G PASS.—Sir John Franklin left England on his last expedition, about the middle of May, 1845, in the *Erebus*.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

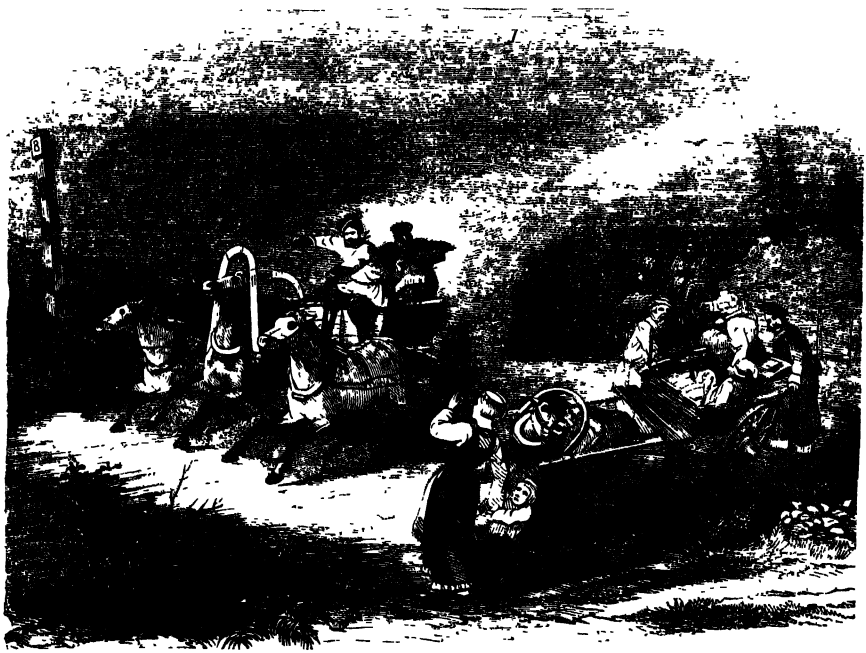
NEW SERIES.—VOL. II., NO. 51.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.—VI.

PETERSBURG.

PETERSBURG is situated on the Neva, at its outlet into the gulf of Finland, and has a strongly fortified island a few miles westward called Cronstadt, which is the chief naval station of the Russian Empire, and commands the whole entrance outwards into the Baltic. Petersburg is the seat of the imperial government and was intended by its founder, Peter the Great, to form the capital of the empire. It is situated about 500 miles north-west of Moscow, and contains according to the legal authorities, about half a million inhabitants. Although irregularly built, it is considered one of the most splendid cities in the world. The beauty of the entrance into St. Petersburg, we are told by Mr. Jerrmann—the most entertaining and recent of northern visitors—cannot easily be paralleled.*

First, magnificent Cronstadt, with its harbour full of countless ships, its docks without end, its remarkable towers and works, rising in wonderful strength and beauty out of the depths of the open sea, strikes us with admiration. A little farther we pass the beautiful palace of Peterhof, with its delightful gardens, its pleasant park, its fairy-like buildings. After several hours' sail up stream, and after passing the splendid building appropriated to the mining school, we reach the majestic English quay, where the steamer stops, just opposite to the Exchange.



RUSSIAN COURIERS.

The delay occasioned by the revision of passports, before which no one is allowed to quit the vessel, and by the subsequent inspection of baggage at the custom-house, is disagreeable, especially as the glimpse one gets of the city excites the strongest desire and most impatient curiosity to examine it more closely. The annoyance of the detention is lessened, however, by the obliging courtesy with which the officials per-

* Pictures from St. Petersburg, by Edward Jerrmann. Translated from the original German, by Frederick Hardman. London. Longman and Co., 1852

form their duty, assisting the travellers, after its completion, to repack and arrange their property. If there be any truth in the oft-repeated tales of the horrors of the Russian custom-house, they at least can apply but to the inland frontiers, where, perhaps, Cossack usages still prevail. When entering St. Petersburg by water it is only in cases where information of fraud has been received, that harshness and severity are displayed; otherwise, and as a general rule, the treatment is considerate and humane, and might be substituted with great advantage for the petty annoyance inflicted by the Austrian customs' officers. The customary formalities at an end, it is usually still broad daylight when you reach the interior of the city. Most strangers proceed thither along the quay, across the Isaac Square, by the fine statue of Peter the Great, the imposing building of the Admiralty, and the wonderful Isaac Church, to the Newsky Perspective. However much accustomed to Paris and London, the stranger cannot but be struck, impressed and delighted by the spectacle that here presents itself to him; by the remarkable beauty of this street, its immense width, including a double line of carriage ways floored with wood, and footpaths ten or twelve feet broad—by the magnificent palaces and palatial houses bordering it on either side by the elegance of the rows of shops, each vying with the other in luxury and richness, fronted with the clearest glass, illumined at nigh with floods of gaslight, and filled with the most costly objects that luxury and refinement can devise. Still more is he astonished at the constant stream of life which flows along this great artery of the city; at the throng of passengers on foot and on horseback, in carriages drawn by six and by four horses, in smaller vehicles of every kind, in *droschkis* and *istuorstschiks* If the stranger, extricating himself from this noisy bustling scene, succeeds in finding accommodation at the Hotel Coulon or the Hotel Demuth, the only foreign hotels in St. Petersburg, he may live there comfortably enough until he can settle himself in more permanent quarters. But if, through want of room at those houses, or ignorance of the locality, he betakes himself to a Russian hotel, he has speedy opportunity of studying one of the most disgraceful sides of life in St. Petersburg. Short of a forest cavern, a foreigner could hardly meet with anything more uninviting and unpleasant than the aspect of one of the caravanserais, or with anything more dismal than its arrangement and distribution. He is ushered into ill-lighted rooms, betraying a sad want of the careful and cleansing hand of a tidy hostess; and where the elegance of the furniture is by no means so great as to make amends for its extreme scantiness. The absence of anything like a bed particularly strikes him. Russian travellers do not miss this, for they invariably carry their own beds about with them, as Maximilian the First carried his coffin, and thus accustom hotel-keepers to dispense with beds in their apartments. At last, after many delays, and at the urgent and agonised entreaty of the weary foreigner, such a bed is provided as the German, accustomed to the snug eiderdown of his fartherland, shudders to contemplate The painful impression of this first reception is but very partially surmounted, when he becomes aware of another cause of discomfort and annoyance. The attendance is execrable. In these Russian hotels there is seldom a living creature who can speak anything but Russian; and foreigners are at their wit's end to make themselves understood. There is little hope for English, French, and Italians. Only the German, if his good genius suggests to him to visit the kitchen, may chance to discover there a Finland woman. These are skilful cooks, and most of them speak German. He will hardly get a better supper for this, however; and ultimately will be fain to have recourse to the hospitality of his countrymen resident in St. Petersburg, and which assuredly will never fail him If the stranger has letters, or even only a single letter, of introduction, which it is natural to suppose will in most instances be the case, he is rescued, immediately on presenting them, from the purgatory of his inn, either by the offer of a room in the friend's house to whom he is recommended or by being provided with a furnished apartment, of which there are plenty to let in St. Petersburg, chiefly in German houses, and where he will usually find himself very comfortable.

Should any one who reads these lines ever visit St Petersburg without introduction or acquaintance, let him go to the first wire-house or *restaurateur* he meets with (there is no lack of them), and inspect the bill of fare, upon which the names of eatables and drinkables are inscribed in German as well as in Russian. In such places, too, there is generally an attendant who can speak German. Let the stranger walk in, seat himself at the first unoccupied table he comes to, and order his breakfast in German, and in rather a loud voice. He may be pretty certain that, before he has half finished his repast,—and provided he be not too entirely engrossed in its discussion—he will observe some one of the persons present call the waiter, and whisper a few words in his ear. The waiter replies by the same sort of pantomime usually performed by a German court-chamberlain when his royal master asks him why the people do not cheer as he goes by. The *habitué*, having received this shoulder-shrugging answer to his inquiry, seems to consult a moment with his companions, then empties his glass, fills it again, rises from table, approaches the stranger, and greets him as a countryman. Some conversation ensues, and if there be anything in the new comer's mode of speaking, occupation, country, journey, or manner, to inspire the slightest interest, it may safely be wagered that before his interlocutor has emptied his glass, he has invited him to join his party. If, in the intercourse which then follows, he justifies, ever so little, the good opinion which his new acquaintance are well-disposed to entertain of him, he is asked to call upon them, and thenceforward it only depends upon him to consider their houses, if he so pleases, as his own. There is little ceremony used with anybody. A stranger is invited only once to dinner. If he does not please his entertainers, they nevertheless, for that once, endure him with a good and hospitable grace. If, upon the other hand, he makes a favourable impression, on leaving table his host says to him, with a cordial shake of the hand, "Do not wait for another invitation; your knife and fork will be laid here daily, and the oftener you come and use them, the greater the pleasure you will do us." And when this is said, the guest may feel assured that it is meant literally as spoken. Nor need he ever fear to inconvenience his hospitable entertainers; go when he will, he will be welcome. His place is ready for him: if oysters and champagne are upon table, his host smiles, well-pleased that he has come on a day of good cheer. But though beef and potatoes alone be on the board, the lady of the house betrays not a sign of vexation or embarrassment. *Enough* there always is; how it is managed I know not; but the entrance of half a dozen unforeseen guests neither excites surprise nor occasions inconvenience. On the other hand, however homely the repast, the hostess never deems an apology requisite. What she gives is freely given, and she therefore makes sure that it will be contentedly received. How she would laugh, could she witness, in some German household in Dresden or Berlin, the housewife's deadly agony when her husband unexpectedly brings home from 'Change a friend or two to dinner! Such agony, for such a motive, is unknown in St. Petersburg; unknown, too, there, is the German custom of making trifling presents to servants as often as you take a meal in a friend's house. At Christmas and Easter it is customary to make calls at the houses of your friends, and then money is given to servants, and in handsome amounts; ten or twenty rubles to each, or even more, according to the means and inclination of the donor. If the two customs come much to the same in the end, at any rate that of the Russians is more seemly and convenient.

Conversation at Russian dinner-tables is not very striking or diversified. This may be partially accounted for by the separation of the sexes. Be it observed that I here depict the manners of the middle classes. He who desires to learn those of the nobility—not only of Russia, but of the rest of Europe—has only to study the usages of Parisian society, and he then knows those of all other aristocratic societies. In the burgher circles at St. Petersburg, the two sexes usually group themselves very much apart from each other. Even at meals the gentlemen take one half of the table, and the ladies the other. I will not venture exactly to praise such an arrangement, but certainly it spares many an old graybeard, or busy merchant, engrossed with agios and percentages, the trouble of having to entertain a simpering sixteen-year-old neighbour.

The chief subjects of conversation with the ladies of St. Petersburg, at the dinner-table, and in the circle they subsequently form round their coffee-cups, are music, theatricals, the gossip of the town, a very little literature, and, above all,

the fashions. On this last subject they are inexhaustible, and truth demands the confession that they do not cultivate a barren soil. They do not, as many a distinguished national assembly has done, waste their time in fruitless theories. Every project devised speedily becomes an accomplished fact; plans are no sooner sketched than carried out; theory quickly blossoms into practice; no undertaking is too difficult, no obstacle insurmountable, no sacrifice too great for these devoted priestesses of the Graces.

In St. Petersburg people do not live abroad. Public gardens, boulevards, bazaars, and so forth, are there unknown. There everybody minds his business, and stops in his house; and when the cares and toils of the former are at an end, he does his utmost to transform the latter into a paradise. Freedom is an indispensable condition of such transformation, and of freedom the Petersburger enjoys, in his own house, an ample measure; not only in the complete liberty of his social life, not only in his complete abandonment to his individual inclinations, but also in respect of political controversies, which in his domestic circle are often carried on with such keenness and unreserve, that the hearer fancies himself transported into some German republican club. Freedom is far greater in St. Petersburg, in this respect, than is generally supposed. Considering the licence of expression indulged in when conversing on political subjects before strangers and servants, it is quite inconceivable that the vigilant police should never have become aware of, or taken umbrage at it; and that there should be no instance on record of a domiciliary visit in the house of a German resident in St. Petersburg. It is probable enough, however, that the authorities are aware of those conversations, but intentionally take no notice of them, knowing the character of Germans, and that, with them,—words do not lead to deeds.

When politics, into which conversation at St. Petersburg usually ends by gliding, have been fairly exhausted, play is resorted to as a pastime. In this the women are in no way behindhand with the men; but on the contrary, have usually organised their tables of whist, boston, ombre, or *préférence*, long before the politicians have finished their discussions. *Préférence*, especially, is a favourite game with the St. Petersburg fair ones. With unremitting assiduity they play on from seven or eight in the evening till two in the morning, then sup, and separate at four to get up again at daybreak,—that is to say, according to German time, at nine in the morning, for I here speak of winter parties only, seeing that in summer, at St. Petersburg, there are neither parties nor inhabitants.

When the St. Petersburger has thus introduced a stranger into his house and shown him his domestic interior, the chief subject of his pride, he proceeds to display to him the second thing in which he glories, namely, the beauties of the capital. A day is fixed, the droschki is brought to the door,—few Petersburgers in comfortable circumstances are without an equipage,—and the foreigner is driven all about the town. First, through the Newsky Perspective, already referred to, to the majestic Newsky Convent, where repose the bones of St. Alexander Newsky, which were miraculously cast ashore, so runs the tradition, on the Neva's bank, by the Baltic's tempestuous billows. In costly silver relievos, the hero's exploits are perpetuated upon his coffin. Returning hence, the stranger's guide points out to him, on the left of the Perspective, the Kasan church, one of the most beautiful ornaments of the city. In its front stand four colossal stone statues of apostles, models for four statues of the like gigantic size, which are to be cast in silver. The metal for this purpose is already stored up in the vaults of the Church, and is a pious present from the Cossacks of the Don. On entering the sacred edifice, the eye is at once fettered and dazzled by the magnificence it meets. Pillars, walls, floor, and ceiling, all of the costliest marble: a great barrier, three feet high, and of wrought silver, in front of the sanctuary, and behind it pictures of saints, partly cut out according to the Russian fashion, and having head, neck, and breast, as well as the frames, studded with precious stones of great price. Various trophies, conquered in the wars with Turks and French, decorate the Church; amongst others, the marshal's baton of Davoust, the sight of which once incited a Frenchman, fanaticised by false patriotism, to commit a church robbery. He was detected, and [illegible] the offence is one of those most severely punished in Russia, the authorities contented themselves, in consideration of the extenuating motive, with sending him out of the country.

From the Kasansky you drive through the Morskoy, paved, like the Newsky, with wood, to the *Edit Moyi*,* one of the handsomest buildings in St. Petersburg, opposite to which, on an immense open square, stands the enormous Alexander's Pillar. Thence you proceed to the sumptuous Winter Palace, whence the view over the Neva, Wasili Ostrow, and the Petersburg bank, is exceedingly fine. Going down the quay, you reach the Champ de Mars, of such vast extent that I once saw the Emperor pass in review there a body of 80,000 men of all arms. Whoever has had the opportunity of seeing the Russian guards manœuvre, will assuredly hesitate before expressing German contempt of those "barbarous hordes." Several days are requisite for even a superficial examination of the principal sculptural and architectural monuments of the city. Then it is the turn of St. Petersburg's charming environs;—Sarskoje-Sélo, Jelagyn, and Peterhof, the summer residence of the Court, whose beauty borders on the fabulous. Thence comes a visit to Apothecary's Island, with its wonderful botanical garden, in whose immense conservatories one fancies oneself transported to the tropics. To the intelligent zeal of the court-gardener, Mr. Tellman, a German, these hot-houses are indebted for a care and development which render them probably unsurpassed by similar establishments in any country of the world. At any rate, nothing of the kind that I have seen in Potsdam, Vienna, and Paris, can bear comparison with them. From Apothecary's Island you reach Kamini-Ostrow, thence proceed to Petrowsky, and so from one island to another, each surpassing its neighbour in the beauty of its plantations and elegance of its summer villas. Certainly art alone is to be thanked for all this beauty and bloom in the far north of Europe, where nature does nothing; equally certain is it that the glory of these lovely gardens last at most but ten or twelve weeks. Not on that account, however, are we to withhold our recognition of the Beautiful, wheresoever we find it; but rather prize and appreciate it the more, because our enjoyment of it is to be so brief. And assuredly the stranger, crossing for the first time the bridge of Kamini-Ostrow, pausing in its centre, and looking right and left at the lovely villas, built in the most graceful Italian style, and embedded in luxuriant vegetation and beauteous flowers, may well imagine, as his astonished gaze wanders over the shores of the arm of the Neva, that he has been suddenly transported to the seductive banks of Arno or of Brenta. These islands are the summer abode of the inhabitants of the capital; where no one, whose business will possibly admit his absence, ever remains between the beginning of June and the end of August. The oppressive heat, combined with the intolerable dust, and, above all, the pestiferous exhalations of the canals, drive every one forth. These canals, of great width, and encased in handsome granite quays, are very ornamental to the city, but they render residence there during the hot season perfect torture. Accordingly, towards the end of May, all make their escape; and if I have already had occasion to praise the hospitality of the town, I must now admit it to be surpassed by that exercised in the country. There it is a common practice for whole families to quarter themselves, unexpected and uninvited, upon their friends and acquaintances, bringing with them their servants, horses, and dogs. They are always heartily welcomed, kindly received, and hospitably entertained; and their departure is sincerely deplored, though it occur only after many weeks' stay. The rural amusements are walks and rides, bathing, bals champêtre, fire-works—which are let off almost every evening, especially towards the beginning of autumn—music, singing, somewhat more conversation than in town, because less time is passed at cards, somewhat less reading, because one is almost constantly out of doors. Gambling, however, is not entirely given up, and moreover the abstinence in summer is amply compensated by the winter's excess. With the exception of Mexico, there is assuredly in no place in the world more gambling than here. True, that games of chance are strictly prohibited, and are played neither in public places nor at private clubs; but games of skill, especially *préférence*, are played so abominably high that scarcely an evening passes, in

* *Generalstab*, military head-quarters, officers of the staff: in England, the Horse-Guards is the only analogous establishment.



IMPERIAL PALACE OF GATCHINA.



BLESSING THE NEVA.

the winter-time, without a few hundred thousand rubles* banco exchanging hands at the card-tables of the English club and other establishments of the kind. These profuse and habitual gamblers play—especially the Russians—with wonderful coolness, and with the utmost apparent indifference as to the result.

* A Russian ruble is equal to 10d English, nearly.

A circumstance that comes greatly in aid to the hospitality of the Petersburgers, is the abundance of provisions and their consequent cheapness. One can hardly form an idea of the plenty that prevails. On Twelfth Day, when midnight chimes, the peasants of the whole empire set out upon their sledges, well packed with fish, flesh, and game, and preserved fruits, which latter are no where so well prepared and of such good flavour as in Russia, and repair to the towns, especially to St. Petersburg, often performing journeys of 2000 or 3000 versts. There they usually sell their goods at very advantageous prices, and then, in large caravans, in high spirits, and somewhat elevated by drink, retrace their steps homewards. These journeys, however, take place only in what are called fine winters, by which the Russians understand a steady cold of 20 deg. to 24 deg. Reaumur. Then the sledging paths are firm and smooth; the peasants' little horses, not bigger than a bull of a year and a half old, drag them briskly and without fatigue to the capital, where their eatables arrive fresh and in good order. If, upon the other hand, a thaw sets in, these poor people are greatly to be pitied. The results of the year's toil are inevitably lost to them. And even when it freezes again directly, so that the provisions reach their journey's end seemingly well preserved, the thaw has nevertheless caused distrust as to the state of the meat, and sale and price are alike diminished. With respect to fish, not the slightest deception can take place, for the Russian knows by the very first look at the fish's eye, and by pressing it gently with his finger, whether the fish has been thawed, and if it has he will not purchase it at any price. In remarkably mild winters, when there are frequent intermissions of thaw and frost—as happened, for instance, in the winter of 1841-2—the police institute a rigid examination of the provisions before they are allowed to enter the city. And so it came to pass that in that unfortunate winter many hundreds of sledges were excluded from St. Petersburg, then contents were thrown into the water or buried in the earth, and their unhappy owners had no choice but to sell horse, sledge, and harness, and to retrace on foot, sorrowful and a-hungered, the weary journey to their distant homes. Happily such *had* (mild) winters are of very rare occurrence. The one I have just referred to, during which the Neva twice thawed and twice again was frozen, was unparalleled in the memory of the oldest man in St, Petersburg.

The cheapness of the principal necessaries of life, such as bread, potatoes, meat and fish, extends also to the more delicate vegetables, to fruit, and to poultry, and the smaller sorts of game, (especially a species of partridge, heathcocks, &c.), particularly if one does not run after things which have only just come into season. This explains the abundance observable on the tables of St. Petersburg, even upon those of the middle classes. Fuel is also very cheap, and rents, compared with those demanded in Vienna and other capitals, are by no means high.

The ordinary necessaries of life are decidedly cheap. But very costly, upon the other hand, are all objects of luxury, particularly those manufactured in foreign countries. Men's clothes, and more particularly women's clothes, are made in St. Petersburg even better than in London and Paris; the fashions of course coming from the latter places, and being most conscientiously imitated by the Russian artists. But they are enormously dear, as are all kinds of dress, millinery, and ornaments and as are also French wines and books. The dealers in these last, for instance, reckon the Prussian dollar as equivalent to the silver ruble, which is at once an addition of six or seven per cent to the price, and moreover, lay on a profit of twenty-five and often thirty-three per cent. By these exorbitant charges the sale of books is much injured. Foreign wines in general are anything but cheap, especially champagne, the regular price of which is three silver rubles a bottle, or more than half as dear again as in Germany; and what makes this expense still more felt, is the extravagant use of that wine. The first thing that a Russian places before a stranger is champagne, and as the German is of an imitative nature, and this custom flatters alike his palate and his vanity, the use of the luxury is carried to profusion. An effort has been made to substitute a Russian product for this expensive drink; and a wine is fabricated out of the excellent grapes of the Crimea which is called Russian champagne and which exactly resembles the original so far as colour and effervescence go. But there the likeness ends. In flavour the difference is so notable that the Russian sets the Crimean wine only before those guests whom he does not desire again to receive, but the repetition of whose visits the sacred laws of hospitality forbid him to decline.

"The arsenal and docks of Cronstadt," says our entertaining informant, "must be included amongst the finest public works of St. Petersburg; and after them the attention of the stranger is forcibly arrested by the multitude of splendid churches and public buildings of all kinds, the Winter Palace being prominent amongst the latter. I shall not weary my readers by a dry and detailed account of things which they may find better described in any guide-book. I will but pause a moment at the public hospitals, selecting especially that of Abuchow, which I had special opportunities of inspecting through the kindness of one of its directors, Counsellor Gotte, who was distinguished alike as physician, administrator and man; but who now, unhappily, is no more. These St Petersburg hospitals strike the visitor so forcibly at a first glance, by their extreme cleanliness and convenience, that he is unavoidably prepossessed with a most favourable idea of the treatment experienced there by the sick. This treatment is indeed, so excellent, the care and attendance so first-rate, that I do not hesitate earnestly to advise such strangers as may be thrown upon their own resources in St. Petersburg—living at hotels or in furnished apartments—to take refuge, in case of illness, in one of the public hospitals. There, at a very reasonable rate, they may obtain a room and attendance for themselves, such as they assuredly could not obtain—especially the attendance—in any other way.

"The style of building of the St. Petersburg houses is peculiar, very suitable, but expensive. Although building materials—stone, wood, iron—are there infinitely cheaper than in Germany, houses yet cost much more. In St. Petersburg the owner of a stone house is looked upon as a man well off in the world. The term 'stone,' used as a distinction from 'wooden,' will soon fall into disuse, for in the heart of the city there are scarcely any wooden houses remaining, and in streets more distant from the centre they will gradually quite disappear, substantial and extensive repairs of such houses being no longer permitted. When these become necessary the owners are bound to take down the houses and rebuild them of stone. The expensiveness of building arises from high wages, and from the great solidity of the buildings. St. Petersburg is built partly on swampy and partly on sandy ground houses of any size require, therefore, enormous foundations. When one reflects that, a century ago, a bottomless morass existed where now stands the mighty Kasansky Cathedral, a morass which swallowed whole forests of trees before the erection of so colossal a monument could be ventured upon one marvels at the boldness of the mind which could plan and carry out the erection of such a city on such a spot. Even as the idea of its foundation originated with Peter the Great, so was he also the animated spirit at the carrying out of the plan. He resolved to found an immense commercial city, a second Amsterdam; he would have his merchantmen, freighted in India, discharge their cargoes in the heart of his capital at the door of his merchants' warehouses. Direct from the vessel's hold should the bales of rich eastern produce be carried into the store. With this view did he plan the three broad and proportionably deep canals which intersect St. Petersburg in every direction."

Amongst the best and richest shops in St. Petersburg are provision shops—somewhat resembling our Italian warehouses—where an immense variety of edibles and potables, the choicest spices and most expensive wines, delicacies of every kind, as well as butter, cheese, and other common articles of consumption, are exposed for sale. Goods, to the amount of many millions of rubles, are heaped up in these shops, most of whose keepers, themselves *millionnaires*, are serfs of Count Scheremetiew, in whose name the business is carried on, since by Russian law no serf can trade. When they began business, they were aided by the count's money and credit, and in return they pay an annual poll-tax, in like manner with the serfs who till the ground, and with those who, by their owner's permission, take service or employment in the towns. Five rubles (four or five shillings), was the yearly sum they paid,

when they first set up their shops, for each male—women being exempt from the impost. They pay the same and no more now that they roll in wealth, inhabit sumptuous mansions, and drive in elegant carriages.

"Besides the imperial palaces," says Mr. Jermann, "the churches, the buildings appropriated to the use of the admiralty, the military staff, and the senates; besides the theatres, barracks, and so forth, the educational establishments deserve especial mention. Their annual cost to the State amounts to a sum such as Russia only could afford for such a purpose. The immense expense can be understood only by calling to mind that Louis XIV.'s saying, '*L'Etat c'est moi!*' is also that of the emperor, who takes as much care of the State as he could do of his own person. Besides the various civil and military schools, those of the Mining and Forest Corps are excellent educational institutions for youth. These two remarkable and palace-like buildings are provided with everything that can contribute to the health and comfort of their inmates; and the treatment of the scholars completely fulfills the high expectations which the imposing exterior of the edifices is calculated to awaken. There is no great difficulty in obtaining the admission of lads. The interest of the State is the main object kept in view; and the State, it is considered, cannot have too many able servants. From the day of his entrance into these corps, every material and moral want of the pupil is fully supplied, not only until his education is completed, but in some sort for his whole life. By the fact of his entrance into one of these schools, he becomes bound to serve the State a certain number of years. This includes a reciprocal obligation on the part of government to provide the young man, when his term of service is expired, with a suitable position. The system of education in these corps is, as in the Polytechnic School at Paris, entirely military. It is usual in Russia for every government servant to hold military rank. From this arrangement springs an official aristocracy, which, in social estimation and value, is far superior to the aristocracy of birth. The official aristocracy occupy an important middle station between the nobles by birth and the burgher classes. In addition to the imperial educational establishments already existing, the duke of Oldenburg founded, some twelve or fourteen years ago,* a school of law, which, under his auspices, has had the happiest results. It has sent forth a large number of legal officials, who enjoy, especially by reason of their incorruptibility, the high respect of the nation. There can be no higher recommendation of such an official, nor one tending to inspire greater confidence in him, than to have been educated at the Oldenburg legal school. Stimulated by the success of this undertaking, in the year 1840 the noble duke founded, at Kalomeja, nine versts from St. Petersburg, a school of agriculture, which has also been signally successful. The young men who there receive theoretical and practical instruction in the various branches of farming are sent, after completing the course, to distant provinces of the empire. There, installed as teachers or government officers, they exercise an advantageous influence on the progress of agriculture. Of such institutions there are several in the country, but that which advantageously distinguishes those of the duke of Oldenburg above them, is their superior moral standing, and the circumstance that they annually send forth a number of young officials whose incorruptibility has become proverbial; assuredly a great benefit for a country where there is by no means a superfluity of that virtue.

"The public schools—called corps in Russia—are under the special protection, and indeed, it may be said, under the personal superintendence of the emperor. By day and by night, they are never safe from his domiciliary visits. Often does Nicholas rise in the middle of the night from the iron camp bed upon which he invariably reposes, get into his one-horse droschki, and make a solitary tour of inspection of the various public schools. Not unfrequently he goes forth on foot, and takes the first vehicle he finds plying for hire in the street. Thus it was, that upon a certain snowy night an Istworstschik, drove him in his sledge to a remote quarter of the city. The sledge had long to wait for him, and when the emperor returned, and, before getting in, would have paid the driver, he found that he had no money about him. The grinning Istworstschik declared that was not of the least consequence, and when the czar, throwing himself into the sledge, absently called out, 'Na domo!' (*Home!*), the man drove his little Finland horse full trot to the Winter Palace, in whose immediate neighbourhood he suddenly stopped, and looked inquiringly round at his fare. The emperor got out, rather surprised, ordered him to come to the same place on the following evening, and asked him, as he walked away, 'Do you know me?' A sly 'No' was the reply, and the next evening the sledge-driver received princely payment—less, assuredly, for his readiness to give credit than for his cunning discretion.

"At these nocturnal visits to the schools, rigid investigations take place. The emperor's first glance on entering the corridor is at the thermometer; and woe betide those who are responsible, if it does not stand at the prescribed fourteen degrees. Then he visits all the rooms, to see if there be everywhere light, and if the officers on duty be vigilant. The beds of the scholars are next examined; the emperor pulls off the bed-clothes, and, holding a light in one hand, with the other he turns the children from side to side, strictly investigating the cleanliness of the linen, and of their persons. Often, in order to try their bodily strength, he challenges them to wrestle with him, and, for a stranger who should suddenly enter, it would certainly be no uninteresting sight to behold the despot of all the Russias, with five or six lads clinging to his gigantic form, and exerting their utmost strength to throw the ruler of forty millions of men upon the floor. Henry IV.'s reply to the Spanish ambassador 'You are a father? Then I can continue my game!' has helped to fill all sorts of grammars and vademecums down to the present day, of the paternal sports of the mightiest of European potentates with lads who are total strangers to him, nothing is known but the wildest and most ridiculous tales that idleness and a rage for gossip ever engendered.

"Startling contrasts abound in St Petersburg. One morning, before four o'clock, I was driving to the Neva baths, when, on the Camino-Most, the stone bridge, my progress was impeded by a long procession of temporary emigrants, proceeding into the country in their carriages. Still under the influence of the impression this scene had made upon me, and meditating on the temptations and perils to which the children, and especially the daughters, of the poor are exposed in this age of luxury and corruption, I drove past the magnificent Kasansky, and reached the Newsky Prospect, stretching away, in its vast length, beyond my range of vision, and, at that hour of the morning, hushed in a stillness which was not without a certain solemnity. Suddenly, to my astonished eyes, the strangest scene presented itself. I beheld before me an *al-fresco* ball. A number of elegantly attired ladies, some in handsome shawls, and with feathers in their hats, were performing the strangest sort of dance, which they accompanied with a sort of bowing motion, incessantly repeated. I could recognise no French or German dance in their singular evolutions. Could it be some Russian national dance? I thought. What kind of dance could it be that was thus danced in broad daylight on the public highway, and without male dancers? A few men were certainly there, but merely as lookers-on. I touched the arm of my Istworstschik, called his attention to the group, and made an interrogative gesture. The explanation he gave me was doubtless very lucid and circumstantial, and would have been highly satisfactory, had it only been intelligible to me. Unable to understand a word he said, I ordered him, by the vigorous articulation of 'Pachol,' to drive up to the strange ball before the weary dancers should seek repose upon the stones at the street corners. Drawing nearer and nearer, I yet heard no sound of music; at last we reached the Anitschkow Palace, and found ourselves close to the scene of this untimely activity. A repulsive and horrible sight met my eyes. A number of young women, apparently still fresh and blooming, with ruddy cheeks—but whether of artificial or natural colours their incessant monotonous bowing movement prevented my distinguishing—elegantly dressed in silks, jewels, and feathers, were sweeping the Newsky-street under the superintendence of policemen. Some of them appeared overwhelmed with shame, others stared at me, at the Istworst-

* It may here be proper to remind the reader that, although Mr. Jermann's book was first published in the year 1851, some of its chapters had been written several years earlier.

schik and horse, with perfect indifference, and seemed rejoiced at our passage, which suspended for a moment their painful and disgraceful occupation. They were a detachment of nocturnal wanderers, who, when returning too tardily to their homes from pursuing their wretched calling, had fallen into the hands of the patrol, had passed the remainder of the night in the watchhouse, and were now atoning, broom in hand, their untimely rambles. I hurried off to the bath, glad to escape from this degrading and deplorable spectacle."

The winter palace at St. Petersburg is, as the name imports, the winter residence of royalty. It is a splendid massive pile, and may be considered as, *par excellence, the palace* in a city of palaces. In 1837 it was destroyed by fire; but such is the power of wealth in Russia, that it was rebuilt in a year! Previous to its destruction, it is described by Kohl as being so complete a labyrinth of apartments, that even the chief of the household, who had been in his post for more than twelve years, was unacquainted with all the nooks and corners of it. As in the forest of the great landholders, many colonies are settled of which the owner takes no notice, so there nestled

When Paul ascended the throne, he erected the château Galchina into an imperial palace; and around it there speedi arose a town; with churches, and hospitals, and villas, ar Russian luxuries innumerable. Gatchina has been for mar years the favourite summer retreat of the royal family.

Having already outrun our space, we will conclude th paper with a notice of the curious religious ceremony of bles ing the waters. We take the description of the Marquis Londonderry, who was an eye-witness of this extraordinar rite:—

"The 6th of January, old style, is the day set apart throughout the empire for blessing the waters. In every city and plac in Russia, this solemn religious ceremony takes place on th day. I repaired by invitation to the palace at eleven, and wa placed, as before, among the aides-de-camp généraux of th emperor. Lady Londonderry had received a special letter c request from Prince Volkonski to attend at the empress' apartments to see the procession, and afterwards to inspec her Imperial Majesty's jewels. The troops of the regiment of the guards in garrison at St. Petersburgh were formed prett



RUSSIAN BOATMAN.

many a one in this palace not included among the regular inhabitants. For instance, the watchmen who had charge of the roof built themselves huts between the chimneys, took their wives and families there, and even kept poultry and goats, who fed on the grass which grew in the interstices of the masonry. It is said, that at last cows were introduced! but all these anomalies have been swept away since the palace has been rebuilt.

The cause of the fire is said to have been the destructive construction of some of the flues; but under the hand of the architect, Kleinmichael, and the industry of several thousand workmen, the winter palace soon assumed its former commanding elevation and imperial grandeur.

The Imperial Palace of Gatchina was the summer residence of the Tzar Nicholas, is situated about twenty-eight miles from St. Petersburg, in the suburbs of a town of the same name, containing about 4,000 inhabitants. This magnificent château was built by Prince Gregory Orloff, and at his death came into the possession of the Empress Catherine, by whom it was presented to the son, the Grand Duke Paul, in 1784.

much in the same manner as they were on New Year's day. They lined the saloons of the Palais d'Hiver, and the officers assembled, as before, in *la salle blanche*. At eleven the emperor, accompanied by Prince Charles of Prussia and the Héritier, arrived, and the column of procession was formed to the palace chapel, where high mass was performed. On this occasion (the only one in the year) the archbishop or metropolitan performs the service himself, and it is done with all due pomp and solemnity. The high priests and clergy assisting were clothed in more costly robes than on any former occasion. The metropolitan, who is a man of small stature, seemed buried under the weight of his garments of gold, and of his cap, in which every jewel of the East seemed to be concentred. The emperor and Prince Charles stood together near the altar, the Grand Duke behind them; and all others present formed a circle around them. No ladies were present. The mass being ended, and the *Te Deum* chanted, the great banners of the chapel were taken up by the attending clergy, to be borne out upon the waters, together with the sacred cups, books, and the symbol of the host, which were lifted up and carried

by the priests. The young boys of the corps of choristers next struck up a hymn of praise, and formed three abreast, followed by the gentlemen singers in like order. They marched through the whole of the rooms of the palace to the great staircase leading to the Neva. After the above, appeared all the sacred emblems borne by the priests, two and two, of whom more than 300 filed off, carrying these offerings and rich religious relics. Their rear was closed by the metropolitan himself, with train-bearers, &c. After the head dignitary of the church, the emperor came in Cossack dress, with his head bare; behind him followed his aides-de-camp généraux, and all the civil and military officers of the empire in the capital. On coming to the grand door of the palace, the cold was near twenty-eight degrees, and the snow was falling in thick masses; the atmosphere was dense and foggy, and yet, notwithstanding all this inclemency of weather, countless multitudes appeared on the quay, on the banks, and on the waters of the Neva. The emperor stopped on the staircase, and ordered Prince Charles of Prussia and the Grand Duke not to go out of doors and expose themselves to the tremendous weather that was raging. They obeyed his imperial majesty's orders. He was kind enough to address me in a similar strain. I replied that his imperial majesty had been so obliging as to place me among his aides-de-camp généraux, and I trusted he would allow me to attend his person as they did.

"We left the palace, and walked in solemn procession amongst the mass of the inhabitants of St. Petersburg, without cloaks, and bareheaded, in splendid uniforms and diamond decorations, in cordons of all colours, and in uniforms of all classes and descriptions, in one of the most pitiless snowstorms that ever descended from the heavens, along the terrace and quays of the Neva, for a considerable distance, until we were opposite the windows of the empress, where her imperial majesty and her ladies were assembled. We then turned to the Neva, and proceeded on the ice to a temple which was erected on the river. The clergy and the head of the *cortège* assembled around and within it. A loud mass was then sung, at its conclusion, the metropolitan, taking off his upper garments and seizing a large basin and tankard, descended a staircase leading from the inside of the temple to the water, a large hole having been made in the ice under the temple. His eminence shortly appeared from below, having blessed the waters; and bearing them in the jug and salver, he proceeded to the emperor, who plunged his face and hands into the vessel, then the grand priest, dipping a brush into the water, sprinkled his imperial majesty all over, invoking at the same time the blessing of heaven on Russia and its monarch. The metropolitan next proceeded to sprinkle and give his benediction to all the standards and colours which had been collected round the temple, and afterwards to the officers, civil and military, who were besprinkled in a similar manner. During this period, salutes of artillery from the fortress continued to be discharged, but the multitude remained in breathless awe and silence. One of the officiating clergy had been despatched, so soon as the metropolitan had blessed the waters of the Neva, to the empress within the palace, bearing vessels and goblets for her imperial majesty and the ladies, filled with the holy water, and when the procession resumed its way back to the palace, the whole populace rushed to the temple to drink or to touch the waters.

"It is difficult to account for the extreme superstition which pervades the lower class of Russians, even to this day, in regard to this ceremony. Children that are born on the night preceding this consecration, are sent with their nurses and plunged into this hole under the ice, and it is believed, if they endure it (which many do not), that they will be free from every danger through life. The little ones occasionally perish from the effects of this experiment, and in some instances the frozen hands of those who plunge them under the waters are not able to hold them, when slipping from their grasp they perish, and are immediately considered as angels on high. How long this will last amongst a people whose nobles and higher classes are every day rejecting the obsolete and barbarous notions of early times, it is impossible to pronounce. Nothing, however, can excite more astonishment and wonder in the mind of a Protestant Christian than the scenes I have described.

"In this ceremony of blessing the waters at the pavilion on the Neva, the children carry thick birch brushes and bundles of clean linen, and the effect of seeing them all flocking and running to the ceremony, urged on by superstition such as this, is very remarkable.

"The emperor, cold and wet to the skin, with all the *cortège* covered with snow, and entirely drenched, in all their splendid ribbons, stars, &c., now returned to the palace, the troops and procession falling in as at first, the standards and colours being carried back to the centre of their corps. After a general salute, the clergy, priests, and choristers disappeared with their symbols and emblems into the sacristy behind the altar; the troops of the guards filed off before the emperor and prince Charles. His imperial majesty next went to the apartments of the empress, where a *déjeûner a la fourchette* was provided; and her imperial majesty and the grand duchesses, with the greatest kindness and amiability, displayed all their jewels, and whatever was costly and precious within their apartments, to their visitors."

ONLY A TRIFLE.

"That's right," said I to my friend Simpkins, the baker, as the sickly-looking widow of Harry Watkins went out of his shop-door with a loaf of bread which he had given her—"that's right, Simpkins, I am glad your are helping the poor creature, for she has had a hard time of it since Harry died, and her own health failed her

"Hard enough, sir, hard enough, and I am glad to help her, though what I give her don't cost much—*only a trifle, sir!*"

"How often does she come?"

"Only three times a week. I told her to come oftener, if she needed to, but she says three loaves are plenty for her and her little one, with what she gets by sewing"

"And have you any more such customers, Simpkins?"

"Only two or three, sir"

"Only two or three, why, it must be quite a tax upon your profits"

"Oh no, not so much as you suppose, altogether it amounts to *only a trifle*"

I could not but smile as my friend repeated these words, but after I left him, I fell to thinking how much good he is doing with "*only a trifle.*" He supplies three or four families with the bread they eat from day to day, and though the actual cost for a year shows but a small sum in dollars and cents, the benefit conferred is by no means a small one. A sixpence, to a man who has plenty to "eat and drink, and wherewithal to be clothed" is nothing, but it is something to one on the verge of starvation And we know not how much good we are doing when we give "*only a trifle*" to a good object

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

No. VI.—THE PRAYER OF POVERTY.

BY W. H. PATCHING.

O Thou who ever lookest down with equal eye on all,
On coronet, or queenly crown, or cottage-homestead small,
We ask, that in our fatherland thy blessings may endure,
We humbly pray on bended knee,—O God! protect the Poor!

Thou mak'st thy glorious sun to shine upon the vile and just,
The seasons' changes are all thine,—in Thee alone our trust,
Thy providence on every hand, thy mercy ever sure,
Encompasseth abroad the land,—O God! assist the Poor!

We envy not the titled great their acres of our soil,
Nor would we shun our lowly state of hard but honest toil;
We willingly with sweat of brow would sustenance procure,
But even this oft faileth us,—O God! preserve the Poor!

Is our sole heritage of worth the birthright which thou gave?
Our only portion of thy earth, that *one lone spot*—the grave?
Yet such hath been the bitter part, the taunt which we endure.
Oh soften Thou that iron heart,—O God! help Thou the Poor!

But Thou *hast* heard the needy cry, for sorrow, want, or pain,
Hath never uttered prayer or sigh, or sued to Thee in vain
And Thou hast taught to wealth and pride the evils they may cure,
By scattering thy blessings wide,—O God! uphold the Poor!

Light is dawning—praise to Thee! yet more that Thou hast shown
The might, the *right* of Poverty,—not *right* of wealth alone!
It doth not brand with shame our brow, with aspiration pure
To *Thee*, and *Thee* alone, we bow!—Thou *God who lovest the Poor!*

EDWARD JENNER, M.D.

HEALTH is allowed on all hands to be a blessing of inestimable value; consequently, disease must be viewed as a drawback of a most painful description upon happiness. If the one be an enviable good, the other must be a most deplorable evil. Therefore, to preserve the first, and mitigate the latter, are objects of the deepest interest to society, and those individuals who devote their time and talent to the attainment of such desirable ends, are justly entitled, not only to the applause of their own countrymen, but to the lasting acknowledgments of mankind at large.

When we reflect upon the destruction of human life caused by the confluent small-pox, when we call to mind the disfigurement of person occasioned by its virulence, when we take into account its ravages upon the beautiful features of the most lovely portion of our species, we feel we cannot be too grateful to the individual by whose exertions and perseverance so great a scourge was, if not entirely, at least in a great measure disarmed of its malignancy, and its operation on the human form rendered less mischievous, or it may, perhaps, with more accuracy be said, our gratitude is due to the man whose philosophic mind suggested the idea of employing a milder disease as an antidote to one of a severer kind, thus lessening the concomitant ills of life.

The numerous, multiplied, and reiterated attempts made with a view to frustrate the scientific labour of the philanthropist who is the subject of this notice, and to smother his truly valuable discovery in its cradle, have been sufficiently exposed in the controversial publications upon this most important subject. It was, however, most fortunate for the human race, that these attacks, not very creditable to those who conducted them, proved complete failures, especially when it is considered that they had a powerful auxiliary in the untoward circumstance of there being two sorts of vaccine matter, one of which was fit for the designed purpose, therefore called the true kind, the other unfit, designated the false, the use of which latter caused the commission of many errors, the effects of which not only injured the cause, but deceived some of the most eminent physicians in different countries, who were otherwise friendly to the new practice; indeed, the French were ignorant of the veritable cow pock, until the journey to Paris of our own Dr. Woodville, made expressly for the purpose of making them acquainted with the essential difference between the two. It is, moreover, a debt of common justice due to the Spanish government to say, that so heartily did they enter into the immense advantage it would prove to the world generally, that it was owing to their truly generous and disinterested policy, that vaccination obtained currency in Asia, Africa, and America, and that it received countenance even in our own island of St. Helena. Dr. Sacco, a Milanese physician of no common celebrity, was also an able supporter of the new practice, seeing that he was indefatigable in collecting facts and disseminating the result of his experiments, which proved highly favourable to the introduction of vaccine virus.

Edward Jenner, so celebrated for the discovery of vaccination, was born in Gloucestershire, 17th May, 1749, the youngest son of a clergyman; as he was intended for the medical profession, at a proper age he visited the metropolis for the purpose of finishing his studies in the usual manner, by rendering himself familiar with hospital practice, and it was his good fortune to attend the lectures of that almost unequalled anatomist, the immortal John Hunter. It is pleasing to think that the fame of both pupil and professor will descend to the latest posterity with undiminished lustre, and that future ages will do homage to the talent through the exercise of which the human family has been so greatly benefited.

On his return to the provinces he settled at Berkeley, where he obtained a character as an intelligent and ingenious practitioner, and was generally considered a man of talent and sound science. It was in the year 1776, then a young man of twenty-seven, that he made the world acquainted with that important discovery which at once raised him to an enviable situation among the benefactors of the human race, and gave him location in the temple of fame, from which alone he can be removed by the destruction of our globe. Twenty years from the commencement of his investigation into the means to render variolus virus unnecessary, Dr. Cline, the then surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital, introduced vaccination into the great metropolis of the British empire, where it has ever since maintained its ground with increasing reputation as a mild substitute for an afflicting scourge; and its practice was soon afterwards adopted into the army and navy.

Its author now began to reap the harvest of his indefatigable zeal. To reward his meritorious services, a parliamentary grant was made in his favour of twenty thousand pounds; the university of Oxford, as a tribute to his acknowledged ability, presented him a diploma, constituting him a doctor of medicine. He was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society and of other learned associations in Europe and elsewhere; an institution was also established for the promotion of his scheme, which bears his name, called the Royal Jennerian Society: he thus became the pride of his own country, and the admiration of others, was universally respected, and his opinions had the weight of reason, together with the sanction of the medical talent distributed over the four quarters of the globe.

Society was deprived of this enlightened member and ingenious discoverer on the 26th January, 1823, when he died suddenly of apoplexy, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, to the regret of a numerous and valuable acquaintance, after having lived to see the perfect establishment of his own patriotic and philanthropic system.

Never was any system intended for human benefit more obstinately or more virulently opposed. Books were written, disgusting cases adduced, by influential and professional men, for the purpose of showing that it was inadequate not only to the prevention of variolus eruption, but that it was calculated to entail frightful diseases on those who were submitted to the operation. The adverse feeling was kept so constantly before the public, so unremitting in their exertions were its enemies, that parents became alarmed, dreading lest their children should become monsters of deformity, and be inoculated with a filthy disease that would attach to them through life. The intrinsic merit of the method, however, outrode the storm; reason prevailed, and the practice was generally brought into use.

To account for such dogged pertinacity might be difficult, it would, perhaps, be ungenerous to say it proceeded from envy, that an obscure country practitioner should have made a discovery of such importance to the world, while it had escaped the keen penetration of men who had long been deemed the most skilful of their class.

A DAY'S ESCAPE.

"Let us escape from city ways, and take a little holiday in the country."—
I AMBE.

THE love of country scenes and country pleasures exhibits itself in various phases of our city life; and, whether we gaze upon a picture in a gallery, or, escaping from the bustle and turmoil of the dusky streets, taste the pure air of heaven that's "lying by the violet," the feeling is the same, and this unquenchable, unextinguishable love of nature it is, amid all the foul temptations of the world, that keeps us pure, and teaches us that the glory of God's handiwork is better than the gain of silver and gold. This feeling it is that crowds our parks on summer evenings, and fills the vans to overflowing that wend their dusty way to suburban pleasaunces like Hampton Court and Richmond—and we never gaze upon a picture representing trees and water, hill-side landscape or rustic porch, the deep forest glade or the tiny bit of garden before a labourer's cottage, the breezy downs or even the well-stocked farmyard, without thanking God in our hearts that he has made us so pleasant an abiding place.

It is not that there is a deficiency of rare sights to be seen, or piquant excitements to be experienced, or anxieties to be suffered in the crowded towns, that the escape into the country becomes a pleasant relief, it is that the inaudible and noiseless foot of Time, travels more slowly to our senses amid the woods and green leaves murmuring; it is that the spinners and knitters in the sun—the bee and butterfly and gaudy-coloured moth, and humming insects of a thousand hues—are never seen amid the din and bustle of the crowded highway; it is that the roses of the spring throw out their scent more bountifully when no dull house-wall intervenes between them and the sky; it is that the faint gleaming of the dappled cast

—the mountain's misty top, where wild birds wheel and whoop—the music of the sunny air, that thick around the woodland copse hums gloriously—come welcome to the sad and weary senses of the town-kept wanderer; it is that beside the brink of haunted stream or down among the depths of woodland dells, the voice of nature comes in gentlest whisper and breathes into our heart of hearts, saying to our envyings, and heart-burnings, and ambitions, and hatreds, and littlenesses, and covetousnesses—Peace, be still!

Now, if the contemplation of a picture, or a little trip out of town give rise to good and improving thoughts; if they make a man return to his daily toil with a better resolution and a firmer hope, then are picture-galleries and railroads, steamboats and covered vans, especial messengers of comfort to the world.

And this occasional "escape" has other and more important 'missions" to fulfil; it teaches the world's workman that there are better things to occupy his mind than the sordid cares of life—it gives him hope to bear the brunt of the battle and the heat of the day—it inspires him with manly courage to face the dangers and disagreeblenesses of poverty—it disarms temptation of half its seductive power, and makes him feel himself, as he stands erect in the fields beneath God's sky of blue, that, though a little lower than the angels, he is made in the image of his Maker.

The world has been a long time considering this knotty problem—a long time debating this question of a people's amusement, and there are some -they are of the old fashion, though, and slow to understand that which they were never taught—even now, who doubt the "good" that comes of parks and pleasure-gardens for the poor, some who cannot comprehend what mere workmen want of elegances—who think that the poor have nothing to do but work, and go to church on Sundays in their best They lie under a great mistake—a wilful and most destructive error—which, unless it be corrected speedily, will bear upon its darkened wings the tempest and the cloud of disaffection No, it is a better thing that men should lift their voices up to heaven in fields, and woods, and pleasant places in humble thankfulness and praise, than that they should meet together in the crowded and pestilerous byeways of great cities to curse the rich and grumble at the hard times The rich cannot do *everything* to ameliorate the condition of the poor, but they can do *much*; they can teach men that labour is honourable -that toil is the natural inheritance of the sons of Adam - that they feel and sympathise with honest industry—that they are willing to encourage all who aspire to good—that the barriers of society are not erected in a proud and exclusive spirit, never to be broken down, in a word they can bestow upon their striving fellow-men a noble and enduring gift, a gift beyond all reckoning and estimation, the gift of Education—

"That source of sterling joy,
That poverty itself cannot destroy" G. P. P.

AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD

THE present prime minister of Parma, in Italy, was once a stable boy; and his elevation to his present rank may be considered not only a singular instance of the mutability of human affairs, but of the tendency of the Anglo-Saxon race, when transplanted to foreign countries, to emerge to eminence, and surpass others by the homely but rare qualities of common sense and unfaltering energy.

Ward, as your readers are perhaps aware,—says the correspondent of a daily newspaper—was a Yorkshire groom The Duke of Lucca, who obtained, by his fall from horseback in Rotten row, the familiar *sobriquet* of "Filthy Lucca," spying the lad's merits, took him into his service, and promoted him through the several degrees of command in his stables to be head groom of the Ducal stud. Upon Ward's arrival in Italy with his master, it was soon found that the intelligence which he displayed in the management of the stables was applicable to a variety of other departments In fact, the Duke had such a high opinion of Ward's wisdom that he very rarely omitted to consult him upon any question that he was perplexed to decide, and the success which never failed to crown Ward's advice gave him, in the eyes of the feeble descendant of the Spanish Bourbons, the prestige of infallibility. As Louis XII. used to answer those who applied to him on any business by referring them to the Cardinal d'Amboise, with the words "Ask George," so Charles of Lucca cut short all applications with "Go to Ward."

The expenses of the stables having been reduced to less than half under the administration, while the Duke's horses were the envy of all Italy, it struck the Prime Minister strongly, that it would be a good thing if the same economy could be introduced into other departments. So Ward tried his hand on one thing and the other, continually enlarging his sphere of influence, until from household matters he passed to those connected with the State—which, indeed, is such a miniature affair, that it does not greatly pass the limits of some private domestic establishments. Ward, now become factotum of the Prince, won, in the disturbances which preceded the revolutionary year 1848, a diplomatic dignity, and was despatched to Florence upon a confidential mission of the highest importance. He was deputed to deliver to the Grand Duke the act of abdication of the Duke of Lucca. At first the Grand Duke was doubtful whether he could receive in a diplomatic capacity a messenger of whom he had only heard in relation to the races of the Cascine, where Ward had been in the habit of riding as a jockey But it soon appeared that the Lucchese Envoy had in his pocket a commission making him the Viceroy of the Duke's States, which was to be acted upon in case the Grand Duke made any difficulty, or even if he refused to receive Ward as the ambassador of the States of Parma at the capital of the Medicis.

Soon after, in 1849, when the Duke of Lucca resigned his other States to his son, Ward became the head counsellor of the hopeful prince, who has thus been able to follow out a sporting bent under the best auspices, while he had a minister whose shrewd sense was more than a match for the first diplomatists in Italy.

Ward was on one occasion despatched to Vienna in a diplomatic capacity Schwarzenberg was astonished at his capacity; in fact, the *ci devant* Yorkshire stable boy was the only one of the diplomatic body that could make head against the impetuous counsels, or rather dictates, of Schwarzenberg, and this was found highly useful by other members of the diplomatic body. Among others, Meyendorff, the Russian ambassador, cultivated him greatly An English gentleman, supping one night at the Russian ambassador's, complimented him upon his excellent ham. 'There's a member of our diplomatic corps here," replied Meyendorff, 'who supplies us all with hams from Yorkshire, of which county he is a native.' Ward visited England. The broad dialect and homely phrase betraying his origin through the profusion of orders of all countries sparkling on his breast, he rarely ventured to appear at evening *soirees* Lord Palmerston declared he was one of the most remarkable men he had ever met with.

Ward, though all his vicissitudes, has preserved an honest pride in his native country. He does not conceal his humble origin The portraits of his parents, in their homespun clothes, appear in the splendid saloon of the Prime Minister of Parma.

DO GOOD.

GOOD men are pillars of the earth,—the valiant and the strong,
Who battle with the deeds of sin, of darkness and of wrong—
Whose helmet is their love of truth—their armour, hate of crime,
Then, brother, make their warfare yours, and untold bliss is thine

Do good The grain of mustard-seed thou scatterest in the earth
Shall to a thousand priceless gem, give unreluctant birth,
Like springs upon a barren land, like sunshine to the cloud,
Thy deeds shall come, and earth shall tune thy praises long and loud

Do good To banish Envy's reign, and Hatred's threefold power,
And foul Corruption's withering blast—the blight of every hour,
Stem grosser thought and wanton pride—outstretch thy willing hand
To plant Religion's purity in this, God's pleasant land.

Do good Grim Malice to subdue, and Lust with bloated eyes,
Though hard the road and sharp the thorns that in thy pathway rise,
Though shadowy glooms come round thy way, let not thy heart despair,
Heaven's light, a lantern to thy feet, shall guide thy footsteps there

Do good To stay the raging sea of Crime, whose stormy wave
Round youth's frail barque tempestuous rolls—stretch out thine arm to save
The weak, the helpless, and forlorn from Sin's ingulfing tide,
And more than conqueror thou shalt be through all the world beside

Do good And let thy kind words lull the weary heart to sleep,
And dry the fountains of those eyes which sorrow maketh weep,
Love's gentle words be thine to turn the hard, rebellious will,
And sceptic hearts shall yield—confess that God is with us still.

Do good A world of human joy shall flood thy spirit o'er,
And those unfeignedly rejoice bow'd down with grief before.
Do good—and airs from Eden land shall their sweet voices bring
I bless thee in thy pilgrimage and guide thy wandering.

RUDOLF OF HABSBURG.

BY PARSON FRANK.

TROUBLOUS times were in store for Germany when Frederick II., that unflinching foe to the over-reaching papacy, was gathered to his fathers. Misfortunes in war during the latter part of his eventful reign, crushed his hitherto indomitable spirit. The crowning blow was dealt when he discovered that his old friend and confidant, Peter de Vincis, designed to poison him, by the agency of a certain physician in the pay of Rome.* His countrymen recur with affectionate respect to the memory of this able prince; and one of the most patriotic amongst them affirms that the lustre of the seven crowns that adorned his brow (viz., the diadems of Rome, Germany, Lombardy,† Burgundy, Sicily, Sardinia, and Jerusalem), was far surpassed by his intellectual gifts and graces.

Frederick died A.D. 1250,—and the glory of the empire perceptibly declined. The Roman see abetted the cause of faction, anarchy prevailed; and in the year 1257, "the imperial dignity was literally sold by the electors to Richard, brother of Henry III. of England."‡ At his decease occurred an *interregnum* characterised by social disorder and lawlessness. The electors were fully aware of the peril involved in a continuance of this state of things, but were unwilling to exchange their individual licence for submission to a new and supreme master. In the year 1273, however, they agreed to elect Rudolf, Count of Habsburg (a castle in Switzerland), the founder of the house of Austria, by whose vigorous policy order was again made a possibility within those realms.

Rudolf was born at a castle on the borders of Alsatia, A.D. 1218. The father of this future emperor was a bold warrior—distinguished in the internecine feuds of the turbulent barons in his vicinity, and by his gallant bearing when following the standard of Frederick, unfurled in defiance of the apostolic see. He repaired to the Holy Land when a new crusade was proclaimed, but fell a victim to the climate of the East. Young Rudolf had been early inured to martial pursuits. It was his appointed business and his cherished pleasure to wrestle with his comrades from day to day—to exercise limbs and lungs in running matches—to try the mettle of every steed he could lay hands on, and indoctrinate it with despotic convictions of the Rights of Man over it and its kind—to dare his fellows to trials of skill in hurling the javelin and like passages of arms—

> "No braver youth
> Descended from Judean heights, to march
> With righteous Joshua, nor appeared in arms
> When grove was felled, and altar was cast down,
> And Gideon blew the trumpet, soul-inflamed,
> And strong in hatred of idolatry."§

He loved to follow, fleetest of the fleet, "the red deer driven along its native heights, with cry of hound and horn" "Such and so glorious did this youth appear"

It was but a petty inheritance that fell to his lot on the demise of his father. The limits of the district called Habsburg are not easily to be defined, they certainly comprised a smaller territory than that to which the same name was given after the aggrandisement of the family. At this period Rudolf does not seem to have been an exception from

> "The good old rule,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can,"

his caste were notorious at that time of day as a set of pillaging lords whose object it was to feather well their "iron nests" on the castle hill, by falcon flights at contiguous prey, which they duly plucked when the descent was successful. "For some time," says Archdeacon Coxe, "Rudolf found no respite from war; he was either engaged in protecting the surrounding states from the incursions of banditti and depredations of the powerful barons, or under various pretences invading the possessions of others, and defending his own property from t encroachments of ambitious neighbours." In 1245 he marri Gertrude, daughter of an Alsatian count; and for several yea seems to have led, as was becoming, a comparatively tranq life. By some historians he is said to have been the master the horse to the king of Bohemia, and to have passed a co siderable time in his court.

In 1259 we find him at his old trade of arms, heading t citizens of Strasburgh against their bishop, and carrying s before him, to the infinite delight of the Strasburghers (wh erected a statue to their champion), and to the overwhelmir chagrin of the prelate, who did not long survive the disaste While identifying Rudolf to some extent with the marauding barons, we must mention an important distinction betwee him and the majority of that grim brotherhood; it is the sam distinction that separates Robin Hood and the Saxon outlaw of Sherwood's forest glades from the vulgar herd of footpad and cut-throats. We are told that Robin was born

> "Amang the leaves sae green."

and in the woods he passed his life, at the head of several hun dred archers, formidable to the earls, viscounts, bishops an rich abbots of England, but beloved by the farmers, labourers, widows, and poor people. He and his "merry men" grante peace and protection to all who were feeble and oppressed; shared with the indigent the spoils of those who fattened o other men's harvests, and, according to the old tradition, di good to the honest and industrious.*

> "From wealthy abbots' chests, and churche's abundant store,
> What oftentimes he took, he shared amongst the poore."
> (Robert Brune's *Chronicle*).

And thus says Robin in the old ballad, when confronted with Richard Cœur-de-Lion (the Locksley and Black Knight o *Ivanhoe*) —

> "For I never yet hurt any man
> That honest is and true;
> But those who give their minds to live
> Upon other men's due
> For I never hurt the husbandmen
> That use to till the ground,
> Nor spill their blood that range the wood
> To follow hawk or hound"†

In like manner, Coxe asserts that Rudolf did not follow the example of the plundering barons who harassed the peasants with incessant pillage, and robbed defenceless travellers, but that, on the contrary, he adopted a system of conduct which distinguished him with honour in those times of misrule and confusion,—delivering the highways from numerous banditti, and protecting the citizens and free men from the tyranny of the nobles, and that he principally levelled his attacks against the turbulent barons or the haughty prelates who concealed their ambitious designs under the sacred name of religion.‡ By this course of action he secured the confidence and attachment of the burghers and hardy mountaineers, who applied to him more than once to mediate in their dissensions, to curb the rapacity of the noblesse, and to check the guerrilla exploits of Italian brigands. With admirable address he carried on a succession of sieges, stratagems, and spoils,—gathering golden opinions from all sorts of men by his demeanour amid moving accidents by flood and field. "The wars which he waged," says Dr. Miller, "were the enterprises of a friend of order, not the ravages of a plundering chieftain. The singularity of this conduct drew upon him a very general attention; the citizens of the neighbouring republics gave him their entire confidence,§ and he began to be considered as the protector of liberty against the violences of the barons."‖ The latter allied together in self-defence against this potent adversary; but, at last, struck with terror, exclaimed, "All opposition is useless; Rudolf is invincible!" It was while engaged in punishing the Bishop of Basle (who had massacred several nobles of Rudolf's family at a recent tournament), that news reached him of his regal destiny, being informed by his nephew, at midnight, that he was unanimously chosen king of the Romans by the electors of Germany. After some deliberation,

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* "He ordered the medicine prepared for him to be given to a malefactor, who instantly expired. This proof of infidelity extorted a bitter lament from the aged king. 'Alas!' he exclaimed, 'I am abandoned by my most faithful friends. Peter, the friend of my heart, on whom I leaned for support, has deserted me, and sought my destruction. Whom can I now trust? My days are henceforth doomed to pass in sorrow and suspicion.'"—Menzel's *History of Germany*, xi.

† The famous iron crown.

‡ Miller's *Philosophy of History*, xiii.

§ Wordsworth.

* Thierry's *Norman Conquest*, Book xi.

† Evan's *Old Ballads*, i. 218.

‡ *House of Austria*, Chap. i.

§ *Ex gr.* Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden, the future confederacy of Switzerland.

‖ *Philosophy of History*, xiii.

he accepted the dignity, amid general acclamations. The bishop, mortified at his enemy's swelling renown and fast-increasing dominion, bitterly and profanely exclaimed, "*Sede fortiter Domine Deus, vel locum Rudolfus occupabit tuum!*" (Sit fast, Lord God, or Rudolf will occupy Thy throne!)

The founder of the Austrian dynasty was now in his fifty-fifth year. He was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, A. D. 1273. At the same time were celebrated the nuptials of three of his six daughters; people were eager to form matrimonial alliances with the great man of the day—the observed of all observers. His main design at the outset of his career was to subdue Ottocar, king of Bohemia, whose subjection had been one of the conditions annexed to the grant of the crown.* Ottocar had been Rudolf's rival in this matter, and was formidable from the extent of his domains, reaching as they did from the confines of Bavaria to Raab, in Hungary, and from the Adriatic to the Baltic sea. After prolonged struggles Rudolf gained the day, and compelled Ottocar to submit to humiliating terms of peace. The latter was merely to hold Bohemia and Moravia in fee of the emperor. Menzel, in his *History of Germany*,† repeats as authentic the story of his degradation, in these words:—"In 1276 Ottocar came, attired in the royal robes of Bohemia, to an island on the Danube, where Rudolf, meanly clad as a horse-soldier, received him under a tent, which, whilst the king was kneeling at his feet, and taking the oath of fealty, was raised at a given signal, in order to degrade the monarch in the eyes of the people; a mean and dastardly action; and the reproach of vanity can be cast only on the emperor, the king of Bohemia having merely appeared in a garb suited to his dignity, on an occasion which, far from elevating his pride, deeply wounded it."‡ Ottocar's queen incited him to resent this insult, and the contest was renewed, to the imminent peril of Rudolf, against whom were now arrayed fresh allies to Bohemia. On August 26th, 1278, was fought a bloody conflict, wherein both sovereigns distinguished themselves by signal intrepity In this battle of Marchfield, as it is called, above fourteen thousand lives were lost. Rudolf was hard at death's door, and Ottocar, after a valiant defence, was taken, stripped of his armour, and slain; his body, defaced with wounds, "a piece of bleeding earth," was (with Rudolf's sanction) borne to Vienna, embalmed, and buried with august display at Prague. During the war, the superior skill of the emperor in the art of war is said to have surprised both friends and foes. Gerbert tells that nothing seemed more astonishing than the portable bridge of boats which he had previously used in his wars on the Rhine The reader will remember that a similar feeling was excited on our own shores, four hundred years later, when William of Orange came over to find a throne in Britain §

Rudolph kept his triumph at Vienna, where great excitement prevailed and games were celebrated;

> "Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
> In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
> With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
> Rain influence, and judge the prize" ‖

On this festive occasion, a knight who had numbered one hundred summers, Otto von Haslau, tilted with one of his own great grandsons; while

> "In the air
> A thousand streamers floated fair,
> Various in shape, device, and hue,
> Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
> Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square,
> Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol, there
> O'er the pavilions flew" ¶

The emperor's next care was to conciliate the pope, who watched with boding apprehension the rapid successes of the once inconsiderable count. Rudolf used to remark that Italy had destroyed many kings of Germany, saying, "Rome is like the lion's den in the fable; I discover the footsteps of those who went toward it, but none of those who return."** The hatred borne by the reigning pontiff (Martin IV.), to the Germans was such, that he openly expressed his wish that Germany were a pond full of fish, and he a pike, that he might swallow them all—a truly decorous aspiration on the part of the father of the faithful! Surely he mistook his lineage when he traced his descent from an apostle, and overlooked his consanguinity to that Nero* whose throne he occupied.

When Rudolf was at last permitted to direct his undivided attention to the restoration of internal tranquillity, he exerted the utmost vigour in prosecuting this important aim † He manifested an activity seemingly incompatible with his advanced age in traversing, with this mission, the length and breadth of the empire. He demolished more than threescore castles of bandit notoriety in Thuringia, and a still larger number in other districts. He inflicted summary punishment on the marauding barons; and when attempts were made to alter his stern decrees, on the plea that the offenders were nobles, Rudolf refused to discriminate between robbers of high and of low degree. "True nobility," he said, "is faithful and just, offends no one, and commits no injury."

Distractions in Bohemia and Hungary troubled his declining days. The refusal of the electors to comply with his wishes as to the disposal of the imperial crown embittered his last moments. He died July 15, 1291, in the 73rd year of his age, after a reign of nineteen years.

Rudolf was a man of striking personal appearance. He was tall and slim, bald-headed, pale, and noted for a conspicuous aquiline nose, which occasioned popular jokes at his expense. The people love to dwell on some physical peculiarity of their rulers—hence the names of William *Rufus*, Edward *Longshanks*, Louis *le Gros* and *le Debonair*, Philip *le Bel*, &c. Like our William III., this emperor was serious and composed in aspect—though, like him, he could become warm and animated. The Austrian greatly surpassed the Dutchman in the art of pleasing: it was the fervent aim of the former to gain the esteem of all with whom he came in contact, while the Prince of Orange was cold and indifferent, not to say forbidding and crabbed. Rudolf was naturally hot and passionate; and, conscious of his weakness in this respect, he, to his credit, took pains in curbing his temper, and succeeded in drawing from his familiars expressions of pleasurable surprise at the command he gained over himself He was twice married His second bride was Agnes of Burgundy, a beautiful girl of fourteen. The Bishop of Spires, by whom the royal damsel was conducted to her carriage after the nuptial ceremony, was so enchanted with her grace that he kissed her cheek—probably with unseemly fervour. The lady was ruffled at this prelatic gallantry, and Rudolf exiled the ecclesiastic from court, saying, "I will provide the bishop an '*Agnus' Dei* to kiss—but desire that he will leave my '*Agnes' unkissed*."

The emperor does not seem to have been a devotee to the *belles lettres*, though he entertained respect for authors, and encouraged learning One of his sayings was—"Would to God I could employ more time in reading, and could expend some of that money on learned men which I must throw away on so many illiterate knights!" His biographers attribute to him a deep sense of religion, and a cherished habit of sincere devotion. It is to *his* honour that he honoured the humble ministers of the church, but chastised the haughty prelates who forgot the meekness of the Gospel in the splendour and exercise of temporal dominion.‡ Pleasing anecdotes are narrated of his piety, his magnanimity, and generosity. With one illustration of his genial disposition, characteristic of the man and of the times, we close this sketch.

One cold morning—some three years before his death—Rudolf was walking into the good town of Mentz, attired in the unpretending garb which was his favourite dress. Attracted by the kindly promise of a fire in a baker's shop, he entered, little expecting the churlish greeting in store for him. "Soldiers ought not to come into poor women's houses," crustily murmured the mistress, profoundly ignorant of the person of the intruder. "Don't be angry, good woman," he replied, soothingly, inwardly amused at the prospect of a *scene*, and unconsciously anticipating the *Goodman of Ballengiech*—"I am an old soldier who have spent all my fortune in the

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* Coxe, I

† Of which there is an English translation (in three volume) in *Bohn's Standard Library*.

‡ Coxe calls this story idle and improbable

§ Macaulay's *History of England*, Vol. II.

‖ Milton's *L'Allegro*. ¶ Scott's *Marmion*. ** Coxe

* This Cæsar's kindred wish is notorious † Miller.

‡ Coxe Chapter iv.

service of that rascal Rudolf, and he suffers me to want, notwithstanding all his fine promises." The woman took the cue, and abused the emperor with unsparing vigour, telling her guest that he deserved his poverty for being ass enough to serve under such a fellow, and bestowing upon master and man a running series of unsavoury epithets, adding that Rudolf had ruined the bakers of Mentz, and ending her "concourse of sweet sounds" with a grand crash *fortissimo* by way of *finale*, throwing a pail of water on the fire, to expedite his departure.

When Rudolf sat down to dinner that day, he related the morning incident to his companions with infinite *gusto*, and ordered a boar's head and a bottle of wine to be despatched to his termagant subject, as a present from the old soldier who had warmed himself by her fire. Ere long she of the unruly tongue appeared at his table in piteous nervous plight—suppliant before the great man who had been playing the old soldier under her roof—and with vehement gestures of passionate contrition she implored his mercy. Rudolf required one condition only—to wit, that she should perform *da capo* her facile discharge of improper names, and faithfully repeat the copious list as she had mouthed it in the forenoon. and, as she managed to comply with tolerable accuracy, the merriment of monarch and guests knew no bounds.

DIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.

Few, if any, of those sublime phenomena which are constantly striking upon our visual faculties, are more calculated to elicit admiration from the reflective and philosophic mind than the extension of matter. It is one of those astounding facts that teach us a great moral lesson, and is at once indicative of the ingenuity of man and the unbounded power of the Creator It furnishes scope for contemplation so vast, that the human mind, stooped in wonder, is lost in the windings of the intricate labyrinth to which it so obviously leads. Who that beholds only a small portion of those immense resources with which nature has been furnished to continue her elaborate work and preserve it from decay, can fail to adore the great Author of all that is, of all that was, or of all that ever shall be?

To suppose, however, that the gratitude of feeble man, even when exerted to its utmost stretch, can ever prove commensurate with innumerable benefits so benignantly and so profusely placed within his reach, would be to suppose it were possible for him to blanch the Ethiop's skin Yet his thanks ought to be unceasingly poured forth to the Fountain of all goodness, and he will best consult his own happiness, his obedience will be best evinced, he will best perform his duty, by living in charity with all men, and by enjoying with prudence and moderation the multitudinous blessings so benevolently showered down upon his favoured head

But let him learn, that whatever change he may perceive to be effected in the numerous forms of matter, however minutely they may be divided, however completely they may be rarefied, the quantum will still remain the same. for truly and eloquently has Lord Bacon said, that "it requireth the same omnipotence to make something nothing, which at first made nothing somewhat."

Gold-beaters, by hammering, can reduce *gold* to leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch; yet these leaves are perfect, or without holes, so that one of them laid upon any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin, that, if formed into a book, 1500 would only occupy the space of a leaf of common paper, and an octavo volume of an inch thick, would have as many pages as the books of a well-stocked ordinary library of 1500 volumes, with 400 pages in each. Still thinner than this is the coating of gold upon the silver wire of what is called gold lace, and we are not sure that such coating is not of only one atom thick. *Platinum* and *silver* can be drawn into wire much finer than human hair. A gram of *blue vitriol* or *carmine* will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the colour may be perceived. A grain of *musk* will scent a room for twenty years, and will have lost little of its weight The *carrion crow* smells its food many miles off. A *burning taper*, uncovered for a single instant, during which it does not lose one thousandth part of a grain, would fill with light a sphere four miles in diameter, so as to be visible in every part of it. The thread of the *silk-worm* is so small that many of them are twisted together to form our finest sewing silk; but that of the *spider* is finer still, for two drachms of it, by weight, would reach from London to Edinburgh, or nearly four hundred miles. In the milt of a *cod-fish* or in water in which certain vegetables have been infused, the microscope discovers animalcules, of which many thousands together are not equal in bulk to a grain of sand; and yet nature with singular prodigality, has supplied many of them with organs as complete as the whale or the elephant, and their bodies consist of the same substance, or ultimate atoms, as that of man himself In a single pound of such matter, their are more living creatures than of human beings on the face of this globe. What a scene has the microscope opened to the admiration of the philosophic inquirer! *Water*, *mercury*, *sulphur*, or in general any substance when sufficiently heated rises as invisible vapour or gas; that is it is reduced to the aeriform state. Great heat, therefore, would cause the whole of the material universe to disappear, and the most solid bodies to become as invisible and impalpable as the air we breath. Few have contemplated an annihilation of a planet more complete than this.

THE GHOST RAISER.

My uncle Beagley, who commenced his commercial career very early in the present century as a bagman, will tell stories Among them, he tells his single ghost story so often, that I am heartily tired of it. In self-defence, therefore, I publish the tale, in order that when next the good, kind old gentleman offers to bore us with it, every body may say they know it. I remember every word of it.

One fine autumn evening, about forty years ago, I was travelling on horseback from Shrewsbury to Chester I felt tolerably tired, and was beginning to look out for some snug way-side inn, where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunder-storm came on. My horse, terrified by the lightning fairly took the bridle between his teeth, and started off with me at full gallop through lanes and cross roads, until at length I managed to pull him up just near the door of a neat-looking country inn.

"Well," thought I, "there was wit in your madness, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge" And alighting, I gave him in charge to the stout farmer's boy who acted as ostler. The inn-kitchen, which was also the guest-room, was large, clean, neat, and comfortable, very like the pleasant hostelry described by Izaak Walton There were several travellers already in the room—probably, like myself, driven there for shelter—and they were all warming themselves by the blazing fire while waiting for supper I joined the party. Presently, being summoned by the hostess, we all sat down, twelve in number, to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, corned beef and carrots, and stewed hare.

The conversation turned naturally on the mishaps occasioned by the storm, of which every one seemed to have had his full share. One had been thrown off his horse; another, driving in a gig, had been upset into a muddy dyke, all had got a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a regular witches' sabbath!

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their sabbath a fine moonlight night to such weather as this!"

These words were uttered in a solemn tone, and with strange emphasis, by one of the company He was a tall, dark-looking man, and I had set him down in my own mind as a travelling merchant or pedler My next neighbour was a gay, well-looking, fashionably-dressed young man, who, bursting into a peal of laughter, said,

"You must know the manners and customs of ghosts very well, to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet or muddy."

The first speaker, giving him a dark, fierce look, said,

"Young man, speak not so lightly of things above your comprehension."

"Do you mean to imply that there are such things as ghosts?"

"Perhaps there are, if you had courage to look at them."

The young man stood up, flushed with anger. But presently resuming his seat, he said calmly,

"That taunt should cost you dearly if it were not such a foolish one."

"A foolish one!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing on the table a heavy leathern purse. "There are fifty guineas. I am content to lose them, if, before the hour is ended, I do not succeed in showing you, who are so obstinately prejudiced, the form of any one of your deceased friends; and if, after you have recognised him, you allow him to kiss your lips."

We all looked at each other, but my young neighbour, still in the same mocking manner, replied,

"You will do that, will you?"

"Yes," said the other—"I will stake these fifty guineas, on condition that you will pay a similar sum if you lose."

After a short silence, the young man said, gaily:

"Fifty guineas, my worthy sorcerer, are more than a poor college lizar ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager."

The other took up his purse, saying, in a contemptuous tone,

"Young gentleman, you wish to draw back?"

"*I* draw back!" exclaimed the student. "Well, if I had the fifty guineas, you should see whether I wish to draw back!"

"Here," said I, "are four guineas, which I will stake on your wager."

No sooner had I made this proposition than the rest of the company, attracted by the singularity of the affair, came forward to lay down their money; and in a minute or two the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning, that he placed all the stakes in the student's hands, and prepared for his experiment. We selected for the purpose a small summer-house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit but a window and a door, which were carefully fastened, after placing the young man within. We put writing materials on a small table in the summer-house, and took away the candles. We remained outside, with the pedler amongst us. In a low, solemn voice, he began to chant the following lines —

"What riseth slow from the ocean caves
And the stormy surf?
The phantom pale sets his blackened foot
On the fresh green turf."

Then raising his voice solemnly, he said,

"You asked to see your friend, Francis Villiers, who was drowned, three years ago, off the coast of South America: what do you see?"

"I see," replied the student, "a white light arising near the window, but it has no form; it is like an uncertain cloud."

We, the spectators, remained profoundly silent.

"Are you afraid?" asked the merchant, in a loud voice.

"I am not," replied the student, firmly.

After a moment's silence, the pedler stamped three times on the ground, and sang —

"And the phantom white, whose clay-cold face
Was once so fair,
Dries with his shroud his clinging vest
And his sea-tossed hair."

Once more the solemn question

"You, who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?"

The student answered in a calm voice, but like that of a man describing things as they pass before him.

"I see the cloud taking the form of a phantom; its head is covered with a long veil—it stands still!"

"Are you afraid?"

"I am not!"

We looked at each other in horror-stricken silence, while the merchant, raising his arms above his head, chanted in a sepulchral voice,—

"And the phantom, and a voice from the wave,
He shall know me in sooth!
I will go to my friend, [illegible]
And [illegible]"

"What do you see?" said he.

"I see the phantom advance; he lifts his veil—'tis Francis Villiers! he approaches the table—he writes!—'tis his signature!"

"Are you afraid?"

A fearful moment of silence ensued, then the student replied, but in an altered voice,—

"I am not."

With strange and frantic gestures the merchant then sang,—

"And the phantom said to the mocking seer,
I come from the south;
Put thy hand on my hand—thy heart on my heart—
Thy mouth on my mouth!"

"What do you see?"

"He comes—he approaches—he pursues me—he is stretching out his arms—he will have me! Help! help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid, *now*?" asked the merchant in a mocking voice.

A piercing cry, and then a stifled groan, were the only reply to this terrible question.

"Help that rash youth!" said the merchant, bitterly. "I have, I think, won the wager, but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep his money, and be wiser for the future."

He walked rapidly away. We opened the door of the summer-house and found the student in convulsions. A paper, signed with the name "Francis Villiers," was on the table. As soon as the student's senses were restored, he asked vehemently where was the vile sorcerer who had subjected him to such a horrible ordeal—he would kill him! He sought him throughout the inn in vain; then, with the speed of a madman, he dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him—and we never saw either of them again.

That, children, is my ghost story!

"And how is it, good uncle, that after *that*, you don't believe in ghosts?" said I, the first time I heard it.

"Because, my boy," replied my uncle, "neither the student or the merchant ever returned; and the forty-five guineas, belonging to me and the other travellers, continued equally invisible. Those two swindlers carried them off, after having acted a farce, which we, like ninnies, believed to be real."

I BIDE MY TIME

'FRIEND! thy life is a weary state,
Poverty, misery altogether,
Toiling early, and sighing late,—
Nothing but stormy and wintry weather,
What hast thou done to deserve so badly?
Ah! me, I pity thy dreary life—
Thy lips, alas! they smile but sadly—
Thine eyes they tell of a terrible strife.
Thy gentle heart is unknown to fear,
I know thy soul is unstain'd with crime"—
"Hark ye, friend! a word in your ear
Patiently toiling,—I bide my time.

Oh! ever that thought my spirit cheers —
If I toil mid the winter wind and snow,
I'll rejoice when the merry spring appears,
And laugh when the summer roses blow
Weary with toil the evening finds me,
But I feed with content on the coarsest root.
I murmur not at the fate that binds me,—
I'm planting a tree that shall bear me fruit.
'Tis thought—not sorrow—that pales my cheek
There's a voice within that bids me climb,
And my soul is firm, though my limbs are weak,
And, onward looking,—I bide my time" J. K

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Second Volume of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, containing upwards of 400 pages, richly illustrated, will be ready October 1st, price 3s 6d, neatly bound in cloth.

THE SCIENCE OF BOTANY beautifully illustrated by upwards of Three Hundred Engravings from Drawings from Nature is in course of publication in the ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART. Each chapter (continued weekly) is profusely illustrated with engravings carefully executed. The ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART is published in weekly Numbers, twopence each, or in monthly Parts, 9d or 11d each, according to the number of weeks in each month.

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THE POPULAR EDUCATOR ALMANACK, price 2d, containing a large amount of Educational Statistics, compiled from the most authentic sources, with brief notices of the various arts, sciences, languages, &c., will be ready for delivery November 1st.

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BITS OF MY MIND.

THE Irish are a quick-witted people, but they most unquestionably make *queer Philosophers*, especially when they are really in earnest, if that ever be the case. I cannot imagine a more impossible sort of a thing than would be an *Irish Utopia*.

I OBSERVE it is now the fashion to blacken the edges of paper for the use of people in mourning on the *outer* half of the sheet only, the *inner* part being left as before. Is this a "tippe," or meant so, of the people, for whose use the paper is intended, whose mourning is generally confined to the outside?

SOME folks say "learning languages is a knack." What that means I do not well know; but it is a *gift peculiar to certain minds*. Is it a desirable one? Of that I have some doubt For who are likely to attend best to words? Those who attend least to *things* This does not follow as a *certain* consequence, but no one can deny *its probability*.

A MAN who for a long time argues seriously with you upon some important and serious subject, but at last, finding himself beaten in the argument, endeavours to escape by turning the whole into some scurvy jest, is nearly as bad as a thief who, being foiled in an endeavour to pick your pocket, attempts to pass the attempt off under the pretence of "a practical joke" In my mind one deserves a kicking or a horsepond nearly as much as the other.

"HIGH SPIRIT" is doubtless a good gift, and when you feel indignant at anything, it is, no doubt, good "prima facie" evidence, that the thing is worthy of indignation and unworthy of you But this rule has many exceptions—very many indeed—and when doubts are expressed, never hesitate to listen to the decision of *calm reason* as to the truth of that particular case

To "elevate the mind" is, in plain terms, *to lift it out of the dirt* —and this ennobling process is the peculiar province of *poetry*, whose gift it is ever to be empowered to elevate morality, which nothing else can do in this world This constitutes the true value of poetry, if I may apply the word "value" to that which is invaluable.

IN all matters of morality set up for yourself *a high standard*, and invariably act upon it; but beware of the amiable mistake of setting up a high standard *for others* at the same time, to do this is to adopt the best possible recipe for being cheated, galled, and bamboozled through life

SET it down not as a certain truth, but as a high probability, that he whom others do not understand, does not understand himself.

MEN should remember and never forget, that besides *proper things*, there are also proper *times* and proper *places*

THE government of God in the *moral world* is to my mind as certain as in the *physical*, but, for obvious reasons, it is mostly hidden and unseen even of those who are influenced by it, and obey it.

SOME men never value anything that they can clearly understand. They must have the "obscurely mysterious" to charm them. They *reverse* Ixion:

> He embraced a cloud, because he thought the cloud *Juno*.
> They would only embrace Juno, because they thought her a *cloud*.

SOME things seem as if they had been absolutely created to serve the most insignificant purposes.—For instance, if we had no *cobs* what the plague should we stop our bottles with?

THOSE who are *fancifully ill* are vexed and hurt if you do not seem to think them *as ill* as they describe themselves to be. Those who are *really ill*, are hurt and vexed if you do not seem to think them *as well as* they describe themselves to be.

I SHOULD fancy that, taking all circumstances together, Edinborough is the most picturesque of cities. Athens was and is very finely situated. So are some of the Spanish towns. But the Castle-Rock, Mountains and Firth of Edina, are, I should guess, equal to any. The city, in truth, is *too* "picturesque" to be *comfortable*, and it looks so

BESIDES a great liking and admiration of flowers, I have for certain sorts a particular affection, as men are said invariably to have for their "first love," though they may afterwards meet with charms confessedly more beautiful or more desirable. This sort of love I have for the commonest flowers—for wall-flowers, and "Sweet William," for instance, for "Nasturtium," for the old large "white rose," and for "stock gillyflower," and "Southern-wood," because on them my young eye first rested, and from them I first sucked a "honey" of poesy, the relish of which after-sweets have never overmatched

WHENEVER it happens that the two differ, believe your *heart* rather than your *head*

IT is an unreasonable thing to expect the same consideration in adversity as in prosperity, and no wise man either expects it or complains of its absence The fact is, men as naturally love sunshine, and as naturally draw to it, as do their fellow-insects *flies*

I HAVE often wondered at the propensity many men have to christen their eldest son after themselves, unless they want indeed a colourable pretext sometimes to break open the youngster's letters

MEN who would be ashamed of setting up *oracles out* of themselves, strange to say, have set them up *in* themselves. Witness Dr. Reid, and the whole tribe of modern Scotch metaphysicians, whose "common sense" is nothing less nor more than this.

I HAVE no doubt there exists a certain species of mind so fond of the "subtle" or "remote," or what it thinks so, that it invariably *despises* what it can really understand Nor are such persons, perhaps, *far wrong* in doing so.

I DO not recollect seeing any explanation of the reason *why* the fire follows when steel is stricken by flint, or from any other violent collision between hard or brittle substances. I take it to be this—that by the collision the attraction of cohesion amongst the atoms, forming a small portion of one of the substances, is destroyed Consequently the latent heat and light belonging to that portion are set at liberty, and go to form the spark or flash of fire that follows

IT is almost incredible to those who have not observed it narrowly what a perpetual conflict we keep up with the elements, and their auxiliaries, insects and vermin This is most palpable in a house shut up Leave it for a few months, and from an elegant dwelling how quickly does it become the emporium of dust, damps, mildews, dry rot, spiders, wood lice, moths, flies, mice, and rats. Nay, even in our proudest palaces is this aggression ever going on Majesty cannot awe it, and one side of a gilded panel may be a queen revelling in all the luxuriance of beauty, and on the other a rat gormandizing in all the luxuriance of garbage.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. N (Paddington).—The velocity with which light is propagated is about 200,000 miles in a second, so that it could pass nearly ten times round the earth, or once between the earth and the moon, in one second of time. We could not answer your other question satisfactorily without employing several diagrams; but the whole science of optics will be explained shortly in the "Popular Educator."

K. T—If you are so deeply in debt to your landlord, you are not entitled to the usual legal notice to quit He can at any time put in a distress

SALMASIUS.—The publication about which you inquire has long since been discontinued.

M. WEBSTER.—We know little of the merits of the speculation to which your note refers; but the names appended to the prospectus are those of persons of the highest respectability.

A CONSTANT READER.—You should have directed your inquiries to some skilful medical practitioner. Have nothing to do with persons of the class of which you speak.

I. B (a working man)—The following is strongly recommended as an excellent liquid for waterproofing leather —Indian-rubber, one quarter of an ounce, oil of turpentine, three quarters of a pint, put them in an earthen pot, tie it over with bladder, and set it in hot water, when the Indian-rubber is dissolved, add hot *boiled* oil, one pint. See that the boots, shoes, or other leather articles, be free from dirt; warm them well, and apply the liquid in a warm state. Keep the mixture well corked, and do not pour out more at a time than you are likely to use.

A. D. O.—General Washington died December 14, 1799

R. W. GAYLER (Teignmouth)—Apply to the Secretary of the Peace Society, New Broad-street, Finsbury-circus.

C C. (Preston)—Your inquiry reminds us of a passage in Ben Jonson's play of "Every Man in his Humour" A lackadaisical young spendthrift asks, "Oh, pray, nuncle, have you got a book about hawking and hunting?" The uncle replies, "Hawking and hunting! Learn to be wise, and practise arts to thrive." We profess no skill in "hawking and hunting."

XAVIA.—You will not be likely to obtain any grammar or dictionary of the Russian language in this country.

A. MUIR.—We receive a number of letters from correspondents requesting accurate information as to the whole process of photography, receipts for the various solutions, &c. We decline answering this class of inquiries. The answers we could give would lead our correspondents to try a number of expensive experiments, many of which would be likely to fail, unless they received regular instructions from some experienced practitioner. The "Manuals," &c., that are published do little beyond recommending solutions, &c., prepared for sale by the publishers.

J. T. Y—The *Standard of Freedom* has been discontinued for some months. We do not believe that the letters of "*John Pym*" appear in any other journal.

"A COMMUNICANT."—You certainly are *not* "eligable" for a free passage to Australia," and if you were able to pay for your passage thither, we do not think "pattern drawers and engravers" are likely to obtain a livelihood there.

A READER.—We believe that the clergyman may legally require the baptismal fees to which you refer.

TYRO.—It *is* our intention to publish "*a compendious*," and at the same time *cheap*, Latin Dictionary. Particulars shortly.

TRAGUE; J. D. B; H. BLYTH, and several others We have duly received your verses but being at present overstocked with similar articles, we cannot promise a very early insertion. Some of them will appear in due time, others are rather below our standard.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.—VII.

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE.

RUSSIA,—says our often-quoted and entertaning traveller, Edward Jermann—is a country of contradictions. The proverb that "extremes meet" is nowhere more frequently justified than in the dominion of the Tzar. If we speak of the Russian climate, we immediately begin to shiver; but many a traveller will aver that he has suffered less from heat in Rome, and more from cold in London, than in St. Petersburg.

The contrast consists in the climate; consists in the extremes which meet in Russia, and which meeting is also to be noted in the national character, customs, manners, in the laws and in their execution. If you tell us that the Russian has something of the wild beast in his composition, we shall not say that you are in the wrong; but neither can you accuse us of misstatement when we assert, that in social intercourse he is amiable, gallant, and delicate. We are both in the right; we may agree that he holds out his hand to us with German frankness, presses ours with the courteous cordiality of a Frenchman, and with fingers velvety as a tiger's paw, but from which, as in the case of the tiger, the claws sometimes suddenly protrude. To put the case in two words—the Russian's breeding is in opposition with his original nature, and the struggle between the two engenders perpetual contradictions.

The summer day is of heavenly beauty, its only drawback is that the heat is too oppressive. at six o'clock you are longing for a puff of fresh air, that you may breathe freely—at seven you crouch shivering beside a blazing fire. Was the day, therefore, not beautiful? and are there not many days which are fine for the whole of their four and twenty hours? for in the height of summer there are full six weeks when one does not know at St. Petersburg what night is.



CONVICTS ON THEIR WAY TO SIBERIA.

You have a servant, true as gold, and sober as a dervise. For three months not a fault has been found with him; at the end of that time thirst overtakes him, and he is drunk for eight days—literally for eight whole days. This over, for three or four months nothing will induce him to touch strong drink. Are such contradictions conceivable? And yet they exist

Look at the Russian *muschik*! He disgusts you to behold, and yet he is the cleanest man in the world; he is covered with dirt, and yet the correspondent lies who wrote to the Cologne Gazette that in Russia "the soldiers are driven like cattle to the bath, that being the only means by which their proximity is rendered endurable," and so forth. The correspondent may have seen the Russian soldier dirty, *that* I admit, and certainly it is not everybody's affair to investigate things minutely: the *muschik*, who works for nine months of the year in his sheepskin, and wears the same skin often for ten years or more, exposed in it to all weathers, and leaving upon it the traces of his occupation—he, I say, certainly cannot be as trim and neat as a ballet-dancer; and the same might doubtless be the case with the troops whom the correspondent saw upon their march back from Hungary, who also may possibly, for the sake of order, have been marched by detachments or corps to the bath under the guidance of a non-commissioned officer. All this I grant. But what I affirm and maintain is this: give the Russian soldier no meat for a month, and he will not murmur; put him for three months on half rations, he bears the privation uncomplainingly; but, upon the other hand, only dreprive him for a month of the two baths which he is accustomed to take every week, and he will grow discontented, useless, sick; for nature and habit imperiously demand this cleanliness of his body, however unspeakable may be the dirt of his garments which circumstances entail. There again you have the extremes meeting.

The Russian laws are for the most part wise; many of them are very humane, above all they are very just, and yet in the whole world no such scandalous injustice occurs, no such atrocious abuses of power are witnessed, as in Russia. In no other country is the administration of justice and police worse than there. The fault is not with the laws, but with those who execute them. Whoever has had opportunities of becoming acquainted with Russian justice and police, will assuredly not complain of the abuse of the lash in that country; much more likely will he be to deplore that it is so little laid on, and, especially, that it is so seldom applied in the right place. Russian corruption is unfortunately no fable. The man who has money enough, who knows the paths, and does not shrink from treading them, may there gain all his ends.

If the Russian police are vigilant, the thieves are no less adroit, as the following anecdote, related by Mr Jermann, sufficiently testifies.

Kakuschkin, the chief of police, was not very popular in the Russian capital; but by the thieves he was especially detested, for his severity almost equalled their audacity. So there was a double temptation to despoil him—the gain to the spoilers, and the vexation of the spoiled. He possessed, amongst other things, a magnificent porphyry vase, which stood upon a no less costly pedestal. How the thieves managed to steal the vase is still a riddle, but stolen it was. For six months the police hunted after it; not a trace but was followed up and explored; not a thieves' hiding-place but was examined; but all was in vain! At last hope was abandoned, and the authorities relaxed their vigilance. One day, however, a policeman went to Kakuschkin's wife, and took her the joyful intelligence that the thief was discovered, the vase already at the police office, and that her husband had sent him for the pedestal, in order to identify the stolen object. Madame Kakuschkin was overjoyed: and when her husband came home to dinner she ran to meet him, in high glee.

"Well," she cried, "and the vase?"

"What vase?"

"The stolen vase, which has been found: the vase whose pedestal you sent for?"

"Whose pedestal I sent for! Whom did I send?"

"A policeman."

"Say, rather, a *policeman's uniform*. I sent no policeman, nor have I heard aught of the vase, or of its pedestal."

When the chief of the police is thus made game of, what must be the lot of the poor citizens, to whom thieves and police are alike dangerous?

We have heard much of the punishments of Russia; and it appears by all accounts that they are most severe, beginning with the rod at school, and ending with perpetual banishment to Siberia—in the mines and deserts of which the name, station and actual identity of the offender is lost for ever. Travellers tell us of meeting melancholy *cortèges* in the wilds and steppes of Russia—convicts who, after having suffered the punishment of the knout, are conducted with all the ceremonials of a military procession into the dreary fastnesses of Siberia, far beyond the confines of European civilisation.

The humanity of the Russian laws, which in many respects cannot be too highly praised, has long abolished capital punishment, except in cases of high treason. In its place are the Rod and the Knout. Sentences to punishment by the former often condemn to such a vast number of blows that the hide of an elephant could not withstand them. Human nature must sink and expire under them. In this dilemma, Russian humanity has had recourse to the plan of the tender-hearted boy, who, in order not to hurt his dog too much at one time, cut off a little bit of his ears every day until he was sufficiently cropped. What man can endure 4000 blows of a stick? They would inevitably kill him, which is no part of the condemnation; and, as a proof that this is not desired, the sentence concludes by ordaining that, after he has received his punishment, he shall be sent for life to Siberia.

The officer in command of the troop ordered for the execution of the sentence is responsible for its being literally and completely carried out. This responsibility he lays, in his turn, upon the shoulders of the regimental surgeon. The delinquent—civilian or soldier, it matters not which—marches down the fatal street of men, with a soldier in front and in rear, whose levelled bayonets prevent his hanging back or unduly hurrying on. Upon his left walks the surgeon, holding the unhappy wretch's hand in his, and anxiously watching the state of the pulse. When its diminished beat gives token of danger, the punishment, on a signal from the medical man, is immediately suspended, the exhausted sufferer is placed in a cart and taken to the hospital. The horrible, but yet humaner, practice of the Austrians, to inflict the entire number of blows prescribed by the sentence, even though the latter portion of them fall upon a corpse, is here strictly prohibited. The patient is taken care of in the hospital until recovery, and then—another bit of the ear is cut off. If this process be often repeated, he usually dies in consequence of his wounds; but in that case justice has not actually *killed* him! Should he ultimately recover, he is sent to Siberia. It seems incredible, but is nevertheless true, that many criminals have thus taken, by instalments, 4000 or 5000 blows, and lived to drag out many years of melancholy existence in Siberian deserts.

The second and still severer punishment is that of the knout, with respect to which the most fantastical notions prevail. According to these, a man gets the knout in Russia as he may get a ribbon or an order, without rhyme or reason. That is not exactly the case. Before the punishment of the knout can be inflicted, it must be proved that such a crime has been committed as would entail, in every civilised country, the punishment of death. For the knout is the substitute for capital punishment. It cannot be inflicted without the Emperor's own signature. For the rest, though the sentence proceeds from the judge, its effect depends entirely upon the executioner who wields the knout. Does he mean to be humane to his victim?—he kills him with the first lash; for so great is the instrument's weight that it enables him to break the spine at a single blow. This is not, however, usually done, and the unfortunate culprit receives the whole number prescribed, which rarely exceeds half-a-dozen. Here no surgeon attends, as on occasions of running the gauntlet, to regulate the punishment. If the criminal dies under the knout, no one is answerable—the motive for such exemption from responsibility doubtless being that the very *first* blow may be fatal. If he survives, he is sent, when cured, to Siberia. And instances of persons surviving this frightful punishment have frequently been known to occur.

The relation of the Russian peasant to his master, says our authority, is that of the slave to his owner—the sulky obedience of impotence to power and force. Instinct bids the serf extract as much advantage as he can from the connexion with his lord, and to do as little as he can in return. By *advantage* he understands brandy, for which he will do anything, even work. Upon the other hand, if he can shirk labour, he deems it a sacred duty to himself to do so. The Russian always seems extremely busy, but it is only *seeming*; upon the whole

he gets through about half as much work as a free German day labourer.

The dress of the Russian peasant is well suited to the climate, convenient and not ugly. He wears a shirt and trousers of blue or red-striped linen, and over them a caftan of blue, grey, or brown cloth, which reaches below the knee, is cut obliquely from the throat to the breast, and studded with cylindrical buttons of brass or white metal. Throat, head, and feet, are bare. His throat is protected by the very strong but not proportionably long beard; his hair is usually cropped round the head, but sometimes is allowed to flow down upon the shoulders. His girdle is a broad linen band, in which he sticks his usual tool, the axe, and in winter time his gloves. In the winter he exchanges his caftan for a sheepskin, covers his head with a round or four-cornered cap, envelops his feet with folds of linen, and draws on strong boots or a sort of shoes which he calls *labkar*, and which are very skilfully made out of the bark of birch or lime trees. Of these shoes he will wear out twenty or thirty pair in the course of the year; they cost only about fifteen kopecks, and most of them are made at Sepuchof, a town to the south of Moscow. Of late years this kind of shoes is not so universally worn as formerly, for such a great quantity of them were made, that the forests near the place of manufacture were seriously injured by the stripping off of the bark from the trees. Those peasants, therefore, who are too poor to buy boots, wrap up their feet in cloth and sacking, which gives them the appearance of elephants' feet. Except in this last respect, the whole costume has a great resemblance to that of the lower classes of English in the time of Richard the Second (fourteenth century).

The Russian peasant women are by no means beautiful. They are short-bodied, squat figures, with round faces, high cheek-bones, coarse features, and pallid complexions. Those amongst them who pretend to good looks and wish to improve their appearance, use paint; but they lay it on so unskilfully, that they cannot be said to mend matters. Their beauty, however, bears due proportion to the idea of beauty entertained by that class of Russians who estimate personal comeliness by bodily circumference. The more corpulent a woman, the more admirers will she have. Such being the beau ideal of the Russian of the lower orders, he finds abundant objects of admiration. When the first bloom of youth has passed away (this occurs at a very early age), all the women get fat, which may arise partly from their lazy habits, partly from their too frequent employment of vapour baths. They are puffed out rather than plump, and are deficient in that firmness and elasticity of form which imparts such attraction to the appearance of other European women, even of an equally low degree. The climate may also have something to do with this; at least, I infer that it may, from the quality of the flesh of domestic animals, which in Russia is much more spongy than in Germany. And this is a theme of eternal complaint with German housewives in Russia, who declare that beef shrinks so much in the cooking, that it comes out of the pot hardly half the size it went in. Be this as it may, corpulence is an important item in a Russian's estimate of beauty; and that is the case not only in the country, but in the higher circles of the capital, where such stateliness of exterior is much prized, at least in servants. Certain it is that a bulky full-bodied coachman may reckon upon a few hundred rubles extra annual wages; and if, to bodily weight, the colossus adds the advantage of a correspondingly bushy and redundant beard, he may consider his fortune made.

The dress of the peasant women, even of the poorest, is not altogether ungraceful. They wear short gowns of blue cloth, braided with all the colours of the rainbow, and having the stomacher fastened by a row of cylindrical buttons. The young girls part their hair smoothly in the Chinese style, and tie it at the extremity with a knot of ribbons; but as soon as they are married they carefully conceal it under a head-dress. This consists of a bright-coloured cloth of gay pattern, fastened tightly under the chin, and which on festival days is further embellished with ornaments of gold or coloured stones. On such occasions also, the throat and head are adorned with strings of beads, and with gold and silver coins, to the utmost of the wearer's means.

In the severest winter the Russian peasant women give no further protection to their heads. Their bodies, on the other hand, are enveloped in thick sheepskins, and their feet carefully protected by very warm stockings and boots. In summer they go always barefoot. When they would make themselves particularly fine, they put on a red *Sarafan*, or long gown, and load their head, neck, and breast with everything they can scrape together in the way of beads, gold, and silver. Even to these poor lingerers upon the lowest step of civilisation's ladder, vanity is by no means unknown.

In the winter time the sledge is the common means of conveyance in Russia. The general form of the sledge is that of a wheelless cradle or chaise, with a pair of shafts attached. The better kinds of vehicles have three horses, the centre one of which is fixed to the shafts, while his two companions gallop on either side. Some sledges have a roof or hood over them, but the majority are open like a chaise or gig. In the country the horses are decorated with bells, but in the towns this is not allowed, in consequence of the intolerable noise the use of such ornaments would occasion. The Russian couriers are perhaps the most enduring and hard working class of men to be found in Europe. Seated on a board covered with a thick leathern cushion, in a wooden vehicle, without springs or back to lean against, and on a level with the traces, the courier travels at full gallop over the most wretched roads, without rest or repose, to Odessa, to China, or even to Port St. Peter and St. Paul, 12,800 versts from St Petersburg. Add to this, that the courier, so long as he is on Russian ground, is forbidden, under pain of dismissal, to close an eye in sleep. On such tremendous journeys as the last referred to, nature becomes at last too powerful for duty to resist her call, and the harassed courier allows himself brief repose. But it has often occurred that when the despatches reached their place of destination, the bearer was unable to deliver them,—he lay a corpse in the carriage.

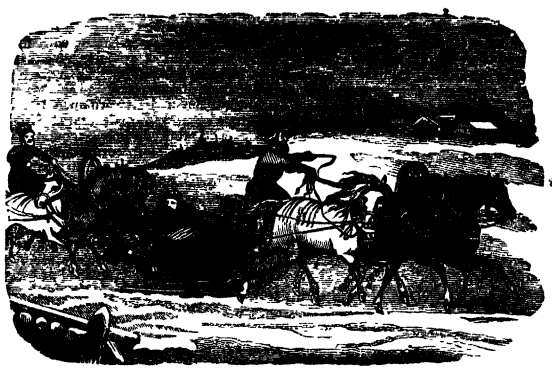
Less fatiguing than the journeys of these couriers, but still far from agreeable to the foreigner, is the travelling with post-horses, or by diligences. By the first mode he is very much at the mercy of chance. If he quits St. Petersburg provided with a good *padroschnik* (an official document to procure him post-horses), and if he finds no competition at the posting-houses, he gets on pretty well. But if he has not the paper in question, or if there happens to be a demand for, and consequent scarcity of, horses at the relaying places, he may abandon all calculation as to the probable progress of his journey, and resign himself to the will of Providence. Supposing him to have at last got his horses, and to have left the post-house far behind, he yet has no certainty when he may reach the next; for he may chance to fall in with a courier, or with an officer travelling on service, to whose horses some accident has happened, and who forthwith, and without the slightest ceremony, stops the luckless stranger, takes the cattle from his carriage, harnesses them to his own, and gallops off, perperfectly indifferent as to the fate of the man whom he thus leaves horseless and helpless upon the emperor's highway. The traveller by sledge—say even from Riga to St. Petersburg, between which places the road is tolerably good—may deem himself fortunate if he does not get lost in the night; and may thank, for his safety, the quick ears of his postilion, who, hearing his cry of distress, pulls up and waits until he can pick himself up out of the snow, into which (and out of the sledge) a sudden violent jolt has shot him. In our last number we inserted an engraving of the mode in which the couriers of Russia performed their journeys; above will be found a sketch of the sledge-travelling common to the Russian winter.

In no country in the world, perhaps, is the bath more frequently used than in Russia; and yet, strange contradiction, nowhere are the clothes of the people in so filthy a state. The ordinary shampooing, so frequently described by travellers, is in use all over Russia; but the scenes said to be witnessed in the baths exist, we are assured, only in the imagination of the narrator.

The festival to the memory of their dead is a singular observance of the Russian population; this is held the Monday after Easter, thence called "Pominatelnui poniedelnik," or Recollection Monday. Thousands congregate to the churchyards on this day, bringing with them eatables and drinkables of every kind and description, and the funeral picnic, which opens with the mornful recollection that a wife or a friend has

been taken from them, closes amidst the most uproarious scenes of revelling. Cloths are spread over the graves of their deceased relatives, and on these are placed the pirogs, or some other favourite dish, and plenty of quass, punch, and suchlike compounds. "Here's to the memory of Ivan Dimitrivitch," says one, with a glass of brandy in his hand; "Poor Ivan, he cannot drink himself, and therefore we will drink for him;" and thus they drown their sorrow.

Foreigners who are at St. Petersburg during the winter will be highly amused with the exciting and agreeable pastime of the ice hills, which are the great focus of attraction while the frost lasts. These ice hills are made of large blocks of ice, cemented together by water being poured into the interstices, the plane at the foot of the incline, of which the angle is considerable, being similarly constructed On the summit of each hill is a wooden tower, [which is gained by a commodious flight of steps, and from it parties get into their sledges, and are projected down the incline and along the level at the foot, until they arrive at the bottom of the next hill; there they leave their sledges, which are carried, by men employed for the purpose, to the top of the next tower, when they again are launched off. The sledge used in this exercise is a slight framework of steel, about one foot high and three long, having on the top a cushion for a seat. The Russian nobility, the English, the Germans, and French, have each their separate hills, erected by subscription amongst themselves, in some inclosed spots: there are also many public ones, for all classes. A large space on the Neva is carefully levelled and inclosed, for trotting and ambling matches, in harness, — a favourite amusement of the Russian merchants, who take great pride in the speed and action of their horses. The sledges used in this species of sport are of the slightest construction, sometimes not weighing more than fifty pounds. It is entirely a Sunday amusement, as are most others. Skating is not in vogue more than a few weeks; it is tame to a Russian, compared to his ice hill; this and the swing are their two most popular enjoyments. A stroll to the markets of frozen provisions must not be forgotten at this season of the year.



SLEDGE-DRIVING IN RUSSIA



A BEAR CHASE ON THE ICE.

The national sports of our countrymen may, too, be indulged at St. Petersburg; the English merchants have a subscription pack of fox-hounds: their success, however, has been stated as partial, and the only good run on record is one they had with a wolf, which was fairly run into in the open country, after a two hours' burst without a check. It should be remarked, that the marshy nature of the soil is not adapted to this kind of sport. There is bear, elk, and wolf hunting in the neighbourhood of the capital, and some of the British residents there are very keen sportsmen.

From the enjoyment which the Russians of all classes take in every species of scenic diversion, the theatre is particularly a popular amusement. There are, independent of the one near the Hermitage, three large theatres in St. Petersburg; the *Bolshoi*, or Great Theatre, on the square of that name, between the Moika and Catherina canals; the *Alexander* Theatre, in the Nevskoi Prospekt, and the *French* in the square near the palace of the Grand Duke Michael. The performances at the two former are devoted to Russian and German plays and operas, the latter to French and German dramas All theatrical establishments in Russia are under the immediate management of Government, by whom every expense is paid; and, as none is spared, the scenery and dresses are of the very best kind: the sums disbursed must be very considerable —in fact the expenses are so much above the receipts, that it is said to be but an indifferent speculation. The imperial purse, however, is pretty capacious and well lined, and stinginess is certainly not one of the Emperor's infirmities. The houses are spacious, very nearly semicircular in shape, and handsomely decorated; and a magnificent box for the imperial family occupies the centre of the two first tiers. The arrangement for the accommodation of the public is exceedingly good, every seat being numbered in such a manner as entirely to prevent confusion. There are no stalls in any of these theatres, but the back part of the pit is fenced off as a *parquet*, and contains seats at a lower price; about two-thirds of the pit seats are generally occupied by officers wearing uniforms of all fashions and colours, and almost universally muffled up in long gray cloaks, without which no officer thinks he is accoutred.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Although the characteristics of St. Petersburg and Moscow are those of opulence and splendour, the other principal towns and cities are by no means well built or thickly inhabited. In the following list will be found the names of the chief towns and cities in the various departments of Russia, with the number of their inhabitants, &c., according to the official census of 1835, since which period no reliable data have been published. By the next official accounts these figures will probably be found erroneous, as in the course of nearly twenty years the population will have increased somewhat; but in the absence of later information we must have recourse to these or none:—

Provinces.	Inhabitants.	Sq. Miles.	Inhabitants for each square mile.
1 Archangel	240,896	15,212	15
2 Astrakan	103,280	4,072	25
3 Vilna	1,315,781	1,162	1,132
4 Vibetsk	702,266	778	825
5 Vladimir	1,127,471	831	1,356
6 Vologda	732,228	6,880	106
7 Volhynia	1,314,117	1,073	1,224
8 Voroneje	1,492,223	1,354	1,102
9 Viatka	1,601,097	2,497	626
10 Grodno	761,880	570	1,336
11 Catherinoslaff	771,768	1,186	653
12 Casan	1,309,432	1,104	1,186
13 Kalonga	917,537	541	1,691
14 Kieff	1,459,782	793	1,829
15 Kostroma	972,102	1,438	670
16 Courland	503,010	475	1,058
17 Koursk	1,303,022	794	2,992
18 Livonia	710,089	826	895
19 Muisk	955,714	1,983	481
20 Mohileff	892,108	824	973
21 Moscow	1,240,283	550	2,255
22 Nijny-Novgorod	1,076,363	878	1,225
23 Novgorod	735,170	2,070	355
24 Olonetz	236,670	2,354	104
25 Orenbourg	1,595,843	6,535	244
26 Orel	1,312,912	755	1,778
27 Penza	988,179	671	1,466
28 Perm	1,488,800	2,720	547
29 Podolia	1,518,155	576	2,687
30 Poltava	1,621,583	1,062	1,526
31 Pskoff	693,727	1,015	663
32 Riazan	1,211,223	707	1,713
33 St Petersburgh	509,001	710	716
34 Saratoff	1,543,477	3,473	444
35 Simbersk	1,198,676	1,141	1,050
36 Smolensk	1,031,466	954	1,077
37 Taurida	543,020	2,040	266
38 Tambroff	1,580,259	1,152	1,371
39 Iver	1,297,942	1,122	1,156
40 Toula	1,074,687	529	2,031
41 Kharkoff	1,171,456	845	1,386
42 Kherson	607,949	1,099	553
43 Tchernigoff	1,312,592	898	1,460
44 Esthonia	280,612	315	890
45 Yaroslaff	930,180	897	1,152
46 Province of Belotosk	261,014	162	1,610
47 Province of Caucasus, 111,538 Province of Black Sea, 97,406	208,944	1,803	132 101
48 Country of the Cossacks of the Don	527,472	5,088	103
49 Bessarabia	503,666	794	634
Total for Russia in Europe	47,592,427	87 257	
50 Jénessei (in Asia)	193,486	58,371	3
51 Irkoutsh	505,118	20,121	25
52 Tobolsk	662,650	18,307	36
53 Tomsk	394,136	Not certainly known	
54 Province of Omsk	72,546	802	90
Total for the Asiatic Provinces	1,827,936	..	..

To the above must be added Georgia, respecting whose population we are yet without authentic information,—and the Grand Duchy of Finland, not included in this census.

CAROLUS VON LINNE.

COMMONLY CALLED BY HIS LATIN NAME "LINNÆUS."

As society increases in means, and nations progress in civilization, mankind become more enlightened. It is then scientific research acquires a value, and obtains a position deeply interesting. As we advance in knowledge, we habitually learn to be inquisitive respecting the origin of those things by which we find ourselves surrounded; we become anxious to dive into the arcana of nature; we grow impatient to ascertain the laws by which her operations are conducted, and our energies are directed to wrest from her bosom, if possible, her secrets. Those individuals, therefore, who strive to aid us in such our endeavours, by the invention of ingenious theories, must always hold a consequential rank among naturalists. We hail as benefactors of no common worth all those who devote their time, employ their talent, and bring their genius to bear upon such desirable purposes. They are indeed, in the truest sense of the word, the friends to their species; we accept their assistance with gratitude, and every occurrence relating to them is considered worthy of our particular notice.

This celebrated naturalist was born 13th May, 1707, old style, at Rœshult, in the province of Smaland, in the kingdom of Sweden, and put apprentice to a shoemaker. Dr. Rothmann, a physician, perceiving the lad to possess considerable talent, interfered with his parents, and prevailed upon them to let him study for the practice of medicine. In consequence of this arrangement, he entered at the University of Lund, in Scania, in 1727, whence he removed the year following to that of Upsal.

It was here he conceived the idea of a new arrangement of plants, now known as the sexual system; to the furtherance of this purpose he wrote a memoir, which was shown to Rudbeck, the botanical professor, who was so struck with its ingenuity that he received the author into his house, as a tutor to his children, and made him his assistant in the delivery of his lectures. His fame now advanced; he was looked up to as a promising genius of some brilliancy; so much so that the Academy of Sciences at Upsal sent him, in 1732, to make a tour of botannical investigation through Lapland. The Swedish people do not appear to be so lavish in their allowances on these occasions as some other, perhaps more wealthy, nations: the whole amount apportioned to Linné for this object not being more than fifty Swedish dollars, which were deemed amply sufficient to defray his expenses; and with this comparatively small sum, unaccompanied by any one, he prosecuted a journey of three thousand five hundred miles, from which he returned at the end of the year. He was next engaged in a scientific tour through Dalecarlia, and went again to Lapland on a mineralogical discovery. In 1735, he published a highly classical work, the complete Flora of Lapland; subsequently, his Rudiments of Botany, in which he laid down the basis of his own system, attracted the notice of Mr. Clifford, a wealthy merchant residing at Amstordam, who made him the superintendent of his garden at Hartecamp, near Haerlem, then famous for its curious and valuable collection of exotics, of which our botanist drew up a systematic catalogue. In 1738, Linné visited England, after which he made an excursion to Paris, and towards the close of the year returned to his native land, where he settled as a physician at Stockholm. About this time the Swedish Government established a Royal Academy in that city, of which Linné was one of the first members, who very materially contributed to its character, and greatly advanced his reputation by the opportunities thus offered to him to display his abilities, now considered among scientific men to be of the very first order. In 1741 he succeeded to the professor's chair for medicine in the University of Upsal, and was also made superintendent of the botanic garden, to the augmentation of which, and to bring it under the new arrangement conformably to his own advanced system, he devoted his most sedulous attention with unremitting industry.

The sphere of his action being thus enlarged, he shone with fresh lustre, seemed impelled by a new impetus, so much so, that some noblemen, justly proud of their countryman, combined to strike an honorary medal of him at their own expense, thus giving a decided distinction to his increasing fame, added

to which, he was, in 1747, nominated royal archiater, that is, chief physician to the king.

The measure of his country's gratitude, however, was not yet full; an honour awaited him which had never before been conferred by any Swedish monarch on a literary man; having acquired a moderate degree of opulence, sufficient to enable him to purchase a territory, with a mansion, at Hammarby near Upsal, he was created a knight of the polar star in 1753, and in 1761 elevated to the rank of nobiity. During the last years of his existence, he chiefly resided upon his own estate, enjoying the fruits of his genius, the confidence of his countrymen, together with the respect of all the learned bodies in Europe. It was in this beautiful and well-earned retreat that he fulfilled the order of nature, by yielding up a life devoted to scientific research, on the 11th of January 1778. So highly were his talents appreciated, and so properly was he looked up to as an ornament to his species and a benefactor to science, that, impressed with a deep sense of the great value of the new system, and actuated by national feeling in favour of so intelligent a native of the country which had adopted him for its sovereign, the king or Sweden, in 1819, ordered a monument to be erected to him at the place of his nativity. Besides his works on natural history, he published a Classical Materia Medica, also a Systematic Treatise on Nosology, entitled "Genera Morborum." Natural science owes him great obligations, since few men have been more assiduous in its service, few have equalled the boldness, the zeal, the activity, and the sagacity he displayed in the pursuit; and although it is possible the arrangement may hereafter give place to one more perfect,—indeed, it has already gone under no less than sixty-three revisions by different botanists, among whom are to be found Thunberg, who was his own pupil, Gmelin, the botanical professor at Gottingen, Withering, Schreiber, and our own Dr. Smith; independent of which, another system, broached by Jussieu, the French naturalist, is making rapid strides;—yet that of the immortal Linné will never fail to be contemplated as a noble effort of the human mind, will always attract the admiration of the sons of science, nor will it ever cease to be eulogized by the world at large, seeing that it will furnish ample reason for congratulation, that instead of being made a shoemaker, he made himself a philosopher.

JOURNAL OF A FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

MONDAY MORNING.—Rose at four o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows, Rachel, the other dairy-maid, having scalded her hands in so dreadful a manner the night before: made a poultice for Rachel, and gave Robin a penny to get something from the apothecary.

Six o'clock.—The buttock of beef too much boiled, and beer a little of the stalest.—*Mem* To talk to the cook about the first fault, and to amend the other myself by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

Seven o'clock.—Went to walk with the lady, my mother, in the courtyard; fed twenty-five men and women; chid Roger severely for expressing some ill will at attending us with broken meat.

Eight o'clock.—Went to the paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy; caught Thump, the little pony, myself, and rode a matter of six miles without saddle or bridle.

Ten o'clock.—Went to dinner John Grey, a most comely youth—but what is that to me? A *virtuous maiden* should be entirely under the direction of her parents—she should harbour no affection unknown to them, if her object be a lasting and happy union. John ate but little, and stole a great many looks at me; said women would never be handsome, in his opinion, who were not good tempered. I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it except Roger, and he is one of the most disorderly serving-men in the family. John Grey loves white teeth My teeth are of a pretty good colour, I think, and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it, and John's, if I mistake not, is of the same colour.

Eleven o'clock.—Rose from table. the company all desirous of walking in the fields; John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with vehemence. I cannot say that I should have any objection to John Grey; he plays at prison bars as well as any of the country gentlemen, and he is remarkably dutiful to his parents, my Lord and Lady, and never misses church on Sunday.

Three o'clock.—Poor farmer Robinson's house burnt by accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription among the company for the relief of the farmer: gave no less than four pounds with this benevolent intent.—*Mem.* Never saw him look so comely as at this moment.

Four o'clock.—Went to prayers.

Six o'clock.—Fed the hogs and poultry

Seven o'clock.—Supper on the table; delayed till that hour on account of Farmer Robinson's misfortune.—*Mem.* The goose pie too much baked, and the pork roasted to rags.

Nine o'clock.—The company fast asleep; the late hours very disagreeable; said my prayers a second time—John Grey distracted my thoughts too much the first time; fell asleep, and dreamed of John Grey.

[Extracted from an ancient MS preserved in Drummond Castle, and said to be the Journal of Lady Elizabeth Woodville, previous to her marriage with Sir John Grey, who fell in one of the many engagements between the partisans of York and Lancaster.—This lady was afterwards married to Edward IV., and was the mother of Edward V. and the Duke of York—the two young princes said to have been murdered in the Tower by order of their uncle the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. This celebrated woman, the wife, mother, and sister of kings, died miserably in prison in the reign of Henry the VII.]

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

No. VII.—WHAT IS NOBLE?

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

WHAT is noble? To inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?
There must be some other merit,
Higher yet than these for me!
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span,
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man!

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart,
Link'd to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart.
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow-being,
And, like man, to feel for man!

What is noble? Is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade?
There is a dignity in labour,
Truer than e'er pomp array'd!
He who seeks the Mind's improvement,
Aids the world, in aiding Mind!
Every great, commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind.

O'er the Forge's heat and ashes—
O'er the Engine's iron head—
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread—
There is Labour, lowly tending
Each requirement of the hour;
There is Genius, still extending
Science and its world of power!

'Mid the dust, the speed, and clamour
Of the loom shed and the mill;
Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Though too oft, by Fashion's creatures,
Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce need not hide its features!
Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble? That which places
Truth in its enfranchised will!
Leaving steps, like angel traces,
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though Scorn's malignant glances
Prove him *poorest* of his clan,
He's the *Noble*—who advances
Freedom and the cause of Man.

NEW STYLE.

WHAT is called "New Style" was legally introduced into Great Britain in September, 1752. As just a century has elapsed since then, a few explanatory remarks upon it may be neither inappropriate or uninteresting.

Days, months, and years are the principal, if not the only, natural divisions of time. A day is the time in which the earth completes one revolution round its axis; a month that in which the moon revolves once round the earth; a year that in which the earth revolves round the sun.

The Roman year, as fixed by Romulus, somewhat more than seven hundred years before the Christian era, consisted of only ten months, or three hundred and four days, to which were added about sixty days for the purpose of bringing the beginning of each year near to the same astronomical point. A memento of these ten-month years is preserved in the names by which the last four months of our own calendar are distinguished; September, October, November, and December, literally signifying the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months. Numa Pompilius, the successor of Romulus, perceiving the clumsiness of his predecessor's arrangement, divided the intercalary days into two additional months, to which he gave the names of January and February.

The Jews, at least from the time of Alexander the Great, and indeed almost all other ancient nations except the Romans, reckoned twelve lunations to a year (whence the origin of the English word *twelvemonth*); but as these amounted, on the average, to only three hundred and fifty-four days, eight hours and forty-eight minutes, it is evident that they were nearly eleven days shorter than the solar or real year. To remedy this discrepancy, these eleven days were called "the Epact," and as such accumulated from year to year, an intercalary month being added to the year whenever the epact amounted to thirty or upwards, which of course occurred about thirty-seven times in a century, or rather oftener than once in three years; these intercalated years consisting of *thirteen* lunar months instead of twelve.

This mode of reckoning continued until the time of Julius Cæsar, who ordered these eleven days to be distributed amongst the months, thus raising some of them from twenty-nine to thirty, and others from thirty to thirty-one days each, the entire year containing three hundred and sixty-five days. But even this arrangement was found to be incomplete, inasmuch as it took no account of the hours and minutes which the year contains above three hundred and sixty-five days. To supply this deficiency, it was appointed that the sixth day before the calends of March (that is, the twenty-fourth of February) should in every fourth year be reckoned twice, whence our term "Bissextile" i.e. "twice-sixth." When the Roman calends became less generally known, it was found more convenient to insert the intercalary day at the *end* of February.

A near approach to accuracy was thus attained Nevertheless, as this arrangement reckoned the solar year to be three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours, whereas it is in fact only three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and forty-eight minutes, fifty-five seconds, it was in every four years about forty-four minutes wrong. This may seem to be an insignificant trifle; yet, so important do even trivial things become by accumulation, that this comparatively small discrepancy would in less than twenty-four thousand years have caused the 21st of June to be the shortest day throughout the northern hemisphere! When Gregory XIII. rectified this error, it had actually carried the astronomical commencement of the four quarters of the year more than ten days backward, the vernal equinox being on the 11th and sometimes on the 10th of March, instead of the 21st Yet so potent is religious prejudice, that because this correction was made by a Pope, Protestant nations and other opponents of Roman Catholicism refused to adopt it,—a refusal in which Russia has persisted even until now.

In the year 1751, however, an act of parliament was passed, which enacted that from and after the 2nd of September, 1752, the new or corrected style of reckoning should be adopted throughout Great Britain and its dependencies And as the yearly fractions had then accumulated to *eleven* days, it was enacted that the day next following Wednesday, September 2nd should be called and reckoned the 14th.

Persons who were then living have told us, that some ignorant rustics, having heard that there was to be a new style on the above-named day, went to their accustomed footpath in the fields in the expectation of finding a new *stile* there; and returned grumbling and angry at the hoax which they thought had been played upon them! But discontents far more serious and protracted than these resulted from the alteration. Masters refused to liberate and pay their servants on the 29th of September, alleging that it was not twelve months since the preceding Michaelmas. On the same ground tenants of lands and houses refused to quit their holdings, according to the new enactment. This originated the distinction between Old Style and New Style,— a distinction which has been perpetuated to the present day.

In no respect was the adoption of the new style more strenuously contested than in reference to annual fairs, feasts, and wakes. In some instances the bellmen of the neighbouring towns and villages were employed half a dozen times by the belligerent parties; one party ordering them to announce that their village feast would be held according to the *new* style, the other that it would be held according to the *old* style. In one instance when most of the inhabitants of a town had agreed to celebrate their feast according to the new style, an influential fruit-grower is said to have successfully exerted himself to procure a reversal of their decision; alleging as his reason, that his cherries would not be ripe at the feast, unless their decision was reversed.

But although custom and interest have thus perpetuated vestiges of old style amongst us, it should be borne in mind that if Lady-day, Michaelmas, &c., are mentioned in any contract, the law fixes those days to the twenty-fifth of March and the twenty-ninth of September. If the contracting parties intend *old* Lady-day or *old* Michaelmas, they must insert the sixth of April or the eleventh of October, and so of all the rest.

We may add that, to preclude the necessity of any such great change in future, it was also enacted that three out of every four *centenary* years should not be leap-years. Hence the year 1800 was a *common** year; so also will the year 1900 be. But as, if all the centenary years were so, it would produce a slight error in opposition to the former one, it is provided that the years 2000, 2400, 2800, &c., shall be leap-years. This arrangement will keep the statute years within a small fraction of the astronomical ones.

Before dismissing the subject, we may take occasion to remark how frequently objections and cavils are founded in ignorance. Disbelievers in revelation have sometimes exulted in a contradiction or two which they think they have discovered in the Bible; yet assuredly none of these are so evidently so as the following.—

A hundred years ago the seventeenth of September was the first Sunday in the month.

More than five hundred children were born in Great Britain and Ireland on September 1, 1752, most of whom were living on the eighteenth of that month, *yet not one of them was then a week old!*

Yet both these assertions are strictly and literally true. So also as to statements of difficult interpretation, several of which may confessedly be found in Scripture, yet all of them are more than paralleled by the following, which, to any one who did not know the facts we have narrated, would seem utterly incredible.

Nearly all the people in Great Britain went to sleep on the 2nd of September, 1752, and did not awake until the 14th? Neither the king of England nor any of his subjects tasted a morsel of food between the 2nd of September and the 14th!

Hundreds of common rushlights which were lighted on the 2nd of September, kept constantly burning until the 14th!

Many persons retired to rest on the 2nd of September, and did not fall asleep until the 14th!

On the 2nd of September a physician was summoned to a patient who was dangerously ill, yet, though he rode at his

* This increased the difference between old style and new to *twelve* days, a fact which during the first quarter of the current century greatly perplexed many of the patrons of the former. Hence the phrase "new old style," which is sometimes heard. Should our successors persist in retaining these antiquated dates, we suppose that after the year 1900 (which will raise the difference to *thirteen* days), they will have to speak of new style, old style, new old style, and *new* new old style!!!

utmost speed, and the distance was less than a mile, it was the 14th day of the month before he arrived!

The explanatory key to all these enigmas is found in the fact that the day next following September 2, 1752, was the 14th!

Thus let us rest assured that what paradoxes or difficulties soever we may find in either the works or word of God, they would all be clearly and easily explained if we could obtain possession of the fact which would furnish the key of their solution.

Oakham. J. JENKINSON.

CHARLOTTE MAY

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little lives are rounded with a sleep"

"Mother," said Lottie May, "my head aches, and feels very, very warm. What can be the matter?"

"You are feverish, love, and require rest"

So Mrs May gave her child some herb-tea, and placed her in her little bed

In the night, the mother was awakened by a little groan, and lay and listened half unconsciously for a few moments, then she heard the groan again

"It's Lottie," she said to herself, and springing softly from her bed, for fear of disturbing the child, she stepped to the side of its bed and whispered

"Lottie!"

"Is that you, mother?"

"What's the matter, Lottie?"

"My head hurts me a little, mother;" and she groaned again as she clasped her hot hands over her soft, brown hair "Will you give me some water, mother?"

Mrs. May's hand trembled so that she could hardly pour out the water, but Lottie could not lift herself up to drink it, and the mother held her; then she held the candle over the bed

"Mercy!" she exclaimed to herself, as she saw the red and purple cheeks, the large dark eyes, now larger than ever, and bloodshot; the vacant, wild look, and the little hands clasped tightly on the top of her head.

"Lottie! Lottie! Charlotte!" said Mrs May, but Lottie did not answer for some moments; then she opened her eyes suddenly, more widely than ever, and said

"Oh, mother, I've seen an angel, and its face was like yours, and there were two great wings, and glory all around it, mother, and it called, Lottie, Lottie, Lottie."

Mrs. May trembled again, but she did not show it, or change her countenance before her child.

Then she rang the bell for her maid, and told her to call John, and send him for Dr. Mason immediately, then she bathed the head of the little sufferer in cold water, and laid her on the bed again until the Doctor came

* * * * * * * * * * *

"When was she taken, Mrs May?" said Dr Mason

"She went to bed feverish, I was awakened an hour ago by the child's groans, and found her so"

"What have you done?"

"Bathed her head in cold water, that's all"

"All wrong," said the Doctor, and he felt her pulse, gave her some calomel, told Mrs. May to keep her very warm, and the windows closed, and went home again, wondering why people would get sick at night, he did so hate night-practice, or if they must be sick, why could they not wait until morning to be treated.

Lottie lay in a unquiet doze, and Mrs. May sat by her side all the long night. Oh, how her heart yearned for her child! and she prayed silently that the flower might not be gathered from her, indeed, she never knew how much she loved her little idol until now, when the shadow of Death loomed up like a black cloud on the horizon of her imagination, at which she looked with sickening anxiety. Would it bring thunder, and lightning, and destruction, or pass on with but a genial shower, leaving fresh greenness and life in its path? Was it the *shadow* of Death, or did the all-devouring tyrant himself hover near? And she grasped the child's hand, as she thought of the angel's calling, "Lottie, Lottie, Lottie," as if she would so keep Heaven from taking away her treasure; and in the long night-watches it recurred again and again, and each time her heart beat more quickly, a feeling of dread and awe overpowered her, and a tremor, passed over her frame like the feeling from sudden fright in the darkness, yet apart from her child there was no fear in that mother's heart she felt that she could part with life itself to save her little one.

At last the long, weary, desolate night had gone, and the sun shone into the room fitfully as the clouds passed over it.

Lottie opened her eyes, and looked up at her mother, and at the sunshine, and put her arms round her mother's neck, and said, in a low, weak, gentle voice.

"What's the matter, mother? You look so sick! I'm not in now mother, my headache's gone." Then she looked up at the sun again, and said: "Mother, I'll get up now." The mother heart beat wildly with hope as she spoke, but the child could not move.

"But, mother, I'm better, a great deal better; I'm only a little sick Kiss me, mother. I saw you by my bed last night, but couldn't speak then."

She breathed harder from the effort she had made, and lay perfectly still, except her large eyes, which followed every movement of her mother about the room.

Then Dr. Jones came, and shrugged his shoulders at what had been done, though he declined interfering, but Mrs May insisted and called in old Dr Armour, the friend of her father's youth, also and the three doctors met and "consulted" about the poor girl.

And Lottie was sometimes worse, and at others better, and sometimes she knew no one, not even her poor mother. It almost broke her heart to see the child stare at her so vacantly, and say such strange things Then her eyes would change, and she would look up in her mother's face and smile, and be again her own dear Lottie

In this manner two solemn, sad, and weary days of hope deferred passed away, and Lottie grew weaker and weaker

Mrs. May sat by the side of her sleeping child hour after hour, and gazed at the shrunken hands, and rough crimson cheeks, and listened to her deep breathing, every breath of which seemed like a groan Oh, how freely would she have given her life to bring back the hue of health to those fevered cheeks! She took up her embroidery, to try and while away an hour of this torturing uncertainty, but the needle trembled in her hand, for the work itself was a seat for Lottie's little chair, she could not make a stitch! Then she took up her favourite author, but the letters seemed blurred, she could not distinguish a word; her pen to write, but the tears fell and mixed with the ink—emblem of her fast-coming black despair. Then she knelt by the couch of her child to pray but she could not, her prayers were the "groanings which cannot be uttered," and she arose and went to the window, and looked up towards the sun, but there were clouds over the sky, it seemed as if there were clouds over the sunshine always now. In the street she saw Dr Jones' and Dr. Mason's gigs approaching, but she left the room, for she began to lose faith in them, and went into the garden, where there was more air to breathe, she some times thought she would choke in the rooms, they seemed so small now

When she came back, Dr Armour was there also

"Dr Armour," said Mrs. May, with an appealing yet firm look "will my child die?"

"Heaven grant she may not!"

"Doctor, I have steeled my heart to bear even her death. *Will my child die?*" And her look became more firm and grave, but she held her hand tightly over her heart

"I am not omniscient, madam, your feelings probably tell you as much as all my science can. *I fear the worst.*"

Mrs May rose to her feet with a fixed and vacant stare, and moved slowly forward through the rooms. She had never yet in her heart thought that her child would die; woman-like, she had hoped against hope. For a moment she looked round vacantly then all the scenes of those three days of torture crowded to her brain, the blood-shot eyes, the red, furred cheeks, the breathing succession of groans, the Doctor's words, his look; and then like a flash of lightning through her brain passed the words, "Lottie must die," and she uttered a piercing scream and fell senseless on the floor.

When she came to herself, she was on her bed, and Dr. Armour standing by her. Recollection returned, and she said, with an unnatural calmness which startled him.

"Doctor, is my child dead?"

"Not yet. But do not rise, madam, you are too weak."

Mrs May looked at him with a surprised look, then rose and went to her child's bedside. Lottie knew her mother, and when Mrs. May took her hand, she felt it pulled slightly, and bent down her head until her lips touched those of her child, and she felt them move a little to kiss her, then she tried to speak, but could not! and the mother stood by the side of the bed with glazed eyes in which were no tears, for she could not weep. Oh, how she wanted to weep, but could not, and her eyes burned her as she gazed at the dying girl.

The doctors stood round in silence, for they knew that she was dying; the mother bent over her in silence, for she, too, felt that she was dying; and the child gasped, and gasped, and a slight gurgle was heard in her throat, and she lifted her head suddenly, and said,

with a faint voice, "Mother!" and fell back on the pillow quite dead.

"God of mercy, help me to bear this!" said Mrs. May. "Almighty Father, help me to bear this!" and she fell on her knees and clasped her hands in agony.

The doctors slowly and silently left the room, and went down stairs, and they stepped into the parlor, and shut the door to have a chat before they separated.

Mrs. May started suddenly from her kneeling position, and looked earnestly at her child, last hope of her heart, last link that bound her to earth; and she hurriedly felt her feet, hands, heart, and put her ear down to the still, silent lips, then glided swiftly and noiselessly down stairs, to the back parlor, where the folding-doors were ajar.

"* * * Lower down, the breathing showed that. I was afraid we were to be kept up all night."

"I think you gave her too much calomel, Mason."

"Not a bit, she should have had more yesterday, instead of your arsenic."

"Well, well. Curious case."

"Very."

"Gentlemen," said the old gray-headed Dr Armour, who had wept at the death-bed, and had not spoken before, "gentlemen, it is unprofessional for me to say so, and late in life to acknowledge it, but this is all wrong somewhere. The child should not have died, and I must * * *"

Mrs May had been checked by the tone of the indifference, almost of levity, of the first speakers, now she threw open the doors, and stood there, drawn to her full height, and with her earnest eyes dilating, with a look that made them shrink as if she had seen a spectre. but she only said

"Heaven help ye, gentlemen, in your extreme need. Dr Armour, for God's sake come back and tell me if the child's dead!"

They returned, but the corpse was growing cold

Mrs. May clasped her hands round its neck, bent her head over its face, tear after tear rolled down her cheeks, and there she sat through the long night, clinging to the garment that had held her Lottie

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Mrs. May sat by the little coffin that contained her child's form She had grown much older in the two long, weary, solemn days that Lottie had been dead. She could look at the death-sleep, and the little hands crossed on the bosom, and the closed lids over those dark, expressive eyes, and place fresh roses, and geraniums, and heliotrope, about the calm, life-like corpse, without weeping now, but there was a deep, fixed, almost stern expression of grief on her pale, classic face, which seemed to ask no sympathy, and was feeding on the springs of her own life. She could not pray yet Often had she fallen on her knees since the little one's last faint 'Mother!" but no utterance followed, for her heart only asked in agony, "Why, oh, why had He taken away her Lottie?" And thoughts high and deep passed through her mind, of time and space and Heaven and immortality, until imagination had wandered and lost itself in the dim confines which separate thought from the impenetrable mysteries which surround us, until all consciousness of time and space in her present life were lost, and then the question would recur, *did* He take her away, or was she sent uncalled from the earth, by unholy errors, by poisoning drugs, and she shrank from the question shuddering

Carriage after carriage drove up to the door, the rooms were filled with friends and acquaintances of the mourner and the mourned, and a solemn looking man opened the Bible, and read, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!" Then he said many beautiful things about the child, which he had known from its birth, but Mrs May could not listen, and, sobbing out her anguish, left the room for *why* had He taken away her Lottie? After the ceremony was over, she returned, and stood by the coffin, and looked at her child for the last time. She thought of all her grace and repose, even amongst her little play-mates, and all her arch and winning ways, and hot tears fell on the cold form. Then they closed the coffin, and placed it in the carriage with Mrs. May alone, she would have it so. They drove slowly down Broadway, and Mrs. May was startled by the noise of carts and omnibuses. It seemed strange that they drove on so furiously while Lottie was carried by, and crowds of people lined the streets, all gay and unheeding. Mrs. May drew down the curtains, and hid them from her sight. They passed over the South Ferry, and so on to Greenwood; and between the beautiful sculptures and white monuments (standing over buried hopes, like the rainbow over the abyss of the cataract, or the fair face over a crushed heart), until they came to Lottie's grave. It was a sweet spot, on the southern side of a gentle rise that overlooked the Bay and Narrows, and caught the first smile of Day, as he rose from the horizon and bathed himself in light; and the last rays of the sun rested on its bosom, while the twilight lingered there when darkness had hidden all below. Lottie had often played on it, and told her mother which was *her corner*. Poor child! she little thought how soon she would take possession; indeed, she always said it with as happy a smile as if she had been immortal, and would never need an earthly resting-place.

Mrs May remained in the carriage, and when they took the coffin towards the grave, there was again that fixed and glassy look, those tearless eyes. How she longed to keep even the corpse for ever near her!

They lowered the little coffin into the grave, and, as the earth fell on the lid, said, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes!" and a little mound marked the place where, down, down in the earth, the fair-haired girl awaited the final reckoning.

They came to Mrs May as they passed out, but she waved them away, and one after another left, until she was quite alone Then she descended from the carriage, and went to the grave, and the servant brought a basket of flowers, and wept as he retired, for they all loved Lottie; and Mrs May bent over the grave, and scattered flowers about it, she felt so wholly desolate, now that they had taken away the last link, the body of her poor child. The sun went down, and the night came on, as she knelt there, and tree and leaf and insect, all were hushed as still as the grave beneath her, and she looked up to the heavens, and saw the stars, like tapers on the pall of darkness which shrouded her, and she gazed and gazed, and her heart longed for a revelation of her child's fate and her own in that mysterious sphere, and her heart was softened as she gazed Then she bent over the grave again, and took a little flower and put it in her bosom, and thought of her child and its last faint "Mother!" and the tears came to her eyes, her bursting heart found vent, and she wept, oh, how long and passionately, as if existence itself were welling from her eyelids! Then she looked up again, and the sky seemed to have lost its darkness; and the stars dilated, and seemed to fill the heavens with glory, and her spirit became more rapt and exalted, as if spiritual influences were about her with which she could commune, and her lips were opened at last She prayed long and earnestly to the Father who had taken her idol She felt now too truly that it had been an *idol*, and she blessed His holy name, and knew *why* he had taken her Lottie. Her mind became more exalted, a transcendent exaltation took possession of her soul, and it seemed to expand super-sensually, until it lost sight of earth and its earthly tenement, and rose to the feeling, the *consciousness, of the* INFINITE. She seemed to have a dual existence, a being separate from her being, and looked down on herself, as she knelt at the grave, with an *infinite pity*. (Whether under the direct influence of the "inspiration of heaven," or the native powers of her soul drawn from their slumbers by surrounding circumstances, who shall tell?) And her soul expanded in its exaltation, until she felt herself a link between the Infinite of Holiness and the great Soul of Humanity, and while a feeling of infinite love and pity for mankind took possession of her soul, their errors and weaknesses shrank into the back-ground. even her own sorrows became vague, undefined, distant, almost little

This consciousness, this exaltation, vouchsafed to the best of us so rarely, from the low or grovelling for ever barred, may come sometimes perhaps to mothers at the birth of their first-born, oftener at its death A revelation to great minds at the moment of their best conceptions, to others, at the moment of death, or when death suddenly becomes imminent and near, and fear does not paralyse the soul Sometimes it comes with the fervid devotion of the worshipper, filled with a holy and living faith, seldom, if ever, in mere religious ecstacy, this, the flash of the torch, soon out and lost, that, like the June sunshine, lighting all things, and drawing them from the earth to warmth and life. But it comes to none without leaving him better, wiser, stronger to endure and bear, and with deeper sympathies for the sufferings and errors of his kind

Mrs. May knelt there, wrapped in her new existence, hour after hour, far into the night, until her servants were alarmed, and they came and accosted her, but she answered them calmly, and left the grave with a blessed peace in her heart, and they drove over the lonely road, and through the quiet and deserted streets, towards her desolate home, a sad, but a wiser and better being, for her soul had known the *divine* depth, her heart had become the *sanctuary* of sorrow. God had taken away her loved ones for a time, but he had given his own love in their place, and she wept no more.

PEOPLE think they "get cold" by getting wet, they, on the contrary, get cold by *getting dry*. It is the continued chill of the evaporation of the wet that causes cold.

THE real great "secondary cause" of the success of Christianity was its *purely democratic tendency*. It is in fact a *quiet* "levelling system."

A LITTLE LEARNING.

Is it true that "a little learning is a dangerous thing?" Far be it from us to say so. The late THOMAS CAMPBELL, in his inaugural speech on his election to the lord rectorship of the University of Glasgow, made the following estimable remarks on this subject.—

"In comparing small learned acquisitions with none at all, it appears to me to be equally absurd to consider a little learning valueless, or even dangerous, as some will have it, as to talk of a little virtue, a little wealth, or health, or cheerfulness, or a little of any other blessing under heaven, being worthless or dangerous.

"To abjure any degree of information, because we cannot grasp the whole circle of the sciences, or sound the depths of erudition, appears to be just about as sensible as if we were to shut up our windows, because they are too narrow, or because the glass has not the magnifying power of a telescope.

"For the smallest quantity of knowledge that a man can acquire, he is bound to be contentedly thankful, provided he is shut out from the power of acquiring a larger portion; but whilst the possibility of farther advancement remains, be as proudly discontented as ye will with a little learning. For the value of knowledge is like that of a diamond, it increases according to its magnitude, even in much more than a geometrical ratio. One science and literary pursuit throws light upon another, and there is a connection, as Cicero remarks, among them all,—'Omnes artes, quæ humanitati pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur:'—that is, all the arts relating to humanity, have a common bond and relationship which unite them with one another.

"No doubt a man ought to devote himself in the main to one department of knowledge, but still he will be all the better for making himself acquainted with studies which are kindred *to* and *with* that pursuit. The principle of the extreme division of labour, so useful in a pin manufactory, if introduced into learning, may produce, indeed, some minute and particular improvements, but, on the whole, it tends to cramp human intellect.

"That the mind may, and especially in early youth, be easily distracted by too many pursuits, must be readily admitted. But I now beg leave to consider myself addressing those among you who are conscious of great ambition, and of many faculties; and what I say, may regard rather the studies of your future than your present years.

"To embrace different pursuits, diametrically opposite, in the wide circle of human knowledge, must be pronounced to be almost universally impossible for a single mind. But I cannot believe that any strong mind weakens its strength, in any one branch of learning, by diverging into cognate studies, on the contrary, I believe that it will return home to the main object, bringing back illustrative treasures from all its excursions into collateral pursuits."

Thus far THOMAS CAMPBELL. The same question has since been discussed, at far greater length, by DR. WHATELY, Archbishop of Dublin, in his opening lecture in connexion with the Exhibition of the Results of Irish National Industry. Remarking on some of the objections made to the spread of education among the humbler classes, he said, "One objection brought forward is in the well known couplet of the poet,—

'A little learning is a dangerous thing.'

"It was urged that people were likely to be puffed up with vain conceit, and that smatterers would in their folly and presumption think themselves unfitted for mean and laborious work, and that they would be displeased at not being honored as people of the most learning they think themselves ought to be. But let us consider what the remedy is. The poet says—

'Drink deep, or taste not.'

Now, I think you will say on reflection that both of these remedies are impossible. '*Drink deep.*' How deep are we to go? Is not the most learned in any department—is not the most intelligent man, even in that department to which he may have completely devoted himself, extremely ignorant? Is it not very little that he knows in comparison with what he does not know? Five hundred years ago a man was considered to be much more than extremely ignorant if he was able to write his name. But if you look around you, what a scanty knowledge anybody has of any subject, compared with that he is ignorant of! The gigantic telescope, that has been so great an honor to this nation and to this country, has brought to light and has revealed to us things never known before. It has brought to light new truths more unaccountable than anything with which we were previously acquainted. The greatest astronomers a hundred year ago were mere children to those who live now, and these are children in comparison with those who may be in existence two or three centuries hence. It is impossible to 'drink deep,' it is impossible to have more than a very little knowledge of any subject in comparison to what is to be learned. The field of science may be compared to an American forest, in which the more trees a man cuts down the greater is the expanse of wood he sees around him. It is true a man may have a very great degree of knowledge in comparison to one of his neighbours; but is he likely to be proud from the circumstance that he knows more than any one around him? If by drinking deep is meant, 'Go to the bottom of any subject,' I say it is impossible to do anything more than be very superficial. I say, then, the first remedy the poet gives is impracticable.

"The other remedy is '*taste not*,' that is to say, have no learning at all. But that is equally impossible. The most ignorant clown knows something—he has a little learning, and that little learning you will find is exceedingly dangerous. You will hardly find any person so ignorant as not to know what money is. It is very possible he may think that the rich, who possess the money, are the cause of all the sufferings of the poor, and that if the rich were plundered and their property divided, it would be a better thing for the poor. But if he learns more—and I am happy to say he can learn more, from some of the reading books of the national schools—he will learn that if the rich had their property sold and divided among the rest, the latter would not be anything the richer, but poorer. There is no one here present who is not in that perilous situation of having a little learning, and there is no one here who has not that little learning on every subject. I daresay there is no one here profoundly versed in agriculture; yet we all know the difference between oats and turnips. I daresay there are not a dozen chemists here, yet everybody knows the difference between sugar and salt. In fact if you consider that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and that the only remedy is not to taste, you must keep men in a state of downright idotcy. I say, therefore, that both the remedies, 'drink deep' and 'taste not,' are utterly impracticable.

"There is no one here present who is not aware we have rulers. Is it not a good thing that they should understand that government is necessary to preserve property and person? Are they likely to be better or worse subjects for knowing that? It depends much upon what the government is. If you wish to establish an unjust and unequal government, if you wish to establish a false and erroneous religion, then probably it will be advisable to keep the people in ignorance, or at least to avoid the danger of enlightening them. But if the government is a good one, the more they understand of good government the more they will respect it; the more they know of true religion, the more they will value it. Nothing can be more mischievous than the principle of Socialism—that all should get the same wages,—a principle which would at once destroy all emulation, by which persons try to excel in skill and industry. All the manufactures exhibited in this building would be utterly ruined and destroyed by the principle of equalization in wages; it would take away all merit from the skilful and the enterprising, and therefore take away all incentive to exertion. Manufactures would become dearer and inferior—and would at length go away from us to other countries. Every one knows, no matter how ignorant of medicine, that there is such a thing as disease. What was the consequence of keeping to the principle of 'taste not' in medical discoveries. When the cholera raged in Poland, the peasantry took up the notion that the nobles were poisoning them—that the rich were the authors of that terrible decease. They arose in masses in different places, broke into the houses of the nobility, and finding a quantity of chloride of lime there, it being used for disinfecting, they took it for the poison, and murdered all the noblemen and gentry of the neighbourhood. That was the result of a little learning; but we cannot

keep that little learning from them. You can hardly keep men from thinking that there are some superhuman beings who have an interest in human affairs. There are some clowns in a certain part of England, who, owing to having been kept as far as possible—for completely it is impossible—on the principle of 'taste not,' still conceived there were some powers superior to man, and this belief led some poor insane creature to imagine himself a prophet, and who of course in any civilised community would have been put in a madhouse. But this 'little learning' actually caused an insurrection in his favor, and many lives were sacrificed before this most insane insurrection was put down. I say, then, the two remedies laid down are impossible.

"What, then, are we to do? Simply to impress upon all people how little their knowledge is, and how little they know in comparison to what they are ignorant of; and the more they are taught the less likely they are to overrate or mistake the character of their knowledge. I say also that, other things being equal, the more knowledge is diffused among mankind the less danger there is of ill-use being made of it For, what is the most mischievous consequence of knowledge being diffused among mankind? It is that some knowing unprincipled demagogue makes use of a number of very ignorant people as his tools. He gets people to believe in him as a great patriot, as a guide to lead them to succeed, and they will do anything, bear anything, commit any excesses in his cause. But who ever heard of such a thing as a riotous rabble or a riotous mob composed altogether of educated men? They never could be bound together into a mob, because they would each be generals, they would all think themselves fit for command No; the great instrument of the demagogue is a number of very ignorant persons, looking up to him as a person of superior ability A little light is a dangerous thing, but it is dangerous only to those who walk as boldly in the twilight as in the daylight, without looking carefully to avoid the holes and precipices they may fall into. Let them be aware that it is twilight, and let them walk carefully, but do not let them seek to remedy it by blindfolding their eyes. Is it decidedly a useful thing to have a little learning in many instances, even when you cannot have more than a little compared with your neighbours. The most accomplished persons I know are those who may be called 'smatterers;' that is, persons who do not know, or do not pretend to know, much of many departments, but have a slight knowledge of a variety of subjects. But, then, they know the amount of their knowledge, and do not pretend to be profoundly versed in the departments of which they have but a slight acquaintance. Is a man obliged to acknowledge himself an accomplished chemist because he knows oxalic acid from salts?—and yet to know this is very useful.

"But some people are not so much afraid of a little knowledge as they are of people being puffed up with having learned some hard words or scientific names, and having attended lectures in which they have picked up something about 'geology,' 'zoology,' and various other 'ologies,' as people call them, which makes their neighbours think they are profoundly versed in science, while in truth they know very little, except some technical terms. I admit it; it has often been dwelt upon, and deservedly ridiculed; I have warned people against it. But there is another danger on the opposite side, which I have scarcely ever seen mentioned. There is a folly which I think quite as great as that to which I have been alluding, and which is of a yet more unbearable character, and still more hopeless—I mean what may be called 'the pedantry of common sense and experience.' For one person who is overbearing on account of his knowledge of technical terms, you will find five or six still more provokingly impertinent with their common sense and experience. Their common sense will be found nothing more than common prejudice, and their experience will be found to consist in the fact that they have done a thing wrong very often, and fancy they have done it right, and that they have seen many things pass before their eyes many times, without learning how to profit by experience. They are like people who are often poring and looking over books without having learned to read. A person affected with the pedantry of science may read and be corrected; he will either enlarge his knowledge or dispossess himself of his pride; but what is to be done with a man who despises all science? What will you do with a man who says, 'Oh! I don't trouble myself with terms of political economy; but there are some points upon which I have made up my mind. One can judge from common sense what decisions you should give as to Free Trade and Protection, or on the working of the poor law; but as for political economy, I know nothing about it'. This is much the same as to say—'I have never read Euclid, nor don't pretend to know anything about it; but I know by common sense how to square the circle'; or, 'I don't know anything about medicine, but I see a certain sort of physic is good for sick people, and know by experience how to cure them.' I have not the least doubt that popular lectures of this kind diffuse a taste for reading and systematic study. The use then, I conceive, of these lectures, is to set before the people a good deal of knowledge, which, though, a very slight and imperfect part of what may be done even in our present state of knowledge, is yet calculated to be both pleasing and useful; and, amongst other things, to show them how much it is they do not know. I am convinced that a certain amount of knowledge is much more likely to produce a modest, humble, and inquiring state of mind, that any attempt to keep people in ignorance. Those who feel interested in any branch of knowledge of which the lectures treat, may proceed further and pick up much that is useful. Those who do not feel that interest will still learn a little, and that little will prove exceedingly useful."

DEATH OF

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

September 15th, 1852.

At the moment of our going to press, we are startled by the announcement of the decease of Arthur, the great Captain of the age, who expired at a quarter past three in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 14th of September, at Walmer Castle, after a succession of severe fits.

We are preparing a MEMOIR of this remarkable man for our next Number, accompanied by a

PORTRAIT.

The extent of our circulation requires us to go to press at least ten days before the date of our issue. Hence the seeming discrepancy between the date of this notice and that of the present Number.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE Second Volume of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, containing upwards of 400 pages, richly illustrated, is now ready, price 3s. 6d., neatly bound in cloth

CASSELL'S SHILLING EDITION OF EUCLID.—THE ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY, containing the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid, from the text of Robert Simson, M D., Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow, with Corrections, Annotations, and Exercises, by Robert Wallace, A M., of the same university, and Collegiate Tutor of the University of London, is now ready, price 1s in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d neat cloth

CASSELL'S EMIGRANT'S HANDBOOK, a Guide to the Various Fields of Emigration in all Parts of the Globe, Second Edition, with considerable Additions, and a Map of Australia with the Gold Regions clearly marked, is now ready, price 9d

THE PATHWAY, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper. No 33, for September, is now ready, and Vols I. and II., neatly bound in cloth and lettered, price 2s 3d each, may be obtained by order of any Bookseller.

CASSELL'S ELEMENTS OF ARITHMETIC, will be issued shortly, price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s 6d cloth, uniform with Cassell's Edition of Euclid, edited by Professor Wallace, A.M., of the University of Glasgow, Editor of Cassell's "Euclid," the POPULAR EDUCATOR, &c.

EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY.

SOLUTIONS OF QUESTIONS IN NO. 44, JULY 31.

1. M.I.L.L.—mill; several correspondents in prose and poetry.

2. For the chosen candidates, 233 persons voted; and for the defeated candidates 142; majority 91. Answered by thirty-four correspondents.

3. The number sought is 65. Proof: $65-5=60$; $\frac{5}{6}$ of which is 40.

4. The number 36 may be divided into three parts, so that the $\frac{2}{3}$ of the first, the $\frac{3}{4}$ of the second, and the $\frac{4}{5}$ of the third may be equal to each other. Thus 8, 12, 16, are the numbers sought, and 4 is the common number.

J. W. R. BAKER, and several others.

5. It is impossible, practically, to divide 20s among four persons, so as to give to the first $\frac{1}{2}$, to the second $\frac{1}{3}$, to the third $\frac{1}{4}$, and to the fourth $\frac{1}{5}$, and leave no remainder. Fractionally the several parts would be 7s. 0 $\frac{1}{10}$d, 5s. 3d $\frac{1}{10}$d, 4s. 2d. $\frac{1}{10}$d., and 3s. 6d. $\frac{2}{10}$d. W. R.

6. 1,574,897,652 inches nearly —JOHN SEARCH.
1574897651720 inches —JOHN MATHER

7. By the mistake of the printer, the answers are given *with* the first part of this question. To the latter clause, St Helena was so called by the Portuguese in 1502, because it was discovered on St. Helen's Day.

8. Unanswered correctly.

9. Read the first and second lines alternately thus—

Never | all for he who | everything often | more than
tell you may know tells he knows tells he knows

And so on of the rest.

10. A prominent station I hold, it is true,
In modern days, and in everything *new*;
And although from old times I've unjustly been hurl'd,
The learned can prove me as old as the *world*
King William believed me a doctor of skill,
At least in my absence *Will* ever was *ill*
And had Cleopatra my counsel not spurned,
The *asp* to a *wasp* I had instantly turned,
Whose sting—although painful—had done little harm,
Her cold *arm* also I could have made *warm*
To sprightliness friendly, I freely do grant,
I convert *it* to *wit*, but the *ant* into *want*
I often reduce, while the poor jaded *hack*,
I never can meet but I give him a *whack*.
The *whelp* cries for *help* if I ever desert it
While *all* into *wall* I can shortly convert it.
As a proof of my honest benevolent views,
I never meet with *hose* but I always ask *whose*?
My aid it is needful to spread information,
I'm the ruling spirit of interrogation,
Whom, *where*, *whence*, *which*, *whether*, *who* owe their existence
To me as their origin. By my assistance
My clothing and poultry—my *hen* and my *hat*,
The one will say *when*, and the other say *what*
My *ash* I make *wash*, and should there be a *hole*
In any one's garment, I soon make it *whole*
Whate'er be your merits, believe me, 'tis true, sir,
They're but *half* of mine, for I am DOUBLE YOU (W) sir.
ROBERT MIDDLETON, *Aberdeen*

SOLUTIONS TO QUESTIONS IN NO 48, FOR AUGUST 28

1. $39^2=1521$
$15^2=225$
$1296\sqrt{\ }=36$ ft length of left piece;
and $36+39=75$ ft. height of Maypole.
ROBERT MIDDLETON.

2.—222·0833 square yards of paving.
$33\frac{1}{2}+28=612\div 2=30\ 75\times 65=1998{\cdot}75$ square feet.
$1998{\cdot}75\div 9=222{\cdot}0833$ square yards paving.

3.—7500 cubic feet nearly.—30 | 25
30 | 8,333
900 | 900
7499,700 solid.
J. HILL.

Questions 4, 5, and 6 unanswered.

7. Because the pressure of the atmosphere—or rather the attractive power of the earth—is not so great on the top of a mountain, as it is at the level of the sea.—B. HUDSON.

8. The woman had 119 apples.—Worked out by several correspondents.

9. A bed —Several correspondents.

10. 120 trees.

11. Jubal, the second son of Lamech, by Adah his wife, and sixth in descent from Cain, was the first organist—Genesis iv. 19, 20, 21.—W. T. TAUSCOTT, R. M., and many others.

12. Ireland was conquered in the year 1172 by Henry II, and was fully incorporated with England, A.D. 1801, in the reign of George III.

13. The kings of the house of Plantagenet were, Henry II, Richard I., John, Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., Edward III., and Richard II. This line was so called from Henry II, who was the son of Matilda, the second child of Henry I, and Geoffrey Plantagenet, duke of Anjou, in France.
W.T. TAUSCOTT, *Shepton Mallet*.

14. Unanswered.

15. Justice (just ice).

16. Dia. = 1. Rad. = ·5, and $\cdot5^2=\cdot25+\cdot25=\cdot50$
$\cdot50\sqrt{\ }=\cdot70710678$, &c., length of side.
Or,
Dia = 1. Rad. = $\frac{1}{2}$, and $\frac{1}{2}\times\frac{1}{2}=\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{4}\sqrt{\ }=\frac{\text{square root of 1}}{\text{square root of 4}}=\frac{\text{square root of 1}}{2}=\frac{\text{square root of 100000000}}{\text{square root of 200000000}}=\frac{10000}{14142}=\cdot70710678$, as before.—ROBERT MIDDLETON.

17. As only two of the angles of the triangles can touch the circumference of the circle, the length of side will depend on the measure of the angles at the circumference; as the nearer they approach to a right angle the side will be the longer, and *vice versa*. Therefore, if I understand the propounder's meaning at all, the only answer that can be given to this question is—
Length of side, greater than 6, the rad of circle,
And less than 8·485 side of square, whose diagonal is 12.
ROBERT MIDDLETON.

18 A man will have to stand 10 feet from the lamp-post to project a shadow of 15 feet.—B. HUDSON. As shown by Mr. Robert Middleton, $6.10\ 15\ 25-15=10$ feet; or the man 6 feet high must, to project a shadow of 15 feet, stand at the distance of 10 feet from the lamp-post.

This being the last Number in the Volume, we have contented ourselves with answering the questions proposed in Numbers 44 and 48. In the next week's Number we shall propose several new and interesting questions, to which we invite the attention of our subscribers. In reply to Mr. Middleton, Mr. Mather writes as follows.—

Derby, August 30th, 1852

Sir,—If Mr Middleton will take the trouble to turn again to Luke 8, 9, he will find these words;—"Even upon his fore front did he put the golden plate, the holy crown,"—if in the preceding sentence the word "plate" is equivalent to "crown," I stand corrected. Again, in 1 Chron. xx. 2, it states that the king of Rabbah had a crown which weighed a talent of gold; by consulting the marginal readings, he will find that the crown was not a golden one, but "equal in weight to a talent of gold." And in Esth. i. 11, he only conjectures the "crown royal" to be gold; he does not assert it as a fact. I make these few remarks merely to vindicate myself, and as Mr. Middleton wished me to state my authority, I refer him to "Cruden's Concordance," which appears to coincide with my opinion. Your's truly, JOHN MATHER.

*** In reference to our hint as to the advisability of establishing between our readers a system of intercommunication, by which much valuable information might be mutually afforded, we have received several letters containing hints and questions for insertions. In our third Volume, the first Number of which will appear next week, we intend to introduce several improvements suggested to us by correspondents and our own experience. We have constantly forwarded to us questions which require something more than a mere brief, though correct, reply. With this class of queries—containing, as they often do, important historical, social, and statistical facts,—we have been hitherto, we fear, somewhat too uncommunicative—owing, perhaps, to the fact that the majority of our correspondents neglected the first requisites of letter-writing, clearness of hand, and perspicuity of idea. For the future, then, in order to widen a field already extremely useful, we propose that our EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY shall include not only arithmetical and algebraical questions, but that all such subjects as are treated in the publication called *Notes and Queries* shall find admittance in our pages.

THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND,

AND

FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

VOLUME THE THIRD—NEW SERIES.

LABOUR IS WORTH!—to the human man
How through heaven grows the life-current leaping!
How his strong arm, in its sinewy play sweeping,
Fells the forest, or shears the golden grain!
LABOUR IS WORTH!—in the sea the pearl groweth,
Rich the coral—from the tiny cell blowth,
From the fair cocoa the strong fruit blowth,
Temple and statue the marble block hide.

DROOP NOT, though shame, sin, and pain are round thee,
Bravely fling off the foul chain that hath bound thee,
Look to your pure heaven unfolding beyond thee,
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod
WORK FOR SOME GOOD, be it ever so slowly,
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly,
ABOUT IT! All labour is noble and holy
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God

FRANCES S. OSGOOD

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN CASSELL, 9, LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD, LUDGATE HILL;

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1853.

TO OUR READERS.

THE completion of the present Volume is also the completion of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR, as a separate publication. It was started as a means of providing for the labouring classes a medium through which their peculiar wants, wishes, ideas, and capabilities might be fully shown. The end its proprietor had in view has been answered to a greater extent than could have been anticipated; and the Ten Volumes of which the work consists remain as a memorial of the great and interesting experiment. About twelve months since, was commenced the publication of the POPULAR EDUCATOR, a work of a more strictly instructive character than any hitherto attempted; and it has been found that the class of readers created—it may be said—by the FRIEND AND INSTRUCTOR have eagerly adopted the EDUCATOR, and have given to it a circulation and influence almost unprecedented. It will be easily understood, however, that two works not altogether dissimilar in character, issued from the same press, were in some danger of injuring each other. To prevent, therefore, any chance of that kind, and, at the same time, to comply with the wishes of numerous readers, the more attractive features of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND—Biography, Natural History, Social and Practical Economy, Moral Philosophy, and Popular Science—will be henceforth transferred to the pages of the EDUCATOR, in the form of direct lessons, in addition to Lessons on the Languages, Geography, Astronomy, Geology, &c. Thus, while the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND may be placed on the shelves of the working man's library as a complete work, it is to be hoped that its readers will discover in the POPULAR EDUCATOR all those characteristics which rendered The FRIEND so acceptable. Henceforth the two publications will be essentially one.

London, March 21, 1853.

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THE

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ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



THE conqueror of Napoleon is dead. Before this page reaches the hand of the reader, the distressing intelligence will have been carried across the broad Atlantic, and in a little while will have made the circuit of the world—from Ireland, where Wellington first saw the light, to India, the scene of his earliest triumphs. Though long expected, the news comes at last upon us with something like the effect of a sudden death; and the whole nation, consisting as it does of men of all shades of political opinion and people of all creeds, is plunged in grief and consternation for the loss of the greatest of her sons.

Though our own opinions on the abstract idea of war are well enough known, we could not, even were they as extreme

as these of the most enthusiastic member of the Peace Society, withhold for a single instant the expression of our conviction of the great and irretrievable national loss we have sustained, or our sincerest admiration for the noble warrior, joined to our most heartfelt regret at an event which we cannot but regard as the most important which has happened during the present year. It has been well said that Arthur Wellesley Duke of Wellington was the very type and model of an Englishman. To bravery the most unquestionable and military talents second to that of no hero of past or present times, was added a character for exemplary coolness under difficulties, untiring energy in the pursuit of what he conceived to be the right, a clear and educated judgment, a resolute and indomitable will, a finely-balanced mind, and a high sense of honour and propriety. He was, as Talleyrand the French diplomatist observed, the most "capable man" of his time and nation. Words are wanting to express the greatness of England's gain in the possession of such a man, or the immensity of her loss in the melancholy event which has by this time been recorded in every European and American newspaper. Other men are living amongst us who can boast of more striking and brilliant qualities of invention and contrivance, of more extensive knowledge, more vivid foresight and comprehension of the changes of popular feeling,—but in the roll of Britain's senators no name stands higher than that of Wellington for the possession of clear judgment, coolness of determination, and rectitude of action. In the senate, as in the field, the characteristic of this truly great man was, that "he always knew what was best to be done in the actual state of affairs, and had the wisdom and courage to do it."

To a simplicity of life the most remarkable, considered in connexion with his aristocratic predilections and antecedents, the duke added a respect for legal and constituted authority second to none of her Majesty's most loyal and devoted subjects. It has been well observed of him, that he lived, commanded and governed in unconscious indifference and disdainful aversion to those common incentives of human action which are derived from the powers of imagination and sentiment. He held them cheap, both in their weakness and in their strength, and the force and weight of his character stooped to no such adventitious influences. He might have kindled more enthusiasm, especially in the early and doubtful days of his peninsular career; but, in his successful and triumphant pursuit of Glory, her name never passed his lips, even in the most popular and spirit-stirring addresses to his soldiers. He was the embodiment of sound, practical common sense, and possessed just the talent which Englishmen could honour and appreciate. He could not, indeed, like Napoleon, indulge in high-flown tropes and figures, or well-painted pictures of false and meretricious glory, even had it been the genius of Englishmen—which, happily, it never was—to be influenced by such appeals. His entire nature and character were moulded on reality, and he lived to see things exactly as they were, stripped of the false and theatrical halo which circumstances often threw around them. His acute glance and cool judgment pierced at once through the surface which entangles the imagination or kindles the sympathies. Truth, as he loved her, is only to be reached by a rough path and by stern minds. In wars, in politics, and in the ordinary transactions of life, the Duke of Wellington adhered inflexibly to the most precise correctness in word and deed. In fact, his temperament altogether despised and abhorred disguises and exaggerations of all kinds. The fearlessness of his actions was never the result of speculative confidence or presumption, but it consisted, principally, in a just perception of the position in which he stood to his antagonists in the field, or his opponents in the senate. The greatest exploits of his life—the passage of the Douro, the march on Madrid, the victory of Waterloo, and the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill—were performed under no circumstances that could inspire enthusiasm in a mind constituted like his. Nothing but the coolness of the player could have carried him so triumphantly through the scenes in which he was destined to enact so principal and important a character—adverse, as many of them were, to his chances of success, and fraught, as most of them are now known to have been, with consequences no less important than the peace of Europe and the world. He was the foremost man of his age and country; and, as there is always a hero for every great event, we may esteem ourselves fortunate that it pleased the Almighty to spare his life long enough to accomplish the full measure of his great and noble actions. If any reflection could decrease the grief which the nation feels at the loss of her noblest son, it would be that he has not outlived his fame, and that he is gone to the grave with no duty neglected and no honours undeserved.

THE BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The "Great Captain," who has just passed from among us, was born, according to the generally received opinion, at Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath, Ireland, on the first of May, 1769; a year, rendered conspicuous by the birth of his great opponents, Napoleon Bonaparte and Marshal Soult. Other accounts give the 30th of April as the day of his birth, and Mornington House, Merrion-square, Dublin, as the place in which that important event took place. Though born in Ireland, the family of the duke were undoubtedly of English extraction. The Colleys, or Cowleys, the ancestors on the female side, came originally from Rutlandshire, having emigrated to Ireland in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and the Wesleys, the male branch, were of an ancient family in Sussex, who made the sister island their home at a still earlier period. In the middle of the sixteenth century the Cowleys became of considerable importance in the counties of Kildare and Meath, in both of which they acquired, by public grants and otherwise, considerable possessions; and one of them, Sir Henry Cowley, received the honour of knighthood in the reign of Elizabeth. An intermarriage with the daughter of Sir Thomas Cusack, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, still further increased the importance of the family. Upon the Restoration, Henry Dudley Colley—whose name is written indifferently as Colley, Cooley, or Cowley, and who had faithfully adhered to the fortunes of the first Charles—received a substantial recognition of his loyalty, by the grant of various lands. One of the daughters of this gentleman married Garrett Wesley, of Dangan Castle, county Meath, in the year 1728, and thus the families became united. Richard Cowley, in default of a male heir, succeeded to the estate of the Wesleys, and assumed the name. He was sheriff of Meath, served in parliament for the borough of Trim; and in the year 1747 was created Baron of Mornington, in Ireland, by George the Second. His son Garrett became a marquis, and about the year 1797, adopted the name of Wellesley—a name since become famous in the councils of the nation. It was, however, under that of Arthur Wesley, that the future duke was known in his early youth. The name of Wesley suggests other thoughts than those of military fame and glory; and there is a curious story told by Southey in his speculative reflections, which we may here insert. It is said that when Charles, the brother of John Wesley, was at Westminster school, his father received a letter from an Irish gentleman, who proposed to adopt his son and make him his heir; but the offer, unaccountable as it appears, was declined, and the Richard Cowley, mentioned above, was adopted by the eccentric owner of Dangan. Thus, concludes Southey, "had the transfer really been made, we might have had no methodists; the British Empire in India might still have been menaced from Seringapatam, and the undisputed tyrant of Europe might still have insulted and threatened us on our own shores." The son of Richard Wesley, became, as we have mentioned above, the Earl of Mornington and Viscount Wellesley, and married Anne, daughter of Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon, by whom he had issue nine children,—four of these have become famous in history,—the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Maryborough, the Duke of Wellington, and Baron Cowley.

By the death of his father, the marquis, in 1781, Arthur Wellesley, who was christened after his maternal grandfather, was left to the entire care and guidance of the Countess. It has been often observed that clever mothers make clever sons; and in this instance there was no departure from the rule. The Countess of Mornington was a woman of considerable talent, piety, and strength of character, and it is to her teaching and example that the world probably owes much of that nobility of mind and singleness of purpose which distinguished the Duke during the whole course of a very long life. He was sent early to Eton, where he made but slow progress in the

various studies suited to his age and station. Indeed, his backwardness in this respect is said to have caused great uneasiness to his parent, and to have had some influence in the selection of his future profession.

From Eton our hero proceeded to a private seminary at Brighton, and from thence to the Military College at Angers in France. Here, though the young student left no signal reputation behind him, it is clear that his time must have been productively employed. The director of the seminary at Angers, the well-known Pignerol, was an engineer of high repute, and the opportunity of acquiring, not only professional knowledge but a mastery over the French tongue,—at that time more rare than it is now,—must have been of signal advantage to Wellington in his eventful future. This education, such as it was,—and there is reason to believe that it was at least in advance of the age,—occupied a period of about six years, and on the 7th of March, 1789, at the age of about eighteen, we find the Hon. Arthur Wellesley gazetted as Ensign in the 73rd—some say the 41st—regiment of foot.

We come now to consider

HIS FIRST MILITARY EXPERIENCES.

The influence of Arthur Wellesley's family connexions and his own military predilections, which even at his early age were conspicuous, made the promotion of the young ensign as rapid as his first achievements were brilliant.—On the 25th of December 1787*—he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 79th foot. In two years subsequently, he exchanged into the 12th light dragoons; and on the 30th of June, 1788, he was made captain in the 58th regiment of foot. In the succeeding year he returned into the cavalry service, by exchanging into the 18th light dragoons. Rapid as this promotion was, it did not end here, for we find that in 1793, he received his majority in the 33rd foot; and in the same year he was (by purchase) appointed lieutenant-colonel of that regiment. Until this period the youthful soldier (for he was scarcely in his 24th year) had seen nothing of active service; this however, did not last long, for in May, 1794, his regiment was ordered from the Cove of Cork to join the army under the command of the late Duke of York, which needed reinforcements, in consequence of the reverses of the British army and its allies in the Low Countries. His regiment landed at Ostend, and garrisoned that city. The diversion made by Lord Moira, to relieve the army of the Duke of York, necessarily brought the 33rd regiment into the field.

The first military operation performed by the conqueror of Waterloo was the evacuation of a town in the face of the enemy. The 33rd had been landed at Ostend; but when Lord Moira, who had the chief command of the reinforcements sent out, arrived at that port with the main body, he saw reason for promptly withdrawing the garrison and abandoning the place. Orders were issued accordingly, and though the republicans, under Pichegru, were at the gates of the town before the English had quitted it, the 33rd was safely embarked. Lord Moira by a flank march effected a timely junction with the Duke of York at Malines. Colonel Wellesley took his corps round by the Scheldt, and landed at Antwerp, whence he moved without delay to the head quarters of the Duke. This was in July, 1794. The operations which followed, and which terminated in the following spring with the re-embarkation of British troops at Bremerlehe, a town at the mouth of the Weser, constituted Arthur Wellesley's first campaign. They do not, for the purposes of our memoir, require any circumstantial description. The total force of the Allied Powers was strong, but it was extended over a long line of country, composed of heterogeneous troops, and commanded by generals, not only independent, but suspicious of each other's decisions. In the face of an enemy, first animated by desperation and then intoxicated by success, there existed no unity of plan or concert of movements. After the defeat sustained by the Austrians at Fleurus, the campaign was resolved into a retreat on the part of the Allies, and pursuit of fortune on the part of the French. The Austrians were on the middle Rhine, the British on the Meuse. The route taken by the Duke of York in his successive retirements from one position to another lay through Breda, Bois le Duc, and Nimeguen, at which latter place he maintained himself against the enemy with some credit. Early in December, however, he resigned his command to General Walmoden, and returned to England, leaving the unfortunate division to struggle with even greater difficulties than they had yet experienced. Disengaged by repeated triumphs from their Austrian antagonists, the Republican forces closed in tremendous strength round the English and their comrades. The winter set in with such excessive severity that the rivers were passable for the heaviest class of cannon, provisions were scanty, and little aid was forthcoming from the inhabitants against either the inclemency of the season or the casualties of war. It was found necessary to retire into Westphalia, and in this retreat, which was commenced on the 15th of January, 1795, the troops are said to have endured for some days privations and sufferings little short of those encountered by the French in the Moscow campaign. So deep was the snow that all traces of roads were lost, waggons laden with sick and wounded were unavoidably abandoned, and to straggle from the column was to perish. The enemy were in hot pursuit, and the population undisguisedly hostile to their nominal allies. At length the Yssel was crossed, and the troops reposed for a while in cantonments along the Ems; but as the French still prepared to push forward, the allied force continued its retreat, and as they entered Westphalia the tardy appearance of a strong Prussian corps secured them from further molestation till the embarcation took place.

THE DUKE'S INDIAN ACHIEVEMENTS.

On the return of Colonel Wellesley to England, after his first campaign, his regiment was ordered to the West Indies, and in the autumn of the above year, it joined the fleet at Southampton, under the command of Admiral Christian. But a list of accidents, arising from changeable winds and adverse circumstances, obliged the fleet to return to port. The unfavourable weather which prevented Wellington's departure, can be looked on as a kind of Providence, for before the fleet could put to sea again, a change of orders arrived, which obliged him to proceed to India, a far more worthy field for his exertions. In the spring of the next year, the 33rd received directions to embark for Bengal; but the ill-health of its colonel,—which at that time was so frequent as to cause serious alarm to the family—obliged him to remain behind. But a favourable change took place, which enabled him to join the troops at the Cape; and, in the February of 1797, he landed at Calcutta—the principal city of the present Bengal presidency, and the theatre of his renowned military triumphs.

The success which awaited the future hero of Spain was great indeed, contrasted with the unfortunate issue of the contest in the Low Countries; and it may, perhaps, be considered a fortunate circumstance for Colonel Wellesley that, on his arrival in India, he found himself in active co-operation with one who could so well understand his peculiar position and character as his brother, Lord Mornington, the then Governor-General of India.

It may be as well, perhaps, to say here a few words in explanation of the position of Indian affairs, and of the persons with whom our hero was thus brought suddenly into contact.

"In 1797 there still existed, and in something more than name, a Great Mogul, that is to say, a representative of that Mogul or Tartar dynasty which since the commencement of the sixteenth century had established itself in the Imperial sovereignty of India. He was not, however, directly possessed of any substantial power, though there was eager competition for the exercise of his traditional authority. He resided at Delhi, and in histories of this period is often termed 'the king,' a title which, though afterwards conferred by us on the Nabob of Oude, was long considered in India as the exclusive property of the supreme territorial lord. The power lost by this monarch in the decline of his dominion had been seized by two classes of people—his own lieutenants, who had converted their governments into independent heritages; and his Hindoo subjects, who had embraced the opportunity of renouncing an allegiance which they had never willingly or perhaps absolutely acknowledged. Of the former class were the Nabobs of Oude and Bengal in Hindostan, *i.e.*, in that part of India commonly so called, which is north of the Nerbudda river, and the still more powerful lieutenant who administered singly the whole of the 'Deccan' or 'South,' under which designa-

* Life of Wellington. By Col. John Montmorency Tucker. London: Willoughby and Co.

tion was nominally comprised almost all the southern portion of the peninsula exclusive of 'the Carnatic,' a name attached to its south-eastern districts, between the river Kistnah and Cape Comorin. The first of these princes was usually termed 'the Nabob-Vizier,' or 'Vizier,' in consequence of that office having been monopolised by his family during the decline of the Mogul empire. The second, the 'Nabob, or 'Subahdar' of Bengal, had been conquered by us at Plassey, and we had virtually assumed his inheritance ourselves. The third, he of the Deccan, was termed the 'Nizam,' or 'Lieutenant,'—a title which had been given purely for personal distinction to the first Viceroy of this province on his accepting office, but which had been perpetuated in favour of his successors, as we see to this day. The Carnatic was not held immediately of the Mogul sovereign, but of his lieutenant in the Deccan, who thus claimed the allegiance of a feudatory not greatly inferior to himself. The prince in question was called the Nabob of the Carnatic, or, more familiarly, from his place of residence, the Nabob of Arcot. These were the Mahometan powers with which we had then to deal."

The Hindoo pretenders to dominion were represented by the Mahrattas, a powerful and warlike tribe of the Malabar coast, which had successfully resisted the great Aurungzebe, and which had turned to such profit the imbecility of his successors as to have almost revived in their own favour the imperial claims of the Moguls themselves. They had extended their power by despatching their great captains in various directions on the common errand of conquest, such conquests to be retained by the individual victors on condition of allegiance and tribute payable to the supreme family. This family held court originally at Sattara, under a title which has been made familiar to the present generation by the importunities of its *soi-disant* representative; but the Rajahs of Sattara had been superseded in all effective or cognizable authority by the 'Peishwa' or 'chief' of their own privy council—an office which had been made hereditary in a particular family, and to which the princely power had been wholly transferred. The Peishwa resided at Poonah, but his lieutenants had already assumed an independence little less substantial than that of the Mogul viceroys just described. One named Scindiah, then the most formidable of the cousinhood, had established himself in Malwa, and was pretending to extraordinary dominion in western Hindostan; another, named Holkar, had set up his standard a little to the south of Scindiah, in the town of Indore; the Bhonsla family were settled with great possessions at Nagpore, in the north-east of the Deccan; and the 'Guicowar,' or 'herdsman,' was installed in the government of Guzerat, contiguous to the Peishwa's territory. Of this great and formidable Mahratta confederacy only two members now survive as substantive powers of India—the Guicowar, still called by his ancestral appellative, and the Nagpore prince, at present styled the Rajah of Berar; the Peishwa's prerogatives having been extinguished and absorbed by Lord Hastings in 1819, and Scindiah and Holkar having succumbed in the stubborn contests which we shall have presently to recount. It will further be requisite to mention that an inconsiderable Hindoo principality in the south had been usurped by a Mahometan adventurer, who was consolidating an inheritance with true Oriental success, and that the Abdalla empire, founded about forty years previously in Affghanistan, was still vigorously administered by Zemaum Shah, the identical prince visited by our generals but the other day. Our remarks refer to a period of Indian history so comparatively early, that any actor in these half-forgotten scenes appears like a phantom of the past; but it will stimulate our interest in the subject before us, if we endeavour to realize to our own imaginations that the grey-headed old soldier who but yesterday was riding down Whitehall was the identical hero, who fifty years since drove Dowlut Rao to capitulate, and packed off Dhoondiah on the carriage of a galloper gun. It is strange that the commander of an army should be one of its last survivors.

"The position of the Indian Government relatively to the Home Administration was not, when Colonel Wellesley arrived in those parts, materially different from that which exists at present. The great step of identifying those prodigious acquisitions with the dominions of the British Crown had virtually been taken already; and Lord Cornwallis, in the last war, had wielded, to Tippoo's cost, the resources of an empire instead of the arms of a company. A few years earlier Indi had scarcely been reputed among the fields open to th soldiers of the British army, and regiments were reluctantl despatched to quarters not looked upon at first with an favourable eye. But the scene had been changed by lat achievements; and though a command in India was not wha it has since become, it was an object of reasonable ambition Napoleon pretended, even after the victories of Seringapatan and Assaye, to slight the services of a 'sepoy general,' bu Wellesley established for the school, in the eyes of all Europe a reputation which it has never since lost."

No sooner had Colonel Wellesley arrived in India than h found himself engaged in active service. As has been stated the Marquis of Wellesley (then Lord Mornington) was nomi nated Governor-General of India. He went out with th desire and hope of governing in peace and order, and, lik many great men since, found himself immediately involved i war and discord. Tippoo Sultaun, the deadly and treacherou enemy of the English, had at that time concluded a peace with the East India Company. But the treaty was one of word only; and scarcely had Lord Mornington commenced the civi government of the country when he found enemies on all side of him intriguing with the French for the purpose of expellin the English at once and for ever from the peninsula of India While Tippoo was ostensibly at peace with England, he wa covertly carrying on negotiations with Bonaparte at Cairo and it was with pain and reluctance that the new governo found himself compelled, at all hazards, to declare war against his treacherous ally. At that time Englishmen considere Egypt as the high road to India; and the occupation of th latter country by Napoleon was therefore sufficient cause fo alarm and precaution. On the 22nd of February, 1799, there fore, war was formally declared against the Sultaun.

But Tippoo was fully prepared, and made an unexpecte attack on an advanced brigade of English at Sadasee, but wa repulsed with severe loss. Near Mallavilly, on the 27th o March, the Mysore army was discovered in position; an actio ensued, and the Sultaun was again defeated. Frequent an severe skirmishes took place, in all of which the 33rd wer successful. Colonel Wellesley, in addition to the command c the troops, was invested about this time with a sort of semi diplomatic power, he being one of a commission accompanyin the grand army under General Harris.

Of course, as we do not write for military readers, we shal be excused if we do not go into detail with regard to the seve ral engagements in India in which Wellington played an im portant part. The invading forces having penetrated into th dominions of Mysore, were speedily brought into actual coll sion with the enemy; and on the 4th of April the army, und the supreme command of General Harris, ably seconded b Colonel Wellesley and General Baird, arrived in effecti condition before the walls of Seringapatam.

THE CONQUEST OF SERINGAPATAM.

"Who shall take Seringapatam?" was the boasting questic of Tippoo Saib, when, standing on its ramparts, he saw t British encamp before it.

"Between the camp of the besiegers and the walls of th famous fortress stretched a considerable extent of irregular ar broken ground, affording excellent cover to the enemy for a noying the British lines with musketry and rocket practic At one extremity was a "tope" or grove, called the Sultau pettah tope, composed mainly of betel trees and intersected l numerous watercourses for the purposes of irrigation. Th first operations of the besiegers were directed to the occupati of a position so peculiarly serviceable to the party maintainin it. Accordingly, on the night of the 4th, General Baird w ordered to scour this tope—a commission which he discharg without encountering any opposition. Next morning, Tippoo troops were again seen to occupy it in great force, on whi General Harris resolved to repeat the attack on the succee ing night, and to retain the position when carried. The du was intrusted on this occasion to Colonel Wellesley with t 33rd and a native battalion, which was to be supported by a other detachment of similar strength under Colonel Shaw This was the famous affair of which so much has been sa and which, with such various colourings, has been describ as the first service of Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

receiving the order, Colonel Wellesley addressed to his commander the following note, remarkable as being the first of that series of despatches which now constitute so extraordinary a monument of his fame :—

'*To Lieutenant-General Harris, Commander-in-Chief.*

'Camp, 5th April, 1799.

'My dear Sir,—I do not know where you mean the post to be established, and I shall therefore be obliged to you if you will do me the favour to meet me this afternoon in front of the lines and show it to me. In the meantime I will order my battalions to be in readiness.

'Upon looking at the tope as I came in just now, it appeared to me that when you get possession of the bank of the Nullah you have the tope as a matter of course, as the latter is in the rear of the former. However, you are the best judge, and I shall be ready.—I am, my dear Sir, your most faithful servant,

'ARTHUR WELLESLEY.'

This letter has been often appealed to as evidence of that brevity, perspicacity, and decision afterwards recognised as such notable characteristics of the great duke's style. Without stopping to challenge the criticism, we would rather point to it as signally exemplifying the change which had taken place in the young colonel's official position since we last saw him in the Dutch campaign. Instead of simply conducting a regiment, we now find him, though still only a colonel, in command of a powerful division of an army, influencing the character of its operations, corresponding on terms of freedom with the General-in-Chief, and preserving his despatches for the edification of posterity. Reserving, however, any further comment on these circumstances, we must now state that the attack in question was a failure. Bewildered in the darkness of the night, and entangled in the difficulties of the tope, the assaulting parties were thrown into confusion, and, although Shawe was enabled to report himself in possession of the post assigned to him, Colonel Wellesley was compelled, as the general records in his private diary, to come, "in a good deal of agitation, to say he had not carried the tope." When daylight broke, the attack was renewed with instantaneous success, showing at once what had been the nature of the obstacles on the previous night; but the affair has been frequently quoted as Wellington's 'only failure,' and the particulars of the occurrence were turned to some account in the jealousies and scandals from which no camp is wholly free. The reader will at once perceive that the circumstances suggest no discussion whatever. A night attack, by the most natural of results, failed of its object, and was successfully executed the next morning as soon as the troops discovered the nature of their duties.

When these advanced posts had fallen into our hands, the last hour of Tippoo's reign might be thought to have struck, and the final results of the expedition to be beyond peril. But there is an aspect of facility about Indian campaigning which is extremely delusive to those inexperienced in its risks. All goes apparently without a check, and all is thought easy and insignificant; but the truth is, that a single check, however slight, will often turn the whole tide of success. It is the characteristic of this warfare, that reverses which in other countries would be endured without serious damage, are here liable to be fatal. To our check before the little fort of Kalunga, in 1814, we owed probably the duration and losses of the Nepaul war, and it has been credibly averred that if the ingenious operations of our officers had failed before the gates of Ghuznee, the disasters of the Cabul retreat would have been anticipated in that first Affghan expedition, which now reads like a triumphal march. It is true that Tippoo's forces proved unequal to encounter in the field even the weakest of the invading armies, and that our position before Seringapatam had been taken up without any resistance proportioned to the renown or resources of our enemy. But the fort was extremely strong, the place unhealthy to the last degree, and any material protraction of the siege would have exhausted the provisions of the army and given time for the season to do its work. The river Cauvery is periodically swelled during the monsoon, and, had this occurred earlier than usual, the siege must have been raised, and a disastrous retreat—for in India all retreats are disastrous—must have been the inevitable consequence. As it was, the Commander-in-Chief was full of apprehensions, and Sir John Malcolm used in after days to relate an anecdote which shows better than any calculation how many chances still remained in Tippoo's favour. On the day appointed for the storm he entered the general's tent and saluted him by anticipation with the title which proved afterwards the reward of his services. 'Malcolm,' was the serious reply of the old chief, 'this is no time for compliments. We have serious work on hand. Don't you see that the European sentry over my tent is so weak from want of food and exhaustion that a Sepoy could push him down? We must take this fort or perish in the attempt. I have ordered Baird to persevere in his attack to the last extremity; if he is beat off, Wellesley is to proceed with the troops from the trenches; if he also should not succeed, I shall put myself at the head of the remainder of the army, for success is necessary to our existence.'

"In fact, these arrangements had been actually made. Colonel Wellesley, whose unremitting attention to all the duties of the siege is shown in a multiplicity of despatches, and the value of whose suggestions is proved by their effect upon the operations, received orders to head the reserve in the advanced trenches and to await the success of the storm. The fighting in the batteries had already been desperate and the losses heavy, but 2,500 Europeans still survived to lead the assault, and a chosen column of Sepoys followed them. It was midday on the 4th of May. Colonel Wellesley had received reports of the state of the breach, had revised them in terms exactly like those afterwards used at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, had superintended the final preparations, and was expecting the result from his appointed post. 'It was,' says one near him, 'a moment of agony, and we continued with aching eyes to watch the result, until, after a short and appalling interval, we saw the acclivity of the breach covered with a cloud of crimson.' The assault succeeded, and Colonel Wellesley advanced from his position, not to renew a desperate attempt, but to restore some order in the captured city, and to certify the death of our dreaded enemy by discovering his body yet warm and palpitating under a mountain of slain."

Thus fell one of the most famous of Eastern warriors; and his death may be said to have sealed the future fate of independent India. It is not our purpose in this place to enter into any argument for or against the proceedings of the English government in their acquisition of the vast extent of country known as India, nor even to repeat the often-quoted phrase, "that if we had not conquered and retained the peninsula, the French would!" Our present purpose is rather to trace the personal history of the Duke of Wellington, and if this purpose necessitates the relation of battles, and the exigencies of conquerors, it is a consequence of the peculiar relation which the man bore to the events. The memoirs of the Duke of Wellington are written in those wonderful Despatches, which, though not composed with a view to publication, discover the character, and attributes of their author better than any other existing memorial.

After the capture of Seringapatam, the conquered country was divided among the conquerors, the Company reserving only one-fourth portion of the Sultaun's territory to themselves. This conciliatory measure proved of considerable advantage to the stability of India, and by it and other concessions the Company were enabled to gather together their forces, and recruit the strength of the almost exhausted soldiers. Colonel Wellesley formed one of the commission to conduct the treaty of partition; and by his firmness, moderation, and activity, fully warranted the hopes that were entertained of him both as a warrior and a diplomatist.

But such is the state of Eastern politics, and such the nature of Indian warfare, that the successful leader of a native band may be to-day unknown and unfeared, and to-morrow erected into a man of importance and power, with troops and treasure at his command. Such was the case in the present instance. Among the prisoners liberated by the conquerors of the city from the dungeons of Tippoo Saib, was a Mahratta trooper, called Dhoondiah Waugh, "the King of the two worlds!" as he boastingly styled himself. He was a freebooter soldier, who after committing various depredations in the Mysore, was at length captured and thrown into prison by Tippoo. Being liberated, however, on the death of the latter, he cast about him for wherewith to employ his active mind and person. He did not wait in vain. In a little time he found himself at the head of a large company of native warriors; and his first

xploit was to make an incursion into the Baduna provinces, from which he levied contributions by every species of savage warfare. His audacity at last became so great that it was found necessary to check it; in furtherance of which an expedition, formed of British and native troops, and commanded by Colonel Wellesley, set out against him to act with another corps under Colonel Stevenson. On the 3rd of September, Colonel Wellesley's division, consisting of the 19th and 25th dragoons, 1st and 2nd regiments of native cavalry, entered into the territories of the Nizam. The former, from some unforeseen cause, was not able to make such rapid progress as the latter, who came in sight of Dhoondiah's army, at Conaghull, on the 10th. The enemy consisted of upwards of five thousand cavalry. Without waiting for Col. Stevenson's coming up, Colonel Wellesley instantly attacked the "King of the two worlds" (as the despatches call him) in a very strong position. "His Majesty" stood firm for a moment or two, but the impetuosity of the attack was so great that his troops were quickly thrown into confusion, and he himself bit the dust and was killed.

And to render the destruction of these marauders more complete, Colonel Stevenson's division coming into action, routed the enemy with great slaughter, and captured his two remaining guns, all his baggage, camels, bullocks, &c.

Colonel Wellesley's despatches give a description of this warfare against the bands of the "King of the two worlds," in these words.—

"I moved forwards this morning, and m[illegible] (Dhoondiah's) army at a place called Conaghull, about [illegible] miles from hence. He was on his march, and to the west [illegible] apparently with the design of passing between the Mahratta family. [illegible] cavalry and my detachment, which he supposed [illegible] Shinnoor. He had only a large body of cavalry, apparently five thousand, which I immediately attacked with the 19th and 25th dragoons, and first and second regiment of cavalry. The enemy was strongly posted, with his rear and left flank covered by the village and rock of Conaghull, and stood for some time with apparent firmness; but such was the rapidity and determination of the charge made by those four regiments, which I was obliged to form in one line, in order at all to equalise in length that of the enemy, that the whole gave way, and were pursued by my cavalry for many miles. Many, among others Dhoondiah, were killed, and the whole body dispersed, and were scattered in small parties over the face of the country. Part of the enemy's baggage was still remaining in his camp, about three miles from Conaghull; I returned thither, and got possession of elephants, camels, and every thing he had. The complete defeat and dispersion of the enemy's force, and, above all, the death of Dhoondiah, puts an end to this warfare."

From the manner in which Colonel Wellesley relates his pursuit of the "King of the two worlds," it is evident he did not attach any great importance to the campaign in a military point of view. He says—"After I had crossed the Malpurba, it appeared to me very clear, that if I pressed upon the 'King of the two worlds' with my whole force on the northern side of the Dooab, his majesty could either cross the Toombudra with the aid of the Patan chiefs, and would then enter Mysore; or he could return into Savanore, and play the devil with my peaceful communications."

Had Dhoondiah been taken alive, in all probability he would have been executed. Colonel Wellesley's instructions by letter, from Secretary Webb, dated 24th May, 1800, were—"You are to pursue Dhoondiah Waugh, wherever you may find him, and hang him on the first tree."

The corpse of "his majesty" having been found, was lashed to a galloper gun and carried back to the British camp, where it was buried. But we had almost forgotten to mention one circumstance that certainly merits our especial notice, as highly creditable to the humanity of the victor. When the enemy's baggage was overtaken, a boy, about four years of age, the favourite son of Dhoondiah Waugh, was found, and taken to Colonel Wellesley's tent. The colonel not only afforded protection to the orphan, but, on leaving the East for Europe, he deposited a sum of money in the hands of a friend, to defray the expenses of his future maintenance and education. He grew up an intelligent and active youth, and was placed in the service of the Rajah of Mysore; but, unfortunately, died of cholera in the year 1822.

"Thus has ended this warfare, and I shall commence my march in a day or two towards my own country. An honest Killadar of Chinnoor had written to the 'King of the world' by a regular teppale, established for the purpose of giving his intelligence, that I was to be at Nowly on the 8th, and at Chinnoor on the 9th. His majesty was misled by this information, and was nearer me than he expected. The honest Killadar did all he could to detain me at Chinnoor, but I was not to be prevailed upon to stop; and even went so far as to threaten to hang a great man sent to show me the road, who manifested an inclination to show me a good road to a different place. My own and the Marhatta cavalry afterwards prevented any communication between his majesty and the Killadar."

It is not to be concealed (nor should it be), that although he was successful in this brilliant attack and conquest, over Dhoondiah's army, Colonel Wellesley has been censured by high authorities for risking the safety of his division by engaging an enemy of superior force, before the arrival of Colonel Stevenson. Be this as it may, *success did crown his efforts*, and it is somewhat ungracious to say now that it was *contre les regles.**

The result of the operations against Dhoondiah Waugh prevented all further fear in that quarter, and the expedition which had been suggested against the Dutch settlement at Batavia was abandoned. Colonel Wellesley was appointed to a new command at Trincomalee, from which place, however, he removed the troops to Bombay. The Governor-General wished him to join General Baird, in an expedition across the desert—an expedition as wild and fruitless as anything recorded in history. Severe illness,—fortunately, as it would appear,—prevented this wish being accomplished; for there was work of a more exciting and useful description to be done in the scene of his present triumphs, and British interests in India once more required an appeal to arms. The next important position in which we find our hero, is in the

INVASION OF THE MAHRATTA COUNTRY.

The intrigues of the conquered led to a determination on the part of Lord Mornington to invade the Mahratta country, in order to check the advances of the French; and on the 20th of April, 1802, Arthur Wellesley,—having been raised to the rank of Major-General,—was appointed to a division which was intended to form an advance corps to the army of Madras, then on its march towards the banks of the Toombuddra. "By extraordinary exertions, General Wellesley reached Poonah. On the 13th of May, the Peishwa entered the capital, and it was hoped that Scindiah would return quietly to his own country. This hope was vain. Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, who were together in the field, made a menacing movement towards the frontier of our ally, the Nizam. Information was also received of a secret and active correspondence between Scindiah and Holkar; and it was privately known that a league, hostile to the British was on the eve of being concluded.

"Scindiah, having been required to retire behind the Nerbuddah, and separate his troops from those of the Rajah of Berar, evaded the demand, under the usual pleas used in Eastern diplomacy. General Wellesley, who only waited the conclusion of the negociation, on learning that the envoy Colonel Collins, had quitted Scindiah's camp, instantly took the offensive, and advanced on Ahmednuggur.

"This fortress is one of the strongest in India, built of solid stone and chunam, surrounded by a deep dry ditch, with large circular bastions at short intervals, and armed with three or four guns in casemated embrasures, with a terrace above and loop-holes for musketry. The bastions are unusually lofty the curtains short and low, with loop-holes in their narrow ramparts for musketry. The guns (some sixty pieces) upon the bastions were numerous, ranging in their calibre from twelves to fifty-twos; but the casemates were too confined to allow their being effectively employed. The glacis was so abrupt as to cover nearly thirty feet of the walls, affording shelter for an enemy, if they could only get close to the place.

"This formidable place of arms was carried by assault in the most gallant style imaginable—and on the 12th, the surrender of the fort followed that of the city. The reduction o

* J. M Tucker's Life of Wellington.

such a place was obviously a most gallant exploit; and 'Gookla, a Mahratta chief, residing in our camp,' says Colonel Nicholls, 'with a body of horse, wrote thus to his friends at Poonah—"These English are a strange people, and their General a wonderful man. They came here in the morning, looked at the Pettah walls, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast! What can withstand them?"'

"General Wellesley continued his operations. On the 26th he was reinforced by the first battalion of the 10th regiment under Major Dallas, who had escorted safely from Bellary, two thousand bullocks loaded with supplies, with three lacs of pagodas, for the use of the army. The march had been made in nineteen days without a halt; and the opportune arrival of the convoy enabled the English General to continue his advance towards Aurungabad, which place he entered without opposition on the 29th.

"Scindiah, on finding that Aurungabad had fallen, made a movement, as if to threaten Hyderabad; and, for the double purpose of protecting that city and securing large convoys on their route to join his army, General Wellesley, by marching on the eastern bank of the Godavery, effected these important objects. Colonel Stevenson was also actively employed. He carried the fort of Jaulna by assault; and, by a night attack, dispersed a considerable body of the enemy. Hitherto, the confederated chiefs had only hung upon the flanks of the English, with an immense cavalry force, supported by an inconsiderable body of matchlock men: but now they were joined by sixteen battalions of regular infantry, and a train of artillery, amounting to nearly one hundred guns; the whole *corps d' armée*, at a moderate computation, exceeding fifty thousand fighting men.

"The confederates had encamped at Boherdun, and it was determined that the corps under General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson should make a combined attack upon them without delay. Two routes, running east and west, led through the hill country between Budnapoor and Jaulna; and as the defiles were narrow and difficult, it was arranged that Stevenson should move by the western, and Wellesley by the eastern line, and then, with united forces, fall upon Scindiah and his confederates."

The Mahratta chiefs were not idle meanwhile, however. On the contrary, the main body of Scindiah's troops were ready and waiting for the attack of the allies. By the 26th of June, however, the plans of General Wellesley were so far matured as to enable him—with the coolness and far-seeing courage for which he had become celebrated—to lead his troops into the very heart of the Mahratta country. The result of the various manœuvres was the famous

BATTLE OF ASSAYE,

which was fought on the 24th of September. The enemy were entirely routed.

"Though it was clear, both to British and Mahrattas, that the whole campaign was virtually decided by such a triumph as that of Assaye, yet the native chiefs, who, as Wellesley on this occasion described them, were 'rashness personified,' evinced resolutions of provoking yet another battle. Scindiah, it is true, under the combined teaching of Wellesley and Lake, had received a lesson which, to the latest days of his life, he never forgot; but the Rajah of Berar was still in the field, and as General Wellesley two months afterwards was on the Mahratta track to compel adherence to the covenanted stipulations, and to clear the country of any dangerous gatherings, he came one evening upon the whole remaining force of the enemy, drawn up in battle array before the village of Argaum, to renew again the experiment of September. Considering that since the last battle the British had been strengthened almost as much as they themselves had been weakened, it was a forlorn hazard; yet a body of Persian cavalry in the Berar service made a desperate charge on the European regiments, and Scindiah's horsemen, who, notwithstanding the recent treaty, were found in the ranks of our adversaries, made a show of supporting the attack. The advance of the British line, however, was not waited for by the main body of the Mahrattas, who in the hopeless confusion abandoned their guns and fled, but only to fall, through the long hours of a moonlight night, under the sabres of their pursuers.

"With these operations, the capture of some strongholds, and the surprise and destruction of a new competitor for Dhoondiah's fame, ended our first Mahratta war, in which, owing to the genius and energy of our generals, we had prostrated, with incredible rapidity, that redoubtable foe whose enmity had been for years the traditional dread of the Indian government. The personal contributions of Wellesley towards this consummation were well appreciated by those most intimately concerned. The British inhabitants of Calcutta voted him a valuable sword, the native population of Seringapatam received him with unfeigned congratulations on his return, and upon his departure from India, which soon followed, the thanks, the addresses, and the offerings of civilians, soldiers, and presidencies poured upon him in quick succession. A yet more remarkable testimony to the value of his services may be gathered from the opinions of that mighty antagonist with whom, at a future day, he was to compete in deadly grapple for the championship of the world. While Wellesley was clearing the Deccan of England's last enemies, Napoleon was mustering the whole resources of his empire on the heights of Boulogne for a descent on the island of his hate. The flotilla was ready, the camps were formed, and the conveying squadron anxiously expected from the west, when, at this very moment, with a vision of conquest before his eyes, he wavered, as we are now told by his latest biographer, for some weeks together, between the ideas of destroying us by invasion or attacking us through the side of India by reviving the Mahratta war!"

THE DUKE'S RETIREMENT FROM THE COMMAND IN MYSORE.

The consequences of these battles, however questionable they may appear to us at this distance from the scene and time of their accomplishment, may at least be said to have been immediate and successful, for by them the natives were taught to fear a power they had hitherto held in somewhat light esteem, and to acknowledge the supremacy of a nation, which, though thousands of miles distant, was yet paramount to the persons of the brave and irresistible soldiery. To go through the eastern career of General Wellesley, so as to render the relation by any means plain to ordinary readers, would require more space than we have at our command. After nine years service in India, he felt that the time had come when he might retire from the command of the army in Mysore, with credit to himself and honour to his country. On his determination becoming known to his comrades, the utmost regret was exhibited, and the expression of that regret, and of the high sense of their personal friendship and appreciation was conveyed to him in the following noble terms:—

"The officers who served with the division of the army under your immediate command in the Deccan, are desirous of presenting you a pledge of their respect and esteem; and, to express the high idea they have of the gallantry and enterprise that so eminently distinguish you, they request your acceptance of a golden vase, of the value of 2,000 guineas, on which it is proposed to record the principal event that was decisive of the campaign in the Deccan.

"In conveying to you this mark of their esteem, they sincerely add their wishes for your future welfare and prosperity; and their hopes, that when the public claims on your talent allow you repose, this vase may give pleasure to your social habits, in bringing to your remembrance events that add so much to your renown."

On the 9th of March, 1805, General Arthur Wellesley issued a farewell address to the troops he had led through many toils; and, embarking on board the *Trident*, looked his last on the scene of his Indian victories, and arrived in England in September of the same year. During his absence, his important services in the East had earned for him the thanks of his king and the parliament, a Major-generalship, the Knighthood of the Order of the Bath—one of the great prizes looked forward to by the most noble in the land—and the gratitude and admiration of the entire British nation. Once more, then, the conqueror of British India set foot on the shores of his native land.

"In reviewing General Wellesley's Indian career, strong evidence will be found to prove how much the actions of military commanders are obnoxious to misrepresentation, and how little their most brilliant efforts are appreciated or understood. At Seringapatam the night attacks upon the Sultaunpet were

set forth under Wellesley as a defeat, and under Baird as an achievement, and yet, in point of fact, no analogy existed between them. To enter an undefended post is an exploit on which no soldier plumes himself; and, on the night of the 4th of May, the whole position did not contain a matchlock. On the 5th the entire chain of posts, tope and aqueduct, village and enclosures, all were crowded with the Sultaun's best troops; and in the dense darkness an attack failed, which in daylight proved successful. Regarding the battle of Assaye, still more absurd remarks were hazarded; and the victor was accused of rashness in risking an engagement, when the most brilliant consequences resulted from its successful issue. Never were conclusions more fallacious than in asserting that Wellesley's attack at Assaye was a hasty or incautious experiment. It was a daring but a deliberate effort, for no alternative was left. Deceived by false intelligence, and once fairly in presence of the enemy, retreat was vain, and quick decision and iron nerve alone saved General Wellesley in this alarming exigency.

"To family influence Wellington's earlier success has been mainly attributed; and none will deny that the patronage of his gifted brother first opened to the young soldier that arduous path which ultimately led to fame and fortune; but who shall assert that the outbreakings of a master-mind were not discernible from the first moment when he received an independent command; and that, in an affair which was little more than the destruction of a brigand, the same system of quick but cautious movement, the seizure of momentary advantage in attack, were not as clearly demonstrated in the suppression of the robber horde as when he defeated his scientific opponent at Salamanca, or, by beautiful combinations, achieved his triumph at Vittoria? To compare events like these may appear preposterous; but let it be remembered, that intuitive ability and military tact may be as fully exhibited in bringing off a picket when endangered as in conducting the retreat of a division.

"In Wellesley's earlier successes, two circumstances connected with them strike us as being most remarkable; the enormous masses of organised men over whom his triumphs were achieved, and the scanty means with which these brilliant victories were effected. Small as the latter were, in examining the proportionate strength of his armies, his British soldiers did not exceed a fourth of the whole; and with his native troops—Mussalman opposed to Mussulman—Scindiah was routed at Assaye, and Gawilghur, esteemed hitherto impregnable, carried by assault."

HIS MARRIAGE, &c.

On the return to England he received the thanks of parliament, and was speedily appointed to a command under Lord Cathcart, in an expedition intended for the continent. The Battle of Austerlitz and the successes of Napoleon, however, prevented for the present the expedition being carried forward. He was then appointed to the home command of the Sussex district, and returned to the House of Commons as representative of Rye, and made his maiden speech in an English House of Commons in favour of Lord Mornington's government of India. On that occasion, as on others, both before and since, there were not wanting men ready to complain, and others proud to defend, the actions and policy of men in office; and the defence of his brother has been considered not only as a piece of plain out-spoken rhetoric, but as a graceful act of kindness in a young and promising officer. About this period the attention of the public was first directed to the parliamentary reports in the daily papers. The death of the Marquis Cornwallis, then Colonel of the 33rd, opened the way for further promotion for General Wellesley; and he who had been the lieutenant-colonel for thirteen years, was now appointed Commander of this famous regiment.

A change of administration taking place at this time, Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, under the lord-lieutenancy of the Duke of Richmond. The capacity for business possessed by the young soldier was soon displayed; and the Registration of Arms Bill remain as a monument of his useful labours in this respect.

About this time (1806), he was married to the Hon. Catherine Pakenham, sister to the third Earl of Longford. It is said that he had paid his addresses to this lady during his minority, and had been refused. The marriage, however, was not a happy one. The lady died in 1831, after bringing him two sons, both of whom entered the army, and at present hold the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Next year (1807) the British determined to anticipate Napoleon at Copenhagen by a stroke of policy equal to his own; and for this purpose sent a force to seize the Danish ships—a kind of argument so very forcible that a bloodless capitulation was the speedy consequence. In this expedition Sir Arthur was employed as a matter of course; and so well did he acquit himself, that in his history M. Thiers compliments him as the greatest hero of the time, and tells French readers that the greatest achievements of Sir Arthur Wellesley—greater even than all that had been accomplished in India—were his diplomatic services at Copenhagen.

We shall now have to follow the great leader into a new scene, and transfer the theatre of his operations from India to Europe; but ere we enter on a review of his more brilliant acts in the Spanish peninsula and the field of Waterloo, we may pause awhile to consider the character of the man, besides that of his great French opponent. Both Wellington and Napoleon, says an acute writer, like most great generals, were eminently endowed with administrative talents, and both conceived themselves peculiarly gifted in matter of finance. The Duke is even said to have expressed his opinion that his true genius was rather for the Exchequer than the War-office. At one of the most critical conjunctures of the Peninsular War he drew up a most able paper on the true principles of Portuguese banking, and at Seringapatam after very serious evils had been experienced from a long-standing debasement of the coinage, a memorandum was accidentally discovered in the treasury from the pen of Colonel Wellesley, every prediction and observation of which had been exactly verified by events. On this point, no less than on the question of military strategy, the gigantic scale on which the French Emperor acted precludes any effective comparison with operations in a smaller sphere. It would be ridiculous to question Napoleon's extraordinary genius for organisation in the face of such imperishable records as remain. But in estimating these creations his unparalleled facilities of action should be taken into account. With no opinions to consult, no interests to reconcile, no claims to adjust—with a *tabula rasa* of all rights, prejudices, institutions, and establishments, it was not very difficult for a creative genius to occupy itself with the task of constructing anew. Wellington enjoyed no such opportunities. His abilities were tasked in a Government where all progress is the result of compromise, where no interest is destroyed without compensation, where the most resolute Minister is forced to qualify his own convictions in deference to those of his opponents, and where every act has to sustain the tedious ordeal of Parliamentary discussion. We do not say that Wellington possessed Napoleon's power of administration. But it should also not be forgotten that their respective spheres of action admit of no comparison, and that the Duke's conclusions, if less brilliant than the conceptions of his antagonist, have proved better calculated for the test of experience. The characteristic of Wellington's mind was that sterling good sense which is said to distinguish the capacities of his countrymen in general. This peculiar merit is visible in every line of his despatches and in every act of his career. He never neglected opportunities of observation. While stopping at Madras, on his first voyage to Calcutta, he so acquainted himself with the administration of that Presidency that the Mysore war found his local knowledge already prepared. Before hostilities commenced with Scindiah, he had studied the features of the debateable ground, and drawn up minutes on the management of the Mahratta campaign. He was found prepared, when the emergency arrived, with memoranda for operations in Egypt, in Portugal and in Spain. He gave advice to Louis and Ferdinand, which, if followed, might have saved many of the revolutions he lived to see. He was never credulous nor enthusiastic, bigoted nor vindictive. He restrained the exasperation of Blucher in 1815, and threw his weight on the side of moderation in the councils of Vienna. He never set human nature at more or less than it was worth. He made allowance for passions, interests, and contingencies, computed things at their true value, and deduced conclusions which were rarely wrong. (*To be continued.*)

LETTERS TO WORKING MEN.

No. I.—Introductory.

In addressing myself especially to you, my friends, it may be thought, by some, that the field of my labours will be too narrow and restricted, and that by the phrase Working Men, I intend that only the actual labourers in field and at forge, in mine and in factory, in workshop and in warehouse, should benefit by anything I may have to advance. But it is not so in fact,—for, though the writers of this Magazine have always before them the idea that they are addressing a class of readers never before or elsewhere selected as a special audience, it must not be forgotten, that by the second title of this work the conductor professes to be a Family Instructor, as well as a Working Man's Friend. In a series of articles which have already appeared under the general title of the Working Man, there have been given, as you know, such directions and advice as were deemed needful for the edification and guidance of the young among you. It is now proposed that those familiar letters shall be resumed upon a wider and more comprehensive plan. You know the nature of the subjects on which you have already been addressed—the duties, behaviour, and conduct of working men, the importance of the laws by which your labours are governed, and various other highly valuable hints and lessons. In the present series, will be embraced such matters as the History and Importance of Life Assurance, the Value of a Vote, and how to obtain it, the Rationale of Building and Land Societies, with many other subjects equally interesting and valuable.

Of course it need scarcely be said, in this place, that whatever tends to the improvement and refinement of society generally, must be of the utmost interest and importance to the working man. Labour is honourable, we must never forget that. Nor that, from the people—that is to say, the great mass of unknown, striving, persevering men,—have arisen all the great ideas which distinguish the present era. As the poet says,—

> "Nothing of honour, or riches, or worth,
> But hard-fisted labour has been at its birth."

Now, I do not mean to tell you that labour is the end of your life or mine, or that of itself, in the abstract, the idea of work is pleasant; but I do mean to declare that labour is the necessity of our existence, and that, as such, we should strive, by every means in our power, to render it as painless as possible. We labour—all of us, the hand that guides the pen no less than the arm that wields the axe—that in the end we may retire from toil and be at ease—that old age may find us no longer compelled to brave the summer's heat or the winter's cold; and that when death, the great consoler, shall call us away as a sentinel from his watch, we may be found prepared to obey the summons. Knowing all this, and being armed and ready to battle with the doubts, difficulties, and dangers which beset our path—looking forward continually to the great worldly object of our labour, emancipation from toil, it behoves us all that we should let no opportunity escape us of making ourselves acquainted with all that may be necessary for the accomplishment of that object. And that not only should we *know* what is right and fitting to our condition, but knowing, we should *practise* also. To you, my friends, it is of especial importance that you should so comport yourselves to the world, that the world may learn to respect you more than it has hitherto. Too long has it been the fashion to decry the men of toil, and to represent them as brutal, immoral, improvident, careless, ignorant; too long have the prejudices of education, or the want of it, been allowed to step between the workers and what are called the upper classes; too long have working men themselves nourished feelings of dislike and suspicion against those whom the all-seeing wisdom of God has placed above them in the social scale; but it is to be hoped that the spirit of the era will soon remove and ignore such idle, useless, and absurd untruths. It is for you, working men, to convince the world of your value in it. And this you may do without government assistance or royal patronage. This you may accomplish by the exercise of your own good sense, and courage, and patience, and perseverance and faith.

There is a story told of how a prisoner, confined within the four walls of a dreary dungeon, actually worked his way out into the open air with no tool or weapon but a rusty nail; and there is another, which you possibly may have read, of a weak and helpless man, who, after spending many years in a French fortress, watched constantly by jealous eyes, found pleasure and consolation in tending the growth of a little weed which grew up between the interstices of the stones of the parapet on which he was allowed to take his daily walk. We may draw a special meaning and lesson from these little stories. You, my dear friends, are prisoners, confined, hemmed in, pent-up, and breathing hardly, within the barriers which ignorance and prejudice, and the usages of society have built up around you; you, too, must escape and be free, though you have no other weapon than a rusty nail; you too have little human flowers to tend within your prison walls, and it is for you to transplant them into better soil, where they may be tended carefully and breathe the pure air of the mountains. But how accomplish this great escape from poverty and want, and discontent and ignorance, and toil? How rear the tender plant which pines for light and nourishment? How accomplish your deliverance from the prison of your own follies and vices? You know how. You have irresistible weapons in the patience, exertion, and faith with which God has endowed you all. You have no harder task than to exercise the faculties with which you are entrusted; no greater anxieties in your sphere than other men in theirs; but by prudence and care you may win for yourselves a deliverance from the prison of debt and bad habits, and vicious courses; and so in time you may see grow up about you precious flowers, which shall shadow your ripe old age and hang like a glory round your dying bed. Go forward, then, with a stout heart and fearless resolution, and doubt not but that you may accomplish for yourselves that liberty for which the idle and the improvident hope in vain.

> Labour is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
> Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
> Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
> Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
> Labour is glory! the flying cloud lightens;
> Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
> Idle hearts only the dark future frightens.
> Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.
>
> Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
> Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow;
> Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow;
> Work with a stout heart and resolute will.
> Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
> Labour—all labour is noble and holy

It may not be necessary that I should again address you in this strain. You know that the social and political salvation of yourselves and your children is in your own hands. Exercise, then, the powers which God and the free laws of your country have made your own, and strive to win for yourselves that which acts of parliament can never accomplish,—the respect of the world and an eventual release from daily toil.

THE ORDER OF THE LONE STAR.

"I DIE FOR MY BELOVED CUBA," were the last words of that extraordinary man, whose piratical invasion of Cuba, and whose ignominious death, attracted public attention not many months ago. Many of those who gathered around to witness his death agony and saw the man garrotted, pitied but condemned him. To others his death was a martyrdom, and they recognized in him the noblest virtue and most exalted heroism. His short, brilliant career—brilliant to those who see in martial glory something to admire—his defeat and lonely wanderings on foot, till nature gave way, and he could hold out no longer—the extensive preparations made for his execution in the field of La Puerto, all gained for him a sort of renown, and added interest to his life and death—an interest that did not die out, that could not be destroyed, that would not be extinguished—that, though not blazing out conspicuously at once, burnt on with a steady radiance, and that at last is beginning to manifest itself in America in a new and unexpected manner.

Another Cuban conspiracy is on foot. It takes the form of a well-organized, and wide-spread political association It is known as the Order of the Lone Star In New York there are seven or eight divisions, embracing several thousands of members, who have all bound themselves to march at a moment's warning to Cuba. Eminent soldiers, merchants, physicians, lawyers, editors, and even divines, are active and influential members of this Order, and are rapidly filling its coffers with gold. The following particulars respecting the origin, progress, and objects of the Lone Star, have been derived from authentic sources, and may therefore be relied upon. It is translated from the Spanish, and has been prepared by order of the President-General of the LONE STAR.

"The insurrection that was organized by General Don Narciso Lopez, at Trinidad and Cienfuegos, and which was discovered by the government in July, 1848; the expedition of Round Island, prepared by Lopez, by means of funds supplied by the Cubans, and connected with the patriots resident upon the island, in August, 1849, that of Cardenas, in May, 1850, to which the Spanish guard of Cardenas was joined; that of the Cleopatra, prepared also by Lopez, in April, 1851, by means of funds sent from Cuba, and the insurrection of Puerto Principe and Trinidad, were public deeds which have borne witness to the revolution of Cuba, and which stamped Lopez as the chief of the Cuban patriots. Prolific of deeds and glory, and at the same time unfortunate for Cuba, has been the year 1851. In April, the Cleopatra expedition, which was to have been the nucleus of the operations in Cuba, when upon the point of sailing, was discovered and dispersed by the betrayal of one of the party. The fourth of July, desperation obliged the Cubans to raise the cry of liberty at Puerto Principe, the 24th of the same month, the citizens of Trinidad answered the movement of the patriots of Camaguey; the 12th of August, the formidable Lopez landed upon the shores of Cuba, with four hundred valiant men; that very day the blood was shed, on the scaffold, of the hero of San Carlos (Aguero) and four of his comrades; on the 18th, Armenteros and ten more were immolated to the fury of despotism. Meanwhile the hosts of the Spanish army ran away, frightened, before the unconquerable Lopez, abandoning their wounded general, and leaving the soil covered with corpses. In other places, great numbers of patriots, who came ready to unite themselves to the standard of liberty, when about to cross the enemy's lines, were assassinated and cruelly murdered by those who ran away shamefully in the field of battle. At last the hurricane came with fury, to put an end to the brave careeer of Lopez and his comrades, disarming them, and leaving them defenceless in the hands of their barbarous enemies. The first of September, upon a scaffold erected by despotism, was seen a hero, who, placing his confidence in God, said, 'My death shall not change the destinies of Cuba. Adieu, my dear Cuba, I die for you!' Thus he spoke, and his spirit soared above, and rose up to heaven That hero was Lopez!—the magnanimous Lopez, who died. The whole island of Cuba was shaken, and the light of a Lone Star rose above the horizon upon the Queen of the Antilles, penetrating the shades of despotism, and lighting the way of union, courage and valour, which only can conduce to the triumph of liberty."

Before the departure of Lopez from New Orleans, he received the pledges of several respectable persons to assist the expedition. Encouraged by these promises, Lopez started for the island, to fulfil the duty that was assigned to him as chief, as man, and as hero. Meanwhile, those persons who remained behind, formed a committee to carry out the fulfilment of their pledges. They collected together the necessary materials, and a powerful auxiliary expedition was prepared, which, doubtless, would have ensured the triumph of liberty in Cuba; but at the moment of weighing anchor, the fatal news arrived that Lopez had died upon the scaffold, and that the revolution was stopped.

These events followed so rapidly, one after the other, that time was not allowed for the promised reinforcements, and Lopez, defeated *by the elements*, sealed by his death his sacred convenant to protect his dearest Cuba. The fusillade and mutilation of the fifty one Americans under the walls of the Castle of Atares gave solemnity to the promises made on their part, and, at the same time, Aguero, Armenteros, and some others, martyrs of liberty, proclaimed the revolution from the scaffold, thus re-affirming the covenant entered into by Lopez. Witnesses, also, of the revolution in Cuba, and of the authority of Lopez to invoke the aid of free men in favour of unhappy Cuba, are the many Cuban victims who fill the Spanish prisons and fortresses, and the many who now eat the bread of exile in the United States, in Mexico, Venezuela and France.

The revolution of Cuba was then an unquestionable fact, and that Lopez was the recognized chief of the Cuban patriots does not admit of the least doubt. "In this manner," say the advocates of the system, "we have vindicated the expeditions against the colonial government of Cuba, and freed ourselves from the imputation of piracy which the servants of despotism desire to attach to our operations, influencing, not a little, ignorant men. Lopez was recognized before the war as the chief of the revolution of Cuba, and the covenants entered into by him we looked upon as having been entered into by Cuba

"In view of acts so public and so notorious, while the hearts of the murdered victims yet palpitated, the friends of liberty met together to take those measures necessary for the redemption of the promises of Lopez; and the institution of the 'Order of the Lone Star' was the result of their consultations.

"The death of Lopez, and the suppression of the insurrections of Puerto Principe and Trinidad, put a period to the revolution It was not considered practicable or legal to re-commence the struggle by means of an American expedition. Consequently, the 'Lone Star' was dedicated to perfect and spread its organization, gathering all the elements and necessary resources, for the assistance of all enslaved but valorous people, who may rise the cry of independence.

"A constitution was adopted, having for its general basis 'the extension of the area of liberty', and the first division of the 'Order of the Lone Star' was instituted in New Orleans. Soon others, and others, were instituted, until now there exist over fifty divisions, in eight or ten States of the Union, amongst them the Cuban division, 'La Union,' in the City of New York. The members number more then fifteen thousand; every one of them sworn to help and contribute to whatever enterprize the Order may undertake; obliged to assist in their own persons, or to fill their place with another, when the moment of action arrives. Until now we have only sought to incorporate those men most useful, on account of their knowledge and virtues, and many distinguished men belong to this Order, some military and some civil.

"By looking over the constitution, the organization and character and power of the Order will be easily recognized. By it can be seen that each member must pay at least three dollars for his institation, five dollars for the second degree, and five dollars for the third, besides four shillings monthly dues; but nearly all, if not all the divisions have raised the scale of dues. As soon as three divisions exist in any State, a general assembly is formed, composed of two members of each division, elected by ballot. These general assemblies are authorized to pass such by-laws and regulations as they may judge convenient for the good and increase of the Order. The supreme council is composed of two members from each general assembly, elected by themselves, which is charged with the general interests of the Order. This council has power to dispose of the funds, to levy contributions, if it is deemed necessary, to name officers and agents, and to act as umpire in all disputes of grave moment which occur.

"In this manner we are gathering together the most honorable persons, to place them at the head of affairs, and the management of the enterprize will correspond to the principles and objects of this noble and powerful institution. Who can believe that this is a piratical institution, incited only by a thirst of vengeance? Who can believe that illustrious men of this powerful republic, which shows to the world a perpetual example of justice, should mysteriously meet together to conspire against the interests and feelings of an unhappy people?

"Many, however, have appeared to believe that the motive which gave origin to and which moves the Order of the Lone Star, is the desire to avenge the American blood basely shed in Cuba, that its object is to invade and conquer Cuba, if it should be necessary, usurping all the international rights, and caring nothing for the interests of the country. This is an absurd and malicious idea, propagated by the enemies of the liberty of Cuba. It is enough to say that many Cubans are incorporated with the order, and co-operate with its plans; and, moreover, are interested in the happiness and welfare of their country, thus giving the lie to their malign detractors The origin of the Order, as above explained,

wes a compact entered into by Lopez. Its object is the extension of the area of liberty, without reference to people or places. Although to Lopez belongs the glory of having caused the existence of so noble and powerful an institution, to Cuba and to other oppressed people it appertains to take the benefits of such beneficent assistance, by rising, with faith and courage, in a new revolution."

The constitution of the Order of the Lone Star was adopted at the city of Lafayette in 1851, and has been revised by a committee duly appointed It consists of fourteen articles, which arrange for the officers, their duties, the eligibility of members—under which head it is stated that no person shall be admitted as a member who does not believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, or who does not possess a good moral character, or is incapable of earning a livelihood, or who has no visible means of support, and not less than twenty-one years of age. The dues are fifty cents per month, paid quarterly in advance.

The president of the General Assembly is empowered to establish Divisions anywhere, when so called upon by seven persons, and grant them a charter for the same. He is also empowered to delegate said authority of establishing Divisions to any presiding officer.

In case of absence or sickness of the president, the vice-president shall be clothed with his powers and perform his duties

In cases of emergency, section 2d of Article V, of this constitution, may be suspended by dispensation of the president of the General Assembly.

The movement is one which is most throughly organized It is no ebullition of public feeling Men with clear heads and business habits have brought all their energy to bear upon the question. The organization is a formidable one.

That oppression exists in Cuba it would be brazen effrontery to deny. That this oppression, instead of becoming ameliorated by time, becomes more and more grievous every day, is a fact that the history of the present teaches. Some of this oppression is incidental, and not the necessary result of the system. The present Governor-General delights in a tyranny, which enables him to drive the African slave trade without let or hindrance, and the necessity for employing measures for the repression of the vastly increased discontent of the population is one of those incidental circumstances, but, says an American writer—and we prefer giving his opinion to our own, because he *is* an American—

"Authority, which has to sustain itself by crushing its subjects into the dust deserves to fall, and the Cubans themselves are clearly justifiable in attempting to overthrow it. So far as regards the intrinsic justice of the matter, the sympathies of all true Americans must be with the resistants But there is another great point to be considered by the people of this country. Though Cuban oppression is an evil, would not its violent overturn bring greater evils in its train? A successful rebellion could end only in independence. From a variety of causes, and chief of all from the preponderance of slave population, independence would quickly lead to a connection of some sort with one of the powerful nations That nation could only be ours; first, because the Cuban people would not wish it to be otherwise; and secondly, because the American people could not permit it to be otherwise. But no connection could be formed with the United States except by becoming an integral portion of them. This is to be deprecated, because our territory is already becoming too extensive, and our population too heterogeneous, and because it would again raise the extremely dangerous slavery issues, which have just been so fortunately settled. Looking, then, to the inherent rights of the Cuban people, we cannot blame them for endeavoring to escape from the Spanish yoke; looking to the ultimate effects of such an escape upon our own interests, we must consider it a national misfortune.

"But whether Americans regard these revolutionary movements with favour or not, they have but one political duty in the premises. That duty is strict non-intervention. We have treaties of amity and commerce with Spain, against whom these hostile movements are directed, and, at the peril of our national honour, these treaties must be maintained inviolate. Our neutrality laws must be respected by our people and enforced by our government. If the Cubans think it their duty to fight, let them fight, it is clearly our duty to preserve our faith and remain at peace. We have little doubt that hostile operations will, at some day not very distant, be recommenced against the Spanish rule in Cuba, on a scale more formidable than ever: but we most fervently trust that the scenes of last year will not be repeated. It is to be hoped that we have heard the last of Cuban invasions. It is to be hoped so, because our government, being amply forewarned, will exercise greater vigilance, and employ stronger preventive means; because our people are more deeply sensible of the wrong, the mischief, and the folly of treading over national obligations to propagate liberty in other lands by fire and sword; and because the Cubans themselves have far better learned that if they would be free 'themselves must strike the blow.' The struggle sooner or later will come. We may invoke it, we may deprecate it; but it is alike inevitable. It is the part of our countrymen not to be actors in it, but spectators of it—spectators eager and anxious indeed, for politically interested as they are in the result, they cannot and should not be otherwise."

SCIENTIFIC MEMORANDA.

BEAUTIFUL IMPRESSIONS FROM SEALS.—The stone is first thoroughly cleaned with a brush of moderate softness; it is then warmed over the flame of a candle, the stone being traversed in a circle at a moderate distance above the flame, that it may be heated uniformly. The usual test for the proper degree of heat is the placing of the seal upon the naked hand; and if the heat is about as great as can be borne without pain, it is considered to be suitable. The engraved surface of the seal is then coated with a *very thin* layer of clean tallow, applied with a small brush, and this hollowed surface is again coated with a thin layer of vermilion, applied with a camels' hair pencil. This completes the preparation of the seal. When the impression is made, the vermilion becomes attached to the surface of the wax, and materially heightens the beauty of the impression.

The sealing-wax is prepared by holding the stick of wax at a little distance above the flame of the candle, until it is thoroughly softened, but only so far heated as is necessary to allow of a sufficient quantity of wax being detached to form the impression. Care must be taken to avoid blackening the wax, either by smoke, or allowing it to become ignited The softened wax is deposited in a small heap upon a piece of stout paper, and when enough to form the impression has been placed on the paper, the fusion of the wax is completed by traversing the under surface of the paper above the flame of the candle, at a sufficient distance to avoid scorching the paper.

When the wax has become thoroughly softened, it is stirred with a small stick, to drive out all the air bubbles, and work it into a uniform mass of a conical shape The paper is then laid on the table, and when the surface of the wax has become bright and quiescent, the seal is applied, to give the impression. In order that both the seal and wax may be at the requisite temperature, the preparation of the two is carried on almost simultaneously.

In applying the seal to the wax, the seal-handle is held between the thumb and the first two fingers, applied as near to the seal as convenient. To give steadiness to the hand, the wrist is rested upon the surface of the table, and the position having been carefully determined, the seal is quickly dabbed upon the wax with a firm perpendicular stroke, but only with moderate force. Some little practice is necessary to attain sufficient dexterity to give the impression with precision; but the method of quickly dabbing the seal upon the wax yields far more defined impressions than the mode sometimes adopted of applying the seal with quiet but considerable pressure, which not only fails to copy the most delicate of the lines and angles, but the imperfect copy thus produced is also liable to be further deteriorated by the seal sliding on the gradually yielding wax, which then receives a double, and, of course, a spoiled impression.

In this, as in similar processes, the most sharply-defined impressions are produced by employing sufficient momentum to drive the wax at the same instant into all the minute crevices of the seal, exactly as in the chichée casting and type-founding.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC AND MAGNETO-ELECTRIC APPARATUS.—This apparatus consists, 1, of an improved method of charging or magnetising iron and steel bars to be used as permanent magnets or electro-magnets; 2, of certain new forms of electro-magnetic machines, the *Mining Journal* says —The first branch of the improvements is carried into effect by the employment of an electro-magnet formed by a current of electricity produced from a magneto-electric machine, instead of that generated in a voltaic battery; and such an electro-magnet may be very advantageously used for magnetising large bars of steel, or for producing very powerful magnets. Any of the known forms of magneto-electric machines will serve thus to convert a bar of steel to an electro-magnet, but the patentee prefers to use one composed of four, eight, or any other number of permanent magnets, having double the number of armatures, and coiled with strong wire of about 60 feet in length. The machine about to be described has been found to answer well in practice. In this machine, the steel magnets are composed of eight plates of a U form, weighing about 30 lb each plate, and there are eight such compound magnets, all the north poles of which are arranged on one side of the machine and the south poles on the other side, although this precise arrangement is not essential, and may be varied. The armatures are of soft iron, weighing

about 15 lb., and are coiled with about 60 ft. of copper wire, of No. 4 gauge, and insulated in the usual manner. The armatures revolve in a brass wheel, and are caused to pass as near to the poles of the magnets as practicable, the commutator or break acting on the whole eight magnets at the same instant, so that the current of electricity shall always pass in one direction, and the surfaces of the whole of the 64 plates be in combination at the same time. The bar of soft iron used as the electro-magnet with this machine weighs about 500 lb, and is coiled with bundles of about 30 copper wires of No 16 gauge, and about 60 feet in length (the bundles are formed by binding a series of uncovered wires together into one covered strand or bundle), and the power of the electro-magnet will depend upon the power of the permanent magnets used in the machine, both as to the weight it will support from a keeper, and as to its capability of rendering bars of steel permanently magnetic by contact therewith. It will therefore be evident that by having two sets of the permanent magnets, and changing them in such machine, their supporting power may be increased by continued charges or passes from the electro-magnet thus produced. In one form of electro-magnetic machine represented and described under the second head of the invention, the steel bars or permanent magnets are eight in number (these bars may be of cast or soft iron, but when soft iron is employed, bars of steel permanently magnetised will have to be used in conjunction with them) of a U form, and arranged around a circle with their poles pointing towards the centre. Each arm of each of the magnets has attached to it straight bars of steel, also rendered permanently magnetic (of which any desired number, and of any length or size, may be employed, according to the strength of magnet required), which are so placed as to be out of the influence of the armatures when the latter are revolving. The poles of the U-shaped magnets are, on the contrary, as nearly as possible in contact with the armatures which revolve within the circle formed by them, either between the poles or in front of them Instead of the bars which form the circle being of steel and magnetised, they may be made of soft iron, and depend for their magnetism upon the magnetic bars beforenamed placed around them In another form of machine both the magnets and armatures are stationary, and the commutator alone has motion between the poles of the horseshoe magnets and the armatures, being mounted on a spindle and caused to revolve by a band from some driving machinery. The commutator or breakpiece is composed of a brass centre, with four radial arms of soft iron, either solid or formed of two or more plates.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN NATURAL COLOURS —In No 7 of the *Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art* some interesting particulars were furnished respecting recent improvements and discoveries in photography. To the information which is there given, we add the following in the words of the *Athenæum* —In some experiments made by Sir John Herschel a coloured impression of the prismatic spectrum was obtained on paper stained with a vegetable juice. Mr. Robert Hunt published some accounts of the indications of colour in their natural order obtained on some sensitive photographic surfaces. These were, however, exceedingly faint indications; and M. Biot and many others regarded the prospect of producing photographs in colours as the vision of enthusiasts— not likely from the dissimilar action of the solar rays ever to become a reality. M Edmund Becquerel has published a process by which on plates of metal many of the more intense colours have been produced; but it appears to have been reserved for the nephew of the earliest student in photography, Niepce, to make the discovery of producing on the same plate by one impression of the solar rays all colours of the chromatic scale Of this process, called by the discoverer, M. Niepce de St Victor, "Heliochromy" —sun-colouring—we have, through the kindness of Mr Malone, had an opportunity of seeing the earliest specimens imported into this country. They are three copies of coloured engravings,—a female dancer and two male figures in fancy costumes, and every colour of the original pictures is most faithfully impressed on the prepared silver tablet. The preparation of the plates still remains a secret with the inventor, and he informs Mr Malone—to whom these pictures were given by him—that it is in many respects different from that published by him in his paper "On the relation which exists between the colour of certain coloured flames and the heliographic images coloured by light." Suffice it to say, that the plate when prepared presents evidently a dark brown, or nearly a black, surface, and the image is *eaten out* in colours We have endeavoured by close examination to ascertain something of the laws producing this most remarkable effect; but it is not easy at present to perceive the relations between the colorific action of light and the associated chemical influence. The female figure has a red silk dress, with purple trimming and white lace. The flesh tints, the red, the purple, and the white are well preserved in the copy. One of the male figures is remarkable for the delicacy of its delineation · here, blue, red, white, and pink are perfectly impressed. The third picture is injured in some parts, but it is, from the number of colours which it contains, the most remarkable of all. Red, blue, yellow, green, and white are distinctly marked—and the intensity of the yellow is very striking. Such are the facts as they have been examined by us; and these results are superior to those which were given to the world when photography was first announced. We may expect shortly to see these *Heliochromes* presenting favourite scenes and chosen friends to us in all the beauty of native colour.

AN ADDRESS TO THE PRESS.

Read by C. S. Mackintosh, at the Rural Party to Earl's Wood, from M. Billing's Establishment, Birmingham, August 14, 1852, in Commemoration of the Invention of Printing, discovered A.D. 1437. Written for the occasion by FREDERICK HINE.

FOUR hundred and fifteen years have rolled away since thou wert born glorious birth! which we have this day met to celebrate. We hail thee a thousand times! Thou wert born in the dark ages, for thou camest to enlighten the world, thou wert born in the mist of Ignorance and amid the dark clouds of Despotism and Tyranny, but thou camest to remove the one and dispel the others. Interested men saw that thou wert precious, and sought to keep thee to themselves, but thou didst burst asunder the bonds with which they sought to bind thee—for thy native element is FREEDOM Thou art the messenger of PEACE, and the herald of TRUTH—the mental railway upon which the train of thought shall run to the everlasting temple of KNOWLEDGE and WISDOM. Thou art the ladder upon which the human mind mounts to heaven, and holds communion with its Maker. Thou art old Father TIME's daybook, within whose pages he transcribeth his mighty transactions, and recordeth LIFE and DEATH Thou art the dial of time—a bark upon the boundless ocean of thought, in which HUMANITY floats down the ever-flowing tide of time into the gulf of ETERNITY! By thy aid do we learn the noble thoughts of the brightest geniuses, that ever trod the earth, for with thy aid do we mount with the mind of a MILTON into the dwelling-place of the ETERNAL, and stand upon the ethereal shores of Paradise—or rise with the genius of a NEWTON into the spheres above, and wander amidst the orbs which illuminate the vault of heaven—or penetrate with a SHAKSPERE into the deep recesses of the human heart. By thy aid may we soar with the mind of the poet into the regions of imaginative thought—or, treading in the footsteps of a HOWARD, pierce the gloomy shades of the world's dungeons—or roam with the adventurous traveller over the snow-clad mountains of the north, under the fervid heat of the zone, amid the pathless forest, and across the dreary desert Thou preservest the vast treasures of History—gatherest the wisdom of the most profound scholars and the most acute philosophers, and layest it at the feet of mankind Thou art now widening the sphere of thine activity; tyrants would bind thee, because they dread thee, but their efforts shall be in vain. Thy home is the WORLD—thy motto, JUSTICE—and thy weapon, TRUTH Thou wilt not relax in thine efforts, nor sink in despair, for, though thy difficulties are great, thy triumph is sure. Thy aim is a noble one, and thy victory will be glorious. Thanks to thine aid, Mankind is rising rapidly in the scale of civilization. The world is becoming alive to thine importance, and thou shalt, ere long, be freed from thy present bondage It is thou that hast raised England to her present proud position—a refuge for the exile, and a home for the world. Science and the Arts are at thy command, the vessel that ploughs the ocean, the engine that traverses the land, shall bear thee with lightning speed to deliver thy tidings, and proclaim to mankind the convulsions of empires and the fall of thrones Thou art the safety-valve of a nation! Diversity of language shall not stop thy progress, for thou shalt step from nation to nation until thou hast bound all in the bonds of universal peace To take away thine independence would be to deprive thee of thy power! to curtail thy freedom would be to destroy thy usefulness May thy light—which has been rising for four hundred and fifteen years—still rise in magnitude, until it illuminates the whole earth. Millions shall have cause to bless thine existence, and when the world is dissolved, their acclamations shall be thy requiem, and thy epitaph shall be engraven upon their souls, which the everlasting ages of eternity shall not obliterate Mayest thou increase in strength as in years, until the end of time, to forward the coming of that glorious era when the sun of Human Freedom shall shine all over the world, and Ignorance exist only in name

ONE of the most terrible of legacies is a union of great talents with greater honesty, in a corrupt time.

PIONEER LIFE IN OHIO.

BY A WESTERN CONTRIBUTOR.

ELIZABETH HARPER.

ELIZABETH BARTHOLOMEW, one of the pioneer band who made the earliest settlement in north-eastern Ohio, was born in Bethlehem, Hunterdon County, New Jersey, February 13, 1749 She was the sixteenth child of her parents, and had still a younger sister. She was descended, on the maternal side, from the Huguenots of France, and her ancestors were persons of wealth and respectable rank, firmly attached to the principles they professed, and willing to surrender all, and yield themselves unto death, rather than give up their religious faith They removed to Germany after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and there is a family tradition that the grandmother of the subject of this notice, then a child, was brought from Paris concealed in a chest. She married in Germany, and in old age emigrated to America.

In 1771 Elizabeth was married to Alexander Harper, one of several brothers who had settled in Harpersfield, Delaware County, New York. At the outbreak of the revolutionary war, these brothers immediately quitted their peaceful occupations to enter into the continental service, Alexander receiving a commission to act as captain of a company of rangers. The exposed situation of that part of the country, and the frequent visits of Indians and tories, made it necessary for the whig families to seek the protection of Fort Schoharie. Mrs Harper repaired thither with her family, including the aged parents of her husband. In time of comparative security, she lived at the distance of about a mile from the fort. Here, when there was a sudden alarm, she would herself harness her horses to the waggon, and, placing in it her children and the old people, would drive with all speed to the fort, remaining within its walls until the danger was over, and then returning to her occupations on the farm. As peril became more frequent or imminent, the old people were removed to a place of greater security, while Mrs. Harper, with her four children and a lad they had taken to bring up, remained at home. One night they were startled by the sound of the alarm-gun. The mother took the youngest child in her arms, another on her back, and, bidding the two elder hold fast to her clothes, set off to escape to the fort, the lad running closely behind her, and calling to her in great terror not to leave him. The fugitives reached the fort in safety, and for the present Mrs Harper concluded to take up her abode there. She would not, however, consent to live in idleness, supported by the labour of others, but undertook, as her special charge, the bread-baking for the whole garrison, which she did for six months

During her stay, the fort sustained a siege from a party of tories and Indians commanded by British officers Messengers were despatched to the nearest forts for relief, but while this was slow in arriving, the commanding officer, in opposition to the wishes of all his men, determined on a capitulation, and ordered a flag of truce to be hoisted for that purpose. The announcement of his intention created a dissatisfaction which soon amounted almost to rebellion. The women, among whom Mrs Harper was a leading spirit, had on that day been busily occupied from early dawn in making cartridges, preparing ammunition, and serving rations to the wearied soldiers, and they heartily sympathised in the determination expressed, not to surrender without another effort to repel the besiegers.

One of the men declared his willingness to fire upon the flag which had been ordered to be hoisted, provided the women would conceal him. This they readily agreed to do, and, as often as the flag was run up, it was fired at, while the commander was unable to discover the author of this expression of contempt for his authority. The delay consequent on this act of insubordination and the displeasure of the soldiers, prevented the capitulation being carried into effect, till the arrival of reinforcements caused the enemy to retreat.

In the spring of 1780 Captain Harper availed himself of an interval in active service to look after his property in Harpersfield. While there with several of his friends, they were surprised by a party of Indians and tories under Brandt, and taken prisoner, an invalid brother-in-law being killed. Harper and Brandt had been schoolfellows in boyhood, and the chief did not fail to show a remembrance of the days thus spent together. The Indian captor of Harper treated him with great kindness, taking him, however, to Canada. Here his exchange was effected soon afterwards, but he was not released until peace was concluded, being offered, meanwhile, large rewards by the British if he would enter into service on their side. Mrs. Harper remained in ignorance of his fate during the time of his absence, and supposing him killed, mourned for him, while she did not suffer grief to paralyse her efforts for the protection and support of her family All her characteristic energy was devoted to keep them together, and do what she could towards improving their shattered fortunes.

In 1797 a company was formed in Harpersfield to purchase lands in the country then called "the Far West." Besides Alexander and Joseph Harper, the company consisted of William M'Farland, Aaron Wheeler, and Roswell Hotchkiss; others joining afterwards. In June of that year these individuals entered into a contract with Oliver Phelps and Gideon Granger, members of the Connecticut Land Company, for six townships of land in what was then called New Connecticut, in the Northwestern Territory Three of these townships were to be east, and three west, of the Cuyahoga river. The Connecticut Land Company drew their lands in the same year, and the township now known as Harpersfield, in Ashtabula County, was one of those which fell to the company formed at the town of that name in New York In September commissioners were sent out by them to explore the country. They were much pleased with the locality called Harpersfield, and selected it as the township most eligibly situated for the commencement of a settlement. On the 7th of March, 1798, Alexander Harper, William M'Farland, and Ezra Gregory set out with their families on their journey to this land of promise. As the winter's snow was upon the ground, the emigrants came in sleighs as far as Rome, where they found further progress impracticable, and were obliged to take up their quarters till the 1st of May. They then made another start in boats, and proceeded to Oswego, where they found a vessel, which conveyed them to Queenstown. Thence they pursued their journey on the Canada side to Fort Erie, being obliged to take this circuitous route on account of there being no roads west of Genessee river, nor any inhabitants, except three families living at Buffalo, while a garrison was stationed at Erie, in Pennsylvania. At Fort Erie they found a small vessel which had been used for transporting military stores to the troops stationed at the west, and which was then ready to proceed up the lake with her usual lading of stores. This vessel was the only one owned on the American side, and the voyagers lost no time in securing passage in her for themselves and their families as far as the peninsula opposite Erie. As the boat, however, was small, and already heavily laden, they were able to take with them but a slender stock of provisions.

Having landed on the peninsula, the party was obliged to stop for a week until they could procure boats in which to coast up the lake, at that time bordered by the primeval forest After having spent nearly four months in performing a journey which now occupies but two or three days, they landed, on the 28th of June, at the mouth of Cunningham's Creek. The cattle belonging to the pioneers had been sent through the wilderness, meeting them at the peninsula, whence they came up along the lake shore to the mouth of the stream Here the men prepared sleds to transport the goods they had brought with them, the whole party encamping that night on the beach The next morning Colonel Harper, who was the oldest of the emigrants, and was then about fifty-five, set out on foot, accompanied by the women, comprising Mrs. Harper and two of her daughters, twelve and fourteen years of age, Mrs. Gregory and two daughters, Mrs M'Farland, the colonel's sister, and a girl whom she had brought up, named Parthena Mingus. Their new home was about four miles distant, and they followed up the boundary line of the township from the lake, each carrying articles of provisions or table furniture. Mrs. Harper carried a small copper teakettle, which she filled with water on the way to the place of destination. Their course lay through a forest unbroken except by the surveyor's lines, and the men who followed them were obliged to cut their way through for the passage of the sleds About three o'clock in the afternoon they came to the corner of the township line, about half a mile north of the present site of Unionville, Ohio, where they were glad to halt, as they saw indications of a coming storm The women busied themselves in striking a fire and putting the teakettle over, while Colonel Harper cut some forked poles and drove them in the ground, and then felled a large chestnut-tree, from which he stripped the bark, and helped the women to stretch it across the poles, so as to form a shelter, which they had just time to gather under when the storm burst upon them. It was not however, of long continuance, and when the rest of the men arrived, they enlarged and enclosed the lodge, in which the whole company, consisting of twenty-five persons, great and small, were obliged to take up their quarters Their tea-table was then constructed in the same primitive manner, and we may suppose that the first meal was partaken of with excellent appetite after the wanderings and labours of the day

The lodge thus prepared was the common dwelling for three weeks, during which time some of the trees had been cut down, and a space cleared for a garden. The fourth of July was celebrated in the new Harpersfield by the planting of beans, corn, and potatoes The next thing was to build log-cabins for the accommodation of the different families, and when this was done the company separated. The location chosen by Colonel Harper was where he first pitched his tent, while his brother-in-law took a piece of land about half a mile east of Unionville, near the spot

now occupied by the Episcopal Church, and Mr. Gregory put up his dwelling close to the river, where Clyde Furnace was afterwards built.

The settlers suffered from the sickness peculiar to a new country when the season came. A hired man in Harper's service was taken ill in August, and soon after the colonel himself was seized with the fever, of which he died on the 10th of September. They had been able to procure no medical aid, and a coffin was made by digging out the trunk of a tree, and hewing a slab for the lid This melancholy event was a peculiar and distressing affliction to the little band of pioneers, and its effects on them would have been paralysing, but that the firmness and energy exhibited by the widow, who now found her exertions necessary to sustain the rest, restored the confidence and hope which had nearly been extinguished by the loss of their leader Although the principal sufferer by the dispensation, she would not for a moment listen favourably to the proposition made to abandon the enterprise. When an invitation came from friends in Pennsylvania for herself and daughters to spend the winter, both she and her eldest daughter, Elizabeth, declined, knowing how necessary was their presence to keep up the spirits of the little community, and that their departure would discourage many who had intended coming to join them in their forest home. The magnanimity of this resolution can only be appreciated in view of the hardships which they knew it would be their lot to share.

In the fall another small vessel was built for use on the American side of the lake, and two of our pioneers were sent to Canada to procure provisions for the winter They despatched four barrels of flour by this vessel, and waited some weeks for the other, the captain of which had agreed to bring provisions up the lake for them. Disappointed in this expectation, and hearing nothing of the vessel, they were compelled to return, when the season was far advanced, without supplies, finding, on their way home, the remains of the vessel, which had been wrecked near Erie They found, also, that the vessel which had on board the flour they had purchased, had been driven into the basin, and was too fast locked in ice to proceed. They were obliged therefore to remain till the ice became so strong that the flour could be removed in sleds They at length arrived at home just in time to bring relief from absolute want to the settlers, who had lived six weeks without any kind of breadstuffs, substituting salt beef and turnips, the supply of which was just exhausted Some grain had been raised at Elk Creek, in Pennsylvania, but there were no mills in that neighbourhood, and the wheat procured there afterwards was brought in hand-sleds on the ice to Harpersfield, and ground in a hand mill somewhat larger than a coffee-mill, which the pioneers had brought with them. By keeping this constantly in operation, enough flour was obtained for daily use, mingled, of course, with the bran, from which they had no means of separating it, but having a relish and sweetness which such necessity only could impart to the coarsest food There were no deer in the country at that time, but large droves of elk, the flesh of which resembled coarse beef, were frequently seen. The flesh of the bears was much more oily, and really very palatable, raccoons also were abundant, and easily obtained, and were much used by the settlers, although, in after years of plenty, they lost all relish for "coon meat" Hickory-nuts were also abundant that year, and were found a valuable article of food when other provisions failed. It is worthy of notice that, in the severest straits to which the settlers were reduced, the utmost harmony and friendly feeling prevailed among them, and, whatever game or provisions chanced to be obtained by any one family, was freely shared with the other two.

Towards spring, the men were again sent for a supply of wheat, but, by that time, the ice was growing tender, and the weather tended towards thawing so that they were detained on the way much longer than they had expected, and on their arrival at home, found the families reduced to the last extremity, having been without provisions for two days. In this time of distress, the fortitude and energy of Mrs Harper aided to sustain the rest, she was fruitful in expedients, and for the last days they had lived on the wild leeks she had gathered from the woods and boiled for them Their troubles did not terminate with the severity of the winter. As soon as the lake opened, the men set out for Canada in boats to procure provisions, but found so much ice as they went down, that they were unable to reach Buffalo without much detention. In the mean time, new difficulties arose in the little settlement The mill, on which all depended, was broken beyond hope of repair, and there appeared no way of grinding the wheat, which they could not pound so that bread could be made of it, and which, when prepared by boiling, proved unwholesome food In this extremity, some relief was afforded by the arrival, at the mouth of Cunningham's Creek, of Eliphalet Austin, who came to make preparations for a settlement at Austinburgh, and gave the pioneers what they needed for immediate use from his supplies of provisions, thus preventing them from suffering till the return of their messengers.

About this time an accident, not uncommon in this forest life, occurred to Mrs. Harper. She went out one morning to find the cows, which had strayed away, but, not having yet learned to tell the north side of a tree by the difference in the bark—a species of woodcraft with which she afterwards became familiar—she lost herself, and wandered all day along the banks of a stream that ran through the depth of the forest. Her family, of course, became alarmed at her lengthened absence, and blew the horn repeatedly; but it was not until the shades of night had fallen that she heard the signal, when she managed to light upon the township line, and followed it to the clearing

In the summer following, her sons were obliged to watch closely the hogs they had brought from Canada, on account of the bears, which were very numerous and destructive to stock The men being occupied in clearing and working the land, or procuring provisions, various outdoor employments were cheerfully assumed by the women. One evening Mrs Harper, with her eldest daughter, went to look up the hogs, taking the path that led to the nearest neighbour's house. Presently, they were startled by seeing a small bear's cub cross the path just in advance of them; it was followed by another, and the old bear composedly brought up the rear, taking no notice of the females, who made their way home with all speed, unmindful of the pigs, which came to their quarters directly, unharmed. So frequent were encounters with wild beasts, that the men never went beyond the clearing without firearms

In July, 1799, Major Joseph Harper, the colonel's brother, joined the colony with his family, while a relative of the same name, with some other families, commenced a settlement at Conneaut, some thirty miles down the lake. This year, wheat, corn, &c, were raised sufficient for consumption, but there was a scarcity of meat, the severity of the preceding winter having killed several of their cattle, and many of the hogs being devoured by the bears. They were under the necessity, therefore, of depending on wild game, and the ease with which they secured it in traps, or by the unerring aim of their rifles, with their iron strength for the endurance of fatigue when ranging the forest, might well entitle them to be called "mighty hunters." But they were heavily laden with daily cares and laborious duties, which even the pleasures of the chase could not induce them to neglect, the clearing of the land and the culture of grain and vegetables demanded incessant attention, and the grinding of the grain was a matter requiring the exercise of some ingenuity. Corn they soon contrived to pound in mortars scooped in the top of oak stumps, with pounders attached to spring poles, but they were obliged to send their wheat in boats down the lake as far as Walnut Creek, in Pennsylvania, where a mill was erected this year. The families of the new emigrants suffered considerably in the latter part of the summer from sickness, and Mrs Harper went down to the settlement at Conneaut to offer assistance in attending to them. She remained some weeks occupied in her ministrations of kindness, and was not ready to return home till the last of November Travelling in open boats and on horseback were the only modes practicable among the pioneers. The season was too far advanced for the first, and, accompanied by her relative, James Harper, our benevolent heroine set out on her homeward journey, the only road being along the lake shore Fording the streams at their mouth, they had rode some fifteen miles when they came to the mouth of Ashtabula Creek, across which a sand-bar had formed during the summer, but had now given way to the increased force of the waters, which flowed into the lake. Harper was not aware of the depth of the stream, into which he rode without hesitation, and presently found his horse swimming He called out to warn his companion, but she was too anxious to reach home to heed his remonstrance, and followed him fearlessly Both reached the other side with some difficulty, Mrs Harper wet to the shoulders, and in this condition she rode the remainder of the way, arriving at home before midnight.

During the fall, there were some accessions to the colony, Judge Wheeler, who had married a daughter of Colonel Harper, came in October, with his family, and Harper's eldest son, who had been out the year before and returned. For a year and a half after the settlement was commenced, they were not visited by Indians, though they frequently heard their dogs, and learned afterwards that they had not escaped the observation of their savage neighbours, who had counted them, and had noticed all their occupations and new arrivals. The winter of 1799 was remarkable for the depth of snow upon the ground In consequence of this, game could not be procured, and the Indians suffered severely Some thirty of them, unable to procure anything to satisfy the cravings of hunger, came to the settlement to ask relief, and were treated with the most generous hospitality. They remained six weeks, sheltered and fed by the pioneers; and when the snow melted, they found plenty of game in the forest, which they showed their gratitude by sharing with their white friends. In March, 1800,

Daniel Bartholomew brought out his family, accompanied by that of Judge Griswold, whose destination was Windsor. They came on the ice from Buffalo, arriving only the day before the breaking up of the ice left the lake clear as far as the eye could reach. The winter preceding, the whole Western Reserve had been erected into a county, which was called Trumbull, the part of it comprising Ashtabula, being then included as one township, and called Richfield. In May there were still further accessions, in consequence of which a scarcity was experienced of provisions raised the previous year, and designed for the use of a much smaller number. The settlers were again compelled to send to Canada in an open boat, in June, for fresh supplies. In August, an election was held for the purpose of sending a delegate to a convention appointed to be held at Chillicothe in the ensuing winter, for the purpose of taking measures preparatory to the admission of Ohio as a State into the Union. The winter of 1800-1801 passed without any remarkable occurrence, the country being healthy and provisions abundant. In the following June, other families were added to the number of inhabitants, and the summer was signalised by the erection of a horse-mill, the first built in the county, and the only one, till others were built in Austinburgh. The sufferings of the settlers from scarcity of food and other privations were now over, the advance of improvement developing the resources of the country, and the farmers were able to enlarge their cleared lands, and cultivate the soil to better advantage. Their friends from the east continued to join them, and Mrs. Harper had the satisfaction of seeing her elder children settled around her. In 1802 a school was established in the settlement—supposed to be the first on the Reserve. The scholars came from a distance of two miles and a half, and as the reputation of the institution extended, they were sent from Windsor and Burton, twenty and thirty miles distant. The same year regular meetings were established by the "Lovers of Good Order," and the year following saw numerous accessions.

In about three years after the commencement of the settlement, the Indians began to visit them periodically. They were chiefly Ojibbeways, and belonged to Lake Superior in the summer, but moved down every fall in their bark canoes, and built their wigwams on the streams, carried the canoes on their heads over the portages to Grand River, seven miles from the lake. Here they took up their quarters for the winter, returning west in the spring. They showed a friendly disposition towards the white men, and as the pioneers gave them assistance in sickness and destitution, they endeavoured to show their gratitude by bringing them portions of such large game as they killed. Many a choice piece of bear's or elk's meat, carefully wrapped in a blanket, has Mrs. Harper received from her savage friends. One day she saw a party of drunken Indians coming towards her house when the men were absent, and she had just time to conceal a small keg of liquor under the floor before they came in, demanding whiskey. They were told they could not have any, but, insisting that they would they commenced a search for it, and finding a barrel of vinegar asked if that would "make drunk come," as, if so, they would take it. Finding it not the right sort of stuff, they insisted, before leaving the house, on treating the women from a calabash of muddy whiskey which they carried with them.

During all the privations, trials, and sufferings which Mrs. Harper was compelled to undergo, she was never known to yield to despondency, but with untiring energy exerted herself to encourage all within the sphere of her influence, teaching them to bear up against misfortune, and make the best of the home where their lot was cast. Her own family knew not, until the hardships of pioneer life had been overcome, how much she had endured—how many sleepless nights and hours of anxiety she had passed in the days of darkness and disaster. She found her reward in the affection and usefulness of her children, several of whom filled important stations in their adopted State. During the war of 1812, the country was exposed to all the dangers of a frontier, liable, on every reverse of the American arms, to be overrun by hostile Indians. In time of peril, Mrs. Harper's advice was always eagerly sought, as one whose experience qualified her to decide on the best course in any emergency. Her granddaughter well remembers seeing her engaged one day at the house of her son-in-law in showing a company of volunteers how to make cartridges.

Her life was prolonged to her eighty-fifth year, and she died on the 11th of June, 1833, retaining unimpaired, until her last illness, the characteristic strength of her remarkable mind.

To be *above* public opinion is as unfortunate a position as to be *below* it. It produces a tendency equally with the other to what is called "*Blackguardism*." Society is a circle of which the *extremes meet* and he who has seen in their naked deformity the passions of high life will own that "from St. James's to St. Giles's there is only one step."

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

No. VIII.—WHAT DOST THOU WORK FOR?

BY CAROLINE ORNE

What dost thou work for, oh, tree of the forest,
Spreading thy branches so wide and so free?
Why hast thou many years wrought in thy season?
What is the end of thy work and of thee?
"Earth, mother earth, I have wrought for and toiled for,
Life still bestows her beneficent breast,
When for her I shall garner up treasures no longer,
Back shall I sink to her bosom to rest."

What dost thou work for, sweet flower of the wild-wood,
Spreading thy garlands of beauty and bloom?
Why dost thou toil to bring buds into blossom?
Who shall come hither to seek thy perfume?
"Earth, mother earth, 'tis for her that I labor,
Cheerfully work I by night and by day,
All she hath given, and more, shall I measure
Into her bosom, where yet I shall lay."

Man, that art heaping up riches and treasure—
Man, that art seeking for praise and for fame—
Man, that art chasing the phantoms of pleasure—
Whose is your toil? Who your labor can claim?
"Earth, mother earth, 'tis for her we are toiling,
These are her gifts, and to her they return,
All we have gathered must go to her keeping,
When she ourselves shall in darkness inurn."

Thou who art filling each hour's golden measure
Full of good deeds, and of kindness and love,
Who bindeth the wounded, and helpeth the weary,
For what is thy toil—who thy work shall approve?
"High heaven will approve, though my labors are humble,
For the soul's truest welfare I toil, not in vain,
Earth from her bosom such treasures bestows not,
With the soul back to heaven return they again."

LITERARY NOTICES.

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BITS OF MY MIND.

It is not improbable in my opinion that much of the anguish of pain called *bodily* is really seated in the mind. Much of it resides in the apprehension of something worse, and in the nervous agitation and prostration of soul caused by the disturbed nerves. I could always bear the very worse toothache or gout composedly, because I saw no danger to life. Cramps in the stomach soon deprived me of all sensation; but then I thought I was dying, and that fear, and cramp to boot, all but killed me. Fear, however, I am sure heightened the anguish very materially. Where fear is *totally overcome*, as in martyrs or amongst the Indians, the bodily pain is always borne with composure. In fact, if man had perfect courage, mere bodily torture is a bearable thing.

Never attempt to *reason* a female into or out of anything, it only irritates, without the slightest chance of producing any other effect. The truth is, women act by impulse altogether; the way is therefore, to wait and get the humour changed insensibly. As for the best "ratiocination," all the idea that the run of the sex have of it is that it is a *mode of circumventing people* that the men have a knack at using.

From the many discoveries now made amongst Egyptian and other remains of high antiquity, it is clear the ancient progress of these nations in the arts was very great How came all to perish and pass away so completely? What a solemn mystery! *Was the want of the art of Printing* the cause? If so, why was it withheld so long? and especially until so long *after the promulgation of Christianity?*

Until I saw Carlyle's letters and speeches of Oliver Cromwell's, my impression was, that Oliver, great man as he was in many respects, was yet unquestionably an actor, or in plain terms, a hypocrite in his religious professions, especially at last. I now do not think so. If we had no other genuine effusion of the great Protector, those few affectionate lines, addressed to his wife, on the evening after the trying victory at Dunbar, are sufficient to convince any person of sense that Cromwell was sincere in his religious feelings. Such a time and such circumstances he never would have chosen for enacting the "Hypocrite." The letter consists of not a dozen lines; but the affection for his wife, and his sincere gratitude to Providence for the great mercy he had just experienced, do infinite honour both to the heart and head of this great man, who was far above the crowd amidst which he was placed, and who made the best of the indescribable throng of fools and knaves, with which England at this time teemed.

All mathematics rest on what mathematicians call "anxioms," but which I call *assumptions* They are things taken for granted, but which yet include in them as much uncertainty as any thing I know.

It is an extraordinary fact that many musical instruments—especially those made of brass—when long played out of time and by bad players, undergo a change, and cannot be made tunable even by the skilful. The metal is essentially altered; and the instrument must be fused and re-made, if ever it is to be worth any thing. May not this be the case with souls long steeped in vice or crime? Custom may alter them, so essentially, that the fusion of long and extreme suffering may be absolutely necessary to their regeneration.

I read the other day about a curious state, most of the sensations of naval officer when drowning. He was a very short time under water, and yet during these few seconds went over the incidents of his boyhood and of his life generally up to that time. This helps to prove that *time* like *space* exists only in our ideas. It is a mode given us for certain purposes, and not an *abstract reality*. In this case the pressure on the brain had called up, in half a minute, the impressions of years; just as a *time* or a *hand organ*, that usually takes *five minutes*, might be played in *five seconds*, if the handle were turned with due celerity.

Ordinary arguers generally fall into the enormous folly of imagining they "*text* the truth of a position" by putting it "*in extremes*," and then concluding, if the extreme does not hold—neither does the original position. This is sheer imbecility and childishness; "*extreme*" for *hardly anything is true in extremes*, or will hold good beyond a certain distance into more or less With finite and imperfect beings, this must necessarily be the case. Knowing not our own beginning or end, knowing nothing of final causes, and being always limited by our own imperfections, we can no more push *truth* to its extreme, than we can arrive at the end of "infinite series," or solve the quadrature of the circle.

Time strangely changes the meanings and applications of words The original etymology is nothing The use of words is capricious and arbitrary, and differs at different periods. The word "convince," which now means to cause belief by evidence, originally meant to "conquer" or "overcome" The term "animosity," which now expresses only anger or resentment, used to mean "courage" or "daring," or great "mental excitement" as to anything or any body.

We know little of the effects of pressure Water is not compressible by human means, but probably by some extent of compression might be made solid Gas may It is certain that *carburetted hydrogen* exists in coal-strata, in a compressed, liquid, or solid state, probably the latter. It is then called a "bag of gas" by the colliers, and the worst accidents arise from the sudden letting loose of this compressed gas, which when it meets a light explodes The gas known to issue from a small fissure in the *stratum* of coal, would often in its gaseous form fill the whole colliery *a hundred times over.*

William Chapman, the engineer, of Newcastle, first tried the locomotive steam engine. My impression is, he tried it about 1805, or 1806 at latest I have seen his little experimental engine, lying neglected in a corner at Willington Ropery, a patent rope-walk of his This was about 1811 or 1812 The wheels were slightly indented He had no idea weight and friction would give the wheels sufficient hold The engine must have been built *six* or *or seven years* before I saw it. To state this truth is due to the memory and character of an accomplished and excellent man.

Never yet knew a Scotsman who got rid of his peculiar intonation, and I never knew one who fairly tried. This is one of the points on which I honor Scotsmen. "Nationality" be it called, but they are not ashamed of their country, nor will disown aught belonging to it. This is good. For my part, I have always had a distaste for people, who, the moment they got from home, set to work to *clip* their mother-tongue, as if it were some *barbarism* fit only to make *mince-meat* of.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Subscriber (Ashford).—The ballot will not be resorted to, as a means of raising the number of men required for the new militia, till the result of the plan of obtaining volunteers is known. It was stated by Mr. Walpole, in the course of the debate, that the operation of the ballot would be postponed until after the meeting of the next parliament.

Do. Do.—Pale French polish may be made thus: put one pound of pale shell lac, and two ounces of clean mastic into one quart of spirits of wine of 90 degrees. The polish is made in the cold, by frequently shaking the ingredients together, which should be put into a well-closed bottle. It will not require to be filtered.

J Pratt.—*Hyperion* is the name given to one of the fabled giants, a son of Titan. *Titan* is said to have been the son of *Cœlus* and *Terra* (that is, of heaven and earth), the family of giants who warred against heaven. *Hyperion* is sometimes referred to, figuratively, as a model of perfection as to form and development; hence Shakspeare makes Hamlet, when comparing his murdered father with his usurping uncle, describe his father as possessing "a form on which each god did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man," adding,—"that was to this (that is, his uncle), Hyperion to a Satyr!" that is, a form almost superhuman, compared with one of those horned monsters, represented as half men and half goats.

J P.—*Geyser* is pronounced in English as it is spelt, only the sound of the *y* is incorporated with that of the *e*, somewhat like the *ei* in *either*

An Adventurer.—The *Orlop* deck of a vessel is the platform on which the cables are usually coiled. A *Galliot* is a small vessel with sails and oars. A *Xebec* is a small rigged vessel, navigated in the Mediterranean. The difference between *hove to* and *lying to*, is that of the active and passive, in the first case, the vessel is heaved or forced to a certain point, in the latter it is laid to merely by slackening its motion. A vessel is said to "*sail well on a wind*," when it goes on steadily and swiftly under a strong gale. Answers to your other questions in a future Number.

Galileo.—You may obtain a pocket telescope for a few shillings, at almost any pawnbroker's or general sale shop, such as would answer your purpose. A good "night glass" will be more expensive.

T Kenyon.—The presses, tools, and materials for bookbinding will cost you far more than you can get two or three hundred volumes bound for, and, without much instruction and considerable practice, you would not like to let your books be seen when you had bound them.

S S E.—We could not well introduce the science of *colouring* into the work you refer to, as it would require a number of coloured specimens.

A Swimmer.—Doctors tell us that "when *the cramp* comes on during cold bathing, the limb should be thrown out as suddenly and as violently as possible, which will generally remove it" They add, however, as a matter of considerable importance, that "great care should be taken not to be flurried or frightened; as *presence of mind* is essential to personal safety on such an occasion." Persons subject to the cramp should have a friend with them when they bathe

S B B.—Received, and will shortly appear.

W. Kellam.—Your verses are hardly suitable for our pages

W H Benson.—You will not be able to obtain any separate *Part* of the book you speak of. A new Edition of the entire work may be had at Tweedie's, 337, Strand.—There are so many "Winter Plants," and so much depends upon situation, personal taste, &c, that we cannot give you a definite answer. Any honest florist or gardener will supply you with those most suitable for your purpose.

*** In our next will be commenced a series of papers on "The Character and Tendencies of American Society," from the French, of M. Emile Montegut Translated by Walter Welden.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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MEMOIR OF WELLINGTON.

THE PENINSULAR WAR

AT this moment so great is the interest with which every incident connected with the life of the great man so lately gone from among us is regarded, that it becomes a matter of difficulty to look upon the events in which he was engaged for more than half a century without assigning to him the most prominent places. He was indeed the most popular man of the present century. But it was not alone for his military achievements that he was regarded as the most capable man of his age,—it was that in his whole character there was that consistent firmness, loyalty, and piety which so peculiarly belongs to the English character. Men of all creeds and parties—we had almost said of all nations—are unanimous in awarding to the great Duke the praise of having secured the peace of Great Britain and of Europe, and from every newspaper, and city, and town, and village, there are pouring forth eloquent testimonials to the worth of the departed.

Lord John Russell, at a meeting at Stirling, at which the provost and magistrates presented his lordship with the freedom of the corporation, said "While I am one of those who most admired the Duke of Wellington, I am not one of those who think that we ought to be so dazzled by the fame of his exploits, that we should not endeavour to gather objects of imitation, even from the conduct of a man so great and so illustrious. While many of the actions of his life—while many of the qualities which he possessed are unattainable by others, there are lessons which we may all derive from the life and actions of that illustrious man. It may never be given to another subject of the British crown to perform services so brilliant as those of his; it may never be given to another man to wield the sword which was to gain the independence of Europe, to rally the nation around it, and while England saved herself by her constancy, to save Europe by her example. It may never be given to any other man, after having attained such eminence, after an unexampled series of victories, to show equal moderation in peace as he had shown greatness in war, and to devote the remainder of his life to the cause of internal and external peace for that country which he had so served. It may never be given to any man to have such great authority, both with the sovereign, the senate, and the people, and after such a splendid career to preserve to the last the respect of all men, and the possession of the faculties with which he had been endowed, and to carry on the service of one of the most important departments of the state with unexampled regularity and success. These are circumstances, these are qualities which may never again occur in the history of this country, but there are qualities which the Duke of Wellington displayed that we may all imitate. That sincere and unceasing devotion to his country, that honest and upright determination to act for the benefit of his country upon all





occasions, that devoted loyalty, which, while it made him ever anxious to serve the crown, never induced him to conceal from the sovereign that which he believed to be the truth—that constancy in the performance of his duty, and that temperance of life which enabled him at all times to give his mind and his faculties to the services which he was called upon to perform, that regular, unceasing, and consistent piety by which he was to the last distinguished—these are qualities that are attainable by others, and to which, while we render all fitting honour to his memory, should never be lost sight of or forgotten. Let us all recollect that in this man, whom a nation mourns, and whom kings were delighted to honour, there were qualities which all may possess, and in which the meanest may not despair of distinguishing himself."

This elegant tribute, by one of the most celebrated statesmen of the nineteenth century, expresses the kind of feeling which

possesses the public mind. It is not now the pride of victory and the national love of military glory which animates the tongues of the speakers, or the "pens of the ready writers"—for, happily, the war spirit, a hateful one at best, is rapidly dying out, and was by none so thoroughly despised as by the great Duke himself, but it is that all feel and acknowledge the loss of the most famous hero of modern times.

THE BRITISH ARMY IN PORTUGAL.

We resume the story of the Duke's life, and of necessity we follow him through the "battles and sieges he had passed" We left him at the conclusion of the Mahratta war, happy in the possession of his young wife, the confidence of the nation, a seat in the House of Commons, the ultimatum of an English gentleman's ambition—the popularity which ever attends the winners of battles—and the prospect of useful labours in his native land. In this way, three years of his life was passed But in those three years, events were passing on the continent of Europe, in which General Wellesley was destined to take active and memorable part

"At the very moment," says Mr Charles Dod, in his admirable memoir in the *Times*, "when England seemed to be excluded from all participation in the military contests of the age, and the services of the British soldier appeared likely to be measured by the demands of colonial duty, events brought an opportunity to pass which resulted in one of the most memorable wars on record, and enabled Britain to support a glorious part in what, without figure of rhetoric, we may term the liberation of Europe The coalition effected against France at the period of Sir Arthur Wellesley's return had been entirely to the winds under the blows of Napoleon Russia had been partly driven and partly inveigled into a concert of politics with her redoubtable adversary; Austria had been put *hors de combat*, and Prussia was helplessly prostrate. To compute the concern experienced at this prospect of universal dominion, Napoleon had availed himself of the occasion to occupy and appropriate the whole of the Spanish Peninsula Under the pretence of a treaty with Spain for the partition of Portugal, he had poured his troops into the former country, even as into the latter, and then repudiated the stipulations of his compact by retaining undivided possession of the prize A few months later he established himself in similar authority at Madrid, and made open avowal of his intentions by bestowing on his own brother the inheritance of the Spanish Bourbons Success, however, had his projects been disclosed when he encountered a tempest of popular opposition, the nations of the Peninsula rose almost as one man; a French army was compelled to capitulate, King Joseph decamped from Madrid, and Marshal Junot was with difficulty enabled to maintain himself in Lisbon. At the intelligence of this unexpected display of vigour, England tendered her substantial sympathies to the Spanish patriots; the overtures of their juntas were favourably received, and at length it was decided by the Portland Ministry that Portugal would be as good a point as any other on which to throw 10,000 troops, who were waiting at Cork for embarkation on the next 'expedition' suggesting itself Such was the origin of the Peninsular War—an enterprise at first considered, and even for some time afterwards reputed, as importing little more to the interests or renown of the nation than a lodgment at Stralsund or Otranto, but which now, enshrined in the pages of a famous history, and appreciated by the lights of experience will take its place among the most memorable contests which the annals of Europe record Beyond doubt, the enthusiasm of the British nation at this conjuncture was unusually great, and there were not wanting arguments to prove that the contemplated expedition differed greatly in its promise from those heretofore recommended to favour It was urged that Napoleon was now for the first time encountered by strong popular opinion, and that the scene of action, moreover, was a sea-girt territory, giving full scope for the exercise of our naval supremacy These observations were sound, but it must needs have been expected by many that the 'particular service' now announced to the nation would have the ordinary termination, and that the transports bound for Portugal would soon return, as others had returned before them from St Domingo and the Helder, from Quiberon Bay and Ferrol. Nor was it owing, indeed, either to the wisdom of the nation or the strength of the cause that such predictions were belied by the triumphs and glories of an immortal war"

To comprehend the service now intrusted to Sir A. Wellesley, it will be necessary to retain constantly in mind the circumstances and persuasions under which it was undertaken The actual state of the country which it was proposed to succour was only known from the exaggerated descriptions of the Spanish patriots, who represented themselves as irresistible in military strength, and as needing nothing but stores and money to expel the French from the Peninsula. Nothing was ascertained respecting Napoleon's actual force in these parts, and, although it might reasonably have been inferred, from the continental peace, that the whole hosts of the French Empire were disposable on the one side, and, from the contradictory reports of the Spanish envoys themselves, that neither unity nor intelligence existed on the other, these simple deductions were not drawn The British Ministry had despatched the expedition without any purpose more definite than that of aiding in the resistance unexpectedly offered to France on the Peninsular territories It had not been determined whether the landing should be effected in Portugal or Spain, and with the latter country, indeed we were nominally at war when the armament was received Neither was the single appointment which composed all those deficiencies the result of any general or deliberate convictions The nomination of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the command was chiefly due to the private regard of Lord Castlereagh whose preference on the point was conspicuously manifested at every subsequent period by the appointment itself, too, was accepted to be provisional for Sir Arthur was to assume the command on Sir Harry Burrard who was put in motion he was for Sir Hew Dalrymple, to whom it was hoped when the expedition should arrive in the Tagus, it would be left for six months after he was placed beyond the reach of those whose hands the conduct of the war was military event

The [illegible] which followed [illegible] the [illegible] of the Government Sir Arthur [illegible] action, precede the [illegible] the [illegible] to the [illegible] to escape during the [illegible] With the events which followed on the [illegible] with the juntas succeeded the affairs of the [illegible] soon prove [illegible] that [illegible] the Spaniards had fully experienced extraordinary [illegible] at Baylen, but the victory was unknown to those who [illegible] Sir Arthur the magnitude of their forces, and whose ignorant vain-glorious [illegible] was instantly detected by his acute and impartial vision Dupont had indeed been encountered in the South, but the other French Generals had been easily victorious in the North, and a force was at hand under Napoleon sufficient to sweep the country between the Pyrenees and Madrid The patriot levies were miserably destitute of equipments and discipline, and below their reported strength even in mere numbers, their ranks were mostly devoid of any better qualities for the contest than mere stubbornness and thorough hate, while as to unity of purpose or organisation [illegible] there were no such features visible in any quarter of the Peninsula Portugal offered somewhat better opportunities Its geographical position favoured the designs of the English commander, and its internal condition offered considerable inducements to a descent on the coast Junot, cut off from all communication with his colleagues in the Peninsula, was maintaining his ground with difficulty at Lisbon, between the insurgents of Portugal and the menacing patriots of Spain The troops under his command amounted to fully 25,000 men, but so many detachments were required for various services that his disposable force could only become formidable by virtue of greater military skill than he happened to possess He himself lay with a large garrison at Lisbon, and on the first rumours of the [illegible] he despatched General Loison with a [illegible] 7000 men, to scour the country, overwhelm the insurrection, and "drive the English into the sea"

Into a war, then, in which Napoleon and the French were our avowed [illegible] and the people of the Spanish peninsula were our [illegible] were now about to enter.

"The Spaniards," says André Vieusseux "were determined even to obstinacy, enduring of privation, proud and reserved, prone to enthusiasm, and, generally speaking, ignorant of worldly affairs. Thus lost deficiency assisted them greatly in their resistance. If they had been better acquainted with the history of Europe, if they had been more calculating, commercial, and refined, they might have shrunk from the fearful contest. They might have paused ere they ate apprehensive, with their raw battalions, those hero and well appointed phalanxes which had fought and conquered in a hundred pitched battles, and at whose encounter the splendid armies of Austria, Prussia, and Prussia had been dissolved as by the touch of a necromancer's wand. If they had known the stern determination of Napoleon to carry his point at any cost, and the merciless devotion of his officers and soldiers to his absolute will, if they had decked beforehand of the blood, the tears, and the cold graves that would cover their peaceful valleys and sunny plains, of their towns taken by storm, of their villages given up to the flame, of the shrieks of despair of their outraged wives and daughters, hearts as stout as theirs might have paused ere they drew upon themselves the awful visitation of the French. Luckily for the common cause of mankind, luckily in the end to Spain as a component member of England to Europe, Spanish pride and Spanish confidence blinded most of the Spanish chiefs, they thought only of the bravery, their head-strong enemy, who had rushed headlong into the midst of their cities and fortresses, who had succeeded only when they met them with confidence; and the whole host advanced against the Spanish soil, the French and Spanish could meet only on either south of the Pyrenees."*

Unfortunately for the Spanish people, many of their leaders were unworthy of the trust they had

Sir Arthur Wellesley reached Coimbra on the 26th of July, and accompanied by Colonel Murray, he hastened to join the Spanish army, which had gone to England from the Asturias and Galicia, had quelled the disaffection of the Spanish troops, and had driven back the French beyond the Pyrenees. Their own native province, the Asturias and Galicia, were the only countries of Spain which were entirely free from the French yoke. The Spanish troops, who

entrance, and that communicated with the Vallonga road, and was secured by an iron gate. Could this edifice be occupied Wellesley might open a passage for his army but where were means to be obtained by which troops could be thrown across the stream, and the seizure of that building effected? A barrier, to all appearance impassable, was unfortunately interposed. When no hope presents itself the most ardent spirit will yield. Before Wellesley rolled the Douro, and "Alexander the Great might have turned from it without shame!"

There is an air of romance in the means by which this singular difficulty was surmounted. Colonel Waters had been despatched, on what appeared a forlorn hope, of finding some means of transport. Fortune unexpectedly befriended him: a barber of Oporto had eluded the vigilance of Soult's patrols, and paddled his skiff across the river. Him the Colonel found in company with the Prior of Amuante, and the latter, having volunteered his services, the barber consented to assist, and with these unmilitary associates Waters crossed the stream, and in half an hour returned, unperceived, with several large barges.

The passage of the Douro, a fitting pendent to the daring of Wellesley, at Assaye, is thus detailed in an extract from the victor's despatch:

"The ground on the right bank of the river at this ferry is protected and commanded by the fire of cannon, placed on the height of the Seixa Convent, at Villa Nova, and there appeared to be a good position for our troops on the opposite side of the river, till they should be collected in sufficient numbers.

"The enemy took no notice of our collection of boats, or of the embarkation of the troops, till after the first battalion (the Buffs) were landed, and had taken up their position under the command of Lieutenant-General Paget, on the opposite side of the river. They then commenced an attack upon them, with a large body of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, under the command of Marshal Soult, which that corps most gallantly sustained till supported successively by the 48th and 66th regiments, belonging to Major-General Hill's brigade, and a Portuguese battalion of detachments belonging to Brigadier-General Richard Stewart's brigade.

"Lieutenant-General Paget was unfortunately wounded soon after the attack commenced, when the command of these gallant troops devolved upon Major-General Hill.

"Although the French made repeated attacks upon them, they made no impression, and, at last, Major-General Murray having appeared on the enemy's left flank, on his march from Avintas, where he had crossed, and Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke, who by this time had availed himself of the enemy's weakness in the town of Oporto, and had crossed the Douro at the ferry between the towns of Villa Nova and Oporto, having appeared upon their right with the Brigade of Guards and the 29th regiment, the whole retired in the utmost confusion towards Amarante, leaving behind them five pieces of cannon, eight ammunition tumbrils, and many prisoners.

"From the Douro, which had witnessed his opening success, Wellesley advanced toward the Tagus, intending to co-operate with Cuesta's army, which occupied the banks of that river. The object was a united attack on Victor. Unfortunately, however, no unanimity in views or plans existed between the British and Spanish commanders. Whilst Cuesta desired, above all things, that the armies of the two nations should be united—that they should fight side by side, and follow up to the utmost any advantage which they might obtain, Sir Arthur Wellesley was guided by other motives, and restricted his designs to a narrower, but a much safer and surer field."

THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

This brilliant operation being concluded, Sir Arthur was at liberty to renew the main project of the campaign—to which, in truth, the attack on Soult had been subsidiary—the defeat of Victor in Estramadura. The events which followed we give in the elegant and perspicuous language of our before-quoted authority.—"At this time the various difficulties of the English commander began to disclose themselves. Though his losses had been extremely small in the recent actions, considering the importance of their results, the troops were suffering severely from sickness, at least 4000 being in hospital, while supplies of all kinds were miserably deficient through the imperfections of the commissariat. The soldiers were nearly barefooted, their pay was largely in arrear, and the military chest was empty. In addition to this, although the real weakness of the Spanish armies was not yet fully known, it was clearly discernible that the character of their commander would preclude any effective concert in the joint operations of the allied force. Cuesta would take no advice, and insisted on the adoption of his own schemes with such obstinacy, that Sir Arthur was compelled to frame his plans accordingly. Instead therefore, of circumventing Victor as he had intended, he advanced into Spain at the beginning of July, to effect a junction with Cuesta and feel his way towards Madrid. The armies when united, formed a mass of 78,000 combatants; but of these 56,000 were Spanish, and for the brunt of war Sir Arthur could only reckon on his 22,000 British troops, Beresford's Portuguese having been despatched to the north of Portugal. On the other side, Victor's force had been strengthened by the succours which Joseph Bonaparte, alarmed for the safety of Madrid, had hastily concentrated at Toledo, and when the two armies at length confronted each other at Talavera, it was found that 55,000 excellent French troops were arrayed against Sir Arthur and his ally, while nearly as many more were descending from the north on the line of the British communications along the valley of the Tagus. On the 28th of July the British commander, after making the best dispositions in his power, received the attack of the French, directed by Joseph Bonaparte in person, with Victor and Jourdan at his side, and after an engagement of great severity, in which the Spaniards were virtually inactive, he remained master of the field against double his numbers, having repulsed the enemy at all points with heavy loss, and having captured several hundred prisoners, and 17 pieces of cannon in this the first great pitched battle in the Peninsula.

In this well fought field of Talavera, the French had thrown for the first time, their whole disposable force upon the British army without success, and Sir Arthur Wellesley inspired with a just shade confidence, that the relative superiority of his troops to those of the Emperor was practically decided. Jomini the French military historian, confesses almost as much, and the opinions of Napoleon himself, as visible in his correspondence, underwent from that moment a serious change. Victor home the people, wholly unaccustomed to the contingencies of a real war, and the Opposition, unscrupulously employing the delusions of the people, combined in decrying the victory denouncing the successful general, and despairing of the whole enterprise. The city of London even ventured on a petition in its discontent with the "*rashness, intoxication, and want of talent*" of that commander whom M. Thiers depicts as endowed solely with the sluggish and phlegmatic tenacity of his countrymen and though ministers succeeded in procuring an acknowledgment of the services performed, and a warrant for persisting in the effort, both they and the British general were sadly cramped in the means of action. Sir Arthur Wellesley became indeed, "Baron Douro, of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington in the county of Somerset," but the Government was afraid to maintain his effective means even at the moderate amount for which he had stipulated and they gave him plainly to understand that the responsibility of the war must rest upon his own shoulders. He accepted it, and, in full reliance on his own resources and the tried valour of his troops, awaited the shock which was at hand.

THE FRENCH IN THE PENINSULA.

The battle of Talavera acted on the Emperor Napoleon exactly like the battle of Vimiero. His best soldiers had failed against those led by the "Sepoy General," and he became seriously alarmed for his conquest of Spain. After Vimiero he rushed, at the head of his guards, through Somosierra to Madrid, and now, after Talavera, he prepared a still more redoubtable invasion. Relieved from his continental habilitties by the campaign of Aspern and Wagram, and from nearer apprehensions by the discomfiture of our expedition to Walcheren, he poured his now disposable legions in extraordinary numbers through the passes of the Pyrenees. Nine powerful corps, mustering full 280,000 effective men, under Marshals Victor, Ney, Soult, Mortier, and Massena, with a crowd of aspiring generals besides, represented the force definitely charged with the final subjugation of the Peninsula. To meet the shock of this stupendous array Wellington had the 20,000 troops of Talave

augmented, besides other reinforcements by that memorable brigade which, under the name of the Light Division, became afterwards the admiration of both armies In addition he had Beresford's Portuguese levies, now 30,000 strong, well disciplined, and capable, as events showed, of becoming first-rate soldiers, making a total of some 55,000 disposable troops, independent of garrisons and detachments. All hopes of effectual co-operation from Spain had now vanished Disregarding the sage advice of Wellington, the Spanish generals had consigned themselves and their armies to inevitable destruction, and of the whole kingdom Gibraltar and Cadiz alone had escaped the swoop of the victorious French The Provisional Administration displayed neither resolution nor sincerity, the British forces were suffered absolutely to starve, and Wellington was unable to extort from the leaders around him the smallest assistance for that army which was the last support of Spanish freedom. It was under such circumstances, with forces full of spirit, but numerically weak, without any assurance of sympathy at home, without money or supplies on the spot, and in the face of Napoleon's best marshal, with 80,000 troops in line, and 10,000 in reserve, that Wellington entered on the campaign of 1810—a campaign pronounced by military critics to be inferior to none in his whole career

BATTLE OF BUSACO

Withdrawing, after the victory of Talavera, from the concentrating forces of the enemy attracted by his advance, he had at first taken post on the Guadiana, until, wearied out by Spanish insanity and perverseness, he moved his army to the Mondego, preparatory to those encounters which he foresaw the defence of Portugal must presently bring to pass Already had he divined by his own sagacity the character and necessities of the coming campaign Massena, as the best representative of the Emperor himself, having under his orders Ney, Regnier, and Junot, was gathering his forces on the north-eastern frontier of Portugal to fulfil his master's commands by "sweeping the English leopard into the sea" Against such hosts as he brought to the assault a defensive attitude was all that could be maintained, and Wellington's eye had detected the true mode of operation He proposed to make the immediate district of Lisbon perform that service for Portugal which Portugal itself performed for the Peninsula at large, by furnishing an impregnable fastness and supreme retreat. By carrying lines of fortification from the Atlantic coast, through Torres Vedras, to the bank of the Tagus a little above Lisbon, he succeeded in constructing an artificial stronghold within which his returning forces would be inaccessible, and from which, as opportunities invited, he might issue at will These provisions silently and unobtrusively made, he calmly took post on the Coa, and awaited the assault Hesitating or undecided, from some motive or other, Massena for weeks delayed the blow, till at length, after feeling the mettle of the Light Division on the Coa, he put his army in motion after the British commander, who slowly retired to his defences Deeming, however, that a passage of arms would tend both to inspirit his own troops in what seemed like a retreat, and to teach Massena the true quality of the antagonist before him, he deliberately halted at Busaco and offered battle Unable to refuse the challenge, the French marshal directed his bravest troops on the British position, but they were foiled with immense loss at every point of the attack, and Wellington proved, by one of his most brilliant victories, that his retreat partook neither of discomfiture nor fear. Rapidly recovering himself, however Massena followed on his formidable foe, and was dreaming of little less than a second evacuation of Portugal, when, to his astonishment and dismay, he found himself abruptly arrested in his course by the tremendous lines of Torres Vedras

TORRES VEDRAS, AND RETREAT OF MARSHAL MASSENA

These prodigious intrenchments comprised a triple line of fortifications, one within the other, the innermost being intended to cover the embarkation of the troops in the last resort. The main strength of the works had been thrown on the second line, at which it had been intended to make the final stand, but even the outer barrier was found in effect to be so formidable as to deter the enemy from all hopes of a successful assault. Thus checked in mid career, the French marshal chafed and fumed in front of these impregnable lines, afraid to attack, yet unwilling to retire. For a whole month did he lie here inactive, tenacious of his purpose, though aware of his defeat, and eagerly watching for the first advantage which the chances of war or the mistakes of the British general might offer him. Meantime, however, while Wellington's concentrated forces were enjoying, through his sage provisions, the utmost comfort and abundance within their lines, the French army was gradually reduced to the last extremities of destitution and disease, and Massena at length broke up in despair, to commence a retreat which was never afterwards exchanged for an advance Confident in hope and spirit, and overjoyed to see retiring before them one of those real Imperial armies which had swept the continent from the Rhine to the Vistula, the British troops issued from their works in hot pursuit, and, though the extraordinary genius of the French commander preserved his forces from what, in ordinary cases, would have been the ruin of a rout, yet his sufferings were so extreme and his losses so heavy that he carried to the frontier scarcely one half of the force with which he had plunged blindly into Portugal. Following up his wary enemy with a caution which no success was permitted to disturb, Wellington promptly availed himself of his position to attempt the recovery of Almeida, a fortress which, with Ciudad Rodrigo, forms the key of north-eastern Portugal, and which had been taken by Massena in his advance Anxious to preserve this important place, the French marshal turned with his whole force upon the foe, but Wellington met him at Fuentes d'Onoro, repulsed his attempts in a sanguinary engagement, and Almeida fell

As at this point the tide of French conquest had been actually turned, and the British army, so lightly held by Napoleon, was now manifestly chasing the eagles from the field, it might have been presumed that popularity and support would have rewarded the unexampled successes of the English general. Yet it was not so The reverses experienced during the same period in Spain were loudly appealed to as neutralising the triumphs in Portugal, and at no moment was there a more vehement denunciation of the whole Peninsular war. Though Cadiz resolutely held out, and Graham, indeed on the heights of Barossa, had emulated the glories of Busaco, yet even the strong fortress of Badajoz had now fallen before the vigorous audacity of Soult, and Suchet, after a long and [illegible] abilities, was effecting [illegible] of the [illegible] strongholds, the complete conquest of Catalonia and Valencia Eagerly turning these disasters to account, and inspirited by the accession of the Prince Regent to power, the Opposition in the British parliament so pressed the Ministry, that at the very moment when Wellington, after his unrivalled strategy, was on the track of his retreating foe, he could scarcely count for common support on the Government he was serving He was represented in England, as his letters show us, to be "in a scrape," and he fought with a consciousness that all his reverses would be magnified and all his successes denied. Yet he failed neither in heart nor hand He had verified all his own assertions respecting the defensibility of Portugal His army had become a perfect model of discipline and daring, he was driving before him 80,000 of the best troops of the Empire, and he relied on the resources of his own genius for compensating those disadvantages to which he foresaw he must be still exposed Such was the campaign of 1810

THE SIEGES OF THE PENINSULA.

As the maintenance of Portugal was subsidiary to the great object of the war—the deliverance of the Peninsula from French domination, Wellington of course proceeded, after successfully repulsing the invaders from Portuguese soil, to resume the offensive, by carrying his arms into Spain Thus, after defeating Junot, he had been induced to try the battle of Talavera, and now, after expelling Massena, he betook himself to similar designs, but with this difference—that instead of operating by the valley of the Tagus against Madrid, he now moved to the valley of the Guadiana for the purpose of recovering Badajoz, a fortress, like that of Ciudad Rodrigo, so critically situated on the frontier, that with these two places in the enemy's hands, as they now were, it became hazardous either to quit Portugal or to penetrate into Spain At this point, therefore, were now to commence the famous sieges of the Peninsula—sieges which will always reflect immortal honour on the troops engaged, and which will always attract the

strongest interests of an English reader; but which must, nevertheless, be appealed to as illustrations of the straits to which an army may be led by want of military experience in the Government at home. By this time the repeated victories of Wellington and his colleagues had raised the renown of British soldiers to at least an equality with that of Napoleon's veterans, and the incomparable efficiency, in particular, of the Light Division was acknowledged to be without a parallel in any European service. But in those departments of the army where excellence is less the result of intuitive ability, the forces under Wellington were still greatly surpassed by the trained legions of the emperor. While Napoleon had devoted his whole genius to the organisation of the parks and trains which attend the march of an army in the field, the British troops had only the most imperfect resources on which to rely. The engineer corps, though admirable in quality, was so deficient in numbers, that commissions were placed at the free disposal of Cambridge mathematicians The siege trains were weak and worthless against the solid ramparts of Peninsular strongholds, the intrenching tools were so ill made that they snapped in the hands of the workmen, and the art of sapping and mining was so little known, that this branch of the siege duties was carried on by drafts from the regiments of the line, imperfectly and hastily instructed for the purpose. Unhappily, such results can only be obviated by long foresight, patient training, and costly provision, it was not in the power of a single mind, however capacious, to effect an instantaneous reform, and Wellington was compelled to supply the deficiencies by the best blood of his troops

The command of the force commissioned to recover Badajoz had been intrusted to Marshal Beresford until Lord Wellington could repair in person to the scene, and it was against Soult, who was marching rapidly from the south to the relief of the place, that the glorious but sanguinary battle of Albuera was fought on the 16th of May. Having checked the enemy by this bloody defeat, Beresford resumed the duties of the siege until he was superseded by the Commander-in-chief. But all the efforts of Wellington and his troops were vain, for the present, against this celebrated fortress, two assaults were repulsed, and the British general determined on relinquishing the attempt, and returning to the northern frontier of Portugal for more favourable opportunities of action. He had now, by his extraordinary genius, so far changed the character of the war, that the British, heretofore fighting with desperate tenacity for a footing at Lisbon or Cadiz, were now openly assuming the offensive, and Napoleon had been actually compelled to direct defensive preparations along the road leading through Vittoria to Bayonne—that very road which Wellington, in spite of these defences, was soon to traverse in triumph. Meantime fresh troops were poured over the Pyrenees into Spain, and a new plan of operations was dictated by the Emperor himself. One powerful army in the north was to guard Castile and Leon, and watch the road by which Wellington might be expected to advance; another, under Soult, strongly reinforced, was to maintain French interest in Andalusia and menace Portugal from the south; while Marshal Marmont, who had succeeded Massena, took post with 30,000 men in the valley of the Tagus, resting on Toledo and Madrid, and prepared to concert movements with either of his colleagues as occasion might arise. To encounter these antagonists, who could rapidly concentrate 90,000 splendid troops against him, Wellington could barely bring 50,000 into the field; and though this disparity of numbers was afterwards somewhat lessened, yet it is scarcely in reason to expect that even the genius of Wellington or the valour of his troops could have ultimately prevailed against such odds, but for circumstances which favoured the designs of the British and rendered the contest less unequal. In the first place, the jealousies of the French marshals, when unrepressed by the Emperor's presence, were so inveterate as to disconcert the best operations, and in the next, although the Spanish armies had ceased to offer regular resistance to the invaders, yet the guerilla system of warfare, aided by interminable insurrections, acted to the incessant embarrassment of the French, whose duties, perils, and fatigues were doubled by the restless activity of these daring enemies. But the most important of Wellington's advantages was that of position. With an impregnable retreat at Lisbon, with free water carriage in his rear, and with the great arteries of the Douro and the Tagus transmitting his supplies, he could operate at will from his central fastness towards the north, east, or south. If the northern provinces were temporarily disengaged from the enemy's presence, he could issue by Almeida and Salamanca upon the great line of communication between the Pyrenees and Madrid; if the valley of the Tagus were left unguarded, he could march directly upon the capital by the well-known route of Talavera; while if Soult, by any of these demonstrations, was tempted to cross the Guadiana, he could carry his arms into Andalusia by Elvas and Badajoz. Relying, too, on the excellence of his troops, he confidently accounted himself a match for any single army of the enemy, while he was well aware, from the exhausted state of the country and the difficulties of procuring subsistence, that no concentration of the French forces could be maintained for many days together. In this way, availing himself of the far superior intelligence which he enjoyed through the agency of the guerillas, and of his own exclusive facilities for commanding supplies, he succeeded, by constant alarms and well-directed blows, in paralysing the enormous hosts of Napoleon, till at length when the time of action came he advanced from cantonments and drove King Joseph and all his marshals headlong across the Pyrenees.

The position taken up by Wellington when he transferred his operations from the south to the north frontier of Portugal was at Fuente Guinaldo, a locality possessing some advantageous features in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo. His thoughts being still occupied by the means of gaining the border fortresses, he had promptly turned to Rodrigo from Badajoz, and had arranged his plans with a double prospect of success. Knowing that the place was inadequately provisioned, he conceived hopes of blockading it into submission from his post at Fuente Guinaldo, since in the presence of this force no supplies could be thrown into the town, unless escorted by a convoy equal to the army under his command. Either, therefore, the French marshal must abandon Rodrigo to its fate, or he must go through the difficult operation of concentrating all his forces to form the convoy required Marmont chose the latter alternative, and uniting his army with that of Dorsenne, advanced to the relief of Rodrigo with an immense train of stores and 60,000 fighting men. By this extraordinary effort not only was the place provisioned, but Wellington himself was brought into a situation of some peril, for after successfully repulsing an attempt of the French in the memorable combat of El Bondon, he found himself the next day, with only 15,000 men actually at his disposal, exposed to the attack of the entire French army Fortunately Marmont was unaware of the chance thus offered him, and while he was occupying himself in evolutions and displays, Wellington collected his troops, and stood once more in security on his position. This movement, however, of the French commander destroyed all hopes of reducing Rodrigo by blockade, and the British general recurred accordingly to the alternative he had been contemplating of an assault by force.

To comprehend the difficulties of this enterprise it must be remembered that the superiority of strength was indisputably with the French whenever they concentrated their forces, and that it was certain such concentration would be attempted, at any risk, to save such a place as Rodrigo Wellington, therefore, had to prepare, with such secrecy as to elude the suspicions of his enemy, the enormous mass of materials required for such a siege as that he projected. As the town stood on the opposite or Spanish bank of the river Agueda, and as the approaches were commanded by the guns of the garrison, it became necessary to construct a temporary bridge. Moreover, the heavy battering train, which alone required 5000 bullocks to draw it, had to be brought up secretly to the spot, though it was a work almost of impossibility to get a score of cattle together. But these difficulties were surmounted by the inventive genius of the British commander. Preparing his battering train at Lisbon, he shipped it at that port as if for Cadiz, transhipped it into smaller craft at sea, and then brought it up the stream of the Douro. In the next place, he succeeded, beyond the hopes of his engineers, in rendering the Douro navigable for a space of forty miles beyond the limit previously presumed, and at length he collected the whole necessary materials in the rear of his army, without any knowledge on the part of his antagonist. He was now to reap the

reward of his precaution and skill. Towards the close of the year the French armies having—conformably to directions of the Emperor, framed entirely on the supposition that Wellington had no heavy artillery—been dispersed in cantonments, the British general suddenly threw his bridge across the Agueda, and besieged Ciudad Rodrigo in force. Ten days only elapsed between the investment and the storm. On the 8th of January, 1812, the Agueda was crossed, and on the 19th the British were in the city. The loss of life greatly exceeded the limit assigned to such expenditure in the scientific calculations of military engineers. but the enterprise was undertaken in the face of a superior force, which could at once have defeated it by appearing on the scene of action, and so effectually was Marmont baffled by the vigour of the British, that the place had fallen before his army was collected for its relief. The reputation of such a stroke at Badajoz, which was now Wellington's aim, presented still greater difficulties, for the vigilance of the French was alarmed, the garrison of the place had been reconstituted by equal drafts from the various armies in order to interest each marshal personally in its relief, and Soult in Andalusia, like Marmont in Castile, possessed a force competent to overwhelm any covering army which Wellington could detach. Yet, on the 7th of April, Badajoz like wise fell, and after opening a new campaign with these famous demonstrations, he prepared for a third time to advance definitely from Portugal into Spain

Though the forces of Napoleon in the Peninsula were presently to be somewhat weakened by the requirement of the Russian war, yet at the moment when [illegible] were wrenched from their grasp, the ascendancy of [illegible] was yet uncontested, and from the Niemen to the Atlantic there was literally no resistance to his universal dominion, save by this army, which was clinging with invincible tenacity to the rocks of Portugal at the western extremity of Europe. From these well defended lines, however, they were now to emerge, and while Hill, by his surprise of Girard at Arroyo Molinos, and his brilliant capture of the forts at the bridge of Almaraz, was alarming the French for the safety of Andalusia, Wellington began his march to the Pyrenees

On this occasion he was at first unimpeded. So established was the reputation of the troops and their general, that Marmont retired as he advanced, and Salamanca, after four years of oppressive occupation, was evacuated before the liberating army But the host into which Wellington had thus boldly plunged with 40,000 troops still numbered fully 270,000 soldiers, and though these forces were divided by distance and jealousies, Marmont had no difficulty in collecting an army numerically superior to that of his antagonist. Returning, therefore, to the contest, and hovering about the English general for the opportunity of pouncing at an advantage upon his troops, he gave promise of a decisive battle, and, after some days of elaborate manœuvring, the opposing armies found themselves confronted, on the 22nd of July, in the vicinity of Salamanca. It was a trial of strategy, but in strategy as well as vigour the French marshal was surpassed by his redoubtable adversary. Seizing with intuitive genius an occasion which Marmont offered, Wellington fell upon his army, and routed it so completely that half of its effective force was destroyed in the engagement. So decisively had the blow been dealt, and so skilfully had it been directed, that, as Napoleon had long foretold of such an event, it paralysed the entire French force in Spain, and reduced it to the relative position so long maintained by the English—that of tenacious defence. The only two considerable armies now remaining were those of Suchet in the east, and Soult in the south. Suchet, on hearing of Marmont's defeat, proposed that the French should make a Portugal of their own in Catalonia, and defend themselves in its fastnesses till aid could arrive from the Pyrenees; while Soult advocated with equal warmth a retirement into Andalusia, and a concentration behind the Guadiana There was little time for deliberation, for Wellington was hot upon his prey, but as King Joseph decamped from his capital he sent orders to Soult to evacuate Andalusia; and the victorious army of the British, after thus, by a single blow, clearing half Spain of its invaders, made its triumphant entry into Madrid.

Wellington was now in possession of the capital of Spain. He had succeeded in delivering that blow which had so long been meditated, and had signalised the growing ascendancy of his army by the total defeat of his chief opponent in open field. But his work was far from finished, and while all around was rejoicing and triumph, his forecast was anxiously revolving the imminent contingencies of the war. In one sense, indeed, the recent victory had increased rather than lessened the dangers of his position, for it had driven his adversaries by force of common peril into a temporary concert, and Wellington well knew that any such concert would reduce him again to the defensive Marshal Soult, it was true, had evacuated Andalusia, and King Joseph Madrid; but their forces had been carried to Suchet's quarters in Valencia, where they would thus form an overpowering concentration of strength, and in like manner, though Marmont's army had been shorn of half its numbers, it was rapidly recovering itself under Clauzel by the absorption of all the detachments which had been operating in the north. Wellington saw, therefore, that he must prepare himself for a still more decisive struggle, if not for another retreat, and conceiving it most important to disembarrass his rear, he turned round upon Clauzel with the intention of crushing him before he could be fully reinforced, and thus establishing himself securely on the line of the Douro to wait the advance of King Joseph from the east.

With these views, after leaving a strong garrison at Madrid, he put his army in motion, drove Clauzel before him from Valladolid, and on the 18th of September appeared before Burgos. This place, though not a fortification of the first rank, had been recently strengthened by the orders of Napoleon, whose sagacity had divined the use to which its defences might possibly be turned. It lay in the great road to Bayonne, and was now one of the chief depôts retained by the French in the Peninsula, for the campaign had stripped them of Rodrigo, Badajoz, Madrid, Salamanca, and Seville. It became, therefore, of great importance to effect its reduction, and Wellington sat down before it with a force which, although theoretically unequal to the work, might, perhaps, from past recollections, have warranted some expectations of success But our Peninsular sieges supply, as we have said, rather warnings than examples. Badajoz and Rodrigo were only won by a profuse expenditure of life, and Burgos, though attacked with equal intrepidity, was not won at all. After consuming no less than five weeks before its walls, Wellington gave reluctant orders for raising the siege and retiring It was, indeed time, for the northern army, now under the command of Soulam, mustered 44,000 men in his rear, and Soult and Joseph were advancing with fully 70,000 more upon the Tagus To oppose these forces Wellington had only 34,000 troops, Spaniards included, under his immediate command, while Hill, with the garrison of Madrid, could only muster some 20,000 to resist the advance of Soult. The British commander determined, therefore, on recalling Hill from from Madrid and resuming his former position on the Agueda—a resolution which he successfully executed in the face of the difficulties around him, though the suffering and discouragement of the troops during this unwelcome retreat were extremely severe. A detailed criticism of these operations would be beyond our province. It is enough to say that the French made a successful defence, and we have no occasion to begrudge them the single achievement in the whole Peninsular war against the English arms which could be contributed to the historic gallery of Versailles.

Such, however, was in those times the incredulity or perverseness of party spirit in England, that while no successes were rated at their true import, every incomplete operation was magnified into a disaster and described as a warning. The retreat from Burgos was cited, like the retreat from Talavera, as a proof of the mismanagement of the war, and occasion was taken in parliament to contrast even the victory of Salamanca with the battles of Marlborough to the disparagement of Wellington and his army. Nor did any great enlightenment yet prevail on the subject of military operations, for a considerable force destined to act on the eastern coast of Spain was diverted by Lord William Bentinck to Sicily at a moment when its appearance in Valencia would have disconcerted all the plans of the French, and by providing occupation for Joseph and his marshals, have relieved Wellington from all fear of concentration of his enemies before which he was compelled to retire. But neither the wilfulness of faction nor the tenacity of folly could do more than obstruct events which were now steadily in

course. Even the inherent obstinacy of Spanish character had at length yielded to the visible genius of Wellington, and the whole military force of the country was now at last, in the fifth year of the war, placed under his paramount command. But these powers were little more than nominal, and, in order to derive an effective support from the favourable dispositions of the Spanish Government, the British general availed himself of the winter season to repair in person to Cadiz.

It will be remembered that when, after the battle of Talavera and the retirement of Wellington to Portugal, the French poured their accumulated legions into Andalusia, Cadiz alone had been preserved from the deluge. Since that time the troops of Soult had environed it in vain. Secured by a British garrison, strongly fortified by nature and well supplied from the sea, it was in little danger of capture, and it discharged, indeed, a substantial service by detaining a large detachment from the general operations of the war. In fact, the French could scarcely be described as besieging it, for, though they maintained their guard with unceasing vigilance, it was at so respectful a distance that the great mortar which now stands in St. James's Park was cast especially for this extraordinary length of range, and their own position was intrenched with an anxiety sufficiently indicative of their anticipations. Exempted in this manner from many of the troubles of war while cooped in the narrow space of a single town, the Spanish patriots enjoyed ample liberty of political discussion, and the fermentation of spirits was proportionate to the occasion. It was here that the affairs of the war, as regarded the Spanish armies, were regulated by a popular assembly under the control of a licentious mob; and it was here that those democratic principles of government were first promulgated which in later times so intimately affected the fortunes of the Peninsular monarchies. "The Cortes," wrote Wellington, "have framed a constitution very much on the principle that a painter paints a picture—viz., to be looked at. I have not met any person of any description who considers that Spain either is or can be governed by such a system." From this body, however, the British commander succeeded in temporarily obtaining the power he desired, and he returned to Portugal prepared to open with fresh spirit and confidence the campaign of 1813.

Several circumstances now combined to promise a decisive turn in the operations of the war. The initiative, once taken by Wellington, had been never lost, and although he had retrograded from Burgos, it was without any discomfiture at the hands of the enemy. The reinforcements despatched from England, though proportioned neither to the needs of the war nor the resources of the country, were considerable, and the effective strength of the army—a term which excludes the Spanish contingents—reached to full 70,000 men. On the other hand, the reverses of Napoleon in the Russian campaign had not only reduced his forces in the Peninsula, but had rendered it improbable that they could be succoured on any emergency with the same promptitude as before. Above all, Wellington himself was now unfettered in his command, for if the direction in chief of the Spanish armies brought but little direct accession of strength, it at any rate relieved him from the necessity of concerting operations with generals on whose discretion he had found it impossible to rely. These considerations, coupled with an instinctive confidence in his dispositions for the campaign, and an irresistible presage of the success which at length awaited his patience, so inspirited the British commander that, on putting his troops once more in motion for Spain, he rose in his stirrups as the frontier was passed, and waving his hat, exclaimed prophetically, "Farewell Portugal!" Events soon verified the finality of this adieu, for a few short months carried the "Sepoy General" in triumph to Paris.

"At the commencement of the famous campaign of 1813 the material superiority still lay apparently with the French, for King Joseph disposed of a force little short of 200,000 men—a strength exceeding that of the army under Wellington's command—even if all denominations of troops are included in the calculation. But the British general reasonably concluded that he had by this time experienced the worst of what the enemy could do. He knew that the difficulties of subsistence, no less than the jealousies of the several commanders, would render any large or permanent concentration impossible, and he had satisfactorily measured the power of his own army against any likely to be brought into the field against him. He confidently calculated, therefore, on making an end of the war; his troops were in the highest spirits, and the lessons of the retreat from Burgos had been turned to seasonable advantage. In comparison with his previous restrictions, all might now be said to be in his own hands, and the result of the change was soon made conclusively manifest.

"Hitherto, as we have seen, the offensive movements of Wellington from his Portuguese stronghold had been usually directed against Madrid by one of the two great roads of Salamanca or Talavera, and the French had been studiously led to anticipate similar dispositions on the present occasion. Under such impressions they collected their main strength on the north bank of the Douro, to defend that river to the last, intending, as Wellington moved upon Salamanca, to fall on his left flank by the bridges of Tore and Zamora. The British general, however, had conceived a very different plan of operations. Availing himself of preparations carefully made, and information anxiously collected, he moved the left wing of his army through a province hitherto untraversed to the north bank of the Douro, and then, after demonstrations at Salamanca, suddenly joining it with the remainder of the army, he took the French defences in reverse, and showed himself in irresistible force on the line of their communications. The effect was decisive. Constantly menaced by the British left, which was kept steadily in advance, Joseph evacuated one position after another without hazarding an engagement, blew up the castle of Burgos in the precipitancy of his retreat, and only took post at Vittoria to experience the most conclusive defeat ever sustained by the French arms since the battle of Blenheim. His entire army was routed, with inconsiderable slaughter, but with irrecoverable discomfiture. All the plunder of the Peninsula fell into the hands of the victors. Jourdan's *bâton* and Joseph's travelling carriage became the trophies of the British general, and the walls of Apsley House display to this hour in their most precious ornaments the spoils of this memorable battle. The occasion was improved as skilfully as it had been created. Pressing on his retiring foe, Wellington drove him into the recesses of the Pyrenees, and, surrounding the frontier fortresses of St. Sebastian and Pampeluna, prepared to maintain the mountain passes against a renewed invasion. His anticipations of the future proved correct. Detaching what force he could spare from his own emergencies, Napoleon sent Soult again, with plenary powers to retrieve the credit and fortunes of the army. Impressed with the peril of the crisis, and not disguising the abilities of the commander opposed to him, this able 'Lieutenant of the Emperor' collected his whole strength, and suddenly poured with impetuous valour through the passes of the Pyrenees on the isolated posts of his antagonist. But at Maya and Sorauren the French were once more repulsed by the vigorous determination of the British; St. Sebastian, after a sanguinary siege, was carried by storm; and on the 9th of November, four months after the battle of Vittoria, Wellington slept, for the last time during the war, on the territory of the Peninsula. The Bidassoa and the Nivelle were successfully crossed in despite of all the resistance which Soult could oppose, and the British army, which five years before, amid the menacing hosts of the enemy and the ill-boding omens of its friends, had maintained a precarious footing on the crags of Portugal, now bivouacked in uncontested triumph on the soil of France. With these strokes the mighty game had at length been won, for though Soult clung with convulsive tenacity to every defensible point of ground, and though at Toulouse he drew such vigour from despair as suggested even an equivocal claim to the honours of the combat, yet the result of the struggle was now beyond the reach of fortune. Not only was Wellington advancing in irresistible strength, but Napoleon himself had succumbed to his more immediate antagonists; and the French marshals, discovering themselves without authority or support, desisted from hostilities which had become both gratuitous and hopeless."

And thus was terminated, to the immense advantage of Great Britain and Europe, the great Peninsular War—a war begun without definite object; carried forward in doubt and suspicion, but brought at length to a brilliant conclusion by the bravery and genius of the great man, at the close of the second period of whose life we have now arrived.

(To be continued in our next.)

A WET NIGHT IN LONDON.

It is a cold night—a *very* cold, wet, miserable night; the pedestrians are wrapping themselves closely up; and, with bent heads and shuffling steps, are making their several ways to warm fire-sides and cheerfully lighted rooms. The air is thick with fog, and round the street lamps there is a kind of red areola which extends just far enough to be dismal and no farther. The shops are tenantless *before* the counters, while *behind* them stand assistants with blank faces and blue cold noses. The neighbourhood cannot be said to be a genteel one, for every third or fourth house is a gin or an eel-pie shop, and a dull radiance which disappears as soon as they reach the ground. It is a miserable night, indeed; and the mist seems to envelop everything it touches with a cold, damp, uncomfortable kind of garment. Even the street musicians have packed up their instruments, and moved away from the door of the public-house, in an utterly wretched and hopeless condition; and if we glance within the swinging portals, we catch a glimpse of the fat landlord smoking his evening pipe in solitary discontentedness; and the little crowd about the theatre door—for the neighbourhood being poor and out-at-elbows, is theatrical as a matter of course,—has gradually become less; and the proprietor of the broker's shop hard by is removing



ONE OF POVERTY'S LAST SHIFTS.

at the corner of the street there is a man standing with a baked potato can, who, ever and anon recommends his wares with a hoarse voice in the rapid and customary manner of his trade—"Baked taters all hot hot hot hot! mealy and flowery, hot hot hot!"—without a pause; the while he rubs his hands together and stamps a rough tune out upon the ground with his thick boot soles. But the influence of the weather is upon even him, and in a short time, he shuts off the steam from the little pipe above the fire, and shouldering his machine, makes his way to a more promising spot; and as the red hot cinders drop from his little furnace they shine with his medley stock, which consists, he is in the habit of saying, of everything, from a cart-wheel to a watch-spring,—from the wide muddy pathway to the shelter of the house; and the miserable women who make a living in the streets are cowering in doorways, if they have no money, or crowding round gin-shop counters, if they have; and the wretched creature, with a child on her arm, attempts to "turn a penny" by the sale of little bunches of stale flowers—one of the very last shifts of honest poverty in London; and the cabman sits disconsolately on the box of his vehicle, his face half hidden in the collar of his wet coat, and the smoke of his short black pipe

rising up into the air in a very lazy and unconvivial manner, and the sellers of cheap fruit and boiled sheep's trotters stoop helplessly over damp stalls and dilapidated baskets; and beneath the sun-blind of the cheesemonger's shop a group of wet, shabby-looking people have collected; and out upon the murky air the light from the flaring gas-lamp at the butcher's-shop streams in smoky yellowness, and the streets are filled with that foul, earthy, disagreeable kind of smell peculiar to London and bad drainage, and altogether, is a kind of night when one likes to be at home, with the shutters fast and the lamp lighted, and the sofa drawn somewhat nearer to the bright autumn fire, and the favourite book brought down from the shelf, and the children all in bed, and the cosy little wife in the best humour, ready to listen or to talk, just as it happens to hit the humour of the good man of the house.

On just such a night as this it is that he who would know something more of the lower life of London than can be gleaned from books, be they ever so graphic, or can be seen by daylight in the crowded thoroughfares of wealth and commerce, be the observer ever so observant,—on such a night he should go forth, and if he be as benevolent as he is observant, he will discover no lack of objects on which to exercise his goodness. He will see in dark archways, and damp doorsteps, and in strange out-of-the-way places, poor, miserable, houseless, wretches crouching down in the very lowest state of human degradation,—the old and the young, the palsied crone and the premature baby-man, the vice-grey scoundrel and the fallen woman scarce sixteen, the hardened jail-bird and the widowed mother with her dying child, huddled indiscriminately together, without hope, without morality, and without a thought of the future. And he will see, too, if he knows where to look, good men, God's servants, teaching ragged children in crowded rooms, and doing their best to redeem them from a life of ignorance and vice. All honour to the brave men who dare foul poverty and disease, that they may lessen, by ever so little, the mass of wretchedness and filth, and ignorance and irreligion, which hangs like a poisoned vapour on the very garments of wealth and pride, and comes in a thousand fearful shapes into the very homes of luxury and ease.

It is a solemn thought, that, in the midst of our material grandeur and prosperity, we allow the poor to be so *very* poor as to become dangerous to themselves and to society, that we go on, careless of warnings from cholera and typhus, in our old easy way, making new streets and building grand palaces, and opening out fine city ways, without a thought of any but ourselves,—a very solemn thing indeed, that for every foul street cleared away from Westminster, Whitechapel, or St. Giles', we only fill the rotten wastes and wildernesses and rookeries of vice and want the fuller, and keep up the jail supply, in spite of emigration, home missions, and philanthropic endeavours. Let the rich look to it.

COURTESY.

Opinions seem to be much divided on that weighty question, What constitutes a gentleman? There are few points more frequently agitated in society, and unfortunately, though codes of etiquette are innumerable, individuals essentially differ in their estimate of the comparative importance of each. No Blackstone has made a digest of its laws, common and statute, to the test of which every character can be summoned; and in consequence, there is a ridiculous variety in the alleged evidences of gentility. Ask one person,—say the laundress,—how she distinguishes a gentleman, and the reply will be, "by the exquisite texture and snowy whiteness of his linen," ask another, and it will be, "by the kid and the boot;" while a third will tell you that complexion and deportment are infallible indices. Others think to discover the secret by a strict observance of the application and uses of certain important instruments in modern civilisation—the fork, and more especially the knife—in wielding which, say they, there is a magical touch known only to gentlemen. We once heard of a worthy who sagely observed that to break *bread* with one's meat was a sure mark, but to such men the masonic symbols of the dinner table are so numerous, that we may not dwell even on the chief.

Passing from individuals to sections of the community, we shall still perceive discordant theories. The votaries of fashion hold that a man's lineage, and the blood that courses through his veins, at once stamp on him superiority to his fellows; while another class, the minions of wealth, believe that gold and silver make the man. If the word "gentleman" is to be thus confined, out with it from my vocabulary! or let me use it only *as a name*, conferring no more honour on its owner than that of Toby or my dog. Society, however, does not seem always to set exactly this meaning on it. Then give me nature's aristocracy, wherever found,—the good and the great; not artificial titles or accidental circumstantials! Not one of the things I have mentioned, nor all of them together, make a gentleman, take my *ipse dixit* for it, the principles of his character lie deeper, and a much more scrutinizing analysis will alone detect them.

My definition is one another way, yet there is a connexion between it and courtesy that may have warranted this exordium. Courtesy is the characteristic feature of a gentleman, it does not absolutely constitute, but it chiefly distinguishes him. What then is this courtesy? It consists not in conformity to any set of rules, but we must rather regard the habitude of the mind, the spirit of the heart. Selfishness is alien to it, its simple but beautiful motto is "in honour preferring one another." It therefore cheerfully sacrifices its own to the convenience of another, and with all due self respect, lays itself out for his happiness. He that is most courteous will be least selfish. Generosity and [illegible] are [illegible] from it. It is not a thing of [illegible], a garment that must never be cast off, it seeks no opportunities for its development in unusual times and situations, but is unceasingly active in the ordinary and often trifling incidents of every day. It is a *social* virtue, and its special study is to learn what is *most* agreeable to another.

Hence it plainly cannot be imbibed from the precepts of a *maître de danse*. Circumstances so alter cases that what at one movement may be the very "pink of propriety," will at another be very objectionable. Some persons forget this, they have a beaten track to tread, and no consideration can turn them from it. Others will never permit any attentions to be paid themselves, they will heap them on you, but resist every attempt to return the compliment. do they ever remember that it is often a greater pleasure to give than to receive? Others again act similarly, though from different reasons. such, to use a sensuous illustration, if you hand them a plate of good things at table, imagine that your own wants suggested the act, and immediately seizing it, signify to you to help yourself! With more than Cicero's vehemence we might justly exclaim,—"*O tempora, O mores!*" A seeming act of courtesy may eventually prove unfortunate. It is not merely good but *intelligent* intention that is wanted, for the blunders of good-natured ignorance may much and do frequently annoy. He that would be courteous then should cultivate discriminating talents and generous sensibilities,—should make himself acquainted with the feelings of others, and rigidly do what he then conceives is most to their happiness.

Courtesy results from the right appreciation of our relations to others. These relations have two modes of developement—intercourse and association, and in these twin branches it has therefore a wide field of action. Far be it from me to dogmatize here,—

> "I only speak right on
> To tell you all what you yourselves do know"

The properties of conversation will be at once remembered, but those cases not involving direct interpersonal communication are often overlooked. May I presume to mention a growing abuse as an instance of what I mean? Go to a large meeting nowadays, at least in some parts of the country, and you will see heroines scattered here and there, who are magnanimously endeavouring to undermine some of the customs of their grandames. *They* were content to darn the unsightly stocking in "dark, unfathomed" rooms, but these ladies, armed with needles and crochet, threaten to invade the public arena, and disclose with sad impiety the mysteries of worsted and cotton. "Stitch, stitch, stitch" is emblazoned on their bonnets; but I leave them to reflection, and may it never be my arduous task to point out offences against courtesy.

In conclusion, then, be generous, you that are ambitious of the name "gentleman." Cultivate manly sentiments, and, as St. Paul says, "*Be courteous.*"

GARRULUS.

CHARACTERS AND TENDENCIES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

From the French of M Emile Montegut *

Among all the spectacles presented by the world to-day, there is none more interesting, nor, in a certain sense, more alarming, than the changing and noisy panorama, which extends from the frontier of Canada to that of Mexico, and which the arrival of each steamboat causes to pass before our eyes. The time is past in which the United States appeared only to the eyes of Europe as a perfect specimen of democratic Government. These States, which had then remained, since their formation, exclusively American, whose interests had interfered not in the least with ours, which to us were only subjects for our studies, the representation of certain abstract theories, the experiment of the working of the human mind in a certain way and for a certain purpose, have now left the solitude in which they were shut up, and have forsaken the apparent indifference with which they had always looked upon whatever questions were discussed beyond their boundaries. They endeavour now to enter into the affairs of the world, and trouble themselves with the politics of other nations, as though they suspected them of aiming at the infringement of their liberties. It is not alone the ardour of republicanism that pushes onwards the Americans, it is a more fatal ardour, a more hurtful zeal, —the warmth and fervour inseparable from the blood and temperament of a young people, to which has been added the covetousness—refined and egotistic of old nations. To this ardour, thus partaking both of civilisation and of barbarism, the obscure and fanatical presentiment of a great mission has added all that it has the power to develop of national ambition and religious instincts. The Americans need only now the intoxication of success, the respect of other nations, and in default of that respect, then fear. To gain these, all means they will consider good, while the prestige of their institutions, and the example of successful democracy which they have given to the world, will do much to help them to the attainment of their end. If the moral prestige they possess to-day, should be by any means annihilated and destroyed, there will still remain to them their physical puissance, and thirty millions of men will possess always [illegible] people of the earth. The power of [illegible] which, [illegible] of all hazards, will enable them to dispense with all they lack of that which commands moral respect, and with all that they possess not of that consideration which a secular existence, an ancient civilisation, and the services which have been rendered to the world by the labour and toil of centuries, has given to the states of the European continent. In the language of their representatives and public men may always be found one double sentiment,—the joy of being sheltered from all danger, and, conjoined with it, the desire to encounter unknown adventures. They are quarrelsome, without being overtly and [illegible], they look everywhere for enemies, and are deeply chagrined and disappointed at not finding any. In a word, they wish do some great thing, of whose exact nature they are ignorant, but occasion and opportunity are two smiling deities, which never failed to favour the determined and bold-hearted.

It is time at last to dissipate the false ideas respecting the United States, which have been rooted in us since the eighteenth century —to cease judging of them by their constitution only, and to begin to judge of them, on the contrary, by the character and temperament of the people who inhabit them. It is time that Europe ceased to create for itself a conventional America. There are not wanting many amongst us still who are ready to demonstrate that the increasing prosperity of the United States is caused by this and that legal arrangement, by that and the other political combination, or by the fabric denominated their constitution, and who therefore sing loud hymns and chant hosannahs in praises of human reason and the *contrat social*. But experience has made evident and clear as need be, that the first cause of the greatness of the Americans as a nation is nothing other than their Protestant origin, and that the temperament and *humeur* of the people of the United States are far more powerful auxiliaries to their progress, and superior aids to their advancement, than their political constitution. What is the nature of this constitution which has been so vaunted, and of which men fear not to present the example, with ignorance and effrontery, to France? It was a compromise, having for its object the bringing together and uniting of men who could have no repugnance to being bound by the same political ties, seeing that they were already united by the same moral ones. In one of the speeches which he delivered last year during his travels through the state of New York, Daniel Webster admirably said: "Before the establishment of the constitution, no political bonds existed between the different colonies; but the tongue of England was their common language, Shakespeare and Milton were their common property, the Bible and Christianity they adored in common, and these were ties which firmly united them." Believing one and all in the same creed, looking back on one and the same past, bound together by community of interests, a political union of the various colonies cost them nothing. The constitution did not demand the sacrifice of any of their habits or their customs, it was not intended to give them any new ones. In uniting themselves together, the Americans demanded nothing, nor were they called upon to make any sacrifice. It is with the founders of the republic as with the constitution; people cease not to extol their tolerance, their gentleness, and their humanity; and how, in truth, could they have had any other virtues,—these men whose followers demanded nothing of them, and who, in their turn, had nothing to demand of them? They played the only part that it was possible for them to play, that of amanuenses of the public thought. The republic was not their personal conception, it existed already, though not legally acknowledged; they had not to found it,—merely to proclaim its foundation. If, with only this modest rôle to fill, Washington, Franklin, and Adams had been tyrants and dictators, they must have had a remarkably strong natural disposition to become so. Let us cease, then, to speak of the foundation of the American republic as of a work of profound genius, for never had men a more simple task throughout all time than had its founders. On the other side, our absolutists fail not to attribute all the faults and adventures or unjust enterprises of the Americans to this same constitution, to this same form of government that our republicans assert has been the cause of all their successes and prosperity. But the faults of the United States prove no more against the republic than their prosperity proves in its favour. There is no political conclusion to be drawn from its successes or its faults; the one and the other are alike to be attributed to their temperament, and qualities of race and blood who live beneath it. The United States present us simply with the spectacle of a republican England, they show us the great Anglo-Saxon race freed from and unembarrassed by traditional shackles, and all the bonds, infinitely multiplied, which enchain mankind in old civilisation, even the most liberal. The Anglo-Saxon race established itself in America in its primitive condition and with its original energy. In order to convince ourselves of this, it will be sufficient to examine successively, as we shall endeavour to do here, the manners and instincts of American Society.

I.—RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES TO ENGLAND.

The numerous affinities which exist between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race have not, perhaps, been sufficiently remarked. It is easy to demonstrate that in England as in America, society reposes upon the same moral data, upon the same principles, applied, perhaps, in a slightly different way, but not so different at the bottom as one at first sight would imagine. No writers, in our opinion, has yet thoroughly pointed out the differences which separate the English and American nations from all others. The Count de Fiquelmonte, in a recently published work, giving the motives for his hatred towards England, has mentioned the true character of that country in accusing it of being in contradiction with all other peoples, and of having pressed towards republicanism, whilst other nations were pressing towards monarchy. Never was a deeper observation made upon the policy of England. The world is writing day by day the record of our revolutions, of our marches towards democracy. But how march we? we and the English are marching by two systems, which are as different from each other as the absolute power of the many, from the absolute power of one. England, and we dare add America, march to democracy by the path of liberty and individualism; the nations of the continent march thitherward by the path of equality and monarchy. The two systems, clearly distinct, are in each other's presence, disputing for the victory.

We shall perhaps astonish our democratic readers by telling them that the Emperor of Russia represents democracy, as never representative has done before, yet, nevertheless, nothing is more true. The kings of Europe, at the present day, represent no other thing than crowned democracy, the protector of equality, the ruler over

* Translated from the "Revue des Deux Mondes" by Walter Weldon.

aristocratic individualities of all kinds. That which has lately passed among the peoples has caused the light to shine into the eyes of kings, has taught them what is the true tradition of democracy, and has made them, as we have said, its crowned representatives. Valiant and feudal Poland, valiant and feudal Hungary, subdued and conquered by the alliance of emperors, with the popular masses, bear witness, by their misfortunes, to the tendency which is inherent in continental nations: while the destruction, twice repeated, of the monarchy of the Stuarts, by the alliance of the people and the aristocracy, bears witness to the opposite tendency of the English. The mode of comprehending democracy which exists with us in France, is common to all Latin peoples, and nations of Roman origin; and common to every people, whatever be their origin, who have been for a long time used to submit to strong authorities, and who have received, in one way or another, the traditions of empire and of the Latin peoples. The contrary system, represented by England and America, is the rule of aristocracy; that is to say, the system of human individuality in all its freedom, without shackles, but without protection, protecting itself, governing itself, without any other guide than conscience, or any other master than God. The services of the individual as a privilige which no power has the right to interfere with. We might call this equality at once, aristocracy,—aristocracy not more concentred in a few great families than scattered over an immense territory, and incarnated in the poorest labourer, and the most humble artisan.

It is not in order to make a vain historic parallel that we have drawn this line of separation between the two civilisations. For one thing we have wished to show how this Anglo-Saxon democracy was naturally opposed to our own tendencies and instincts; and for another we wished to point out a fact which is already preparing itself noiselessly, and of which the accomplishment is perhaps less distant than one might suppose, namely, the union of the two great fractions of the Anglo-Saxon race,—in other words, of England and America. There is not, perhaps even at the present hour, a tendency more observable, in either of the two countries, than the one which appears to be drawing them thus together. A kind of presentiment of some danger near at hand, and which is growing every day more imminent, keeps binding their two great peoples more closely to each other, in spite of ancient rivalries, and popular passions and ambitions. The United States would easily be able, without doubt, to add the names of the English colonies in North America to those of the States which already compose its territory; with as little doubt England would be able easily to preserve to herself alone the commerce of the world and the domination of the seas; but the people of both countries feel in the air of the future that one great danger menaces both alike in their puissance, and even in their instincts, their religion, and their independence. *Bon gre, mal gre*, they remember that they speak each the same language, and profess each the same worship Accordingly as the Americans become more civilised, they discover in themselves more and more the most singular resemblances to and sympathies with the English; and in proportion, as the English become more democratic, they feel themselves possessing the more in common with their brethren beyond the sea The union of these two nations, which has been so long predicted, is in fact accomplishing itself from day to day. Bound together by community of origin, they are so united by community of tendencies and interests, that everything which the one accomplishes benefits the other. The abrogation of the old navigation laws and of the duty upon corn by England, has been not a little to the advantage of America; while whatever progress in the mechanical arts is made by the Americans is immediately made use of by the English, who are the only nation in a condition to profit by it. There is thus between these two nations a rapid, immediate, almost instantaneous interchange, of the progress and advancement made by each respectively. The audacity of the trans-Atlantic Anglo-Saxons astonishes and frightens all the nations, besides England; she, and she alone, can look without astonishment upon the rapid growth of the United States, for it has at least been equalled during the last few years in her own dominions. New York has risen, it is true, within sixteen years, from being a city of 60,000 inhabitants to be one of 400,000; but the population of Glasgow has increased in the same time from 77,000 to 367,000, and that of Birmingham, from 73,000 to 300,000; as Mr Johnson, the author of "Notes on North America," has proved by figures which may be relied upon. If young America boasts of the rapid augmentation of manufactures which are hardly in their birth, it is the arms of England which keep her machinery in motion. The increase of American manufactures neither restricts nor limits the English markets. The mania of exalting at all hazards the United States, exists as much in England as in the countries of the continent; only when we, for example, pronounce a panegyric upon the United States, we utter involuntarily at the same time our own condemnation, while the English in so doing only recognise their own characteristics. Moreover, when the Americans speak of outstripping the English, the feeling which they give utterance to is merely one of family jealously. "It is the ties of blood and of language," says Mr. Johnson," which give birth to this sentiment, as well as to the desire of surpassing whatever in us is excellent. They speak exactly upon the same principle as that which causes some of our English malcontents to see perfection only in the fields, the cities, and the institutions of the New World. Our malcontents never suffer themselves to emigrate to any European country, nor do they ever ask that our institutions should be corrected according to any models to be found upon the continent. It is only the prosperity of men of their own race and blood that they ever deem to be superior to their own "

These words are significative, and they perfectly sum up all that we have said respecting the differences which separate these two peoples from all others, and of the close resemblance which they bear one to the other. European civilisation, Mr. Johnson declares, would be infinitely repugnant to an Anglo-Saxon, and this fact is sufficient to show the importance of America to England. Although the United States may be regarded by her as a great rival, the non-success of the great experiment of American republicanism would be a great deal more fatal to England than the loss of her best colony. The United States confirm England in her political faith and principles At the moment when these principles are everywhere proscribed upon the continent, after having been dishonoured, and detestably applied by the ignorant, the foolish, and the dishonest, in the midst of the general prostration of nations and the universal abandonment of the principles of liberty, England, if it were possible for her to doubt herself, could only turn her eyes towards America, where she would not only see these principles, but even the exaggeration of them, prosper and succeed. Mr. Johnson has made evident enough this moral influence of America over England, —an influence which encourages the English to remain in their isolation, without endeavouring to follow the examples of the continent, and without suffering themselves to be alarmed by the misfortunes of the other European peoples, believing those misfortunes to be powerless to strike them . he has made it easy for us also to comprehend that there is a peculiar and cordial understanding existing between the two peoples, which renders themselves alone capable of mutually comprehending one the other. The greater part of the events which take place in the United States, are to us enigmas almost inexplicable. It is only with great difficulty that we can comprehend the character, the manners, or the policy of the Americans. We can only comprehend them by placing ourselves out side ourselves. If we attempt to judge of them by our natural instincts, we shall always fail. To the Englishman none of these difficulties exist

In the bosom of the popular classes, the union of which we have spoken has been long accomplished. Thanks to emigration, there are but few individuals in the three kingdoms belonging to the rank of working men—and the same is the case also in a great measure with a higher class—who have no friends or relatives among the American colonists, or among the manufacturing workmen of Boston or New York. America is thus attached to England, not only by the ties of blood and common origin, but also in some sort by the ties of family, and by the strongest and the sweetest sentiments and sympathies, which occasion a perpetual exchange of *souvenirs* and affections between the peoples of the two countries. The English people, habituated to a government, liberal but aristocratic, find again in America the same liberal government, *minus* the oligarchic preponderance; and thus it finds itself in the United States altogether at its ease, and even *more at home* than in the old country Nothing shows more clearly the identity of the two peoples than the great ease with which are propogated in England the follies of what would suppose to be essentially American. Mormonism, for instance, counts numerous adepts among the workmen in the manufacturing towns of England, and the colony of the Mormons driven from all the American cities, has added to its number, during the last few years, an immense crowd of English emigrants, who have left their native country purposely to join the ranks of the novel sect, On the other side, the exactly contrary sect to that

Mormons, that of the Shakers, whose creed is quite as extravagant as that of their Mormon brethren, only in just an opposite direction, arrived in America ready made from England,—thanks to the dreams of a certain Anne Lee of Manchester, who received, according to her own account, by divine inspiration, the mission to proclaim a new revelation in America. Still, in the breasts of the superior classes among the English, in the bosom of their politicians and literary and commercial men, the antagonism to America is subsisting still, and the union of the two nations farther from being accomplished. The political classes fear naturally for England, the commercial classes fear naturally for their own interests, and the men of letters, authorising themselves by the confessions and complaints which are made by Americans respecting the rudeness and barbarity of their fellow-countrymen, raised against a country in which nothing is submitted to the control of a minority, however much enlightened. Nevertheless, the tone of English writers on the United States has been gradually changing during the last ten or twelve years, from one of raillery and comtempt to one of deference, admiration, and impartiality. Charles Dickens and Miss Martineau's way of speaking of America is now quite out of fashion, and one finds not in the writings of more recent travellers the slightest trace of the same style or tone. Merchants and philosophers, men of the world and ladies of fashion, all on visiting America return full of admiration for her people, and they communicate to the public, through their works, the same sentiments which they feel towards their transatlantic cousins Such is the spirit which inspires the books of Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, of Alexander Mackay, recently dead, of Mr. Johnson, professor of agriculture at Edinburgh, and of Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. In the United States themselves there exists a kind of English party, which demands a closer union with the mother country, and founds this demand chiefly upon the reasons we have given. No one was more ardent in promoting this alliance than the last president, the brave General Taylor. Every English traveller who visited him bore testimony on his return to the cordial sentiments which animated his heart. "We spoke of Great Britain," says Mr Johnson, "and the benefits which would result from a union of the two nations. 'If England and the United States,' said he, 'can but agree together, they will be able to maintain the peace of the whole world'" Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley visited him also He spoke to her of the establishment of the line of packet boats known as the Collins' line, and he added; "'The voyage will thus become more and more rapid, and I hope that England and America, by this means, will become quite neighbours' 'The sooner the better, sir,' responded I, with all my heart. He inclined his head and smiled. 'We are the same people,' he afterwards continued, 'and it is good that we should see each other as often as is possible.' 'Yes,' said I, 'and by so doing we shall lose all the foolish prejudices against each other, which we have so blindly cherished for generations.' 'I hope so,' he replied, 'and that will be greatly to the advantage of us both.'"

How is this alliance to become accomplished? When we consider attentively the character of the Americans, we find that the patriotism of the Yankees is at bottom only a patriotism of the head. The English and the Americans are the two most nomadic—and at the same time the least cosmopolite—races among mankind. For them, it is nothing to change the land of their habitation, but they are not inoculated by the qualities of the people they reside among,—they always keep intact their own vices and virtues. The English, however, always feel at heart, in whatsoever place they find themselves, attached to their native country, and each of them would be able to repeat the response of Fox to the First Consul; but one does not observe in the Americans—who have pushed their nomadism to such limits, that all their ideas are connected with onward progress, as is instanced by the almost invariable answer of "Moving, Sir," which an American gives you when you inquire respecting his health—this intimate and profound love of country. Their patriotism, if such it may be called, is a patriotism of family and blood; it is the belief, simply, in the superiority of their race. As for America, to her children she is only a means of obtaining power and riches, only an *exploitation*. In this patriotism, men are everything, country is nothing. This is the secret of the peculiar character of the United States, which retain to this day, in some sort, the physiognomy of colonies. The "mother country" with the Americans is always England; and the descendants of the pilgrim fathers still seem like their ancestors, emigrants, settlers in a foreign land.

This tendency towards a closer and still closer union with England is the one which is the most curious and interesting among all the actual tendencies of the Americans, and this is why we have wished to point it out before it has been changed into an accomplished fact. It is easy to see what the effects of it will be in the immense crisis which now hangs over the whole civilised world, when all the nations of the earth appear to be ranging themselves in battle array, and separating themselves from, or approaching nearer to each other, according to their natural affinities, and their affinities of race and creed and instincts, and not, as heretofore, according to to the chances of loss or gain by warfare, to the various degrees of cleverness of diplomatic chess-players, or the caprices and necessities of government.

THE UNKNOWN MAN.

A CONSCIOUSNESS of celebrity sends an exquisite tingling through the veins. All men, and some women, feel this delicious fever of the pulse. The thirst for fame even of the lowest grades, is so intense in many, as to make them totally unscrupulous about its quality, or their title to it. To them a counterfeit is just as good as any, provided it will pass. If they can get the credit, no matter for the substance Reputation is everything, desert nothing. Still worse; bad fame to them is better than none at all, and to be cursed by every lip preferable to not being mentioned at all.

But the delight of living *unknown* is not so generally admitted. Still it has some advantages. A young traveller in Europe enjoys the sweet immunity of secresy among thronging millions. The espionage of home weighs no longer on the freedom of his heart. No eye of recognition is turned towards him. There is no one to dart the glance that checks the spontaneous wish as it is bursting into action, or hush back into silence the half articulated word. The apprehension of the possible presence of an observer ceases, and the muscles of conformity, caution, and hypocrisy, enjoy at least a holiday, and relaxed and idle, fall asleep, for want of provocation Such perfect isolation is delightful, but quite impracticable where the most distant suspicion lurks that our acquaintance can possibly intrude.

Having made by travel this valuable discovery, the next thing is to render the beatitude perpetual. This will, indeed, appear almost a duty, on considering the sharp thorns which a love of distinction has planted in the breast, and the terrible crops of evil they have produced to wound it. If this briery harvest could only be removed from men's paths, what a glorious thing it would be to live! We should walk then perpetually on roses. The history of man would be cut down from its thousand volumes folio to a single one no bigger than the "Pilgrim's Progress." Much gall and sulphate of iron would be saved, and rags, decaying and dropping off as now, from paupers' backs, where they have been doing good service, would not undergo a resurrection in millions of books, where they are working mischief. Authors would then be happy in solitary contemplation on their immense geniuses, and try *to be* what they have *fancied* and described. If the race of unknown men and women should chance to multiply to much extent, the importation of French frippery, would fall off sadly, and opera-boxes become what booths are after Vanity Fair is over.

What a world of trouble does the Unknown Man escape! Nobody plagues him for his autograph, or certificates of the merits of cough candy. No impertinent fellow sends him a letter telling him that he is a scoundrel or traitor to his country, obliging him at the same time to pay double postage for the information. The Unknown Man, secure in his panoply of nothingness, defies the cut of an impudent coxcomb of either sex, if such a creature can maintain a claim to any sex at all. Besides a material economy in hats, the multitude of fibs and maudlin compliments he shuns from not encountering a lady acquaintance, is perfectly prodigious. Never invited to public dinners, he is entirely guiltless of the silly speeches delivered there, or of farcical letters apologizing for an absence that was expected and accounted on. His name is not found upon electoral and jury lists, and so he is not pestered about his vote, nor fined for not spending weeks in settling the difficulties of other people, when it has been the study of his lifetime to avoid any of his own. Quack and humbug handbills, which penetrate everywhere, like bad news and odours, fail to reach him, for his name cannot fortunately be discovered in the Directory. Nobody asks him to head a subscription for getting "Emerson's Essays"

translated into the English tongue, nor to sign a petition for the abolition of the potato rot on one side of 36½°, or the social rot upon the other.

Having no reputation, he is not compelled, like authors and single ladies who are troubled with a surplus, to prosecute perpetually for slander to preserve it. He snaps his fingers at Mrs. Candor and Mrs. Charity, whose powers he thinks very highly of, but who cannot, let them do their best, by any kind of whispering, backbiting, or inuendo make out to take away a character which one never had. There is, therefore, great comfort in being little. Such a man may cock his hat, and set the world at defiance; for the police can no more take hold of him than a jug without a handle.

He can speak of politicians without fear of party whippers-in. If he chooses he may, without loss of caste, decline to cover one of his extremities with French boots, or line the other with affectation, and can enjoy the privilege of using the old, blunt, honest Saxon style and manners, without first running them through a Gallic strainer. Being nobody, of course, he can send an answer to a bore "that he is not at home," without a lie. Not the least of his good fortune is that of not being forced to dance with a rich dowdy, nor invited to lend his name to a friend to raise money on. No pickpocket asks him to be his bail, and the honour of suffering as surety for a political defaulter is denied him.

Invulnerable being! He passes among man-traps thickly set by the artful sex, and yet comes away unhurt; for it takes the weight of gold to spring them. How happy! He has only to write a successful tragedy, and he becomes at once the "Great Unknown," and enjoys the secret mightily. Should he happen to be hanged at last, he will pass mysteriously away, like the Man in the Iron Mask, and his relations will be for ever spared any uncomfortable sensation about the throat, whenever hemp happens to be mentioned. When he dies he takes his name along with him, of course. In this he differs from the *would-be* great and little immortals, who leave *theirs* behind to be kicked about a little while, and then sent after them.

The gentleman we have been describing received the other day the following epistle. We ought to add, that he made immediately the acquaintance of the honest writer.—

"Sir,—I have been your next-door neighbour for the last ten years, and must do you the justice to acknowledge that I have never heard your name once mentioned, nor yourself once alluded to in all that time. This is, therefore, necessarily addressed to you as No. 196. I suppose that I ought to ask forgiveness for recognising your existence even now, but I promise not to do it again as long as I live, should you continue as deserving of obscurity as at present. But it was impossible wholly to withhold the credit due you for being so shining an example of a purely negative quantity, hitherto imagined, indeed, by mathematicians, but not actually exemplified before. Your position is certainly a happy one, since you can cut a figure without exciting envy, because that figure is a cypher. Your name, in consequence has fortunately not been mixed up in the newspapers with those of pill-makers, pickpockets, great criminals, little politicians, philanthropists on a small scale, defaulters on a large one, with all the quacks, hacks, and dealers in everlasting clacks about blacks, to which may be added, by way of postscript, distinguished actors on the stage, and unpitied sufferers in pits and boxes, inventors of fancy shirts for those who can buy them, and verbose preachers of patience and endurance to those who cannot, but are obliged by poverty to make shifts for themselves.

"With sincere congratulations on your insignificance, I am, sir, your unknown correspondent, and intend always to remain so, FRANK FREESPEECH."

A CHAPTER ON NAMES.

"WHAT'S in a name?"

Love is a sophist, and the implied but false answer to Juliet's impassioned query is, "Nothing!" Nothing? Every thing, rather, in thy case, O "White Dove of Verona!"—enough at least to raise a barrier between thee and the Romeo of thy heart-worship which even love cannot surmount! Such, it seems to me, is the teaching of Shakspear, in the play, and the world's experience confirms it.

The ancient Greeks attached great importance to names. Plato recommends parents to be careful to give happy ones to their children, and the Pythagoreans taught that the minds, actions, and success of men were according to the appellations which they bore. The Romans seem to have been equally impressed with the same idea. *Bonum nomen bonum omen*, became a popular maxim among them. To select *bona nomina* was always an object of solicitude, and it was considered unlucky if a man bore a name of evil import. Livy, speaking of such an appellation, calls it *abominandi ominis nomen*. A similar belief prevailed among all the nations of antiquity. It embodied a truth which has not yet lost its significance or its importance. To a man with the name of Higgins or Snooks, no amount of talent or genius is of any avail—though it has been lately asserted that the last name comes from the rather aristocratic seven-oaks. Thus, sevenoaks, senoaks, snoaks, snooks! He cannot possibly raise himself above a very humble sphere of usefulness. Or let an unfortunate biped have attached to him the appellation of Gotobed, a name which has been borne by many a worthy individual, and he may quite innocently sleep all day! His waking efforts can effect nothing to elevate him to any position of honour or distinction. He bears about him "the doom of everlasting mediocrity." John is a most excellent name, and Smith is a surname which is worthy of respect and honour, but wo to the man on whom they are conjoined! For John Smith to aspire to senatorial dignities or to the laurel of the poet is simply ridiculous. Who is John Smith? He is lost in the multitude of John Smiths, and individual fame is impossible—unless, indeed, he adopt the *y*, instead of the *i*, and make his name *Smythe*.

All names were originally significant, and were always bestowed by the ancients with reference to their well-understood meaning. Sometimes they were commemorative of some incident or circumstance connected with the birth of the individual bearing them. as Thomas, *a twin*; Marius, *May* (applied to one born in that month); Septimus, *the seventh*. In other case they were expressive of the aspirations, desires, or hopes of the parents: as Victor, *one who conquers*; Probus, *truthful*; Felix, *happy*, Benedict, *blessed*. Not unfrequently they were descriptive of personal qualities: as Macros, *tall*; Pyrrhus, *ruddy*, Rufus, *red-haired*. It is probable that the surnames ending in *son* were originally bestowed on the sons of domestic servants, as Robertson, the son of Robert, Thomson, the son of Tom, &c. The prefix *Fitz* has generally been applied to the illegitimate descendants of royalty. The *Fitz*, *mac* of France are the descendants of the Stuarts. The O and Mac are peculiar to the Irish and Scots—as the the old hexameter has it:—

"Per Mac atque O tu veros cognosces Hibernos,
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest."

Which may be thus translated—

"By Mac and O you know the real Irish,
If these two are wanting, no Irishman is present."

Names are as significant now as they of were in the days Plato, and as important, but we ignorantly or carelessly misapply them, making of them the most absurd misnomers. "A man with the name of George or Thomas," as Leigh Hunt observes, "might as well, to all understood purposes, be called Spoon or Hat-band!" Blanche is now any thing but the flaxen-haired *blonde* which her name indicates. Isabel is no longer *brown*. Cecilia (*gray-eyed*) belies her name, and "lets fly the arrows of love" from orbs of heavenly blue. Rebecca, who ought to be somewhat "rounded into beauty," as the poet hath it, is perhaps a slender, lily-like maiden, better suiting the name of Susan. As thus misapplied, our personal nomenclature is worse than meaningless. We should deem the person either hopelessly insane or unpardonably ignorant, who should in science or in business, thus misuse well-understood terms.

We are not disposed to enter the domain of the abstract, and show that there is an inherent fitness in names for persons and things; a correspondence between the word-symboland the object which it was originally intended to represent, is intuitively recognized, though perhaps not fully comprehended. Our design is a more practical one. We propose to present some of the personal names now in use, with their origin and signification, together with such illustrations, etymological, historical, and poetical, as may occur to our mind.

ADA is well known as the name of Byron's only daughter. It is from the Saxon (*Edith, Eadith, Eade, Ada*), and signifies *happy*.

"Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child,
Ada?"

ADELAIDE is of German derivation, and has the meaning of a *princess*.

"A little maid,
Golden-tressed Adelaide."

ADELINE is only a different form of the same name.

"What aileth thee? whom waitest thou,
With thy softened shadowed brow,
And those dew-lit eyes of thine,
Thou faint smiler, *Adeline?*"

AGATHA, *good*, is from the Greek. To be worthy of this name, indicative as it is of all the virtues, is an object which may well enlist the highest ambition of the fair ones who bear it, whether maidens or wives.

AGNES, *chaste*, is also from the Greek, and is one of the best names in use among us. None but pure, gentle, and loving beings, it would seem, should beare it; but in one case, at least, it has belonged to one in whom the heroic predominated over every gentle sentiment: *Black Agnes* of Dunbar, who, as the reader of history will recollect, kept her husband's castle, like a lioness, against his enemies.

"Twine ye roses, for the brow
Of the lady of my vow,
My *Agnes* fair!"

ALFRED is Saxon, and signifies *all-peace*. It is a good name, and should be a favourite among us, boasting as we do of our Saxon or Anglo-Saxon descent, and tracing some of our free institutions to the great and good king who bore it "in the olden time."

ALICIA, or *Alice*, is from the Latin, and has the meaning of *noble*. It is one of the sweetest of our female names.

"Oh that I were beside her now!
Oh! will she answer if I call?
Oh! would she give me vow for vow,
Sweet *Alice*, if I told her all!"

ALPHONSO is said to be the Spanish form of the ancient Gothic *Elfuns*, *our help*. It is a euphonious name, but is now seldom used. Byron condemned it to everlasting ridicule in one of his inimitable rhymes.

"Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous, *Don Alphonso*,
I really wonder how you can go on so!"

AMELIA, or *Amelie* (French, *Amie*), signifies *beloved*. *Amy*, or *Aimee*, and *Emily*, have the same derivation and meaning. Our vocabulary contains few sweeter or more *loveable* names. Happy is she who bears a name pregnant with such sacred significance, and happy the man who is privileged to whisper it in her ear as the highest word of endearment. *Aimée*, beloved! The reader will recollect, in connexion with this name, that dark page in the romance of history which records the sad fate of *Amy Robsart*.

ANNA, or *Annie* (Hebrew, *Hannah*), signifies *kind* or *gracious*.

ARABELLA (French, *Arabelle*), is of Latin derivation, and has the meaning of *beautiful altar*. Before no place of sacrifice bend devouter worshippers.

"Bella, *Arabella*, belle
Fairer than my verse can tell
Well
I love thee, *Arabella*—
Bella!"

AUGUSTUS, *increasing*, is from the Latin, and signifies that those who originally bore it continually *grew* in power and honour. It has been a favourite name in kingly and princely palaces, but princes have no monopoly of it. Its feminine form is *Augusta*.

BALDWIN, a *bold winner*, is a fine name of the old Saxon stock.

BARBARA is of Latin derivation, and signifies *strange* or *foreign*. Its mention recalls to our minds the melancholy fate of Jemmy Grove, of ballad memory, who died of a broken heart (poor fellow!)

"For love of *Barbara Allen!*"

BASIL, *kingly*, is of Greek origin. It can hardly be a popular name in these republican times.

BEATRICE is *one who blesses* or *makes happy*. Blessed (*Benedict*) is he on whom she smiles. No name can be more appropriate for a lovely and affectionate woman. Dante immortalised it, and Shakspeare and Shelly have thrown around it the charm of their numbers. It is derived from the Latin. Why is it not more frequently used?

(*To be continued.*)

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. IX.—THE LAND OF ENGLAND.

BY JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

This brave old land of England
Has noble sons to boast,
All down the course of ages
Hers is a worthy host,
In song, in art, and science,
She boasts a matchless line—
Bard, sage, and saint, and hero,
Have garlanded her shrine.

Hers is a fair succession
Of high heroic deeds,
Her patriot oft for freedom,
For faith her martyr bleeds.
And oft her people bravely
Have struck the oppressor low,
Oft made the gilded tyrant
To truth and justice bow.

A freedom-loving nation,
A people strong and brave;
For progress onward, upward,
They now as ever crave
And they will be triumphant
In struggling for the right,
Despite the serried legions
Of stern opposing might

Her annals are the annals
Of struggles for the truth,
And still her blood is ruddy,
And still her age is—youth
She has the strength of giants,
And ever will be free,
On on, from good to better,
To perfect liberty

Her cross-enshrin'd banner,
So far and wide unfurl'd,
Shall be the sign of gladness,
Shall bless the toiling world
Her name shall be the watchword
Of peace to all the earth;—
The first of all the nations
In canonizing worth.

Oh may we prove all worthy
The sons our land can boast,
And strive to swell the number
Of her high heroic host
In art, and song, and science,
Hers is a matchless line,
Bard, saint, and sage, and hero,
Have garlanded her shrine!

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE Second Volume of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, New Series, containing upwards of 400 pages, richly illustrated, is now ready, price 3s 6d, neatly bound in cloth.

John Cassell's Illustrated Shilling Edition of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, is now ready, foolscap 8vo, with eight beautiful illustrations. *** Be particular in ordering John Cassell's Illustrated Shilling Edition.

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THE POPULAR EDUCATOR ALMANACK, price 2d, containing a large amount of Educational Statistics, compiled from the most authentic sources, with brief notices of the various arts, sciences, languages, &c., will be ready for delivery November 1st.

CASSELL'S ELEMENTS OF ARITHMETIC, will be issued shortly, price 1s in stiff covers, or 1s 6d cloth, uniform with Cassell's Edition of Euclid, edited by Professor Wallace, A.M., of the University of Glasgow, Editor of Cassell's "Euclid."

PICKINGS AND STEALINGS.

A PHILOSOPHIC EDITOR.—The editor of the *Alabama Argus*, published at Demopolis, in Marengo, makes merry after the following fashion, over what most folks would consider a serious trouble:—We see the sheriff has advertised the *Argus* for sale during our absence. We hope the bidders will have a merry time of it. If the sheriff can sell it, he will do more than we ever could. Like a damp percussion cap, we think it will fail to "go off."

A WORD OR TWO FOR YOUNG LADIES.—Women, and especially young women, either believe falsely, or judge harshly of men in one thing. You, young loving creature, who dream of your lover by night and by day—you fancy that he does the same of you? He does not—he cannot, nor is it right he should One hour, perhaps, your presence has captivated him, subdued him even to weakness the next he will be in the world, working his way as a man among men, forgetting for the time being your very existence Possibly, if you saw him, his outer self, hard and stern—so different to the self you know—would strike you with pain Or else, his inner and diviner self, higher than you can dream of, would turn coldly from your insignificant love Yet all this must be, you have no right to murmur. You cannot rule a man's soul—no woman ever did—except by holding unworthy sway over unworthy passions. Be content if you lie in his heart, as that heart lies in his bosom—deep and calm, its beatings unseen, uncounted, oftentimes untelt, but still giving life to his whole being.

THE PAST.—History is, so to speak, the geology of humanity. Its records are the annals of the growth and development of humanity through the ages. The various forms of civilisation which it tells us of, immature efforts to attain the true social state, developing up to a certain point and then falling, because incapable of further progress, may be considered as the analogues of the various types of the animal creation, which preluded to the culminant creature man

INGRATITUDE.—Garrick, applying to Lord Rochford to appoint a Mr. Glover a surgeon in the Essex militia, says—"He is a most skilful, worthy man, a good writer, and a steady friend to Government. I have known him long, he is much beloved, and the worst thing I ever heard of him was, that, by his skill in his profession, he recovered a thief, after he had hung half an hour, and which thief, before he had healed the circle the rope had made, picked Glover's pocket by way of gratitude, and never thanked him for his good offices."

A TOWN KILLED WITH KINDNESS.—Bedford is an example of a town killed with kindness. It has been pauperised by the number and wealth of its charities. A mechanic or small tradesman can send his child, if it be sick, to a free hospital; when older, to a free school, where even books are provided; when the boy is apprenticed, a fee may be obtained from a charity; at half time of apprenticeship, a second fee; on the expiration of the term, a third; on going to service, a fourth; if he marries, he expects to obtain from a charity fund 'a portion' with his wife, also educated at a charity; and if he has not sufficient industry or prudence to lay by for old age—and those are virtues which he is not likely to practise—he looks forward with confidence to being boarded and lodged at one of Bedford's fifty-nine almshouses.

HOW TO BREAK OFF A BAD HABIT.—The late Mr. Loudon, the celebrated writer on gardening, &c., during the time he was suffering so severely from the pain in his arm, found no ease but from taking laudanum; and he became at last so habituated to the use of this noxious potion, that he took a wine-glassful every eight hours. After the amputation of his arm, however, he wished to leave off taking it, as he was aware of its injurious effects upon his general health; and he contrived to cure himself by putting a wine-glassful of cold water into his quart bottle of laudanum every time he took out a wine-glassful of the potion, so that the mixture gradually became weaker every day, till at last it was little more than water, and he found that he had cured himself of this dangerous habit, without experiencing any inconvenience.

MR. B DISRAELI, in his "Revolutionary Epic," published at the age of thirty, exults over tyrannicide, and writes of the Stuarts not quite so flatteringly as his present colleague, Lord John Manners. He says—

> "The brainless people summon'd back
> Their heartless monarch with a sick'ning shout,
> As to its vomit some vile dog returns,
> And Restoration and its juggling spells
> The moonstruck land enslaved"

THE FIRST OMNIBUS.—The honour of having invented the omnibus is due to Mr. Baudry, a native of Nantes The first omnibus that ever ran made its appearance in the streets of that city in the year 1826, and in the short space of time that has since intervened, the manufacture of that most convenient of popular vehicles has extended to all parts of the world Even in the sandy environs of Cairo you are whisked to your hotel in an Oriental omnibus.—*Fraser*. [The first omnibus in England was started by the well-known Mr. Shillibeer in 1829 It ran from the Bank of England to the Yorkshire Stingo Tavern, Paddington, and was drawn by three horses abreast!]

HABITS.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passions acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

RESPECT DUE TO WIVES.—Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasurers up every word you utter. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has any sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company, it touches her pride—and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person; the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. JONES.—Your penmanship is very good. An answer to your other question would not require any "exercise of ingenuity."

PETER ROBERTS.—You will find directions for tinning iron in No. 43 of the *Working Man's Friend*, page 278.

R. V. S.—The statistics of the "Primitive Methodists" will be found in the "Protestant Dissenters' Almanack for 1853," to be published next month.—For a marriage licence you must apply to the registrar appointed for the district in which you reside.

"A B. C.—The old mode of silvering looking-glasses is as follows:—In the first place a sheet of tinfoil is laid down on a perfectly flat, smooth stone table; the liquid mercury (quicksilver) is then poured on the foil and made to float over the entire surface. The glass, made thoroughly clean, is laid upon the mercury with a peculiar sliding movement, which suffices to remove the slight film of oxide which soon forms upon the surface. The glass is then entirely covered with heavy leaden weights and left for two days *slightly* inclined. It is then found that the superfluous mercury has been pressed out, and the remainder has chemically combined with the foil in such a way as that both adhere firmly to the back of the glass. A small trough is placed at the bottom of the inclined stone to catch the superfluous mercury, which will be found in an uninjured state.

AN INQUIRER.—We decline furnishing you with a receipt to cure a cold The remedies prescribed are almost innumerable.

J TWADDLE.—It is not quite certain; perhaps Turkey or America.—There is a fine-paper edition of the *Popular Educator*, but not of the *Working Man's Friend*.—The "*knout*" is the name of a punishment common in Russia, by flogging the backs of criminals with a long strap of thick hard leather.

THOMAS WATKINS.—We cannot tell you where to apply for the Rules of the society about which you inquire.

G K.—Your being "young, strong, and healthy" will not obtain for you a free passage to America, nor to any of the British colonies, unless you are an experienced agricultural labourer

A WORKING MAN AND SUBSCRIBER.—The "National Provident Institution" will answer your purpose admirably. Write to the secretary Mr J. Marsh, 48, Gracechurch-street, London, and he will send you all particulars.

J. M. A.—Any optician will furnish you with a camera such as you describe.

J. P. MORRIS.—Your lines have been received and will probably be inserted.

CASIMIR T. N.—You had better submit a specimen of your drawing to the Secretary of the Royal Academy. He will tell you how to obtain admission as a student. But residence in London would be necessary. I fear that we shall not be able to use the article you have sent us.

G. S.—The leather must first be wetted with a sponge dipped in white of *egg*, and before it is *quite* dry the leaf gold must be laid on. The tool whether letter or ornament, must be made moderately hot and applied to the gold with a pressure sufficient to make a clean impression. The refuse gold must then be rubbed off with clean soft cotton wool.

W. W. W.—Several compositions by the "Welsh Choristers" have been published. Apply to E. Jones, publisher, Bethesda, near Bango North Wales.

STEWART MCWALTERS.—You had better put your questions as to the refreshments sold in the late Crystal Palace to the secretaries; but we question whether any one can give you a correct answer except the persons who actually furnished them.

S. S.—Your lines are unsuitable for our publication.

W. COTTON.—Water will not rise higher than its own level, unless artificial force be applied to it. Unless, therefore, your kitchen be lower than the well in its neighbourhood, you will not obtain a supply of water from it by the plan you propose.

A. TEACHER.—John Pounds, a poor shoemaker, was the founder of ragged schools. He was born at Portsmouth, May 9, 1766, and died Jan. 1, 18[illegible]

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III., No. 55.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BURIAL PLACES IN THE EAST.

ALL over the world, the everlasting houses—as the receptacles of the dead are poetically called—display something of taste and feeling. It is, indeed, one of the great characteristics of universal humanity, that care and reverence for the dead are everywhere displayed. The gorgeous mausoleum and the flower-covered mound are but illustrations of the same feeling. We, perhaps, are too practical a people—too busy and too much in the habit of taking things as matters of course—to bestow much thought upon the decoration of our last houses; and, although we associate with the idea of a grave, a pleasant spot in a quiet country churchyard, with leaves and flowers about it, and a gentle wind sighing through dark melancholy trees, we have in fact, so much neglected the proper decencies and solemnities of burial as to allow graveyards to grow up—literally grow up—in our midst, fat, reeking, unwholesome, deadly! But in the East—the quarter to which the illustra-



VIEW OF A TURKISH CEMETERY. TOMB OF THE SULTANA VALIDE, MOTHER OF MOHOMET IV.

tion has reference—they manage things much better (as, indeed, did we in the days gone by, and as we hope yet to do, in time. There—in the East—the burial places are usually situated outside the cities, and quite beyond the dwellings of the people. Among the Jews, the Mosaic law respecting defilement by means of dead bodies rendered it necessary that the dead should not be located among the living, and the various nations with whom the Jews have come in contact, and the various religions which have the Mosaic dispensation for their foundation, have so far followed the practice of the Hebrews as to always select for their graveyards some place distant from the cities, except in the cases of kings or other distinguished people, whose ashes are permitted to repose in the place where their lives were passed.

In the East we are often reminded of the Scriptures by the close observance among the various nations of the traditions common to the Jews. Thus we find their burial places among groves and gardens; and in sepulchres, each one of which is commonly devoted to the use of a single person such receptacles are, however, sometimes made the property and resting-place of a whole family, as with us in the present day.

The public cemeteries of the East, resemble, in all probability those which were common among the various polished nations, in and around Palestine in the time of our Saviour They occupy, says Dr. Shaw, a large space, a great extent of ground being allotted for the purpose. Each family has a portion of it walled in like a garden, where the bones of its ancestors have remained undisturbed for many generations. For in these inclosures the graves are all distinct and separate, each of them having a stone placed upright, both at the head and feet, inscribed with the name or title of the deceased, whilst the intermediate space is either planted with flowers, bordered round with stone, or paved with tiles.

There were other sepulchres which were private property, erected at the expense and for the use of several families in a neighbourhood, or provided by individuals as a separate burying-place for themselves. These were situated either in some conspicuous place, as Rachel's on the highway to Bethlehem, or in some lonely and sequestered spot, under a wide-spreading tree in a field or a garden. In common cases, sepulchres were formed by digging a small depth into the ground. Over these, which were considered an humble kind of tomb, the wealthy and great often erected small stone buildings, in the form of a house or cupola, to serve as their family sepulchre. 'This custom,' says Carne, 'which is of great antiquity, and particularly prevails in the lonely parts of Lebanon, may serve to explain some passages of Scripture. The prophet Samuel was buried in his own house at Ramah, and Joab was buried in his house in the wilderness. These, it is evident, were not their dwelling-houses, but mansions for the dead, or family vaults which they had built within their own policies.' Not unfrequently, however, the richer classes purchased, like Abraham, some of the natural caverns with which Palestine abounded, and converted them by some suitable alterations into family sepulchres; while others with vast pains and expense made excavations in the solid rock. Many sepulchres of this description are still found in Palestine. Along the sides of those vast caverns niches were cut, or sometimes shelves ranged one above another, on which were deposited the bodies of the dead, while in others the ground-floor of the tomb was raised so as to make different compartments, the lowest place in the family vaults being reserved for the servants.

THE FABLE OF THE THREE SILVER TROUTS.

A PIOUS father, who is now in the grave, related this story to his little children, to illustrate and teach a useful lesson.

There were once three little silver trouts, who lived in a stream of clear water which ran between two high banks. The banks protected it from the wind and storms, so that the water was always smooth; and, as the sun shone there, it was a very delightful place. Besides, these little fishes had plenty to eat and drink, and nothing to trouble them; so that you would have expected them to be perfectly happy. But it was not so, these little trouts were so foolish as to be discontented and unhappy, so the little trouts were told that each of them might wish for whatever it pleased, and it should be granted. So the first little trout said, "I am tired of hopping up here in the water, and of having to stay all the time in one place, I should like to have wings to fly in the air as the birds do, and go where I please."

The next said, "I am a poor ignorant little fish, and I should like to have a great deal of knowledge about hooks and nets, so that I might always keep out of danger."

The other little trout said, "I too am an ignorant little fish, and for that reason I do not know what is best for me; my wish is that there should be given me what is best for me, I do not want anything that is not proper I should possess."

So wings were given to the first, and it soared away into the air, and felt very proud, and despised its companions whom it had left in the river It liked so much to fly, that it flew away till it came to a great desert, where there was no water, nothing but sands as far it could see. By this time it was faint and thirsty, but it could see no water It tried to fly further, but it could not; its wings failed, and it fell down panting on the hot sand, where it died miserably

The second little fish had the knowledge as it desired, and it understood all kinds of danger, but instead of being happier, it was filled with terror. It was afraid to go into the deep water, lest the great fishes there should swallow it up, and it was afraid to go into the shallow water, lest the stream should dry up and leave it. If it saw a fly, or anything it would like to eat, it did not venture to touch it, lest there should be a hook concealed beneath. So it pined away and died

But the other little trout lived in the clear stream of water, and was contented and happy with its lot.

And now which of the three fishes was the wisest?

"Oh, the last, father But I am sorry for the two little fishes that died They were not much to blame, after all, they did not know what would happen to them."

"No, certainly they did not, but you have that sense given to you which should teach you better. Learn to be satisfied with the station in which you are placed"

HOW TO MAKE A MATHEMATICIAN.

The following humorous description is taken from a rather scarce work entitled "Gale's Recreations." It would appear that, notwithstanding the author's knowledge in various branches of the arts and sciences, that the labours of the mathematician were not held in the highest estimation. "Take a pound of earth from the grave of Sir Isaac Newton, two scruples of imperceptible atoms; twelve ounces of demonstration, three hundred important problems unsolved, and forty-one solved, four ounces of fluxions, five ounces of caput mortuum of common sense, nine ounces of precipitated reason, of sublimated cyphers, subquintuplicated reciprocal ratios, spiderial, sectatrical curves, and hyperboloims, each a scruple, plusses, minuses, multiples, radices, dividendas, equals, postulatas, datas, investigations, theorems, corollaries, and scholiums, each a drachm, crooked patten-rings, a pair, six of Heath's logarithmic exponential equations; all Demoivre's, Muller's, and Simpson's disputes, with his late whole doctrine and application of fluxions; the seventy enormous astronomical tabular blunders, in the mathematical digests, a lady's diary, and palladium, Mother Whiston's chronology, and half an ounce of dry conversation; put these ingredients into a retort, fitted with a bolt-head, hermetically sealed, and let them all calcine together, in a sand-heat, for three days; when cool, break the bolt-head, take out the powder, and stop it close in a large long-necked bottle, for use. With half an ounce of this powder made into an ointment, with a *quantum sufficit* of hog's lard, rub well the intended artist's breast, before a fire made with chips of mathematical instruments. This done, let him walk seven times round the Royal Observatory, at Greenwich, in a spiral curve. Then fix him on his back, upon a moveable axis, in the middle of a tobacco-hogshead, headed up, with its poles passing through the centre of both ends. The circles of the sphere being chalked out about him, and light admitted at circular holes, each half an inch radius, round the ecliptic and equinoctial, he must roll down Greenwich-hill, by the force of gravity to comprehend the earth's motion, and aberration of light. Being come to the bottom of the hill, the hogshead must be staved, and the artist set at liberty. Then he must take of silence, self-conceit, and stuffness, each half a scruple, made into a bolus with the electuary of technical terms, washing it down with a pretty large draught of ill manners. Thus, he will instantly become a famous mathematician, fit to be made professor of geometry, astronomy, algebra, fluxions, gunnery, and fortification; likewise fit to be admitted an uranographical surveyor, stock-jobber in Change-alley, star-gazer, almanack-maker, or secretary to a regius professor

MEMOIR OF WELLINGTON.

THE DUKE IN FRANCE.

At the conclusion of the Peninsular war, the British people were more than ever convinced of the talents displayed by their great military commander, and honours and rewards were showered thickly upon the hero of Talavera and Vittoria. "A successful soldier and a popular commander he had been accounted from the beginning, but he was now recognised as something infinitely more. By degrees the Spanish war had become a conspicuous element in the mighty European struggle;—it was the only war, indeed, in which an ascendant was permanently maintained over the star of Napoleon. All eyes were therefore turned upon the general enjoying such an exclusive privilege of genius or fortune. Nor were his merits limited to the field of battle alone. He was the visible adviser of Spanish and Portuguese statesmen, and whatever administrative successes awaited their efforts were due to no counsels but his. His clear vision and steady judgment disentangled all the intricacies of democratic intrigues or courtly corruption, and detected at once the path of wisdom and policy. It was impossible, too, that his views should be confined to the Peninsula. In those days all politics wore a cosmopolitan character. There was but one great question before the eyes of the world—European freedom or European servitude,—the "French Empire" on one side, and a coalition of adversaries or victims on the other Wellington's eye was cast over the plains of Germany, over the wilds of Russia, on the shores of the Baltic, and the islands of the Mediterranean. His sagacity estimated every combination at its true import, and measured the effects of every expedition, while his victories served to check despondency or animate resistance in countries far removed from the scene of his operations. The battle of Salamanca was celebrated by the retiring Russians with rejoicings which fell ominously on the ears of their pursuers, and the triumph of Vittoria determined the wavering policy of Austria against the tottering fortunes of Napoleon. These circumstances lent a weight to the words of Wellington such as had rarely been before experienced either by statesman or soldier. On all points relating to the one great problem of the day his opinion was anxiously asked and respectfully received—and not by his own Government alone, but by all Cabinets concerned in the prosecution of the pending struggle. When, therefore, the dissolution of Napoleon's empire compelled a new organisation of France, the Duke of Wellington was promptly despatched to Paris as the person most competent to advise and instruct the new Administration—four days only elapsing between his departure from the head of the army and his appearance as British Ambassador at the Tuileries.

"The Duke of Wellington's stay in Paris was necessarily brief*; and from the French capital he proceeded to Madrid, where his presence was ardently expected. The country was threatened by a political convulsion, which Ferdinand's early display of unamended despotism and cruelty seemed calculated to hurry to a crisis. From the commanding influence which the Duke possessed over every party, it was considered possible, that the spirit of the contending parties might be sufficiently moderated to lead to such practicable alterations, as might restore national tranquillity; and, anxious for its accomplishment, he left Toulouse, and reached Madrid on the 24th of May.

"Arrived at the Spanish capital, the Duke of Wellington continues thus his correspondence, 'You will have heard of the extraordinary occurrences here, though not, probably, with surprise. Nothing can be more popular than the king and his measures, as far as they have gone to the overthrow of the constitution. The imprisonment of the liberals is thought by some, I believe with justice, unnecessary, and it is, certainly, highly impolitic, but it is liked by the people at large. Since the great act of rigour which has placed Ferdinand on the throne, unshackled by the constitution, nothing of any kind has been done, either for the formation of a new system, or for any other purpose; as far as I can judge, it is not intended to do anything.

"'I entertain a very favourable opinion of the King, from what I have seen of him, but not of his ministers. I think they might have managed things better than they have; and as men, ought to have been certain of accomplishing their object, they ought to have chosen a less objectionable mode; and they appear to have been little aware of the nature and difficulties of their situation.

"'I have accomplished my object in coming here; that is, I think there will be no civil war at present, and I propose to set out on my return on the 5th of June.'

"'Of the ministers of Ferdinand,' he says again, 'it is quite obvious to me, however, that unless we can turn them entirely from their schemes, or can attain their objects for them, they will throw themselves into the arms of the French, *coute que coute*; and I am anxious for an early settlement of these points, because we have the ball at our feet; having no French minister here to counteract us; and the nation, as far as they have anything to say in the matter, being, evidently, in favour of the alliance with England. But, the fact is, there are no public men in this country who are acquainted with the interests or the wishes of the country, and they are so slow in their motions, that it is impossible to do anything with them.'

"Previous to the Duke leaving his gallant army, he addressed them the following general order:—

"Adjutant-General's office, Bordeaux, 14th June, 1814

"The Commander of the Forces being on the point of returning to England, takes this opportunity of congratulating the army upon the recent events which have restored peace to their country and to the world

"The share which the British army has had in producing those events, and the high character with which the army will quit this country, must be equally satisfactory to every individual belonging to it, as they are to the Commander of the Forces, and he trusts the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last

"The Commander of the Forces once more requests the army to accept his thanks.

"Although circumstances may alter the relation in which he has stood towards them for some years, so much to his satisfaction, he assures them he will never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honour, and that he will be at all times happy to be of any service to those to whose conduct, discipline, and gallantry their country is so much indebted.

Signed "E. M. PAKENHAM, A.G."

"The Duke having made a flying visit to Paris, to arrange with the minister of war for the transit of the British cavalry to England, he landed at Dover on the 29th of June, amidst the enthusiastic applause of a large assemblage of peers and foreigners of distinction; he was dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, and wearing the order of the garter. He was introduced by the Dukes of Beaufort and Richmond. Having been absent from the country five years, all the patents of the titles conferred on him by the Prince Regent of England were read to him, seriatim. Immediately this ceremony was concluded, the Lord Chancellor addressed the noble Duke in a speech of some length, congratulating him, in their lordships' names, upon his return to his country, after his brilliant and meritorious services. The Duke replied, in an address of deep feeling and modesty, attributing the success which had crowned his efforts to the valour of his troops, and the ability of his coadjutors. He was loudly cheered. The House of Commons appointed a deputation to wait upon his Grace with their congratulations, and he attended in person to return thanks.

"He was received by the assembly with great cheering, all the members of a crowded house, on his entrance, rose, and remained uncovered, while the Speaker addressed him in the following eloquent terms:—

"'It is not the grandeur of military success which has alone fixed our admiration or commanded our applause; it has been that generous and lofty spirit which inspired our troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was always a day of victory; that moral courage and enduring fortitude which, in perilous times, when gloom and doubt had beset ordinary minds, stood nevertheless unshaken; and that ascendancy of character which, uniting the energies of jealous and rival nations, enabled you to wield at will the fate and fortunes of mighty nations.

"'It now only remains that we congratulate your Grace on the high and important mission on which you are about to proceed, and we doubt not that the same splendid talents, so

* J. M. Tucker's Life of Wellington. London Willoughby and Co.

conspicuous in war, will maintain, with equal authority, firmness, and temper, our national honour and interest in peace."

"The Duke made a suitable reply, and, on retiring from the House, the members rose uncovered, and cheered him vehemently.

"London was, at this period, in high gaiety, in consequence of the presence of the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, Marshal Blucher, Platoff, and a numerous train of foreign officers, but no one was more the object of attention and respect than the Hero of the Peninsula.

"The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London voted him the freedom of the city in a gold box, and presented him with a splendid sword. He was also invited by them to a grand banquet, to which the noble and the titled were invited to meet him.

"The Duke of Wellington now received his credentials, as Ambassador Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the French Court. He left London on the 8th of August, 1814, and proceeded to Paris, *via* the Netherlands; his visit to the latter having for its object, the inspection of the fortresses of the frontier.

"His reception by Louis XVIII., he describes thus:* "His Majesty received me with his usual complacency, and having perused the Prince Regent's letter on the subject of the slave trade, he expressed his determination to perform the stipulations of the treaty, and all that he had promised upon that subject.

"I then laid before his Majesty the addresses of both Houses of Parliament, and apprised his Majesty of the earnestness with which the Prince Regent and the government, the parliament and the nation, wished that his Majesty would concur in immediately abolishing this traffic by his subjects, and would co-operate with the British government, in inducing the powers of Europe to put an end to it entirely, and I urged all those arguments suggested in your Lordship's despatch No. 2, and such others as occurred to me.

"'I then urged his Majesty to adopt measures to restrict the trade as much as possible, as directed by your lordship, and particularly to prevent its revival on that part of the coast of Africa on which it has been put an end to during the war, and his Majesty said that these were points of detail that he wished that I should bring under his consideration in the official form, by note to his minister, and that he was perfectly disposed to adopt any measure which he could, consistently with the due attention to the opinions of his people.'

"Although the Duke of Wellington met with little encouragement from the French authorities, to abolish this infamous traffic, yet he persevered strenuously to accomplish so desirable and so humane an object, in spite of his knowledge of the fact that, at the very time, ships were fitting out at Nantes and Bordeaux, with *the aid of British capital*, to carry on the slave trade on the coast of Africa.

"His Grace was, in the meantime, no inattentive or indifferent spectator to the germs of revolution showing themselves not only in Paris, but in the provinces; the very numerous, unemployed, and discontented military, greatly increased by the release of the prisoners of war; the extreme unpopularity of the House of Peers, in passing a vote for paying the debts of the King, incurred while out of France, at the same time that they rejected the law on the liberty of the press, except with restrictions calculated to destroy that liberty altogether; the complaints of Marshal Ney on the settlement of the Yearly Finance Bill, that no provision had been made for the payment of the six millions of livres guaranteed to the Bonaparte family, and the acknowledged secret societies, composed of persons well known as ardent admirers of the fallen dynasty; these were signs of coming events, which did not escape the sound judgment and clear perception of the British envoy, and it is even asserted that it was in consequence of some hint, supposed to have come from the Duke of Wellington to the favourite of the French King, De Blacas, that an attempt was made upon the life of his Grace while in Paris."

The peace of Paris was concluded on the 30th of May, 1815, but the Duke of Wellington was not left long to repose upon his laurels. One more victory remained yet in store for him, his antagonist being no other than his great rival, with whom he had never yet measured swords.

Before, however, describing the extraordinary incidents of the year 1815, it may be interesting to state,—and here we quote *in extenso* from an able and correct writer in the *Weekly Dispatch*—that, towards the end of the preceding summer, his Grace made a tour of the Netherlands, for the purpose of reporting upon the necessary steps to be taken to protect the frontier against any future Gallic descent upon Europe. The line of defences proposed was from Liege, along the Meuse and Sambre, to Namur and Charleroi, and thence by Mons to the sea; and in the paper, which is characterised by his Grace's usual perspicuity, the position on which he fought the battle of Waterloo is indicated as an advantageous one to cover Brussels. This report was dated from Paris, whence his Grace proceeded, early the next February, to Vienna, to replace Lord Castlereagh, the presence of whom was necessary at home.

On the 26th of February, Napoleon escaped from Elba with about 700 men. On the 28th, having eluded the observation of the English frigates, he disembarked in the gulf of Juan, not without losing 25 of his small force, who were taken prisoners at Antibes, which their captain had imprudently attempted to seize. At 11 the same night, Napoleon set out for Cannes, and thence he proceeded towards the capital, which he reached on the 20th of March, having collected a considerable army on his way; for his old troops threw off their allegiance to Louis XVIII, and returned by whole regiments at once to the standard of Bonaparte. On the 13th of March, the representatives of the Allied Powers assembled at Vienna, namely, the Austrian, Spanish, French, British, Prussian, Russian, and Swedish, promulgated a declaration, in which they denounced him as a truce breaker, and declared their determination to give him the most strenuous opposition. On the 28th, the Duke of Wellington was appointed Generalissimo of the Belgic armies, the Prince of Orange resigning his command, and taking a subordinate one.

The powers of Austria, Russia, England, and Prussia, had agreed to keep in the field 150,000 soldiers each, including one-tenth cavalry, and a due proportion of artillery—the English government having the option of commuting the performance of its contract by subsidising the other powers in proportion. The Duke, however, had only 78,500 men, most of whom were new levies, the troops from Spain having, for the most part, been sent out of reach. It was, in fact, as the Duke described it, "an infamous army, very weak and ill-equipped, and with a very inexperienced staff." In France, almost every man between 20 and 60 years old had been called out, and the army was stated to amount to two million men, but probably not more than a tenth of that number actually took the field.

On the 1st of June Napoleon exhibited a grand military pageant, on which occasion he reviewed 50,000 soldiers. He then took the field in earnest. On the 12th he left Paris, and on the 14th he had joined his troops on the frontier. The right wing of the Duke of Wellington's army, which, it has been stated, was altogether 78,500 strong, was stationed under the command of Lord Hill, at Ath, the left, under the Prince of Orange, at Breine-le-Comte and Nivelles; a strong corps of cavalry was quartered, under the Earl of Uxbridge, near Grammont; and the reserve was at Brussels, which the Duke had made his head-quarters. The Prussian army, which comprised 115,000 men, was in four divisions, stationed respectively at Charleroi, Namur, Cmey, and Liege. The French army was 154, 370 strong, and comprised 24,750 cavalry, 122,000 infantry, and 7,520 artillery, with 269 guns.

On the 14th, Bonaparte published a general order, and at daylight the next day his second corps, commanded by Reille, crossed the Sambre, near Thuin, and drove in the outposts of the Prussian first corps, at the head of which was Von Ziethen. The Prussians made a gallant resistance, but, being overpowered by number, evacuated by Charleroi, where Napoleon fixed his head-quarters. The night was spent by the French in crossing with the remainder of their corps, and by Prince Blucher (who was Commander-in-chief of the Prussians) in taking up a position to give him battle. Blucher stationed his first corps at St. Amand, his third (Thielman's) at Brie, and

* Despatch to Lord Castlereagh, dated Paris, August 25th.

his fourth (Bulow's) at Ligny; the second (Von Pirch's) being kept in reserve.

All military critics were of opinion that Napoleon's best policy at first would have been a defensive war in France; and Wellington and Blucher had concluded that such a course would have been adopted. They had, accordingly, agreed to enter the Gallic territory, near Maubeuge, by the 1st of July; but they had taken every precaution, in case the enemy should decide otherwise. The usual policy of Napoleon is too well known to need much description. His genius led him to despise the elaborate trifling which constituted the military science of the age preceding his own. His plan was suddenly to concentrate his army into one massive and irresistible column, and piercing the line of his foe, to annihilate first one wing then the other. The novelty of this system of tactics confounded his adversaries, who had been bred up in a pedantic adherence to the old traditions; and there is a story of a German general who, in the early days of Bonaparte's career, found the bitterest part of his defeat in the ignorance of his victor in the art of war. But the Duke of Wellington, in the memorable campaign of 1815, showed how the *tactique Napoleonnenne* might be met and successfully resisted. Compelled by the necessities of the case to dispose his army over a wide front, he had concerted with Blucher a plan of radial retreat as it may be called, by which the allied forces, even if thus broken through, might be again united. In the event of attack, they were to retire on Mont St. Jean, and there to effect a junction against the forces of the enemy.

WATERLOO.

On the 15th of June, Brussels was as quiet as if there had been neither war nor rumours of war in the neighbourhood Until the arrival of the Prince of Orange in the evening, nothing was known of the combat at Charleroi, except that it was a sharp affair of out-posts. After receiving the Prince the Duke returned to his dinner; but soon afterwards General Muffling came into the room in great haste, and brought further despatches. The Duke was not, however, put in full possession of the facts of the case till midnight, when a second courier arrived from Blucher. His despatches were instantly conveyed to his Grace, who was at the Duchess of Richmond's ball. He then read them through with great apparent earnestness; and after remaining for a few minutes absorbed in deep reflection, he gave some orders, in his usual clear and concise manner, to one of his staff, and was again as animated as ever. After supper he went home; but before the ball broke up, the troops were under arms, and by eight o'clock all had departed for the forest of Soignies.

While the Prussians were being driven from Charleroi, the Prince of Weimar's brigade, which formed the Prince of Orange's advanced guard, was attacked at Frasnes, and forced back to a hamlet about 20 miles from Brussels, called Quatre Bras, or the four roads, formed by the highway from Charleroi to the capital, crossing that from Namur to Nivelles. The Prince of Orange reinforced the retreating corps, and before morning had recovered the greater part of the lost ground, and thus restored the communication with Prince Blucher. On the next day they were attacked by Ney, with the whole of the 2nd corps, numbering 30,640 men, but after a bloody encounter, Wellington, who was present in person, succeeded in repulsing him with great loss. The British casualties were 350 killed, 2,380 wounded, and 181 missing, of whom 34 killed 224 wounded, and 149 missing were Hanoverians. The Duke of Brunswick was amongst the slain. The French loss was admitted by their official account to be 4,200 killed and wounded. On the same day the Prussians were attacked at Ligny, where a no less desperate battle was fought. Napoleon, with the whole of his army, excluding the troops engaged at Quatre Bras, and the 1st corps in reserve, commenced an attack on the whole of Blucher's force, except Bulow's corps, the absence of which reduced it to 80,000 men, the enemy being about 20,000 stronger. The issue seemed to hang upon which side should receive the first reinforcement. Blucher was expecting the British, who, however, had their own work to do, and the 4th corps, which had been stationed between Liege and Hannut, and which various circumstances prevented from arriving. Napoleon, at about 4 o'clock, had despatched a messenger for the 1st corps (which comprised 25,000 men; but Ney had also sent for it, and it was kept back, as the marshal afterwards complained, "idly parading from the right to the left and from the left to the right," until it could be of no service to either. Napoleon, however, at last succeeded in carrying the village. A body of his infantry managed in the gloom to gain the Prussian rear, while a mass of Cuirassiers made a similar movement on the other flank. The Prussians then retreated leisurely towards Tilly, leaving 15 dismounted guns behind them, but no prisoners, except wounded. At a quarter of a league they re-formed again, but the enemy did not venture on a second attack. The villages of Brie and Sombref remained in the possession of the Prussians, who, however, began the next day to retreat towards Gembloux, where the the 4th corps had arrived during the night. The losses on both sides were as tremendous as the valour exhibited by either army was creditable. Blucher was in the thickest of the fight, and narrowly escaped being slain or taken prisoner. While leading an unsuccessful charge of cavalry his horse was wounded, and after galloping furiously forward, fell dead upon him. He could not be extricated, but his aide-de-camp, Count Nostiz, refused to leave him, and lying down by his side covered him with his cloak as he lay senseless on the ground. The Cuirassiers passed and repassed without noticing; and the prince having by this time recovered from his swoon, mounted a dragoon horse and rode off. On the 17th he retreated on Wavre to concentrte his troops, which he was allowed to do without any attempt being made to interrupt his operations, though Marshal Grouchy, with 45,000 men, was despatched in pursuit of him.

On the 17th the Duke of Wellington executed his retreat, which he masked by a number of clever manœvers until he had safely conveyed the great portion of his army across the Dyle, by the long narrow bridge of Genappe. By the time this was completed, Napoleon had been reinforced by the 6th corps and his reserves, and now made arrangements for an attack, but to his surprise he found there was no enemy before him. He immediately ordered a large body of cavalry to follow the English rear guard, and at Genappe there was a smart affair. The 7th Hussars and some squadrons of the 11th and 23rd Dragoons gallantly charged them, but those light troops being unable to make any impression upon the Cuirassiers, were repulsed. Lord Uxbridge, however, "followed on the same side" with the Life Guards, before whose superior weight and prowess the mailed chivalry of France recoiled with heavy loss. No other attempt was made to interrupt the allied movement except a distant and ineffective cannonade.

The weather, which, during the whole of the 17th was unsettled and stormy, grew worse as darkness set in. The rain fell incessantly, sometimes in torrents, and was accompanied by loud peals of thunder and almost a hurricane of wind. It continued cloudy the whole of the next day, but the rain ceased with the darkness. At dawn the soldiers started from their cheerless bivouac, and made them ready for the battle; and when the trumpets and drums sounded and beat to arms the whole of the forces sprang to their posts with the utmost alacrity and zeal. Of the glorious 18th of June it is needless to give many particulars, for there are few that have not read the story of that "day of battles," and fewer still from whose memory the details have escaped.

The effective strength of the allied army, according to Captain Siborne, was as follows:—

	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Total Men.	Guns.
British	15,181	5,813	2,967	23,991	78
German Legion	3,301	1,191	326	5,818	18
Brunswickers	4,586	866	510	5,962	16
Hanoverians	10,956	465	465	11,886	12
Nassauers	2 830	—	—	2,830	—
Dutch Belgians	13,402	3,305	1,177	17,784	32
	49 608	12,403	5,645	67.055	156

The French army comprised—infantry, 48,950; cavalry, 15,765; artillery, 7,232; total, 71,917 men, and 246 guns. Other accounts raise the allies to 74,000 men, and the French to 90,000, and 296 guns. Nothing could exceed the surprise and delight of Napoleon and his generals at the allied movement of the 17th, which, attributing it to any cause but the

right one, they tortured into evidence of defeat. Soult sent a despatch to Davoust, the Minister of War, in which he fairly out-Soulted Soult. He announced that Wellington and Blucher had been separated, and had only "saved themselves with difficulty." "The effect," he said, "was theatrical. In an instant the enemy was routed in all directions." Another account in the *Moniteur* naively remarked that a whole Scotch division of 5,000 or 6,000 men had been cut to pieces, for they had not "seen any of them prisoners!" A third narrative concluded by stating that they would not hear of the Prussians again for some time, even if they should be able to rally. As for the English, they would "soon see what would become of them. The emperor was there!" The two rival armies had bivouacked on the night of the 17th, within three-quarters of a mile, and in some places at even less than that from each other; and Napoleon expected the next day to resume his pursuit. He was, therefore, much pleased at discovering the allies setting their battle in array; and, turning to one of his staff, he exclaimed, "Ah! je les tiens donc, ces Anglais!" He is also reported to have praised the soldierly manner in which the army took up their ground, adding, that "they must run." Soult, who, notwithstanding his Munchausenic despatches, thoroughly appreciated British prowess, expressed some doubts, and Napoleon, turning quickly round, asked him, "Why?" The curt reply was, "Because they will be cut to pieces first."

The positions of the two armies were both masterly, and the manœuvring took up a considerable portion of the morning. Napoleon's first thought was to attack the centre, but he postponed his assault on that part of the allied lines, and ordered his brother Jerome to advance with the 2nd corps, consisting of 30,000 men, against the farm of Hougoumont. About half-past ten or a quarter to eleven o'clock, Sir George Wood, by the Duke's direction, caused the first gun to be fired at an advancing column of the enemy. The discharge killed six or eight, and was soon followed by a general cannonade in support of the attack, and one in reply from the British batteries. The enemy succeeded in carrying the wood, but against the buildings they could effect nothing. On the contrary, as they confidently rushed towards the garden wall, they were received with a tremendous volley that prostrated the leading files, and this was supported by a fusilade so telling that they quickly began to give way. The guards sallied and cleared part of the wood, and the Duke, justly relying on the skill of his artillery, then ordered Major Bull to open his howitzer batteries upon the remainder. In ten minutes the whole was abandoned by the French.

Napoleon now commenced a tremendous cannonade throughout the line, which was promptly returned by the English guns—every piece that could be brought to bear on both sides being vigorously employed. Large masses of cavalry were observed concentrating on the French side of the field, and it was apparent that some new attack was intended. The Duke of Wellington, therefore, formed his centre divisions into squares, and withdrew them behind the ridge, so as to shelter them from the storm of cannon balls. Meanwhile Jerome had reinforced his troops, and returned with still greater fury to the attack on Hougoumont. The guards outside the farm made a gallant resistance, and when driven back retired to the cover of a haystack, from which they kept up the fight till it was set on fire. Finding themselves also outflanked, and in danger of being cut off, they retired hastily into the farm-yard, the gate of which they strove to barricade with ladders, posts, barrows, or anything they could lay hands upon. All was in vain; the gate was forced open, and a few Frenchmen rushed into the yard. The defenders instantly ran to the nearest cover, and opened such a fire as soon checked their advance. The gallant fellows then made a fierce attack in return, and after an intrepid struggle on both sides, Colonel Macdonnell, Captain Wyndham, Lieutenants Gooch and Harvey, and Serjeant Graham, contrived, by the exercise of great daring and personal strength, to close the door, while the intruders paid the penalty of their rashness. The attempt, so nearly successful, thus entirely failed.

Napoleon had now determined to make his left and centre attack on the British lines, intending thereby to turn the former and force the latter; and by possessing himself of La Haye Sainte and Mont St. Jean, to cut off the Duke's communications by the main road with Brussels, as well as to sever the allied from the Prussian army. For that important enterprise he had selected the whole of Drouet's corps, amounting to 18,000 infantry, in four columns, in addition to Roussel's cavalry division. To support this imposing force, he had placed 10 batteries, containing 74 guns, with ranges of from 600 to 800 yards of the English line. Between half-past 1 and 2 the advance commenced, the French guns gradually becoming silent as the columns approached the English lines. On they came shouting, "En avant!" "Vive l'Empereur!"—till, driving back a Belgian brigade, they reached a broken hedge, behind which Picton was posted with the 5th division. The columns halted, and began to deploy: and whilst so engaged, a tremendous volley, at less than 40 yards, threw them into confusion. Picton thundered the words, "Charge, charge! hurrah!" and fell from his horse, pierced in the right temple by a musket shot. This truly-gallant officer had two ribs broken at Quatre Bras, but he had concealed his hurt lest he should be prevented from taking part in the glorious 18th of June. His death was amply revenged, for the 5th, struggling through the hedge, fell upon the enemy and routed them with great slaughter. The 2nd Cavalry Brigade, numbering 1,300 men, and consisting of the Royals, Greys, and Enniskilleners, led by the Earl of Uxbridge, fell on the disconfited troops with terrific violence, and covered the ground with slain. In vain did the Cuirassiers and Lancers, who had been drawn up to charge the 5th in flank, seek to oppose them; they were swept away with the rest, and two eagles as well as 2,000 prisoners were taken. The English cavalry, in fact, succeeded in completely destroying a division 5,000 strong, and cut the traces of all Drouet's cannons, which were thus rendered useless for the rest of the day. These successes, however, were purchased at a considerable cost. While the victorious troops were disorganised by their pursuit, they were charged in their turn and repulsed, scarcely a fifth of their gross number returning from the conflict. Sir William Ponsonby was overtaken by a troop of Polish Lancers in a newly ploughed field, in which his horse stuck fast, and, together with his aide-de-camp, was speared as he was giving the latter his watch and his lady's picture to deliver to her in case he should escape. Sir William's death also was terribly avenged, for his brigade falling in with the Polish Lancers again, scarcely left one alive.

At this time Hougoumont continued to be a principal point of attack. Foiled in every attempt to carry it by storm, Napoleon had at last ordered it to be bombarded, and by this means it was set on fire. The chapel was burnt down, and many of the wounded of both sides perished in the flames. Still the blazing ruins were as obstinately held as ever, and though 10,000 Frenchmen were killed and wounded in the numberless attacks upon it, the old chateau was never for an instant in the hands of the enemy. Another and more desperate assault than ever was made about this period upon the devoted building, but its defenders having been reinforced by Byng's brigade, the attempt failed as signally as its predecessors. The farm of La Haye Sainte, which stood about 250 yards in advance of the allied line, and formed an important outpost, did not fare so well. Three attacks were made upon it, and all of them were gallantly beaten off. Twice a barn, or outhouse, close to the main building, was fired, and twice the flames were extinguished; but when the operations against it had continued about two hours, the ammunition of the defenders began to fall short, and unhappily the communications with the main body were all cut off. The little garrison, overpowered, but fearless still, felt the

"Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem."

They husbanded well each shot, and when it was all gone, they made a desperate defence with their bayonets. They were, of course, forced to yield, and, it is said, were all sacrificed to the rage of their captors. The enemy could make but little use, after all, of this dearly-acquired conquest, as the ruined house was opposed to the destructive and incessant fire of the guns on an adjacent ridge.

One of the most furious cannonades on record was now turned upon the English centre, and formed the overture to Napoleon's last and most desperate attack. Before, however, describing the concluding scene of this bloody but glorious day, it is necessary to digress for a few moments to narrate the

state of affairs at Wavre. The Duke, in giving battle, had calculated on receiving Blucher's aid at 2 or 3 o'clock; but the badness of the roads, occasioned by the rain of the previous night, rendered it impossible for it to come until nearly four hours later; and the allied resources had thus been taxed to support the contest for that long period beyond what their noble commander had intended. This is a point which, in estimating the merits of the victory, ought not to be overlooked; for, to have held the position a single hour against the terrible cannonade which Napoleon's enormous park enabled him to pour upon the allied troops, was a task that would have severely tried the mettle of the best disciplined and most experienced troops. In a letter the Duke wrote to Lord Beresford from Paris, he said, "Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what boxers call 'gluttons.' Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns—and was driven off in the old style. I never saw British infantry behave so well." The routine was, in every instance, nearly the same. The British were mostly in square. The French cannonaded them for some time, and then ceased firing; the cavalry rushed on them; fell upon an immovable rock; rallied, and were charged by the allied cavalry in return. This was repeated innumerable times. Occasionally the French would concentrate their fire on some devoted regiment, which to avoid the iron hail, would lie down; but as soon as the cannonade ceased, would rise and repulse the cavalry attack, with the calm steadiness which all the British regiments showed throughout the day. The loss, however, was awful. The 27th regiment had four hundred killed in square, without returning a shot, the 92nd, though reduced to less than two hundred, undauntedly charged, pierced, and routed a whole French column; the officer commanding the 33rd sent to beg for support, and the only answer that could be given him was, that he must stand or fall where he was. The English guns were many times taken and retaken. It was with an anxious eye that the great Duke, all of whose reserves had been gradually sent into action, watched the battle. Often was he seen to glance at his watch, and once he was heard to exclaim, "Would to God that night or Blucher would come!" Still he kept a composed countenance, and, regardless of danger, rode about in the thickest of the fire, seeing that all went well, and giving his men the encouragement they so much needed, for it is an admitted fact that the intrepidity which enables a soldier to stand still is of a much higher description than that required to make a charge, in which excitement often supplies the place of valour.

At a little before 5, Bulow, with a portion of his corps, arrived, and commenced his attack, the cannon balls of his artillery reaching as far as the Charleroi-road. Napoleon immediately despatched part of his reserves, under Count Lobau, against him. These troops soon repulsed Bulow, and separated him from the English army. A report in the mean time was spread along the French line that the fire proceeded from Grouchy's guns, and victory now seemed certain. At half-past 6, Pirch's corps, reinforcing the Prussians to 46,000 men, began to show themselves, and Napoleon, still full of confidence as to the result, made his grand attack on the left centre. Throwing back half his right wing to hold the Prussians in check, he collected the reserve of his Imperial Guards, amounting to 15,000 men, and ordered their attack to be supported by the simultaneous advance of the whole front line. Having led the Guards to the bottom of the hill, he pointed to the English lines and said, "There, gentlemen, is the way to Brussels!" The response was a hearty "Vive l'Empereur!" and the attack was handed over to Ney. The French marched proudly on to the encounter, preceded by a cloud of skirmishers, who, carrying on a smart battle with the light troops to the left, rapidly advanced to cover with the smoke of their pieces the movement of the Guards, and to drive the men from the English guns, which were making frightful havoc with the approaching column. At last the leading one reached the crest of the hill, behind which the Duke of Wellington had made the Foot Guards lie down to avoid the tremendous fire which we have said formed a preliminary to the attack. To the surprise of the French in the front ranks, there appeared no obstacle except a few mounted officers, whom they could just discern through the smoke from Napier's battery, which the minute before had been engaged in driving back the skirmishers by a shower of canister, grape, and shrapnel shells. One of these officers was the Duke himself, who shouted, "Up, Guards, and at them!" Instantly they sprang up in a compact line of four deep, and at fifty paces poured into the column a volley that fairly staggered it. The Imperial Guards attempted to deploy, but the rapid and telling fire which was kept upon them rendered the movement a failure, and the Duke ordered Maitland to charge. A tremendous cheer was the reply. Guard met Guard for the first time, and in an instant the French were fleeing before the unmatched prowess of the English. The second column now came on with imposing steadiness, disregarding the fire of Napier's battery, and returning with effect the musketry with which it was received. Sir John Colborne, who had been anxiously watching its advance, suddenly wheeled the 52nd, so as to bring its fire on the left flank of the column, the front of which was exposed to that of Maitland's Guards. The Duke, whose intentions Sir John had anticipated, instantly supported him with the 71st, and two companies of the 3rd battalion of the 95th. The cross fire, added to the cannonade, soon broke the Imperials, and the English regiments giving three truly British cheers, charged on both faces, and routed them. The Duke, as they ran in confusion down the hill, launched Vivian and Vandeleur's cavalry upon the flying mass, and rendered a rally impossible. Meanwhile Druet's corps had been desperately engaging Alten's division, and the fugitives to whom the flank charge had given a sidelong impulse, rushed against it, and communicated the panic to their comrades, so that they also broke and fled. Fresh cavalry now advanced to keep back the French horse, and the Duke perceiving that the Prussians were at hand, closed his telescope with the exclamation, "The hour is come," and ordered the whole line to charge. Just at this moment the sun, as if to light the English troops to victory, burst forth for the first time on that eventful day, and the lurid glare struggling through the battle smoke, produced the strangest effect perhaps ever beheld. It did not, however, last long. The "regent of the skies" set to rise on the morrow, but the sun of Napoleon's fame, as bright and fleeting as these last rays, had sunk for ever! The desperate determination to stand or die, which, up to this period, had sustained the allies, now gave way to an indescribable tide of emotions. The conviction rushed with irresistible force into every mind, that the same judgment which had caused their illustrious commander to turn so long a deaf ear to their demands to be led on, could not be at fault when he now bade them to advance. Every one, therefore, felt that victory was certain. Then the presentment that the field they were now contesting would be the most glorious in the world's history, begot in each soldier's breast a fervent desire to distinguish himself, and, lastly, there was not a regiment that had not some beloved officer, for whose death they had to exact a terrible reckoning—not a man that had not some brother, some friend, some comrade to avenge. Thus it was that the Duke's command was received with a thrilling cheer; and, forming one long and splendid line, the infantry hurry on to certain conquest. Every man is a hero. No troops can resist such a host, for "Victory sits upon their helms."

"Possunt quia posse videntur!"

The French flee at their approach—the horse artillery open on the panic-stricken mass—the cavalry thunder upon them broken ranks—"Sauve qui peut!" becomes the cry—order, discipline, courage, are forgotten—and in a few short moments one of the bloodiest and most complete routs ever experienced by an army has taken place. Three squares of the Old Guards attempted to stand, but the Duke ordered Adams' brigade to charge, and as it approached they faced about, and began to retire. This movement soon degenerated into a confused flight, and, with scarcely an attempt to rally, the French army was a total wreck. The portion of the right wing opposed to Blucher being unsupported, collapsed before the Prussians, who took Planchenoit with little trouble, and cut off all chance of an orderly retreat.

We shall now have to follow the Duke to the close of that glorious victory at Waterloo, which not only gave peace to France, but consolidated the material interests of Europe and the world.

(To be continued in our next.)

CHARACTER AND TENDENCIES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

From the French of M. Emile Montegut.

II.—EMIGRATION.

All the facts connected with the emigration which takes place to the United States offer themselves freely to the support of our thesis. This emigration, we believe, has reached to-day its culminating point, for it hardly seems possible to imagine that so great a number of emigrants should ever leave Europe for America in any similar space of time in the future, as have done so during the years which have just passed. Nothing is more false than much that has been said respecting the *mixture of races* which this emigration causes to take place in America, for if it infuses new blood into the veins of the Americans, it is not the blood of foreigners or strangers, but blood drawn from exactly the same sources as their own. The emigrants come not from all portions of the world indifferently, as would seem to be imagined by many, but by far the greater number of them come from England, the remainder being principally Scandinavians and Germans. We have before us the exact statistics of American emigration during the years 1848 and 1849, since when the numbers may perhaps have risen, but their characteristics have undergone no change. 189,176 Europeans emigrated to the United States in 1848, 220,607 in 1849. Let us decompose these two numbers, in order to find the amounts of the contributions of each nation. England, then, furnished 23,062 emigrants in 1848, Ireland 98,061 in the same year, Scotland 6,115, Germany 54,973; Holland, Norway, and Sweden,—these countries of small dimensions and but thinly populated—furnished 2,932, and France, this country which disgorges its inhabitants, who flee from it because it cannot support them, furnished a smaller number than even these three last pigmy countries, namely 2,734 emigrants In 1849 the number of emigrants who exchanged a home in Europe for one in the New World, was greater, as we have seen, than even that of the year preceding; and of this greater number 28,324 were from England, 112,594 from Ireland, 8 810 from Scotland, 55,705 from Germany. The number from Holland, Norway, and Sweden amounted to 6,734—nearly treble the number of the preceding year, while that from France remained stationary, or rather, to speak more accurately, fell to 2,683 With the exception of the Irish, who, however, according to Mr. Johnson, are by no means all of the pure Celtic blood, these emigrants, we see, are nearly all of the German race; very few of them belonging either to the Celtic, the Latin, or the Sclavic races. Thus, we see, the American nation is recruited only from its sister nations, from the various branches of the great race of barbarians who have *renouvelé* the world,—Germans, Saxons, Scandinavians, so long time enemies upon the soil of Europe, or, like the English, separated from the continent, meet upon this common country to unite themselves anew, and, perhaps, for who knows? to depart from thence and *renouveler* the world once more.

Even when the peculiar instincts of each of these races efface themselves, in order to leave predominant the common instincts of the whole, once landed and fairly settled in the far-west, the emigrants strive hard to preserve their ancient habitudes and manners; they are not absorbed without resistance by the general spirit of the country; they endeavour to remain Irishmen, Germans, or Norwegians in America? but all is in vain, they cannot prevent themselves becoming, and in but few generations, North Americans, as is plainly instanced on a large scale by the Germans and the Dutch, each of whom seeked vainly to remain in America a peculiar people, the one in Pensylvania and Ohio, the other on the banks of the Hudson The Anglo-Saxons bend them to their manners, and fix the seal of America indelibly upon them. They arrive with a vast amount of ignorance respecting the laws and institutions of the New World, and during the period which elapses before they have succeeded in establishing themselves in the land, they have but little to lose, and consequently but small inclination to mix themselves with political affairs. Thus, we may observe in passing, America providentially avoids that fault which so often ruins the cause of liberty upon the continent,—the participation of the poor and ignorant in public affairs. Her emigrants meddle not with her political matters till they have acquired some stake in the country, which they give themselves, and some amount of instruction respecting the workings of its laws and institutions, which is given them by the example of the inhabitants of the country. The Americans take possession of them, and break them into American habitudes and manners. Poor and illiterate, the emigrants have but few men among them belonging to the liberal professions, and the northern States take upon themselves the task of furnishing them therewith; sending into the west their lawyers, their physicians, their ministers of religion, their journalists, their bankers, and their merchants. To these men, the west is at first a mart for their professional abilities, and afterwards a workshop for the manufacture into American citizens of European emigrants. As emigration is continual, this work is one which requires constantly recommencing. It is an education which is essential to all European emigrants, and one of which they are all easily susceptible, and it is principally by its means that the Americans of the Northern and Southern States, in whose hands it chiefly lies, they being the holders of all official situations, the rulers of the churches and the schools, and the deities presiding over the courts of justice and the press, preserve their influence and preponderance. Emigration thus adds immensely to the strength and power of the United States, and, thanks to the ability and energy of the Americans, is utterly unable to be the worker of any harm in them; socially and materially it is of great power and importance. It furnishes the New World with the most excellent miners, the most indefatigable clearers of the soil, the most adventurous searchers for Californian gold, and the most admirable hunters, equally capable of battling with an Indian or a wolf. Politically, however, its influence is small. In the bosoms of the deserts, to which they repair by swarms, the emigrants find themselves submitting naturally and insensibly to the influence of the Anglo-Saxon race; and in the towns, in which their union and agglomeration are much more dangerous, the Americans employ the most energetic means, not to dissolve and scatter their bands, which would be a proceeding both difficult and illegal, but to make them feel their superiority, and to keep themselves in some degree their masters There, the prejudices, the national pride, and the imperious brutality of the Americans, occasion their frequent combats and collisions with the emigrants. We read a few months ago an account of one of these combats which took place at Hoboken, between the Americans, sustained by the Irish, and the Germans, sustained by the Hollanders. This combat transported us in spirit to those ancient times in which the Hebrews, for example, wrestled with the Philistines and the Ammorites, in order to preserve the sacred ark from the outrages of idolaters who belonged to the same race as themselves. In America, that which, like the sacred ark of the Hebrews, must be protected at all hazards from the outrages of other tribes, is the race of men who are established in the country, the blood, the laws, the manners, and the customs of the Anglo-Saxon.

Emigration, in addition to the physical strength and material force which it bestows upon the United States, gives, and will continue to give more and more, a moral force and prestige to them, which has already begun to make itself much felt, but which, we think, has not been yet sufficiently remarked. In this age of ours, in which the masses have been agitated to their very depths over all the continent, in which they have threatened to overturn all laws and order, and to burst asunder all the bonds which hold society together, and have only been repressed after the expenditure of immense energy and labour,—at this period when the sentiment of suffering is more keen than it has ever before been, when each supports his misery with more difficulty than heretofore, and when poverty and misfortune are not merely sorrows but burdens the most heavy and intolerable,—a country which offers such marvellous facilities for the employment of labour and the acquisition of landed property is sure to draw down upon itself the gaze of every unfortunate in Europe. Now, the love of country is effaced in the minds of Europeans to a greater extent than it ever was before, and this effect has been produced principally by these two causes:—firstly, an unexampled longing after riches, which whispers to every European—*Ubi bene, ibi patria*, and which makes of every malcontent morally an exile in his own country; and secondly, the civil wars engendered by these same desires, which have filled with resentment against their fellow citizens, and indifference towards their country, the minds of all those who have become their victims, of all the vanquished, and of all those who, without having taken part in the contest, feel themselves aggrieved by the rigorous measures which it has been necessary to use against those who have. The United States are therefore for all European unfortunates and malcontents *la vrais patrie*, the longed-for El

Dorado. Thence is derived the prodigious and ever increasing influence, the potent fascination, which the United States exercise over all the poor, all the indigent, and all the *proscrits* of the earth. However meanly we may estimate this influence, we cannot but admit that it tends to divide the world into two portions, Europe and America; not so much, we mean, geographically as morally: in the one of which all seems suffering, misery, war, and tyranny, in the other of which all seems happiness, peace, and liberty. It is thus creating a redoubtable political war between Europe and America, a rivalry which is only now commencing. Philosophy, for which the existence of a generation or two, more or less, is not even a point in the infinity of the ages, perceives by the example how much the greatness of communities is due to accidental circumstances and temporary causes. Assuredly, when the United States shall be as thickly peopled as is Europe, and long before they have existed for as many ages as our continental states, the same evils, the same sufferings, the same disorders, and the same necessities of government will have produced themselves therein as those which are so much complained of and lamented here. The unfortunate population who leave Europe for America doubtlessly disengage themselves, by so doing, of their misery. That is all true enough, but they do not and cannot know that their descendants will not be as wretched as they have been themselves. Such happiness and *aisance* generally last only a few ages, and though well for those who are so fortunate as to enjoy them, in the history of humanity they pass unperceived. But what do we see in the mean time? The emigration attracted by this prospect of good fortune towards America will be sufficient to found the power and greatness of the United States, and to cast into them the germs of new states of society. But emigration will not only serve to found the future greatness of the New World, but also to retemper the races which Europe has corrupted. The prosperity of the American emigrants, which will not be transmitted in its material shape to their descendants, will however produce moral results of a higher salutary character. In a country in which the price of an acre of land is less in amount than the sum given for the satisfaction of any vice, it suffices, for a man to become rich and a landed proprietor, that he denies himself the gratification of his vices and sensual appetites, Ambition takes the upper hand insensibly of his ancient habitudes and manners; idleness and extravagance give place little by little to economy and industry; the necessity for perseverance endows these new manners with a sort of tradition, and, at the end of a few years, these formerly demoralised Europeans will have become changed into a new population, having another character, a manner of spending life which they owe to the unforseen circumstances among which they find themselves, to the nature of the new relations which they have entered into with the former inhabitants of the country, and to the original physical features of the land of their adoption,—a manner of life which, transmitted to their descendants and modified by time, will pass from these huts and farms of the prairies of the west into the immense towns and the vast cities of the future, and will become the law and the wisdom of nations yet unborn. This rapid reformation of European races, who have become demoralised, corrupted, and almost savage in the very heart of civilisation, is observed with respect to the most debased and most degraded of all nations,—the Irish, for example, of whom England can make nothing, but who, transplanted to America, while keeping intact their natural virtues, disembarrass themselves easily of their abjection, and become as good farmers, as excellent *aventuriers* as the Americans themselves.

Emigration will perform to the United States many other services than the few which we as yet have alone named, and henceforth for some time from the crowd of voluntary exiles who flock to the shores of the New World, the real military force of the United States, will, we think, be solely recruited. Whenever the Yankees require to commit some injustice, whether in order to escape from their interior difficulties, as we have seen in the affair of Texas, and in the war of Mexico, or to add to the number of their states and to extend their dominion, the new population of the west will not desert them, as the expeditions they have so unceasingly sent out against Cuba prove. For a long time the Union may not possess a permanent regular army, like the regular armies we possess in Europe, but they will have, and have in fact already, a large irregular army, for some years, hostile to all symbols and intermediaries in matters of religion and of government, the enemy of everything which is not essentially individual and free, and consequently the foe of all anonymous forces, and of all *grand armées* and great administrative machines, fashioned after the Roman patterns, those two admirable instruments of government and oppression. In other nations, the aim of democracy is to prevent this domination of the individual, to arrest this natural developement and to establish a tyrannic level. It has for its end the contraction as much as possible of liberty in its essence when it is not in its effects, and in its effects when it is not in its essence. In England and America, on the contrary, liberty is esteemed as the one great good to maintain which every other should be sacrificed, it is held to be the fundamental principle of society, nay as the very principle of life itself, and the proof that man possesses an immortal soul, and it is looked upon as the instrument not only of men's earthly happiness but also as that of their eternal welfare, and as the faculty which renders man capable of committing actions always new and fruitful, in the place of being always the slave of never changing functions, for ever the same, for ever barren and mechanic. Deprive an Anglo-Saxon of his liberty, and he will be very little more a man than beast.

Democracy thus understood, then, is in perfect opposition to and in complete war with the democracy of our continent; it attaches itself to an entirely different tradition,—to a tradition purely barbarous, Germanic and feudal. The two traditions are completely distinct, and one may trace in history their double but parallel development. One thing only belongs to both in common, and that one thing is Christianity, but their manner of interpreting even it is as different as the mode of comprehending the services of society and of government. On the one side, Catholicism, Roman government, monarchy, dictatorship, and equality; on the other side Protestantism, feudalism, republicanism, and liberty: such are the diverse manifestations of these two opposite civilisations. Nothing could be found more contrary and antithetic. For a long time these two civilisations have marched in parallel paths: to-day they encounter one another with one and the same word upon the lips of each, pretending that their ends are both the same. They each speak of democracy, and sometimes even of republicanism; but each of them is stupefied and astonished at seeing how different is their manner of pronouncing the modern shiboleth which calls itself democracy. And they will not rest long mutually astonished merely, they will breathe a mortal defiance to each other, and the day is not far distant which will see commenced between them the most important struggle of which the world as yet has ever been the theatre; it will soon become necessary that the one should perish that the other may live; this fate is inevitable. There can neither be truce nor agreement between the humble, obedient, and timid spirit of equality and the aristocratic, imperious, and proud spirit of liberty.

"THERE WILL HE REST IN HIS LONELY TOMB, MOURNED OVER BY THE WATERS"

(From a Description of the Spot where are interred the Remains of Chateaubriand.)

YES! lonely is thy resting place,
Girt by the foaming wave,
The sterile rock which cradled thee
Has now become thy grave.

Lonely and wild that chosen grave
Life's stirring pageant o'er,
Thy requiem sung by hollow winds,
Thy dirge the ocean's roar.

Nor may affection's pensive step,
Stray there to weep and pray,
The drops that on thy dust shall fall
Will be the billow's spray.

No mournful yew, no cypress sad
Shall wave above thy head,
Nor garlands as in church-yards green,
Bedeck thy dreamless bed.

But rock-birds on that lonely cross,
Their snowy wings shall plume,
And tangled seaweed, tempest hurled
Enwreath thy ocean tomb.

While faithfully the wave-washed rocks
Through time, in calm and storm,
More lasting than the proudest fane,
Shall guard thy mouldering form.

C. S.

LETTERS TO WORKING MEN.

No. II.

THE BENEFITS OF LIFE INSURANCE.

BY FRANCIS PLIMLEY, GARDENER, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

In presuming to address some of my fellow working-men on this important and too much neglected subject, I do not pretend to display that knowledge of it, which only those can have who devote their time and talents (almost exclusively) to this and other subjects, tending to advance the working man higher in the scale of moral and social improvement; but, simply to suggest a few thoughts that have crossed my own mind upon it. In looking at the objects of Life Insurance generally, they offer almost the same advantages to the operative, the artisan, the shopman, the labourer,—and, in fact, all those who get their living by the sweat of their brows,—as to their more affluent brethren; and, if such be the case, why should not those classes of men avail themselves of the opportunities offered them, to render those who are bound to them by the nearest and dearest ties, some benefit, after God has seen fit to remove them from their earthly pilgrimage? This, to many who have not given this subject any thought, may appear an erroneous idea, a false argument; but, there are offices where the son of toil may insure his life for the sum of £50; and even as low as £25; and I think even less than this; and, when you calculate at what a little self-denial (if it can be so called) these feelings may be awakened within you, that tell you that you are performing a solemn and sacred duty, in trying to alleviate in some degree the sufferings that would be occasioned in the minds of your wife or children at your premature death, it becomes your duty to think seriously of it. A working man, under the age of thirty, may (if in good health), insure the sum of £50 at his death, to his wife, children, or friends, upon the annual payment of a sum under 30s.; or, to say 26s., that would be but 6d. a week; this apparently trifling sum to offer such advantages. Oh! working men, let me entreat of you to throw aside the use of intoxicating drinks, and smoking that nauseous and poisonous tobacco, and think on the importance of insuring your life; and if you will not entirely abstain from them, look what the value of three pints of beer a week less than you are accustomed to partake will effect. Those among you who consider yourselves moderate drinkers, in not drinking more than three pints of beer a day, look what seven times the sum of 6d. will effect;—3s. 6d. a week, that you are spending on an article worse than useless, will insure your life for more than £300; and there are many, alas! who are in the receipt of sums varying from 12s. to 30s. weekly, that are spending more than the sum I have mentioned in intoxicating drinks alone. Oh! let me beg of you to remove the film that is at present before your eyes, that you may see clearly the benefits of Life Insurance; and if those among you who are not total abstainers, will become so, and spend part of that money that you used to throw away when you partook of alcoholic beverages, in taking a Life Policy, you will never regret it; but, on the contrary, you will feel in the enjoyment of better health alone the advantages you are deriving in so doing, and to those who are more advanced in years, the same advantages are offered, by paying, of course, proportionately higher premiums.

The next inquiry is, who are the parties that ought to insure their lives? I contend that it is *the duty* of every working man, whether old or young, married or single; in the first place, the old man, according to the laws of nature, has not many years to live; and, if he has not joined some Mutual Life Insurance office, I would say, do so immediately; it will be a source of much comfort to you, when your increasing age and infirmities, are weighing you down to the grave, to know that those whom you *must* leave behind, are not left totally destitute, as is the case, too often alas! upon the death of the head of a family; not that the payment of any sum of money will compensate the working man's family for the loss of him on whom they have been accustomed to look for support; but, as we are certain of nothing but death, it will serve to alleviate in a great measure the sufferings and temporal wants of those whom you leave behind. To the young man, the advantages that are offered are still greater; to look at the subject in a pecuniary view, you will pay a much less premium than your older fellow-man; and the advantages that are offered to your relatives or friends are the same; and let not that vain boast, that you are young, and have many years yet before you, have any weight on your mind; for although we are told, that our years are threescore and ten, how many thousands, nay hundreds of thousands are there cut off in the prime of life? And again, are there not accidents continually occuring, that may take the life of you or I, as well as any of the rest of our fellow mortals? Who can tell what a day or an hour may bring forth? and there is this very good and peculiar feature in life assurance, that the moment you have paid your first premium, whether it be quarterly, half-yearly, or annually, you are free; you have not to wait six or twelve months, before the liability of the association commences; so, that should you be taken off suddenly, either by a malignant fever, or some serious accident the day after you have paid your premium, your relatives will reap the benefit of your forethought. This, I think, is one of the most important advantages offered by life insurance; how dreadful then, must be the feelings, of one who in the prime of life, feels himself going that journey from which no traveller returneth, who has not been able from his limited means to lay much of his earnings by for a future, and who has neglected to avail himself of the opportunities offered him when in health and strength, of paying an annual sum (in proportion to his earnings) towards the funds of an insurance office, in the event of his premature death, none can pretend to fathom the feelings of one so situated but the sufferer himself; to all young men I would say, think seriously on the subject, join some respectable office, and make yourself acquainted with its benefits; and in a quiet conscience, and contented mind on this point you will have your reward.

To the married man I would say, in addition to the foregoing,—the wife of your bosom, whom you have sworn to love and cherish, and who is depending on you for many temporal comforts, ought to be a powerful argument to induce you to insure your life, and every child she bears you is a much more powerful argument still in favour of your so doing, as, in the event of some direful disease seizing you that may terminate in your death, you will know that you have in some measure done your duty towards them, to endeavour to mitigate their sufferings when the Almighty shall see fit to prevent you from labouring for their sustenance, in removing you by death. And to the single man (especially if he has youth on his side) I would say,—avail yourself of the opportunity you have of joining a society, although you may not appear to have the same demands made upon you as a married man, yet there are very few but who hope to obtain some day a prize in the shape of an affectionate and loving wife. Having youth on your side, your rate of premium will be very low; and it will be a great proof to her whom you hope to make your wife, that by your forethought you are not unmindful of the future; and the fact of your having done so will show to her parents or friends that they are about to consign the future temporal happiness of their daughter into the hands of one who, to say the least of it, has shown some prudence, by providing in some degree for her, should you be snatched from her arms by the rude hand of death.

There are some persons who object to the objects of life insurance, who say that it is a sin to insure your lives; but I believe, on the contrary, that we are only following out the ordinances of a beneficent Creator in so doing; that we are obeying one of his laws, in endeavouring, in some measure, to provide for those who are dependent on us, at our decease. There are others who view it in the light of a superstitious fear; that, to insure our life is, to a certain extent, to insure our death; but, I would ask you, would the fact of your having done so hasten your death any more than a prudent man making his will when in the enjoyment of health and strength? No, that objection is ridiculous; but, perhaps, the serenity of your mind may to some extent *prolong* your existence. There are others, again, so selfish, who will not join a life insurance office because they themselves will not participate of the bene-

fits,—that they would be paying money away for which *they* would receive no benefit; and that not till the termination of their existence would the benefits of life insurance be proclaimed. To those who are of such a mind, even they can partake of the benefits by paying in a certain sum, and receiving an annuity after they have attained a given age; but this is a point on which I will not dwell; I will content myself by saying,—let not this feeling pervade the breasts of those among you who are husbands or fathers; make the effort, and join some office without delay. There are other objections made equally futile; and, indeed, there is only one objection, I think, to the rules of insurance offices, that I deem worthy of consideration, and the want of such a provision that I am about to mention ought to be seriously looked to by all life insurance directors. We have seen instances of the most affluent becoming reduced to very low circumstances; and if those who are in the possession of wealth are likely to meet with losses so severe, how much more likely, then, are some of the working classes to become so reduced (and not from any improvidence of their own) as to be unable at some time to meet the claims of their insurance office? I think this objection might be easily met by there being a reserve made, at the division of the profits of each society, to meet such unforeseen and unhappy contingencies; a very small sum set aside triennially would suffice for such a praiseworthy object. I am satisfied that there would be more working men joining life insurance societies if the directors were to make such a provision. I myself have heard working men express their fears that should they join one, they may, at some future day, through want of employment, illness, or other causes, be unable to keep up their payments. I would say, then, to all directors of such offices, If you are in earnest to benefit, or rather to meet the wishes of, a large portion of the community, give this idea your serious consideration; let not the working man be prevented from participating in the benefits of life insurance through this natural fear; let not his feelings be wounded, so that should he insure his life, and be prevented from keeping up his payments, that the provident savings of more prosperous times be all lost,—that what he had paid in would not benefit his wife, his children, or his friends; again, I say, then, to those who have the power, try and do something of the sort, and you will find that the result will be, a large accession to your members of those who at present are kept aloof from joining on that account; you will not have to say with so much cause, that out of so many millions, there are so few members of life insurance offices; you will find working men who are becoming total abstainers from intoxicating drinks, and who are joining freehold land societies, that they will also join your offices, as that fear then will be entirely dispelled, and more confidence will be placed in you; it might be urged that there will be too many wanting to avail themselves of the fund; but, to prevent imposition, I would suggest, that a form of declaration be made by the persons who wish to participate on this privilege, and that all inquiries be made among those likely to know, before allowing any member to partake of the reserved fund; but, I think, you would not be much troubled with such inquiries, as I have that opinion of the majority of the working classes, that they would not want to fall on the funds, unless really compelled from necessity; there might be an exception occasionally, a black sheep might be discerned sometimes, trying to impose upon you, but, as a body, they would scorn the idea. And in conclusion, I would say to the working man, although this provision is not yet made in insurance offices, let not that deter you from joining one; you will not all be unfortunate, but rather let me hope that the contrary will be the case; make an effort and begin, join one, if you only insure for £25; you will have feelings within you that you at present are strangers too; you will have the satisfaction of knowing, that you have done as far as lies in your power, to prevent your wife and children from becoming destitute, should you be suddenly taken from them, and you will be conscious that you have in an important degree done your duty, as a husband, father, and friend.

[In continuing this series of papers, we have availed ourselves of the above sensibly-written article. The subject of life assurance is, however, too important to be passed over slightly, —on a future opportunity, therefore, we shall return to its consideration.—Ed.]

CHAPTER ON NAMES.—No. II.

BENJAMIN, *son of the right hand*, is a fine old Hebrew name and has been borne by men of renown, among whom were Jonson and Franklin.

BERTHA, *bright* or *famous*, is a fine name of Greek origin, and should be more common.

BIANCA is the Italian form of *Blanche*, which, as we have already hinted, has the meaning of *white* or *fair*. It is a sweet name in both forms, but should be fittingly bestowed.

CATHARINE, or *Katharine*, is derived from the Greek for *pure* or *chaste*, and is one of the best of our female names. In the Irish it becomes *Kathleen*, and in the Flemish, *Katelina*. A pretty diminutive of Catharine is *Katharina*, but we like it best in its familiarised form of *Kate*. Whoever knew a Kate who was not frolicsome, mischievous, and saucy? The shrew-taming Petruchio, in his play, thus harps upon the name.—

> "You are called plain *Kate*,
> And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the cross;
> But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christiandom,
> Kate of Kate-Hall, my supper-dainty Kate,
> For all cates are dainties"

The name of Catharine, disgraced by her of Medici, was honoured by the noble but unfortunate queen of Henry VIII, whom the pen of a Shakspeare and the voice of a Siddons have immortalised.

CHARLES. Some etymologists derive this illustrious name from the German *kerl*, Anglo-Saxon *ceorl* or *churl*; a term denoting rusticity, and quite opposed to every idea of nobility. Its real origin may probably be found in the Sclavonic *krol*, a king. Thus. Krol, Korol, Karolus, Carolus, Charles. Krol may have come from the Latin *corona*, or *corolla*, a crown. Charles, then, is a king, or *one who is crowned*. This seems an appropriate signification for a name which has been borne by so many kings and emperors. Charles sometimes occurs in the Spanish form, *Carlos*. *Charlotte* is one of the feminine forms of Charles, and, if we accept the foregoing etymology, signifies *a queen*. Those who derive the name from the German, give it the signification of *prevailing*. We have no quarrel here with the etymologist. All Charlottes may be queens of love, and, being queens, must *prevail* over the hearts of men. *Charlotte Corday* will be remembered as one not unworthy of so brave a name. But

> "My *Charlotte* conquers with a smile,
> And reigneth *queen of love*!"

In the home-circle and among her companions, Charlotte lays aside her queenship and becomes gentle *Lottie*. *Caroline* is the feminine of Charles, in another form, and of course has the same meaning as Charlotte. It is another noble and queenly name, and has been borne by many a noble woman. Caroline assumes the familiarised or pet forms of *Carrie*, *Callie*, *Cave*, and *Cal*.

> "Oh! a thing of earth, but half divine,
> Is she, my fair young *Caroline*!"

CLARA, *clear* or bright, is from the Latin. It is a very pretty name, and is immortalised in one of the best of Scott's novels, "St. Ronan's Well." *Clarissa* is from the same root, as is *Claribel*, *bright* and *beautiful*.

> "Diamonds bright shall *Clara* wear,
> Woven 'mid her shining hair."

DANIEL, *a judge*, is from the Hebrew.

DAVID, also from the Hebrew, signifies, as I have already said, *well-beloved*.

DEBORAH, signifying *a bee*, is another good but rather homely name from the Hebrew stock.

EARINE, *vernal*, a name immortalised by Ben Jonson, should certainly be revived.

EDWARD is a *truth-keeper*. The name is of Saxon derivation, and is surrounded by rich historical associations. Its French form is *Edouard*.

EDWIN, *happy winner* (bonum nomen bonum omen), is also from the Saxon.

ELEANOR (French, *Eleanore*) is of Saxon derivation, and signifies *all-fruitful*.

> "*Eleanore*,
> A name for angels to murmur o'er!"

EMMA, *tender, affectionate* (literally, *one who nurses, cares for, clothes over another*), is of German origin. Who could desire his mother, his sister, or his beloved to bear a sweeter or a better name? Under the form of *Imma* it was honoured by Charlemagne's fair daughter, whose love-history, in connexion with Eginhard, her father's secretary, forms one of the prettiest episodes in the chronicles of the time. *Emmeline* is simply a diminutive of Emma.

ERASMUS is from the Greek, and signifies *worthy to be loved.*

EUNEST, *earnest*, is derived from the German. Its feminine form is *Ernestine.*

EUGENE, *nobly descended*, is of Greek derivation. In the feminine, in which it ought to be oftener used, we give it the form of *Eugenia.*

EVERARD is a good name from the German stock, and has the meaning of *well-reported.*

FRANCIS is of German origin, and signifies *frank* and *free.* It is one of our finest names. *Frances*, of which *Fanny* is the familiarised or pet form, is the feminine.

FREDERICK, *rich peace*, is another German name of historical importance. Frederick, the grenadier king of Prussia, was not particularly well named.

GEORGE, *a farmer*, is from the Greek. It should be a very common name in agricultural communities. It has been borne by kings, and by one at least, as great as any king—WASHINGTON. *Georgia, Georgette*, and *Georgianna*, are its feminine forms.

GERTRUDE is from the German, and, according to the etymology usually given, signifies *all-truth*; but Jung-Stulling, in his Pneumatology, gives it a very different meaning. Speaking of the Druids, he says: 'Into this mysterious, spiritual order, old women were also received, who by this means attained to considerable rank, and became priestesses. Such individuals then received the title of *Hara*—Druidess. Both these names were, at that time, honourable appellations; they are now the most disgraceful terms of reproach. The name of *Gertrude*, or *Gertrudis*, is probably also derived from this source, and ought reasonably to be disused, for it has the same meaning as the word *hasa* or *hexe, a witch.*' Well, this may be true, for Gertrudes *are* generally very *bewitching.*

GRACE, *favour*, is from the Latin. Well may it be a favourite name. Commend to me the *Graces*

> "You may toast your charming *Sue*,
> Praise your *Mary's* eyes of blue,
> Choose whatever name you will
> Your fancy or your verse to fill.
> In *my* line no name has place
> But the *sweetest one of Grace.*"

HELEN (Latin, *Helena*, French, *Helene*) is of Greek origin. The true signification of it seems to be one of those *vexatæ questiones* which abound in etymological discussions. According to one it has the meaning of *alluring*; another makes it signify *a taker*, or *one who seizes*; while a third defines it as *one who pities.* I am inclined to endorse the last. Many a poor unfortunate lover has found Helen *alluring*, and has finally been taken, *seized*, conquered by the *prestige* of her bright eyes and sweet voice. Happy is he who finds her *one who pities*, for pity is akin to *love.* *Ellen* is only a different form of the same name. It is often contracted to *Nellie* and *Nell*, and is a fine name in all its forms.

HENRY, *rich lord*, is of German derivation. It has been borne by many kings, noblemen, and patriots. In its familiarised form it becomes *Harry.* Its feminisations are *Henrietta, Henrica*, and *Harriet*, who, since they cannot be rich lords, should be *rich ladies.*

ISABEL (French, *Isabelle*, Spanish, *Isabella*) signifies *olive-complexioned*, or *brown.* This is just the name for a "bonny brunette;" for such a one as the poet praises when he sings,

> "Give me the *brown* girl, with a *bright sunny glow!*"

There is a silvery, bell-like music in the name, which is exceedingly attractive, and which has made it a favourite with the poets. One says,

> "Full many maidens' names there be
> Sweet to thee,
> Fair to me,
> And beautiful exceedingly;
> But none on my ear so sweet doth swell
> As the name of mine own *Isabel!*"

Mary Howitt, in her Flower Comparisons, has the following melodious lines:—

> "Now for mad-cap *Isabel:*
> What shall suit her, pr'ythee tell!
> ISABEL is *brown* and wild;
> Will be evermore a child!
> Is all laughter, all vagary,
> Has the spirit of a fairy."

JAMES (in the French, *Jacques*, Spanish, *Jayme*, Italian, *Giacomo*, Scotch, *Jamie*), comes from the old Hebrew stock, and is generally supposed to be the same as *Jacob*, and to signify *a supplanter.*

JOHN is generally supposed to be from the Hebrew, and to signify *gracious*; but Talbot traces it, as he thinks, to the Latin *juvenis, a young man.* In the Italian it is *Giovanni*; in the Spanish, *Juan*; and in the French, *Jean.* It has been borne by some of the greatest men that the world has ever produced. It was the name of Milton, Hampden, Locke, Dryden, Molière and Boccaccio. Shakspeare bestowed upon it one of his best characters, the fat knight who was wont to subscribe himself, "Jack Falstaff with my familiars; John with my brothers and sisters; and *Sir John* with the rest of Europe." The name is a great favourite with the very respectable and somewhat numerous family of Smiths; and probably the most noted of all the Johns, ancient or modern, is *John Smith.* The commonness of the name is the only valid objection to it. It has ceased to be sufficiently distinctive. The English are prone to convert John into *Jack*, and the Scotch into *Jock*, neither of which is either elegant or genteel.

JUDITH, from the Hebrew, signifies *praising.*

JULIUS, *soft-haired*, is of Latin origin. *Julia, Julietta, Juliet*, and *Julianna* are feminisations of Juhus, and should wear on their queenly heads "soft and silken tresses." *Julia* needs no eulogist, since she is one whom the poets have immortalised. *Julietta*, or *Juliet*, is a diminutive of Julia, "but has," as Talbot remarks, "apparently united itself with another name, *Jolicte*, the diminutive of *jolie, pretty.*"

LETITIA, *joy*, is one of the happiest as well as the sweetest of names. The woman we love should be "a joy for ever" to our hearts. It is a good old Roman name.

LEONARD is from the German, and signifies *lion-like.*

MABEL is probably from *ma bella, my fair*, though some think it a contraction of *amabilis, lovely* or *amiable.* The fair ones who bear it have no reason to complain of either derivation.

MADELINE (Syriac, *Magdalene*). *Magnificent*, is a noble name, and a favourite with the poets. It often occurs in the French form of *Madeleine*

> "Thou art not steep'd in golden languors,
> No tranced summer calm is thine,
> Ever-varying *Madeline!*"

MARGARET, *a pearl* is from the Latin *Margarita.* Another, and, if possible, a more beautiful signification has curiously enough attached itself to this name. The German word *magd, a maid*, was anciently written *magete* and *maghet*, which words were easily confused with *Madge* and *Maggie*, and thus with *Margaret.* Daisies were also called *maghets*, maids or *margarets*, whence we have the French *marguerites*, daisies. Margaret, then, may be a *pearl* or a *daisy*, as she chooseth; or she may, if she will, combine the beauty and purity of both, in her life and character, and thus prove herself worthy of her doubly significant name. But maidens are something *more* than pearls or daisies, and well may the poet ask,

> "Where may the bright flower be met
> That can match with *Margaret?*"

MARTHA is a pleasant name from the Hebrew, but is is unfortunate in its signification, meaning *bitterness!*

MARY. This sweetest of all female names is from the Hebrew, and has the meaning of *exalted*; a truly appropriate signification. It is a famous name, both in sacred and in profane history. In all ages it has literally been *exalted.* From Mary the mother of JESUS to Mary the mother of WASHINGTON, the glory has not departed from the name. It has been linked with titles and power, with crowns and coronets, and adorned by goodness and beauty. It has ever been a favourite with the poets. Byron, as he assures us, felt an absolute passion for it. It is inwoven with some of his sweetest verses. It is still the theme of bards and bardlings innumerable.

"The very music of the name has gone
Into our being."

In the French, Mary becomes *Marie*. *Maria* is another form of it.

"Is thy name *Mary*, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be.
The sweetest name that mortals bear
Is but befitting thee!"

MATILDA is from the Greek, and signifies *noble* or *stately*.

MIRANDA, *admired*, is from the Latin. Prince Ferdinand in "The Tempest" exclaims,

"Admired *Miranda!* indeed the top of admiration."

NANCY, it is believed, may be traced to the same source as *Anna* and *Hannah*, which have the same signification, *kind* or *gracious*.

OLIVER is from the Latin word *oliva*, an *olive-tree*, and is thus significant of *peace*. *Olivia* and *Olive* are its feminine forms.

PHŒBE is a bright and beautiful name; one full of the happiest significance. Phœbe, *light of life!* What more or better can a lover or husband desire? Those who have read Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," (and who has not?) will here recall to their minds the sweet-tempered, cheerful, and warm-hearted country-maiden who brought the sunshine and the fragrance of the fields with her to enliven and purify the dark, damp, and mouldy old mansion of the Pyncheons. She was rightly named *Phœbe*.

PHILLMON is *one who kisses*. It is, I think of Greek derivation.

PHILIP, a *lover of horses*, is from the Greek.

ROSE (Latin, *Rosa*), *a rose*, is sweet enough for the name of a fairy or an angel. There is a veritable fragrance in it. It calls up visions of garden-arbours and embowering shrubs and vines. It is poetical as well as euphonic.

"Where the Juniata flows,
And the forest shades repose,
Dwelleth she, my lovely *Rose*,
In rural grace."

Rosabel (Italian, *rosa bella*) is from the same Latin root, but comes to us through the Italian. It signifies *fair* or *beautiful rose*. *Rosalie*, (French, *rose et lis*) *rose and lily*, combines the fragrance and beauty of two lovely flowers. *Rosalind*. It is enough to say of this name that it is one of Shakspeare's immortalized appellations. The termination, *lind*, may have been coined by him simply for the sake of euphony, or it may have been derived from the Spanish *linda*, *neat* or *elegant* (*rosa linda*, *elegant rose.*)

"From the east to western Ind
No jewel is like *Rosalind*"

Rosamond is one of the prettiest names of the rose-family. The derivation of the last part of the word is somewhat doubtful. Perhaps it is from *mundi* (French, *monde*), and perhaps from the German *mund*, the *mouth*, so that Rosamond may have originally been *Rosen-mund*, or *rosy-mouth*; but Talbot thinks that it is the from Spanish *rosa montes*, *rose of the mountain*,—that is, the *peony*. *Rosina*, the Swedish form of the same name, is the sweetest and most euphonious of them all.

RICHARD is from the Saxon, and signifies *rich-hearted*, or, according to another etymology, *richly honoured*.

ROBERT, otherwise *Rupert* or *Ruprecht*, appears to come from the old Anglo-Saxon words *ro* or *ru*, red, and *bart*, beard, *red beard*, so says Talbot.

ROMEO, *a pilgrim*, is from the Italian.

RUTH is from the Hebrew, and signifies *a trembler*. It is a pretty name, but is seldom used.

SARAH, *a princess*, is from the Hebrew. In poetry and familiar address it takes the form of *Sally* or *Sallie*, and is found in many a love-song and ballad.

SOPHIA, *wisdom*, is from the Greek.

"Wilt thou be a nun, *Sophie*?
Nothing but a nun?"

SUSAN is of Hebrew origin, and has the meaning of a *lily*. In its familiarised or pet form it becomes *Sue*. It is a very pretty name, and is immortalised in Gay's well known ballad, in which its signification is very happily introduced into the closing line:

"'Adieu,' she cried, and waved her *lily* hand."

THEODORE is a fine euphonic name from the Greek, and signifies *gift of God*. Its feminine form is *Theodora*:

"Since we knew her for an angel
Bearing meek the common load,
Let us call her *Theodora*,
Gift of God!"

VIOLA, a *violet*, is derived from the Latin. For a pure, modest, bashful maiden, what name could be fitter?

WALTER is of German origin, and signifies a *woodman*.

WILLIAM is of German derivation, and signifies *defender of many*. "This name," says Verstegan, the distinguished French antiquary, "was not given anciently to children, but was a title of dignity imposed upon men from a regard to merit. When a German had killed a Roman, the golden helmet of the Roman was placed on his head, and the soldier was honoured with the title of *Gild-helm*, or golden helmet, and was hailed as a *defender*." With the French the title was *Guild-haume*, since *Guillaume*. The German form of William is now *Wilhelm*. *Wilhelmine* and *Willamette* are feminine forms of the name. Those who bear these latter, since they cannot be expected to occupy the post of *defenders*, may well take, as the signification of their names, *worthy to be defended*.

"What's in a name?"

CROSS PURPOSES COMFORTABLY COMPROMISED.

THE *American Commercial Journal* contained one day a couple of advertisements, each for a very different purpose, indeed, from that of the other, to which was mutually appended a direction for the individual who should respond to them, to address, "X. Y Z." through the post-office. It might, and might not, have been a very singular coincidence, that the epistles were directed thus to be addressed in the same way; while it certainly could not have been considered strange or inexplicable if a very grievous or ludicrous mistake had been committed in consequence.

Jefferson Brown had inserted one of the advertisements in the *Commercial Journal*, and duly paid for it. So far so good. He had thoughtlessly advertised for a "partner with a capital of at least 10,000 dollars." Mr. Brown, be it known to the reader, was a man doing a somewhat extensive business in the hides and skins line, and as his trade expanded and his cares multiplied correspondingly, he deemed it no less a matter of prudence than of policy that the title of his business should become more dignified by an addition to the firm. Hence his advertisement.

The other advertisement in question was for a wife. The required characteristics—physical, moral, and intellectual—were described as much at large as an ordinary newspaper advertisement would permit, while it was insisted upon as a *sine qua non*, that the lady should be possessed of a comfortable fortune of her own.

Mr. Jefferson Brown dropped in at the post-office one afternoon on his way to his boarding-house to tea.—Mr. Brown was yet a bachelor—and inquired of the clerk if there was a letter there directed to "X. Y Z." The attentive tide-waiter took from a pigeon-hole quite a number of missives, and began running over the superscriptions with great rapidity.

"'X. Y. Z,' sir, did you say?" inquired he, suddenly stopping in his search over the back of a particular letter.

"That's the direction," triumphantly replied Mr. J. Brown, his eyes manifestly brightening.

Taking the proffered document in his hand, he threw down the postage on the frame, and hurriedly left the office. Not until he reached his own chamber did he attempt to get at the contents of the epistle, desirous of there taking a comprehensive and uninterrupted view of the whole subject.

No sooner had he broken the seal and glanced over the page, than his suspicion was aroused that the hand was that of a female. To be sure the chirography was decidedly of a masculine cast, yet there appeared to be a running cast of smoothness of a woman's pen through every word that found its way to his eye.

"M. S. would be glad to have an interview with 'X Y Z' this evening, at 127,—— street. Inquire for Smith. Oct 11"

"It can't be a woman's hand!" exclaimed Mr Brown, again and again running his eye over the manuscript. "And yet it does look a good deal like it, too. I'm fairly beat this time. I will be punctual to the engagement this evening. 'Inquire for Smith,' eh? Not so very uncommon a name as that I shall be afraid of forgetting it, though. Let me see. How is it going to sound? Brown and Smith. At any rate I'll manage not to miss the chance of being on the ground in full season. And not a word

said about the amount of money either. I rather like this now. It looks wonderfully like business to me! 'Inquire for Smith!' Well, I'll be sure to do so!" and in this style he suffered his truant tongue to run on unchanged.

At a convenient, seasonable hour after tea, he emerged from his quiet place of residence, attired in a style that at once betrayed excessive care and particularity. Walking rapidly up the street, he soon reached the thoroughfare, and, for a time, was lost in the crowding mass of human beings.

By the bye, however, he returned again, and was to be seen ringing the bell at the door, No. 127, —— street.

"Is Smith in?" inquired he of a servant girl who answered his ringing summons.

"Yes, sir." was the maid's response; "will you walk this way, sir?"

Mr. Brown, with a palpitating heart, followed her into the snug little hall, and was ushered into a much snugger and very cozy-looking little parlour. Seating himself on the sofa that stretched its proportions out so invitingly to him, he awaited the appearance of the mysterious "M S," with whom he had formed an acquaintance only through the very mysterious note which he had received but a few hours before.

He had kept his position in quiet no longer than three minutes when he heard the door open again, and looked up. Never seemed his dark and handsome eyes so full of interest before.

A lady entered the room

Mr Brown was evidently to much pleased to be surprised simply, and for the moment, forgot the object for which he had come there

The lady was neither short nor tall, but quite enough of both, to find no difficulty in creating the desired impression She was by no means thin, and her neck looked whiter and cleaner than even marble itself She was attired in the very simplest, and for that reason the very sweetest dress, and walked across the carpet with all the grace imaginable. As soon as her expressive eyes caught sight of Mr. Brown, sitting there so cosily on the sofa, she attested her delight by approaching him as near as propriety admitted, and seated herself not far from him.

Mr. Jefferson Brown was stumped. He was a stranger to the charms of beautiful women, and felt an all-overish sensation, of which language can give no deserved description

"Am I to see Mr —Mr Smith?" he at length stammered out.

"*Mrs* Smith," responded the lady in a charming silvery voice, that played the very deuce with the heart strings of Mr Brown, smoothing down her hair with both of her fair hands as she spoke.

"But I thought it was Mr. Smith," exclaimed he, though half the effect of his surprise was lost in his fervent admiration of the lovely person who sat by his side

"No, sir, I told you to call for Mrs. Smith!

"But ——

"You received my note, I trust, sir?" interrogated she, with an expression of the most charming *naiveté*

"Your note!" exclaimed he, greatly surprised, yet still more captivated with his fair companion.

"Yes"

"But I advertised for a *partner* ——"

"I know."

"With ten thousand dollars"

"Yes, yes—I know."

"And advertised to direct a reply to 'X Y Z'"

The lady was by this time just as much smitten with Mr. Jefferson Brown as he was with her.

"I hope we may make an arrangement that shall be mutually satisfactory," continued she

"But the dickens, madam!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, in a measure recovering from his surprise, and coming to his senses again.

"Sir!" said the lady, in a tone that would have softened the heart of the hardest bachelor that lived.

"I advertised for a partner, madam."

"So I understood it, sir," said she.

"No, no—I—I"

"Sir?" a second time, inquired Mrs. Smith.

Mr. Brown was fast losing his senses. Her eyes grew perceptibly dark and more handsome than ever, while the richest glow in the world suffused her cheeks.

"It was a fair partner, madam, with ten thousand dollars."

"I know it," replied his companion, her face lightened with a radiance that was both bewitching and bedazzling. The money is ——"

"A *business* partner!" exclaimed the stricken Mr Brown, grasping eagerly hold of the idea that thus accidentally offered itself to him.

"Yes, I consented to this business way of doing the thing," responded she, her countenance losing a very trifle of its archness.

"No, no, madam; you fail to understand me."

"What am I to understand, then, sir? asked she, her expression growing suddenly more blank.

"I mean a partner in the business of *hides?*" cried Mr. Brown, blushing quite to the roots of his hair while he said it.

"But, sir—but—"

"Madam?" demanded he.

"Have I been deceived?"

"This was what I advertised for," said Brown, "and nothing else, madam."

Forthwith she drew a slip of paper from her bosom and handed it to him

"I answered that advertisment," said she.

Mr. Brown took it trembling from her dainty little hand, and read it with swimming eyes.

It ran as follows —

"The subscriber, who is a single gentleman of not more than forty years, takes this method of proposing marriage with any lady of not more than forty-five, provided, after meeting, both parties are mutually satisfied with each other. He is possessed of a considerable fortune, has had good educational advantages, and flatters himself that he is capable of making his wife happy. It will be preferred that the lady have ten thousand dollars, a good education, a refined taste, and polished manners. Should this advertisment meet the eye of any one disposed to reply to the same, an interview will be had at the earliest notice proposed. Address 'X Y Z.'"

"Mr. Brown read on in amazement until he came to the last sentence This was the key that unlocked the whole mystery.

"There is some mistake here, madam?" he began to say.

"I see there is—there must be," she replied.

"This is my advertisment," said he, handing it to her

"She drew still nearer to him on the sofa, and took it from his hands. She read it carefully through, still keeping her seat near him, and when at last she finished the reading, her face was suffused with crimson

"Really, madam," exclaimed Mr. Brown, mustering into instant service all the courage he had, "this is very embarrassing"

"It might have been more so," naively suggested the lady

"Mr Brown was already smitten with her, and now he recollected the fact that she was worth at least ten thousand dollars

"Perhaps she will make the best partner, after all," whispered some voice to him

"Madam," said he—with this word he laid his hand next to hers on the sofa—"Madam"

Their eyes instantly met. The lady's were liquid and melting They were enough to melt the heart of any old bachelor that ever lived

"As I advertised for a partner"—here he took her soft hand into his own, she making not the slightest show of resistance, "and this unforseen occurrence has taken place, I am sure I can do no less than offer you a partnership, though of a different character from the one I had thought. I am not yet forty, and am worth more than twenty thousand dollars. I was never married, and never before thought seriously on the subject. But my views are changed since seeing you"—and so went on in a style and strain of gallantry which would be very ungallant for us to divulge

The upshot of all was, that the same newspaper which contained the two totally different advertisements, soon contained the following announcement —

"Married, on Monday, the 24th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hudston, Mr. Jefferson Brown, to Mrs. Mary Smith."

Every story has its moral—so has this.—"Always be careful, if you advertise for a wife, never to request replies directed in any such vague and dangerous ways as 'X. Y. Z.' or 'A. B. C.' The chances are, the reply will get into the wrong hands."

Life in the Arctic Sea.—Icicles hung round the deck, peaches became a mass of calcedone, butter was cut with a chisel, beef with pickaxe and crowbar. Walking out, you are conscious of a bracing atmosphere. Whiskers and face are glazed with ice. Put out your tongue, and it is frozen to your chin. Walking on, you get into a fine glow, often into a perspiration; but if the wind rises, then you have a sensation of pricking pins. Extremes meet. Extremes of heat and cold are alike. In our new life cold gave a positive character to our existence almost impossible to describe. We protected ourselves from metals with fur and buckskin. The crawl, the chill, which is with us at home the indication of varying temperature, was there unknown. In fact, it was only by the direct attack of cold that we were aware of it, and officers and men agreed that we had suffered more at home from cold. With such an inveterate enemy, however, we could not hope to escape scars, but we all returned alive. On one occasion, a poor fellow, recovering from inflammation of the lungs, being asked how his frost-bitten ear came on, produced it in a piece of paper, and said, "Doctor, I didn't want to trouble you, but it dropped off last night."—*Dr. Kane's Lectures on the Arctic Expedition.*

A BALL AT GRAHAM'S TOWN.

We enter a large, long room in the hotel indicated, at about nine o'clock. The company are nearly all assembled; for when they do get a ball at the Cape, and especially at Graham's Town, they take time by the forelock, being considerably in doubt when they may chance to see another. This one is a very grand affair, for it is a "fancy" and full-dress ball. The characters are not very grand, but they are not bad in their way. Here is a Kaffir chief, at least the costume of one. Observe the cloak, or kaross, of leopard's skin, and the string of leopard's tails hanging down in front; see the beads round his head, the feathers projecting therefrom, regard the war assagais he holds in his hands, very fearful looking affairs, and the knobbed stick, or know-keerie, wherewith he is supposed to crack his enemies' skulls. You will observe that his costume is decidedly scanty, but he has contrived, with great ingenuity, to make it decent, a point in which he differs remarkably from the individual he represents. Here comes an old Boer, in blue linen trousers, rolled up at the ankles, veltschoens, (or grass-shoes, so called from their being made of soft leather, and adapted only for walking on turf, and not on stony roads,) short brown moleskin jacket, below which appears a larger *de quoi s'asseoir*, than any fat old major in a shell jacket could display, and a hat made of rushes, with a brim of the true "donkey race" width. Next is a very slender youth, with the lightest and most sickly of moustaches struggling into existence on his upper lip, a green braided jacket, with a Hussar ditto of black sheep-skin dangling over his shoulder, a crimson sash, and—but this gentleman is not in fancy costume, he is one of his country's gallant defenders, an officer of the Cape Mounted Rifles We beg his pardon for our mistake What thing is that whirling round in a waltz, now black and now white? It is a gentleman representing Time his "frontispiece" is a clock But this is tiresome, let us turn to the ladies Alas! they don't look so brilliant in complexion as in Old England The sun is a terrible destroyer of bloom on a maiden's cheek, still there are some pretty damsels among them, and not so badly "got up" for the land of the desert. We ask one to dance, and she accepts Now comes the puzzle What the deuce is a man to talk about in a Cape ball-room? There is neither opera nor theatre, nor parks, nor concerts, nor court, nor news, even the weather, that eternal refuge for the destitute of small-talk, won't do in a country where it is always fine We wish we could think of something entertaining. We begin to puz some of the company, (dangerous, by the way, as you may chance to select your partner's brother, or husband, or papa for your shafts of ridicule,) but we find the young lady has no taste for the humorous. We talk about the beauty of the scene, the shortest monosyllable issues from the fair one's lips, and all is silent again We begin to suspect we are very stupid, and feel proportionately uncomfortable. A bright idea strikes us! "Do you live in the town or in the country?" "In the country." We hesitate a moment, and then, making a plunge, we say, "how many head of cattle have you got?" What a start for a ball-room confab with a pretty girl! No matter, it was, at all events, successful

> "And success
> Is much in all this, but especially in youth."

No sooner had that magic question passed our lips than the fair one's lips were opened also, and forth poured a torrent of information touching cows and sheep, the breeding and rearing them, the milking and shearing thereof, and such a quantity of practical farming observations, that we half expected she would offer to "deal" with us if we were disposed to make an investment in the butter or wool line. * * * Until I went to a ball at the Cape I never knew what thorough enjoyment of dancing was The Africanders, blessings on their simple souls, don't walk through a quadrille, or glide through a polka, but they pound away with feet and arms, and the "orient humour," oozing from each pore of face, and hands, and neck, bears witness to the energy of their movements. And then the supper! Your partner does not take a piece of truffle, or a cream, or a tart, and sip a thimble-spoonful of negus, but she demolishes all the chicken and ham you give her, and drinks every drop of the three bumpers of champagne you pour out for her, and looks all the happier for both As for yourself, you attack everything you can lay your hands on, and, after the ladies have retired, you find yourself actually indulging in that highly dangerous and deleterious practice of "hurrahing" in response to the toast of "The Ladies," which that fat man with a red face in white waistcoat, having an uncomfortable tendency to work its way up to his chin, has just proposed You find, too, that you come down again to that same supper-room after the fair ones have begun to depart for their homes, you find that you prefer brandy and water to doubtful champagne and spurious claret, you find that you have a cigar in your pocket, and you smoke it, you find that you can sing capitally—in a chorus, and lastly, if you do find [illegible] a lucky fellow.—*The Cape and the Kaffirs*

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

No. X.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPORT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Bear lightly on their foreheads, Time!
Strew roses on their way,
The young in heart, however old,
That prize the present day,
And, wiser than the pompous proud,
Are wise enough to play.

I love to see a man forget
His blood is growing cold,
And leap, or gather flowers,
Oblivious of his gold,
And mix with children in their sport,
Nor think that he is old.

I love to see the man of care
Take pleasure in a toy,
I love to see him row or ride,
And tread the grass with joy;
Or hunt the flying cricket-ball,
As lusty as a boy.

All sports that spare the humblest pain,
That neither maim nor kill—
That lead us to the quiet field,
Or to the wholesome hill—
Are duties which the pure of heart
Religiously fulfil.

Though some may laugh that full-grown men
May frolic in the wood,
Like children let adrift from school—
Nor mine the scornful mood—
I always honour happiness,
And deem it gratitude

And though, perchance, the cricketer,
Or "Chinaman," that flies
His dragon-kite, with boys and girls,
May seem to some unwise—
I see no folly in their play,
But sense that underlies.

The road of life is hard enough,
Bestrewn with slag and thorn,
I would not mock the simplest joy
That made it less forlorn,
But fill its evening path with flowers,
As fresh as those of morn.

'Tis something, when the moon has passed,
To brave the touch of Time,
And say, "Good friend, thou harm'st me not,
My soul is in its prime;
Thou canst not chill my warmth of heart.—
I carol while I climb."

Give us but health and peace of mind,
Whate'er our clime or clan,
We'll take delight in simplest things,
Nor deem that sports unman;
And let the proud, who fly no kites,
Despise us if they can

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE Second Volume of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, New Series, containing upwards of 400 pages, richly illustrated, is now ready, price 3s 6d, neatly bound in cloth.

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EXCERPTS.

Post Office Statistics.—The following are the towns in Great Britain which contribute over £10,000 to the revenue of the post-office.—London, £953,663 17s. 10d.; Liverpool, £75,926 6s. 4d.; Manchester, £60,070 13s. 9d.; Dublin, £47,466 18s. 4d.; Glasgow, £43,414 5s. 2d.; Edinburgh, £42,623 2s. 7d.; Birmingham, £28,805 6s. 3d.; Bristol, £25,115 7s. 2d.; Leeds, £16,932 9s. 10d.; Hull, £15,497 16s. 8d.; Newcastle, £14,441 0s. 11d.; Bath, £11,319 4s. 6d.; Sheffield, £10,408 3s. 9d.

An English Woman of Fashion.—Have you any idea, asks Lord Jeffrey, in a letter to a friend, what sort of a thing a truly elegant English woman of fashion is? I suspect not, for it is not to be seen almost out of England, and I do not know very well how to describe it. Great quietness, simplicity, and delicacy of manners, with a certain dignity and self-possession that puts vulgarity out of countenance, and keeps presumption in awe, a singularly sweet, soft, and rather low voice, with remarkable elegance and ease of diction, a perfect taste in wit and manners and conversation, but no loquacity, and rather languid spirits; a sort of indolent disdain of display and accomplishments, an air of great good nature and kindness, with but too often some heartlessness, duplicity, and ambition. These are some of the traits, and such, I think, as would most strike an American. You would think her rather cold and spiritless, but she would predominate over you in the long run, and, indeed, is a very bewitching and dangerous creature, more seductive and graceful than any other in the world, but not better nor happier; and I am speaking even of the very best and most perfect.

The Matrimonial Well.—In the small parish of St. Keyne, Cornwall, there is a famous well, the virtues of which are such that it gives mastery to the husband or wife, just as the one or the other may have first tasted its waters. Southey made this supposition the groundwork of an amusing tale, in verse, commencing—

"A well there is, in the west countrie,
And a clearer one was never seen,
There is not a wife in the west countrie
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne."

A traveller, sitting by the side of this well, the story goes on to say, met a countryman, with whom he had a long chat about its tradition—

"'You drank of the water I warrant betimes,'
He to the countryman said;
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head

'I hastened as soon as the wedding was o'er,
And left my good wife in the porch;
But little she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church!'"

Jacobite Toast.—The following ingenious verse is taken from Byrom's "Miscellaneous Poems:"

"God bless the King, I mean the Faith's Defender;
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;
Who that Pretender is, and who is King,
God bless us all—that's quite another thing."

Keep Moving.—Cobbett said he despised a man who was contented with his condition. We do not like this bold expression, but we hold that a man should always be seeking to make good better, and better best. This is our maxim. We go, therefore, in all cases, for the very largest product, and advise no farmer to be satisfied, while in a fair race, his neighbour is so much as the length of his nose before him. We advise every farmer, in the religious sense of the term, to be content with his condition, and thankful for all the blessings which God gives him; but we advise no man to be satisfied when he can honestly mend his condition, until that condition is amended. In the competitions of life never cross your neighbour's path so as to take the road from him; never throw him down; never run him over if he falls down; have the magnanimity to help him up; but never try to lift yourself up by pulling him down, or try to stand upon his shoulders. give him fair play, and cheer him on if he comes out first, but determine to lack no efforts, if you are beaten, to come out first next time. Don't mind the lazy dogs who are always croaking and crying out, "You'll fall, you'll fall." Those fellows do not get their eyes open in nine days; indeed, they never get their eyes open; but are always lying in the way of other people If you get 60 bushels of corn this year per acre, resolve that next year you will get 80

Views of London.—The difficulty of selecting points of view whence we may form a correct estimate of the grandeur of London is great Views of the bird's eye kind, like those from the Monument, Saint Paul's, and the Duke of York's Column, are by no means satisfactory, save in giving an idea of the vastness of its extent and the quantity of ground it covers. What with the smoke contending with haze and fog, and the great height, by which the streets are narrowed into alleys, the passengers appear to be diminished to the size of ants, and seem merely to crawl along the surface of a spreading brick-red desert of tiles and chimney-pots. Instead of this, or if he will in addition to it, we reccommend the individual who wants to see London under its best and most comprehensive a peet, to wend his way to Waterloo-bridge early, in a clear sunshiny morning, and there, leaning upon the parapet of the third arch from the Middlesex side, he shall behold a sight to which no other city in the world can afford a parallel. The thickly-clustered houses on every side proclaim the vast population, and the numerous towers and steeples, more than fifty of which together with five bridges are visible from this spot, testify to its enormous wealth. One of the best of the suburban views is that from the archway at Highgate. The rural appearance of the road beneath, with the overhanging trees in the shrubbery on the side, and the glad chirp of birds, make a striking contrast with the world of brick and mortar that stretches forward before the eye, evidently fast encroaching upon the few remaining fields in the foreground, and apparently determined to exterminate all that is green and rural. The spires of several modern churches relieve the monotony of the mass of houses which, at this end of London, are destitute even of the charm of antiquity to render them interesting; and, right before the eye, in the distance, St. Paul's rears its well-known colossal form; a misty line beyond denotes the course of the river, and the range of the Surrey hills forms the background.

A True Philanthropist.—The island of Rona is a small and very rocky spot of land, lying between the isle of Skye and the mainland of Applecross, and is well known to mariners for the rugged and dangerous nature of its coast.—There is a famous place of refuge at its north-western extremity called the "Muckle Harbour," of very difficult access, which, however, strange to say, is easier entered at night than during the day. At the extremity of this harbour is the residence of a poor old widow whose lonely cottage is called "the lighthouse," from the fact that she uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. By keeping this light and the entrance of the harbour *open*, a strange vessel may enter with the greatest safety. During the silent watches of the night the widow may be seen, like Norna of the Fitful Head, trimming her little lamp with oil, fearful that some frail barque may perish through her neglect; and for this she receives no manner of remuneration—it is pure and unmingled philanthropy. The poor woman's kindness does not rest even here, for she is unhappy until the benumbed and shivering mariner comes ashore to share her little board, and recruit himself at her glowing and cheerful fire, and she can seldom be prevailed upon to accept any reward. She has saved more lives than Davey's belt, and thousands of pounds to the underwriters. This poor creature, in her younger days, witnessed her husband struggling with the waves, and swallowed up by the remorseless billows—

In sight of home and friends that throng'd to save.

This circumstance seems to have promoted her present devoted and solitary life, in which her only enjoyment is doing good.

Marshal Soult as Picture Dealer.—As a warrior and a statesman, says the Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, we have little to do with him; but as a renowned amateur of pictures he deserves a niche in your columns. Few private individuals possessed a more costly collection than his, and none assuredly ever got one so cheap. When he was in Spain, he remembered the famous

"Good old rule, and simple plan,
That they shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can,"

and so, having the power to help himself to pictures in convents, and noblemen's mansions, and galleries and libraries, he helped himself. An old retired officer of my acquaintance, who served under him, tells with high glee many a queer story of the "artful dodges" which the military picture-fancier employed to obtain possession of any valuable canvass. When, for instance, he had reason to believe that the monks of any convent had secreted a Murillo, or an altar-piece by any less renowned painter, he used to cause the father-prior, and sub-prior, and all the functionaries of the establishment, to be taken one by one to a platoon of soldiers, and there threatened with instant death, in the event of their not producing the coveted picture. In some cases he actually had poor fellows shot for declining to give information, or having none to give; but, generally speaking, the measure produced the wished-for effect. Napoleon more than once called him to account for the pictures which he was known to have thus got, but he cunningly contrived to avoid giving up any of real importance. It was not from any love of art that the bluff soldier pillaged in this way, but from love of money. And it was from the same reason that he subsequently kept his collection together—no one being able or willing to give him the price he wanted. The way in which he imposed (unwittingly, no doubt) on King Louis Philippe is well known; he made his Majesty pay £15,000 or £20,000 for an alleged Murillo, which was now worth a third of the money.

Numerous Correspondents will be answered in our next.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III., NO. 56.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE PEACEMAKER; OR, LOVE AGAINST LAW.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."*

How many kinds of beauty there are! How many even in the human form! There is the bloom and motion of childhood, the freshness and ripe perfection of youth, the dignity of manhood, the softness of woman: all different, yet each in its kind perfect.

But there is none so peculiar, none that bears more the image of the heavenly, than the beauty of Christian old age. It is like the loveliness of those calm autumn days, when the heats of summer are past, when the harvest is gathered into the garner, and the sun shines over the placid fields and fading woods which stand waiting for their last change. It is a beauty more strictly moral, more belonging to the soul, than that of any other period of life. Poetic fiction always paints the old man as a Christian; nor is there any period where the virtues of Christianity seem to find a more harmonious development. The aged man, who has outlived the hurry of passion—who has withstood the urgency of temptation—who has concentrated the religious impulses of youth into habits of obedience and love—who, having served his generation by the will of God, leans in helplessness on Him whom once he served, is, perhaps, one of the most faultless representations of the beauty of holiness that this world affords.

Thoughts something like these arose in my mind as I slowly turned my footsteps from the graveyard of my native village, where I had been wandering after years of absence. It was a lovely spot—a soft slope of ground close by a little stream, that ran sparkling through the cedars and junipers beyond it, while on the other side arose a green hill, with the white village laid like a necklace of pearls upon its bosom.

There is no feature of the landscape more picturesque and peculiar than that of the graveyard—that "city of the silent," as it is beautifully expressed by the orientals—standing amid the bloom and rejoicing of Nature, its white stones glittering in the sun, a memorial of decay, a link between the living and the dead.

As I moved slowly from mound to mound, and read the inscriptions, which purported that many a money-saving man, and many a busy, anxious housewife, and many a prattling, half-blossomed child, had done with care or mirth, I was struck with a plain slab, bearing the inscription, "*To the memory of Deacon Enos Dudley, who died in his hundredth year.*" My eye was caught by this inscription, for in other years I had well known the person it recorded. At this instant, his mild and venerable form arose before me as it used to rise from the deacon's seat, a straight, close slip just below the pulpit. I recollect his quiet and lowly coming into meeting, precisely ten minutes before the time, every Sunday—his tall form a little stooping—his best suit of butternut-coloured Sunday clothes, with long flaps and wide cuffs, on one of which two pins were always to be seen stuck in with the most reverent precision. When seated, the top of the pew came just to his chin, so that his silvery, placid head rose above it, like the moon above the horizon. His head was one that might have been sketched for a St. John, bald at the top, and around the temples adorned with a soft flow of bright fine hair,

> "That down his shoulders reverently spread,
> As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
> The naked branches of an oak half dead."

He was then of great age, and every line of his patient face seemed to say, "And now, Lord, what wait I for?" Yet still, year after year, was he to be seen in the same place, with the same dutiful punctuality.

The services he offered to his God were all given with the exactness of an ancient Israelite. No words could have persuaded him of the propriety of meditating when the choir was singing, or of sitting down, even through infirmity, before the close of the longest prayer that ever was offered. A mighty contrast was he to his fellow-officer, Deacon Abrams, a tight, little, tripping, well-to-do man, who used to sit beside him, with his hair brushed straight up like a little blaze, his coat buttoned up trig and close, his psalm-book in hand, and his quick gray eyes turned first on one side of the broad aisle, and then on the other, and then up into the gallery, like a man who came to church on business, and felt responsible for everything that was going on in the house.

A great hinderance was the business talent of this good little man to the enjoyments of us youngsters, who, perched along in a row on a low seat in front of the pulpit, attempted occasionally to diversify the long hour of sermon by sundry small exercises of our own, such as making our handkerchiefs into rabbits; or exhibiting, in a sly way, the apples and gingerbread we had brought for a Sunday dinner; or pulling the ears of some discreet meeting-going dog, who now and then would soberly pit-a-pat through the broad aisle. But woe be to us during our contraband sports if we saw Deacon Abrams's sleek head dodging up from behind the top of the deacon's seat. Instantly all the apples, gingerbread, and handkerchiefs vanished, and we all set with our hands folded, looking as demure as if we understood every word of the sermon, and more too.

There was a great contrast between these two deacons in their services and prayers, when, as was often the case, the absence of the pastor devolved on them the burden of conducting the duties of the sanctuary. That God was great and good, and that we all were sinners, were truths that seemed to have melted into the heart of Deacon Enos, so that his very soul and spirit were bowed down with them. With Deacon Abrams it was an *undisputed fact*, which he had settled long ago, and concerning which he felt that there could be no reasonable doubt, and his bustling way of dealing with the matter seemed to say that he knew *that* and a great many things besides.

Deacon Enos was known far and near as a very proverb for peacefulness of demeanour and unbounded charitableness in covering and excusing the faults of others. As long as there was any doubt in a case of alleged evil-doing, Deacon Enos *guessed* "the man did not mean any harm, after all;" and when trangression became too barefaced for this excuse, he always guessed "it was not best to say much about it; nobody could tell what *they* might be left to."

Some incidents in his life will show more clearly these traits. A certain shrewd landholder, by the name of Jones, who was not well reported of in the matter of honesty, sold to Deacon Enos a valuable lot of land, and received the money for it; but, under various pretences, deferred giving the deed. Soon after, he died; and, to the deacon's amazement, the deed was nowhere to be found, while this very lot of land was left by will to one of his daughters.

The deacon said, "It was very extraordinary: he always knew that Seth Jones was considerably sharp about money, but he did not think he would do such a right up-and-down

* We are happy to announce that other tales by this talented lady will appear in the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

[illegible] thing." So the old man repaired to Squire Abel, to [illegible] his case, and see if there was any redress. "I kinder hate to tell [illegible] it," said he; "[illegible] Abel, you know Mr Jones was—was—*what he was*, you know, he is dead and gone!" This was the nearest approach the old gentleman could make to specifying a heavy charge against the dead. On being told that the case admitted of no redress, Deacon Enos comforted himself with half soliloquising, "Well, at any rate, the land has gone to those two girls, poor lone creatures—I hope it will do them some good. There is Silence—we won't say much about her; but Sukey is a nice, pretty girl." And so the old man departed, leaving it as his opinion that, since the matter could not be mended, it was just as well not to say anything about it.

Now the two girls here mentioned, Silence and Sukey, were the eldest and the youngest of a numerous family, the offspring of three wives of Seth Jones, of whom these two were the sole survivors. The elder, Silence, was a tall, strong, black-eyed, hard-featured girl, verging upon forty, with a good, loud, resolute voice, and what the Irishman would call "a dacent notion of using it." Why she was called *Silence* was a standing problem to the neighbourhood, for she had more faculty and inclination for making a noise than any person in the whole township. Miss Silence was one of those persons who have no disposition to yield any of their own rights. She marched up to all controverted matters, faced down all opposition, held her way lustily and with good courage, making men, women, and children turn out for her, as they would for a mail-stage. So evident was her innate determination to be free and independent, that, though she was the daughter of a rich man, and well portioned, only one swain was ever heard of who ventured to solicit her hand in marriage, and he was sent off with the assurance that, if he ever showed his face about the house again, she would set the dogs on him.

But Susan Jones was as different from her sister as the little graceful convolvulus from the great rough stick that supports it. At the time of which we speak she was just eighteen, a modest, slender, blushing girl, as timid and shrinking as her sister was bold and hardy. Indeed, the education of poor Susan had cost Miss Silence much painstaking and trouble, and, after all, she said "the girl would make a fool of herself; she never could teach her to be up and down with people as she was."

When the report came to Miss Silence's ears that Deacon Enos considered himself as aggrieved by her father's will, she held forth upon the subject with great strength of courage and of lungs. "Deacon Enos might be in better business than in trying to cheat orphans out of their rights—she hoped he would go to law about it, and see what good he would get by it—a pretty church member and deacon, to be sure! getting up such a story about her poor father, dead and gone!"

"But Silence," said Susan, "Deacon Enos, is a good man: I do not think he means to injure any one: there must be some mistake about it."

"Susan, you are a little fool, as I have always told you," replied Silence; "you would be cheated out of your eye-teeth if you had not me to take care of you."

But subsequent events brought the affairs of these two damsels in closer connexion with those of Deacon Enos, as we shall proceed to show.

It happened that the next-door neighbour of Deacon Enos was a certain old farmer, whose crabbedness of demeanour had procured for him the not inappropriate name of *Uncle Jaw*. He was a tall and hard-favoured man, with an expression of countenance much resembling a north-east rain storm—a drizzling, settled, sulkiness, that seemed to defy all prospect of clearing off, and to take comfort in its own disagreeableness. His voice seemed to have taken lessons of his face, in such admirable keeping was its sawing, deliberate growl with the pleasing physiognomy before indicated. By nature he was endowed with one of those active, acute, hair-splitting minds, which can raise forty questions for dispute on any point of the compass; and had he been an educated man, he might have proved as clever a metaphysician as ever threw dust into the eyes of succeeding generations. But, being deprived of these advantages, he nevertheless exerted himself to quite as useful a purpose in puzzling and mystifying whomsoever came in his way. But his activity particularly excercised itself in the line of the law, as it was his theme, and drink, and daily meditation, either to find something to go to law about or to go to law about something he had found. There will always some question about an old rail fence that used to run "*a leetle* more to the left hand;" or that was built up "a *leetle* more to the right hand," and so cut off a strip of his "*medder land*," or else there was some outrage of Peter Somebody's turkeys, getting into his mowing, or Squire Moses's geese were to be shut up in the town pound; or something equally important kept him busy from year's end to year's end. Now, as a matter of private amusement, this might have answered very well; but then Uncle Jaw was not satisfied to fight his own battles, but must needs go from house to house, narrating the whole length and breadth of the case, with all the says he's, and says I's, and I tell'd him, and he tell'd me, which do either accompany or flow therefrom. Moreover, he had such a marvellous faculty of finding out matters to quarrel about, and of letting every one else know where they, too, could muster a quarrel, that he generally succeeded in keeping the whole neighbourhood by the ears.

But good Deacon Enos assumed the office of peacemaker for the village, which Uncle Jaw's efficiency rendered no sinecure. The deacon always followed the steps of Uncle Jaw, smoothing, hushing up, and putting matters aright, with an assiduity that was truly wonderful.

Uncle Jaw himself had a great respect for the good man, and, in common with all the neighbourhood, sought unto him for counsel; though, like most seekers of advice, he appropriated only so much as seemed good in his own eyes.

Still he took a kind of pleasure in dropping in of an evening to Deacon Enos's fire, to recount the various matters which he had taken or was to take in hand; at one time to narrate "how he had been over the mill-dam, telling old Granny Clark that she should get the law of Seth Scran about that pasture lot;" or else "how he had told Ziah Bacon's widow that she had a right to shut up Bill Scranton's pig every time she caught him in front of her house."

But the grand "matter of matters," and the one that took up the most of Uncle Jaw's spare time, lay in a dispute between him and Squire Jones, the father of Susan and Silence; for it so happened that his lands and those of Uncle Jaw were contiguous. Now the matter of dispute was on this wise: on Squire Jones's land there was a mill, which mill Uncle Jaw averred was "always a flooding his medder land." As Uncle Jaw's "medder land" was by nature half bog and bulrushes, and therefore liable to be found in a wet condition, there was always a happy obscurity where the water came from, and whether there was at any time more there than belonged to his share. So, when all other subject matters of dispute failed, Uncle Jaw recreated himself with getting up a lawsuit about his "medder land," and one of these cases was in pendency when, by the death of the squire, the estate was left to Susan and Silence, his daughters. When, therefore, the report reached him that Deacon Enos had been cheated out of his dues, Uncle Jaw prepared forthwith to go and compare notes. Therefore, one evening, as Deacon Enos was sitting quietly by the fire, musing and reading, with his big Bible open before him, he heard the premonitory symptoms of a visitation from Uncle Jaw on his door scraper, and soon the man made his appearance. After seating himself directly in front of the fire, with his elbows on his knees, and his hands spread out over the coals, he looked up in Deacon Enos's mild face with his little inquisitive gray eyes, and remarked, by way of opening the subject, "Well, Deacon, old Squire Jones is gone at last. I wonder how much good all his land will do him now?"

"Yes," replied Deacon Enos, "it just shows how all these things are not worth striving after. We brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

"Why, yes," replied Uncle Jaw, "that's all very right, Deacon; but it was strange how that old Squire Jones did hang on to things. Now that mill of his, that was always soaking off water into those medders of mine, I took and tell'd Squire Jones just how it was, pretty nine and twenty times, and yet he would keep it just so; and now he's dead and gone, there is that old gal Silence is full as bad, and makes more noise; and she and Sukey have got the land; but, you see, I mean to work it yet!"

Here Uncle Jaw paused to see whether he had produced any

sympathetic excitement in Deacon Enos; but the old man sat without the least emotion, quietly contemplating the top of the long kitchen shovel. Uncle Jaw fidgeted in his chair, and changed his mode of attack for one more direct. "I heard them tell, Deacon Enos, that the squire served you something of an unhandy sort of trick about that 'ere lot of land."

Still Deacon Enos made no reply; but Uncle Jaw's perseverance was not so to be put off, and he recommenced. "Squire Abel, you see, told me how the matter was, and he said he did not see as it could be mended; but I took and tell'd him, 'Squire Abel,' says I, 'I'd bet pretty nigh 'most anything, if Deacon Enos would tell the matter to me, that I could find a hole for him to creep out at; for,' says I, 'I've seen daylight through more twistical cases than that before now.'"

Still Deacon Enos remained mute; and Uncle Jaw, after waiting a while, recommenced with, "But really, deacon, I should like to hear the particulars."

"I have made up my mind not to say anything more about that business," said Deacon Enos, in a tone which, though mild, was so exceedingly definite, that Uncle Jaw felt that the case was hopeless in that quarter; he therefore betook himself to the statement of his own grievances.

"Why, you see, Deacon," he began, at the same time taking the tongs, and picking up all the little brands, and disposing them in the middle of the fire, "you see, two days after the funeral, (for I didn't like to go any sooner,) I stepped up to hash over the matter with old Silence; for as to Sukey, she has no more to do with such things than our white kitten. Now, you see, Squire Jones, just before he died, he took away an old rail fence of his that lay between his land and mine, and began to build a new stone wall; and when I come to measure, I found he had took and put almost the whole width of the stone wall on to my land, when there ought not to have been more than half of it come there. Now, you see, I could not say a word to Squire Jones, because he died before I found it out; and so I thought I'd speak to old Silence, and see if she meant to do anything about it, thought I knew pretty well she wouldn't; and I tell you, if she did'nt put it on me! we had a regular pitched battle—I thought the old gal would have screamed herself to death! I don't know but she would, but just then poor Sukey came in, and looked so frightened and scarey—Sukey is a pretty gal, and looks so trembling and delicate, that it's a shame to plague her, and so I came away for that time."

Here Uncle Jaw perceived a brightening in the face of the good deacon, and felt exceedingly comforted that at last he was about to interest him in his story.

But all this while the deacon had been in a profound meditation concerning the ways and means of putting a stop to a quarrel that had been his torment from time immemorial, and just at this moment a plan had struck his mind which our story will proceed to unfold.

The mode of settling differences which had occurred to the good man, was one which has been considered a specific in reconciling contending sovereigns and states from early antiquity, and the deacon hoped it might have a pacific influence even in so unpromising a case as that of Miss Silence and Uncle Jaw.

In former days, Deacon Enos had kept the district school for several successive winters, and among his scholars was the gentle Susan Jones, then a plump, rosy little girl, with blue eyes, curly hair, and the sweetest disposition in the world. There was also little Joseph Adams, the only son of Uncle Jaw, a fine, healthy, robust boy, who used to spell the longest words, make the best snowballs and poplar whistles, and read the loudest and fastest in the Columbian Orator of any boy in the school.

Little Joe inherited all his father's sharpness, with a double share of good-humour, so that, though he was for ever effervescing in the way of the one funny trick or another, he was an universal favourite, not only with the deacon, but with the whole school.

Master Joseph always took little Susan Jones under his especial protection, drew her to school on his sledge, helped her out with all the long sums in her arithmetic, saw to it that nobody pillaged her dinner-basket or knocked down her bonnet, and resolutely whipped or snowballed any other boy who attempted the same gallantries. Years passed on, and as he said, he had "a right to send him; just as good as Squire Abel, or Deacon Abram, to send their boys, and so he would send him." It was the remembrance of his old favourite Joseph, and his little pet Susan, that came across the mind of Deacon Enos, and which seemed to open a gleam of light in regard to the future. So, when Uncle Jaw had finished his prelection, the deacon, after some meditation, come out with—

"Really, they say that your son is going to have the valedictory in college."

Though somewhat startled at the abrupt transition, Uncle Jaw found the suggestion too flattering to his pride to be dropped; so, with a countenance grimly expressive of his satisfaction, he replied, "Why yes—yes—I don't see no reason why a poor man's son has not as much right as any one to be at the top, if he can get there."

"Just so," replied Deacon Enos.

"He was always the boy for learning, and for nothing else," continued Uncle Jaw; "put him to farming, couldn't make nothing of him. If I set him to hoeing corn or hilling potatoes, I'd always find him stopping to chase hoptoads, or off after chip-squirrels. But set him down to a book, and there he was! That boy learned reading the quickest of any boy that ever I saw: it wasn't a month after he began his *ab, eb*, before he could read in the 'Fox and the Brambles;' and in a month more he could clatter off his chapter in the Testament as fast as any of them; and you see, in college, it's just so—he has got up to be first."

"And he is coming home week after next," said the Deacon, meditatively.

The next morning, as Deacon Enos was eating his breakfast, he quietly remarked to his wife, "Sally, I believe it was week after next you were meaning to have your quilting?"

"Why, I never told you so: what alive makes you think that, Deacon Dudley?"

"I thought that was your calculation," said the good man, quietly.

"Why, no—to be sure, I *can* have it, and may be it's the best of any time, if we can get Black Dinah to come and help about the cakes and pies. I guess we will, finally."

"I think it's likely you had better," replied the deacon, "and we will have all the young folks here."

And now let us pass over all the intermediate pounding, and grinding, and chopping, which for the next week foretold approaching festivity in the kitchen of the deacon. Let us forbear to provoke the appetite of a hungry reader by setting in order before him the minced pies, the cranberry tarts, the apple pies, the dough-nuts, cookies, and other sweet cakes of every description, that sprung into being at the magic touch of Black Dinah, the village priestess on all these solemnities. Suffice it to say that the day had arrived, and the auspicious quilt was spread.

The invitation had not failed to include the Misses Silence and Susan Jones—nay, the good deacon had pressed gallantry into the matter so far as to be the bearer of the message himself; for which he was duly rewarded by a broadside from Miss Silence, giving him what she termed a piece of her mind in the matter of the rights of widows and orphans; to all which the good old man listened with great benignity from the beginning to the end, and replied with,

"Well, well, Miss Silence, I expect you will think better of this before long; there had best not be any hard words about it." So saying, he took up his hat and walked off; while Miss Silence, who felt extremely relieved by having blown off steam, declared that "It was of no more use to hector old Deacon Enos than to fire a gun at a bag of cotton-wool. For all that, though, she should not go to the quilting; nor more should Susan."

"But, sister, why not?" said the little maiden; "I think I *shall* go." And Susan said this in a tone so mildly positive that Silence was amazed.

"What upon earth ails you, Susan?" said she, opening her eyes with astonishment; "haven't you any more spirit than to go to Deacon Enos's when he is doing all he can to ruin us?"

"I like Deacon Enos," replied Susan; "he was always kind to me when I was a little girl, and I am not going to believe that he is a bad man now."

"When a woman begins to state that she is not going to believe a

thing, "good judges of human nature generally give up the case; but Miss Silence, to whom the language of opposition and argument was entirely new, could scarcely give her ears credit for veracity in the case; she therefore repeated over exactly what she said before, only in a much louder tone of voice, and with much more vehement forms of asseveration: a mode of reasoning which, if not strictly logical, has at least the sanction of very respectable authorities among the enlightened and learned.

"Silence," replied Susan, when the storm had spent itself, "if it did not look like being angry with Deacon Enos, I would stay away to oblige you; but it would seem to every one to be taking sides in a quarrel, and I never did, and never will, have any part or lot in such things."

"Then you'll just be trod and trampled on all your days, Susan," replied Silence; "but, however, if you choose to make a fool of yourself, I don't;" and so saying, she flounced out of the room in great wrath. It so happened, however, that Miss Silence was one of those who have so little economy in disposing of a fit of anger, that it was all used up before the time of execution arrived. It followed, of consequence, that having unburdened her mind freely both to Deacon Enos and to Susan, she began to feel very much more comfortable and good-natured; and consequent upon that came divers reflections upon the many gossiping opportunities and comforts of a quilting; and then the intrusive little reflection, "What if she should go, after all, what harm would be done?" and then the inquiry, "Whether it were not her *duty* to go and look after Susan, poor child, who had no mother to watch over her?" In short, before the time of preparation arrived, Miss Silence had fully worked herself up to the magnanimous determination of going to the quilting. Accordingly, the next day, while Susan was standing before the mirror, braiding up her pretty hair, she was startled by the apparition of Miss Silence coming into the room, as stiff as a changeable silk and a high horn comb could make her; and "grimly determined was her look."

"Well, Susan," said she, "if you *will* go to the quilting this afternoon, I think it is *my duty* to go and see to you."

What would people do if this convenient shelter of *duty* did not afford them a retreat in cases when they are disposed to change their minds? Susan suppressed the arch smile that, in spite of herself, laughed out at the corners of her eyes, and told her sister that she was much obliged to her for her care. So off they went together.

Silence, in the mean time, held forth largely on the importance of standing up for one's rights, and not letting one's-self be trampled on.

The afternoon passed on: the elderly ladies quilted and talked scandal; and the younger ones discussed the merits of the various beaux who were expected to give vivacity to the evening entertainment. Among these, the newly-arrived Joseph Adams, just from college, with all his literary honours thick about him, became a prominent subject of conversation.

It was duly canvassed whether the young gentleman might be called handsome, and the affirmative was carried by a large majority, although there were some variations and exceptions; one of the party declaring his whiskers to be in too high a state of cultivation; another maintaining that they were in the exact line of beauty; while a third vigorously disputed the point whether he wore whiskers at all. It was allowed by all, however, that he had been a great beau in the town where he had passed his college days. It was also inquired into whether he were matrimonially engaged; and the negative being understood, they diverted themselves with predicting to one another the capture of such a prize; each prophecy being received with such disclaimers as "Come now!" "Do be still!" "Hush your nonsense!" and the like.

At length, the long-wished-for hour arrived, and one by one the lords of the creation began to make their appearance, and one of the last was this much-admired youth.

"That is Joe Adams!" "That is he!" was the busy whisper, as a tall, well-looking young man came into the room, with the easy air of one who had seen several things before, and was not to be abashed by the combined blaze of all the village beauties.

In truth, our friend Joseph had made the most of his residence in N———, paying his court no less to the Graces than the Muses. His fine person, his frank, manly air, his ready conversation, and his faculty of universal adaptation, had made his society much coveted among the *beau monde* of N———, and, though the place was small, he had become familiar with much good society.

We hardly know whether we may venture to tell our fair readers the whole truth in regard to our hero. We will merely hint, in the gentlest manner in the world, that Mr. Joseph Adams, being undeniably first in the classics and first in the drawing-room, having been gravely commended in his class by his venerable president, and gaily flattered in the drawing-room by the elegant Miss This and That, was rather inclining to the opinion that he was an uncommonly fine fellow, and even had the assurance to think that, under present circumstances, he could please without making any great effort: a thing which, however true it were in point of fact, is obviously improper to be thought of by a young man. Be that as it may, he moved about from one to another, shaking hands with all the old ladies, and listening with the greatest affability to the various comments on his growth and personal appearance, his points of resemblance to his father, mother, grandfather, and grandmother, which are always detected by the superior acumen of elderly females.

Among the younger ones, he at once, and with full frankness, recognised old schoolmates, and partners in various whortleberry, chestnut, and strawberry excursions, and thus called out an abundant flow of conversation. Nevertheless, his eye wandered occasionally around the room, as if in search of something not there. What could it be? It kindled, however, with an expression of sudden brightness as he perceived the tall and spare figure of Miss Silence: whether owing to the personal fascinations of that lady, or to other causes, we leave the reader to determine.

Miss Silence had predetermined never to speak a word again to Uncle Jaw or any of his race; but she was taken by surprise at the frank, extended hand, and friendly "How d'ye do?" It was not in woman to resist so cordial an address from a handsome young man, and Miss Silence gave her hand and replied with a graciousness that amazed herself. At this moment, also, certain soft blue eyes peeped forth from a corner, just "to see if he looked as he used to do." Yes, there he was! the same dark, mirthful eyes that used to peer on her from behind the corners of the spelling-book at the district school; and Susan Jones gave a half sigh to those times, and then wondered why she happened to think of such nonsense.

"How is your sister, little Miss Susan?" said Joseph.

"Why, she is here—have you not seen her?" said Silence "there she is, in that corner."

Joseph looked, but could scarcely recognise her. There stood a tall, slender, blooming girl, that might have been selected as a specimen of that union of perfect health with delicate fairness so characteristic of the young New England beauty.

She was engaged in telling some merry story to a knot of young girls, and the rich colour that, like a bright spirit, constantly went and came in her cheeks; the dimples, quick and varying as those of a little brook; the clear, mild eye; the clustering curls; and, above all, the happy, rejoicing smile, and the transparent frankness and simplicity of expression which beamed like sunshine about her, all formed a combination of charms that took our hero quite by surprise; and when Silence, who had a remarkable degree of directness in all her dealings, called out, "Here, Susan, is Joe Adams inquiring after you!" our practised young gentleman felt himself colour to the roots of his hair, and for a moment he could scarce recollect that first rudiment of manners, "to make his bow like a good boy." Susan coloured also; but, perceiving the confusion of our hero, her countenance assumed an expression of mischievous drollery, which, helped on by the titter of her companions, added not a little to his confusion

"Deuce take it!" thought he, "what's the matter with me?" and, calling up all his courage, he dashed into the formidable circle of fair ones, and began chattering with one and another, calling by name or without introduction, remembering things that never happened with a freedom that was perfectly fascinating.

"Really, how handsome he has grown!" thought Susan and she coloured deeply when once or twice the dark eye o

Joseph made the same observation with regard to herself, in that quick, intelligible dialect which eyes alone can speak. And when the little party dispersed, as they did very punctually at nine o'clock, our hero requested of Miss Silence the honour of attending her home, an evidence of discriminating taste which materially raised him in the estimation of that lady. It was true, to be sure, that Susan walked on the other side of him, her little white hand just within his arm; and there was something in that light touch that puzzled him unaccountably, as might be inferred from the frequency with which Miss Silence was obliged to bring up the ends of conversation with, "What did you say?" "What were you going to say?" and other persevering forms of inquiry, with which a regular trained matter-of-fact talker will hunt down a poor fellow-mortal who is in danger of sinking into a comfortable reverie. When they parted at the gate, however, Silence gave our hero a hearty invitation to "come and see them any time," which he mentally regarded as more to the point than anything else that had been said the whole evening.

As Joseph soberly retraced his way homeward, his thoughts, by some unaccountable association, began to revert to such topics as the loneliness of man by himself, the need of kindred spirits, the solaces of sympathy, and other like matters.

That night Joseph dreamed of trotting along with his dinner-basket to the old brown school-house, and vainly endeavouring to overtake Susan Jones, whom he saw with her little pasteboard sun-bonnet a few yards in front of him; then he was *tetering* with her on a long board, her bright little face glancing up and down, while every curl around it seemed to be living with delight; and then he was snowballing Tom Williams for knocking down Susan's doll-house, or he sat by her on a bench, helping her out with a long sum in arithmetic; but, with the mischievous fatality of dreams, the more he ciphered and expounded, the longer and more hopeless grew the sum; and he awoke in the morning pshawing at his ill luck, after having done a sum over half a dozen times, while Susan seemed to be looking on with the same air of arch drollery that he saw on her face the evening before.

"Joseph," said Uncle Jaw, the next morning at breakfast, "I suppose Squire Jones's daughters were not at the quilting?"

"Yes, sir, they were," said our hero; "they were both there."

"Why, you don't say so?"

"They certainly were," persisted the son.

"Well, I thought the old gal had too much spirit for that; you see there is a quarrel between the deacon and those gals."

"Indeed!" said Joseph, "I thought the deacon never quarrelled with anybody."

"But, you see, old Silence there, she will quarrel with *him*, really, that creature is a tough one;" and Uncle Jaw leaned back in his chair, and contemplated the quarrelsome propensities of Miss Silence with the satisfaction of a kindred spirit. "But I'll fix her yet," he continued; "I see how to work it."

"Indeed, father, I did not know that you had anything to do with their affairs."

"Haven't I? I should like to know if I have not!" replied Uncle Jaw, triumphantly. "Now see here, Joseph: you see I mean you shall be a lawyer: I'm pretty considerable of a lawyer myself,—that is, for one not college learnt; and I'll tell you how it is"—and thereupon Uncle Jaw launched forth into the case of the meadow land, the mill, &c., and concluded with, "Now, Joseph, this is a kind of whetstone for you to hone up your wits on."

In pursuance, therefore, of this plan of sharpening his wits in the manner aforesaid, our hero, after breakfast, went, like a dutiful son, directly towards Squire Jones's, doubtless for the purpose of taking ocular survey of the meadow land, mill, and stone wall; but, by some unaccountable mistake, lost his way, and found himself standing before the door of Squire Jones's house.

The old squire had been among the aristocracy of the village, and his house had been the ultimate standard of comparison in all matters of style and garniture. Their big front room, instead of being strewn with lumps of sand, duly streaked over twice a week, was resplendent with a carpet of red, yellow, and black stripes, while a towering pair of long-legged brass andirons, scoured to a silvery white, gave an air of magnificence to the chimney, which was materially increased by the tall brass-headed shovel and tongs, which, like a decorous, starched married couple, stood bolt upright in their places on either side. The sanctity of the place was still further maintained by keeping the window-shutters always closed, admitting only so much light as could come in by a round hole at the top of the shutter; and it was only on occasions of extraordinary magnificence that the room was thrown open to profane eyes.

Our friend Joseph was surprised, therefore, to find both the doors and windows of this apartment open, and symptoms evident of its being in daily occupation. The furniture still retained its massive, clumsy stiffness, but there were various tokens that lighter fingers had been at work there since the notable days of good Dame Jones. There was a vase of flowers on the table, two or three books of poetry, and a little fairy work-basket, from which peeped forth the edges of some worked ruffling; there was a small writing-desk, and last, not least, in a lady's collection, an album with leaves of every colour of the rainbow, containing inscriptions in sundry strong masculine hands, "To Susan," indicating that other people had their eyes open as well as Mr. Joseph Adams. "So," said he to himself, "this quiet little beauty has had admirers after all;" and consequent upon this came another question (which was none of his concern, to be sure), whether the little lady were or were not engaged; and from these speculations he was aroused by a light footstep, and the neat form of Susan made its appearance.

"Good morning, Miss Jones," said he, bowing.

Now there is something very comical in the feeling when little boys and girls, who have always known each other as plain Susan or Joseph, first meet as "Mr." or "Miss" So-and-so. Each one feels half disposed, half afraid, to return to the old familiar form, and awkwardly fettered by the recollection that they are no longer children. Both parties had felt this the evening before, when they met in company, but, now that they were alone together, the feeling became still stronger; and when Susan had requested Mr. Adams to take a chair, and Mr. Adams had inquired after Miss Susan's health, there ensued a pause, which, the longer it continued, seemed the more difficult to break, and during which Susan's pretty face slowly assumed an expression of the ludicrous, till she was as near laughing as propriety would admit; and Mr. Adams, having looked out at the window, and up at the mantlepiece, and down at the carpet, at last looked at Susan: their eyes met: the effect was electrical; they both smiled, and then laughed outright, after which the whole difficulty of conversation vanished.

"Susan," said Joseph, "do you remember the old school-house?"

"I thought that was what you were thinking of," said Susan; "but really you have grown and altered so that I could hardly believe my eyes last night."

"Nor I mine," said Joseph, with a glance that gave a very complimentary turn to the expression.

Our readers may imagine that after this the conversation proceeded to grow increasingly confidential and interesting; that, from the account of early life, each proceeded to let the other know something of intervening history, in the course of which each discovered a number of new and admirable traits in the other, such things being matters of very common occurrence. In the course of the conversation, Joseph discovered that it was necessary that Susan should have two or three books then in his possession, and, as promptitude is a great matter in such cases, he promised to bring them "to-morrow."

For some time our young friends pursued their acquaintance, without a distinct consciousness of anything except that it was a very pleasant thing to be together. During the long, still afternoons, they rambled among the fading woods, now illuminated with the radiance of the dying year, and sentimentalised and quoted poetry; and almost every evening Joseph found some errand to bring him to the house: a book for Miss Susan, or a bevy of roots and herbs for Miss Silence, or some remarkably fine yarn for her to knit; attentions which retained our hero in the good graces of the latter lady, and gained him the credit of being "a young man that knew how to behave himself." As Susan was leading member in the village choir,

our hero was directly attacked with a violent passion for sacred music, which brought him punctually to the singing-school, where the young people came together to sing anthems and fuguing tunes, and to eat apples and chesnuts.

It cannot be supposed that all these thing passed unnoticed by those wakeful eyes that are ever upon the motions of such "bright particular stars;" and, as is usual in such cases, many things were known to be a certainty which were not yet known to the parties themselves. The young belles and beaux whispered and tittered, and passed the original jokes and witticisms common in such cases; while the old ladies soberly took the matter in hand when they went out with their knitting to make afternoon visits, considering how much money Uncle Jaw had, how much his son would have, and how much Susan would have, and what all together would come too; and whether Joseph would be a "smart man," and Susan a good housekeeper, with all the "ifs, ands, and buts," of married life.

But the most fearful wonders and prognostics crowded around the point, "What Uncle Jaw would have to say to the matter?" His lawsuit with the sisters being well understood, as there was every reason it should be, it was surmised what two such vigorous belligerents as himself and Miss Silence would say to the prospect of a matrimonial conjunction. It was also reported that Deacon Enos Dudley had a claim to the land which constituted the finest part of Susan's portion, the loss of which would render the consent of Uncle Jaw still more doubtful. But all this while Miss Silence knew nothing of the matter, for her habit of considering and treating Susan as a child seemed to gain strength with time. Susan was always to be seen to, and watched, and instructed, and taught; and Miss Silence could not conceive that one who could not even make pickles without her to oversee, could think of such a matter as setting up housekeeping herself. To be sure, she began to observe an extraordinary change in her sister; remarked that lately Susan seemed to be getting sort o' crazy-headed; that she seemed not to have any "faculty" for anything; that she had made gingerbread twice, and forgot the ginger one time, and put in mustard the other; that she took the saltcellar out in the tablecloth, and let the cat into the pantry half a dozen times; and that, when scolded for these sins of omission or commission, she had a fit of crying, and did a little worse than before. Silence was of opinion that Susan was getting to be "weakly and narvy," and actually concocted an unmerciful pitcher of wormwood and boneset, which she said was to keep off the "shaking weakness" that was coming over her. In vain poor Susan protested that she was well enough—Miss Silence *knew better*, and one evening she entertained Mr. Joseph Adams with a long statement of the case in all its bearings, and ended with demanding his opinion, as a candid listener, whether the wormwood and the boneset sentence should not be executed forthwith.

Poor Susan that very afternoon parted from a knot of young friends who had teased her most unmercifully on the score of attentions received, till she began to think the very leaves and stones were so many eyes to pry into her secret feelings; and then to have the whole case set in order before the very person, too, whom she most dreaded! "Certainly he would think she was acting like a fool; perhaps he did not mean anything more than friendship after all; and she would not, for the world, have him suppose that she cared a copper more for him than any other friend, or that she was in love, of all things." So she sat very busy with her knitting-work, scarcely knowing what she was about, till Silence called out,

"Why, Susan, what a piece of work you are making of that stocking heel! What in the world are you doing to it?"

Susan dropped her knitting, and, making some pettish answer, escaped out of the room.

"Now did you ever!" said Silence, laying down the seam she had been cross-stitching; "what is the matter with her, Mr. Adams?"

"Miss Susan is certainly indisposed," replied our hero, gravely; "I must get her to take your advice, Miss Silence."

Joseph followed Susan to the front door, where she stood looking out at the moon, and begged to know what distressed her.

Of course it was "nothing," the young lady's usual complaint when in low spirits; and to show that she was perfectly easy, she began an inquiring attack on a white rosebush near by.

"Susan!" said Joseph, laying his hand on hers, and in a tone that made her start. She shook back her curls, and looked up to him with such an innocent, confiding face—

Ah! my good reader, you may go on with this part of the story for yourself. We are principled against unveiling the "sacred mysteries," the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," in such little moonlight interviews as these. You may fancy all that followed; and we can only assure all who are doubtful, that, under judicious management, cases of this kind may be disposed of without wormwood or boneset. Our hero and heroine were called to sublunary realities by the voice of Miss Silence, who came into the passage to see what on earth they were doing. That lady was satisfied by the representations of so friendly and learned a young man as Joseph, that nothing immediately alarming was to be apprehended in the case of Susan, and she retired. From that evening Susan stepped about with a heart many pounds lighter than before.

"I'll tell you what, Joseph," said Uncle Jaw, "I'll tell you what, now, I hear them tell that you've took and courted that 'ere Susan Jones. Now I just want to know if it's true?"

There was an explicitness about this mode of inquiry that took his son quite by surprise, so that he could only reply,

"Why, sir, supposing I had, would there be any objection to it in your mind?"

"Don't talk to me," said Uncle Jaw; "I just want to know if it's true?"

Our friend put his hands in his pockets, walked to the window, and whistled.

"Because if you have," said Uncle Jaw, "you may just uncourt as fast as you can; for Squire Jones's daughter will never get a single penny of my money, I can tell you that, Joseph."

"Why, father, Susan Jones is not to blame for anything that her father did, and I'm sure she is a pretty girl enough."

"I don't care if she is pretty; what's that to me? I've got you through college, Joseph, and a hard time I've had of it, a you through college, Joseph, and a hard time I've had of it, a delvin and slaving, and here you come, and the very first thing you do, you must take and court that Squire Jones's daughter, who was always putting himself up above me; besides, I mean to have the law on that estate yet, and Deacon Dudley, he will have the law too, and it will cut off the best piece of land the gurl has; and when you get married, I mean you shall have something. It's just a trick of them gals at me; but I guess I'll come up with them yet. I'm just a going down to have a 'regular hash' with old Silence, to let her know she can't come round me that way."

"Silence," said Susan, drawing her head into the window, and looking apprehensive, "there is Mr. Adams coming here."

"What, Joe Adams? Well, and what if he is?"

"No, no, sister, but it is his father—it is Uncle Jaw."

"Well, suppose it is, child—what scares you? suppose I'm afraid of him? If he wants more than I gave him last time, I'll put it on." So saying, Miss Silence took her knitting-work and marched down into the sitting-room, and sat herself bolt upright in an attitude of defiance, while poor Susan, feeling her heart beat unaccountably fast, glided quickly out of the room.

"Well, good-morning, Miss Silence," said Uncle Jaw, after having scraped his feet on the scraper, and scrubbed them on the mat nearly ten minutes in silent deliberation.

"Morning, sir," said Silence, abbreviating the "good."

Uncle Jaw helped himself to a chair directly in front of the enemy, dropped his hat on the floor, and surveyed Miss Silence with a dogged air of satisfaction, like one who is sitting down to a regular, comfortable quarrel, and means to make the most of it.

Miss Silence tossed her head disdainfully, but scorned to commence hostilities.

"So, Miss Silence," said Uncle Jaw, deliberately, "you don't think you'll do anything about that 'ere matter."

"What matter?" said Silence, with an intonation resembling that of a roasted chestnut when it bursts from the fire.

"I really thought, Miss Silence, in that talk I had with you about Squire Jones's cheating about that 'ere—"

"Mr. Adams," said Silence, "I tell you, to begin with, I'm not a going to be sauced in this way by you. You have not got common decency, nor common sense, nor common anything else, to talk so to me about my father: I will not hear it, I tell you."

"Why, Miss Jones," said Uncle Jaw, "how you talk! Well, to be sure, Squire Jones is dead and gone, and it's as well not to call it cheating, as I was telling Deacon Enos when he was talking about that 'ere lot—the lot, you know, that he sold the deacon, and never let him have the deed of."

"That's a lie!" said Silence, starting on her feet; "that's an up and down black lie! I tell you that, now, before you say another word."

"Miss Silence, really, you seem to be getting touchy," said Uncle Jaw, "well, to be sure, if the deacon can let that pass, other folks can; and maybe the deacon will, because Squire Jones was a church member, and the deacon is 'mazing tender about bringing out anything against professors; but really, now, Miss Silence, I didn't think you and Susan were going to work it so cunning in this here way."

"I don't know what you mean, and, what's more, I don't care," said Silence, resuming her work, and calling back the bolt, upright dignity with which she began.

There was a pause of some moments, during which the features of Silence worked with suppressed rage, which was contemplated by Uncle Jaw with undisguised satisfaction.

"You see, I suppose, I should not have minded your Susan's setting up to court Joe, if it had not been for those things."

"Courting your son! Mr. Adams, I should like to know what you mean by that? I'm sure nobody wants your son, though he's a civil, likely fellow enough; yet with such an old dragon for a father, I'll warrant he won't get anybody to court him, nor to be courted by him neither."

"Really, Miss Silence, you are not hardly civil, now."

"Civil! I should like to know who could be civil? You know, now, as well as I do, that you are saying all this out of clear, sheer ugliness; and that's what you keep a doing all round the neighbourhood."

"Miss Silence," said Uncle Jaw, "I don't want no hard words with you. It's pretty much known round the neighbourhood that your Susan thinks she'll get my Joe, and I suppose you was thinking that perhaps it would be the best way of settling up matters; but you see, now, I told my son I really did not see as I could afford it; I took and tell'd him that young folks must have something considerable to start with; and that, if Susan lost that piece of ground, as is likely she will, it would be cutting off quite too much of a piece; so, you see, I don't want you to take no encouragement about that."

"Well, I think this is pretty well!" exclaimed Silence, provoked beyond measure or endurance; "you old torment! think I don't know what you're at? I and Susan courting your son? I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, now! I should like to know what she or I have done, now, to get that notion into your head?"

"I did'nt suppose you expected to get him yourself," said Uncle Jaw, "for I guess by this time you've pretty much given up trying, ha'n't ye? But Susan does, I'm pretty sure."

"Here, Susan! Susan! you—come down!" called Miss Silence, in great wrath, throwing open the chamber door. "Mr. Adams wants to speak with you." Susan, fluttering and agitated, slowly descended into the room, where she stopped, and looked hesitatingly, first at Uncle Jaw and then at her sister, who, without ceremony, proposed the subject-matter of the interview as follows:—

"Now, Susan, here's this man pretends to say that you've been courting and snaring to get his son, and I just want you to tell him that you have never had any thought of him, and that you won't have, neither."

This considerate way of announcing the subject had the effect of bringing the burning colour into Susan's face, as she stood, like a convicted culprit, with her eyes bent on the floor.

Uncle Jaw, savage as he was, was always moved by female loveliness, as wild beasts are said to be mysteriously swayed by music, and looked on the beautiful, downcast face with more softening than Miss Silence, who, provoked that Susan did not immediately respond to the question, seized her by the arm and eagerly reiterated,

"Susan! why don't you speak, child?"

Gathering desperate courage, Susan shook off the hand of Silence, and straightened herself up with as much dignity as some little flower lifts up its head when it has been bent down by rain-drops.

"Silence," she said, "I never would have come down if I had thought it was to hear such things as this. Mr. Adams, all I have to say to you is, that your son has sought me, and not I your son. If you wish to know any more, he can tell you better than I."

"Well, I vow! she is a pretty girl," said Uncle Jaw, as Susan shut the door.

This exclamation was involuntary. then recollecting himself, he picked up his hat, and saying, "Well, I guess I may as well get along home," he began to depart; but, turning round before he shut the door, he said, "Miss Silence, if you should conclude to do anything about that 'ere fence, just send word over and let me know."

Silence, without designing any reply, marched up into Susan's little chamber, where our heroine was treating resolution to a good fit of crying.

"Susan, I did not think you had been such a fool," said the lady. "I do want to know, now, if you've really been thinking of getting married, and to that Joe Adams of all folks!"

Poor Susan! such an interlude in all her pretty romantic little dreams about kindred feelings, and a hundred other delightful ideas, that flutter like singing-birds through the fairy-land of first love. Such an interlude! to be called on by gruff human voices to give up all the cherished secrets that she had trembled to whisper even to herself. She felt as if love itself had been defiled by the coarse, rough hands that had been meddling with it; so to her sister's soothing address Susan made no answer, only to cry and sob still more bitterly than before.

Miss Silence, if she had a great stout heart, had no less a kind one, and seeing Susan take the matter so bitterly to heart, she began gradually to subside.

"Susan, you poor little fool, you," said she, at the same time giving her a hearty slap, as expressive of earnest sympathy, "I really do feel for you; that good-for-nothing fellow has been a cheating you, I do believe."

"Oh, don't talk any more about it, for mercy's sake!" said Susan. "I am sick of the whole of it."

"That's you, Susan! Glad to hear you say so! I'll stand up for you, Susan; if I catch Joe Adams coming here again with his palavering face, I'll let him know!"

"No! no! Don't, for mercy's sake, say anything to Mr. Adams—don't!"

"Well, child, don't claw hold of a body so! Well, at any rate, I'll just let Joe Adams know that we have nothing more to say to him."

"But I don't wish to say that—that is—I don't know—indeed, sister Silence, don't say anything about it."

"Why not? You are not such a *natural*, now, as to want to marry him after all, hey?"

"I don't know what I want, nor what I don't want; only, Silence, do now, if you love me, do promise not to say anything at all to Mr. Adams."

"Well, then, I won't," said Silence; "but, Susan, if you really was in love all this while, why did you not tell me? Don't you know that I'm as much as a mother to you, and you ought to have told me in the beginning?"

"I don't know, Silence! I could not: I don't want to talk about it."

"Well, Susan, you are not a bit like me," said Silence; a remark evincing great discrimination, certainly, and with which the conversation terminated.

That very evening our friend Joseph walked down towards the dwelling of the sisters, not without some anxiety for the result, for he knew by his father's satisfied appearance that war had been declared. He walked into the family room, and found nobody there but Miss Silence, who was sitting, grim as an Egyptian sphinx, stitching very vigorously on a meal-bag, in which interesting employment she thought proper to be so much engaged as not to remark the entrance of our hero. To Joseph's accustomed "Good evening, Miss Silence," she replied merely by looking up with a cold nod, and went on with her sewing. It appeared that she had determined on

a literal version of her promise not to say anything to Mr. Adams.

Joseph Adams, as we have before stated, was familiar with the crooks and turns of the female mind, and mentally resolved to put a bold face on the matter, and give Miss Silence no encouragement in her attempt to make him feel himself unwelcome. It was rather a frosty autumnal evening, and the fire on the hearth was decaying. Mr. Joseph bustled about most energetically, throwing down the tongs, and shovel, and bellows, while he pulled the fire to pieces, raked out ashes and brands, and then, in a twinkling, was at the wood-pile, from whence he selected a massive backlog and forestick, with accompaniments, which were soon roaring and crackling in the chimney.

"There, now, that does look something like comfort," said our hero; and drawing forward the big rocking-chair, he seated himself in it, and rubbed his hands with an air of great complacency. Miss Silence looked not up, but stitched so much the faster, so that one might distinctly hear the crack of the needle and the whistle of the thread all over the apartment.

"Have you a headache to night, Miss Silence?"

"No!" was the gruff answer.

"Are you in a hurry about those bags?" said he, glancing at a pile of unmade ones which lay by her side.

No reply. "Hang it all!" said Joseph to himself, "I'll make her speak."

Miss Silence's needle-book and brown thread lay on a table beside her. Our friend helped himself to a needle and thread, and taking one of the bags, planted himself bolt upright opposite to Miss Silence, and pinning his work to his knee, commenced stitching at a rate fully equal to her own.

Miss Silence looked up and fidgeted, but went on with her work faster than before; but the faster she worked, the faster and steadier worked Joseph, all in "marvellous silence." There began to be an odd twitching about the muscles of Miss Silence's face; our friend took no notice, having pursed his features into an expression of unexampled gravity, which only grew more intense as he perceived, by certain uneasy movements, that the adversary was beginning to waver.

As they were sitting, stitching away, their needles whizzing at each other like a couple of locomotives engaged in conversation, Susan opened the door.

The poor child had been crying for the greater part of her spare time during the day, and was in no very merry humour; but the moment that her astonished eyes comprehended the scene, she burst into a fit of almost inextinguishable merriment, while Silence laid down her needle, and looked half amused and half angry. Our hero, however, continued his business with inflexible perseverance, unpinning his work and moving the seam along, and going on with increased velocity.

Poor Miss Silence was at length vanquished, and joined in the loud laugh which seemed to convulse her sister. Whereupon Joseph unpinned his work, and folding it up, looked up at her with all the assurance of impudence triumphant, and remarked to Susan,

"Your sister had such a pile of these pillow-cases to make, that she was quite discouraged, and engaged me to do half a dozen of them: when I first came in she was so busy she could not even speak to me."

"Well, if you are not the beater for impudence!" said Miss Silence.

"The beater for *industry*—so I thought," rejoined Joseph.

Susan, who had been in a highly tragical state of mind all day, and who was meditating on nothing less sublime than an eternal separation from her lover, which she had imagined, with all the affecting attendants and consequents, was entirely revolutionised by the unexpected turn thus given to her ideas; while Joseph pursued the opportunity he had made for himself, and exerted his powers of entertainment to the utmost, till Miss Silence, declaring that if she had been washing all day she could not have been more tired than she was with laughing, took up her candle, and good-naturedly left the young people to settle matters between themselves. There was a grave pause of some length when she had departed, which was broken by Joseph, who, seating himself by Susan, inquired very seriously if his father had made proposals of marriage to Miss Silence that morning.

"No, you provoking creature!" said Susan, at the same time laughing at the absurdity of the idea.

"Well, now, don't draw on your long face again, Susan, said Joseph; "you have been trying to lengthen it down all the evening, if I would have let you. Seriously, now, I know that something painful passed between my father and you this morning, but I shall not inquire what it was. I only tell you, frankly, that he has expressed his disapprobation of our engagement, forbidden me to go on with it, and—"

"And, consequently, I release you from all engagements and obligations to me, even before you ask it," said Susan.

"You are extremely accommodating," replied Joseph; "but I cannot promise to be as obliging in giving up certain promises made to me; unless, indeed, the feelings that dictated them should have changed."

"Oh, no, no, indeed," said Susan, earnestly; "you know it is not that; but if your father objects to me—"

"If my father objects to you, he is welcome not to marry you," said Joseph.

"Now, Joseph, do be serious," said Susan.

"Well, then, seriously, Susan, I know my obligation to my father, and in all that relates to his comfort I will ever be dutiful and submissive, for I have no college-boy pride on the subject of submission; but in a matter so individually my own as the choice of a wife—in a matter that will most likely affect my happiness years and years after he has ceased to be, I hold that I have a right to consult my own inclinations; and, by your leave, my dear little lady, I shall take that liberty."

"But, then, if your father is made angry, you know what sort of a man he is; and how could I stand in the way of all your prospects?"

"Why, my dear Susan, do you think I count myself dependant upon my father? No! I have energy and education to start with, and if I cannot take care of myself, and you too, then cast me off and welcome;" and, as Joseph spoke, his fine face glowed with a conscious power, which unfettered youth never feels so fully as in America. He paused a moment, and resumed: "Nevertheless, Susan, I respect my father; whatever others may say of him, I shall never forget that I owe to his hard earnings the education that enables me to do or be anything, and I shall not wantonly or rudely cross him. I do not despair of gaining his consent; my father has a great partiality for pretty girls, and if his love of contradiction is not kept awake by open argument, I will trust to time and you to bring him round; but, whatever comes, rest assured, my dearest one, I have chosen for life, and cannot change."

The conversation, after this, took a turn which may readily be imagined by all who have been in the same situation, and will, therefore, need no farther illustration.

"Well, deacon, really I don't know what to think now: there's my Joe, after all I have done for him, he's been courting that Susan Jones," said Uncle Jaw.

This was the introduction to one of Uncle Jaw's periodical visits to Deacon Enos, who was sitting, with his usual air of mild abstraction, looking into the coals of a bright November fire, while his helpmate was industriously rattling her knitting-needles by his side.

A close observer might have suspected that this was no news to the good deacon, who had given a great deal of good advice, in private, to Master Joseph of late; but he only relaxed his features into a quiet smile, and ejaculated, "I want to know."

"Yes, and really, deacon, that 'ere gal is a rail pretty one: I was a telling my folks that our new minister's wife was a fool to her."

"And so your son is going to marry her?" said the good lady; "I knew that long ago."

"Well, no, not so fast: ye see there's two to that bargain yet. You see, Joe never said a word to me, but took and courted the gal out of his own head; and when I come to know, says I, 'Joe, that 'ere gal won't do for me;' and then I told him all about that old fence, and all about that old mill, and them medders of mine; and I tell'd him, too, about that lot of Susan's; and I should like to know, now, deacon, how that lot business is a going to turn out?"

"Judge Smith and Squire Moseley say that my claim to it will stand" said the deacon.

"They do?" said Uncle Jaw, with much satisfaction; "suppose, then, you'll use, won't you?"

"I don't know," replied the deacon, meditatively.

Uncle Jaw was thoroughly amazed: that any one should have doubts about entering suit for a fine piece of land, when sure of obtaining it, was a problem quite beyond his powers of solving.

"You say your son has courted the girl," said the deacon, after a long pause; "that strip of land is the best part of Susan's share; I paid down five hundred dollars on the nail for it; I've got papers here that Judge Smith and Squire Moseley say will stand good in any court of law."

Uncle Jaw pricked up his ears and was all attention, eyeing the packet with eager looks; but, to his disappointment, the deacon deliberately laid it into his desk, shut and locked it, and resumed his seat.

"Now, really," said Uncle Jaw, "I should like to know the particulars."

"Well, well," said the deacon, "the lawyers will be at my house to-morrow evening, and if you have any concern about it, you may as well come along."

Uncle Jaw wondered all the way home at what he could have done to get himself into the confidence of the old deacon, who, he rejoiced to think, was a going to "take" and go to law like other folks.

The next day there was an appearance of some bustle and preparation about the deacon's house; the best room was opened and aired; an ovenful of cake was baked; and our friend Joseph, with a face full of business, was seen passing to and fro, in and out of the house, from various closetings with the deacon. The deacon's lady bustled about the house with an air of wonderful mystery, and even gave her directions about eggs and raisins in a whisper, lest they should possibly let out some eventful secret.

The afternoon of that day Joseph appeared at the house of the sisters, stating that there was to be company at the deacon's that evening, and he was sent to invite them.

"Why, what's got into the deacon's folks lately," said Silence, "to have company so often? Joe Adams, this is some 'cut up' of yours. Come, what are you up to now?"

"Come, come, dress yourselves and get ready," said Joseph, and, stepping up to Susan, as she was following Silence out of the room, he whispered something into her ear, at which she stopped short and coloured violently.

"Why, Joseph, what do you mean?"

"It is so," said he.

"No, no, Joseph; no, I cannot, indeed I cannot."

"But you *can*, Susan."

"Oh, Joseph, don't."

"Oh, Susan, do."

"Why, how strange, Joseph!"

"Come, come, my dear, you keep me waiting. If you have any objections on the score of propriety, we will talk about them to-morrow;" and her lover looked so saucy and so resolute, that there was no disputing futher, so, after a little more lingering and blushing on Susan's part, and a few kisses and persuasions on the part of the suitor, Miss Susan seemed to be brought to a state of resignation.

At a table in the middle of Deacon Enos's north front room were seated the two lawyers, whose legal opinion was that evening to be fully made up. The younger of these, Squire Moseley, was a rosy, portly, laughing little bachelor, who boasted that he had offered himself, in rotation, to every pretty girl within twenty miles round, and, among others, to Susan Jones, notwithstanding which he still remained a bachelor, with a fair prospect of being an old one; but none of these things disturbed the boundless flow of good-nature and complacency with which he seemed at all times full to overflowing. On the present occasion he seemed to be particularly in his element, as if he had some law business in hand remarkably suited to his turn of mind; for, on finishing the inspection of the papers, he started up, slapped his grave brother on the back, made two or three flourishes round the room, and then seizing the old deacon's hand, shook it violently, exclaiming,

"All's right, deacon, all's right! Go it! go it! Hurrah!"

When Uncle Jaw entered, the deacon, without preface, handed him a chair and the papers, saying,

"These papers are what you wanted to see, I just wish you would read them over."

Uncle Jaw read them deliberately over. "Didn't I tell ye so, deacon? The case is as clear as a bell: now ye will go to law, won't you?"

"Look here, Mr. Adams; now you have seen these papers and heard what's to be said, I'll make you an offer. Let your son marry Susan Jones, and I'll burn these papers and say no more about it, and there won't be a girl in the parish with a finer portion."

Uncle Jaw opened his eyes with amazement, and looked at the old man, his mouth gradually expanding wider and wider, as if he hoped, in time, to swallow the idea.

"Well, now, I swan!" at length he ejaculated.

"I mean just as I say," said the deacon.

"Why, that's the same as giving the girl five hundred dollars out of your own pocket, and she no relation neither."

"I know it," said the deacon, "but I have said I will do it."

"What upon earth for?" said Uncle Jaw.

"To make peace," said the deacon; "and to let you know that when I say it is better to give up one's rights than to quarrel, I mean so. I am an old man; my children are dead" —his voice faltered—"my treasures are laid up in heaven; if I can make the children happy, why, I will. When I thought I had lost the land, I made up my mind to lose it, and so I can now."

Uncle Jaw looked fixedly on the old deacon and said,

"Well, deacon, I believe you. I vow, if you have not got something ahead in the other world, I'd like to know who has, that's all; so, if Joe has no objections, and I rather guess he won't have—"

"The short of the matter is," said the squire, "we'll have a wedding; so come on;" and with that he threw open the parlour door, where stood Susan and Joseph in a recess by the window, while Silence and the Rev. Mr. Bissel were drawn up by the fire, and the deacon's lady was sweeping up the hearth, as she had been doing ever since the party arrived.

Instantly Joseph took the hand of Susan, and led her to the middle of the room, the merry squire seized the hand of Miss Silence and placed her as bridesmaid; and before any one could open their mouths, the ceremony was in actual progress, and the minister, having been previously instructed, made the two one with extraordinary celerity.

"What, what, what!" said Uncle Jaw. "Joseph! Deacon!"

"Fair bargain, sir," said the squire. "Hand over your papers, deacon."

The deacon handed them, and the squire, having read them aloud, proceeded, with much ceremony, to throw them into the fire; after which, in a mock solemn oration, he gave a statement of the whole affair, and concluded with a grave exhortation to the new couple on the duties of wedlock, which unbent the risibles even of the minister himself.

Uncle Jaw looked at his pretty daughter-in-law, who stood half smiling, half blushing, receiving the congratulations of the party, and then at Miss Silence, who appeared full as much taken by surprise as himself.

"Well, well, Miss Silence, these 'ere young folks have come round us slick enough," said he. "I don't see but we must shake hands upon it." And the warlike powers shook hands accordingly, which was a signal for general merriment.

As the company were dispersing, Miss Silence laid hold of the good deacon, and by main strength dragged him aside: "Deacon," said she, "I take back all that I said about you, every word of it."

"Don't say any more about it, Miss Silence," said the good man; "it's gone by, and let it go."

"Joseph," said his father, a few days after, as he was sitting at breakfast with Joseph and Susan, "I calculate I shall feel kinder proud of this 'ere gurl! and I'll tell you what, I'll just give you that nice little delicate Stanton place that I took on Stanton's mortgage: it's a nice little place, with green blinds, and flowers, and all them things, just right for Susan."

And accordingly, many happy years flew over the heads of the young couple in the Stanton place, long after the hoary hairs of their kind benefactor, the deacon, were laid with reverence in the dust. Uncle Jaw was so far wrought upon by the magnanimity of the good old man, as to be very materially changed for the better. Instead of quarrelling in real

earnest around the neighbourhood, confined himself merely to battling the opposite side of the question with his son, which, as the latter was considered a theologician, afforded a pretty good field for the exercise of his powers; and he was heard to declare at the funeral of the old deacon, that "After all, a man got as much, and maybe more, to go along as the deacon did, than to be all the time fisting and jawing; though I tell you what it is," said he afterwards, "it is not every one that has the deacon's *faculty*, any how."

SAGACIOUS BIRDS.

THE subjoined scrap is taken from "A Stroll through the Diggings of California, by W. Kelly, Esq The statement is truly wonderful, but we only present it as we find it, without offering any opinion upon it Having occasion to use the wood of a certain tree, Mr. Kelly says,—

"In stripping off the bark, I observed it perforated with holes larger than those which a musket-bullet would make, spaced with the most accurate precision, as if bored under the guidance of a rule and compass, and many of them filled most neatly with acorns. Earlier in the season I remarked such holes in most of the softer timber, but imagining they were caused by wood insects, I did not stop to examine or inquire. Now, however, finding them studded with acorns firmly fixed in, which I knew could not have been driven there by the wind, I sought for an explanation, which was practically given me by Captain S——'s pointing out a flock of woodpeckers busily and noisily employed in the provident task of securing their winter's provisions. It appears that that sagacious bird is not all the time thriftlessly engaged in "tapping the hollow beech-tree" for the mere idle purpose of making a noise, but spends its summer season in pecking those holes, in which it lays in its store of food for the winter, where the elements can neither affect it nor place it beyond reach, and it is considered a sure omen that the period of snow is approaching when those birds commence stowing away their acorns, which otherwise might be covered by its fall. I frequently paused in my chopping to watch them in my neighbourhood with the acorns in their bills, half clawing, half flying, round the tree, and admired the adroitness with which they tried the nut at different holes until they found one of its exact calibre, when, inserting the pointed end, they tapped it home most artistically with their beaks, and flew down for another But their natural instinct is even more remarkable in the choice of the acorns, which are invariably sound, whereas it is a matter of impossibility, in selecting them for roasting, for a person to pick up a batch the half of which are not unfit for use, the most safe and polished looking very frequently containing a large grub generated within. Even the wily Indian, with all his craft and experience, is unable to arrive at anything like an unerring selection, while, in a large bag'ful that we took from the bark of our log, there was not one containing even the slightest germ of decay The birds never encroach on their store until all on the surface are covered, when they resort to those in the bark, and peck out their contents without removing the shells from the holes."

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USELESS KNOWLEDGE.

The Annual Meeting of the Society for the Diffusion of Useless Knowledge and the General Confusion of the Human Understanding, was held on Monday last; the President, the Hon. Dr. Bubble, took the chair precisely at seven o'clock, assisted by the Hon. Mr. Fudgefield, and Timothy Tinshins, Esq., Vice-Presidents. The President delivered an introductory discourse on the usefulness of useless knowledge, and the advantages of confusion in the understanding, which elicited the greatest applause from a thronged and delighted audience. The following is an abridged copy of the sapient president's address:—

Gentlemen of the Useless Knowledge Association.

"I have the honour of congratulating you on this anniversary meeting. We are engaged, gentlemen, in a stupendious effort. The object of our endeavours is to place the foundations of the intellectual universe on the highest state of moral elevation. There is a great truth, gentlemen, in the exaggeration, that the intense application of the human intellect in infinitesimal quantities to the analytical pursuit of psychological investigation, leads to the surest mathematical discrimination of moral idiosyncracies. The human mind, gentlemen, I consider as composed of two qualities—ratiocination and immaterial recipiency. Facts are imbibed by the inductive process of mental recipiency, and, being rationally rationated, lead to reason. This we denominate the March of Intellect: and intellect hath three branches, namely, logic, metaphysics, and dogmatics, which being synthetically combined, constitute man a reasoning animal. As the Stagyrite remarks, concerning the method of philosophical induction, "*Omnis ratio de ratione rationans, rationare facit rationaliter rationando omnes homines rationantes,*" an axiom which, I apprehend, no one will deny. In the unenlightened mind, all attempts at reasoning are in the highest degree unreasonable, just as in the dark all cats are grey. Gentlemen, we live in an enlightened age, Peter Parley and the printing press have effected a moral and hypercritical revolution, all men can read the Pandects, the Novum Organum, and Poor Polly Jenkins Instead of the spelling-book and the primer our children have Cudworth's Intellectual System and Adelung's Mithridates Modern intellect may be compared to a magnificent toadstool, which shoots out its head on all sides, the moment it gets an inch above ground Sometimes it has been compared to an overgrown pumpkin-vine, sprouting right and left, and grasping at more than it can hold, but this is a misrepresentation, the mind will hold any quantity of knowledge since the invention of lyceums and enclycopædias, and there is no difficulty in the present day, in getting a quart into a pint pot. Gentlemen, I say to you, go on. Let Useless Knowledge flourish. The world is growing wise. Man is tall in intellectual stature, his heels are on the earth, but his head is in the clouds."

The following report of the standing committee was then read:—

REPORT.

The Standing Committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Useless Knowledge and the General Confusion of the Human Understanding, beg leave to report, that the affairs of the Society were never in a more prosperous and desirable condition They have great pleasure in congratulating the Society upon the encouraging prospects which the present state of the country holds out to them Useless knowledge was never more highly prized or more eagerly sought after; and mortal understandings were never in a more admirable confusion than at present. Your committee beg leave to call the attention of the Society to sundry circumstances which, in their opinion, have had the most powerful effect in bringing about these desirable results.

Your Committee feel bound to distinguish, with the most pointed and laudato y regard, the efforts of the newspaper editors of the metropolis and he provinces, who, in the course of the past year, have laboured with the most disinterested zeal in forwarding the objects of the Society they have constantly shown themselves friends of useless knowledge and confounders of the brains and understanding of mankind Your Committee would particularly call to your approving notice, the unwearied industry of these gentlemen in discovering mares' nests, fighting windmills, basting dead cats, bottling moonshine, catching sea-serpents, peeping through millstones, swallowing earthquakes, gobbling down piacles, and binding their asses at the tail Your Committee recommend that each newspaper editor be presented with an elegant leather medal, bearing the inscription, "*Ex fumo dare lucem,*" in allusion to their wonderful sagacity in sometimes distinguishing smoke from fire.

Your Committee would further point out to the notice of the Society the various quack doctors of Great Britain, and in particular the Vegetable Diet Sawdust Live-for-ever Starvation tribe. Useless knowledge is under infinite obligations to these individuals, though their reward and encouragement would seem rather to belong to that enlightened association, the Society for the Extinction of the Human Species. Nevertheless, considering the immense amount of useless knowledge they have propagated, and its effects in producing confusion not only in the understandings, but in the bodies of men, your Committe do not feel at liberty to pass them by without some adequate notice. They therefore recommend that each of these persons be presented with a medal of the purest and hardest Brass, bearing the inscription "*Stultorum infinitus est numerus,*" in allusion to the very wide field which exists for their praiseworthy and philanthropic labours.

Your Committee further recommend to the favourable regard of the Society that distinguished individual, Dr. Humm, the ingenious reviver of animal magnetism, whose labours in the cause of the Society deserve the highest commendation. Dr. Humm has not only been instrumental in extending knowledge useless, and more than useless, but he has thrown the understandings of many human beings into confusion worse confounded. His success in this particular has been most brilliant, and many individuals under his influence are so far gone in their intellectuals, that they do not show the least glimmer of common sense. Your Committee beg leave to lay before the Society a brief relation of the brilliant and astonishing experiment in animal magnetism performed by Dr. Humm, in the City of London Hall of Charletanism, upon the

person of a full-grown, intelligent, and respectable cat, in the presence of a large number of citizens of the first talent and respectability.

"All things being prepared, the cat was brought into the room and placed in an arm-chair. The cat was a grey tabby, with a black and yellow tail, and sea-green eyes, of a mild and ingenuous expression of countenance, and appeared to be about four years old. Doctor Humm assured us there was no sort of private understanding between him and the cat, as had been suspected by some sceptical persons. Indeed, the cat appeared perfectly innocent, and everybody was quite convinced of her honesty. She stared round at the company with wondering eyes, as if not comprehending the cause of the assemblage, but could not escape from the chair, because she was held down by her paws and tail by five of the gentlemen present. Dr. Humm than began the magnetic operation by placing the fore and middle finger of his left hand over her eyes, so as to keep them shut close, and drawing the fore finger of his right hand in a direct line from the cat's nose across her bosom down to the extremity of her left paw The magnetic effect was immediately apparent Her tail began to wag, so much so that the Hon. Mr Fogbrain, who was holding on by that limb, immediately let it go in order to witness the result of this strange phenomenon. In thirteen seconds there was a sensible vibration of the cat's tail, which waved from side to side, describing twenty-seven degrees of the segment of a circle A general murmur ran throughout the assembly 'It wags, it wags" exclaimed every one—there was no longer any room for doubt, the most sceptical among the spectators was thoroughly convinced that the tail was wagging, and even that arch unbeliever, Simon Sly, was heard to declare he had no doubt of the waggery

"Dr Humm now changed his operation, and commencing as before at the cat's nose, he passed his two fingers up the skull bone between the ears, down the occiput, round under the neck to the tip of the shoulder blade, and thence in a straight line down to the left paw After thirty-one magnetical touches in this manner, the wagging of the tail increased to such a degree as to describe almost a semicircle, and Dr. Humm declared the animal was sound asleep. As the cat gave no evidence to the contrary except by the wagging, there was no doubt of the fact—for the doctor assured us that magnetised cats always wagged their tails when sleeping The cat was therefore declared to be in a fit state for experiments, and Doctor Humm began by willing the cat's tail to tie itself up in a bow knot. the tail immediately twisted itself round, and described the figure of a bow-knot in the air This was witnessed with astonishment by every one in the room. Mr Noddy, seeing the wonderful effect of the experiment, signified a wish to bear a part in the operation, to which Dr Humm very politely consented. Mr. Noddy therefore proceeded to magnetise the cat from the tip to the lower jaw, under the chin, across the trachea and thorax, down to the heel of the right paw the cat immediately gave a loud *mew*, which in a sleeping cat must have been a sure sign that something ailed her Mr Noddy then willed her nose to be a rat-hole, which took immediate effect by the cat's snapping sharply at his fore finger This astonished the company a second time, and Dr. Humm made a third experiment by willing the cat to be thrown souse into Frog Pond. The Rev. Mr. Fogbrain immediately let go her fore paws, and, strange to say, they began pad, padding, as if attempting to swim. The murmurs of admiration that ran round the company at this wonderful sight are not to be described 'She swims!' she swims!" exclaimed every one, the proof was complete, most of the spectators could hear the splashing of the water in the pond, and some even imagined they could see the boys chucking stones at her. After this had been displayed to the full satisfaction of the company, Dr. Humm willed her to come safe ashore, notwithstanding, her paws continued to paddle, but this was easily accounted for, as the doctor assured us she would stand perfectly still as soon as she got her land legs on.

"Various other experiments followed, which we have not space to describe in detail. Dr. Scantiwit willed the cat to be in a mustard pot, whereupon she immediately gave a loud sneeze, and made an immensely wry face. Mr. Milksop willed her to be lapping cream, on which she gave a hearty purr and licked her chops three times. Mr. Dryasdust willed her to scratch his wig, and at the same moment felt a sharp tingling under his skull-bone, by which he was convinced he had something there, &c. &c."

Your Committee, having laid before the Society these wonderful experiments, recommend that Dr. Humm, and each of the individuals who assisted as above, be presented with the Freedom of the Corporation of Fools' Paradise.

Your Committee would recommend to the respectful notice of the Society the various public lecturers on recondite subjects, and, in particular, those who treat of German metaphysics, Coleridgeism, optimism, and similar ultramundane exaltations of the human intellect. Your Committee suggest that a prize be proposed the ensuing year for the best dissertation on the following subject:—"The influence of transcendental Metaphysics on the growth of Cabbages." They also recommend "that each transcendentalist be presented with a broomstick, a thick walnut, and a parachute of paramatta for the purpose of enabling them to fly through the air.

Your Committee would not escape too far upon the time of the Society, were they to enumerate at length all the matters which deserve their attention They are obliged reluctantly, therefore, to pass over with a bare mention the great number of old women, quid-nuncs, schemers, dreamers, steamers, system-mongers, method-mongers, improvers-of-society, &c, who are now exercising so vast an influence over the minds of the weak and the unlearned. They recommend that a medal be struck, emblematical of the whole of this enlightened community, the said medal to bear on one side the figure of a toad just ready to jump, with the legend, "*Sedet, eternumque sedebit,*" in allusion to the march of intellect, and on the reverse, the figure of a corn stalk monument, with the words "*Ære perennius,*" in allusion to the lasting fame of all march-of-intellect people.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. XI—LEND A HAND.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Working 'mid the world's commotion,
Fighting up life's thorny road,
Patriots, with a high devotion,
Struggle in the cause of God
And to *us* that band is playing—
All their griefs before us laying—
And to *us* that band is saying,
"Brethren! lend a hand!"

Men of freedom! men of daring!
Bless'd with health and strong in youth,
Come, with all your noble bearing,
Fight the battle-fight of truth.
Former friends reject and slight us,
Fiends and men resist and spite us,
Earth and hell combine to fight us—
Heroes! lend a hand!

Men of wealth, and men of station,
Vice has had your aid too long;
Come, then—from their degradation
Help to raise the wretched throng.
Of a doom of woe unthinking,
From a poison cup they're drinking—
In a sea of death they're sinking—
Rich ones! lend a hand!

Men of genius, high and soaring,
Cease your flights past human ken;
Lend your mighty aid in pouring
Knowledge round the paths of men.
Round you is a solitude—
Minds with highest powers endued
Perishing for lack of food.
Genius! lend a hand!

Men of God! whose noble calling
Has come down from Heaven above,
Cease your scheming and caballing,
Preach in truth a Saviour's love.
While but trifles you're decrying,
Millions for the truth are sighing,
And the second death are dying.
Christians! lend a hand!

Men of every mind and station,
Sow the seed, and strike the blow;
Rise in honest indignation,
Rise to fight the common foe.
There's a field for all your working—
Vice is reigning, sin is lurking;
Let there be no dastard shirking.
Patriots! lend a hand!"

He overcometh a stout enemy that overcometh his own anger.

Wrath and revenge take from the mercy of God, and destroy and quench the grace that God has given him

He best keepeth himself from anger that always doth remember that God looketh upon him.

Anger is the most impotent passion that influences the mind of man; it effects nothing it undertakes, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than the object against which it is directed.

MEMOIR OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

WATERLOO—THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE arrival of the Prussians was, as we have seen, the signal for flight on the part of the French, and Napoleon's splendid army experienced the most decided and fatal reverse it had ever encountered. A total route ensued, and as the last gleam of sunshine fell upon the field of Waterloo, it lighted up the victors on the gory way, and helped the vanquished yet a little in their fatal and bloody retreat. No respite for the conquerors or the conquered. The moon uprose, and saw the army of the French a "broken host" upon that bloody plain. No words can give an idea of the horrors of that night. God grant that such another may never be witnessed by men. The Prussians, who had been reinforced by part of Ziethen's corps, to 50,000 men and 123 guns, commenced a fierce pursuit, and gave the utmost license to the animosity they had so long cherished towards the French. Wellington had met Blucher, it is said, by a singular coincidence, at La Belle Alliance, and had commended the chase to him; while he, having bivouacked his own weary troops on what had been the French ground, returned across the battle field to sup at Brussels. It was about to lead his hussars against the French cavalry re serves in the general advance of the English lines. Th Prince of Orange received a musket ball in his shoulder General Cooke, Baron Alten, Sir Colin Hackett, Lord Fitzro Somerset, and Colonel Ponsonby were also severely wounded and, indeed, scarcely one of the staff was unscathed. Toward the close of the day the Duke had only a single attendan left, the Count de Sales, a Sardinian major. His Grace ha many hair-breadth escapes, but received no wound, a fact tha will appear almost miraculous when the extent to which h exposed himself is considered. The manner in which th whole army behaved transcends all praise, the sole exception being a few Belgian regiments, one of which absconded at th commencement of the battle, and threw Brussels into a stat of indescribable alarm and confusion by the reports they sprea of the French successes. Another on being ordered to charge refused on the ground that their horses were their own, an that they might get hurt. The English foot, though many o the soldiers had never been under fire before, won from a enemy (General Foy) this testimony:—"Neither the canno balls of the Imperial Guards, discharged point blank, nor th victorious cavalry of France, could make the least impressio



FARM OF ST. HAGUE, ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

was a melancholy ride, for on an area of little more than two square miles, lay 50,000 dead or disabled men and horses. The conqueror was deeply affected at the sight, and is said to have wept bitterly.

The losses of the British alone were as follows:—

	Officers	Non-commissioned	Rank and File.	Total.	Horses.
Killed	83	82	1252	1417	1319
Wounded	363	271	4289	4923	719
Missing	10	13	569	592	708
	456	366	6110	6932	2746

Most of the men, however, returned missing, having gone to the rear with the wounded, afterwards rejoined their regiments. The total allied loss was 22,469, or about one in three of the whole army. The Prussians also lost about 6000 men. The total losses of the latter, including Ligny and Wavre, were 34,131. Amongst the British slain were Sir Thomas Picton, the hero of the fighting 3rd; Sir William Ponsonby, Colonel Delancy, Sir Alexander Gordon, and many other officers of distinction. The Earl of Uxbridge had his leg shot off as he on the immoveable British infantry. One might have beer almost tempted to fancy that it had rooted itself in the ground but for the majestic movement which its battalions commenced some minutes after sunset."

Nothing could exceed the relentless severity with which Blucher's troops maintained the chase. No quarter was given and thousands perished in addition to those who had fallen on the field. An attempt was made to barricade Genappe, but the passage was soon forced by the Prussian cannon, and 800 French were killed in that village alone. At last they became so terrified, that at the very sound of a hostile trumpe they fled. In this manner the pursuers disturbed no fewer than nine bivouacs. Only 40,000 Frenchmen passed through Charlero on the 19th, many of them unarmed, and scarcely more than hal that number reached Paris, the rest disbanding themselves a soon as they entered France. Napoleon had, on this occasion imitated his conduct in Russia. As soon as he saw the failure of the Guards, he turned to an aide-de-camp, and with a face livid with rage and despair, he muttered in a tremulou voice, "A present c'est fini! sauvons-nous." He then rod off in order to get before the stream of fugitives. At Genapp his coach was surrounded, and he escaped with the greates difficulty. At Charleroi he committed what remained of hi

army to Marshal Soult, and hastened on to Paris, which he reached on the 20th.

A few words must be said here of Grouchy, to whose non-arrival on the field of battle Napoleon ascribed his disaster. In obedience to his instructions he marched against Blucher on the 17th, and halted at Gembloux. The next morning he advanced on Wavre, and drove the Prussian rear-guard from the right bank of the Dyle, but was unable to cross the river, which was obstinately held by Thielman. He did not receive Napoleon's commands from Soult to march on St. Lambert till 7 in the evening, and then he succeeded in passing the Dyle at Limale, where he bivouacked. The next day he was attacked, but he sharply repulsed the enemy, and then receiving intelligence of Napoleon's defeat, made an able retreat by Namur and Dinant to Paris, where he arrived a week after with 25,000 men, having lost about 10,000 men and some cannon. The total amount of artillery captured on the field of Waterloo, was 122 guns, 20 spare gun-carriages, and 207 waggons, but much more fell during the pursuit into the hands of the allies, making a total number of 202 guns. The prisoners probably numbered 10,000.

The famous battle of the 18th is called by the French Mont St. Jean, and was originally intended by the allies to be designated La Belle Alliance; but it eventually received the name of Waterloo from the fact of the Duke's having his head quarters there after the battle. It is an historical fact that the British forces have been twice signally successful over those of the 17th of August, 1705. It is no less a fact that the conquerors of each of those days on the same field, are the only commanders in the British service whose military career brought them to the summit of the peerage—to dukedoms.



GATEWAY OF THE FARM OF HOUGOUMONT.



RUINS OF THE CHATEAU OF HOUGOUMONT.

France on this spot; and that, by the side of the Chapel of Waterloo, which, it may be remarked, was uninjured by shot or shell on the memorable 18th of June, 1815, did Marlborough cut off a large division of the French forces opposed to him on

THE OCCUPATION OF PARIS BY THE ALLIES.

On June 19th the allies were moving in good order towards France, which they entered on the 21st; and on July 3, after some rather sharp encounters with Blucher on that and the previous day, Paris was surrendered. The city was occupied on the 6th, and on the following day Louis XVIII. was replaced on his throne. On the 22nd of June, Napoleon had abdicated in favour of his son, the King of Rome; and on the 29th he had repaired to Rochefort. On the 15th of July, after having made an abortive attempt to procure a passport to America from Wellington, and having formed various idle projects for escaping in spite of the English cruisers, he surrendered to Captain Maitland of the Bellerophon.

Blucher would have assassinated Napoleon, but the Duke refused to be a party to the transaction, and saved the life of his great rival. To appease the Prussians, he procured the appointment of Baron Muffling to be Governor of Paris—of which Blucher immediately availed himself to lay the capital under a contribution of a hundred million francs, to quarter troops upon the inhabitants, and to demand various sums from Versailles and other towns. What to the French was more galling than this, he commenced the destruction of two bridges which Napoleon had built and called after his victories of Jena and Austerlitz. Wellington also put a stop to these gratuitous acts of oppression: the contributions were not levied, and the

bridges had only their names changed by the king to Le Pont des Invalides and Le Pont de la Jardin du Roi.

On the 8th of July, a ministry, at the head of which was Prince Talleyrand, was appointed at the suggestion of the Duke, and on the 15th his Grace, with the grand staff of the British army, composed of 300 generals and other distinguished officers, paid their respects to Louis at the Tuileries. His Majesty, on that occasion, told the British Commander-in-chief that he owed him "a personal obligation for his humanity and the good conduct of his army."

THE NEWS OF THE BATTLE RECEIVED IN ENGLAND.

The news of Waterloo was brought on the 20th by Mr. Sutton, the proprietor of a number of vessels plying between Colchester and Ostend, who made the voyage at his private cost for that special purpose. The Duke's despatches arrived two days later, and were immediately conveyed to the two Houses of Parliament. They produced the most rapturous expressions of joy. A vote of thanks to the Duke and his army was carried by acclamation in the Lords, on the motion of the Earl Bathurst; and in the Commons the minister (Lord Castlereagh) brought a message from the Prince Regent, in consequence of which an additional grant of £200,000, accompanied by the most flattering encomiums, was made, to purchase a mansion and estate for his Grace. Illuminations were general throughout the country, and almost every steeple rang out its merriest peals. A prayer of thanksgiving was said in the churches on Sunday, the 9th of July, and a subscription, amounting to upwards of a hundred thousand pounds, was made for the widows and orphans of the slain. The Duke also generously relinquished for the same purpose half the parliamentary compensation due to him for the Peninsular prize property.

All the regiments which had been in the battle were permitted to inscribe "Waterloo" on their banners, and every surviving soldier was presented with a silver medal, and was allowed to reckon that day as two years' service.

The Rev. John Norcross wrote to the Duke, requesting that he would name a private or non-commissioned officer as most deserving of a handsome donation which he offered His Grace nominated Serjeant Graham of the Coldstreams, whose gallant conduct at Hougoumont is already known to our readers; and warmly eulogised Mr. Norcross's patriotism To the Mayor of Brussels, whose kindness to the wounded was past all praise, he also wrote a grateful letter of acknowledgment. This was signed "Wellington, Prince of Waterloo," which he had been created in July by the King of the Netherlands, who also conferred on him the estate La Belle Alliance.

The victory was mentioned in fitting terms in the Prince Regent's speech at the close of the session on the 12th of July—the corporation of London having, a few days before, presented an address of congratulation to the throne. The City also presented splendid swords to his Grace and the chief allied officers. The distribution was made, at the Lord Mayor's request, by the Duke himself—a circumstance that must have greatly enhanced the value of the donation in the eyes of all by whom it was received.

On the 30th of November his Grace published a general order, in which he took leave of the army, of which he spoke in very flattering terms. He continued, however, to reside in the palace of Elysée Bourbon at Paris for some months longer.

On the 29th of June, 1816, his Grace set out for London; not, however, without experiencing another narrow escape. A few days before he had given at his palace a grand farewell *fête*, to which the younger Bourbon princes, many distinguished members of the government and court, and all the English of rank in the capital were invited. The servant of Mr. Aston happening to be waiting in the street, perceived smoke coming from one of the cellars. He instantly gave the alarm, and a lighted rag was found near a barrel of gunpowder, and two barrels of oil. The cause of danger was quietly removed, and no interruption occurred to the entertainment. It was, however, quite clear that a Guy Fawkes explosion had been plotted.

THE DUKE APPOINTED AMBASSADOR AT PARIS.

On the 18th of June, 1817, the magnificent new Strand-bridge, designed by Mr. Rennie, and called after the glorious victory of that day, was opened by the Prince Regent, who crossed it in state, with the Duke of York on his right hand and the Duke of Wellington on his left—the gorgeous ceremonial being heralded by a discharge of 202 guns in commemoration of the number of pieces captured. During his Grace's short stay in London, on the motion of Lord Castlereagh, carried by acclamation, a committee of the House was appointed to wait on him to offer their congratulations. On the 16th of August he again returned to Paris as ambassador-plenipotentiary; and in the course of the next month he was employed in prosecuting the publisher of the *Flanders Journal* for a libel; and though he failed, he received at the hands of the court ample amends for the slander he complained of—namely, that he had been guilty of misconduct in his diplomatic functions. In the meantime Apsley House, in Hyde-park, was purchased by the British Government and rebuilt by Mr. Wyatt, for the Duke, who had since given in it an annual dinner on Waterloo-day to his brother officers present at the battle. Amongst the objects of interest in it is the magnificent colossal statue of Napoleon by Canova, which Louis sent over to him as soon as it arrived from the artist at Rome. On the 19th of November the Parliamentary Commissioners purchased of Lord Rivers the estate of Strathfieldsaye, in Hampshire, for £263,000, the timber on it alone being valued at £150,000.

On the 11th of February, 1818, as the Duke's carriage was entering the gate of his hotel in Paris, a scoundrel, named Cantillon, fired a pistol at his Grace, but happily missed his aim. The ministers of the allied Sovereigns, as well as the King of France, warmly congratulated him on his escape, and the Prince Regent sent him an autograph letter on the occasion. Lord Castlereagh, in consequence of this atrocious attempt, procured an extension of the Alien Act for two years longer. Cantillon, and another man, named Marinot, were tried during the next year, but were acquitted. Napoleon, who died on the 5th of May, 1821, left this scoundrel Cantillon a legacy of 10,000 francs—a fact that speaks volumes for the "generosity" of his disposition!

THE TREATY OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

On the 25th of April, 1818, the negotiations with France were finally concluded; and on the 9th of the following October, a treaty by the allied Sovereigns was agreed to at Aix-la-Chapelle, for the immediate withdrawal of the army of occupation On the 22nd, there was a grand review and sham fight near Valenciennes; after which the Duke gave a splendid entertainment to the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, and the troops embarked for this country forthwith. His Grace was made a Field Marshal in the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian service immediately after the Congress of Aix; and on the 26th of December he was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance at home.

THE DUKE'S RETURN TO ENGLAND.

In June, 1819, the Waterloo prize money was distributed, the Duke of Wellington's share being £60,000; a general's £1,250; a field officer's, £420; a captain's, £90; a subaltern's, £33; a serjeant's, £9; a private's, £2 10s. About this time, a magnificent dessert-service was presented to the Duke by the King of Saxony. A still more magnificent present was made to the Duke by the King of Portugal. It consisted of a silver plateau, thirty feet long and three feet and a half broad, of beautiful design and workmanship, and lighted by 106 wax tapers. In 1822, the ladies of England having contributed £10,000 towards the erection of a monument to the Duke and his companions in arms, a magnificent cast by Westmacott of the Achilles, on the Quirinal-hill, was erected in Hyde-park, near Apsley House. The statue, which is 20 feet high, and upwards of 36 tons in weight, was made (as the inscription states) of the cannon taken in the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo. In this year, too, he received from the merchants of London a silver-gilt shield, weighing 300lbs., splendidly designed by Stothard.

BUFFALO HERDS.

THERE was no necessity for again fording the river in pursuit of buffaloes, there being droves both above and below us on our own side, and numbers in the act of crossing; giving us a good prospect of sport and fresh food. Those to leeward of us did not remain long contiguous, crossing over the bluffs in enormous batches, for it is an extraordinary peculiarity of the buffalo, that it will run from the scent of a white man sooner than from his person, while they are indifferent to that of the Indian, though he is more frequently in collision with them; and their sense of smelling is so acute, that a pale-face has not a chance of getting near them, unless he goes right against the wind. We observed a large drove to windward, about midway over the river, and as the reeds along the bank were three feet high, concealment was comparatively easy; so I took with me three of our best marksmen and stole into ambush, taking a position where we supposed they would pass within one hundred yards of us, but in their passage they inclined so much down the stream, that it looked as if they would trample right over us, and as we were hesitating what we should do, a huge, ferocious-looking bull that headed the drove, ascended the bank within thirty yards of us, the rest following in a line, which they generally do when moving of their own accord, without apprehension. The string being long, we waited patiently till a fine cow, now in better season than the other sex, was passing, when two fired, and she fell without a struggle.

The shape and appearance of the buffalo is in nowise symmetrical or sightly at any season, but they now looked particularly ungainly, their coats being for the most part cast along their sides and quarters, their necks and heads alone retaining their shaggy covering, most inappositely like a pet French poodle. In this month (May) they generally shed, and judges say that a November robe is the best; as the new fleece, having six months to grow, becomes in that period sufficiently thick and warm, with all that softness which is conducive to comfort; whereas those that attain a full winter's growth become coarse, bristly, and matted. I read many accounts, and heard divers and sundry stories of the buffalo, and of their marvellous and gregarious propensities, but I always swallowed such yarns *cum grano salis* allowing what I conceived a liberal margin for the exercise of the long-bow which travellers generally use, as poets do their licence However, experience has now satisfied me that in those instances, at least, reality transcends imagination. I can thus profess my faith in previous writers, and reconcile my scepticism to the statement that, in the progress of the army of invasion over the Mexican plains, they were frequently obliged to fire grape shot amongst them to open a way, for I should mention, that when once a herd of buffaloes break, as it is termed, running off in a mass, they are not to be turned aside by common obstacles, but go right ahead, regardless of everything before them, fearing only the cause in their rear that originated their flight. They have been frequently known to burst right through the line of a caravan, trampling the mules to death, and the waggons to pieces, the men escaping with difficulty

We had not travelled many miles after apportioning the cow until we saw a small herd directly in our path, when we halted, and two of our men crept up to shoot at them There was a gorge in the bluffs opposite where they were feeding, through which I knew they would rush in retreat when fired on, and there I posted myself on horseback with a light carbine that I could manage with one hand. I was not deceived, for they made direct for the open plain, when they broke, but my horse became so fretful and fidgety, I could not take aim as they passed. I gave chase, however, and soon got up to and alongside the headmost, down whose shoulder I saw a stream of blood, the effect of a wound He cast his eyes fiercely round occasionally as I came up close to him, showing a disposition to attack, so that it required both my hands in the bridle to prevent my horse from bolting. I persevered, nevertheless, running a neck-and neck race, leaping over rocks and bursting through copses of thick brush, until we came to a dry gully that crossed our path, over twelve feet and as many yards wide, and as in mid-career it was impossible to stop short, down we leaped, landing amidst those brutes, who, jostling each other in the descent, were tumbled at the bottom. It was a fearful moment, and I thought it all up with me, as my horse came to his chest by the shock; but ere he was on his legs, I was again alone with my bleeding companion, who was scrambling up the other bank. I however gained the level first, and before he could get into active motion, fired; but not being over six yards from him, he made an instant rush, and gored my poor horse in the shoulder, coming against him with such force as to throw him clean over, unseating me with extreme violence, and falling himself to his knees in the exertion. The horse jumped quickly up and ran away at full speed, with my foot sticking in the stirrup, and the wounded bull in pursuit A sudden jerk at length caused the boot to pull off, the bull with his impetus over-running me and in attempting to stop falling heavily, and lying unable to rise from loss of blood and exhaustion, while I lay at a little distance, incapable of moving, from the stunning effects of my accident. Seeing my horse gallop back without its rider, several of the men hurried up the ravine, and found me just recovering from a faint. After washing off the blood and giving me a drink, they proceeded to despatch the buffalo, who had not yet yielded up the ghost, for, as they discharged their pistols at him, he made several desperate efforts to rise, glaring fiercely at them, and uttering a low bellowing roar, not so much of pain, I should say, as of madness. He was a very large beast, and loaded the saddle-horses well in bringing him piecemeal to the waggon.—*From Mr. Kelly's new work, entitled "Across the Rocky Mountains."*

THE SEASONS.

Come, sweet ethereal SPRING, with skies of blue
And branches heavy with the pearly dew;
Thy dancing streams and young leaves whispering say—
"Summer is coming soon winter has passed away"

The glorious SUMMER'S come no more
We gaze on leafless trees and gardens drear—
Or listen to the cold monot'nous roar
Of wintry winds the sunshine and the flowers,
And happy looks of Nature, warm and clear,
And skies serene, and holidays, are ours

With sheaves and laden boughs brown AUTUMN comes
Bringing contentment in her smiling face. The day
Is hot with sunshine labour, and the night—
Is merry with the joy of harvest homes.
The year is almost ended 'tis well to be so gay,—
Days darken, shadows lengthen—so pass our lives away.

Stern, and dark, and dismal as thou art,
Oh WINTER, yet I love thee! Midst thy snows
I see the promise of a Spring. Ere thou depart
The halo of a coming brightness o'er thee glows;
And, like the closing of a goodly life, thy day
Shines brighter through the gloom of Time's decay

GEORGE F. PARDON.

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THE GATHERER.

"I am but the gatherer of inconsidered trifles."

FEMALE EDUCATION.—No woman is educated, says Burnap, who is not equal to the successful management of a family. Although it does not require so much talent to rule a household as it does to govern a state; still it requires talent of the same kind. As he makes the best general who has begun at the lowest post, and passed up through every grade of office—as he makes the best admiral who entered the navy in the most inferior station, because they, and they alone, are acquainted with the whole compass of a subaltern's duty—so that woman will manage a family with the greatest ease and efficiency who knows experimentally the duties of every member of it.—Daughters who neglect this part of education are entirely without excuse, and mothers are still more to blame. The very apology which is often made for the neglect of it, is the greatest condemnation of those who offer it. It is said by those who are growing in ignorance of these things, "Any one can learn how to keep house when it is necessary. Any one who loves her husband and is devoted to his interests, will make herself accomplished in those things when she is married." As well might the young man say, "Of what use is it for me to learn a profession, or make myself acquainted with the details of any business? When I am married, if I love my wife, it will then be time enough to learn a profession, or to accomplish myself in the details of business." Would there be any surer omen of total failure and discomfiture? That which a woman can learn to do in a few months under the tuition of love, can certainly be learned to much greater advantage under the tuition of a mother. If it is all so easy to learn, then certainly they are utterly inexcusable who neglect it. It is no degradation to the finest lady to know all the details of domestic affairs. It is honourable, and ought to be her pride

HOMER, DANTE, AND SHAKSPERE.—Plunge in the sea where you will, it is everywhere salt. Take these great poets where you will, though they may vary in tone and colour, they everywhere savour of themselves. Whether he stoop or rise Shakspere is always Shakspere, and Dante still himself, and Homer is Homer throughout. Illustration, however, is often more impressive than precept. Take the last of these at random. The Iliad is before us, lying open at the third book. Observe of this book, how naturally it grows out of the incidents of the preceding. The hostile armies in face of each other, the beautiful episode of the single combat of Paris and Menelaus, with the circumstances attending it, including Helen's description of the various chiefs that Priam asks her about, (one of the sweetest incidents, by the way, and most picturesque of the kind to be met with anywhere) are all made to succeed each other in the most natural way possible. And here it behoves young poets to take especial note that there is nothing forced, nothing arbitrary about Homer everything arises as of itself—nothing lugged in. They, therefore, if ever tempted to stick incidents in, whereby, as on pegs, to hang what they think some delicious writing, would do well to pause. They are on a road which leads not to poetic excellence, and, whatever else may be said of it, of this they may be sure, that such handling is no mark of power. And in poetry, especially be it remembered, that "to be weak is to be miserable."

SMOKING IN THE EAST.—Smoking in the east is practised two ways. the common tobacco from the chibouk. Tobacco is found in many parts of this vast empire. The tobacco smoked at Constantinople comes from Samsun, and the adjacent parts; it is strong, of a light colour, and dried in the sun. The tobacco smoked in Egypt comes principally from Latakia, and the mountains near. Of this there are several sorts. Besides those which bear the greatest reputation, other tobacco is grown and smoked locally. The sticks of which the pipe is composed are of various sorts; the best are the cherry-sticks, which are found finest in Constantinople. The young sticks are trained up straight and strong, but most of those that are largest and handsomest are joined, which is done so neatly that, till smoked, it is impossible to detect the joining, these last a considerable time, and are elegant. Others are made of jessamine, rose, in fact, of any wood, and some are ornamented with silk and embroidery. The bowls are made in all the towns, but the best come from Constantinople The mouth-pieces are of all sorts; amber is the most valuable, and the colour most prized varies, as do all fashions. Many adorn their mouth-pieces with diamonds. Men come round who clean the pipe with wire and cotton, but this is a thing few Orientals think about. They smoke on, clean or dirty. It would be a long list were I to give all the names for what we call a chibouk; there are, perhaps, a hundred and fifty; I myself know upwards of fifty. It is generally known by a different name among every different people. The water-pipe is of different kinds; first, the long, upright tubes, supporting a clay bowl, filled with tobacco, which fits into a round ball of brass, or cocoa-nut; from this comes a reed of bamboo. This is the ordinary pipe. When riding, it is taken to pieces and hung in a leathern bag, at the saddle. The tobacco smoked in this is tombac; the best comes from the province of Shiraz, in Persia; but much is grown of an inferior sort in Egypt and elsewhere. It is used dry, and broken with the hand; when wanted, enough is put into a bit of rag, and water poured over it; it is then wrung, and this process is repeated three times, more or less, according to the taste of the smoker. Much art ought to be shown in charging them, as, without it is done *secundem artem*, the thing is a failure. A servant is required, and, if you smoke much and have guests, it is no sinecure for him. There is also another sort of water-pipe, where, in lieu of a bell of brass or a coca-nut, there is a common native-made bottle. The better ones have handsome bottles; the stems and pipes of these are of pear, which are considered as sweeter and nicer; these are rather Persian.—*Walpole's Ansayrii or Further East.*

REVENUES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—From the reprint of a parliamentary return of the "gross and net incomes of each archbishopric and bishopric in England and Wales," some important inferences may be drawn. During three years the following incomes were received from the twenty-six sees.

	1837.	1840.	1843.
Canterbury	£23,307 15 5	£32,719 18 6	£27,705 13 10
York	13,988 9 6	10,366 7 6	20,141 14 4
London	15,754 9 7	12,429 15 5	13,519 5 0
Durham	19,677 13 10	29,906 12 1	22,416 0 2
Winchester	12,102 19 10	16,283 7 4	11,599 0 10
St. Asaph	8,387 13 4	8,510 2 5	8,084 14 8
Bangor	6,744 18 2	8,187 19 9	7,467 5 5
Bath and Wells ..	6,537 3 1	6,304 15 11	4,667 2 5
Carlisle	3,806 13 1	2,911 17 3	2,476 18 7
Chester	1,695 1 4	1,901 1 2	1,893 13 2
Chichester.....	5,563 0 9	5,083 14 5	6,519 13 3
St. David's.....	4,510 6 5	3,302 2 5	4,752 13 8
Ely	8,290 3 3	14,738 14 10	6,486 16 0
Exeter	2,241 0 9	1,092 0 9	1,092 0 9
Gloster and Bristol,	5,221 1 11	5,837 10 2	5,226 16 1
Hereford	3,739 16 1	7,915 11 8	5,936 3 5
Lichfield.....		No return.	
Lincoln	2,980 11 9	4,419 16 0	5,610 0 2
Llandaff.....	796 13 1	687 10 7	890 15 8
Norwich.....	5,295 1 9	5,586 14 5	8,765 3 3
Oxford	3,199 13 6	2,295 0 6	2,506 12 6
Peterborough	2,897 16 0	4,756 9 1	4,060 15 11
Ripon.....	3,480 16 2	8,356 19 11	4,563 18 4
Rochester	3,489 3 1	1,254 2 1	1,102 2 1
Salisbury	5,352 2 11	3,664 19 5	12,879 0 0
Worcester.....	6,313 1 2	8,649 17 0	7,294 13 0

From the above it will be seen that in the year 1843 the incomes of the twenty-five bishops—the see of Lichfield making no return—amounted to more than £197,490, while at the same time, church accommodation is provided for only 6,500,000 out of 17,000,000 hearers. The enormous excess in incomes of the bishops may be seen by reference to the average incomes of the clergy elsewhere A French archbishop is content with £1,041 a-year, and a French bishop can live on an income of £625; a cardinal in Rome the next in rank to the pope, has only about £500 annually. Surely these are fitting successors to the humble fishermen of Galilee who not only inculcated the virtue of poverty, but practised what they taught!

TRANSMISSION OF NEWS IN FORMER DAYS.—The *Nottingham Date Book* gives an amusing instance of the slow and incorrect manner in which news was formerly transmitted, and shows us, by an extract from a newspaper of 1777, how much in actual advance we are of the "good old times." On Nov. 8th of that year a report reached Nottingham of the total defeat of Washington's army in America, by the British forces under Sir William Howe. Great was the rejoicing thereat, the church bells were rung, the people met in crowds in the streets and congratulated each other speeches were made; guns were fired; and some enthusiastic spirits, not content with these demonstrations, procured an ass and sat a effigy of Washington upon it; which, after being ridiculed and pelted at, was finally burnt with great triumph at night." The "glorious news" was further confirmed by a gentleman who had heard a letter read at the duke of Newcastle's house at Clumber-park, and a Glasgow newspaper also added the weight of its authority to the current rumour. "No *Extraordinary Gazette* has yet arrived with the news," says the journal of 1777; and it is almost needless to add, that a *Gazette* was quite unnecessary, seeing that there was no foundation for the total defeat."

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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MEMOIR OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE WARRIOR IN THE SENATE.

THE general peace was hailed by all parties, at home and abroad, as the one great end and triumph of Wellington's victories "To all appearance," says Mr. Dod, "the desperate game had been at length decided in favour of the party of resistance, against the party of progress, and an undisputed sway might now have been anticipated for the ancient traditions of government. Yet the echoes of the cannon had scarcely ceased, when the clamours of the people began, and political agitation was commenced with such advantage, popularity, and success as it had never enjoyed during the ascendancy of revolutionary France. The explanation of this phenomenon is simple enough. The cessation of war and its vicissitudes had left a void in the popular mind. National spirit required new occupation, and the creation of some new interest to satisfy the desires which had been called into being by so exciting a struggle. But with this tendency to agitation in general was combined a decided bias in the direction of liberalism. Much of the work of the French revolutionists was imperishable, and many of their maxims survived the scaffolds of the Republic and the wars of the Empire. Topics, moreover, and novelties of all kinds had been tossed up by the political storm, discussion had been earnest, and sovereigns, in the exigencies of a struggle for life and death, had been induced to concede something and promise more to the reasonable claims of their subjects. Moreover, the pressure of taxation was severely felt, and there was a natural desire to direct again to the proper objects of peace those energies of government which had been so long absorbed in the prosecution of war. The Duke of Wellington himself, in advocating certain measures of European policy at this period, observed, with his unerring sagacity, that what was needed by the several governments was such a peace as would give them "the power of reducing their overgrown military establishments and the leisure to attend to the internal concerns of their nations, and to improve the situation of their people."

These conditions of society determined the character of European history during what has been termed "the thirty years' peace," and through which period we shall now have to follow the subject of our memoir. At the outset it appeared as if sovereigns were not indisposed to share with the people that freedom to which the exertions of the latter had restored them, but whether scared by visions of reviving Jacobinism, or spoiled by the sweets of power, they speedily renounced their views, and concerted a common policy of repression throughout the whole of Europe. With the events which ensued, we are no further concerned than in so far as they illustrate the position and conduct of the great Duke in mitigating or controlling them. In Germany and Italy the fires of discontent smouldered, with occasional outbreaks, until the conflagration of 1848. In France the process was so much more rapid, that within twelve years of the evacuation of the



VIEW OF NIVELLES, A TOWN NEAR THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

country by the allied forces, the Duke lived to see flying on the Thames, in harmony and concord with the flag of England, that very tricolour which his whole military life had been devoted to debasing.

THE CIVIL ADMINISTRATION OF THE DUKE.

The civil career of the Duke of Wellington divides itself into two portions, in one of which he co-operated with foreign governments for the general settlement of Europe, and in the other he took more than what might be considered his own personal share.

The condition of the country, at the moment of which we are writing, had been disturbed and feverish in the extreme Those public discontents which on the Continent had taken the form of military insurrection, in England assumed the shape of political agitation. George IV., who in 1820 had exchanged the title of Regent for that of King, was in no favour with the people. He had so long anticipated the position of royalty that his actual accession to the throne brought with it none even of those indefinite expectations which usually make a new reign popular. Though personally connected with the Whig party in times past, he had promptly confirmed the ascendancy of the Tories on coming to the crown, and while his more attractive qualities had gradually given place to the morosity of age, the known selfishness of his disposition appeared only to be aggravated by power. His personal character, indeed, figured largely in the complaints of the people, who described their sovereign as absorbed in the luxurious enjoyments of a misanthropic seclusion, while his subjects were suffering the utmost extremities of pressure and want There was great reason for these murmurs. Though the state of the country imperatively needed reform, the great policy of the ministry was that of repression alone. While new ideas were fermenting among the people with the diffusion of political knowledge and the growing conviction of misgovernment, the cabinet policy was that of twenty years before, with its rigorous maxims of resistance and severity. The consequences were nothing but natural. The people were seduced by demagogues into wicked excesses and extravagant demands. They held nightly gatherings in the large towns and manufacturing shires, hatched chimerical plots of marching on the metropolis, talked plain treason at public assemblies, and proposed the forcible overthrow of the government. A conspiracy for the assassination of the ministry in a body was actually formed, and was not defeated by any want of resolution or earnestness on the part of the conspirators. On the other hand, the government was confirmed by these very excesses, both in its own repressive policy and in the support of the well-affected part of the population. They spared, therefore, neither the law nor the sword They sent artillery into one county, and special commissions into another; they charged public meetings with cavalry, and strung up rioters and sheepstealers on the same gallows. Their names were saluted with cries of execration, and their persons made the object of incessant hostility, but they paid spies to worm out the secrets of the seditious, and pursued their unswerving course in reliance on principles which had carried England, as they imagined, through worse storms than these.

In this unpopularity of the administration, the great Duke participated. Though it was impossible to overlook his transcendant claims to respect, and though he had not as yet taken any very active part in domestic politics, yet he was known to be of the Tory school, and connected, indeed, by ties of the closest sympathy with the hated Castlereagh Even his military eminence was no recommendation in the eyes of those who denounced soldiers as the instruments of tyranny, and who had scarcely been brought even by a galaxy of victories to approve of an anti-democratic war The indications, too, which he had given of his sentiments were not of a tendency to conciliate a suspicious public As Master-General of the Ordnance he had taken a seat in the cabinet, had concurred in the prosecution of the Queen, and had spoken in terms of soldier-like bluntness about certain proceedings of the opposition. He was, however, to do more. He was to become an influential member of the administration, and to bear his part, for good or evil, in the important changes which were to convert the British government from what it was under George IV. to what it is under Queen Victoria.

For two or three years affairs proceeded without the occurrence of any remarkable conjuncture. The foreign policy of England had been conclusively severed from that of the allied courts of the Continent, and a few steps were taken in the direction of commercial emancipation; but the political crisis was still suspended. Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson were looked upon with no kindly eyes; but, though the wedge had been effectually inserted, no further impulse was given to it for some time. Lord Eldon croaked and prophesied, Lord Liverpool looked doubtingly a-head, and the Duke, perhaps, saw further than others; but the old administration remained in outward form substantially the same, and the catastrophe was yet to come. At length, in February, 1827, Lord Liverpool's faculties suddenly failed him, and his fall left the government not only without a head, but without that influence which had hitherto kept it together. Its constituents were divided among themselves on all the great questions coming on. The old shell of the administration was anti-Catholic and anti-Liberal, but its vital elements represented emancipation and progress. The Duke had not yet discerned the necessity of the latter doctrines, but he was too sagacious to consort with dotards or bigots, and allied himself rather with Mr. Peel, who had succeeded to Lord Sidmouth's office of Home Secretary in 1822. Thus, beside the old Tory staff and the new leaven, there were the great Duke and his friends, who, if open to conviction, were not yet prepared for change.

ACCEPTS OFFICE AS PRIME MINISTER.

At the time of Lord Liverpool's illness there were two important subjects before the legislature. The Roman Catholic question created a violent debate and a close division, while Mr Huskisson's doctrines had taken the substantive form of a Corn-bill, intended to relax the restrictive system in force. The former subject came on under Canning's direction, while the government was still without a head; but the motion was lost in the Lower House, and was, consequently, not discussed in the Lords. After a few weeks, however, when it became evident that Lord Liverpool's recovery was beyond hope, the formation of a new ministry became indispensable, and on the 10th of April the king sent for Mr Canning. The claims of this statesman to the premiership, both from official services and popular favour, were incontestable; but his opinions represented only a minority of the cabinet, and it had now to be seen whether those who could co-operate with Mr. Canning under the conciliatory presidency of Lord Liverpool would be content to acknowledge his control as leader of the administration. As far as Catholic emancipation went, no great difficulties need have intervened, for, though the new premier's disposition in favour of Ireland was well known, the question was left an open one. But Mr. Canning, though not a Whig by profession, was a Liberal by principle, and his ministry, under whatever title, must be a Liberal ministry. For this the Duke was not prepared, and when the new appointment was duly communicated to the members of the late government, he, like the majority of his colleagues, sent in his resignation. Nor did he stop here, for he laid also at the king's feet the Master-Generalship of the Ordnance and the Commandership-in-Chief, to which, at the Duke of York's death, he had naturally succeeded. Moreover, when in the ensuing June the Corn-bill of Canning and Huskisson came before the House of Lords, he moved and carried an amendment destructive of the measure, although it had been prepared by a government of which at the time he was a member.

These remarkable circumstances occasioned an extraordinary agitation in the public mind. It was asserted that the coincidence of the resignations, which all reached Mr. Canning within a few hours of each other, disclosed a combination of their writers against the independence of the sovereign and the success of the new administration; and as the Duke, though not the foremost statesman of the party, was the most distinguished personage concerned; and as he had taken what appeared to be the gratuitous step of retiring even from the Commandership-in-Chief, it was alleged that he desired the premiership for himself, and had adopted these measures to disconcert and embarrass the government. On these points he delivered himself of an elaborate exculpation from his place in the House of Lords, averring, among other declarations, that so far from seeking to conduct a govern-

ment, he was "sensible of being unqualified for such a situation," and that he "should have been mad to think of it,"—words which were not forgotten in subsequent times. No reader will now suppose that the Duke of Wellington ever entertained the idea of dictating to his sovereign, or of combining with others in the spirit imputed to him; nor is there, in fact, any need of such a forced hypothesis in explanation of the facts. What the Duke felt at the new appointment, all felt, and all were ready to mark their disapprobation. They did not desire a Liberal government; they did not admire "political adventurers," and they were unprepared for a cabinet in which the premier was committed to the emancipation policy, however open the question might be considered. There is no doubt that, besides all this, the Duke was personally adverse to an intimate connexion with Mr. Canning, and this feeling induced him to discover hostility in the premier's communications, and to decide against retaining an office which, though unpolitical in itself, would require a certain cordiality of co-operation with the head of the government. As to his conduct on the Corn-bill, he disavowed amid angry bickerings, any intention of annoying the ministry, or even defeating the measure, by the amendment which he suggested.

The whole episode, however was of brief duration. Exhausted by toil, deserted by those who should have supported him, and relentlessly persecuted by all who distrusted his politics or envied his elevation, Mr. Canning expired in the fourth month of his office, and left the king and the government in worse perplexities than before. An administration was then formed under Lord Goderich, who, as Mr. Robinson, had succeeded to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer at the time that Mr. Canning became Foreign Secretary. The new cabinet closely resembled the last in its constitution, but its leader was wholly incapable of impressing any unity of purpose upon a ministry in times like these. Mr. Canning died in August, and before the end of the year Lord Goderich had resigned his office in despair. Thus there appeared to be no chance of a good working ministry under the Canning policy, while the true days of the old Tories were already past, and those of the Whigs not quite come. In his embarrassments the king did what kings and queens have so often done since,—he sent for the Duke of Wellington. The Duke repaired to the royal closet, and, to the surprise of some, the amusement of many, and the satisfaction of more, was gazetted as Prime Minister of England within eight months after his own declaration that the office was beyond his powers.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.—REFORM.

Since Canning's death he had so far qualified his recent secession from public affairs as to return to the command of the army; and he had just gratified his countrymen by a series of visits to the aristocracy in a progress which fell little short of the splendours of royalty. He was now to charge himself with the formation of a cabinet and the responsible direction of public business, under circumstances found impracticable by those who had preceded him in the attempt. Perhaps both the king and the Duke would have preferred an administration constructed wholly on the principles entertained by the premier; but of this there appeared no acceptable chance. So the Duke took Mr. Huskisson, whom he disliked, and four more "Canningites" besides, but he still retained Peel at his side, and it was evident that the soul of the administration resided here.

Before the eyes of the great Duke and his colleagues there still loomed the three great questions of the time—questions on which neither all Liberals nor all Conservatives thought alike, but which the force of opinion was clearly pressing onwards for a decision. There was the question of religious disabilities, sometimes under the form of Corporation and Test Acts, but ultimately shaping itself into Irish emancipation. There was the question of free trade, sometimes in the guise of Spitalfields or Navigation Acts, sometimes involved in corn averages or warehousing regulations, but always tending to untaxed bread; and finally, under motions for disfranchising one constituency and enfranchising another, appeared the mighty question of parliamentary reform. On all these the Duke held opinions which were probably averse to material change.

The very first business of the session brought these principles on the table. Lord John Russell moved for a repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts—the first step towards that religious freedom which Catholic emancipation would manifestly consummate. Government opposed the measure; but the reformers were too strong for them, and the motion was carried, in a full house, by a majority of 44. Moreover, although the Duke did not approve of this policy, there were some of his colleagues who did, so that he had to encounter, with a divided cabinet, the declared resolution of the Commons. The times, indeed, were such that unanimity was scarcely attainable; for the old party could hold no longer, and no new formation had been made. These difficulties had demolished Lord Goderich; but they were not too great for the Duke, though his policy may at first sight appear not heroic. He yielded, took up the bill with a good grace, and, against the desperate resistance of his old friend Lord Eldon, and of all who thought the church and the constitution veritably at stake, carried it, under his own auspices, through the House of Lords.

A month afterwards came a corn-bill of Mr. Huskisson's again, and the Duke again compromised his private resolutions by accepting it as a government measure. Later still, as if the session was to test the new ministry on every vital point, the question of parliamentary reform was brought under discussion upon a motion to disfranchise the two boroughs of Penryn and East Retford, and invest Manchester and Birmingham with the electoral privileges thus vacated. In the course of the contest a division was taken on the particular substitution of Birmingham for East Retford. Government said "no" to the proposal, but Mr. Huskisson, though still Colonial Secretary, had managed to commit himself to an affirmative vote. Confused at his position, he sent the Duke what was either a resignation or an offer of resignation, and what the Duke chose to think was the former. There was, in plain truth, but little cordiality between them. In vain did the common friends and colleagues of the two statesmen endeavour to "explain" the unlucky communication. The Duke, in terms which passed into proverbial use, replied that there "was no mistake, could be no mistake, and should be no mistake." Mr. Huskisson therefore retired, and with him retired not only Lord Dudley, Mr. Lamb, and Mr. Grant, but even Lord Palmerston. Of the Canningites, Lyndhurst alone remained, and the substitution of Lord Aberdeen, Sir Henry Hardinge, and Sir George Murray, for the seceding malcontents at length gave consistency to the Wellington ministry; and formed, with the names of Peel and Goulburn, a party which has not yet perished. And what, now, did the Duke, with his solidified cabinet and his unshackled policy? He gave up the principle of religious disabilities once and for all, and carried by main strength the great measure of Catholic Emancipation!

It was upon the grounds of the incurable anarchy of Ireland, the interminable division of cabinets, the distraction of imperial councils, and the utter impossibility of maintaining the then state of affairs, that the Duke resolved on conceding to the Roman Catholics the emancipation they desired; nor can we now err in ascribing a material share in the decision to the co-operation of Robert Peel. There was no very cheering prospect before the two colleagues. That the influence of the ministry and the example of the Duke would carry the measure as a Government question through the legislature could hardly be doubted, but other and serious considerations were in the way. The Wellington cabinet had been carried to power on the presumption, whether sound or otherwise, that they would maintain Protestant ascendancy; this opinion was strongly felt by the electoral constituencies of the kingdom, and the conviction was generally understood to be shared in its fullest extent by the most exalted personage in the realm. Moreover, the question, though essentially one of progress, differed from all political questions of the like character in the reception it experienced among the people at large. In point of fact, it may be doubted whether, to this day, the majority of the people were ever really favourable to Catholic Emancipation.

THE DUEL BETWEEN THE DUKE AND THE EARL OF WINCHILSEA.

On the 5th of February, 1829, the policy of the government was plainly announced in the speech from the throne; and

when the field had been once taken, the Duke made short work and sure. His grace in the Upper House, and Mr. Peel in the Lower, met the exigencies of their respective positions by manful acknowledgments and unanswerable reasoning. It was on this occasion that the Duke, having demonstrated the positive necessity of either advancing or receding, dismissed the latter alternative with his celebrated declaration:—"My lords, I am one of those who have probably passed more of my life in war than most men, and principally, I may say, in civil war too, and I must say this, that if I could avoid by any sacrifice whatever even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it." There was no rebutting such arguments, although the opposition was most determined; but the Duke carried his point, and in little more than a month the Relief Bill passed both houses by large majorities, received the Royal assent, and became the law of the land.

Yet the success was not without its cost. Protestant societies wept over the "lost consistency" of the great Duke—the king was angered—Tories stood aloof from the government—the ministry was modified, and there was talk even of strengthening the Wellington cabinet by the admission of Earl Grey. One episode of the history is too remarkable to be omitted. The Duke had been chosen patron of the new collegiate institution in the Strand, which, under the name of King's College, was destined to combat the rival seminary in Gower-street. On the disclosure of the ministerial policy, Lord Winchilsea, writing to a gentleman connected with the new establishment, spoke of the Duke and his patronship in these terms —"Late political events have convinced me that the whole transaction was intended as a blind to the Protestant and high Church party; that the noble Duke, who had for some time previous to that period determined upon breaking in upon the constitution of 1688, might the more effectually, under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties and the introduction of Popery into every department of the state." These expressions, coming from such a quarter, appeared to [illegible] to call for personal notice, and, after a vain essay of explanations, the Prime Minister of England, who was attended by Sir Henry Hardinge, and the Earl of Winchilsea, seconded by Lord Falmouth, met in Battersea-fields, on the 21st of March, in full session, to discharge loaded pistols at each other on a question concerning the Protestant religion. The life of the great captain, however, was not exposed to danger. Lord Winchilsea, after receiving the Duke's shot, fired in the air, and then tendered the apology in default of which the encounter had occurred.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1830.

Of the three great questions which the times were maturing for solution, the Duke in his ministerial capacity had now practically disposed of two. In the matter of free trade he had given as much as was yet asked for, and in that of religious freedom he had even outstripped the desires of the public. But the third question—that of parliamentary reform—still remained for consideration, and it was upon this rock that his hitherto infallible sagacity was at length to make shipwreck.

In the summer of the year 1830, Europe—our authority goes on to state—once more experienced the shock of a French revolution; a shock which was transmitted instantaneously from the Seine to the Vistula, and which this time lost little of its force in crossing the British Channel. Its operation was greatly facilitated by a demise of the crown. George IV. had expired just at this period, and with him had gone all that the Tories relied on and the Liberals feared, in the personal influence of the sovereign. On his throne there was now seated an affable and conciliatory monarch, known to be generously inclined, and believed to be well disposed towards the advocates of constitutional reforms. He had acted like his predecessor in confirming the existing ministry in office, and he had even been at pains to dispel a prevalent assumption of his personal dislike to the premier. But the plot was now thickening rapidly, and events for once left the great Duke behind. Throughout the length and breadth of the land there spread rapidly a feverish sympathy with the French, an ardent desire for improved institutions, and a resolute determination to attain an end, however imperfectly conceived. The Duke did not comprehend this movement, and, as he was not for it, he was against it. He could not tolerate disorder, and so he turned to measures of repression. He had committed himself by injudicious proceedings against the press, and he now damaged his credit still further by his attitude of unyielding and peremptory resistance to public feeling. At the present moment of national regret it will hardly appear credible that England's hero should ever have fallen into such popular discsteem as was then exhibited, but the conjuncture was exceptional, and circumstances combined strangely against his credit with the nation. He had offended his old colleagues by his Liberalism, and his new allies by his Conservatism; he had scandalised "staunch Protestants" by surrendering his position; and he was now to offend the unreasoning multitude by making a stand. Even the professional renown of the great captain rather injured than helped him at this gloomy crisis, for he was regarded as the personification of that force which might be employed against liberty, to the possible destruction of popular hopes. Stories went abroad of military preparations, special musters, and significant appointments; and even the cleansing of the Tower ditch, under the directions of the Duke as constable of that fortress, though suggested simply by the removal of old London-bridge, was represented as a menace against the citizens of London. Though twenty years of better feeling have since elapsed, it is not without shame that we record the ebullitions of discontent which ensued. It was pretended that the Duke's life would not be safe in the city at the Lord Mayor's feast, and it is certain that the conqueror of Waterloo was hooted through Piccadilly, and that the windows of his residence were protected by casings of iron.

The Whigs now saw that their time was come, nor did the Duke refuse the battle. He knew that the fight was for parliamentary reform, and he brought the point to an issue without the delay of an hour. It surprises observers of our own generation to conceive how such a man at such a crisis could ever have been so mistaken. To all appearances the conjuncture of affairs fell peculiarly within the range of his statesmanship. It was a question of yielding or resisting; of assigning a due and proper value to the reality of the grievance, the demands of the times, and the force of opinion. The duke had understood such questions in the cases of free trade and Catholic emancipation, and it is astonishing that he should have stumbled at a case which was clearer than either. No politicians of the day could read signs around him better than he, and yet for this once he utterly failed. The new parliament met in November, and at the very opening of the session the Duke delivered his memorable declaration, "that the country already possessed a legislature which answered all the good purposes of legislation, that the system of representation possessed the full and entire confidence of the country, and that he was not only not prepared to bring forward any measure of reform, but would resist such as long as he held any station in the government of the country." These few words decided in five minutes the destinies of the government and the country too. Radical reform became an immediate certainty, and away went the Tories for ever, and the Wellington party for ten long years.

Thus terminates the great Duke's ministerial career. When his party, after so protracted an eclipse, re-appeared in 1841 under the new title of "Conservatives," he resumed, indeed, his place in the cabinet, but without special office or active political duty. From this time his capacity in the administration of the state acquired those peculiar features with which we are now so familiar. Without being professionally a member of government, his aid was understood to be always available for ministerial councils, and the command of the army, which he had resigned on accepting the premiership, but which had reverted to him in 1843, supplied a pretext, if any were wanting, for investing him with this exceptional function. Perhaps no position could have been better suited to his political abilities. That he was not a great statesman in the proper acceptation of the term, we need scarcely remark; and he evinced, in fact, no less than his usual sagacity when from his seat in parliament he made the candid but exaggerated avowal of his incompetence for high civil office. The declaration was apparently contradicted by subsequent events, but it was, in reality, founded upon sound self-knowledge and a distinct perception of affairs. There is little more to tell; but that little we shall reserve for our next number.

TRIALS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

"Pon!" says one of the lords of creation, taking his cigar out of his mouth, and twirling it between his two fingers, "what a fuss women make of this simple matter of *managing a family!* I can't see as there is anything so extraordinary to be done in this matter of housekeeping only three meals a day to be got and cleared off, and it really seems to take up the whole of their mind from morning till night. *I* could keep house without so much of a flurry, I know."

Now prithee, good brother, listen to my story, and see how much you know about it. I came to this enlightened West about a year since, and was duly established in a comfortable country residence within a mile and a half of the city. I had been married about three months. My family consisted of myself and husband, a female friend as a visitor, and two brothers of my good man, who were engaged with him in business.

I pass over the two or three first days spent in that process of hammering boxes, breaking crockery, knocking things down and picking them up again, which is commonly called getting to housekeeping. As usual, carpets were sewed and stretched, laid down, and taken up to be sewed over; things were *re*formed, *trans*formed, *con*formed, till at last a settled order began to appear.

But now came the great point of all. During our confusion, we had cooked and eaten our meals in a very miscellaneous and pastoral manner, eating now from the top of a barrel, and now from a fireboard laid on two chairs, and drinking, some from teacups, and some from saucers, and some from tumblers, and some from a pitcher big enough to be drowned in, and sleeping, some on sofas, and some on straggling beds and mattresses thrown down here and there, wherever there was room. All these pleasant barbarities were now at an end. the house was in order, the dishes put up in their places, three regular meals were to be administered in one day, all in an orderly, civilised form, beds were be to made, rooms swept and dusted; dishes washed, knives scoured, and all the *et cætera* to be attended to. Now for getting "*help*," as Mrs Trollope says, and where and how were we to get it? We knew very few persons in the city, and how were we to accomplish the matter? At length the "house of *employment*" was mentioned, and my husband was despatched thither regularly every day for a week; while I, in the meantime, was very nearly *dispatched* by the abundance of work at home. One evening, as I was sitting completely exhausted, my husband made his appearance at the door: "There, Margaret, I have got you a couple at last—cook and chambermaid!" So saying, he ushered in a little, snuffy-looking old woman, and a great staring Dutch girl, in a green bonnet with red ribands, with her mouth wide open. I however addressed a few words of encouragement to each, and proceeded to ask their names, when the old woman began to snuffle and to wipe her face with what was left of an old silk pocket-handkerchief, preparatory to speaking; while the young lady opened her mouth wider, and looked around with a frightened air, as if meditating an escape. After some preliminaries I found out that my old woman was Mrs. Tibbins, and my Hebe's name was *Kotterin*, also, that she knew more Dutch than English, and not any too much of either. The old woman was the cook. I ventured a few inquiries:

"Had she ever cooked?"

"Yes, ma'am, sartin; she had lived at two or three places in the city."

I said no more, but determined to wait till morning. The breakfast, to be sure, did not do much honour to the talents of my official, but it was the first time, and the place was new to her. After breakfast was cleared away, I proceeded to give directions for dinner: it was merely a plain joint of meat, I said, to be roasted in the tin oven. The *experienced cook* looked at me with a stare of entire vacuity. "The tin oven," I repeated, "stands there," pointing to it.

She walked up to it, and touched it with such an appearance of suspicion as if it had been an electrical battery, and then looked round at me with a look of such helpless ignorance that my soul was moved "I never saw one of them things before," said she.

"Never saw a tin oven!" I exclaimed. "I thought you said you had cooked in two or three families."

"They does not have such things as them, though," rejoined my old lady. Having spitted the joint myself, and given numberless directions, I walked off to see after Kotterin, to whom I had committed the up-stairs work, it never having come into my head that there *could be* a wrong way of making a bed, and to this day it is a marvel to me how any one could arrange pillows and quilts to make such a nondescript appearance as mine now presented One glance showed me that Kotterin also was "*just caught*," and that I had as much to do in her department as in that of my old lady

Just then the door-bell rang. "Oh, there is the door-bell!" I exclaimed; "run Kotterin and show them into the parlour."

Kotterin started to run, as directed, and then stopped, and stood looking round on all the doors, and on me with a wofully puzzled air "The street-door," said I, pointing towards the entry. Kotterin blundered into the entry, and stood gazing with a look of stupid wonder at the bell ringing without hands, while I went to the door and let in the company before she could be fairly made to understand the connexion between the ringing and the phenomenon of admission.

As dinner-time approached, I sent word into my kitchen to have it set on, but, recollecting the state of the heads of department there, I soon followed my own orders. I found the tin oven standing out in the middle of the kitchen, and my cook seated *a la* Turk in front of it, contemplating the roast meat with full as puzzled an air as in the morning. I once more explained the mystery of taking it off, and assisted her to get it on the platter, though somewhat cooled by having been so long set out for inspection. I was standing holding the spit in my hands, when Kotterin, who had heard the door-bell ring, and was determined this time to be in season, ran into the hall, and soon returning, opened the kitchen door, and politely ushered in three or four fashionable-looking ladies, exclaiming "Here she is!" As these were strangers from the city, who had come to make their first call, this introduction was far from proving an eligible one the look of thunderstruck astonishment with which I greeted their first appearance, as I stood brandishing the spit, and the terrified snuffling and starting of poor Mrs Tibbins, who again had recourse to her old pocket-handkerchief, almost entirely vanquished their gravity, and it was evident that they were on the point of a broad laugh; so recovering my self-possession, I apologised and led the way to the parlour

Let these few incidents be a specimen of the four mortal weeks that I spent with these "*helps*," during which time I did almost as much work, with twice as much anxiety, as when there was nobody there; and yet everything went wrong besides. The young gentlemen complained of the patches of starch grimed to their collars, and the streaks of black coal ironed into the shirt fronts, while one week every pocket-handkerchief in the house was starched so stiff that you might as well have carried a sheet of brown paper in your pocket. The tumblers looked muddy; the plates were never washed clean, nor wiped dry, unless I attended to each one; and as to eating and drinking, we experienced a variety that we had not before considered possible.

At length the old woman vanished from the stage, and was succeeded by a knowing, active, capable damsel, with a temper like a steel-trap, who remained with me just one week, and then went off in a fit of spite. To her succeeded a rosy, good-natured, merry lass, who broke the crockery, burned the dinner, tore the clothes in ironing, and knocked down everything that stood in her way about the house, without at all discomposing herself about the matter. One night she took the stopper from a barrel of molasses, and came singing up stairs, while the molasses ran soberly out into the cellar all night, till by morning it was in a state of *universal emancipation*. Having done this, and also despatched an entire set of tea-things by letting the waiter fall, she one day made her disappearance.

Then, for a wonder, there fell to my lot a tidy, efficient-trained, pretty-looking girl, knowing how to do everything and with the sweetest temper in the world. "Now," said I to myself, "I shall *rest* from my labours." Everything about

the house began to go right, and looked as clean and genteel as Mary's own self. But, alas! this period of repose was interrupted by a clever trim-looking young man, who for some weeks could be heard scraping his boots at the kitchen door every Sunday night; and at last Miss Mary, with some smiling and blushing, gave me to understand that she must leave in two weeks.

"Why, Mary," said I, feeling a little mischievous, "don't you like the place?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am."

"Then why do you look for another?"

"I am not going to another place."

"What, Mary, are you going to learn a trade?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why, then, what do you mean to do?"

"I expect to keep house *myself*, ma'am," said she, laughing and blushing.

"Oh ho!" said I, "that is it;" and so, in two weeks, I lost the best little girl in the world: peace to her memory.

After this came an interregnum, which put me in mind of the chapter in Chronicles that I used to read with great delight when a child, where Baasha, and Elah, and Tibni, and Zimri, and Omri, one after the other, came to the throne of Israel, all in the compass of half a dozen verses. We had one old woman who stayed a week, and went away with the misery in her tooth; one *young* woman who ran away and got married, one cook, who came at night and went off before light in the morning; one very clever girl, who stayed a month, and then went away because her mother was sick, another, who stayed six weeks, and was taken with the fever herself, and during all this time, who can speak the damage and destruction wrought in the domestic paraphernalia by passing through these multiplied hands?

What shall we do? Shall we give up houses, have no furniture to take care of, keep merely a bag of meal, a porridge-pot, and a pudding-stick, and sit in our tent door in real patriarchal independence? What shall we do?

HYMN.

BY JOHN GREPT.

Great God! a canticle of praise
My faltering, feeble, powers would raise,
For all thy kind donations sent,—
Choice love-drops from yon firmament

For solar rays that fain embrace
The lily's all-surpassing grace,
And give to Beauty all her dyes,
When fair Cyllene leaves the skies

For plenteous showers that promptly yield
The verdant scarf that clothes the field,
Where antlers skip in guileless glee
Or list the forest's litany.

For buds and bourgeons that inspire
Redundant hope, and high desire,
For laughing hills, and golden grain,
That anthems waft from plain to plain

For vernal skies serenely blue,
For summer slopes of emerald hue,
Where Flora holds her gay campaign,
And brooklets weave their crystal strain

For fruits that charm the rosy hours,
And glad Pomona's luscious bowers,
Where thrifty bees reload their wain,
And hum their drowsy quatorain.

For herald songsters that implead
Man's cause in every vale and mead,
Which, oft as he refuseth praise,
To thee their loud thanksgivings raise.

Great God! an hymn of greatful praise
My languid powers would willing raise.
For aught of earth, and aught of heaven,
Thy kind peternal hand hath given.

Leamington Spa, August, 24th, 1852.

The Number of Collieries in Great Britain, and the Area of the Coal Fields in the United Kingdom.

A correspondent to the *Mining Journal* on this subject, says —In an excellent letter on "Government Inspection of Collieries," it is stated, on the authority of Mr. Braithwaite Poole, that there are 12,000 collieries in Great Britain, and that Mr. Dunn estimates the number of coal mines in his district of inspection at 2,000. Unfortunately the statistics of this important subject are so imperfect and suppositious that no certain information can be obtained; recourse, therefore, is necessarily had to conjecture But even with such a guide, the foregoing estimates are untenable, for it is generally admitted by good authorities that the total annual production of coal in Great Britain does not exceed 34,000,000 tons; and this by some persons well versed in the subject is considered as exceeding the actual consumption. Taking it, however, as correct, and presuming that there are 300 working days in the year, if there were 12,000 collieries, each mine would only produce 9⅓ tons per day; whereas 800, 500, 200, and 100 tons per day are ordinary productions, and 50 tons per day is worked even in small collieries Taking the collieries throughout Great Britain, 75 tons per day may be taken as a fair average production for each mine, and this would make the number of collieries only 1,511, instead of 12,000. Even if we take 50 tons only as the average quantity raised in each mine, the number of collieries in England, Wales, and Scotland, is 2,266, it may, therefore, serve ordinary purposes if the number of coal-mines in Great Britain be taken at 2,000, although this number may be in excess of the apparent reality, so far as it can be ascertained. Taking 2,000 as the number of collieries, if equally divided, each of the four inspectors will have 500 under his charge, and as he cannot inspect more than three in a week, at the most, it will take him three years to examine all the coal-mines under his superintendence Annexed is a list of the principal coal fields in the United Kingdom, with the areas of each in square miles, which probably may be of use to some of your readers, it has been computed from the Ordnance and other geological maps—the discrepancies in which have been corrected as far as possible by inquiries and personal knowledge —

THE COAL FIELDS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

ENGLAND AND WALES

Districts		Areas in square miles
1	Northumberland and Durham	840
2	Cumberland (West)..	96
3	Yorkshire	964
4	Lancashire	308
5	Cheshire	90
6	North Wales	160
7	Shropshire	75
8	Staffordshire	302
9.	Warwickshire	105
10.	Forest of Dean	35
11	Gloucestershire and Somersetshire	48
12.	South Wales	..1915-4068

P.S In the above enumeration, it will be seen that the Derbyshire Coal-field is ommitted. From a reliable source, we learn, that the extent of this Coal-field is 190,000 square acres

SCOTLAND.

II.	This coal-field extends from Cupar and Dalkeith on the east, to Irvine and Ayr on the west coast, with several interruptions	1700
	Great Britain	5768

IRELAND.

1	The Shannon Coal-field	.. 1408
2	Killkenny, South	.. 126
3	Killkenny, North	.. 205
4	Duffdalk	.. 49
5	Sligo	.. 307
6	Dungannon	.. 32
7.	Ramoan	.. 10—2227
	Total for the United Kingdom ..	7995

Ashe that loveth quietness sleepeth secure, so he that delights in strife and anger passeth his days in great danger.

It is good for a man to abstain from anger, if not for wisdom's sake, yet for his own bodily health's sake.

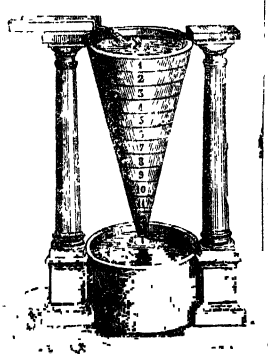
Hasty and froward speeches beget anger; anger, being kindled, begetteth wrath, wrath seeketh greedily after revenge, revenge is never satisfied but in blood-shedding.

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

A GOSSIP ABOUT CLOCKS.

HAVING had occasion lately to visit the clock factory of Messrs. Moore and Son—an account of whose establishment will be found in No. 43 of the ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR—we have naturally had our attention drawn to the subject of clocks; and from the rough notes we made, we extract the following "gossip."

To begin at the beginning, we may inform the reader—though perhaps the information is somewhat trite—that the art of constructing machines for measuring the course of time is scientifically known by the word Horology—a word derived from a Greek compound, signifying *an hour* and *point out* or *read*, our English term reaching us hence through the Latin *Horologium*. Of course, as soon as men began to perceive the difference of the seasons and the division of the hours into night and day—the only real and natural divisions of time, by the way—some arbitrary method of measuring time began to be necessary, and instruments whereby such measurement could be made apparent were no doubt invented at a very early period. Read, in his treatise on clockmaking, says that clepsydræ, or water-clocks, were in use long before the invention of sun dials, and that they were common in China, India, Egypt, Chaldea, and Greece from the remotest antiquity,—an assertion which is only true in part, for every tall tree which cast its shadow on the ground was a natural sun dial, even in the days of Adam and Eve. Clepsydræ have been made in various ingenious ways to mark an approximation of the mean time. The clepsydræ consisted simply of a vessel into which a stream of water was made to run continually, so that its escape into another vessel, which might have its side graduated, would mark the hours, and even, perhaps, minutes. The engraving below will give a tolerably-correct idea of the kind of instrument alluded to. This consisted of "two inverted cones. One was hollow, and perforated at its vertex, the other was solid, and made to fill the former with the greatest exactness. The aperture made in the one was so adjusted to its size, that, when filled with water, it emptied itself in the course of the shortest day in winter. As the length of the cone was divided into twelve equal parts, the hours, as they elapsed, were indicated by the descent of the fluid, or the same result was secured by divisions marked on the vessel into which the water flowed. Another arrangement of the cones was adapted to the varying length of the day."

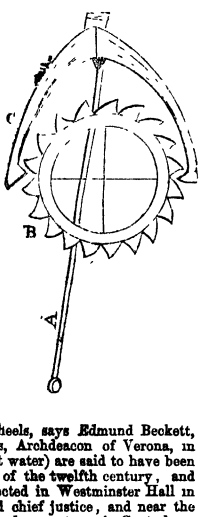


ANCIENT CLEPSYDRÆ.

Sand or hour glasses were the next inventions, and for many years were the only, or rather, the principal, means of marking the course of time. We have, to be sure, the stories of our king Alfred's candle clock, and of various others equally apocryphal, but probably the first actual clock—that is, an instrument with toothed wheels—was made at Paris by Henry Vick, or de Wyck, by command of Charles the Wise, King of France, about the year 1366. This artist was brought to France from Germany, and his clock was erected in the tower of the royal palace in the year 1370. But as the instrument attributed to Vick was one of some importance as a time measurer, and contained several important principles, there must have been several existing clocks even at that early period. In fact, the invention of clocks, like that of many other valuable improvements in art and science, has been attributed to various persons and to various epochs. The first sun dial is said to have been set up in Rome 300 years before the birth of Christ, by Papirius Cursor, and nearly a hundred and fifty years later we find the Roman time measured by clepsydræ of similar structure to the one we have mentioned.

Much interesting matter might be adduced in favour of the antiquity of wheel clocks—from the supposition that Archimedes was acquainted with their construction, and that the first clock with metal wheels and pinions was made in Italy about the year 500; but for our present purpose it will be sufficient to say that in the eleventh century the first idea of measuring time by toothed instruments appears to have been entertained, and that from that time to the present successive improvements have been made, which enable us to produce horologes of such excessive nicety that a variation of a single second in a year can be at once detected.

With regard to the *motive power* of clocks, the pendulum, Professor Cowper, in a lecture delivered at the Society of Arts, explained it in nearly the following words:—"As the pendulum A performs its vibrations in equal time, it is employed to regulate the descent of a weight or the uncoiling of a spring, the weight or spring keeping the pendulum in motion. This is effected by connecting two hooks with the top of the pendulum, as is seen in the diagram below. The hook C extends over a toothed wheel B, so that, as the pendulum vibrates, the right-hand hook falls into the right-hand side of the wheel, and the left-hand hook falls into the left-hand side of the wheel. The weight has a constant tendency to pull the wheel round, but it cannot turn while the hook is between the teeth. Now, as the pendulum vibrates, the hook (suppose the right hook) which detains the wheel is lifted up, and the tooth *escapes* past the hook, and the wheel moves on—but only a little way, for now the left hook comes between the teeth, and the wheel is again stopped, and cannot move another step until the left hook, in its turn, is lifted up by the swinging of the pendulum, when another tooth escapes. The wheel moves one tooth at each two vibrations of the pendulum, therefore, if the pendulum measures seconds, and there are thirty teeth in the wheel, it moves once round in one minute. The hooks above described are technically called the *escapement*, and the wheel the *escape-wheel*; the ends of the escapement are called the *pallets*, and are shaped as inclined planes, against which the teeth of the wheel press and give impulse to the pendulum, so that in all escapements there are three motions, viz., *locking* the wheel, by the pallet coming against a tooth; *unlocking* the wheel by the vibration of the pendulum lifting the pallet away from the tooth, *impulse* to the pendulum, by the tooth pressing against the pallet as the tooth is escaping. Be merely bearing these three operations in mind, it will be easy to understand any escapement, whether it be the vertical, horizontal, lever, pin, or duplex."

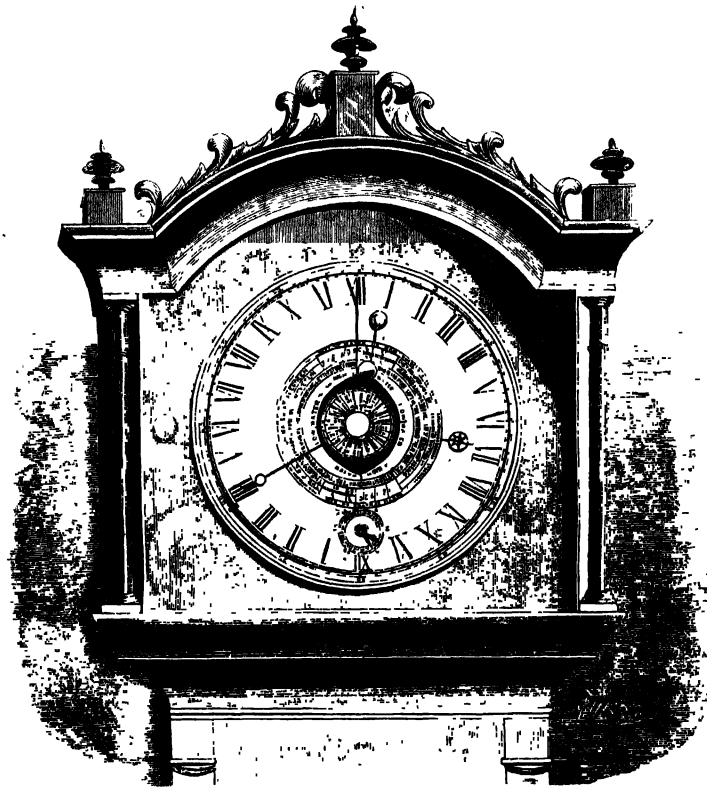


The invention of clocks with wheels, says Edmund Beckett, Denison, "is ascribed to Pacificus, Archdeacon of Verona, in the ninth century. Clocks (without water) are said to have been set up in churches towards the end of the twelfth century, and there is a story of a clock being erected in Westminster Hall in 1288, out of a fine levied on a lord chief justice, and near the same time a clock is said to have been put up in Canterbury Cathedral, and one in Wells Cathedral in 1325. Mention is also made of a clock, apparently of some new construction, invented by Robert Wallingford, Abbot of St. Albans, in 1326, and which was going in Henry the Eighth's time. From these and other notices it seems pretty clear, that, though the earliest clock of which the actual construction happens to have been preserved, was that made by Henry de Wick for Charles the Fifth, in 1369, yet he is not to be looked upon as the inventor of them. According to the description given of that clock, it differed in nothing except in having a horizontal balance instead of a pendulum, from many old church clocks still in existence, being merely a thirty hour clock with one hand, and the striking part was exactly the same as is still used, in fact in some respects it exhibited a more advanced state of mechanical art than the clock (I do

not know of what date) not only in existence, but in action, in Peterborough Cathedral; which has a wooden frame instead of an iron one, and instead of being wound up by a key or winch, is wound up by long handles or spikes stuck into the barrels. It has however a pendulum. The going part of the clock has indeed lately been superseded by a modern one which is far less creditable to the mechanical skill of the time at which it was made than the old one, especially considering that it has no dial to work, a circumstance which affords unusual facilities for a good clock. The old striking part still does the striking on a bell of considerable size."

From these old church clocks have descended all the modern race of smaller clocks and watches, which have arrived at a degree of perfection which seems truly wonderful, when it is considered that, though there is no such thing in nature as a perfectly isochronous pendulum (one which vibrates different arcs in the same time), and no such thing as a train of wheels with perfectly uniform action, yet pendulums can be kept vibrating with no greater deviation from isochronism than one beat in half a million. In the meantime the church clocks themselves have descended, in the hands of all but a few makers, into little better than ironmongery; and many of them display the grossest ignorance, not only of horological, but of the commonest mechanical principles

Perhaps the most striking instance of neglect of horological principles is the practice, of which Mr. Vulliamy, in his 'Considerations on Public Clocks,' gives several instances, of putting fans or wings to the pendulum, I suppose, for the purpose of preventing it from occasionally swinging so far as to drive the pallets into the scape wheel under the influence of such a weight as was found necessary to carry the train through all the occasional impediments arising from bad cutting of the wheels, dirt, the force of the wind upon the hands, and all kinds of mechanical defects. It is remarkable that, until lately, the French have been much in advance of us in this largest kind of horological engineering, and have spent much larger sums upon their public clocks. Mr.



ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK, BY W. WRIGHT, OF ABERDEEN. SHOWN AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

Vulliamy mentions no less than four in Paris, which appear each to have cost about £1,000, exclusive of some other expensive appendages, such as enamelled dials, and the bells. There is not a clock in England which has cost anything near that sum, exclusive of chimes and other appendages, which do not strictly belong to the clock. The estimates for the Great Clock for the New Palace at Westminster indeed exceed that amount; but that is to be a perfectly unique specimen, combining unusual size and unusual provisions to secure accuracy of 'performance,' as the clock-making phrase is.

With reference to the project lately set on foot for hoc ning

uniform Greenwich time all over Great Britain, by means of electric communication, the idea is so entirely in its infancy, as to preclude the necessity of any lengthened notice in this place.

The following observations on the subject of public clocks (particularly church clocks), are founded on the presumption that these machines are important objects of public utility. This supposition will not appear too hastily formed, upon consideration of the inconvenience which would result in the mutual intercourse of life, particularly in reference to public meetings, the service of the church, and commercial transactions, were there not other standards for the measurement of time besides the watches of individuals, since it may be easily inferred, from considering the expense of a good watch (independent of any external cost), that although few persons are to be found in the present day unfurnished with a watch of some description, yet a very small portion of the watches now in use measure time with any degree of accuracy. The standard to which we must refer, therefore, are the public clocks, of which by far the greater number are church clocks. To enquire how far these, as at present constructed, are calculated to answer their immediate object, is the present purpose.

It is an observation which has often been made by those who have paid attention to the subject, that if a watch, keeping time correctly, were to be set by a public clock—take, for example, that of St. Paul's Cathedral,—and the same day to be compared with a number of others of the same description, it would be found that scarcely two of them agreed together—some would be faster, others slower, and the extreme difference consequently considerable, it therefore follows that the greater number of these clocks must be wrong That of St. Paul's is taken, not as a standard on account of the accuracy with which it measures time, but from its local situation.

Many of the church clocks of the present day are in no one respect better made than they were fifty years ago, but the contrary, for in some particulars the new clocks are inferior, especially in the quantity and quality of metal employed. Some clocks of the present time are made of cast-iron, but of the durability of such clocks it is very doubtful, the object of the parties employing such materials is accomplished by being able to produce an article at a lower rate, and with much greater profit than those who employ the best material, such as gun-metal or brass (the former is by far the most durable)



The three principal considerations in making a church clock are as follows —1st, the durability of the work; 2nd, the accuracy of its performance, and 3rd, that the clock should be as little liable to be damaged by external causes as possible. These ends can only be obtained by making use of proper materials, by constructing the machine on mathematical principles, and by executing the work with great accuracy and precision. In public buildings of every description, durability is universally acknowledged to be the principal object, and the permanency of such an appendage as the clock is surely a matter of considerable importance.

Many curious specimens of ingeniously made clocks appeared in the Great Exhibition of last year Like all other kinds of

seemingly surprising offices. In the Exhibition there were clocks which besides showing the time of the day, gave the minutes, hours, days of the months, months of the year, the rising and setting of the sun, the diurnal revolutions of the sun and moon, the mooh's age, phases, time of her meridian passage and position relative to the sun; the time of high water at Aberdeen, and the principal seaports of Great Britain, Ireland, France, America, Spain, Portugal, Holland, and Germany. The clock shown in the engraving goes for a year without winding up. We understand that the inventor of this clever instrument is a working tailor, but whether that be so or not, the clock shown at the Exhibition is worthy all commendation. An examination of the handsome skeleton clock in the preceding page, exhibited in the Crystal Palace, will convey to the reader a good general idea of the course of movement in large horologues.

Clock-makers have, at all periods, exerted their ingenuity in contrivances for causing then clocks not only to strike the hours, but even the half and quarter hours, play chimes or tunes, show the moon's age and phases, the time of high water, and many astronomical phenomena. When these are of regular occurrence at equal intervals of time, they are easily indicated on the dial by the simple addition to the train of the requisite number of extra wheels and pinions, as *any* regular motion in any velocity can be produced by such means. But when the phenomena to be recorded are *irregular* in their recurrence, more complicated mechanism, consisting of what are termed *eccentric movements*, is required.

Still all additional works and contrivances are serious injuries and drawbacks towards effecting the great aim of all clocks or time-measurers, that of true and constant motion. It is obvious that the more complicated any machinery is, the greater the friction to be overcome by the moving power, and the more liable to derangement it consequently becomes, and the more irregular its action at all times, owing to the unavoidable imperfection of even the best workmanship With increasing knowledge and skill, therefore, it has been the constant object of our most celebrated modern clock-makers to simplify as much as possible the works of a time-keeper, and at the present day no striking movements even are ever admitted in astronomical clocks, the simplest works with the plainest dial being put into simplest cases, while the beauty of such a machinery—that which excites the admiration of the man of taste and intelligence—is the superior theory of escapement and compensations, and the extreme accuracy and finish of the workmanship.

LETTERS TO WORKING MEN.

No. III.

POLITICAL ECONOMY

The importance of a right knowledge of Political Economy will be acknowledged by every thinking man among our readers. Any apology, therefore, for the introduction of what may at first sight appear rather a dry subject is quite unnecessary.

There is scarcely any science of modern times that has drawn forth more numerous treatises in elucidation of its utility than that of Political Economy; and yet its limits and extent have not been accurately defined. Those who have, from time to time, written upon it, cannot agree in its correct adaptation to the welfare of society, notwithstanding that the elements of the science may experience unanimity of opinion; and the community at large, with regret be it said, neither study the subject, or have hitherto shown much disposition to become acquainted with its importance, not to speak of its relationship to man and his daily pursuits.

It cannot, however, be wondered at, if a science, the knowledge of which would teach us to perform by rule what we frequently do by hazard, both in our worldly affairs and domestic comforts, has not been made available to man in his education, when it unfortunately occurs that no fixed or definite law has been laid down for its application, notwithstanding the phalanx of writers that have appeared in support of different theories, from the period when Gasparo Scaruffi flourished, to the time of the late Frederick Basirat, whose remains have been only lately consigned to their final resting place. The difference of opinion which has existed, nay, does exist, between the French, and English, and Italian economists, on what may be termed the correct application of the four great divisions of the science, namely, production, exchange, distribution, and consumption, has, it cannot be denied, contributed, in no small degree, to retard a settlement of its true definition, power, importance, and utility.

It is not our intention to investigate its limits; our object is of a different description It will be, simply, to treat of the elements of Political Economy, without reference either to administrative or domestic applications, without reference to free-trade or protection, or any other political topic; rather leaving to the reader the choice of application of his views, should he found any upon a perusal of the series of papers, for, after all, once truth is established, it is not very difficult to apply it to anything.

Political Economy, whether we view it in the light of a science, or as a mere natural feeling in its hold upon man, in his effort for national prosperity, and upon which the science, such as it is, has been built, must, in idea, have been known to the ancients as well as ourselves, for, the abstract meaning of the word, 'Political Economy,' falls little short of a desire to promote wealth and happiness amongst a people, and it will scarcely be contended, that the people of the earlier ages were not as desirous of upholding the dignity, independence, and commercial greatness of their respective countries, as those of the nineteenth century, nor will it be controverted that, from time immemorial, a disposition has ever existed to place society upon a sound footing, through the medium of such laws and institutions, political, social, or military, as the exigencies and circumstances of a case may have required.

When it is considered that it was rivalry, founded on a desire to promote each nation's greatness, that was instrumental in causing the Egyptian to be overthrown by the Persian, the Persian to succumb to the Greek, the Greek to fall beneath the Roman sword, and the Roman himself to yield, in his turn, to a daring band from his own burning deserts, in all this will be clearly traced national ambition, and national ambition, to a very great extent, gave the stimulus to those who, by their investigation, founded the science of Political Economy. War seems to have been the unwritten chief feature in the system of Political Economy, which characterised the earlier ages, and before it became a science, as industry is the axis upon which it now turns; and much surprise as it may create in the mind of the reader, at such an avowal, war appears, on a careful analyzation, not to have been more detrimental to some nations, than the vanities and luxuries of peace to others Speaking, however, of Political Economy as a science, the ancients knew little of it. They had little disposition to employ themselves in the observation of those laws which regulate the distribution of wealth amongst the different grades of society which existed in their time, nor were they accustomed to investigate the source from whence a nation's wealth was derived. Granting that the idea of *the soil being the source of all wealth* may have occurred to many, yet the results in war of the great nations of former times, and in the earlier ages of Christianity, were themselves, apparently, of too much value to the victors, in the shape of spoils, to create a stimulus in the conquering nations to investigate the principles upon which the *internal* wealth of a country could have been based.

In one or two instances it has transpired that, during certain periods, war, which, as we before observed, seemed to be the chief unwritten fundamental principle of the Political Economy of past ages, gave place to the blessings of peace, and agriculture and commerce were encouraged. In the earlier part of the history of the Roman kingdom, for instance, we are informed that Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, endeavoured to soften the growing warlike manners of the Romans, and encouraged agriculture, to no limited extent. But the good which this monarch had effected through industry was, on the accession of his successor, Tullus Hostilius,

to the throne, superseded by the cultivation of the art of war, in the same manner as we might now, if inclination or our passions prompted us, turn the ploughshare into a scimitar, the farm-labourer into the slinger.

The desire of raising Rome to the acme of greatness may have, no doubt, actuated both Numa and Tullus to pursue their respective courses; but the monarch who encouraged agriculture and commerce, on the one hand, and the king whose sway in Rome depended on the issue of the well-known Horatii-Curiatii combat, on the other, knew little of Political Economy as a science. The notion of wealth certainly existed; and they simply adopted different means for the advancement of their country, leaving to posterity the decision as to whose, Numa's or Tullus's, principles were most in accordance with the laws of nature. Posterity has, through its various writers on what may be called a modern science, founded upon ancient ideas, affirmed that the source of all wealth is the soil, and incline, consequently, to the principle which guided Numa's government, and also that one of the other sources of revenue which the soil creates, commerce, tends more in itself to the advancement of a nation's prosperity, than could the warlike propensities of Tullus Hostilius, that the stocking-loom is more productive in its agency than was the sword of the third King of Rome, and that the spinning-jenny is of more utility to the prosperity of modern nations than was to that city the battering-ram of Vespasian.

All philosophical sects owe their origin or creation to some great truth, and perceiving that the internal resources of a country influenced more or less its prosperity, the economists have agreed that the source of all wealth is the soil, and that the labour of its cultivation produced not only the means of subsisting the labourer, but that it would, also, leave a surplus which went to the increase of the existing stock; while, on the other hand, the labour applied to the productions of the earth—the labour of manufactures and commerce, can only add to the material a value exactly equal to that expended during the execution of the work; by reason of which, in the end, this species of labour operates no real change on the total sum of national riches. They established the principle that the landed proprietors are the first receivers of the whole wealth of the community; and that whatever is consumed by those who are not possessed of land, must come directly or indirectly from the former, and hence, that these receive wages from the proprietors, and that the circulation of national wealth is, in fact, only a succession of exchanges between these two classes of men, the proprietors furnishing their wealth, and the non-proprietors giving as an equivalent their labour and industry.

There have been multifarious works connected with Political Economy published. In the middle of the sixteenth century is traceable the first essay bearing upon its principles, and with the exception of the works of Adam Smith, and one or two others, the knowledge a person could derive in connection with the science, is confined chiefly to what he might gather from what may be termed contributions towards the elucidation of different points in its working. But, perhaps, on consideration, the existence of this fact is for the better. The task of investigating the principles by which the wealth of a country may be administered, or rather increased, the regulation of its expenditure, the provisions for the want of a people, with a view to create and sustain their comforts, with the innumerable other points which should be considered by a Political Economist, has been found, by experience of the past, an undertaking of too great a magnitude, too comprehensive in its details for the application and industry of any one writer, not excepting even Dr. Smith himself.

The earlier Continental writers, laboured assiduously to place the whole system in a form that might earn for themselves the honour of having laid down the limits of the science upon a safe basis; but they were only partly successful even amongst themselves. In Great Britain and Ireland, however, those who have written upon Political Economy, instead of endeavouring to limit the bounds of the science, have simply and in general limited their inquiries to the production and accumulation of wealth, and its distribution and consumption alone.

Next week we shall resume this subject.

CHARACTER AND TENDENCIES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Translated for the Working Man's Friend, by Walter Weldon.

EMIGRATION—CONTINUED.

We write in the face of an objection which people will not fail to make to us —namely, that equality exists in America, has passed into the manners of its people, and is recognised by their laws. Yes, without doubt it is so; only, that which the Americans understand by this word "equality," in the United States, is just the opposite of that which *we* understand by it. Equality, in the United States, is only the weapon of liberty, its means of defence and security; while that which we understand here by equality is neither more nor less than a dead level. The equality, so called, which exists in the United States, gives to every citizen the right of being no more impeded than his neighbour in whatever enterprises he may choose to undertake, the rights of braving the same dangers, and of daring as much or more than him, if he should choose to do so, and of giving as free a development to all his faculties; the right of acquiring as much or more wealth of every kind than he has acquired, if it is in his power, and the right to forbid any intermediary to place himself between him and his neighbour, for the purpose of protecting one against the other. Thus to comprehend equality, is simply, one sees, to leave the field open to liberty, to competition, and to war and to transport the policy of neutrality as regards international relations into civil life. It is, in a word, to give to individuals *eux luttes*, that which is called in the political language of America *fair play*, and to leave them to show the relative value of their forces. It is not thus that we comprehend equality, the word always calls up with us a thought, in the first place, of protection, and thus, as a consequence, implies the necessity for an intermediary and a supreme judge, which under the name of king, of dictator, or of the state, will interfere to prevent, to stop, to punish, and to thwart the encroachments of individuals upon each other. These two different manners of translating the word equality are two results necessarily opposed and inimical to each other, the one that, inherent in us Frenchmen, teaches us to admit that the faculties of the individual appertain not to himself, but to society, that his talents and services constitute to himself no *privilege* or *right*, and that he simply fulfils a *function* in exercising his talents; the other teaches the Anglo-Saxons to consider the exercise of these talents as constituting a right, and it is easy to see of what service will be to America an army of three or four millions of adventurers, who are ready for anything, capable of anything, but little scrupulous respecting the choice of means, and eager to riddle human breasts with bullets, for the satisfaction of their ambition. The rancour and hatred which many emigrants feel, naturally enough, against the lands they came from, serve marvellously well to aid the American propaganda,* and in time they will serve as powerful means of conquest. This result, however, lies as yet but in the future, but emigration is producing another result more actual and more easily to be perceived, for its effect is not merely that of clearing and peopling the prairies, but also that of raising, and to an immense extent, the population of the towns. We hear much said respecting the multiplication and rapid foundation of cities in America, but this rapidity is less great than one would at first imagine, considering the immense territories comprised within the Union. Taking this circumstance into account, the number of new cities founded in America appears very inconsiderable, but the rate of increase observed by the cities already in existence is extraordinarily rapid. Take, for instance, the towns in the state of New York, the nine or ten hundred towns of the West, and the cities like Chicago, the capital of the prairies. But very few years ago, the wolves were wont to howl around the scattered houses which were seated upon the banks of the Illinois, and now these few houses have so multiplied themselves as to give shelter to the nearly 25,000 inhabitants of Chicago. It is above all in the West that this rapid increase of population is observable, and why is this? Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Cunynghame,* who, in his rapid excursion through the United States, managed to perceive with perfect clearness the causes of many of their peculiarities, has given us the reason. Formerly, the emigrants disposed themselves upon the prairies quite by chance, and without troubling

* "A Glimpse of the Great Western Republic," by Lieutenant Arthur Cunynghame." London Richard Bently, 1851.

themselves much respecting either the position or the worth of the lands they purchased, taking the lot which they could get for the least money. In time, however, they found themselves—when thus isolated and far from towns—without help or succour in cases of need, without support of any kind, and entirely destitute of markets for their produce. They thus found that the low price of their piece of prairie, instead of enriching had ruined them. They have therefore now learned to seek the lots of land which lie the nearest to the towns, although the government makes them pay a higher price for them; and this preference of the emigrants for settling near the large towns of the West is the secret of the enormous rate of increase of the population of the latter. What results will this rapid increase produce upon the future political condition of the Union? It is easy to see. In proportion as democracy concenters itself in the towns, the power will pass from the rural to the urban populations, and the state will thus transform itself. In our Europe, the aggrandisement of the cities has caused the fall of the feudal aristocracy, and given birth to democracy; in the United States it will have almost the opposite effect, and will forcibly destroy the present ultra-democratic régime, and replace it by a system more restrained, creating a kind of civil and military aristocracy

The influence which emigration exercises over the increase of wealth in the United States has also its importance. All the little savings amassed by Europeans for the purpose of rendering practicable a flight from the misery which is entailed upon them in the Old World, are expended in the United States. The journey from New York or from Buffalo to the "Far West," the forced sojourn in towns and cities on the route, the buying of articles of the first necessity, and the money paid for the purchase of their land, rapidly impoverish the most economical emigrants, and the greater part of them arrive at the places of their destination in the west with their purses and their pockets completely empty. Happily, however, when once there established, they have only need, to enable them to prosper, of energy and determination. Nevertheless, the fact remains the same, and these savings, these little fortunes, which are carried by emigrants to the United States, are to the latter a capital acquired without the slightest labour or expense So to speak, America is the universal legatee of all the poor in Europe, and, not content with profiting in the manner which we have spoken of by the emigrants, she still finds the means of enriching herself at their expense, by speculating in their labour, and gaining from them freely what we in this part of the world should call usury At Chicago, for example, the emigrant—relieved of most of his gold and silver by the expenses of his journey thither—encounters a speculator who has made his fortune by lending to the farmers of the neighbourhood at one per cent per month, not giving them gold either, but merely paper "bills." The emigrant has, perhaps, a sufficient sum remaining to enable him to cultivate an estate, but not enough to purchase one. The Yankee, "'cute" and rapacious, presents himself and buys fifty acres of prairie from the government for 62½ dollars; then he sells this land to the emigrant, who enters into an agreement to pay for it within three years, at two and-a-half dollars per acre, thus stipulating for a handsome enough profit. If all goes well, the contract is fulfilled; but if any accident or misfortune happens to the new farmer, he loses his time, his labour, and the capital which he has sunk in clearing and in building. As for the Yankee, he cannot fail to make a good profit by the transaction. If the land is paid for, his capital has been gaining 30 per cent. interest, if it is not paid for, he seizes the farm, and finds himself in consequence the proprietor, for an insignificant sum, of an estate well cleared, well cultivated, and laden with crops, instead of the fifty acres of wild prairie land which he had bought These sort of bargains, so profitable to the Americans, are often death to the emigrants, many of whom, however, enter into them, and ruin themselves in order to enrich their new compatriots.

We cannot abandon the interesting subject of emigration without noticing an extremely curious phenomenon which is presented in connection with it, and which exercises influence in America over the relations between the two sexes, over marriage, and civil society in general. If our readers smile, let them remember that in America there is always a something comic, which introduces itself in spite of everything, in things the most serious as well as in things the most futile. We will leave Mr. Johnson to express in his own language the singular fact which we allude to. "For two hundred years," says he, "a current more or less strong, of emigration, composed in a great measure of individuals belonging to the male sex, has been running constantly from Europe to America. As soon as these male emigrants have become established, they have looked out for wives, and as women have been rare, they have been greatly sought after and perfectly smothered with gallantry and homage. This has been the case for two centuries, and it is so still; for even at the present day, when the facilities for crossing the sea are so much greater, and the practice of emigration by families so much more general, than they have been hitherto, the disproportion between the numbers of the male and female emigrants to America is most enormous. During the last three years these numbers have been respectively as follows:—in 1847, men 138,939, women 99,357; in 1848, men 136,198, women 92,892; and in 1849, men 179,353, and women 119,945; the total difference between the number of male and that of female emigrants during the three years being thus 142,150. These emigrants, then, who have brought no female companions with them from beyond the sea, aspire to the hands of native American ladies, but these last generally prefer choosing their husbands from amongst their fellow-countrymen. Women are therefore very highly prized by these emigrants,—their value varying according to their greater or less rarity in the different states, and rising to its highest pitch in the Far West, where they are scarcest, and where ladies attain to truly fammie prices Here is the veritable paradise of women."

In other words, the demand for women is greater than the supply Is it necessary to attribute to this circumstance the deep respect which is paid to the female sex throughout the Union? Is it requisite to see in this courtesy, of which the Americans are so prodigal towards females—and towards females *only*—a sentiment nearly analogous to that which is entertained everywhere for rare objects? Mr. Johnson seems to think so, but for our own part we prefer to attribute it to other and different causes. It appears to us that the women of America form a veritable aristocracy. They are the rulers of society—indeed its very founders—and it is they who introduce into it elegance and politeness. They are, from causes already named, the objects of a veritable worship, and the independent Yankees, who bow only to the Bible (and not much to it) and shudder at the very idea of a *master*, grow tame before their wives and daughters, who know their power, and use it or abuse it according to the caprices of their sex. Divorces are also more frequent in North America than anywhere besides, and this circumstance can only be attributed to feminine caprices and the extreme *faiblesse* of the public opinion which is so tyrannic in America. It very often happens that whole states, and their legislators, take part in a question of divorce. Mr Johnson gives some curious instances. During the time that he was in Boston, it happened that a certain Mr. Lawrence, an inhabitant of that city, inserted in the newspapers a declaration to the effect that he should refuse in future to liquidate the debts contracted by his wife. The lady in question was of a family of considerable consequence in Kentucky, and "it is an insult to the whole state," was the general cry of its inhabitants, "and we shall see what will result from it." That which did result from it was a law, which was promulgated soon after by the legislature of Kentucky, making the husband's refusal to pay his wife's debts a legal ground for her divorce from him. The consequence of this law has been the production of a state of things which was never before equalled, making all the ladies of Kentucky as capricious, tyrannical, and extravagant, as it is possible for them to be, but it also has its good effects, for it is easy to see that it is some restraint upon, and forms a tie of association among, a people whose every tendency is towards the most lawless independence, who have pushed the (practice of the) principle of moral isolation to its last limits, and who still confound respect and deference with servility The tyranny of public opinion and the *toute-puissance* of the women of America are the two great moral forces which restrain and control the almost untamable character and the wild blood of the Americans.

III. RELIGIOUS TENDENCIES.

We have but little to say respecting the interior progress of the United States, which is a progress entirely of an industrial nature. We all know what the Americans are capable of doing in the application of human energy to the accomplishment of the conquest over matter, witnessed by their railways, their canals, their steamers, their electric telegraphs, and machinery of all kinds. Their activity is prodigious. Their progress is real; but if it has a fault, it is that of being precipitate and feverish. Nothing that they establish has stability; everything is precarious. Their railways are only as it were provisionary, temporary; and their farms and landed estates

are not so much establishments as a kind of caravansaries, places where they gather harvests of gram in haste, and soon afterwards abandon. The too great richness of their soil is one occasion, not of their idleness, but of their nomadism and vagabondage. They think less of cultivating a farm and putting it into good condition than of bringing out of it everything that it can possibly be made to give. The agriculturalist does not remain fixed upon one estate, for when he has exhausted its first fecundity, he finds it more profitable to turn to another than to renovate the old one. It is the same with all the other professions. A man tries all the quarries within his reach, and transports himself from one to the other with most marvellous rapidity, and with an inconstancy unequalled. He is, by turns, both farmer, lawyer, clergyman, and magistrate. In the same way, as far as his religious belief is concerned, he remains not, as in England, firmly and obstinately attached to one sect, but, according to his impressions of the moment and the progress of his mind, he is now a Catholic, then an Unitarian, then a Methodist, and all without transitions. This nomadism, this energetic vagabondism, is one of the greatest characteristics of the United States, and it is the stimulant, the spur of their progress It precipitates this progress, but one day will become a cause of ruin and disorder. The Americans have perseverance, but they have not its correlative virtue, patience; they have not that deliberation which is necessary to the accomplishment of great things, which preserves the freshness of the soul whilst increasing strength, and which prevents the weakness produced in the end by fever. This precipitation, which pushes for ever towards the morrow, is at present one of the safeguards of the Union, it prevents the Americans being too much afraid of difficulties, and causes them to avoid intestine quarrels The Union, for example, would have been long ago dissolved, had the Americans been determined to settle definitely the question of slavery, but they had not the patience and perseverance necessary to enable them to do so Nevertheless, this nomadism—moral and physical—is a real vice, and it appears to us to be, after slavery, the greatest spot upon the Union If slavery is the dissolvent of the Union, nomadism is the great obstacle to the organisation of society within its territory, it aids the outward progress of the Americans, but hinders and prevents their inward moral progress; and it is this great reason why they always march without organisation, and aggrandize themselves without being able to pass from the condition of a confused agglomeration of men to that of an organised people, of a nation

We will leave this subject, and proceed to the consideration of a more important one, and one more *morally* important. Of all the actual tendencies of the Americans, none are more interesting than their religious tendencies Protestantism is going through a crisis, in our opinion, but little observed, and very wrongly judged of, even by men who are in general most sagacious. The anomalies of the general character of the Americans astonish the European philosopher, but without, in any great degree, troubling or alarming him It is not so with their religion A great part of the emigrants from Europe, whether it be from scepticism or indifference, or an inability properly to understand it, interpret to themselves incorrectly the religious state of the country, while the other part feel born again within them all European prejudices at the sight of sects which rise and vanish so rapidly one after another, and which always are more numerous than even the multitude of separate states which compose the Union This is the only point upon which Mr Johnson manifests alarm, and he expresses very earnestly his fears, lest infidelity should shortly become general in the United States. It is clear that these fears are not without foundation. Protestantism in America tends more and more every day to destroy the spirit of sect, and merge into a sort of ill-defined Catholicism, which we will call simply by the name of Christian Theism. The religion of Dr. Channing, the philosophy of Emerson, the theology of Theodore Parker are not, as one would at first believe, the pure caprices of Protestant Rationalism, the simple manifestations of individual inspiration and metaphysical fantasies, they are not isolated, unimportant facts, but the manifestations of the universal tendency of all religious sects among the Americans, which are all ready to abdicate into the hands of one another, and are all willing to be mentally absorbed into one great body Religious sects in England have a persistency which is utterly unknown amongst them in America, and the cause of this is the maintenance of the Anglican Church as that of the state. Each of the sects which find themselves excluded thereby from power, and whose existence is scarcely acknowledged by the state, endeavour to prove that it still really exists, and that, although it may not possess any official influence, it possesses an influence which is more important, and reigns supremely over hearts and consciences. Rivalry and emulation are thus added to fanaticism, and the religious sects wrestle with one another with an ardour which would not exist but for the state religion. But in the United States there is no religion established by the state, all are equally beyond the pale of its protection, and every sect alike sustains itself by its own resources. This indifference of the state involves, as a necessary consequence, this result:—that every sect must be tolerant of all others. Hence comes also the, to us, strange sight of a sect admitting, when *les fidèles* abandon it, that it was because its doctrines were not sufficient to satisfy them and to appease their doubts.

LYING IN STATE.

BY A CRABBED PHILOSOPHER.

"*Sub tegmine fati, I*"—I fag in the shadow.—VIRGIL

AMONG all the different kinds of lying, there is none more characteristic than that of *lying in state*. Although it is a part of education all over the world to lie gracefully and plausibly, although men are bred to it from their youth up—making a profession of it, as in law, in politics, in business, and in literature, and although most persons lie, now on this side and now on that, and not unfrequently on both sides, within the course of a single hour, as among auctioneers, old bachelors, horse-dealers, hack-writers, new police, and attorneys,—these, after all, are but plebeian accomplishments compared with those of the upper ranks, who are allowed to lie in state. From the lowliest of those who hawk patent medicines, or Warren's blacking, about the streets, or chalk advertisements on the garden walls, in letters three feet high, for thirty miles out of London—up to the reporters of Parliamentary speeches, and the getters-up of British travels in America, there is nothing to be compared with the dignity and importance of what is called lying in state. Liars by trade, though they may be—lying on paper, and lying off—all their lives a lie—their death a lie, and their very epitaphs a lie,—there are multitudes of the great, who reserve themselves to the last, when the breath is out of their bodies, for lying the whole world out of countenance, and this they call *lying in state*

Go to Greenwich fair, and circulate awhile among the booths, and then take up a newspaper, an English History, or a book about any other people on the face of the earth, and judge for yourself. "Here's a wild Indian! here's a North American! white Indians, all alive! a penny a-piece, all alive! Two white Indian boys from St. Kitts—one a Circassian! Walk in, gentlemen! walk in! Here's the Spanish sisters, and the Chinese lady, with silver hair! penny a-piece, gentlemen, all alive! Walk in, ladies, walk in!" What are all these but humbler imitations of "*Just published*, a new work, by the author of Little King Pepin, Jacob Faithless, Miss Fusbosko's Notions of America, or Jack the Giantkiller! *In the press*, a new novel! astonishing production!—eloquence! poetry!—passion!—truth!—graphic delineations! and characters from fashionable life, with a key! Here's a poem of three-and-twenty lines, by the Right Honourable the Marchioness of Cock-a doodle-do; supposed to be founded on a recent transaction at Timbuctoo, and to refer to the well-known A, B, C,—X, Y, Z, & J."—And again, why not acknowledge, that the fellow who stands on the platform of a travelling managerie, about the size of a baggage waggon, with the portrait of a white bear on one side, which he calls a catamount, and a pair of elk's horns on the other, which he is ready to swear, grew on his grandmother's cow—shouting at the top of his voice to all that come near, "Walk in, ladies! walk in! here they are!—live mermaids, white elephants, and whales a hundred and fifty feet long! Here they are!—Here's a lion worth having!—big as a cart-horse—mouth like a turnpike gate—every tooth like a mile stone—every hair as big as a broomstick!" &c. &c, Why not acknowledge this fellow to be just as respectable in his way, and full as trust-worthy, as ninety-nine-hundredths of the Diddlers, Fiddlers, and Tridlers, who run about the world, hawking their wares after a similar fashion, with just about as much regard for the truth?

You may tell us, to be sure, that we take things too seriously; that among the people where lying is but another name for adroitness, genius, and thriftiness—where none but fools, madmen, and children are ever supposed to speak the truth—where even the state papers and histories are lies, to say nothing of the caricatures, the sea-songs, the police reports, the parliamentary speeches, the novels, the poems, and the newspapers—but different names, after all, for the same thing; or different preparations of that which the people of England are fed with, from the cradle to the grave; that where the countenances of men, their looks, their tones, their whole intercourse with one another, are a lie, that we are to be pitied for expecting the truth, under any circumstances, even upon the threshold of another world; that in a country and among a people, where to speak the truth is looked upon as unequivocal evidence, not of simplicity only, but of a neglected education and a want of acquaintance with the usages of society, where to be frank and open, to talk as you think, and to think as you talk, is to be *ungenteel*, where to be natural and true is to be ill-bred; where the tone must be subdued, the step qualified, the countenance forged, the heart quelled, the whole bearing of a man cast off, and the whole nature of a woman changed, or they are looked upon as little better than barbarians—nobody is fool enough to put faith in anything he sees or hears, however solemnly published or pompously authenticated, and that in point of fact, nobody is deceived even by that loftiest of all manifestations, which we have chosen to regard as a national pastime, the Lying in State. And what then? Does that change the character of the transaction, or help that of the people?

A monarch, or a prince, nay, even a peer, has but to give up the ghost, in purple and fine linen—to stretch himself out, after possibly a profligate and shameless life, and a brutal death, amid the gorgeous blazonry of rank, and let himself be seen of the multitude, with sconces and wax lights about him, and cumbrous drapery darkened with the shadow of Death—and mutes and muffled hangings, and pictures and looking-glasses turned to the wall; and hearses and plumes, and all the pomp of heraldry; he has but to lie stiff and stark within the hollow of a vast chamber, like the nude effigies on the tombs of Westminster Abbey,—to have all his doings on earth forgotten and forgiven: his virtues abundantly magnified, and all his vices buried, for a month or so, and himself canonized until the next change of the moon—in other words, he has but to *lie in state*, after death; and the ten thousand times ten thousand, who may have cursed and hated him while he lived, are all agog with admiration, and overflowing with charity.

But, then, he must lie like a prince. There must be no paltriness, no shabbiness in the arrangements, or the people have no sympathy with him, and his brethren, who have held themselves aloof, while star after star was dropping from his coronet, will be sure to pass by on the other side.

Take an example; and that we may not be charged with dislike to royalty, let us have nothing to do with that household of princes, who have gone down to their graves, one after another, with such frightful unexpectedness, within the last thirty or forty years. Let us betake ourselves to one, who for a season was what may be truly called, a man of the world—the foremost of all the world in fact, after the death of Napoleon Bonaparte. For many years he stood like a pyramid among the monuments of a buried nation. The past, the present, and the future did homage to him. The greatest of the earth stood fixed and motionless in the worship—like so many sculptured sovereigns about his rocky pedestal. He overtopped the mightiest—he overshadowed the most glorious, even as Napoleon Bonaparte himself overtopped and overshadowed the towering sovereignties of earth, when kings thronged his ante-chamber, and nations prostrated themselves in his path. Well—he died. And when he was dead and gone, dead as a door-nail, his worshippers waked up, and beginning to rub their eyes and look about them, found out that he was only George Gordon, Lord Byron, after all. And so they washed themselves, one by one, of his iniquities; and picked up the crumbs, which they had been casting at his feet, and gathering their robes about them, and clearing their skirts from the dust of the retiring multitude, they marched off with a regenerated look, a haughty step, and a Scotch bag-pipe droning in their ears—wondering as they went, how they could have been so much mistaken.

Well, he died—died just when the great and good public had come to the knowledge that he was poor; that, after abusing Walter Scott for making poetry to order, at half a crown a line, he had been obliged to make poetry himself, for about the same price;—to abandon the immutabilities, and wreaths, and crowns of inextinguishable fire, and a harp that thundered like a tempest among the mountains—for pounds, shillings and pence, and the echoes of Albemarle Street; nay, worse—much worse—that he had already begun to write for nothing—and for a *newspaper!* and that Murray had been obliged to cast him off. Poor Byron!—Well, and so, although he had been their idol so long as he wrote mysteriously and afar off, without the inspiration of "half a crown a line;" and while they, in their hearts, believed him to be one of the greatest scoundrels on earth, and the original of every cut-throat he had painted; and although he had now the reputation of being at least an altered man, having forsworn poetry, and devoted himself to the war that Greece had been waging, as with lighted thunderbolts, against the "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire," that were mustered along her borders—yet, the moment he was dead—the moment it was all over with him, and it was known that he died poor, and that his heart had been bequeathed to his country—the "altar and the god sank together in the dust!" And although he *lay in state*, few, indeed, were they "so poor to do him reverence."

A motley crowd, just such as you may see at the opening of parliament, by the Lord Chancellor in person, being furnished with tickets, poured into the house day after day, and being informed by the chief personage in attendance, that his "*lordship had been salted down two days before*," walked round the chamber where he lay, flourished their pocket handkerchiefs, examined the furniture, lifted the hanging (rather unluckily in one case, for a friend of mine assured me that he saw, with his own eyes, one of the mourners lunching there with a pile of bread and cheese before him, and a pot of beer,) let them fall in a hurry—walked out, dropped the shilling or the half-crown, as the case might be, and returned to their homes, all the better for having wiped off a long score—discharged a solemn duty without much loss of time, and got their money's worth, and not a few, perhaps, to look into Lara, Beppo, Don Juan or Childe Harold, for the first time Was not this lying in state—and lying to some purpose?

The body—or, as the newspapers had it—his *lordship* lay in Sir Edward Knatchbull's, M.P., in George Street. There was rather a pressure for two or three days. But of the many that were there, by far the greater number appeared to be quite as much taken with the furniture, the crimson and gold drapery, the coronet lying upon the coffin—the room hung with black, and the candles burning dismally enough—as with the presence itself, and the awful inscription upon the urn, which held the heart, brains, &c. Some wondered at the plainness of the show—some at the tawdry coronet and escutcheons—which, sooth to say, were strangely of a piece with the counterfeit melo-dramatic representations at a trumpery theatre. Others were greatly moved that he should have come into the world in January, 1788; and there were two or three ugly women, evidently crying for effect. They were all of a size—hideously alike, with red noses and goggle eyes. They made a business of it; walking about like a family of old maids gone to seed, and sopping their faces with their handkerchiefs, like so many hired mourners. Perhaps they were a part of the "*performance*"—furnished mourners in a country where such things are done by the job, and the sign of a regular undertaker is—"Funerals *performed* here." Why not—"Funerals *perpetrated* here!"

Judging by the funeral that followed, the latter were a much more suitable sign. There were mutes, and a few shabby pages—Oliver Twistish looking boys, chartered by the lump, a small procession a-foot; an old grey-headed man with a white wig, bearing a coronet on a crimson velvet cushion; a stately black charger richly caparisoned—mourning-coaches with six horses each, a very few private carriages, and half a score of empty hacks. And this was the end of George Gordon, Lord Byron! this! in the very heart of the British Empire!

EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY.

A MEDIUM OF INTERCOMMUNICATION FOR ALL READERS.

UNDER this title it is proposed to extend the usefulness of the page we have been in the habit of presenting to our readers once a month. Instead of, as hitherto, confining the "Exercises for Ingenuity" to questions in arithmetic and geography, it is thought that a larger number of subscribers would be interested if the field of inquiry were widened. With this view we have laid our friends under contribution, and the following notes and questions are the result. Some of them have appeared in print, and we are indebted to the interesting periodical called "Notes and Queries" for one or two of the literary and antiquarian exercises. Each question will be distinguished by reference figures and the initials of the proposer, and should no answer appear in the next monthly page, it is to be concluded that no satisfactory one has come to hand. To make this department of the *Friend* at once interesting and valuable, we invite the cordial co-operation of our readers; and to distinguish the questions from those of mere ordinary correspondence, letters addressed to the Editor for this purpose should be endorsed *on the outside* "Exercises for Ingenuity." Many of the questions we are in the ordinary habit of answering in the last page of our weekly issue will naturally come under this designation; but it must be understood that we reserve to ourselves in all cases the right of selection in reference to the most correct answers to the several question. Our readers will perceive that in the following questions a wide margin is allowed, and that all kinds of queries which may be considered to possess a general rather than a personal interest are acceptable. We shall be glad if any of our readers will forward us such illustrations of folk lore and ancient customs as may happen to fall within the compass of their reading or observation. Curious receipts, the origin of popular sayings and quotations, illustrations of national peculiarities, &c &c., will also be welcome. We may hint, too, that our friends will do well to introduce their *Friend* into company where it may hitherto have been a stranger, and thus will it become as commercially prosperous as it is useful. *Write plainly, briefly, and on one side of the paper only.*

1. What is the origin of the phrase "by Hook or by Crook?"
2. Whence comes the oft-quoted line—

"Praise undeserved is censure in disguise"

3. Is a man taller in the morning than at night; and if so, why? What is the average annual term of sickness in the human adult? Can any one explain the reason why, in middle life, the lean man gets fat, and the fat man thin?—H. W.
4. Why is the Archbishop of York styled "Primate of England," and the Archbishop of Canterbury "Primate of *all* England?"—H. M. B.
5. What was the crest and motto of John of Gaunt?—REUBEN.
6. What is the best method of preserving the larvæ of moths and buttterflies, so that the colours may be retained?—W. W. R.
7. Would a magic lanthorn lens do for taking portraits by the photographic process?—A. W. E.
8. What king of England conquered Wales? Where was he born, and when, and where did he die? Who was the first prince of Wales, and under what circumstances was the title first given? J. W.
9. What is the origin of All Fools Day, and why is the First of April so called?—J. W.
10. What are the names of those two men who left the largest fortunes to their families?—J.
11. Briefly describe the various kinds of dress, &c., worn by various nations as mourning for the dead.
12. Why does a blacksmith seem the most dissatisfied of all mechanics?
13. How did Canada obtain its name?—R. P.
14. In what reign were the Commons first called to sit in Parliament?
15. What was the wittenagemote of the Saxons?
16. In what battle were cannons first used?—T. W. SMART.
17. How many triangular files 5½ inches long, and ⅜ inches breadth of side, can be made from 736½ lbs. of steel, ½ part being allowed for waste in making?—ROBERT MIDDLETON.
18. If a penny had been invested at 5 per cent at the birth of Christ, what sum would it amount to, compound interest, in 1853?
19. Can four 9's be so placed, as when added together, they shall make 100, and, if so, how?—R. W.
20. What is the cause of the red appearance of the sky at sunset? sometimes we see red clouds over our heads, while others near them are black. Why is this?—HARRY.
21. If a ball of marble 37·6992 inches circumference be reduced to one third its size, what will its circumference then be, and its weight, the specific gravity of marble being 2 838?—ROBERT MIDDLETON.
22. What are the physical causes of rain, snow, sleet, hail, and fog?
23. What is the best powder for cleansing the teeth?—R. V.
24. Can any of our readers furnish cheap receipts for making the sympathetic inks of secret writing?—P. A.

LITERARY NOTICES.

JOHN CASSELL'S ALMANACKS FOR 1853.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN ALMANACK

THE unprecedented success attained in this country by Mrs Harriet Stowe's remarkable story, has re-enlisted, as it were, the sympathies of the English people for the American slave. In no volume that was ever written has so much of truth, pathos, and genuine nature been exhibited, and it is creditable to our common nature that the universal publication of this and similar stories has been hailed by hundreds of thousands, who had before considered the "peculiar institution" of the United States as an unalterable fact, as one of the best and most decided means of abolishing for ever that disgusting traffic in human flesh which tarnishes and disgraces the character of the Anglo-Saxons in America. To put down a confessed evil—no matter whether it be personal or national—we must not content ourselves with simply denouncing it; we must expose it and its abettors to the gaze of the whole world, we must determine to let no stone remain unturned, no argument unanswered, no falsity unreproved, but by night and by day, in all companies and in all places, in season and out of season, we must continually agitate till the evil be removed. We have no quarrel with the Americans, and, in our endeavours to abolish slavery within their dominions, we must never forget that it was we, the English, who forced the curse of man-dealing on our, then, unwilling colonies. For this reason, if for no other, and that we may do tardy justice to the three millions of our coloured brethren who pine in the shadow of wrong and woe, we call upon every inhabitant of our free and happy land to add his voice to the triumphant cry—"There shall be no more slavery in all the world!" To aid, by ever so small an effort, in the good cause of the negro's liberation, is the wish and object of every philanthropist, and that the British public may become fully acquainted with the horrors of that abominable traffic called the slave trade, we have gathered together the principal known facts concerning it, and, by aid of literary and artistic talent, these facts will appear under the title of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN ALMANACK, or, THE ABOLITIONIST MEMENTO for 1853. This work is splendidly illustrated by George Cruikshank, Gilbert, Harvey, "Phiz," and other eminent Artists. Published with the Magazines. Price 1s.

THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR ALMANACK for 1853, containing upwards of Thirty beautiful Engravings. Price Sixpence.

THE POPULAR EDUCATOR ALMANACK for 1853, containing Forty-eight Pages of most Interesting and valuable Educational Statistics, including a Comparative View of Education at Home and Abroad, Essays on the Leading Sciences, Brief Notices of Eminent Scholars; Exposition of Technical Terms; &c. &c. Price Twopence.

THE TEMPERANCE ALMANACK for 1853, much improved and enlarged, and in which will be inserted a Tale of thrilling interest, from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, authoress of the inimitable "Uncle Tom's Cabin," entitled, "THE PLEDGE TAKEN, or, the Husband Saved, and a Family made Happy," with valuable details of the great Temperance Movement, Statistics, &c. With several Engravings. Price Twopence.

THE PROTESTANT DISSENTERS' ALMANACK for 1853, with Twelve beautiful Designs, by Gilbert, of striking Events in the History of Nonconformity. Price Sixpence.

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Illustrated with Twenty-seven Engravings,

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,

In weekly Numbers, price Twopence each. The First Number was published on Saturday, November 23, containing Thirty-two well printed pages, with three elaborate Engravings, from Designs by the above-named Artist.

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CASSELL'S ELEMENTS OF ARITHMETIC is now ready, price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. cloth, uniform with Cassell's Edition of Euclid, edited by Professor Wallace, A.M.

GLEANINGS

FROM ALL KINDS OF FIELDS.

THE FIRST ENGINE DRIVER.—It was little thought, says Mr. Francis in his "History of the English Railway," by those who wondered at the rapid movements of the "Rocket," that on it as driver sat one whose name, nearly a quarter of a century later, would be identified with the great triumph of the year 1851. Son of a medical practitioner, destined for the same profession, marrying for love at an early age, and immediately finding that "fathers have flinty hearts," Charles Fox, the future builder of the Crystal Palace, determined, if he could not gain his living by his head, to earn it with his hand, and greatly to his honour is the fact that he guided the engine which Stephenson built, and aided to win the prize which Stephenson received

THE "NOBILITY" OF THE SAVAGE.—The cant about the trammels of civilisation, and the perfect liberty and independence of the savage in his native state, roaming where he listeth, is all humbug, nobody in reality has less liberty than the savage Indian He cannot say, "This country and manner of life does not suit me, I will go and live elsewhere." The instant he sets his foot out of his own country he knows he will be scalped. His position realises to the letter "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." His every moment is taken up by his exertions to procure food. The laws even of the society he exists in render him anything but a free agent. Witness the young warrior whose lodge was slit up on a cold winter's night, and his gun broken, because he had hunted without leave—game-laws with a vengeance! The more civilised and enlightened a country becomes, the greater liberty of thought and action its inhabitants enjoy. The honest labourer or sweeper of crossings in London has more real freedom than the proudest chief that ever hunted a buffalo on the prairie.

FINE TALKING.—We are indeed, says an American, a happy, elegant, moral, transcendent people. We have no masters, they are all principals, no shopmen, they are all assistants, no shops, they are all establishments; no servants, they are all "helps", no gaolers, they are all governors; nobody is flogged in bridewell, he merely receives the correction of the house, nobody is ever unable to pay his debts, he is only unable to meet his engagements; nobody is angry, he is only excited; nobody is cross, he is only nervous; lastly, nobody is drunk, the very utmost you can assert is that "he has taken his wine."

"WHERE there's a will, there's a way," says the old proverb, and Shakspeare's marriage was a curious proof of this, for in the days of the great poet it might have been said, Shakespeare is the *Will*, and his wife *Hath-a-way!*

TOUGH MEAT.—Meat, if naturally tender, will be made as tough as may be desired by putting a little salt upon it, "just to keep it till wanted." Salt is an excellent hardener If the tenderness is to be preserved as well as the purity of the meat, a "dust of pepper" will do all that is needful. By-the-bye, where can pepper be obtained now? Not the pretty-looking white stuff, one-half of it ground rice, but the good natural black pepper, the best seasoning in the world, driven out of fashion because it didn't look pretty.

HE who reads with discernment and choice, says Bolingbroke, will acquire less learning, but more knowledge.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.—It is stated in an American paper that an important discovery was recently made in Copeley, Medina co., by a lady. Mr. Vial, his son, and another person were digging a well, and the son having gone down first was prostrated on breathing the noxious vapour or "damps" below His father descended to his relief, and fell also the third started for a physician In the meantime several ladies assembled at the place, and one threw down a pail of water, most of which fell on the face of Mr. V., who caught breath, rose, seized the senseless body of his son, got into the tub, and was drawn up by the ladies. Water was immediately applied to the young man, which in a short time produced symptoms of returning life. Mr. Vial, in a few hours, attained his usual health and strength, and the young man, by medical aid, had so far recovered as to be able to walk about on the following day. The experiment of letting down a candle was then tried, which went out at the depth of six feet from the top of the well, a live chicken was also let down, and at the depth of six feet animation became suspended; but by pouring water down on it, animation was immediately restored From these experiments it appears that on inhaling this gas, life is suspended only, and that the application of water will restore it—either by conveying atmospheric air, contained in the water, to the sufferer, or from some other cause

AN APPROPRIATE PRESENT FROM THE DIGGINGS.—A poor but respectable tradesman in Gloucester whose brother emigrated to Australia a few years ago, has received from him a very agreeable token of fraternal regard, in the shape of a lump of gold. A letter which accompanied the present stated that the brother had made his way to the diggings, and had there picked up, among other similar "trifles," the enclosed lump, which he begged his brother to accept, and use its value in making the necessary preparations for transferring himself and his whole family to the great golden land of the south The lump thus sent has sold for not less than £400 Enabled by this princely gift, the Gloucester tradesman is about to join his brother, and has taken steps to dispose of his business,

PERPETUAL LIGHT.—A most curious and interesting discovery, says the *Mining Journal*, has just been made at Langres, in France, which we have no doubt will cause a searching scientific inquiry as to the material and properties of the perpetually-burning lamps, said to have been in use among the ancients. Workmen were recently excavating for a foundation for a new building, in a *debris* evidently the remains of Gallo-Roman erections, when they came to the roof of an underground sort of cave, which time had rendered almost of metallic hardness. An opening was, however, effected, when one of the workmen instantly exclaimed that there was a light at the bottom of the cavern. The parties present entered, when they found a bronze sepulchral lamp of remarkable workmanship suspended from the roof by chains of the same metal. It was entirely filled with a combustible substance, which did not appear to have diminished, although the probability is that combustion had been going on for ages This discovery will, we trust, throw some light on a question which has caused so many disputes among learned antiquarians.

EDUCATION is the proper employment, not only of our early years, but of our whole lives.

IVORY.—The value of the annual consumption of ivory in Sheffield is about £30,000, and about 500 persons are employed in working it up. The number of tusks to make up the weight consumed (about 180 tons) is 45,000. According to this, the number of elephants killed every year is 22,500; but supposing that some tusks are cast, and some animals died, it may be fairly estimated that 18,000 are killed for the purpose. This is a matter not generally known, it being a prevalent opinion that the tusks used for ivory are cast by the elephants when alive.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J BRABNER, and several other Correspondents.—You may obtain a neat cover for binding the two volumes of the "Working Man's Friend" (new series) in one, at our publisher's, for 1s. 6d.

A FRIEND.—"Clerks in mercantile offices" will *not* be exempt from the ballot for militiamen

THOMAS PHILLIPS.—We must decline furnishing receipts for making skyrockets.

GEO DREW.—You may purchase a galvanic battery at any philosophical apparatus maker, there are several in Fleet-st., Messrs. West, &c.

S. GODSTONE.—There are seven volumes of the first series of the "Working Man's Friend," at 1s. 6d. each The History of Ireland is now completed, in three volumes; the three are usually bound in one.

JOHN.—You had better consult some geographical grammar; an answer to your inquiries would occupy more space than we can spare

E. J JONES.—Your article on Phonetic Writing is not suitable for our pages.

C. L.—We believe "ventriloquism" to be "a gift of nature," though it may doubtless be modified and improved "by art." We know of no book which professes to teach the art, *Mr. Love*, one of the most popular ventriloquists, says that it cannot be communicated by teaching.

A TEETOTALER.—You are correct in your belief that the "bitter ales" contain alcohol; and we can assure you that, so far from containing *less* alcohol than the ordinary malt liquors, they contain a *larger* portion. We have seen "stout" and "Alsopp's pale ale" subjected to a test by an eminent chemist, and the result was that the ale contained nearly two per cent. more alcohol than the stout.

B. W. S.—We believe John Bright, Esq., one of the representatives of Manchester, was born in 1811; and Richard Cobden, Esq., one of the members for the West Riding of Yorkshire, in 1804.

YOUNG CHARLES.—The word "*manse*" means, literally, a mansion, or house, but as used in Scotland it means the house provided for the parish minister to reside in, a parsonage, or clergyman's house.

TYRO.—*Pandora*, according to fable, was the first mortal female that ever lived. Vulcan made her from clay, and she was animated by fire taken from the sun. The gods and goddesses then vied in making her presents. Jupiter gave her a box which contained all sorts of evils, with *Hope* at the bottom; intimating that whatever evils might come to the lot of mortals, there was yet Hope to sustain and cheer them.

C. THOM.—Irish emigration is called the "Irish *Exodus*," because the word Exodus means a *departure*, or *going forth*. Thus the second book of Moses is called Exodus from the principal event recorded in it, namely, the *departure* of the Israelites from Egypt.

A YOUNG PAINTER.—*Gold size*, or the size used for *oil* gilding, is made of drying or boiled oil thickened with yellow ochre or calcined red ochre, and carefully reduced to the utmost smoothness by grinding. It may be thinned with oil of turpentine. *Water size*, the size used in *burnished* or *distempered gilding*, is parchment or isinglass size mixed with finely-ground yellow ochre.

ELIZA B.—You will find some valuable lessons in music and singing in the numbers of Mr. Cassell's "Popular Educator."

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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ROUEN.

WHO amongst us has not read, with a mixed feeling of curiosity and surprise, of the journeyings up and down and hither and thither of the present ruler of France? At one time he makes almost royal progress to the Rhine, under the pretence of inaugurating the birth of the Paris and Strasbourg railway — country and the people,—and upon each and every occasion returning to the Tuilleries with the air of a man who has accomplished a victory; attended by troops and martial music; receiving deputations, bowing to the well-dressed crowds at windows and on house-tops, and condescending even to notice



VIEW OF ROUEN.

not yet fully opened, by the way, and so far from completion as to possess at the present moment only a single temporary line of rails for a great many miles over the level plain of Alcase;—at another going like a conqueror into the sunny south, just, as he declares, to see for himself the state of the with smiling face the packed and struggling mass of "common people" on the footways and wide places of the city; riding through thousands of well-armed soldiers—under triumphal arches, and past flying colours, and every other demonstration of popular enthusiasm—to the welcome music of the cry "*Vive*

Napoleon III !" "*Vive l'Empereur !*" from ten thousand willing throats, ten thousand times repeated.

Into the principal cities and towns of France has his *highness* citizen Louis Napoleon, "President of the French republic, and nephew of the Emperor," thus made public entry · Angouleme, Bourdeaux, Chalais, Dijon, Lyons, Rouen, Strasbourg, Paris ! Everywhere have the "authorities" met him with willing and obsequious ceremony ; and everywhere has *his highness* acknowledged their devotion to his person and authority. And why not? seeing, that in the Empire which "looms in the future," the excitement-loving and inconstant Frenchman discovers another revolution, and consequently another chance of theatrical display and grandeur,—while the home-keeping and timid agricultural Frenchman remembers that the Empire promises peace and plenty ! which will be right.

Time, the great discoverer, alone can answer this question. Meanwhile, as the future Emperor—as we suppose we must call the escaped of the Fortress of Ham and the beloved of Gore House and "a certain set" in the English metropolis—is making glorious passage through the beautiful but impoverished cities of France, we will linger in his track, and seek among the antecedents of Rouen, some small matters of interest for an English public.

Of all the towns of La Belle France, Rouen possesses for the Englishman the greatest historical interest—for here, in the ancient capital of Normandy, William the Conqueror—*our* William—died, a broken hearted man, deserted and despised by his own kindred and friends, and becoming indebted for a grave to the kindness of strangers ! Here, in the Place de la Pucelle, at the hands of our own countrymen, the brave, simple, and deserted Joan of Arc was barbarously murdered. We all know the dismal story—how, in 1431, the heroic Maid of Orleans, after having been flattered by Charles VII., and after having led the soldiers of France to victory upon victory ; and after having assisted to place the crown upon the head of Charles, in Rheims, she was taken by the English, and without remonstrance or protest from the king, was burnt at the stake ! After her death her ashes were collected by the hangman and thrown into the Seine, by order of the meek Cardinal of Winchester ! Betrayed by her own countrymen, accused and condemned by an unjust judge, deserted by the monarch she had served, she may well have exclaimed, as the flames reached her head, and licked with their fierce tongues her noble features—"There is no justice or goodness in man : I rely upon my Saviour for pardon and pity !" It was but sorry recompence, that twenty-four years after her death, her innocence was proclaimed, and that statues were erected to her memory !

In Rouen also the fires of superstition, which have at different times shone red and dismally over all the, now, civilised countries of the world,—burnt with a fierceness hitherto unknown ; and poor old women had need only to be blind or lame, or deaf, or silly, to be caught at the corners of streets, dragged before the miscrably superstitious magistrates, and in the next hour given over to the maddened multitude. In Rouen Cathedral is buried the "lion heart" of Richard the First, which he bequeathed to the citizens on account of his great love for Normandy ; beside it lie the bodies of Richard's brothers. To this same old picturesque French town the great Lord Clarendon retired after his disgrace, and died in poverty and neglect.

A thoughtful wanderer through Rouen has little need of guide books or company ; for the past speaks out to him from many a quaint old dwelling-place ; and gabled roof, and tarraced wall and ivy-curtained archway, tell, each in its own peculiar fashion, of the time when, from those windows and those walls, fierce eyes looked down on stalwart hosts, who longed to meet the English invader in the field of battle.

In the present day, however, Rouen, despite the quaint appearance of many of its churches, streets, and houses, is a place of considerable trade and importance. Situated on the Seine, and being connected by railway with both Havre and Dieppe, it is on the great highway to the capital from its two sea-ports ; and contains upwards of ninety-two thousands inhabitants—four cities only in France possessing a large number. The modern, or manufacturing, quarter of the town has been called, somewhat pompously, the French Manchester, from the fact of several cotton factories having been established there.

At a short distance from Rouen stand the ruins o Château Gaillard, the most picturesque object on the Seine, both from its situation and associations. This was begun and finished in one year by King Richard Co Lion, in defiance of his rival Philippe Augustus, and face of the treaty of Louviers, by which he had bound self not to fortify Andelys, the little town on the str the river side. He thus broke it in substance, while he to the letter. Exulting in his stronghold, as he first l down from its commanding battlements on the defen town and exposed river below him, he named it, in the of his heart, his "Saucy Castle." Even now that it is re to a mouldering ruin, one cannot look up to its tow battlements, or gaze down from them upon the sunny scape below—the glassy Seine flowing close at the foot c castle rocks, then girdling the peninsula in front, and re ing vine and corn clad slopes, trees, spires, and cottages surface—without sharing in this feeling of exultation o fierce soldier king, in the possession of a stronghold v enabled him to defy his enemies, and overawe the co around, with the terror of his armed bands and unc archers.

The eminence on which it stands projects forward, iso from the neighbouring hills on all sides but one, where connected by a narrow tongue. This was cut through deep fosse skirting the outer line of wall. On all the sides deep escarpments rendered the height inaccess towards the river, indeed, it presents a vertical prec Yet even along the edge of the cliff tall flanking towers raised, some of which have long since toppled over, others are tottering to their fall. But these were only outworks, within them rose a citadel of singular form strength—a huge circular drum tower, having a wavy su alternately projecting and receding, like a frustum of a f column. The circle is broken by the insertion of a r tower shaped externally like a dice-box on the side hanging the Seine. This was the *Donjon*, and contained royal apartments ; its walls are 14 or 15 feet thick. A sc deep fosse surrounds this citadel, cut in the chalk rock, interspersed with flints which were used in the building thus it served at once as quarry and defence. Exte caverns, supported by piers of the rock left standing, bi off from one side of this fosse ; they probably were use stables. The original gateway into the citadel is no l accessible, but entrance may be gained by clambering thr a small sallyport in the corner. It is to be feared that o small part of the existing ruins belonged to the castle of Richard. At his death Philippe Augustus, waging war a champion of Prince Arthur with John, laid siege to this c It was bravely defended by Roger de Lacy for six mo when he was finally starved into surrender. He had viously expelled from its walls the useless mouths, the men, women, and children, to the number of 400 or 500 the French king, wishing to distress the garrison, drove back and refused them passage ; so that the poor wret denied admittance into the castle, perished of famine in ditches between the two armies ! Château Gaillard conti to be the chief bulwark of Normandy down to 1606, v Henry IV. demolished it along with other castles as dange to the royal authority. In 1314 two frail queens immured within its walls, and one of them, Marguerite, of Louis X., was strangled here by order of her husb David Bruce found an asylum here 1334, when an exile Scotland, the castle having been ceded to him by Philip Valois. With a small garrison of 120 men it resistec sixteen months the forces of Henry V., and yielded at le because cut off from a supply of water by the wearing o the ropes by which the buckets were let down into the we

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NOT AT HOME.—When Cibber once went to visit Booth, knew that he was at home, a female domestic denied him. Ci took no notice of this at the time, but when in a few days afterwa Booth paid him a visit in return, he called out from the first that he was not at home. "How can that be," answered Be "do I not hear your voice ?" "To be sure you do," rej Cibber ; "but what then ? I believed your servant maid, as is hard, indeed, if you won't believe me."

MEMOIR OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

In his military character the Duke had achieved greater fame than had been vouchsafed to any commander since Marlborough; in his civil capacity, he commanded the respect of his king, and the confidence of his coadjutors. His life affords one of those few specimens in history—a career thoroughly developed—a thread spun out to its full and natural length. "Many great original men," says a public writer, "have been cut off in their activity—thwarted by extraordinary obstacles, and so compelled, in divers ways, to leave imperfect images of themselves in their deeds and in their personal accessories. Wellington leaves a full-length portrait of himself in human history." He had his due and his entire influence, in his generation, at every stage of his life. He entered early on the course for which nature had peculiarly intended him; had, in due time, his task put upon him; achieved everything that he undertook, and was, in the best sense, a successful man. His reputation, to the last, was the paramount reputation of his day. When he fought a battle, he generally won it, and always made a successful campaign, when he spoke in the House of Lords, his words were received and repeated throughout the country with a peculiar interest such as attached to few other men. As "the Duke," he was in himself an institution, and to praise him was one of the natural ways in which many men showed their patriotism.

It is necessary here to follow the course of events which preceded the death of the great Duke. Suffice it, that no history of England, of Europe, or the world, can henceforth be written which does not assign a prominent place to the hero of Spain and Waterloo. The private life of the Duke is almost as well known as that of any prominent man among us it was of the simplest and most unpretending style. His personal piety and habits of business are universally acknowledged, while his punctuality and economy were of a perfectly military character. In the House of Lords the Duke was a regular attendant, and not unfrequently a speaker, but the journals of that august body supply few testimonies of his excellence. His opinions and votes were rarely otherwise than soundly given, but his motives were often imperfectly expressed. It has been said that a collection of Cromwell's speeches would make the most nonsensical book in the world, and though such a remark is certainly not warranted by the orations of Wellington, yet on this point a certain resemblance is discoverable between the two great soldiers. The Duke allowed himself, in addressing the House, to be carried away, not, perhaps, by his feelings, but by the impetus of a delivery which, without being either fluent or rapid, was singularly emphatic and vehement. He magnified his own opinions in order to impress them upon his hearers. If he recommended, as he did with great alacrity, a vote of thanks to an Indian general, the campaign was always "the most brilliant he had ever known;" if he wished to stigmatise a disturbance of the peace, it was something transcending "anything he had ever seen in all his experience," though such a quality could hardly be predicated of any disorders under the sun. One of the best chroniclers of his deeds has attributed this precipitate bestowal of praise and censure to a natural failure of character, but we suspect that in many cases the error of the opinion was due to the manner of its delivery alone. Few men have been intrusted with more delicate missions in the distribution of rewards, and none could have discharged such duties with more unimpeachable discrimination. The Duke could appreciate events with unfailing nicety, but he failed in the capacity to describe them, and of late years his speeches, where they were not tautology, were often contradictions. Nor could the failing be traceable to age alone, for it was observed, though in a less degree, during the earlier stages of his career, and is the more remarkable from the contrast presented by his despatches. No letters could ever be more temperately or perspicuously expressed than these famous documents. Even as specimens of literary compositions they are exceedingly good—plain, forcible, fluent, and occasionally, like those of Napoleon, even humorous withal.

The Duke of Wellington, after leading an irreproachable life, died suddenly, at Walmer Castle, at a quarter-past three, in the afternoon of Tuesday, September 14th, 1852, in the 84th year of his age.

Preserving to the last those temperate habits and that bodily activity for which he was so remarkably distinguished, on Monday, the 13th of September, 1852, he took his customary walk in the grounds attached to the castle, inspected the stables, made many minute inquiries there, and gave directions with reference to a journey to Dover on the following day, where Lady Westmoreland was expected to arrive on a visit to Walmer. His appetite had been observed to be keener than usual, and some remarked that he looked pale while attending Divine service on Sunday, but otherwise nothing had occured to attract notice or to excite uneasiness, and after dining heartily on venison he retired to rest on Monday night, apparently quite well. Lord and Lady Charles Wellesley were the only visitors at the castle.

Early on Tuesday morning, when Mr. Kendall, the valet, came to awake him, his Grace refused to get up, and desired that the "apothecary" should be sent for immediately. In obedience to his master's orders, Mr. Kendall despatched a note to Mr. W. Hulke, the eminent surgeon at Deal, who has been attached to the family for many years, and whom he desired to repair at once to the castle, and to make a secret of the summons. So great had for many years past been the public interest in the Duke's health, that rumours and fears magnified his most trifling ailments, and the news of his desire for medical aid was consequently suppressed. Mr. Hulke hastened to the castle, where he arrived at about 9 o'clock. He found the Duke, to all appearance, suffering from indigestion, and complaining of pains in the chest and stomach. He was in the full possession of his faculties, and described his ailment very clearly. This his last conversation on earth related entirely to his state of health; and so slight and seemingly harmless were the symptoms that Mr. Hulke confined himself to prescribing some dry toast and tea. He then left, promising to call at about 11 o'clock, but at Lord Charles Wellesley's request he said he would come at 10. Mr. Hulke, on leaving, called upon Dr. M'Arthur, and told him what he had done, which the latter approved of. Neither of the medical gentlemen appear to have been present when the fatal attack commenced—an attack to which the Duke's constitution has for years been liable, and which, a year and a half ago, had been conquered by a successful treatment. His Grace, when seized, lost the power of speech and of consciousness. On the arrival of the medical attendants emetics were administered, which, however, produced no effect. Every effort was used to afford relief, but in vain. His Grace was removed from bed into an arm-chair, were it was thought he would be more at ease; and the attendants of his dying moments stood in a group around him, watching the last efforts of expiring nature. On one side were Lord Charles Wellesley and Dr. M'Arthur, on the other, Mr. Hulke and the valet. As the time passed on and no sign of relief was visible, telegraphic messages were despatched, first for Dr. Hume and then for Dr. Ferguson, who, however, were unfortunately both out of town. Finally, Dr. Williams was sent for, but he did not arrive at the castle till 11 o'clock at night, when all earthly aid was useless. About noon, a fresh attack, shown in the exhausted state of the patient by shivering only, came on, and from that time hardly any sign of animation could be detected. Mr. Hulke could only ascertain by the continued action of the pulse, the existence of life. He felt it from time to time till about a quarter past three, when he found that it had ceased to beat, and declared that all was over. Dr M'Arthur tried the other arm, and confirmed the fact; but Lord Charles Wellesley expressed his belief that the Duke still breathed, and a mirror was held to his mouth by the valet. The polished surface, however, remained undimmed, and the great commander departed without a struggle or even a sigh to mark the exact moment when the vital spark was extinguished.

The Spartan simplicity of the Duke's habits was maintained to the last, and the only relaxation which he permitted himself was an occasional extra hour's rest at Walmer. In his 84th year, he was still the same abstemious, active, self-denying man he had ever been, rising early, never latterly tasting wine or spirits, taking regular exercise on foot and on horseback, sleeping on a hard uncurtained couch, and rejecting even the luxury of a downy pillow. The Duke used a pillow, but it

was an exceedingly hard one, stuffed with horsehair and lined with wash-leather, and he carried it about with him wherever he went. His life had for years been a steady system of defensive warfare against the approach of disease, and death overtook him at last from sheer exhaustion, without being preceded by a single day's illness. On the very morning of his fatal attack it was much feared that he would persist in going to meet Lady Westmoreland at Dover; and not long ago, when suffering from a severe cold, he could not be persuaded to keep his room, but joined the dinner circle in his great coat. His habits certainly throw a striking light on his whole character; and when we learn that to the last his daily toilette was performed without the slightest assistance, we can appreciate how fully he acted up to a favourite motto of his own—that if a man wanted to have anything properly done, he must do it himself. It took him from half-past six o'clock till nine every morning to dress; but even to the operation of shaving he did all himself; and at his age that must have been nearly as difficult a feat as winning a battle in early life. Though in his 84th year, he still wrote a firm hand and carried on a large correspondence—curious confirmations of the strength of nerve required to form a great commander.

To the last his powers of memory and the cheerfulness of a well-balanced mind remained unimpaired. A day or two before his death, referring to the subject of civic feasts, he told an incident in the life of Pitt which is worth recording. The last public dinner which Pitt attended was at the Mansion-house, when his health was proposed as the saviour of his country. The Duke expressed his admiration of Pitt's speech in reply, which was in substance, that the country had saved herself by her own exertions, and that every other country might do the same by following her example. A pleasing trait in the Duke's character is the long periods during which a large proportion of his dependents have been connected with or served him, and the unvarying testimony which they bear to his good and kind qualities as an employer, a landlord, and a master. Exact and punctual in the management of his private affairs, up to the last moment his weekly bills were discharged by him as usual; and this precision, which he carried into everything, made him easily dealt with. Amid the splendour of his public achievements, his conduct as a landed proprietor is apt to be forgotten. Yet was he one of the most liberal and improving landlords in the country. The estate of Strathfieldsaye, which, he used to say, would have ruined any man but himself, has had more done for it in the shape of permanent improvement—of draining, of chalking, of substantial farm premises and such like, than perhaps any other single property in the south of England. It was a wretched investment of the public money, but the Duke, true to his usual maxim, did the best he could with it, and the annual income for a long series of years has been regularly laid out upon it. As to his household, even the French cook, overlooking Waterloo and his Grace's indifference to the science of gastronomy, mourns for his death. He had exhausted all the efforts of his art in vain to elicit commendations from the Duke, who showed no preference for a good dinner over a bad one. This troubled the *chef du cuisine*, but he admits that his master was a very great man notwithstanding

We might lengthen our biography considerably by the insertion of various anecdotes and personal traits; but we content ourselves with a simple notice of his personal representatives. As has already been stated, the Duke was married, in 1806, to the Hon. Catherine Pakenham, by whom he had issue—

I Arthur, Marquis of Douro, who succeeds as second Duke of Wellington His Grace is a Colonel in the army. He was born 3rd February, 1807, and married, 19th April, 1839, Lady Elizabeth Hay, fourth daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, which Lady was born 27th September, 1820

II. Lord Charles Wellesley, M P for Windsor, a Colonel in the army, born 16th January, 1808, married 9 h July, 1844, Augusta Sophia Anne, only child of the Right Hon Henry Manvers Pierrepont, brother of Earl Manvers, and by her (who was born 30th May, 1820) has had three sons—Arthur, born 5th May, 1845; died 7th July, 1846; Henry, born 5th April, 1846; Arthur Charles, born 15th March, 1849, and two daughters, to the eldest of whom, Victoria Alexandrina, her Majesty stood sponsor in person.

The nephews and nieces of the Duke were:—

William, present Earl of Mornington,
Lady Mary Charlotte Anne Bagot, who died in 1845,
Lady Emily Harriet, wife of Lord Fitzroy Somerset,
Lady Priscilla Anne, married to the Earl of Westmoreland.
} Children of Wm Wellesley Pole, third Earl of Mornington.

Charles Wellesley,
George Grenville Wellesley,
Emily Anne Charlotte, wife of the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell,
Georgiana Henrietta Louisa, wife of the Rev. George Darby St. Quintin,
Mary Sarah, Viscountess Chelsea,
Cecil Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. G. A. F. Liddell.
} Children of the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Valerian Wellesley, D.D.

Henry Richard Charles, second and present Lord Cowley,
The Hon. William Wellesley,
The Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, Rector of Strathfieldsaye,
The Hon Charlotte Arbuthnot, wife of Lord Robert Grosvenor,
The Hon. Georgiana Charlotte Mary, wife of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G C.B.
} Children of Henry, First Lord Cowley.

Georgiana-Frederica (only daughter of Lady Anne Wellesley, his Grace's sister, by her first husband, the Hon. Henry Fitzroy), married, 25th July, 1814, to Henry, Marquis of Worcester, now Duke of Beaufort

Frederick Smith, Esq., son of Lady Anne Wellesley, by her second husband, C. Culling Smith, Esq.

Emily-Frances, Duchess of Beaufort, daughter of Lady Ann Wellesley, by her second husband, C. Culling Smith, Esq.

The following chronological record of the great Duke presents, in brief, the principal events of his life:—

Born	1 May, 1769
Ensign	7 Mar. 1787
Lieutenant	25 Dec. 1787
Captain	30 June, 1791
Major	30 April, 1793
Lieutenant-Colonel	30 Sept. 1793
Colonel	3 May, 1796
Major General	29 April, 1802
Lieutenant-General	25 April, 1808
General, in Spain and Portugal	31 July, 1811
Field Marshal	21 June, 1813
Died	14 Sept. 1852.

The following verses, by Thomas Edward Clark, of the Ordnance Office, in the Tower, of which the Duke was Constable, convey, in good language, the feelings of the people of Great Britain, at the loss of their greatest commander:—

Farewell to the chief, who with triumph defended
The ark of his country when empires assailed
With the storm they had gather'd he bravely contended,
Thro' perils unnumber'd he fought and prevail'd.

Rest be to his ashes, and peace to his spirit!
O'er Wellington chaunt a dirge due to the brave,
His country for ages to come shall inherit
The fruits of his valour, and hallow his grave

O England! lament for the hour that hath reft thee
Of him—whose existence was raised for thine own —
Without him—thy glory for ever had left thee—
The tyrant of Europe had trampled thy throne.

In the morning of life, over all that impeded,
At once, he arose to the zenith of fame.
The vast and the mighty before him receded,
The brave of the past were eclipsed by his name.

Before him the armies of India were routed;
The strength of her bulwarks before him gave way:
No longer the banners of England were flouted—
The contests of ages were won in a day.

He turn'd to new triumphs, when India had yielded,
While victory's laurels were fresh on his brow
From slaughter and ruin his country he shielded,
And gather'd the glory which covers him now.

Not the danger which threaten'd all Europe appall'd him,
Prepared half the world and its warfare to meet—
He came, and he conquer'd, where duty had call'd him;
The power of Napoleon was laid at his feet.

He is gone—full of honours and cover'd with glory—
In camp and in council the first of his day;
But his name shall still live in the world's brightest story,
Till the nations themselves shall have all passed away.

UNCLE JOHN'S VISIT.—A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

CHAPTER. I.

It came at last—what the fire, Cassandra-like, had muttered of for several days past—what people prophesied to each other on the street—what Bill Lyman, the stage-driver, had foreseen that morning, when he called for his heaviest pea-jacket—what young maidens and schoolboys had looked for with such impatient longings—what the houseless and homeless had anticipated with anxiety and dread—the snow-storm.

And a right brave storm it was; none of your light, trifling affairs, that merely cover the earth with a thin frosting, like that on a bridal loaf, but a regular old-fashioned snow-storm. To be sure, it was rather coquettish at first, like a young horse at starting, but soon it settled down, and went to work in good earnest. It wove dainty coverlids for the violet beds in the deep old woods, and covered them over like a careful mother; it powdered the heads of the cedars, until they looked like white-haired giants, and wrapped alike the graves of rich and poor, in shrouds of dazzling whiteness

Oh! very impartial were those same little white feathery flakes, that came dancing down at the bidding of the storm, edging alike the blue cloth cloak of Judge Edmonds and the ragged garments of the begger with

"Ermine too dear for an Earl."

Then they made a league with that cool-headed old tactician, the North Wind, and together they went skirring through the streets, heaving up embankments here, and digging trenches and forming curves there, rushing round corners, to attack stout, rosy-cheeked gentlemen, who fought and sputtered and dashed the snow from their eyebrows, to see what awaited them next, while the thinly-clad shop girls drew their shawls closer about them, and scudded in troops, like little snow-birds, close under the lee of the houses, to escape their boisterous greetings. In the space of an hour or so, the storm had the city pretty much to itself, for whoever had a shelter was glad to get beneath it, and stay there.

On the corner of C and D streets was a spacious wholesale clothing store, upon which, in hurrying up and down the streets, after the last stragglers, the storm seemed to bestow particular attention. It tried to shake the mahogany-cased windows, and find some crack in them, or in the heavily panelled door, by which it could gain ingress, but baffled here, it contented itself with wrapping a white covering over the gilded signboard, darkening the windows, muffling the steps, and piling up a barricade against the door, as if it said—"Never mind! I'll be ready for you when you do open!"

Now, it was very provoking, no doubt, but none of these manœuvres seemed to disturb the equanimity of Mr D. Orestes Jimps, the owner of the store. All the clerks had gone to tea, and, while waiting their return, he sat before the stove, with his heels resting upon a high stool, rather above the level of his head, and his eyes fixed upon a lamp hook in the wall, as a kind of tether to his imagination, as he counted up the profits of the day's sales—a very necessary and commendable process, seeing next day was New Year's, and he anticipated several extra demands upon his purse. Perhaps we should not be far from the truth, if we said that, at the same time, he gave a sort of rough guess at his neighbour Jumper's profits, and wondered *just* how *much* and *what* he would give at their pastor's donation party the next evening, for Mr. D Orestes Jimps did not like to be cast in the shade by any one, especially by a rival house; besides, we are all, at times, so remarkably disinterested, that we take more interest in other people's concerns than our own.

But, hurrah! the storm has triumphed! Through the open door falls the barricade of snow, followed by the wind, that sends the glittering particles dancing through the whole length of the store, and raises such a commotion among the various garments, mentionable and unmentionable, suspended overhead, that it is some time before the astonished Mr. Jimps is aware of the cause of this disturbance.

But there she stands—a little, shrinking, hollow-eyed girl, with a cheek almost as white as the snow matted in her abundant hair, and clinging to the folds of her miserable dress.

"Well, what's wanting, my girl?" asked Mr. Jimps, as the thin, wan face, scarcely higher than the level of the counter, was turned up to him with a timid, appealing glance.

"Please, sir," began a little trembling, piping voice, "I have brought some shirts, and mother wants to know if you will be kind enough to let her have the money for them."

Mr. Jimps took the packet which the child drew from under her shawl, and deliberately counted the coarse garments it contained, while the little one edged timidly toward the stove.

"Three, four, five, six. Why, child," exclaimed the gentleman, as he finished counting, "how is this? Here is but half the lot we gave out to your mother!"

"No sir," returned the child, as she edged back to her first stand, "mother knew that—but little Jennie has been so sick, sir, that we could not get any more done; and—and—it is so cold, and the coal is all gone. Mother hoped sir, you would be kind enough to pay her for these, and we will finish the others as soon as we can."

"I thought your mother understood our terms. I told her, when she took the work, that we made it a rule to pay only when the lot was done, returned Mr. Jimps "There are plenty of people glad to work for us on these terms, and your mother cannot expect us to make an exception in her favour."

"But please, sir," pleaded the little one, "little Jennie is so sick, and"——

But Mr. Jimps did not stay to hear her out, for, just at that moment the outer door again opened, and a person entered, who slammed it to, right in the face of the storm, and began to stamp his boots and shake his garments in a way that gave strong proofs of their firm texture. As soon as Mr. Jimps caught sight of the high nose that peered like a projecting battlement over the folds of the red worsted comforter, which enveloped the lower portion of the new comer's face, he sprang round the counter, and seizing his hand, shook it heartily, as he exclaimed—

"Why, Uncle John Markham! where *did* you come from? Did you snow down?"

"No, Dimmie," returned the old man, taking off his low-crowned hat, and shaking a miniature snow storm from its broad prim; "but I'd like to been snowed *under* Who'd a thought it would have come by such handfulls? I told mother, when I started, I guessed there would be more snow before I got back, but I did not think of its coming so like a judgment. Black Simon and I have had a time of it, I tell you, Dimmie. Whew! my fingers ache like the toothache!" he added, drawing off a thick pair of blue and white yarn mittens, and spreading his hard palms to the fire.

"It is the worst storm we have had yet," returned Mr. Jimps, wincing slightly at the apellation by which the old man addressed him. In his native village, he had always been known as Dimmie Jimps, it being a sort of abbreviation of the classical cognomen, Demosthenes Orestes, bestowed upon him by his father which he had ignored ever since his establishment in the city, signing his name D Orestes Jimps, Esq But he knew there was no use in arguing the case with Uncle John. He would always remain Dimmie with him, so he smoothed his brow, and said heartily—

"Come, Uncle John, take a seat, and make yourself comfortable, if you can, until some of the boys get back then we will go up to the house Julia will be delighted to see you. You will stay over to-morrow night with us of course. To-morrow night is Mr. E.'s Donation Party, and you must certainly attend that. He asks after you always, when he calls" Then chancing to let his eye fall on the waiting child, whom he had quite forgotten, he said, with a gesture towards the door—

"You had better run home, little girl. Your mother knows my terms—can't vary for any one. A man must have some rules, and stick by them, if he intends to do anything," he added turning to Uncle John.

"Aye sound doctrine that, Dimmie But what is this? Who could send a child out in such a storm?" said the old man, hastily rising, and striding forward to open the door, the knob of which the child was vainly trying to turn "There, run home, little girl, if you dont intend to be buried," he cried, "your folks are crazy to send you out in such weather"

For a second, ere she crossed the threshold, the little pale face was turned up to his, as if to thank him, and he saw that it was wet with tears

"What—what?" he muttered; and was about to follow her, when he was recalled by the voice of Mr. Jimps—

"Come in, uncle; you will catch your death standing in that draft;" cried the little man.

"Who was that child, Dimmie? and what possessed her friends, if she has any, to send her out in such a storm?" asked the old man, as he again seated himself by the fire.

"Oh, she don't mind it. She is one of the thousands you will find in the city—one scarcely knows who or what they are. Her mother came here for work, and, as she was recommended by one of our hands whom we could trust, we let her take some. I should think I had heard some one say that her husband was a dissipated sort of a fellow. The city is full of such people."

"But what sent her here to-day? Do you owe them anything, Dimmie?"

"Owe them!" returned Mr. Jimps, laughing. "You must think me hard run, not to be able to pay for a half dozen shirts I always make it a rule to pay for each lot of work when it is brought in and answers inspection; and that is what I call fair on all sides. But this woman wants me to do more—she has sent in half her lot, and wants me to pay her for these before the rest are done."

"And you didn't do it, Dimmie?" said the old man.

"Not I. I should never get my work done at that rate. If she does not like the terms, she must look elsewhere for work."

"I s'pose there are people who would have been foolish enough to have one it, or, perhaps, given her a little something out of their own pockets," observed the old man, watching the face of Mr. Jimps with a very peculiar expression.

"Yes, and foolish enough they are, as you say. Now, I claim to be as liberal and benevolent as most men; but I act upon system in this, as well as everything else. I pay my taxes promptly, and subscribe liberally to several benevolent societies; besides, my wife devotes half her time to their management. If these people really are worthy, and need aid, let them apply to some of these, or to the city authority. Casual charity only encourages street begging and idleness."

"But—but—I s'pose there are some among them so proud that that they would rather starve than beg," returned the old man, with the same searching glance. "I dare say there are a good many just in our neighbourhood, at home, who would rub pretty close before they would do it."

"No doubt of it. You would be surprised at the degree of pride manifested by the people who work for me, though many of them are poor as Job. These people are doubtless of the same stamp. Lewis," he added, addressing a young clerk, who entered, out of breath with facing the storm, "put down those half-dozen shirts to the credit of Mrs Ives."

"Miss Sarah Ives, George-street?" queried the boy.

"No; Mrs Mary Ives, Bingham Crossing, York road," was the reply, as Mr. Jimps deliberately encased his dapper person in a wadded overcoat, and enveloped his throat in the voluminous folds of a costly merino scarf.

While he was drawing on his over-shoes, his guest took from his pocket a large pocket-book, and wrote a few words on a blank leaf

They were soon ploughing their way in the direction of Mr Jimps's residence, Uncle John looking the storm square in the face, as if it were an old friend, and Mr. Jimps trying to give it the cut by turning sideways It bore this a while, but at last, as they turned a corner, it sprang out upon him, and flapping the long ends of his scarf in his face, suddenly lifted his shining beaver from off his head, and lodged it in a snow-bank, which it had been piling up right under the windows of Governor B——'s mansion, as if for the special amusement of a group of curly-headed children and a lovely young lady, who were watching the process with delight

"Oh, if it had only happened anywhere else!" thought Mr Jimps, as, with one glance at the mischievous face of Miss Eva B—— and the laughing little ones, he picked up his beaver and disappeared round the corner. Uncle John followed with steady steps. No danger of the storm playing tricks with his apparel His hat was jammed down upon his bald crown as if he meant it to *stay* there; and we have a suspicion that he rather enjoyed the disasters of Mr Jimps.

"I say, Dimmie," he remarked, seeing that gentleman pause and turn his back to the storm to get breath, "that little girl must have a hard time of it getting home, won't she?"

"Yes, her people were crazy to send her out at such a time Ugh! the snow almost blinds one!"

"Very likely," returned the old man, with a peculiar smile, replying to the first part of Mr. Jimps's remark; "poor people are apt to do a great many strange things But here we are at the door, and there is your wife at the window," and, with a nod to the rather pretty-looking lady who looked down upon them, the old man followed his nephew into the same house.

Uncle John Markham was warmly received by his nephew's wife He was a bit of a humorist—"odd as Dick's hat-band," the people said in his village, (and, by the way, we should very much like to know in what the peculiarity of the said Richard's hat-band consisted.) *Eccentric*, Mrs. Jimps whispered to her friends, as she introduced him but then he was rich and childless, and rich folks can afford to be "odd."

His visits were ever welcome among his nephews and nieces, not merely because of his wealth, for though they were keen-sighted business people, and perhaps did not entirely put *that* out of the question, yet they had sense enough to love and respect the old man for his intrinsic goodness.

Tea being over, and little Augustus Adelmar, Mr Jimps's son and heir, having been sent to bed, after making several journeys to "Danbury Cross" on the old man's foot, the conversation turned upon the approaching Donation Party.

"Simpson sent home the stand to-day, dear," said Mrs. Jimps, turning to her husband. "It is a love of a thing. Uncle John, you must see it—my gift for Mrs. E——, our pastor's wife. I do not believe there will be anything half so pretty sent in;" and, running into the opposite parlor, she returned with a beautiful *papier mache* work-stand.

"Why, it is a pretty thing enough," said the old man, looking at it with a good deal of interest, as his niece explained the material and the process of manufacturing it. "That butterfly hovering over the rose, there, is as natural as life. But, what's it for, Julia? It is hardly strong enough to hold a mouse"

"Oh, it will hold light things; and then, it is such a beautiful ornament in a parlor."

"And what might it have cost, niece?" he asked.

"Five pounds. Orestes, how I wish your vases had been sent home, so that Uncle John could have seen them, too. They are such beauties—the real Bohemian glass, and no mistake."

"And what do they cost?"

"Five more," was the reply.

"Well, Dimmie, you said you was liberal, to-day, and I do not dispute it; but it does seem to me, children, with my old-fashioned notions, that you might have laid out your money more wisely, considering your minister's wife and children. But you mean well, doubtless, and cannot fail to be benefited by it yourselves, whatever your friends may be; for no one ever opened their purse-strings out of kindness, without being the better for it."

"In that case, Uncle John, you will return a much better man than you came, for I intend to make a draft on you," said Julia, blushing and laughing. "We are getting up a Society for the suppression of idolatry among the Chinese in California, and I must have you down for a good round sum."

"Stay a bit, niece. Chinese—I heard they were coming over there by thousands, but I don't know as they are much worse idolaters than our folks are there Besides, I have one or two claims of the Society to which I belong to settle, before I can think of yours."

"Your Society! Why, I did not know as you belonged to any one, uncle!"

"You were mistaken, then," returned the old man, gravely. "For many years, I have been a member of the oldest Society in the world—the same of which our Saviour was a distinguished member while on earth—the Society of Human Brotherhood, which has for its aim and object all the poor, oppressed, fallen, and down-trodden beings upon God's earth. I must attend to this first, niece, and then I will see about yours."

There was silence a few moments, before the old man, who had risen and walked to the window, added, gaily—

"By the by, children, I guess I'll just step round to the hotel, and take a look at 'Black Simon.'"

"Not to-night—you surely need not go out to-night;" cried Mr. and Mrs. Jimps in the same breath.

"Why not? See, it has stopped snowing, and I am not quite so frail as Julia's stand there. Simon had a hard time of it, getting here, and the hostler may neglect him, poor fellow You need not think I am lost, if I am not back in an hour or two," he added, as he passed through the hall, "I may find some old friends down there, and chat awhile."

CHAPTER II.

"Black Simon" was looked after, and talked to for a few moments, as much as if he had been a child; and then, instead of returning to the warm sitting-room of the hotel, or the elegant parlour of Mr. Jimps, the old man sturdily ploughed his way along the snowy streets, until he reached the suburbs of the city.

Here he slackened his steps, and paused occasionally to decipher by the dim light of the lamps the numbers on some of the dilapidated buildings which lined the street. At last, he approached one, from which issued the sounds of music and dancing, and knocked loudly at the door. It was opened by a rosy-cheeked Irish girl, in a gay ball costume and dirty white slippers.

"Is there a family of the name of Ives living in this house?" asked the old man.

"Yes there be—the poor craythers; but not in there, sir," was the reply, as she saw Mr. Markham about to lay hold of the latch of a door near by. "That is Teddy Mc Guire's room. The Ives are above, sir. I will be afther showin' ye the way, an' ye please."

Uncle John followed the girl up the gloomy dirty stairs, asking by the way, (for the old man was a bit of a Yankee), what was the cause of the festivity below.

"A wedding, sir. Mikey Flaherty is married to Tim Doolans Bridget to night," returned the girl, with a smile; adding, as she pointed to a door at the extreme end of the passage, "It's there ye will find them ye seek."

The old man turned to thank her, but she was already half way down stairs, stepping to the lively measure of an Irish jig; so he walked on, and knocked gently at the door which the girl had pointed out It was opened by the same pale-faced child whom he had seen in his nephew's store. She looked up to him with a quick glance of recognition, mingled with surprise, and then glanced toward her mother, who sat leaning over a miserable bed, on which lay a little child, over whose face the ashen hue of death was

already stealing. Seeing that her mother did not observe the stranger, she said:

"It's the gentleman who opened the door for me to-day, mother."

Thus disturbed, the woman looked up, questioningly, almost impatient, at the intruder.

"Excuse me, ma'm," began the old man, in an apologetic tone, but deliberately shutting the door behind him. "I fear I intrude; but the little girl is right. I am glad to find she got home safe. My nephew, Mr. Jimps did not quite understand the child, it seems, and I have come to make it all straight." And he handed out a five dollar bill as he spoke.

The woman took the bill looked at it a moment, and returned it with a heavy sigh

"I cannot change it, sir. I have not a cent of money in the world."

"It's all right, ma'm. I don't want any change—I mean Mr. Jimps don't, he isn't at all particular—that is—I say, keep it, ma'm; you need it all, and more too, in such weather as this."

The woman looked at him with mingled wonder and suspicion. At length she said

"There is some mistake, sir. Mr Jimps is a very particular man. He owes me but one dollar, and it may bring both of us into trouble if I keep the money."

"Take it, I say. Zounds! have not I a right to do as I please with my—I mean hasn't Mr Jimps a right to do what he pleases with his money? Take it, and make yourselves comfortable"

The woman waited to be urged no more, she eagerly clutched the money, and burst into tears, as she cried—

"The blessing of those ready to perish be upon you both, sir I should not have sent out to-day, but we have neither food nor fuel, and little Jennie dying!"

"Have you no one whom you can send out after food and fuel?" asked the old man, with a glance toward the farther corner of the room, where, from beneath a pile of rags, came the heavy breathing of a man.

"Yes, returned the woman, as with a troubled expression her eye followed his, "but William, poor fellow, is not well He is worn out," she went on, with a sigh, "with care, and want, and trouble. If you will be kind enough to stay with Ellen, sir, I will run down myself, and get what we want It's only two doors from here," she added, seeing the old man about to remonstrate.

There was something in her manner that recalled to the old man Mr Jimps's remark about her husband's intemperate habits. She fears to trust him with the money, and perhaps she is right, thought he, as he drew the scanty covering over the dying child, and began to look about for something to kindle a fire with, against the mother's return

The little girl had down the coarse shirt sleeve she was stitching, and came to his aid, but they could find nothing but a few bits of paper

"That is Willie's kite, sir," whispered she, as the old man laid his hand on that article. "He brought it with him when we moved from the country, but I don't know as he will mind it much if we do take it, if he can only be warmed"

As she spoke, a curly head peered out from beneath the rags in the corner, and, presently, a little boy of five or six years old crept to her side.

"Willie, don't wake father!" she whispered, hushing his exclamation of surprise at the sight of the stranger. "We are going to have a fire, and something to eat, Willie," she added. "Mother has gone after the things. Mr. Jimps sent the money by this gentleman, and now it's all right."

The little boy's sleepy eyes flew wide open at the mention of food and fire, and he whispered, with a shy look at Uncle John—"But will he take us away from this hateful place, sister, and give us dinners every day, just as we used to have them in the country? When I was so hungry, and cried, last night, you said mebby some one would bring me a whole pocketfull of cakes, if I would go to sleep. Has he brought them, sissie?"

"Mother has gone after them," said the little girl, while Uncle John took him upon his knee, and warmed his little red hands between his great palms. Ellen drew close to him, too, and he took her on the other knee, as he asked—

"How long has the little one been sick, dear?"

"Mother says she has never been well; but she ran about, and played with Willie and me, until we came here. Ever since, she has been poorly, and we have had to hold her all the while. Sometimes she laughs when I show her my rosebush, and puts her hands to catch the leaves. Biddy Flaherty gave it to me, sir; but lately she does not seem to notice anything, and mother thinks she will die."

"And then she will go up to God, away above the clouds, where the cold weather never comes," said little Willie, lifting his sober eyes to Mr. Markham's face. "It's a nice place up there, sir. Wouldn't you like to go, too?"

Before the old man could reply, the mother entered followed by a man bearing food and coals.

We do not know whose pleasure was the greatest, the hungry-eyed children as they ate their food by the glowing fire, or old John Markham's, as he sat by and looked on. We think the children's however; for he could not but be saddened by the tale which he heard from the lips of the poor mother, as she hung over her child. It was the old story, which has blotted so many of the fair pages of the book of life. Poverty had followed sickness, thrown out of work, strangers in a strange place, disappointed and despairing, the husband and father had yielded to temptation, and tasted of the accursed cup, until he no longer cared for aught save the gratification of his brutal appetite. For some time passt they had depended solely upon the earnings of the mother and little Ellen for support; and these had, of late, been much curtailed by the illness of little Jennie. "I could not let her lie and die before my eyes, even though we were all starved," said the weeping mother

Uncle John Markham was not an eloquent man—he never made a speech in his life, yet somehow the words which he spoke to that fallen, discouraged husband, that night, awoke feelings of hope and courage and self-respect in the poor fellow's heart, to which he had long been a stranger,

CHAPTER III.

It was quite late when the old man reached his nephew's house that night, and Mr Jimps and his wife were too sleepy to ask many questions, but next morning, at the the breakfast-table, they were disposed to be quite curious on the subject of his late hours.

"Fie, Uncle John," began Mrs Jimps, smiling, as she handed him his coffee, "this never will do. I shall have to write to Aunt Sarah about it"

"I think I shall write to her myself this morning," returned the old man, in the same light tone.

"But Uncle these must be very interesting people, these friends of yours, to keep you up so late," said Mr. Jimps,

"They are, so much so, Dimmie, that I must introduce them to you Will you call with me some time in the course of the day?"

"With great pleasure, Uncle."

It being New Year's Day, however, Mr. Jimps, amid calls and business, quite forgot Uncle John's proposal—the more readily as that old gentleman was absent most of the day on business of his own, and it was not until he was about to dress for the donation party in the evening that the old man saw fit to remind him of his engagement

"Why it is too late, now, Uncle John. Julia has already commenced dressing for the party," said the little man

"Well I can't go to this party with you until I have called on these friends, that's certain," said the old man "If you are minded to go with me, I'll have black Simon and the sleigh at the door by the time you are dressed, and we can be there and back again by the time Julia gets rigged, if she is like most women folks."

Black Simon was at the door in time, and bore them with flying steps along the crowded streets. On, on they went, past brilliantly lighted parlors, from whence came the sounds of music and laughter—on, to where the streets began to narrow, and the lights to dwindle, until, with a suddenness that almost took Mr. Jimps's breath from his body, the old man drew up before a ricketty old building.

"Uncle John, you must have mistaken the place! your friends surely cannot live here!" cried Mr. Jimps, from beneath the many folds of his scarf

"May be so—we'll see," was the reply, as the old man sprang out, and taking a rope from the sleigh, fastened black Simon securely to a post.

It was too cold for Mr. Jimps to remonstrate; his teeth chattered, and his scarf was almost frozen to his lips, even then so, stepping carefully in his dainty, glistening boots, he followed the old man through the gloomy hall and up the dirty stairs. Mr Jimps was a somewhat fastidious person, and might, more than once, have taken exception to the various smells that, coming from the different rooms, seemed to congregate in that hall, had he not fortunately, been too well wrapped up to be aware of them.

Uncle John rapped softly at the Ives's door, and, after waiting a few moments, as no one came, opened it himself. One glance around the apartment taught him the cause of that silence. Near the stove, with his little boy in his arms, who was sobbing in that peculiar, spasmodic manner that indicates the utter exhaustion of the physical frame, sat William Ives, with his eyes fixed upon the bed which had been arranged as decently as possible, to receive the dead body of little Jennie. The mother had done all her scanty means allowed. She had parted the soft hair on the little brow, straightened the shrunken limbs, and robed them in a pretty white frock, the last relic of happier days. The dainty edgings with which it was trimmed were in strange contrast with the miserable bed coverings—edgings wrought by her busy fingers in those happy

days when a mother's glad anticipations first stirred her heart. Then she had flung herself on her knees by the side of the bed, and with her face buried in the clothes, neither wept nor moved.

The grave-eyed Ellen stooped over the bed, and was trying to place a poor, sickly-looking rose in the cold hand of the little one. Uncle John glanced at the bush she had showed him the night before, and knew at once from whence it came. It was her all, poor thing!

She was the first to observe their entrance; and soon, both parents were mingling words of deep gratitude with their tears.

"I shall never, never forget your kindness, sir, to the day I die!" exclaimed the mother, turning to Mr. Jimps. "Much as we needed the money, starving as we were, we thought not less of your confidence in us than we did of that. It was so kind, so noble in you, to trust us! But you shall be repaid, sir; William and I are determined to do it, if we work our fingers to the bones! And this gentleman, to come as he did through the snow to aid us! Oh, how can we ever be grateful enough?"

"My kindness! repay me! you here!" exclaimed the bewildered Mr. Jimps, turning to Uncle John, and rapidly unwinding the folds of his scarf, as if pressed for breath

"Yes, Dimmie, I was certain you did not quite understand the errand of that little girl, yesterday, so I followed her home, and settled your bill myself. It was well I did, for the poor things needed it very much"

"Save a bit of bread for the children, and a spoonful of milk for——for"—and the poor mother glanced sadly at the white-robed little figure on the bed—"for *her*, sir, we had not tasted food for two days."

Mr. Jimps was neither an unjust nor hard-hearted man, he had simply been guided by the current custom of the day, and, when he had subscribed his quota to any benevolent object, allowed himself to consider his responsibility at an end. Now, a new light broke in upon him, he turned to his old relative and said earnestly

"Thank you, thank you, Uncle John! you could not have done me a kinder deed; or," he added, in a lower tone, "taught me a better lesson. It is one which I shall never forget"

And, to do Mr. Jimps justice, he never did He told the story to Julia when they got home, and bravely took his share of the blame, while the tears gathered in her pretty eyes, and she almost forgot her present and the donation party in her interest in the Ives

They assisted the father in finding employment, aided and encouraged him in his struggles to overcome his evil habits, and even did not grumble when Uncle John took little Ellen Ives to live with him and Aunt Sally, and be a daughter to them in their old age, though they knew that the inheritance of their darling, Augustus Adelmar, would be much curtailed by the deed

LETTERS TO WORKING MEN.

No. IV.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—II.

MUCH difference of opinion exists among the modern writers of Italy and France and England. The Italian and French writers, for instance, maintain that a Political Economist is concerned, not with the aggregate production of wealth, but united to which they advocate its most beneficial distribution among individuals,—not only with wealth, in fact, but with happiness also. On the other hand, the majority of modern English Economists advocate the principle, that the appropriate subject upon which the Political Economist should dilate is, not happiness, but wealth; that such wealth is confined to material objects, such as the produce of land and industry; that no writer on the science should assume to explain the phenomena of the production of wealth, without laying down the principles on which wealth is produced, as they are from actual facts deducible. The general tone of the "Wealth of Nations" bears out the latter fact, and though some of the most distinguished writers of the present day may, in some instances, differ with Dr. Smith in his views; yet, we may safely affirm, (without lessening the high opinion in which known living writers are held), that the important work referred to is the grammar of the system, and acknowledged as the principal work upon the science extant. The majority of the doctrines Adam Smith advocated, particularly with regard to labour, may be looked upon as a perfect illustration of the views of the English Economists.

Whilst, however, we express the foregoing opinion as to the merits of Dr. Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and the antagonistic position in which we place it by our avowing it, as an illustration of the views chiefly held by many modern English Economists, much difference of opinion still exists amongst them upon certain points in the science. Political Economy, as the term is understood by them, according to the views of some writers, may be deduced with the certainty of a mathematical illustration; whilst others are of opinion that in this science there are many important propositions which require limitations and exceptions.

Malthus, in the Introduction to his Political Economy, remarks, perhaps not unjustly, that "the desire to simplify and generalize has occasioned an unwillingness to acknowledge the operation of more causes than one in the production of particular effects, and if one cause would account for a considerable portion of a certain class of phenomena, the whole has been ascribed to it, without sufficient attention to the facts which would not admit of being so solved." He quotes the controversy on the Bullion Question as an instance of this kind of error, and subsequently says, "Adam Smith has stated that capitals are increased by parsimony, that every frugal man is a public benefactor,* and that the increase of wealth depends upon the balance of produce above consumption."† "That these propositions," observes Malthus, "are true to a great extent is perfectly unquestionable."

No considerable and continued increase of wealth could possibly take place without that degree of frugality which occasions annually the conversion of some revenue into capital, and creates a balance of produce above consumption; but it is quite obvious that they are not true to an indefinite extent, and that the principle of saving pushed to excess, would destroy the motive to production. If every person was satisfied with the simplest food, the poorest clothing, and the meanest houses, it is certain that no other sort of food, clothing, and lodging, would be in existence; and as there would be no adequate motive for the proprietors of land to cultivate well, not only the wealth derived from conveniences and luxuries would be quite at an end, but if the same division of land continued, the production of food would be prematurely checked, and population would come to a stand, long before the soil had been well cultivated.

"If consumption exceed production, the capital of the country must be diminished, and its wealth must be gradually destroyed, from its want of power to produce; if production be in a great excess above consumption, the motive to accumulate and produce must cease, from a want of will to consume.

"The two extremes are obvious; and it follows, that there must be some intermediate point, though the resources of Political Economy may not be able to ascertain it, whereby, taking into consideration both the power to produce and the will to consume, the encouragement to the increase of wealth is the greatest.

"The division of land-property presents another obvious instance of the same kind. No person has ever for a moment doubted, that the division of such immense tracts of land as were formerly in the possession of the great feudal proprietors, must be favourable to industry and production. It is equally difficult to doubt, that a division of landed property may be carried to such an extent as to destroy all the benefits to be derived from the accumulation of capital, and the division of labour, and to occasion the most extended poverty.

"There is here, then, a point, as well as in the other, though we may not know how to place it, where the division of property is best suited to the actual circumstances of society, and calculated to give the best stimulus to production, and to the increase of wealth and population."

We have already observed that the ancients had, to a certain extent, ideas upon what we now designate Political Economy.

The Greeks and Romans sought to increase their wealth chiefly by war, conquering and plundering nations of inferior power than themselves. Both countries, but the Romans in particular, considered trade and handicraft as unworthy the attention or position of a citizen, and, consequently, left to slaves and menials the working of the soil. Occasionally, indeed, during the reign of Tullius, there are evidences sufficient to justify us in saying, that the Romans held agriculture in good esteem; but, from the period when their conquests

* Wealth of Nations, B. II. C. III. † Ibid, B. IV. C. III.

extended beyond Latium, it can scarcely be said that the soil claimed any great attention. The love of war superseded that of home industry, and the proprietor's interest, in his agricultural position in the state, was confided to the care of menials. The result arising from this indifference on the part of the owners of the soil seems to have had its baneful results; for we find, in many instances, it is recorded in history, that the people of this great state were reduced to the brink of starvation, from the too great negligence of the soil, and that they were compelled, from the pangs of hunger, occasioned by internal scarcity, to seek corn from the provinces. The Romans considered gold, not as the representative of wealth, but as wealth itself; and the State, for a lenghtened period, forbade its exportation.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, little notice can be taken of the progress of agriculture and commerce for a lengthened period, its prostration having being succeeded by internal conflicts in various states, encouraged by the barbaric feelings of the different settlers intermingling with one another to a greater degree in countries than had taken place previously.

The first development of what may be called the Mercantile System took place in the middle ages, at that epoch when Venice, Florence, Pisa, and other free towns, sprang up; so that a lengthened era intervened between the fall of Rome and the first establishment of that system.

The policy pursued by the people of those towns, in their commercial capacity, was chiefly illustrated in their desire to seek foreign trade; as they considered that principle was the source of trade—selling at high prices, and buying low, realising to them, by exchange, a surplus in bullion, or, as they recognised it, revenue.

As in modern days, emulation in trade after a short time became discernible, and the consequence was, not a creation of friendly intercourse with mercantile nations, amongst themselves, or a desire to foster an honourable rivalry, as that proposed for an approaching epoch, but the foundation of wars, which have but partially expired up to the present day. Not a few of those countries which were conquered by other nations, in the middle ages, could attribute the source from whence issued their downfall to any other causes than those which arose from competition in trade. Monopoly in trade was sought, to render justice to some classes, and restrictions were resorted to, for the purpose of protecting the commercial produce of each nation, and to impede or frustrate in its operations that of others. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of surprise, that the aid of the warrior was occasionally called in to effect objects by force, which could not possibly take place through a fair competition in mercantile pursuits. A writer in a popular cyclopædia remarks, that "this system was narrow and exclusive; it considered only one state, and built the prosperity of that state on the depression of others. It was affected by the same error as the military system of conquerors, who wish to exalt and enrich one country by subjugating and plundering another, overlooking the fact, that the prosperity of other countries is part of the general prosperity of the world, in which our own country must share."

TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT AND GOOD.

BY A. T. BANKS.

Deep, deep to his mother earth,
Which late he nobly trod,
They'll bear him 'midst the anthem's peal,
While the death plumes mournful nod!

The poorest mortal who departs,
To 'scape from trouble here,
Leaves his trace on friendly hearts—
On some fond cheek a tear.

Such is the history of all,
Yet circumscribed their lot,
Each mortal has his hallowed grief,
Nor honours stranger spot

The great and good have wider fame—
The hearts of nations bleed!
On many a stone inscribes the name,
For future men to read.

THE CLOISTERS OF NOTRE-DAME AT PARIS:

THEIR ORIGIN, IMMUNITIES, AND PRIVILEGES.

The church of Paris, which has given so many learned doctors to religion, illustrious cardinals to Rome, and eminent juris-consults to Parliament, was celebrated throughout the Christian world not only by the science of its bishops, its dignitaries, and its chapter, but also by the importance and singularity of the immunities and privileges granted to the cloisters of Notre-Dame by the Carlovingian kings, which were recognised and extended by Hugh Capet and his successors, and abrogated or abolished only in the 17th century, under the reign of Louis XIV.

The inflexible will of the "Grand Monarch," who destroyed, by a stroke of his pen, the 72 civil and religious jurisdictions which shared amongst them the territory of the capital, in order to reunite them in the paramount jurisdiction of the *Châtelet*, were sufficient to destroy the diplomas and records of the heirs of Charlemagne, the aulary notes of Robert, or the pious concessions of Philip Augustus and Saint Louis.

The cloisters, it is well known, were the symmetrical assemblage of many houses or cells, destined for the dwellings of the regular clergy or monks, and also of some sections of the secular clergy, called canons, who submitted to the yoke of a monastic life. The confinement of the cloisters of the different religious orders was perpetual, that of the canonical cloisters, or of the canons, was only nocturnal—that is, they were open to all comers during the day-time, and were only closed at sunset for the night.

The most ancient privilege, or, at least, the most authentic and ancient title still extant touching the cloisters of Notre-Dame of Paris, emanated from King Charles III., called "*the Simple*," * who, upon the petition of Thioul, Bishop of Paris,† permitted the Chapter to sell to each of the canons, for the necessity and use of the church, the houses of the cloister. Mention is made of this privilege in the register of the church of Paris, which also records the decease of Thioul, Bishop of Paris, in the following terms:—"8 Kalend. man, obit dominus Theodulphus, qui primus firmavit claustrum nostrum sub rege Carolo Simplice, Engus firmitatis datis est congiaci 15 Kalend. junii indictione, 15 anno incarnationis dominicæ 911."

This privilege was the fruitful source of perplexity; many of the canons from 911 to 1791 made it a case of conscience to receive their portion of the distribution of the money, the proceeds of the sale of these canonical houses, vacant by the death of their members, and still a sum was deducted from each sale, to found masses for the repose of the soul of those who did not resign, *in articulo mortis*, the houses of which they were the possessors, to the Chapter.

The privilege granted by Charles the Simple was confirmed by King Lothaire and his son, in the year 986, in the following terms:—"Claustrum congregationis Sanctæ Mariæ, sicut ab avo nostro Carolo præcibus Theodulphi. Episcopi confirmatum fuerat nostra præceptione confirmanius."

Louis VII ratified this same privilege in the year 1127, and, having entered the bosom of the Chapter, caused to be engrossed by the chancellor, and signed, at a sitting held, the celebrated charter which commences in these words:—"In nomine sanctæ et individuæ Trinitatis, et dilectio et reverentia quæ a nobis, more prædecessorum, nostrorum, ecclesiis, regni nostri et Parisiensi ecclesiæ, etc.," which the Chapter regarded, with good reason, as one of the most precious and honourable monuments of its archives.

The jurisdiction of the Chapter of Notre-Dame extended not only over the canonical cloister, but also over the lands within bow-shot around it, and it was the canons who built over these grounds—then barren, and covered three-fourths of the year by the waters of the Seine—the first houses, and laid out the first streets The court of the cathedral was dependent on the episcopal jurisdiction, and the two authorities, although ticklish

* Charles III., the posthumous son of Louis le Bigne (the stammerer), ascended the throne in 893, through the influence of Fulke, Archbishop of Rheims, who aided him to overcome those who during his minority had usurped the throne of his grandfather, Charlemagne Charles the Simple did not long enjoy his victory, and having drawn upon himself the hatred of both the nobles and the people, he was dethroned by Robert, Count of Vermandois, and confined in the tower of Peronne, where he died at the age of fifty years, in 929, after seven years of the most grievous and ignominious captivity.

† Thioul, called also Theodulphe in some chronicles, had been an advocate, and had practised with distinction in the litigious discussions which the unhappy disputes of the descendants of Charlemagne unceasingly fomented in the councils of the nation. Thioul was a clergyman, and consecrated himself wholly to the service of the altar at the age of forty. He was elected Bishop of Paris, and was, by his intelligence, science, and piety, worthy of that eminent station. Thioul called his canons *consodales meos*. He died at an early age, but ripe in virtues, in 914, a few months only after having obtained from Charles the Simple the favour which he had petitioned of the royal power for his beloved Chapter.

enough in regard to their respective rights, lived side by side in perfectly good understanding.

If the Bishop of Paris had his officiality, his provost, his officers, his prisons, and his ecclesiastical court, the Chapter had its bailiff, its sergeants, its ushers, its night or vesper officers, and those of the day. It had also its prison, and it may be recognised even at the present day in that dilapidated lodge situated in front of the side gate on the north of the metropolis This prison, in other respects, had nothing very frightful about it, since, in the fourteenth century, the poor scholars of Montaigne were benevolently shut up in it, to "eat bread with all their soul," and to drink the *Topette* of Orleans wine which the canons daily allowed to their captives. Acts of violence, blasphemies pronounced with a loud voice, an immodest demeanour, or acts of cynical indecency, involved an arrest, when they, or any of them, were committed to the cloister or to places within its jurisdiction.

The ancient statutes of the Chapter, confirmed by many sentences of their bailiff, and by writs of parliament, forbade the canons to lodge strangers in the cloister. Yet it is believed that this clause of the statutes was not carried out with much severity. Louis XI., then Dauphin, and sequestered at the court of the Duke of Burgundy after having revolted against his father, came secretly to Paris in 1460, and met with a hospitality, as noble as it was magnificent, from the Canon Andre du Moulinet.

The Dauphin remained a whole month in the cloister of Notre-Dame, sleeping during the day, and playing at chess at night with his host, or receiving in the vaults of the canonical house one or other of his trusty friends, who arrived by the street Saint Christopher, which was then rebuilding, and the deep excavations of which served for a gallery to the visitors, reaching even to the well-furnished vaults of the canons, where King Louis XI. never forgot the stay, which he had made under proscription, in the shade of the tower of Notre-Dame de Paris; and his favourite promenade, when he resided at the palace, was the cloister and the Garden of the Canons, situated on the very bank of the river, and to the bolster of the church.

The church of Notre-Dame de Paris had eight dignitaries, exclusive of the archbishop. These were, the dean, the chantor, the archdeacon of Paris, the archdeacon of Josas, the archdeacon of Brie, the sub-chanter, who usually fulfilled the functions of knight; the chancellor, who was also chancellor of the university,* and the grand penitencer.

There were fifty canons;† and amongst these, there were found at least twenty-five who were counsellors' clerks to parliament, and wore the scarlet robe (the distinctive attribute of the counsellors of the grand chamber) in the choir on the days of solemn feasts; two canons, and two perpetual vicars of St Aignau, six grand vicars, one of the abbey of Saint Victor, one of the monastery of Saint Martin-in-the-fields, one of Saint Denis of the Unuch, one of the abbey of Saint Maur-des-fosses, one of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, and last, of Saint Marcel de Paris

Ten canons of Saint Denis-du-Pas. Eight canons of Saint Jean-le-rond.‡ The chaplains, to the number of one hundred and twenty. Twenty-two children of the choir and other officers, as well of matins, revenue, and sacristy, as of the lesser and greater bell-ringing.

Many other dignities and prerogatives were indirectly attached to the church of Paris. The abbey of Saint Maur-des-Fosses, the priors of Saint Eloy, near the palace, of Saint Magloire, in the faubourg Saint Jacques, and the temporal seignorie of Saint Cloud, which was erected by Louis XIV. with a ducal pecrage, formed the appanage of the Archbishop of Paris. The Chapter, for its part, possessed great wealth. In the seventeenth century it enjoyed the revenue from 191 houses in Paris, and 43 farms, distributed in La Beance, La Brie, L'Orleannais, La Perche, La Maine, and in L'Isle de France, without reckoning many seignories, a great number of privileges, and many important donations, amongst others, that of Louis XII., who founded in that church an anniversary which is celebrated every year on the 1st of January.* †

Four public solemnities bind still further the Chapter of Notre-Dame to the moral and political constitution of the State.

The confraternity of Saint Anne, erected, with the consent of the bishop in 1449, by the merchant goldsmiths of Paris, held its celebration every year on the 1st of May. These rich citizens, who, from the year 1137, presented a tree, called May, to the Virgin, replaced that tree, at the end of the 10th century, with small paintings or *ex voto*, which were not all master-pieces. But, at the commencement of the 17th, zeal, or the love of the art increasing with intelligence and talent, the goldsmiths offered very large paintings, the execution of which they intrusted to the most skilful painters of the age. It was thus that the metropolitan church was enriched with the immortal works of Juvenot, La Hire, Lebrun, and Lesueur, which to this day ornament the choir of the venerable cathedral.

The first Friday after Easter the whole corporation go to hear mass at Notre-Dame, and at the commencement of the office they sing a *Te Deum* for the deliverance of the city of Paris from English domination. We know that Paris and the Bastille were surrendered to Charles VII in 1437.

The 22nd of March, in each year, they celebrate also at Notre-Dame the surrender of Paris to Henry IV., a ceremony which the good Henry had himself instituted in 1594. The Chapter went in procession, accompanied by the corporation, to the church of the little Augustines, and all the parishes of Paris went also in procession to Notre-Dame in the morning, with the same object.

Lastly, on the day of the assumption of the Virgin, after vespers, a very solemn procession took place, which had been instituted in 1638 on the 10th of February, in all the churches of the kingdom, to return thanks to God for the *grossesse* of the Queen, Anne of Austria, after 23 years of sterility At this procession assisted the archbishop with the Chapter, the parliament, the chamber of finance, the court of aids, the governor of Paris, and the corporation.

The day on which this procession took place the first time was signalised by a debate, which bordered upon scandal, for the precedence in rank between the parliament and the chamber of finance The first president of the parliament, says an eye-witness, not being willing to allow that the first president of the chamber of finance should cross with him on leaving the choir, as had always till then been the practice, there was a war of words in the church, and even violence on both sides, and the officers of the chamber of finance were obliged to yield, having against them the governor of Paris with the three hundred city archers.

Since that time neither the parliament nor the chamber of finance assisted any more at this procession, until in the year 1672, when the king, in order to reconcile them, ordered that, hereafter, neither one nor the other should enter the choir or go out together, that messieurs, the parliament, the king's people, and the advocates, should assemble themselves in the hall of the Chapter of the church of Paris, and come to join the clergy at the door of the choir in the right nave, where they should walk in file; whilst that, on the other side, messieurs of the chamber of finance should come in the official form in which they should have assembled, to join also the clergy in file, the same as the parliament, so that the first president of the chamber of finance walked to the left of the first president of the parliament on the same line, and so of the others. The king, at the same time, ordered that when the procession terminated, the parliament should go out of the choir by the door which is under the crucifix, and that the chamber of finance should leave by the door of the choir on the right, opposite to the archiepiscopal chair. This programme was adhered to till 1789

The Chapter of Paris was often annoyed by the ambition, or the empty pretensions of the archdeacon, or the *grand archdeacon*, thus denominated to distinguish him from the archdeacon of Josas, or Brie. On more than one occasion, the bishops of Paris found in that dignitary an adversary and enemy But the bishops, in concert with the Chapter, usually animated with feelings less hostile to the episcopal supremacy, abated, with the assistance of the parliament, the exorbitant prerogatives of the archdeacons; and the jurisdiction of these dignitaries was even regulated by a writ of

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* The chancellor presented the caps to the doctors of the superior faculty. The chancellor, differing from the archdeacon of Paris, the dean and the grand chanter, who, at the solemn feasts, were clothed with a scarlet cassock, wore a purple robe.

† The canons of Paris swore on their installation *that they had not been monks*, and that they would preserve the immunities of the cloister. The Chapter has at no period perjured itself, but, sustained by the Parliament, has defended the rights of religion and the church.

‡ Saint Denis-du-Pas was a little church in the city, celebrated, like its neighbour, Saint Denis of La Chatre, by the torture and the martyrdom of Saint Denis, first Bishop of Paris, under the reign of Aurelius. Saint Jean-le-Rond, another little church near Notre-Dame, was only remarkable for its *jurisdiction spirituel*, which extended over the cloister of the cathedral. With the exception of the canons, all those who dwelt in the cloister, domestics, or tenants of the chambers, were parishioners of St. Jean-le-Rond. It was upon the path within the gate of this church that Madame de Teucin, sister of the cardinal of that name, abandoned her infant, which was picked up by a poor widow of a glazier of the street Saint Christopher. This infant was afterwards the philosopher, Jean-le-Rond d'Alembert.

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* All the canons were bound to assist at that mass which is called "*The Salt Obit*," because the contribution granted to each canon consisted of two minots (six bushels) of salt. The dignitaries of the Chapter received three minots, and the grand chanter four. It is not amiss to state here, that if the chancellor of the Chapter possessed the privilege of decreeing the bonnets of the doctors, the grand chanter had, for his part, the right of nominating the masters of the schools in Paris, the faubourgs and the banlieu, after examination, and maintained over these humble institutions of the people a necessary, a permanent, and salutary control.

the grand chamber, issued at the request of Pierre de Gondi, Bishop of Paris. The following is this writ, which ought to occupy a high place in the archives of the church of Paris, and which supremacy established the ecclesiastical hierarchy :—

"The parliament, in satisfaction of the demands respectively made by the parties, has prohibited, and forbids the said archdeacons of Paris, Josas, and Brie, and their officers, to take any cognisance of matrimonial causes, circumstances and dependencies, to decree monitories or absolutions, without express permission of the said Bishop of Paris, nor even to take cognisance of civil causes of importance; *sans* (but) has permitted them to take cognisance only of civil causes of a light kind, the knowledge of which may belong to ecclesiastical judges. And in regard of criminal causes, the said court has likewise forbidden the said archdeacons, and their officers, to take any cognisance or jurisdiction of them, except in making their visitations; and in the course of them, if any causes of *riotter* (quarrels) should arise, and heat for injuries or excesses which might be promptly redressed by some recompence or pecuniary fine, reprehensions, or slight corrections; it is enjoined upon the said archdeacons, at the termination of the said visitations, to repeat their *proces-verbals* to the registrar of the officiality of Paris, charges and informations, if any have been made in the said course of visitations, without expense. Given, the 9th of January, 1609. (Signed) VOISIN."

In a monumental point of view, the cloister of Notre-Dame presents nothing very remarkable, with the exception of some houses with high roofs, which bear the seal (very rare in the present day) of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries In a religious sense, these dwellings, so simple, so modest, so silent, still please the imagination, but it is, above all, in the judicial and literary point of view, that the cloister of Notre-Dame de Paris ought to be still held dear by the magistracy, the bar, and all writers who regard literature as a priesthood, and not as a school of perversion; as a means of moralising the masses, and not as a means of corrupting the people by perfidiously insinuating among them fallacious eulogies, the poison of immorality, irreligion, and rebellion.

Towards the close of the 16th century, and about the commencement of the 18th, by a capitulary act, styled *consensu omnium*, the Chapter decided that it would be lawful for every canon possessing a house in the cloister, to underlet to studious persons, discreet and quiet, by virtue of their occupations, one or several rooms attached to their houses; provided that these persons were not engaged in the ties of marriage, and had only male servants

From that moment a great number of counsellors of parliament who were celibates, advocates, men of letters, and artists, also unmarried, went to lodge in the cloister of Notre-Dame

In the number of celebrated advocates who dwelt in the cloister of Notre-Dame are reckoned, Laroche Maillet, the judicious commentator of Fontanon, Loyseau, the learned author of the treaty of the *Seigneuries de Village*, and of the *Guerantie des Rentes*, Pierre Pithou, the immortal author of "The Liberties of the Gallican Church," Gabriel Gueret, fellow-labourer of Blondeau, editor and founder of the "Journal of the Palace," Guillet de Blaiert, a learned canon; Olivier Patree, the great, the wise, the judicious Patree, who dwelt two years in the cloister, Notre-Dame, before consigning himself to a desert street of the faubourg St Merceau.

Bolleau Despreaux also lodged in the cloister before he resided in the inclosure of La Sainte Chapelle, and Nericault Destouches, the dramatic poet, had a footing there, where he was attached to several French embassies in Germany and England, Vade, the poet of the markets, but a man as wise in his conduct as he was bold in his burlesque rhymes, lodged six years in the house of the canon Mandeville; and Marivaux, embroiled with his father, took refuge in the cloister, where he traced the first acts of his romance of the *Paysan Parvenu*, a charming work, full of point and knowledge of the world, but unhappily very little known in the present day, in which the phases of a devout life are traced with the pencil of Gerard Douw and Rembrandt.

Lastly, Gilbert, the unfortunate poet Gilbert, was received for some months in the cloister by a canon of Paris, and the generous writer, the Catholic Juvenal to whom the church and its princes ought to have given a palace, found a momentary resting-place in the shade of those splendid towers which he wished to save, the shelter of those holy walls he desired to preserve from the encyclopedic battle axe and mine. The residence of Gilbert in the cloister was short; it was his first halt in his passage to the Hotel Dieu, where he died, like Tasso, mad, desperate, abandoned, even by the church in defence of which he fell a martyr.

The artists were not less numerous in the cloister of Notre-Dame de Paris than the celebrated advocates and illustrious writers. The sculptor, Sarrazin; the painter, Norbert, the engraver, Nanteuil, the architect, Le Vau, and a hundred others, renowned from their skilfulness, their labours, and their genius, found in their last days, in the cloister, Notre-Dame, the calm repose of old age, from that mundane weariness produced by the embraces of glory which intoxicate, and implacable envy which destroys.

The cloister of Notre Dame was, therefore, at once a retreat for talent, a chapel for piety, an oasis for extreme sorrow At the present time this cloister is a street, its houses like those of other parts of the city, with the exception of a few, which have been able to preserve, in front, the sign of the faith and the peace of former times; and more rarely, you may meet, here and there, a solitary canon entering his dwelling The revolutionary level has passed over it, and if a burgess of Paris of the seventeenth century were to return to the world, he would with difficulty recognise the old cloister of Notre-Dame.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

No. XII.—THE GOLDEN AGE WILL COME.

Work on, work on for ever, in the good old cause of right,
With truth and justice hand in hand, oppose resisting might;
With a firm faith in the cause, and a firmer faith on high,
Work manfully and hopefully, till comes the victory
And, oh! be sure, my brothers, in the golden days to come,
This grand old earth will revel in the great work's harvest home.

Though for a time the lowering clouds may o'er the sun have sway,
The coming brightness brings at last the full meridian day,
Though winter hold the lovely flowers deep in the heart of earth,
The sunny smiles and showers of spring will call them into birth,
And manfully and hopefully work for the better time,
And spite the winter's barren hour will come the glorious prime.

For the golden age that's promised is not an age of dreams,
Even now its welcome dawning upon us brightly gleams,
The age that has been heralded by anthem and by song,
Will bless at last the sons of toil, though oft deferred long;
And the glad earth, full of joy, will receive with grateful heart,
The blessings, love, and peace, and plenty, will to her age impart.

There is a ray of golden light beams in the eastern sky,
That only shines at present on the upward gazing eye;
But unto each horizon soon that golden ray will spread;
The light of truth and freedom over all the earth will shed;
The voice of God revealed it, and his prophets sang the strain,
Of the blissful coming-time when the Lord of Life should reign.

Then work, and hope for ever, for the good old cause of right,
With truth and justice, hand in hand, oppose resisting might;
With a firm faith in the cause, and a firmer faith on high,
Work manfully and hopefully till comes the victory!
For, oh! be sure, my brothers, that the golden days will come,
And earth will revel, full of joy, in the great work's harvest home.

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

EVIL SPEAKING —The delusive itch for slander, too common in all ranks of people, whether to gratify a little ungenerous resentment, whether, oftener, out of a principle of levelling from a narrowness and poverty of soul, ever impatient of merit and superiority in others, whether from a mean ambition, or the insatiate lust of being witty, (a talent in which ill-nature and malice are no ingredients,) or, lastly, whether from a natural cruelty of disposition, abstracted from all views and considerations of self, to which one, or whether to all jointly, we are indebted for this contagious malady, thus much is certain, from whatever seeds it springs, the growth and progress of it are as destructive to, as they are unbecoming, a civilised people. To pass a hard and ill-natured reflection upon an undesigning action, to invent, or what is equally bad, to propagate a vexatious report, without colour and grounds, to plunder an innocent man of his character and good name, a jewel, which perhaps he has starved himself to purchase, and probably would hazard his life to secure, to rob him, at the same time, of his happiness and peace of mind, perhaps his bread—the bread, maybe, of a virtuous family—and all this, as Solomon says of the madman, who casteth fire-brands, arrows, and death, and sayeth, "Am I not in sport?" All this out of wantonness, and oftener from worse motives; the whole appears such a complication of badness, as requires no words or warmth of fancy to aggravate Pride, treachery, envy, hypocrisy, malice, cruelty, and self-love, may have been said, in one shape or other, to have occasioned all the frauds and mischiefs that have ever happened in the world; but the chances against a coincidence of them all in one person, are so many, that one would have supposed the character of a common slanderer as rare a production in nature, as that of a great genius, which seldom happens more than once in an age

CHARACTER AND TENDENCIES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Translated for the Working Man's Friend, by Walter Weldon.

RELIGIOUS TENDENCIES—CONTINUED.

We find Dr. Wayland, one of the authorities of the college which was founded by the Baptists of Rhode Island, and which now is in full decadence, writing respecting its decline:—"It is doubtless in consequence of our not having given the public the education which it demanded. *We have not seen what kind of intellectual merchandise was demanded by the moral market of our time.*"

Thus, religious doctrines are, we see, become simply matters of *opinion*, like opinions upon tariffs and free-trade, which people must change according to the progress of the age. Formerly, when a Christian, it mattered not of what communion, had his doubts, he strove to overcome them, and sought to obtain grace by prayer and abstinence; but now, the Americans have invented a new means of appeasing these interior anguishes.—If you have doubts, say they, change your religion; if the new religion does not appease you, pass to another; and so on, till you have found peace. The effect of this mode of proceeding has been to cause the Americans to exhaust all kinds of religious scepticism, without, however, falling into that of Rationalism. The principal cause of the preservation of Christianity in the Protestant Calvinistic States, has been the fact of the schools of philosophy having always been represented by some church of religious sect. The Americans, in travelling from church to church and doubt to doubt, have arrived at the last doubt possibly for them to entertain and remain Christians. Jesus Christ, is he God? If you admit this divinity, though you examine or even reject all other mysteries, you cease not to be Christian; if you reject it, you reject that Christianity of which the belief in the Divinity of its Founder is the grand cornerstone.

The spirit of liberty which prevails so in the minds of all Americans, united to their Protestant spirit of free enquiry, has found its religious ideal in the doctrines of the sect called Unitarians, a sect which at the present day enjoys a great preponderance throughout the Union. Their doctrine is, that, the Divinity of Jesus Christ being excepted, all other mysteries may be submitted freely to examination, all other dogmas receive individual interpretations, and all the facts and recitals of both the Old and the New Testaments be regarded as myths and symbols of supernatural realities. This, we see, is a doctrine as wide as possible, and one which essays to establish a compromise between revelation and reason, between the contemporary rationalistic spirit of the Americans and the Christian spirit of their forefathers. It is a doctrine which may be also stated thus—Jesus Christ has revealed the truth to men for them to interpret its spirit for themselves, men have not been able to discover the truth, but they are able to comprehend it; and those who adore Jesus Christ in spirit will always do so and it is a doctrine which is so well fitted to agree with the American character that it spreads in the United States with a most remarkable rapidity. All the other sects, Methodists, Baptists, &c, melt themselves into that of the one professing it. They abjure, almost universally, their old faith, and take up this new one; and when they do not do this, they force themselves to introduce into their own creeds and liturgies as much as is possible of the spirit of Unitarianism.

Behold, then, the commencement of a religious revolution, the foundation of a system of Protestant Catholicism, of which the end will be evidently the absorption of one sect only of all the others. One grand principle undeniable, and then all differences of religious opinion legitimate,—such is the principle of this audacious sect; but even this seems not sufficient for the Americans, for in their turn has arisen another and still more liberal sect,—that of the Universalists, whose tendency is to absorb the Unitarians, as theirs is to absorb all other sects. Already very powerful, the Universalists number in the various states 1200 churches, 700 ministers, and 60,000 communicants. Their doctrine is a compromise which singularly resembles the political constitution of the Union; it takes no account of the truth or falsity of the dogmas and principles taught and promulgated by the other sects, any more than the constitution troubles itself respecting the justice or the injustice of the peculiar institutions which prevail in the various states which compose the Union. There are amongst them members of all the sects who agree respecting the necessity of Union amongst all men, whatever be their creeds; and the different sects, according to their belief, are only purely arbitrary delineations of the truth, which men may adopt indifferently; while the doctrines of one sect are not purely saving, and those of another purely damnatory, as has been too long believed. According to them, too, the only thing absolutely necessary for the attainment of eternal life, is a moral life here on earth. We shall be all saved, say they, some more slowly, some more rapidly, according to the degree of our virtue and the sanctity of our inclinations. We shall all go to knock at the door of heaven with the inclinations we have cherished upon earth, and each will be judged and be rewarded according to the ideal of happiness which he formed in this life. One sees, by this simple exposition, from whence this doctrine is derived. It is the offspring of the two strangest sects that Protestantism has given birth to—Unitarianism and Swedenborgianism. All in it that relates to the Union of sects and the inutility of their particular dogmas, is derived from Unitarianism; all that speaks of the soul's welfare and the future life from Swedenborgianism.

Thus, from deduction to deduction, the Protestant sects arrive at these conclusions; namely—that their obstinate separation from each other is occasioned by an evil principle in the human heart, that this separation is arbitrary and useless, and that it would be a great deal more religious to unite themselves together. The difficulty is to find a common point upon which all sects and denominations can reasonably agree For the moment, as we have seen, they content themselves with a vague Theism. This tendency towards moral unity in a country so free as the United States is a fact to meditate upon. The indifference of the State with respect to matters of religion is there a means of drawing its citizens together and bind them all in one great bond of unity, and the universal tolerance which prevails, instead of preserving to each individual his faith intact, tires him of his creed and makes him feel his isolation Opposition, hostilities, and intolerance bind together men of the same communion, but tolerance dissolves the association, and under the pretext of establishing peace, realises literally the words of Tacitus *Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.* Religious liberty, then, is only an instrument in the hands of God for re-establishing that peace and unity amongst mankind which have been so long absent from the earth; for tolerance, by throwing down the barriers which have separated men, and mixing together all idioms and all dialects, establishes a universal confusion, which can only be terminated by one of these two phenomenas,—either a universal indifference, a universal distaste, dragging along with it a veritable moral overthrow; or by a resurrection of the religious sentiment, and a unity newly established upon the basis of a cordial and sympathetic understanding of the hopes and the instincts which are common to all men. Towards the last is the manifest tendency of all the sects of the United States. As for this Theism, which is no other thing than the entire separation of temporal form spiritual things, we may remark that it is equally, although under a different form, the foundation whereon rest the various religious beliefs which prevail in Russia There, also, things spiritual are separted from things temporal, not, as in America, by the spirit of civil liberty, but by the *toute-puissance* of the civil authority. "Your kingdom is not of this world," says the Czar to the Russian State Church, "and my people only owe obedience to me," just as the Unitarians and Universalists say to the American Sectarians, "God is of no sect, and the faithful do not adore him by following the rites and liturgies about which you are so particular."

When Bossuet wrote the "*Histoire des Variations,*" alarmed at the audacity of the spirit of inquiry and examination, he assigned no boundaries to the follies which might be engendered by the human soul, and saw before him only an indefinite and constantly receding horizon, peopled with never ending chimeras, whimsical dogmas, and sects without number; he believed in the omnipotence of this spirit, and predicted from it the most evil consequences. These predictions, however, do not seem to have been fulfilled. The actual state of Protestantism by no means corresponds with them. At the present moment, the human mind, in all Protestant countries is seeking after unity; nothing can equal the eagerness with which Protestantism has repudiated and is repudiating the spirit of sect. It has rendered to humanity this signal service,—it has made the minds of men travel over and through all systems of philosophy without departing from within the pale of Christianity; it has made them go hand in hand with Rationalism, it has caused them

to drain to the dregs the cup of religious liberty. Everywhere to-day, the souls which found a gloomy happiness in the free search for truth, whose moral isolation had in it nothing disagreeable to them, and who contented themselves with but a few companions, united together by one communion, feel a chilness gathering over them, and a desire to enter into closer union with their fellow creatures. The sectarians are everywhere demanding air and light, they offer the hand of fellowship and sympathy to their ancient adversaries, and seek to enter into the bosom of the great human family, instead of striving—as of old—to draw its members into their temples. This sentiment longing for a spiritual union, for a universal religious communion, enables us to comprehend many of the great movements which the world is witnessing to-day. It aids us to explain the language more and more catholic which is being made use of by the German Lutherans, and to understand the doctrines of Puseyites in England, those of the Unitarians and Universalists in America, the singular doctrines common to all the Sclavic races, and derived from the Revelation of Saint John, and the progress accomplished by the Swedenborgians in all Protestant countries. It accounts alas for the rapid increase of the numbers of the Roman Catholics in the United States. Very numerous already even in the States of Puritan origin, as in Massachusetts, where they have 80 churches, they prevail almost absolutely in the States of the North, and above all in those joining the Canadian frontier. Roman Catholicism is an element of dissolution for the United States, but it is also a powerful instrument of propagandism and civilisation. Thus—we obtain for our religion that preponderating influence in Congress which it has hitherto failed to obtain—the Catholics of Canada desire nothing more earnestly than that their country should be annexed to the Union. Nevertheless, Catholic propagandism, save in the instance just mentioned, has but little to do with political affairs. It follows the manners of the country, and meddles only with those circumstances which are most favourable to its aggrandisement. It deserts the state in which civilisation is triumphant, seeks the barbarian, follows in the tracks of the emigrants across the prairies, and addresses itself above all European populations. Roman Catholicism is installed in the bosoms of the deserts, and by the banks of the great rivers, in the valley of the Mississippi for example It has there established its churches, its hospitals, its congregations, and there, in the midst of silence and of solitude, it waits with patience the arrival of new populations. It precedes the emigrants, and receives them into its bosom as soon as they arrive.

In the meantime, in spite of these desires for and aspirations toward moral union, the spirit of sect resists powerfully all attempts at its establishment. It strives, sometimes by bringing forth novelties and sometimes by making concessions, to the manners and the passions of the age, to preserve its empire over the American mind. But its tactics are mistaken; it rests its hopes upon foundations which have but few days to exist. The spirit of sectarianism is manifestly reduced to its last straits; and its most recent demonstrations prove it. What is Mormonism, for example, that most odious of sects, but an attempt to perpetuate the spirit of sect by accommodating it to the taste and manners of the day? Mormonism recedes not before any of the popular passions of the Americans It pushes religious fanaticism to its last limits, in order to be able to agree with their revolutionary passions; it incorporates the license of the popular manners into its laws and maxims, in order to be able to extend itself along with modern corruption, it pushes patriotism to such an extent as to admit a revelation made specially for the Americans, and to propagate a belief in an American Christ, in order to make itself in unison with the national spirit of the Yankees, and it gives an utilitarian and mercantile turn to all its practices, in order to make itself acceptable to an age above all positive and materialistic. Mormonism is the last attempt of any importance made by the spirit of sectarianism, and, like all the other latter ones, excites but pity and is struck with imbecility. This spirit, having no longer within itself either genius or inspiration, knowing not what fresh novelty to invent, addresses itself only to things exterior, and employs itself in creating temples of a form *bizarre*, and in building creeds which are *outre* and ridiculous. The last sect of which we have received any account is that of the Davidites, established at Sharon, upon the frontiers of Canada, and founded by a certain David Wilson, a dissenter from a Quaker sect. "These Davidites," says a New York journal, "have erected two of the most singular edifices imaginable. The one is an imitation of the Temple of Jerusalem, and is 60 feet wide and 24 feet high. Above the temple is a gallery for musicians, and above this gallery a tower-shaped steeple. The roof of the temple is sustained by 12 columns, upon each of which is written in letters of gold the name of one of the twelve Apostles. Between every two of these 12 pillars are four others, upon each of which are written the names of the four virtues—Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love; and each four of these pillars enclose a kind of small Chinese pagoda. The whole temple is richly illuminated on the first Wednesday in each September." The journal gives a further description of this building, and adds, that "its founders have shown their wisdom and sagacity by the choice which they have made of the most fertile portion of the country for the location of the nucleus of their sect." Thus we see the spirit of sect to-day can invent nothing but outward and material forms and singularities. It is struck with paralysis and powerlessness, and it will not be revived.

We do not wish to draw conclusions from all that we have laid bare respecting religious movements in America; it is enough to have indicated their actual tendencies; but we would add, that people would do well to observe closely, and to follow with a most attentive eye, the singular evolutions of the human mind at the present epoch. Its peculiar tendencies prophesy of revolutions which all those are expecting who know that the destinies of the world are not shut up within the walls of a single city, or within the hands of a few crafty politicians. The world, at the present hour, is upon the eve of most remarkable events of all kinds; and amongst these events those which concern religion are by far the most numerous, the most characteristic, and the most striking.

IV.—MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS.

Many pages would not suffice for a *resume* of the strange facts which recent travellers have gathered respecting the manners which prevail in the United States, or for the striking reflections which they naturally suggest. Mrs Trollope, Miss Martineau, and Charles Dickens have made books, and large enough books too, in which nothing of the Americans but their manners is examined; and more recent travellers, in spite of their desire to remain strictly geological, or strictly agricultural, have been unable to avoid filling large portions of their books with eccentric anecdotes, *bon mots*, and traits of character. But if it is difficult to recapitulate the facts, it is still more difficult to classify them—so contradictory, so changeful, and so incongruous are all the traits which have been described to us of American manners. Such a fact may appear extremely curious, but these traits and episodes seem to have no relationship to, or any connection with, one another, or with the general manners of the country. The manners of one state are not those of another, and the customs of the people are alike in no two places. No kind of settled manners exist in the United States; there are only attempts and essays at their establishment. The moral life of the Americans has as yet only progressed slowly, and the slowness of its advancement has been only a result of the precipitation and rapid progress of their outward and material life.

It is curious to observe how in America manners form themselves in virtue of the moral and political principles which exist. This spirit of liberty, of personality, repelling and unsocial, could not fail to engender civil war and anarchy, if it persisted obstinately in its pretensions, but of these necessity compels it to give up and cede a part. Of individual liberty is born the spirit of association, which engenders in its turn the despotism of public opinion. The individual finds entire multitudes arrayed against him, and, surrounded on all sides by this invisible despotism, sees himself compelled to submit or to succumb. The victims of public opinion are innumerable in the United States; and as this kind of tyranny is as yet but in its infancy, it will become much more powerful, and will have given to the world, in the course of a few years, a martyrology of a new and a strange kind. In the land, *par excellence*, of illimitable liberty, we shall see appear martyrs of liberty as well as in the despotic states of Europe. Already there exists in the minds of all the higher and better-educated classes of Americans a feeling of contempt towards the multitude, and of anger against the false judgments of public opinion. Every aristocratic instinct that exists in human nature rebels against the domination of the masses, and refuses to acknowledge their right to rule and govern; but in their turn the multitudes reply to the individual, that they alone are able to defend him, and that misfortunes cannot but happen to those who submit not to their authority. Already

it would be hard to count the numbers of this new body of martyrs.

We will only name the Mormons, driven from state to state, and compelled to retire into the bosom of the desert, after having witnessed the massacre of their chief; and the brave Lovejoy, treated as a wild beast, and assassinated in the south, for having preached against slavery. The tyranny of which these have been some of the victims does not, however, always exercise itself in a manner so direct. It oftentimes contents itself with proscribing and insulating the individual, and rendering him as it were an outlaw and an outcast. The poor romancist, Edgar Poe, it is said, shared such a fate. In the land which, above all others, is the land of liberty, to a greater extent almost than in any other country, unfortunate indeed is the individual who cherishes other ideas than those cherished by the masses; who dares to attempt to carry into society another spirit than the one by which such society is influenced, and whose vices are other than the vices of the multitude!

The unlicensed liberty of the individual, which we have so often alluded to as being one of the chief features of the social and political institutions of the United States, engenders all that is both good and evil in the mental attributes of the Americans—their energy, their self-confidence, their cunning, and their curiosity. In the same way that public opinion wrestles with the individual, the individual battles against public opinion, and as the contest must be naturally unequal, he takes care not to attack openly his all-powerful opponent, but makes use of round-about means in order to gain his end, concealing the ground on which he takes his stand, and making it as it were his business to question and keep watch over his fellow-citizens. Thus all travellers in America have made the declaration that nothing is so importunate as Yankee curiosity This curiosity proceeds not, as ours does, from a love of novelties, from social habits and customs, or from a vivacity of imagination, it does not exercise itself upon matters of a general and neuter interest; upon political affairs, literature, or the history of absent persons; but it is, on the contrary, direct and brutal, addressing itself to persons present, inquiring into their tastes and prying into their characters.

From among the mass of anecdotes which have been related by recent travellers relating to this subject, we will take one, which we think will enable the reader to judge somewhat of the tenacity and obstinacy of this new species of curiosity. At Jamaica, Mr. Henry Coke, occupied in the digestion of his dinner, and in making preparations for his departure, encountered a Yankee in a room in a public inn. "Good day, sir, good day," commenced the states-man, eyeing me, with a calculating glance, from head to foot; "you come from America, I presume?" "No, sir, I do not," replied I, "you are mistaken." "You have but recently arrived here I suppose?" "Very recently" "Ah! ah! from England doubtlessly—native of London, sir?" "I am an Englishman, but not born in London." "Officer in the army, sir?" "No, sir, I do not belong to the army." "Ah! engaged in commerce, perhaps?" "No, sir, I travel merely for amusement." "Comfortable and pleasant that, I guess then, very. You have not visited yet many parts of the island?" "No, not many, sir." "You have been in the East, I suppose?" "Yes, sir, I have travelled much in India" "I didn't mean that east, I meant the other side of the island." "Oh, I see, yes, I came last from St. Thomas." "By which route, sir, if I may presume so far?" "By Golden Grove," &c, &c. Neither coldness of manner nor even silence can preserve the patient from this importunate curiosity. The best way is for a person to answer, in imitation of his questioner, *de répondre avec ruse, et d employer le mensonge.** If the theories of the casuists were ever legitimate anywhere, they surely must be so with such a people, with whom it would seem truly to be honesty to lie. A war of individuals, one against the other, is thus the result of this despotism of public opinion, and of the stratagems which people are forced to make use of in order to defend and to protect themselves. In the United States liberty is unrestricted; but, at the same time—a striking contradiction—each individual is obliged to defend and maintain his rights *a la force du poignet;* and it is by no means difficult to see the truth of the words made use of by an American functionary to Lord Carlisle—"America is the country of all the world in which there is existing the least misery and the least happiness."

* This half sentence we dare not translate.

THE CICADA SEPTENDECIM.

In the fifth volume of the first series of the "Working Man's Friend," page 97, we gave an account, at some length, of this very curious insect, one peculiarity of which is that it makes its appearance in some parts of America, in countless hordes, *every seventeenth* year. A correspondent has written to us to inquire whether it made its appearance according to prediction, or expectation, in May, 1851. We have the means of answering this inquiry. A correspondent of a paper published in Philadelphia, writes as follows:—

In fulfilment of the predictions, on the 3rd of May in last year, 1851, the locusts were first observed in this city (Philadelphia,) emerging from the earth They were completely formed, and enveloped in shells, which fit them closely. They crawled immediately up the trunks of trees, or fences, or walls, and in a short time managed to disengage themselves from their sheaths At first they are weak, and their wings are soft and pulpy; a few hours harden them, and they then betake themselves to the trees. They remain above ground about six weeks, and then their bodies are found by thousands under the trees. In the meantime they have performed the work of reproduction; the females are armed with sharp ovipositors, with which they pierce the young twigs and green branches, and there deposit their eggs The eggs ripen in a short time, and the young larvæe, in size almost infinitesimal, fall upon the earth in myriads, and commence their journey "into the bowels of the land" How far they go, or how they exist during the seventeen years of their entombment, is a mystery which naturalists cannot answer. Towards the end of the seventeen years farmers meet with them when digging deep ditches, or making excavations several feet below the surface.—They came up where they took to the earth, and in this city last year many of them emerged in the cellars of houses which have been built since their former visit upon ground where there had been trees. They do not prey upon the herbage whilst above ground, and it is believed that they do not eat anything In appearance they differ materially from the common locust, and their notes are not so shrill or prolonged There are so many thousands of them, however, that the sound of their songs unite in one great, and at times almost deafening chorus I well remember their appearance in 1841, and the boyish curiosity with which I looked for the coming of the insects, concerning which I had heard many predictions. I never saw any of the species again until 1851, and have no doubt that the citizens of Philadelphia, who are living in 1868, will notice the re-appearance of these mysteries of entomology about the 3rd or 4th day of May

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Tom Moore and his Mother.—The mother's care of Moore early years, and unabated love through her advanced age, were truly beautiful They were requited, too, with the fullest measure of grateful affection and undying respect by the son. When Mr Moore (the father) died, having held for years a government appointment as Barrack-master, friends sought to secure for his widow, but Moore claimed the privilege of her support, and declined the kind agency which would have debarred him of a son's greatest pleasure His habit was to write twice a week, at least, to his mother, and the postman's knock at the expected period was an anxiously-watched moment in the old woman's fleeting hours Any visitor could tell, on entering her drawing-room, as she sat in winter by the fire, or in summer at her window, whether the bi-weekly want was supplied. A shade upon the aged brow told either that the letter had not come, or the news was not good, whilst a radiant smile proclaimed that she had got "Tom's letter" These letters, short though they might be, often but a line, were the cherished treasures of her old age. How beautiful—and the more beautiful because true—are the lines which he wrote in her pocket-book in 1822.—

"This tell n of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot and blossom, wide and high,

"Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being first had birth

"'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct back to thee"

With what fond pride were those hues exhibited to those who had won the mother's confidence! A willing listener—one who did not soon tire of "Tom's" repeated praises—was sure of such a mark of favour.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.

THE following letter, which has been addressed to the proprietors of the *Times*, by their accredited agent in Sydney, may be relied on as containing the most correct information relative to the rate of wages, &c., in New South Wales :—

As the question of emigration is beginning to attract attention, and is the only measure that can be adopted by the labouring classes in England that will afford them permanent benefit, and as several schemes of emigration and colonisation are under discussion, permit me to make a few remarks on the subject, and to enclose a statement of the various rates of wages given in this colony.

I need scarcely tell you that, so badly are we off for labour, that an emigration of 30,000 souls during this year would scarcely be sufficient for our wants. Building is nearly at an end, and every other industrial pursuit is considerably embarrassed; our resources are permitted to remain undeveloped, our flocks and herds (to the deterioration of our wool) but partially tended, and, for want of mouths to consume them, many thousands of sheep will this year be killed for the sake of the fat alone, in order that it may be rendered into tallow for exportation.

The experience of ten years, and the formation during that period of nearly 60,000 engagements, enable me to affirm that there is no place in the world where the labouring classes are so well off as in New South Wales, good wages, constant employment, no short winter days, and the finest climate under the sun, are temptations that, I am surprised your half-starved, ill-paid redundant population can resist, when coupled, too, with the fact that the industrious and thrifty soon become employers in their turn.

I am surprised that in England no steps have been taken to establish an extended system of emigration, either by a Parliamentary grant or by parochial funds. The saving of poor-rates, county-rates, police and gaol expenditure, &c., that would result, would be immense, and, in the absence of government assistance, a fund could easily be raised by the contribution of either all or a portion of the amount of one year's poor-rates by each union or district, the sum so contributed to be placed in the English funds, and the interest accruing therefrom would form a perpetual emigration fund sufficient to pay for the passages to Australia of from 20,000 to 30,000 yearly. This plan, if carried out, would cost nothing either to England or the colony, would materially lessen the burden of parochial taxation, and would transform the half-employed labourer, who cannot maintain himself and family without parochial assistance, into an industrious and thriving colonist, and do more towards the suppression of crime than a brigade of police or the admonitions of all the judges in the land.

Poverty is oftentimes the cause of crime. A wretched half-starved being, to satisfy the hunger of himself or family, commits some trifling depredation, or an offence against the game laws, for this he is sent to gaol, there to become the associate of older and more hardened villains. At the expiration of his sentence it is in vain for him to seek employment in his native parish. The felon's mark has been set upon him, and he is shunned by all, but live he must, his gaol associates are become his most intimate friends, and, step by step, he plunges into crime, and after repeated and expensive prosecutions, being considered too vicious, and his example and habits too pernicious to remain in his native land, he is sentenced to transportation, as a fit and proper personage to assist in the formation and foundation of a British colony, a free passage to which, when virtuous and free, was withheld from him. There surely must be something wrong in this, and England has much to answer for. The transit of an emigrant costs less than that of a convict, accompanied, as he must be, by guards, &c., independent of the cost of police and gaols, and all the expensive paraphernalia attending the administration of justice. Why does it appear to England's advisers that a man is not fitted to be a colonist until stamped with crime? His self-respect gone, he becomes a loathsome, degraded, convicted felon, still requiring coercion and restraint. To prevent is better than to cure, a national system of emigration would gain for England more glory, more renown, and secure her the gratitude, esteem, and support of her important colonial possessions, would check the tendency to crime, and greatly improve the demand for British manufactures.

The rates of wages given in rural districts to farm labourers are from 12s. to 15s. per week, and board and lodging, shepherds from £28 to £35 per annum, with house-room and rations, consisting, where the man is single, of 10 lb. of meat, 10 lb. of flour, 2 lb. of sugar, and ¼ lb. of tea weekly, where the man is married, and his wife employed as hut-keeper, which any woman can do, twice the above rations, and from £35 to £40; gardeners, £35 to £52 per annum, with provisions; grooms, coachmen, and domestic male servants, from £35 to £50; mechanics, such as bricklayers, carpenters, masons, &c., are obtaining from 8s to 10s. per day; blacksmiths, tinmen, and wheelwrights are procurable at paying rates; for shoemakers and tailors the demand is great, and remuneration excessive. Of book-keepers, clerks, and tutors, there are sufficient for the present wants of the colony. With respect to female servants, &c., I think an almost indefinite number could procure good situations at high rates of wages; but the demand is greatest for what in England is styled a "servant of all work," to such we are now paying from £15 to £20 per annum, plain cooks, £25 to £30, housemaids £14, laundresses and nurses £16 to £23, to female servants for the country, the majority being Irish orphans, we are compelled to pay £16 16s. a year; good needlewomen 12s to £1 a-week, and board and lodging. Female servants, especially during these golden times, get married so quickly, it is almost impossible to overstock the market.

Governesses are just now much wanted; they should be capable of teaching the accomplishments and music perfectly, and, if possessed of prudence and good temper, speedily form engagements for life.

Much prejudice may exist in the female mind as to the desirability of selecting a colony the origin of which was penal as the future home, but you can assure your fair readers, whether of humble pretensions or otherwise, that in no portion of the world is a respectable, well-behaved woman treated with more respect, a virtuous woman more secure or more highly thought of, or the prospect of her advancement more certain than in New South Wales.

With these few words to intending emigrants, "Take the first reasonable offer you have of employment, and do not suffer the allurements of the town or the statements you may hear against the bush, to prevent you from proceeding thither."

I beg to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. FREDERICK JOHNSON.

General Agency office, 319, Castlereagh-street, North, Sydney, New South Wales, *May* 24.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CASSELL'S ELEMENTS OF ARITHMETIC.

In a commercial country like ours, a good knowledge of figures is of the last importance, but to become completely master of the "Science and application of Numbers" it is necessary that something more than the mere routine system should be acquired. Notwithstanding the almost universal aptitude of Englishmen for calculation, it is nevertheless the fact, that a perfect acquaintance with the *principles* of arithmetic is a very rare quality amongst even those whose business or profession calls for the free[illegible]. It is common to find young men engaged in the various departments of a counting-house, who do not possess the faintest idea of the general principles and philosophy of book-keeping, and it is no less common to discover among clerks—nay, even among schoolmasters and teachers—a good general knowledge of the ars[illegible]methods, and upon[illegible] the reasoning[illegible] the practical arithmetician on the subject. It is more rare to find [illegible] acquainted with the first principles and operations [illegible] to comprehend the action, motive-[illegible] which the importance of [illegible] a series of Rules; to [illegible] which would lead to [illegible] and exercises [illegible] which, while [illegible] the exceptional [illegible] of the [illegible] would enable them to [illegible] It is of little use to be enabled to work out a particular rule by educational dogma, without at the same time understanding its reason and application to the ordinary operations of business and commerce. "Cassell's Euclid" has, the[illegible], been properly followed by "The Elements of Arithmetic," edited by Professor Wallace, A.M., and published, in paper covers, for one shilling. It is unnecessary, in this place, to do more than draw the attention of our readers to the work; but we may be allowed to say that it is certainly one of the cheapest books of the kind ever issued, and that it is fitted equally for class and self-instruction.

JOHN CASSELL'S ALMANACKS FOR 1853.

THE UNCLE TOM'S CABIN ALMANACK, or, THE ABOLITIONIST MEMENTO for 1853, splendidly illustrated by George Cruikshank, Gilbert, Harvey, "Phiz," and other eminent Artists. Price 1s.

THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR ALMANACK for 1853, containing upwards of Thirty beautiful Engravings. Price Sixpence.

THE POPULAR EDUCATOR ALMANACK for 1853, containing Forty-eight Pages of most Interesting and valuable Educational Statistics, including a Comparative View of Education at Home and Abroad, Essays on the Leading Sciences; Brief Notices of Eminent Scholars; Exposition of Technical Terms; &c. &c. Price Twopence.

THE TEMPERANCE ALMANACK for 1853, much improved and enlarged, and in which is inserted a Tale of thrilling interest, from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, authoress of the inimitable "Uncle Tom's Cabin," entitled, "THE PLEDGE TAKEN; or, the Husband Saved, and a Family made Happy;" with valuable details of the great Temperance Movement, statistics, &c. With several Engravings. Price Twopence.

THE PROTESTANT DISSENTERS' ALMANACK for 1853, with Twelve beautiful Designs, by Gilbert, of striking Events in the History of Nonconformity. Price Sixpence.

GLEANINGS

FROM ALL KINDS OF FIELDS.

HAPPINESS is a roadside flower, growing on the highways of usefulness.

IN modern mythology, the three graces are L.S.D.—the three furies I.O.U.

A MONK is a man who commits himself to prison for being religious; a nun, an unhappy girl who fears to appear in open day, lest her sins should find her out.

"OLD AGE is coming upon me rapidly," as the urchin said when he was stealing apples in an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming, horse-whip in hand

FOUND.—The key to the trunk of an elephant. A hair from the head of a river. A dozen feathers plucked from the "wings of the wind." A drop of blood from the heart of a stone. The nail from the finger of scorn. The diary of the "man in the moon." A boot from the foot of a mountain. The owners are requested to call, prove property, pay expenses, and take them away.—*American Paper.*

BOTH WITTY AND TRUE.—A blacksmith brought up his son, to whom he was very severe, to his trade. One day the old man was trying to harden a cold chisel, which he had made of foreign steel, but he could not succeed. "Horsewhip it, father," exclaimed the young one; if that will not *harden* it, I don't know what will."

BLINDNESS IN PERSIA.—Blindness is very common in Persia. Six or eight blind men are often seen walking in a string, each with his right arm on the shoulder of his precursor; partly caused by ophthalmia produced by the dust, and partly because the Schar has it in his power to inflict the punishment of pulling both or one of the eyes out. It is stated in the "Household Words" that "the great-grandfather of the present Schar, Aga Mahommed, the founder of the Kujur dynasty, had large basketfuls of the eyes of his enemies presented to him after his accession to the throne!"

A RAPPIST AT FAULT.—The *New York Independent* narrates the following incident, illustrating the mistakes that will sometimes happen, even among the best regulated Spirit-rappers:—"A gentleman was a few weeks ago interrogating the invisible author of certain raps as to the disease of which he (the rapper) died. With considerable natural difficulty and delay, the reply was spelled out "Consumption." The questioner looked a little dissatisfied; and a physician in the company, who was jealous in the faith, hastened immediately to explain that there are a variety of forms of disease, either of which may well enough come under the general name consumption. 'That's all very well,' said the questioner; 'but it hardly applies to this case, for the man he professes to be *was blown up in a steamboat!*' The rapper was too indignant to make any further revelations to *that* medium."

A JACK OF ALL TRADES.—In the course of talk with a partial acquaintance the other day, I casually asked him his occupation. He replied that he did not know what it was, for the reason that he was brought up a farmer until nineteen years of age, and then went to keeping district school days, and writing school nights three years. From that, taught select school, two terms, grammar-school one, and speaking one. He then hired out at ten dollars a month and board, to work in a carriage shop, and continued until they raised his wages to twenty dollars, at which time he was a member of the Eastern Christian Conference, and went to preaching. In 1848 was elected delegate to a State Convention at Utica. Has just completed a carriage worth one hundred and twenty-five dollars, having done the wood-work, ironing, and painting himself. Preaches regular to a church once a week, and lectures on temperance, slavery, and on other subjects on Sabbaths, and has his goods partly packed, purposing to try his fortune in Illinois. "And now, sir, as I work at any or all of these as they come in my way," said he, "you can tell as well as I what my occupation is, or whether I really have any. I have had wages and passed muster at all of them, as many living witnesses can attest, and was, the 2nd day of November last, just thirty years of age."

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—When the Duke of Wellington took office, he wanted the aid of his veteran friend, then Sir Harry Hardinge, and, sending for him, he expressed his wishes on the subject. "But," interposed the practical soldier, "I shall never be fit for official work in the House of Commons." "Pooh, pooh," was the Duke's reply, "you will manage the Parliamentary work very well. The only rule you must follow is this—Never speak about anything you do not understand, and never quote Latin."

WITH every exertion, the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good, but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.

IF you desire to be wiser, think not yourself wise enough He that instructs one that thinks himself wise enough hath a fool to his scholar, he that thinks himself wise enough to instruct himself hath a fool to his master.

I WILL HOPE.

I will hope, I will hope,
Though my pathway be set
With the darkest of sorrows,
And deepest regret.

I will hope, I will hope,
Though youth's visions may flee;
I'll believe there is something
In future for me

I will launch my frail bark,
I will breast every gale,
Though my rudder be riven,
And shattered my sail

Hope's anchor shall guide me,
And bring me aright,
When the world's fleeting shadows
Shall fade from my sight

OLD DRINKING HABITS IN IRELAND.—If on any occasion a guest left the room, bits of paper were dropped into his glass, intimating the number of rounds the bottle had gone; and on his return he was obliged to swallow a glass for each, under the penalty of so many glasses of salt and water. It was the practice of some to have decanters with round bottoms, like a modern soda water bottle, the only contrivance in which he could stand, being at the head of the table, before the host. Stopping the bottle was thus rendered impossible, and every one was obliged to fill his glass at once, and pass the bottle to his neighbour, on the peril of upsetting the contents on the table. A still more common practice was to knock the stems off the glasses with a knife, so that they must be emptied so fast as they are filled, as they could not stand Sometimes the guests as they sat down pulled off their shoes, which were taken out of the room; and the emptied bottles were broken outside of the door, so that no one could pass out till the carouse was over.—*Ireland Sixty Years ago.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NUMEROUS CORRESPONDENTS have made inquiries concerning the daily pay allowances to the officers and men in the New Militia. We there fore subjoin the following from official papers:—

	£	s.	d.
Colonel ..... and 6d. a day per company	1	2	6
Lieutenant-Colonel	0	15	11
Major	0	14	1
Captain, including non-effective allowance.....	0	10	6
Lieutenant	0	6	6
Ensign	0	5	3
Adjutant	0	8	6
Surgeon	0	11	4
Surgeon's Mate	0	5	0
Ditto, if holding another appointment in the regiment	0	3	6
Sergeant-Major	0	2	0½
Quartermaster-Sergeant	0	2	0½
Paymaster Sergeant	0	2	0½
Sergeant	0	1	6½
Corporal	0	1	2½
Drummer	0	1	1
Private	0	1	1

In cases where the ballot is resorted to, substitutes will be allowed as before. The only persons exempted from the ballot are those who suffer from physical debility, who hold government appointments, or are apprentices, ministers of the gospel

COLUMBUS.—You should write to the Secretary of the Admiralty for the particulars you require. But we doubt whether you will succeed.

RICHARD GEORGE has in his possession a farthing coin with the heads of William and Mary, date 1691 Can any correspondent inform him, through our columns, whether it is scarce or valuable.

NPO PHILOSOPHUS.—You will obtain "the most correct information regarding the art of photography," by taking lessons of some eminent practitioner. A valuable article on the subject will be found in "The Illustrated Exhibitor," No 7 (new series), pages 106—110. Most of the "Manuals" and "Handbooks" published, contain chiefly recommendations of the plates, acids, &c, manufactured by the respective publishers.

A V. P. (Poole).—Our views of the character of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell accord fully with yours. The article, to two or three lines in which you take exception, is from the pen of an eminent contemporary. We gave it insertion as containing a just tribute to the memory of our great epic bard, and, in our haste, neglected to draw our pen over the exceptionable expressions.

A TOTAL ABSTAINER.—You will find the "government returns as to spirits, malt, hops, &c.," in the "Temperance Almanack for 1853," which will be published by the time you receive this No.

JOHN SMAILS.—We are obliged to you for the puns you have taken about your have misunderstood our correspondent Mr. McWalter's question. What he wanted to know was the quantity of *intoxicating drink* sold *in the Exhibitors' room* during the Exhibition.

J. A. LANGFORD.—Your lines will appear shortly.

JANET HAMILTON.—We have transferred your verses, "The Plague of our Isle," to the pages of the "Temperance Almanack for 1853." Your other piece will probably appear shortly in the "Working Man's Friend."

T. Y.—Your payment or non-payment of rates depends entirely on the terms of the agreement made with your landlord.

F. B. S.—The best book for your purpose is one which we shall publish very shortly—"A Complete Manual of the French Language, by Professor De Lolme."

A READER.—"*Palmer*" is an ecclesiastical term: it is the name given to *a pilgrim*, so called from the staff of palm-tree which he carried in his hand.

T. M.—We believe the Earl of Derby was born in the year 1799, and his son, Lord Stanley, in 1826.

JEMIMA.—In your choice of "tooth powder," be careful not to use anything hard or gritty, as that will injure the enamel of the teeth The best dentifrice is charcoal finely powdered; but it should be *newly burnt*, and kept in well-closed vessels, as by exposure to the air it soon loses its peculiar virtues.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III., NO. 59.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA.

IN this year of grace 1852, the slave trade in Africa is a thriving and profitable one. This assertion may sound strangely to ears accustomed to hear the praises of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Brougham; and it may startle eyes in the habit of looking on the question of negro slavery only in its American aspect; but it is nevertheless true. According to Sir E. F. Buxton, there are throughout the world, at this present moment, nearly seven millions of our coloured brethren in a state of slavery! Every year there are from four to five hundred thousand negroes exiled from their native shores in Africa, to minister to the wants of luxury, or to the so-called necessities of commerce, in other lands. Nearly *two-thirds* of these, however, are destroyed in the process of this infernal traffic. Immense numbers are killed in the slave-catching expeditions of the native chiefs in Africa; others die of weariness and privation in their journey from the interior to the coast; while whole hordes perish in that fearful voyage called the "Middle Passage;" that is to say, in their transport from Africa to the Brazils, the Island of Cuba, &c. Previous to the year 1820, the slave trade was a legal traffic for the ships of Great Britain, the United States, Austria, Prussia, Russia, Spain, and Portugal; at present it is confined principally to the annual, nay, constant, export of negroes from the coast of Africa to Brazil and Cuba. From 1842 to 1850, there have been received into the Brazils not fewer than 480,000 slaves—an average of 60,000



DAHOMAN WARRIOR.



THE FAVOURITE QUEEN OF DAHOMEY.

Great Britain,—by treaties and remonstrances with Brazil, and by an active and expensive blockade of the African coasts,—this average number is said to be yearly declining. The slave trade in Africa is still an established and profitable one; and nothing but the good sense and humanity of mankind can ever put it down.

To convince the nations who profit by the trade, that it is a bad and unjustifiable one is, however, by no means an easy task. It may be, that the course pursued by our government is the right one; but we have, every one of us in our own private circle, the means of accomplishing, eventually, the black man's deliverance. We must make ourselves acquainted with the whole case; we must read, and talk, and write about it, till every man, and woman, and child, in England, and America, and continental Europe is fully alive to the abomination which exists in the very heart of our boasted civilisation. We live in an anti-slavery nation, let us try if we cannot live in an anti-slavery world. The publication of Mrs. Stowe's admirable tale is one means—and a great one—of bringing about the negro's deliverance; for nothing can better tend to the removal of an evil than its denunciation and exposure. The public mind is at this moment prepared to admit the immensity of the evil called slavery, and every fact which bears on this question is an arrow from the shaft of truth, destined to pierce the heart of that false philosophy which declares man-dealing to be an institution of God. How are the slave markets of Brazil supplied? We will endeavour to answer this question.

If you look into the map of Africa, you will perceive on the western side of it, between the first and tenth degrees of east longitude, a small country just withinside the Guinea coast, and bounded by the rivers Niger and Volta. This is the military kingdom of Dahomey, the focus and grand depôt of the slave trade in Africa. It is difficult to define its exact limits, but it may be considered to be about 200 miles long by about 180 broad. Its only port is Whydah; but the king of Dahomey claims the sovereignty of the sea coast, and from this port are exiled the miserable natives whom the annual slave-hunt has brought into the power of the Dahomans. It must be explained that the only actual revenues of this kingdom arise from the sale of slaves, and from the tribute which is enforced from European vessels which visit the coast. The government is an absolute monarchy, and the people inhabiting the country are described to be the most cruel, rapacious, vindictive, and blood-thirsty of any in Africa. In future for king proclaims a slave hunt into the [illegible] will [illegible]ica. Every year the terror with which the name [illegible] interior; and such is the regularity by the neighbour[illegible]. A general interrogation Gézo, the present king, is was a few [illegible] received [illegible]ther of certain neighbouring states of Ashantee, Yorohbah, &c., that tribute is sent and the monarch appeased by the present of large numbers of slaves.

Owing to the ravages of its devastating wars, the population of the kingdom of Dahomey does not exceed 200,000 of both sexes, and Abomey, the capital, has not more than 30,000 inhabitants.* Of the whole population, not more than 20,000 are free, the remainder are slaves. The regular army consists of about 12,000, and of these 5,000 are amazons, or female warriors. When the king goes to war, he levies in all about 24,000 men, and an equal number of commissariat followers. Thus he moves on his war march with nearly 50,000 of both sexes, or one-fourth the whole population of his kingdom. It is scarcely necessary to state that Dahomey is under a military rule and government, and has no parallel in history. The time is thus yearly divided between war and festival. The subjects attend at the Great Festival, the See-que-ah-hee, with presents or tribute. If unable to be present in person, each must send a gift, according to his rank and pretensions.

In the month of November or December, the king commences his annual wars. For three successive years his people have asked him for war upon a particular place, and he marches forth, concealing, until within a day's march, the name of the place against which he has brought them. Against the devoted city his troops march, whilst the king, nobles, and royal family remain encamped. Daylight is generally the time of onset, and every cunning, secrecy, and ingenuity is exercised to take the enemy by surprise.

"At Okeadon, in 1848, a chief turned traitor, and introduced the Dahomans at daylight. They had made a feint on Abeal Keutah, and in the night fell back upon Okeadon. On the opposite side to that attacked ran a rapid river, and in crossing this many were drowned, and but few saved. Although there was no resistance, all the aged were decapitated on the spot to the amount of thousands, and the strength and youth of the city sold into slavery.

"The Attahpahms, in the early part of 1840, aware of the Dahoman march, sent every article from their town, with all the aged, youths, and females. Unfortunately the preparations of the Dahomans struck terror into the minds of the soldiers of the Attahpahms, who, knowing their fate if conquered, excepting about 400, fled from that city. Yet these 400 resolute men kept the Dahomans in check, killed many, put the males to the rout, and, had it not been for a rally of the Amazons, would have discomfited the Dahoman army. Had the Attahpahms stood, they would, with ease, have conquered the merciless invaders.

"After the destruction of a town, notice is sent to all neighbouring caboceers, or chiefs, calling up them to swear allegiance to the conqueror. Many do so at once, and receive their original rank, with an equal, a Dahoman, to act as coadjutor the remainder are persecuted until subjugated.

"On the return from war in January, the king resides at Cannah, and makes what is termed "a Fetish," i. e., sacrifices largely, and gives liberal presents to the Fetish people, and, at the same time, purchases the prisoners and heads from his soldiers. The slaves are then sold to the slave-merchants, and then blood-money wasted in the ensuing custom, Hwanoooewha, as the great annual feast is entitled in Dahoman parlance.

"Of these customs, the most important is that held in March, and called the See-que-ah-hee, at which the king's wealth is profusely displayed. That which is held in May and June is in honour of trade, with music, dancing, and singing. A small schooner on wheels, laden with gifts, is then drawn round the capital, and the cargo afterwards scrambled for by the Dahoman army.

"In July, on an appointed day, the soldiers are planted along the road from Abomey to the beach at Whydah, a distance of ninety miles. At the moment when the king drinks, its announcement, by the first gun of a royal salute fired at Abomey, is carried by the musketry to Allahdah, whence the first of the salute there is conveyed similarly by sound to the [illegible] ocean at Whydah, intended as a [illegible] salute to the Fetish of the Great Waters, or God of Foreign Trade. The boom of the first gun fired by the foreign forts at Whydah is echoed back through Allahdah to Abomey, whence another salute finishes this extraordinary custom. August and September are occupied by preparations for war, serving out powder, balls, or gun-stones (small ironstones), and much palaver on war subjects. Before going to war, the king makes a custom to the memory of his father, which generally lasts a month. And thus ends the year; keeping the nation in a fever of excitement, dancing, singing, haranguing, firing, and cutting off heads, thus demoralising more and more the nature of a people already among the most barbarous of the African nations."*

The Amazons who accompany the army on their slave-hunting expeditions, according to the testimony of Commander Forbes, are not supposed to marry, and, by their own statements, they have changed their sex—"We are men," say they, "and not women." All dress alike, diet alike, and male and female emulate each other. They all take great care of their arms, polish the barrels, and, except when on duty, keep them in covers. There is no duty at the palace, except when the king is in public, and then a guard of Amazons protect the royal person. The Amazons are in barracks within the palace inclosure, and are under the care of the eunuchs and the treasurer. In every action with males and females there is some reference to the cutting off of heads. In their dances—and it is the duty of the soldiers and Amazons to be proficient dancers—with eyes dilated, the right hand is working in a sawlike manner for some time, as if in the act of cutting around the neck, when both hands are used, and a twist is supposed to finish the bloody deed.

In the years 1849 and 1850 there were sent to this country of

* The Uncle Tom's Cabin Almanack, or Abolitionist Memento for 1853.

* Dahomey and the Dahomans, by Frederick E. Forbes, R.N.

slave-hunters two several missions from the British Government. These missions were conducted by Mr. F. E. Forbes, Commander in the Royal Navy, and Captain Winniet, Lieutenant-Governor of Her Majesty's settlements on the Gold Coast; and then purpose was to induce the king of Dahomey to give up the slave trade, or in some measure alleviate the condition of the miserable natives by whom his country is surrounded. This mission of Captain Winniet was reported to the British Cabinet by Mr. B. Cruickshank, and from the published accounts we gather some interesting facts concerning Dahomey and its nearly-savage king.

After describing his journey, the author goes on to say that for a period of twelve years the annual exportation of slaves from the territory of the king of Dahomey has averaged nearly 170,000! besides about another thousand brought every year from the towns and villages on the coast. This supply is mainly kept up by a systematic custom of slave-hunting, in which the king joins his subjects, for about three months in every summer. The people against whom these hunting expeditions are undertaken are weak and detached tribes, living at distances varying from twelve to twenty-four days' march from Abomey, the capital of Dahomey. A battle rarely occurs, and the loss in killed is usually not great, the African princes preferring craft and subtlety rather than open force. The plan usually adopted is to send out traders as spies, from whom the king receives such information as enables him to gather together his army and surround his unresisting victims in the night, who, it is needless to state, are his slaves by the morning.*

It is only when the subjects of a king of nearly equal power are attacked, that anything like a battle is fought, but even then the slaughter is not very great.

The king's entire revenue is derived from the sale of slaves, an export duty being paid upon each slave, the property of a private individual, shipped in his dominions, producing an annual income of upwards of fifty or sixty thousand pounds!

But even this does not give a correct notion of the advantages this savage monarch derives from the sale of his fellowmen; as, by the laws of this country, he inherits the property of his deceased subjects, leaving the heir only a very small portion, to serve as a kind of capital, so that by this system, and the frequent bestowal of offices of trust and profit upon his favourites, his sable majesty contrives to hold pretty much his own way in his little kingdom.

Another dreadful circumstance, which Mr. Cruickshank learned through De Souza, an European resident at the slave coasts, is, that slaves are extensively sacrificed in the performance of certain rites and superstitious observances peculiar to the religion of the tribe.

With these facts before him, and with scarcely any hope of success, the ambassador sought an interview with the savage king, bearing with him certain presents from England. He was well received, and, finding the king not quite so barbarous as he had anticipated, he soon introduced the object of his mission, and urged him to give up the traffic in slaves and forego human sacrifices, assuring him of the protection and friendly feeling of the British Government, should he comply with their desire. Upon being requested to ratify a treaty previously brought under his notice by Captain Winniet, the lieutenant-governor, he appeared at a loss to reply. There was an apparent struggle taking place in his mind; his friendly disposition to Her Majesty's Government, and a desire not to give offence by a positive refusal, combating for a time his feelings of self-interest. In such a contest, however, the victory could not be long doubtful; and it was evident that his hesitation arose not from any wavering in his determination respecting the slave trade, but from his difficulty in choosing the least offensive manner of expressing his negative.

His chiefs had had long and serious consultations with him upon the subject; and they had come to the conclusion, that the government could not be carried on without it. The state which the king maintained was great; his army expensive; the ceremonies and customs to be observed annually, which had been handed down to him from his forefathers, entailed upon him a vast outlay of money. These could not be abolished. The form of his government could not be suddenly changed, without causing such a revolution as would deprive him of his throne, and precipitate his kingdom into a state of anarchy. He was very desirous of acquiring the friendship of England. He loved and respected the English character, and nothing afforded him such high satisfaction as to see an Englishman in his country, and to do him honour. He himself and his army were ready at all times to fight the Queen's enemies, and to do anything the English Government might ask of him, but to give up the slave trade! No other trade was known to his people. Palm oil, it was true, was now engaging the attention of some of them; but it was a slow method of making money, and brought only a very small amount of duties into his coffers. The planting of coffee and cotton had been suggested to him; but this was slower still. The trees had to grow, and he himself would probably be in his grave before he could reap any benefit from them. And what to do in the meantime? Who would pay his troops, or buy arms and clothing for them? Who would buy dresses for his wives? Who would give him supplies of cowries, of rum, of powder, and of cloth to perform his annual customs? He held his power by an observance of the time-honoured customs of his forefathers; and he would forfeit it, and entail upon himself a life full of shame, and a death full of misery, if he neglected them It was the slave trade that made him terrible to his enemies, and loved, honoured, and respected by his people. How could he give it up? It had been the ruling principle of action with himself and his subjects from their earliest childhood. Their thoughts, their habits, their discipline, their mode of life had been formed with reference to this all-engrossing occupation; even the very songs with which the mother stilled her crying infant told of triumph over foes reduced to slavery. Could he, by signing this treaty, change the sentiments of a whole people? It could not be! A long series of years was necessary to bring about such a change. He himself and his people must be made to feel the superior advantages of another traffic in an increase of riches, and of the necessaries and luxuries of life, before they could be weaned from this trade The expenses of the English Government were great, would it suddenly give up the principal source of its revenue without some equivalent provision for defraying its expenses? He could not believe so. No more would he reduce himself to beggary. The sum offered him would not pay his expenses for a week; and even if the English Government were willing to give him an annual sum equivalent to his present revenue, he would still have some difficulty in employing the energies of his people in a new direction. Under such circumstances, however, he would consider himself bound to use every exertion to meet the wishes of the English Government.

Such were the arguments which the king of Dahomey used in justification of his refusal to sign the treaty, and much regret did he express that the object which the English Government had in view was of such vital importance to him that he could not possibly comply with its request.

Although inwardly acknowledging the force of these arguments, the ambassador did not give up the subject, but in repeated interviews attempted to show that it would be more profitable to the king to develop the resources of his own country, by means of his own people, than by selling them to foreigners. This argument was strengthened by the fact that, if a slave were worth so much in Brazil for the mere purposes of labour, he must be equally valuable at home, if he were similarly employed. The king admitted the truth of the argument, and while acknowledging the favour of the English Government, said he despaired of soon bringing about so desirable a change in his dominions. The length of time required, the whole process of a new system, and the want of skill among his subjects, appeared to him immeasurable difficulties: and, in fact, he politely declined the question.

At last, says Mr. Cruickshank, the king appeared anxious to escape from this harassing position; and, by way of closing the interview, invited me to accompany him to witness a review of his troops. "What principally struck me on this occasion was the animus displayed by every one present, from the king to the meanest of his people; every word of their mouths, every thought of their hearts, breathed of defiance, of battle, and

* Copies of Despatches received from Captain Winniet, Lieutenant-Governor of her Majesty's settlements on the Gold Coast, relating to missions to certain princes in the vicinity of those settlements.

slavery to their enemies; his principal captains, both male and female, expressed an anxious hope that I would remain in their country to witness their first triumph, and to behold the number of captives they would lead back to Abomey; and, that I might be in no doubt that the general mass participated in these sentiments, such an assenting shout rent the air as must have often proclaimed the victory. A quiet smile of proud satisfaction passed across the king's face as he regarded me with a look which said, 'These are my warriors!' and when I heard the loud rattle of their arms, and saw the sparkle of their delighted eyes gleaming with strong excitement as they waved their swords and standards in the air, I fully acknowledged the force of the king's question, 'could he, by signing the treaty, change the sentiments of a whole people?' The sight which I was witnessing was to me a stronger argument



AMAZON, OR FEMALE WARRIOR OF DAHOMEY.

than any the king had yet used; here there was no palliating, no softening down, no attempt to conceal their real sentiments under the plea of necessity for undertaking their slave-hunting wars, but a fierce, wild, and natural instinct, speaking in language that could not possibly be misunderstood."

And so concluded the mission. The King of Dahomey is described as far less of a savage than he had been represented to Mr. Cruickshank. He listened to the ambassador's arguments with respectful attention; and the conviction was forced upon the Englishman that he was a man of superior intellect, and endowed with an extraordinary capacity for government. To strangers he is hospitable and kind; to his subjects, equitable and generous. Impressed with the dignity of his station he maintains great frugality and temperance in his persons habits, and rarely gives way to sudden ebullitions of anger. His mind is active and inquiring, and he betrays a laudable anxiety to be made acquainted with the laws, manners, and customs of foreign nations. Like all uneducated Africans, he is strongly attached to the customs of his fathers, and regards with much suspicion any attempted innovation; hence the uneasiness which he displayed in his conversations upon the slave trade We must look at it with his eyes, however; and as soon may we expect the English Government to be carried on without its Army and Navy Estimates and Civil Lists, as to convince him that he could give up one item of his expenditure. It is much easier to deplore the existence of this horrible traffic than to devise efficient means for its total abolition.

It is rarely that Europeans are called upon to believe in the



MUSICIANS OF THE AMAZONIAN ARMY.

existence of Amazons,—fighting women, prepared to do battle on all around, the terror of the neighbouring tribes, dressed in the attire of male soldiers, armed with muskets and swords. These sable ladies perform prodigies of valour, and not unfrequently, by a fortunate change of fortune, the honour of the male soldiers, by bearing down [illegible] them, discovering themselves to the astonished [illegible] prisoners to be women, exceeding their male [illegible] in cruelty and all the stronger passions.

Excited by the hopes of reward, the evil passions of man are fearfully developed in Dahomey. Blood money is the sure reward of valour, the price of blood the only fee; and it matters not if the prisoner be brought alive to the monarch, as his

destroyers of this fearful evil, many in the main correct, yet differing sufficiently as to render them apparently opposed! All men of education must be moral haters of the iniquitous traffic; but it is not always that education can carry a man's ideas above the advantage of his own interest; and no doubt the interests of this country—the monied interest of the manufacturing portion—are for the time better answered by the existence of the slave trade than they would be by its repression. Such, however, would not be the case on the consequence of its failure, and the rise of legal trade, the extension of commercial intercourse, the civilization of Africa. "The multiplicity of wives enjoyed by the king and his officers, and the selection and separation of thousands of maidens as Amazons, leave but few females wherewith to increase the population; whilst the hundreds of thousands of skulls that ornament the palaces, the annual introduction of 60,000 slaves into Brazil, at an exportation of at least 180,000 from Dahomey, unite in tending to decrease the numbers of the people rapidly, and thus render the demand for manufactured goods, or, in other words, for trade, less than it would otherwise be. Look at the method employed to feed this traffic. A war of extermination is decided on by a giant army on an unoffending town. We all know by histories of recent wars with civilised troops what are the horrors of a protracted siege, or of the excitement incidental to a mortal conflict. How can we wonder then at the fearful tragedies constantly enacted by the Dahoman armies, when the price is honour or disgrace; a head or a prisoner, or to be publicly spat upon by some self-lauding Amazon in the ensuing council?"

These wars are directly and instrumentally the acts of the slave-merchants of Whydah and its neighbouring ports; but have they no higher parties on whom to lay the blame of their actions? are these the agents of larger houses, the instruments in the hands of parties who have other means of disposing of their goods, to bear the whole blame? Truth is strange, but a truth it is, says Mr. Forbes, that the slave trade is carried on in Dahomey and the neighbouring kingdoms with British merchandize; and, at Porto Novo, the residence of the monarch of slave dealers, by British shipping direct. "I do not mean to say, that if British goods were not obtainable, the traffic would cease to exist; but the taste for British goods runs high, and if these could not be purchased with slaves, palm-oil would be manufactured to obtain them."

That the discontinuance of trading with the slave ports would afford most important aid in the reduction of the horrors of the slave trade, there can be no doubt. Except with the natives for palm-oil or other native produce, the system of trading with the interior kingdoms is in pawns, or domestic slaves, saleable on the seacoast to the highest bidder. But with these pawns a dawning of civilisation has illustrated that the African is not even by nature the brute he is generally believed to be. Should the pawn become a parent, neither the parent nor the child can be forcibly expatriated.

Our author thinks it is by no means impossible to stop the slave trade, but the means to be employed must, he declares, be unceasingly applied. Blockade is one of the means, a portion of one system; and, by its increase and the adoption of steam, a mighty one. "Under the term blockade, I include the whole coercive actions of the British fleet against the Brazilian slave trade, whether on the coast of Africa or Brazils. But the blockade, as it was two years ago, with one third more extent of coast, and more than a third less in number of vessels, only a small portion of which (in comparison the opposite) were steamers, was a very inefficient organ of an unconnected system, that left it obvious to those most interested, that it would be almost impossible to check even a contraband traffic open to so extensive a demand."

The blockade by British ships is only a portion of the system that might and would overthrow the slave-trade. As now worked, with increased efficacy, the blockade renders the price of slaves high and the market precarious. But the slaves, already so dear in the Brazils, might be rendered considerably more expensive by the withdrawal of trade from the slave dealers, and the prevention of the sale of slave-grown produce in this country, and by enacting treaties of commerce with the chiefs themselves; thus bringing into the market desirable articles of trade, requiring the extension of labour to produce, and consequently pointing out to the naturally cunning African monarch, that in order to be rich he must increase the number of his subjects, and not sell the source of his wealth the labour of his people.

One-third at least of the extent of the slave coast has been already conquered by civilisation and legal traffic, and it requires perseverance alone to reduce the remainder. All the high roads to Central Africa, the Delta of the Niger, in which are included the Benin, the Camaroons, the Calabars, &c., have submitted to the laws of civilisation, and the inhabitants accept with disgust the idea of selling their fellow-men. Nor is this all; the heathen superstitions of the land are fast receding before the steps of Christianity. Between this Delta and the other portions of reclaimed Africa, Liberia and Gallinas, is the extent of the coast of which Dahomey is the central and all powerful kingdom, open to social and moral or coercive conquest, or both. The former would effect its object by intercourse and trade together, aided by the morals and example of the settlers and traders; the latter would exact treaties requiring the expulsion of an evil at once disgraceful in the sight of God and man. The two means of conquest, if combined, would first destroy the evil, and then set up such a demand for the produce of the land as would, as it has in the rivers above quoted, render it impossible that the slave trade should ever again offer its present powerful temptations. The lovers of peace may quarrel with the term coercion, but in its African sense there is no display of military cruelty. Those portions of Africa whose inhabitants have seceded from the slave traffic have done it partly from coercive measures, and partly from moral effect, but the former measures have been simply used to the foreign slave-dealer, and the latter to the native, whose benefit has been materially studied, although perhaps not so satisfactorily to his grasping nature as at once to be developed.

With one other extract from Commander Forbes' admirable volumes we conclude. —"There is," says he, "one last and strong reason why a conquest of slavery should be effected by moral, rather than physical force; civilisation must precede any decided check unassisted by education. The slave-hunting monarchs claim an equal position with Great Britain as the greatest of white nations. How often have I been told in Dahomey, 'You make war on the Portuguese and beat them, we on the Attahpahms and others with equal success. These,' said the mayo, pointing to two tumblers on the table, 'are alike in size, in make, in shape; this is Dahomey, that England. See, I turn round, and, looking again, I cannot distinguish, they are coequal, the greatest white and the greatest black nations. Your queen can conquer all white nations, Gézo can take all blacks.' Such is their idea, gathered from the reports of the slave-dealers, who cause them to believe that we are a nation of pirates—water gods, in short. But, though feared for our power, we leave no moral impression upon the natives, by plundering, as they imagine, our Portuguese and Brazilian neighbours. All that we arrive at is, that the highest nation of Africa owns a respect, which may be also termed a fear, for the nation that can do to the whites what they can do to the blacks. What is wanted is education: 1st, to give the African an idea of the great moral force intended, at an enormous expense, to free him from the chains of foreign slavery, and to cause him to believe (what in his uneducated state he has no conception of) that Great Britain disburses an enormous sum to effect that object. 2nd. To enable him to understand the sacrifice he is making in selling labour from a country capable of providing for four times its population. 3rd. To put a stop to the fearful sacrifices of human life, and the devastating wars consequent on the slave trade."

Having thus prepared the African mind, the slave trade could not exist, even on demand from the Brazils; as, if the kings of Africa forbade the embarkation of slaves in their territories, the slaver could not trade, the slightest delay on the coast would be fatal, and the slave trade at an end. The measures recommended here may appear to require much time to develop, but such would not prove the case if once set in force. The extinction of the slave trade without educational assistance, may be possible; experience, however, seems to combine in proving the improbability of such a result.

In our next we shall endeavour to give a picture of slavery as it exists in America.

THE AMERICAN CANAL-BOAT.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, AUTHORESS OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Of all the ways of travelling which obtain among our locomotive nation, the canal-boat is the most absolutely prosaic and inglorious. There is something picturesque, nay, almost sublime, in the lordly march of your well-built, high-bred steamboat. Go, take your stand on some overhanging bluff, where the blue Ohio winds its thread of silver, or the sturdy Mississippi makes its path through unbroken forests, and it will do your heart good to see the gallant boat walking the waters with unbroken and powerful tread, like some fabled monster of the wave, breathing fire, and making the shores resound with its deep respirations. Then there is something mysterious, even awful, in the power of steam. See it curling up against a blue sky some rosy morning—graceful, fleeting, intangible, and to all appearance the softest and gentlest of all spiritual things—and then think that it is this fairy spirit that keeps half the world alive and hot with motion, think how excellent a servant it is, doing all sorts of gigantic works, like the genii of old; and yet, if you let slip the talisman only for a moment, what terrible advantage it will take of you! and you will confess that steam has some claims both to the beautiful and the terrible. But in a canal-boat there is no power, no mystery, no danger; one cannot blow up, one cannot be drowned, unless by some special efforts one sees clearly all there is in the case—a horse, a rope, and a muddy strip of water—and that is all.

Did you ever try it, reader? If not, take an imaginary trip with us, just for experiment. "There's the boat!" exclaims a passenger in the omnibus, as we are rolling down from the Pittsburg Mansion House to the canal. "Where?" exclaim a dozen voices, and forthwith a dozen heads go out of the windows. "Why, down there, under that bridge—don't you see those lights?" "What, that little thing?" exclaims an inexperienced traveller; "dear me! we can't half of us get into it!" "We indeed!" says some old hand in the business, "I think you'll find it will hold us and a dozen more loads like us." "Impossible!" say some. "You will see," replies the old traveller; and, as soon as you get out, you *do* see, and hear too, what seems like a general breaking loose from the Tower of Babel, amid a perfect hailstorm of trunks, boxes, valises, carpet-bags, and every describable and indescribable form of what a Westerner calls "plunder."

"That's my trunk!" barks out a big, round man. "That's my bandbox!" screams a heartstriken old lady, in terror for her immaculate Sunday caps. "Where's my little red box? I had two carpet-bags and a—" "My trunk had a scarle—" "Halloo! where are you going with that portmanteau?" "Husband, husband! do see after the large basket and the little hair trunk—oh! and the baby's little chair!" "Go below—go below, for mercy's sake, my dear; I'll see to the baggage." At last, the feminine part of creation, perceiving that, in this particular instance, they gain nothing by public speaking, are content to be led quietly under hatches, and amusing is the look of dismay which each new-comer gives to the confined quarters that present themselves. Those who were so ignorant of the power of compression as to suppose the boat scarce large enough to contain them and theirs, find, with dismay, a respectable colony of old ladies, babies, mothers, big baskets, and carpet-bags, already established. "Mercy on us!" says one, after surveying the little room, about ten feet long and six high, "Where are we all to sleep to-night?" "O dear me! what a sight of children!" says a young lady, in a despairing tone. "Poh!" says an initiated traveller, "children! scarce any here; let's see: one—the woman in the corner, two—that child with the bread and butter, three—and then there's that other woman with two—really, it's quite moderate for a canal-boat: however, we can't tell till they have all come."

"All! for mercy's sake, you don't say there are any more coming!" exclaim two or three in a breath; they *can't* come; *there is not room!*"

Notwithstanding the impressive utterance of this sentence, the contrary is immediately demonstrated by the appearance of a very corpulent elderly lady, with three well-grown daughters, who come down looking about them most complacently, regardless of the unchristian looks of the company. What a mercy it is that fat people are always good natured!

After this follows an indiscriminate raining down of all shapes, sizes, sexes, and ages—men, women, children, babies, and nurses. The state of feeling becomes perfectly desperate. Darkness gathers on all faces. "We shall be smothered! we shall be crowded to death, we *can't stay here!*" are heard faintly from one and another, and yet, though the boat grows no wider, the walls no higher, they do live, and do bear it, in spite of repeated protestations to the contrary. Truly, as Sam Slick says, "there's a *sight of wear* in human natur'."

But, meanwhile, the children grow sleepy, and divers interesting little duets and trios arise from one part or another of the cabin. "Mamma, I'm tired!" bawls a child. "Where's the baby's night gown?" calls the nurse. "Do take Peter up in your lap, and keep him still." "Pray get out some biscuits to stop their mouths." Meanwhile, sundry babies strike in "con spirito," as the music-books have it, and execute various flourishes, the disconsolate mothers sigh, and look as if all was over with them; and the young ladies appear extremely disgusted, and wonder "what business women have to be travelling round with babies!"

To these troubles, succeeds the turning-out scene, when the whole caravan is ejected into the gentlemen's cabin, that the beds may be made. The red curtains are put down, and in solemn silence all, the last mysterious preparations begin. At length it is announced that all is ready. Forthwith the whole company rush back, and find the walls embellished by a series of little shelves, about a foot wide, each furnished with a mattress and bedding, and hooked to the ceiling by a very suspiciously slender cord. Direful are the ruminations and exclamations of inexperienced travellers, particularly young ones, as they eye these very equivocal accommodations. "What! sleep up there! *I* won't sleep on one of those top shelves, *I* know. The cords will certainly break." The chambermaid here takes up the conversation, and solemnly assures them that such an accident is not to be thought of at all; that it is a natural impossibility—a thing that could not happen without an actual miracle, and since it becomes increasingly evident that thirty ladies cannot all sleep on the lowest shelf, there is some effort made to exercise faith in this doctrine; nevertheless, all look on their neighbours with fear and trembling, and when the stout lady talks of taking a top shelf, she is urgently pressed to change places with her alarmed neighbour below. Points of location being after a while adjusted, comes the last struggle. Everybody wants to take off their bonnet, to look for their shawl, to find their cloak, to get their carpet-bag, and all set about it with such zeal that nothing can be done. "Ma'am, you're on my foot!" says one. "Will you please to move, ma'am?" says somebody, who is gasping and struggling behind you. "Move!" you echo. "Indeed I should be very glad to, but I don't see much prospect of it." "Chambermaid!" calls a lady, who is struggling among a heap of carpet-bags and children at one end of the cabin "Ma'am!" replies the poor chambermaid, who is wedged fast, in a similar situation, at the other. "Where's my cloak, chambermaid?" "I would find it, ma'am, if I could move." "Chambermaid, my basket!" "Chambermaid, my parasol is lost!" "Chambermaid, my carpet-bag!" "Mamma, they push me so!" "Hush, child, crawl under there, and lie still till I can undress you." At last, however, the various distresses are over, the babies sink to sleep, and even that much-enduring being, the chambermaid, seeks out some corner for repose. Tired and drowsy, you are just sinking into a doze, when bang! goes the boat against the sides of a lock, ropes scrape, men run and shout, and up fly the heads of all the top shelf-ites, who are generally the more juvenile and airy part of the company.

"What's that! what's that!" flies from mouth to mouth, and forthwith they proceed to awaken their respective relations. "Mother! Aunt Hannah! do wake up! what is this awful noise?" "Oh, only a lock!" "Pray be still," groan out the sleepy members from below.

"A lock!" exclaim the vivacious creatures, ever on the alert for information; "and what is a lock, pray?"

"Don't you know what a lock is, you silly creatures? Do lie down and go to sleep."

"But say, there is not any *danger* in a lock, is there?"

respond the quarists. "Danger!" exclaims a deaf old lady, poking up her head, "what's the matter? There ha'n't nothin' burst, has there?" "No, no, no!" exclaim the provoked and despairing opposition party, who find that there is no such thing as going to sleep till they have made the old lady below and the young ladies above understand exactly the philosophy of a lock. After a while the conversation again subsides; again all is still; you hear only the trampling of horses and the rippling of the rope in the water, and sleep again is stealing over you. You doze, you dream, and all of a sudden you are started by a cry, "Chambermaid! wake up the lady that wants to be set ashore." Up jumps chambermaid, and up jumps the lady and two children, and forthwith form a committee of inquiry as to ways and means. "Where's my bonnet?" says the lady, half awake, and fumbling among the various articles of that name. "I thought I hung it up behind the door." "Can't you find it?" says the poor chambermaid, yawning and rubbing her eyes. "Oh, yes, here it is," says the lady; and then the cloak, the shawl, the gloves, the shoes, receive each a separate discussion. At last all seems ready, and they begin to move off, when, lo! Peter's cap is missing. "Now, where can it be?" soliloquizes the lady, "I put it right here by the table-leg; maybe it has got into some of the berths." At this suggestion, the chambermaid takes the candle, and goes round deliberately to every berth, poking the light directly in the face of every sleeper. "Here it is," she exclaims, pulling at something black under one pillow. "No, indeed, those are my shoes," says a vexed sleeper. "Maybe it's here," she resumes, darting upon something black in another berth. "No, that's my bag," responds the occupant. The chambermaid then proceeds to turn over all the children on the floor, to see if it is not under them, in the course of which process they are most agreeably waked up and enlivened; and when everybody is broad awake, and most uncharitably wishing the cap, and Peter too, at the bottom of the canal, the good lady exclaims, "Well, if this isn't lucky! here I had it safe in my basket all the time!" and she departs amid the—what shall I say?—execrations?—of the whole company, ladies though they be.

Well, after this follows a hushing up and wiping up among the juvenile population; and a series of remarks commences from the various shelves of a very edifying and instructive tendency. One says that the woman did not seem to know where anything was; another says that she has waked them all up; a third, adds that she has waked up all the children too; and the elderly ladies make moral reflections on the importance of putting your things where you can find them—being always ready; which observations, being delivered in an exceedingly doleful and drowsy tone form a sort of subbass to the lively chattering of the upper shelf-ites, who declare that they feel quite wide awake—that they don't think they shall go to sleep again to-night—and discourse over everything in creation, until you heartily wish you were enough related to them to give them a scolding.

At last, however, voice after voice drops off; you fall into a most refreshing slumber; it seems to you that you sleep about a quarter of an hour, when the chambermaid pulls you by the sleeves: "Will you please to get up, ma'am; we want to make the beds." You start and stare. Sure enough, the night is gone. So much for sleeping on board canal-boats.

Let us not enumerate the manifold perplexities of the morning toilet in a place where every lady realizes most forcibly the condition of the old woman who lived under a broom: "All she wanted was elbow room." Let us not tell how one glass is made to answer for thirty fair faces, one basin and jug for thirty lavations; and, tell it not in Gath! one towel for a company! Let us not intimate how ladies' shoes have, in the night, clandestinely slid into the gentlemen's cabin, and gentlemen's boots elbowed, or, rather, *loed* their way among ladies' gear, nor recite the exclamations after runaway property that are heard. "I can't find nothing of Johnny's shoe." "Here's a shoe in the water pitcher—is this it?" "My side-combs are gone," exclaims a nymph with dishevelled curls! "Massy! do look at my bonnet!" exclaims an old lady, elevating an article crushed into as many angles as there are pieces in a minced pie. "I never did sleep *so much together* in my life," echoes a poor little French lady, whom despair has driven into talking English.

But our shortening paper warns us not to prolong our catalogue of distresses beyond reasonable bounds, and therefore we will close with advising all our friends who intend to travel this way of travelling for *pleasure*, to take a good stock both of patience and clean towels with them, for we think that they will find abundant need for both.

PROFESSOR COWPER.

The following particulars relating to the late Professor Cowper, who died on Sunday, October 17, have been supplied to us by a correspondent who knew him well and valued him highly:—

"The death of Mr. Cowper is another and heavy item in the account of losses which the country has lately sustained from the inroads of the grave. In the general application of science to the practical purposes of life few men stood higher than Professor Cowper; but his most distinguished success was as an inventor and improver of machinery. For the printing machine, indeed, which had so powerful an effect in cheapening literature and the graphic art, and in placing them, with their ennobling influences, within reach of the masses of the population, Mr. Cowper accomplished that which Watt did for the steam-engine:—and, as with that yet more eminent man, while few things were too great to daunt him with their difficulties, none were small enough to be deemed unworthy of his notice.—Thus, almost everything which presented itself to his active and fertile mind was in some way improved.

"With the possession of great stores of knowledge Mr. Cowper combined, in a remarkable degree, the power of communicating knowledge to others; as must have been felt by all who were fortunate enough to attend his classes at King's College, or his more general lectures, or, indeed, who under any circumstances, and in whatever rank of life, applied to him for mental aid, or had the pleasure of meeting him in society. A friend of ours, himself of no mean standing, either as a philosopher or philanthropist, lately remarked, that he was never in Mr. Cowper's company without being the better for it; and this gentleman does not stand alone in the feeling. Mr. Cowper was, indeed, ever bountiful with his knowledge,—and as eager in extending it to others as he was industrious in its acquirement for himself. Not a few men of humble origin have been enabled by his assistance to raise themselves into a sphere which they could not otherwise have reached,—but where they now find an appropriate field for their talent, and in turn assist in the great work of dissemination. Even during the intervals of his last illness Mr. Cowper was employed in preparing, at the request of the Principal of a college near Bombay, a series of models to enable the native inhabitants to improve their implements of husbandry and manufacture; and some such work of benevolence he had almost always on hand.

"One great cause of Professor Cowper's success as a lecturer was, his adoption (whenever practicable) of the Pestalozzian principle of exhibiting things themselves, instead of giving mere descriptions, or even drawings or models. Thus, in a lecture on the art of Pottery, he would have before his audience a potter, with his wheel, to go through the very process of which he was speaking,—a mode of proceeding which, aided by descriptions at once lively and perspicuous, gave unusual clearness to the ideas that he wished to impart, and pleasure in their reception.

"Leaving to others the easy task of finding differences and flaws in conduct and religious opinions, Mr. Cowper's delight was, to discover in men points of sympathy and accordance, and to bring into friendly co-operation on some subjects at least those who had hitherto been separate in all. In a word, his province was not to attack or to destroy,—but to defend and invent.

"Measured by mere space of time, his life was not long; but computed by the work which he accomplished, few men have had a greater term of existence than Professor Cowper. We rejoice to think that his life was as happy as it was beneficent; and it is consolatory to add, that its termination was collected, serene, and even cheerful."—*Athenæum.*

LETTERS TO WORKING MEN.

No. V.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT LABOUR.

Some people seem to think that gentility and refinement consist in having nothing to do: that your true gentleman is a white-handed, helpless specimen of humanity, who never did, and is not doing, and never means to do, anything in the way of labour; who rises with no object, and retires nearly dead with *ennui*; whose perpendicular and horizontal life are equally valueless; who having nothing in the world to do, accomplishes his mission with great exactness; whose existence is a huge negative, and an absolute vacuity.

That this is the proper definition of a gentleman would be by some denied; they would talk about true gentility consisting in the mind and in the manners, not in property qualification or release from common drudgery; but all this would be ungrounded, hypothetical, visionary, a strutting on our neighbours' stilts,—for a gentleman is not a natural but an artificial production; and, while a MAN is the work of GOD, a gentleman is the production of society.

Your lazy yawning drone, your gentleman bee, who sits at home blinking at the mechanic porters crowding in, gets tumbled out at last as being neither fit for use or ornament. Men of old were sent to learn wisdom from the ant, and the idea was incorporated in the law of Palestine, that every citizen should be a workman, that if any man would not work neither should he eat, for you never hear of a human drone in the land that flowed with milk and honey.

"*In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread*," is man's warranty for labour—herdsmen and tillers of the soil were the first great necessary workmen, it was something very different from a curse that made men tend their flocks of browsing sheep, or delve the earth in sowing time; Cain, for that frightful crime that dashed the page of history with blood, was not condemned to labour, but to be the first idler on the face of the earth.

Men learned the concord of sweet sounds from Tubal, and the mystery of brass and iron work from Tubal Cain; the dignity of idleness was a philosophical theory unknown to Jewish Patriarch—who even went to service and made no secret about the matter—the great Lawgiver tended Jethro's flocks—David followed the same pursuit, and exchanged it for court minstrel. The men who revolutionised the world left fishing boats to do it, and even HE who for a little season trod the "Valley of BACA," HE who only knew the meaning of "everlasting" and "eternal," consented to follow a humble occupation, and thought it no degradation to be recognised as "*the carpenter*."

Consider what a world this would be if it were made up of those who do nothing. Your Regent-street beau would have no coat to his back, if there were no weaver's shuttle to manufacture cloth; no shearers to plunder docile bleaters; no vats of chemical dye-stuff to give the fashionable tinge; no shears; no pattern book; no Whitechapel needles. He would have no coffee-house to lounge in, no brick-kilns, no busy bricklayers to pile the manufactured article, no carpenters, no sturdy woodmen to fell the stately tree, no enterprising speculator to lay on the water, no plumber to fashion leaden pipes for its conveyance, no sturdy colliers to descend dark unhealthy mines in search of fuel for light and warmth; no active waiter to preserve an almost ubiquitous existence, and with stirring volubility to cry out "Coming, sir." He would have no delicately flavoured coffee; no means of roasting it, or of boiling it; no ships to bring it hither from the golden Indies; no planters to attend its growth, no sugar, moist or lump; no mill to grind the yellow corn; no cunning baker and no baker's oven; no country milkmaid; no dairy-work; no cheese, or butter; Imagine all the shops, and churches—manufactories, and cultivated lands swept clean away;—imagine all bridges, wharves, and ships buried 'five fathoms deep'—this boasted city of London a marshy swampy country, with a tangled mass of trees, and the cry of the bittern disturbing the solitude that is resting upon all things—and then we should have a picture of what the world would be without it working men.

Work! why men were sent into the world to work, for the world is not a playground, and time is not a holiday. St. Paul's Cathedral was not the result of idleness; books, with their great thoughts deep as the sea, strong as the rock, beautiful as the sky, were not the production of uncultivated minds. With sweat of the brow they piled stone on stone until the massive structure was complete; with sweat of the brain, thought upon thought was reared and made immortal; for greatness is no holiday pastime, but a stern business full of toil and trouble.

Sir Fopling Flutter may bask in the sunshine for his little day, may cull the summer sweetness, content to live on other people's labours; but to the man who understands his true position in the world—the actual worth of life, such delights, if possibly attainable, possess no relish; he must live with a purpose—must struggle in the arena—must enter on the strife, undismayed by winter's cold, unimpeded by the summer's warmth, strong in his belief that life is not a bubble on the stream of time, a vapour of the morning, or a dull worthless inanity; he lives and labours, taking for his motto "better to wear out than rust out," and leaves behind some lasting memorial, that others in days to come may say he was a MAN.

There are wayside voices undetected and unnoticed in the noise and bustle of the world astir; they are hidden like the wheels of clocks and watches, and a clean well-figured dial-plate covers up mechanical intricacies; they are the voices who keep the Psalm of Life in tune, and the steady progress of society. The men and women who make Sir Fopling's life so joyous—are they to be pitied and mourned over in solemn dirge and lachrymose weakness?—no—in every stroke of the hammer, in every movement of the saw *they* are doing God's work in the world—even though the world heed not their labours

Sometimes those wayside voices grow louder. George Fox, surrounded by strips of leather, awls and bristles, seated amongst his paste and rosin, cobbling hob-nailed shoes and patching up worn-out slippers, chanted a tune and woke up joyful echoes that have never died away

James Barry, a hulking foolish lad, who, in an Irish smack did strangely bewilder honest mariners and make the skipper cross himself, picturing shaggy, uncouth, demonish heads upon the vessel's deck—he left behind him something that, like a Dantean incarnation, pictures Heaven and Hell in frightful reality.

Burns caught inspiration from the plough, and courted the muse amidst a busy toiling life of poetry and beer-gauging.

Chemists, Mechanists, Engineers, Painters, Poets, dissimilar in professional occupations, are yet all apprenticed to the same stern master, their indentures signed and sealed by LABOUR; learning from his rugged teachings the fundamentals of greatness—*perseverance and activity* rendering them fit for any sort of work or enterprize, fit to encounter the dangers of travels, the constant toil of the artisan, or the hard struggle of greatness in the loftier flights.

Some people groan and sigh and dawdle all their lives away in wishing they were something else. If they had enjoyed the happy shades of academic bowers; if they had but been instructed in mathematical mysteries; if they had but a more intimate acquaintance with classical horticulture, and understood the nature of those hard dry plants the Hebrew roots; or if they had but a large fortune; if they had but a Banker's book, a long account at Child's or Coutts'; if they had but some broad acres; if they had but more time to devote to mental culture or benevolent exertion,—then the world might expect something of them.

Good things these valuable acquisitions, but not man's mission in the world. WORK, WORK; his existence is the true Battle of Life—a combat against discouragement, penury, weariness, and all the pains and penalties of being very poor; his name inserted on no long subscription list, but legibly inscribed on the books of the great society for the Amelioration of Human Woe; a member of the universal club for helping everything and everybody; who, if he never leaves behind him a stately mausoleum, or has his tombstone adorned with classic grief chiselled in marble; if, when the decease of Sir Fopling Flutter is so solemnly announced in daily papers, he quits the busy scene of life, and "dies and makes no sign," his monument is ever with you in your costly furniture, your fashionable chariots, your noble structures and your printed books—on the very tombstone of Sir Fopling the graver carves his own *memento mori*,—an honourable testimony to honourable industry.

I once saw the letter of a working man to a certain noble author:—"Picture to yourself," he wrote, "a man sensible that he is made for something better than to labour and die,"—the man had much to struggle with, from day to day battling against to-morrow; with debts unpaid, and bills discredited, recoiling alike from amusement and knowledge,—but in the bare statement that man was born to labour and die, is conceded the true dignity of manhood; to be *idle* and die, to make a foe of time, to watch his march and count it slow

is the true calamity: and he who is awake to his own responsibility need never let a deep and crushing melancholy rest upon his spirit. Man is sent here to labour and to die, and whether he labours in the dark factory, the busy town shop, or works in country parts amongst the golden harvests and the browsing flocks, he only it is that can lay claim to honest manhood, and can claim unblushingly, for the exertion of his brains or sinews, a living from the world.

A DAY AT THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

In the latter part of July, in the present year, I was walking from a dinner party, late at night, along a retired road near Londonderry. I was accompanied by a friend, who was in truth a *terræ filius*, a genuine son of the soil, who knew every inch of the country from Gweedore to Fairhead, and who felt surprised and vexed if he met anyone on the road whom he did not recognize at a glance. The weather had for some days previous been wet and gloomy, with loud thunder at intervals, followed by high wind. The spirits of pleasure-seekers were damped, and many who were longing to escape from the turmoil and uproar of the contested elections, to roam along the headlands of Donegal, and drown unpleasant thoughts in the blue waters of the Atlantic, had been obliged to postpone their trips. But on the evening in question a change had come over the atmosphere. The night air was soft and balmy, a breeze from the north-east sighed gently through the trees, and the stars twinkled with a mellow and tender light through the thin haze which had overspread the sky. All gave promise of glorious weather on the morrow, and when my friend Smith proposed a trip to the Giant's Causeway, within seven miles of which, at Portstewart, he had hired a house for part of the summer season, I heartily acquiesced. It was arranged that we should meet on board the *Thistle* steamboat, at one o'clock on the following day I was there at the time appointed, and so was Smith. The wharf was gained through a dirty low gateway, leading into a dirtier yard. And what a scene was there! Sacks, casks, cases, loads of cabbage, of fish, of potatoes, and eggs, baskets of fowl, waiting for embarkation, and hundreds of individuals of all ages and sexes, in every variety of costume, from the threadbare frize coat, out at elbows, down to the indescribable coat of many colours, that peculiarly Irish coat which so many tourists have attempted to depict, presenting no definite shape to the eye, and apparently but a mass of rags. The latter species abounded, and it always struck me that in a poor country they are invaluable, as no one will ever attempt to steal them Not because they are worthless, as they are in reality a heavy and compact covering, in which the wearer might fairly bid defiance to wind and weather, but because they are of no use to any person but the owner. He alone has watched its gradual decay from "bran newness" to "hoary holeyness," till at last it became a bundle of tatters fastened strongly together by a thousand stitchings He it is who knows the precise history of each patch, the period of its addition to the groundwork of the garment, the intricate windings by which the sleeves have to be reached ere it can be put on, and in short all the "ins and outs of it." I may add, that knowledge like this, which is largely made up of experience, can rarely be acquired under a year's training

There were bold looking fellows, of small stature and hard features, from Innishowen; curious looking old women from the same locality, without bonnets, but with clean caps, and red handkerchiefs fastened over them; some with bare feet, others with brogues, and others with a lighter description of shoes, which are generally to be had at the small sum of three shillings and sixpence on the "stannins," and which the younger women generally aim at, as "more ginteeler." The females had mostly baskets of fowl or eggs; the men short sticks or bundles, and in many cases small droves of sheep or pigs; the latter animals, whenever they gave any evidence of disinclination to expatriate themselves, being forced on board by a simple and speedy process. The refractory porker was seized by the tail and dragged shoreward, whereupon he with mighty roars, as all pigs go by "the rule of contrhary," rushed in exactly the opposite direction, and as this led him on the gangway, he speedily found himself "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" on the deck of the vessel. And all this was accomplished amidst a noise and uproar which baffles description. The steamer was advertised to sail at one. At three it started. The boat is Scotch, the company which owns it Scotch, and consequently all its faults and failings are fairly chargeable on Scotland. At all events, about five or six hundred passengers, composed chiefly of the "vile rabble," which we have attempted to describe, embarked, with the intention of proceeding as steerage-passengers to Glasgow, which an opposition between rival companies enabled them to do at the small charge of sixpence for the whole distance. The cabin fare is six shillings; but as our intention was to get out at Portrush, where the boat touched, we paid but two shillings. We were of opinion that the payment of this sum entitled us to the use, in common with the other cabin passengers, the small and more and more refined body who could muster the six shillings or the two shillings, of that portion of the vessel called the quarter-deck, the saloon, and the appurtenances thereunto belonging. But it was evident before we had gone one hundred yards down the Foyle, that we were labouring under a miserable delusion. The cabin passengers were the intruders, and the vessel was for the present in possession of those who honoured the company by going to Glasgow for sixpence. They occupied every part of the boat, fore and aft Did any one desire to promenade up and down the quarter-deck? Impossible, it was covered with fowls, and chests, and boxes, and old women. The steward, we observed, feebly remonstrating, once or twice, with the invaders, but he was speedily snubbed, and retired in high dudgeon to his pantry. Did any one wish to go forward to the bows, to enjoy the fresh breeze, ere it was tainted by passing over the boisterous cargo with which the good ship was freighted? Impossible; the lower deck was crowded densely with pigs, and sheep, and men, and women, except in two small circles, where two couples were dancing reels, each to the groaning of two bagpipes. One spot only was clear, and this was the gangway between the paddleboxes, and to this we mounted, and from this we had a full view, not only of the curious scenes beneath, but of some of the finest river scenery in the world. We were in the bend of the stream, immediately below the town, which rises, house above house like an amphitheatre, from the water's edge, crowned by the old cathedral, and the pillar erected in memory of George Walker, the governor of the city during the siege in 1689. On the other side were hills, half-wooded and higher still, and the banks of the stream, on each side, as we dashed along, were covered with villas and lawns, sloping gently to the river. Sweeping round a curve somewhat resembling Hogarth's line of beauty and grace, we reach the spot across which King James's army drew the boom to prevent the passage of the English ships, which were bringing relief to the city. There is still an iron ring in a huge stone, to which, it is said, the chain was fastened, but, with what truth I know not; but it is certain that neither ring nor chain could stay the advancing tide of William's fortunes, and that this little Protestant town, in a remote corner of the kingdom, decided, by the unconquerable valour of its inhabitants, the fate of a mighty empire.

Dashing swiftly onwards, we reach Culmore, where a tongue of land runs out into the river, leaving but a narrow passage for the steamer, and at the extremity stands a little fort, five hundred years old. Nothing now remains of it but a square tower or keep. It was once an important post, and the possession of it was keenly contested by the English, and the sept or clan of the O'Dohertys, who inhabited the adjacent territory of Innishowen. It has, we believe, a governor still, but his office is, of course, a sinecure; and, if we are not greatly mistaken, we were informed that the shoulders are worn out of his coat, in consequence of his leaning, with his hands in his pockets, against the wall of the fort, watching the vessels passing and re-passing up and down the river.

We were now in the open Lough Foyle into our left were the hills of Innishowen dimly seen, and to the right the low shore of the county Derry. There was now nothing better to attract my attention than the lights and shadows of Irish life, which were being exhibited in the little world below us. Immediately under the gangway, an admiring crowd were watching the gyrations of a little tailor, as he pranced through a reel, in company with a wild damsel from the mountains, rejoicing in the possession of a flaunting dress of dirty muslin, and a blank cashmere jacket through which her plump body was

bursting, like a floury potatoe through its peel. Where she came from, or whither bound, I believe not one of the motley group which surrounded her had the remotest idea, but by unanimous consent they called her "Judy." "Musha, more power to you, Judy! you're the girl that can do it anyhow in nate style!" "Keep it up, acushla, it's not often ye'll git as good music," were amongst the bursts of admiration which her performance from time to time elicited, as, with arms a-kimbo and downcast eyes, she rapped her heels against the deck, in harmony with the bagpipes, whilst her partner, the little tailor, already the worse for liquor, executed *pas* that might put many an artiste to the blush, accompanying every wild fling with a crack of his fingers and a whoop that woke echoes from the surrounding waters. And as he seized his partner's hands, and swung her round in obedience to the laws of the dance, he came up to his place, giving the deck alternate raps of his heel and toe with surprising rapidity, his little yellow face grown sallow with triumph, and his eye glancing scorn upon the pig-jobbers, as much as to say, "It'll be a long time before heavy, clumsy, crathurs like yez, can aiqual that!"

At length, exhausted, they sat down, and every eye was now turned towards a brawny fellow with a waggish leer about his eye, who had mounted a cask, holding up two ducks and a hen fastened together by a cord passed round their legs, and was proclaiming his intention of selling them by auction. After sundry jokes and a good deal of clamour, they were knocked down to the purchaser at sixteenpence-halfpenny.

About six in the evening we emerged from the lough into the open sea, and in a short time swept into the rocky bay in which lies the little sheltered nook which the Portrush people dignify with the name of a harbour. The whole population of the town turned out on the pier to see us, temporary sojourners at the shore expecting friends from Derry, and the ragamuffins of the locality looking out for an opportunity of rendering some service to the passengers The clamour that ensued baffles description. Amidst a babel of voices calling on Paddy to do this, and heaping reproaches on Jack for not doing that, and replies from Paddy and Jack couched in all possible phraseology, from the retort courteous to the he direct, —we seized our carpet bags and went on shore in a rush, much in the manner in which we are told Her Majesty's troops stormed Rangoon.

After tea and a walk along the cliffs, we, as may be supposed, went to bed.

On the following morning a party was made up for a trip to the Giant's Causeway, lying about five miles distant along the coast. So many other pleasure-seekers being abroad as well as ourselves, cars for the whole party were not available. Four of the gentlemen started to walk along the coast, in a sort of ambling gait, and keeping in as direct a line as the sea would permit. An hour's walk brought us to Dunluce Castle, the ancient stronghold of the Macdonalds, Earls of Antrim. We turned aside to inspect it.

It is one of the finest of those ruined fortresses, of which Ireland contains so many. The keep, or tower, stands on a rocky cliff, separated from the mainland by a chasm several hundred feet deep, and all around, except on that one side, are beetling crags, that might safely defy the quickest eye and surest foot, and against those black grim rocks, the sea rolling in one unbroken swell from icy regions of the pole, beats with an everlasting roar, and in stormy winter weather, when roused by a northwest gale, it often flings its spray, as if in mockery of man and his works, upon the grass-grown floor of the ancient hall. The walls are still nearly all standing. Hall and kitchen, and courtyard, tower and battlement, are still distinctly marked; the stone stairs, in some of the towers, being still perfect. One little nook, projecting slightly over the cliff, our guide—a facetious fellow—pronounced to be a watercloset, notwithstanding our repeatedly expressed doubts. This is, however, a knotty point, worthy the notice of the British Association, which this year meets at Belfast, within an easy drive of Dunluce.

Returning through the ruined courtyard and out-offices to the road, the headland, behind which the Causeway lay, was pointed out to us, stretching out boldly into the bright and sunny waters of the ocean. A rapid walk of about half an hour, sometimes along the strand, sometimes through the fields, passing by numerous little cottages, occupied by bathers, close to the shore, the inmates lounging at open windows, or strolling along the beach, cooled by the sea-breeze, and lulled by the rumbling hollow sound with which the surf beats upon the sand, brought us at last to the Causeway Hotel, where our friends with the cars had already just arrived.

(*To be continued.*)

CHARACTER AND TENDENCIES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Translated for the Working Man's Friend, by Walter Weldon

MANNERS—CONTINUED

THAT some men *may* be naturally good, and that others may be tyrannous by instinct, we have never doubted, but let those—and they are at the present day very numerous amongst us—who believe in the innate goodness and perfection of human nature, just cast their eyes upon America, the freest (!) country in the world. They will see that there every individual is a tyrant, seeking to make others submit to his authority. There does not, it is true, exist there any official or rather governmental tyranny, because all office is dependent upon universal suffrage. No one in Europe is so timid or so fearful as an American judge, administrator, or government officer of any kind. Perpetually in fear of losing his situation, an American official adjusts his actions, not according to justice, but in the manner which will best please the public; he uses his eyes and ears merely to discover that which will most gratify the electors who hold his office at their disposal But it is not so in any other cases, with the administrators of particular functions, or with the officers of financial companies. These owe not their positions to the will of the multitude, and they take care to make the multitude *feel* their domination and authority; and they have in reality the opportunities of exercising more tyranny than has a magistrate, or even the president himself. Mr. Arthur Cunnyngham* had many opportunities of experiencing this. One day, especially, at one of the railway stations in the State of New York, was it made evident to him The clerk who gave the tickets to, and received the money from, the passengers, after having examined the two bank notes which Mr. Cunnyngham presented to him, returned them to him, and cried, "You are a cunning fellow, you are a cunning fellow, upon my word." "I replied," says Mr. Cunnyngham, "that he himself no doubt possessed a fair share of the finesse which was so habitual to his compatriots. He then repeated his first expression, and asserted that my notes were forgeries, and that he should not take them. 'Forgeries or not,' I answered, 'I received them as change at the last railway station that we stopped at, from one of your own colleagues.' But it was of no use talking to him, and I soon gave over. He was only a specimen of his class, every member of which, placed, I suppose they imagine, in superior positions, takes upon himself the manners of a petty despot. It is impossible to make an European, who has never been in America, comprehend the tone of contemptuous insolence with which railway passengers are universally treated in the United States by all the officials along the line. It is very rarely that they will deign to even answer one of their questions." This coarseness and rudeness of manner, common to almost all Americans, who seem to believe that they would be degraded by expressing themselves with politeness, proceeds simply from the fears which they entertain of giving themselves masters. So great are these fears that the most gentle counsel, the most delicate advice, is looked upon by the Americans with distrust, and they seem to see in it the commencement of, and a desire for, despotism. Those fears are arousing every moment their democratic susceptibilities, and they redouble the rudeness and brutality of Yankee manners, and prevent the formation or generation of more gentle ones. It is, however, perhaps, between superiors and subalterns, and between masters and domestic servants, that the jealous spirit of equality engender the most remarkable relations.

It is difficult to obtain from domestics in America anything approaching to the habitual marks of respect—that is exterior marks—which we expect from them in Europe, and the logic of democracy often reduces to silence the man who is so audacious as to demand

* A Glimpse of the Great Western Republic. Bentley, 1851.

politeness and courtesy from those who serve him. "A gentleman of Boston," reports Mr. Johnson,† "related to me that having engaged a *valet-de-ferme*, he found him perfectly to his liking in all points besides one; this point was that he always entered his master's room with his hat upon his head. 'John,' said his master to him one day, 'you always keep your hat on when you come into my room.' 'Well, sir,' was the reply, 'and have I not a right to do so?' 'Yes, certainly, you have an abstract right.' 'And if that, then, is the case, sir, why should I not exercise it?' This was a rather difficult question to reply to. After a moment's silence, however, the gentleman went on,—'I tell you what, John,—how much greater wages should you require were you to take your hat off always when in my presence in my house?' 'You must give me time to consider, sir,' was the response. 'Well then,' replied the gentleman, 'take the matter into consideration before to morrow morning, and give me an answer then.' The morning came, and the gentleman inquired—'Well, John, have you reflected on the proposition that I made last night?' 'Yes, sir,' replied John, 'and I shall be glad to comply with your demands for an extra dollar per month.' 'You shall have it, then,' was the answer, and so the matter was concluded." Thus there is nothing which will quiet this democratic arrogance and suspicion besides money. In the United States, people *purchase* deference and courtesy as they purchase beef and bread. The first are moral, the latter are material, matters of merchandise; that is all the difference between them.

Another anecdote, related by Lady Wortley,* of a domestic belonging to a certain Colonel Talbot, may be here related "One morning the Colonel called to his servant to bring him his hot water for shaving. The servant did not answer, and the Colonel, after having called vainly for some time, recollected that the servant in question had often shown signs of discontent, and naturally concluded that he was gone away Some years afterwards, as the Colonel was again calling for his hot water, the same rascal entered the room, with the bason in his hand, and began resuming his domestic functions as though he had only been away an hour. He made no allusion at all to what had happened, and neither did the Colonel." This anecdote recals to our memory another very similar, but of much graver character A father, having commanded his son, quite a child, to go and fetch a log of wood, and the latter not choosing to obey him, administered to him a beating. The child thereupon ran away, and did not come back again for a long time. Thirty years after, however, he did come back; his old father, as he was sitting by the fireside, saw his son come in with a log of wood, of gigantic size, upon his shoulder. The old gentleman looked at him tranquilly, examined the log of wood, and then, throwing it upon the fire, exclaimed, "It is just such a piece as I commanded you to fetch me, but you have been a very long time over obeying my orders!"

Thus, in the United States, this democratic tyranny is exercised even by the beings who in Europe we consider to be entirely powerless. The tyranny of women, of children, and of servants has no bounds; and we can scarcely form any idea of the infinite pains which the Americans are obliged to take in order to escape the resentments of these capricious and irritable beings; the Yankees live in fear of even their own children, to say nothing of that which they entertain of women and domestics. Mr Johnson tells a story of a child of twelve years old, who was often employed to carry to him books and letters from a friend. While Mr. Johnson was answering the letters of his friend, the child turned over, with the utmost *sang froid*, the books and papers upon the table, read them, and then, placing himself before the glass, arranged his hair and completed his toilette. At first Mr. Johnson was amused at this sight, but it soon wearied and disgusted him, and he endeavoured vainly to put an end to it by telling the child that in his country little children would not *dare* to take such liberties A friend who happened to overhear him, warned him, when the child was gone, against directing any reproaches whatever at the young Yankee, "For," said he, "he may one day become the president of the Republic." "Well, and what if he should do so?" asked Mr. Johnson. "Why, then he would be able to do you a deal of harm."

These little Yankees, of twelve or fifteen years of age, are rep sented by all travellers who have entered a Boston or New Y counting-house, as entering their offices, hanging up their h putting their canes by in a corner, gravely taking off their glo placing their glasses on their eyes, humming some new opera tu giving their opinions upon the talent of Jenny Lind, then draw banking books and ledgers from their desks, and transacting affa of business involving thousands of dollars. All travellers a astonished, too, at the fear and veneration which are entertained grown-up men for these youngsters, in whom they seem to admire; worship the possibility of their becoming rich and powerful. Wh the child has become a man, this adoration ceases. The ch might have become the president of the Republic, but the man h made evident the full extent of his faculties, and has proved pre decisively that he never will be president. The tyranny of wom too, equals, if it does not surpass, that of the children, and c cannot imagine how disdainful is the tone in which Americ children and women speak of the servility of English women a European youth. "When I wished to marry," said a colonist the west to Mr Johnson, "I went to find a wife in Canada. Wh I come at night from my day's labour, I find a pleasant fire and good supper; but if I had to marry an American, there would ha been none of this, and my wife would have saluted me each morni with—John, go and fetch some water, and make the ket boil."

That such manners throw into confusion all the relations family, we may readily suppose. There exist but few ties betwe men generally in America, but there exist still fewer between m and wife, between parents and children, and beings of the sa blood. Habituated and accustomed to depend only on themselv taught by their fathers to have confidence only in their own energ the children take their flight as soon as adolescence has arrive just as the bird does when it has gained its feathers, and th parents see them go away with no more anxiety than is evinced the birds when their young ones leave the nest. Neither t fathers nor the sons complain. The destiny of each appears to to run after adventures, and truly no people ever possessed more the spirit of adventure, and no man more than the Americ possesses the attributes of the adventurer,—the smallest possib modicum of attachment to men and places, a love of change, hazard and of chance, and the idea that too intimate, too gent and too modest relationships with others are prejudicial, say the least, to a man's success in life. The Americans se success, and not happiness; or rather they place the latter in t former.

In the spectacle which the United States present to-day, the what have we seen? A state, a system of society, a religion system of manners, a manner of living fixed and determined? N We have merely seen accidents, phenomena, tendencies. Ameri is the country of facts, of phenomena, *par excellence;* and it is th which renders the study of the country so interesting to the philos pher and the politician. There, forgetting all theories, we see fac group and arrange themselves, take form and color, harmon themselves in the best manner they can, and solidify themselv in some way in order to give birth to other facts. We learn le things of the world govern themselves, not by abstract logic, but natural affinities, attractions and repulsion We see that th proceed not from one another in a right line, but that th form themselves by superposition, amalgamation, fermentatio and generation. We witness a moral spectacle something simil to that physical spectacle which is presented in the slow formati of islands in the Pacific Ocean, by the union, assemblage, and heap up of madrepores and other insects. It is this sight that we shou go to the United States to see, instead of going to search for poli cal constitutions. Society does not exist in the United States, only find there the commencements of society. We find n government, only innate and instinctive political principles; religion at all established, only religious traditions and biblic memories and instincts; no society, no fixed mode of life,—on essays and attempts at the formation of manners and the social h Such is America. Once more,—she is a land of phenomena, a cha which is settling but slowly into order, and which cannot f centuries yet unborn become as terra firma, but which as it is, is f of ardent lava, of inflammable gas, and fecund elements of sorts, not the less dangerous to the other nations of the eart It behoves that Europe should be careful now, and that she shou continue so until sufficient time has elapsed to enable America become civilised.

* Notes on North America. Blackwood, 1851

† Travels in the United States, etc., during 1849 and 1850 By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, 3 vols 8vo Bentley, 1851

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

(The Author of "Alton Locke.")

BY PARSON FRANK.

MAGAZINES, like men, are subject to vicissitudes in this fleeting existence of ours. Some have their exits and their entrances, coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb; others pass through a long career of ups and downs, and in their time play many parts. The Rev. Charles Kingsley, to whom we purpose devoting a page or two, is somewhat prominently connected with a magazine (*Fraser's,*) the character and tone of which have, within a few years, undergone a marked alteration. For the better? Yes!—promptly reply the potent, grave, and *reverend* signiors, who form the "progress" party within the Church of England. No!—as promptly vociferate subscribers of the olden time, who loved *Fraser* for its jolly good-fellowship, and infinitely preferred the plentiful cakes and ale of its ancient régime, when Sir Toby Belches and Andrew Aguecheeks by the dozen, held mad revelry in its columns, to the Malvolio virtuousness of the new dispensation. *Blackwood*, too, is graver than of yore; but the dimness of once over-bright "Ebony" is nothing to the gloom that, as old *Fraser*ians contend, has settled on young *Fraser* since it changed its domicile from gay Regent-street to the dusk offices of Mr. Parker's clerical and educational institute. Does the reader remember the clever sketches of the *Fraser*ians in 1835,—the group of distinguished contributors clustered about their publisher's round table? What a change in the staff since those portraits were taken! Seated together in after-dinner companionship, we there behold —among others of kindred renown—Theodore Hook, his eye beaming with wine and a punning impromptu — Crofton Croker, merrily hob-a-nobbing with Jordan—Lockhart, looking thoughtful, determined, and sarcastic—the Ettrick Shepherd in his plaid, tossing off a beaker with hearty good-will — John Galt, "bland and be-spectacled" — Sir Egerton Brydges, like Esau, a hairy and disappointed man—Macnish, the "Modern Pythagorean" and anatomist of drunkenness— "Delta" Moir, looking, as he is, an amiable man and tender poet — Dr. Maginn, effervescent with wit and eloquence— "Father Prout,' attracted ("O rare Jesuit!") to the festive board by his love of cleverness, joviality, and literature—and two other parsons, Gleig, episcopalian and novel-writing, and Irving, presbyterian and novel-denouncing —and Allan Cunningham enjoying a "crack" with Count d'Orsay — and Harrison Ainsworth cheek by jowl with venerable Coleridge— and Barry Cornwall, and Carlyle, and Sir David Brewster, and many *beaux esprits* besides. But now, *tempora mutantur*. The new editor, in the name of the old magazine, *cries peccavi!* —acknowledges truth in the charge of having dealt more than was quite becoming in personalities—pleads that the life of a magazine, like that of a nation and an individual man, has its phases, that time brings experience, and that *Fraser* will never be so boisterous again—and protests that the *Fraser*ians have quite ceased to attend imaginary *symposia*, and to drink gallons of imaginary punch,* and have learned to temper their wit, that it may for the future tell on men's principles of action, without unnecessarily wounding their self love or ruffling their tempers. Accordingly, this journal has now become the organ of that party without a name which sympathizes with the cause of progress in church and state, and embraces among its members the accidentally differing but essentially agreeing disciples of Dr. Arnold, and Arch-deacon Hare, and Professor Maurice. Under this dynasty, the contributions of Mr. Kingsley occupy a foremost place.

Of those contributions the best-known is that strange and taking story, with a strange and taking title, *Yeast*—a memoir of the sayings and doings of Lancelot Smith, gentleman—which appeared in the magazine some three years since, and has recently been *re*presented to the world with new cuffs and collars (as clergymen say when patching up an old sermon) under the name of *Yeast A Problem.* In this, as in all his works, Mr. Kingsley is intent on a crusade against social evils. He is an enthusiastic alumnus of Mr. Carlyle, whom he is for ever quoting and for ever (*longo intervallo*) imitating. Like his master, he is clever at finding fault, quick to discern abuses, warm in intolerance of quackery. Like his master, he is vague when discussing remedies, and most foggy when off what should be Cape Clear. *Yeast* answers the purpose of producing a ferment. It is a *problem* quite capable of puzzling brains of any known consistency. But whether the author has quieted and composed his own fermenting elements into wholesome food—whether he has found the solution to his own problem—this is another question. The merit of his writings lies in their negative, not their positive character; in what is destructive rather than constructive; in exposing the weak points and vicious abuses and hollow pretences of existing systems, political, social, and religious, rather than supplying a new faith and practice. So far as he goes, Mr. Kingsley is a combatant of considerable tact and personal prowess. Not so profound as either Hare or Maurice, he is infinitely more agile, vivacious, and popular than either of those oracular gentlemen. Where they are calm and metaphysical, he is vehement and practical. The wordy paradoxes and tortuous vagaries of Professor Maurice—that able, good, but most unsatisfactory man—find little room in the pages of "Parson Lot" (as Mr. Kingsley occasionally calls himself) who is, we allow, clearness and definiteness itself when compared with his *collaborateur* in the cause of "Christian Socialism." In fact, a competent reviewer has defined the "great merit" of *Yeast* to consist in its *clear, definite* statement of the chief questions that are fermenting in the hearts of men at the present time—its "great fault" in the passion and exaggeration of statement and inferences thence deducted. Everyone can see that the author is in earnest. He is too admiring a devotee of Carlyle to be other than grimly in earnest—sometimes onesidedly, impatiently so. Perhaps this is a necessary condition to the temperament of a Reformer. Enthusiasm may now and then cover a multitude of sins. And Mr. Kingsley's enthusiasm is always for right ends, whatever we may think of the means he adopts for their attainment. The evils of English town and country life he perceives with penetrating glance, and mourns over with no sort of do-nothing sorrow. He sympathises in an extraordinary degree with the spirit of the age—its aspirations, hopes, fears, struggles, sufferings. He comes forward as an exponent of its "poor dumb mouth," and speaks the word it is bursting to speak, and the people waiting to hear. We might almost call him

> A latter Luther, and a soldier priest
> To scare church-harpies from the master's feast,
> Our dusted velvets have much need of him,

for he is no mere "sabbath-drawler of old saws"—

> But spurred at heart with fiercest energy
> To cope battail and to wall about his cause
> With iron-worded proof,*

and most heartily despises the "humming of drowsy pulpit-drones," and the faded rhetoric of "worm-canker ed homilies." Stagnant orthodoxy of this order Mr. Kingsley cannot away with; it provokes him to rampant heterodoxy, till he breathes, if not threatening and slaughter against Dr. Dumsoul Darkman, at least what the doctor would call false doctrine, heresy, and schism.

> Oh, the mouth-man and the heart-man, different they be
> As death and life, light and dark, ice and charity

Crabbed dogmatists—Simeonite or Puseyite—are *Nehushtan* to the author of *Yeast*. As Theophilus Trinal says, there have been times and places in which, with sorrowful emphasis, it might be asked, what can be more opposite that Christ and a Christian, it such as these be Christians?—and the same Theophilus, we remember, in the delirium of his last illness, cried to his mother, "Don't let those bad people come near me—those Christians"—and, on her gently and soothingly replying, "Why, you are a Christian yourself, Theophilus," how significant his feverish exclamation—"What! I? Take them away. They look like black goats butting at me. Let somebody stand near me that loves me." Both in *Alton Locke* and in *Yeast*, Mr. Kingsley is admirable at pourtraying morbid phases of religious character. Nothing can be better than Mrs. Lavington (the mother of Lancelot Smith's betrothed) a severe "evangelical" matron, who bullies her hearty fox-hunting husband after no very promising fashion—trying "to

* See Editor's Address in the No for January, 1849.

* Tennyson.

convert the old man by coldness, severity, and long curtain-lectures, utterly unintelligible to their victim, because couched in the peculiar conventional phraseology of Newton and Simeon's school. She forgot, poor, earnest soul! that the same form of religion which had captivated a disappointed girl of twenty, might not be the most attractive for a jovial old man of sixty." Another happy portrait is Vieuxbois, who considers nothing more heterodox than the notion that the poor were to educate themselves. "In his scheme, of course, the clergy and the gentry were to educate the poor, who were to take down thankfully as much as its was thought proper to give them; and all beyond was 'self-will' and 'private judgement,' the fathers of Dissent and Chartism, Trades'-union strikes and French-revolutions *et hoc genus omne*." And when this gentleman asks the agitator for educational measures, Pray what *limit* would you put to education?—mark Mr Kingsley's reply: (Launcelot Smith• *loquitur*)—"The capacities of each man. If man, living in civilised society has one right which he can demand, it is this · that the state which exists by his labours shall enable him to develope, or at least not hinder his developing his whole faculties to their very uttermost, however lofty that may be." The high-church young lady, impulsive, earnest, and devoted, is vividly represented in the person of Argemone, some of whose conversations with the hero are first-rate in matter and manner both, and are marked by the very form and pressure of the times Launcelot, again, is powerfully depicted—one whom we cannot but watch with interest at every step of his varied and chastened career, until we leave him at the last, assumed to be "perfected through suffering." He is more truthfully and consistently drawn than his successor in the same course of probation, Alton Locke. In one turning point of his biography is concentrated the essence of Mr. Kingsley's philosophy—namely, when he (Launcelot) repents of his *laissez-faire* habits, his ignorance of society, of practical life, and the outward *present*, when he blames himself angrily for having wasted his time on *ancient* histories and *foreign* travels, to the neglect of that *wonderful living present* which weltered daily round him, every face embodying a living soul—"for now he began to feel that those faces *did* hide living souls." Mr. Kingsley recognises the divinity that stirs within us—within this nineteenth century of ours—within our daily life and household histories, he descries something worth thinking about and writing about, even in the smoke-dried faces of factories and factory people, even in an age of mechanics' institutes, anti-corn law leagues, emigration funds, working-men's associations, ragged-schools, and such like. His heart and hope are with this rough, prosy, present time—nor with *him* does distance of centuries lend enchantment to the view He rather sings,

> My own age! my own age! they say that thou art crude,
> Ungrateful to the former time, and wishing all renewed
> I do not spurn that former time, but own it proud and free,
> Yet not for its heroic prime would I surrender thee †

He places his ear against the great heart of the present time—and what others declare to be the dull creaking of machinery, iron-cold and dead, *he* knows to be palpitations of the mystery of Life, warm pulsations of a vital essence, dynamical and not mechanical, spiritual and not material, quickening their beat at every grand thought and noble inspiration. In sooty Manchester he sees something more than legions of operatives—he sees fellow-creatures created by the same Creator and hastening to the same awful eternity with himself, into whose daily life, and habit of thought, and cherished pursuits, he enters with unaffected sympathy—so that much of his doctrine may be expressed in Mrs. Gaskill's words:—"The vices of the poor sometimes astound us *here*; but when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known, their virtues will astound us in far greater degree. Of this I am sure"†—and of this too *he* is sure who has placed Sandy Mackay and others "of that ilk" in his Gallery of Literary Portraits.

The old Scotchman mentioned in the last paragraph, Sandy Mackay, is, we need hardly say, the presiding spirit in *Alton Locke*. Mr. Gilfillan calls him "just Thomas Carlyle *humanised*." Certainly the quantity of Carlylese spouted by him and his author is wonderful—though the angles of the original genius are ground down or worn away, the fine gold is become dim in course of transmutation, the old wine is put into new bottles which hardly improve its flavour or enrich its colour. Mr. Kingsley is too much of a borrower and an imitator to attain a permanent place in our literature, judging at least by this his latest production. We prefer Carlyle in *propriâ personâ* to this second-hand Carlyle, vending second-hand books in a dingy shop, and discoursing second-hand Doric to Chartist visitors Wherein consists the originality and independence often imputed to Mr. Kingsley, on the credit of *Alton Locke*, is to us unknown it as palpable an echo as can very well be conceived, and we are not aware that the author is likely to demur to this judgment; we rather apprehend, such is his veneration of the Latter-Day pamphleteer, that he feels honoured by an opinion that identifies him with, or approximates him to, the cause and person of that rugged genius. Perhaps, if he could or would shake off something of this allegiance, and allow his own inventive powers fair play, and follow the bidding of his own lively fancy, he might produce works that would miss indeed the temporary popularity of his present novels, but gain instead a solid, enduring, ever-growing reputation. As it is he writes for temporary purpose, as a polemic in the condition-of-England question, with the intensity and fire of an *ex-parte* churchman militant, as such, verily he has his reward—and probably content therewith—content to be forgotten with the social evils he yearns to destroy. It has been observed that "the materials with which he is constructing he feels to be too rough for the application of the (artist's) rule and plummet." His book is a thing thrust between the living and the dead and the moral plague which it interprets and would help to stay, consciously mocks at the restraints of rule and the ministries of grace In *Alton Locke* there is a negation of self on the part of the writer—an absence of all desire to stand forth as a "talented writer." Steadiness of aim and singleness of purpose are not throughout beguiled for a moment. The purpose is to arouse the attention of a wider class than that which refers to blue books and official reports, and to force them to look on the social evils that are lying at their doors The social problems perplexing the world, as well as the social miseries that have given rise to them, are boldly grappled with by a writer who does not go into the task of morbid anatomy with a box of aromatic vinegar at his nose."* A question may be, and indeed has been, raised and "vexed," as to whether it is a legitimate use of *fiction*, to write stories with the purpose of illustrating an opinion or establishing a doctrine; whether polemics, be they religious, political, or metaphysical, do not lie wholly beyond its province—inasmuch as the novelist makes his facts as well as his reasonings, coin the premises from which his conclusions are drawn, and may thus coin exactly what he wants, and reject whatever would impede the circulation of his own adopted currency. However these objections may hold good in general against controversial fiction—the unfairness of which is constantly observable in the "religious novels" of all sects, of the various schools headed by J. M. Neale, Paget, Sewell, C. B. Taylor, Charlotte Elizabeth, &c.—still we think where evils are so rife and patent as those which Mr. Kingsley attacks, an author by the mere exposure of them, in a form adapted to arrest public attention, does the state some service; and if the manner he adopts, and the vehicle he chooses for the conveyance of his facts, be objectionable to art, and ill-according with principles of taste, the damage is *his*—and in all probability he will have already counted the cost, and be prepared to sacrifice æsthetical reputation on the altar of the common weal. He may coin his facts to his liking; he may sometimes blind over other and contumacious facts to keep the peace, when they threaten the peace of his theory, he may be sadly partial, exclusive, deaf of one ear, and blind of one eye; but if the tendency of his agitation is to rouse sympathy with myraid sufferers previously unnoticed and uncared for—as in the instance of Hood's "Song of the Shirt"—and to reveal hidden diseases, deeds of darkness, and the "science of starving,"—why, one can hardly deny a genial and peculiar merit to his appeals.

Concerning the social and political doctrines advanced in *Alton Locke* this is not the place to speak. It *may* be, that the political economy against which the diatribes of Maurice and Kingsley and their coadjutors are directed, is after all "bene-

• Politics for the People. † Mary Barton.

* Athenæum 1850, p 944.
† See Edinburgh Review January, 1851.

volence under the guidance of science"—and that these impulsive philanthropists do exhibit in their controversial writings an intolerant, contemptuous spirit, "a restless unwillingness to submit to criticism, examination, or control, and a prompt recurrence to persecution and abuse," which calls for strong reprobation; it *may* be that they really little know, and can ill appreciate, "the strenuous effort, the stern and systematic self-control by which the votary of economic science, the benevolent *man of principle*, keeps his head cool and clear in the midst of the miseries he is called upon to contemplate; and the resolute nerve which is needed to throw cold water on the mischievous schemes of sanguine and compassionate contrivers.....who always insist upon scrambling out of the bog on the wrong side, simply because it is the nearest" The discussion of these grave and pressing questions we leave to the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Leader*, to Parson Lot of the *Christian Socialist* and the honourable editor of the *Economist*. Before leaving *Alton Locke*, however, let us pay our tribute of admiration to many a graphic scene and subtly-defined character in its exciting pages—willingly forgetting the mawkish affectation of a certain interview in Dulwich Gallery, and other not unfrequent blemishes, in favour of the very fine and life like description of Alton's childhood, his "ladder to learning" erected under the auspices of Sandy Mackay, his visit of horror, under the same old Trojan's tutelage, to that memorable upper-room of female sin and shame and starvation; and other stirring episodes in the progress of the tale. The superiority, nevertheless, of the early to the closing stages we account very decided—and we fear that chapter the last embodies but a lame and impotent conclusion, and depicts a state of mind in the hero unwarranted by ordinary psychological laws. Here Mr. Kingsley does seem—as far as observation of man and mind in this age of *Yeast* allows us to judge—to have coined his facts as well as his reasonings in a somewhat arbitrary manner, manufacturing plastic ones that will dovetail smoothly with his religious purpose, and tossing aside those other ordinary and every-day facts which are proverbially stubborn things.

His performances in verse—dramatic and lyric—evince no insignificant fund of poetical capability. *The Saint's Tragedy* entitles him, by common consent, to a place with some of our most distinguished rising poets. If it is, like his prose, occasionally wearisome from monotony and mannerism, and also wanting in that melody and finish which no minstrel can afford to despise, it is also "tender and true," lively and picturesque, enthusiastic and dignified. It utters the same language, and introduces almost the same themes as those which characterise *Alton Locke* and *Yeast*. Thus Elizabeth, the heroine, contrasts her princely state with neighbouring penury in the following strain:—

> We sit in a cloud, and sing, like pictured angels,
> And say the world runs smooth—while right below
> Welters the black fermenting heap of life
> On which our state is built I saw this day
> What we might be and still be Christian women
> And mothers, too—I saw one lay in childbed
> These three cold weeks upon the black damp straw,
> No nurses, cordials, or that nice parade
> With which we try to balk the curse of Eve—
> And yet she laughed, and showed her buxom boy,
> And said, Another week, so please the saints,
> She'd be at work a-field.

Or take her description of a dark, noisome, crowded alley, where

> The gaunt-haunched swine
> *Crowded at their Christian playmates o'er the scraps,*
> Shrill mothers cursed; wan children wailed, sharp coughs
> Glared dumb reproach, *and old perplexity,*
> *Too stale for words;* o'er still and webless looms
> The listless craftsmen through their elf-locks scowled.

For a concise vigour in word-painting of this kind, Mr. Kingsley frequently displays special aptitude; and being less hampered by obligations to Carlyle than when writing prose, he is in poetry more true to himself and to nature. He may claim "peerage" with such of the "upper house" as Moultrie, and R. C. Trench, and Clough, and Burbage, and Sterling, and Patmore—and one day may possibly command a more exalted seat—for he is Charles Kingsley *junior* yet—and of him one may say, in the language of anticipation, not as though he has already attained, either were already perfect.

Various are the paths of literature which he has assayed to tread. The novel—the drama—the sermon—the tract—the review—all have been handled, and with more or less of ease and success, by this reverend gentleman. His *Village Sermons* we have never seen; but they are eulogised by well qualified judges—and he is one of the few living clerics whom we should name, *a priori*, as likely to write effective pulpit addresses to our rural population—the best we know being those by the late Augustus Hare. In *Fraser's Magazine* we trace many a clever criticism to Mr. Kingsley—replete with vivacity, earnestness, and mannerism, like no other man's criticism—neither very profound, nor very scholarly, nor very acute, nor very witty—but written off in a familiar, dashing self-sufficing style, with a spice of humour, and a good deal of practical English sense. And in conclusion we can but allude to his appearances as "Parson Lot" in *Politics for the People* (1848) and *The Christian Socialist*—in which character he discourses graphically enough, and in unequivocal Carlylese, about "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," the rights and wrongs of Chartism and Communism, the politics of the Old and New Testament, and multifarious topics of the same grave order

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

No XIII.—SEIZE TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

Seize Time by the forelock and use it,
Nor your arms on your breast idly fold,
And then, though you live to be ninety,
Yet, in spirit, you'll never grow old.
'Tis not years, man, that constitute wisdom,
Nor the morning of life alone youth,
There be those who are children at sixty,
And boys who are old in the truth

Time is money, did man but employ it,
And a harvest of gold oft it yields,
While he who sits down like a sluggard,
Finds but thistles and tares in his fields·
By the force of the mind and its culture
Is the age of man tested and tried—
For a Newton was older at fifty
Than Methusalah was when he died.

LITERARY NOTICES.

JOHN CASSELL'S ALMANACKS FOR 1853 ARE NOW READY.

THE UNCLE TOM'S CABIN ALMANACK, or, THE ABOLITIONIST MEMENTO for 1853, splendidly Illustrated by George Cruikshank, Gilbert, Harvey, "Phiz," and other eminent Artists, price 1s

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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, Illustrated with Twenty-seven Engravings by George Cruikshank, in weekly Numbers, price Twopence each The First Number was published on Saturday, October 23, containing Thirty-two well printed pages, with three elaborate Engravings, from Designs by the above-named Artist. Part I. (containing seven Engravings and ninety-six pages of letter-press), is now ready, price 6d. in a neat wrapper

FACTS, SCRAPS, AND WITTICISMS.

TOO TRUE.—When a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honoured, respected, esteemed; but his ruined, heart-broken victim knows there is no peace for her this side of the grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. There are earthly moralities unknown to heaven. There is deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.

GOOD ADVICE.—When you do a thing from the clear judgment that it ought to be done, never shun the being seen to do it, even though the world should make a wrong supposition about it If the act is improper, shun the deed itself; but if it is not, why fear those who censure you wrongly?

WOMAN.—"As the vine" says Washington Irving, "which has long twisted its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is razed by the thunderbolt, cling round it with caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart"

A GOOD DESCENT.—It is a question whether being called "the son of the gun" should not rather be taken as a compliment than as a term of abuse, as it is well known that no gun is good for anything unless it *descend in a straight line from a good stock.*

HOW TO "FINISH" A DAUGHTER.—1. Be always telling her how pretty she is. 2. Instil into her mind a proper love of dress. 3 Accustom her to so much pleasure that she is never happy at home. 4. Allow her to read nothing but novels. 5. Teach her all the accomplishments, but none of the utilities, of life. 6. Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of housekeeping. 7. Initiate her into the principle that it is vulgar to do anything for herself. 8. To strengthen the latter belief, let her have a ladies' maid. 9. And lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a clerk in the treasury upon £75 a-year, or an ensign that is going out to India. If, with the above careful training, your daughter is not finished, you may be sure it is no fault of yours, and you may look upon your escape as nothing short of a miracle.

THE GREAT HEART OF MAN.—The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it

AMERICAN NOTION OF WOMAN'S LOVE.—'Love is natural to woman as fragrance is to a rose. You may lock a girl up in a convent—you may confine her in a cell—you may cause her to change her religion, or forswear her parents: these things are possible; but never hope to make the sex forego their heart-worship, or give up their reverence for *cashmeres*; for such a hope will prove as bootless as the Greek slave, and as hollow as a bamboo."

TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Not only that thy puissant arm could bend
The tyrant of a world, and conquering Fate
Enfranchise Europe, do I deem thee great;
But that in all thy actions I do find
Exact propriety: no gust of mind
Fitful and wild, but that continuous state
Of ordered impulse mariners await
In some benignant and enriching wind—
The breath ordained by Nature.
Thy calm mien
Recals old Rome, as much as thy high deed;
Duty thine only idol, and serene
When all are troubled; in the utmost need
Prescient, they country's servant ever seen,
Yet sovereign of thyself what'er may speed.

B DISRAELI.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—When Baxter was on one occasion brought before Judge Jefferies, "Richard," said the brutal Chief Justice, "I see a rogue in thy face." "I had not known before," replied Baxter, "that my face was a mirror"

RATHER TOO LATE.—"Waiter, I'll take my hat," said a gentleman at a party one evening, as he was about going home. "What kind of a hat did you wear?" "A bran new hat, that I paid ten dollars for this morning" "Well, sir," said the waiter, "all the good hats have been gone more than two hours"

At a dinner at the mansion-house, three foreign consuls were present, to whom the Lord Mayor wished to do honour by drinking their healths. He accordingly directed the toast-proclaimer to announce "The health of the three present consuls." He, however, mistaking the words, gave out, "The Lord Mayor drinks the health of the Three per Cent. Consols

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.—How can it enter into the thoughts of man, inquires Addison, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfection, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created?

COOL REPLY.—A man whom Dr. Johnson once reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said in excuse, "You know, doctor, I must live" This old hater of everything mean and hateful, coolly replied, "He did not see the least necessity for that"

HOW TO ABATE AN EVIL.—"The women," says a Yankee Editor, "ought to make a pledge not to kiss any man who uses tobacco, and it would soon break up the practice" "We say," observes another Editor, "were the ladies to pledge themselves to kiss every man who does not use it, the practice would be given up much sooner."

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—The diameter of the "circle of fashion," one square foot from "a deal of trouble." "Feathers" from the wings of love The "cord" that binds two hearts together. A relic from the "shrine of friendship." Bubbles from the "springs of joy." A gem from the "crown of virtue. The weapons with which people "kill time." To know if 'spirits" of wine and "ghosts" are akin A step from the "pinnacle of glory." To know the length of the plumb-line that will sound the "depth of knowledge" To know the rate of the tide of the "flow of reason." To know if you intend publishing the "music of the spheres." And, whether the "march of intellect" is slow or quick time. And, how to "soothe a murmuring stream," or to quiet a "babbling brook."

A TEMPTER PUNISHED.—A woman in Cincinnati lately horsewhipped a man who was in the habit of frequently calling to entice her husband to grog shops.

WIT IN THE CITY.—James I, in a capricious mood, threatened the Lord Mayor with removing the seat of royalty, the meetings of Parliament, &c., from the capital "Your Majesty, at least," replied the Mayor, "will be graciously pleased to leave us the River Thames."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

YOUNG B.—"*Argus*" was the name given the son of Aristor, who, according to classic story, was said to have a hundred eyes, and being killed by Mercury when appointed by Juno to guard Io, she turned him into a peacock; the beautifully coloured spots on which are generally called "eyes." The name Argus is often given metaphorically, to one who is more than usually observant and inquisitive.

"A WOULD-BE ARTIST."—Certainly, a knowledge of anatomy is essential to correct figure modelling. You should understand well what muscles are brought into action, not only by the movement of the body, but by any emotion of the mind. This is necessary even where the figure is partially or wholly covered with drapery Chantrey had exquisite taste, but his consciousness of his defective knowledge of anatomy led him to present most of his statues, &c., in perfect costumes

B W. A.—You do well to improve yourself by reading, but do, pray, pay a little more attention to your spelling.

MARY B.—Lessons on Botany, with numerous illustrative engravings, have appeared both in the "Popular Educator" and the "Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art" We cannot well introduce them, therefore, into the "Working Man's Friend."

TIMON places us in a very awkward position because, if we advise him to follow his inclinations, we render his conduct obnoxious to the charge of fickleness. If it be understood that he is to serve seven years' apprenticeship, he cannot in honour, leave his master, even though no indenture or agreement has been signed, before the expiration of the term. On the other hand, he does seem, as he says, a waste of time to learn business which he is determined not to pursue As to his wish to go to sea, &c., *that* appears to be the wish of almost all English lads. He had better consult his father.

FREDERICK HINF is thanked, but we fear that we cannot find room for his very clever contribution.

A YOUNG MECHANIC (Sunderland) wishes to know if there be any shops in London where he may obtain good second-hand works on the arts and sciences, natural philosophy and astronomy, &c. Perhaps the best way of obtaining the information as to price, condition, &c., of such books is to procure catalogues from those who deal in second-hand scientific works.

BION.—Your paper on literary pursuits for working men will, we dare say, prove acceptable Send it to us.

R C. may procure information as to deceased officers in the army or navy, by searching the lists kept at the Horse Guards and the Admiralty There is a small fee required in each case

H. BAKER.—The "Lessons in French" may be obtained *direct* from the office by forwarding your address and seven postage stamps. They will also answer R. T. and W. Flood.

THE LINES forwarded by Andrew Reid, Wood, and Clara, are not quite up to the mark Try again.

C. H. T. is bound apprentice to A., who takes B. as a partner. Is the apprentice bound to serve B. as well as A.?—Yes.

W. E, and others who make inquiries as to the government and other schemes for emigration, should read CASSELL'S EMIGRANTS' HANDBOOK. It may be obtained of any bookseller for Ninepence.

*** In our next will appear a tale by Mrs. Stowe, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" entitled THE SEMPSTRESS.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III., NO. 60.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

POZZUOLO, IN THE GULF OF NAPLES.

We never think of Naples, but we have day-dreams of cloudless skies, calm, still waters, an idle, luxurious population, and a small tyrant for a king. Visions of gay carnivals, with beautiful women leaning forth from window and balcony, and streets crowded with a laughing, uproarious, miscellaneous throng of pleasure-seekers, float before the mind's eye. And then the glorious bay, with a landward sight of Vesuvius, that most classical of volcanic mountains; and the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum close at hand, and only waiting to be visited. Surely this little kingdom of Italy would seem to possess all that is calculated to make life happy. Alas! in our far-off glimpses of this fair land, we take no account of hot, shadeless fields, of cities crowded to excess with a by-no-means cleanly population, the principal part of whom are priests, monks, musicians, lawyers, and lazzaroni. We never think for a moment of the inconvenience of houses swarming with green and creeping lizards, scorpions, spiders, and insects of a still more disgusting character; we never pause to anticipate earthquakes, which may overturn our dwellings at any moment without warning; and still less do we in England calculate upon that loss of personal liberty which he must submit to, who, for a single week even, takes up his residence in sunny Italy. By loss of liberty we do not mean actual incarceration within the four stone walls of a dungeon



VIEW OF POZZUOLO.

—though even that is a contingency by no means unlikely if the traveller should happen to exhibit a disposition curious enough to excite the suspicions of the police,—but we hint rather at a kind of surveillance unknown in England, and which is kept up by means of passports, police spies, and paid writers for a prostitute press. Trifles these, which are apt to somewhat dull the appetite for sight seeing, and dim the lustre of even the brightest of illuminations, and the wittiest of jokes, at the very gayest of carnivals!

But our visit on this occasion is confined to the single town of Pozzuolo, which, though stated to be on the gulf of Naples, has a little gulf of its own, as may easily be discovered by a glance at the map. It is an interesting town, full of antiquities. It is said to have been founded by the Samians, four hundred and seventy years before the birth of Christ; on the other hand, it has of course its legendary origin. Strabo ascribes its foundation to Dicæus, the son of Neptune, according to Suidas, it was built by Hercules, some writers have asserted that it was founded by the Ionians, while others contend that it was first colonised by the people of Cumæ, under the guidance of Diccarchus, after whom it was called Diccarchia the most probable conjecture, however, is, that it received its name from the immense number of sulphureous springs which abound in its neighbourhood, as the word indicates.

At present, Pozzuolo contains about 12,000 inhabitants, two churches, eight convents, several good streets, and a theatre, but the principal interest which attaches to this town, is its connexion with the doings of the mighty past. For a long series of years it was one of the principal sea-ports in the Mediterranean. The merchants of Greece, Rome, and Italy filled for a series of crowded its wharves and even now, the ruins of splendid palaces which everywhere abound attest its ancient magnificence. Beside the shore there once ran a long street or quay, called Piscinæ-Veteres, inhabited by goldsmiths, lapidaries, and workers in metal. Riches and curiosities from all parts of the world gleamed from many a doorway and warehouse, and to this day, there are dug up from the sands of the gulf at low water, or thrown up by the restless waves, jewels and golden ornaments, crysolites, and gravin rings and other personal adornments. "What might I not have seen," says Tully to his friend Atticus, "passing by the mart of Puteoli?"

From the purity of its air, and the delightfulness of its situation, Pozzuolo was a favourite resort of the Romans in the day of their greatest wealth and magnificence. They adorned it with statues, temples, and amphitheatres, and built fine houses and baths in its streets. They fortified it with thick walls and towers, and made it a place of such great renown, that Tully tells us it was called Little Rome.

But wars, and pestilence, and earthquakes, subdued it, and all of its ancient grandeur that now remains is to be traced in broken pillars that stand like sentinels in its quiet and deserted gardens; in crumbling arch and time-stained buttress; in choked-up aqueduct and tottering wall. Hannibal did his best to mar its beauty. In the civil wars of Marius and Scylla it suffered severely, as, indeed, did all Italy. Vespasian and Septimus Severus repaired, and in part restored it; but the Goths, under Alaric, came fresh from the sack of Rome, and brought its beauty down to the ground. Again was it repaired, and again destroyed; for, a few years afterwards, Genseric, the King of the Vandals, made an irruption into its streets, and destroyed all that he could, and what he and his followers left undone, Totila, the Goth, completed. But the Goths being at length driven out of Italy, Pozzuolo was once more rebuilt. For a little time it was again a pleasant watering-place on the Mediterranean, but the Lombards attacked it; the Saracens laid waste its palaces, and destroyed many of its inhabitants, the Normans made a descent upon its peaceful homesteads, and even Alphonso the First, king of Arragon, looked with a destroying eye upon this devoted city.

Indeed, it seems that Pozzuolo has, almost from the moment of its foundation, been a mark for the invader. In the year 1554, Barbarossa of Algiers—that famous red-bearded conqueror—having sacked the island and castle of Ischia, and having exacted tribute from the inhabitants of Prochyta, thought that Pozzuolo would offer but little resistance to his troops. But this time the town was saved, for Don Pedro of Toledo, at that time viceroy of Naples for Charles the F hastened to the relief of its inhabitants, and drove the inva back into the sea.

But earthquakes have been to the full as destructive to town as wars. In 1197, considerable damage was done from a prodigious earthquake which took place, accompa by the fall of great quantities of fire-stones. In 1458, in time of Alphonso, an earthquake overturned a large po of the city; and in 1538 there occurred a convulsion of earth which completed the ruin already so nearly, an often, accomplished. On that dreadful occasion, half the was swallowed up, and its inhabitants destroyed, the Luc lake was nearly filled with earth; and the little tow Tripergoa was totally and irretrievably ruined. Notw standing all these misfortunes, however, the town phœnix-like, from its ashes. Such of the inhabitants escaped from the ruined city, were earnestly invited return, and Don Pedro, to encourage them in rebuil their houses, erected a sumptuous palace, and placed over portal an inscription commemorative of the event. Man the Neapolitan nobility followed this example, and in a years Pozzuolo once more rose fair and beautiful. But tr they might, they could never raise the town to its fo splendour and renown, and from that period it has gradu declined, till it has become in the present day a mere co tion of poor huts and ruins, inhabited by a spiritless uncommercial people. Some very well-read folks say, the religion of the Pope is unfavourable to the advanceme other towns or people in Italy—but, on that question, w not presume to offer an opinion.

A SONG OF CALABRIA.

From the French of DE LAMARTINE.

When in the orchard I, in life's young hours,
Reclined beneath the blooming citron's shade,
Or sported where the almond spread her flowers,
While spring's light breezes with my ringlets play'd
Deep in my soul a low, sweet voice I heard,
And sudden rapture shot through all my veins
'Twas not the wind, the carol of the bird,
Nor childhood's accents that my being stirr'd,
Nor manhood's tones, nor woman's gentler strains
The voice was thine, my guardian spirit! thine!
It was thy heart soft whispering to mine

Again, when doom'd from him I loved to part,
After those hours beneath the sycamore,
While his last kiss was echoing in my heart—
My heart, that none had caused to thrill before—
Once more I heard that murmur low and sweet.
'Twas not his "farewell" sighing through the pines,
'Twas not the sound of his departing feet;
Nor did the wind in melody repeat
The distant song of lovers 'mid the vines.
The voice was thine, my guardian spirit! thine!
It was thy heart soft whispering to mine.

And when I, rich in all a mother's joys,
Brought round my hearth my wealth, a bounteous store
When with their little hands my ruddy boys
Shook down the figs that grew beside my door,
A tender voice awoke within my breast,
Through all my soul I felt its murmurs glide,
'Twas not the young birds chirping in their nest,
Nor the calm breathing of the babe at rest,
Nor song of fisherman upon the tide
The voice was thine, my guardian spirit! thine!
It was thy heart low singing then with mine.

Here, where the thicket shields me from the winds,
I watch the kids and children while they play,
Stirring the coals to warm my shrivelled hands,
And still that voice remains with me, and cheers,
Consoles and strengthens me for evermore;
'Tis not the voice I heard in early years,
Nor the remember'd accents that my tears
Can never to my lonely age restore;
But it is thine, my guardian spirit! thine!
Thy heart is with me still, and weeps with mine.

THE SEMPSTRESS.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, AUTHORESS OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

"Few, save the poor, feel for the poor,
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful food
And needful rest debarr'd.

Their paths are paths of plenteousness,
They sleep on silk and down;
They never think how wearily
The weary heads lie down.

They never by the window sit,
And see the gay pass by,
Yet take their weary work again,
And with a mournful eye." T. E. I.

THE sufferings of poverty are not confined to those of the common, squalid everyday beggars, who are inured to hardships, and ever ready to receive charity, let it come to them as it will. There is another class on whom it presses with still heavier power, the generous, the decent, the self-respecting, who have struggled with their lot in calm silence, "bearing all things, hoping all things," and willing to endure all things, rather than breathe a word of complaint, or to acknowledge, even to themselves, that their own efforts will not be sufficient for their own necessities.

Pause with me awhile at the door of yonder poor-looking house. In one of its small rooms live a widow and her daughter, who are dependent entirely on the labours of the needle, and those other slight and precarious resources, which are all that remain to woman when left to struggle her way "through this bleak world alone." It contains all their small earthly store, and there is scarce an article of its little stock of furniture that has not been thought of, and toiled for, and its price calculated over and over again, before everything could come right for its purchase. Every article is arranged with the utmost neatness and care; nor is the most costly furniture of a fashionable parlour more sedulously guarded from scratch or rub, than is that brightly-varnished bureau, and that neat cherry tea-table and bedstead The floor, too, boasted once a carpet, but old Time has been busy with it, picking a hole here, and making a thin place there, and though the old fellow has been followed up by the most indefatigable zeal in darning, the marks of his mischievous fingers are too plain to be mistaken It is true, a kindly neighbour has given a bit of faded baize, which has been neatly clipped and bound, and spread down over an entirely unmanageable hole in front of the fire-place, and other places have been repaired with pieces of different colours; and yet, after all, it is evident that the poor carpet is not long for this world.

But the best face is put on everything. The little cupboard in the corner, that contains a few china cups, and one or two antiquated silver spoons, relics of better days, is arranged with jealous neatness, and the old white muslin window-curtain has been carefully whitened, and starched, and smoothly ironed, and put up with exact precision, and on the bureau, covered by a snowy cloth, are arranged a few books and other memorials of former times, and a faded miniature, which, though has little about it to interest a stranger, is more precious to the poor widow than everything besides.

Mrs. Ames is seated in her rocking chair, supported by a pillow, and busy cutting out work, while her daughter, a slender, sickly-looking girl, is sitting by the window, intent on some fine stitching.

Mrs. Ames, in former days, was the wife of a respectable merchant, and the mother of an affectionate family. But evil fortune had followed her with a steadiness that seemed like the stern decree of some adverse fate, rather than the ordinary dealings of a merciful Providence. First came a heavy run of losses in business; then long and expensive sickness in the family, and the death of children. Then there was the selling of the large house and elegant furniture, to retire to a humbler style of living; and, finally, the sale of all the property, with the view of quitting the shores of a native land, and commencing life again in a new one. But scarcely had the exiled family found themselves in the port of a foreign land, when the father was suddenly smitten down by the hand of death, and his lonely grave made in a land of strangers. The widow, broken-hearted and discouraged, had still a wearisome journey before her ere she could reach any whom she could consider as her friends. With her two daughters, entirely unattended, and with her finances impoverished by detention and sickness, she performed the tedious journey.

Arrived at the place of her destination, she found herself not only without immediate resources, but considerably in debt to one who advanced money for her travelling expenses. With silent endurance she met the necessities of her situation. Her daughters, delicately reared, and hitherto carefully educated, were placed out to service, and Mrs. Ames sought for employment as a nurse. The younger child fell sick, and the hard earnings of the mother were all exhausted in the care of her; and though she recovered in part, she was declared by the physician to be the victim of a disease which would never leave her till it terminated her life.

As soon, however, as her daughter was so far restored as not to need her immediate care, Mrs Ames resumed her laborious employment. Scarcely had she been able, in this way, to discharge the debts for her journey, and to furnish the small room we have described, when the hand of disease was laid heavily on herself. Too resolute and persevering to give way to the first attacks of pain and weakness, she still continued her fatiguing employment till her system was entirely prostrated Thus all possibility of pursuing her business was cut off, and nothing remained but what could be accomplished by her own and her daughter's dexterity at the needle. It is at this time we ask you to look in upon the mother and daughter.

Mrs. Ames is sitting up, the first time for a week, and even to-day she is scarcely fit to do so, but she remembers that the month is coming round, and her rent will soon be due; and even in her feebleness she will stretch every nerve to meet her engagements with punctilious exactness. Wearied at length with cutting out, and measuring, and drawing threads, she leans back in her chair, and her eye rests on the pale face of her daughter, who has been sitting for two hours intent on her stitching.

"Ellen, my child, your head aches; don't work so steadily."

"Oh no, it don't ache *much*," said she, too conscious of looking very much tired. Poor girl, had she remained in the situation in which she was born, she would now have been skipping about, and enjoying life as other young girls of fifteen do, but now there is no choice of employments for her—no youthful companions—no visiting—few pleasant walks in the fresh air. Evening and morning, it is all the same; headache or sideache, it is all one. She must hold on the same unvarying task, a wearisome thing for a girl of fifteen!

But see, the door opens, and Mrs. Ames's face brightens as her other daughter enters. Mary has become a domestic in a neighbouring family, where her faithfulness and kindness of heart have caused her to be regarded more as a daughter and a sister than as a servant "Here, mother, is your rent-money," she exclaimed, "so do put up your work and rest a while. I can get enough to pay it next time before the month comes round again"

"Dear child! I do wish you would think to get something for yourself," said Mrs. Ames, "I cannot consent to use up all your earnings, as I have done lately, and all Ellen's too: you must have a new dress this spring, and that bonnet of yours is not decent any longer."

"Oh no, mother, I have fixed over my blue calico, and you would be surprised to see how well it looks; and my best frock, when it is washed and darned, will answer some time longer. And then Mrs. Grant has given me a riband, and when my bonnet is whitened and trimmed it will look very well. And so," she added, "I have brought you some wine this afternoon; you know the doctor says you need wine."

"My dear child! I want to see you take some comfort of your money yourself."

"Well, I do take comfort of it, mother. It is more comfort to be able to help you than to wear all the finest dresses in the world."

Two months after this dialogue found our little family still more straitened and perplexed. Mrs. Ames had been confined all the time with sickness, and the greater part of Ellen's time and strength was occupied with attending to her. Very little sewing could the poor girl now do, in the broken intervals that remained to her; and the wages of Mary were not only used

as fast as she earned, but she had anticipated two months in advance.

Mrs. Ames had been better for a day or two, and had been sitting up, exerting all her strength to finish a set of shirts which had been sent in to make. "The money for them will just pay our rent," sighed she; "and if we can do a little more this week—"

"Dear mother, you are so tired," said Ellen, "do lie down, and not worry any more till I come back."

Ellen went out and passed on till she came to the door of an elegant house, whose damask and muslin window-curtains indicated a fashionable residence.

Mrs. Elmore was sitting in her splendidly-furnished parlour, and around her lay various fancy articles, which two young girls were busily unrolling. "What a lovely pink scarf!" said one, throwing it over her shoulders and skipping before a mirror; while the other exclaimed, "Do look at these pocket-handkerchiefs, mother! what elegant lace!"

"Well, girls," said Mrs Elmore, "these handkerchiefs are a shameful piece of extravagance. I wonder you will insist on having such things."

"La! mamma, everybody has such now, Laura Seymour has half a dozen that cost more than these, and her father is no richer than ours."

"Well," said Mrs. Elmore, "rich or not rich, it seems to make very little odds; we do not seem to have half as much money to spare as we did when we lived in the little house in Spring-street. What with new furnishing the house, and getting everything you boys and girls say you must have, we are poorer, if anything, than we were then."

"Ma'am, here is Mrs. Ames's girl come with some sewing," said the servant.

"Show her in," said Mrs. Elmore.

Ellen entered timidly, and handed her bundle of work to Mrs Elmore, who forthwith proceeded to a minute scrutiny of the articles, for she prided herself on being very particular as to her sewing. But though the work had been executed by feeble hands and aching eyes, even Mrs. Elmore could detect no fault in it.

"Well, it is very prettily done," said she, "what does your mother charge?"

Ellen handed a neatly folded bill, which she had drawn for her mother. "I must say, I think your mother's prices are very high," said Mrs. Elmore, examining her nearly empty purse, "everything is getting so dear that one hardly knows how to live." Ellen looked at the fancy articles [illegible] the room with an air of innocent [illegible] Mrs. Elmore, "I dare say it seems to you as if persons in our situation had no need of economy, but, for my part, I feel the need of it more and more every day." As she spoke she handed Ellen the three dollars, which, though it was not half the price of one of the handkerchiefs, was all that she and her sick mother could claim in the world.

"There," said she, "tell your mother I like her work very much, but I do not think I can afford to employ her, if I can find any one to work cheaper."

Now, Mrs. Elmore was not a hard-hearted woman, and if Ellen had come as a beggar to solicit help for her sick mother, Mrs Elmore would have fitted out a basket of provisions, and put a bottle of wine, and a bundle of old clothes, and all the *et cetera* of such occasions; but the sight of *a bill* always aroused all the instinctive sharpness of her business-like education. She never had the dawning of an idea that it was her duty to pay anybody any more than she could possibly help; nay, she had an indistinct notion that it was her *duty* as an economist to make everybody take as little as possible. When she and her daughter lived in Spring-street, to which she had alluded, they used to spend the greater part of their time at home, and the family sewing was commonly done among themselves; but since they had moved into a large house, and set up a carriage, and addressed themselves to being genteel, the girls found that they had altogether too much to do to attend to their own sewing, much less to perform any for their father and brothers, and their mother found her hands abundantly full in overlooking her large house, in taking care of expensive furniture, and in superintending her increased train of servants; the sewing, therefore, was put out, and Mrs. Elmore *felt it her duty* to get it done the cheapest way she could. Nevertheless, Mrs. Elmore was too notable a lady, and her sons and daughters were together too fastidious as to the make and quality of their cloth to admit the idea of its being done in any but the best man

Mrs. Elmore never accused herself of want of charity fo poor, but she had never considered that the best class o poor are those who never ask charity. She did not con that by paying liberally those who were honestly and indc dently struggling for themselves, she was really doing a gr charity than by giving indiscriminately to a dozen a cants.

"What do you think, mother? Mrs. Elmore says we ch too high for this work," said Ellen, when she returned. am sure she did not know how much work we put in shirts. She says she cannot give us any more work. must look out for somebody that will do it cheaper. I d see how it is that people who live in such houses, and ha many beautiful things, can feel that they cannot afford t for what costs us so much."

"Well, child, they are more apt to feel so than people live plainer."

"Well, I am sure," said Ellen, "we cannot afford to s so much time, as we have over these shirts, for less mone

"Never mind, my dear," said the mother, soothingly; " is a bundle of work that another lady has sent in, and, get it done, we shall have enough for our rent, and some over to buy bread with."

It is needless to carry our readers over all the proc cutting and fitting, and gathering and stitching, necess making up six fine shirts. Suffice it to say, that on Sat evening all but one were finished, and Ellen proceeded to them home, promising to bring the remaining one on Tu morning. The lady examined the work, and gave Ell money, but on Tuesday, when the child came with th morning work, she found her in great ill-humour. Up examining the shirts, she had discovered that in some i tant respects they differed from directions she meant to given, and every [illegible] she had given, and accordingly she her displeasure on Ellen.

"Why didn't you make these shirts as I told you?" she sharply.

"We did," said Ellen, mildly, "mother measured l pattern every part, and cut them herself."

"Your mother is a fool, then, to make such a p work. I wish you would just take them back, and alter over," and the lady proceeded with the directions, of neither Ellen nor her mother, till they had [illegible] Unused to such language, the frightened [illegible] took t work, and slowly walked homeward.

"Oh dear, how my head does ache!" thought she to h "and poor mother, she said this morning she was afra other of her sick turns was coming on, and we have all thi to pull out and do over again."

"See here, mother!" said she, with a disconsolate air, entered the room, "Mrs Rudd says, take out all the b and rip off all the collars, and fix them quite another She says they are not like the pattern she sent; but she have forgotten, for here it is. Look, mother, it is ex we made them."

"Well, my child, carry back the pattern, and show h it is so."

"Indeed, mother, she spoke so cross to me, and loo me so, that I do not feel as if I could go back."

"I will go for you, then," said the kind Mrs [illegible] had been sitting with Mrs. Ames while Ellen was ou will take the patterns and shirts, and tell her the exa about it. I am not afraid of her." Maria Stephens tailoress, who rented a room on the same floor with Mrs. A a cheerful, resolute, go-forward little body, and ready to give a helping hand to a neighbour in trouble. So sh the pattern and shirts, and set out on her mission.

But poor Mrs. Ames, though she professed to take view of the matter, and was very earnest in showing Ell she ought not to distress herself about it, still felt a sh sense of the hardness and unkindness of the world comi her. The bitter tears would spring to her eyes, in t every effort to suppress them, as she sat mournfully ga the little faded miniature before mentioned. "When alive, I never knew what poverty or trouble was," s

thought that often passed through her mind; and how many a poor forlorn one has thought the same!

Poor Mrs. Ames was confined to her bed for most of that week. The doctor gave absolute directions that she should do nothing, and keep entirely quiet—a direction very sensible, indeed, in the chamber of ease and competence, but hard to be observed in poverty and want. What pains the kind and dutiful Ellen took that week to make her mother feel easy! How often she replied to her anxious questions, "that she was quite well," or "that her head did not ache *much*," and by various other evasive expedients the child tried to persuade herself that she was speaking the truth; and during the times her mother slept, in the day or evening, she accomplished one or two pieces of plain work, with the price of which she expected to surprise her mother.

It was towards evening when Ellen took her finished work to the elegant dwelling of Mrs. Page. "I shall get a dollar for this," said she; "enough to pay for mother's wine and medicine."

"This work is done very neatly," said Mrs. Page, "and here is some more I should like to have finished in the same way."

Ellen looked wistfully, hoping Mrs. Page was going to pay her for the last work. But Mrs. Page was only searching a drawer for a pattern, which she put into Ellen's hand, and, after explaining how she wanted her work done, dismissed her without saying a word about the expected dollar. Poor Ellen tried two or three times, as she was going out, to turn round and ask for it, but before she could decide what to say she found herself in the street.

Mrs. Page was an amiable, kind-hearted woman, but one who was so used to large sums of money, that she did not realise how great an affair a single dollar might seem to other persons. For this reason, when Ellen had worked incessantly at the new work put into her hands, that she might get the money for all together, she again disappointed her in the payment.

"I will send the money round to-morrow," said she, when Ellen at last found courage to ask for it. But to-morrow came, and Ellen was forgotten, and it was not till after one or two applications more that the small sum was paid.

But these sketches are already long enough, and it is time to close them. Mrs. Ames at length found [illegible] would appreciate and honour her sincerity of principle and loveliness of character, and by the assistance she was raised to more prosperous days: and she, and the delicate Ellen, and the warm-hearted Mary, were enabled to have a home and reside on their own, and to enjoy something like the return of their former prosperity.

We have given these sketches, drawn from real life, because think there is in general too little consideration on the part those who give employment to those in situations like the low here described. The giving of employment is a very portant branch of charity, inasmuch as it assists that class of poor who are the most deserving. It should be looked on this light, and the arrangements of a family be so made that uitable compensation can be given, and prompt and cheerful ment be made, without the dread of transgressing the rules economy.

t is better to teach our daughters to do without expensive aments or fashionable elegances; better even to deny ourves the pleasure of large donations or direct subscriptions to the charities, rather than to curtail the small stipend of her ose "candle goeth not out by night," and who labours with needle for herself and the helpless dear ones dependent on exertions.

DISGUSTING TASTE OF MEDICINES.—Dr. Polli recommends a ns of rendering the disagreeable tastes of medicines impercible, founded on the physiological fact that a strong impression he nerves, whether of vision, hearing, or taste, renders that ch follows less perceptible. Instead of applying to the mouth, efore, agreeable substances after swallowing nauseous medicines, hould prepare it before, in order that the taste of the medicine not be perceived.—Aromatic substances, chewed just before, range or lemon peel, &c, &c., effectually prevents castor &c., being tasted. In preparing the mouth for bitters, liquorice e only sweet that should be used, the others creating a llarly disagreeable compound taste.

"THE FATAL QUESTION."

A TALE OF THE BALUSTRADES, FROM "PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK FOR 1853."

(*Being the specimen of a Novel, in Three Volumes, wanting a Publisher.*)

"It was a dull afternoon in August, when a stranger might be seen, leaning with his chin supported by the top of his thumb, over one of the balustrades of the bridge of Waterloo. There was a slight wind which kept whispering in the stranger's ear, but what the wind seemed to say, or what the stranger mentally replied, must remain for ever a mystery. The stranger wore an alpaca coat, of a greyish hue, which had seen better days and better buttons. His hat, which was a wide-awake, contrasted curiously with his sleepy aspect, and a pawnbroker's ticket protruding from the pocket of his waistcoat told a sad story of a watch once going,—but now gone—perhaps for ever. In a few minutes the stranger was joined by one in whose coat age had sown a quantity of seeds, and his collar was secured by a fastening, the existence of which seemed to hang upon a thread of the very slenderest texture. Spooner, for such was the name of him who wore the wide-awake, gave a faint groan when he recognised Tomkins, for so was he called whose presence we have last spoken of. 'Well,' muttered Spooner through his teeth, which were decayed like his hopes, 'how long is the canker to prey upon my heart's blighted blossoms?'—'Tell me rather,' moaned Tomkins with a wild glance at a passing omnibus, 'tell me rather when I shall draw out the envenomed dart that has for months been embedded in my own?'—Here he broke off, and the remainder of the sentence was lost in a low gurgle. Leaving our heroes to moan and gurgle for a few minutes over the side of the bridge, we will give a short sketch of their past history. Spooner was the only child of a doating cheesemonger, who had commenced business with a limited capital and a large heart, the former of which had been consumed in stock, while the latter had led him into a long series of friendly acceptances. 'Time and the hour run through the longest' bill, and the friend whom Spooner Senior had obliged came to him one day to declare that, though prepared to meet his fate, he was not prepared to meet his engagements. The large hearted and heavy-liabilitied Spooner fell in a swoon on his own mat, was conveyed thence to his own mattress, and woke the next morning a determined misanthrope. Young Spooner was thus early taught to hate the world; and the fact is at once explained of his being found, with a moan in his mouth and without a watch in his pocket, on the bridge of Waterloo. Tomkins was a character of a different stamp, and had been nursed in the hard boned, uncomfortable, long-legged lap of poverty. His mother, who was the portionless daughter of a penniless ticket-porter, had run—or rather walked away with the junior partner of a ruined firm, which had left the Court of Bankruptcy without a certificate. Young Tomkins, who had been thrown upon the world with a terrific bump at an early age, had, after floundering about for a considerable period, found his legs at last under the desk of an attorney's office, where he was engaged as a human copying machine at a weekly salary of twelve shillings. With the usual tendency of the human mind to rush into extremes, the imagination of Tomkins had sprung from parchment to poesy, and his office stool—which was of the usual height—had become for him a sort of Parnassus, on which he made verse when he should have been doing better. Let us now return to the bridge, where we will ask the reader to accompany us, as he has just paid the toll, in the shape of patience, during the little digression we have led him into.—'Ha! ha! ha!' cried Tomkins, with a wild burst of frenzied mirth. 'Ha! ha! ha!' and he relapsed again into gloomy silence, which was at length broken by his approaching Spooner in a mysterious manner, and whispering in his ear, 'Tell me——' A female voice, in accents almost hushed with excessive plaintiveness, now warbled, or rather wailed, in gentlest tones, 'A penny a lot.' The two friends stood mutely gazing at each other, startled by this mournful interruption, when Tomkins, with a sort of hoarse emotion, groaned into the ear of Spooner, 'A penny a lot! oh, my friend, is the lot of either of us worth a penny?' and they fell,

dissolved in tears on one another's shoulders This affecting position had lasted for a few moments, when Tomkins, making a last effort, rallied sufficiently to put his long delayed question. It was as follows:—'Tell me, Spooner, oh! tell me if thou canst; but, if thou canst not, vex not my tortured brain with the agony of suspense.'—Spooner's knees trembled, his lips—curving into a bow— were all of a quiver, his teeth amid the awful silence began to chatter, and his ear was stretched out to its most perpendicular longitude. 'Go on,' he groaned; 'the question—the question.'—'Well, then,' finally resumed Tomkins, 'tell me, when is a Judge likely to fall to the ground between two stools?'—Spooner made a convulsive effort. It was but a single one; but it was enough, and having shrieked out, 'When he sits in error,' fell into his friend's arms

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Years rolled on, and Tomkins, after many vacant stares over the parapet of Waterloo Bridge, caught a glimpse at last of the tide that was to lead on to fortune. He, with manly resolution, took his place at the oar, and Spooner—though not rowing in the same boat—found his way also into the current of prosperity The two continued friends, but Tomkins never ventured to ask Spooner a conundrum again!"

DANIEL WEBSTER.

It seems but a few weeks since that we had to record the decease of the great American senator, Henry Clay, the last mail (Nov. 7), now brings us the news of the death of the no less celebrated statesman, Daniel Webster The melancholy event took place on the 24th of October, at Marshfield, near Boston. Perhaps no man occupied a larger space in the public mind than the late Secretary of State for the American Republic; and perhaps no man more thoroughly deserved the confidence of the people among whom he had all his life resided. Great men die, but their memories last for ever.

In the "ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR" of a few weeks since,* appeared an admirable portrait of the deceased statesman, accompanied by an able and philosophical memoir, for our present purpose, however, it will be sufficient if, instead of indulging in any reflexion of our own, we confine our notice to the events which distinguished the life of this great American lawyer. For this purpose we avail ourselves of an interesting sketch in the *New York Herald* of the 26th ultimo.

"Daniel Webster was born on the 18th of January, 1782, in the last year of the war of American independence, at Salisbury, in the home which his father had established on the outskirts of civilisation The early opportunities for education with which Mr. Webster was favoured were of course very limited, and when quite young he was daily sent two or three miles to school, in mid-winter, and on foot. This school, which was kept for only a small part of the year, was of an indifferent character, but it is evidence of the character of the man, that, even under these disadvantages, he showed a great eagerness for learning.

"Ebenezer Webster, the father of this interesting child, was a most remarkable man. Tall in stature, and severe, plain, and firm in character, he was one of those men who stamp their character not only on their immediate households, but even on the age in which they live In early life he entered the military service of the colonies as a common soldier, and served in the war with the French, under Sir Jeffrey Amherst and Wolf, in the invasion of Canada. He rose to the rank of captain before the end of the war, and, having obtained a grant of land for his services, settled in the town of Salisbury, which was at first called Stevenstown, on the Merrimack river, in New Hampshire. Soon after his settlement in Salisbury, his first wife having died, he married Abigail Eastman, a woman of more than ordinary intellect, who became the mother of Ezekiel and Daniel Webster. She was proud of her sons, and ambitious that they should excel in public and private life; and she lived to see them famous—one as a lawyer, and the other as Secretary of State. After a few years spent in this primitive school in the woods, the young Daniel was in 1796 taken by his father to an academy at Exeter, which had been endowed in 1781 by the Hon John Phillips. In this celebrated school he enjoyed the advantage of only a few months' instruction; but, short as the period was, his mental powers were thus early developed, and he exhibited to his instructors evidence of his superior intellect. After a few months at Exeter, he returned home, and having passed his fifteenth year, was placed by his father with the Rev. Samuel Wood, of Boscawen. In six months, from February to August, 1797, he completed his preparation for college, under the instruction of Mr. Wood. This preparation was, of course, imperfect; but the standard of classical literature did not stand very high in America at the close of the last century.

"In 1797, Webster entered Dartmouth College, at Hanover, New Hampshire, where, after four years of assiduous application to his studies, he graduated in August, 1801. He was not only distinguished for his attention to his collegiate duties, but devoted himself to general reading, particularly to English history and literature. He took part in a small weekly publication, to which he contributed selections and original articles. He also delivered addresses before the college societies. Appreciating the advantages which he shared, in common with the other students, Daniel persuaded his father to send his brother Ezekiel to college; and, that means might be provided for this purpose, Daniel taught a few scholars during the vacations.

"Immediately after leaving college, Webster entered the office of Mr Thompson, of Salisbury, as a student of law. Mr. Thompson was a lawyer of high standing, and represented New Hampshire at various times in both houses of Congress. While in the office of Mr Thompson, Mr. Webster accepted an offer to take charge of an academy, at Fryeburg, in Maine, where his salary was one dollar a day. He was able, by acting as assistant to the Registrar of Deeds, for the county, to earn enough to pay his personal expenses; and, therefore, his salary was all saved as a fund for his own professional education, and to help his brother through college. During his residence at Fryeburg, Mr. Webster borrowed, and for the first time, read 'Blackstone's Commentaries.' In September, 1802, he returned to Salisbury, and resumed his studies under Mr. Thompson, in whose office he remained for eighteen months, extending his knowledge of law, besides giving much time to general reading, especially studying the Latin classics, English history, and Shakspere. He also read Puffendorff's 'History of England' in Latin.

"Being desirous of witnessing a more enlarged course of practice in the law, Mr. Webster went to Boston, and took up his residence there in July, 1804. Previous to entering upon practice, he pursued his legal studies for six or eight months in the office of the Hon. Christopher Gore, a distinguished advocate, and afterwards Governor of Massachusetts, who soon saw, and spoke prophetically of the talents of his pupil. In the spring of 1805, Mr. Webster was admitted to the bar in the Court of Common Pleas, Boston. Soon afterwards he returned to his native State, and commenced practice at Boscawen, near his father's residence. Ebenezer Webster died the following year. In May, 1807, Daniel was admitted as attorney and counsellor in the Superior Court of New Hampshire; and in September of that year, leaving his office in Boscawen with his brother, he removed to Portsmouth, in conformity with his original intention. Here he remained in the practice of his profession for nine successive years. He soon became eminent in the profession, and appeared in the leading cases in all the courts. His practice in New Hampshire, however, was never lucrative, and, although exclusively devoted to his profession, it afforded him only a bare livelihood.

"During the excitement which prevailed previous to the declaration of war with England in 1812, Mr. Webster participated in conventions of his political friends, and in his speeches and essays displayed such extraordinary ability that many of the prominent men of the State were anxious to see him in Congress. At the election next ensuing after the declaration of war in 1812, he was brought forward as a candidate for Congress, and was elected in November, 1812. He took his seat at the first session of the 13th Congress, which was an extra session, called in May, 1813. The fame of his ability had preceded him, and in the organization of the House he was placed by Mr. Clay, the Speaker, upon the Committee of

* No. 41, for October 9.

Foreign Affairs, which was the leading committee in time of war.

"On the 10th of June, 1813, Mr. Webster delivered his maiden speech in Congress, on a series of resolutions moved by himself, relative to the repeal of the Berlin and Milan decrees of the French Emperor. No full report of this speech was preserved, but it took the House by surprise, from the vast amount of historical knowledge and power of illustration which it displayed.

"From this point commenced Mr. Webster's distinguished career as a public man. He sat eight years in the House of Representatives, and nineteen years in the Senate, and during the whole of that period, by his great powers of eloquence, and his remarkable abilities, he exercised an immense influence over the domestic and the foreign policy of his country He also established for himself a pre-eminent position as an advocate. He is the second Secretary of State in the history of the Union who has died in office, and he is justly regarded by his countrymen as entitled to a foremost rank among the statesmen of the Republic."

THE COUP D'ETAT

FROM "NAPOLEON THE LITTLE," BY VICTOR HUGO

THE resistance had assumed unexpected proportions

The combat had become menacing, it was no longer a combat, but a battle, which was beginning in every direction. At the Elysée, and the different ministries, people began to turn pale; they had wished for barricades, and they had got them

In the business streets, the citizens were delivering up their muskets, and the women were making lint "All is going on well! Paris is up!" exclaimed B——, to us, as he entered the Committee of Resistance with a face radiant with joy Fresh intelligence reached us every instant; all the permanent committees of the different quarters had placed themselves in communication with us. The members of the committee deliberated with one another, and issued orders and instructions for the combat in every direction. Victory seemed certain! There was a moment of enthusiasm and joy when all these men, still standing between life and death, embraced each other. "At present," exclaimed Jules Favre, "let but a regiment turn, or a legion appear, and Louis Bonaparte is lost." "To-morrow, the Republic will be at the Hotel de Ville!" said Michael (de Bourges). All was ferment, all was excitement; in the most peaceful quarters of the town the proclamations were torn down, and the ordinances defaced In the Rue Beaubourg, the women cried from the windows to the men employed in erecting a barricade, "courage." The agitation reached the Faubourg Saint Germain.

The principal military accomplices in the drama held a council together. The question was discussed whether it was not necessary for Louis Bonaparte to quit the Faubourg Saint Honoré immediately, and remove either to the Invalides or to the Palace of the Luxembourg; two places which, in a strategical point of view, are more easy to defend against any sudden attack than the Elysée Some preferred the Invalides and others the Luxembourg, and the subject was one which gave rise to an altercation between two generals

It was at this moment that the ex-King of Westphalia, Jérome Bonaparte, seeing that the *coup d'etat* was tottering to its ruin, and having some care for the morrow, wrote his nephew a significant letter, which was published at the time.

The impulsion was really given, the movement of rage and hatred was becoming universal, and the *coup d'etat* appeared lost; one shock more and Louis Bonaparte would have fallen. Had the day but ended as it began, all would have been over. The *coup d'etat* was approaching a state of despair. The hour for the most fearful measures was come. What did he intend doing? It was necessary that he should strike some great blow, some unexpected blow, some terrible blow. He was reduced to this alternative; he was doomed to perish, or to save himself by a frightful expedient.

Louis Bonaparte had not quitted the Elysée. He occupied a cabinet on the ground floor, near the splendid gilt saloon, where, when he was a child in 1815, he had been present at the second abdication of Napoleon. He was there alone; orders had been given that no one should be allowed to have access to him. From time to time the door was opened a little, and the grey hair of General Roguet, his aide-de-camp, appeared. The General was the only person who was allowed to open this door and enter the room The General brought the news, which was becoming every instant more and more alarming, and he frequently terminated what he had to say with the words: "Matters are not going well," or "Matters are going badly." After he had finished, Louis Bonaparte, who was seated with his elbows on a table and his feet upon the fire-dogs, before a large fire, turned his head half round on the back of his chair, and, with the most phlegmatic voice, and without any apparent emotion, invariably answered in the four following words "*Qu'on execute mes ordres*" (let them execute my orders)

What were these orders? We shall see.

Here we pause to collect all our strength of mind, and the narrator lays down his pen with a kind of hesitation and agony. We are approaching the abominable events of that mournful day, the 4th, we are approaching that monstrous fact from which arose the success of the *coup-d'etat* dripping with blood. We are about to unveil the most horrible thing ever premeditated by Louis Bonaparte, we are about to reveal, tell, narrate, and describe that which all the historiographers of the 2nd December have concealed, that which General Magnan carefully omitted in his report, that which, even at Paris, the place where these things were witnessed, men scarcely dare to whisper to each other. We are about to enter on the horrible.

The 2nd December is a crime covered with darkness, a coffin, closed and silent, but from the cracks in which streams of blood gush forth

We will now lift the coffin lid

From an early hour in the morning, for here—and we especially point out the fact—there is most incontestible proof of a premeditated plan, from an early hour in the morning, strange notices had been posted up at the corners of all the streets; we have copied these notices, and our readers must remember them. During sixty years that the cannons of revolutions have, on certain days, boomed through Paris, and that the Government, when menaced, has had recourse to desperate measures, nothing had ever been seen like these notices. They informed the inhabitants that all crowds, no matter of what kind, would be dispersed by an armed force, *without any previous warning whatever*. In Paris, the metropolis of civilization, people do not easily believe that a man will push his crime to extremities, and, therefore, these notices had been looked upon as a means of intimidation that was hideous and savage, but at the same time almost ridiculous

The public were wrong. These notices contained the very germ of Louis Bonaparte's plan They were seriously meant.

A little after one o'clock, a quarter of an hour after the last order given by Louis Bonaparte to General Roguet, the whole length of the Boulevards, from the Madeline, was suddenly covered with cavalry and infantry Almost the whole of Carrelet's division, composed of the five brigades of Cotte, Bourgon, Canrobert, Dulac, and Riebell, and presenting a total of sixteen thousand four hundred and ten men, had taken up their position, and extended themselves in *echelons* from the Rue de la Paix to the Faubourg Poissonnière. Each brigade had its artillery with it. Eleven pieces of cannon were counted on the Boulevard Poissonnière alone. Two of the cannons, with their muzzles turned different ways, had been pointed at the ends of the Rue Montmartre and Faubourg Montmartre respectively, no one knew why, as neither the street nor the Faubourg presented even the appearance of a barricade. The spectators, who crowded the pavement and the windows, looked with affright at all these cannons, sabres, and bayonets, which blocked up the street.

"The troops were laughing and chatting," says one witness. Another witness says, "The soldiers had a strange look about them." Most of them were leaning upon their muskets, with the butt-end upon the ground, and seemed nearly falling from fatigue, or something else. One of those old officers who are accustomed to read a soldier's thoughts in his eyes, General ——, said, as he passed the Cafe Frascati, "They are drunk."

There were now some indications of what was about to happen.

At one moment, when the crowd was crying to the troops—"*Vive la République!*" "Down with Louis Bonaparte!" one of the officers was heard to say, in a low voice—"*Ceci va tourner à la charcuterie!* (we shall soon have a little to do in the pork-butchering line).

A battalion of infantry debouches from the Rue Richelieu. Before the Cafe Cardinal it is greeted by a unanimous cry of "*Vive la République!*" A literary man, the editor of a Conservative paper, who happened to be on the spot, adds the words—"*Down with Soulougue!*" The officer of the staff, who commanded the detachment, makes a blow at him with his sabre. The journalist avoided the blow, and the sabre cuts in two one of the small trees on the Boulevards.

As the 1st Regiment of Lancers, commanded by Colonel Rochefort, came up opposite the Rue Taitbout, a numerous crowd covered the pavement of the Boulevards. This crowd was composed of some of the inhabitants of that quarter of the town, of merchants, artists, journalists, and even several young mothers, leading their children by the hand. As the regiment was passing by, men and women,—every one in fact,—cried: "*Vive la Constitution!*" "*Vive la Loi!*" "*Vive la République!*" Colonel Rochefort, the same person who had presided at the banquet, given on the 31st October, 1851, at the Ecole Militaire, by the 1st Regiment of Lancers, to the 7th Regiment of Lancers—and who, at this banquet, had proposed as a toast—"Prince Louis Napoleon, the chief of the State, the personification of that order of which we are the defenders!"—this colonel on hearing the crowd utter the above cry, which was perfectly legal, spurred his horse into the midst of the crowd, through all the chairs on the pavement, while the Lancers precipitated themselves after him, and men, women and children were indiscriminately cut down. "A great number remained dead on the spot," says a defender of the *coup d'etat*, and then adds—"It was done in a moment."

About 2 o'clock, two howitzers were pointed at the extremity of the Boulevard Poissonniere, at a hundred and fifty paces from the little advanced barricade of the guard-houses on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. While placing the guns in their proper position, two of the artillerymen, who are not often guilty of a false manœuvre, broke the pole of a caisson. "*Don't you see they are drunk!*" exclaimed a man of the lower classes.

At half-past 2,—for it is necessary to follow the progress of this hideous drama minute by minute, and step by step,—the firing commenced before the barricade, but it was languid, and almost seemed as if done for amusement only. The chief officers appeared to be thinking of anything but a combat. We shall soon see, however, of what they were thinking.

The first cannon ball, badly aimed, passed above all the barricades and killed a little boy at the Château d'Eau as he was procuring water from the basin.

The shops were shut, as were also almost all the windows. There was, however, one window left open on an upper story in the house at the corner of the Rue du Sentier. The principal mass of mere spectators were still on the southern side of the street. It was an ordinary crowd and nothing more,—men, women, children, and old people who looked upon the languid attack and defence of the barricade as a sort of sham fight.

This barricade served as a spectacle until the moment arrived for making it a pretext. The soldiers had been skirmishing in this manner, and the defenders of the barricade returning their fire, for about a quarter of an hour, without any one being wounded on either side, when suddenly, as if by the agency of electricity, an extraordinary and terrible movement was observed, in the infantry first, and then in the cavalry. The troops suddenly faced about.

The historiographers of the *coup d'etat* have asserted that a shot, directed against the soldiers, was fired from the window which had remained open at the corner of the Rue du Sentier. Others say that it was fired from the top of the house at the corner of the Rue Notre Dame de Recouvrance and the Boulevard Poissonnière. According to others, it was merely a pistol shot fired from the roof of the lofty house at the corner of the Rue de Mazagran. The shot is contested, but what cannot be contested is that,—for having fired this problematical shot, which, after all, was perhaps nothing more than the noise occasioned by some door slammed-to violently,—a dentist, who inhabited the next house, was killed by a musket ball. The question resolves itself into this: Did any one hear a pistol or musket shot fired from one of the houses on the Boulevard? Is this the fact, or is it not? A host of witnesses deny it.

If the shot was really fired, there still remains one point that requires to be cleared up. Was it a cause, or was it a signal?

However this may be, all of a sudden, as we have said before, the cavalry, infantry, and artillery faced towards the dense crowd upon the pavement, and then, without anyone being able to assign a reason for it, unexpectedly, without any motive, without any previous warning, as the infamous proclamations of the morning had announced, the butchery commenced from the Theatre of the Gymnase to the Bains Chinois, that is to say the whole length of the richest, the most frequented, and the most joyous Boulevard of Paris.

The army commenced shooting down the people, with the muzzles of their muskets actually touching them.

It was a horrible moment; it would be impossible to describe the cries, the arms of the people raised towards heaven, their surprise, their horror; the crowd flying in all directions, the shower of balls falling on the pavement and bounding to the roofs of the houses, corpses covering the road in a single moment, young men falling with their cigars still in their mouths, women in velvet gowns shot down dead by the long rifles, two booksellers killed on their own thresholds without their having known what offence they had committed, shots fired down the cellar-holes and killing anyone, no matter who happened to be below, the Bazaar riddled with shells and balls, the Hotel Sallandrouze bombarded, Tortoni's carried by assault, hundreds of corpses stretched upon the Boulevard, and a torrent of blood in the gutters of the Rue de Richelieu.

The narrator must here again crave permission to suspend his narrative.

In the presence of these deeds without a name, I, who write these lines, declare that I am the registrar of the court. I record crime, I summon the witnesses in the trial. My functions extend no further. I cite Louis Bonaparte, I cite Saint Arnaud, Maupas, Morny, Magnan, Carrelet, Canrobert, and Reybell, his accomplices, I cite, too, the rest whose names will be found elsewhere, I cite the executioners, the murderers, the witnesses, the victims, the heated cannons, the smoking sabres, the drunken soldiers, the mourning families, the dying, the dead, the horror, the blood, and the tears,—I cite them all to the bar of the civilised world.

The mere narrator, whoever he might be, would never be believed. Let the living facts, the bleeding facts, therefore, speak for themselves. Let us hear the witnesses.

We shall not print the names of the witnesses, and we have said why we shall not do so, but the reader will easily recognise the sincere and poignant accent of reality in every account we give.

One writer says:—"The volleys of musketry continued uninterruptedly for twenty minutes, while now and then the cannon was heard booming above all the rest. At the first volley, I threw myself on the ground and crept along on the pavement to the first door I found open. It was a wine shop at No. 180, next door to the Bazaar d'Industrie. I was the last person who went in. All this time the discharge of musketry was still kept up. In this shop there were about fifty persons, and among them five or six women, and two or three children. Three poor wretches were wounded when they came in. Two of them died at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, in horrible agony: the third was still alive when I left the shop at four o'clock;—however, as I afterwards learned, he did not survive the effects of his wounds."

Another witness says.—"At a quarter-past three, a singular movement took place. The soldiers who were turned towards the Porte Saint-Denis fronted about in an instant, resting against the houses from the Gymnase, the house of the Pont-de-Fer, and the Hôtel Saint-Phar. Immediately afterwards, a running fire was directed on the houses and people on the opposite side of the way, from the Rue Saint-Denis to the Rue Richelieu. A few minutes were sufficient to cover the

pavement with dead bodies, and riddle the houses with balls; this paroxysm of fury on the part of the troops remained undiminished for three-quarters of an hour."

Another witness says:—"* * * The first cannon-shots fired against the barricade Bonne-Nouvelle, served as a signal to the rest of the troops, who fired almost simultaneously at every one within the range of their muskets."

Another witness says:—"No words are powerful enough to describe such an act of barbarity. A person must himself have seen in order to be bold enough to speak of it, and attest the truth of a fact which nothing can palliate. The soldiers fired volleys of thousands and thousands and thousands of shots—the number is inappreciable—on the unoffending crowd, and without having the slightest reason for doing so. There was a desire to produce a deep impression. That was the whole secret of the matter."

Another says:—"I can swear that, up to that time, there was neither a barricade nor an insurgent; there were *sportsmen, and there was game* flying from them: that is all."

This image, "sportsmen and game," is the one which immediately suggests itself to the mind of all those who beheld this horrible proceeding. We meet with the same simile in the testimony of another witness—"* * * At the end of my street, and I know that the same thing was observed in the neighbouring ones as well, we saw the Gendarmes Mobiles with their muskets, and themselves in the position of *sportsmen waiting for the game to rise*, that is to say, with their muskets at their shoulders, in order that they might take aim and fire more quickly. In order that those persons who had fallen wounded near the doors in the Rue Montmartre might receive the first necessary attentions, we could see the doors opened from time to time down the street, while an arm would be stretched out, and then hastily drawn in the corpse or the dying man whom the balls were still striving to claim as their own."

Another witness hits upon the same image:—"The soldiers, stationed at the corners of the streets, awaited the inhabitants as they passed along, *like sportsmen lying in wait for their game*, and directly they saw them in the street they fired at them *as they would do at a target*. A great many persons were killed in this manner in the Rue du Sentier, Rue Rougemont, and Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière.

* * * *

"'Go on,' said the officers to the unoffending citizens who demanded their protection. At these words people went their way quietly and with confidence, but it was merely a form of expression already agreed on, and which meant *death*, for hardly had they gone a few steps before they fell."

Let us terminate this list by three extracts, which it is impossible to transcribe without a shudder—"For the first quarter of an hour of this deed of horror," says a witness, "the firing, which for a moment became less sharp, caused some persons who were merely wounded to suppose that they might get up again. Of those who were lying stretched on the ground before the *Prophète*, two rose. One of them fled in the direction of the Rue du Sentier, from which he was only the distance of a few yards off. He reached it in the midst of a shower of balls which carried away his cap. The other could only succeed in raising himself on his knees, in which position, with his hands clasped together, he besought the soldiers to spare his life, but he immediately fell down shot dead. The day afterwards, there was one spot to be seen near the steps leading into the show-rooms of the *Prophète*, scarcely a few feet in extent, into which more than a hundred balls had been fired."

Another witness says:—"At the end of the Rue Montmartre, as far as the fountain, a space of about sixty paces, there were sixty bodies of men and women, both of the upper and lower classes, children, and young girls. All these unfortunate creatures had fallen victims to the first volley fired by the troops and the gendarmerie, who were stationed on the opposite side of the Boulevards. They all fled at the first discharge, and, proceeding a few paces, sank down to rise no more. One young man had taken refuge in a gateway, and tried to shelter himself behind the projection of the wall on the side of the Boulevards. After ten minutes of badly aimed shots he was hit, in spite of all his efforts to render himself as small as possible by drawing himself up to his full height; he was then seen to sink down and rise no more."

Another witness says:—"The plate-glass and the windows in the house of the Pont de Fer were all shattered. One man, who was in the court-yard, went mad with fright. The cellars were filled with women who had sought refuge there, but in vain. The soldiers fired through the shops and the cellar holes. From Tortoni's to the theatre of the Gymnase similar things took place. This lasted more than an hour."

Let us here close these extracts. Let us terminate this mournful inquest. We have had proof enough.

The execration felt for the dead is patent. The testimonies of a hundred more individuals, which we have before us, repeat almost the same facts in the same words. It is at present certain, it is proved, it is beyond the possibility of a doubt, it cannot be denied, it is as evident as day, that on Thursday, the 4th December, 1851, the unoffending inhabitants of Paris, the inhabitants who were not in any way mixed up with the fighting, were mown down without warning, and massacred merely for the sake of intimidation, and that it is not possible to attach any other intention to Monsieur Bonaparte's mysterious command:—

"Let them execute my orders."

This execution lasted until night set in. For more than an hour, there was, as it were, an orgy of musketery and artillery. The cannonade and the platoon firing crossed each other indiscriminately, at one particular period, the soldiers were killing each other.

The most horrible amusements were mixed up with the massacre. The Tirailleurs de Vincennes had established themselves at one of the barricades on the Boulevard that they had carried by assault, and from thence they exercised themselves in shooting at persons who were passing at a distance. From the neighbouring houses, such hideous dialogues as the following were heard. "I bet I will bring that fellow down."—"I bet you won't."—"I bet I will." And then the shot followed. It was easy to know if the person fell by the roar of laughter which accompanied his fall; whenever a woman passed, the officers cried out. "Fire at that woman; give her a touch!"

This was one of the orders. On the Boulevard Montmatre, where the bayonet was greatly in requisition, a young captain of the staff cried out: "Prick up the women!"

One woman, with a loaf under her arm, thought she might cross the Rue Saint-Fiacre. A tirailleur shot her down.

Matters were not so bad as this in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau. A woman cried, "Vive la République!" she was merely whipped by the soldiers. But let us return to the Boulevards.

One of the passers-by, a hussier, was struck by a ball aimed at his forehead, he fell upon his hands and knees, imploring mercy! He received thirteen more balls in his body. He survived by a miraculous chance, not one of his wounds was mortal. The ball which struck his forehead tore the skin, and then passed round his skull without fracturing it.

An old man of eighty-four years of age was found concealed somewhere or other, brought before the steps of the *Prophète*, and shot: he fell. "He will have no bump on his head," said a soldier, the old man had fallen upon a heap of dead bodies. Two young men from Issy, who had been married only a month to two sisters, were crossing the Boulevard on their way from their business. They saw the muskets levelled at them, and threw themselves on their knees, exclaiming, "We have married two sisters!" They were killed. A dealer in cocoa, named Robert, residing in the Fauboug Poissonnière, was flying, with his cocoa-machine on his back, down the Rue Montmartre; he was killed.

Some sergeants were heard to say: "*Pitch into the Bedouins, hit them hard!*" "In the writer's time," says a witness, "the soldiers used to call the civilians *pekins*. At present we are Bedouins. The soldiers massacred the people to the cry of '*Give it the Bedouins!*'"

The troops killed for the mere sake of killing. In the court-yards of certain houses, even the horses and dogs were shot.

When the butchery was ended,—that is to say when night had completely set in, and it had began in the middle of the day,—the dead bodies were not removed, they were so numerous that thirty-three of them were counted before a single shop, that of Mr. Barbedienne. Every space of ground left open in the asphalte at the foot of the trees on the Boulevards

was a reservoir of blood. "The dead bodies," says a witness, "were piled up in heaps, one upon the other, old men, children, persons in blouses and paletots, all collected pell-mell, in one indescribable mass of heads, arms and legs."

Another witness describes a group of three individuals in the following terms:—"Two had fallen upon their backs; and the third, having become entangled under their feet, had fallen upon them." The isolated corpses were rare, and were more remarkable than the others. One young man, well dressed, was seated against a wall, with his legs separated, and his arms half folded on his breast. He held in his hand one of Verdier's canes, and seemed to be looking at what was going on around him. He was dead. A little further on, the bullets had transfixed against a shop a youth in velveteen trowsers, who had some proof-sheets in his hand The wind agitated these proofs covered with blood, on which the fingers of the corpse were still closed. A poor old man, with white hair, was lying stretched in the middle of the road, with his umbrella at his side. His elbow almost touched a young man in patent leather boots and yellow gloves, who lay extended with his eye-glass still in his eye. At a few paces distance, with her head upon the pavement, and her feet in the road, lay a woman of the lower classes, who had attempted to escape, with her child in her arms Both were dead, but the mother still tightly grasped her child.

When all was finished, Paris came to see the sight. The people flocked in crowds to the scenes of these terrible occurrences; no one offered the least obstruction. This was what the butcher wanted. Louis Napoleon had not done all this to hide it afterwards.

A woman was standing at the corner of the Rue Richelieu. She was looking on. All of a sudden, she felt that her feet were wet. "Why it must have been raining here," she said, "my shoes are full of water." "No, Madam," replied a person who was passing, "it is not water." Her feet were in a pool of blood.

In the Rue Grange Batilière three corpses were seen quite naked.

At two paces distance from the Theatre des Variétés, the crowd stopped to look at a cap full of brains and blood hung upon a tree.

Another witness says.—"The Boulevards presented a horrible sight. *We were literally walking in blood* We counted eighteen corpses in about five and twenty paces."

Another witness, the keeper of a wine-shop in the Rue de Sentier, says.—"I came along the Boulevard du Temple to my house. When I got home, I had an inch of blood around the bottom of my trowsers."

Let us hasten to get clear of these horrid details.

The next day, the 5th, something terrible was seen in the cemetery of Montmartre.

An immense space, that up to that time had remained unoccupied, was "turned to account" for the temporary interment of some of those who had been massacred. They were buried with their heads above ground, in order that their relations might recognise them. Most of them had also their feet above ground, with only a little earth upon their breasts The crowd flocked to the spot, the sight-seers pushed you about as you walked in the midst of the graves, and, at times you felt the earth giving way beneath your feet: you were walking on the stomach of some corpse. You turned round and beheld a pair of boots, or of sabots, or of women's shoes, while on the other side of you was the head, which the pressure of your weight on the body caused to move.

An illustrious witness, the great sculptor David, who is now proscribed and wandering from France, says.—"In the cemetery of Montmartre, I saw about forty bodies with their clothes still on them, they had been placed side by side, and a few shovelsfull of earth hid all except them heads, which had been left uncovered in order that they might be recognised by their relations. There was so little earth that their feet were still visible; the crowd, horrible to say, was walking on the bodies. Among others, there were some young men with noble features, bearing the stamp of courage; in the middle was a poor woman, a baker's servant, who had been killed while she was carrying round the bread to her master's customers, and, near her, a young girl who sold flowers on the Boulevards. Those persons who were looking for the corpses that had disappeared were obliged to trample their bodies under foot, in order to gain a near view of their faces. I heard a man of the lower classes say, with an expression of horror: 'It is like walking upon a spring-board.'"

It is evident, and we particularly direct the reader's attention to the point, that at first, and for the advantage which it wished to derive from its crime, the *coup d'etat* did not make the least endeavour to conceal it; the first day, on the contrary, it exposed it to all eyes. It was not contented with atrocity—it must needs add shameless impudence. The massacre was but a means, the end was intimidation.

Was this end attained?

Yes.

Immediately afterwards, as early as the 4th December, the public excitement was calmed. Paris was stupified. The voice of indignation which had been raised at the *coup d'etat* was suddenly hushed at the carnage.

Crassus had crushed the gladiators; Herod had slaughtered the infants; Charles IX. had exterminated the Huguenots; Peter, of Russia, the Strelitz; Mehemet Ali, the Mamelukes; Mahmoud, the Janissaries; while Danton had massacred the prisoners; Louis Napoleon had just discovered a new sort of massacre—the massacre of the passers-by.

This massacre ended the struggle. There are times when what should exasperate a people strikes them with terror: the population of Paris felt that the ruffian had his foot upon its throat. The people no longer offered any resistance. That same evening Mathieu (de la Drome) entered the place where the Committee of Resistance was sitting, and said to us. "We are no longer at Paris, we are no longer under the Republic, we are at Naples under the sway of King Bomba."

From this moment, in spite of all the efforts of the committees, of the republican representatives, and of their courageous allies, there was, save at certain points only, such as the barricade of the Petit Carreau, for instance, where Denis Dussoubs, the brother of the representative, fell so heroically, nought but a slight effort of resistance, which more resembled the convulsions of despair than a combat. All was finished.

The next day, the 5th, the victorious troops paraded on the Boulevards. A general was seen to show his naked sword to the people, and was heard to exclaim. "There is the republic for you!"

Thus it was this infamous butchery, this massacre of the passers-by, which was meant as a last resource by the measures of the 2nd December. To undertake them, a man must be a traitor, to render them successful he must be an assassin

It was by this wolf-like proceeding that the *coup d'etat* conquered France and overcame Paris. Yes, Paris! It is necessary for a man to repeat it over and over again to himself before he can credit it: Is it at Paris that all this happened?

Good heavens! The Russians entered Paris with their lances raised, and singing their wild songs, but Moscow had been burnt, the Prussians entered Paris, but Berlin had been taken; the Austrians entered Paris, but Vienna had been bombarded, the English entered Paris, but the camp at Boulogne had menaced London, they came to our barriers, these men from every nation, with drums beating, trumpets sounding, colours flying, swords drawn, cannons rolling, matches lighted: they came drunk with excitement, as enemies, conquerors, instruments of vengeance, crying out with rage before the domes of Paris the names of their capitals,—London, Berlin, Vienna, Moscow! The moment, however, they had crossed the threshold of the city, the moment the hoofs of their horses had rung upon its stones, Englishmen, Austrians, Prussians, Russians, all of them, in a word, on entering Paris, beheld in its walls, its buildings, its people, something predestined, something venerable and august; they all felt a holy sentiment of respect for the sacred city; they all felt that they had before them, not the city of one particular people, but the city of the whole human race; they all lowered the swords they had raised! Yes, the crime of massacreing the Parisians, of treating Paris like a place taken by assault, of delivering up to pillage one quarter of the town, of violating the second eternal city, of assassinating civilisation in her very sanctuary, of mowing down with grape-shot old men, children, and women, in this mighty place, this centre of the world; a crime from

which Wellington restrained his half-naked Highlanders, from which Schwartzenberg kept his Croats free, a crime which Blucher did not suffer his Landwehr to commit, of which Platow did not dare allow his Cossacks to be guilty; this crime, M. Bonaparte, miserable wretch that you are, you caused to be perpetrated, and by French soldiers!

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

"Fatal effects of luxury and ease!
We drink our poison, and we eat disease,
Indulge our senses at our reason's cost,
Till sense is pain, and reason hurt or lost"
Mary Chandler.

THE evening sun was shedding his last rays upon the city spires, and the hum of busy thousands was growing faint upon the ear, as they increased their distance from the giant town, when a mother and her son were entering a quiet path between two fields, at some short distance from London They walked on in silence, for the hearts of both were full of a vague indefinite fear of the coming morrow At last the youth spoke "Mother," said he, "how long has my father been away?"

"Nearly fifteen years, John. When he was taken from me you were scarcely two years old, and yet, when I think of that night, it seems to me but yesterday."

"And have you never heard from him till now, mother?" asked the boy.

"Never!" quietly responded the mother.

"But why have you not told me this before? why, if my father was alive and expected back, have you kept me in ignorance all this time, dear mother?"

"My dear boy," said the mother, "I kept this secret in my own breast so long, when you were too young to know it, that when you came to be almost a man, and grew to look so like him when he was your age—so very like him in his manly beauty—I was unwilling to damp your ardent spirit by telling you of your father's shame."

"Shame, mother!" exclaimed the boy.

"My darling child," said the mother, as she kissed his smooth and open brow, and twined her arms about his neck, "it was for this I brought you out to-night into the fields, where none but you might hear the tale I have to tell"

The fond embrace was given back with an ardour that would have satisfied a less confident mind than Mrs Brandon's, at such a time, of her son's deep love and sympathy

And still they walked on and on, still silent and alone, for she could not bring herself to disclose the secret she had hoarded up so many years to the pure ears of her ardent son

And the pale moon uprose, and the city's hum was heard no more; and the landscape, bathed in the bright yet softened light, brought peace and calm upon their hearts.

Influenced by the scene, they wandered forth into the fields, till the striking of some distant clock gave note of passing time The midnight hour was past, and the mother, leaning confidently upon the arm of her dear, her only son, breathed into his ear a tale of deep passion and fearful crime She told him how, being a young and artless girl, she had been wooed by one who was much her superior in birth, how she had resisted his importunities for a long, long time, till, in an evil hour (for both him and her, though she had no thought of wrong,) they were secretly married —against the will and without the knowledge of her husband's father; for he was a proud, rich man, and had high and ambitious views for his only son, the heir of all his wealth how that they had kept their union from him till secrecy was no longer possible how that, when his father heard of his son's marriage with one possessed of no worldly wealth but virtue and a pure heart, he flew into a fearful passion, and solemnly renounced his only child, bestowing upon him his bitter and everlasting curse how that they had fled away to the great city—the husband's heart filled with bitterness and sorrow. how that they had struggled hard to procure an honest livelihood, expending their last penny in the vain endeavour to provide for themselves and their infant boy the means of living—only the common necessaries of life, for the husband, being a rich man's son, had been brought up to no profession All things failed, and he was driven to desperation, grew morose, and even cruel, to her he had loved so well, and sworn before the altar of his God to honour and to cherish. He became, though by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, a depraved and wicked man, frequenting low houses and associating with infamous characters, often absenting himself from their wretched home for days together, or returning to it in a state of intoxication fearful to behold Still she kept bravely up, never wavering in the deep and holy love she bore the husband of her choice At last, when hope of his reformation began to be almost extinguished in her heart, he obtained some poor employment in a merchant's house. She began, then, to hope again for her husband—fondly dreamed there were happy days yet in store for them—and looked forward to the time when the gloom should depart from his mind, and he should be to her once more what he had been in their happier days. Alas! short-lived was the hope. a year had scarcely elapsed, and she fancied he was beginning to be more like himself. when, temptation failing in his way, he fell. Oh, heavy days! He was taken from her one night by officers of justice, and next morning committed to trial for embezzlement!

Then, and not till then, his father's heart relented. Too late! The deep wrong and injury he had done his son was past recall. The most talented advocates were employed in his defence, and money was lavished like water. It was of no avail Tried, sentenced, and condemned, the wretched man was hurried on board the convict ship, and his miserable wife left without hope or happiness in the world. The father unable to withstand the shock, did not long survive; and died, leaving his hoarded wealth, for which he had sacrificed his son, to her Long, long was it ere she rose from the almost mortal sickness that came upon her at her husband's disgraceful fall; and when she awoke from that sleep, almost of death, she found herself rich—rich beyond her wildest dreams. The proud father had died, having made the only reparation in his power to the deeply injured wife and her young child. Poor and impotent recompence it did not restore to her the husband of her youth, or bring back the peace and happiness of her girlish days. *He* was gone, he, who had formed the bliss of her heart, the light of her eyes—for even in his darkest hour she had not ceased to love and reverence him. What avail were riches now to her he was not there to share them with her, and she prayed to God that she might die and be at rest. But that past, she remembered that she had something still to live for, something to cherish in her infant boy, and she rose from her repining mood, solemnly dedicating herself to God and him

Years passed away, and in the opening mind and filial love of her child, she found a balm for all her sorrows; for even the greatest grief is not proof against a mother's love. Widowed in heart, her greatest pleasure now was in the care and education of her son, who grew every day more and more like what she remembered his father to have been, in everything but wilfulness and pride. And now that father was to come back upon the morrow, and the mother's heart was filled with love, and fear, and doubt, and apprehension—for she knew not how he had passed the years of his exile. Her boy had become to her what the husband once had been, and though wild thoughts of love and duty thronged into her mind, they were mixed with a strange fear of the returning convict To morrow would solve all. To-morrow would seal her happiness or misery. The sorrow and pain of parting, were only equalled by the apprehension of the coming meeting.

"And now, my love," said she, "spare him and me. I have told you all. do not despise my husband do not hate your father"

Their tears flowed fast, as she concluded her fearful recital: and that night the mother and her son sat together hand in hand, their hearts too full for words And when the morning broke, the boy, still clasped in her arms, and pillowing his throbbing head upon her bosom, vowed that no reproach or unkind word should ever pass his lips, or find admittance in his heart against that father who, though he had erred, had deeply suffered for his crime.

He came back. He clasped again to his heart his wife and child. All was forgotten - all forgiven in the joy of meeting. Happiness seemed once more to come upon the mother's heart—serenity once more to visit the house of that faithful and devoted wife Their bliss seemed indeed complete; and the failings of the father were no longer remembered in his unlooked for return

* * * * * *

Pass we a few years Summer had thrice come and gone, and John Brandon was now a man Quiet was upon their home, and apparent peace, but there was a strange feeling in the father's heart—an unwor hy suspicion at the bottom of his thoughts. He was a dark, thoughtful, brooding man, and the years of his compelled exile had helped to deepen his faults, while they had not softened his better feelings For a time, he had appeared perfectly happy in the company of his wife and son; but latterly, an unworthy thought had found entrance in his breast, and was cherished there. He grew suspicious and jealous of his son He imagined—base reflection! that the mother loved the child better than she loved her husband, and in an evil hour, he gave to his suspicions words. Who shall describe the effect of these false and evil thoughts, nurtured in a mind already prepared by crime and imagined wrong, and cherished by a man as wilful and passionate as Richard Brandon? Frequent now were the occasions on which he fancied himself slighted by his wife and son, and deep and bitter were the revilings he bestowed upon their innocent heads. At last, one day, fevered by wine and carried away by passion, he, after a scene of violence and anger, rebuked and

struck his boy. It was enough. That night, after writing a letter full of love and kindness to his mother, John Brandon left his father's house, never, as he intended in the depth of his wounded spirit, to return. He had borne his father's base suspicions—his cruel reproaches, without an angry word or thought; for he knew that his perceptions were perverted and his temper soured by his sufferings, merited though they were; but a blow,—his pride, his chivalrous ideas of honour, could not brook that indignity—even from a father. He inherited some portion of his parent's proud spirit, without his weakness; and he felt that night determined, in the bitterness of his heart, to see that father's face no more. Full of an undefined feeling of revenge, brooding upon his wrong, and nursing his bad resolves, he fled away. The hopes he had so fondly cherished, of being with his mother, and of reconciling his father to himself, were rudely dashed to the earth: his love and duty were lost to him for evermore, and, like water spilt upon the ground, could never be gathered up again. But even in the midst of his anger, he remembered the promise he made to his mother; and the thought of that night came like a holy calm upon his troubled heart, and he felt, that but for her love, he had been lost indeed.

* * * * * *

Time in his varied course, had sped away, bearing on his rapid wings the chance and changes of eventful years. Years of bliss they were to some, of misery to many, and of experience in life and death to all. It is summer once again, and buds sing and roses bloom as they had never ceased to do, the sun shines, and the world looks just to all appearance as it ever had looked, fair, and bright, and blooming, as though it held no aching hearts or ever heard of crime. Time had worked change indeed in those John Brandon left behind him on the night of his departure.

In a miserable room, close and foetid with the unwholesome atmosphere of a crowded [illegible], [illegible] and squalor. There is something in the [illegible] more than poverty, as he regards [illegible] and [illegible] of his devoted [illegible] "Mary, my love"—"I must have some, I know you have some—give it me." He raises his hand to strike the miserable woman, as he had often before, and as she stoops to avoid the blow, he falls senseless to the ground, overcome by intoxication.

"God forgive him!" she exclaims, "for the sake of what he was, and for the memory of the dear boy he banished, I will not upbraid him."

These two were Richard and Mary Brandon. After his son's departure, no longer under the restraint he could not help feeling in his presence, and losing all self command, he gave way to the greatest excesses, and in a few years, dissipated all the wealth left by his broken-hearted parent. With the wreck of his worldly fortune, he became what he now appeared, and though, in his sober moments—which were, alas! but few—his better feelings prevailed, and, weeping like a child, he would ask his poor wife's forgiveness, yet so thoroughly brutalized by drink was he, that he had lost even the appearance of his former respectability. Cast off by his friends, neglected by the world, and deserted by every one but the wretched being who had clung to him in all his waywardness, and found excuses for all his faults, and loved him even in the midst of his crimes, and in the depth of their misery, he appeared to find solace in nothing but the soul debasing and filthy indulgence of intoxication. At last, he became too poor for even this, and he hung about his former haunts too glad to accept the poorest offerings of his drunken, but more fortunate companions: and when, as now, he chanced to be overcome by the drink he was no longer able to purchase, his unfortunate wife would quietly watch over and tend him, as though she had never received injury at his hands.

Plunged in the deepest poverty, steeped in misery, and almost dying of want, she did not reproach him; but prayed for the reformation she had long since looked upon as past. She thought—oh! how often—of her lost son, and in the long silent hours of night, as she sat waiting her husband's coming home, her thoughts wandered back to the night preceding his return, when they had wandered out into the fields together, and she had talked with the boy of his father's crime.

It was long past midnight, on such an occasion as we have described, when, sitting alone, she fancied she heard a strange step upon the stairs. She listened; it was surely coming this way, it was not her husband's; and it was so remarkable, too, that any one should be there at such an hour; her heart palpitated with a strange fear; there was a hand upon the lock, and a figure entered the desolate apartment.

Not a word spoke he; but gazing round the room, as if trying to find something he sought there, approached the chair on which she sat so wonderingly.

She looked earnestly into his face as he bent over her, and then, uttering a wild cry, fell senseless at his feet.

"Mother, mother, dear mother!" he exclaimed, as he raised her in his arms, "look upon me. Why did I leave you? Oh God, she dies!" and he called aloud for help; but before his cry was answered, she recovered.

"My dear lost boy! my only son!" she whispered, "I knew you would come back again. I knew you would not forget me in my poverty. But hush—let me look at you." And she gazed upon his face and travel-stained garments with eyes full of a mother's love. "Still beautiful—still noble: changed, changed, but still the same. Oh, this repays me for all my trials! this moment, so long expected and never doubted, has come at last!" and she clasped him again and again to her breast; and bending meekly down, poured out her soul to God in silent thankfulness for his return.

At this moment the father entered the room.

The mother left her son, and throwing herself upon her husband's breast, whispered soft words of kindness in his ears—"*He* has come back again—never to leave us more. Father embrace your son."

Brandon stood a moment irresolute—it was but a moment in another, father and son were clasped in each other's arms.

"Father, father, forgive me!" cried the son.

"Forgive you," said Brandon, in thick grief-subdued accents; "I have been a very weak and wilful man," and he buried his face in his hands and wept. "O God! oh God!" he murmured, "ruined, utterly ruined in my own esteem, how shall I look upon his face. And *he* asks *my* forgiveness!"

Debilitated by want and intemperance, the shock of John's return was too much for the weak nerves of his father, and he was taken violently ill. But it was a blessed sickness, for during the time, when he was scarcely sensible of anything but a dreamy kind of happiness, and the luxury of sweet sleep, such as he had not known for many a day, a change was taking place, which was to be rendered by the most beneficial results. His first words on recovering were eventful,—and, unlike many such promises made at such times, proved true. "Mary," said he, looking into her face, "from this moment I'll drink no more."

It was a happy night for the three, as they sat hand in hand, mutually forgiving and reconciled. The son told them how he had outlived his old revenge, and when he heard accidentally that they were poor, had come from a foreign land to cheer their lonely days, and never more to leave them.

All forgiven and forgotten, the remainder of their lives glided peacefully away, for John had battled with the world, and come home rich. And he felt how much better it was to give than to receive, and, remembering all his mother's kindness—how, through all her life, she had returned good for evil—felt in his own heart that ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

A RAT LEGEND.

In the year, 967, Hatto, the second duke of Franconia, surnamed Bonosus, Abbot of Fulden, was chosen archbishop of Mentz. In his time was a grievous dearth; and the poor being ready to starve for want of food, he caused great companies of them to be gathered, and put into barns, as if there they should receive corn, and other relief; but he caused the barns to be set on fire, and the poor to be consumed therein; saying withal, that they were the rats that ate up the fruits of the land. But not long after, an army of rats gathered themselves together (no man can tell from whence), and set upon him so furiously, that into what place soever he retired, they would come and fall upon him; if he climbed on high into chambers, they would ascend the wall, and enter at the windows and other small chinks and crevices; the more men attempted to drive them away, the more furious they seemed, and the more they increased in number. The wretched prelate, seeing he could find no place by land safe for him, resolved to seek some refuge by the waters, and got into a boat, to convey himself to a tower, in the midst of the Rhine, near a little city called Bingen: but the rats threw themselves by infinite heaps into the Rhine, and swam to the foot of the tower; and clambering up the wall, entered therein, and fell upon the archbishop, gnawing and biting, throtling and tearing, and tugging him most miserably, till he died. This tower is yet to be seen, and at this day is called Rats' Tower. It is also remarkable, that while the archbishop was yet alive, and in perfect health, the rats are said to have gnawed and razed out his name, written and painted upon many walls.

CHRONOLOGICAL EPITOME

OF THE

HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND:

BEING

An attempt to show, at one view, an approximation to the date, duration, and characteristics of the principal styles; some examples; and names of eminent architects.

DATE.	STYLE AND ITS DURATION.	LEADING FEATURES.	EXAMPLES.	EMINENT ARCHITECTS
Romans invaded Britain 55 years before Christ.	**Anglo-Roman.** About 300 years	Remains show frequent use of flat tiled bricks; oftentimes alternately with beach stones. Circular arches sometimes ornamented with them. Reticulated masonry.	St. Martin's Church, Canterbury. Gateway at Lincoln. Richboro' Castle. Tacitus speaks of temples, &c., but of these we know little.	Uncertain.
Saxons arrived A.D. 449 Egbert, 1st king of England ..... 828 Alfred ..... 872 His successors, to . 1066	**Anglo-Saxon** About 150 years	Earliest buildings, probably, were in imitation of Roman or Byzantine structures. Circular arches on short columns, or square pillars. Triangular arches occur occasionally. Zigzag and hatched mouldings	D[illegible] Church, Canterbury. [illegible] Church, Brixworth, Northamptonshire. Escomb Church, Durham. Earl's Barton Church, and that of St Peter's, Lincolnshire, usually admitted of this era. Graymbdd crypt, Oxford, disputed.	Benedict Biscop (7th century). Wilfrid. Tunbald (8th). Alcuin. Edmoth of Worcester (10th).
William the Conqueror ..... 1066 William II ..... 1087 Henry I. ..... 1100 to 1135	**Anglo-Norman.** About 85 years *(Continuing in use some time after the introduction of the Pointed Style.)*	Buildings of large dimensions and greater regularity than Saxon. Circular arches resting on massive cylindrical, square, or multangular pillars (which were sometimes adorned with spiral grooves). Groining simple. Doors deeply [illegible] often richly ornamented. Windows small, and generally single, [illegible] closed in mouldings. Interlaced circular arches, zig-zag, fret, and billet mouldings. [Instance of pointed arch occurs in reign of Henry I.] Many castles built during this period.	Nave of Rochester Cathedral. St Bartholomew's Church, Smithfield. [illegible] Castle, Herefordshire. Rochester Castle. Clifford's Tower, York.	Lanfranc (ob. 1089). William of Wykeham (ob. 1167). Gundulf of Rochester (ob. 1108).
Stephen ..... 1135 Henry II. ..... 1154 Richard I. ..... 1189 John ..... 1199 Henry III. ..... 1216 to 1272	**Early Pointed.** Termed also the "Lancet Style," and "Early English." About 140 years	Narrow pointed (lancet-shaped) windows, afterwards wider, and divided by mullions, with trefoil and quatrefoil ornaments. Vaultings pointed. Columns, &c., less massive than during the last period, ordinarily divided into several shafts. [In the reign of Henry III this style was perfected.]	The [illegible] Winchester Cathedral. [illegible] nave of Lincoln and of Wells Cathedrals. Salisbury Cath. Durham Cathedral. Choir of Westminster Abbey.	[illegible] Walter de Merton (ob. 1277). Walter de Kirkham (ob. 1260). Bishop Hugh de Lacy (ob. 1255). Alnwick Walsingham (1365). Wm. of Wykeham (ob. 1404).
Edward I. ..... 1272 Edward II. ..... 1307 Edward III. ..... 1327 to 1377	**The Pointed Style.** Called by some "Pure Gothic" About 110 years	An increased grace and elegance. Arches better proportioned. Windows divided by numerous mullions with tracery. Ribs of groining more ornamental than heretofore. Pinnacles, finials, [illegible] Pure. Ornaments [illegible] such. corbel and canopies.	Exeter Cath. Crosses at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham. Trinity Church, Hull. St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster.	Henry Latomus (ob. 1319). William Wykeham. Hugh de Lavesham (ob. 1332). Alnwick Walsingham (1365). Wm. of Wykeham (ob. 1404).
Richard II. ..... 1377 Henry IV. ..... 1399 Henry V. ..... 1413 Henry VI. ..... 1422 Edward IV. ..... 1461 Edward V. ..... 1483 Richard III. ..... 1483 Henry VII ..... 1485 to 1509	**Florid Pointed.** Termed also "The Perpendicular," and "The Tudor Style" About 140 years. *(Including part of Henry VIII's reign.)*	Windows very large, occasionally [illegible] Groining [illegible] pendent. [illegible] Pointed arches obtuse. Doors and windows square. In private residences, security less studied than during preceding periods, and convenience more.	Westminster Hall. West front Winchester Cath. King's College Chapel, Cambridge. St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Henry VII. Chapel, Westminster.	Chichele (ob. 1443). Close (ob. 1452). Bp Waynflete (ob. 1486). Bp Beaufort (ob. 1447). Bp Alcock (ob. 1500). Sir Reg. Bray (ob. 1503). John Hylmer (1507). Prior Bolton (1532).
Henry VIII ..... 1509 Edward VI. ..... 1547 Mary ..... 1554 Elizabeth ..... 1558 James I. ..... 1603 to 1625	**Elizabethan,** or, "Late Tudor." About 120 years.	The perverted use of forms received from Greece and Rome. Grotesque pilasters, small columns, sometimes [illegible] Strapwork. [illegible] Oriels, [illegible] Many of the mansions and residences of this epoch must during this period.	[illegible] Wollaton Hall, Nottinghamshire. Old Hall, Lincoln. Schools at Oxford. Cummens-eve in Queen Elizabeth's Gallery, Windsor Castle. Audley End. Knole. Montacute. Northumberland House, London.	Edward Paston (?). Holbein (obit.) Sir R. Lee. John Thorpe. R. Adams (ob. 1595). T. Holt. Stockles. Gerard. Christmas.
Charles I. ..... 1625 &c. &c.	**The Revival.**	Columns and entablatures of the established orders of architecture,—viz., Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite.	The Banqueting House, Whitehall.	Inigo Jones (ob. 1652).
George IV. .... William IV. ..... Victoria	**Modern Gothic.**	This is a highly-decorated form of the Gothic or Pointed style, and is much patronised, though hardly suited to our climate.	St. George's Catholic Cathedral. New Houses of Parliament.	N. Welby Pugin (ob. 1852). Charles Barry.

AN INCIDENT

IN THE WAR OF MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE.

THE following thrilling narrative is from a translation in Sharpe's Magazine. A captain in the Mexican insurgent army is giving an account of a meditated night attack upon a hacienda situated in the Cordilleras, and occupied by a large force of Spanish soldiers. After a variety of details, he continues :—

"Having arrived at the hacienda unperceived, thanks for the obscurity of a moonless night, we came to a halt under some large trees, at some distance from the building, and I rode forward from my troop, in order to reconnoitre the place. The hacienda, so far as I could see in gliding across, formed a huge, massive parallelogram, strengthened by enormous buttresses of hewn stone. Along this chasm, the walls of the hacienda almost formed the continuation of another perpendicular one, chiselled by nature herself in the rocks, to the bottom of which the eye could not penetrate, for the mists, which incessantly boiled up from below, did not allow it to measure their awful depth. This place was known, in the country, by the name of 'The Voladero.'

"I had explored all sides of the building except this, when I know not what scruple of military honour incited me to continue my ride along the ravine which protected the rear of the hacienda. Between the walls and the precipice, there was a narrow pathway about six feet wide, by day, the passage would have been dangerous, but by night it was a perilous enterprise. The walls of the farm took an extensive sweep, the path crept round their entire basement, and to follow it to the end, in the darkness, only two paces from the edge of a perpendicular chasm, was no very easy task, even for as practised a horseman as myself. Nevertheless, I did not hesitate, but boldly urged my horse between the walls of the farm-house and the abyss of the Voladero. I had got over half the distance without accident, when, all of a sudden, my horse neighed aloud. This neigh made me shudder I had just reached a pass where the ground was but just wide enough for the four legs of a horse, and it was impossible to retrace my steps.

"'Hallo!' I exclaimed aloud, at the risk of betraying myself, which was even less dangerous than encountering a horseman in front of me on such a road. 'There is a Christian passing along the ravine! Keep back.'

"It was too late. At that moment, a man on horseback passed round one of the buttresses which here and there obstructed this accursed pathway. He advanced toward me I trembled in my saddle, my forehead bathed in a cold sweat.

"'For the love of God! can you not return?' I exclaimed, terrified at the fearful situation in which we both were placed.

"'Impossible!' replied the horseman.

"I recommended my soul to God To turn our horses round for want of room, to back them along the path we had traversed, or even to dismount from them—these were three impossibilities, which placed us both in presence of a fearful doom. Between two horsemen so placed upon this fearful path, had they been father and son, one of them must inevitably have become the prey of the abyss. But a few seconds had passed, and we were already face to face—the unknown and myself. Our horses were head to head, and their nostrils, dilated with terror, mingled together their fiery breathing. Both of us halted in a dead silence. Above was the smooth and lofty wall of the hacienda, on the other side, but three feet distant from the wall, opened the horrible gulf. Was it an enemy I had before my eyes? The love of my country, which boiled at that period in my young bosom, led me to hope it was.

"'Are you for Mexico and the Insurgents?' I exclaimed, in a moment of excitement, ready to spring upon the unknown horseman, if he answered me in the negative.

"'*Mexico e Insurgente*—that is my password,' replied the cavalier. 'I am the Colonel Garduno.'

"'I am the Captain Castanos.'

"Our acquaintance was of long standing; and, but for mutual agitation, we should have had no need to exchange our names. The colonel had left us two days since, at the head of the detachment, which we supposed to be either prisoners, or cut off, for he had not been seen to return to the camp.

"'Well, colonel,' I exclaimed, 'I am sorry you are not a Spaniard, for you perceive that one of us must yield the pathway to the other.

"Our horses had the bridle on their necks, and I put my hands to the holsters of my saddle to draw out my pistols.

"'I see it so plainly,' returned the colonel, with alarming coolness, 'that I should already have blown out the brains of your horse, but for the fear lest mine, in a moment of terror, should precipitate me, with yourself, to the bottom of the abyss.'

"I remarked, in fact, that the colonel already held his pistols in his hands. We both maintained almost profound silence. Our horses felt the danger like ourselves, and remained as immovable as if their feet were nailed to the ground. My excitement had entirely subsided. 'What are we going to do?' I demanded of the colonel.

"'Draw lots which of the two shall leap into the ravine.'

"It was, in truth, the sole means of resolving the difficulty. 'There are, nevertheless, some precautions to take,' said the Colonel.

"'He who shall be condemned by the lot, shall retire backward. It will be but a feeble chance of escape for him, I admit; but, in short, there is a chance, and especially one in favour of the winner.'

"'You cling not to life, then?' I cried out, terrified at the *sang-froid* with which this proposition was put to me.

"'I cling to life more than yourself,' sharply replied the Colonel, 'for I have a mortal outrage to avenge. But the time is fast slipping away. Are you ready to proceed to draw the last lottery at which one of us will ever exist?'

"How were we to proceed to this drawing by lot? By means of the wet finger, like infants, or by head and tail, like the schoolboys? Both ways were impracticable. Our hands imprudently stretched out over the heads of our frightened horses, might cause them to give a fatal start. Should we toss up a piece of coin, the night was too dark to enable us to distinguish which side fell upward. The colonel bethought him of an expedient, of which I never should have dreamed.

"'Listen to me, captain,' said the colonel, to whom I had communicated my perplexities. 'I have another way. The terror which our horses feel, makes them draw every moment a burning breath. The first of us two whose horse shall neigh—

"'Wins!' I exclaimed, hastily.

"'Not so, shall be loser. I know that you are a countryman, and, as such, you can do whatever you please with your horse. As to myself, who but last year wore the gown of a theological student, I fear your equestrian prowess. You may be able to make your horse neigh, to hinder him from doing so, is a very different matter.'

"We waited in deep and anxious silence until the voice of one of our horses should break forth. The silence lasted for a minute—for an age! It was my horse who neighed the first. The colonel gave no external manifestation of his joy; but, no doubt, he thanked God to the very bottom of his heart.

"'You will allow me a minute to make my peace with heaven?' I said, with falling voice.

"'Will five minutes be sufficient?'

"'It will,' I replied.

"The colonel pulled out his watch. I addressed toward the heavens, brilliant with stars, which I thought I was looking to for the last time, an intense and burning prayer.

"'It is time,' said the colonel.

"I answered nothing, and, with a firm hand, gathered up the bridle of my horse, and drew it within my fingers, which were agitated by a nervous tremor.

"'Yet one moment more,' I said to the colonel, 'for I have need of all my coolness to carry into execution the fearful manœuver which I am about to commence.'

"'Granted,' replied Garduno.

"My education, as I have told you, had been in the country. My childhood, and part of my earliest youth, had almost been passed on horseback. I may say, without flattering myself, that if there was any one in the world capable of executing this equestrian feat, it was myself. I rallied myself with an almost supernatural effort, and succeeded in recovering my

entire self-possession in the very face of death. Taking it at the worst, I had already braved it too often to be any longer alarmed at it. From that instant, I dared to hope afresh.

"As soon as my horse felt, for the first time since my rencounter with the colonel, the bit compressing his mouth, I perceived that he trembled beneath me. I strengthened myself firmly on my stirrups, to make the terrified animal understand that his master no longer trembled. I held him up with bridle and the hams, as every good horseman does in a dangerous passage, and, with the bridle, the body, and the spur, together, succeeded in backing him a few paces. His head was already a greater distance from that of the horse of the colonel, who encouraged me all he could with his voice. This done, I let the poor, trembling brute, who obeyed me in spite of his terror, repose for a few moments, and then recommenced the same manœuvre All on a sudden, I felt his hind legs give way under me. A horrible shudder ran through my whole frame. I closed my eyes, as if about to roll to the bottom of the abyss, and I gave to my body a violent impulse on the side next to the hacienda, the surface of which offered not a single projection, not a tuft of weeds to check my descent. This sudden movement joined to the desperate struggles of my horse, was the salvation of my life. He had sprung up again on his legs, which seemed ready to fall from under him, so desperately did I feel them tremble

"I had succeeded in reaching, between the brink of the precipice and the wall of the building a spot some few inches broader. A few more would have enabled me to turn him round; but to attempt it here would have been fatal, and I dared not venture. I sought to resume my backward progress, step by step Twice the horse threw himself on his hind legs, and fell down upon the same spot. It was in vain to urge him anew, either with voice, bridle, or spur, the animal obstinately refused to take a single step in the rear Nevertheless, I did not feel my courage yet exhausted, for I had no desire to die One last, solitary chance of safety, suddenly appeared to me, like a flash of light, and I resolved to employ it. Through the fastening of my boot, and in reach of my hand, was placed a sharp and keen knife, which I drew forth from its sheath. With my left hand I began caressing the mane of my horse, all the while letting him hear my voice. The poor animal replied to my caresses by a plaintive neighing; then, not to alarm him abruptly, my hand followed, by little and little, the curve of his nervous neck, and finally rested upon the spot where the last of the vertebræ unites itself with the cranium. The horse trembled, but I calmed him with my voice. When I felt his very life, so to speak, palpitate in his brain beneath my fingers, and leaned over toward the wall, my feet gently slid from the stirrups, and with one vigorous blow I buried the pointed blade of my knife in the seat of the vital principle. The animal fell as if thunderstruck without a single motion, and, for myself, with my knees almost as high as my chin, I found myself a horseback across a corpse! I was saved! I uttered a triumphant cry, which was responded to by the colonel, and which the abyss re-echoed with a hollow sound, as if it felt that its prey had escaped from it. I quitted the saddle, sat down between the wall and the body of my horse, and vigorously pushed with my feet against the carcass of the wretched animal, which rolled down into the abyss. I then arose, and cleared, at a few bounds, the distance which separated the place where I was from the plain; and, under the irresistible reaction of the terror which I had long repressed, I sank into a swoon upon the ground. When I re-opened my eyes, the colonel was by my side."

Anger is the sinew of the soul; for that it serveth to increase valour, being moderate and temperate.

Anger makes a man to differ from himself There is no safe counsel to be taken from the mouth of an angry man

If thou hast not so much power as to refrain thine anger, dissemble it, and keep it secret, and so by little and little thou mayest haply forget it.

In correction be not angry, for he that punisheth in his rage shall never keep that mien which is between too much and too little.

The raging perturbations of the mind do punish reason, and blind the sight of wisdom.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

No. XIV —MY FRIEND NED.

BY JOHN RICHARDSON.

His hands are hard and brown and rough,
And his garments coarse and old;
But he deems them good enough,
If they guard him from the cold
For he has a noble mind,
And a heart that's warm and kind—
Not a better in the land
You will find —
Living in an humble shed,
Working for his daily bread,
Fearing God and loving man—
My friend Ned.

A mind serene, a conscience clear—
These are jewels of his own
A heart unknown to guilt or fear,
But touch'd with sorrow's tone
Labour when the day's begun,
Rest and quiet when it's done;
And he keeps upon his course
Like the sun —
Early up, and soon to bed;
Sound in heart, and clear in head
And his labour is a joy—
My friend Ned.

He is brave though he is poor,
And would scorn to do a wrong,
And his trust in God is sure,
And his faith in virtue strong
Like a noble-hearted wight,
Though the wrong had all the might,
He would do the with a host
For the right —
One whom tyrants well may dread
Bold in heart, and wise in head—
He's a hero in his soul—
My friend Ned!

Low and humble though his state,
Poor his garment, coarse his food—
Where's the monarch half as great?—
Where's the bishop half as good?—
Proudly I would grasp his hand
With the noblest in the land,
For amongst her best and bravest
He may stand —
Noble—though he toils for bread—
Rich—though living in a shed—
First of all my friends I rank him—
My friend Ned

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MISCELLANEA.

AMERICAN NON-COMMITTALISMS.—Martin Van Buren, an American statesman (and lawyer) of some note, is accused of an inability to give a plain answer to a plain question. Some time ago when he was on board a steamer the passengers were talking of this peculiarity, and one of them observed—"I'll wager a trifle that one of us shall go down now, and ask Mr. Van Buren the simplest question that can be thought of, and he will evade a direct answer. Yes, and I'll give him leave, too, to tell him why he asks the question, and that there is a bet depending on his reply!" This seemed fair enough, certainly, for to be forewarned was to be forearmed. One of the party was deputed to go down and try the experiment. He found Mr Van Buren, whom he knew well, in the saloon, and said to him—"Mr Van Buren, some gentlemen on the upper-deck have been accusing you of non-committalism; and have just laid a wager that you wouldn't give a plain answer to the simplest question; and they have deputed me to test the fact. Now, Mr. Van Buren, let me ask you—'Where does the sun rise?'" Mr Van Buren's brow contracted, he hesitated a moment, and then replied—"The terms 'east' and 'west,' Mr ——, are conventional; but I—" "That'll do!" interrupted the interrogator, "we've lost the bet"

MY OWN FIRESIDE

Let others boast the doubtful joys
By midnight revelling and noise,
Or ball or rout supplied,
But give to me the pleasure real,
Which when by thee I ever feel,
My own snug fire-side!

What fond remembrance thou dost bring,
While joy and grief together spring
Within my breast divide
The empire of my heart—for here
I've met departed friends and dear,
My dearest fire-side!

Here father, there poor mother sat!
On either side myself and cat;
In front, old Carlo died.
They're gone! and I, with mournful joy,
Remember our sweet employ
By this warm fire-side.

My father with th'instructive page
My infant mind would oft engage,
The while my mother plied
Her busy needle—perhaps for me—
An emblem fit of industry,
By this snug fire-side.

And here beloved surviving friends
How oft I meet, while friendship lends
Old Times swift wings, to glide
Unheeded by, until the chime
His warder sounds, declares 'tis time
To leave the fire side.

WHICH IS THE HAPPIEST SEASON?—At a festal party of old and young, the question was asked—"Which season of life is most happy?" After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of four score years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said—"When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think *How beautiful is Spring!* And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are among the branches, I think *How beautiful is Summer!* When the autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tints of frost, I think *How beautiful is Autumn!* And when it is *sere* winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up through the leafless branches, as I never could until now, and see the *stars* shine." Winter, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyment, only to enlarge the prospect of eternity before us.

TEN YEARS AGO.—We are astonished when we contemplate the changes which have been effected in the course of ten years! How rapidly the sweeping tide of time rolls on! The morning of life passes off like a dream, and we look round in vain for the companions of our youthful days. Where are the gay, the beautiful, the happy, with whom we once sported in the sprightliness of youth and buoyancy of enjoyment? They were here, we know them, we loved them; we rejoice with them down time's sunny stream with pleasure's fragile bark, but where are they now? Alas! they have gone before us, the whirlwind of death drove them rapidly onward, and they are sailing on eternity's wide, shoreless sea. These are of our childhood, too, fade away, and soon not a vestige of them is left as a token that they have existed. Time's stupendous [illegible] Ten years more, [illegible] Our present friends, our present companions, will they still be here? No, they may be scattered far away, [illegible] and in a strange land. Ten years, [illegible] things to many, very many, will be changed. The pale emaciated miser, [illegible] over his less gold (the [illegible] of forlorn wretchedness), where will he be? [illegible] the beggar whom he drives from his door, will have gone to their long homes; his wealth will have passed into other hands. Ten years, and the student who is now poring over volumes, and seeking with such avidity for knowledge, will have acquired, and perhaps forgotten it. The lovely maiden, whose mind and person are just matured—she is beautiful—she is happy—pleasure beams in her countenance, and joy sparkles in her eye, with a light as soft and lighter heart, she steps upon life's stage, but alas! ten years and this lovely being will be indeed changed, the bright face [illegible] her once laughing eye speaks deeper of misery now than ever it did of pleasure. [illegible] what is more beautiful, what [illegible] but morning dawn. Ten years, [illegible] many that's [illegible] prosperity, will be wrapped in misfortune's gloomiest shade. Ten years, and the man of business will have settled his "final accounts," the fool will have grown wise, and the wise will have discovered his ignorance. The atheist will have found out his mistake, and the Christian will have realised his hopes.

PROSY old gentlemen think that James Watt was a greater genius than Shakespeare, and that the only motive which should move society is the locomotive. It was such a man who once said of Milton's "Paradise Lost," that it "was a very good book, but it didn't prove anything." Practical men are useful, but, like cook stoves and Bentham, they are shockingly utilitarian; and, like a tailor, see much more beauty in a lot of "cabbage" than in all the rose bushes that ever grew.

LET every man, says Channing, if possible, gather some books under his roof, and obtain access for himself and family to some social library. Almost any luxury should be sacrificed to this.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. V. LANTON.—You had better send us the "Extracts," &c., of which you speak. They shall be inserted if suitable.

J. W. B. (Odeham).—Tell us the subject of the paper you wish returned, we shall then, perhaps, be able to give you an answer about it.

MARY OSBORN.—Your verses have been received. We will endeavour to find room for them shortly.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, QUERIES, &c., have been received from J. Timms, Eliza Ann J. Robertson, who has also sent us some useful recipes; M. O., H. Driver, W. Elphinstone, Harry, J. B. Minkin, W. Trim, &c.

J. PARKINSON.—Send us your questions: we will either answer them ourselves, or obtain answers from others.

RICHARD.—We have before stated that the word "Curfew" is a contraction of the French [illegible] that is, "cover, or put out the fire," referring to a law of William the Conqueror, that all persons, on the ringing of a bell at eight o'clock in the evening, should put out their fires. The Curfew Bell is still rung in some of our towns, and it is [illegible] not as usual for a [illegible]

A LITTLE PRINCESS.—We have [illegible] which we have tried in vain to decipher.

J. A.—You must before apply to a skilful occulist, for we know of no remedy for short-sightedness except the use of concave glasses.

J. OUTLER.—We shall endeavour to find room for your "Lays" among our "Songs for the People."

A MECHANIC.—You will find a comprehensive definition of "Political Economy," in the "Popular Education Almanack for 1853," just [illegible]

[illegible]—You [illegible] your knowledge of [illegible] Number, and [illegible] permitting, [illegible] Post Natal.

A YOUNG READER.—The "*Calumet*" is "the pipe of peace" used by the Indians in their negotiations with neighbouring tribes, or the people of other nations. It is usually made, the bowl of soft stone and the tube of a long stout reed, ornamented with feathers. It is passed at their meetings from one to another, each person taking a whiff or two, in token of amity, and the possession of the calumet ensures safe conduct among the allies of a nation by whom it has been given.

W. TIDMARSH.—We cannot undertake to furnish minute descriptions of the various processes for daguerreotyping. The [illegible] can be obtained from some [illegible] instrument maker, and the [illegible] may generally be procured of the same person, or at any experimental chemist's. You will find the [illegible] to be the *cheapest* and the *surest* mode of procedure.

R. S. K.—A "quarantine" means *forty days*, the space during which a ship, supposed to be [illegible] is not allowed to [illegible] with the land [illegible] which it arrives. This is the [illegible] application of the term. But as it [illegible] you have quoted, and which you say you cannot understand, it is used in a forensic, or *law* sense, and means the benefit allowed by law to the widow of a man possessed of lands, whereby she may challenge to continue in his capital mansion or mansion-house *forty days* after his decease, in order to the assignment of her dower, &c.

QUESTIONER.—The old law of "wager of battle" was repealed in 1819.

R. HOLLAND.—Sheridan Knowles's drama of "Virginius" is founded on the fact that a Roman citizen, named Virginius, killed his daughter in the public market-place, to prevent her falling a sacrifice to the lust of the Consul Claudius. The event occurred B.C. 449.

*** The article on SLAVERY IN AMERICA, in continuation of THE SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA, will appear in our next.

All communications respecting the EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY should be forwarded to the Editor on or before the 20th instant.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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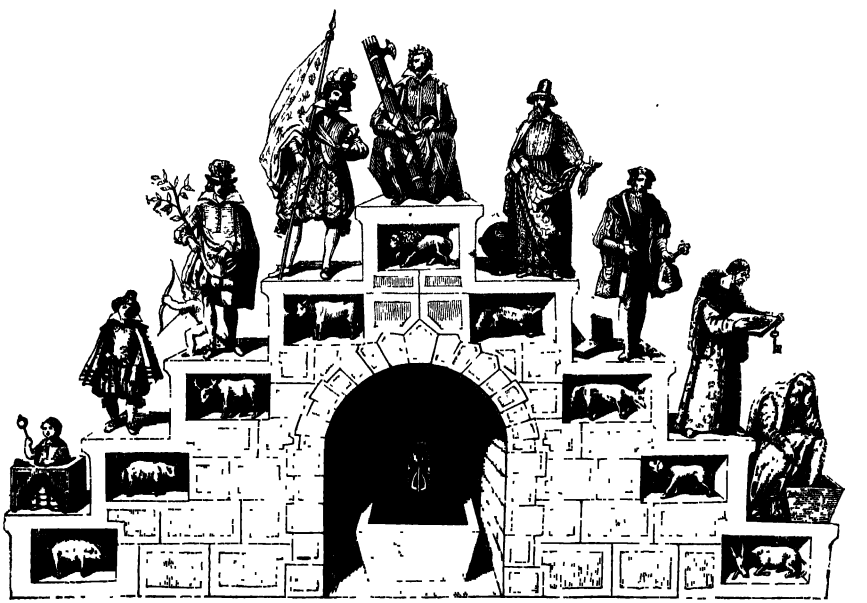
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III., No. 61.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE DOUBLE LADDER OF LIFE.

WITH the poets and the painters, the allegory of Life has ever been a favourite theme. Our own Shakspere likened man's life on earth to the changing characters of the player, another, and a beautiful, though somewhat trite, simile compared it to the seasons —the spring was infancy and youth; the summer, strong maturity and power; the autumn, slow and imperceptible decline, and the "last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history," was represented under the figure of cold and cheerless winter—an aged man in a cloak warming his thin and withered hands over a struggling fire!

to a dull, sad, sluggish stream which, having its rise in obscurity, goes upon its darkened way amid thorns and fat poisonous plants, and sinks at last into the earth, with none to note its departure or to mourn its absence. This last figure depicts the common lot of the undistinguished, the mass, the crowd, the people! In the instance before us the artist has regarded the various phases of man's life with the eye of a philosopher. Here, in this double ladder of human existence, the moral and physical characteristics of the various periods are shown in new, if not perfectly original, aspects. Childhood is represented as a type of animal



THE DOUBLE LADDER OF LIFE, FROM A PICTURE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Again, it was a long journey full of vicissitudes, — or, a dream of an ascent to the summit of a great mountain, the foot of which was covered with flowers, and the apex lost in clouds and darkness,—or, it was a day's travel, commencing in hope and ending in mist and doubt,—or, it was a battle, in which the weak were trampled under foot and the mighty triumphed,—or, it was a tale told by a winter fireside, interrupted frequently and concluded hastily,—or, it was a sudden voyage through storms and clouds and fearful threatenings,—or, sometimes, the life of man has been likened

ism, the mere sensations of hunger and thirst and warmth and cold being all that it can fully comprehend; youth, the next step in the ladder, has its prototype in the innocence and timidity of the Lamb;—a few years pass away, and the youth puts on his budding manhood—love and enterprise are added to his yet but half-formed character, and to the swiftness of the Roebuck he joins the impetuosity and generous vivacity common only to that charming period of our lives;—another step, and then another change,—chivalry, honour, courage, grace, ambition, gallantry,

strength, forbearance, are the better parts of the man's nature, but with these are also associated the thoughtless levity and incessacy which almost invariably attend the possession of manly health and beauty, at this period he is a soldier, or a student, or a lover, or a brawler, or a politician,—the courage and strength of the Bull being added to the ardour and fleetness of the Stag;—a few years more, and the apex of life's ladder is reached, strong in judgment and wisdom, the follies and inconsistencies of youth give way to the moderation and consistency of maturity; all the senses are perfect, all the foibles of his past are considered as partly over, and he is conscious of possessing the majesty and authority, the vigour and firmness, the magnanimity and generosity which poets tell us are the characteristics of the king of the forest. Noble and dignified, he looks back with tranquil satisfaction on the past, and sees in the future but a new field for the exertion of his intellects and the display of his powers.

The caprices of fortune have been conquered, and the illusions of youth have been overcome. The weakness of love has given way to the joy of possession, and the doubts and speculations of his earlier years have yielded to the teachings of experience. He has acquired the character of a veritable man! vigorous, inflexible, sagacious, noble, just! In his hand he bears the symbol of authority; on his shoulders he carries the mantle of wisdom; his breast is encased in the armour of resolution, and on his brow reposes the crown of power!

The topmost height of man's ambition reached, the highest round of the ladder attained, henceforth the passage is a downward one. To the wisdom and courage of the Lion are united the cunning of the Fox. Appearances deceive, and so appearances must be kept up, no matter what the sacrifice. But a few short years, and the cruelty of the Wolf begins to be apparent, a few more, and the time-serving obsequiousness of the Dog's worser nature is fully shown; yet a few more, and the stupidity and obstinacy of the Ass complete the moral picture of the man. Wisdom has given place to display; generosity to carefulness, kindness to mean and miser-like cupidity, and strength to dull, servile, and morose insensibility. The hour-glass on the tomb completes the allegory!

THE FIRST CONCERT IN INDEPENDENCE.

AN AMERICAN SKETCH.

THE year, 1837 will long be remembered in the annals of the mercantile world, for the many and heavy losses which were sustained by the merchants of the eastern cities, who dealt largely with the West. It was my misfortune to belong to that class of sufferers; and in the hope of retrieving some of my losses by a personal interview with my customers, I travelled on horseback, in stage-coaches, and on steam-boats, throughout the northern part of Missouri and Illinois. The only advantage I derived from this tedious trip was a more thorough conviction of the mistaken policy of the prevailing credit system, together with some insight into backwoods life, and perhaps some lessons which may prove useful hereafter. This trip was full of adventure, and now, whilst looking back upon it, I feel strongly tempted to buttonhole the reader, while memory recounts some of the incidents by the way.

I left St. Louis on the steam-boat 'Howard,' bound for Independence, Missouri, with the intention of taking horse at that point, and visiting the principal towns and settlements on each side of the river on my return. Owing to the character of the banks of the Missouri river, very many of the principal towns are located some distance back from the water, according to the width of the bottom-lands; and in such cases the town-site is chosen on the bluffs, and a landing made with one or more warehouses, representing such towns. We touched at one of those landings, and great was my surprise to see standing out on the muddy banks the pretty face of Mrs. Thrush, the former Miss Linnet, whose soft and sweet voice was familiar to all the concert and opera-goers of the day. I had seen her in Philadelphia, as the 'Elberta' to Mrs. Wood's Norma, and my astonishment may be easily conceived at finding her in the far West, standing on the banks of the Missouri river, surrounded by a few companions, and any quantity of trunks and hand boxes. At first sight, I scarcely recognized her, the change had been so great. When I saw her last, she was Miss Linnet; but as I scanned her round and more matured form, I saw that she was now Mrs. some body, but I knew not who, having myself been buried in t wilds of the West whilst time had been working the chan in her. The party was soon hurried on board, and the bo under weigh again, making the hills and valleys re-echo h high-pressure voice, as she struggled against the curre There were but few comforts in those days on board a weste steam-boat for a delicate lady; and for one that was 'enceint the deepest sympathies of man's nature would be awakene The passengers all vied with each other in contributing to t comforts of this interesting lady, and I had the pleasure giving up my berth to her, which was one of the best on t boat. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Thrush, and M and Mrs. Nightingale. The gratitude of Mrs. Thrush for wh was only a common civility, which every lady will receive the West, soon led to an acquaintance with the party; and my recalling the many times I had seen Miss Linnet 'Norma,' and other operas, I was soon installed a friend, ar was often favored with one of those delightful ballads whic no one knew how to sing with more taste and feeling. T time passed pleasantly, and in the course of conversation, t cause of their visit up the Missouri river was explained to m Mr. Nightingale and Mrs. Thrush were giving concerts t gether. They had visited St. Louis for that purpose, b finding Mrs. Thrush was too near her confinment to make h début before a city audience, they had been urged by h money-hunting husband to go into the interior, and give co certs in the small towns until her recovery. In carrying o this plan, they were on their way to Independence, at th time the extreme boundary of demi-civilization.

We were several days on the passage, and during that tim I had abundant evidences of the fatal mistake Mrs. Thrus had made, in changing her name from the softer one of Linn to that of Thrush. Indeed, he should have been calle 'Cuckoo,' for, like that selfish bird, which always lays i eggs in some other bird's nest, and trusts to luck for the hatch ing, he was too lazy to make his own living, and had marri her on speculation. We arrived at Independence witho accident, and took up our quarters at the same hotel, (if shabby can be honored with such an appellation.) Handbi were stuck up announcing a grand concert by Mr. Nightin gale and Mrs. Thrush, from the New-York and Philadelph theatres, Mrs. Thrush to accompany herself on the pian The town of Independence had made rapid strides in th march of progression. Owners of town-lots were dreamin dreams, and luxuriating in floating visions of wealth, at th thoughts of their embryo city having attracted the attentio of 'artistes' from the great cities of the East. Curiosity w on tip-toe to see that wonderful thing, a 'piany.' Ther were a few among the aged inhabitants who could trace bac in the deep recesses of by-gone days a time when they ha heard a concert; but a concert accompanied by a 'piany' w an era to which, in their fondest aspirations, they had neve soared. Imagine, then, the astonishment of the party, (wh in announcing the concert to have a piano accompanimen were under the impression that any town could furnish half dozen,) when they discovered that no such article could b obtained within fifty miles. A council was called, at whic I had the honor to be invited. Mr. Nightingale suggeste the propriety of announcing at once that, as no piano coul be procured, the concert would go on without one. But M Thrush, who appeared to be master of ceremonies, (Mr. Thrush being the centre of attraction,) refused positively t make any such announcement until after the company ha assembled, and then giving the privilege to all those who wer dissatisfied to go to the door-keeper and get back their money relying upon the curiosity and modesty of the audience pre venting them from retiring. This course was adopted, contrai to my advice and that of some few of my acquaintances, wh had formerly lived in St. Louis.

The evening came, and the bar-room, being the only or that was large enough for a concert, was crowded at an early hour. Unfortunately, they forgot that it was dark at seve o'clock, and appointed the fashionable city hour of eight fo the commencement. The time hung heavily from seven t eight o'clock, and was filled up by various parties invitin each other up to the bar to take a drink; and this being fre

quently reciprocated, the steam was generated so high that it only wanted the announcement that the concert would have to go on without a 'piany,' to produce an explosion.

One large, shaggy-haired fellow, a Rocky Mountain hunter, sung out:

'Ive hearn buffalo-bulls bellow, I've hearn grisly bears growl, I've hearn Blackfeet Indians yell, and now I've come here and paid my quarter to hear the forty-piany, and I'm not goin' away till I hear it. So trot it out. Come up, boys, and take a drop of the juice of old corn; and if that piany ain't forthcomin', the way these fellows will have to make tracks won't be slow.'

Poor Mrs. Thrush was ready to faint with alarm, and the look she gave all those who appeared to be civilised was so deploring, that I felt she must be protected at all risk. I whispered to my friends, and they promised their assistance. In the mean time, some of those who were equally disappointed with the Rocky-Mountaineer, but who were less violent, proposed that they get back their money, and made a rush for the door. Another fellow, who went by the name of 'Moderating Bill,' proposed that they should hold a meeting, and give them there 'impositioners' twelve hours to leave the town. This compromise met the approbation of 'Rocky Mountain,' who saw that the boys had not their dander up high enough to attack a woman; and with one Indian war-whoop the party broke for the town 'groggery,' there to concert measures of redress.

The worst opposition being thus disposed of, and order partially restored, the concert was opened by Mr. Nightingale's singing one of his operatic songs full of grand flourishes, and getting hissed for his pains; one fellow crying out.

'Why, look here, stranger, is that what you call singin'? Why, my black Tom can beat that all holler, if you give him a pint of the essence of corn to wet his whistle.'

And suiting the action to the word, he pulled out a long, greasy buckskin purse, and slamming down a quarter, said.

'If you don't believe it, just kiver that bet, if you dare'

At this juncture, to create a diversion, I jumped up on a bench and shouted: 'Silence! the lady is going to sing.' At which Mrs. Thrush took the hint, and, trembling with anxiety, rose to sing. Her voice acted like a charm, and seemed to soothe the irritated demi-savages, and delighted the 'knowing ones.' At the close of the song there was considerable applause, with here and there a remark, 'That's good; but I come here to hear the 'piany.''

Our friend with the quarter, who had been listening in breathless silence, screamed out:

'Now that's what I call singin'; and, turning to Mr. Nightingale, said: 'Now I say, stranger, bein' it's your turn next, just try if you can't leave off your hullabulloo, and give us somethin' nice and feelin' like; somethin' to take out the aggravation of not hearin' that piany.'

Mr. Nightingale, encouraged by the peaceable turn matters were taking, tried it on again, with another grand flourish; but it was no go: he had not gone through one verse, before our quondam friend cried out.

'Botheration! did n't I tell you to stop that hullabulloo? I say, boys, let's hire this chap to call up the hogs of cold mornin's, when it's so tryin' to crawl out from under our warm buffalo-skins.'

This interruption was quieted by another song from Mrs. Thrush! and here ended programme the first.

During the intermission of ten minutes, I took occasion to suggest to both Mr. Nightingale and Mrs. Thrush, that these people were not accustomed to hear scientific music, and that if they would introduce some of our national airs, and plain, old-fashioned ballads, they would doubtless turn the tide of displeasure, and make a favorable sensation on these natives.

My suggestion was thankfully received, and Mr. Nightingale opened the second programme with 'Hail Columbia,' without the fancy-work, and brought down rapturous applause. Mrs. Thrush sang, 'I'm o'er young to marry yet;' 'Oh, I'm in love, but I won't tell with who;' 'If a body meet a body comin' through the rye;' and these songs were sung with so much sweetness and naïveté, that, in the ecstacy of his delight, our gambling friend picked out a half-dollar and offered to bet that 'she could out-sing any woman in them parts;' ending his eulogium with the grand climax, 'that she was too good for a common man's wife, and should have been the helpmate of the great 'Old Hickory.'

The evening's entertainment closed apparently to the satisfaction of all those who had heard the second programme, except, perhaps, the grasping Mr. Thrush, who had not yet recovered from the heart-breaking employment as door-keeper, of having to refund over one half the receipts on account of the absence of the 'piany.'

The next morning, 'Rocky Mountain's' party had posted up an order for the concert-givers to leave the county in six hours, or take the consequences; which order they thought it most prudent to obey: and never shall I forget the melancholy feelings of heart-felt pity I experienced for the once charming Miss Linnet, as she was dragged off in an open ox-waggon, in search of some more congenial and safe place for the display of her musical powers; nor of unmitigated contempt for her husband, for his sordid avarice in forcing his accomplished wife through such degrading drudgery.

Thus ended the first concert in the town of Independence, in the year 1837.

DISRAELI DAGUERREOTYPED.

You thread the well-lighted but silent hall of Rufus and Hastings, and get into the lobby—empty, but ghastly with excess of glare. Tuffnell receives you with a wink, or Mackenzie with a grin. You haul down your white vest, and square your tie, and make your curls all-taut, lift your hat, slide along the vestibule, and enter the house. As you have gone on, since you alighted from your cab, you have heard from porter, policemen, messengers, stray members, and the whippers in, that "Mr Disraeli is up," and hints have flown about your ears that he is making a "a great speech." As you reach the vestibule, you hear swelling cheers; and your fancy, in spite of your experience, if you have any, will insist that there is a fervent orator within, consuming his hearers with burning eloquence, and wielding fierce M P dom with overhelming power. Your blood tingles through your limbs with expectation; and as you push open the green door, your every vein is bursting with eagerness. The House of Commons is before you, and your sensations undergo an instantaneous collapse. Your eye takes in the scene—a full house, listening, too, but lazily and loungingly, the cheer you heard having been made up of an aggregate half laugh, half sneer. You see the orator, there at the top. His body is half thrown across the table, one hand resting behind him, flirting with a laced cambric, the other white hand tapping gently a red box. And he is making a great speech. He is talking to Lord John, whose arms are crossed carelessly, whose thin lips are parted with an easy smile, and who seems to think the eloquence rather amusing. Mr. Disraeli has a most exquisite voice, and he is using only its gentlest modulations. He is quite colloquial, and his tone is friendly and familiar—especially when he comes to a bitter muendo, when he turns his head to the country gentlemen, that they may hear it and laugh—a low, simmering chuckle, that just agitates the surface for a moment only, Lord John and the Whigs and the Radicals smiling, too, as though the sarcasm were a good-natured joke. Mr. Disraeli is getting near the end of his speech, and is now recapitulating and fastening all the points (not mathematical ones) together, as is his wont, and this is his argumentative style. He approaches the peroration—his forte, and here he raises his head; he throws back his collar; he puts by his cambric, he turns from Lord John, and faces the house. He speaks slower; he ceases his affected stammer; he is more serious and more solemn, but still quiet and unpretending. Talking now to the many, and not to one or two, he becomes more oratorical, and he fixes attention. What he is now saying is the manifesto of a party, and not a syllable is lost. He is nearing a meaning, and his articulation is elaborate, and there is a dead silence. But he is still unexcited; dexterously and quietly he eludes the meaning—soars above it, in one or two involuted closing sentences, delivered with a louder voice and with more vehement gestures; and having got the cheer at the right spot, this great orator, concluding, sinks into his seat, as nonchalant as though he had been answering a question about Fahrenheit, and immediately (Mackenzie having told him how the division will be) turns to ask Lord Henry Lennox whether Grisi was in good voice that night!

WAR! Horrid and comprehensive word, war!—It is, says Henry Lord Brougham, the greatest curse of the human race, and the greatest crime, because it involves every other crime within its execrable name.

sence of Madame, he was treated to such a frigid reception that he never could be persuaded to come again; and Marie herself was overwhelmed by a shower of ridicule respecting the appearance of her lover. To shorten the tale, Madame Duchamp finally prevailed on her weak-minded sister, despite the entreaties and protestations both of Marie and Maurice, to send her daughter to Paris, that she might become a lady under the care and supervision of her experienced aunt. The troth of the young people was by no means broken; the shrewd Madame thought this to be quite unnecessary. She supposed Marie to be like most girls, and depended on her foregetting her lover in a week after she should arrive in Paris, calculating the while on profitting largely by increased sales in consequence of having so beautiful a person in attendance. At the same time her intentions were perhaps well meant, for she expected, without doubt, that her niece should succeed to her business, and inherit what she possessed. Meanwhile, poor Marie became utterly wretched; as I have described to you, she seemed slowly to wither away. She had been four months in Paris; she had not heard from Maurice, nor from her mother except through *Madame*, and when she made these disclosures to me, was ready to sink into absolute despair Poor, forlorn thing that she was! I went home revolving the matter in my mind. What was to be done! What could *I* do? I finally broke the subject to an intimate companion, a young German artist—a painter—who I knew would appreciate the interest I took in the business The result was, that we determined to make an incursion into Burgundy, work our way quite carelessly into the neighbourhood of Marie's home, and inspect the situation of things You laugh, my dear Clark, at this adventure, you call it Quixotic I cannot help it. I never commenced a journey with a more earnest purpose or a more cheerful heart; and if there was a sprinkling of romance in it, should it detract from the value of the object which we sought to compass? Obtaining from Marie such information as would enable us to find the desired locality without hinting the reason for the inquiry, my friend and I set off. It was not yet the season of the vintage, but the vine with its rich clusters already exhibited a luxuriant picture We passed rapidly south, and at length reached *Chavolles*. Here our reconnaisance commenced. We had no difficulty in finding the cottage of the widow Laforet, and one afternoon, just at sunset, we entered her dwelling and asked for a draught of wine I fancied there was an air of grief and of loneliness in her manner quite unnatural She desired us to be seated, and provided for us the best her cottage afforded My German friend undertook to explain our movements. We were from Paris, he said, and were making a pleasure tour through this delightful part of France. At the mention of *Paris* the widow started, and her interest in what my friend was saying evidently increased

'From Paris!' she exclaimed. 'Then you must know my Marie!'

I could not help smiling at the poor woman's simplicity, but the German preserved his gravity, and replied 'Perhaps with whom does she live?'

'Ah,' responded the widow Laforet, 'you must have seen her, she is with Madame Duchamp, everybody knows *Madame*.'

'What,' demanded my friend, 'Madame Duchamp, who keeps a shop in the *Passage des Panoramas*?'

'The very same, Sir'

'And what did you say was the name of your daughter, for Madame has several young girls with her?'

'Marie, Sir indeed, you could not mistake *my* Marie. You would know her among a thousand'

'She must mean Marie Laforet,' said the artist, turning to me with an air of indifference, as he proceeded to light his meerschaum.

'Ah, mon Dieu!' cried the poor widow, 'it is indeed my own *petite* Marie. I was certain you knew her. Pray, tell me all you can about her. She must be so happy in beautiful Paris, with everything to delight her'

'I doubt if it is the same person,' said the artist, stiffly.

'But I tell you that it is,' said the other, with eagerness; 'therefore go on pray, go on, Sir.'

'You will please describe your daughter,' said my inexorable friend.

'To be sure. A fine shape, just my height; face round, fresh with roses on her cheeks; fair skin, eyes—ah! so fine, so full, so gentle, so brown, hair, a chestnut, and her whole——'

'Not the same person,' said the other, again turning to me, and giving a puff of his meerschaum.

'But it is; I know that it is!' cried the widow; 'there cannot be two Marie Laforets with my sister. Ah, I have forgotten. Marie is so much altered, so much improved, that even her mother cannot describe her correctly. Just as my sister promised me—the dear, good one! But you will tell me how she looks now, just to please a foolish old woman—I know you will, Sir.'

'I doubt if it can be your daughter,' answered the artist. 'The Marie Laforet whom I have seen is to be sure about your height, and has chestnut hair and brown eyes; but her form seems to be wasted; her face is very pale and thin; her cheeks are colourless. Oh, no, it is not your little Marie;' and the artist drew some fresh tobacco from his pouch.

The widow burst into tears. A vision of the true state of things passed over her.

It was now my turn. 'I am sure,' said I, 'that the Marie whom we know *is* the daughter of our entertainer; the description agrees in everything except in that wherein young people who are unhappy are most liable to change. It is true that her cheeks are pale and hollow, and that she seems to be declining in health; otherwise it answers very well, depend upon it. My good woman,' I continued, with severity, 'you should see to your child.'

'And you, too, know her!' said the widow Laforet, not heeding my reproach, and looking up through her tears; 'and you say she is miserable? Yes, miserable she must be—my own darling, precious Marie! Why did I trust her away from me? My sister should have told me of this. I supposed she hoped there would be a change for the better. Alas! I have not had a happy moment since she left me. Ah, what will poor Maurice say?'—and she continued her lamentations for several minutes.

'And who is Maurice?' inquired the artist.

'Maurice, Sir, is a worthy lad, who is betrothed to my Marie. They were to be married the coming month; but this visit to my sister—alas! it has ruined us all.'

'And Maurice,' said I; 'how does he bear Marie's absence?'

'Indeed, Sir, worse than any of us. Not a word has he heard from her, although he has sent her a great many letters; but he does not blame Marie, not he yet he does nothing but curse Madame Duchamp—God forgive him!—from one week's end to another. He now declares that as soon as the vintage is gathered, he will go to Paris Ah! the vintage this year will be so sad, when we were promising ourselves so much pleasure!'

'And why should you not have it?' said the German abruptly, starting to his feet, and looking the widow Laforet full in the face. 'What is there to prevent your sending to Paris for Marie, and celebrating her nuptials with Maurice at the very time agreed upon?'

'But my sister,' interposed the poor woman timidly.

'*Le Diable!*' growled the German, 'would you sacrifice your own flesh and blood, body and soul, for fear of giving offence to——'

The sentence was cut short in an uncouth German gutteral, which I should not care to have translated.

'But what shall I do?' continued the widow; 'how can I manage it? I know nothing of the ways of the strange folks away in Paris, and if I sent for Marie, my sister never would let her go, for she has been at large charges for her journey, and for dresses, and I know not for what else. Ah, I fear it cannot be; yet what will become of thee, *ma petite!*' And again she wept.

It was now evening, and we were urged to spend the night at the cottage. The German shook his head, spoke of walking on to Charolles, but I overruled him, and he accepted the proffered hospitality. We were served with supper, and the good dame plucked for us from her early fruitage clusters of delicious grapes. I had sustained my part thus far tolerably well, but my heart was ready to burst at the sight of this poor woman, attempting to be cheerful while she prepared our entertainment. As for my friend, I could not too much admire the admirable manner with which he managed the interview. In the course of the evening I undertook to explain to the widow Laforet the dangers of a life in Paris to a young girl like Marie, and was not long in convincing her that she had reason to rejoice that the atmosphere of the city agreed so ill with her child. The artist verified all I said by an abrupt emphatic assent, so that before we retired her only desire was to get her daughter away from such a place of abominations. Thus far our plan had succeeded admirably, and we went to sleep confident and sanguine. The next morning the widow asked our advice as to the best means of getting Marie back to her home. Her only embarrassement was how to brave her sister's displeasure, and how to make amends for the expenses she had incurred for her. These, to us, were minor considerations, for I knew the latter to be much exaggerated in the widow's imagination, and as to the former, it seemed, under the circumstances, of no consequence whatever.

We at once proposed that Maurice should be sent for, and the dame accordingly went for him. As it was but a few steps she soon returned, accompanied by Maurice Foligny, a fine, noble-looking fellow, of manly bearing, to whom, after being satisfied of his ready perception by a few minutes' conversation, I frankly stated our object in coming into the neighbourhood. When he fully understood it, he grasped the hand of each, and without uttering a word, thus silently expressed his thanks. I need not recount to you how my friend and I went back to Paris in high spirits, bearing a letter from the widow Laforet to Marie, and also one to Madame Duchamp, the latter being the joint production of the German and myself, and written in a manner best adapted to effect our object without giving offence. Although mild and conciliatory, it was nevertheless decisive as to Marie's return, on the

ground of her ill health and her mother's lonely situation, referring also to the promise of Madame Duchamp, which her sister at the last moment recollected to mention to me, that if, after a few months' trial, Marie or her mother were not content with the arrangement, the young girl should be sent back I believe there was also a letter from Maurice to his betrothed, but as this is a point of little consequence, I will not speak positively. The end of the whole business you may guess by this painting about which you were so inquisitive. *Madame* did not prove as obstinate as was expected. The fact is, she was pretty well convinced that Marie would never adapt herself to her new life, and consequently that the speculation was a failure; for as the poor girl's health began to droop, even her mysterious demeanour ceased to attract attention. So she was sent home without more delay The only astonishing part of the history is, how suddenly she recovered her health, her gaiety, her plumpness, her colour, and the rich brown of her eyes, which had become so light and dull. The next month came; we had pledged ourselves—the artist and I—to be present, and in the very hey-day of the vintage, attended by a joyous company, Maurice and Marie were united in the little chapel which you see here, after which followed a dance upon the green, and a world of merry-making. My friend the German seized the occasion to exhibit a happy proof of his art.

You were right, my dear Clark this is no fancy sketch

LEATHER, AND THE PROCESS OF TANNING.

The skins of animals have been long employed in the construction of clothing. We know that in an early age of the world, the human race were accustomed to construct their garments of this material; and many of the ignorant and debased aboriginal tribes of distant countries have not, to the present day, any other kind of covering. Now it must surely have suggested itself to every reader, that of all materials the skin of animals must be the worst for such purposes without some preparation. It is liable to a very rapid putrefaction, and, consequently, a fetid smell, which would render it exceedingly disagreeable to any wearer. Those people who have been, or are accustomed to use it, must, therefore, be in possession of some means by which the skin may be made fit for the comfortable use of man. The principal objects to be obtained are to prevent destruction by putrefaction, and to render the skin strong, tough, and capable of resisting water. This we do by a process called tanning, and when thus prepared, we call the skin leather. It will not be necessary to inquire into the nature of the methods probably employed by our forefathers, or to describe those adopted by uncivilised tribes in the present day: we may at once proceed to explain the nature and process of our modern tanning.

If we examine carefully the skin of an animal soon after it has been stripped from the body, we shall find it to consist of three parts. There is, first, the true cutis, which is a membranous substance, chiefly composed of gelatine, soluble in water. In this substance we may trace the various vessels which convey the several fluids of the animal body, and some parts of their contents must of necessity remain in them. Then we have the outer or insensible cuticle, to which the hair, wool, or fur, is attached, both of which are chiefly composed of albumen, impenetrable to water, and almost incapable of putrefaction.

Now, before we proceed to explain the methods of preventing the decomposition and putrefaction of the inner cutis of the skin of the animals, it will be necessary to make a few remarks on the chemical character of gelatine, the substance to which the decay may be traced, and of tannin, the substance by which it is prevented.

Gelatine, or jelly, is an abundant principle in the construction of the animal body. It is not only a component part of bony structures, but is abundant in the soft and white parts, especially in the skin. By boiling, the gelatine may be extracted from any of these parts of the animal body, in a transparent solution, and when gently evaporated, may be made solid, having that flexible tremulous character which distinguishes the jellies that are brought upon the table. By a still greater evaporation, the gelatine is rendered hard and brittle, and forms in fact the substance called glue. When in this state, gelatine may be kept a long time without any alteration of character; but when in a thin or liquid state, it soon putrifies.

The substance called tan, or tannin, has a strong astringent, and a particular taste. It is obtained from galls, catechu, oak bark, and many other vegetable substances. Now if a solution of gelatine, glue or isinglass, for instance, be added to an infusion of oak-bark, or galls, a copious white precipitate will be immediately thrown down, which has a smell precisely the same as that of well tanned leather. The compound formed by the union of gelatine and tannin is incapable of decomposition in water, and the liability of gelatine to undergo putrefaction is, when thus united, overcome.

The first process in preparing a skin is to remove all the animal juices contained in the pores of the cutis, and all extraneous substances, and in most cases to remove the cuticle and its hairy covering. Having thus obtained the pure skin in a state ready to imbibe any substance in which it is macerated, the process of tanning may be commenced. There are two ways in which the skins of animals may be prepared and made fit for some parts of human clothing, namely, tanning and tawing. In the former the skin is impregnated with the vegetable substance called tan; and in the latter, made to combine first with alum and other salts, and afterwards with the white of eggs, or some other animal matter. The thick sole-leather used in making boots and shoes is tanned; the white kid-leather employed in the manufacture of gloves is tawed; and the fine Turkey leather is first tawed, and afterwards slightly tanned. Some tanned leathers are curried, that is, imbued by manual labour with oil. We must now proceed to state such general facts, in relation to each of these processes, as shall put the reader in possession of the most important information, without noticing those slight variations in the preparation of leather, upon the advantages of which even practical men may entertain a difference of opinion. It is to the principles and leading processes alone that we refer.

As soon as the skin comes into the tanning-yard, it is, as already stated, to be cleaned before any process of preservation can be commenced. The cuticle and the hairy covering is to be removed, and the cutis is to be cleansed from all extraneous substances. There are several ways in which this is done, regulated by the process to which the skin is to be afterwards subject, and the purpose to which it is to be applied. The thin skins of cows, calves, and other animals, generally used in the manufacture of flexible kinds of leather, and usually curried, are not prepared in the same manner as thick hides, such as those of the ox and the boar; the leather formed from which is commonly employed for the soles of boots and strong shoes

The thin hides are prepared in the following manner. They are first thrown into a pit containing water, in which they are cleansed from all impurities. Here they are allowed to remain for a day or two, and afterwards removed, and scraped upon a cylindrical stone, called the beam, with a blunt knife prepared for the purpose. In this way, any of the flesh or fat that may adhere is removed. They are then thrown into a pit containing lime-water, in which they are macerated for many days, until the skin becomes hard and thick, and the cuticle and hair is loosened from the skin; the separation being made on the beam with a blunt knife. After this has been done, the hides are thoroughly washed, to remove any portion of the lime that may adhere to them, and then immersed in the mastering-pit, where they remain for several days, acted upon by a bath of water and a putrescent dung, such as that of pigeons, fowls, or dogs; that of horses or cows is unfit for the purpose. Of all the processes to which the skins are subject, none require so much attention as this, for by the action of this bath they are rendered soft, and if allowed to remain a few hours too long, their texture is entirely destroyed.

The thick hides intended for sole-leather are prepared in a different manner. After the skins have been thoroughly cleansed, as in the former instance, the cuticle and hair should be, if possible, removed without the process of liming; for lime, if retained in the skin, renders the leather liable to crack. This may generally be done, though the process already described is frequently practised. The most approved method is to roll the skins together in heaps in some warm place, where putrefaction may be aided. After remaining a few days in this state, the hair adheres less tenaciously, and may be

easily removed. The next operation is called raising, and is intended to open the pores of the skins, so as to give the tanning liquor a more entire action upon them. They are, therefore, immersed for several days in some acid liquid: acetous acid, formed from an infusion of rye or barley strongly fermented, was used for this purpose: but now diluted sulphuric acid is much preferred, in the proportion of a pint of acid to about fifty gallons of water.

We come now to the process of tanning. In whichever way the skins may be prepared, the same method of tanning is adopted. From what has been already said, it will be evident to the reader that the process of tanning must necessarily be an extremely simple one; in fact it consists of nothing more than the immersion of the skins in an infusion of tannin The affinity of the gelatine and tan causes a gradual extraction of the tan from the water and union with the skin. A hole, or pit, is formed, and when the infusion is prepared, the skins are thrown in, and continue exposed to the solution, only increasing the strength until the operation is completed. It is a process of great simplicity, though requiring constant attention that every part may be alike exposed to the tanning principle. No advance in the arts can in any great measure aid the workman, a fact which accounts for the early introduction, or, at least, the universal use, of this manufacture.

Oak bark is the principal substance used for tanning in this country. The bark, when stripped from the tree, is first piled in large stacks, and is not taken to the tan-yard until ground into a fine powder. It is thrown into pits of water, with which the soluble parts are quickly united, forming what is technically called the ooze. The skins are first placed in a weak solution, and, after remaining in this for a time, in a stronger; and this increase of strength is continued until the operation is complete. In the preparation of the thick sole-leather, these successive immersions are not sufficient, for, after being subject to many oozes of different strength, it is still found to be only partly tanned, which may be known by cutting the skin; the parts which have undergone the change present a brownish colour, and the others remain white. A partially tanned skin will therefore present the appearance of three distinct strata, the central part having suffered no change of colour. The thick hides after being partially tanned are placed in larger pits with alternate layers of oak bark, the oak being both the bottom and upper layer A weak ooze is then poured in between the interstices, so that in a short time the skins are exposed to a saturated solution of tan.

It is here worthy of remark, that tan is not the only substance contained in vegetables, and capable of solution in water. The infusion of oak bark is known to contain gallic acid, and other extractive matter. All these unite with the leather, and may perhaps have some effect in the production of that change which the animal matter undergoes, for chemists are not acquainted with any method by which they can extract tan alone. The presence of gallic acid in leather is easily proved; for any part which is touched with a salt of iron immediately turns black. From the experiments made by Davy and others, it appears that the colour and flexibility of leather are in a great measure due to the extract; and even the quantity of tan that is absorbed depends on its presence and amount

Common calves' skins usually require from two to four months for complete tanning, sole-leather from fourteen to twenty months, and a boar's shield about two years.

When the tanning is complete, the hide is taken out of the pit. Sometimes it is stretched upon a convex piece of wood called a *horse*, and beaten with a heavy steel bar; at other times it is passed through iron cylinders, a process which adds solidity to the leather, besides effectually driving out nearly all the water it contains. When the larger quantity of fluid has been thus removed, the skins are taken to the drying house, and there remain exposed to a constant current of air till quite dry.

The method usually adopted of currying leather is very simple; and as it has probably been witnessed by many of our readers, a short description will be sufficient. The hide as it comes from the tan-yard is first immersed in water, and softened; and then placed on a smooth wooden beam with the fleshy side outward. With a sharp knife the currier, who is elevated above his work, pares off the inequalities, and reduces it to the required thickness. It is then washed and rubbed with a polished stone, and afterwards covered with oil, or a mixture of oil and tallow. When dry, the skin is fit for use, except that it is blackened on the grain side by rubbing it with iron liquor, and on the flesh side with lamp black and oil.

It may here be mentioned that in the preparation of thin skins, such as lambs' and goats', more care is required than in those of which we have been speaking. When prepared, they are subject to a variety of operations, such as tawing, dyeing, oil-dressing, and shammoying, but whatever process is to be adopted, that of tanning always precedes, except in the manufacture of white leather. These thin leathers are used for a great variety of purposes, such as bookbinding, the manufacture of gloves, couch and chair linings. It is not, however, necessary for us to detail the manner in which the skin is prepared for tanning; for although in some respects different from that already described, in consequence of the great care required in manipulation, it is, in principle, essentially the same. When prepared, the skin appears an exceedingly thin white membrane, and is called a pelt, and is ready for any operation that may be required.

The method of tawing is as follows:—The pelts or skins are placed in a solution of alum and salt in warm water, and there allowed to remain until they have gained a sufficient toughness and thickness. They are then taken out and washed, and afterwards immersed in bran and water, where they ferment, throwing off much of the alum and salt previously imbibed, but at the same time retaining, it is supposed, a portion of alumine received from the solution. They are then dried and again soaked in water to extract still more of the alum; after which they are trodden in yolk of eggs until nearly all the substance of the egg is taken up, and a transparent liquid is left.

There are many kinds of leather to which we are unable to refer in this paper, but the principle upon which every tanning process is conducted has been so fully stated, that it will be quite evident every alteration of character or appearance must arise from either the addition or omission of some operation altogether independent of the preservation of the skin. The Russia leather, so valuable in this country for bookbinding and other fancy purposes, is tanned in the same manner as our own leathers; but, with all our skill, still we are unable to produce it, although the method of manufacture has been frequently described by those who have resided in Russia.

WELLINGTON.

(*From Sir E. L. Bulwer's "New Timon"*)

Next, with loose rein and careless canter, view
Our man of men, the Prince of Waterloo;
O'er the firm brow the hat as firmly prest,
The firm shape rigid in the buttoned vest,
Within—the iron which the fire has proved,
And the close Sparta of a mind unmoved!

Not his the wealth to some large natures lent,
Divinely lavish, even where misspent,
That liberal sunshine of exuberant soul,
Thought, sense, affection, warming of the whole,
The heat and affluence of a genial power,
Rank in the weed, as vivid in the flower;
Hush'd at command, his veriest passions halt,
Drill'd is each virtue, disciplined each fault;
Warm if his blood—he reasons while he glows,
Admits the pleasure, ne'er the folly knows;
His eye ne'er wrong if circumscribed the sight,
Widen the prospect and it ne'er is right,
Seen through the telescope of habit still,
States seem a camp, and all the world—a drill.

Yet oh, how few his faults, how pure his mind,
Beside his fellow conquerors of mankind!
How knightly seems the iron image, shown
By Marlborough's tomb, or lost Napoleon's throne!
Cold if his lips, no smile of fraud they wear;
Stern if his heart, still "Man" is graven there
No guile—no crime his step to greatness made,
No freedom trampled, and no trust betrayed
The eternal "I" was not his law; he rose
Without one act that honour might oppose,
And leaves a human, if a hero's name,
To curb ambition, while it lights to fame.

SLAVERY IN AMERRICA.

The publication of Mrs. Stowe's admirable tale has given an impetus to the deadly hatred which all Englishmen feel for the "peculiar institution" of America, such as it has never before received. The southern slave-holders quail before "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The thousands—nay millions—of copies which have been printed of this remarkable work, are the best evidences of public opinion on the subject of slavery. It is true that, even in this country, there have been found men who, not daring to defend or excuse the conduct of the slave-holders of America, have fallen foul of the author, and declared that her descriptions have been exaggerations. Even Dickens in his "Household Words," speaks smoothly and glossingly of the dealers in human flesh and blood, and appears to think that no such characters as Mrs. Stowe has drawn could possibly exist, even in America. Did Mr. Dickens, when he affected to disbelieve in the atrocities of Legree, forget that in the American newspapers there are constantly to be seen such paragraphs as this, which we cut from the *Richmond Times*?—

A gentleman named Ball, overseer for Edward T Tayloe, finding it necessary to chastise a field hand for insolence or idleness, attempted to do so in the field, when the negro resisted, made fight, and being the stronger of the two, gave the overseer a very severe beating, and then betook himself to the woods Mr. Ball, as soon as he could do so, mounted his horse, and proceeding to Mr Tayloe's residence, informed him of what had occurred. Mr Tayloe, in company with Ball, repaired to the corn-field, to which the negro had returned, and demanded to know the cause of his conduct. The negro replied that Mr Ball had attempted to whip him, but that he would not submit to it Mr. Tayloe said he should, and ordering him to cross his hands, directed Mr Ball to take hold of him. Mr Ball did so, but perceiving that the negro had drawn a knife, told Mr Tayloe of it, who immediately sprang from his horse, and, drawing a pistol from his pocket, shot the negro dead at his feet. Upon this the *Richmond Republican* comments as follows — "Mr. Tayloe did just what every man who has the management of negroes should do—enforce obedience or kill them."

Or did Mr. Dickens, when he spoke of the want of plot in Mrs. Stowe's story, and the inconsistency of her making Uncle Tom die the death he did, forget that he killed one of his best characters, teeth and all, by a railway concussion, in the last chapter but one of "Dombey and Son."

All this, however, is beside the question. We rejoice to think that—whatever be the literary faults of Mrs. Stowe's book—the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has re-awakened the world to the horrors of that abomination which Clarkson and Wilberforce did their best to put down, we rejoice in the fact that the touching passages in that famous book have found an echo in every English heart, and that—mainly through its revelations—the days of slavery are numbered. In truth, it must be so; for the very laws of population forbid the permanence of slavery in America. The black man thrives in the climate where the white man decays, and it is the knowledge of this very remarkable fact, that, in great part, accounts for the dislike to the coloured population which is everywhere expressed in the United States. Till the people of the North admit the free man of colour to a social equality with themselves, we can put little faith in their denunciations of slavery! Every man, woman, and child in England should know, that in that part of North America called the United States, no single individual with the least taint of African blood in his veins, is admitted into any kind of social communion with the whites. The whites in America neither eat, nor drink, nor converse with the blacks in any other relation than that of masters and servants. The black man, though he be free, is not allowed to sit in the same room, to ride in the same railway carriage, to put his foot in the same department of a theatre, or a steam-boat, or an omnibus, or any place of amusement whatever, with the white! Even among the sticklers for emancipation,—nay, the speakers at abolition meetings,—this feeling of dislike may be seen, distinctly, and often disagreeably exhibited. What, then, is the conclusion we draw from these facts? Why, that the freedom of the black must come from Europe, through the force of public opinion, and that the extensive circulation of such works as that of Mrs. Stowe is one great means of emancipation. We can expect nothing, in spite of Mr. Dickens's hopeful prophecy, from the slave-holders themselves; as, how should we expect justice or mercy in those who retain an irresponsible power over these poor black human chattels? Stripes and blows are the answer of the Southern planter to the black man's prayers.

Take a passage from Mr. Casey's recently published work, "Two Years on the Farm of Uncle Sam," for evidence of the slave's condition in America:—

"The slaves are all that I had imagined; coming up to the dark outline of fancy with a terrible precision. We put in to wood at one of these places, and there for the first time I saw those hewers of wood and drawers of water. A party of us went on shore to shoot; some distance in the wood we found two men, three women, and two boys; there were twenty in all on this farm. The women were dressed in a rough, shapeless, coarse garment, buttoned at the back, with a sort of trousers of the same material, rough shoes and stockings, the upper garment reaching nearly to the ancle; a kind of cloth, like a dirty towel, was wound round the head. One of the women drove an ox-team; she had a large and powerful whip, with which, and a surprising strength, she belaboured and tugged the unwieldy team with great dexterity. The other women had five children, and assisted in loading the wood; the younger, about sixteen years of age, had one child, and appeared to do nothing. The women, it seemed to me, worked harder than the men. I observed the almost complete absence of memory in the elder woman; she could not remember where she had left the link-chain or goad-whip; though but a few minutes out of her hand I must confess that, looking on that labour-crooked group, I felt a dislike, strong and definite, to that system which takes away even the hope of improvement, crushing down the principle of self-esteem in the man, until he reaches the passive and unambitious existence of the oxen which he drives. And looking on those women (negroes though they were), so unnaturally masculine, so completely unsexed, so far removed from all those attributes with which the name of woman is associated, I felt that no reason, based on an asserted right, no fiction of argument, could stand in my judgment but as dust in the balance, when the question is whether a human being (no matter of what colour, whether an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him), should possess the liberty or right of securing his own happiness to the extent of his ability. Their then state—their look, bodies, mind, and manner, were so many self-evident arguments against the system, which no representations, however plausible, could refute; and all that I had listened to from Southerners on the voyage disappeared like gossamer in the tempest, before the mute living picture of wretchedness presented by that group."

Has one man any inherent right to possess property in the bones and sinews of another—a right to buy and sell, and dispose of as he pleases, his fellow human beings? No! Liberty is the most sacred of all the rights of man. To deprive a man of this, his natural heritage, is to strike a blow at the root of all the benefits and advantages which belong to him by the gift of God. To believe in the justice of depriving any portion of the human race of freedom, when they have violated no law, is to endanger the liberties of all men, because, as Channing truly argues, "it is plain that if one man may be held as property, then every man may be so held." A being gifted with intelligence, capable of attaining a high moral state of happiness, and endowed with immortality, cannot legitimately become the property of another. *Ad man has a right to himself.* This proposition is so self-evident, that all men, whether slave-holders or not, believe in its truth, so far as their own individual cases are concerned, at any rate. The kidnapping system is now universally reprobated, and the very nations which hold human beings in bondage have declared it to be the very worst kind of piracy. If it be wrong to deprive free men of liberty, it surely must be as wrong to hold those in slavery who have been born in a state of servitude.

No question of expediency, or policy, can be raised in justification of the iniquity, for no violation of the moral laws of the universe can be extenuated. Because an evil is hoary with age, and has interwoven itself into the very machinery of society, it does not become less an evil, and its extinction is as much required by the Creator as if it were but a day old.

The most enormous of all evils is SLAVERY. It is bad enough in its minor developments—such as curtailing the political or

religious privileges of a people; but when it converts intellectual, responsible, and immortal beings into creatures held as chattels, personal to all intents, purposes, and constructions whatever, it is impossible to form anything like a just estimate of its fearful character. For, what does such a slavery as this necessarily do? It tramples upon those sacred laws of Omnipotence which establish the equality of man, which enjoin universal charity, and which make this life a state of probation, in which it is designed that every man should be furnished with unrestricted opportunities for developing the lofty and noble faculties of his mind, and of giving full scope to his capacities for enjoyment and happiness within the bounds of morality and propriety.

Slavery makes the will of the enslaved entirely subject to the will of the enslaver. It lowers him to the level of a beast, it renders him liable to the worst and most barbarous degradations, and it makes him, as far as possible, an irresponsible being, because it deprives him of enlightenment, and places insurmountable barriers in the way of his obtaining knowledge. And why does it this? Because it knows that so deeply innate is the consciousness of the right to the enjoyment of liberty in the minds of those even who are born in bondage, that nothing but brutifying their natures can make them at all resigned to their shameful servitude.

And what can be said of a people who practise these atrocities, and of a government which sanctions them? The people must be more debased than those whom they oppress, and the government, by aiding the strong against the weak, inflicts the very evil which it was created to suppress, and is as far behind in civilisation, refinement, and justice, as were the despotisms of the middle ages. The great and pure-minded Channing, in one of his noble pamphlets against slavery, truly remarks that "no greater calamity can befall a people than to prosper by crime." Oppression, whether perpetrated by monarchical institutions, in which the divine right of kings is recognised, or by representative governments, whose deliberations are controlled and guided by the voice of the people, will eventually bring with it a fearful retribution, which cannot but prove most disastrous to all who uphold it, unless timely measures are taken to do justice—for every violation of the moral laws of the universe has its appropriate punishment.

Tyranny is infamous when practised by despotically constituted powers, which seek to put down free institutions altogether, but how much worse is its character when a country, calling itself free, and boasting of its love of liberty, allows oppression, worse than any that exists in nations which acknowledge themselves to be enslaved, to ride rough-shod over the rights of more than three millions of thinking, reasoning beings, naturally endowed with full capacities for gaining intelligence and enjoying happiness? What a lamentably sad state of national hypocrisy does this show! Yet such is the course pursued by the Western Republic. And, strange to say, the inconsistency of the pro-slavery portion of its people extends much farther than this even For they sympathise with the cause of liberty in the Old World, while they crush it in the New World. They denounce the tyrants of Europe, while they patronise the tyranny of America. Fond of freedom themselves, and anxious for its success abroad, the spirit of selfishness, domination, and cruelty, leads them to repress it at home.

Oh, consistent Republicans, the cause of liberty has reason to blush for you! Your lofty assumptions, your boasted freedom, your declaration of independency, in which you recognise the right of every man to liberty, your "peculiar institution," your Fugitive Slave Law, and the enactments which exist in several of your states by which it is made criminal to teach a slave to read, prove you to be false to the cause of advancement, and insincere in your pretensions of attachmment to human rights. You told the world that it was your love of liberty which caused you to have a bloody contest with Mexico, while, in reality, you aimed at securing another slave state to the Union, by the annexation of Texas. And now you are endeavouring to effect a revolution in Cuba, under the plea that you desire to emancipate the colonists there from the oppressive dominion of Spain, while your real object is to annex Cuba to the American Union, and to strengthen your power in Congress by the addition of another slave state. Such hypocrisy as this on the part of the pro-slavery party must cause it to be regarded not only with universal indignation, but also with universal contempt.

The means employed by this party to prevent the spread of abolitionism are well worthy its principles. The advocates of slavery know well enough that they have neither reason nor justice on their side, and hence they never attempt anything like a logical argument in support of their "peculiar institution."

Physical force is the power they employ to crush their antagonists, and to prevent the spread of free-soilism! Mob law is allowed to exercise its brutal and barbarous authority on those who, in the southern states, dare to lift up their voices against the infamous slave system. In reading the records of the sufferings of abolitionists, it would almost seem that the men who sanction and perpetrate these outrages possess fiendish natures, and are in a state of revolting depravity.

And the law itself, in some States, appears to be but little better than "mob law." When we read of a minister in the United States, the Rev. Jesse McBride, who was arrested in the town of Guildford, North Carolina, for having presented a little girl with a tract called "The Ten Commandments," in which the wickedness of slavery is exposed—we can hardly believe our eyes. The sentence of the court was that he should be placed in the pillory, receive twenty lashes, and be imprisoned for one year! He appealed against this sentence to the supreme court. In the meanwhile he continued his labours, until a large mob dragged him from his church one Sunday morning, and offered him one of two alternatives, either to leave the state for ever, or endure death. He accepted the first proposition, and he was conveyed out of the state. Among those engaged in this transaction there were deacons and members of Christian (?) churches.

The indignation of outraged humanity has been naturally excited by the Fugitive Slave Law, one of the most barbarous enactments that ever stained the statute-book of any country. This atrocious law vests supreme power in one commissioner. Should he send back the supposed fugitive to slavery, ten dollars are allowed him as his fee. Should he not, he is entitled to five dollars only. Thus, a direct appeal is made to his cupidity. The country is overrun with kidnappers, who gladly avail themselves of every opportunity of gratifying their avaricious dispositions by sacrificing human liberty; and even the freedom of free coloured men, who are not very well known, is frequently endangered.

In Baltimore a man was arrested under the new act, and, although witnesses swore to his being a free man, yet he was sent to his supposed master, who had the honesty to declare that a mistake had been made, and that he was not his slave. Few slave-holders would have done as much!

Another case occurred in Pittsburgh, in which a man arrested as a fugitive slave was said by the prosecutors to have fled two years before. Fortunately, however, respectable inhabitants of the place came forward, and declared that, to their knowledge, the man had been a resident of the town for upwards of twenty years.

But public opinion in the free states has declared its determination to effect the abolition of this wicked law; and before this righteous will of the people, all the powers of slavery combined will eventually prove as powerless as the bark of the mariner is when vainly struggling with the fatal maelstrom, or when dashed by a tempest against some rocky shore. In the meantime, while the Fugitive Slave Law continues to stain the statute-book of the Western Republic, the friends of liberty there, believing that they cannot conscientiously obey any law which is opposed to the sacred injunctions of religion, are determined, regardless of fines and imprisonment, to fulfil that great command of Omnipotence which declares that "thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant that is escaped from him unto thee."

It is, indeed, a fortunate, nay, providential thing that Canada, whose soil is consecrated to freedom, should adjoin the United States, and thus afford a near and suitable place of security for the fugitives from the whips and chains of the southern plantations. And ought we not to prevent the much-talked-of annexation of Canada to the States, if it were but for the sake of those multitudes of unfortunates who, unable to enjoy liberty, "the inherent right of every man," in their own

country, yet, happily, find it in the North American dominions of Queen Victoria?

Common Literature, says a clever writer in *The Uncle Tom's Cabin Almanack*, is antagonistic to Slavery. There is something that must not be allowed to enter the mind, which must not be admitted into educational courses, which it is dangerous to allow even to a general reader, in nearly all the writings of the good and great. The southern states of America need an expurgated literature, in which dangerous sentiments shall all have been carefully eschewed.

There are three great agencies in active operation, which are slowly, but surely, undermining the foundations of American slavery. First, there is public opinion, in the northern states, which is every year growing stronger and more determined in its opposition to "the peculiar institution." Secondly, there is the tide of emigration which is constantly flowing towards the free states. This necessarily increases the strength and numbers of the Abolitionists, and it also results in giving a larger number of representatives in Congress to the north, than is possessed by the south. Thirdly, there is the free labour movement, which, if successful in producing cotton in the British colonies in sufficient quantities to supply the demands of the European market, will speedily annihilate the most infamous system of tyranny that was ever founded. These three influences must eventually effect the abolition of slavery.

There were raised in the United States, during the last official year—from September 1, 1851, to August 31, 1852—no fewer than 3,015,029 bales of raw cotton, which, at 400 lbs. to the bale, represents 1,206,011,600—one thousand, two hundred and six millions, eleven thousand, six hundred pounds. The whole of this immense crop, with the exception of 175 bales, was raised in the slave states, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Florida, Georgia, and North and South Carolina, and Virginia, supplying the bulk of the quantity named. Of this large crop, Great Britain took considerably more than one-half—in actual figures, 667,499,600 lbs;—for home use in the United States, there were reserved about 600,000 bales, the remainder being exported to France, the North of Europe, and various other foreign ports Compared with the previous year, an increase of nearly half-a-million bales is observable, and the quantity will no doubt go on increasing. Now all, or nearly all, this cotton is raised by slave labour, and the object of these figures is to show that, notwithstanding the assertions to the contrary, slavery is rapidly increasing in the United States, and slavery *must* increase, so long as the British merchant takes his supply of cotton from Louisiana, and so long as the British artisan consumes the tobacco of Virginia! The total coloured population of the United States, according to the last census, is stated to be 3,626,985, of whom 3,191,724 are slaves! The slave states of America—and let every child in Great Britain and Ireland learn their names by heart—are Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia! In 1790—just sixty-two years ago—there were in the whole of the United States, less than four millions of inhabitants. Of these the slaves constituted rather more than half-a-million. Let us see how this great nation has progressed, and how it has improved that dreadful legacy which, as the Americans are so fond of declaring, it inherited from the mother country:—the white population, which, sixty-two years since, was only 3,172,464, is now 19,630,738—rather more than 38 per cent. of increase. The slaves during the same period have increased from 697,897 to 3,198,324, or nearly 29 per cent. But there is another element to be taken into the calculation. At the first-mentioned period, there were in that part of North America called the United States, 59,466 free blacks, at the present moment the free coloured population numbers only 428,661 persons. So that while in the last sixty years the white population has increased 38 per cent., and the slaves 28 per cent, the extension of the numbers of free coloured people—these, too, be it remembered, native to the soil, and many of them as fair in complexion as the Americans themselves—has been no more than 10 per cent.! The increase in the slave population has been gradual and certain. In 1800, the numbers were 893,067; in 1810, 111,364; in 1820, 1,538,064; in 1830, 2,009,031; and in 1840, 2,487,113.

The following table will show the relative increase of the white and coloured population since 1840:—

States.	Whites.	Free Coloured.	Slaves.	Total.	Number in 1840.
Alabama	426,815	2,250	342,894	771,959	590,756
Arkansas ..	162,071	587	46,983	209,641	97,574
California ..	200,000	—	—	200,000	80,000
Connecticut	363,189	7,415	—	370,604	309 970
Delaware ..	71,989	17,957	2,239	91,528	78,085
Florida.....	47,120	926	39,341	87,387	54,477
Georgia	513,083	2,589	362,966	877,585	691,392
Indiana	983,634	5,100	—	988,734	685,866
Illinois	853,059	5,339	—	858,398	476,183
Iowa.....	191,830	292	—	194,122	43,112
Kentucky ..	770,061	9,657	221,768	1,001,496	779,828
Louisiana	224,271	15,686	240,807	580,792	352 411
Maine	581,920	1,312	—	583,232	901,793
Massachusetts	985,498	8,774	—	994,271	737,698
Maryland .	418,763	74,943	89,800	582,506	470 019
Mississippi	291,536	898	300,419	592,853	375,651
Michigan.	313,156	2,547	—	395,703	212,267
Missouri . .	592,176	2,667	89,289	684,132	383 702
N Hampsh.	317,354	477	—	317,831	284,574
New York .	3,032,571	47,548	—	3,080,024	2,428,921
New Jersey	466 283	22,269	119	488 671	373,306
No Carolina	582,477	27 271	288,412	868,870	753,419
Ohio	1,951,101	25,930	—	1,977,031	1,519,467
Pennsylvania	2 258,310	53,201	—	2,311,681	1,724,033
Rhode Island	141,012	3,543	—	147,555	108,830
So Carolina	274,775	8,789	384,925	668,489	594,398
Tennessee .	767,319	6,280	2 9,819	1,083,418	829,210
Texas	143,141	926	54,446	187,403	140 000
Vermont . .	312,756	710	—	314,466	291,948
Virginia ..	894,140	53,906	473,026	1,421,081	1,239 797
Wisconsin	303,600	626	—	304,226	30,945
Total	19 517,885	409,300	3,175 902	23 102 987	17,234,358

To these totals must be added about half a million whites for the newly-acquired possessions in Mexico, Oregon, and distant colonies, ten thousand free coloured persons, and about four thousand slaves, so that we have for the grand total population of the United States, including California, nearly twenty-three and a-half millions, of whom *every eighth man is a slave!* But how, during all these years have the cotton manufactures of Great Britain prospered? Why, in 1815 there were imported into England 99,000,000 lbs. of raw cotton wool; in this present year of grace, the mills of Manchester and the north consume nearly a thousand millions of pounds a year, four-fifths of which is raised by slave labour! Oh, enlightened men of the nineteenth century,—philanthropists, free traders, gospel ministers, think of the wrongs, and tears, and groans, and sweat of blood this cotton, cultivated in the southern states, has tended to engender: think, that for the sake of cheapness we, every one of us, do a wicked deed, and help to degrade to a condition worse than that of beasts of burden, three millions of human beings made in the image of their Maker! Think how

All unconsciously, we're aided in America's disgrace,
Help to bind the galling fetters upon millions of our race;
Let the time gone by suffice us, we are not in darkness now,
Never more at Slavery's altar let a free-born Briton bow
Half Columbia's slave-grown cotton finds its way to England's shore,
We have worn the blood-stained fabric, brothers, let us wear no more.
Of the *free-grown* cotton woven, on the glad wind floating free,
Let our banner wave a promise to the bondsmen o'er the sea,
"Up and onward" is our motto—shrink not from fearful odds;
Not ours the curse of slavery—not the battle ours, but God's!

But there is yet one other way by which emancipation may be effected,—and that is, by *a general rising of the slaves.* Knowledge and slavery are incompatible; and it appears very certain, that the spirit of intelligence is now being very much diffused among the slaves. The American Anti-Slavery Society is doing much towards creating this intelligence; and no doubt the fugitives who have been returned to the southern plantations from the north, will spread far and wide the information they have obtained. When the enslaved become fully conscious of their condition, and of the inhuman injustice they endure, it is to be feared that a general insurrection will be the result, which would necessarily be attended by the most dreadful consequences. It is to be sincerely hoped that liberty may be secured for these down-trodden human beings without the sacrifice of life, or the shedding of blood.

Slavery, and the spirit of the age, are incompatible. Slavery and enlightenment can never be united. Slavery and the will of God are antagonistic; society is undergoing a purification; free and enlightened opinion are rapidly making ground; and all despotisms (American slavery among the number) must vanish away. In the eloquent language of George Thompson, who is writing on the same theme: "Let us but be true to our principles, abhor all compromises, and have faith in the truth, and we may hope all things. It cannot be that God will be worsted in this struggle. Let us be co-workers with Him, and our triumph is sure."

ENGLAND IN THE PRESENT DAY.

BY M. DE LAMARTINE.

Author of "The History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France," &c. &c.

When a man is strongly pre-occupied with the crisis under which his country labours, every opportunity that arises is caught at to turn to the profit of his compatriots the sights with which he is struck, and the reflections with which these sights inspire him. Called by circumstances of an entirely private nature to revisit England for some time, after an absence of twenty years, it was impossible for me not to be dazzled by the immense progress made by England during that lapse of time, not only in population, in riches, industry, navigation, railroads, extent, edifices, embellishments, the health of the capital, but also, and more especially, in charitable institutions for the people, and in associations of real, religious, conservative, and fraternal socialism, between classes to prevent the explosions by the evaporation of the causes which produce them, to stifle the murmurs from below by incalculable benefits from above, and to close the mouths of the people, not by the brutalities of the police, but by the arm of public virtue. Very far from feeling afflicted or humiliated at this fine spectacle of the operation of so many really popular works, which give to England at the present moment an incontestible pre-eminence in this respect over the rest of Europe, and over us, I rejoiced at it. To asperse one's neighbour is to lower oneself. The rivalries between nations are paltry and shameful when they consist in denying or in hating the good that is done by our neighbours. These rivalries, on the contrary, are noble and fruitful when they consist in acknowledging, in glorifying, and in imitating the good which is done everywhere: instead of being jealousies, these rivalries become emulation. What does it signify whether a thing be English or French, provided it be a benefit? Virtues have no country, or, rather, they are of every country: it is God who inspires them, and humanity which profits by them. Let us, then, learn for once how to admire.

But I am told that these practical virtues of the English to the poorer, the *proletaire*, the suffering classes are nothing but the prudence of egotism! Even if that were the case, we ought still to applaud, for an egotism so prudent and so provident, an egotism which could do itself justice by so well imitating virtue, an egotism which would corrupt the people by charity and prosperity—such an egotism as that would be the most profound and most admirable of policies, it would be the machiavelism of virtue. But it is not given to egotism alone to transform itself so well into an appearance of charity, egotism restricts itself, while charity diffuses itself; without doubt there is prudence in it, but there is also virtue; without doubt, Old England, the veritable patrician republic under her frontispiece of monarchy, feels that the stones of her feudal edifice are becoming disjoined, and might tumble under the blast of the age if she did not bind them together every day by the cement of her institutions in favour of her people. That is good sense, but under that good sense there is virtue; and it is impossible to remain in England for any length of time without discovering it. The source of that public virtue is the religious feeling with which that people is endowed more than many others; a divine feeling of practical religious liberty has developed at the present moment, under a hundred forms, among them. Every one has a God, where every one can recognise the light of reason, and adore that God, and serve him with his brothers in the sincerity and in the independence of his faith. Yes, there is, if you will, at the same time, prudence, well understood egotism, and public virtue in the acts of England, in order to prevent a social war. Let it be whatever you like. But would that it pleased God that plebeian and proprietary France could also see and comprehend its duty to the people! Would that it pleased God that she could take a lesson from that intelligent aristocracy! Would that she could once for all, say to herself, "I perish, I tremble, I swoon in my panics. I call at one time on the monarchy, at another on the republic, at another on legitimacy, now on illegitimacy—then on the empire, now on the inquisition—then on the police, now on the sabre, and then on speech to save me, and no one will save me but myself. I will save myself by my own virtue!"

I have seen England twice in my life, the first time in 1822. It was the period when the Holy Alliance, recently victorious and proud of its victories over the spirit of conquest of Napoleon, struggled against the newly-born liberalism, and was only occupied in everywhere restoring ancient regimes and ancient ideas. The government of England, held at that time by the intelligent heirs of a great man (Mr. Pitt), was a veritable contradiction to the true nature of the country of liberty; it had taken up the cause of absolute sovereigns against the nations; it made of the free and proud citizen of England the support and soldier of the Holy Alliance, it blindly combated the revolution, with its spirit and its institutions at home, and everywhere else. England, by no means comfortable under such a government, hardly recognised herself; she felt by instinct that she was made to play the part of the *seide* of despotism, and of the churches, in place of the part of champion of independent nationalities, and of the regulated liberty of thought which Mr. Pitt had conceived for her. Thus her tribunes, her public papers, her popular meetings, her very streets and public places, rung with indignation against her government and her aristocracy. The ground trembled in London under the steps of the multitudes who assembled at the slightest appeal or opportunity, the language of the people breathed anger, the physiognomies hatred of class to class; hideous poverty hung up its tatters before the doors of the most sumptuous quarters; women in a state of emaciation, hectic children, and ghastly men were to be seen wandering with a threatening carelessness about shops and warehouses loaded with riches; the constables and the troops were insufficient, after the scandalous process of the Queen, to bridle that perpetual sedition of discontent and of hunger. The painful consciousness of a tempest hanging over Great Britain was felt in the air. A cabinet, the author and victim of that false position, sunk under the effort. A statesman sought in despair a refuge against the difficulties which he saw accumulating on his country, and which he could no longer dominate but by force. I avow that I myself, at that time young and a foreigner, and not yet knowing either the solidity or the elasticity of the institutions and the manners of England, was deceived, like everybody else, by these sinister symptoms of a fall, and that I prognosticated, as everybody else also did, the approaching decline and fall of that great and mysterious country. The ministry of Mr. Canning placed me happily in the wrong.

I saw England again in 1830, a few months after our revolution of July. At that time the political government of England was moderate, reasonable, and wise. It endeavoured, as Lord Palmerston, as Sir Robert Peel, as the Duke of Wellington have done, after the revolution of February, to prevent a collision on the continent between the revolution and the counter-revolution. It then refused, as it refused in 1848, to be a party to an anti-French or anti-republican coalition. It proclaimed not only the right and independence of nationalities, but also the right and independence of revolutions. It thus humanely avoided irritating the revolutionists. It spared Europe the effusion of much blood. But in 1830 it was the misery of the English and Irish *proletaires* that frightened the regards, and brought consternation to the thoughts of observers. Ireland was literally dying of inanition. The manufacturing districts of the three kingdoms having produced more than the world could consume during the fifteen years of peace, left an overflow of manufactures; the masses emaciated, vitiated in body and mind and vitiated by their hatred against the classes of society who possess. The manufacturers

had dismissed armies of workmen without bread; these black columns were to be seen, with their mud-coloured jackets, dotting the avenues and streets of London, like columns of insects whose nests had been upset, and who blackened the soil under their steps.

The vices and brutishness of these masses of *proletaires*, degraded by ignorance and hunger—their alternate poverty and debaucheries—their promiscousness of ages, of sexes, of dens of fœtid straw—their bedding, in cellars and garrets—their hideous clamours, to be met with at certain hours of the morning in certain lanes of the unclean districts of London—when that human vermin emerged into the light of the sun with howling, groaning, or laughter that was really Satanic, would have made these masses of free creatures really envy the fate of the black slaves of our colonies—masses which are abased and flogged, but at all events loathed! It was the recruiting of the army of Marius; all that was wanting was a flag. Social war was visible there, with all its horrors and its furies. Everybody saw it, and I myself foreboded it like everybody else. These symptoms struck me as such evidence of an approaching overthrow for a constitution which thus allowed its vices to stagnate and mantle, that having some portion of my patrimony in England, I hastened to remove it, and to place it where it would be sheltered from a wreck which appeared to me to be inevitable. During that time the aristocracy and the great proprietary of England appeared insensible to these prognostics of social war, scandalised the eyes of the public by the contrast of their Asiatic luxury with these calamities, absented themselves from their properties during whole years, and were travelling from Paris to Naples and to Florence, while at the same time propagating speculative or incendiary liberalism with the liberals of the continent. Who would not have trembled for such a country?

This time (September, 1850) I was struck, in visiting England, with an impression wholly opposed to the impressions which I have just depicted to you. I arrived in London, and I no longer recognised that capital, excepting by that immense cloud of smoke that that vast focus of English labour or leisure raises in the heavens, and by that overflowing without limits of houses, workshops, and *chateaux*, and agreeable residences (*demesnes de plaisance*), that a city of two million six hundred thousand inhabitants casts year after year beyond its walls, even to the depths of her forests, her fields, and her hills. Like a polypus with a thousand branches, London vegetates and engrafts, so to speak, on the common trunk of the *City*, quarters on quarters, and towns upon towns. These quarters, some for labour, and others for the middle classes; some for the choice leisure of the literary classes, and others for the sumptuosities of the aristocracy and for the splendours of the Crown, not only attest the increase of that city, which enlarges itself in proportion to its inhabitants, but they testify to the increase of luxury, of art, of riches, and of ease, of all which the characters are to be recognised in the disposition, in the architecture, in the ornaments, in the spaciousness, and in the luxury, sometimes splendid, sometimes modest, of the habitations of man. In the west two new towns—two towns of hotels and palaces—two towns of kings of civilisation, as the ambassador of Carthage would have said, have sprung up. Towards the green and wooded heights of Hampstead, that St. Cloud of London, is a new park, including pastures, woods, waters, and gardens in its grounds, and surrounded by a circle of houses of opulent and varied architecture, of which each represents a building capital that it frightens one to calculate. Beyond the solitude inclosed in the capital, other towns and suburbs have commenced and are rapidly climbing, step by step, and hillock after hillock, these heights. In these places arise chapels, churches, schools, hospitals, penitentiary prisons on new models, which takes away from them their sinister aspect and signification, and which hold out moral health and correction to the guilty in place of punishment and branding. In these places is to be seen hedges of houses appropriated to all the conditions of life and fortune, but all surrounded by a court or a little garden, which affords the family rural recollections, the breathing of vegetation, and the feeling of nature present even to the very heart of the towns.

This new London, which is almost rural, creeps already up those large hills, and spreads itself from season to season in the fields which environ them, to go, by lower, more active, and more smoky suburbs, to rejoin, as far as the eye can see, the Thames, beyond which the same phenomenon is reproduced on the hills and in the plains on the other side. In surveying this the eye loses itself, as if on the waves of the ocean. On every side the horizon is too narrow to embrace that town, and the town continues beyond the horizon; but everywhere, also, the sky, the air, the country, the verdure, the waters, the tops of the oaks, are mixed with that vegetation of stones, of marbles, or of bricks, and appears to make of new London not an arid and dead city, but a fertile and living province, which germinates at the same time with men and trees, with habitations and fields, a city of which the nature has not been changed, but in which, on the contrary, nature and civilisation respect each other, seek for and clasp each other, for the health and joy of man in a mutual embrace.

Between these two banks of the river, and between its steeples and its towers—between the tops of its oaks, respected by the constructors of these new quarters, you perceive a moveable forests of masts, which ascend and descend perpetually the course of the Thames, and streak it with a thousand lines of smoke, which the steamers, loaded with passengers, stream out like a river of smoke above the river of water which carries them. But it is not in the newly-constructed quarters alone that London has changed its appearance, and presents that image of opulence, of comfort, and of labour, with thriving—the City itself, that furnace at the same time blackened and infect of this human ebullition, has enlarged its issues, widened its streets, ennobled its monuments, extended and straightened its suburbs, and made them more healthy. The ignoble lanes, with their suspicious taverns, where the population of drunken sailors huddled together like savages in dregs and dust, have been demolished. They have given place to airy streets, where the passers-by coming back from the docks, those *entrepots* of the four continents, circulate with ease in carriages or on foot, to spacious and clean houses, to modest but decent shops, where the maritime population find, on disembarking, clothes, food, tobacco, beer, and all the objects of exchange necessary for the retail trade of seaports. these streets are now as well cleaned from filth, from drunkenness, and obscenity, as the other streets and suburbs of the City. One can pass through them without pity and without disgust, one feels in them the vigilance of public morality and the presence of a police which, if it cannot destroy vice, can at all events keep it at a distance from the eyes of the passers-by, and render even the *cloaci* inoffensive.

In the country districts and secondary towns around London the same transformation is observable. The innumerable railways which run in every direction all over England have covered the soil with stations, coal depôts, new houses for the persons employed, elegant offices for the administration, viaducts, bridges over the lines to private properties; and all these things impart to England, from the sea to London, the appearance of a country which is being cleared, and where the occupants are employed in running up residences for themselves. Everything is being built; and everything is smoking, hurrying on. so perfectly alive in this soil; one feels that the people are eager to seize on the new sense of circulation which Providence has just bestowed on man.

Such is England in a physical sense, sketched broadly. As to political England, the following are the changes which struck me. I describe them as I reviewed, with sincerity, it is true, but not unmixed with astonishment. The appearance of the people in the street is no longer what filled me with consternation twenty years ago. In place of those ragged bands of beggars—men, women, and children—who swarmed in the narrow and gloomy streets of the manufacturing town, you see well-dressed workmen, with an appearance of strength and health, going to work or returning peaceably from their workshop with their tools on their shoulder; young girls issuing without tumult from the houses where they work, under the superintendence of women older than themselves, or of a father or brother, who brings them back to the house; from time to time you see numerous columns of little children of from five to eight years of age, poorly but decently clad, led by a woman, who leaves them at their own doors, after having watched over them all day. They all present the appearance of relative comfort, of the most exquisite cleanliness, and of

health. You will perceive few, if any, idle groups on the public way, and infinitely fewer drunken men than formerly; the streets appear as if purged of vice and wretchedness, or only exhibit those which always remain on the scum of an immense population.

If you converse in a drawing-room, in a public carriage, at a public dinner table, even in the street, with men of the different classes in England; if you take care to be present, as I did, at places where persons of the most advanced opinions in the country meet and speak; if you read the journals, those safety-valves of public opinion, you must remain struck with the extreme mildness of men's minds and hearts, with the temperance of ideas, the moderation of what is desired, the prudence of the liberal opposition, the tendency evinced towards a conciliation of all classes, the justice which all classes of the English population render to each other, the readiness of all to co-operate, each according to his means and disposition, in advancing the general good—the employment, comfort, instruction, and morality of the people—in a word, a mild and serene air is breathed in place of the tempest-blast which then raged in every breast. The equilibrium is re-established in the national atmosphere. One feels and says to oneself—"The people can come to an understanding with itself; it can live, last, prosper, and improve for a long time in this way. Had I my residence on this soil I should not any longer tremble for my hearth."

I except, it must be understood, from this very general character of harmony and reconciliation two classes of men whom nothing ever satisfies—the demagogues and the extreme aristocrats—two tyrannies which cannot content themselves with any liberty, because they eternally desire to subjugate the people, the one by the intolerance of the rabble, and the other by the intolerance of the little number. The newspapers of the inexorable aristocracy, and of the ungovernable radicalism, are the only ones that still contrast, by their bitterness, with the general mildness of opinions in Great Britain. But some clubs of chartists, rendered fanatical by sophistry, and some clubs of diplomatists, rendered fanatical by pride, only serve the better to show the calm and reason which are more and more prevailing in the other parts of the nation. The one makes speeches to the emptiness of places where the people are invited to meet, and the others pay by the line for calumnies and invectives against France and against the present age. No one listens, and no one reads. The people work on. The intelligent tories lament Sir R. Peel, and accept the inheritance of his conservative doctrines by means of progress.

It appears that a superhuman hand carried away during that sleep of twenty years all the venom which racked the social body in this country. If a radical procession is announced, as on the 10th of April, 250,000 citizens, of all opinions, appear in the streets of London as special constables, and preserve the public peace against these phantoms of another time. Such is the present appearance of the public mind in England to a stranger.

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

The building of watch towers, now called lighthouses, had its rise in the earliest ages; and in several instances has been the object of royal munificence. The purpose of their erection is to exhibit a light, to warn seamen, during the darkness of the night, of their approach to any sand, promontory, or insulated rock; as those on the South Foreland, Flamborough Head, the Eddystone rocks, &c.

The most celebrated structure of the kind among the ancients was the Pharos of Alexandria, which has been accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. This famous tower was built by the Ptolemies, kings of Egypt, and successors of Alexander; it is supposed to have been finished about 283 years before the Christian era, and had the name of Pharos, from the island, upon a rock at the eastern end of which it was built, so that its walls were washed by the sea. Its height is said to have been 547 feet (English measure), and a fire upon the top of it was constantly kept burning in the night, to light such ships as sailed near these dangerous coasts, which are said to be full of sands and shelves of rocks. According to Josephus, this light could be seen at the distance of three hundred stadia; that is, forty-one and a half English miles.

This magnificent structure, called even by Cæsar wonderful, was the work of Sostratus, of Cnidus; and from the accounts which have descended to us of its great size, the durability of its materials, and of the substantial manner in which it was built, we might have reasonably expected it to be in existance at this day; but this is not the case. There is, indeed, still a lighthouse, but of a much more humble form, rising out of the midst of an irregular castle, or garrison, kept in this island, and which is now called Farion. Upon what occasion this famous building was destroyed, or met its destruction, history is, as far as we know, silent; but a writer of the twelfth century speaks of it, not only as a building subsisting in his time, but in perfect good condition; for he says, "There is nothing like it in the whole world, for the fineness of the edifice or the strength of its structure; for, besides that it is built of the hardest Tiburtine stones, these stones are also joined together with melted lead, and so firmly connected, that they cannot be loosened from one another; for the sea beats against the very stones wherewith it is built on the north side."

As this stupendous work existed, either entire or in part, about five hundred years ago, it is evident that some extraordinary fate must have happened to it since that time, as its disappearance cannot be accounted for merely by the neglect of it. To have pulled it down would have been a work of so much labour, that even a wanton desire of destruction would have been foiled in the attempt; and it appears scarcely possible that its demolition could answer any useful purpose. Nor can we suppose that it has been undermined by the sea's gaining upon the rocks it was built upon, as those are said to be of granite. It seems, therefore, most likely that it was destroyed by the shock of an earthquake, which at the same time produced a subsidence; as it has been stated by travellers that the foundations or ruins of art are still seen among the rocks of the island on which it stood, under the surface of the water. At any rate, we have authentic testimony that this stupendous tower existed for a period of one thousand six hundred years.

From this lighthouse, as the most celebrated, structures of this kind have generally obtained the same name; as the Faro di Messina, and others. The most remarkable amongst the moderns, till the erection of the lighthouse on the Eddystone rocks off Plymouth, was the Tour de Cordovan, situated near the coast of France, upon a small island near the mouth of the river Garonne, in the Bay of Biscay. This lighthouse was begun two hundred and fifty-three years ago, in the reign of Henry II. of France; it occupied twenty-six years in building, and was finished in the reign of Henry IV., in the year 1610.

About fourteen miles S.S.W. of Plymouth Harbour, are situated a very dangerous cluster of rocks, called the Eddystone rocks, upon which many a fatal accident has happened, by ships, particularly those that were homeward bound, running upon them. In the sixteenth century, the erection of a lighthouse upon one of these rocks was considered very desirable for the benefit of the commerce of the country; but from their insulated position, their distance from the land, the heavy seas continually rolling over them, together with the circumstance of their being wholly immersed every high tide, presented difficulties which, for a time, appeared insurmountable.

In the year 1696, Mr. Henry Winstanley, of Littlebury, in Essex, undertook the erection of a lighthouse upon these dangerous rocks, and obtained the necessary powers to put it in execution.

Mr. Winstanley had previously distinguished himself in a certain branch of mechanics, the tendency of which is to raise wonder and surprise. He had in his house at Littlebury a set of contrivances, more curious than useful; and it appears that he had established a place of public exhibition at Hyde-park corner, called Winstanley's Waterworks, which were mentioned in the "Tatler" of September, 1709.

The particulars of the erection of the lighthouse by Mr. Winstanley was furnished by himself, together with views of the building, to Prince George of Denmark, then Lord High

Admiral of England, of which the following extract is the commencement:—

"This lighthouse was begun to be built in the year 1696, and was more than four years in building: not for the greatness of the work, but for the difficulty and danger in getting backwards and forwards to the place; nothing being or could be left safe there for the first two years, but what was most thoroughly affixed to the rock, or the work, at a very extraordinary charge; and although nothing could be attempted to be done but in the summer season, yet the weather then, at times, would prove so bad, that for ten or fourteen days together the sea would be so raging about these rocks, caused by out-winds, and the running of the ground seas coming from the main ocean, that although the weather would seem, and be most calm in other places, yet here it would mount and fly more than two hundred feet, as has been so found since there was lodgment upon the place; and, therefore, all our works were constantly buried at those times, and exposed to the mercy of the seas; and no power was able to come near, to make good or help anything, as I have often experienced with my workmen in a boat in great danger, only having the satisfaction to see my work imperfectly at times, as the seas fell from it, at a mile or two distance; and this at the prime of the year, and no wind or appearance of bad weather, yet trusting in God's assistance for a blessing on this undertaking, being for a general good, and receiving most inexpressible deliverances."

Then follows the account of Mr. Winstanley's proceedings during three summers, as they were unable to continue the work during each winter, it being impossible to pass and repass with the materials on account of the heavy seas which then prevailed. The lighthouse was sufficiently completed in November, 1698, to enable them to exhibit a light on the 14th of that month; and in the following spring, such alterations and additional strength were given to it, as the experience of the first winter suggested.

Mr. Winstanley's lighthouse, unlike the Pharos of Alexandria, was not of very long duration; and, from the construction of it, it would appear that it was not adapted to withstand the fury of the element by which it was surrounded. In November, 1703, Mr. Winstanley went down to Plymouth to superintend some repairs which the building required, and it is stated, upon undoubted authority, that, previous to going off with his workmen, some friends intimated to him the danger that one day or other the lighthouse would certainly be overset; he replied, "He was so very well assured of the strength of his building, he should only wish to be there in the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens, that he might see what effect it would have upon the structure."

Mr. Winstanley's wish was gratified in an awful manner. While he was there with his workmen and light-keepers, that dreadful storm began, which raged the most violently upon the 26th of November, 1703, in the night; and of all the accounts of the kind with which history furnishes us, we have none that has exceeded this in Great Britain, or was more injurious or extensive in its devastation.

The next morning, when the violence of the storm was so much abated that it could be seen whether the lighthouse had suffered by it, nothing appeared standing; nor were any of the people or materials of the building ever found afterwards. And, it is stated in a work entitled "The Storm," published in London the following year, that the lighthouse had not been long down, when the Winchelsea, an homeward bound Virginia ship, was split upon the rock where that building stood, and most of her men drowned.

The great utility that the lighthouse had proved itself to be of, during its short continuance, together with the loss of the Winchelsea and other ships, proved powerful incentives to awaken the attention of those most nearly concerned, to attempt the erection of another, the former building having demonstrated it to be a thing, however difficult, yet not in its own nature impossible or impracticable. It was not, however, till the year 1706, that powers were obtained for the commencement of the work, and Mr. John Rudyerd was engaged as engineer and surveyor. This gentleman was not bred to any mechanical business or scientific profession, being at that time a silk mercer who kept a shop upon Ludgate-hill, London; but having made these kind of studies his private amusement, he had well qualified himself for the important undertaking which was now committed to his charge, and of which he so ably acquitted himself.

The building which he erected was of wood, its form was the frustrum of a cone, surmounted by a lantern for the exhibition of the light; its figure was simple and elegant, unbroken by any projecting ornament, or anything whereon the violence of the storms could lay hold; all the windows, shutters, and doors were so constructed that when shut their outside formed a part of the general surface, like the port-holes in a ship's side, without making any unevenness or interruption in the surface, so that the force of the sea striking it, flowed off without injuring the building.

We have stated that the building was of wood; it was essentially so: but, in order to insure its stability, by increasing the gravity or weight of the lower part, it was built solid to the height of thirty-three feet above the rock; and as the door was consequently elevated, an iron ladder was placed for the purposes of egress and ingress; this solid part consisted of some layers, or courses, of timber, and the rest of hard stone, called in that part of the country "moor stone." The whole weight of stone thus introduced at the bottom of the building amounted to two hundred and seventy tons, and may be considered in the nature of ballast. The whole height of this building, to the top of the ball which surmounted the lantern, was ninety-two feet, upon a base of twenty-three feet four inches.

The work was commenced in July, 1706, and was completed in 1709. It is stated that during the progress of the work, Louis XIV. being at war with England, a French privateer took the men at work upon the Eddystone rock, together with their tools, and carried them to France; and the captain was in expectation of a reward for his achievement. While the captives lay in prison, the transaction reached the ears of that monarch: he immediately ordered them to be released, and the captors to be put in their place; declaring that, though he was at war with England, he was not at war with mankind: he therefore directed the men to be sent back to their work with presents, observing, the Eddystone lighthouse was so situated as to be of equal service to all nations having occasion to navigate the channel that divides France from England.

Mr. Rudyerd has himself stated that four ships of war were appointed at sundry times to that station, "to expedite the work, and to protect the workmen," which was probably in consequence of the accident above stated.

The building when thus completed, continued, with certain repairs, to answer all the purposes intended by its erection, till December, 1755, forty-six years after its completion, when it accidentally caught fire in the upper part, and continued to burn downwards, driving the three attendants before the flames, from room to room, till they were obliged to quit the building, and take refuge in a hole in the rock, it being then low water, from whence they were providentially rescued before the returning tide swept them to a watery grave. The flames had been discovered from the shore early that morning, and a boat put off to render the assistance required. One of the three men, as soon as he was landed, ran away, and was not again heard of at Plymouth, fear having taken complete possession of his faculties; another having been much injured by the melted lead, which flowed over his face and down his throat, died a few days afterwards. Thus was destroyed the second Eddystone lighthouse, which, but for the fire, bade fair to withstand the raging of the winds and the sea for a long period of years.

We must next give an account of that beautiful building subsequently erected on the same rock by Mr. Smeaton. This building is not only beautiful in the symmetry of its figure, but its stability appears to be as great as the rock on which it stands.

Mr. Smeaton's first interview with the managing proprietor, Mr. Weston, took place on February 23, 1756; when having received instructions to prepare the necessary designs for a new erection, he set about his task with such earnestness and ability, that he very soon had the outline to lay before his employers, of the building which has for seventy-eight years withstood the raging of the winds and waves, and been, through the blessing of an Almighty Providence, the means of preserving many a ship's crew from perishing on these dangerous rocks.

The building is entirely of stone, fitted together by the dovetailing of each of its parts, by which every course of stone may be considered as one piece, and the whole cemented together forms one mass. Its height is eighty-seven feet to the ball surmounting the lantern, and its width at the base is twenty-six feet. The building was completed, and the light first exhibited, on October 16, 1759. The management of the light is intrusted to three men. Two only were employed for this service during the existence of the first, and early part of that of the present lighthouse; but in consequence of the following accident a third attendant was engaged. It happened that one of the two men was taken ill and died, and notwithstanding the Eddystone flag (the signal for help) was instantly made, the weather was such for some time, as to prevent any boat from getting so near the rocks as to speak to them. In this dilemma the living man found himself in an awful situation; being apprehensive that if he tumbled the dead body into the sea, which was the only way in his power to dispose of it, he might be charged with murder; this induced him for some time to let the corpse remain, in hopes that the boat might be able to land some person to relieve him from his distress; but it was nearly a month before the weather permitted a landing, and the body by this time was so far decomposed, as to render its removal difficult. This induced the proprietors to employ a third man, that in case of a future occurrence of the same nature, or the sickness of either, there might be constantly one to supply the place. This regulation also afforded a seasonable relief to the lightkeepers; for since there were three, it has been a rule, that in the summer, in their turns, they are permitted each to go on shore, and spend a month among their friends and acquaintance.

It may be a matter of surprise how persons can be found, who are content, for a salary only amounting to the wages of a day-labourer, to give up their liberty, and live an isolated life, as lightkeepers, upon the Eddystone rocks, they are, however, for the most part, men who have passed the prime of life, and having still to earn their bread by their own labour, find this an easy employment. But to show how different are the ideas of mankind, concerning the nature of confinement, we relate the following anecdote, which occurred some time before Mr. Rudyerd's lighthouse was burned down. "Says the master to a shoemaker in his boat, who he was carrying out to be a lightkeeper, 'How happens it, friend Jacob, that you should choose to go out to be a lightkeeper, when you can, on shore, as I am told, earn your half-a-crown and three shillings a day in making leathern hose, whereas the lightkeeper's salary is scarcely ten shillings a week?' Says the shoemaker, 'I go to be a lightkeeper, because I do not like confinement.' After this answer had produced its share of merriment, he at last explained himself, by saying, that he did not like to be confined to work."

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WORKER.

WHAT was the purpose for which such vast numbers assembled in the Crystal Palace last year? May we not say, that it was to do honour to *Labour?* and such an honour as was never shown to it before, since the commencement of our race. For thousands of years, the sweat of the brow was looked upon as a mark of disgrace, and was shunned and avoided by all who had the power to do so. The honour which it was capable of achieving was treasured up for kings, and the great men of the earth, who showed by their pyramids and other gigantic works, how far they themselves were removed above the necessity of labour itself. Nothing but the absolute command of God, and his refusal to give bread without the tillage of the soil, have perpetuated the existence of labour upon the earth. If there had been no necessity for food, or if the precept urged by St. Paul, "If any will not work, neither shall he eat," had not been supported by divine authority in its general relation to man, the slave would have been almost on a level with the despot, and he would have had no inducement sufficiently strong to make him submit to the imposition of bodily labour. And this shrinking from toil and effort was thus universal, although it had been long known, that so far from being an unmitigated curse, labour had been proved to be in its effects one of the best of blessings, by keeping men from evil. Though idleness has long been known to be the surest and readiest way to destroy all moral excellence, and, as such, has been reprobated by the wise and excellent of all nations and of all ages, yet the love of it has not ceased to sway the mind, and has oftentimes overcome every resistance which could be made to it. But when the nations of the world were assembled together for the first time in the history of the world, Labour was the attribute they delighted to honour; we enthroned it in our thoughts, and we built it a palace! And though the glass structure no longer charms our eyes in Hyde Park, a People's Palace of even more noble dimensions and more finished elegance is preparing, where fitting homage shall be rendered to the worker. In that building we shall, as a nation, honour Labour. We shall bend with admiration before its effects, we shall extol its power, and be ravished with its beauty—and the living agents which shall have wrought successfully with it, shall, in the after remembrance, have a name and reputation which shall spread wherever winds can blow, or waters bear. Our interest will be excited, not only with respect to the lighter and more elegant efforts of Labour, and to those which are exerted upon the precious substance of the earth—the labour of the mine and the furnace, of the hammer and the anvil, will be equally represented, and equally claim our admiration and encouragement. "Man," said Prince Albert at a meeting last year, "is approaching a more complete fulfilment of that great and sacred mission which he has to perform in this world. His reason being created in the image of God, he has to discover the laws by which the Almighty governs his creation, and by making these laws his standard of action, to conquer nature to his use—himself a Divine instrument."

THE SLAVE'S APPEAL.

Who made this man my master?—
That's what I want to know—
That he should wreck my heart in death,
Or chain my life to woe!
Have I no soul to bring the morn
Of love upon my cheek?
And did he sell my wife to scorn?—
Have I no heart to break?
Who made this man my master?—
That's what I want to know

Who made this man my master?—
The spirit in the skies
But bids me toil for life and love,
But thraldom he denies!
And that my brow bears deeper glow,
Why should they call me slave?
Or by my heart, through bondage, know
No country but the grave?
Who made this man my master?—
That's what I want to know.

FREDERICK ENOCH.

LITERARY NOTICES.

JOHN CASSELL'S ALMANACKS FOR 1853.

Price 1s., beautifully printed, super-royal 8vo.,

THE UNCLE TOM'S CABIN ALMANACK, or, THE ABOLITIONIST MEMENTO FOR 1853.—The most complete work on the question of slavery that has hitherto been published. Everybody who has read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" should possess themselves of a copy of this book, which more than verifies all the statements in Mrs. Stowe's thrilling narrative. This work is splendidly illustrated by George Cruikshank, Esq.; J. Gilbert, Esq.; W. Harvey, Esq.; H. K Browne, Esq. ("Phiz"), and other eminent artists; and contains upwards of 70 pages super-royal 8vo., replete with the most stirring incidents—Lives of Escaped Negroes; the Workings of the Fugitive Slave Law, Anecdotes, Narratives, and Historical and Descriptive Accounts of American Slavery. The sale already is very large, nearly 20,000 copies having been disposed of in a fortnight.

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BITS OF MY MIND.

THE Continual streams into the Mediterranean from the Atlantic and Black Sea are a puzzle. The current is always running into the Mediterranean, both through the Straits of Gibraltar and the Dardanelles. How is this? My notion is, the *motion of the Earth* is the cause. It is from west to east. This at the equator or near it, where the Earth's circumference is great, throws the waters of the ocean against the western shores of the continent of America, and of Asia and Europe. Hence the Pacific Ocean is of many feet *higher level* than is the sea on the eastern side of the Isthmus of Darien. And hence the Atlantic Ocean is *forced up* the Mediterranean and Black Sea. The *fresh water*, however, that falls so plentifully into the Black Sea, *being lighter*, runs out *upon* and *over* the ocean coming in, and hence the constant *out current* from this sea into the Mediterranean, where it is evaporated by the greater heat of the sun

You may if you please set public opinion at defiance, nay it may come perchance to be your duty to do so. But when you do it, be sure to *remember*, and not forget one thing—and that is, that, sooner or later, *you will be surely made to suffer for it.*

Is it philosophical to despise or decry the insignia of office, such as the gown of the Judge, the surplice of the Priest, the wig of the Lawyer, &c. It is just the contrary: all men are, in fact, most strongly affected through the senses, and if *the office is respected so will the insignia be.* It is only when the office has fallen into contempt that the *insignia* become contemptible. Take Scribleras's test for instance.—Let any man try to form "an abstract idea of a Lord Mayor divested of his wig, gown, gold chain, and glass coach." Let him do this if he can,—and when he has succeeded, let him say if he has got any *additional respect* for the office of a Lord Mayor.

IN addressing large audiences of the miscellaneous sort, nothing is so effective as the *interrogative style.* You put questions, you knowing what the answers will be; but this gives great life and variety to the process. You at once avoid so much of the "preachee! preachee" tone, which is always bad, and not to be endured for any length of time; and you interest your auditory by making them "part and parcel" of the scene with yourself. Every man who says a word under such circumstances thinks "how capitally *we* got on," and is your friend henceforward! This to all who are forced to address mixed bodies of people, on general topics, is *a secret worth knowing.*

No exercise displays muscular strength and activity more than does "skaiting." In fact good skaiting depends upon *muscle*, especially in the lower limbs. No weakly built man, however elegant his proportions, ever *skated well.* In Holland, where during half the year skaiting is as common as walking, it is observed that the women sometimes skait better than the men, and under loads that would puzzle a man to manage. The reason is, in the great muscularity of lower limb, which females of a class exposed to constant exercise generally retain. Such *Dutch skaiting* as I have seen was *not elegant* by any means, certainly not, but it is not the less *true*, therefore, that strength of limb is the *only foundation* for all the perfection that can be reached in this most graceful of all exercises.

THE difference of temperature, in one way, between different climates, is not so great as is commonly imagined: thus, though the heat in *Jamaica* be great, there are days in a fine *English summer* as hot as Jamaica; and days in a *Russian summer* as hot as our English summer. But the average amount of heat to be borne is very different in these countries, and it is this duration of temperature that tries the constitution. Very hot, very cold, or very damp days, if insulated, do no harm to any body, if common care be used. It is the duration and average amount of these peculiarities of climate that try persons' strength, whose bodies are not inured to them, especially with heat and damp, extreme cold being comparatively manageable and innoxious. A great cause of disease under change of climate arises, however, from travellers *not bending to the modes of living* required by the new climate. If, for instance, men *will* go to *Bengal*, and eat large quantities of animal food, drink copiously of fermented and spirituous liquors, and expose themselves to the perpendicular sun or the night dew, what marvel is it that fevers and liver complaints ensue?

SIR Walter Scott, writing an account of his feelings on the death of his friend and patron the Duke of Buccleugh says—"I never thought it possible that one man could have loved another so much where *difference of rank* was so very great." The reflection is characteristic, but is the case properly put? I see no marvel in a Commoner being able to love a Duke, even though that Duke had a couple of hundred thousand pounds a year, and all sorts of good things in his power besides. *The question is, could the Duke equally love the Commoner*, who had nothing in his power, but a little well-turned flattery. This is the question for "Herald's college." At all events, I cannot pretend to answer it.

To a tempest, whether it rage against a government or an individual, if it be excessive, the politic way is to offer a mitigated resistance, yielding something, though repelling much. Upon this principle it is that to a garden a good hedge is a better protection than a wall. When the wind blows furiously, either the wall is levelled, or the gale rising over it in a body, falls again with full fury on the other side, and sweeps all before it. The hedge, on the contrary, by *repelling part, and letting part through*, breaks the force of the tornado and fulfils the adage of "Divide et impera!" This is Whig policy.

Is there such a personage as a "strictly *impartial* person?" I do not know, but it is in the chances that there is, perhaps, one in a million of people. But then he is not, nor can be, of any use with his "impartiality." For this good reason, because the "partial" villians about him are not capable of judging, and consequently of admitting, that *he is what he is.* Hence his impartiality is really useless. If a man had a watch that miraculously told true time to the millionth part of a second, it would be of no service either to him or others, in ordinary life. The rest would *believe their own watches and disbelieve his*; and the *result* would be much the same as if they were all wrong together.

TALKING of climates, our north of England climate is not, after all, a bad sort of a climate by any means: but so uncertain, that it is perpetually liable to cross accidents. When you should have sunshine you now and then are amongst snow, and one frosty night will sometimes spoil the work of a fine spring, or a rainy September half drown a golden harvest. In short it is like an *unlucky beauty*, that is every now and then getting a tooth knocked out, or an ugly bump on the nose that will leave its mark behind it.

I HAVE *several times* in various passages of my life had a feeling that what was then saying or doing had happened before, and have been, as it were, enabled on the instant, mentally to predict what would come next. This has happened to me a score of times at least. I see Scott, in his diary, alludes to something of the same nature, which seems to have annoyed him, and which he calls an "insane" feeling. Insane! what insane, Sir Walter? I fear I have little in common with Scott (would I had more), but I trust I am no more mad than he was.

It has often been remarked that "a wit must have a criminal auditory, otherwise he cannot shine." Just so. The atmosphere must be *metrical*, "otherwise" we can have no *rhyming*. If the *rope* be not stretched *tight enough*, the rope-dancer may in vain essay to keep his footing.

A little way come to another is a great wrong done to ourselves.

IT was a good reply of Plato, to one who murmured at his reproving him for a small matter: "Custom," said he, "is no small matter, and custom, or habit of life does frequently exceed the natural inclination, either to good or evil."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A TRAVELLER.—According to the report on railways presented by Captain Simmonds, it appears that the proportion of sufferers by railway accidents (taking the year 1851 for example), is about *four to every million* of passengers.

A TEETOTALER.—We have not by us a list of Temperance publications. Send a penny stamp enclosed to W. Tweedie, 337, Strand, and you will get a list in return. The *Temperance Almanack* for 1853 may be had there, or at our office.

TYRO.—The words "acumen" and "acuteness" certainly differ in signification; the idea of the first of these words is taken from a leaf tapering gradually to a point; that of the second from a leaf which is sharp-pointed without tapering. *Acumen* means quickness of intellect, *acuteness* means sharpness, keenness, subtleness.

MARY ANNE.—We have obtained for you the following from *Soyer's Modern Housewife*—"Potatoes à la Maitre d'Hôtel. Boil ten middle-sized potatoes cut in slices of an inch thick, put in a stewpan half a pint of milk, or broth, a little salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, and eatable-spoonful of fresh-chopped parsley; then simmer on the fire; when boiling add a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, and the juice of a lemon; stir well a few minutes, when each piece is well covered with the sauce, dish up hot." Mary Anne will observe, however, that this is not the most economical mode of preparing potatoes for a family.

INQUIRER (Bristol).—The returns of the persons engaged in various occupations, as ascertained by the recent census, have not yet been furnished to the public; but the late Mr. Porter, in his "Progress of the Nation," states that the proportion of persons in the United Kingdom who pass their time without applying to any gainful occupation is quite inconsiderable. Of 5,812,276 males, twenty years of age and upwards, living at the time of the census preceding the last, there were said to be engaged of some calling or profession, 5,466,182.

CHARLES MARTIN.—Read carefully the Lessons on English Grammar, in the "Popular Educator;" and especially read the questions for examination at the close of each lesson, and endeavour to answer them.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

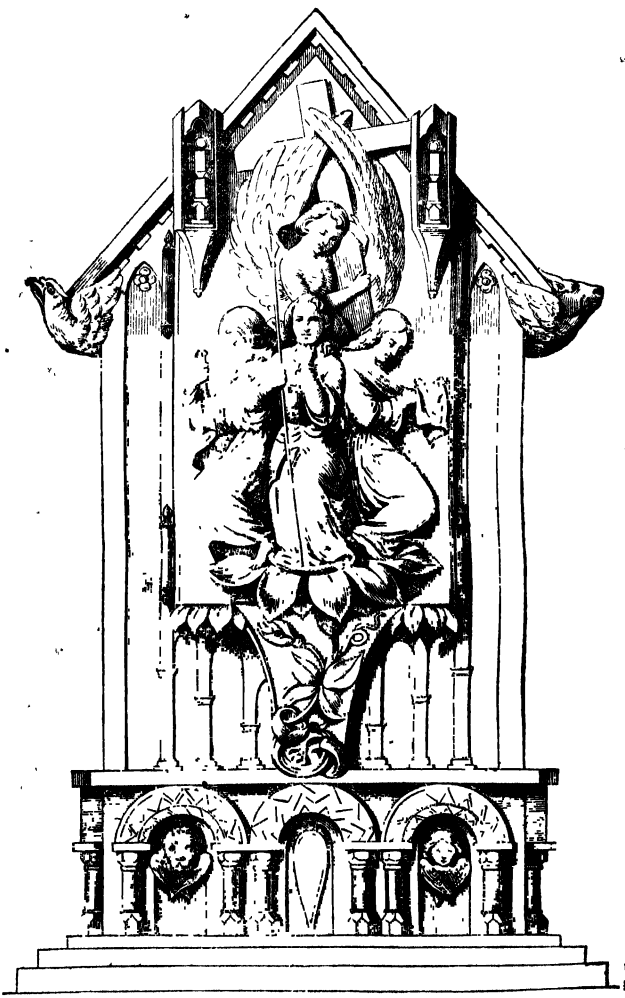
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III., NO. 62] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

CARVING IN WOOD.

NEXT to the art of sculpture and modelling in plastic materials, carving in wood, ivory, and other substances, has, from very early times, engaged the attention of mankind. The ancients, we are told, used ivory to a great extent in works of art, and its union with gold, called by the Greeks *chryselephantine* sculpture, was adopted by the greatest artists. In later times, carving in ivory has been confined to smaller objects. Wood of almost every description was a favourite material for carving among the ancients, and, after clay, was doubtless, from the facility of cutting it, the first substance used for imitative art.

But machinery has been lately made to perform the work of the artist in wood. By Jordan's Machine-carving, various specimens of which were shown at the world's fair in Hyde-park, the imitation of man's labour has been very successfully carried out. The patent process is in operation at the works of Messrs. Jordan, in the Belvidere-road, Lambeth; the wood has motion given to it, while the tools remain nearly stationary. A pattern of the work to be carved is first modelled by the artist, and afterwards copied by the machine in wood with perfect accuracy, and in such a manner that two or three copies are made simultaneously, the carving thus prepared by the machine is then sent back to the artist, who introduces by hand the finishing touches. A very large amount of the carving in the new Houses of Parliament has been effected by this machine. The more delicate work for the same building requiring hand-processes, is entrusted to Mr. Rogers, whose exquisite productions have done much towards the revival of a taste for this art.



ALTAR PIECE IN CARVED WOOD, AS SHOWN IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE, BY M. GEERTS, OF LOUVAIN.

About five years ago, Mr. Piatt patented a carving machine, which was based on another patent machine, invented by Mr. Irving, for preparing the materials for inlaying. According to a description given of it before the Institute of British Architects, Mr. Piatt's Machine combines the principle of the lathe, the drill, and the pantograph. The material on which the design is to be carved is fixed on a table which turns on a centre. The tool, acting in the manner of a centre-bit, is attached to an arm, also working on a centre, and is made to revolve with great velocity.

Guided by a pattern of cast iron, the tool, by a double movement of the arm and the table, can be made to pass through any combination of curves, drilling out the material as it passes over it. The lines of the design are determined by the iron patterns, and the depth and form of sinking by the shape and position of the tool; and if a double moulding is required, two pattern and two tools and a double operation are necessary. The tool and its position at the end of the arm being once adapted to the section of the moulding to be produced, the rest is purely mechanical, the workman guides the tool with one hand, and the table with the other, and the design comes out with great rapidity. The tool revolves thrice thousand times in a minute, and the wood is cut away in the form of very fine fragments, like saw-dust, leaving a smooth surface behind it. The machine will cut-stone with nearly the same facility as wood.

A kind of imitative carving was introduced a few years ago, in which a hot iron is employed instead of a cutting tool An iron mould is prepared corresponding to the pattern to be produced; and this mould, being heated to redness, is applied with great force to the surface of a piece of dimpled wood; and this process is repeated until the required form is produced, by burning away the surface of the wood. The char is then removed, and any requisite undercutting is done by hand. When finished, the work has somewhat the appearance of old oak, and the surface may be brought to a high polish.

The recent exhibitions of manufactures, both modern and mediæval, have been rich in specimens of carving, showing to how high a degree of excellence that art may be carried. It is a pleasing feature in the history of taste in this art, after a long period of decline, has now again worked its old into favour.

In the reign of Elizabeth, says Mr. Ward, the art of carving on wood appears to have reached its zenith. At that period the houses of the nobility were adorned with the richest workmanship of sculptured wood, and objects of furniture made of British woods were richly carved, in accordance with the prevailing taste of the age. The interspersion of old pieces of [illegible] with modern portions is great demand amongst collectors, dealers, and connoisseurs. And then, having spoken of the wood carvings of the middle ages, the Chapels of Westminster Abbey, and the Cathedrals of Durham and York, the author comes to our own times, and thus eulogizes Grinlin Gibbon:—"Who, he remarks truly, 'that there is no instance of a man before Gibbon who gave to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements, with a free disorder, natural to each species?' And so truly was the workmanship of Gibbon, according to the same authority, that a carved pot of flowers in a room shook, as though they were natural, by the mere motion of the coaches in the street. The Chapel at Windsor, and the Choir of St. Paul's, contain some foliage by Gibbon, executed in the most artistic manner. The [illegible] of cherubs possess a sweetness of expression and a [illegible] loveliness, which, as long as they exist, will render them the admiration of all lovers of ideal beauty, and his picture-frames, where dead game, flowers, and foliage almost deceive the eye into a belief of their reality, are first-rate. Wood carvers at about this time began to develop their powers. It was Bird, of Bristol, who first suggested to Bailey the idea of making figures, and determined the ultimate direction of the sculptor's mind."†

The specimen of carving shown in the engraving is by M. Geerts, of Louvain, one of the most successful artists in wood. The original work was quite free from gilding and colour, the natural grain of the wood giving all the light and shade requisite. As will be seen by reference to the picture, it was an expressive and capital piece of work.

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* Knight's Cyclopædia.
† The World and its Workshops By James Ward.

EDMUND BURKE was a *great writer*, but not a *great man*. His style is beautiful, his matter indifferent They who deem Burke *profound*, either in metaphysics or politics, are themselves shallow thinkers in both.

COMMON SENSE.

THERE is a class of persons who object to the study of Logic, because they cannot perceive its practical utility; and affirm that men may, and do reason very correctly without it. This objection might be applied as forcibly to the science of grammar, music, chemistry, mechanics, &c.; in which the practice must have preceded the theory. But, while these objectors repudiate the rules of Logic as useless, in many cases they advocate the use of systematic principles; and maintain, that Common Sense is the sufficient and only safe guide in reasoning. Hence, I am led to think, that these Common Sense persons are ignorant of the meaning of the term they employ. When the word is used definitely, I apprehend it means an exercise of the judgment unaided by any rules. This method we all frequently adopt; because we have no established principles to guide us, and are therefore compelled to act on the best suggestions. He who is skilful in this, is regarded as possessing superior Common Sense. But even he should remember, that whatever may be the amount of his Common Sense alone, he is far inferior to that man who with a tolerable share of Common Sense, also thoroughly understands a well connected system of rules. For Common Sense is only a subordinate guide. It is, however, generally admitted, that a well formed system of rules is desirable when it can be obtained; and this is allowed even by those who denounce the study of Logic Notwithstanding our opponents have such a strong predilection for Common Sense, they would deride the man who depends upon it alone, as his best and safest guide in all cases. For example; a sailor would perhaps treat a treatise of a disease by Common Sense, and laugh at the Science of Medicine, but he would be the first to ridicule the proposal to navigate a ship by Common Sense, without the rules of nautical science It is very clear, therefore, that systematic knowledge is far preferable to mere extemporaneous judgments. I maintain therefore, that those persons who are perpetually eulogizing Common Sense, as superior to an acquaintance with the Aristotelian theory in reasoning, know not what they say, nor what they affirm. If they do, then I should say, that they are destitute of mental energy, in not trying to acquire that, by which they may reason with certainty, instead of guessing their way in the dark.

JOSEPH ALLEN.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.—When we talk of the man * that woman being no longer the same person whom we remember in youth, and remark (of course to deplore) changes in our friends, we don't, perhaps, calculate that circumstance only brings out the latent defect or quality, and does not create it. The selfish lassitude and indifference of to-day's possession is the consequence of the selfish ardour of yesterday's pursuit the scorn and weariness which ensue *vanitas vanitatum* is but the lassitude of the sick appetite pall with pleasure the insolence of the successful *parvenu* is only the necessary continuance of the career of the needy [illegible] mental struggles are like our gray hairs, or our [illegible] but the fulfilment of the plan of mental growth and decay tha which is snow-white now was glossy black once, that which is sluggish obesity to-day was boisterous rosy health a few years back, that calm weariness, benevolent, resigned, and disappointed, was ambition, fierce and violent, but a few years since, and has only settled into submissive repose after many a battle and [illegible] Lucky he who can bear his failure so generously, and throw up his broken sword to Fate the Conqueror with a manly and humble heart! Are you not awe-stricken, you friendly reader, who, taking the page up for a moment's light reading, lay it down, perchance, for a graver reflection?—to think how you, who have consummated your success or your disaster, may be holding marked station, or a hopeless and nameless place, in the crowds who have passed through how many struggles of defeat, success, crime, remorse to yourself only known!—who may have loved and grown cold, wept and laughed again, how often!—to think how you are the same, *you*, whom in childhood you remember, before the voyage of life began? It has been prosperous, and you are riding into port, the people huzzaing and the guns saluting,—and the lucky captain bows from the ship's side, and there is a cave under the star on his breast which nobody knows of, or you are wrecked, and lashed, hopeless, to a solitary spar out at sea—the sinking man and the successful man are thinking each about home, very likely, and remembering the time when they were children, alone on the hopeless spar, drowning out of sight, alone in the midst of the crowd applauding you.—*W. M Thackeray.*

THE MELANCHOLY OF PROFESSED WITS.

An article lately appeared in a periodical called *La Paix*—a French newspaper of considerable talent—which attempted to explain the phenomenon of melancholy in professed wits; but the writer has not fully investigated the causes of that melancholy, nor has he deduced any of those grand moral lessons that may be learned from such a subject. It is one, however, which deserved the most serious attention, if any higher purpose were in view than the satisfying of a vain curiosity. We shall, therefore, state briefly the facts, and follow them up with a few reflections.

Few romances are more seductive to readers than Don Quixote. One day, Philip III., king of Spain, was standing in one of the balconies of his palace, observing a young Spanish student, who was sitting in the sun and reading a book, while he was bursting out into loud fits of laughter. The farther the student read, the more his gaiety increased, until at last he was so violently excited, that he let the book fall from his hands, and rolled on the ground in a state of intense hilarity. The king turned to his courtiers, and said, "That young man is either mad, or he is reading Don Quixote." One of the guards of the palace went to pick up the book, and found that his majesty had guessed rightly. Yet, Miguel Cervantes, the author of this book which is so amusing, had dragged on the most wretched and melancholy existence. He was groaning and weeping, while all Spain was laughing at the humorous adventures of the knight of La Mancha, and the wise sayings of Sancho Panza.

It is well known that Molière, the first comic author in France, the man who wrote the ludicrous scenes of The Doctor in Spite of Himself, The Country Gentleman, and The Hypochondriac, was a prey to invincible melancholy. Molière was seldom cheerful, and never without great effort. After having diverted Louis XIV., the court, and the whole city, he carried into his domestic circle, and even into his intercourse with men of letters, a sadness, which the greatest worldly prosperity could never entirely dispel.

Scarron, that wit so full of raillery, possessed an exterior the least humorous that could be imagined. On first seeing this little man in a black coat, a white wig, and a sallow countenance, no one would ever have supposed that he was a jester full of levity.

We could mention few authors who had the reputation of being such entertaining companions as Desaugiers, no one could enliven a company of friends, or set the table in a roar like him. There is not one of his songs which does not breathe the most lively and most unfettered gaiety, and as to the figure of Desaugiers, was it not the most complete type of the happiest man upon the face of the earth? Always singing, always laughing, the countenance of Desaugiers seemed to defy the attacks of sorrow, his whole life appeared to be spent in the midst of a continual feast. And yet Desaugiers was sad! melancholy overwhelmed his heart in his most joyous festivals, and amidst his most mirthful songs, if he celebrated so much the pleasures of wine, it was because he sought in it the forgetfulness of that gnawing grief which he concealed from every eye, and would have wished to conceal even from himself.

Comic actors, too, like authors of the same stamp, have been subjected to this secret influence of melancholy, nor have they shared in the gaiety which their appearance merely has excited in others. "Observe Bouffe," says the writer of the paper in *La Paix*, "a smile appears but seldom to animate his countenance, emaciated by a state of almost constant disease. Fereol, weary of amusing the pit of the comic opera, without being able to amuse himself, has retired to a country house near Orleans, and is seeking relief from the recollections of the theatre in the midst of his pentangs. Probably you may have met a man in the streets of Paris, with blue spectacles and a very miserable air, without ever thinking that you had before your eyes Arnal, one of the most entertaining comedians of the ballad. Samson and Ambrose, those famous comedians of the French theatre, are only comic after seven o'clock in the evening. As to Debureau, the celebrated prince of the rope-dancers, the moment he puts off the coating of flour, with which he has whitened his countenance, he becomes the saddest man in the whole neighbourhood in which he lives."

There is a well known anecdote of Biancolelli, the celebrated harlequin, whose gambols and drolleries have been the amusement of all Paris, at the theatre of the fair of St. Germain. One day a physician of great eminence in that city, beheld a man entering his study, who came, as he said, to seek the assistance of his skill against a disease which nothing could cure. Having made some inquiries into the causes of his sufferings, the unknown patient replied, that he was afflicted with a deep melancholy, which rendered life an insupportable burden.

"You must excite the nervous system," said the physician to his patient.

"I do, every day of my life, but it does not make me forget my sadness," replied the patient.

"You must travel, then."

"I have made the tour of Europe, and still my wretchedness has travelled with me."

"Oh! the case is sad indeed, but still there is a remedy; go every evening to the Italian comedy; you will see the celebrated Harlequin Biancolelli; his gaiety is catching; that will make you cheerful."

"Alas, Sir," said the poor patient, "I see my malady is incurable, I am Biancolelli."

To these examples, quoted by *La Pair*, we might add others, every where to be met with, and occurring almost every day. Dickens, in his Life of Grimaldi, speaks of the devouring melancholy which pursued this celebrated actor whenever he was off the stage, or left to his own resources, and it is well known that the late Mr. Liston, whose face was sufficient to set an audience in good humour, was a confirmed hypochondriac. Who are the men most ill tempered in their own houses! men of the most morose and captious dispositions, who quarrel with their wives, and children, and servants, who know not what to do with themselves, or how to get rid of their weariness? They are commonly such as exhibit in society the most jovial character, the utterers of witty expressions, the droll, who are saluted on their entry into a place with bursts of laughter, and who e inventive powers in buffoonery are inexhaustible. When they have thus for hours been amusing the frequenters of the saloons, they have returned to their own homes with heavy hearts and empty heads, weary of themselves, and distressing others with their ill humours. Their gaiety is a mask, which they put on for a night, and take off when they enter their own houses. Who has not met with persons of this double character? professed jesters among others, intolerable in their own domestic circle, as full of discontent in their own families, as they are of boisterous merriment in the face of the world.

There is not perhaps, one of our readers, who has not experienced the same sensations in himself. At what time are men most exposed to the approaches of melancholy and sadness? on what day and in what hour are they in their saddest mood, when all objects around them appear most discouraging? Is it not after such assemblies of pleasure, after they have been giving way to a foolish and intoxicating mirth, after they have been partaking of these frivolous amusements, the "laughter of fools." They have left these houses of feasting, more sad, more dejected, and more disposed to irritation of temper. Why is this? It is not difficult to be explained.

Man by instinct, by situation, by duty, is called on to be serious. And let no one mistake us here; the seriousness of which we speak is altogether different from sadness and dejection. It is the gravity of an intelligent creature, who retires within himself, who comprehends the greatness of his moral obligations, and to whom an important mission has been intrusted. It is the will of God that we should be serious; He has implanted both the principle and the need of this seriousness in our very nature. So really is this the case, that the moment a man finds himself alone, placed, as it were, face to face with himself, and left to his own thoughts, he immediately becomes serious. Not to be so, he must do one of two things; either he must retrace in his memory those comic scenes in which he has been engaged, and bring them back in his imagination, or he must take refuge in an amusing book, or some such source. In both cases, every one must observe that the man gets out of himself, turns off his eyes from himself, in fine, cheats himself, to avoid being serious, he employs stimulants, which produce a confusion in his moral nature, similar to that which wine produces in his physical constitution.

And not only man is instinctively serious, every thing that he sees in this world, every thing about him is serious also. The firmament with its thousands of stars, that move in constant harmony, is a solemn spectacle. This globe with its plants and fruits, presents a serious aspect. The animals are serious. The whole universe, in whatever point of view we behold it, whatever part of creation we examine, is serious. Life is a serious business, and death a serious conclusion to it. Certain philosophers have inquired, why man becomes serious, and even feels a kind of melancholy, every time he comes directly in contact

with the grand scenes of the exterior world. This impression, we think, is sufficiently accounted for by the seriousness that is spread over all the works of nature; and if this gravity is often accompanied with sadness, this arises from the contrast that man cannot fail to perceive between the peaceful majesty of the creation, and the tumultuous emotions of his own heart.

Man never laughs when he is alone, without the presence of external excitements; he never laughs when he is contemplating the universe. Consider the subject closely, and you will see, that laughter always has its source in circumstances that belong to man alone, in the misfortunes, the mistakes, the defects, and the vices of man. Not that we would blame laughter or innocent mirth, as some moralists have done. But what is necessary to be well understood, because our social and domestic relations often lead us to misunderstand it, is, that the mirth that manifests itself in loud bursts of laughter, the foolish gaiety, which is boisterous and deafening, that systematic merriment, if we may use the expression, which characterises the lives of certain men, is a state contrary to nature.

The preceding observations may suffice to solve the moral problem laid down by the writer in *La Paix*. Comic authors and actors must necessarily be more sad than the rest of mankind, for the very reason that it is their object to make others gay. They have adopted a profession which obliges them to struggle with their natural inclinations, and the re-action springing from this is in proportion to the violence which they have put upon themselves. They cannot stop within the bounds of that gravity which is natural, after their task is finished; but they sink into a state of ill humour, disgust, and often misery. We would not say, that comic authors and actors themselves have a clear and distinct knowledge of this re-action; it is most probable they have not. The world requires of them that which renders them sad and melancholy, and most of them can do nothing but answer the demand. But our explanation is not, therefore, the less just There are many feelings that the majority of mankind appreciate only by their effects, and of the causes of which they have no knowledge they experience them, they are happy or miserable under them; but they cannot explain whence they proceed. Harlequin Biancolelli amused all the world, and was miserable himself while amusing them. Had he consulted a moralist, instead of going to a physician, he would have learned that his moral nature was revenging itself for the force put upon it every evening of his life. In the same manner may be explained the contradiction that appears in the character of Desaugiers. As to Sterne and Molière, they needed not to consult any one; they had sufficiently read their own hearts to know what inspired them with so deep a melancholy.

It may seem a paradox, at first sight, to maintain that peace is the sister of gravity, and that the most serious man, in the Christian sense of the word, is at the same time the happiest man But experience attests that it is a great truth. If we inquire, who is the least miserable upon the earth? we must look at the man who is most serious, and whom perhaps superficial observers may accuse of being melancholy This man conforms himself to the designs of Divine Providence; he is in that moral condition which his Creator has appointed for him, he his serious, because God designs him to be so; and true happiness, both in this world and that which is to come, is always the portion of the man who does His will.

JAMES WOLFENDEN, THE LANCASHIRE MATHEMATICIAN.

James Wolfenden was born at Hollinwood, near Manchester, on the 22nd day of June, 1754. His father, John Wolfenden, was a native of Higginshaw, near Royton; but having married Mary Simister, of Hollinwood, he went to reside there, and followed hand-loom weaving as an occupation. Before James had completed his sixth year his mother died, upon which his father removed to Higginshaw, and shortly afterwards to Chapel Croft, in Oldham. While residing here, a journeyman hatter taught young Wolfenden the letters of the alphabet, and though the *name* of his first instructor had escaped his memory, he ever remembered his *services* with feelings of gratitude. He remained only a short time at Oldham, being again removed to Hollinwood, where he resided with his grandfather in a secluded cottage, thatched with straw, and known by the name of the "Willows," from its being surrounded with large trees of that description. About this time he was sent to a day-school in the neighbourhood, but the bobbin-wheel and the loom being considered much more profitable employments than learning to read, he was taken away after one week's attendance, and the sum of three-halfpence defrayed the expenses of his scholastic education. These deficiencies, however, were in some degree supplied by the assiduity of his grandfather, who took advantage of the intervals of leisure after the day's weaving was concluded, to instruct him in reading, writing, and arithmetic. From this stage Mr. Wolfenden may be said to be *self-taught*, if we except some occasional assistance he received from Mr. Jeremiah Ainsworth (grandfather of the gifted novelist, W. H. Ainsworth, Esq.), a well-known mathematician, then resident near Hollinwood. Though his days were occupied at the loom, he spent most of his leisure hours in reading all the works on science he could procure in that *then* thinly-populated neighbourhood, so that by the time he arrived at manhood he was well acquainted with most of the principal writers on physical and mathematical subjects, and had made the works of Euclid, Newton, Simpson, and Emerson, his particular study. Simpson's *Select Exercises*, he often maintained, was "worth its weight in gold;" his *Fluxions* ever kept its place as a favourite book; and *Newton's Method of Prime and Ultimate Ratios*, formed the basis of many of his most difficult investigations. At the age of twenty-eight he married a Miss Raynor, of Hollinwood, who died within two years, leaving him one son, the present Mr. John Wolfenden, and he never married again. In his old age, when adverting to these subjects, he frequently amused his friends by relating, that when the marriage fees were paid, their whole stock of money amounted to one shilling "to set up house and begin the world with," but, notwithstanding the low state of their exchequer, he took a house, which he occupied, until he had attended and paid rent at more than a hundred half-yearly rent-days. Mr. Wolfenden's ardour for the acquisition of knowledge, however, suffered no diminution, and his first contributions to the mathematical periodicals appear in *Burrow's Diary* for 1781, where he answers ques. 64 5, and proposes ques. 71—"Given the base and vertical angle of a plane triangle, to construct it, when the rectangle under the line bisecting the vertical angle, and the difference of the sides is the greatest possible." The last question was solved by Mr. Ainsworth, with the assistance of the conic sections, and the proposer is said, by the editor, to have given "a very elegant solution, deduced from the doctrine of prime and ultimate ratios." Mr. Wolfenden appears not to have been quite satisfied with this summary disposal of his favourite method of investigation, and the proposal of ques. 87 concluded his correspondence to that work. This question was afterwards re-proposed, as No. 136, in *Whiting's Mathematical Delights*, to which the proposer's solution by means of "ultimate ratios," is the only one printed; and he also re-proposed the former one, under "Senex," as No. 400 in the *Gentleman's Mathematical Companion*, which called forth the able and profound geometrical investigation by Mr. Butterworth, contained in pp. 764-5 of the *Companion* for 1818. He next appears in the *Gentleman's Diary* for 1783, where the solution to ques. 495, and the proposal of ques. 506, sufficiently evince his proficiency in geometrical investigation. To *Whiting's Mathematical, Geometrical, and Philosophical Delights*, he also contributed several curious and difficult questions, which may be seen in articles 17 and 20 of that work: it will be observed he here employs his favourite method in the solution of questions 136-7. In 1797, the first number of the *Student* was published by his talented friend and pupil, Mr. William Hilton; and Mr. Wolfenden appears as the proposer of the 16th, and prize questions. He was very liberal in his contributions to the second number of this work, which was contrary to his usual practice; but the reason may be found in his partiality for its conductor; the only solution to the prize question was furnished by himself. To the third number he contributed props. 35, 6, 7, 8, 9, of the well-known and valuable "Modern Geometry," as also solutions to the 36th and 37th questions. The first of these is the prize in the *Ladies' Diary* for 1791, and was re-proposed on account of the solution by Lieutenant Mudge not appearing satisfactory; the

second question in the 25th, in *Burrow's Diary* for 1777, which was answered by the editor in 1779, "but, as that answer is false in *principle*, the question was re-proposed with a view to have the error pointed out, and a true solution given to the problem." Fluxional solutions were given to this question in the *Student*, by Laputiensis and Mr. Wright; but the proposer's, by the method of limits, is the only one printed. The 53rd, 72nd, and 73rd questions in this work were proposed by him, to the first only of which were solutions given. The last question was re-proposed as the prize in the first number of the *Mathematical Associate*, and was ably answered by Mr. Jones, Professor Gill, and Dr. Rutherford. Some able solutions were furnished by Mr. Wolfenden to the fourth number of the *Student*; and it has been stated that the dread of a dispute between himself and some of the other contributors respecting the 73rd question led to the discontinuance of the work. His correspondence to the *Gentleman's Mathematical Companion* is distinguished for its profundity and elegance. The noted question respecting the "exciseman's staff," which first appeared as ques. 699 in the *Gentleman's Diary*, was here re-proposed, and answered by Mr. Wolfenden in a very complete and elegant manner, so far as the question itself is concerned, and his supplementary remarks furnish an excellent specimen of mathematical criticism. Particular circumstances have led Mr. Septimus Teebay, of Preston, to reconsider Mr. Wolfenden's results, and he has deduced from his new solution several interesting particulars, which it is to be desired he will soon make public. Mr. Teebay is well known to be profoundly acquainted with dynamics, and his investigations will be acceptable not only to his immediate friends, but to all who take an interest in mathematical inquiries. We may further state that several manuscript solutions by Mr. Wolfenden, to questions in that work, are still in existence, which, together with those printed, fully prove him to have been considerably in advance of most mathematicians of his time in mechanics and physical science. He was repeatedly solicited to contribute to *Leybourn's Mathematical Repository*, but he does not appear to have done more, in his own name, than propose ques. 153 in the first series of this extensive and valuable work. Altogether his contributions to the periodicals extend over a period of nearly sixty years, and though he was far from being so extensive a correspondent as Butterworth, there is scarcely a work of this description but had, at one time or other, either *publicly* or *privately*, a share of his support, and that generally in questions of the highest order of difficulty. About 1794 he became a member of the Oldham Mathematical and Philosophical Society, which, from the number of able geometers it has produced, may not unaptly be termed the *Lancashire School*. Ainsworth, Taylor, Mabbot, Hilton, Fletcher, Wolfenden, Butterworth, Kay, &c., are names which need only be enumerated to prove the importance and respectability of the association.

During the period just reviewed, Mr. Wolfenden enjoyed the correspondence of most of the leading characters of the day. Professors Bonnycastle and Lowry are said to have visited him in his seclusion, and to have expressed themselves much gratified with his instructive and interesting conversation; and it may be gathered from the following extracts from various letters addressed to him how high he ranked in the estimation of the talented writers. It is much to be regretted that these few are the only remains of an extensive collection, the rest having been used by a grand-daughter to "wrap sweetmeats in:—"

No. I. London, Sept. 21st, 1795.

Sir,—As I am now in a distant part of the country, I could wish to commence a regular correspondence with you, as it would be a means of informing me how the rest of my friends are, and to me a constant source of pleasure and instruction. The day after my arrival here I introduced myself to Mr. Whiting,—a very modest and agreeable man he is. I dined with him the Sunday following. He has received a solution to that question of mine in the *Delights*, from Mr. Lowry. I found Mr. Griffiths a few days after, he is with Mr. Lackington, the greatest bookseller in London. I was soon after admitted a member of a mathematical society, consisting of upwards of sixty members. * * Mr. Sanderson, Isaac Dalby, Mr. Whiting, Hampshire, Edwards, Bickford, Griffiths, &c., are all members, among whom I meet with a friendly reception. Most of these gentlemen remember you but thought such a person *as you never existed*, but that your writings had been by *some eminent person under a fictitious name* Mr. Leybourn is publishing a periodical work [this was the *Mathematical Repository*, old series, but the question alluded to was cancelled in the second number], and I think Sanderson examines the proof sheets. He told me the question respecting the exciseman's staff was re-proposed in it; when it makes its appearance I will send you one. Your well wisher,

Mr. Wolfenden, Hollinwood JOHN FLETCHER.

No. II. London, June 23rd, 1798.

Dear Sir,—When my friend Mr Fletcher was in town last, he promised me he would ask you for a new question or two, one of them to be the Prize Question. He informed me you would send a solution to the last Prize, and that you had a solution to the question in the "Gentleman's Diary," about the excise man's staff. If you will send me a new question or two, and a solution to the Prize, I shall be very much obliged. * * * Give my respects to Mr Fletcher when you see him.—I remain, your obliged servant,

Mr. James Wolfenden, Hollinwood. WILLIAM DAVIS.

No. III. September 3rd, 1798.

Sir,—I should esteem it a particular favour if you will please to favour me with anything suitable for the "Repository."

I am, Sir, your most obedient,

Mr James Wolfenden, Hollinwood, THOMAS LEYBOURN.

No IV. Bolton, Nov. 4th, 1798.

Sir,—* * * Please to present my most respectful compliments to Mr Wolfenden when you see him. I consider myself as much honoured by the notice he took of me in his letter to Mr. Walker. * * * I intend to buy the "Student," which you inform me was published on the 1st instant. * * * I am endeavouring to kindle a love for mathematics in this place, as far as lies in my power. * * * I hope Mr Hilton's removal to Liverpool will turn out to his advantage.—I am, Sir, your obliged friend,

Mr. John Fletcher, Oldham. JAMES CUNLIFFE.

No. V Taliaris, 4th June, 1799.

Sir,—Mr Swale this day sent me a question from you for the use of the "Mathematical and Philosophical Repository," for which you will please to accept my thanks. I have not yet received any question that pleases me for a Prize Question for the next number. I will, therefore, be obliged to you if you will be so good as to favour me with a very difficult question in physics or mechanics I mean one that includes something of *forces*. These sort of questions are in your way, and I could wish you to form an article on this subject, to contain curious and difficult questions as exercises. By this means you might be of great use to your brother mathematicians. * * * I remain, Sir, your most obedient,

Mr. James Wolfenden, Hollinwood THOMAS LEYBOURN.

No VI. Chester, Feb. 26th, 1799.

My dear Sir,— * * * Mr. Leybourn, the editor of the "Repository," in his last letter to me, desired me particularly to write and solicit your productions for his work. He mentioned having written to Hollinwood, but had not received any reply * * * He would be extremely thankful for some good questions. There is one advantage attending Leybourn's publication, viz., *exemption from postage and thanks from himself*. * * * I have this day received the "Student," No. II., but I have very little time to do much in it, perhaps I shall despatch the geometrical questions—though I would wish to observe, the 27th will not be done neatly by many. I remain, Sir, your most obedient,

Mr James Wolfenden, Hollinwood. J. H. SWALE.

No VII. London, Sept. 27th, 1799.

Dear Sir,—I received your very ingenious letter of the 18th ult, covering a very ingenious and elegant solution to the exciseman's staff question, and accompanied with a new question, for which you have my best thanks. * * * As I cannot think that a printed copy of these would be disagreeable to you, I have taken the liberty of enclosing one without-making any abridgment as you desired. * * * Send a solution to your question as soon as you can conveniently; indeed, the sooner the better, as it will give me an opportunity of considering and examining your remarks in that solution, which I hope will be given in that candid and true gentleman-like manner in which you have already begun them. * * * Give me a few solutions to some of the other questions. You may find some of them worthy of your notice.—I am, dear Sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,

Mr. James Wolfenden, Hollinwood. WILLIAM DAVIS.

No. VIII. Chester, February 12th, 1800.

Sir,—I am desired by Mr. Leybourn to request the favour of a solution to your question in No. 7 of the "Repository." * * * I was happy to see your solution to the *old question* in the "Gentleman's Companion;" but I have not yet had time to peruse it

attentively. I entreat you to favour me with a good geometrical problem for the "Repository," if you have any prepared.—Yours with respect,

Mr. James Wolfenden, Hollinwood. J. H. SWALE.

No. IX. Liverpool, 28th October, 1800.

Sir,—From two letters I received from Messrs. Travis and Fletcher, I formed a hope, ill-founded it appears, that you would favour me with the result of your labours upon the question I wrote you concerning. I have waited with great impatience, and at no little expense, four or five days for it; but now hardly expect any answer. The "Student" will be out some time next week, and a parcel shall be sent off for the society at Oldham.

I remain your most humble servant,

Mr. James Wolfenden, Hollinwood WILLIAM HILTON.

No. X. London, August 26th, 1801.

Sir,—In conformity with your request, I write to inform you how Mr. Davis is getting on with the "Companion." * * No solution has been given to yours Edwards some time ago promised a solution, but he informed me last Sunday that he should only answer his own * * Mr. Davis will be ready for your solutions in about three weeks, and he hopes you will not disappoint him * * I have seen Mr Wildbore lately, but the old gentleman showed a shyness which I attributed to something which inadvertently fell from me at Liverpool. * * Seeing this, I forbore making any inquiries concerning the "Diary," and he as studiously avoided saying anything * * Mr. Davis is extremely solicitous that you answer your own questions *at least*.

With respects, I am, &c,

Mr. James Wolfenden, Hollinwood. JOHN FLETCHER.

From the preceding it will appear evident that he was well known as an able mathematician, and also how very backward he was to appear prominently before the public. His immediate friends repeatedly urged him to apply for some public situation, and at last, yielding to their entreaties, he applied, through the agency of Mr Fletcher, for the situation of Mathematical Master in the Royal Military Academy; but there was at the time no vacancy in that establishment, and he never renewed his application. Indeed, so strong was his attachment to home, that when he was offered a situation in Liverpool, he transferred it to Mr. William Hilton, who was then his pupil, and afterwards the talented editor of the *Student*. In 1807, Mr. Wolfenden calculated the first tide-table for the port of Liverpool, which was published by Mr. Lang, in the *Original Liverpool Almanack* for the following year. The conditions were, that he should receive £5 for the first table, and *something additional* to that sum for succeeding years, *if the work was found to pay*. The work *did pay*, and he continued to calculate the table up to the time of his death, *but for the last two years, when he most needed pecuniary assistance, the proprietors thought proper to lop off the additional fee*. In this work he proposed and solved the following problem:—

"Suppose the sun and moon in the equinoctial, and the ratio of their forces to raise the tides to be given, it is required to find *geometrically* their elongation, when the interval, or intercepted, are between the place of high water and the moon is the greatest possible."

The solution is founded on the lemma to prop. 58, *Simpson's Select Exercises*, and shows how much can be effected by geometry when applied by a skilful hand. In a foot note he informs his readers that "Bernoulli and other writers on the theory of tides make use of fluxions in the investigation of this problem."

Mr. Wolfenden's time continued thus to be occupied, partly at the loom, and partly by private tuition, until his sixty-second year, when, in consequence of some disagreement with his employer, he relinquished hand-loom weaving, and devoted the whole of his time to tuition. On this occasion he issued the following circular—a document, by the way, as simple and unaffected in its style and pretensions as were the life and habits of its author:—

"James Wolfenden, Private Teacher of Mathematics in Manchester and its vicinity, respectfully informs the public that he can at present engage a few more pupils, who may be instructed in Arithmetic, Geography, and the Use of the Globes, as well as the higher branches of Mathematics and their application to Mechanics."

From this period until he attained his sixty-sixth year, he continued to give instruction to various [illegible] in Manchester and the neighbourhood, some of whom at present occupy the highest rank in science, and whose [illegible] friendships ceased only with the death of their talented tutor. "In 1830," says Mr. William Lees, of Hollinwood, "I expressed a wish to see the late Mr. Butterworth, of Haggate, when Mr. Wolfenden, with his usual cheerfulness, said, 'I'll go with you, and introduce you to him.' Accordingly, the following Sunday we went, and it was truly gratifying to witness the interview between these aged and devoted sons of science. To hear them discourse on the writings of Newton, Simpson, and Emerson, and of the palmy days of the '*Companion*,' was pleasant, indeed; *but when such inquired of the welfare and prospects of the other, disclosures were made which force one to think that these men were deserving of better things*. At parting, Butterworth expressed a doubt of their ever seeing each other again, when Wolfenden replied, '*the probability was, that they would be inmates of Royton workhouse together*.' His circumstances were very low, indeed so much so, as scarcely to afford the *commonest* necessaries of life. When, however, his extreme poverty became known to his friends and pupils in Manchester, they set themselves laudably to work in his behalf, and succeeded in raising, by subscription, a sum sufficient to purchase an annuity which would have supported him in comfort. But, alas! the assistance came too late, for £2 were all that he received of it during his life, and when he died, one of the sovereigns was still unchanged. When Mr. Hodgkinson [now Professor Hodgkinson, F. R. S., and President of the Manchester Philosophical Society], who brought him the money, pressed him to accept another sovereign, stating, 'that it was his, and had been collected for his own use,' he modestly declined, saying, 'that what he had received would be sufficient for the present.' And so it was, for he died the following Monday week, the 29th of March, 1841, aged eighty-seven years."

His character may be summed up in a few words. He has been described as possessing "a firm and independent mind, nor was he ever known to submit to any mean action: a great lover of truth, and stoutly opposed to falsehood of whatever kind. His honesty and rectitude of conduct were such as to command esteem and respect from all who knew him." The tardy, though praiseworthy, assistance rendered to one so distinguished in science did not escape observation, and a paragraph which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*, announcing that since death has rendered "their intentions toward him nugatory, a part of the handsome sum subscribed for his support will be appropriated to his decent interment, and to a suitable memorial to be placed over his grave," appears to have roused the ire of one who desired to see more *timely* aid, and induced him to give vent to his indignation in the following effusion, dated 31st March:—

ON THE DEATH OF WOLFENDEN, OF HOLLINWOOD,
THE WEAVER AND MATHEMATICIAN.

Astronomers have taught us, there are stars,
Whose rays have reached not yet our nether world,
So far are they above us. What are these
But emblems of thyself, old WOLFENDEN?
Thy light was hidden unto all, save few,
In thine own generation yet shall move
Onward in glory to eternity.

They who believe
In the soul's transmigration, well may think
In thee Archimedes survived again,
So skilled thou wert in all the mystic signs
Of squares and circles!—angles to subtend,
Prove two and two *ar'n't* four; and that the whole
Is not a part, that nothing can at once
Be true and false, that there are lines which run
Nearer each other to eternity,
Yet never touch;—with other wonders, sure,
Too much, by far, for common intellects
To compass.

Well! thou art gone
The way of all the earth!—thy body rests,
As doth thy busy brain!—Thou gatheredst up
Thy feet, and died in peace, obscurely died:

With poverty and its encompassing round.
So many gems of genius oft hath set.
Yet not be seen a cloud! but cherishing
A sure and certain hope, that he should live
To after times, though in his days forgot:
A light that glimmered in a sepulchre!
Oh! sweet delirium in the cup of death!

Rest, rest, poor shade!
And be not angry. *They* have clubbed a purse,
And met in to bury thee! Then, o'er the spot,
Scribe times, and squares, and serpents in a ring,
Biting their tails! In life forgot, never heed,
In death thus honoured!—And yet in thy day
They purposed help, but, ah! in hoary years,
Four score and ten well nigh; once opassed round
With poverty, infirmities, and grief;
Had not yet found the fitting time to give!
Great God! deliver us from stony hearts!
And hypocrites, who purpose to do
A deed of mercy: then on the house top
Go forth to blazon it!—Oh! modesty,
Equalled by such munificence alone!

Wouldst have'em keep
Their lust? or come with offerings round thy grave?

His remains were interred in St. Margaret's Church-yard, Hollinwood, and a stone, bearing the following inscription, marks the spot

"Where rest the ashes of the honoured dead"

"James Wolfenden, of Hollinwood, died March 29, 1811, aged 87 years. Born in a humble station of life, and compelled to toil as a weaver for his daily bread, self-instructed, he became a distinguished Mathematician—familiar with the writings of Simpson, [illegible], and the ancient Geometers, an able contributor to the Diaries and other Mathematical Publications, and a student of the works of Newton. A few Members of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, with other individuals, anxious to mark their sense of acquirements like his, made under such unfavourable circumstances, raised in the year 1811 a sum sufficient to purchase an annuity for his support, but his death occurring shortly after, they determined, besides bearing the expenses of his funeral, to place this stone over his remains to perpetuate the memory of his name and merits"

Burnley, April 12th, 1852.

[The above is one of a series of able Biographical papers by Professor Wilkinson, published in the *Preston Guardian*.]

MORE NEWS FROM THE DIGGINGS.

THE following letters, which may be relied on as authentic, are inserted without comment.—

To the Editor of the Working Man's Friend.

SIR,—I don't know whether your readers have heard enough of the auriferous regions, or whether the following extract from a letter, dated July last, is worth inserting in your columns. It is from a young man, a cousin of mine.—I am sir, yours obediently, J. P. C.

* * * * * * * *

"I arrived here (Melbourne) on the 7th of May. The following day I started for the 'diggings,' and on the 18th arrived on the celebrated gold fields of Bendigo, 110 miles from this place. As soon as I arrived I commenced work: the gold is found on the surface on the hills, and in the valleys under the surface ranging from 4 feet 6 inches to 12 feet deep, when, if you hit on a lucky spot, the precious metal makes its appearance embedded in the pipe clay bottom. The clay is then carefully scraped, and the contents, together with about two inches of the dirt, are taken to a creek, and there washed in a cradle, similar to a child's. If there happens to be any, it falls to the bottom with the motion of the cradle, the dirt passing away with the water. I was very unlucky, and after being at it about a month I returned to this place. I have now joined the mounted gold escort, belonging to the government, for conveying the gold from the diggings to this place. The pay is very good. There are from 50,000 to 60,000 men in the gold fields. They may be classed as follows. Those making their fortunes, but they are few; those saving a little, would do as well at ordinary labour; the e just paying their way, and those not getting a living, but stick to it because they are their own masters.

I made one ounce the whole of the time I was there. In my opinion the gold will last for years to come. The diggings now extend over 50 miles of the country, and new fields are being daily found. When I left, flour was 2s., sugar 1s. 6d., and salt 1s. 4d. per lb. I walked down, and when I was 45 miles on the road I was attacked and robbed, by four armed robbers, of the gun which Richard gave me, about 37 shillings, and, what I regret more than all, your purse. * I saw resistance was useless, and therefore got off without any injury. I slept that night and the following under old trees, and when I arrived here I was nearly exhausted.

Post-office, Melbourne, Port Philip, Australia.
June 17th 1852.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I scarcely know how to write down on paper the wonders of this place, and I will earnestly beg of you to believe what I am about to write. I am obliged to ask this of you, for the things that I have seen and heard are so astounding, that if I were in England I should scarcely believe my own brother, if I had one here. Now to begin. Melbourne is a place fifty times better than I expected, a most brilliant country, and the houses, some of them, as good as in London, and the place is larger than Windsor and Eton put together. Carpenters, and in fact every trade, no matter what, get from 6, 8, 10, to 12 *pounds* a week, and their lodging does not cost them together with board more than 30s a week. I am at a capital inn, with Frank and several others, and we pay board and lodging 25s. each a week; this is dirt cheap for the enormous wages. This day is Thursday. I have a situation to go to on Monday as a clerk, at £2 a week for the first fortnight, but I am to have £300 a year in a few months. The practice done here by the solicitors is enormous, they think no thing of making four and five thousand pounds a year. What will you think of Robert Thoburn earning from 8 to 10 pounds a week, merely to shoe horses, he has found an old fellow chum of his, getting by Jove shoeing, &c 20 and 30 pounds a week. I am engaged by a solicitor, I just saw the name on the door, walked in, and asked them if they wanted a clerk; produced my character; [illegible] £2 a week, supposing that I should [illegible], but at the same time told me if he found me what I represented myself to be, I should have £300 a year. This is thought nothing of. Drapers' assistants are getting £9 a week, with board and lodging. Pray some of you come out. I have written off to Ned, to send me word what will buy him out of the regiment, if I can get him here, we could make a thousand a year quite easy. This may seem to you very great, but it is no true that such is the state of affairs here. Every shop, no matter what, are all good purchasers. There are thousands at the gold diggings. This is just winter now, and in less than two months from this time, I am told not a clerk or assistant of any kind will stay in the town, unless he gets £500 a year. Bricklayers get £1 a day, policemen, 10s. a day, board, lodging, and clothes. The people think no more of putting by £10 a week, than we did of getting £1, and maintaining ourselves out of it. Everybody is wanted here, trades, professions, everything. You must excuse the manner of my writing, but here am I, in the land of Australia, surrounded with the e wonders. You may make yourselves perfectly easy about me, although the people here are not the most perfect set of men. Drunkenness, and almost every bad thing, is practised here, more so than in London, and fellows with smock-frocks look on £1 bank-notes like waste paper. I have sent you a newspaper, don't be surprised at the robberies, for horses and carts, that a year back fetched £12, now sell for £100, all [illegible] terribly expensive, shoes, 25s each. [illegible] plenty of things with you. If John was here he could make thousands of pounds. The people at the diggings get their £100 a week easy, and more. Fields have just been found out. Sailors, when they get in this port, all leave their ships. They used to get, a year back, to go from here to England, about £6, and now they get £90 for the run home. I feel almost mad with the extraordinary place. I shall be all right in a day or two. I mean, of course, that the excitement to a new-comer must be very great. I must now make a finish to my letter; and I sincerely hope that you, my dear father and mother, are in the enjoyment of good health, together with my brothers and sisters. I shall send another letter to you in a few weeks by the steam-ship, and tell you more about the place. I hope, for Gray's sake, that he is on his way here. The next letter I shall write to John, I am satisfied, that if he were to come out, he could make his fortune. Give my love to all; and believe me, my dear father and mother, your affectionate son,

HENRY.

* The letter was written to his sweetheart, who, alas! died a short time before its arrival.

UNCLE TIM AND MASTER JAMES.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

Authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART THE FIRST.—*Newbury and its Inhabitants.—Master James Benton.—Uncle Tim.—Aunt Sally.—Miss Grace.*

DID you ever see the little village of Newbury, in New England? I dare say you never did; for it was just one of those out-of-the-way places where nobody ever came unless they came on purpose: a green little hollow, wedged like a bird's nest between half a dozen high hills, that kept off the wind and kept out foreigners; so that the little place was as strictly "sui generis" as if there were not another in the world. The inhabitants were all of that respectable old standfast family who make it a point to be born, bred, married, die, and be buried all in the self same spot. There were just so many houses, and just so many people lived in them, and nobody ever seemed to be sick, or to die either—at least while I was there. The natives grew old till they could not grow any older, and then they stood still, and lasted from generation to generation. There was, too, an unchangeability about all the externals of Newbury. Here was a red house, and there was a brown house, and across the way was a yellow house; and there was a straggling rail fence or a tribe of mullen stalks between. The parson lived here, and Squire Moses lived there, and Deacon Hart lived under the hill, and Messrs. Nadab and Abihu Peters lived by the cross-road, and the old "widder" Smith lived by the meeting-house, and Ebenezer Camp kept a shoemaker's shop on one side, and Patience Mosely kept a milliner's shop in front, and there was old Comfort Scran, who kept store for the whole town, and sold axe-heads, brass thimbles, liquorice balls, fancy handkerchiefs, and everything else you can think of. Here, too, was the general post-office, where you might see letters marvellously folded, directed wrong side upward, stamped with a thimble, and superscribed to some of the Dollys, or Pollys, or Peters, or Moseses, afore-named or not named.

For the rest, as to manners, morals, arts, and sciences, the people in Newbury always went to their parties at three o'clock in the afternoon, and came home before dark, always stopped all work the minute the sun was down on Saturday night; always went to meeting on Sunday, had a school-house with all the ordinary inconveniences, were in neighbourly charity with each other, read their Bibles, feared their God, and were content with such things as they had—the best philosophy, after all. Such was the place into which Master James Benton made an irruption in the year eighteen hundred and—no matter what. Now this James is to be our hero, and he is just the hero for a sensation—at least so you would have thought, if you had been in Newbury the week after his arrival. Master James was one of those whole-hearted, energetic Yankees, who rise in the world as naturally as cork does in water. He possessed a great share of that characteristic national trait so happily denominated "cuteness," which signifies an ability to do everything without trying, and to know everything without learning, and to make more use of one's ignorance than other people do of their knowledge. This quality in James was mingled with an elasticity of animal spirits, a buoyant cheerfulness of mind, which, though found in the New England character perhaps as often as anywhere else, is not ordinarily regarded as one of its distinguishing traits.

As to the personal appearance of our hero, we have not much to say of it—not half so much as the girls in Newbury found it necessary to remark, the first Sabbath that he shone out in the meeting-house. There was a saucy frankness of countenance, a knowing roguery of eye, a joviality and prankishness of demeanour, that was wonderfully captivating, especially to the ladies. It is true Master James had an uncommonly comfortable opinion of himself, a full faith that there was nothing in creation that he could not learn and could not do; and this faith was maintained with an abounding and triumphant joyfulness, that fairly carried your sympathies along with him, and made you feel quite as much delighted with his qualifications and prospects as he felt himself. There are two kinds of self-sufficiency: one is amusing, and the other is provoking. His was the amusing kind. It seemed, in truth, to be only the buoyancy and overflow of a vivacious mind, delighted with everything that is delightful, in himself or others. He was always ready to magnify his own praise, but quite as ready to exalt his neighbour, if the channel of discourse ran that way: his own perfections being more completely within his knowledge, he rejoiced in them more constantly; but if those of any one else came within the same range, he was quite as much astonished and edified as if they had been his own.

Master James, at the time of his transit to the town of Newbury, was only eighteen years of age, so that it was difficult to say which predominated in him most, the boy or the man. The belief that he could, and the determination that he would, be something in the world, had caused him to abandon his home, and, with all his worldly effects tied in a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief, to proceed to seek his fortune in Newbury. And never did stranger in Yankee village rise to promotion with more unparalleled rapidity, or boast a greater plurality of employment. He figured as schoolmaster all the week, and as chorister on Sundays, and taught singing and reading in the evenings, besides studying Latin and Greek with the minister, nobody knew when: thus fitting for college, while he seemed to be doing everything else in the world besides.

James understood every art and craft of popularity, and made himself mightily at home in all the chimney corners of the region round about; knew the geography of everybody's cider-barrel and apple-bin, helping himself and every one else therefrom with all bountifulness; rejoicing in the good things of this life, devouring the old ladies' doughnuts and apple-pies with most flattering appetite, and appearing equally to relish every body and thing that came in his way.

The degree and versatility of his acquirements were truly wonderful. He knew all about arithmetic and history, and all about catching squirrels and planting corn; made poetry and hoe-handles with equal celerity; wound yarn and took out grease spots for old ladies, and made nosegays and knick-knacks for young ones; caught trout Saturday afternoons, and discussed doctrines on Sundays, with equal adroitness and effect. In short, Mr. James moved on through the place

"Victorious,
Happy and glorious,"

welcomed and privileged by everybody in every place; and when he had told his last ghost-story, and fairly flourished himself out of doors at the close of a long winter's evening, you might see the hard face of the good man of the house still phosphorescent with his departing radiance, and hear him exclaim, in a paroxysm of admiration, "that Jamesee talk rally did beat all—that he was sartinly a most miraculous cretur!"

It was wonderfully contrary to the buoyant activity of Master James's mind to keep a school. He had, moreover, so much of the boy and the rogue in his composition, that he could not be strict with the iniquities of the curly pates under his charge; and when he saw how determinately every little heart was boiling over with mischief and motion, he felt in his soul more disposed to join in and help them to a frolic, than to lay justice to the line, as was meet. This would have made a sad case, had it not been that the activity of the master's mind communicated itself to his charge, just as the reaction of one brisk little spring will fill a manufactory with motion; so that there was more of an impulse towards study in the golden good-natured days of James Benton, than in the time of all that went before or came after him.

But, when "school was out," James's spirits foamed over as naturally as a tumbler of soda-water, and he could jump over benches and burst out of doors with as much rapture as the veriest little elf in his company. Then you might have seen him stepping homeward with a most felicitous expression of countenance, occasionally reaching his hand through the fence for a bunch of currants, or over it after a flower, or bursting into some back-yard to help an old lady empty her wash-tub, or stopping to pay his devoirs to Aunt This or Mistress That—for James well knew the importance of the

"powers that be," and always kept the sunny side of the old ladies.

We shall not answer for James's general flirtations, which were sundry and manifold; for he had just the kindly heart that fell in love with everything in feminine shape that came in his way, and if he had not been blessed with an equal faculty for falling out again, we do not know what ever would have become of him. But at length he came into an abiding captivity, and it is quite time that he should; for, having devoted thus much space to the illustration of our hero, it is fit we should do something in behalf of our heroine; and, therefore, we must beg the reader's attention while we draw a diagram or two that will assist him in gaining a right idea of her.

Do you see yonder brown house, with its broad roof sloping almost to the ground on one side, and a great, unsupported, sun-bonnet of a piazza shooting out over the front door? You must often have noticed it; you have seen its tall well-sweep relieved against the clear evening sky, or observed the feather beds and bolsters lounging out of its chamber-windows on a still summer morning; you recollect its gate, that swung with a chain and a great stone; its pantry-window, latticed with little brown slabs, and looking out upon a forest of beanpoles. You remember the zephyrs that used to play among its pea-brush, and shake the long tassels of its corn patch, and how vainly any zephyr might essay to perform similar flirtations with the considerate cabbages that were solemnly vegetating near by. Then there was the whole neighbourhood of purple-leaved beets and feathery parsnips, there were the billows of gooseberry bushes rolled up by the fence, interspersed with rows of quince-trees; and far off, in one corner, was one little patch penuriously devoted to ornament, which flamed with marigolds, poppies, snappers, and four-o'clocks. Then there was a little box by itself with one rose geranium in it, which seemed to look around the garden as much like a stranger as a French dancing-master in a Yankee meeting-house.

That is the dwelling of Uncle Timothy Griswold. Uncle Tim, as he was commonly called, had a character that a painter would sketch for its lights and contrasts, rather than its symmetry. He was a chestnut burr, abounding with briers without and with substantial goodness within. He had the strong-grained practical sense, the calculating worldly wisdom of his class of people in New England: he had, too, a kindly heart, but the whole strata of his character was crossed by a vein of surly petulance, that, half way between a joke and earnest, coloured everything that he said and did.

If you asked a favour of Uncle Tim, he generally kept you arguing half an hour, to prove that you really needed it, and to tell you that he could not all the while be troubled with helping one body or another, all which time you might observe him regularly making his preparations, and see, by an odd glimmer of his eye, that he was preparing to let you hear the "conclusion of the whole matter," which was "Well, well—I guess—I'll go on the heel—I 'spose I must, at least;" so off he would go and work while the day lasted, and then wind up with a farewell exhortation "not to be a calling on your neighbours when you could get along without." If any of Uncle Tim's neighbours were in any trouble, he was always at hand to tell them "that they should not have done so," that "it was strange they hadn't more sense;" and then close his exhortations by labouring more diligently than any to bring them out of their difficulties, groaning in spirit, meanwhile, that folks would make people so much trouble.

"Uncle Tim, father wants to know if you will lend him your hoe to-day?" says a little boy, making his way across a corn-field.

"Why don't your father use his own hoe?"

"Ours is broke."

"Broke! How came it broke?"

"I broke it yesterday, trying to hit a squirrel."

"What business had you to be hitting squirrels with a hoe? say!"

"But father wants to borrow yours."

"Why don't your father have that mended? It's a great pester to have everybody using one's things."

"Well, I can borrow one somewhere else, I suppose," says the supplant. After the boy has stumbled across the ploughed ground and is fairly over the fence, Uncle Tim calls,

"Halloo, there, you little rascal! what are you going off without the hoe for?"

"I dind't know as you meant to lend it."

"I didn't say I wouldn't did I? Here, come and take it—stay, I'll bring it; and do tell your father not to let you hunt squirrels with his hoe next time."

Uncle Tim's household consisted of Aunt Sally his wife, and an only son and daughter: the former, at the time our story begins, was at a neighbouring literary institution. Aunt Sally was precisely as clever, as easy to be entreated, and kindly in externals, as her helpmate was the reverse. She was one of those respectable, pleasant old ladies whom you might often have met on the way to church on a Sunday, equipped with a great fan and a psalm-book, and carrying some dried orange-peel or a stalk of fennel, to give to the children if they were sleepy in meeting. She was as cheerful and domestic as the teakettle that sung by her kitchen fire, and slipped along among Uncle Tim's angles and peculiarities as if there never was anything the matter in the world; and the same mantle of sunshine seemed to have fallen on Miss Grace, her only daughter.

Pretty in her person and pleasant in her ways, endowed with native self-possession and address, lively and chatty, having a mind and a will of her own, yet good-humoured withal, Miss Grace was an universal favourite. It would have puzzled a city lady to understand how Grace, who never was out of Newbury in her life, knew the way to speak, and act, and behave, on all occasions, exactly as if she had been taught how. She was just one of those wild flowers which you may sometimes see waving its little head in the woods, and looking so civilised and garden-like, that you wonder if it really did come up and grow there by nature. She was an adept in all household concerns; and there was something amazingly pretty in her energetic way of bustling about, and "putting things to rights." Like most Yankee damsels, she had a longing after the tree of knowledge, and having exhausted the literary fountains of a district school, she fell to reading whatsoever came in her way. True, she had but little to read; but what she perused she had her own thoughts upon, so that a person of information, in talking with her, would feel a constant wondering pleasure to find that she had so much more to say of this, that, and the other thing than he expected.

Uncle Tim, like every one else, felt the magical brightness of his daughter, and was delighted with her praises, as might be discerned by his often finding occasion to remark that "he didn't see why the boys need to be all the time a coming to see Grace, for she was nothing so extraor'nary, after all." About all matters and things at home she generally had her own way; while Uncle Tim would scold and give up with a regular good grace that was quite creditable.

"Father," says Grace, "I want to have a party next week."

"You sha'n't go to having your parties, Grace, I always have to eat bits and ends a fortnight after you have one, and I won't have it so." And so Uncle Tim walked out, and Aunt Sally and Miss Grace proceeded to make the cakes and pies for the party.

When Uncle Tim came home, he saw a long array of pies and rows of cakes on the kitchen table.

"Grace, Grace, Grace, I say! What is all this here flummery for?"

"Why, it is to eat, father," said Grace, with a good-natured look of consciousness.

Uncle Tim tried his best to look sour; but his visage began to wax comical as he looked at his merry daughter, so he said nothing, but quietly sat down to his dinner.

"Father," said Grace, after dinner, "we shall want two more candlesticks next week."

"Why, can't you have your party with what you have got."

"No, father, we want two more."

"I can't afford it, Grace; there is no sort of use in it, and you sha'n't have any."

"Oh father, now do," said Grace.

"I won't, neither," said Uncle Tim, as he sallied out of the house, and took the road to Comfort Scran's store.

In half an hour he returned again, and fumbling in his pocket, and drawing forth a candlestick, levelled it at Grace.

"There's your candlestick."

"But, father, I said I wanted two."

"Why, can't you make one do?"

"No, I can't; I must have two."

"Well, then, there's the other; and here's a fol-de-rol for you to tie round your neck." So saying, he bolted for the door, and took himself off with all speed. It was much after this fashion that matters commonly went on in the brown house.

But, having tarried long on the way, we must proceed with the main story.

James thought Miss Grace was a glorious girl; and as to what Miss Grace thought of Master James, perhaps it would not have been developed, had she not been called to stand on the defensive for him with Uncle Tim. For, from the time that the whole village of Newbury began to be wholly given unto the praise of Master James, Uncle Tim set his face as a flint against him, from the laudable fear of following the multitude. He, therefore, made conscience of stoutly gainsaying everything that was said in his praise, which, as James was in high favour with Aunt Sally, he had frequent opportunities to do.

So, when Miss Grace perceived that Uncle Tim did not like James as much as he ought to do, she, of course, was bound to like him well enough to make up for it. Certain it is that they were remarkably happy in finding opportunities of being acquainted; that James waited on her, as a matter of course, from singing-school; that he volunteered making a new box for her geranium on an improved plan, and, above all, that he was remarkably particular in his attentions to Aunt Sally, a stroke of policy which showed that James had a natural genius for this sort of matters. Even when emerging from the meeting-house in full glory, with flute and psalm-book under his arm, he would stop to ask her how she did, and if it was cold weather, he would carry her foot-stove all the way home from meeting, discoursing upon the sermon and other serious matters, as Aunt Sally observed, "in the prettiest, prettiest way that ever ye see." This fire was one of the crying sins of James in the eyes of Uncle Tim. James was particularly fond of it, because he had learned to play on it by intuition; and on the decease of the old psalm-tune, which was slain by a fall from the gallery, he took the liberty to introduce the flute in its place. For this and other sins, and for the good reasons above named, Uncle Tim's countenance was not towards James, neither could he be moved to favour.

To all Aunt Sally's good words and kind speeches, he used only to say that "he didn't like him, that he loited to see him a manifesting and glorifying there in the choir gallery on Sundays; and acting everywhere as if he was master of all; he didn't like it, and he would'n't." But James was not a whit cast down or discomfited by the malcontent aspect of Uncle Tim. On the contrary, when report was made to him of divers of his hard speeches, he only shrugged his shoulders with a very satisfied air, and remarked that "he knew a thing or two, for all that."

"Why, James," said his companion and chief counsellor, "do you think Grace likes you?"

"I don't know," said our hero, with a comfortable appearance of certainty.

"But you cannot get her, James, if Uncle Tim is cross about it."

"Fudge! I can make Uncle Tim like me, if I have a mind to try."

"Well, then, Jim, you'll have to give up that flute of yours, I tell you, now."

"Fa, sol, la! I can make him like me and my flute too."

"Why, how will you do it?"

"Oh, I'll work it," said our hero.

"Well, Jim, I tell you, now, you don't know Uncle Tim if you say so, for he is just the *settest* creature in his way that ever you saw."

"I *do* know Uncle Tim, though, better than most folks, he is no more cross than I am, and as to his being set, you have nothing to do but make him think he is in his own way when he is in yours, that is all."

"Well," said the other, "but, you see, I don't believe it."

"And I will bet you a gray squirrel, that I will go there this very evening, and get him to like me and my flute both," said James.

(To be continued.)

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

"The age of chivalry has gone, and one of calculators and economists has succeeded."—BURKE.

The age of chivalry has gone,
With all its feudal sheen;
No knightly banners flout the sky,
No men-at-arms are seen.

The tourney's lists are broken up;
The wand'ring minstrel's lay,
No more resounds in castle halls,
Or bower of lady gay.

The warder looks not from the keep,
The drawbridge guards no more,
Nor grim portcullis frowns above
The iron-plated door.

We read of them in storied page,
Or poet's charming song,—
We read of them as things of yore,
That not to *us* belong.

But who will mourn that iron age—
That fierce and lawless time,
When power could rule with wrong and blood
Or gold conceal a crime?

Who mourns that now no vassal hordes
Need tremble at a frown,
Or, when they dare to speak of rights,
No sword may hew them down?

Who mourns, that England's million sons
Are free from lordly sway—
A sway, that from their hearths and homes,
Could tear the poor away?

The few may mourn, who wish to wield
A tyrant's scourging rod,
And bow the knees which freedom bids
Now only bow to God

The few may mourn, who wish to turn
The wheels of Progress back,
And keep the soul, with ban and curse,
In Superstition's track.

But who, that feels the living fire
Of liberty and thought,
Would wish to let the blessings go
For which his fathers fought?

The chains have fallen from the serf,
He calls his home his own,
His dungeon doors are open flung,
His tyrants are o'erthrown

He labours not with drooping head—
A hearty worker, he,
For ev'ry stroke of brawny arm
Brings wages fair and free.

His voice is heard;—but not in groans
For mercy from his chief;
It speaks, in manly accents high,
Of charters and belief.

His claims are heard—his wrongs redressed,
Erect, he treads the sod
That made his birthright—liberty,
His only owner—God!

The age of chivalry has gone,
Its bondage passed away,
And never may its age return,
All English freemen say.

S. B BEAL.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHARACTER.—(From a volume of pamphlets, lettered "Miscellaneous Sheets," presented by King George III. to the British Museum The date is 1646.)—"A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the trouble of civility, the spoil of wealth; the distraction of reason He is only the brewer's agent, the tavern and alehouse benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble. He is his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbour's scoff, his own shame. In summer he is a tub of swill, a spirit of sleep, a picture of a beast, and a monster of a man."

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

(*From Lamert ne's History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France.*)

His fri nds and servants wearied, not with duty, but of patience, tired of separation from their families, of the climate, of sickness, and of inquisition, quitted him, or tried to quit him, under pretence of being torn from him by the persecution of the governor, or of rendering him more useful services in Europe. Physical debility broke in upon him with despair. He felt increasing attacks of the malady which had shortened his father's life. 'I sometimes have a desire to quit you,' he said to his last companions, Montholon and Bertrand. 'That is not difficult. I should escape from you the most easily by suicide, since my religious principles do not at all trouble me. I am one of those who believe that the punishments of the other world have only been imagined as an addition to the insufficient attractions we are promised there. After all, what harm is it to return a little sooner to God?' He suffered from pain, from debility, from want of sleep, and from failing strength, which made the light of day as disagreeable to him as darkness. His mind alone was never enfeebled. He witnessed his slow destruction firm and impassible. His thoughts always dwelt upon himself, and he prepared to die gracefully. 'I vegetate, I no longer live,' he said to his servants. Nature, however, prevailed at the last moment over the cold philosophy of his approaching end, in the numerous testaments and codicils he dictated to bequeath legacies to men and women who had left traces of affection, or service, or of gratitude in his life. His mother, who still lived at Rome, his brothers, his sisters, the companions and secretaries of his exile, his natural children and daughters, those who had given him their blood, his college friends, his most military companions, and his executioners when in power, received sums of money from him, out of the millions he had left on quitting Paris in the coffers of Montalivet, his banker, and the statues, the pictures, the arms, the furniture, the manuscripts, the vases, the articles of domestic furniture, consecrated by the use he had made of them, a distribution from the least, wherein the most distant remembrances were sought or rewarded even at the bottom of his memory. Even his wife, who had forsaken him, was neither accused nor excepted. He recollected that he was the daughter of the Cæsars, and that she protected by Austria would be withdrawn from a son who might have insulted Europe. This son, a prisoner himself, in the palace of Vienna, was the only great remnant through which he survived himself upon earth, his pride, his love, his gaiety, his name, his posterity. He never shed a tear but for him. Whether it was a return of the dying man to those early impressions which revive towards the close of life, and bring us back to the practice of our boyhood's worship; or, whether a poetical precaution of the founder of a dynasty, affecting to die in official communion with the national faith, of which he had been the restorer, Napoleon, who never spoke of religion but as a political institution, the indifferent instrument of all governments, was desirous of dying as a Christian, and attested an authentic and, so to speak, an imperial faith, by the ceremonial of his death. The image of Christ dying on the cross, pressed close to his mouth, raised the lips of this martyr to ambition. At the moment when the soul separated from the body, he exhibited no weakness unworthy of him. He awaited his death as an exhibition, and composed his attitude even to his last breath before the mirror of his fame. He demanded to be buried with his arms and in his military costume, under two willow trees near a spring, the shade and freshness of which had been grateful to him during his last days. He expired at length without pain and in silence, during a convulsion of the elements, on the night of the 5th of May, 1821. His last words he stammered out were, *Army* and *France*, but it could not be ascertained whether it was a dream, delirium, or adieu. It was apprehended that the transmission of his body to Europe might awake the Continent, and he was buried, with military honours, under the willow trees indicated by himself. The diligence of his death changed the immense terror which had set Europe during his life, into immense pity. When people ceased to fear him, they ceased to hate. Impartial minds began to do him justice. Genius and glory were not denied to him; but it was deplored that so much genius and so much glory had only been consecrated to the personal greatness of one man, instead of being devoted to the amelioration of the world. This is where he failed to his destiny, to God, to humanity, to France, and to himself. The fine part of his character was not equalled by the good. He was the greatest man of modern times, but he was also the most sterile in results for the human race. He wasted France and Europe for fourteen years, without imparting to them an idea, a liberty, or a virtue. He shook the world without displacing it. France, however, which owes him a severe judgment, owes him also impartial gratitude. He made her illustrious, he made her resound with the splendour of his own name, during the early part of a century, through the universe. It is a service to aggrandise the name of one's country, for the name of a people is a spell in time and history, and a certain claim to immortality.

These verbose and incoherent commentaries on his life, edited by partial hands, have neither the freedom nor the sincerity of the effusions of a heart indifferent to the empire and to posterity. They are confidences of parade, in which the dissembled intention assumes the guise of frankness. They throw no real light upon a mind which transforms and diversifies itself under so many contradictory aspects, that it is impossible to discern truth from sophistry, and nature from affectation. In religion, a philosopher with philosophers, an atheist with atheists, a deist with deists, a Christian with Christians, superstitious with the superstitious, indifferent with the indifferent; in politics, a republican with the republicans, a democrat with the democrats, a royalist with the royalists, a constitutionalist with the liberals, a despot with the despots, prophesying by turns the triumph of kings, the triumph of subjects, European domination by England, universal yoke by Russia, the irresistible democracy of France, the explosion of ideas and the reign of the sword, and offering himself to all systems as the only balance of the world, capable of doing all, accomplishing all, and preserving all. In these conversations Napoleon put forth as an oracle contrasts or maxims of triple meaning, on the past, the present, and the future, so that destiny cannot belie the one without justifying the other. The tribune of the world, of whom this [illegible] trembled, and who seeks from thence not to enlighten but [illegible] throws an echo to every wind, the repetition [illegible] Always an actor under the drama, he still performs a part when the curtain of the world is drawn upon him, suggesting that the only eternal part for man to act is man, and that the only immutable greatness is truth. Therefore, these conversations of St. Helena announce, but do not touch. They afford no assistance for history, but little interest for the human mind, and no emotion for the heart. Except for his adorators, this man who has spoken for six years on the brink of his tomb, has spoken in vain!

TO HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

THE AUTHORESS OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Immortal Stowe! thy thrilling book shall live,
Long as the dusky African can give
His meed of praise, or British hearts and hands,
Shall rise to break the stern oppressor's bands.

Thy [illegible] pierced a soul,
[illegible] war, and deeper [illegible];
While in thy well poised mind at once we see
The working of a heart by God made free.

Others may count the stars which loom in space,
Or clasp young science in their fond embrace,
Others may mark the foibles of the day,
And sap with ridicule their fount away;—

But thine it is to stir the inner core,
Of feelings vibrating from shore to shore,
And urge the tide, which bears a people's wave,
To bless thy country, and to free the slave.

Long may thy talents, on the pinions borne
Of holy truth, thy native land adorn!
Long may'st thou live, a star, the gloom to light,
Which wraps America in moral night!

E. H.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IDLENESS.

"The sea hath its pearls, and heaven hath its stars," sings the poet,* "but my heart hath its great love—even the love of nature, in her glory and magnificence;" and, looking at the future, and recalling hours, long summer hours, of pleasant idleness, afar from the bustle and dust of a great city, so sing we.

"Idleness," we think we hear some utilitarian grumbler say, "this is no place for idleness: the hills and meadows are to work upon and in; for the idle there are the workhouses, the prisons, and the streets."

And to that very practical man we make a gentle answer, and say, with all manner of deference and humility, and without even hinting, for a moment, that there is a morsel of truth in the old fable of the unstrung bow, or in any other fable whatever which inculcates anything but the strictest attention to the severest labour—"There is more real usefulness in a little idleness now and then, my friend, than you and such as you can ever be brought to comprehend; at least, while in your present spirit. The idleness we would see a little more of in the world if we could, is not *neglect* of useful labour, but *occasional cessation* from it; an idleness which, we believe, brings men nearer to their Maker!"

And thus wise comes the lesson:—From the densest, foulest, grimest, dullest, dirtiest, and worst-ventilated streets and alleys of the workmen's quarter, are driven every day, through all the summer months, some one or other party of poor people out into the country. Very poor and shabby vehicles they ride in—mere furniture-vans with curtains at the sides, and very mean and scanty garments clothe their limbs; but both are redeemed and sanctified by looks of happiness, and the better thoughts and kinder feelings which such simple occasions never fail to awaken. Why, even the pennyworth of bright red ribbon that decorates the baby's cap, and the flower in its father's button-hole, are evidences, if none further were sought, of the softening and improving influence of such little idleness as we have dared to advocate.

When we remember, too, that for this day's pleasure the thirty or so pale-faced people who take their seats in the vehicle have been clubbing their little savings together—in many cases only a penny a week—for months, we can easily comprehend the reason of their unusually joyful looks, easily appreciate the little extra show and bustle that their poverty puts on; easily, if our hearts be in their right places, enter into and sympathise with their gladness and enjoyment.

It was once our fortune to join such a party. We have no shame in saying so, for the good minister of the largest and poorest district in Bethnal Green thought it not derogatory to his dignity or unworthy his high office to join it too. It consisted of fourteen vans, drawn by three horses each, and filled to overflowing. In all about three hundred and fifty individuals found accommodation either inside or outside the vehicles, and among them were men, women, and children of all ages, from the baby on its mother's knee to the palsied old pauper of ninety.

It is an annual custom of the minister we speak of to take the children of the national school and workhouse, with such of his parishioners as choose to join him, into the country for a holiday at least once during the summer; and so it happened that we, being anxious to discover how the very poor would disport themselves in the green fields, agreed to accompany the party. And here were we within the grass-green curtains of that humble vehicle, its only silent though gratified occupant: here were we, with our old-world doubts about us, anxious to catch some sound, even the slightest, of grumbling or discontent. But none came: those poor people were too glad to get out, for once in a way, from their dull houses and dirty streets, too happy to cast off for a few hours the rust of toil, and take into their spirits the sweet cool air of fields and trees, to feel in aught but the best of tempers with themselves and the world. It may have been—as it was no doubt—that among the various groups assembled there were some cold hard men who had scarcely ever bestowed a thought hitherto on anything but self, and whose tempers were none the better in consequence;—but for that day at least they put off their dull business habits, forgot the sordid, mean, and petty ways of life, and entered into the spirit of the hour with all the glee of the very youngest children there.

At least we thought so, when, having cleared the town and got into a dusty country road, we were joined by another branch of the same party, some twenty wagon-loads of children, who, free from restraint, burst out with all kinds of quaint manifestations of delight; singing, hooting, laughing, shouting to each other in a manner fitted to make one's spirit grow young again in hope!

If any hard-headed utilitarian—even our own supposititious grumbler aforesaid—had seen those poor children tumble, and hoot, and dance, and run upon the grass—that verdant carpet spotted with yellow cups and bright-eyed daisy stars—and heard their piping voices shrill above the songs of the birds; and watched them as they chased each other into the cool depths of the forest, or hid among the broad green leaves in the very sport and lightheartedness of childhood—a childhood with many of them unblessed with parents' fondness—he would at once have changed and abrogated his too worldly creed, and acknowledged with us that there may be a saving grace even in a little summer idleness.

That hard, depreciating, doubting temper, so common in the world, is the invariable harvest we gather when the seeds of life are sown without the blessing of a thankful spirit. Of what utility—to use a word dear to a certain class of thinkers—is it to teach children their duty to their betters and the world, unless they are also early imbued with a love of God's beauty everywhere? Without this teaching the whole machinery of life is nothing more than so many clanking irons and rattling chains to the spirit, so many fetters to bind the heart to earth, so many blinding, deafening sights and sounds to keep the eyes and thoughts from heaven!

> Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
> With such accursed instruments as these,
> Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
> And jarrest the celestial harmonies! *

But look at the various groups assembled now upon the green-sward. Above them are the waving trees in thousand shapes of beauty, sending their bright arms up into the sky, around them the peaceful cattle browsing on the grass; beneath the soft and verdant carpet made not with hands, while into their awakened spirits come the voices of kindly Nature, to summon from the shadowy past the forms of love too long absent, if not unknown. The simplicity of an elder world mingles in their thoughts, and better fits them for their encounter with their harsher duties—better enables them to bear the cross of poverty and ill. They have passed out of the gates of the dull city, and in an hour are amidst the solitude and stillness of primeval forests. Think you that the varied landscape of wood, and hill, and water, and sky, has no softening influence on their hitherto dull and torpid natures—no stirring power to make them better men and women, more thoughtful fathers, more affectionate mothers, more obedient children? Surely it has.

Around them are the tall waving grass, the sparkling gems of red and white flowers, the pleasant low of cows, the sweet voices of the birds: they walk amid the beautiful things o Nature, and feel themselves improved; and as they carelessly si them down to partake of their "mid-day repast" of plain brea and meat, and water from the brook close by, or idly stretc themselves in the shade, while the children run and spor among the green things waving on the hills, they are doubtles in better temper with the world and with themselves. The see the forest animals free and happy; they hear the bees i ceaseless whirl and hum disport from flower to flower; the listen to the merry birds on leaf and spray; and, contente with the holiday thus given them, dream not that

> Man to man more cruel,
> Appoints no end of suffering for his slave †

And so the long bright summer day goes by, till the sun slowly veering to the west, gives warning to depart. The good minister draws his happy flock together, and addresses a few words to their not unlistening ears:—"On the next Sunday—who knows!—perhaps I shall rest in the graveyard, some on of yourselves! a lily broken untimely, will bow down his head to the earth; why then delay? the hour is accom

* Henrich Heine.

* Longfellow. † Massinger.

plished; let us make ready to meet our God!"* If not in these, in some such words he warns them to prepare for life for the doom of all things living; and as the teacher's task is closed, the children rise up from the grass and bow before him; and he takes them one by one by the hand, and blesses them in wordless prayer, and so they go upon their way; and their homeward journey is full of love, and merriment, and chastened joys; and as their songs rise on the night wind, the good clergyman, the promoter of all their happiness, leans back on his seat, and feels that he is doing his best duty to his flock. There is peace at his heart, and he feels

> Majestic thoughts in thrilling sounds expressed,
> That soothe his soul like harpings of the blest †

And so if we have not *proved* that a little idleness, now and then, is a kind of moral medicine, we have stated our *belief* in the virtue of it—which is very nearly the same with the great majority of logicians. G. P. P.

A BULL-FIGHT IN LISBON.

Few popular sports are *more* popular in the Spanish peninsula than the bull-fight. To witness a bull-fight, all classes of people, from queen to beggar girl, and from prince to peasant, will neglect their proper business, and crowd delighted into the amphitheatre. But, alas for the chivalry of Portugal! the bull-fight no longer exists as it does in Spain—pity the sport exists at all! To be sure, cruelty to the beasts has by no means ceased, but nearly all danger to the fighters has! Sorely disappointed was I on one occasion, when, seated as a spectator at the feats of the arena in Lisbon, to discover that there was not the slightest possibility of witnessing a death, even of a bull! I had nerved myself for some awful catastrophe, as I thought, by endeavouring to subdue all the finer feelings of humanity; but I doubt my success, for I was exceedingly disgusted with what I did see. Perhaps, however, if there had been more courage and less cruelty displayed, I might have felt differently. I know that on similar occasions I had previously become very much excited, and cried "*Viva!*" for a victorious bull as loudly as anybody. But those were fights in which Spaniards were engaged, who laugh to scorn the cowardly, barbarous bull-fighters of Portugal.

At the southern extremity of the *Campo de Santa Anna*, Lisbon, stands the *Praça dos Touros*, bull-circus. This is a wooden edifice, and was built in the time of Don Miguel. It is said to be nearly as large as the circus at Cadiz, and is fitted up with some five hundred boxes, capable of containing eight or ten thousand spectators. It is destitute of neatness and elegance, and was, when I saw it, in a bad state of preservation. Along the highest rows of benches it is inappropriately ornamented by a series of trophies, vases, and obelisks, all made of wood. Every Sunday and fête-day, the proprietors give the public a performance, which is duly announced in some such fustian as follows:—

"This day will be given, in the elegantly-built and delightful *Praça do Campo Santa Anna*, a wonderful and highly-amusing combat of thirteen ferocious and monstrous bulls, to which the respectable public of this renowned capital is invited. The proprietors, ever anxious to gratify the expectations of the magnanimous and distinguished nation of Portugal, so generous in its patronage of these spectacles, feel the greatest satisfaction in being able to announce that they have spared neither trouble nor expense in order to secure the abovementioned animals, which belonged to the richest proprietor of *Riba Tejo*, who possesses among his herds the most robust and the bravest of bulls. This gentleman has consented to send them to the circus, to assist in the representation that will be given this afternoon." Here follows an eulogium on the coolness and unrivalled agility of the bull-fighters; and, after eight lyric stanzas extolling the ferocity of the animals—the bulls, not the fighters—the terrible force of their horns, and a thousand other dangers of the combat, the whole announcement winds up with a description of some marvellous fireworks that will conclude the entertainment.

In spite, however, of grandiloquent announcements, strangers having the spirit of genuine *campinos* are always greatly disappointed. The combat unto death, both of man and beasts, was abolished in the time of Mary I., 1777 or 1778; and this diversion has lost its most horrid interest and its shuddering attractions. The functions of the *matador de espada* have ceased, and good bull-fighters are no longer trained up in Portugal, while the most celebrated of Spain refuse to visit the sister country.

These fights open, as in Spain, by a grand display on horseback. When the court is present, an equerry of the royal household acts as *cavalheiro*, and then the best horses from the royal stables are in attendance. Mounted upon one of them, the equerry performs the steps and evolutions of the old Spanish horsemanship, at the same time saluting the court and the public; all of which is termed *cortezias do cavalheiro*. The bull then bounds forth, and is received by the knight, when the more daring among the flag-bearers immediately begin to annoy him with their goads and gaudy capes. Some of the mantle-bearers display great dexterity; but they are in general awkward and timid, though the danger is not great, seeing that the animals have their horns sheathed in leather and tipped with balls. When the bull lacks bravery, or is greatly fatigued, affording little interest in the combat, *Gallegos* (peasants from the province of Gallicia, Spain) or negroes are sent against it, who render a service very similar to that of the dogs which the Spanish people clamor for, with the well-known cry of "*Perros!*" whenever the bull seems to be too tame. These *Gallegos* take part in all the Portuguese bull-fights. They make their appearance in round hats and quilted hides, and carry long, two-pronged forks, whence they are called *homens de forcado*, men of the fork. Their place is beneath the royal tribune, where they are formed in line; and when the bull approaches that vicinity, they receive him on the points of their weapons. Near them may be seen a species of side-de-camp, mounted, and clad in the old Spanish garb, short cape and hat of plumes. His office is to transmit orders to all parts of the circus from the authorities.

When a bull evinces cowardice or exhaustion, the *Gallegos*, at a given signal, cast their forks aside, and rush upon him. The most courageous, placing himself in front of the animal, seizes the moment when, with lowered head and closed eyes, he is running at him, to leap between his horns, to which he clings firmly, allowing himself to be violently tossed and flung about. The rest then throw themselves upon the brute, securing him by the legs, horns, and tail, and even jumping upon him, until the poor beast, who sometimes draws a dozen of them round the ring three or four times, is compelled to stop. This is termed, not "taking the bull by the horns," but *seizing the bull by the hoof*, and appears to afford the greatest delight, especially to the lower classes of the spectators; hence, at this moment, the plaudits are most enthusiastic. A number of bullocks and cows with bells round their necks now enter, which the subdued bull peacefully follows out of the circle at a trot. His wounds are then dressed, and he is either sent home or reserved for another occasion.

The negroes, it seems, appear but seldom, and it would be well for humanity if they were entirely excluded; for they are called upon to perform feats which none of the *gentlemen* fighters dare attempt. These poor wretches hire themselves out, for the value of a few shillings, to provoke the bull when he is too tame and cowardly. For this purpose, they ornament their heads with feathers, in imitation of the savage chiefs of Africa, and conceal themselves either in figures of horses made of paste-board, called *cavallinhos de pasta*, or in large hampers. The bull is sure to throw them down, and often maims and bruises them in the most shocking manner. I saw one poor old fellow gored through a hamper, to the infinite delight and amusement of the audience; nobody appearing to relish the joke more than the ladies, by whom the front seats of nearly all the boxes were filled. Sometimes these miserable blacks are forced, by the cries of the populace and the orders of the directors, to re-appear in the arena, even while suffering from severe contusions; and loss of limbs is the probable result of this base and dastardly inhumanity.

Before the close of this most refined and delectable exhibition with fire-works, we have another display of horsemanship and horse-dancing, when *vivas* resound from all sides, and flowers, money, and sometimes jewels, are showered down upon the heroes of the ring who have that day most distinguished themselves in encounters with blunt-horned bulls.

* This thought occurs in one of Longfellow's poems, we have forgotten which.
† Martin F. Tupper.

EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY.

A MEDIUM OF INTERCOMMUNICATION FOR ALL READERS.

25. How is it, that looking down at an object from the top of some high building, or cliff, makes it appear so diminutive; whilst looking at it from a level surface, from the *same distance*, alters its apparent size very little?—S. COLLIER

26. Who was the author of the phrase, "Evil communications corrupt good manners?"

27. What is the reason that fewer men are killed by a mine explosion than by the after-damp?—LUPUS.

28. Who were the Weeping and Laughing Philosophers, and why were they so called?—ELIZA ANN.

29. The length of the chord subtending an arc of 220° is 36 inches; from the extremities of which two straight lines are drawn, which, with the chord, form a triangle, the vertex of which is a point in the arc; and the angle contained by the chord and one of the straight lines, is 57° 40′ required the remaining angles and the length of each side —JOSEPH TIMMS

30. There is a custom throughout Wales of feasting and larking, ducking for apples, &c, on the last night in October, which they call the "Night before Winter,"—what is the origin of it?—LUPUS.

31. How did the islands of St. Helena and New Zealand become British colonies?

32. Can any of your correspondents explain whether it requires more power to work a pump in raising a quantity of water when the piston is working near to the surface of the water, than it does when the piston is working near the delivery pipe?—VINCENT

33. Who gave Wales its present name, and what does it signify? —J. B.

34. What is the derivation and meaning of the oriental word Satrap?—J RICHARDS

35. When were the figures of arithmetic brought into Europe, and by whom?—H. F.

36. Is there any law in existence to force servants to stay from Martinmas to Martinmas, and, if so, when was it made?—H. V.

37. Receipts are required for making and using of blacking, harness paste, and [illegible]

38. Can any of your readers explain the origin of the phrase, Hob-a-nob —H B

39 Whence comes the Latin phrase, the English of which is, "Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall?"

40 How many revolutions would a marble, one inch in diameter, make in reaching the earth, if dropped from a height of one mile high in the air?—P

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS PROPOSED IN NO 57

1. The destruction caused by the fire of London, in 1666, occasioned many disputes to those who owned property, as in many cases all boundary marks necessary to determine the extent of boundary were quite obliterated, and in order to settle all disputes, that each might obtain their respective claim in a more speedy manner than by legal process, it was determined that all claims &c, should be referred to the judgment and decision of two of the most respectable land surveyors *of the time—men* who had been thoroughly acquainted with London previous to the fire. The surveyors appointed to determine the rights of the various claimants were *Mr. Hook* and *Mr. Crook*, who, by the justness of their decisions, gave general satisfaction to the interested parties, and by the speedy determination of the different claimants, soon restored order. Thus the origin of the saying "Hook or by crook"—M. A. H.

Another correspondent says —Persons in the olden time entitled to fuel-wood in the king's forest were only authorised to take it off the dead wood or branches of trees in the forest, with a cart, a hook, and a crook.

Another of our friends suggests a different origin for the phrase.—It is said that Strongbow, when debating with his followers on the best mode of capturing Ireland, said it must be by "Hook or by Crook" The N E. boundary of Waterford harbour is known as the Hook, and Crook-haven is an equally well-known harbour on the south coast hence the words of the besieger.—T. W. SMART

4, The following is the origin of this distinction.—In the reign of Henry the Second, a synod was held at Westminster, at which the Pope's legate was present. The Archbishops of York and Canterbury contending for precedency, high words begat blows, till at last the adherents of Canterbury pulled York from his seat to the ground, and tore his casule, chimera, and rochet from his back. The legate, transported with fear, fled from the place of meeting Next day York appealed to the people And the dispute was settled by the respective titles of "Primate of England" and "Primate of all England"

8. Edward I., King of England, conquered Wales. Born at Westminster, June 16th, 1239. Died at Burg-on-the-sands, near Carlisle, June 7th, 1307. Edward II., his eldest surviving son, was the first Prince of Wales. The natives submitted to the English dominion with extreme reluctance, and Edward, as a conciliatory measure, promised to give them for their prince one who was a Welshman by birth and who could not speak any other language, accordingly he presented to the people his son Edward, then an infant who had been born at Caernarvon. From the time of Edward II the eldest son of the King of England has always been created Prince of Wales —J ROBERTSON.

9. The origin of ALL FOOLS' DAY.—From a very early age this day has been considered as one set apart for the exercise of all kinds of practical jokes and mirthful folly. The term given to it, we may hold as a travestie of the festival of All Saints' Day. The custom of playing-off little tricks on this day, whereby ridicule may be fixed upon unguarded individuals, appears to be universal throughout Europe In France one thus imposed upon is called "Un poisson d'Avril," an April fish It is very remarkable that the Hindoos practise precisely similar tricks on the 31st of March, when they have what is called the Huli Festival.—MATT GUNSBY.

An old friend and subscriber, Mr B Lowe, of Manchester, furnishes the following authorities for the origin of All Fools' Day.—[illegible] "Apollo," 1795, vol I, No I, is the following query "Whence proceeds the custom of making April fools?" Answer It may not improperly be derived from a memorable transaction happening between the Romans and Sabines, mentioned by Dionysius, which was thus the Romans, about the infancy of the city, wanting wives, and finding they could not obtain the neighbouring women by their peaceable addresses, resolved to make use of a stratagem, and, accordingly, Romulus instituted certain games, to be performed in the beginning of April (according to the Roman calendar), in honour of Neptune Upon notice thereof the bordering inhabitants, with their whole families, flocked to Rome to see this mighty celebration, where the Romans seized upon a great number of the Sabine virgins, and ravished them, which supposition we suppose may be the foundation of this foolish custom"

"Humorous Jewish Origin of the custom of making Fools on the First of April —This is said to have begun from the mistake of Noah sending the dove out of the ark before the water had abated, on the first day of the month among the Hebrews, which answers to our first of April, and, to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some sleeveless errand, similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the patriarch"—*Brand's Popular Antiquities*, Vol. I.

The custom of making fools on the First of April prevails among the Swedes, it being alluded to in Torcens' "Voyage to China," 1750—2, (and in Germany we have the making of an April fool described in the phrase "Einen zum April schicken." In Scotland the persons sent on errands were called *cobie, messengers*)

Interesting particulars, as to the various origin, &c of making fools on the First of April will be found in Vols I. and II of "Hone's Every-day Book," and "Brand's Popular Antiquities," Vol. I.

10 Adam and Noah left the largest fortunes to their families, for they left them the world —ELIZA MARY

11. MOURNING —Among the ancients, mourning was expressed by various signs tearing their clothes, wearing sackcloth, laying aside casigns of honour. Thus Plutarch, from the time of his leaving the city with Pompey, neither shaved his head, nor, as usual, wore the crown of garland. Amongst the Romans, a year of mourning was ordained by law for women who had lost their husbands. The colours of the dress or habit worn to signify grief vary in different countries In Europe, the ordinary colour for mourning is black, which, being the [illegible] used to denote the termination of life. In China, [illegible] in token of purity; which colour was the mourning of the ancient Spartan and Roman ladies In Egypt, it is yellow, which, representing the colour of loaves when they fall, and flowers when they fade, signifies that death is the end of all human hopes. In Ethiopia, brown, which denotes the earth to which all the dead return In Turkey, blue, which is an emblem of the happiness which it is hoped the deceased enjoys Kings and cardinals mourn in purple or violet, which is supposed to express the combination of sorrow and hope. The custom of mourning for the dead in shrieks and howlings is of great antiquity, and prevails almost universally among the followers of Mahomet.—F. G. P.

12. A blacksmith must necessarily be the most dissatisfied of mechanics, because he is continually *striking for wages!*—CH ZH.

13. SIR,—In answer to the question, "How did Canada obtain its name," allow me to extract the following from "Macgregor's British America," Vol. II., page 328 and 329:—"Canada is said to have been first discovered by the Spaniards, who, not finding any of the precious metals, which formed the grand object of all their discoveries and conquests, abandoned any claim to a country which only appeared to afford the means of living by the cultivation of its soil." When the French afterwards visited this part of America, the Indians repeated so frequently the words "Aca nada," *here is nothing* (which they are said to have heard the Spaniards exclaim), that Cartier imagined them to mean the name of the country, and to this circumstance is usually attributed the origin of the appellation, Canada, by which it has been designated since that period, although it bore also for some time, in common with the adjacent territories, the general name of New France."—E. R.

John Roberts, R.M., S. Collier, Anna, F.R., G.H., and others, have sent similar replies. The question having elicited inquiry among our readers, the end is attained; without research there can be no knowledge.

14. In what year were the Commons first called to sit in Parliament?—In the reign of Henry III. was held the first assemblage approaching to the character of a Parliament. It was first called in 1225, in order to give supplies for carrying on a war against France; the money was only granted on condition that the great charter should be confirmed, and thus the example was set at the very first for rendering supplies a check upon the prerogative of the king, and gradually reducing that power to its present comparatively moderate level. Under the earlier Norman kings, and it is believed under the Saxons, an assembly, called the Great Council, had shared with the sovereign the power of framing laws, but it was only until the reign of Henry III., that the body had any power to balance that of the king. And it was not until 1265, that representatives from the inhabitants of towns were introduced.—A. H. Another correspondent says "The earliest writ that have been preserved for summoning knights, citizens, and burgesses to Parliament are those issued by Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and Baron of the barons in 1264, in the name of King Henry III., who was then a prisoner in his hands." The division of the legislature into two houses—in other words, the institution of our present House of Commons—is traceable to the time of Edward I.—J. R.

15. The sittenagemote of the Saxons, literally an "assembly of wise men," the Parliament of the Saxons, from the Anglo-Saxon "gemoth," an assembly, and "witan," to know, which has the same root, "wet," or "wis," as the word wit, wisdom, wise, and the legal phrase still in use, "to wit." The nature of this assembly and its powers cannot, however, be stated with any precision.—G. ROBERTSON.

16. Cannons were first used at the battle of Cressy, in 1346.

17. How many [illegible] of one side, can be [illegible] for waste in making?

736½ lbs. = 9838 oz. ÷ 7856 = 1¼ cub. feet. 1¼ − 1 = ¼ cub. ft. = 1728 cub. inches. ¼ = 375 + 375 + 375 = 1125 ÷ 2 = 5625 half sum. 5625 · 375 = 1875 · 1875 × 1875 × 1875 × 5625 = 00037078857 &c. · 00037078857 ÷ ⅓ = ·00089 superficies of end of file.

·00089 × 5 = 374895 cub. inches in each file.

1728 ÷ 374895 = 5160 files, nearly. R. M.

The answers to arithmetical questions are extremely numerous, but, as our plan is to insert the correct one only, our friends must excuse us if, in opposition to their expressed wishes, we fail to point out in what particulars the several replies are deserving or otherwise.

19. In reply to the 19th query in the "*Exercises for Ingenuity*," I respectfully submit that $99\frac{9}{9} = 100$.—Also permit me to remind your numerous readers that four nines can be so arranged as to denote 111 or 20, viz., $\frac{99}{9} = 111$, $99^{\frac{9}{9}} = 20$.—HENRY DRIVER.

20. The humidity of the atmosphere will occasion such a density, that the clouds will not permit all the rays of light to pass through, the red ones being reflected. The dark ones will be more opaque still, and suffer them to pass into them, though some may not be in such a position as not to be touched by rays of light.—BENNET LOVE.

21. If a ball of marble 37·6092 inches circumference be reduced to one third its size, what will its circumference then be and its weight, the specific gravity of marble being 2·838? Several answers have been received to this question which nearly approach the truth, especially that supplied by J. Timms, of Chesterfield. The proposer's *own* solution is as follows:—

37·6992 ÷ 3·1416 = 12 dia. 12 × 12 × 12 × ·5236 = 904·7808 * —Contents of larger ball.

904·7808 ÷ 3 = 301·5936—Contents of lesser ball.

301·5936 ÷ ·5236 = 576·576 ∛ = 8 32 × 3·1416 = 26·188112 inches —Circumference of lesser ball.

1728 . 301·5936 :: 2·838 : 195·32 oz. = 41·27 lb. troy, weight of lesser ball.

Circumference 26·188112 inches

Answer—Weight 495·32 oz., or 41·27 lbs.

22. The various effects are produced by the different temperatures of the atmosphere: it being the coldest which occasions hail, its thickness prevents the particles of damp from rising off the earth at all, and produces fog. Rain is occasioned by the cold condensing the vapour of the air, when near the point of saturation. The cause of snow is, when the air is nearly saturated with vapour, indeed, once by a current of air *below freezing point*, some of the vapour is condensed, and frozen into snow. When flakes of snow in their descent pass through a bed of air above freezing point, they partially melt, and fall to the earth as half-melted snow, or sleet.—B. L.

23. The following are furnished as receipts for making the

SYMPATHETIC INKS OR SECRET WRITING

If a weak infusion of galls be used, the writing will be invisible until the paper is moistened with a weak solution of sulphate of iron. It then becomes black, because these ingredients form ink.

If a paper be soaked in a weak infusion of galls, and dried, a pen dipped in the solution of sulphate of iron will write black on that paper, but colourless on any other.

The diluted solution of gold, silver, or mercury, remains colourless upon the paper till exposed to the sun's ray.

Diluted prussiate of potash affords blue letters when wetted with the solution of sulphate of iron.

Letters written with sal-ammoniac, dissolved in water, or with the juice of a lemon, are not visible till held by the fire.—See "Wonders of Nature and Art."—JOHN MATHER.

Write on paper with the juice of onions, and the writing will be invisible until warmed at the fire, it then becomes of a brownish yellow.

Another kind of yellow. Write with a solution of nitrate of bismuth, the letters will be invisible, but if the surface is wetted with a solution of prussiate of potash, the characters will appear of a beautiful yellow colour.

Write with a solution of corrosive sublimate, and wet the characters with a solution of iodide of potash, when the writing will become visible, of a bright scarlet colour.

Dissolve sulphate of the red, and add a small portion of saltpetre. The ink is invisible until the paper is warmed, when it appears of a clear rose colour. The colour disappears again as the paper gets cold. Put into a phial half an ounce of distilled water, one drachm of bromide of potassium, and one drachm of pure sulphate of copper (blue vitriol), gently warm the mixture until the salts appear to be [illegible] dissolved, when the liquid is fit for use. The brown bromide, and the sulphate of copper, act upon each other in solution; bromide of copper and sulphate of potash is the result. The sulphate of potash may be precipitated by the addition of about half an ounce of spirits of wine, and the remainder will be a nearly pure solution of bromide of copper in alcohol and water. Words written on paper with this ink are perfectly colourless, but when warmed at the fire, they become brown, and again become [illegible] as the paper gets cold.

Dissolve [illegible] (salt) in aqua regia, and dilute the solution with four times its weight of water; this gives a fine sea-green colour when the paper is warmed, and disappears as the paper cools, and is renewed on warming again.

Write on paper with a solution of green vitriol (sulphate of iron), the writing will be invisible; but if the paper is wetted with a solution of the yellow salt used by the dyers, called prussiate of potash, the characters will appear of a beautiful blue colour.

J. ROBERTSON.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SELF AND CLASS EXAMINER IN EUCLID, containing the Enunciations of all the Propositions and Corollaries in Cassell's Euclid, adapted for the use of Colleges, Schools, and Candidates, is now ready, price 6d.

CASSELL'S ELEMENTS OF ARITHMETIC, in paper cover, 1s. 6d. neatly bound in cloth.

THE ANSWERS TO ALL THE QUESTIONS IN CASSELL'S ARITHMETIC, for the use of Private Students, and of Teachers and Professors who use this work in their classes, is preparing for publication.

* It appears, however, that the Kings of Spain and Portugal both complained at the French King's "unjust usurpation of their footsteps by sending Cartier to Canada;" and it was [illegible] their exclusive, "What I shall they quietly divide [illegible] them with [illegible] me to take a share as their brother [illegible] of Adam's will that bequeaths that vast inheritance to them."

MISCELLANEA.

ELECTRICITY APPLIED TO THE CAPTURE OF WHALES.—The *New Bedford (U. S.) Mercury* gives an account of some interesting experiments, illustrating the effect of electricity to facilitate the capture of the whale. The most prominent features of this new method are thus described.—"Every whale at the moment of being struck by the harpoon is rendered powerless, as by a stroke of lightning, and, therefore, his subsequent escape or loss, except by sinking, is wholly impracticable, and the process of lancing and securing him is entirely unattended with danger. The arduous labour involved in a long chase in the capture of a whale is superseded, and, consequently, the inconvenience and danger of the boats losing sight of or becoming separated from the ship is avoided. One or two boats only would be required to be lowered at a time, and, therefore, a less number both of officers and seaman than heretofore employed would be ample for the purposes of the voyage. The electricity is conveyed to the body of the whale from an electro-galvanic battery contained in the boat, by means of a metallic wire attached to the harpoon, and so arranged as to reconduct the electric current from the whale through the sea to the machine. The machine itself is simple and compact in construction, enclosed in a strong chest weighing about 360 lbs, and occupying a space in the boat of about three-and-a-half-feet long by two in width, and the same in height. It is capable of throwing into the body of the whale eight tremendous strokes of electricity in a second, or 950 strokes in a minute, paralyzing in an instant the muscles of the whale, and depriving it of all power of motion, if not actually of life."

ADULTRATED CAYENNE PEPPER.—The *Lancet* gives the following results of an analysis of 28 samples of Cayenne pepper obtained at different shops.—"That out of the 28 samples of Cayenne pepper subjected to analysis, 24 were adulterated; that out of the above number four only were genuine; that out of the 24 adulterated samples, 22 contained mineral colouring matter, that red lead, often in large and poisonous quantities, was present in 13 samples, that Venetian red, red ochre, brick dust, or some other analogous ferruginous earths, were contained in seven samples, that cinnabar, vermillion, or sulphuret of mercury, was detected in one sample, that six of the samples consisted of a mixture of ground rice, turmeric, and Cayenne, coloured with either red lead or a red ferruginous earth, that six samples contained large quantities of salt, sometimes alone, but more frequently combined with rice and a red ferruginous earth or with red lead; that one of the samples was adulterated with a large quantity of the husk of white mustard seed, that two contained rice only, coloured with red lead or a ferruginous earth. As is well known, red lead and vermillion, or sulphuret of mercury, are highly deleterious substances, both being characterised by the very peculiar circumstance that they are not, like the majority of other compounds, when received into the system, at once eliminated therefrom but remain in the body for a considerable time, gradually accumulating, until at length they occasion the peculiar symptoms which distinguish their presence in large amount. Thus, however small the dose taken from day to day, the constitution is yet liable, by the repetition of the dose, to be at length brought under the influence of the poison, and to become seriously affected.—P.S. We place no great dependance on the decisions of the *Lancet*; certainly it is not infallible!

THE LAKE OF HAARLEM.—that interesting inland sea, which burst through the dykes of sand and willows, and swallowed up some of the richest meadows of North Holland, more than three centuries ago—has been nearly expelled from the territories on which it had seized in spite of Dutchman and Spaniard. In the year 1539, while the people of the district were groaning under the oppression which afterwards drove them into the insurrection now considered one of the noblest up-risings of the world,—the North Sea broke over the artificial dams and the triple ridges of sand formed by the action of wind and tide on that stormy coast, and showed the inhabitants how to isolate their cities and cut off a besieging enemy—a lesson afterwards turned to effective account by them at Leyden and elsewhere. But the invasion of the water brought horror and desolation into the fertile flats of North Holland. Twenty six thousand acres of rich pasture land, with meadows, cattle, and gardens, were covered by the waves which would not ebb—and the village of Nieuwenkirk was submerged, and all its inhabitants were lost in the tremendous calamity. More than two centuries elapsed before any one began to dream of recovering this vast estate, and then, although the lake was only six feet in depth, the recovery was long believed to be impracticable. Again and again the project has been started since the present century came in. In 1819 a scheme was submitted to the King for the drainage, and approved,—but it led to no result. Even as late as the session of 1838 a motion for the same purpose was rejected by an immense majority in the Dutch House of Representatives. But as the engineering science of the age grew more daring and confident, even Dutch phlegm gave way, and the works were, as our readers are aware, commenced. They have been long in progress,—and it is now reported that the task is near its final accomplishment. The remains of the unhappy village of Nieuwenkirk have been found, with a mass of human bones, on the very spot where the old charts of the province fixed its site. In a few more weeks it is believed that the Lake of Haarlem, famous for its fishing and its pleasure excursions, will have become mere matter of record.

RUSTIC WIT.—A village doctor went to visit a patient in a neighbouring hamlet, and took with him his gun, that he might wing any game that he encountered in crossing the fields. A peasant meeting him on the way, asked whither he was going? "To see a patient," was the answer. "What, then," said the peasant, "do you really fear to miss him in the ordinary way that you take your gun with you?"

DIFFERENT sounds will travel with different velocity—a call to dinner will run over a ten-acre field in a moment and a half, while a summons to return to work takes from five to eight minutes.

I ONCE said to the late Mr. Cobbett, that do what I could, I never could rub from my mind what was called a "vulgar prejudice," and that was, that "the Princess Charlotte came unfairly to her end." Cobbett replied, briefly but markedly, "Sir, it is no vulgar prejudice."

Why is a lawyer like a tailor?—Because he is always ready to commence a *suit*.

Why is a polite gentleman like a pine-tree? Because he has a profusion of *bows* (boughs).

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. WILLIAMS.—You ask us to "explain the principle and the construction of the Barometer," it is impossible to do this in a brief notice of correspondence, but we will insert a short article on the subject in an early number.

JOHN PARKER.—*Ale and Porter* have been in existence far too long for the health and comfort of a large portion of the human family. Beer was first made by the ancient Egyptians. It was in use in this country as far back as the times of the aborigines. The Saxons introduced *mead* (a preparation of honey and water fermented), the use of which prevailed till about the period of the Conquest, after which malt liquor became the national beverage, and its use became connected with almost every circumstance of life: hospitality was thought incomplete, unless the flagon of "nut brown ale" was handed, flowing over, to the traveller or visitor. In answer to your second question, the *Potato* was first brought to this country by Sir Walter Raleigh, about the year 1610, and was first planted in his garden at Youghal, in Ireland. For an answer to your third question as to the militia, you had better apply to her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Rt. Hon. S. H. Walpole.

JAMES WAGNER.—Your lines have been received, but we cannot promise their insertion.

DEATH OF WELLINGTON.—We have received lines on the death of the late Duke, from "Jayne," J. W. P. I., G. Clarke, Thomas, T——b, and some others, the insertion of which however we are compelled to decline.

J. C. D. is about the tenth correspondent who has gravely written, requesting to know the meaning of the word "*upwards*" in reference to numbers, as "upwards of fifty," &c. he assures us that he has "talked with many people who are use that *upwards* means *under* the given number." These "many people" must surely reside in some district never yet visited by the schoolmaster!

W. C.—You had better apply to some bookbinder near you; the expense of sending your books to London and back will cost you as much as the binding of several volumes.

N. WATERALL.—We fear your drawing and description will hardly warrant the expense of engraving and printing.

R. A.—When it is said that the "*onus probandi*" rests upon any person, it means that upon that person rests the responsibility of proving a particular point; from onus, *a burden* and probare, *proving*.

WINTON.—*Chirology* and *Chiromancy* are two very different sciences: the former being the art and practice of communicating thought by certain movements of the hand and fingers, and the latter being the *pretended* art of foretelling a person's fortune by the lines of his hand.

SARAH.—*Cream Syrup* is made thus.—Mix finely powdered lump sugar with an equal weight of new cream. It will keep for a long time if put into bottles and closely corked and sealed over. It is commonly placed in two ounce wide-mouthed phials. It may thus be taken on long voyages, a fresh phial being used at every meal, as it will not keep after being opened.

AN INQUIRER may fix a drawing in chalk, by washing it dexterously over with milk from which all the cream has been carefully skimmed.

BADGWORTH.—A correspondent who dates his letter from this place, but whose name we cannot decipher, wishes for a copy of the rules of the "Wilts Friendly Society;" we are sorry that we cannot inform him where to obtain it. As several inquiries have been made for these rules, perhaps some correspondent will tell us where they may be obtained.

K. H. PLAISTER.—Covers for binding the two volumes of the "Illustrated Exhibitor" in one, will be prepared in due time.

J. RICHARDSON.—Your verses will appear shortly.

ALBEYNE.—The impressions of your coin were taken on the commonest bottle wax, instead of good sealing wax, in consequence of which they are reduced to powder, and are perfectly illegible.

J. SOWDEN (Devonport).—We know nothing of the publication to which you refer, and are therefore not answerable for the editorial neglect of which you complain.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III. No. 63.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BOOKBINDING.



DESIGN FOR THE COVER OF A BIBLE; CARVED IN BOXWOOD BY MR. ROGERS, AND EXHIBITED AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE BY MESSRS. NISBET.

BOOKBINDING.

Books are often valued for their binding, rather than for their contents; and many a man possesses a fine library who has an empty head. Splendour in the binding of books is a taste which dates back from remote times. The rarity of manuscripts, and the ornaments of every kind with which they were enriched, rendered them so precious that they were exhibited upon the desks for the purpose of gratifying the sight and the pride of their possessors. Seneca said of them: *Pierisque libri non studiorum instrumenta sunt, ad edum ornamenta.*" But if these rich bindings, some beautiful models of which still exist in public libraries, were suitable before or soon after the invention of printing, when books were almost as scarce as manuscripts, they are an anachronism when we are compelled to keep them so closely in our libraries. These magnificent covers, executed for the greater part by jewellers, who enriched them with reliefs in gold, silver, steel, and ivory, with precious stones, with enamels, and with decorations of every kind, could only be suitable for the missals and the antiphoners placed in churches. On seeing at the Exhibition, inclosed in the beautiful articles of furniture from Austria, the superb bindings in ivory, carved with so much art, or in gold and silver inlaid with gems, and enamels still more precious, it might be supposed that these were shrines inclosing sacred relics, or even the casket of Darius, in which Alexander deposited the poems of Homer.

Between simple bindings and those in which costliness is carried to extreme, a medium may be found in which lovers of books delight, combining elegance with solidity and simplicity, qualities preferable to richness of gilding. At the period of the *Renaissance*, artists of great taste executed admirable bindings for kings, princes, and a few rich and learned *amateurs*, whose names are preserved in the recollection of bibliopolists, who maintained in their houses binders whose tastes they directed.* Some chose the Byzantine style, but the greater portion adopted the style called the *Renaissance*. After them, the binders confined themselves to imitation, applying this style of ornament indiscriminately to every species of book.

Some attempts have been made to submit bookbinding to general principles, and to adapt the binding either to the period in which the books were written, or according to the subjects of which they treat, and a variety of ornaments have been devised in consequence. The idea, though a happy one, is not new, and has not generally been adopted. We have seen the cap of liberty, the owl, and the wand of Æsculapius, applied to bindings with respect to the contents of the works. The Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman ornamental emblems have been resorted to, as well as the Gothic, borrowed from monuments. Others have thought it desirable that bookbinders, departing from the beaten track, should endeavour to give a more peculiar character to their bindings, a character which should mark our era; and that thus the choice of colours—more or less sombre or more or less bright—might always be in accordance with the nature of the subject treated of in the books. They contend that this system would at once afford, in a large library, the advantage of facilitating the search for books by immediately striking the eye: that it is also to be desired that certain styles of ornament should indicate whether such a work, on Egypt for example, belonged to the Pharaonic, the Arabic, the French, or the Turkish era; and that it should be the same with ancient Greece, Byzantine Greece, or modern Greece, the Rome of the Cæsars, or the Rome of the Popes.

All these suggestions may be useful if they are placed under the control of taste and judgment.

Modern bookbinding is carried on in England on a scale of such magnitude as the binders of former times could scarcely have foreseen. The production of books greatly exceeds that of any former period, and has caused the application of so much machinery to bookbinding, that it may fairly be said to have become a manufacturing business. Books, handsomely bound, gilt, lettered, embossed, and otherwise ornamented, no longer depend upon individual skill; but are produced, with extraordinary rapidity, by the aid of machinery. Mr. Burn, of Hatton-garden, first introduced rolling machines to supersede hammering; the iron printing-presses of Hopkinson and others were altered to form arming-presses, by which block-gilding, blind-tooling, and embossing, can be effected with accuracy and rapidity. Leather covers, embossed in elaborate and beautiful patterns by means of powerful fly-presses, were introduced by M. Thouvenin, in Paris, about 25 years ago; and almost simultaneously in this country by Messrs. Remnant and Co., and by Mr. De La Rue, who were quickly followed by others. Embossed calico was also introduced about the same period, by Mr. De La Rue; hydraulic presses, instead of the old wooden screw-presses; Wilson's cutting-machines, which supersede the old plough; the cutting-tables with shears, invented by Mr. Warren De La Rue, and now applied to squaring and cutting millboards for book covers: all these means and contrivances, indispensable to large establishments, prove that machinery is one of the elements necessary to enable a binder on a large scale to carry on that business successfully.

Binding in cloth-boards is carried on with such rapidity by houses like the Remnants, the Leightons, the Westleys, and others, that 1,000 volumes can be put in cloth, gilt, in *six hours* provided the covers be previously got ready, and this can be done in less than two days!

* This is probably the cause which has kept us in ignorance of the names of these artists.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

No. XV.—THE MIDNIGHT CHIME.

BY JOHN RICHARDSON.

Hark! the great clock strikes midnight,
Telling how wears the time,
While I listen—sit and listen—
Filling a page with rhyme;
And my heart it feels less weary,
And my bent head grows less drowsy,
As I listen to the chime.

Ah! and what says the great clock?
It tells me of wasted time—
Oh! the waters I might have breasted,
While I revell'd in the slime!
And it speaks in gentle sadness,
Till my life seems all like madness,
As I listen to the chime.

And it bears my earnest spirit
Away on the stream of time;
And deeds that once seem'd guiltless,
Change colour and look like crime:
And it speaks in solemn warning,
Of a night that knows no morning:
And so dies away the chime.

And what does my great heart answer?
It speaks of the coming time;
And it swears to atone for a mis-spent youth,
And a manhood's wasted prime:
No tears for its follies streaming;
But an age its youth redeeming—
Not vainly hath peal'd the chime.

DIFFICULTY.—The word "difficulty" is simply a relative term. "There are a thousand difficulties in the way," is true. "There is no difficulty at all," is also true. The truth of the statement, in each case, depends upon the speaker. There is no difficulty in the thing to be done; the difficulty lies solely in the inability of the proposer. That little child is struggling hard to lift the footstool on which it has been sitting, it cannot. Whence the difficulty? That blind old man makes serious "sport" to thousands, by hurling an amphitheatre to the ground. You could not have done it. Why not? Samson found no difficulty. One of the current fallacies of society is, "the thing cannot be done." Yes, it can. Anything can be done, provided it do not involve a contradiction in terms, or a violation of immutable law. Material difficulties will not yield to material power, except by a very slow process; but bring in mind, and embody it in art, and the difficulty vanishes. Mind masters matter, and art is mind in action.

UNCLE TIM AND MASTER JAMES.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

Authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART THE SECOND.—*James makes himself agreeable to more persons than one.—George Griswold, the Minister.—James becomes serious.*

Accordingly, the late sunshine of that afternoon shone full on the yellow buttons of James as he proceeded to the place of conflict. It was a bright, beautiful evening. A thunder-storm had just cleared away, and the silver clouds lay rolled up in masses around the setting sun; the rain drops were sparkling and winking to each other over the ends of the leaves, and all the blackbirds and robins, breaking forth into song, made the little green valley as merry as a musical box.

James's soul was always overflowing with that kind of poetry which consists in feeling unspeakably happy; and it is not to be wondered at, considering where he was going, that he should feel in a double ecstacy on the present occasion. He stepped gaily along, occasionally springing over a fence to the right, to see whether the rain had swollen the trout-brook; or to the left, to notice the ripening of Mr. Somebody's water-melons; for James always had an eye on all his neighbours' matters as well as his own.

In this way he proceeded till he arrived at the picket-fence that marked the commencement of Uncle Tim's ground. Here he stopped to consider. Just then, four or five sheep walked up, and began also to consider a loose picket, which was hanging just ready to drop off, and James began to look at the sheep. "Well mister," said he, as he observed the leader judiciously drawing himself through the gap, "in with you, just what I wanted;" and, having waited a moment, to ascertain that all the company were likely to follow, he ran with all haste towards the house, and swinging open the gate, pressed all breathless to the door.

"Uncle Tim, there are four or five sheep in your garden." Uncle Tim dropped his whetstone and scythe.

"I'll drive them out," said our hero; and with that, he ran down the garden, and made a furious descent on the enemy; bestirring himself, as Bunyan says, "lustily and with good courage," till every sheep had skipped out much quicker than it had skipped in; and then, springing over the fence, he seized a great stone, and nailed on the picket so effectually, that no sheep could possibly encourage the hope of getting in again. This was all the work of a minute; and he was back again, but so exceedingly out of breath that it was necessary for him to stop a moment and rest himself. Uncle Tim looked ungraciously satisfied.

"What under the canopy set you to scampering so?" said he; "I could a driv' out them critturs myself."

"If you are at all particular about driving them out yourself, I can let them in again," said James.

Uncle Tim looked at him with an odd sort of twinkle in the corner of his eye.

"I suppose I must ask you to walk in," said he.

"Much obliged," said James, "but I am in a great hurry." So saying, he started in very business-like fashion towards the gate.

"You had better just stop a minute."

"Can't stay a minute."

"I don't see what possesses you to be all the while in such a hurry; a body would think you had all creation on your shoulders!"

"Just my situation, Uncle Tim," said James, swinging open the gate.

"Well, at any rate have a drink of cider, can't ye?" said Uncle Tim, who was now quite engaged to have his own way in the case.

James found it convenient to accept this invitation, and Uncle Tim was twice as good-natured as if he had stayed at the first.

Once fairly forced into the premises, James thought fit to forget his long walk and excess of business, especially as about that moment Aunt Sally and Miss Grace returned from an afternoon call. You may be sure that the last thing these respectable ladies looked for was to find Uncle Tim and Master James *tête-à-tête* over a pitcher of cider; and when, as they entered, our friend looked up with something of a mischievous air, Miss Grace was so puzzled that it took her at least a quarter of an hour to untie her bonnets strings. But James stayed and acted the agreeable to perfection. First he must needs go down into the garden to look at Uncle Tim's wonderful cabbages, and then he promenaded all around the corn-patch, stopping every few moments and looking up with an appearance of great gratification, as if he had never seen such corn in his life; and then he examined Uncle Tim's favourite apple-tree with an expression of wonderful interest.

"I never!" he broke forth, having stationed himself against the fence opposite to it; "what kind of an apple-tree is that?"

"It's a bell-flower, or something another," said Uncle Tim.

"Why where did you get it? I never saw such apples!" said James, with his eyes still fixed on the tree.

Uncle Tim pulled up a stalk or two of weeds and threw them over the fence, just to show that he did not care anything about the matter, and then he came up and stood by James.

"Nothing so remarkable, as I know on," said he.

Just then, Grace came to say that supper was ready. Once seated at table, it was astonishing to see the perfect and smiling assurance with which James continued his addresses to Uncle Tim. It sometimes goes a great way towards making people like us, to take it for granted that they do already, and upon this principle James proceeded. He talked, laughed, told stories, and joked with the most fearless assurance, occasionally seconding his words by looking Uncle Tim in the face with a countenance so full of good-will as would have melted any snow-drift of prejudices in the world.

James also had one natural accomplishment, more courtier-like than all the diplomacy in Europe, and that was, the gift of feeling a real interest for anybody in five minutes; so that, if he began to please in jest, he generally ended in earnest. With great simplicity of mind, he had a natural tact for seeing into others, and watched their motions with the same delight with which a child gazes at the wheels and springs of a watch, to "see what it will do."

The rough exterior and latent kindness of Uncle Tim were quite a spirit-stirring study: and when tea was over, as he and Grace happened to be standing together in the front door, he broke forth,

"I do really like your father, Grace!"

"Do you?" said Grace.

"Yes, I do. He has something in him, and I like him all the better for having to fish it out."

"Well, I hope you will make him like you," said Grace, unconsciously; and then she stopped, and looked a little abashed.

James was too well-bred to see this, or look as if Grace meant any more than she said—a kind of breeding not always attendant on more fashionable polish,—so he only answered,

"I think I shall, Grace; though I doubt whether I can get him to own it."

"He is the kindest man that ever was," said Grace; "and he always acts as if he were ashamed of it."

James turned a little away, and looked at the bright evening sky, which was glowing like a calm golden sea, and over it was the silver new moon, with one little star to hold the candle for her. He shook some bright drops off from a rose-bush near by, and watched to see them shine as they fell, while Grace stood very quietly waiting for him to speak again.

"Grace," said he, at last, "I am going to college this fall."

"So you told me yesterday," said Grace.

James stooped down over Grace's geranium, and began to busy himself with pulling off all the dead leaves, remarking in the meanwhile,

"And if I do get your father to like me, Grace, will you like me too?"

"I like you now very well," said Grace.

"Come, Grace, you know what I mean," said James, looking steadfastly at the top of the apple-tree.

"Well, I wish, then, you would understand what I mean, without my saying any more about it," said Grace.

"Oh! to be sure I will," said our hero, looking up with a

very intelligent air; and so, as Aunt Sally would say, "the natter was settled, with no words about it."

How shall we narrate how our friend James, as he saw Uncle Tim approaching the door, had the impudence to take out his flute, and put the parts together, screwing it round and fixing it with great composure?

"Uncle Tim," said he, looking up, "this is the best flute that ever I saw."

"I hate them tooting things," said Uncle Tim, snappishly.

"I declare! I wonder how you can!" said James, "for I do think they exceed—"

So saying, he put the flute to his mouth, and run up and down a long flourish.

"There! what think you of that?" said he, looking in Uncle Tim's face with much delight.

Uncle Tim turned and marched into the house, but soon faced to the right-about and came out again, for James was fingering "Yankee Doodle"—that appropriate national air for the descendants of the Puritans.

Uncle Tim's patriotism began to bestir itself; and now, if it had been anything, as he said, but "that 'ere flute"—as it was, he looked more than once at James's fingers.

"How under the sun could you learn to do that?" said he.

"Oh, it's easy enough," said James, proceeding with another tune; and, having played it through, he stopped a moment to examine the joints of his flute, and in the mean time addressed Uncle Tim: "You can't think how grand this is for pitching tunes—I always pitch the tunes on Sunday with it."

"Yes; but I don't think it's a right and fit instrument for the Lord's house," said Uncle Tim.

"Why not? It is only a kind of a long pitch-pipe, you see," said James; "and, seeing the old one is broken, and this will answer, I don't see why it is not better than nothing."

"Why, yes, it may be better than nothing," said Uncle Tim; "but, as I always tell Grace and my wife, it 'aint the right kind of instrument, after all: it's not solemn."

"Solemn!" said James; "that is according as you work it: see here, now."

So saying, he struck up Old Hundred, and proceeded through it with great perseverance.

"There, now!" said he.

"Well, well, I don't know but it is," said Uncle Tim; "but, as I said at first, I don't like the look of it in meeting."

"But yet you really think it is better than nothing," said James, "for, you see, I could not pitch my tunes without it."

"Maybe 'tis," said Uncle Tim; "but that is not saying much."

This, however, was enough for Master James, who soon after departed, with his flute in his pocket, and Grace's last words in his heart; soliloquizing as he shut the gate, "There, now, I hope Aunt Sally won't go to praising me, for, just so sure as she does, I shall have it all to do over again."

James was right in his apprehension. Uncle Tim could be privately converted, but not brought to open confession; and when the next morning Aunt Sally remarked, in the kindness of her heart,

"Well, I always knew you would come to like James," Uncle Tim only responded, "Who said I did like him?"

"But I'm sure you seemed to like him last night."

"Why, I couldn't turn him out of doors, could I? I don't think nothing of him but what I always did."

But it was to be remarked that Uncle Tim contented himself at this time with the more general avowal, without running into particulars, as was formerly his wont. It was evident that the ice had begun to melt, but it might have been a long time in dissolving, had not collateral incidents assisted.

It so happened that, about this time, George Griswold, the only son before referred to, returned to his native village, after having completed his theological studies at a neighbouring institution. It is interesting to mark the gradual development of mind and heart, from the time that the white-headed, bashful boy quits the country village for college, to the period when he returns, a formed and matured man; to notice how gradually the rust of early prejudices begins to cleave from him; how his opinions, like his hand writing, pass from the cramped and limited forms of a country school, into that confirmed and characteristic style which is to mark the man for life. In George this change was remarkably striking. He was endowed by nature with uncommon acuteness of feeling and fondness for reflection: qualities as likely as any to render a child backward and uninteresting in early life.

When he left Newbury for college, he was a taciturn and apparently phlegmatic boy, only evincing sensibility by blushing, and looking particularly stupified whenever anybody spoke to him. Vacation after vacation passed, and he returned more and more an altered being; and he who once shrunk from the eye of the deacon, and was ready to sink if he met the minister, now moved about among the dignitaries of the place with all the composure of a superior being.

It was only to be regretted that, while the mind improved, the physical energies declined, and that every visit to his home found him paler, thinner, and less prepared in body for the sacred profession to which he had devoted himself. But now he was returned, a minister, a real minister, with a right to stand in the pulpit and preach; and what a joy and glory to Aunt Sally, and Uncle Tim, if he were not ashamed to own it.

The first Sunday after he came, it was known far and near that George Griswold was to preach; and never was a more ready and expectant audience. As the time for reading the first psalm approached, you might see the white-headed men turning their faces attentively towards the pulpit; the anxious and expectant old women, with their little black bonnets, bent forward to see him rise. There were the children looking, because everybody else looked; there was Uncle Tim in the front pew, his face considerately adjusted; there was Aunt Sally, seeming as pleased as a mother could seem; and Miss Grace, lifting her sweet face to her brother, like a flower to the sun; there was our friend James in the front gallery, his joyous countenance a little touched with sobriety and expectation: in short, a more embarrassingly attentive audience never greeted the first effort of a young minister. Under these circumstances, there was something touching in the fervent self-forgetfulness which characterised the first exercises of this morning, something which moved every one in the house.

The devout poetry of his prayer, rich with the orientalism of Scripture, and eloquent with the expression of strong yet chastened emotion, breathed over his audience like music, hushing every one to silence, and beguiling every one to feeling. In the sermon there was the strong intellectual nerve, the constant occurrence of argument and statement, which distinguishes a New England discourse; but it was touched with life by the intense, yet half-subdued, feeling with which he seemed to utter it. Like the rays of the sun, it enlightened and melted at the same moment.

The strong peculiarities of New England doctrine, involving, as they do, all the hidden machinery of mind, all the mystery of its divine relations and future progression, and all the tremendous uncertainties of its eternal good or ill, seemed to have dwelt in his mind, to have burned in his thoughts, to have wrestled with his powers, and they gave to his manner the fervency almost of another world; while the exceeding paleness of his countenance, and a tremulousness of voice that seemed to spring from bodily weakness, touched the strong workings of the mind with a pathetic interest, as if the being so early absorbed in another world could not be long for this.

When the services were over, the congregation dispersed with the air of people who had *felt* rather than *heard*; and all the criticism that followed was similar to that of old Deacon Hart, an upright, shrewd man, who, as he lingered a moment at the church door, turned and gazed with unwonted feeling at the young preacher.

"He's a blessed creature!" said he, the tears actually making their way to his eyes; "I have not been so near heaven this many a day. He's a blessed creature of the Lord, that's my mind about him!"

As for our friend James, he was at first sobered, then deeply moved, and at last wholly absorbed by the discourse; and it was only when meeting was over that he began to think where he really was. With all his versatile activity, James had a greater depth of mental capacity than he was himself aware of, and he began to feel a sort of electric affinity for the mind that had touched him in a way so new; and when he saw the mild minister standing at the foot of the pulpit stairs, he made directly towards him.

"I do want to hear more from you," said he, with a face full of earnestness, "may I walk home with you?"

"It is a long and warm walk," said the young minister, smiling.

"Oh, I don't care for that, if it does not trouble you," said James; and leave being gained, you might have seen them slowly passing along under the trees, James pouring forth all the floods of inquiry which the sudden impulse of his mind had brought out, and supplying his guide with more questions and problems for solution than he could have gone through with in a month.

"I cannot answer all your questions now," said he, as they stopped at Uncle Tim's gate.

"Well, then, when will you?" said James, eagerly. "Let me come home with you to-night?"

The minister smiled assent, and James departed so full of new thoughts, that he passed Grace without even seeing her. From that time a friendship commenced between the two, which was a beautiful illustration of the affinities of opposites. It was like a friendship between morning and evening: all freshness and sunshine on one side, and all gentleness and peace on the other.

(To be continued.)

A TRIP TO MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

On a bright, smiling morning in the month of September, 18—, we left Geneva on a trip to Mount St. Bernard. The deck of the little steamer was crowded with passengers, representatives of almost every nation of the globe. the garrulous Frenchman; the taciturn Englishman; the thinking, smoking German (by the way, I really believe the weed induces thought); the canny Scotsman; the swarthy Spaniard; the dignified Italian; the restless Russian, the inquiring American; each typified his race, and formed the "dramatis personæ" in the little social *rôle* to be performed during the few hours we were to be on board.

The blue waters of the lake, reflecting the beams of a morning sun, danced gaily on, soon to swell the current of the turbid Rhone, which rushes impetuously forward just beyond the outskirts of the city, and is lost to view after its junction with the Arve, a few miles below the town. The last friendly greetings over, the steamer launched forth upon the bosom of the lake, and we sped along,—the spotless, peerless peak of Mont Blanc on our right, and the dark Jura extending like a rampart on our left.

Geneva Lake is about forty miles long, in the form of a crescent. Its shores are dotted with little villages, whose whitened spires add loveliness to the scene. On reaching Lausanne, which is about three quarters of its length, we immediately engaged a land-conveyance, and, after much bargaining and talking (the only way to prevent extortion), we started on our journey. A few miles from Lausanne is the far-famed castle of Chillon, immortalised by the pen of Byron and the imprisonment of the heroic Bonnevard. It stands upon the very edge of the lake, whose waters, close under its walls, are eight hundred feet deep, and commands the pass of the mountains, from the canton of Valais to the Vaud. We were conducted through it, and found that Byron's description was true to the letter. The seven columns look as solid and firm as though put up yesterday, and the Gothic ceiling gives the place rather a pretty effect. The partitions formerly existing between the cells have been taken away, and the gloom and dreariness of the apartment in a measure dispelled. The pillar and the ring to which Bonnevard was chained were pointed out to us, and the effect of the cankering teeth of the iron is seen upon the flinty floor: the rock is much worn around the column where he paced to and fro, the chain allowing him to take only three steps, and the pillar is covered with the names of illustrious men, mementoes, as it were, of the sufferings of the hardy Swiss patriots. The walls are exceedingly thick, and the melancholy moaning of the waters must have sounded the requiem of many a poor wretch. The windows are very narrow, and guarded by thick iron bars. We were introduced by our guide into a dark room, called the "Chamber of Torture." It was here that the condemned took his final exit from this world, through a trap-door which precipitated him down a pit, its sides armed with sharp spikes, into the lake below.

Journeying onward, on the following day we reached Martigny, situated at the foot of Mount St. Bernard, where we changed our conveyance for a "char-à-banc," a vehicle holding three. The "char-à-banc," is like a small stage cut in two, lengthwise, with a seat only on one side. It is so constructed in consequence of the narrowness of the road, and is peculiarly adapted to persons of a nervous temperament facing the side of the road as you do, you have the full benefit of the ravines and precipices which border the way; and the effect is often heightened by the mischievousness of "cocher," who drives as near the edge as possible, urging on his mules with shouts and the lash.

In proportion as we ascended, the scene changed; the green of the fields merged into dusky brown, and the trees were represented by stunted bushes of a sickly appearance. After a tedious ride of several hours, we reached Liddes, a miserable village, a sort of half-way house, where we dined, and mounted mules to accomplish the remainder of the ascent, as the path is so narrow and steep that waggons are impracticable. At Geneva we complained of the heat. we now wrapped our cloaks and blanket-shawls around us, shivering with the cold. As we journeyed upward, the scene became more and more wild. The mountain-torrent seemed literally jammed between the rocks, far down in the depths below, foaming and hissing at its confinement. The few stunted bushes finally disappeared, and we at last emerged upon as desolate and gloomy a tract as I ever beheld. What before had been a road, was now a simple goat-path, broken and rugged. We followed nearly in the foot steps of Napoleon Buonaparte; and the summit of a small peak, overhanging an immense chasm, was pointed out to us as the spot from which he had nearly fallen, while urging on his tired troops, during one of his Italian campaigns.

Some little distance from the Hospice, the track is indicated by tall posts, with fingers pointing to the summit of the mountain, to guide the bewildered traveller when overtaken by the snow-storm. The nearer we approached the top, the more awfully grand the scene became, surrounded as we were by nature's cloud-capped towers The dead silence which reigned in the air was almost insupportable; and the rain which commenced falling, enveloping everything in a thick mist, and benumbing us with cold, did not at all improve our feelings. Still, onward and upward were the words; and I doubt whether the emperor himself urged forward his tired troops with more energy than we did our lazy, stumbling mules. This exercise saved us, perhaps, from freezing. At last, after ascending a steep path, with a 'mer de glace' below us, nearly fifty feet in depth, we reached the Hospice, the shades of night having already settled upon the mountain-tops.

At the entrance we were met by one of those world renowned animals, the St. Bernard dog, who, wagging his bushy tail, walked in a dignified manner up to us in token of welcome. We patted his huge head, and he disappeared through the doorway, as if to apprise the inmates of the approach of strangers. He was of a dark yellow colour, broad-chested, with short, thick hair, fitted by nature to brave fatigue and the elements. On entering the hall, and ringing a bell, the rope of which was suspended from the wall, we were received with exceeding politeness by one of the monks, who ushered us into the salle-à-manger, heaping upon the blazing hearth large billets of wood. We gathered around the fire, not needing an invitation, for we were shivering with cold. The wind howled and moaned around the building, and heavy drops of rain and hail pattered loudly against the window-panes. A deep gloom seemed to have settled upon us all (our party was now increased by the arrival of some gentlemen from the Italian side); and it was not at all dispelled when we heard the solemn chimes of the chapel pealing forth, sending their iron voices to be echoed and re-echoed by the peaks around. It was the hour of prayer: and we listened to the low chant of the monks, as they slowly moved along the vaulted passage to the chapel, seeming almost like voices from the tomb. The effect was inexpressibly sublime. There they were, separated from the external world, bound by a vow to devote the best portion of their lives to deeds of mercy and benevolence; engaged in devotion, holding converse with their Maker, who seeth in secret, almost, I may say, face to face; the elements at war around them, sending their cold and chilling breath through the gloomy building, far removed from the habitations of men. Too much praise cannot be awarded them, and their cause should enlist the sympathies of the world at large.

After a coarse and homely meal, seasoned however with a prodigious appetite, we retired to rest; but sleep was a tardy visitor, so deep was the impression made upon me by all that I had heard and seen.

The Hospice is four stories high; oblong, and perfectly plain, with a wide hall running its entire length. Its walls are very thick, so as to resist the avalanche, which occasionally comes thundering down from the peaks around, and stands upon a base, surrounded

on almost every side by lofty crags. There are fifteen monks, who occupy the main building, and six domestics, who live in a small house a few rods distant. The fraternity is bound by a vow to remain fifteen years engaged in their philanthropic calling. Few, however, can endure the rigour of the winters, but are obliged to descend to a more congenial climate to recruit their shattered health. In the wall of the hall is a large marble tablet, with an inscription in honour of Napoleon; several pictures of him are suspended in the rooms, and the monks seem to adore him.

Close to the Hospice is the "morgue," or charnel-house, where the bodies of those found dead upon the mountain-passes are deposited. Several skeletons, or rather dried remains (the extreme cold acting upon them in a measure like petrifying earth, or embalming compositions), their tattered garments strewn round about them, stood in ghastly array against the walls; and in one corner we saw the remains of a mother and her child, locked in death's cold embrace, perhaps never to separate until the last trump shall summon them to their home in the skies. Many are the sad relics shown the traveller in this gloomy abode, but the sight elicits tears of pity rather than disgust.

On the morning of our descent the ground was covered with snow, which was falling in such fine flakes as almost to resemble mist, making it difficult to see a few feet in advance. Before leaving, we were conducted to the chapel, standing at one extremity of the building. It is prettily ornamented with sacred relics and marble altars. I would here remark, that no charge is made by the monks for receiving and entertaining travellers. The poor worn pilgrim is safely housed, and sent on his way rejoicing; but visitors who desire it are shown the charity-box in the chapel, and leave whatever contribution they may wish. Many wealthy families make yearly pilgrimages to the Hospice, to deposit their contributions.

One of the objects which most interested us was [illegible] the monument erected by Buonaparte to the memory of the young Desaix, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Marengo. He fell at the commencement of the action, having time only to say "Go, tell the First Consul that I die with regret at not having done enough to live in posterity!" During his military career, General Desaix had had four horses killed under him, and received three wounds. He was a mere youth, and had just rejoined the head quarters of the army, burning with a desire for battle. The evening previous he remarked to his aides-de-camp "It is now a long time since I have fought in Europe; bullets do not know me more; something is about to happen." When his death was announced to the First Consul, in the midst of a terrific fire, he only remarked, "Why am I not allowed to weep his loss?" About a month after the action, his body was transported to Mount St. Bernard, having been previously taken to Milan to be embalmed.

Napoleon occupied three days in crossing St. Bernard, which offered serious obstacles to the heroic courage of the French troops. His whole army came very near annihilation in passing, on the opposite side, the ford of Bard, considered impregnable, by reason of its position on the summit of a peak, and closing the passage of a deep valley. He dug a passage in the rock, beyond the reach of cannon, which served his infantry and cavalry; and, enveloping the wheels of his waggons and cannon with straw, on a dark night forced his way through the little town of Bard, although exposed to the fire of a battery of twenty-two pieces, which, playing upon him at random, did little damage to the republican troops.

After bidding our kind host adieu, we set out, our guides leading the mules, the descent being so slippery as to render this precaution necessary. The cold penetrated to such a degree, that some of our party dismounted to restore the circulation of blood. Our hands were swollen like small boxing-gloves, and we walked the whole distance to Liddes, enjoying the comforts of exhausted breath, tired limbs, and wet, frozen feet. The descent to Martigny was made in about three hours, and we hailed with joy the first sight of the Hotel de la Tour, our stopping-place for the night.

On our return to Geneva, we took the opposite side of the lake from that by which we came, sleeping at the little village of Eriau. The road was quite circuitous, passing through defiles which shut us from the external world, and again approaching close to the lake's edge, the soft music of whose gentle ripples, as they plashed upon its pebbly shore, formed a striking contrast to the hoarse voice of the mountain-torrent. A great part of the way, the road was shaded by the Madeira-nut tree, whose branches, meeting overhead, formed a leafy avenue, sheltering us from the [illegible] We passed groups of peasantry, in their picturesque costume, gathering the nuts, and collecting them in large sacks. Pretty little farms, fields of grain, orchards, dotted the landscape; and through the long, umbrageous vista we saw spires, the molten waters of the lake, and Mont Blanc in the dim distance. It was a beautiful picture; and we found it a difficult matter which to admire most, Nature in her wild and rugged majesty, or extended as she was before us, in soft and gentle mien. Switzerland is truly a romantic country; and Savoy, which partakes much of its character, will not suffer in the comparison.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

THE great names of history come through the mighty past like bright stars in a wintry sky, all the more splendid and attractive from contrast with the surrounding darkness; and the intellectual giants of the earliest times—Homer, Plato, Charlemagne, Alfred—claim for themselves, and claiming obtain, the love and homage of all future ages. This is natural; for hero-worship is the one great characteristic of humanity—the attribute common to all nations, kindreds and tongues; the mind-chain that binds alike the rich and poor, and fuses into one general, never-failing, unmistakable, family likeness all the peoples of the earth, both past and present.

Two master-minds of England and America, Carlyle and Emerson, have recognised this principle, and given to the world, in deep utterances, their dictum that in the belief in great men exists the master-note of progress, the touchstone of love, ambition and chivalry. It is good to believe in the greatness of humanity: the mythology of the ancients abounds in demi-gods,—the songs of the [illegible] poets tell of their wondrous deeds, and the annals of all nations' infancy teem with relations of great deed and noble actions, ever and anon performed by men who lived in and yet *beyond* their age. "The gods of fable," says Emerson, "are the shining monuments of great men. I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labour and difficulty. He is great who is what he is from nature, and never reminds us of others." And such a man was Alfred, at once the law-giver, warrior, poet, priest, and king of his own time and people—the embodied idea of learning and greatness, and his name, albeit but seldom spoken, bears a kind of spell about it to take us back a thousand years, and teach us, in the comparison of his time with ours, to acknowledge how much we owe to his endeavours.

> "A thousand years ago,
> A mighty spirit came,
> To earn himself, through weal and woe,
> An everlasting name."

And, sitting by our fire-sides—with floors, no longer rush-strewn, and with wisdom and learning no longer confined to monks and lawyers—we may take our well-thumbed "History" in our hands, and learn from the story of the Saxon king, many a lesson of fortitude and bravery; patience under suffering, and hope in affliction; and many an incentive to virtue, truth, charity, meekness, and reliance! Far away in time, but near enough for example; removed in destiny and sphere of action, but living with us still in the spirit of all great and noble deeds, the history of the English lawgiver will continue to be read with interest through all time and by all sorts of people. What matters it to tell that history here? Of what avail to speak of his early talent and his noble birth—his genius, first roused by the recital of rude Saxon poems, sitting on his mother's knee—(oh, glorious queen, mother of our king, how much we owe thee!—but no less, perhaps, though, than every son of every virtuous mother could say of his own parent)—his battle with the rude usurping Danes—his despair and flight, concealed in a shepherd's hut, and unwittingly reproved because his thoughts were distant from the burning cakes upon the hearth—his noble daring and courageous spirit, when, in fierce conflict, he overcame the great Danish Hubba, and seized the said-to be enchanted standard of his foe—his bold spirit in venturing disguised into the Danish camp, and singing before the warlor Guthrum in his tent, and, marking the supine security of his enemies, making haste to call his followers together, and meeting them near Selwood Forest, boldly marching against the invaders of his country—his victories and his triumphs—his magnanimity and noble bearing with the conquered—his energy in re-building his ruined cities, and founding schools and colleges for his people—his love of justice and his practice of mercy—his propagation of matchless code of laws, and

his institution of civil rights and military discipline—his encouragement of morality and good government—his victory, in his own person, over selfishness and love of power—his labours as an author, a warrior, a law-giver, and a monarch—his prudence, justice, learning, valour, and death;—are they not written in the chronicles of the kings of England?

"All hail, our own, our ancient peerless boast!
From thee thy Britain loves her all to date;
Proud of a king, so wise, so good, so great,
Who gave the liberties we value most,
The sacred rights we ohildly venerate,
In rich abundance round our sea-girt coast;
Where is thy tomb among us? where the spot
Ennobled by some record of thy worth,
True father of thy country? Have we lost
All love of thee? Hath England then forgot
Her patriot-prince, her law-giver, her sage,
Who taught her, nourished her, and sent her forth
Rejoicing on her way, from age to age,
Queen of the seas, and empress of the earth?"

Alfred was born at the village of Wantage, in Berkshire, on the 25th of October, 849, and died in the year 901, in the full strength of his faculties, after a glorious reign of twenty nine years and a-half. He was the youngest of the five sons of Ethelwolf, the second king of England after the union of the kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy; three of his brothers—Ethelbald, Ethelbert, and Ethered, the first two of whom conjointly shared the throne—reigned before him, and he was twenty-two years of age when he succeeded to the cares and grandeurs of monarchy. he is distinguished from all other of our kings by the appellation of THE GREAT.

"'Tis just a thousand years to-day—oh, years are swift and brief!—
Since first uprose in majesty the day-star of our chief,
Since Wantage tired a wondrous child, whom God in truth made the cause
Of half the best we boast in British liberties and laws.

Arouse thee, royal Alfred! in majesty look round,
On every shore, in every clime, thy conquering sons are found!
By kingdoms and dominions, by continents and isles,
The Anglo-Saxon realm is *fifty hundred thousand miles*.

Aye, smile on us, and bless us in thy loftiness of love!
The name of Anglo-Saxon is all other names above
By peoples and by nations, by tribe and sept, and clan,
Two hundred millions claim it in the family of man!"*

To Alfred the Great, king of England, the old Latin maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* (let nothing but good be said of the dead), does *not* apply; for the historians have recorded no act of his which detracts from his character as a man or his honour as a king, and it would therefore be very difficult, at this distance of time, to say any harm of him. G. F. P.

* Martin F. Tupper.

GIANTS.

By a giant is generally understood a person of more than ordinary bulk and stature. The Holy Scriptures inform us that there existed giants in the antediluvian ages, but the passage from which the information has been obtained has been the subject of much controversy. But this is not the only place where they are mentioned, others name them, with their dimensions, as in the cases of Og, the King of Bashan, and Goliath of Philistia. In a memoir read before the Academy of Sciences at Rouen, M. Le Cas gives the following account of giants that are said to have existed in different ages.—"Rioland, a celebrated anatomist, who wrote in 1614, says, that some years before there was to be seen, in the suburbs of St. Germain, the tomb of the giant Isoret, who was 20 feet high. In Rouen, 1600, in digging about the ditches near the Dominicans, they found a stone tomb containing a skeleton, whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose shin-bone reached up to the girdle of the tallest man there, being about four feet long, and consequently the body must have been 17 or 18 feet high. Upon the tomb was a plate of copper, whereon was engraved 'In this tomb lies the noble and puissant lord, the Chevalier Ricon de Valelmont, and his bones.' January 11, 1618, some masons, digging near the ruins of a castle in Dauphine, in a field which (by tradition) had long been called the giant's field, at the depth of 18 feet, discovered a brick tomb 30 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 8 feet high, on which was a grey stone, with the words *Theutobochus Rex* cut thereon. When the tomb was opened, they found a human skeleton entire, 25 feet and a half long, 10 feet wide across the shoulders, and five feet deep from the breast-bone to the back. His teeth were about the size each of an ox's foot, and his shin-bone measured four feet.

"Near Mazarino, in Sicily, in 1516, was found a giant 30 feet high; his head was the size of an hogshead, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces. Near Palermo, in the valley of Mazara, in Sicily, a skeleton of a giant 30 feet long was found in the year 1548; and another of 33 feet high in 1550; and many curious persons have preserved several of these gigantic bones."

But it is not our design to prove in the present paper that such beings have ever existed as those mentioned above (although there is sufficient evidence to prove these did exist), but we do maintain that one does exist whose power is infinitely superior to any of the race of Anak, or to a Hercules, or to any of those mentioned by Le Cas. Yes, a monster before whom mountains disappear into the shade of oblivion,—one who is capable of performing such prodigies as are unparalleled in the history of human affairs, and who, as a mighty ruler, exercises a great degree of power and influence over the kingdom of this world. We speak of the deeds of great warriors (heroes misnamed) of

"Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered . . . . . .
That wrath which hurled to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain,"

but their actions are less than nothing compared with those of the giant of whom I am speaking. But his power is not devoted to such purposes as those of ancient time; instead of devoting it to the massacre and destruction of human life, he exercises it for the amelioration of the human race. And this giant is *Perseverance*. Let us now very briefly turn and view his labours in the history of our own country, let us look back for a few hundred years, when the land in which we dwell presented over its whole surface one field of contention and bloodshed, with scarcely any object sufficiently prominent to deserve attention or to excite interest,—the very midnight of the dark ages. And from this period we find, through the aid of Perseverance, the darkness gradually disappearing, and light's refulgent rays beaming forth. The crusades were unsuccessful in bringing about the object which they had in view; they were repeated from time to time for about 150 years, till seven armies had found their graves in the plains and mountains of the East—but they produced a beneficial effect. They introduced into Europe a taste for elegance and refinement. Many of the crusaders, returning from the East, where some of the remains of the civilisation and polish of the Greeks and of the Roman empire still lingered, brought along with them a relish for more refined manners than those to which they had hitherto been accustomed. Hence it is that, immediately after the crusades, ancient literature and the fine arts began to be cultivated assiduously. In the fourteenth century the dawn of literature became manifest in Europe. Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Froissart, on the continent, Geoffrey Chaucer in England, and Abutfeda, an Arabian geographer and historian, flourished. In the fifteenth century commenced that contest known in history by the name of the Reformation. The greatest instance of the accomplishments which can be effected through the instrumentality of Perseverance is exhibited in the person of Martin Luther, who is the immortal monument of the Reformation.

Besides the former, John Huss in Bohemia, Jerome of Prague, and Wickliffe in England, took the lead in promulgating the doctrines of the Reformation. By the aid of Perseverance, literature had been advancing with a steady but rapid pace over the whole continent. The celebrated art of printing had been discovered, about the year 1440, and brought to England by William Caxton, and was then beginning to exercise that influence over human transactions which is so wonderfully developed in the present day. In Italy, painting, statuary, and architecture, had reached their highest glory under Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Correggio and others.

But another instance of persevering zeal, akin to that of Luther's, is disclosed in the character of Columbus, who in this period discovered the vast continent of America, which formed the principal feature of this era.

The seventeenth century is distinguished for the great struggle in our country for civil liberty with the kings of the Stuart family.

There are three features in the present century which must not be passed over negligently, as they manifest most fully the perfection to which Perseverance can bring whatever is blessed with his aid.

The first is the rapid improvement in science, and in the useful arts. Mathematics have been carried to such an extent, and have attained to a power and easiness of investigation, of which the ancients formed no conception. Astronomy, by the aid of mathematics and optics, has laid open to our examination the system of the universe; subjected the various heavenly bodies to weight and measurement; and accounted, with the utmost precision, not only for the phenomena known to the ancients, but for ten thousand others. Mental phenomena, also, and all other departments of knowledge connected with the conduct of the understanding, have been investigated on the principles of sound philosophy, and many most important truths have been established. Natural history, in

all its numerous branches, has been pursued with such ardour and success, as is altogether unexampled.

Political economy and chemistry may be said to have been created in this period. Geography, also, has explored almost every nook and corner of our planet; and while intellect has been on the march, addition has been made to the happiness and convenience of the human family. Machinery, in every department of labour, has been carried to high perfection. The invention of the steam-engine has placed at the disposal of man such power that it would be presumptuous in the extreme to assign limits to it, and the improvement in every department of art still going on is unprecedented in the history of mankind

The second feature of this period is the great progress that has been made in the translation of the Sacred Scriptures into the numerous languages of the world The Holy Scriptures had before this been translated at different times into Syriac, Arabic, and Coptic; but a great addition to these translations, especially into oriental languages, belongs to this period. By this means, men of different nations can become acquainted with each other's languages, and learn to act on similar principles, to a greater extent than has ever been witnessed.

The third remarkable feature of this period is the abolition, first of the slave trade, and afterwards of slavery in the British colonies This traffic in human beings commenced at a very early period The European settlers in America, in their cupidity for acquiring wealth from the mines, and consequently needing labourers before a sufficient number of people had grown up, had recourse to the wicked practice of sending ships to the coast of Africa, to obtain, by any means whatever, men, women, or children, and convey them across the Atlantic to their settlements. The prosecution of this most abominable traffic was the means of creating a mass of human misery and destitution which can scarcely be described, and what is most to be regretted is, that the encouragers of such a system were natives of a country professing the gentle and benign doctrines of Christianity. The zeal of a few benevolent persons was the means of opening the eyes of the British to the crimes of which they were guilty whilst they sanctioned such inhumanity, till at last the whole nation, roused to indignation, determined to wash its hands of the foul stain. And the manner in which this was done is very unique. The British nation purchased the freedom of the slave, and advanced twenty millions of pounds to set the wretched captives free.

After having given this somewhat general view of the labours of Perseverance, we will now select a few individual instances from the pages of biographical history, to prove, as I have before stated, that it is always willing and ready to render assistance to those who seek it, even when want of time, want of books, when poverty, ill health, and even imprisonment, are all enlisted among the various obstacles it will have to surmount.

We find the late Professor Heyne, of Gottingen, who was one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or any other age, had spent the first thirty-two or thirty-three years of his life not only in obscurity, but in an almost incessant struggle with the most distressing poverty. He had been born indeed amid the miseries of the lowest indigence, his father being a poor man, with a large family, for whom his best exertions were often unable to provide bread, and, to use Heyne's own words, "want was the earliest companion of his childhood;" he likewise says, "I well remember the painful impressions made on my mind by witnessing the distress of my mother, when without food for her children How often have I seen her, on a Saturday evening, weeping and wringing her hands, as she returned home from an unsuccessful effort to sell the goods which the daily and nightly toil of my father had manufactured." Yet we find that man in his latter days enjoying a degree of distinction, both in his own country and throughout Europe, of which scarcely any contemporary name in the department of literature could boast. And in 1812 he departed this life, after having placed himself nearly at the head of the classical scholars of his age, while he was loved and venerated as a father, not only by his numerous pupils, but by all ranks of his fellow citizens, who, on his death, felt that their university and city had lost what had been for half a century its chief distinction.

We find Valentine Duval—a very able and learned antiquary of the last century, and who at the time of his death held the office of keeper of the imperial medals at Vienna, as well as that of one of the preceptors to the prince, afterwards the Emperor Joseph II — was the son of a peasant, and lost his father when only ten years of age. He was then taken into the service of a farmer of the village; but being discharged from his service for some petty fault, he resolved to leave his native place altogether, that he might not be a burden to his mother He set out on his travels, without even knowing in what direction, or to what place he was going, in the beginning of a dreadful winter, and for some time begged in vain for a crust of bread and shelter against the inclemency of the weather, till, worn out with hunger and fatigue, he was at last taken in by a poor shepherd, who permitted him to lie down in a place where he shut up his sheep. We afterwards find him proceeding to Paris, not in the company of the poor shepherd, but in that of the Emperor Francis I. He was enabled in that great city to speedily distinguish himself, and eventually acquired a high standing among the literary men of the day.

Opie, the painter, one of our own countrymen, was taken from a saw-pit in Cornwall by Dr. Wolcot; and in a few years afterwards we find him residing in London, where he had attained great eminence as a portrait painter, and was admitted as an associate in the Royal Academy, and eventually elected professor of painting in that far-famed institution. William Hutton was born at Derby, where his father was a working wool-comber, burdened with a large family, for whom his utmost exertions scarcely sufficed to procure subsistence. "My poor mother," says he, in his own account of his life, "more than once, with one infant on her knee and several more hanging about her, have fasted a whole day; and when food arrived, she has suffered them with a tear to take her share; "at another time," he says, "we fasted from breakfast time one day till noon the next, and then dined upon nothing but flour and water boiled into a paste" At the age of seven years, he was sent to work in a silk mill, and being too small to reach the engine, a pair of huge pattens were fixed to his feet by order of the master, which he dragged about with him for a year, at that tender age he had to rise every morning at five o'clock and submit to a beating, whenever his master could make it convenient to spare time to give him one "On one occasion," says Hutton "he made a serious wound on my back, and on a succeeding punishment struck that wound in such a manner as nearly to produce mortification." Hutton arrived at the close of this weary bondage in his fourteenth year, when he was again bound for seven years to a stocking weaver, a man little preferable to the former, who half-starved and beat him, till, in his seventeenth year, he ran away from him, and begged his way to Birmingham After this it would occupy too much space and time to follow him through one-half even of the trials which awaited him for several years; but suffice it say that ultimately we find him in his old age reaping an ample compensation for all the adversity of his youth, respected by all who knew him, and elected, directly after the publication of his justly celebrated "History of Birmingham," a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, and although he was sixty years of age, when this his first work made its exit from the press, he lived to add to it a long list of others In order to prepare himself for the composition of his last, which was a description of the Roman Wall, he performed a journey on foot of above six hundred miles, at the age of seventy-eight, an account of which journey is published by his daughter, who accompanied him on horseback

The celebrated Bernard Palissy, to whom France was indebted, in the sixteenth century, for the introduction of the manufacture of enamelled pottery, one day by chance saw a beautiful enamelled cup, which had been brought from Italy. He was then struggling to support his family by painting, in which he was self taught, and it immediately occurred to him, that if he could discover the art of making these cups all his toil and difficulty would be at an end For some time he had little or nothing to expend upon the pursuit which he had so much at heart; but at last he happened to receive a considerable sum for a work which he had finished, and this enabled him to commence his researches. He spent the whole of his money, however, without meeting with any success, and he was now poorer than ever. Yet it was in vain that his wife and friends besought him to relinquish what they deemed his chimerical project. He borrowed more money, with which he repeated his experiments, and when he had no more fuel wherewith to feed his furnace, he sacrificed his chairs and tables to the purpose Still his success was very inconsiderable He was now obliged to give a person who had assisted him part of his clothes by way of remuneration, having nothing else left, and with his wife and children starving before his eyes, and by their looks, silently reproaching him as the cause of all their sufferings But he neither despaired, nor suffered his friends to know what he felt (for at heart Palissy was miserable indeed), but in the midst of it all preserved his wonted cheerfulness, and losing no opportunity of renewing his pursuit of the object which he all the while felt confident he should one day accomplish. And at last, after sixteen years of persevering exertion, his efforts were crowned with complete success, and his fortune made. And at the age of ninety years this extraordinary character ended his days for the sake of the Protestant religion within the walls of the Bastile.

As a poet, Robert Burns is a most remarkable instance of what a man may do in educating himself, and acquiring an extensive acquaintance with literature, while occupying a very humble rank in society, and even struggling with the miseries of the most cruel indigence.

Burns has himself given us a sketch of his life in a letter to Dr Moore; he says, "my father was advanced in life when he married

I was the eldest of seven children; and he, worn out by early hardships, was unfit for labour. My father's spirit was soon imitated but not easily broken. There was a freedom in the lease (referring to his father's farm) in two years more; and to weather these two years we retrenched our expenses. We lived very poorly. I was a dexterous ploughman for my age; and the next eldest to me was a brother (Gilbert) who could drive the plough very well, and help me to thresh the corn. This kind of life—the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing toil of a galley slave—brought me to my sixteenth year." For want of space we will not pursue farther the history of Burns. We are all acquainted with his popularity—the misfortunes and the errors of his short life—and lastly the immortality which he has won by his genius. Another striking instance we find in that of William Gifford, who was for many years editor of the "Quarterly Review." At the early age of thirteen years he was turned upon the world, with a little brother not quite two years of age, without a father or mother, and not a relative or friend in the world. His little brother was sent to the workhouse, and he was himself taken home to the house of a person, named Carlisle, who was his godfather, and had seized upon whatever his mother had left, under pretence of repaying himself for money which he had advanced to her. By this person William was sent three months to school, but his patron then growing tired of the expense, gained employment for him in the capacity of plough-boy.

An injury, however, which he had received some years before, on his breast, was found to unfit him for this species of labour, and it was next resolved that he should be sent to Newfoundland to assist in a warehouse. But upon being presented to the person who had agreed to fit him out, he was declared to be too small—and this scheme also had to be abandoned. "My godfather," he says, "had now humbler views for me, and I little heart to resist anything. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing boats, I ventured however to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went when little more than thirteen." While in this humble situation, however, and seeming to himself almost an outcast from the world, he was not altogether forgotten. He had broken off all connexion with Ashburton, where his godfather lived, "but, says he, "the women of Brixham, who travelled to Ashburton twice a week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me without kind concern, running about the beach in ragged jacket and trousers." They often mentioned him to their acquaintances at Ashburton, and the tale excited so much commiseration in the place that his godfather was obliged to send for him home. At this time he wanted some months of fourteen. "For a few months I was sent to school, and my progress at my darling pursuit, arithmetic, was now so rapid, that I was soon at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master in cases of emergency." "At the age of fourteen," he says, "I went in sullenness and silence to a shoemaker, to whom I was soon after bound till I should attain the age of twenty-one. At this time I possessed but one book in the world, it was a treatise on algebra; I considered it as a treasure, but it was a treasure locked up; for it supposed the reader to be acquainted with simple equations, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased "Fenning's Introduction," this was precisely what I wanted—but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon its hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest parts of several nights successively, and before he suspected his treatise was discovered had completely mastered it. I now entered upon my own, and that carried me pretty far into the science. This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing in the world or a friend to give me one, so that pen, ink, and paper were completely out of my reach. There was indeed a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrote my problems on them with a blunted awl, for the rest my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide to a great extent." In this servitude he spent six years, when he was brought into notice by the simple incident of a piece of satirical poetry which he had composed falling into the hands of Mr W Cookesley, a surgeon, who immediately set on foot a subscription for his relief. The rest of his story may soon be told. His difficulties were at an end, and this wonderful character died in London, in the 71st year of his age, after having been 17 years the editor, as before stated, of the "Quarterly Review."

Similar in some respects to the history of Gifford, is that of his contemporary, Thomas Holcroft, the author of many well-known productions in light literature. In his eleventh or twelfth year, he was present at Newmarket races. He was so much struck by the contrast between his own mean and ragged condition and of the clean, well-fed, and well-clothed stable-boys, that he determined to try if he could not find a master to engage him in that capacity at Newmarket. After much perseverance he was engaged, and very soon began to distinguish himself by his expertness in his new occupation. In speaking of his change of circumstances he says, "Nothing, perhaps, can exceed the enjoyment of a stableboy's breakfast; what then may not be said of mine, who had so long been used to suffer hunger, and so seldom found the means of satisfying it. For my own part," he adds, "so total and striking was the change, I could not but be happy. I had been exposed to every want, happy had been the meal when I had enough; rich to me was the rag that kept me warm; and heavenly the pillow, no matter what or how hard, when I could lay me down to sleep." In such a manner was the youthful days of a man spent, who by dint of perseverance ensured to himself an old age of competency and respect.

The Italian writer Gelli, who attained so much distinction by his numerous works, as to have been elected to the high dignity of consul to the Florentine Academy, passed his early years in a tailor's shop. Linneus, the great founder of the science of Botany, was apprenticed to a shoemaker. Our countryman, Ben Jonson was for some time a bricklayer, and Fuller, when speaking of him in his "English Worthies," says, "Let not them blush that have, but those that have not a lawful calling." Ben Jonson has done what many a man has done since, mount a scaffold with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket. David Parens, Professor of Theology in Heidelberg, was apprenticed to a grinder of drugs.

The late Dr Isaac Milner, dean of Carlisle, and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, was a weaver. Falconer, the author of the "Shipwreck," in his boyhood did not even acquire the elements of education, having been taught to read by a person named Campbell, who was present in one of the vessels in which Falconer sailed.

The history of Columbus and Captain Cook are too well known to need mentioning. Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," was a brickmaker at Tilbury Fort. Christopher Smart, a self-educated man, wrote his celebrated composition, called "The Song of David," with charcoal on the walls of his cell while confined in a madhouse.

British youths! are not these instances sufficient to convince us, that success will crown our efforts, and the palm of victory will be secured, if we only persevere and press toward the mark and object after which we are fervently longing, and that whatever obstacles may arise, and for a time seem to mar our labours, yet with assiduity and zeal we shall overcome all, and come off more than conquerors. Let us only "put our shoulders to the wheel," and not lie dormant, for "if we would obtain, we must attempt." "A thing begun is half done." "The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing." The Intellectual Giant is the only giant that is worth seeing, after all.

H. W.

MISS BERRY.

The hand that penned a long series of the pleasantest letters in the English language has lain mouldering in a vault at Houghton since the spring of 1797; and more than half a century later—at the close of 1852—is finally hushed the fascinating tongue that refused the proffered coronet of the pleasant letter writer, whom she really loved. The last male descendant of Sir Robert Walpole (every one's Horace Walpole—no one's Earl of Orford) tendered sixty years since his title to Mary Berry:—and Mary Berry, after living to charm some seventy years of English society since, only a week ago ceased to live. What thoughts and recollections does such a death awaken! Miss Berry *knew* Horace Walpole, and corresponded with him,—and Horace Walpole had *seen* La Belle Jennings and *knew* Prior's Kitty. A little fancy throws us two centuries back, into the last year of the Protectorate, and headlong into the profligacies of the Restoration.

Miss Berry—or rather Mary Berry—was the elder of the two daughters of Robert Berry, Esq., of South Audley-street; a Yorkshire gentleman, of fortune—if we are not misinformed,—find certainly the disappointed heir-at-law of an uncle, who unexpectedly left his wealth away from him. The names of the girls were, Mary and Agnes:—or as they were called in society, *Old* Berry and *Elder* Berry. Mary, even when Walpole knew her, was mistress of Latin; and Agnes, it is said, painted in water colours, as well as "Lady Di,"—and if she had taken to sculpture, would, it was thought at Strawberry Hill, and in South Audley-street, have rivalled the Hon. Mrs. Damer.

When, or in what way, Walpole became acquainted with Miss Berry, and her sister, we have never heard. He first met them, we suspect, at Lord Strafford's, at Wentworth

Castle, in Yorkshire. Be this as it may, he met them before 1789,—and was soon enamoured. The father may have had some expectancies from the Lord of Strawberry,—and that this was the case, may be fairly assumed from his allowing his daughters to correspond so familiarly with "a forlorn antique of seventy-one," his removal of his daughters to Italy when the correspondence was increasing, and his final return to Twickenham, to be within call of the Prince of Letter Writers. Walpole was fond of his "two wives," as he called them,—would write and number his letters to them,—and tell them stories of his early life, and of what he had seen and heard, with ten times the vivacity and minuteness that he employed in telling similar stories to Pinkerton or Dalrymple. The ladies listened;—and it was Walpole's joy—

Still with his favourite Berrys to remain.

Delighted with what they heard, they began with notes of what he told them: and soon induced him, by the sweet power of two female pleaders at his ear, and in his favourite 'Tribune,' to put in writing those charming 'Reminiscences' of the Courts of George the First and his son, which will continue to be read with interest as long as English history is read. In the opening sentence of his 'Reminiscences,' Walpole tells the origin of his now printed recollections,—and gives us to understand, that he had "no greater pleasure" than to please both the ladies. So his contemporaries understood:—and Courtenay, somewhat to his annoyance, described him as one—

> Who to love tunes his note with the fire of old age,
> And chirps the trim lay in a trim gothic cage,—

—alluding to some rather mediocre verses which he had addressed to his "dear wives," and printed at his private press.

When Walpole died, he left to the Misses Berry, in conjunction with their father, the greater part of his papers, and the charge of collecting and publishing his work. The so-called edition of his works, which appeared in five volumes quarto, was edited by the father,—who lived with his daughters, at Twickenham and at South Audley-street for some years after Walpole's death. The father died, a very old man, at Genoa, in the spring of 1817; but the daughters lived in London,—and for upwards of half a century saw, either in South Audley-street, or in Curzon-street, or at Richmond (within sight of Strawberry), two generations of literary men. They loved the society of authors and of people of fashion,—and thought at times (not untruly) that they were the means of bringing about them more authors of note mixed in good society (for that was the point) than Mrs. Montague, or the Countess of Cork, or Lydia White herself, had succeeded in drawing together.

It would have been strange if Miss Berry, with all her love and admiration for Horace Walpole, had escaped the fate of being an authoress:—an authoress she was,—though one of little note, and not likely to be heard of as such hereafter. Her writings, of a very scattered and unimportant character, were collected by herself, in 1844, into two octavo volumes, entitled, miscellaneously enough, "England and France; a Comparative View of the Social Condition of both Countries, from the Restoration of Charles the Second to the present Time: to which are now first added, Remarks on Lord Orford's Letters—the Life of the Marquise du Deffand—the Life of Rachael, Lady Russell; and 'Fashionable Friends,' a Comedy." In these "Miscellanies" (for by that name should they have been called) are to be found many keen and correct remarks on society, and on men and manners,—with here and there a dash of old reading, and every now and then a valuable observation or two on the fashion and minute details of the age in which Walpole lived. They will while away an hour agreeably enough,—but will certainly not maintain a literary reputation.

Miss Berry's last literary undertaking was a vindication of Walpole from the sarcastic, and not always correct, character of him drawn by Mr. Macaulay, in an article in the the *Edinburgh Review*. The lady shews her pin-points well, but she is no match for the dextrous writer of the *Edinburgh*,—and her defence has little to recommend it beyond the motive which induced her to undertake it. Of far greater service to Walpole and to literature was the publication in 1840, for the first time of the sixty letters which Walpole had addressed to herself and her sister. In his late years Walpole makes no better appearance than he does in his letters to Mary and Agnes. He seems to have forgotten the gout and Chatterton, Dr. Kippis and the Society of Antiquaries,—and to have written like an old man no longer soured by the world, but altogether in love with what was good.

Miss Berry was in her ninetieth year when she died,—and survived her younger sister about eighteen months. She is said to have felt her sister's loss severely. For a time she was observed

To muse and take her solitary tea;—

but she rallied, and continued to cultivate the living society of our times,—as well as that vanished society which she was as it were the last to enjoy, and which she has transmitted in flesh and blood to our own times—the society of Walpole and his friends of Strawberry Hill.

A TRIP TO AUSTRALIA.

The following, from a private letter of an Indian officer upon sick leave, will be read with interest, as affording another view of Australian society.—

"I commenced this a few days before we expected arriving at Port Phillip, so as to be ready to send it if there should be a ship sailing. After we got clear of Java Head we had a fresh breeze from the south-east, and as we had been unable to take in water at Anger, the captain decided upon doing so at some small islands I had never heard the name of before; they are called the Cocoas, and are about 700 to 800 miles to the southward and westward of Java Head. Their history is rather curious. A Captain Ross, formerly in the East Indian service, lives on them with his family. Before Borneo was given up to the Dutch he was governor of it, and while there he advised the English government to allow him to build a sloop of war, as there was such magnificent timber. She was launched only the day before the island was given up; but the Dutch allowed him to finish her, and the English government there made a present of her to Captain Ross as a reward for his services. He cruised about in her for many years, and, as it were, re-discovered these islands, for they had been known to exist although never visited. He took a fancy to them, wrote home to England, and brought out the whole of his family. The English government refusing him protection, he has placed himself under that of the Dutch, and got 300 Malay slaves, whom he liberated upon arriving in the islands, and formed a settlement there. His ship was lost on a voyage to Batavia, and he was many years without having any intercourse with the world; but being nearly starved—for the islands produce little more than cocoa-nut trees—he built a schooner, making the ropes of the cocoa-nut fibre and the sails of the thick bark that is round the cocoa-nut tree just below the branches. He was just sailing when a whaler put into the island, and from her he procured canvass and went to Batavia, since which time he has traded regularly there, selling cocoa-nut oil, of which he makes great quantities, having a steam engine of 10-horse power to bruise and press the nut. About the sixth day from Java Head we sighted the islands, which are very low, covered to the water's edge with trees. There are about 21 of them, the largest not three-quarters of a mile broad; they are in a circle, reefs joining them, and forming a magnificent lagoon, to which there is only one entrance. I went on shore early the morning after we anchored, and pulled about three miles up the lagoon to the settlement. Their chief amusement appears to be sailing-boats, of which there are immense numbers, and managed beautifully. I counted nearly 30 as we pulled up, sailing away to the different islands to pick up the nuts. Captain Ross is a strange, gaunt-looking man; he and his son resembling Robinson Crusoes. They live in wooden houses, raised about 10 feet on piles from the ground, and are as rough as you can well imagine. They have books, and the quantity Captain Ross has read is wonderful. He has been 26 years in the islands. The Malays are a lazy set of fellows; he pays them so much a day, and so well that they won't work for more than two or three days a week. The greatest punishment he inflicts is to banish them from the islands.

"*Melbourne, June* 18.—We arrived here on the 5th, after a

very good and quick passage from Java Head. I wrote you a letter from the Straits of Sunda, and I send a letter which I wrote just before arriving here. We found this place in a state of great excitement, as you may well imagine from the accounts you have received by this time in England. The bay is a most lovely one, and the entrance is narrow and difficult of entrance. At William's-Town, where the large ships lie, there are about 50 vessels lying unable to get away. Melbourne is a fine large town, the streets broad and regular, all running at right angles to each other. The houses, in size, are irregular, but none built of wood, the government not permitting it. The excitement and business going on is wonderful. But I was most struck, upon landing, by the number of idle-looking fellows wandering about. I asked what they were, and was told that they were gold diggers, come down for a few weeks to spend their money. The hotels are numerous, but bad, being filled with these people. We put up at one called 'The Passengers,' something better than the others, and not, considering the times, very dear. Gold is being found in greater quantities than ever. As the winter advances food and necessaries will increase in price. They are already very high, the roads are cut up, and the creeks and rivers swollen. It is supposed there are upwards of 40,000 people at the different diggings. The price of everything is exorbitant. Any man with some money might double it with the greatest ease and safety every month; but as to men on incomes of £150 to £200 a-year, the commonest workmen are in a better position. A common carter makes £12 a-week, his expenses, perhaps, are £4. A cab, or rather, carriage driver, makes £30 to £40 a-week, or above £1,100 a-year. Masons and carpenters receive £1 a-day, but some won't work even for this. There is nothing of any kind going on. All houses or public buildings that were in progress are now at a stand-still. No one can get servants. The chief-justice told me that his had left him months ago. His son opened the door to us, and I believe his wife (as many other ladies have to do) washes her own clothes. The governor has no servants; all men are so independent that they will not hire themselves to do anything unless they get what they ask. Going into a shop, if you ask them to abate in their exorbitant price, they quietly tell you to walk out, that they don't want to sell anything to you. A load of water is 18s., a load of wood, £1, boots are £4; a pair of shoes, £2, Jack-boots, which are much used at the diggings, £7. Pistols fetch any amount A parcel, valued at £60, arrived a short time since; in a week's time they were all sold, having realised nearly £700. The way they generally go to the diggings is this —They form themselves into parties of three or four, buy a cart and two or three horses, load it with everything that is necessary for their living and working for two or three months, according to their own pleasure. Some men clear £300 or £400 a-month, some not so much, some have done more. There is one just returned, and now in the hotel, who was away six weeks, and cleared £3,600. but the real way to make money is buying gold, if you have any capital. At the diggings it sells for £2 15s. and £2 17s. an ounce, in Melbourne, for £3 5s. per ounce. The gold is sent down by escort, and can be realised, and the sovereigns sent by the return escort; therefore 8s. to 10s. may be made on every ounce twice a month. This is how the banks and all the houses are making immense sums. The escort arrives every week. They brought more gold last time than they ever have before, above 55,000 ounces. There is also a private escort which brings down large quantities, private hands also bring a good deal.

"Melbourne is built upon an undulating country, and although across the promontory is not more than one to two miles to the bay, by the river Yarra (which is very narrow, but deep enough to float small steamers and ships) it is nearly eight. The banks of the Yarra are low, and covered with a small underwood something like the English broom, but they call it here the tea-tree,—why I can't find out, for it is not the least like it. The land near the town is very pretty, and not unlike the park scenery of England; the trees are scattered about very picturesquely, mostly of the gum species; there are botanical gardens near the town—few flowers, but prettily situated. No government-house has yet been built, Mr. La Trobe, the governor, living in a small house. We dined there last night, and he has promised to give us all the assistance in his power. Notwithstanding the numbers of all kind collected at the diggings from all parts, but principally consisting of old convicts, ticket-of-leave and conditional pardon men, the order that has been maintained is wonderful. It arises, every one says, in a great measure from the right feeling of the diggers themselves. Many of them are gentlemen and many respectable emigrants—these might be expected to side with law and order; but that the others should, when there is scarcely any force to maintain it, is very curious and praiseworthy, but it is still very doubtful whether it is good policy to allow these men equal freedom and advantages with honest men. When public buildings cannot be carried on for want of labour, now would be the time to make the convicts useful, instead of allowing them to go to the diggings to make their fortunes and to run the risk of their defying the law, if it were against their interest to obey it,—and they are strong enough to place all law at defiance. Hitherto they deserve all praise for their quiet behaviour, but when the want of food presses, as winter advances, and the rain renders it more difficult to dig, I am afraid there will be considerable increase of crime and disorder; and as the law at present exists, there is certainly a premium in England on crime which is followed by transportation, for if the convicts behave well they generally get their tickets of leave in a year or less. Even if transported for life they may receive a conditional pardon, and, although they may have been guilty of the worst crimes, they may go to Europe or any part of the world excepting England. Transportation is therefore looked on by many as anything but a punishment; they are removed to a country where they are sure of making money, being upon their first arrival well taken care of by the government; and thus escaping all the difficulties an emigrant generally experiences in a strange country before he can look about him.

"Draught horses are all bought up here immediately they are heard of. We have a cart, and are trying to get two cart horses to start with. We hoped to have got away yesterday, but could not procure horses. We have got all things ready: a small tent, cooking things, a cradle, pick, axes, shovels, &c., and a cart. All the things are moderate, except the latter, and that is £40. They ask £60 a-piece for a moderately good cart horse; six months ago they went for £10 and £15! We were offered a pair yesterday for £185, but that we could not give. A cart is absolutely necessary to cart the soil to the water, besides taking our things up. If we can get a horse to-morrow we shall be off on Monday to the diggings—to the Bendigo—and try our luck for a month or so. Our party consist of W——, myself, and an old Cape colonist, who came from Singapore with us, a very good, steady man—he lost all his money in the war there; there is one other man going who was also at the Cape, but has been once at the diggings before. We have one native servant, who acts as cook. We shall all have to dig and work and share alike. All the things being on property, saleable when we please, they will fetch their original prices We drive the cart up ourselves, and trudge it. I have thought of applying for assistant-commissionership, but of that by and by. I wrote thus much last night, I must finish it to-day, as the ship I intend sending the letter by sails this evening or to-morrow early.

"The rent of houses here is immense; for one of four or five rooms unfurnished you pay £350 and £400. All the poor government officials—from the governor downwards—are being ruined, and unless their salaries are raised out of the increased revenue derived from the gold-fields many of them will be in a most painful position. The average is from £300 to £400 per year—not so much as some of the smallest houses rent for. Lodgings cannot be had under £5 per week. You may imagine what other expenses are from this.

"From what I have already seen, and from what I have been told, it is now almost useless for any person to come here to make money unless he has capital to start on, or is a strong working man, able to dig up his own capital. There is no distinction of class here now; every man calls himself a gentleman: cabmen, porters, carters, policemen, and public-house keepers, in speaking to you, call themselves gentlemen, for they are quite as rich as any, much more so than most of the government officials. They say themselves, 'This is the poor man's country;' that the gold has been sent by God to them alone, to give them their day, they don't interfere with 'swells,' as they call them, but look down upon them; they say that many a 'swell' works as hard as they do, but it is scarcely known of any of them making money by digging, and this they imagine proves it was sent for the poor man. There is scarcely a man you meet in the streets who has not his pockets full of notes. The common waiters at the hotel we are living at get £200 a-year each, and the boots gets above £100."

WELLINGTON AND NAPOLEON,

A PARALLEL AND A CONTRAST.

[The substance of a Lecture delivered by Mr. GEORGE DAWSON, at the Town Hall, Birmingham, on the 19th of November, at the instance of the Birmingham Polytechnic Institution. About three thousand persons were present on the occasion.]

YESTERDAY, in London, after the great man, whom I purposely call great, was consigned to his grave, the Garter King at Arms gave forth all his styles, honours, and titles. It may not be unbecoming in me to do what the herald-king did, and trace what led to the giving of those titles, the abilities of which they were the symbols, and show why it was they honoured the man; and if I can draw anything in his praise by a comparison with the other great man with whom he fought, I shall be excused if I indulge in a little national vanity; and if I praise the Englishman at the expense of his opponent, it may even be allowed; and if, at the conclusion, my audience believe that the name of Napoleon Buonaparte appears more attractive, I hope when you look at your own good Englishman, you will find him more honourable and worthy of admiration; and if not so much like the lion, still like that faithful animal which guards his master, noble to the last, humble and self-denying. He who looks longest will learn to give Wellington a higher place in history than Napoleon ever could have. I am no admirer of the cosmopolitan spirit, but while wishing to love all mankind, I feel that patriotism should ever be cherished; and that it is pardonable in a man to prefer the men of his own land to those of any other. Our great countryman now dead we all well knew, and I bring forward the other man with a view to contrast and comparison.

When Napoleon began his career he was engaged in that struggle for liberty for all men against the monopoly of a small party, shut up in feudalism, and who maintained the right of ruling the world as they thought good, and for their own pleasure. The evil of the revolution was at the door of those whose tyranny and despotism had pressed the spring down so low that, when it did rebound, it was almost as fatal to the people as to the rulers. At that time Napoleon sprung up, a mighty talent. He loved soldiership; but was looked upon by many men in England as the representative of a new life. Many took his side, wept at his disasters, gloried in his victories, and opposed Pitt and his ministry—not out of love for Napoleon,—but because they regarded him as a new symbol of freedom and liberty in Europe. Napoleon had no aim beyond himself. He had one great idol—himself. He was the most intense worshipper of self the world ever knew. He had opportunities which no other man had. He made his way through the frippery and nonsense of the day, for which thousands admired him. But when we see him with his feet in satin sandals, and employing artists to caricature the old Roman robes, fetching the poor Pope from Rome to crown him, with the oil bottle to anoint him, using religion merely to cheat men, for he cared no more for religion than some of the philosophers whom he helped to put down—Catholic when it suited him, and Protestant when it pleased him—when we see all these things, our sympathy for the man is lost, and we no longer look on him as the advocate of a new regime, but as a man with no other aim but to worship himself, with no great cause to uphold him, no retreat when his work was done, no duty to perform when his fighting was over; and when he married an emperor's daughter, discarding Josephine for the purpose of becoming Emperor Napoleon, when he wore laurels, and became one of the race of valets, an Englishman's interest in Napoleon the Great was over—the man had lost the meaning of life, his first love was past, he was no longer the protester for men against forms, nor the asserter of the new life of Europe against the old regime of royal and priestly tyranny; and that being the case our admiration of Napoleon ceases.

He really never had any cause to rely upon. He was, in every respect, a selfish man—not, in the vulgar sense, for what it might bring him, but he was selfish in a noble sense: having a firm faith in himself, he took little counsel of anybody—held other people cheap, and could do his own work. So far he had self-dependence. But he measured other men's rights by his own will, which was the measure of all things. He was unscrupulous in his means, and petty in his ends. He once said that there were only two motives which governed mankind—fear and interest. At love he laughed—at friendship he mocked. He loved France, but it was for himself. He was France. He did not so much serve France as he made France serve him. Doubts, fears, and difficulties, which haunted others, he knew nothing of. There was no meanness he would not stoop to, in the shape of knavery, assassination, and theft! He cared not how many fell in battle, nor what happened, so that his dream of being universal ruler might be realised, and to accomplish which piety and truth were sacrificed by him. If, then, a man be asked if he admired Napoleon, he might well answer, that in one sense he did, for he liked to see a man do his work well. The man who with a will carries an army over the Alps, is a refreshment and a joy, and we learn from him to prop our vacillating will. By him the word "impossible" went out of the French dictionary and out of his own soul. He widened the regions of human possibility, and showed that nature was not exhausted, that history was not used up. He did mighty works, in which men, weak or strong, find consolation and strength. He wrote "can" upon everything. He was, in some respects, the democrat, in the noblest sense, not of the people, but of the rights of the people—the right of any horse-boy to become a king. He opened a career for talent, and made a way for capability. He showed many an inclination for internal reform, and, if circumstances had allowed, he would have done more for the people, he was the giver of the French code, and he was a man of large aims; but the fault of his life was the turning France into a camp, and Europe into a battlefield, by which he cut off his opportunities for introducing a new regime, and initiating a new era of social progress. He surrounded war with a false military halo, and filled the minds of men with that detestable phrase, "glory."

There is no member of the Peace Society, or issuer of peace placards, who hates war more than I do; and it is because I hate war so much that I admire Wellington, who has done more than any other man to reduce war to its proper proportion, and put it in its true light. Napoleon intoxicated men with the love of war, while Wellington made war an awful duty and a terrible necessity. I will not say there are no causes in which it is worthy to fight, but I will say that I have no right to give up the defenceless child committed to my care. If you attack my child, it is my duty to pitch into you, to do the best I can for the defence of the helpless. If this dear old land, made and continued a nation by God—the land where our fathers sleep, the land we love—if any foreign powers say to us, "we bid you cease to be a nation," and tell us to commit suicide, or they will murder us, we say in answer, "Nay, we must stand up for fatherland; we must defend the women and children of the land, the creed and soil." I love peace, but I love justice better—righteousness first, and peace second. Let us have the thing that is just and right, and leave our happiness, peace, welfare, and comfort, in the hands of the All-wise. So far I am a fighting man.

Look at the motives and ends of each of the two warriors. Napoleon held out the plunder of towns as an inducement to his men, and he was a great thief himself. Wellington was terribly severe, believing that severity was true mercy. In Spain he hung a man for stealing a looking-glass. The man watched the army, and went out to see what he could pillage. He went into a house, and took the only thing it contained—a looking-glass; but who should come up, just as he was returning with it, but the terrible Commander-in-Chief and some officers. In five minutes the tree bore strange fruit; and the first sight which the French saw was an Englishman hung up by his own countrymen for stealing other people's property. That was teaching the men that they had to do a terrible duty—not to fill an empty purse. Wellington was a great disciplinarian, but his discipline was real mercy. But what fearful things the French did; and although the English sometimes did wrong, it was against their orders. I have spoken of the refreshing nature of Napoleon's will. But while I admire the passage of the Alps, I admire the passage through Spain a great deal more. Wellington led a very poor, ill-clothed, ill-fed, and ill-paid army to a country where he received but little assistance. His officers were always grumbling and despairing, and he had a niggardly ministry at

home. What with incapable Dukes of York, put in to do duty merely because they were Dukes of York, the English came to believe that they never could conquer on land, but were always to be conquered. Notwithstanding this, Wellington never turned back till at last he reached Paris victorious, having defeated every French marshal sent against him. He did his best, and that was sufficient for him; he had simply his duty to do, and that sustained him. There was nothing more strange in modern times than his career—becoming greater than kings, but content to be a servant. Had he been unscrupulous, like Napoleon, he might have continued to lead armies; but he returned here to take his place, and become a household word with Englishmen; and his wise counsels were ever looked up to by the Queen and people in the hour of peril. He was the greatest servant of history, and that was his great glory. Napoleon's ambition was to be a master, and he became one. The ambition of Wellington was to do the duty of a servant, and he did it nobly! Wellington was a true example of self-denial and unselfishness. What a lover of truth our man was, and what a boundless liar the other was. He only spoke the truth when it suited his purpose. He played tricks with dates, and sent false reports of victories before the battles were concluded. Our man never altered a date, but put things down as they were. Napoleon never would admit of anybody's glorious services but his own. Whatever glory his marshals got, he took it from them, and disparaged their services; but Wellington could afford to be generous to others—he had only to serve his country, and had no motive for running others down, and even to his foes he gave due praise. What a man he was for sharp, emphatic words! He never compassed an object by crooked plans, but went to his mark in a straight line, and hit the right nail on the head. He remains a model of Spartan laconism, of Roman heroism, like unto them who returned to their homes, content with serving their cause, even though that cause had not served them.

Napoleon knew how to flatter the vanity of his soldiery, and could appeal to the power of enthusiasm. He talked to them of forty centuries looking down from the Pyramids, yet he could laugh at it as moonshine. The Emperor Napoleon could say, when it suited him, "there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." He appealed to noble sentiments, yet did not believe in them. He used sentiment and romance and did wonders with them, but despised them all the time. But our cold-blooded Englishman had the peculiarity of our fathers, feeling much but saying little. He makes no vain addresses to his soldiers—there are no Pyramids of forty centuries to look down from. He has but one word—a cold-looking one, with no romance in it—a solemn, awful word—the word "duty!" The French, on reading his despatches, never found the word "glory;" but the Duke said, "if men do their duty, glory will follow." He knew how to work an army on the principal of duty. He did not tell them of sacked towns, or bid them keep up the memory of their sires. He only spoke of their duty to God and their country. Can peace-men say a word against such a man, who led his army through every trouble with only one word—duty? Even as a religious man, the Duke seemed to be a man under orders. He was once asked about missions, if it was not better to keep people at home, rather than to send them to China and other places. He answered, "I don't think so—what are your marching orders?"—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." "Had anyone any right to give you orders?" "Yes, the Great Captain of Salvation." "That is all I care for," said the Duke, and that principle went into the minutest details of his life. For this Englishmen respected Wellington more than they respected Napoleon for blotting out the word "impossibility," because our great Duke brought back to a generation the old abiding things of duty. It was better to write the word "duty" than blot out the word "impossibility." Though the name of Napoleon will always make the most noise in the world, yet as peace becomes more loved and war more hated, and men become just, will Wellington's name abide in far more honour than Napoleon's.

Our happiness depends principally upon ourselves, and on the goodness or badness of our dispositions—that is to say, on our being virtuous or vicious.

HARRY GORDIER; OR "I CAN'T WRITE."

In a sheltered nook, on the southern side of the oval-shaped valley of Saddleworth, there lived at the beginning of the present century, a family, consisting of father, mother, and six children, who, as their forefathers had for generations done, gained a livelihood by the united pursuits of farming and weaving. Mr. Mather, the head of the family, held in his own right a small farm which he had received in long succession from his ancestors. They, in the simple times in which they lived, had contrived to supply their wants by the labour of their hands on their ancestral property. Carrying on farming operations whenever the season required, and the weather permitted, they employed every spare hour in weaving, and that the rather because in this labour they were able to turn the diligence and dexterity of their daughters, and even of their younger children, to good account. The termination, however, of that most costly war which Great Britain waged against Napoleon Bonaparte, brought great changes into Saddleworth, and not least into Mr. Mather's family. Already had that family been severely tried. Heavy taxation had diminished its resources. The machinery applied in the cotton manufacture caused a ruinous competition with handloom weaving. With lessened resources and increased outlay, Mr. and Mrs. Mather experienced great difficulty in supporting and bringing up their children. The pressure fell with special force on the earlier period of their wedded life, and consequently affected their eldest children particularly. Thomas, their first-born child, a youth of high spirits, left his home and went to sea. This step, which gave much pain to both his parents, he would hardly have taken, had he not been grieved and wounded in feeling by frequent outbreaks of temper on the part of his father, who felt annoyed and chafed by the hard struggle he had to carry on with want. In that struggle, Mr. Mather was overcome, chiefly because, as his difficulties thickened, he most unhappily sought oblivion and comfort in strong drink. Miserable day was that for the Mather family when first the idea of such a resource entered the head of its master. No sooner was the funeral over, than pecuniary claims poured in from all quarters. Mr. Mather died penniless. In consequence, the scanty furniture which remained was sold; the farm had long been parted with; and Mrs. Mather, with five children, migrated to Oldham, in the hope of procuring bread by mill-labour.

"It will break your heart, mother; going to live in that smoky place will break you heart, I'm sure it will!" "The hand that made can uphold my heart, Fanny," replied Mrs. Mather to her eldest daughter, who had addressed her, after having with the rest walked some ten miles in mournful silence. The prospect was a dreary one. It was a November day. The surrounding hills were hung in thick misty clouds, from which small rain came ceaselessly down. The air was sultry. The heavens were silent, and the earth sad. No bird whistled; not a breeze to break the leaden stagnation. Scarcely a human being struck the traveller's eye. Wet, hot, and sad, they passed along, and at length entered Oldham, in a humour as dark and repulsive as was the aspect of the town.

Within a month the scene had totally changed. Mrs. Mather had brought with her the habits, the aims and the tastes of a good housewife. The children, though poor and almost literally destitute, were inspired by their mother's spirit, and actuated by that sense of self-respect which often ensues from recollections of past prosperity. Every member of the family was industrious, upright, sober, and religious. Specially did they possess and cherish an independent spirit. With the exception of their mother they were young and strong, and though their skill was small and they had received no school education, nevertheless they were pretty confident that in a little time they should be able to put their mother into comfort, while they gained their own livelihood. Accordingly Fanny went into service; Tom and Richard entered a mill; Alice was employed to nurse a neighbour's baby, and Jane, the youngest girl, aided her mother and "wound a little" at home.

Within a month the members of the family were thus disposed of. The change, great as it was, would have looked mean in proud eyes. Two small cellars in a narrow and dirty back street afforded shelter rather than a home. True, the rooms were very clean; but they were also nearly destitute of furniture. Clothing was the first thing to be cared for, after food and a covering had been provided; and articles of clothing came very slowly.

Richard Mather had been two months in the mill, when one evening after the day's work was done, he was discovered by the head millwright at work in one corner of the yard. Struck by the boy's industry, Mr. Thomas—such was his name—asked Richard what he was doing, and finding that he had displayed considerable ingenuity in constructing a small wooden wheel, he offered to take him into his department. The offer was gladly accepted. In two years, Richard Mather had become a clever engineer. Not only was he dexterous in executing work, but skilful and prolific in devising plans. He could not read, he could not write, but he could think and he could labour. Think and labour he did most industriously, until at length he was the best workman in the mill.

Richard had for some time observed that some secret process was going forward. Often had he seen Mr. Henry, the chief partner, and Mr. Thomas, the millwright, in close and confidential conversation. Of late he observed that the latter was at the mill before himself in the morning, and remained there after he had left at night. Once when he happened to be out very late, he noticed that there was a light in Mr. Thomas's private room Nevertheless, in that room he found Mr. Thomas at five o'clock the next morning.

What did all this mean? Richard's curiosity was piqued. At length Mr. Thomas, touching him on the shoulder as he was quitting his work in the evening, said in an under tone to him, "Come with me." Mr. Thomas led the way to his private room. "There, Richard," said he, as he entered, "there is a machine on which I have been occupied for three years, I want now to complete it that I may send it to the Great Exhibition, but I fear I shall be disappointed, one thing stops my progress, can you help me?" Richard examined the piece of work, which he pronounced beautiful. As for overcoming the difficulty, he had his fears. But, he said, he would think the matter over..

Two days from this interview had passed, when Richard Mather, who had been quietly sitting by the fireside in the outer cellar, suddenly rising from his chair, exclaimed,—

"Mother, get a house, we will quit this cellar."

"My dear boy, what do you talk of?" replied Mrs. Mather, "ah, you don't know how hard I find it to get a bit of clothing besides the food; and but for what Fanny allows me, I could not find the house on what you lads bring in."

"O, I know all that very well, but, do you see, I've just discovered a thing that will bring in some brass."

"Art mad, my lad?" exclaimed the old lady, in a terrified tone.

"No, mother, sensible and sober, too,—but wait, I'll go and speak to Mr. Thomas."

At the end of two hours, Richard entered the cellar again, his countenance radiant with joy. "It is all right!" he shouted as he came in "It is all right," whispered he into his mother's ear.

In a few weeks the machine was completed with Richard's aid. Mr. Thomas went to London, and after the absence of some days wrote to Richard as follows:—

"Dear Richard,—The machine must be sent off by the end of the week. To you its completion is owing, and by you must its construction be explained. You therefore must be ready to come up to the Exhibition in the course of a fortnight. Your present wages will be continued, and if all goes on well you shall have a full share of the benefit. I take this opportunity of saying how glad I am that I found out your natural ability, and made you an engineer.—Your friend, "HENRY THOMAS."

"London, April 14th, 1851."

Hastening home to his mother, Richard communicated to her the contents of the letter. Already he was in the receipt of two and thirty shillings a week. It was at once determined to take a house. Out they went—the whole family—Mrs. Mather, Richard, Tom, Alice, and Jane—all save Fanny, who had not yet heard of the good news. After wandering over several parts of the town, and being not a little particular and critical as to situation, accommodation, and even appearance, they found and took a house.

"Now, then, for the furniture," said Richard.

"Don't be in a hurry, my dear," replied his mother.

"Well, I have saved seven pounds, that will do to begin with; and my new suit of clothes will come in nicely for my trip to London."

"Is the letter answered, Richard?"

"*I can't write*," replied the young man.

"Dear me! no; do you think Mr. Thomas knew that?" asked Mrs. Mather; "I should not like you, dear Richard, to be disappointed."

"Well, I never thought of that writing business; but," added he, after a pause, "perhaps reading will do, and you know mother, I got a bit of reading last winter from Harry Whiting. Harry read me the letter; for, somehow, I can't very well make out writing. By the bye, I will go at once and get Whiting to write an answer."

Two days brought another letter from Mr. Thomas. He was not, he stated, aware that Richard Mather was unable to write. Some skill in writing was indispensable. For the proper explanation of the machine diagrams were necessary, figures must be employed; sometimes thoughts and statements would require to be put on paper—to say nothing of correspondence.

"Well, *it is* a disappointment, I confess," said Richard to his mother, "but I'm glad I've got Harry Whiting the job; he's a very good fellow, and promises to teach me to write when he has returned, but I am much mistaken, if I am not able to write before then."

The Mather family were seated at the tea table, Fanny as well as the rest. Of a sudden they heard a loud knock at the door, when in bounced a man in sailor's attire, exclaiming, "Mother!" The next moment the son and the mother were in each other's arms.

"I've had a long run to come across you," said William Mather, the eldest son, who, as we have said, had gone to sea, "I went into Saddleworth, but found some one else in the old house, sorry enough I was, but here you all are, except father, and he, I hope is safe aloft. How was it I never heard from any of you?"

"You know *I can't write*, and *the children can't write*," said Mrs. Mather; "besides we got only two letters from you, and from them we could not make out where you were."

"Well, *I can't write*, either," answered William, "and as for that cook's mate, that wrote for me, he handles a pen like a handspike, but never mind, here we are altogether again, and right glad am I to find you so comfortable."

Richard Mather has engaged a teacher, and spends two hours every evening, in learning to write. He will doubtless succeed in this effort, as he has succeeded in every other, and whatever his success in life, he will take special care that his mother and the other members of the family, shall share in the results.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

A man from a distant village happened once to be in Cairo on the day of the ceremony of the Festival of the Prophet, and, hearing every one talk of the Dosch, inquired what was meant. A baker, to whom he addressed himself, being waggishly inclined, explained that those who were trampled on were aspirants for the honourable post of Sheikh-el-Beled. Our clown accordingly resolved to go through the ordeal, and, when the pavement was formed, boldly threw himself down. Ten minutes afterwards he recovered from a swoon, felt as if his back was broken, and found himself surrounded by a number of sallow-looking individuals, who shouted in his ear, "Wahad! Wahad!" "Wahad, of course," quoth he; "but let me receive my appointment at once, otherwise I shall die before I reach my village and give orders for Mahommed, the tobacconist, to be flogged." Upon this the bystanders thought he was mad, and, as he continued to talk in the same strain, they seized him, and took him to the Moristan, or madhouse, where he was stripped and chained by the neck, like a wild beast.

He now understood that he had been made a fool of, and determined to be revenged on the baker. For this purpose he remained so quiet and reasonable that he was released; and a saint, who happened to touch him that day, gained great reputation by his cure. He went immediately and bought a considerable number of hashish pills, with which he proposed to carry out his plan of vengeance. Having watched some time about the house of the baker, and ascertained that the master had gone forth, he climbed a wall, and, whilst the women were asleep, contrived to introduce one of his pills into each of a large collection of leaves ready for sale. This done, he cautiously retired, and would have been wise had he returned at once to his village; but, actuated by a desire to witness the discomfiture of the baker, he went to him a couple of hours afterwards, and, with an appearance of great simplicity, complained that, although he had submitted to the Dosch, he had not received his appointment as Sheikh.

The baker was enjoying the joke, when an old woman came in,

and said that her son had become mad after eating one of his loaves; then a man followed, himself partially intoxicated, who declared that all his family were maniacs by his means; and so on, until a large crowd was collected. The baker did his best to appease them, and succeeded in inducing them to retire for a while.

The clown, who was the cause of the mischief, could not conceal his delight, and our waggish baker understood that he had been paid off in his own coin. He felt certain, however, that the worst of the business was not yet over, and, going to his wife's room, he said to her, "My heart, it is necessary that thou shouldest play a trick to save me. Go to the icewan, and speak softly to the stranger that is there, and, if any one comes in, pretend that he is thy husband." The woman did as she was desired, and the clown was overjoyed, thinking that he should be doubly revenged on his enemy. Suddenly there was a great knocking at the door, and four or five men were heard demanding admittance. "This is disagreeable," quoth the woman, my reputation is in danger. You must go and open, and pretend to be the baker, and I will call you my husband."

The men were admitted, and, having come into the icewan, demanded the master of the house. "This is he," quoth the woman. "Nay," said one of the new comers, "I thought the baker had but one eye." "Of a truth," exclaimed the clown, endeavouring to show by his familiarity that he was really the woman's husband, "no one is the baker but I." The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the men produced sticks from under their cloaks, and fell upon him, crying, "Woe be to the wretch that put hashish pills into our bread!" They beat him till he was insensible, and then went away laughing at their achievement. Soon afterwards the baker arrived, and with the assistance of his wife, carried the unfortunate clown forth, and left him for dead in the street, but he soon recovered, and, feeling that he was no match for a Caireen, returned to his village cursing his own folly.—*Bayle St John's Village Life in Egypt*

EGYPTIAN MARRIAGES.

As women are never seen by any of the opposite sex but their husbands—not even by their cousins or brothers, except in the streets, when it would be a gross breach of decorum to address them—a gentleman who wishes for a spouse, having no opportunity of choosing for himself, is obliged to communicate the circumstance to his mother, and this worthy matron, who, in all probability, has previously well considered the subject, soon indicates one whom she considers suitable. The candidate for matrimony then requires a list of the lady's good qualities and attractions, which, of course, are in every case of the most unexceptionable kind, and when he has made up his mind he waits on the lady's father, and makes his proposals. These are, to pay down a certain sum, varying from £100 to £2,000, not as a settlement on the wife, but as a compensation to the father, wives being always purchased here. A part, however, is laid by as a provision for the wife, in case of her being divorced; and as the husband would then have to refund this, it serves to strengthen the bonds of matrimony in a surprising manner. All being arranged, the father, suitor, and friends repair—without the lady—to a mosque, where they celebrate the marriage, which is little more than a simple question and answer. The question is put to the father by the bridegroom, who asks, "Will you give me your daughter to be my slave?" The reply is equally to the point, "My daughter is your slave." Some days now elapse, when the bridegroom, accompanied by his friends, proceeds to the house of his father-in-law, and brings away the bride, who is placed, completely veiled, in a palanquin, which is covered by a canopy borne by the bridesmaids, who are under the direction of the bridegroom's mother. The palanquin is preceded by a grand procession, composed of the bridegroom and his friends; a company of soldiers, and two or three camels, carrying young children, and the whole are marshalled forward by a band of music. In this way they traverse the town, and at length reach the bridegroom's residence, where the bride is conducted by him, with great ceremony, to the apartments prepared for her. He then offers her some magnificent presents, which she receives in silence, and his mother and the other matrons who are standing round politely recommend him to go and pray. On his return from the mosque, he returns to the boudoir of his bride, and finds her alone. What a moment! He has not seen her face, or heard her speak, and a thousand expectations of her beauty flash across him. What if these should be disappointed?—if her charms should be only imaginary, and her loveliness an invention of his mother's? With eager steps he approaches her, and, throwing off her veil, for the first time beholds his bride. Such is the lottery of marriage in the east.

LIFE AND DEATH OF VANDILLE, THE MISER OF PARIS.

In the year 1745—as we are informed by Mr. Merlyweather in his "Lives and Anecdotes of Misers"—Vandille, the miser, was worth nearly £800,000! He used to boast that this vast accumulation sprang from a single shilling. He had increased it, step by step, farthing by farthing, shilling by shilling, pound by pound, from the age of 16 to 72. For six-and-fifty years had that covetous old man lived for no other purpose than to accumulate gold which he had not the courage to enjoy. Not once during those years had he indulged himself in any luxury, or participated in any pleasure; his life was one continuous sacrifice to Mammon. The blessings which a kind and benevolent Providence has bestowed in His mercy upon mankind were never accepted by Vandille, his whole soul was absorbed, his every joy was sought for, in the yellow heap which his avarice had accumulated. His death was a singular one. The winter of 1794 had been very cold and bitter, and the miser felt inclined to purchase a little extra fuel in the summer time, to provide, to some extent, against the like severity in the ensuing winter. He heard a man pass the street with wood to sell, he haggled for an unconscionable time about the price, and at last completed the bargain at the lowest possible rate. Avarice had made the miser dishonest, and he stole from the poor woodman several logs. In his eagerness to carry them away, and hide his ill gotten store, he overheated his blood, and produced a fever. For the first time in his life he sent for a surgeon. "I wish to be bled," said he; "what is your charge?" "Half a livre," was the reply. The demand was deemed extortionate, and the surgeon was dismissed. He then sent for an apothecary, but he was also considered too high, and he at last sent for a poor barber, who agreed to open the vein for threepence a time. "But, friend," said the cautious miser, "how often will it be requisite to bleed me?" "Three times," replied the barber. "Three times! and pray what quantity of blood do you intend to take from me at each operation?" "About eight ounces each time," was the answer. "Let me see," said the possessor of three-quarters of a million, "that will be ninepence, too much—too much. I have determined to go a cheaper way to work; take the whole twenty-four ounces at once, and that will save me sixpence." The barber remonstrated, but the miser was firm, he was certain, he said, the barber was only desirous to extort an extra sixpence, and he would not submit to such a scandalous imposition. His vein was opened, and four-and-twenty ounces of blood taken from him. In a few days Vandille, the miser, was no more. The savings of his life, the wages of his vice and avarice, he left to the King of France.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ALTAR OF THE HOUSEHOLD, or, DOMESTIC WORSHIP. Part I. will be published on the 1st of January, 1853, price 1s. This work will contain a Series of Services for the Family, adapted for every morning and evening throughout the year, viz., portions of Scripture, Prayers and Thanksgivings, suitably adapted to each other, to which will be added short practical comments to explain the subjects read, or enforce the duties enjoined. This work will be edited by the Rev. Dr Harris, Principal of New College, assisted by a band of eminent divines in London and the country.

THE SELF AND CLASS EXAMINER IN EUCLID, containing the Enunciations of all the Propositions and Corollaries in Cassell's Edition, for the use of Colleges, Schools, and Private Students, is now ready, price 3d.

CASSELL'S ELEMENTS OF ARITHMETIC (uniform with Cassell's EUCLID), is now ready, price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. neat cloth.

THE ANSWERS TO ALL THE QUESTIONS IN CASSELL'S ARITHMETIC for the use of Private Students, and of Teachers and Professors who use this work in their classes, is preparing for publication.

Price 1s., beautifully printed, super-royal 8vo.,

THE UNCLE TOM'S CABIN ALMANACK; or, THE ABOLITIONIST MEMENTO FOR 1853.—The most complete work on the question of slavery that has hitherto been published. Everybody who has read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" should possess themselves of a copy of this book, which more than verifies all the statements in Mrs. Stowe's thrilling narrative. This work is splendidly Illustrated by George Cruikshank, Esq.; J. Gilbert, Esq., W. Harvey, Esq.; H. K. Browne, Esq. ("Phiz"); and other eminent artists, and contains upwards of 70 pages super-royal 8vo., replete with the most stirring incidents—Lives of Escaped Negroes; the Workings of the Fugitive Slave Law; Anecdotes, Narratives, and Historical and Descriptive Accounts of American Slavery. The sale already is very large, 30,000 copies having been disposed of within three weeks.

ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR ALMANACK, Thirty splendid Engravings, 6d.

POPULAR EDUCATOR ALMANACK, Notices and Essays on Education, 2d.

TEMPERANCE ALMANACK, Tale by the Authoress of Uncle Tom, &c., 2d.

PROTESTANT DISSENTERS' ALMANACK, with new Historical Notices, &c. 6d.

MISCELLANEA.

GREENHOUSES IN WINTER.—Very few persons appear to know the value of the sponge in a greenhouse—I mean for the purpose of washing the leaves of all those plants with leaves broad enough to admit of it. I took the hint some five years ago from a neighbour, the most successful plant-grower I have ever had the good fortune to know. His plants were always so especially fresh and healthy that I was for a long time puzzled to understand his secret; and he always declared he had no secret. But early one morning I caught him with a pail of clean water, slightly warm, by his side, sponging the leaves of all his choice plants. I said to myself, "I have it." I did more, I went home and practised it. My plants soon showed, by their new aspect, that I was not wrong in believing it to be the real secret of my neighbour's success.

THE NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.—The preparations for the erection of the Crystal Palace at New York, which is intended to be opened on the 1st of May next, are in such a state of forwardness, that there is no doubt of the whole building being completed in sufficient time for the reception of everything sent for exhibition by the contributors from Europe, and from the United States of America. The plan of the palace at present in erection is an octagon, surmounted by a Greek cross, having a dome supported by columns, each arm of the cross is 149 feet broad, so that some idea of the magnificence of the building may be formed. The dome will be 100 feet in diameter, and its summit will be 149 feet from the ground. The whole area of the building will cover upwards of four acres. It will be constructed of glass and iron.

THE PRATAYA SALAKA — A book of moral sentences, known as the "Prataya Salaka," is in great repute among the natives of Ceylon. One passage of it is as follows —"Whoever is much bent upon another's destruction, prepares to do nothing but to pave the way for his own ruin, which will unawares fall upon his own head, as is evident from the case of the crane and the crab. The fable is this —An evil-designing crane frightened the fishes of a pond with the news of some impending danger, which would certainly fall upon them if they continued any longer to live in the pond, but which they might escape if they would listen to his admonitions, viz., to leave the pond, and seek for another. As the pond was unconnected with any other, they were unable to do this. The crane, out of kindness, promised that if they would confide in his word, he would conduct them to an adjoining pond. He would take them one by one in his mouth, and carry them. All the fishes agreed, and the crane continued for a day or two to swallow all he carried. A crab, suspecting the wickedness of the crane, asked the crane to take him also This, after some demur, he did. The crab, unlike the fish, took hold on the crane's neck, and squeezed him to death."

VULGARITY. — That much misapplied epithet, which falls with a sound so startling upon the inexperienced ear of youth and yet how vague and indefinite the ideas which it ordinarily conveys to the mind The sensitive young girl, who shrinks dismayed from the imputation of vulgarity, scarce knows from what she recoils, or else the phantom presented to her imagination takes its shape from the prejudices of those with whom she associates. Thus, with one section of society, *frugality* and *vulgarity* are synonymous terms, and an acquaintance with, and attention to, the economy of domestic concerns, is deemed a mark of an inferior mind; while, with another, some trifling infringement of the rules of etiquette, or deviation from the prescribed modes of dress, speech, or conduct imposed by those intolerant votaries of fashion, brands the unfortunate offender as "a decidedly vulgar person" Again, with a third, admission into some small privileged circle is a test of qualification which renders any other unnecessary, and which entitles all who come within its magic influence henceforth to stand out in proud relief from the common mass of "vulgar people." But, after all, none of these things, properly speaking, constitute vulgarity. Vulgarity, as we understand the meaning of the word, has its origin rather in the heart than the head, and is a defect in the moral constitution, which is neither inseparable from want of education, nor incompatible with some degree of mental cultivation. It is true that education is scarcely deserving the name, if it leave the affections uncultured, and the feelings unrefined and yet, how much of modern education is of this description, and with how many, consequently, is a high tone of moral feeling merely a poetical sentiment derived from books, instead of being the pervading principle of every thought and action. It would seem impossible that a highly principled and truly amiable person should be an inherently vulgar one; for moral worth and sweetness of disposition are in their very nature opposed to vulgarity, which is a compound of pride, meanness, and selfishness, manifesting itself in an indifference to, if not a direct attack upon, the feelings of others.

PERFUMES —Perfumers show more science in attaining their perfumes than those of former times. The Jury in the Exhibition, or rather two distinguished chemists of that Jury, Dr. Hoffman and Mr De la Rue, ascertained that some of the most delicate perfumes were made by chemical artifice, and not, as of old, by distilling them from flowers. The perfume of flowers often consists of oils and other compounds, which the chemist makes artificially in his laboratory. Commercial enterprise has availed itself of this fact, and sent to the Exhibition, in the form of essences, perfumes thus prepared. Singularly enough, they are generally derived from substances of intensely disgusting odour. A peculiarly fœtid oil, termed fusel oil, is formed in making brandy and whiskey. This fusel oil, distilled with sulphuric acid and acetate of potash, gives the oil of pears. The oil of apples is made from the same fusel oil by distillation with sulphuric acid and the bichromate of potash. The oil of pine apples is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by making a soap with butter, and distilling it with alcohol and sulphuric acid; and is now largely employed in England in the preparation of pine apple ale. Oil of grapes and oil of cognac, used to impart the flavour of French cognac to British brandy, are little else than fusel oil. The artificial oil of bitter almonds, now so largely employed in perfuming soap, and for flavouring confectionery, is prepared of the action of nitric acid on the fœtid oils of gas tar. Many a fair forehead is damped with *eau de millefleurs*, without knowing that its essential ingredient is derived from the drainage of cow-houses!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THOMAS S.—The penny postage came into operation January 10, 1840. Stamps, and stamped envelopes for prepared letters, were first issued on May 6 in the same year.

D. W. T.—There is no chance of your obtaining a free passage, as you have five children all under ten years of age.

A TEETOTALER.—Lawrence Heyworth is not at present a member of the House of Commons. He lost his election at Derby by a small majority—a majority, we believe, of five. But as there is a petition against the return, on the ground of bribery and corruption, it is probable that he may yet sit in that house during the present session

CHARLES.—We believe the sentence you quote was uttered by Lord Palmerston. There is a sentence in the writings of *Paley* which very nearly resembles it: he says, "Nothing is so indomitable, so stubborn, and so mighty as a principle"

MARY TIDY.—The wafers for destroying cockroaches and blackbeetles are made of equal quantities of red lead, moist sugar, and flour. The materials should be made up into a stiff paste, rolled out in thin sheets, and dried. A few small broken pieces should be strewed about the places haunted by the creatures, and the fragments left by them should be thrown away

A STAFFORDSHIRE MAN.—We are surprised to hear a "Staffordshire Man" putting a question to us as to the meaning of the word "porcelain." Dr. Lardner says it is a word corrupted from *porcellana*, the Portuguese word for a *little cup*. Crabb says it is taken from the material of which cups, &c., are made, a sort of earth or clay. *Argilla porcellana*, the finest kind of which is found in China hence the ware made of it is called *china*, by way of distinction

CURIOSO.—Gold of the Royal Mint standard consists, we understand, of a mixture of twelve parts of equal weight, eleven of which are pure gold, and one is copper.

A FREEMAN.—The edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" about which you inquire, is that published by Mr. John Cassell: no other edition has illustrations by George Cruikshank.

M. R.—Be sure that the "old coins" which are offered to you "as a great bargain" are genuine, and not Birmingham fac-similes. Many such are in the market.

A SHOPKEEPER.—We believe the act declares that gold or silver coin tendered to any person suspecting any piece to be counterfeit, may be broken or cut by such person; and if it shall appear to be counterfeit, the person tendering it shall bear the loss, but if it shall prove of due weight, and appear to be lawful coin, the person breaking it is to receive it at the rate it was coined for, and any dispute about it shall be finally determined by any justice of the peace In ordinary cases, unless where you have reason to believe that the person tendering coin is "a smasher" you will avoid much trouble by simply declining to take what you believe to be counterfeit, or of light weight.

FAIR PLAY.—You certainly are under no obligation to take the numbers the man brings you, unless you gave an order for them. Your merely giving your address if nothing, unless an order for the books was written on the same paper, or given in writing at the same time. The attempt is often made, but should be resisted.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We know of more than one person who has overcome "the habit of stammering" by reading *aloud and with deliberation* in private, at every possible opportunity. Unless there is some physical defect (in which case you should have the advice of a skilful surgeon), the habit may be overcome.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—We fear that you cannot claim any portion of the property of your father's brother, unless you can produce some written document containing his promise, or some witness who heard him make it.

QUID QUIS.—*Roscius* was a Roman actor, born at Lanuvium, B.C. 60. The great celebrity which he acquired on the stage is the reason that his name is given to every actor of superior merit or excellence. The *sock* was the thin light shoe or sandal worn by the ancient *comedienne* the *buskin*, the high shoe or half boot worn by the ancient *tragedians*.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

EVERY ONE who witnessed the funeral procession of the Great Duke must have been struck with the appearance of the eighty-three old fellows in red who followed their gallant commander to his last home. Eighty-three of them there were, to represent the number of years that Wellington, "the mightiest hero of them all," had walked the earth. It was an affecting sight. Aged, and furrowed, and grey, as were most of them, there was something martial in their appearance, after all. It was a sight—those eighty-three old warriors, many of them nearly as old as the great captain they were following for the last time—that will not easily be forgotten. Assaye, Copenhagen, Badajoz, Salamanca, Waterloo! these names rise up in the memory; and, whether war be right or wrong, we feel that we cannot but respect the actors in those mighty victories, old men and feeble now. And it is a pleasant thing to hear, too, that the great leader of these weather-beaten soldiers, declared, even in the midst of his triumphs, in the pride of his strength, and in the day of his glory, that war was an accursed thing, and only necessary that peace might follow. "There is nothing worse than a victory," said Wellington, "except it be a defeat." And so perhaps the eighty-three old pensioners



THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.—FROM A SKETCH BY GAVARNI.

—a worthy deputation from the four hundred and twenty-five in Chelsea College—may have thought as they marched in slow and solemn state in the procession of Wellington, on the 18th of November.

Not many of us, who are resident in London, are unacquainted with the appearance of the Chelsea pensioner—a red, mottled face, worn and scarred, grey hair, ill-fitting scarlet

coat, crutch-handled stick, and cocked hat!—but few of us are intimate enough with them to know any of their inner characteristics. These brave old men—relics of a former age, when Catholic Emancipation was yet a question to be agitated, and Parliamentary Reform was believed to be a thing impossible; when the great Napoleon was alternately winning and losing battles in Europe, and the French Revolution was considered, by many, as the grandest effort of modern civilisation; when London was lighted by oil lamps, and plate-glass, railways, electric telegraphs, daguerreotype portraits, spinning-jennies, and threepenny omnibuses, were as yet unimvented undiscovered, and unknown! In those "good old days," the news of "glorious victories" used to arrive in the metropolis about four days after their consummation, and folks congratulated themselves upon the fact of such wonderful speed in transmitting intelligence! and the mighty modern Babylon was not more than half its present size—Hyde-park being the extreme "West-end"—and did not contain above half its present number of inhabitants, Chelsea, in the days when these bluff old fellows were fighting the battles of their country, was a quiet suburb, and the pensioners at Greenwich wore pigtails!

All these things have changed, but the Chelsea pensioner remains the same. He is a link between the past and the present, living in the latter, but belonging essentially to the former. All his sympathies, all his recollections, all his conversations, are of the good old times "when George the Third was King." Stand on a sunny afternoon beneath the cool colonnades of the hospital, or sit on a bench beneath the shady cedars of Lebanon in the "physic garden," and listen to a group of these fine old warriors. They are not talking of the Chancellor's budget—oh dear, no, nor of the progress of emigration, nor even of the re-unption of the Empire by Louis Napoleon, and the probable extension of the militia at home. No; their thoughts and their words are of grand fights in Spain and merry bivouacs in the sunny South. See, as the speaker gets warmed with his theme, how he "shoulders his crutch and tells how fields were won," fighting "his battles o'er again" in the midst of his aged comrades. It is a pleasant and a very suggestive picture, those grey, time-worn veterans, and it is a pleasant thing to think, too, that Nell Gwynne, the much-abused favourite of Charles the Second, suggested to that thoughtless monarch the erection of the famous pile which now forms the home of so many broken "men of battle." One cannot but feel, despite all anti war-and-revolution tendencies, some kindly sympathy and respect for these old fellows; and an hour or two might be even less profitably spent than in listening to their antiquated gossip of the wars of Wellington and his great antagonist.

Before quitting the subject, we may just observe that the hospital contains about four hundred and twenty-five inpensioners, who are maintained at a cost of £36 a year each; and that the out-pensioners—about 76,000 in number—receive various small rates of payment from them "grateful country;" which payments vary, according to circumstances, from twopence halfpenny to three and sixpence a day. Foot soldiers, to be entitled to a Chelsea pension, must have served twenty-one, and horse soldiers twenty-four years. The majority of pensions are under one shilling a day, and few invalids are said to apply for admission to the hospital who can contrive to live outside. The first stone was laid by Charles II, in March, 1681; and over the frieze of the great quadrangle is an inscription which tells the history of the building:—

"In subsidium et levamen emeritorum senio, belloque fractorum, condidit Carolus Secundus, auxit Jacobus Secundus, profecere Guhelmus et Maria Rex et Regina, MDCXC."

JOY IN HEAVEN WHEN GOOD MEN DIE.

Oh! there is joy and glory in the sky,
As if there was a holiday in heaven;
And so there is—the blest eternal seven,
Bright living lamps, shoot forth their spires on high.
But is there joy in heaven when good men die?
There is, when captives die out of their chains,
When suffering Christians die out of their pains,
And when the stricken soul gets leave to fly

Hartley Coleridge.

SANITARY REGULATIONS.

The following valuable rules have been issued in the borough of Leeds, and addressed to the working classes. They have more than a local interest; therefore we re-publish them.

Houses in which you should not live.

Do not live in houses having damp floors or damp walls, or where you are annoyed with foul and offensive smells from piggeries, privies, drains, or the like, *however low the rent may be.*

Do not live in cellar-dwellings, even though you might be permitted to do so *rent free.*

Do not live in houses too small for your family, where you have not sufficient sleeping room.

Do not live in houses where the landlord has not provided an ample supply of good and pure water for the use of his tenants.

Do not live in houses where the landlord has not provided a sufficient number of privies for the convenience of his tenants.

Such houses may be deemed and taken to be in an unfinished state, until the necessary alterations have been made, and those who live in them are penny wise and pound foolish.

Houses in which you should live.

You should live in houses in which you can breathe pure air by night as well as by day; and where you can enjoy the necessary comfort and convenience, even though you have to pay threepence or sixpence a week higher rent; for by so doing you will show yourselves to be true economists—you will improve your health and prolong your lives

Household and Personal Cleanliness

Your house should be well lime-washed at least once in every three months if you have a large family, and at least once in every six months if you have a small family

In order to secure proper ventilation, your windows should always be kept open in the middle of the day, as long as the weather will permit

Your yard should not suffer anything to remain in your house which produces a bad smell, such as decayed animal or vegetable matter, mud, excrement, or dirt of any description

You should keep your house as clean as possible.

Never suffer utensils containing offensive matter to remain in your bed rooms Have your bedclothes regularly washed, and your beds kept clean.

Clean linen clean skin, and regular and temperate living, are valuable defences against disease

Those who strictly observe these rules and regulations, will improve their social condition, and have comfortable homes.

Remember, "Cleanliness is next to godliness;" and, with the help of God, the best security for health.

SIMPLE FLOWERS.

BY MARY OSBORN.

I LOVE the flowers that grow before
The cottage window, poor man's door,
The snowdrop, wallflower, the sweet-pea,
And sweetbriar, have charms for me,
They rise amid want, care, and strife,
Like hopes of an hereafter life.

I've look'd on many a label'd stem,
With flower like Oriental gem!
These I admire, but oh! far more
The flowers which cheer the low and poor.
Those "simple flowers" which lighten care,
Silence the teachings of despair.

The flowers the cottage-maiden wears
On Sundays, mingling with her prayers
Her highest wish, her holiest thought,
Their breath-like incense fragrance fraught,
Seeming to her the while a part
Of the deep meanings of her heart

The "simple flowers" which gladden earth
Where times are hard, where joys are dearth,
Which lowly cottage festals grace,
Or lie around the coffin'd face
With sprigs of rosemary and thyme,
Softening even death's cold clime.

Dear to humanity these flowers,
The dazzling dreams of childish hours,
The hopes, the joys, the griefs of years
Have dropt on these like falling tears;
They blend with every better thought
Hope hath inspired, Religion taught,
Faith hath revealed, or God hath given,
As symbols of the joys of Heaven.

A BEAR HUNT IN AMERICA.

(From Frank Forester's Field Sports in the United States.)

The hero of my tale is—alas! that I must say was—a brother of Tom Draw, than whom no braver or more honest man, no warmer friend, no keener sportsman, ever departed to his long last home, followed by the tears of all who knew him. He was—but it boots not to weave long reminiscences—you know the brother who still survives; and, knowing him, you have the veritable picture of the defunct, as regards soul, I mean, and spirit—for he was not a mountain in the flesh, but a man only—and a stout and good one—as, even more than my assertion, my now forthcoming tale will testify. It was the very first winter I had passed in the United States, that I was staying up here, for the first time likewise. I had, of course, become speedily intimate with Tom, with whom, indeed, it needs no long space so to become; and scarcely less familiar with his brother, who, at that time, held a farm in the valley just below our feet. I had been resident at Tom's above six weeks; and during that spell, as he would call it, we had achieved much highly pleasant and exciting slaughter of quail, woodcock, and partridge; not overlooking sundry foxes—red, black, and gray, and four or five right stags often, whose blood had dyed the limpid waters of the Greenwood Lake. It was late in the autumn; the leaves had fallen; and lo! one morning we awoke and found the earth carpeted far and near with smooth white snow. Enough had fallen in the night to cover the whole surface of the fields, hill, vale, and cultivated level, with one wide vest of virgin purity—but that was all, for it had cleared off early in the morning, and frozen somewhat crisply; and then a brisk breeze rising, had swept it from the trees, before the sun had gained sufficient power to thaw the burden of the loaded branches.

Tom and I, therefore, set forth after breakfast, with dog and gun, to beat up a large bevy of quail which we had found on the preceding evening, when it was quite too late to profit by the find, in a great buckwheat stubble, a quarter of a mile hence on the southern slope. After a merry tramp, we flushed them in a hedgerow, drove them up into this swale, and used them up considerable, as Tom said. The last three birds pitched into that bank just above you: and, as we followed them, we came across what Tom pronounced, upon the instant, to be the fresh track of a bear. Leaving the meaner game, we set ourselves to work immediately to trail old Bruin to his lair, if possible; the rather that, from the loss of a toe, Tom confidently asserted that this was no other than "the eternal biggest bar that ever had been known in Warwick"—one that had been acquainted with the sheep and calves of all the farmers round, for many a year of riot and impunity. In less than ten minutes we had traced him to this cave, whereunto the track led visibly, and whence no track returned. The moment we had housed him, Tom left me with directions to sit down close to the den's mouth, and there to smoke my cigar, and talk there to myself aloud, until his return from reconnoitring the *locale*, and learning whether our friend had any second exit to his snug *hæmalia*. "You need'nt be scar't now, I tell you, Archer," he concluded, "for he's deal too 'cute to come out, or even show his nose, while he smells 'bacca and hears voices. I'll be back to-rights."

After some twenty-five or thirty minutes, back he came, blown and tired, but in extraordinary glee.

"There's no help for it, Archer; he's got to smell powder anyways!—there's not a hole in the hull hill side, bat this!"

"But can we bolt him?" inquired I, somewhat dubiously.

"Sartain!" replied he, scornfully,—"sartain; what is there now to hinder us? I'll bide here quietly, while you cuts down into the village, and brings all hands as you can raise—and bid them bring lots of blankets, and an axe or two, and all there is in the house to eat and drink both; and a heap of straw. Now don't be stoppin' to ask me no questions—shin it, I say, and jest call in and tell my brother what we've done, and start him up here right away—leave me your gun, and some cigars. Now, strick it."

Well, away I went, and, in less than an hour, we had a dozen able-bodied men, with axes, arms, provisions—edible and potable—enough for a week's consumption on the ground, where we found Tom and his brother, both keeping good watch and ward. The first step was to prepare a shanty, as it was evident there was small chance of bolting him ere nightfall. This was soon done, and our party was immediately divided into gangs, so that we might be on the alert both day and night. A mighty fire was next kindled over the cavern's mouth—the rill having been turned aside—in hopes that we might smoke him out. After this method had been tried all that day, and all night, it was found wholly useless—the cavern having many rifts and rents, as we could see by the fumes which arose from the earth at several points, whereby the smoke escaped without becoming dense enough to force our friend to bolt. We then tried dogs; four of the best the country could produce were sent in, and a most demoniacal affray and hubbub followed within the bowels of the earthfast rock; but, in a little while, three of our canine friends were glad enough to make their exit, mangled, and maimed, and bleeding—more fortunate than their companion, whose greater pluck had only earned for him a harder and more mournful fate. We sent for fire-works; and kept up, for some three hours, such a din and such a stench, as might have scared the old fellow from his lair: but Bruin bore it all with truly stoical endurance. Miners were summoned next; and we essayed to blast the granite, but it was all in vain, the hardness of the stone defied our labours. Three days had passed away, and we were now no nearer than at first—every means had been tried, and every means found futile. Blank disappointment sat on every face, when Michael Draw, Tom's brother, not merely volunteered, but could not be by any means deterred from going down into the den, and shooting the brute in its very hold. Dissuasion and remonstrance were in vain—he was bent on it—and, at length Tom, who had been the most resolved in opposition, exclaimed, "If he will go, let him!" so that decided the whole matter

The cave, it seemed, had been explored already, and its localities were known to several of the party, but more particularly to the bold volunteer who had insisted on this perilous enterprise. The well-like aperture, which could alone be seen from without, descended, widening gradually as it got farther from the surface, for somewhat more than eight feet. At that depth, the fissure turned off at right angles, running nearly horizontally, an arch of about three feet in height, and some two yards in length, into a small circular chamber, beyond which there was no passage whether for man or beast, and in which it was certain that the well-known and much-detested bear had taken up his winter quarters. The plan, then, on which Michael had resolved was, to descend into this cavity, with a rope securely fastened under his arm-pits, provided with a sufficient quantity of lights, and his good musket—to worm himself feet forward, on his back, along the horizontal tunnel, and to shoot at the eyes of the fierce monster, which would be clearly visible in the dark den by the reflection of the torches, trusting to the alertness of his comrades from without, who where instructed instantly on hearing the report of his musket shot to haul him out hand over hand. This mode decided on, it needed no long space to put it into execution. Two narrow laths of pine wood were procured, and half-a-dozen auger holes drilled into each—as many candles were inserted into these temporary candelabra, and duly lighted. The rope was next made fast about his chest, his musket carefully loaded with two good ounce bullets, well wadded in greased buckskin, his butcher knife disposed in readiness to meet his grasp, and in he went, without one shade of fear or doubt on his bold, sun-burnt visage. As he descended, I confess that my heart fairly sank, and a faint sickness came across me when I thought of the dread risk he ran in courting the encounter of so fell a foe, wounded and furious, in that small narrow hole, where valour nor activity, nor the high heart of manhood, could be expected to avail anything against the close hug of the shaggy monster.

Tom's ruddy face grew pale, and his huge body quivered with emotion, as, bidding him "God speed" he griped his brother's fist, gave him the trusty piece which his own hand had loaded, and saw him gradually disappear, thrusting the lights before him with his feet, and holding the long queen's-arm cocked and ready in a hand that trembled not—the *only* hand that trembled not of all our party! Inch by inch his stout frame vanished into the narrow fissure; and now his head disappeared, and still he drew the yielding rope along! Now

s has stopped—there is no strain upon the cord!—there is a ause!—a long and fearful pause! The men without stood y to haul, their arms stretched forward to their full extent, eir sinewy frames bent to the task, and their rough linea- ents expressive of strange agitation. Tom and myself, and me half-dozen others, stood on the watch, with ready rifles, st, wounded and infuriate, the brute should follow hard on e invader of its perilous lair. Hark to that dull and stifled rowl! The watchers positively shivered, and their teeth attered with excitement. There! there! that loud and ellowing roar, reverberated by the ten thousand echoes of the onfined cavern, till it might have been taken for a burst of ubterraneous thunder!—that wild and fearful howl—half roar f fury—half yell of mortal anguish!

With headlong violence they hauled upon the creaking rope and dragged with terrible impetuosity out of the fearful cavern —his head striking the granite rocks, and his limbs fairly clattering against the rude projections, yet still, with gallant hardihood, retaining his good weapon—the sturdy woodman was whirled out into the open air unwounded, while the fierce brute within rushed after him to the very cavern's mouth, raving and roaring till the solid mountain seemed to shake and quiver.

As soon as he had entered the small chamber, he had perceived the glaring eyeballs of the monster, had taken his aim steadily between them, by the strong light of the flaring candles; and, as he said, had lodged his bullets fairly—a statement which was verified by the long-drawn and painful moanings of the beast within. After a while, these dread sounds died away, and all was still as death. Then once again, undaunted by his previous peril, the bold man—though, as he averred, he felt the hot breath of the monster on his face, so nearly had it followed him in his precipitate retreat—prepared to beard the savage in his hole. Again he vanished from our sight!—again his musket shot roared like the voice of a volcano from the vitals of the rock!—again, a mighty peril to his bones, he was dragged into daylight!—but this time, maddened with wrath and angony, yelling with rage and pain, streaming with gore, and white with foam, which flew on every side, churned from its gnashing tusks, the bear rushed after him. One mighty bound brought it clear out of the deep chasm—the bruised trunk of the daring hunter, and the confused group of men who had been stationed at the rope, and who were now, between anxiety and terror, floundering to and fro, hindering one another—lay within three, or, at most, four paces of the frantic monster, while, to increase the peril, a wild and ill-directed volley, fired in haste and fear, was poured in by the watchers, the bullets whistling on every side, but with far greater peril to our friends than to the object of their aim. Tom drew his gun up coolly—pulled—but no spark replied to the unlucky flint. With a loud curse he dashed the useless musket to the ground, unsheathed his butcher-knife, and rushed on to attack the wild beast, single-handed. At the same point of time, I saw my sight, as I fetched up my rifle, in clear relief against the dark fur of the head, close to the root of the left ear!—my finger was upon the trigger, when, mortally wounded long before, exhausted by his dying effort, the huge brute pitched headlong, without waiting for my shot, and, within ten feet of his destined victims, "in one wild roar expired." He had received all four of Michael's bullets!—the first shot had planted one ball in his lower jaw, which it had shattered fearfully, and another in his neck!—the second had driven one through the right eye into the very brain, and cut a long deep furrow on the crown with the other! Six hundred and odd pounds did he weigh! He was the largest and the last! None of his shaggy brethren have visited, since his decease, the woods of Warwick; nor shall I ever more, I trust, witness so dread a peril so needlessly encountered.

LUCIFER-MATCH-MAKING INJURIOUS TO THE TEETH.—By a decree of the local Government of Erfurt, no persons are in future to be engaged in lucifer-match manufactories who have imperfect or partially decayed teeth. It has been found that the phosphorus used in the manufacture acts on the decayed surface, and spreads to the bones of the jaw, which are in bad cases consumed. All workmen who have defects in the teeth are to be dismissed.

AMERICAN VIEWS ON ENGLISH RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.

(From the New York Times)

JOHN BULL is certainly, in many respects, an amazingly slow coach. In whatever relates to railway management especially, it seems impossible for him to keep pace with the rest of the world. He builds his roads well enough; provides reasonably for safety and regularity, and is lavish of expense in their construction and outfit. But for comfort, convenience, and the minor arrangements upon which these depend, it seems impossible to make him care a straw

Last summer we happened to be in England, when a spark from the engine set one of the rear carriages of a railroad train on fire, and the inmates of it were very soon placed in a very uncomfortable and perilous position. There was no way of communicating with any other car, or with the conductor or engineer, for the railway carriages are built now precisely as they were 20 years ago, each one isolated from every other, with cross-benches, two in each compartment, upon which the passengers sit face to face, with cramped limbs—half riding forward and half backward—and without any means of connexion with anybody else. The car was burning at a very rapid rate, the fire being fanned by the speed of the train, and the passengers were beginning to compare the merits of death by fire with death by leaping from cars running at 40 miles an hour, when the state of the case was accidentally discovered by the engineer, and the train was stopped.

The whole English press was at once engaged in a discussion of the case. The nature and extent of the evil were fully displayed; the necessity of establishing some means of communication between the several cars of a train and the engine was elaborately and eloquently enforced; and plans of all sorts were suggested for the attainment of the object. One journal proposed to have a high seat on the top of the rear car, upon which a guard should be perched, to watch the train and blow a horn in case of peril. Another objected, that the dust would fill his eyes, and that he might fall off. A third proposed that the guard should be posted upon the forward car, and overlook the train from that direction. An American gentleman in London, reading these formidable discussions, and supposing the parties to be really anxious to devise some efficacious plan, wrote to one of the papers, stating that in the United States the end desired was perfectly attained by stretching a cord just under the roof of the successive cars and connecting it with a bell. This simple expedient, he suggested, would be found equally available upon English carriages, without involving any change in their general shape.

But the editor to whom the communication was sent did not think it worth publishing. The plan proposed was either too simple, or its Yankee origin was considered decisive against it. And to this day the discussion still goes on!

Another stupidity of the same sort is perpetrated in England in the mode of collecting the tickets upon a railroad train. As there is no way of passing through the cars, they must be collected, of course, from the outside; but instead of doing as the American conductors used to do under the old system, and as is now done upon the Austrian railways—passing along from door to door upon the outside steps while the cars are in motion—the train is stopped a mile or two out of town, and there it stands until the tickets have been collected! The idea of changing the shape of the cars, so as to allow a passage from one to another, and through the middle of each, would probably shock John Bull as an innovation certain to prove fatal to the British constitution. The old style of carriages is religiously preserved; each car is divided into three compartments, and in each compartment are two benches, upon which the passengers sit face to face, under all the discomforts incident to the old system of stages. Part of these benches are cushioned; those are the first-class cars for the aristocracy. Others are of hard plain boards, as comfortless as they can well be made, and these are for the common people!

With all their boasted perfectibility, the railways in England are not half as comfortable for travellers as those in the United States, and far less so than those of France. John Bull knows all this perfectly well, but he is so obstinately and doggedly conservative, so resolute in resisting change of every sort, that years will elapse before any essential improvements will be made.

MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

NEW RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE.

We have just had an opportunity of seeing and examining the first of ten railway locomotive engines destined exclusively for express trains, which are now being constructed by Messrs. William Fairbairn and Sons, at their works, Canal-street, Ancoats, for the London and North Western Railway Company. This engine was finished and tried privately two or three times before some of the engineers and officials of that company, and some authorities of other lines. The plan of this engine was wholly designed by Mr. M'Connell, of Wolverton, the locomotive engineer of the London and North-Western Railway Company, and we believe he has secured it by a patent. The object has been to attain a very high rate of speed, and it is intended to accomplish the distance between London and Birmingham (113 miles) in two hours. This new engine has several novelties and peculiarities of construction and application, its most important feature being the change in the relative proportions of the fire-box and tube surfaces. In ordinary locomotives of this class the fire box surfaces rarely exceed 100 square feet, but in this engine,—by the projection of the fire-box into the body of the boiler, and by the introduction of a longitudinal water-space, separating the fire-box into two distinct furnaces,—a heating surface of 260 square feet is obtained. The great advantage of this application was manifested in the second trial, when steam of 100lb pressure was obtained in 45 minutes from lighting the furnace, beginning with water quite cold. The same process in ordinary engines usually occupies about three hours, and the speed with which this was accomplished excited the general astonishment of those most conversant with the subject. It is expected that when running on the railway, for a distance of 50 miles, it will scarcely be necessary at all to open the fire doors, which necessarily occasions a great waste of fuel and heat The extraordinary power of one of these engines seems quite startling, but it is estimated that when an engine of this new class is running at a fair velocity, it will be capable of exerting a power equal to that of nearly 700 horses! Looking at the comparatively small extent of space within which this immense power is generated, it does seem most extraordinary Another novelty of application is that of India rubber for the engine springs, in place of the ordinary steel springs Being much more flexible, they render the motion much easier, and are consequently less destructive to the working parts of the engine Another novelty is, that the axles are made tubular or hollow, being in fact large tubes, instead of the ordinary solid and heavy axles This effects a considerable saving of weight, and does not at all diminish the strength or efficiency of the axles It is intended that this engine shall shortly make a trial of speed upon some portion of the line between London and Birmingham; and the opinion has been confidently expressed by railway engineers and scientific men that it is capable of a speed of nearly 90 miles within the hour. Notwithstanding its really large size and vast power, the engine does not appear so very much larger than the ordinary ones Its total length, over all, is 25 feet 6 inches; its average height about 11 feet. The cylinders are 18 inches in diameter, with two feet stroke, those of the ordinary engines being only 15 or 16 inches in diameter, with about 20 inches stroke. This locomotive has six wheels, the driving-wheels being 7 feet 6 inches in diameter. The total heating surface is 1,700 square feet The tender is intended to carry 3,000 gallons of water and about two tons of coke, so as to be capable of accomplishing the whole distance between London and Birmingham without stopping The other nine locomotive engines in Messrs Fairbairn and Son's order are in progress, and will be sent out in quick succession to supply the company. This is regarded as a bold experiment to attempt a speed so extraordinary on the narrow gauge, and it is also considered a great departure from past practice in regard to the relative proportions between the surfaces of the fire-box and the tubes. We expect, in a future Number, to be able to report the result of the first practical trial of this fine new engine upon the railway.

NEW SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH ROPE.

A new and simple method of protecting submarine electrical conductors has just been invented by Mr. Thomas Allan, of Edinburgh, a gentleman whose great practical ingenuity and skill have already achieved much in improving and facilitating our telegraphic system. According to Mr. Allan's design, the exterior protecting iron wires are placed longitudinally, instead of spirally, as is done in the Dover and Calais rope, and yet are quite flexible. By this means about one half the quantity of protecting wires will give a greater security against a longitudinal strain upon the copper conductors, than can be attained when the wires pass spirally around them. A submarine telegraph rope, constructed on this principle, will of course be less costly (probably one-half), while it will afford a better safeguard to the copper conductors, the mutilation or severance of which at once annihilates the circuit. No doubt a greater number of wires would better withstand the strain of a ship, should its anchor catch the rope; but when placed spirally, they must inevitable yield lengthways under any such strain, and so suffer the conductors to be snapped, and the communication entirely destroyed. We understand that this improvement will shortly be put to trial, and sanguine hopes are entertained of the entire success of the application

IMPROVED KNEADING AND BAKING APPARATUS.

Mr. Fontainmoreau, South-street, Finsbury, has secured a patent, on a communication from Messrs. Rolland and Lesobre, of Paris, for machinery for improving the manufacture of bread, biscuits, &c. In the kneading-trough is a series of teeth, placed alternately on an axle, with bars filling the whole width of the trough; and as in every instance a tooth on one side is opposite a bar on the other, the revolution of the axle gives a screw movement to the dough, forcing it to one end of the receptacle, and on reversing the motion to the other, so that the kneading is expeditiously effected The peculiarity of the oven is having a revolving disc floor, by which means any dish, or other baking, in a public oven, may be taken out with facility at the moment it is required, and others left unmolested during the time necessary for thoroughly cooking By means of pipes and flues, the top, bottom, and sides, are subject to the full effect of the fuel employed, and by a thermometer, placed at the door of the oven, the exact temperature may be always ascertained, and the fire regulated accordingly. A reservoir of water is placed on the top of the oven, kept hot by the superabundant caloric, which would otherwise unprofitably escape, and is useful in kneading the dough. The plan has already been adopted by several hospitals and other public establishments in France

NEW KIND OF PAPER.

A new kind of paper, manufactured entirely from straw, and applicable for all printing purposes, as well as for writing, is stated to have been produced by Messrs Hook and Simpson, of Tovill Mills, Maidstone It is cheaper than paper of the ordinary make, and has already in some cases been largely used.

NEW COMPOSITION FOR RAILWAYS AND OTHER CONSTRUCTIVE PURPOSES.

Mr Owen Williams, of Stratford, has patented a composition to be used in railways and other structures, in lieu of iron, wood, or stone, and for building purposes generally. One of these compositions consists of 180 lbs pitch, 14 gallons creosote, 18 lbs resin, 15 lbs. sulphur, 1000 lbs finely powdered stone, 108 lbs gypsum, and 27 cubic feet sand, breeze scoriæ, bricks, stone, or other hard materials, broken up and passed through a sieve with half-inch meshes The sulphur is first melted with 30 lbs. of the pitch, after which the resin and then the remainder of the pitch is added with the lime and gypsum by degrees, and well stirred till the mixture boils The earth and stony matters are then added, and the creosote mixed in, when the composition is ready for moulding into blocks, for which pressure is applied. The claim is for the mode of preparing such composition, particularly the use of sulphur therein.

SLAVERY IN AMERICA OPPOSED BY THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

On Friday, November 26, a meeting of ladies took place at Stafford House, to consider the expediency of addressing a memorial to the women of the United States from the women of England on the subject of slavery.

The ladies present were the Duchesses of Sutherland, Bedford, and Argyll; the Countess of Shaftesbury, Lady Constance Grosvenor, Viscountess Palmerston, Lady Dover, Lady Cowley, Lady Ruthven, Lady Bellhaven, Hon Mrs. Montague Villiers, Hon. Mrs. Kinnaird, the Lady Mayoress, Lady Trevelyan, Lady Park, Miss Park, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Buxton, Miss Buxton, Mrs. John Simon, Mrs. Proctor, Mrs. Binney, Mrs. Holland, Mrs Steane, Mrs. John Buller, Mrs. R. D. Grainger, Mrs. Hawes, Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Mary Howitt, Mrs. Dicey, Miss Trevelyan, Mrs. Milman, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Robson, and Mrs. Macaulay

The ladies whose names follow signified their concurrence:—

The Duchess Dowager of Beaufort, the Marchioness of Stafford, the Countess of Derby, the Countess of Carlisle, Lady John Russell, the Countess of Lichfield, Viscountess Ebrington, the Countess of Cavan, Viscountess Melbourne, Lady Hatherton, Lady Blantyre, Lady Dufferin, Lady Easthope, Mrs. Josiah Conder, the

Hon Mrs. Cowper, Lady Clark, Lady Paxton, Lady Kaye Shuttleworth, Lady Buxton, Lady Inglis, Mrs. Malcolm, Mrs. Sibly, Mrs. Alfred Tennyson, Mrs. Lyon Playfair, Mrs. Charles Dickens, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Charles Knight, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Champneys, and Mrs. Rowland Hill.

The Duchess of Sutherland read the following paper:—"Perhaps I may be allowed to state the object for which this meeting has been called together; but very few words will be required, as all, I am sure, assembled here must have heard and read much of the moral and physical suffering inflicted on the race of negroes and their descendants by the system of slavery prevalent in many of the United States of America. Founded on such information, a proposition appeared a short time ago in several newspapers that the women of England should express to the women of America the strong feeling they entertained on the question, and earnestly request their aid to abolish, or at least to mitigate so enormous an evil. The draught of an address accompanied the proposition, and, as it is intended to offer that address for your adoption, will now read it to you:—

"'THE AFFECTIONATE AND CHRISTIAN ADDRESS OF MANY THOUSANDS OF THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND TO THEIR SISTERS, THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

"'A common origin, a common faith, and, we sincerely believe, a common cause, urge us, at the present moment, to address you on the subject of that system of negro slavery which still prevails so extensively, and, even under kindly-disposed masters, with such frightful results, in many of the vast regions of the western world.

"'We will not dwell on the ordinary topics,—on the progress of civilization, on the advance of freedom everywhere, on the rights and requirements of the nineteenth century,—but we appeal to you very seriously to reflect, and to ask counsel of God how far such a state of things is in accordance with His holy word, the inalienable rights of immortal souls, and the pure and merciful spirit of the Christian religion.

"'We do not shut our eyes to the difficulties, nay, the dangers, that might beset the immediate abolition of that long established system; we see and admit the necessity of preparation for so great an event; but, in speaking of indispensible preliminaries, we cannot be silent on those laws of your country which, in direct contravention of God's own law, 'instituted in the time of man's innocency,' deny in effect to the slave the sanctity of marriage, with all its joys, rights, and obligations, which separate, at the will of the master, the wife from the husband, and the children from the parents Nor can we be silent on that awful system which, either by statute or by custom, interdicts to any race of man, or any portion of the human family, education in the truths of the Gospel and the ordinances of Christianity

"'A remedy applied to these two evils alone would commence the amelioration of then sad condition. We appeal to you, then, as sisters, as wives, and as mothers, to raise your voices to your fellow-citizens, and your prayers to God, for the removal of this affliction from the Christian world. We do not say these things in a spirit of self-complacency, as though our nation were free from the guilt it perceives in others. We acknowledge, with grief and shame, our heavy share in this great sin We acknowledge that our forefathers introduced, nay, compelled, the adoption of slavery in those mighty colonies. We humbly confess it before Almighty God; and it is because we so deeply feel, and so unfeignedly avow, our own complicity, that we now venture to implore your aid to wipe away our common crime and our common dishonour.'

"There are many reasons why this address should be presented rather by the women than by the men of England. We shall not be suspected of any political motives; all will readily admit that the state of things to which we allude is one peculiarly distressing to our sex, and thus our friendly and earnest interposition will be ascribed altogether to domestic, and in no respect to national, feelings.

"We shall propose to form a committee for the purpose of collecting signatures to the address, and of transmitting it, when complete, to the United States. As a general committee would be too large for the transaction of the daily business, we shall propose a sub-committee, to report, from time to time, to the general committee; but there is every reason to hope the whole matter may be terminated in a short space of time.

"It only remains for me to acknowledge the kindness with which you have acceded to my request in attending here this day. I hope and believe that our efforts, under God's blessing, will not be without some happy results; but, whether it succeed or whether it fail, no one will deny that we shall have made an attempt which had both for its beginning and for its end 'Glory to God in the highest—on earth peace—good will towards men.'"

The memorial was then agreed to, and a corresponding secretary and a sub-committee were appointed. The office of business is in Ormond-street

ASPIRATIONS.

[The word Aspiration is derived from the Latin (*ad*, to; and *spiro*, to breathe), and its primary meaning is, a breathing after—a secondary meaning is, an ardent wish or desire.]

How happily would the lives of men pass, had they always some good end in view. Earnestly should we aspire to the attainment of some good purpose, and by constantly keeping this in view we should be stimulated to constant progression. Ever should our aspirations be higher than our lives; and ever should we be aiming to raise our lives to our aspirations.

If we would really progress, we must have some high and noble stimulus constantly inciting us to action. We all know how earnestly, how zealously, we work when under the influence of a stimulant; and the higher the inciting motive, the purer and better are our actions likely to become. It is incumbent on those who would march onward in the right path, to look to their thoughts and ideas. Thoughts and ideas govern mankind. We have passed the age when men were tortured on the rack, and thrown into dungeons for venturing to think for themselves. We see how powerfully the opinions of men in those ages controlled them, that life and peace when placed in the balance with their convictions were thought of less importance. So it would be in these times. Ideas govern men none the less powerfully now; and there will be found those who would now die for their opinions, should they be called upon to do so. But such we hope will never be the case. Happily, the sword, the dungeon, and the rack, are not now considered the tests of truth.

Our aspirations are influenced by our ideas, thoughts, and knowledge. Knowledge has an unmistakable and important effect upon our ideas, thoughts, and conduct—as is evident from the history of mankind as far back as we can trace it; an illustration of which is given in our own nation's egress from its state of barbarism under the Druids, and its onward march to its present civilisation. Vast are the treasures of knowledge, but to obtain them we must exert ourselves. Merely looking at them from a distance will not do—if we would derive benefit from them we must make them our own, and obtain them for ourselves. Happy, indeed, is the man whose perceptions of the true and the beautiful are awakened—who rightly appreciates the worth and charms of all around him. To such a one the spring comes with delight, when the flowers and tender grass are up-springing just above the earth, and the buds forming on the trees and hedge-rows, all claiming nurture and support from the atmosphere, the earth, the showers, and from the sunbeams as they come joyfully along on the morning, transforming the dew-drops into bright glittering gems. To him the summer, as vegetation advances, has its own charms—the expanded flowers then displaying more fully their delicate formation, the bright blue sky and the clear atmosphere making him feel lightsome and glad. The sight of the autumnal foliage, with its varied and beautiful hues, thrown together in exquisite shades, affords him delight; and winter, with its changing aspects, finds such an one enjoying each as they are presented to him in succession. How enchantingly sound the melodious strains of music, or the cadences of the human voice, as sweeping along in harmony they fall softly upon the ear, and he listens for the moment spell-bound. How are his joys heightened by beholding a beautiful prospect—hill and dale, mountain, river, and wood spreading out before him. Right well is he entertained by books, and by the intercourse he thus has with the departed worthies of the earth, deriving pleasure and instruction from

the legacies they have left. Science is full of interest to him; there are feelings of admiration called forth as the certain results of the sciences are discovered by experiment, and great joy is felt by those who perceive their long-conjectured theories gradually unfolded, till the very result they imagined has actually been produced. With what zest, ardour, and diligence will pursuits like these animate him! Such a man, on looking to the bright stars and the infinite space in which they perform their appointed motions, and on directing his thoughts to the animalcule, contrasting the smallness of the one with the greatness of the other, is led to think of the vastness of that power which governs the worlds of stars, and attends also to the most minute creeping things of life, adapting each to its sphere, and caring for it: as he thinks of these, his thoughts are elevated, and he feels there is a bountiful Benefactor on whom he, too, can rely.

How different is the condition of an ignorant or unobserving man—one whose perceptions are undeveloped! The sun as it rises in its glory, streaking the sky with many tints, and throwing light and shadow upon the landscape below, he admires not; and the beauty of the landscape he appreciates not, and scarcely notices beyond it the orb of day piling up fantastic towers among the clouds, and forming shapes which leave to imagination a pleasing task in trying to decipher them. The stars, as they shine in their splendour in the blue ethereal vault of heaven, have no charms for him. The discoveries of science, and the thousand means they possess for bettering the condition of the human family, he dwells on only so far as his own interests are concerned, or as his own limited range extends. Sculpture, literature, and painting, with their ever-increasing allurements, are lost upon him. And what of the affections of such a man? Kindness he feels, yet not as he might, because dull in perceiving those little demonstrations of regard and kindness (which ever and anon come to cheer and bless, and which constitute more than half of the pleasures of life), he loses thousands of opportunities of enjoyment which are daily and hourly offered to him; and his own self-respect is lessened when he finds how deficient he is in many of these finer feelings.

That man is really educated in whom all the faculties, powers, feelings, and affections are rightly developed—and it is to this state we should aspire. Even by adding to our means of exercising an hitherto dormant faculty or feeling of a pure kind, we are adding much to our sources of happiness, and for this we should perseveringly strive, even though we see not readily the fruits of our labour, feeling assured that the result will be good, if we only continue "to labour and wait." But we must seek our *own* self-improvement, without which the attempts of others are useless. Day by day must we add to our knowledge, learning the grand principles of self-effort and self-reliance. Even when deriving advantages from others, our *own* thoughts and abilities must be used. We do ourselves harm by relying altogether on others for thoughts, ideas, and promptings to action. We should have some good end in view to incite us to progress. Turn we but to the history of the past, and we shall see that numerous sacrifices have been made in all ages and nations, the advantages of which are reaped by us of the present day. Yes, we benefit by the forests of Britain being cleared, the wolves, at great peril, being extirpated; by the exploring expeditions which have been accomplished; and by those sturdy and noble-minded forefathers of ours winning for us political, social and religious privileges, wresting them from power, oppression and tyranny, at fearful cost. The labours of thoughtful men are subservient to each of us. Milton, Newton, Shakspeare, and a host of others, have worked for us. The present inhabitants of the globe are, in a great measure, directly and indirectly, ministering to our happiness. Religion, the sciences, steam-engines, agriculturists, sailors traversing the mighty deep, poor ignorant negroes sugar-making, Chinese tea-gathering, electric telegraphs, manufacturers, men working by hand or head, exhibitions of industry: these, and more than these, are adding to our happiness, if we but rightly use them. But to tell the history of *all* that has been done for us would be to reveal the world's history; and to enumerate what is doing for us now, would be to include *all* the actions and works of men. Seeing how these persons and things, how the earth, the atmosphere, and the Great Being who governs all, are adding to our means of happiness, should we not also aspire to be doing something towards aiding the progress of ourselves and others? Should we not aspire to do our duty? And what can be more satisfactory to reflect upon than duty, manfully, earnestly, and faithfully done? Without this satisfaction, how insipid are all other things—and with it, how content and happy do we feel, though adverse circumstances encompass us! But what is this duty, to the performance of which we should so earnestly aspire? It is following the dictates of truth, justice, reason; and doing all the good we can for others. Easily may our duty be discerned, if we stifle not the promptings of our consciences, which point out what is required of us. It is for us to carry out the pure principles which arise within us, without fear, let, or hinderance; and looking straightforward, careless of blame, and seeking not praise, to truly comply with the demands thus made upon us. The result we must deem as beyond our control, and be satisfied when we have thoroughly carried out the principles of good as far as lay in our power.

High as our aspirations may lead us, we must not allow them to overreach the bounds of reason, or we may fall. The good aspirations we form we must strive to practically carry out, regardless of failure, and hoping on, even though we do not gain the far-off reward. Franklin it was who said, though he had failed in becoming a perfect man (which he aimed to be), he was a better man for having made the attempt. Of little benefit will it be for a mariner to perceive a haven in the distance, if he lay by his glass, regard not his chart, and use no efforts to reach it, but, having *seen* the desired port, expect *therefore* to anchor in it. Nor will it do for us, on seeing a prospect of future progress opening to our view, to think that *We ought* is sufficient. It will be useless to us unless we practically attempt to carry it out. Yet how dreary, dry, and tiresome to many is the practical carrying out of ideas. They would rather be amusing rather building castles upon the clouds than doing something rather be idling away their lives in the hope of "something turning up." On the other hand, there are those who plod on day by day, without ever casting a look to the past, the present, or the future—who enjoy not pleasures which are lying about them, and which seem as it were to be offering themselves as means of soothing, cheering, and enlightening mankind, and making them better and nobler. The man who pursues the medium of these views is the one most likely to be happy himself, and do good to others. The ideal of a glowing portion of human nature would incite him to constant exertion, and the exertion would call forth better and more extended aspirations, which, having their influence, would be acted upon, and again re-action following, a series of successive meditations and actions would be produced and have a result not otherwise easily attainable.

Our march must be onward and upward, both as individuals and as members of society. It requires untiring effort and unwavering perseverance to keep pace with the age. Great are the advantages even within the reach of working men. But are these used as they might be? Do the working men, upon the whole, duly appreciate and rightly value these advantages? Some do. Unfortunately, we cannot say *all* do. The aspirations of some do not extend beyond the momentary gratification of the passions, and, ending there, unhappiness and misery to themselves and others follow. However, as we look forward to the future, we see shadows thrown across our way which seem to indicate that beyond, in the vast depths of time, are better and brighter days, when men shall use their powers aright, and successfully make their efforts conducive to their own improvement and the good of others. We, too, can do much, if we will resolutely exert ourselves towards removing the dark veil which overshadows the future; and we can assist in clearing away the ignorance retarding the full development of the capabilities of our race, and causing misery, wretchedness, and crime. As we aspire more and more towards perfection, so shall we become more happy and useful. Our influence, small though it may be, will perchance extend, even as the circle in the lake is ever extending till it reaches the furthest bound; and each one, whether as a member of society or individually, by imparting the knowledge he has acquired, and by doing all the good he can in other ways, may assist in widening the field of human improvement and happiness.

J. G. B.

UNCLE TIM AND MASTER JAMES.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

Authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc

IN THREE PARTS.

PART THE THIRD.—*James a decided Christian.—Pastor Griswold sickens and dies.—James Benton becomes an eloquent and successful Minister.—Uncle Tim happy.*

THE young minister, worn by long-continued ill health, by the fervency of his own feelings, and the gravity of his own reasonings, found pleasure in the healthful buoyancy of a youthful, unexhausted mind; while James felt himself sobered and made better by the moonlight tranquillity of his friend. It is one mark of a superior mind to understand and be influenced by the superiority of others, and this was the case with James. The ascendancy which his new friend acquired over him was unlimited, and did more in a month toward consolidating and developing his character, than all the four years course of a college. Our religious habits are likely always to retain the impression of the first seal which stamped them, and in this case it was a peculiarly happy one. The calmness, the settled purpose, the mild devotion of his friend, formed a just alloy to the energetic and reckless buoyancy of James's character, and awakened in him those religious feelings, without which the most vigorous mind must be incomplete.

The effect of the ministrations of the young pastor, in awaking attention to the subjects of his calling in the village, was marked, and of a kind which brought pleasure to his own heart. But, like all other excitement, it tended to exhaustion, and it was not long before he sensibly felt the decline of the powers of life. To the best-regulated mind there is something bitter in the relinquishment of projects for which we have been long and laboriously preparing, and there is something far more bitter in crossing the long cherished expectations of friends. All this George felt. He could not bear to look on his mother, hanging on his words and following his steps with eyes of almost childish delight, on his singular father, whose whole earthly ambition was bound up in his success, and think how soon the "candle of their old age" must be put out. When he returned from a successful effort, it was painful to see the old man, so evidently delighted, and so anxious to conceal his triumph, as he would seat himself in his chair, and begin with,

"George, that 'ere doctrine is rather of a puzzler—but you seem to think you've got the run of it. I should really like to know what business you have to think you know better than other folks about it," and, though he would cavil most courageously at all George's explanations, yet you might perceive, through all, that he was only uplifted to hear how his boy could talk.

If George were engaged in argument with any one else, he would sit by, with his head bowed down, looking out from under his shaggy eyebrows with a shamefaced satisfaction very unusual with him. Expressions of affections from the naturally gentle are not half so touching as those which are forced out from the hard-favoured and severe, and George was affected, even to pain, by the evident pride and regard of his father.

"He never said so much to anybody before," thought he, "and what will he do if I die?"

In such thoughts as these Grace found her brother engaged one still autumn morning, as he stood leaning against the garden fence.

"What are you solemnizing here for, this bright day, brother George?" said she, as she bounded down the path.

The young man turned and looked on her happy face with a sort of twilight smile.

"How happy you are, Grace!" said he.

"To be sure I am! and you ought to be so too, because you are better."

"I am happy, Grace—that is, I hope I shall be."

"You are sick, I know you are," said Grace, "you look so out! Oh, I wish your heart could spring once, as mine does!"

"I am not well, dear Grace, and I fear I never shall be," said he, turning away, and fixing his eyes on the fading trees opposite.

"Oh, George! dear George! don't, don't say that, you will break all our hearts," said Grace, with tears in her eyes.

"Yes, but it is true, sister: I do not feel it on my own account so much as—however," he added, "it will all be the same in heaven."

It was but a week after this that a violent cold hastened the progress of debility into a confirmed malady. He sunk very fast. Aunt Sally, with the self-deceit of a fond and cheerful heart, thought every day that "he would be better;" and Uncle Tim resisted conviction with all the obstinate pertinacity of his character, while the sick man felt that he had not the heart to undeceive them.

James was now at the house every day, exhausting all his energy and invention in the case of his friend, and any one who had seen him in his hours of recklessness and glee, could scarcely recognise him as the being whose step was so careful, whose eye so watchful, whose voice and touch were so gentle, as he moved around the sick-bed. But the same quickness which makes a mind buoyant in gladness, often makes it gentlest and most sympathetic in sorrow.

It was now nearly morning in the sick-room. George had been restless and feverish all night, but towards day he fell into a light slumber, and James sat by his side, almost holding his breath lest he should waken him. It was yet dusk, but the sky was brightening with a solemn glow, and the stars were beginning to disappear; all, save the bright and morning one, which standing alone in the east, looked tenderly through the casement, like the eye of our Heavenly Father, watching over us when all earthly friendships are fading.

George awoke with a placid expression of countenance, and fixing his eyes on the brightening sky, murmured faintly,

"The sweet, immortal morning sheds
Its blushes round the spheres."

A moment after, a shade passed over his face, he pressed his fingers over his eyes, and the tears dropped silently on his pillow.

"George! dear George!" said James, bending over him

"It's my friends—it's my father, my mother," said he, faintly

"Jesus Christ will watch over them," said James, soothingly

"Oh, yes, I know he will, for He loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end. But I am dying—and before I have done any good."

"Oh, do not say so," said James, "think, think what you have done, if only for *me*! God bless you for it! God will bless you for it—it will follow you to heaven; it will bring me there. Yes, I will do as you have taught me! I will give my life, my soul, my whole strength to it, and then you will not have lived in vain."

George smiled and looked upward; "his face was as that of an angel," said James, in his warmth, continued:—

"It is not I alone who can say this: we all bless you; every one in this place blesses you, you will be had in everlasting remembrance by some hearts here, I know."

"Bless God!" said George.

"We do," said James. "I bless Him that I ever knew you, we all bless Him, and we love you, and shall for ever."

The glow that had kindled over the pale face of the invalid again faded as he said,

"But, James, I must, I ought to tell my father and mother; I ought to, and how can I?"

At that moment the door opened, and Uncle Tim made his appearance. He seemed struck with the paleness of George's face; and, coming to the side of the bed, he felt his pulse, and laid his hand anxiously on his forehead, and clearing his voice several times, inquired "If he didn't feel a little better."

"No, father," said George; then taking his hand, he looked anxiously in his face, and seemed to hesitate a moment: "Father," he began, "you know that we ought to submit to God."

There was something in his expression at this moment which flashed the truth into the old man's mind; he dropped his son's hand with an exclamation of agony, and turning quickly, left the room.

"Father! father!" said Grace, trying to rouse him, as he stood with his arms folded by the kitchen window.

"Get away, child!" said he roughly.

"Father, mother says breakfast is ready."

"I don't want any breakfast," said he, turning short about. "Sally, what are you fixing in that 'ere porringer?"

"Oh, it's only a little tea for George: it will comfort him up, and make him feel better, poor fellow."

"You wont make him feel better, poor fellow—he is gone," said Uncle Tim, hoarsely.

"Oh, dear heart! no!" said Aunt Sally.

"Be still a contradicting me; I won't be contradicted all the time by nobody! The short of the case is, that George is going to die just as we have got him ready to be a minister and all; and I wish to pity I was in my grave myself, and so—" said Uncle Tim, as he plunged out of the door and shut it after him.

It is well for man that there is one Being who sees the suffering heart *as it is*, and not as it manifests itself through the repellances of outward infirmity, and who, perhaps, feels more for the stern and wayward, than for those whose gentler feelings win for them human sympathy. With all his singularities there was in the heart of Uncle Tim a depth of religious sincerity; but there are few characters where religion does anything more than struggle with natural defect, and modify what would else be far worse.

In this hour of trial, all the native obstinacy and pertinacity of the old man's character rose, and while he felt the necessity of submission, it seemed impossible to submit, and thus reproaching himself, struggling in vain to repress the murmurs of nature, repulsing from him all external sympathy, his mind was tempest-tossed and not comforted.

It was on the still afternoon of the following Sabbath that he was sent for, in haste, to the chamber of his son. He entered, and saw that the hour was come. The family were all there, Grace and James, side by side, bent over the dying one, and his mother sat afar off, with her face hid in her apron, "that she might not see the death of the child." The aged minister was there, and the Bible lay open before him. The father walked to the side of the bed. He stood still, and gazed on the face now brightening with life and immortality. The son lifted up his eyes—he saw his father, smiled, and put out his hand. "I am glad you are come," said he. "Oh, George, to the pity, don't! don't smile on me so! I know what is coming, I have tried and tried, and I can't, I *can't* have it so!" and his frame shook, and he sobbed audibly. The room was still as death, there was none that seemed able to comfort him. At last the son repeated, in a sweet but interrupted voice, those words of man's best Friend. "Let not your heart be troubled, in my Father's house are many mansions."

"Yes, but I can't help being troubled, I suppose the Lord's will must be done, but it will kill me."

"Oh, father, don't, don't break my heart," said the son, much agitated. "I shall see you again in heaven, and you shall see me again; and then 'your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.'"

"I never shall get to heaven, if I feel as I do now," said the old man. "I cannot have it so."

The mild face of the sufferer was overcast. "I wish he saw all that I do," said he, in a low voice. Then looking towards the minister, he articulated, "Pray for us."

They knelt in prayer. It was soothing, as real prayer always must be; and when they rose, every one seemed more calm. But the sufferer was exhausted, his countenance changed, he looked on his friends; there was a faint whisper, "Peace I leave with you," and he was in heaven.

We need not dwell on what followed. The seed sown by the righteous often blossoms over their grave, and so was it with this good man's. the words of peace which he spake unto his friends while he was yet with them, came into remembrance after he was gone; and though he was laid in the grave with many tears, yet it was with softened and submissive hearts.

"The Lord bless him!" said Uncle Tim, as he and James were standing, last of all, over the grave. "I believe my heart is gone to heaven with him; and I think the Lord really *did* know what was best, after all."

Our friend James seemed now to become the support of the family, and the bereaved old man unconsciously began to transfer to him the affections that had been left vacant.

"James," said he to him one day, "I suppose you know that you are about the same to me as a son."

"I hope so," said James, kindly.

"Well, well, you'll go to college next week, and none of your keeping school to get along. I've got enough to bring you safe out—that is, if you'll be careful and steady."

James knew the heart too well to refuse a favour in which the poor old man's mind was comforting himself, he had the self-command to abstain from any extraordinary expressions of gratitude, but took it kindly, as a matter of course.

"Dear Grace," said he to her, the last evening before he left home, "I am changed, we both are altered since we first knew each other, and now I am going to be gone a long time, but I am sure—"

He stopped to arrange his thoughts.

"Yes, you may be sure of all those things that you wish to say, and cannot," said Grace.

"Thank you," said James, then, looking thoughtfully, he added,

"God help me. I believe I have mind enough to be what I mean to, but whatever I am or have shall be given to God and my fellow-men, and then, Grace, your brother in heaven will not be ashamed."

"I know he does now," said Grace. "God bless you, James, I don't know what would have become of us if you had not been here. Yes, you will live to be like him, and to do even more good," she added, her face brightening as she spoke, till James thought she really must be right.

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It was five years after this that James was spoken of as an eloquent and successful minister in the State of C——, and was settled in one of its most influential villages. Late one autumn evening, a tall, bony, hard-favoured man was observed making his way into the outskirts of the place.

"Halloa, there!" he called to a man over the other side of the fence, "what town is this 'ere?"

"It's Farmington, sir."

"Well, I want to know if you know anything of a boy of mine that lives here?"

"A boy of yours—who?"

"Why, I've got a boy here, that's living on the town, and I thought I'd just look him up."

"I don't know any boy that is living on the town; what's his name?"

"Why," said the old man, pushing his hat off from his forehead, "I believe they call him James Benton."

"James Benton! why, that is our minister's name."

"Oh, well, I believe he is the minister, come to think of it. He's a boy of mine, though. Where does he live?"

"In that white house set back from the road there, with all those trees round it."

At this instant a tall, manly-looking person approached from behind. Have we not seen that face before? It is a touch graver than of old, and its lines have a more thoughtful significance; but all the vivacity of James Benton sparkles in that quick smile as his eye falls on the old man.

"I thought you could not keep away from us long," said he, with the prompt cheerfulness of his boyhood, and laying hold of both of Uncle Tim's hard hands.

They approached the gate; a bright face glanced past the window, and in a moment Grace was at the door.

"Father! dear father!"

"You'd better make believe to be so glad," said Uncle Tim, his eyes glistening as he spoke.

"Come, come, father, I have authority in these days," said Grace, drawing him towards the house, "so no disrespectful speeches; away with your hat and coat, and sit down in this great chair."

"So, ho! Miss Grace," said Uncle Tim, "you are at your old tricks, ordering round as usual. Well, if I must, I must;" so down he sat.

"Father," said Grace, as he was leaving them, after a few days' stay, "it is Thanksgiving-day next month, and you and mother must come and stay with us."

Accordingly, the following month found Aunt Sally and Uncle Tim by the minister's fireside, delighted witnesses of

the Thanksgiving presents which a willing people were pouring in, and the next day they had once more the pleasure of seeing a son of theirs in the sacred desk, and hearing a sermon that everybody said was the "best he ever preached;" and it is to be remarked, by-the-by, that this was the standing commentary on all James's discourses, so that it was evident that he was "going on unto perfection."

"There's a great deal that is worth having in this life, after all," said Uncle Tim, as he sat musing over the coals of the bright evening fire of that day; "that is, if we would only take it when the Lord lays it in our way."

"Yes," said James; "and let us only take it as we should, and this life will be cheerfulness, and the next fulness of joy."

LITERATURE NOT INCONSISTENT WITH BUSINESS.

"VITE SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

One of the greatest anomalies noticeable by observers of men and things in our day, is the obstinacy with which a certain class maintain that literature is inconsistent with business. Whatever their character or occupation, the maintenance of such a notion manifestly arises from an ignorance of the construction of the human mind. They assert that we continually find a studious habit associated with a repugnance to business, therefore study unfits youth for trade, and the proper way to cure such disqualification is, carefully to remove everything that may tend to encourage it. The fact is admitted, but the inferences, we will endeavour to show, are unfounded.

Are the characteristics of mind uniform in all men? No, they are as varied as the conformation of the countenance. True, man's spiritual essence is uniform, but its attributes are diverse. Are there not many minds of a superior order? Can they delight to lose themselves in grovelling pursuits? As well could young ladies labour in a coal mine. Is it not reasonable to suppose that a being of spiritual appetite must breathe a spiritual air? So with these minds, they delight in study. knowledge is their element, to rise to higher heights of wisdom is the purpose of their existence. This is their nature.

It is impossible for wisdom's children to spend their strength in amassing wealth. Their "minds are of celestial birth." We do not say they cannot labour, attend to business, be active on 'Change, give close application to the ledger, be industrious in the workshop or manufactory, but we do say that their toil *must* be relieved by times of genial study, or the consequences may be disastrous. The aversion to business so often complained of by employer and parent arises, then, not from a habit of "idling their time in reading," but from the ignorant resistance offered by them to a taste which they can no more destroy than they can root out the oak with a toothpick. Did they comprehend, indeed, the human heart, they would pursue a different course. Let youth, then, have time for mental recreation, and he will work strenuously! Such masters and parents say they cannot see it in this light, and say, perhaps, truly. As the frigidity of the arctic zone environs the traveller with optical, so coldness of heart surrounds the subject with mental, illusions. They estimate the amount of world-knowledge by the amount of monetary success. This is their world and college; and wisdom gained from other spheres is stigmatised as useless, pernicious, and therefore to be avoided by the young student of trade. The celebrated Torquato Tasso, by his determined pursuit of learning, greatly chagrined his father, who went to Padua, where his son was, to remonstrate with him; and after using many lavish expressions, which Tasso heard with a patience that made his father still more angry, who cried: "Of what use is that philosophy on which you value yourself so much?" "Sir," replied Tasso calmly, "it has enabled me to endure patiently the harshness of even your reproofs."

With many employers one day is the transcript of another, each succeeding each with planet-like order and uniformity. They rise, consult the news, eat and drink, pore over the ledger, eat, drink, and sleep! Sophism and deception surround us; where shall we gather forces to maintain the combat? We know no other sources than books, nature, and the Divine Spirit. The life of man is so brief, that, trusting in it alone, he can rarely form correct conclusions. The world's wide-scattered library is man's invincible armoury; there he best fits himself for life's stern battle. By them we hold sweet intercourse with minds angelic. They pour into the soul a ceaseless tide of thought. They are voices from ancient tombs, the more melodious as they are distant. The writers thereof are a mighty republic, free to cottager as king. There we can learn the workings of the heart, and find truth, joy, and peace.

Who has not his predilections? and with such, who can judge equitably? In study there are no such influences; we can then weigh statements, measure actions, and properly estimate opinions; we then perceive the subtlest motives which have governed and do govern the wanderings of the mind from childhood to age. This is the knowledge which, brought to bear upon the present, enables a man to wield a power, great in the proportion of its extent, in controlling the destiny of his fellow-men, and encircling himself with the sources of happiness. Books are indeed precious, for they qualify men for close observation, and extracting the largest amount of truth from experience. It is thus observation and experience become the most fruitful sources of practical wisdom. "For," after all, says Dr. Channing, "it is mind which does the work of the world, so that the more there is of mind, the more labour will be accomplished." Activity of mind is æsthetically associated with intellectual activity. He that possesses this antecedently-essential knowledge, though he mix not much in "life," far transcends him who has passed his days in intercourse with his fellows, but has it not.

Why, then, is youth repelled from study? Cannot employers see the [illegible] their interests? Far be it from us to [illegible] no labour is so uncertain, painful. But we do exclaim against the cruelty of depriving youth of mental food, and so starving the soul. "Petrarch never felt happy a day if, during it, he did not read or write, or do both. One of his friends, fearing it would injure his health, begged him to lend him the key of his library. Petrarch, without knowing the design, granted it. His friend locked it up, and forbade him to read anything for ten days. The poet consented with great reluctance. The first day seemed longer than a year, the second produced a hard headache from morning till night; and on the morning of the third day he was evidently in a fever. His friend, touched with his situation, restored the key, and with it his health and spirits." The more we struggle to remove a favourite object, the more tenaciously the passions cling to it. No wonder that, in spite of the tender appeals of parents, or the stern commands of selfish masters, he should prefer—to all the sunny landscapes drawn for him of happiness and wealth in traffic, without the hope of study—unjust obloquy, solitude, want, stark misery, yet all irradiated by the warm bright beams of wisdom. This is his happiness, not wealth.

A taste for literature can never be destroyed by the removal of the means of gratification. Wherever it does exist, take equal care of it as well as the body. It is the youth's life. In defiance of all resistance, human nature will never cease to develop, by exercise, the faculties with which it may be endowed. Train this taste, allow it that indulgence consistent with business. Deal not harshly, and we shall see him follow literature, not for subsistence, but as a solace after the anxieties of the busy day. This will sustain the balance of life equal. Which is most apt to prosper,—he that is invested with the fundamental principles of wisdom, gathered from the thousand sources of past ages, together with experience and observation, or the shrewd man, who can rely upon his own experience and skill alone? If the latter, still would we urge, the former possesses that which the other lacks and vainly toils after, and which is of ten thousand times more consequence than the most unbounded prosperity—unfailing sources of true and pure happiness.

Glory! Near St. Sevier there lives an old soldier, with a wooden leg, a false arm, a glass eye, a complete set of false teeth, a nose of silver covered with a substance resembling flesh, and a silver plate replacing part of his skull. He was a soldier under Napoleon, and these are his trophies!

A PERUVIAN EXECUTION.

BY M MAX RADIGUET.

Translated for the "Working Man's Friend," by Walter Weldon

DURING my sojourn in the Peruvian capital I was witness, in the Plaza-Mayor, of some strange scenes, which spoke but little in favour of the political life of the country. It is in the Plaza-Mayor that are executed all sentences of death against Limenian criminals, and in it have been enacted nearly all the military dramas, tragic or otherwise, of which the republic founded by Bolivar has been the theatre. A few months previous to my arrival in the country, Peru had been, as usual, in a state of civil war. Its government had only just been settled for the first time since the period when the president Gamarra expiated upon the battle-field of Ingavi his all-starred and deservedly unsuccessful attempt upon the liberties of the republic, and the supreme power had just fallen into the hands of General Vivanco, after having been contested for so long and fiercely by Menendez, Torrico, Lafuente, and Vidal.

Vivanco, wiser than his predecessors, comprehended that the only way in which the great measures of reform which were so much needed by his country could be effected was, by submitting it for a time to the dominion of an arbitrary ruler. He therefore constituted himself an absolute dictator, taking the title of Supreme Director, and had commenced with vigour and courage the realisation of his patriotic intentions, when a redoubtable conspiracy, got up in favour of General Lafuente, again plunged Peru into a state of violent agitation, and threatened to immerse the country anew in a state of anarchy and civil war. Vivanco determined to repress energetically all disorder, caused to be arrested all those who were implicated in the conspiracy, and had thus proved themselves hostile to the maintenance of peace and order, but the effects of this dictatorial act, which would have been most happy had it been properly followed up, were very much weakened, if not entirely changed in character, by the indecision by which it was succeeded. The power possessed by some of the conspirators influenced Vivanco to release them, and the fear of compromising revelations being made, procured, in a few days, pardon for the others, with the single exception of a poverty-stricken hawker, who, either more guilty or more unfortunate than his accomplices, was sentenced to undergo a military execution. The death of this poor fellow it was my lot to witness, and some of the incidents connected with it have fixed themselves in my memory as remarkable traits of manners, which consist of a strange *melange* of gentleness and cruelty, similar to those which I had previously witnessed in the Cirque del Archo.

It was merely chance that conducted me to the Plaza-Mayor on the day on which took place this execution of a state criminal I could not but observe, as I sat writing at the window of my lodgings, that the people were flocking thitherwards in unaccustomed crowds, and that every countenance wore a much more anxious look than usual. Those of the women, in particular, who were there, as everywhere else, in the majority, betrayed a far greater degree of inquietude and curiosity than customary and altogether it was easy to perceive that an event of unusual occurrence was at hand. In spite of the danger to which a French soldier was at that time exposed who was incautious enough to appear in the streets of Lima in full uniform, I ceded the *Anguillon* to curiosity, and went out without changing mine, which I then happened to be wearing, for a garb less likely to attract attention. I had not gone far, when a Peruvian approached me, politely requesting to "be allowed the favour of lighting his cigarette at my cigar" I presented to him, according to the customs there, my *panatella* by the lighted end He took it delicately between his second finger and his thumb, lighted his own, and returned it to me with that graceful gesture which expresses, in Spanish America, at the same time thanks and a parting salutation. I beckoned him to stay, however, and, service for service, interrogated him respecting the cause of the extraordinary assemblage of which we formed a part.

"What!" exclaimed he, "do you not know that they are about to shoot a conspirator?"

"I did not before," I replied, "and where will the execution take place?"

"In this *plaza*, not two feet from where you stand."

"What! in the middle of this crowd?"

"Exactly."

"But will no accident happen?" I inquired, imagining that it would be impossible to avoid their taking place, so densely packed and numerous was the crowd.

"People must take care," was the response of the Limenian; "and there will not be the slightest excuse for any victim, for every one in Lima knows perfectly well that the soldiers always fire from these steps," which were those of the palace of the right reverend archbishop. He then bade me to observe closely a wall at some paces opposite, and I perceived that it bore evident traces of preceding executions. We were standing, then, upon the exact spot from which the soldiers were to fire, and to me it seemed that the public security on these occasions must be extremely precarious, the crowds having nothing but their own prudence to keep them out of danger. The approach, however, of a regiment of the soldiers of Vivanco, soon distracted my thoughts from this subject. They came marching proudly amid a flourish of trumpets, and deployed in platoons before the national palace, which, like, that of the archbishop, is situated in the *plaza*. The rolling of the drums, the gay flourishes of the bugles, the booming of the guns, and the dazzling appearance of so much steel and brass glistening in such a sun as that which hangs above Peru, together with the *empressement* of the women, the conquering and proud air of the young military officers created by Vivanco, and all this bustle, noise, and movement, gave to the *plaza* so much the appearance of a place prepared for a public *fete*, that I began to forget the purpose for which it all had been given birth to. It was recalled, however, to my memory by hearing an individual, who formed one of a neighbouring group in which seemed to be carrying on a very animated conversation, interrupt himself as the strokes of a neighbouring church clock struck his ear, and exclaim:—

"A quarter to nine, in another quarter of an hour he will be out of prison."

"True," replied another, "but there are five churches on his route, so we shall not see him here much before noon."

The conversation was then continued as though nothing had interrupted it, but the few words I have just repeated sufficed to recall the poor *condamne* to my recollection, and I resolved to take immediately the way leading to the prison, since it seemed that the drama, of which I had determined to become an attentive observer, would not be completed in one act. I arrived at the prison gates exactly as the clock struck nine. The cortege, preceded and followed by a picquet of cavalry, was already in motion, a line of soldiers on each side of the criminal were marching to keep off from him the pressure of the crowd. A drum, covered with black crape, was beating a slow death-march, and was accompanied at intervals by a couple of shrill fifes, and the bells of a neighbouring church, towards which the course of the procession seemed to be directed, was tolling a funeral knell.

Accompanied by his confessor, who was reading prayers to him in a half-whisper, the criminal marched along with his eyes covered and his arms tied He wore no coat, and a not over-clean shirt, a pair of torn striped trousers, an old felt hat, and a pair of well-worn shoes, completed his not very elegant costume. His step was firm, and his bearing appeared fearless, and—faithful to the last to his national taste—he smoked as he went along an enormously large cigar At some distance behind him followed a group of Sisters of Mercy—*hermanos de la buena muerte*—whose part in the sad drama was to be that of performing the proper duties, after the execution, to the corpse The cortege advanced but very slowly, and it stopped before every church upon its route, in order that the condemned might be conducted within its gates, and allowed to kneel upon its steps to pray, while some sombre verses of the *De Profundis* were slowly sung in the interior. The prayers over, the bells ceased tolling, the criminal arose, those of the next church farther on began, and the procession recommenced its passage through the midst of a very numerous and mournful crowd. The people knelt and prayed with the condemned at every church, but after having done so but few of them continued to follow the cortege, the greater number being eager, after they had once *seen* the prisoner, to gain a place in the *plaza* from which his execution would be visible. I did the same as soon as we had passed two churches, as I saw that the sight which I had already witnessed would be only repeated till the *plaza* was arrived at, and I did not wish—although I was determined to learn all that the occasion would teach me of Peruvian manners—to feast my eyes any longer on so sad a spectacle.

Arrived for the second time in the Plaza-Mayor, I found there, if possible, a crowd denser than before. There was a sadness visi-

ble on every countenance, which, when coupled with the otherwise gay appearance of the *plaza*, produced an effect upon the mind which I will not attempt to describe. More soldiers had arrived during the hour I had been absent, and the beating of the drums from time to time announced that the "traitor's" sentence was being read to the various regiments. This formality had not been as yet completely gone through, when a sudden murmur and confusion near the entrance of the *plaza* announced the arrival there of the condemned.

An electric thrill ran through the whole assembly, which trembled like a field of wheat in a gust of wind. Every countenance expressed something much akin to stupor, every voice was hushed, and the procession entered amid a silence deep and still as that of death. In order to give it entrance, one side of the rectangle of troops fell back upon the neighbouring columns, and rendered visible the fatal stool, seated upon which the prisoner was about to undergo his penalty. The soldiers then prepared to fire into the middle of the crowd, as though no one stood before them but the prisoner The people seemed used to this, and those of them who were in danger made haste to extricate themselves, but neither the soldiers nor the police appeared to dream of interrupting the circulation of the populace As soon, however, as the condemned had been conducted to his stool, my attention was wholly concentrated upon him

As soon as they had seated him he threw away his cigar, and having prayed his attendants to remove the bandage from his eyes, delivered an address to those around him, in which he declared that he was entirely innocent. He then cast his eyes upon a gallery of the presidential palace, upon which were seated, as witnesses of the execution, a number of the officers of Vivanco, and, if report spoke truly, the general himself. He appeared to hope for an instant that his sentence might be commuted, and I watched the gallery for a few seconds with the most dolorous anxiety, but one could not divine the least manifestation of sympathy in any member of the group from which might have issued the word of grace It was evident that the law would be allowed to take its course, and I turned my eyes anew upon the condemned, whose calm and proud attitude had not in the least been shaken by the alternate fevers of hope and despair which in the course of the last few seconds must have filled his veins. He asked that the bandage might be again placed over his eyes, and when this was done he was pinioned to his stool, and twelve men advanced with their muskets pointed at him. I turned away that I might not observe the sickening spectacle which I knew must follow, and cast my eyes over the surrounding crowd. A discharge of muskets which made my heart leap painfully apprised me that the sentence had been carried out. Immediately the drums began again to beat; the trumpets were again sounded; and the troops, breaking up their columns, defiled before the gallery of the palace, the standard-bearers lowering their flags, and the officers saluting their superiors with the sword, and shouting *vivats*. This noise and bustle had already begun to efface the sorrowful expression which was imprinted upon every countenance, and we had all begun to breathe again, as though just delivered from the terrors of a nightmare, when an unspeakable dread seemed to seize upon all present, and began to scatter the multitude with the rapidity of lightning Carried away, in spite of myself by the strong human current, I demanded of them near me the cause of all this terror, but "*El muerto! El muerto!*" was the only answer I could gain. The report, however, of a second discharge of musketry, which was heard soon after, served to stop the flying, and caused them to retrace their steps towards the *plaza*, again bearing me with them,—this time not unwillingly.

Having a third time gained the place of execution, I saw that the poor wretch was breathing still, in spite even of this second fusillade, and notwithstanding that he had been struck by more than a dozen balls! He was writhing in the cruelest of tortures, and so fearful was the sight which he presented, that the populace, which again had gathered round him, rushed from his neighbourhood, after a second or two, smitten with fright and horror. Horrible to relate, his torments lasted for some *minutes*, without any officer giving command that they should be put an end to, and he was only released from them by the mercy of half a dozen private soldiers, who—committing, however, by doing so, seeing that they were not bidden, a breach of discipline—gave the multilated wretch the *coup de grace*. Some of the random balls which were fired by these soldiers grievously wounded several of the lookers-on, and one of them, an officer I believe of high [illegible] the next morning, a few hours after.

The *hermanos* before mentioned now approached the corpse, straightened it and tied it to the back of the wooden stool, and—as it was necessary that it should remain there till the evening—placed near it a cross and a bason of holy water. This done, they knelt beside it and began praying, and continued to do so without intermission till after sunset.

During the afternoon the *plaza* remained almost empty, a few individuals only coming now and then to scatter holy water out of the bason on the corpse, and to place offerings of money in the dead man's hat, upon which was placed an inscription which solicited alms to be devoted to the purpose of paying for prayers for his soul's repose. After, however, the *oracion* of the evening, the *portales* were filled as usual with elegant promenaders; the corpse having been removed, the *plaza* lacked none of its customary noise and gaiety, and it seemed as though the tragic scene of which it had been the theatre in the morning was already forgotten by the joyous crowds who filled it. I wondered much at the time how that which had been felt so keenly in the morning should have been so well forgotten as it appeared to be by the evening of the same day, but I discovered afterwards that it had not entirely escaped the recollection of the gay Limenians, for chancing to witness, a few weeks later, the drawing of the national lottery, I was astonished to find repeated a great number of times, among the other devices which accompanied the various numbers, the words *El alma del hombre fusillado*. Were these the words of remorseful accomplices, or those of tender and unforgetting friends? Did they who wrote these words upon their tickets intend, if fortune favoured them, to endow some chapel or found some mass, or—entering into a regular account with the dead "traitor"—to keep the money, and give him a prayer or two in return? The latter is by far themost probable supposition.

DICK WHITTINGTON.

A LEGENDARY BIOGRAPHY.

Such is the name of the hero of our most popular legend. He came up to London a poor orphan boy, and a rich merchant, named Fitzwarren, pitying his condition, received him into his household. Here he was put into the kitchen to help the cook, who treated him with great severity, but for this there was some compensation in the kindness of his master's daughter, Miss Alice. The garret in which he slept was infested with rats and mice, causing him much trouble; and with a penny, of which he had happily become the possessor, he purchased a cat On Mr. Fitzwarren, some time after, despatching a vessel to sea, he gave all his servants leave to send out a venture in her, and Dick, by his master's orders, brought down from the garret his whole property—his much-valued cat—and gave it to the captain, with tears in his eyes, saying that he should now be unable to sleep for the rats and the mice. The servants laughed loudly at such a venture as Dick's, but Miss Alice kindly gave him money to purchase another cat.

The ship was driven to the coast of Barbary, and the captain having sent out specimens of his cargo to the king of the country, he and his chief mate were invited to court. Right royally did it appear they were about to be entertained, but the moment the dishes were placed on the table, it was besieged by hosts of rats and mice, who speedily devoured all the luxuries that had been set out. No wonder that the captain was told the king would give him money in abundance to be delivered from such tormentors, or that at such a crisis Dick Whittington's cat should be remembered. Forthwith the cat was brought from the ship under the arm of the captain, and when the tables were again spread, and their assailants appeared, such havoc did she make among them, as to fill the king and his court with amazement and delight. A princely sum was given for the cat,—the whole cargo of the vessel was purchased by the king,—and with such wealth as he had not hoped to gain, the captain set sail for the English coast.

Dick's position, meanwhile, so far from improving, had become worse and worse. The ill-treatment of the cook increased till it became intolerable, and with a heavy heart the poor boy hurried away from his master's house. Many a weary step did he take, until arriving at Holloway, he sat down to

rest himself on a stone. While there, Bow Church bells began to ring, and as he listened he thought he heard them say—

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London!"

And so he went back; was put in possession of the wealth which his cat had obtained; married Miss Alice, the kind daughter of Mr. Fitzwarren, and was three times chief magistrate of this great metropolis.

Various means have been employed to perpetuate the legend. Not only has it been told, in diverse forms, in books for the young, but it has repeatedly furnished a subject which the artist has rendered available. An old print exhibits the chief magistrate, attired in full costume, and though his right hand rested formerly on a skull, the figure of a cat was afterwards substituted for this relic of mortality. As the pedestrian wends his way in one of the northern suburbs of London, he will observe, just at the foot of Highgate-hill, the neat and comfortable range of buildings called "Whittington College." In the centre of the principal court may be perceived a figure of the founder, suggesting the very image of the poor orphan boy, when he ran away from the hard-hearted cook, and sat on the Holloway stone, listening to the prophecy of his future wealth and authority. Nor will any one who has seen it easily forget the charming picture of Mr. Frank Stone, in which Whittington is depicted in the same circumstances. This picture may now be seen in the Drawing-room of the Whittington Club, to which it was presented by Douglas Jerrold, the founder of that valuable institution.

In all this we have a striking illustration of a strong propensity in human nature to indulge in the imagination, even to the sacrifice of truth, and of all the benefit it is calculated to yield. Mr. Keightley remarks, in reference to Ireland, "I hardly ever knew a man who, as the phrase goes, 'had risen from nothing,' that there was not some extraordinary mode of accounting for his wealth. The simple and most usual explanation of the wonder was, to assert that he had gotten a *treasure* some way or other. Thus, for example, I once knew a man whose original name had been Halfpenny (when he rose in the world he refined it to Halpen), and who had grown rich from the humblest means. I was one day, when a boy, speaking of him and his success to our gardener. 'Sure, then, you are not such a *gommaul* (fool), Sir,' said he, smiling at my simplicity, 'as to believe it was by honest industry he made all his money? I'll tell, you, Sir, how it *rale*y was: you see he sent one time to the Castle for a keg of halfpence, and, by the laws! what did they send him in mistake, but a keg full of *goulden* guineas! And, Jemmy, you see, was '*cute*, and he kept his own secret, and by degrees he throve in the world, and became the man he is. That's the *rale* truth of it for you.'"

Such is a specimen of a large number of stories, and among them that of Dick Whittington. It is true that when America was first colonised by the Spaniards, cats were very valuable. Two of them are said to have been taken out to Guyana, where was a plague of rats, and they were sold, in consequence, for a pound weight of gold. It is stated that their kittens fetched a large sum, but that the price decreased as the colony became stocked with these animals.

It is equally true that in the year 1419 Sir Richard Whittington filled the chair of the chief magistrate of London for the *third* time. But, then, where is the authority for the story of the orphanhood in poverty, the ever-despicable tyrant of the kitchen, the flight, the cheering sound of Bow-bells, and the fortune obtained for the cat? It is just as stable as the "*rale*" story of the rise of Mr. Halfpenny.

The only fragment of truth in the legend appears to be that Alice Fitzwarren became the wife of Richard Whittington. He was born in the year 1360, followed the business of a mercer, and acquired great wealth. Having been Sheriff of London in the year 1393, he was elected Lord Mayor, and sustained that office in the years 1397, 1406, and 1419. He is said to have been knighted by Henry V., to whom he lent large sums of money for his wars with France, and to have died full of years and honours in 1425.

One of our old Chroniclers recites at length his various charities, which were great, among which he mentions his foundation of "Whittington College," and thus concludes his narrative. "But among all other good works, I will show you one very notable, which I received credibly by a writing of his own hand, which also he willed to be fixed as a schedule to his last will and testament. He willed and commanded his executors, as they would answer before God at the day of the resurrection of all flesh, that if they found any debtor of his that owed to him any money, if he were not, in their consciences, well worth *three times* as much, and also out of the debt of other men, and well able to pay, that then they should never demand it, for he clearly forgave it, and that they should put no man in suit for any debt due to him. Look unto this, ye aldermen, for it is a glorious glass!"

The *true* story of Whittington should be told, to disabuse the popular mind of the error into which it is so prone to fall. It is one in which, doubtless, the high qualities of industry, prudence, integrity, and perseverance, became—as they have done in innumerable instances—the great elements of wealth and fame. When these are cultivated, there may be high hope of their customary rewards; when they are neglected and contemned, in the expectation of some suddenly-sprung mine of wealth, the most disastrous results alone can be anticipated.

It is singular, that a tale like that of Whittington and his Cat should be found in the East; yet that it is so appears on the authority of Sir Gore Ouseley. He states, that according to a Persian MS., one Keis, the son of a poor widow in Sirâf, embarked, in the tenth century, for India, having, as his only property, a cat. There he fortunately arrived at a time when the palace was so infested by rats or mice, that they invaded the king's food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. Keis now produced his cat, the noxious vermin soon disappeared, and magnificent rewards were bestowed on the adventurer of Sirâf, who returned to that city, and afterwards, with his mother and brothers, settled in an island in the Persian Gulf, which from him has been denominated *Keis*.

BEFORE AND AFTER DINNER.

On my return from Russia into France, I chanced, among many other travellers of different nations, to occupy a seat in the post-chaise between Riga and Breslau. We sat, two by two, on wooden benches,—our trunks under our feet, the sky over our heads,—travelling day and night, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, and finding, at the inns on the road, only brown bread, whiskey, and coffee.

Such was the style of travelling in Russia, Prussia, Poland, and in most of the northern countries. After traversing, sometimes great forests of open hemlock and birch, sometimes, wide dreary tracts of land, we came among the mountains, covered with ash and oak growth, which separate Poland from Silesia.

Although my travelling companions understood French—the universal language of Europe—they conversed very little. One morning about dawn, we found ourselves upon a hill, near a castle, charmingly situated. Many brooks wound through its long avenues of lindens, and formed below little islands, planted with orchards, in the midst of meadows. Afar off—as far as sight could extend—we perceived the rich countries of Silesia, covered with harvests, villages, and handsome residences, watered by the Oder, which traversed them like a riband of gold and azure.

"Oh, what a lovely scene!" exclaimed an Italian painter, who was going to Dresden, "I seem to see Milan."

An astronomer, of the Academy of Berlin, remarked: "Here are wide plains, one might take a long base, and by those steeples, have a fine suite of triangles."

An Austrian baron, smiling scornfully, replied to the geometrician, "Know that this land belongs to one of the greatest nobles of Germany, all the churches that you see below there are on his estate."

"That being the case," said a Swiss merchant, "the inhabitants are then serfs. By my faith, a poor country!"

A Prussian officer of hussars, who was smoking his pipe, withdrew it gravely from his mouth and said, in a firm tone: "No one here holds title, but under the King of Prussia. He has delivered the Silesians from the yoke of Austria and of nobles. I remember his making us encamp here four years. Oh, what a fine country this is to fight in! I would establish my magazine in the castle, and my artillery upon those terraces. I would flank the river with my infantry; I would place my

cavalry upon the wings, and with 30,000 men, I would here face all the forces of the empire. Long live Frederic!"

Hardly had he resumed his pipe, when a Russian officer replied: "I would not live in a country like Silesia, open to all armies. Our Cossacks ravaged it during the last war, and had not our regular troops restrained them, they would not have left a cottage standing. It is now still worse there, the peasants can carry on lawsuits with the lords! and the citizens have still greater privileges in their municipalities! I prefer the environs of Moskwa."

A young Leipsic student replied to these two officers: "Gentlemen, how can you speak of war in such charming places! Permit me to inform you that the very name of Silesia is derived from *Campi Elysii*—the Elysian fields. It is better to sing with Virgil:

'Lycori;
Hic ipse tecum consumerer ævo.'
'Here with thee should my life smoothly flow.'"

He spoke with so much animation as to wake up an amiable Parisian mantua-maker, who, at the aspect of this beautiful scenery, exclaimed, "O the delicious country! It lacks nothing but Frenchmen." "Why do you sigh?" she inquired of a young Rabbin beside her.

"Look!" said the Jewish Doctor; "that mountain below, with its peak, resembles Mount Sinai."

Everybody began to laugh. But an old Lutheran minister, of Erfurt, in Saxony, frowning, rejoined, "Silesia is an accursed country; for the truth is banished from it. It is under the yoke of Papacy. You will see, at the entrance of Breslau, the palace of the former Dukes of Silesia, which now serves as a Jesuit College, though they have been chased from every other part of Europe."

A heavy Dutch merchant, commissary for the Prussian army during the last war, replied to him: "How can you call a country cursed, which is covered with so much that is good? The King of Prussia has done well to Silesia: it is the finest flower of his crown. I would rather own an acre there for my garden, than a mile square in the sandy Marquisate of Brandenburg."

Thus disputing, we arrived at Breslau, where we alighted at a very fine hotel. While waiting dinner, we spoke of the owner of the place. The Saxon minister assured us that he was a scoundrel, who commanded the Prussian artillery at the siege of Dresden; that he had crushed that unfortunate city with poisoned bomb-shells, half of its houses being still destroyed, and that he had acquired his property by levying contributions on Saxony.

"You are deceived, answered the Baron; "he got it by marriage with an Austrian countess, who made a mesalliance in wedding him. His wife is now much to be pitied, none of her children can enter the ranks of the German nobility, for their father is only an officer of fortune."

"What you say," replied the Prussian hussar, "does him honour, and he would be crowned with honours this day in Prussia, had he not left the king's service on the return of peace. He can now no longer show himself."

The host, who now ordered in dinner, said, "Gentlemen, it appears that you do not know this nobleman of whom you speak; he is a man loved and respected by every one; there is not a beggar on his estates. Although a Catholic, he assists poor passengers of every country and religion. If they are Saxons, he lodges and feeds them three days, in compensation for the harm he was obliged to do them during the war. He is adored by his wife and children."

"Learn," replied the Lutheran minister to the host, "that there is neither charity nor virtue in his communion. All he has done is pure hypocrisy, like the virtues of Pagans and Papists."

There were several Catholics among us, who were about to raise a terrible dispute, when the host, taking the head of the table, invited us to be seated. We were all then silent, and began to eat and drink in travellers' fashion. The cheer was fine. At the dessert, peaches, grapes, and lemons were served. The host then told his wife to bring, while he waited for the coffee, some bottles of champagne wine, with which he wished to regale the company, in honour, he said, of the lord of the manor, to whom he had particular obligations. When the bottles came, he placed them by the French lady, requesting her to do the honours.

Joy then appeared on all countenances, and conversation was re-animated. My fair compatriot offered the host the first glass, saying that we were as well served at his house as at the first hotels of Paris, and that she knew no Frenchman of more gallantry.

The Russian officer agreed that there were more fruits at Breslau than at Moscow; he compared Silesia to Livonia for fertility, and added that the liberty of the peasants rendered a country better cultivated, and its lord happier.

The astronomer observed, that Moscow was nearly in the same latitude as Breslau, and consequently, susceptible of the same productions.

The hussar officer said, "Truly, I think the lord of this manor, has done very well in leaving the service. After all, our great Frederic, after earning laurels on the battle-field, passes part of his time in gardening and cultivating melons himself at Sans Souci."

Every one shared the hussar's opinion. Even the Saxon minister said that Silesia was a fine and good province, and that it was a pity it was in error, but that he doubted not, since liberty of conscience was established in the estates of the King of Prussia, that all the inhabitants, and especially the owner of that hotel, would return to the truth, and embrace the Confession of Augsburg; "for," added he, "God never leaves a good action without reward, and it is one that cannot be too much praised in a soldier, who has done ill to the people of my country during war, that he does them good in time of peace."

Even the young Rabbin entered into the spirit of the occasion. He was dining alone and sadly in a corner of the hall, according to the custom of Jews in travelling; he arose, and presented [illegible] other cup to the lady, who filled it to the [illegible] It at one draught, then she said to him, "How does it seem to you, Doctor? is not the soil that produces such wine well worthy the promised land?"

"Do bless, Madam," he replied, smiling, "especially when it is found out by such fair hands."

"Hope, then," said she to him, "that your Messiah may be born in France, so that he may there re-assemble your tribes from all parts of the world!"

"Would to God!" replied the Israelite; "but first, he would have to make the conquest of Europe, where we are almost everywhere so wretched. He would have to be a new Cyrus, who should force the different peoples to live in peace among themselves and with the human race."

"God hearken to you!" cried most of the guests.

I admired the variety of opinions among so many persons, who were disputing before they were seated at table, and who were in such perfect accord when they arose. I concluded that man is wicked in his misfortunes,—for it is really a misfortune to fast too long, and that he was good when he was happy,—for when he has dined well he is at peace with all the world. I drew another consequence, of more importance that all these opinions, which had, for the most part, alternately influenced me, came entirely from the different educations of my travelling companions, and I did not doubt that each of them would return to his own, when his blood should cool. Desiring to fix my judgment on the subjects of conversation, I addressed a neighbour, who had been all the while silent, and seemed to possess an even temper. "What think you," said I, "of Silesia, and of the master of the house?"

"Silesia," he replied to me, "is a very good country, since it produces fruits in abundance; and the master of the house is an excellent man, since he does good to all the unfortunate.

As to the manner of judging in each individual according to his religion, his nation, his estate, his temperament, his sex, his age, the season of the year, even the hour of the day, and especially his education, which gives the first and last colour to our judgments; but when we refer everything to the happiness of the human race, we are sure of judging as God acts. It is upon the general reason of the universe that we ought to regulate our particular reasons, as we regulate our watches by the sun.

Since this conversation, I have even found that, concerning our globe and its inhabitants, it was like Silesia; every one gets an idea of it according to his education. The astronomers

see in it only a globe, shaped like a Dutch cheese, which turns around the sun, with some Newtonians on it. Soldiers find battle-fields and grades of distinction; nobles, seignorial titles and vassals; priests, communicants and excommunicated; merchants, branches of commerce and money; painters, landscapes; epicureans, terrestrial paradises. But the wise man considers it in its relations with the needs of men, and men themselves by those which they sustain with each other.

ADA BYRON (LADY LOVELACE).

Last week was chronicled in our columns the death, in extreme old age, of a lady intimately connected with the prince of English letter writers:—this week we have to record the untimely death of another lady, yet more closely connected with the prince of English poets in his time. Mary Berry, the friend of Lord Orford, died in November, 1852, at the age of ninety,—and Augusta Ada Byron, the only child of Lord Byron—"sole daughter of his house and heart"—died in the same month and year, at the age of thirty-seven. Walpole and his fair friend both outlived the scriptural threescore and ten, but Byron and his daughter died each at the same age, when little more than one-half of the scriptural allotment had been fulfilled. Some presentiment that her life was not to exceed in duration of years the life of her father, is said to have been uppermost in the daughter's mind for some years past, and that presentiment, if it in truth existed, may have contributed to its own accomplishment.

The married life of Lord Byron—or rather the period during which Lord and Lady Byron lived together—was a year and some few days They were married in January, 1815 On the 10th of December, in the same year, Ada, their only child, was born, and, in January, 1816, the husband and wife separated for ever. When her mother removed her into Leicestershire, and when her father saw her for the last time, Ada was a month old. The solitary poet's feelings would seem to have clung to his child; and the third book of 'Childe Harolde'—written in 1816, immediately after the separation, is dedicated as it were to the father's love. The song begins with Ada —

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope.

And with Ada it ends:—

My daughter! with thy name this song began—
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end—
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee, thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold.
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart, when mine is cold,—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

To aid thy mind's development,—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it would seem, was not reserved for me;
Yet this was in my nature —as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this

Of this prophecy we know that nearly all was fulfilled. Ada Byron never looked consciously into the face of her father Whatever wholesome and ennobling joys his wayward "nature" might have found in watching the growth of his young daughter's mind, it was *not* reserved for the poet ever to know. How far the voice of the illustrious father did blend with the future visions of the orphan girl—how far the echoes of his harp and of his heart did "reach into her heart"—how far the token and the tone from Her father's mould had part in her after-musings, the world perhaps has no right to inquire. Still, many will find it pleasant to learn that by her own desire the remains of Ada Byron were laid where they will mingle with her "father's mould"—in Hucknall Church.

At her father's death Ada was little more than eight years old. She had small resemblance to her father. No one, we are told, would have recognised the Byron features—the finely chiselled chin or the expressive lips or eyes of the poet—in the daughter. Yet, at times the Byron blood was visible in her look; and those who saw her in 1835, on her marriage with Lord Lovelace (then Lord King), fancied that they saw more traces of the poet's countenance in the bride than they remembered there at any other time. But dissimilarity of look was not the only dissimilarity between Byron and his daughter. Lady Lovelace cared little about poetry. Like her father's Donna Inez, in 'Don Juan'—

Her favourite science was the mathematical.

Mr. Babbage is said to have conducted her studies at one time, and Lady Lovelace is known to have translated, from Italian into English, a very elaborate Defence of the once celebrated Calculating Machine of her mathematical friend.

It is impossible to contemplate the early death of Byron's only child without reflecting sadly on the fates of other families of our greatest poets. Shakspeare and Milton each died without a son, but both left daughters, and both names are now extinct. Shakspeare's was soon so. Addison had an only child—a daughter, a girl of some five or six years at her father's death She died unmarried, at the age of eighty or more. Farquhar left two girls dependent on the friendship of his friend Wilks the actor, who stood nobly by them while he lived. They had a small pension from the Government; and having long outlived their father, and seen his reputation unalterably established, both died unmarried. The son and daughter of Coleridge both died childless. The two sons of Sir Walter Scott died without children,—one of two daughters died unmarried,—and the Scotts of Abbotsford and *Waverley* are now represented by the children of a daughter. How little could Scott foresee the sudden failure of male issue! The poet of the 'Faerie Queene' lost a child, when very young, by fire—when the rebels burned his house in Ireland. Some of the poets had sons, and no daughters. Thus we read of Chaucer's son,—of Dryden's sons,—of the sons of Burns,—of Allan Ramsay's son,—of Dr Young's son,—of Campbell's son,—of Moore's son,—and of Shelley's son. Ben Jonson survived all his children. Some—and those among the greatest—died unmarried:—Butler, Cowley, Congreve, Otway, Prior, Pope, Gay, Thomson, Cowper, Akenside, Shenstone, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith Mr. Rogers still lives—single. Some were unfortunate in their sons in a sadder way than death could make them

Lady Lovelace has left three children—two sons, and a daughter Her mother is still alive,—to see perhaps with a softened spirit the shade of the father beside the early grave of his only child. Ada's looks in her later years—years of suffering, borne with gentle and womanly fortitude—have been happily caught by Mr Henry Phillips,—whose father's pencil has preserved to us the best likeness of Ada's father.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe, Authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," [illegible] of the Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art, for the week ending December 25, John Cassell feels highly honoured by the kindness of Mrs H. Beecher Stowe in furnishing him with her portrait, and thus enabling him to present to the British public a striking likeness, engraved in the first style of art, in a cheap and popular form. The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art is published in Weekly Numbers, price Twopence each A new and improved Series, under the title of the Illustrated Magazine of Art will be commenced on January 1, price 3d. in a neat cover, when, in addition to numerous Engravings in the text, each Number will contain a fine Engraving worked on Plate Paper, and with No 1 will be presented gratis, a splendid View of the Interior of St Paul's Cathedral, during the Interment of the late Duke of Wellington, printed upon fine Plate Paper, measuring eighteen inches by thirteen. This Engraving will be worth four times the cost of the Number of the Magazine of Art.

The Self and Class Examiner in Euclid, containing the Enunciations of all the Propositions and Corollaries in Cassell's Edition for the use of Colleges, Schools, and Private Students, is now ready, price 3d.

Cassell's Elements of Arithmetic (uniform with Cassell's Euclid), is now ready, price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. neat cloth.

The Answers to all the Questions in Cassell's Arithmetic, for the use of Private Students, and of Teachers and Professors who use this work in their classes, is preparing for publication.

MISCELLANEA.

AMERICAN DINNERS.—The rapidity with which dinner and dessert are eaten by our go-a-head friends is illustrated by the boast of a veteran in the art of speedy mastication, who "could *get from soup to nuts in ten minutes.*" The following is rich in its way —A lady dining in New York, seeing some peas in her immediate vicinity, requested the waiter to hand them He was in the act of doing so, when a person sitting near, who heard the application, suddenly seized the dish as it passed him, swept the whole of its contents briskly into his own plate, and addressing the disappointed lady, said with a facetious grin, "*I guess I'm a whale at peas!*"

A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE —More than fifty years have passed since the following narrative was related by an old gentleman, above seventy years of age, as having occurred in his youth. Its date may therefore be about 1740 A nobleman, having broken his constitution and injured his estate by a career of dissipation, determined to marry and reform, and, having paid his addresses to an heiress, and been duly accepted, the wedding day was fixed, and great preparations made for its celebration. In those times news travelled slowly, and the intelligence of the courtship only reached the lady's aunt, from whom she had large expectation, three or four days before the bridal day She was, however, an energetic lady of the old school, she posted to London, and made such good use of her time that she succeeded in setting the match aside. But the letter announcing this was only written by her niece late on the preceding night, and was despatched very early on the purposed wedding-day, and, being taken to the bridegroom's bedside, was read by him there A short time after, he told his valet to go into the servants' hall, and enquire if any of the women would be married that morning The servant, knowing their lord's generosity and fondness for joking, thought that he wished to signalise his own marriage by portioning another couple, and laughingly declined The valet returned, and said—"There is nobody that can be married to-day, my lord, but the country wench that came up last week, and she says that she has no sweetheart " "Oh!" he replied, "tell her to put on her Sunday dress, and come to me in the blue breakfast-room." He dressed in the suit prepared they met; and the result of that interview must be known by its consequences A mantle and veil of lace were thrown over the country dress of a modest, handsome, and lively village girl, and she became that morning a peeress of England! Much sensation was caused, but in the world of fashion it was only a nine days' wonder, for the married pair went immediately from London. She possessed an excellent disposition, and strong good sense. With renewed health and spirits, his lordship's enjoyment of country life increased, his property improved by care; and, above all, a beautiful progeny surrounded him and their devoted domestic mother, who affectionately closed her eyes in peace, receiving his parting blessings many years after his happy choice.—*Notes and Queries*

A ROYAL BOTANIST.—There is one king in Europe who is a good practical botanist, and who must look back upon the hours spent in the arrangement of his fine herbarium with far more pleasure than upon those wasted in a vain and retrograde course of politics. The monarch in question is his Majesty of Saxony, who, in his scientific career at least, has gained honour and respect. Many are the stories told by his subjects of their ruler's adventures when following his favourite and harmless hobby, how, more than once, astray from his yawning courtiers, he had wandered in search of some vegetable rarity across the frontier of his legitimate dominions, and, on attempting to return, was locked up by his own guards as a spy or smuggler, since he could produce no passport, nor give any more proper account of himself than the preposterous assertion that he was their king. Fifteen years ago he made a famous excursion to the stony and piratical little republic of Montenegroe It was literally a voyage of botanical discovery, and the potentate sailed down the Adriatic in a steamer fitted out with all the appliances of scientific investigation. On its deck he might be seen busily engaged in laying out his plants, ably and zealously assisted by his equerries and aides-de-camp, and guided by the advice of eminent botanists, who accompanied him as members of his suite Such a kingly progress had surely never been seen before, unless Alexander the Great may have relieved the monotony of conquering by making occasional natural history excursions with his *quondam* tutor, Aristotle The Montenegrins, on ordinary occasions very troublesome and by no means trustworthy people—folks who still keep many of the worst habits of the old Scottish Highlanders—were mystified into tranquillity by the peculiar proceedings of their royal visitor and his noble attendants Resolved, however, to render due honour to so distinguished and unusual a guest, they furnished a guard of state to accompany him in all his peregrinations, and, whenever his botanical majesty stooped to gather a new or rare specimen, the soldiers halted, and with much ceremony presented arms

TRANSCENDENTALISM. — An American writer gives the following as his idea of Transcendentalism —"Transcendentalism is that spiritual cognoscence of psychological intefragibility, connected with conscientient ademption of incolumbment spirituality and etherialised connection, which is derived from a profound contemplation of the irragibility of those incessimable divisions of the more minute portions of subdivided particles of invisible atoms that became anatom-atically tanallable in the circumnambulating commotion of ambiloques voluminousness, preposterated in the tecurable phlogiston of a refined idearity—trequerably protuitous in rendering visible calamity orationable on the intensest infinitissitudes of labyrinthetical oleration — palemonial compunctability, and composterated somnolescence "—A translation of the above wanted immediately!

PURCHASE OF A PRIME MINISTER.—The following account by Lord Wilmot, of the manner in which he had bribed Sir Robert Walpole with a Murillo, is extracted from Sir E. Bulwer's new comedy, "*Not so Bad as we Seem,*" and is a good specimen of lively dramatic narrative —"Hit him plump on the jolly blunt side of his character! I must tell you about it. Drove home from Will's, put my Murillo in the carriage, and off to Sir Robert's. Shown into his office,—'Ah! my Lord Wilmot,' says he, with that merry roll of his eye, 'this *is* an honour, what can I do for you?" Sir Robert, says I, 'we men of the world soon come to the point, 'tis a maxim of yours that all have their price.' 'Not quite that,' says Sir Robert, 'but let us suppose that it is.' Another roll of his eye, as much as to say, I shall get this rogue a bargain! 'So, Sir Robert,' quoth I, with a bow, 'I've come to buy the prime minister' 'Buy me,' cried Sir Robert, and he laughed till I thought he'd have choked; 'my price is rather high, I'm afraid' Then I go to the door, bid my lackeys bring in the Murillo, 'Look at that, if you please—about the mark—is it not?' Sir Robert runs to the picture, his breast heaves, his eyes sparkle,—'A Murillo!' cries he, 'name your price!' 'I have named it' Then he looks at me *so*, and I look at him *so*—turn out the lackeys, place pen, ink, and paper before him. 'That place in the Treasury, just vacant, and the Murillo is yours.' 'For yourself?—I am charmed,' cried Sir Robert. 'No, 'tis for a friend of your own, who's in want of it' 'Oh, that alters the case—I've so many friends troubled with the same sort of want' 'Yes, but the Murillo is *genuine*—pray what are the friends?' Out laughed Sir Robert. 'There's no resisting you and the Murillo together? There's the appointment, and now, since your lordship has bought me, I must insist upon buying your lordship. Fair play is a jewel' Then I take my grand holyday air,—'Sir Robert,' said I, 'you've bought me long ago! you've given us peace where we feared civil war, and a constitutional king instead of a despot. And if that's not enough to buy the vote of an Englishman, believe me, Sir Robert, he's not worth the buying.' Then he stretched out his bluff hearty hand, and I gave it a bluff hearty shake. He got the Murillo—Hardman the place And here stand I, the only man in all England who can boast that he bought the prime minister!"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

TWO SUBSCRIBERS —You may solder the edges of brass, copper, iron, &c., together with an alloy consisting of brass and zinc, or, in some cases, with a little tin or silver. The surface to be united must be filed perfectly bright, and not be soiled with the fingers, or in any other way The alloy, being first reduced to a granular or powdery form, must be made into a sort of paste with ground borax and water, applied to the metal in this state, then dried, and exposed carefully to bright ignition at a clear forge fire.

A. B. C.—We think of publishing a dictionary of the kind you wish. The price, we hope, will not exceed 3s or 4s 6d.

SINGLE RENT.—We very much doubt the legality of the transaction to which you refer.

J. BARKER.—You, or any bookseller to whom you may give the order, may have the numbers you want by applying at our office.

W. LEECH.—Please to let us know the titles of the two papers you wish to have returned, we will find them for you if possible.

G. H. O.—We question whether your having for years been engaged in the grocery business will qualify you to get your living in "Ostralia" (*Australia*, we presume)

E. POOL.—We cannot speak with certainty as to the salary of drapers' assistants in Australia. We gave the letter as we received it, supposing that the statements it contained might be depended upon.

TYRO.—Marathon was the name of a town in Attica, where Theseus is said to have killed a monstrous bull; and where Miltiades, with only 10,000 brave Athenians, routed a Persian army, consisting of 100,000 foot and 10,000 horse.

H. W. (Liverpool), and others.—We cannot insert any more lines on the Death of Wellington.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London

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THE

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THE SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas-eve, and old Jabez Craggs sat in his back office waiting for the last post. The boy, who acted in the treble capacity of clerk, light porter, and messenger, had some time since gone home, with strict injunctions to be early at the office on Monday—for Christmas-day fell on a Saturday—and "no" to make a beast of himself with eating and drinking." Jabez, as we said, was waiting for the last post, and, as he sat in his dull, fireless room by the light of a fat, unwholesome oil lamp, he could not but fall to thinking and talking to himself. "Christmas," said he, in a harsh grating voice, "is a humbug. Here am I, losing a whole day's work from my people, and all because to-morrow's a holiday. What do people want with holidays. *I* never make holidays,—a regular humbug! Why, if I had'nt stopped a day's pay from their wages, I should have been I don't know how many pounds out of pocket. Faugh!" And he drew nearer to the grate, and beat his feet impatiently upon the dusty floor. "Christmas, indeed! I wonder folks don't want a holiday *every* Saturday. I should'nt wonder at all if they did'nt some of these days. Business is neglected in a most shameful manner by these working people, the humbugs! Everything's humbug. Holidays are a humbug,—gratitude's humbug,—religion's all humbug!"

Just then the waits struck up a tune in the next street, and Jabez could hear the windows thrown up in the next house, and at the tailor's over the way, and at the widow's round the corner; and he could distinguish in the stillness of his little back office—the place where he received the folks who came to borrow money at usurious interest—the footsteps of the pedestrians as they lingered on their way and gathered about the street minstrels, when the tune grew louder and more joyous. "That's another humbug," he said, "if ever there was one. What do those brawling beggars mean by coming near *my* door with their wretched noise! I dare say they will be coming, by and bye, to ask for some money—Christmas-boxes—the noisy numbskulls! well, I only hope they'll get it, that's all."

The waits moved further off, and then a knot of 'prentice lads came laughing and singing past the house, and woke the echoes again in the old mouldy church which formed one side of the narrow street—so that Jabez was fain to beat the old gentleman's tattoo yet more loudly and impatiently on the hearth, and declare all boys to be especial humbugs—as if he had never been a boy himself. As indeed he never had, in the true sense,—the sordid love of gain, and the spirit of petty trading in its worst features, having long ago, even when he was at school, taken the place of the thoughtless and generous spirit of childhood.

And the light of the lamp grew duller as the thick oil ascended lazily to the cotton wick, and the shadow of Jabez on the dusky wall assumed larger and more indistinct proportions as it waned. And Jabez fell into a discontented sort of brown study, from which the noises outside did not seem likely to awaken him. On the contrary, they appeared to mingle with his thoughts, as if their irregular occurrence was necessary to his present state of mind. Thus it was that he did not notice a succession of timid knocks at his outer door, nor become aware of the presence of a little child in his room; till, turning uneasily in his chair, he looked down upon it as if it were a spectre.

"Hallo! why, what in the name of fortune do *you* want?" he inquired in a harsh growl. "How came you here?"

"Please, sir, I couldn't make you hear, and so I pushed the door open and came in," said a thin starved voice, which belonged to the thin, half-starved, shivering figure on the floor.

"Well, and now you have come in, what do you want?" said Jabez, with another growl.

"Please, sir," said the child, in a frightened voice, "mother sends her compliments, and begs you would be good enough to let her have a few shillings on account of the work she has in hand. She'll be sure and have the order done by Monday night."

"Oh!" said Jabez, in a sort of human grunt; "and does your [illegible] to find boots to make [illegible] done? Tell your mother I can't do anything of the sort."

Jabez, though a money-lender by choice and interest, was a wholesale slopseller and shoemaker by trade.

"Oh, do, please, sir," pleaded the child, "to-morrow's Christmas, and father hasn't had any work all the week."

"More shame for him," said Jabez. "I daresay he got drunk and lost it, as most of his class do. And as for its being Christmas, tell your mother, young —— what's your name?"

"Judkins, please, sir."

"Well, then, tell your mother, young Judkins, that I don't approve of poor people wasting time in holidays and merry-making, and that I sha'nt pay her a single farthing till the work is brought home. Christmas, indeed! I hate Christmas, and so you may tell her."

"It is Christmas, uncle!" said a loud cheerful voice in the passage. "You must be joking, surely!"

"No, I am *not* joking, *I never* joke; especially with impertinent boys, who break into people's houses at all times of the night without so much as knocking at the door," said Jabez, in answer to the voice, the owner of which had now made his way into the room.

"Now, my dear uncle"—began the young man.

"Don't dear me, sir, I'm not to be humbugged by fine speeches if you have anything to say, say it, and go home."

"Really now, that's not civil of you, uncle, on Christmas-eve. I found the door open, and I came in because I heard your voice, that's all."

"Well then, Mr Impudence, now you are come in—"

"No, no, uncle," replied the nephew, with the most imperturbable good humour, "not Mr. Impudence, but Mr. Charles Goldsworthy, at your service."

"Well, *Mr* Charles Goldsworthy," sneered Jabez "what may it please your mistership to want with me?"

"I only came," replied Charles, "to wish you a merry Christmas, and to ask you if you would spend it with us."

"I don't want to be merry, and I won't come," said Jabez.

"And that's the answer I am to give to Emma, is it? Well, I only hope you will be as merry at home as we shall be, that's all. Good night, good night, uncle. What! not shake hands, at this time of year too?—why, what a singular old fellow you are to be sure."

Jabez Craggs turned his back to his merry-faced nephew, and grumbled out a string of anathemas to himself, which are not worth recording—especially as the merry-faced nephew paid no sort of attention to them, but only seemed the more determined not to be put out of temper by anything the old man did or said.

"Good night, uncle," said he, once more; "I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy—hallo! what's this?" He

turned to where the shivering child, hitherto unnoticed, had shrunk into a corner, unable to get out because the door was closed, and afraid to speak.

"If you please, sir," whined the little creature, going over its message afresh like a parrot, "mother would feel obliged if you would advance her a few shillings on the work she has in hand, as it's Christmas-day to-morrow."

"Here, uncle," cried the nephew, "here's an opportunity for the exercise of your benevolence. Here's a little skit of a baby come to beg assistance for its mother, and I'm sure—"

But before he could finish his sentence an inkstand came bounding and splashing heavily against the panels of the door, and warned him to make a hasty retreat. Which he did with a loud laugh and a fervent hope that his uncle would not disembowel himself on any account whatever. "Here, little one," added he, putting a gold coin into the child's hand, "take this to your mother, and say that Mr. Craggs sent it to her with his compliments, and that she need no. trouble herself about its repayment."

And the light in Jabez Craggs' back office grew duller and more dull, and at last sank into the last tolly wick, and went spluttering out. And the hand of Jabez Craggs fell lazily upon his breast, and his eyes closed heavily in sleep, and the noises in the street grew fewer and fewer, and the waits went home to rest, and the singers of Christmas songs in the highways were heard no more. How long Jabez sat in the dark he knew not, but suddenly he awoke to a consciousness of the presence of more light in the little back office than he had ever seen there before. And it was a strange vivid light, too, which appeared to illumine only a portion of the apartment, for all around the chair on which he sat there was deep gloom. He could not understand it. He felt on the table, and there was the lamp, cold and dull and grimy as ever, he glanced upwards to the high windows which looked out into the little street, and he knew that it was dark wintry night beyond, he would have sought the sky, but the shadow of the ancient church was upon him, and hid the bright stars from his wondering gaze. He saw the light change upon the wall in a great circle that illuminated no other part of the room, and he began to feel a strange creeping sensation of fear come over him. Now, Jabez was by no means a superstitious man, and by no means a cowardly man, and so, after considering a minute or two, he concluded that some trick was being played upon him. "She uld'nt wonder," thought he, "if that scapegrace nephew of mine has'nt been here with his magic lantern, or some of his scientific nonsense, thinking to frighten me." And then getting bolder, as this thought suggested itself to him, he said aloud—"It's all humbug! I'll go and put an end to this in a minute."

But when he tried to rise he found himself fixed immoveably in his chair. And now he really did begin to feel frightened; especially as, looking again towards the illumin ted wall, he thought he discerned strange undistinct shapes and figures trying to form themselves out of the lighted circle.

"What does this mean?" ejaculated Jabez in a whisper.

"Its meaning," said a voice unlike his own that he was startled at the resemblance, and struck his hand upon his breast as if to still the beating of his heart—"its meaning, old man of doubtful ways and undoubting, you shall not discover. Look! and learn a lesson from the Shadows on the Wall!"

Jabez had no words to answer, his heart sank within him, and a cold shiver ran through all his limbs. Still he could not help moving his lips even then as if he would have said, "Humbug!" But he did not say it, for his attention was fixed immediately on a sight which brought the blood into his face again in one tumultuous flush. The light upon the wall grew still more vivid, and clouds and vapours passed too and fro, and presently resolved themselves into shapes and colours and proportions. "It is no fancy now," thought Jabez; "but it cannot be true."

"Look!" said the Voice again.

There was little need of the adjuration, for the eyes of Jabez were fixed upon the wall.

A quiet scene was pictured there. In a little room, poorly furnished, but very neat and clean, sat a woman with a little child upon her knee. She was dressed in black, and wore a widow's cap, and as she fondled and caressed the boy upon her lap, she looked up into Jabez' face; and he knew that it was his mother, and that that child was he. It was a very poor, puny child, but the mother only seemed to cling to it the closer from her knowledge of its weakness. And Jabez recollected—oh, as well as if it were yesterday—that it was on the first Christmas-day after his father's death, when, long years ago, that scene took place at home. He was a little softened, and would have spoken, but an invisible hand came before his mouth, and a voice whispered in his ear—"Don't believe it, Jabez! It's all humbug! That mother never loved that child, nor that child that mother. Look again!"

The scene vanished into cloud and shadowy smoke, and another took its place upon the wall.

It was a spacious apartment, filled with gay company, and among them Jabez saw the figure of himself, as he was at twenty standing beside a beautiful girl who looked up lovingly in his face. And Jabez knew that it represented another Christmas-day, too well remembered now. "And oh, Jabez!" said the girl, "think you I could not share your sorrows and your poverty with as true a heart as any could your joys and riches?"—"No, no," said he, with a false smile upon his lips, "I would not expose you, Ellen, to the cares and trials of the world. We are too poor, too young to marry." And the girl's head sank upon his shoulder, and Jabez saw the great tears roll down her fair cheeks; and he knew what a villain he must have been. And the Voice said, "See! on that past Christmas-day, oh, man of wealth! what a dismal wreck you made!"

And the scene changed to a wide room in a great building, with many little beds placed side by side. And upon a pallet lay a dying girl, and Jabez heard her forgive her deceiver, and then die. He would have spoken now; he would have rushed to that humble bedside, and claimed her for his wife, but it was too late, for the vision vanished, and the room was left in darkness.

He felt about with his hand like a blind man, and he would have wiped the tears from off his cheeks, too long unused to sympathy and sorrow, but the stern Voice came again and whispered in his ear. "Remember, Jabez, how you quenched the light that might have cheered your wayward path through life. But it is all humbug! See! the shadow of another gone-by Christmas-day come upon the wall!"

It was even so. In the midst of a rich man entertained his friends, and their voices crowded round a festive board. Jabez recollected well the incident. Noise and mirth and welcome were in the room, and Jabez noticed how little knots of guests were gathered together here and there, and grouped round themselves, and whispered. Jabez would have turned from his sin, but the Voice said—"See, Jabez Craggs, these were your kind noble friends,—these were your patrons. That's humbug, if you like."

Jabez groaned aloud, and intreated that he might be spared the sight of past Christmases. "Show me," said he, "a Christmas where my name is honoured."

And the scene changed again, and he saw before him a picture of the Judkin's humble home. It was a glorious sight. Upon the table smoked a great plum pudding, and round it were seated a poorly-dressed but very happy group. There was an aged grandfather, and a crowd of little children, and the father and mother of them all, in high glee and merriment. And the father, taking a glass in his hand, rose up to propose a toast. "Here's to the giver of the feast, good Jabez Craggs." And Jabez was confounded, for he knew that he had sent the little girl away the night before with an angry message to her home. And the Voice whispered,—"All humbug, Jabez! they don't mean it. Gratitude's all humbug!" And when, the dinner over, the master of the house put up his hands and returned thanks to the Giver of all good for having provided once and again for the dear pledges of their love, the unrelenting Voice exclaimed: "Don't believe it, Jabez, religion's all humbug, especially among the poor: you know it is!"

And Jabez Craggs began to perceive the meaning of the various scenes he had witnessed, but he dared not speak, and as he looked upon the happy faces shadowed so visibly upon the wall, the scene suddenly vanished away, and another picture took its place.

In a comfortable apartment were a number of little children dancing round a Christmas tree. And there was joy and gladness in their faces. And Jabez saw that the picture was meant

for his nephew's house. And Charles and Emma played and frolicked among the little ones, and the spirit of harmless mirth seemed to dwell upon that happy household. "Complete humbug!" said the Voice to Jabez, to his great indignation and disgust. But his attention was presently attracted to the glowing face of his nephew, and he heard him say—"Well, now, I wish old Uncle Craggs were with us now, I think we could persuade even him that it is possible to be both merry and wise on Christmas-day." "Oh, don't alarm yourself about the old curmudgeon," began the wife; but Charles stopped her with a word—"Christmas, dear," said he. And then Jabez began to feel how much better a man he might have been had he allowed his natural feelings to overcome his miserable, grasping, discontented, unbelieving spirit. And as he looked upon the innocent mirth of that happy group, he felt that he had been mistaken all his life. And the singing, and dancing, and romping were at its very topmost height and joyousness, when the vision suddenly fled away, and the room was left once more in dreadful gloom and darkness.

But not for long, for the light came once again, but not so vividly. And the scene before his eyes was one of dread and misery and death. Upon his bed upstairs there lay a figure strangely swathed and covered up. And Jabez, horror struck and bent with fear, went towards the bed, and raised the sheet from off the sleeper's face. Great heavens! it was himself! And no mourner was beside his corpse; and none were there to straighten the crooked limbs, or close the staring eyes, or do decent office to the dead. "Oh, Jabez! Jabez!" said the Voice, "see now the end, the light you might have thrown o'er many a humble homestead is extinguished now for ever The wasted opportunities of life are past, and the day of repentance and retribution vanished away Of what avail are all your riches now? They cannot bring one solitary mourner to your grave, or unpaid follower to your blighted death-bed, one little child with tearful eyes beside your lonely corse. Oh, Jabez Craggs, there's no humbug in such a death as this!"

The old man bowed his head in shame and sorrow at the thought of such a future Christmas, and, as the shadow of that unhonoured death-bed faded slowly, slowly, from his sight, the tears came freely from his eyes, and coursed their way adown his furrowed cheeks He tried to speak, he tried to move,—he knew that there was yet time, even for him!—and, with one strong effort, woke.

The morning—a bright, cold, cheerful Christmas morning—was shining in upon the little room, and he knew it was a dream

What was that knocking at the outer door? He would go and see. He went; and admitted a poor woman, meanly clad.

"Oh, sir," said Mrs. Judkins, "I fear there has been some mistake: my little girl brought home a sovereign last night, and my husband thinks you gave it her for a shilling and,—"

"No, no, my dear madam, no mistake at all, I assure you. Here, take another," said the now repentant Jabez. "I am not the man I was last night; I hope and trust I am changed—and the change cannot surely be for the worse. Go home, my good woman, and be merry. This is Christmas-day, and I wish you to enjoy yourselves. And Mrs. Judkins," cried Jabez, as the astonished woman, with many curtsies and thanks, was preparing to depart—"do pray give my compliments to your husband, and tell him if he will come here on Tuesday morning, I will give him plenty of good work. And, Mrs. Judkins, would it be asking him too great a favour to request him to go round to the houses of my people, and say that I will give them all an extra three day's pay, and to say that I don't expect any of them to come to work till Tuesday morning. And Mrs. Judkins, my dear good woman, tell your little girl that if she will come to me I will give her a kiss and a new dress. And Mrs. Judkins do, there's a good soul, say all the good things you can of your poor miserable, repentant master!"

There never was such a man as Jabez Craggs that morning—never!

To see how he dressed himself as sprucely as a bridegroom, and made his way through the joyous streets, and bade complete strangers a "merry Christmas and a happy New Year;" and to see how he went with a light upon his face into the church he had not entered for years, and poured out his heart in thankfulness to God! and to see how merry he made himself over the turkey and plum pudding at his nephew's table; and to see how he romped with the children, and told them stories, and sang them songs, and took them upon his knees, and kissed them over and over again; and to see how different a man he was to the Jabez Craggs of yesterday; and to see what a fund of happiness and good humour he really possessed, only he had not hitherto discovered it; and to tell what a capital master he was for ever after—honouring Christmas and all other proper times of holiday and innocent recreation,—would be only to tell that Jabez the scorner and Jabez the faithless became a good man, a good master, and a good Christian for many happy, happy years!

And so, if this imperfect story make but one heart glad at this glorious Christmas time—this time when a little child was born in a manger, "because there was no room in the inn"—the writer's purpose will be fully attained. To one and all who read it, he wishes "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

ANCIENT CHRISTMAS

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved, when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas eve the mass was sung,
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly green,
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe
Then open wide the baron's hall,
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all,
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doff'd his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair.
All hailed, without repute or fear,
And general mirth, the merrier,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supply'd,
Went, roaring, up the chimney wide,
The huge hall table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving man,
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar,
While round the merry wassel bowl,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithe did trowl.
There the huge sirloin reek'd, hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie.
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide her savoury goose
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery,
White shirts supply the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visor made,
But, oh! what masquers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale,
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year

Sir Walter Scott.

CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

I AM an old man. More than that, I am an old bachelor. Time and care have notched their own unmistakable marks upon my forehead, have made my hair white and my step feeble, but my memory is still unimpeired, and I can look upon the past, and recall old faces, and hear again old voices, and be my former self at will. And I love to do so. It is a great solace to me, and a blessed thing it is that memory with its own wondrous witchery can thus bring back the past. I have few friends except shadowy ones, who come at my call and vanish at my will, and it should be so, says the poet —

> "My own friends, my old friends
> Time's a soldier bold, friend,
> He can mock the conqueror—
> Win the miser's gold, friend
>
> * * *
>
> Why? the tyrant cannot do,
> Is to make us old, friend!"

It is my case, and I am very thankful that it should be so.

Perhaps there is no season in the year when my memory is so active as at Christmas time. Alone, yet not alone am I, when others gather round the roaring fire, and begin to spend that festive season of the year No, I am very still and quiet, and the people of the house wonder how it is that I do not go out like the rest, to keep up Christmas I keep it alone with the shades of the past' say, and keep it merrily.

Sometimes I am a little child, and am altogether in a state of wonderful surprise about the preparations that are making I begin to wear out the note of interrogation in demanding What is Christmas? Why do we keep Christmas? Why do we dress the house with holly? Why get so boisterous in our merriment? Why should people be more happy then than at any other time? And in a perfect state of amazement are carried about the house, playing with the long ringlets of a pretty cousin, who is always laughing, and sings, to my childish fancy, in a first-rate style Then I watch the busy excitement in the kitchen, and presently begin to hear the pudding singing in the copper, then the company begin to come—no end of friends and cousins, and aunts and uncles, decked out in all their bravery, a perfect marvel to behold. Then the nursery all dressed with green boughs, dark shining leaves, and bright berries that look like coral beads, and are not to be eaten upon any account Then the lights and glitter, and almonds and raisins, and all sorts of things, and all sorts of people among which we presently find ourselves, and the laughter that is going on, and the sly jokes that are made about the said pretty cousin in connexion with a certain mistletoe. All these things blend themselves together with deep, thick snow, like a soft carpet of feathers, and a dog, two or three houses off, that kept baying at night in a dismal manner. Well, I like the quiet company I am keeping, for it is not quiet to me, it is full of hilarity. There is a dance, a grand dance, and the pretty cousin sings and plays upon a great instrument with white and black keys, and a young man—I remember loving him very much, he seemed so kind and pleasant—is turning over the leaves of her music I do'nt know what she sings, though the strain is even now upon my ear, but I have no doubt it was well done Poor Janet! Happy days were those, would that for thee they could have lasted longer!

I remember, too, my first visit to a theatre. What was a theatre? A wonderful place, by all accounts, containing everything, and more It was on what they called "boxing night," and I was to see a pantomime. What was a pantomime? Stop till the evening, and I should see. But it was a wet day. Not a nice hard Christmas frost, but a slippy-sloppy, pelting wet day. How I wished it would leave off. I remember sitting upon a window-seat, and watching the pelting rain, which kept falling in a heavy shower. Presently it cleared off. We got ready. We went to the theatre in a coach. Oh, wonderful land of enchantment! Oh, glorious dream, realised beyond all expectation! Oh, fairy-land on earth, what a noble place was that theatre! The boards did not smell damp and mouldy. Everything was real, and good, and beautiful, and true Who ever looked upon such a mysterious scene before? So much gold and paint, so many lights, so many people, such a pleasant rustle—it was an intoxication of pleasure. The long green curtain hung down, and hid for the present the glories yet to be revealed. There was music, and sometimes the curtain rustled, and a foot or two was seen hastily crossing the stage. Presently the bell rings. What is it? What does it all mean? Does that man in sky blue velvet really mean to stab the lady in yellow satin with unmistakable pearls upon her head? I trow not. But as to this first play, I have almost forgotten it, in the glories of the succeeding pantomime. What a world of wonders was that pantomime. The song of the fairies was a great reality—surely they were the very fairies who could have hidden in hare-bells and rested on thistle-down—to me they were not poor wretched hangers-on at the play-house for so much a week, but happy sportive elves, whose whole existence was one of preternatural delight. And harlequin, with his tightly fitted dress of many colours, writhing and wriggling like a spangled serpent, and the clown, with his wonderfully comic expression, which made me clap my hands in wild excitement, and the tricks which transmitted all sorts of things into all sorts of other things, and the columbine all life and gaiety—I fell in love with the columbine, and I dreamed of her three succeeding nights—it was a wonderful vision of delight, and I look back upon it with intense enjoyment. No eastern story was half so full of wonders as that first night at the theatre.

I remember another Christmas. It was my first at school. I had been looking forward to it with a longing desire and a fond anticipation that was never absent for a moment Not in school hours, not in the play-ground, not at night in the dormitory. I never longed for Christmas so much as I did then It came at last. What a delightful ride was that to London What a jovial fellow was the guard. I recollect he told me a droll story, which I profoundly believed, of how one frosty night he played, as usual, on his bugle horn, but never a sound came forth, not the smallest squeak, not a note, not half a note, but that when the thaw set in, lo, the frozen music began to pour forth, and the bugle horn let out its prisoned harmony in a manner wonderful to hear I remember, too, the coach was covered thickly with presents There was a barrel of oysters, and a great fish in a clumsy basket, and no end of game and poultry, and everybody was wishing everybody happy Christmas and merry new year. And the guard drank so much that he became at last quite solemn, and, when we began to rattle over the stones of London, poured forth the National Anthem in a manner deeply pathetic, and which left rather an unhappy impression on my mind. I recollect that Christmas was a very jolly one. The pretty cousin who had bloomed forth into a beautiful woman was to be united to the young man I talked about before. It was a gallant wedding. A wedding at Christmas, a happy, happy wedding—the orange blossoms were all tremulous with the excitement of the wearer. The many good wishes expressed and multiplied again and again—the heightened fun which prevailed in consequence of this hymeneal worship—render that Christmas a notable one in my memory. Poor Janet!

I remember another Christmas. I was older then, and beginning to take my share in the world's rough struggle. A letter came to me on Christmas Eve, and told a sad sad story Poor Janet was no more! The five years which had rolled by had done their work. Her little fortune had soon been spent. Then came coldness, then indifference, then neglect. The baby-boy, which should have been a fresh link of love, was disregarded by the father. He cared not for home, he had lost all relish for domestic enjoyment, the tavern parlour had dearer charms, and having made his home wretched, he neglected it because it was so, and step by step disease and poverty—fell twins—came upon poor Janet. She sickened, and her baby-boy became the sharer of her sickness—gloomy days and gloomy nights. The man had lost his manhood. With neglected business and blighted hopes, he cowered before the coming destruction. Then came the end, and in the cold cheerless winter, without one comfort or soothing word, poor Janet breathed her last! and the child died too, and they buried them in one grave on the last day of the old year.

Well, sitting thus alone, I picture to myself the varied scenes of my life, and talk with my past hours about the things that were. Where is that strong-built school-fellow of mine that was always the lag of the lowest form? He is keeping Christmas, feet to feet with me, in the new world .Where is that old uncle of mine, in the blue coat, who was always telling the story of some old engagement? Where are the girls and boys who always spent their Christmas at our house, and who were wont to play at old soldiers who went about on begging expeditions, and were

always on the look-out for some forfeit charity? Where are the men and women that were my own dear fond companions once? They are all gone. East and west and north and south. Some have grown cold and become estranged, some are asleep beneath the daisy quilt—but sitting here alone on Christmas day I conjure up their forms before me, I am young again, and they are young and buoyant, and completing the circle which time and death have so rudely broken in upon. I get hope and peace and comfort from the past, and thinking happily of those whom I have formerly known and loved—forgetting all their faults, and thinking only of their virtues—the future becomes a goal starred and luminous that proclaims a meeting free from parting in a city beyond the sky. J. T.

A CHRISTMAS-EVE IN RATHNAGRU.

By Edwin L. Godkin.

In the year 18—, I was watching a few students in the gardens of Trinity College, Dublin, trying to persuade a freshman to clasp in his arms a tree which was begrimed by many a winter of city smoke and soot, but fresh as he was, he was not "green," and resolutely refused to perform the desired feat, notwithstanding the doubts which were expressed as to the length of his arms and the breadth of his chest. Though leaning out of a window at some distance, I could hear the conversation distinctly, and soon perceived that the jesting had reached its limits, and that the freshman was getting angry. I heard the lie given twice in rapid succession, and one of the party immediately afterwards struck him across the face with a short riding-whip. Dead silence followed, the stranger made no attempt at resistance, as the whole group seemed to side with his antagonist. He took off his gown, threw it across his arm, and strolled slowly out of the gardens towards the chapel. As he passed out of the gate, I saw he was a man of twenty-five years of age or more, of middle height, and very fair. He was past the age at which men generally enter college, but his cap and gown testified to his academical youth.

"Hallo!" said I, as he was about to turn the corner.

"What's the matter?" said he, looking up.

"I was just going to ask you the same question. You look a little excited, will you step up to my room, and take a glass of wine?"

"Thank you," he replied, and entered the passage. I opened the door for him, and in a few minutes each was sprawling across two chairs *a l'Americaine*, at each side of the fire.

"I have not had the pleasure of seeing you in the college before," I said, "you must have entered lately."

"At the beginning of this week; but I hardly left my rooms except to go to the examination-hall until to-day." I waited, hoping he would tell more of himself, but he stopped. "That clasping the tree is an old trick practised on every freshman," I continued.

"Pshaw! it's transparent," said he haughtily, "but I'll teach those fellows not to play tricks on me. What's the rule here when a man's struck?"

"Why, the *rule*," said I, "is to bring the striker up before the board; but the *custom* is to fight him."

"Well, I always follow the custom; a fellow struck me across the face ten minutes ago, and before night the affair must be settled. You'll do the needful for me. I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, but I suppose you're a college-man."

We exchanged cards, drank off half a bottle of wine, took our hats, and walked out. At three o'clock precisely, all arrangements having been made, I and my man hailed a jarvey in Dame-street, dashed across the Portobello-bridge, up the Rathgar-road, at the top of which we dismissed our Jehu. Five minutes' walk down the hill to the left brought us to a shady silent spot on the banks of the classic Dodder. Our two opponents were there waiting, and the second produced two rapiers from under his cloak. They were duly measured, and lots cast for a choice of them. We, the seconds, then lighted our pipes, sat down on the bank, and one of us, I forget which, gave the word, "Fall on!" After battering their weapons together for the matter of half an hour, my man ran his opponent through the fleshy part of the sword arm, and the combat came to an abrupt close. The wounded man was taken in a covered car to his rooms, and doctored by a surgeon, who made a solemn promise of secresy. The other three of us celebrated the *denouement* by a dinner at the victor's expense, from which we did not go home till morning, and then looking so desperately "seedy," that the porter eyed us suspiciously as we passed the gate, but as we walked steadily, we bid him defiance.

And thus commenced my acquaintance with Robert Courtenay. During the remaining two years of my course we were almost constantly together, and it was with smiles that might as well be tears, "so faint, so sad their beaming," that we shook hands at parting on board the Holyhead packet, when fate called me away to England to buffet with the world in the great metropolis.

We continued, however, to correspond regularly, and every year were looking forward to another merry-making. He left college in due course, and in a month afterwards the death of his father made him undisputed master of a fine estate in the County Wicklow, unencumbered, and with no relative on earth to share or mar his pleasures. After this I received pressing invitations to visit him every month, until, in November, 18—, I positively promised to spend the Christmas with him. I received a warm letter by return of post, informing me that he would expect shortly to hear from me the day on which I would arrive, that he might send a car to the coach to meet me. One engagement after another protracted my stay in town, so that it was but Christmas eve that I found myself, after a cold uncomfortable drive, dropped by the caravan in Baltinglass at the door of a small public-house. Imagine me shivering in the street, my portmanteau at my feet, and my eye vainly searching among the frieze-coats around for my friend's livery. The car he promised had not come. I inquired at the various inns—nothing of the kind had been heard of, and this in a small Irish town, where everybody attends closely to everybody else's business, was sure proof that my disappointment was complete and hopeless.

I am almost ashamed to confess, in this temperance age, that my first step, when satisfied of my forlornness, was to drive out the cold by a tumbler of very hot punch, "uncommon hot," as the landlord of the hostelry remarked when handing it to me, wishing me at the same time a merry Christmas "and plenty of 'em." My next, to inquire whether I could get a conveyance to Rathnagru. No, there was no conveyance there, but at the "hotel." I was told I could get it and everything else I wanted. So I ordered a strapping fellow, whom I saw lounging at the door, to take my portmanteau and show me the way to the hotel. This he did with alacrity, volunteering at the same time, with that inimitable impudence so seldom met with at any place out of Ireland, to make them "purvide me wud the best of everything," and assuring me that 'Paddy Blake', (meaning himself), was the fellow for that."

As we passed up the street, the moon broke out with a cold light upon the deserted muddy roadway, making the raindrops on the thatch glisten like pearls, and the distant summit of Lugnaguilla, with its snowy cap, freeze you with the look of it. Slop, slop, through the wet, light in all the windows, merry laughter ringing in all the houses, turf-fires blazing brightly, and clear voices singing cheerily those fine old Irish songs, so many of which have now died out, or have taken refuge in the backwoods of America. Ah! "God be wud the good ould times!"

When we reached the hotel, we found the door open, the signboard swinging freely in the night breeze, but no one to welcome us,—no obsequious waiter with a towel or white neckcloth rushing to lay hold of our luggage, and hurry it up to No. 999, asking us in hurried accents upon what we would dine or sup, and if we expressed a wish for a slice of a rhinoceros, promising that it would be "coming directly," there was no bustling host, all smiles and blandishment, waiting to usher us into his best apartment, and assuring us, not in formal politeness but in the sincerity of his heart, that every thing in his house was at our service. Nothing of the kind, not a creature was visible. The stillness of death reigned over the whole house; all the doors within sight appeared wide open, and all the rooms empty. We knocked twice, thrice, but no one came, and at last we went boldly forward and found our way into the parlour. It was a small, but neatly-furnished

room, but had about it that indescribable coldness and stiffness of appearance, which every one can understand, but no one can tell in what it consists, ever belonging to a room which is but seldom used. The blinds were all up, and the moon shone brightly in upon the figure of a man in a very dirty jacket, and a cravat that had once been white, lying fast asleep on the sofa, so fast that he didn't even snore, as we believe all waiters do. Blake went over, and gave him a tremendous poke in the ribs: "Arrah, Jack," said he, "if you ain't the boy, and if yer long sleepin' doesn't injer ye, yer hard workin' won't do ye anny harum. Get up, I tell ye, immadiately, and get his honnor something to ate, and light a fire, and behave like a Christian, and not like a brute baste on this blessed Christmas-eve."

Ere this admonition was finished, I had recognised the sleeper as an old college servant, whom I had employed for a long time in my green days, and who had plundered me most unmercifully, but with imperturbable impudence that took the edge off my vexation.

"Musha bad cess to ye, Kitty," said Jack, turning himself heavily, but without opening his eyes; "can't ye let a body alone and let 'em take their nathral rest in pace? Begor, yer'e the nice oleyawn that can't get yer own food. Faix, if ye go on wid anny more o' yer nonsense, I'll get up and kiss ye."

The roar of laughter which broke from us both at this address aroused him in earnest, and looking up in utter bewilderment, he regarded us fixedly for some minutes. At last a smile of recognition began to gather over his features, and jumping off the sofa he exclaimed, "Arrah, Masthur Gilbert, is that you? Well, who the devil 'ud think o' seein' you here! How long am I sleepin' or why didn't yez waken me sooner? Are ye afther comin' be the caravan, or how did ye come?"

"Oh, what matter how long I'm here, or how I came," said I; "I see you're as lazy a rascal as ever. What I want now is something to eat, and then a car."

"Begor, then, ye must have both, an' welcome. The masthur went and had the hounds yisthurday mornin,' an' hasn't come back yet, and we're a most afeared he's bruk his neck, but we don't know where to look for him. It's himself ud be proud to see ye if he was here, it's so long since you wor in this counthry."

"None of your soft sawder," replied I, "you know he never saw me in his life, get me something to eat and put a fire in the room, will you?"

"Faix, I'll get ye somethin' to ate, fast enough, but I'm not so sure about puttin' a fire in the room, for I'm afeard the misthress 'ud ate me if I touched the fire-place, an' she afther fixin' it no lather nur yesthurday afore she went to Dublin. Don't ye see the way it's ornaminted to the hoith wid ribgrass and posies uv all kinds and discriptions. Bedad, ye wouldn't see annything aiqual to it between this an' the city."

"Well, get me tea and something with it, at all events."

"What would ye like wid yer tay, sir?"

"Would you like a beef-steak?" said Blake, thinking it was high time for him to put in a word now.

"Ye needn't be axin him, ye spalpeen," said Jack Driver, eyeing him contemptuously; "whither he would or not, if I may make so bould as to say so, for the divil a beefsteak can be got in this house, till Larry Dimpsey kills his heifer, an' Lord knows when that'll be. He's threatenin' to do it every day these tin weeks, but bedad its not done yet."

"Well, get me a mutton chop then," said I.

"Sorra mutton chop there's to be had either for love or money, barrin' ye'd go to the fair and buy a whole sheep for yerself. Lud love ye, Misthur Gilbert, I thought ye knew enough o' the counthry to know there's nothin' o' the kind is to be had here but on fair days an' the like, an' ye know the quality kills all their own mate. But if ye like, I can give ye bacon an' eggs and tay, and ye can take a tumbler of hot sthrong punch afther, that'll be flannel to yer heart." So saying, up he sprung, brushed the soles of his feet, and popped on his shoes with great show of activity. I stood at the kitchen fire till all was ready, and in about ten minutes after I was mounted on the car, Jack assuring me, "it was well it wasn't summer, as thin the horse ud a' been out at grass, and thin there'd have to be a party o' the neighbours gother to ketch him, he was so divilish wild."

A rapid drive brought me across the hills to Rathnagru, in two hours, although the distance was nearly twelve miles. I was at some loss to account for Courtenay having sent no conveyance to meet me, but concluded that some accident had happened to his horses or his car. I alighted at the door with pleasant anticipations of a hearty welcome, a blazing fire, good wine, and a good talk, and determined for one fortnight to give myself up completely to hearty Christmas pleasure. But, strange, there was no light in the windows, no hum of life in the yard, no watch-dog "bayed deep-mouthed" welcome; all was cold, dark, and silent. I knocked and rang. After a long pause, there was a sound of unlocking and unbolting, the door was opened, and an old dame, verging on threescore and ten, stood before me, with a candle in her hand, and eyed me doubtfully and cautiously.

"Is Mr. Courtenay at home?" said I. She paused, and scrutinised me still more keenly. "Maybe you're Misthur Gilbert," said she at last "that he was expectin' ?"

"The same," I replied.

"Ah, sir, honey, will you come in? I suppose you hav'nt heard the news, and a sad and sorrowful news it is for ould Biddy Kavanagh to have to tell, in her masthur's house to her masthur's friend. Sure Masthur Robert's dad, sir, he was killed when he was out hunting, and here we are sick sore an' sorry, but he'll see no more Christmases. Ochone, ochone!"

The poor old hag wrung her hands in a burst of grief, while she was shewing the man the way up to a bed room with my portmanteau, leaving me speechless with surprise and grief in the hall. When she came down, she asked me to walk into the kitchen, while she was lighting a fire in the dining room, and getting things ready to make me comfortable at least till morning. But when I saw the kitchen, I determined to take up my abode in it for the night, and so told her she need not give herself any trouble.

It was a large room, with a yawning fire-place and capacious chimney, up which a mountainous fire of turf was seen to fling a cloud of smoke. A huge oak table stood before it, and on it two braces of pistols, two muskets, two sabres, a whiskey bottle, hot water and sugar, and in two chairs on either side two men with broad shoulders, brawny arms, and huge heads, slept heavily and snored loudly. The candle which stood on the table, was flaring in the socket, and the clock in the corner pointed to [illegible] before midnight. As we had neared the end of our journey, the moon had again become shrouded, and black clouds gathering among the mountains frowned on us heavily as we dashed along the valley towards the house. The storm was now bursting forth in its fury, and it howled fitfully in the yawning chimney and rattled in impotent rage against the well barred windows, and made the kitchen look all the cosier. The pots, and pans, and dish-covers, and plates, shone brightly on the dresser, and the big oak rafters on the ceiling, doubly blackened by the smoke of a century, glistened like ebony.

"God save all here!" I said loudly, after surveying the scene for a moment. The sleepers roused themselves, and muttered half mechanically, "God save ye kindly, sir." The old housekeeper by this time came in, and placed an easy chair for me that she had brought from the parlour. "Now," said, I, "will you tell me all about this unhappy accident?"

The old woman's story lasted nearly an hour, and while telling it she rocked herself to and fro in her chair, wringing her hands, and apostrophised her deceased master in the old Irish fashion, with a pathos that sometimes rose into passion. I shall not trouble the English reader with her words, as to strange ears, without the voice, the brogue, and above all without the associations which they carry with them in my mind, they lose all their effect. The men slept on, and I listened in wrapt attention. On that night my philosophy, my reading, my knowledge, all took flight—availed me not,—and I became once again an Irish child, devout, fearful, superstitious.

Here is old Biddy's story. The previous week, she was awakened in the middle of the night by a low wailing close to her bed side, like a prolonged but half stifled shriek of mortal agony, or heartrending grief, now sinking into a shrill whisper or long drawn sigh, heaved from the breast of woman in the hour of her worst earthly need, now raising into a wild unearthly scream, that made the flesh creep, and the hair stand on end. In the first moment of terror and surprise on awakening she had covered up her head, but in a minute she looked

out round the room, and found it half illuminated by a reddish light, and on the wall opposite the window a moving shadow waved to and fro, now quickly, now slowly, as if keeping time with the voice of the mourner. A glance at the window sent a thrill to her heart, like the sound of the hammer on the coffin nails of her nearest and dearest. Ah, it was the banshee! The little old woman sat in the window waving her fleshless arms, and rocking herself to and fro, mournfully,—oh, so mournfully,—and crying as if her heart would break. And her long flaxen hair, from which she derives her name, fell thickly about her shoulders, and ever and anon she combed it back, and wailed more bitterly than ever, and at last disappeared.

Long before dawn, Biddy descended into the kitchen, and without rousing any of the other servants, lighted the fire and sat over it praying. For the fourth time in her long life she had heard the banshee, and she too truly knew what that portended. Just as day was breaking Mr. Courtenay came down in white buckskin breeches, top boots, and red jacket, and after expressing his surprise at seeing her up so soon, asked her the cause of it.

"Oh, sir, sure I've seen the banshee, and she never keened yit that something wasn't goin' to happen to somebody in the family. Didn't I see her when yer mother died! Didn't I see her when yer brother was dhrownded. And now I'm afeard, God bless us an' harum, that somethin's wrong with the captain at Gibraltar. Whin did ye hear from him?"

"Oh, a few days ago, but if that be all, you'd better get my breakfast. I'm going to the meet, and I've to be there at nine."

Biddy's fears broke out in wild entreaties for him to stay at home, and not to neglect a warning that was never given in vain. But Courtenay was not the man to be moved from his purpose by an old wife's tale, and in half an hour he rode off. At night he had not returned. Biddy sat up watchful and anxious, and on the morrow, when the daylight dawned, the horse stood at the stable door, but the saddle was empty, and the stirrup leathers were broken. The unfortunate rider was found in a ditch about three miles away, but he was quite dead. It seemed he had attempted to ride home across the country for the day's sport, and his jaded steed had fallen back on him when attempting a leap too great for her strength.

He was buried the day before I came there, the two men were put to guard the property until the arrival of the deceased's brother from Gibraltar, where he was a captain in the Artillery.

She had hardly finished her story, when I dozed off in a troubled sleep; and was dreaming of goblins, ghosts, and fairies, when a wild shriek, as if from the ground under my feet, made me start up in terror. Biddy was on her knees telling her beads with nervous fingers, and the two watchers were on their feet clutching their guns, and looking aghast with fear. We spoke not a word, again the cry came, for all the world like a young child screaming in great agony, and then again like a female sobbing in hysterics, now as if it came down the chimney, now from the hall, now from the back yard, but every where piercing in its sadness.

"It's the banshee again," said Biddy, "may the Lord have mercy upon us now an' at the hour of our death!"

"Pshaw!" said one of the men, who was a thorough Orangeman, "it's somebody wanting to scare us, and then plunder the premises, ye mane. But I'll tache 'em manners. Here, Fiddler!" calling a Newfoundland dog. The animal refused to move, and crouched close to his master's feet. The man suddenly seized him, and opening the kitchen door flung him out into the yard. The dog gave a loud yell, was whirled a few feet in the air, and was dashed to pieces on the pavement. We now grasped the arms and prepared to sally out. The cry suddenly ceased.

Old Biddy ran forward and implored us to remain within, "for she never knew luck nor grace to attind anny man that hunted the banshee." One of my companions was evidently faltering, but the jeers of his friend roused his courage again, and we proceeded. We searched the whole premises, but neither saw nor heard anything. We were standing in the haggard, silent and wearied, when the cry suddenly burst out from behind the cornstacks more wildly than ever. Hopkins, the Orangeman, levelled his musket. "Don't fire," said Doyle, imploringly. In a second he pulled the trigger. There was a loud report, a fearful shriek, and an old woman tottered across the yard in a moment afterwards, half enveloped in a bluish flame, her long hair flowing in the wind, and waving her hands at us half reproachfully, half sorrowfully. As she disappeared behind the house, we heard the old Celtic air, "*Ma 'til, ma 'til, 'n tulidh*," sung in a low plaintive voice, and then all was still. We returned to the kitchen without speaking a word. Biddy prayed all night. In the morning early I set out for Dublin, and have never since had an interview with the banshee. I saw my old friend's brother at the Great Exhibition in 1851, but he assures me the banshee never since visited Rathnagru Hall. May she long remain absent, and may all my readers have their Christmas morning ushered in with gayer music than her death-boding *caoine*.

THE NORMAN BARON.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, BY LONGFELLOW.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud without the tempest thunder'd,
And the castle-turret shook.
In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plunder'd,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and psalm-master,
From the missal on his knee;
And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that from the neighbouring Kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held that night their Christmas wassail;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.
And so long those breezy minstrelsy
Sang, to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted
Reached the chamber, terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear
Tears [illegible]
And [illegible]
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger,
Born and cradled in a manger!
King like David, priest like Aaron,
Christ is come to set us free!"
And the [illegible] pointed
And exclaim'd the [illegible] baron,
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld with clearer vision,
Through all [illegible] and fashion,
[illegible]
All the pomp of earth had vanish'd,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
[illegible] more loud than passion,
[illegible]

Every vassal of his manor,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wrong'd and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again
And as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relax'd his iron features,
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been number'd
Since in death the baron slumber'd,
By the convent's sculptur'd portal,
Mingling with the common dust
But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsum'd by moth or rust.

A GOSSIP ABOUT CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

BY JOHN TILLOTSON.

A thousand, thousand welcomes to the merry Christmas time. Church bells high up in lofty steeples are ringing out their cheerful peals, and shouting into the world's ear that the great holiday has arrived at last, and that with laugh and jocund song, and cheerful smiles and dancing feet, and, better still than all, with loving hearts, we greet the glorious festival, and hail it as the day when every grudging, hard, and bitter thought is cast away, and love and kindness put on with holiday suits, befitting the season of the year.

Fires are leaping and roaring joyfully, and there are pleasant meetings and cheerful greetings, and childish sports are going on—childish sports in which manhood and womanhood engage right heartily, and for the nonce forget the noise, anxieties, and care of the world, and love their loves from A to Z, and hunt the slipper with persevering alacrity, and play at forfeits—wondrous forfeits, or anything and everything which wakens up old memories deep and tender. And while the bright flame leaps upwards, and the clear red fire grows brighter and clearer, ghost stories are told, and still the lusty bells ring out a greeting to old Christmas. The old year is dying, but he dies in glory like an old Norse King.

Ours is a practical age. We are becoming more and more scientific and mechanical every day. We command the elements. We turn the sun into a portrait painter, and the lightning into a postman, fire and water become our hard-working nags—a very Pegasus in harness—we go a-head in everything, and leave the men of former times so far behind that it almost seems as if they were another race. Our sports and pastimes have changed most wonderfully, but we have not out-run Christmas yet—and Christmas thoughts, and Christmas feelings, and Christmas associations, and the jolly of bell metal, and the holly boughs, and the mistletoe, and the steaming Christmas fare, still show that we cherish the day our fathers loved and honoured —

> With footsteps slow, in furry pall yclad
> His brows enwreathed with holly never sere,
> Old Christmas comes to close the warned year,
> And aye the shepherd's heart to make right glad,
> Who when his teeming flocks are homeward had,
> To blazing hearth repairs, and nut brown beer,
> And views well pleased the ruddy prattlers dear,
> Hug the grey mungrel, meanwhile maid and lad
> Squabble for roasted crab. Thee, Sire, we hail,
> Whether thine aged limbs thou dost enshroud
> In vest of snowy white and many veil,
> Or wrap thy visage in a sable cloud,
> Thee we proclaim with mirth and cheer, nor fail,
> To greet thee well with many a carol loud

How did they spend Christmas in the old times? Let us see. A modern poet tells us :—

> The Great King Arthur made a sumptuous feast,
> And held his royal Christmas at Carlisle,—
> And thither came the vassals, most and least,
> From every corner of this British isle,
> And all were entertained, both man and beast
> According to their rank in proper style.
> The steeds were fed and littered in the stable
> The ladies and the knights sat down to table.
> The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
> Was suited to those plentiful old times,
> Before our modern luxuries rose,
> With truffles and ragouts and various crimes,
> And therefore from the original in prose
> I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes,
> They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars
> By hundred, and by dozens, and by scores
> Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
> Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
> Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan and bustard,
> Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
> Plum pudding, pancakes, apple-pies and custard,
> And therewith they drank good Gascon wine,
> With mead, and ale, and cider of our own,
> For porter, punch and negus was not known.
>
> All sorts of people there were seen together,
> All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses;
> The fool with fox's tail, and peacock's feather,
> Pilgrims and penitents, and grave burgesses,
> The country people with their coats of leather,
> Vintners and victuallers with cans and messes,
> Grooms, archers, valets, falconers, and yeomen,
> Damsels and waiting maids, and waiting-women.

Old Saxons kept up merry Christmas in a cheerful manner; and when the feet of Norman soldiery had pressed our English ground, and the mild government of the Saxon kings was succeeded by the arbitrary sway of their imperious conquerors, old Christmas still was kept and honoured, and kings and priests and knights and people welcomed it as a day of general rejoicing. William I. and his son Rufus kept Christmas at Windsor, and kept it in a sort of barbaric splendour. The conquered as well as the conquerors united in the keeping of the feast, and the peasants hailed its coming as a boon. Chivalry helped to add grace and grandeur to the festival, and at the Christmas tide, merry meetings and tournaments were held. And when the preacher of the crusade awoke in the breasts of European champions the desire to fight in the Holy Land, the love of Christmas was but deepened and increased, and when it came, the host in Palestine rejoicing at its return, and there beneath an eastern sky—there in the very neighbourhood where long ago the faith they held was first proclaimed, Christian chivalry kept Christmas. One can imagine the feelings of one of those stout, stern, warriors on such a day. He is far away from his own native land, and bright eyes watch for his return, and loving hearts are longing for his coming—there at home they keep old Christmas in the brave baronial hall—there the yule log blazes, there the minstrels sing, there the merry dancers go round about the fire, there the boar's head all garnished for the feast is brought in with a flourish—and here the good knight clad in his steel harness finds himself far away from home. But homewards sends his thoughts, and he thinks of the first lance he ever broke, of the day when he did such gallant deeds because the eyes of one were on him whose favour he would win. And Christmas in the Holy Land seems to him more holy, more suggestive then it ever did on English ground. The tall palm trees, the vineyard and the olive gardens, are appropriate to the season, and there is Bethlehem and as he traces its dark outline against the evening sky, his thoughts have wandered centuries away, and he seems to see above it the bright star in the East, and to hear the strange mysterious music of angels in the air.

There were strange notions in those old days relative to the character of the birthnight of the Saviour. Hamlet says —

> Some say that ever 'gainst this season come,
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrate
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long
> And they say no spirit stirs abroad;
> The nights are wholsome, then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, no witch has power to charm,
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

At twelve o'clock on Christmas-eve the ox knelt down in adoration. All water blushed, and for a moment became wine. At that season, says an old author, merry is the cock, and the owl for twelve days is sprightly.

When chivalry was no longer displaying its powers in the valleys and in the hills and plains of Palestine, and the gallant knights withdrew from the conflict, Christmas was still honoured and beloved. Now-a-days we listen to the music that wakes us in the night, and a strange sound it has withal—but it is an old, old practice; though far different in ancient times from what it has now become. The waits in former days were the ministrels of the court, who were honoured with the name of Royal Watchers. In the time of Edward the Fourth, the waits were bound at the Christmas season to pipe within the court four times each night, as is duly recorded in Rymer's Fœdera. Then there were the mummers, all dressed in the most grotesque fashion. Strange hobgoblin headed wights, armed with wooden swords to enact curious plays and mysteries, which did much delight my lords and my ladies. Then the canticles and carols sung in palaces by men of high degree. When Henry VII. kept his court at Greenwich, Leland tells us the dean and royal chaplains sang him a carol after the first course. And when, at these old feasts,

the henchman brought in the crowning dish, the boar's head, all decked with rosemary and bay, a special festal song welcomed its coming But of all days and all festivals, twelfth-day, or the day of kings, outstripped in everything all competition, and became the king of days. This day was first observed as a separate feast in the year 813. The customs of the day differed in various countries, but then the same in the end and purpose, that of rendering honour to the wise men, the eastern magi or kings, who visited and made offerings to our Saviour at his birth. The custom of eating twelfth cake, and especially of drawing for king and queen on this day, is of very ancient date In the calendar of the Romish Church is an observation of the vigil, " the sixth is called the festival of Kings, with the additional remark that the ceremony of electing kings was continued with feasting for many days. In France during the ancient regime, one of the courtiers was chosen as king, and the nobles attended at an entertainment whereat he presided In the student life of the English Universities may be traced this same custom, when the choosing of a king was by a bean found in a piece of divided cake. The pea was used as well as the bean, thus in Ben Jonson's masque of " Christmas," the character of Baby-cake is attended by an usher bearing a great cake with beans and peas. Elsewhere, both are alluded to —

Now, now, the mouth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where Bean's the King of the sport here,
Beside we must know,
The Pea also
Must revell as Queene in the court here
Begin then to choose
(This night as ye use)
Who shall for the present delight here,
Be a King by the lot,
And who shall not
Be twelfth day Queene for the night here.
Then crown the bowl full
With gentle lamb's wool,
Add sugar, nutmeg and ginger,
With store of ale, too,
And thus ye must doe
To make the wassaile a swinger
Give then to the King
And Queene wassailing,
And though with ale ye be whot here,
Yet part ye from hence
As free from offence
As when ye innocent met here

Evelyn records that on twelfth night, 1662, his majesty (Charles II.) opened the revels of the night by throwing the dice himself in the privy chamber, where was a table set a purpose, and lost his £100. (The year before he won £1,500) The ladies also played very deep. Neither was keeping twelfth night an exclusive court custom, but was equally blended with the joined observances of rural life. Thus in an old ballad we find a country swain singing of twelfth-night glories, but intimating that his heart has a dearer wish then anything belonging to the kings' day .—

Now twelfth day is coming, goodwife, I trowe,
Get readie your churne and your milk from the cowe,
And fire your oven all ready to bake,
For Emma bring hither a bonnie twelfth cake
The lads and the lasses at night will be seen,
Round the wassaile bowle drawing for King and for Queen,
But could I possess the three kingdoms by lotte,
I would rather have Emma and dwell in a cotte

With the wassail bowl at Christmas, by the way, roasted apples were formerly carried about, long after this was discontinued, apples were roasted on Christmas-eve, and this little observance was kept up for a long, long time. In Devonshire the people carried cider to the orchard, and there encircling one of the best bearing trees, they sung a strange old rhyme —

Here's to thee, old apple tree,
Whence thou mayst bud, and whence thou mayst blow!
And whence thou mayst bear apples enow!
Hats full! caps full!
Bushels, bushels, sacks full,
And my pockets full too, Huzza!

The custom of making offerings to the three kings was performed so late as the year 1731; when at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on twelfth-day, George II. and the Prince of Wales made " the offerings according to custom "

In the reign of King Edward III. the title of King of the Bean was conferred upon one of the King's minstrels, as we find by an entry in a computer so dated, that sixty shillings were given by the King on the day of Epiphany to Regan the trumpeter and his associates, the court minstrels, in the name of the King of the Bean.

This Gossip of the Old Time might be continued at great length, for rising up before us, as we think of bygone Christmas customs, comes scene after scene, strangely interesting as fragments of the past. Here we see the learned, grave, and reverend justices dancing about a coal fire like so many shoolboys; here in broad-skirted coats, and frills, and ruffles, are a party of worshipful gentlemen of Queen Anne's day, doing honour to that speckled cannon ball, the pudding, and playing at snap-dragon with right good will; anon the Thames is frozen over, and on its icy surface a bonfire blazes, and an ox is merrily roasting. Again, we are in country precincts, and keep Christmas with roystering King Charles II. Further still away we greet old Christmas in Queen Bess's time, and find ourselves in an ancient hall, whose rafters ring to our songs and laughter, where the yule log blazes, as only yule log can, where up in a little gallery yonder quaintly-dressed minstrels are sounding out a welcome to the king of days And here a company of mummers tumble and dance, and dance and tumble, as only mummers know how, singing.—

Bouncer Buckler velvet's dear,
And Christmas comes but once a year,
Though when it comes it brings good cheer;
Then welcome Christmas once a year

And there, too, in the stiff brocade and wondrous ruffs, and stately step, elongated waists, and powdered wigs, and sparkling in the fire light, and glittering here and there like wildfire, come my ladies. And here in slashed doublets and placarded vests, and satin shoes, and with jewel hilted rapiers, come my lords, and there comes the dancing, and then the wassail, and then the supper, and then the boar's head, and then more dancing, and then more fun with the mummers, and so the scene changes, and we are keeping Christmas with a London citizen, in the days when cowards were made heroes by the cry of Harry and St. George! Further still away, we jostle in the crowd at Smithfield to see the Christmas joustings and cheer, as the men of mail meet in their gallant charge, or shiver lances on each other's breast-plates. Now we are singing with a company of minstrels in the streets of London, when London was a picturesque old place; now we are reverently kneeling in a lofty church, and listening to the solemn music of the Christmas festival, now we are feasting at the table of a Saxon nobleman, in grand barbaric style, and in our heart of hearts defy all Danes and Normans too, and further still away, wandering on a mountain, in that land which flowed with milk and honey, we watch some Jewish shepherds abiding in the field, and hear from heaven a birthnight song.

* * * * *

Ring, tug, strain,—the bells still sound a welcome to the Christmas time. The music is sprinkled all over the land,—from spire to spire, from tower to tower, the wondrous harmony is sounding forth. There is a very volley of sound that seems to shake the steeple, louder, louder, faster, faster, little bells and big bells, one great rattling chorus that says as plainly as bells can say it,—a thousand thousand welcomes to the merry Christmas time!

The Lord of Misrule.—Holingshed, speaking of Christmas, calls it, "What time there is always one appointed to make sporte at courte called commonly lorde of misrule, whose office is not unknowne to such as have bene brought up in noblemen's houses and among great housekeepers, which use liberal feasting in the season " Again "At the feast of Christmas," says Stow, "in the king's court wherever he chanced to reside, there was appointed a lord of misrule, or master of merry disports; the same merry fellow made his appearance at the house of every nobleman and person of distinction, and among the rest the lord mayor of London and the sheriffs had severally of them their lord of misrule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholders. This pageant potentate began his rule at All-hallow eve, and continued the same till the morrow after the Feast of the Purification; in which space there were fine and subtle disguisings, masks, and mummeries."

A CHRISTMAS-DAY IN OLD CALIFORNIA.

BY MISS H. M. RATHBONE.

Close to the bay of San Francisco, and surrounded by a group of splendid Spanish chestnut trees, stood the plain white dwelling of James Hancock and Edward Webster, two ministers of the Gospel, who had braved all the horrors of a near residence to the wildest Indian tribes, in order to spread the knowledge of Christianity amongst the heathens. No civilised community, either of their own or of any other nation, lived within fifty miles of the mission-house, which had repeatedly been plundered by bands of predatory hordes, who successively rifled it of every article which it contained. Still the missionaries had persevered, and having obtained a fresh supply of absolute necessaries, they cultivated patches of the adjoining land, and lived on its produce, on the fish out of the bay and river, and game from the forest, until each time they had succeeded in re-establishing their despoiled station.

It was Christmas-day, and Mabel Hancock rose early to procure evergreens to adorn their parlour and chapel in honour of the sacred anniversary, and in memory of the time-honoured customs appertaining to the season which she had often seen observed in her native England during her early childhood; but she performed her task in some trepidation, for the frequent attacks of the Indians had rendered her very timid; besides she well knew that certain recent signs had made her father and Mr. Webster afraid that a fresh onslaught might now be expected. Her fears were confirmed, on her entering the room where breakfast was prepared, by her father's unusual gravity and the trembling fervour with which he pronounced his customary morning blessing upon her.

During the meal little passed save disjointed conjectures about their English friends, and remarks on the keen frost which probably compelled them to crowd round blazing fires—in strange contrast to the inhabitants of the mission, who could have basked in summer sunshine in the lofty woods, had they only felt it safe. Presently the two missionaries withdrew to decide upon their proceedings in case of attack, necessarily however of a peaceful nature, since they looked on war as unchristian—Hancock saying to his daughter as they left the apartment, "Remember, my child, that upon thy courage and presence of mind the fate of us all may this day depend."

This consideration did not at first console Mabel at all, and seeking her own little room she prayed for strength to do her duty, should she indeed be tried as her father seemed to expect, and then taking out her prayer-book, she tried to read the morning service, which she knew was at that hour being performed in her own beloved country But finding it almost impossible to fix her attention on those solemn thoughts, she began to turn over her little hoard of keepsakes from beloved friends now thousands of miles away, and to read the highly-prized letters which at rare intervals had been brought them by English merchant vessels on their way to South America. Gradually she became absorbed in pleasant remembrances of the happy past, and forgetting all about her present situation, she was additionally startled when a distant war-whoop painfully recalled time and place to her recollection.

Immediately afterwards her father came in, grave and composed, though the warmth of his reiterated embrace, as he folded her in his arms, showed her that he felt it might be for the last time. He took her down stairs, where she found their small band of labourers, with three faithful negro women, clustered together and awaiting their master's order to throw open the gates of the station, when a nearer war-whoop should proclaim the enemy close at hand. But several hours passed away without any attack taking place, though every now and then distant shouts kept every heart trembling in expectation, and Mabel thought these hours of suspense were harder to endure than any actual danger could have been. Bread and wine were distributed to the little party as the day wore on, both missionaries urging the necessity of taking food upon their terrified dependants, who, frightened to the last degree, most unwillingly consented to leave off watching in order to partake of some refreshment. About four o'clock notice was given by Mr. Webster, who had stationed himself on the roof of the house, that a most formidable body of dusky warriors armed with spears, bows, axes, and bowie knives, were swiftly approaching, and in five minutes afterwards a dreadful yelling and loud terrible war-whoop told the missionaries the season of trials had arrived. Throwing open the gates of the station, and with Mabel leaning on his arm, Webster on his other side, and the servants close behind, Hancock walked boldly out to meet the foe, unarmed and undismayed. This daring act seemed to stagger even the wildest of the wild men whom they now confronted, who were a large party of Wallacks and Snake Indians; and taking no notice of so despicable a prey, many of the red men filed past into the house, leaving the chief body of the men standing outside in profound silence.

Mabel behaved admirably, though it may be questioned whether she did not partly retain her composure from their fright rendering her incapable of any demonstration; but she stood calmly by her father, and probably this appearance of perfect indifference on her part aided not a little in preserving the lives of the English during that trying interval which elapsed while the chiefs remained within. They searched the entire establishment minutely over for guns or ammunition, and finding nothing but a few well-worn spades and other agricultural implements, they kicked them about with feelings of the most profound contempt, and then, rejoining their comrades below, the whole party chiefly left the mission, except a head chief of the Wallacks, who knowing a little Spanish, came up to the missionaries and said: "What use live here? No gun, no deer, plenty of buffalo, plenty elk, plenty everything, no gun, no shoot! pshaw! dig! dig the ground, no good, big fool, you big fool all, go to sleep," and casting a withering look of scorn at the ministers and Mabel, he set off to join his own people, who were again heard yelling and shouting with derision as they withdrew in the distant forest.

It was then evening, and, relieved and thankful, the English closed the station-house for the night, their servants hastening to prepare an abundant meal, and soon becoming riotous in their joy, the missionaries uniting in grateful prayer for the deliverance they had experienced from their insatiable enemies, and rejoicing that their peaceful line of conduct had been blessed not only by their personal safety, but by the preservation of everything in their possession, since examination proved that the savages had taken nothing away with them.

Mabel's last reflection that night on laying her head on her pillow in safety, was "This morning I was lamenting our absence from dear England, and from all my best friends and nearest relatives, but to-night I feel as if the privilege of dwelling in peace with my dear father and Mr. Webster were all I cared for, and much more than three hours ago I deemed possible could ever be mine again. Should I live to see our native land once more, how strangely different will one of our merry Christmas-days in the old country seem to this awful day which we have just passed. But it will make me feel how happy England is, where peace and freedom are the birthrights of all her children!"

CHRISTMAS.

DESCRIBED BY A CRABBED PHILOSOPHER.

To the Editor of the Working Man's Friend

Mr Editor—Sir,—Who does not think of Christmas, while at his very stomach rising at the thought? What visions of feasting and joyousness run through his brain? All the glories of roast beef and plum-pudding rise in splendid review before him! The recollection of the Christmas goose makes him as hot almost as the touch of a tailor's goose, and nearly as stupid! But what is all this for? Why do men make gluttons of themselves on that particular day? Why do they rejoice in a good dinner and a rich pudding? Why do they think more of roast beef and horse-radish, currants boiled in a mixture of fat and flour, with malagas, and sultanas to boot, on the day commonly, but unwarrantably, called Christmas-day? There is not a line, a sentence, or a word in the New Testament to prove that the 25th of December is the day on which Christ was born. Still less is there a line, a sentence, or a word to prove that mass, holy-mass,

should be held on that day? Ah, but say the Roman Catholics, the tradition of the church declares that the 25th December is the true day, and we must obey! Good; the Roman Catholics must obey, if it so please them, we have nothing to say against it. But how should the Protestants obey? They have abjured the Church, so called, and have established sects of their own, how comes it, then, that they keep Christmas-day? The reason is plainly this, that they love good cheer, and they are fain to imitate the Roman Catholics in this observance. It is agreeable to their taste and far more agreeable to their stomach, and therefore they wish to enjoy it. Well, if they wish to meet their brethren,—we mean if the Protestants wish to meet their brethren the Roman Catholics on the broad platform of a good dinner, we have nothing to say against it, it is but a right and proper thing, but if they mean to proselyte us by means of the belly, we say no; we shall dine on Christmas-day, if you please, and we shall enjoy all the good cheer we can get, but we will not for this be called Roman Catholics, or Protestant Catholics, or any other Catholics. We have a universal desire to see all men happy, and enjoying good cheer, but we wish to see all mankind at liberty to enjoy their own opinion as to whether the occasion be really Christmas or not, that is, as to whether it be the real day of the nativity of our Lord. We say this can not be proved from Scripture, and by this we do not find fault in our opinion. We would, therefore, recommend to all parties to enjoy all the good things that come in their way on Christmas day, as the Roman Catholics and the Church of England can it, but we humbly suggest that it is only the 25th of December after all, and further, that there is no law in the Bible, and we hope none in the statute-book, to compel us to observe the day as a holiday, that is, a day holy unto the Lord. We would strongly advise the people of England, henceforth and for ever, to call this miscalled day, *Midwinter*, and not *Christmas*, as the latter name only tends to perpetuate the creed of particular sects; for, after all, the Church of Rome and the Church of England constitute only particular sects of religionists, and we hope that they contain, within their pale, all their errors and their bigots, many members of the true Church. R W.

[In "Crabbed Philosopher" seems to us to think, that when the Apostle desired the brethren to "be instant in season and out of season," he did not say all he had to say, and the "Philosopher" takes upon himself to supply the omission by adding, "but especially out of season." No man but a sour buttermilk philosopher would think of discussing the authority of tradition in matters of belief, on a day when nobody else thinks of discussing anything but turkey and roast beef. Who but he would stop a boy or girl under the mistletoe, and ask her before he kissed her, whether she believed that Holy Orders of Matrimony were amongst the Seven Blessed Sacraments, and whether Thomas a Kempis wasn't wrong on the questions of Transubstantiation and Extreme Unction. Wouldn't the dew leave her lip, and the light be quenched in her eye, at the sight of his unpicturesque visage, and wouldn't he appear at once in his true shape, the charred stump of an old Smithfield stake? Who but one of the doggish disciples of the precise of the tub, would eat mince pies with a protest against Popery, and call upon controversialists to hurl their texts at each other, and ask them if it don't sound hollow, and if they don't abjure the Pope in it. What Christian man or woman cares much whether Christ was born exactly on the twenty-fifth of December or not. We all know he was born, and there is a general opinion abroad that the twenty-fifth of December was the day, and for a thousand years or more, the common consent of all Christian men have made it a time of rejoicing, of happy re-unions, of forgetfulness of differences. We strongly recommend all families not to invite the "Crabbed Philosopher" to dinner upon next Christmas-day; and if he dines at home, we doubt not, the very policeman will make wry faces and feel chilly as he passes the house. We offer no remark upon his suggestion to change the name of the festival from Christmas to "Midwinter," further than that if it were in his power to communicate it to all mankind, they would receive it with a howl of derision, and the very news-boys would tweak his frost-bitten nose. The worst enemies of national and harmless amusement are they who seek to degrade it by calumniating it, and the worst enemies of religion are those, who, like the "Crabbed Philosopher," associate its sublime truths and consoling promises with the ignorant hallucinations of their own dwarfed intellects.]

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF FREDERIKA BREMER.—TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

It is Christmas-eve, dear brother, a day which, through the whole of Sweden, is consecrated in castle and cottage with gifts given and received, with the best that people have of this world's wealth. For a month past one has seen that the festival was coming by the increase of life and bustle over the whole country, as if the whole country got itself ready for a feast. In the capital it seems as if a population of 80,000 souls had, all at once, increased to 100,000, and as if the bodies of all their souls had no more rest within the house. People drive, people walk, or rather people trudge up and down, from morning till night. People meet, people cross, people jostle one another in the crowds, in streets and lanes. At the turning on each hand one hears the words, "Your most humble servant!" And in the Great West-street in particular, people are in peril of their life—if they are poor foot passengers, like me. In the shops the ladies elbow one another, under the pleasant pretence of desiring to see this and that, examine, consider, turn over and over, ask questions, chatter, cheapen, and finally open their pocket-books and put in the bill, and then, without any impropriety, go out with their parcels, be they large or small, oblong or four-cornered, wrapped up with ingenuity in waste paper, and tied with pack-thread. The ladies, in their elegant pelisses, float to their elegant carriages, attended to the door by the gentlemen of the shops, who ask, with low bows, "Shall I send them home?—shall I add them to the account?" A nod, or gracious "be so kind!" the window is pulled up, the whip cracks—the bills swell out! 500 rix-dollars for fine dresses, 1000 for gold and silver stuffs, 2000 for fine wines. Such purchases make they, the powerful money-potentates, and then drive home to scold about a few pence and grumble over the dear times. "Two farthings' worth of ginger-bread!" demands little Janne, in his ragged coat, and with his nose-end red with the cold, standing before the paradise of the huckster's stall, gets called little friend by its red-breasted cherub, receives two brown hearts, pays his money contentedly, goes his way as happy as a—prince? No, because a prince has too much to be happy with so little—but as a little, poor, good-hearted lad who is as proud as can be to bid his little sister to a feast.

In the great market-place, booth after booth is opened in long rows, each one filled with bread, books, stuffs of all kinds, confectionery, and with every thing in the world. It is the Christmas-market. And all the world—in Stockholm—goes to the Christmas market to make purchases and to look about. Behind all this visible movement there is another movement in operation which is invisible. There are at this time in Stockholm, tailors, translators, shoemakers, carriage builders, furriers, lace-weavers, glovers, in a word, makers and workers of every kind, who are not so lucky as to deceive more than twenty times in the day with their "it shall be ready this evening" "in the morning" "by the end of the week!" "the very first of all" which means the very last.

Thus it goes on in the month of December in the capital, and thus, no doubt, down to the very least of Swedish towns. In the country it is fresh life. Every mistress of a house steeps the fish, makes candles, and stuffs puddings. Every maid-servant is overhead in business. All heads and all hands are busy for Christmas. All men and all domestic animals will be fed plentifully, even sparrows will sing of Christmas on their appointed sheaf of oats, and human sparrows—the beggars—will be abundantly fed from rich men's tables. The earth experiences the truth of the Lord's words, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

At this time there is an end of all candour and confidence in the family. Husbands and wives, parents, children, brothers and sisters, relations and friends, all conceal themselves from one another, all have secrets from one another, all have something to hide or withdraw from each other's sight. And as observe, might think that such things testified but indifferently for the happiness of Swedish homes, if the mirror of the soul, the eye, was not in the meantime become, more loving and friendly than ever. But with roguish gravity, and repressed breath, the spirit of secrecy goes about sealing all lips, until, all at once as if by a

magic stroke, amid the darkest night of the year, millions of lights are kindled, and like a festive board, stands on the twenty-fourth of December the whole kingdom of Sweden, from Lapmark down to Skone, and millions of voices exclaim the while, It is Christmas! it is Christmas!

The genius of equality never reigned thus absolutely in the old states of the republic, as this evening throughout Sweden. A great-ladie is the sceptre in his hand. The odour of sweet groats prevails over the whole kingdom, and in its atmosphere breathe all, in a brotherly concord, high and low, great and small. Christmas-candles burn in castle and cottage. Such is Christmas-eve. But the light which is thus kindled extends much farther, and, like a circling wheel, pleasure follows pleasure for a long succession of days. There is dancing in cities, in towns, in hamlets. People drive, people feast, people play, and amid the sportive hours a more gladsome turn is often given to serious life Many a grudge; much ill-will disappears amid the "borrowed fire," and, Spirit, dost not observe something? Many a happy bond is knit for life amid blind-man's-buff and "hide-the-ring—hide the ring, show it to no one'" And so people go on till the twentieth day of Christmas, which is also called "Knot," and which puts one upon the thread of Christmas pleasures Christmas ends then; and on this evening, conformably with old Swedish custom, Christmas is danced out

In the midst of this garland of sports and pleasures occurs the great festival of the Church, full of solemnity and light On this occasion the churches are filled with people The true religion of God is the friend of joy and animation. Therefore we rejoice at Christmas.

And now again is this festival come, and everywhere people think about giving pleasures to themselves, and, what is better, of giving pleasure to others. Oh! what delight I had in childhood for many weeks before Christmas, in thinking upon the Christmas boxes with which I should surprise my parents, and brothers and sisters I remember in particular, a sketch, a landscape of my own composition, with which I designed to astonish and delight my father. I awoke every morning with this in my mind. It was a very ambitious work. Everything was there, the Alps, the Mediterranean Sea, sun-rise, a vessel under sail, a Roman aqueduct in ruins, a rushing mountain torrent, beside which sat a shepherd, playing on his flute to his flock, (a union of the sublime and the beautiful!), two travelling gentlemen, (the one was to represent my father) who, from a path down the Alps, observed all this, and were enraptured The joy of the artist,—the child's love, the child's, or rather human nature's, self-love united to make my heart beat with the thought of the evening on which this sublime composition should be exhibited to the light, be admired by my father and the whole family, perhaps even by the provost and burgomaster, and—who knows?—perhaps the fame of it might go over the whole city I did not remark, until the picture was finished, that the Mediterranean chanced to lie above the aqueduct, that the ship could not avoid striking against the sun; that the Alps looked like confectionery, and my father like a highwayman. My good father had not the heart to enlighten me on the subject, so that, although my masterpiece did not, by any means, cause the rapture which I expected, yet I remained for this time unpunished for my presumption But ah! I fear that the hour of retribution is come, that my first-born son inherits my artistical talent and designs, to prepare for me a surprise like that which I once upon a time prepared for my father I have seen something horribly shining forth from his drawing-board, and which, as I came nearer, was concealed with mighty haste I wish, that when my hour comes, I may restrain myself as well as my deceased father did. We have now for several days been so full of mysteries one with another, and have attempted to hide in all corners with our intrigues, that I am quite weary of it, and long for the Christmas-goat, which will explain all. And, anon, this hour will come. The clock strikes seven, I hear the voice of my wife, which orders tea and saffron cakes, "and lights in the parlour." Now beat the hearts of the children, and I almost think—mine also! I leave you, and will continue my letter to-morrow.

Christmas day.

You should have seen them, my four children, dancing round the Christmas-tree, which hung full of apples, gingerbread, and other gimcracks, you should have seen them in the light of the Christmas candles, beaming with joy, skipping, singing, laughing in unrestrained life-enjoyment, and you would not have wondered that I, absorbed by the observation of the joyous picture, did not remark that the contents of my tea-cup which I poured into the saucer ran over, until I perceived something warm at my side, and to my horror saw a grey pool upon the red worsted damask of the sofa. I immediately wiped it up, fortunately unobserved by my wife; but many will be the wonderings as to how and when that stain came upon it!

And now we were all assembled; my wife—an excellent wife, I assure you, but almost too great a hater of stains upon furniture—my wife, my wife's husband, two young relations, the Student N, and Mamsell Mina, and my four children We drank tea and dipped in great slices of saffron-bread. We ought to have talked and made believe that nothing was going to happen But it would not do. The state of the weather was attempted. I thought we should have snow, the Student, that we should have thaw, my wife's idea was that we should soon have winter, mine, that we had winter already, Mamsell Mina's, that we should have an early spring, and so on In the meantime, the children began to cast expressive glances at one another, and then quickly I saw my eldest daughter, with diplomatic address, steal out of the room, and then the rest, one after another. Nobody observed it—Heaven forbid! but my wife smiled, and so did I In a little while the children again entered, and now in solemn procession, the eldest first, the youngest last.

My eldest daughter, a twelve-year old, and very patriotic girl, stepped forward towards me with a waistcoat in her hand, which she herself had worked for me, and which blazed with the colours of the Swedish flag—yellow and blue: both waistcoat and girl I clasped tenderly to my heart. My first-born son, a promising youth of thirteen, presented at the same time to his mother, with some pride, a colossal long-legged footstool, which, with a certain fear and circumspection, she received into her hands, uttering a joyous exclamation of applause at this, his first masterpiece of carpentry. After this he approached me, and, with a certain degree of horror, I saw a great paper in his hand. "Now it comes!" thought I. I saw, in spirit, the Alps, the Mediterranean Sea, the sun, myself—myself even! but, the gentle stars be thanked! it was better than I expected, for, as with terror I took the paper into my hands, I saw no Alps, only a pair of human heads, which seemed to be goring one another- although it was meant to represent kissing—yet, still, the whole thing was so human, that I could with great truth answer my wife's somewhat uneasily questioning glances by—"Ay, ay! look here, now. At his age I could hardly have done better myself!"

My six years-old Wilhe, a little quiet lad, given to looking after relics, and who must be designed for an antiquary—I had a presentiment regarding the Christmas gift which, with some importance, he presented to his mother. This was a collection of remarkable things which he had found—crooked pins, broken-pointed needles, headless nails, glittering grains of sand, little pieces of gilding, a passible piece of money, and such-like curiosities, which caused us to burst into a hearty laugh. This embarrassed the little collector, and filled his eyes with tears, which we immediately kissed away, and assumed that demeanour of respect with which one regards relics from Herculaneum And as among these treasures we discovered an old northern coin of real value, then were my little fellow and I proud and glad Bertha, my little darling—she, with her own small dear fingers, had made her first essay at hemming on a pocket-handkerchief, which father and mother were to use alternately, or in company. The two young relations also came forth modestly with their presents. The student, with verses, which he dedicated to my wife and me, in which "the strength of the North" was spoken of, Ygdrasil and Ragnorak, and again "the strength of the North." Mamsell Mina presented us with an especially beautiful piece of work, for which, with crimsoning cheeks, she received our thanks

Whilst we—my wife and I—were more closely examining our Christmas gifts by the light, turning them in every direction, and finding them all remarkable, there suddenly was heard a thundering noise at the door. Great sensation! especially among the younger part of the company. Immediately afterwards the door opened, and there entered a beast which might have put to flight all the wild beasts of Africa, but which saluted with great goodwill the small community in the room This was the Christmas-goat, with great horns, with wild shaggy eyebrows, and many characteristics of the monster behind him came a young servant-

maid with a baking trough full of Christmas-boxes. And immediately was the room bombarded with these. They rolled about, and flew here and there, and after them the four children, amid a tumult of delight. A terrible tumult was this. The long legs of my first-born occasioned a dreadful convulsion among chairs and tables, and, as I feared, even upon his own masterpiece of capentry. Amid the universal tumult, I happened to see my wife wrap something up in her shawl it seemed to me to be the ruins of the colossal footstool, and I fancied that three legs were missing!

Every seven or ten minutes the Christmas-goat made a volcanic movement, upon which a many little packets were flung up into the air. At one time a half-anker, and then a half-cask, was rolled in; and all these had to be brought to the light, and there, in presence of all, their inscriptions read, which contained many odd and significant puns, *jeux d'esprits*, which were duly interpreted In various of the verses I perceived the young genius of the student, and in many of the jokes the merry humour of the Mina Two hours were spent amid frolics of this kind, and the peals of laughter which they excited. At the end of that time the young student stood in a new black suit, and, striking his hand upon his breast, declaimed, I know not what sort of tragic-comic oration before Mamsell Mina, a[illegible] almost killing herself with laughter, attempted to answer him in the same spirit. My first-born made *entrechats* on *entrechats* around a library of ten volumes, my eldest daughter danced before her new hat, Willie beat a drum, and little Bertha embraced a cat of pasteboard, and gave it the most loving of pet names That was a confusion, but it was a confusion which did the heart good All the young ones found their wishes gratified, and each and all had therein his sugar-plum to suck at a future time

And now we had to eat, and after that to sleep, which was almost impossible under the circumstances. Many Christmases I remember when I was a boy, but I have become a man, I have experienced the sorrows as well as the joys of life Many a pleasure, many a breeze of spring, many a bright beam of autumn sunshine may still cheer the aged, but the joy of Christmas time, that indescribable, unmixed, innocently intoxicating delight, experiences he never more! Yet still can he enjoy it in the gladness of children Come to Sweden, let us together pledge all good children and happy parents for Christmas this year, and every year until the end of time!

HYMN TO DECEMBER.

BY THE LATE DR MOIR

(The Delta of Blackwood)

O'er the bare hill-top moan the gushy breezes,
Now the dark branches sweeping the sere leaves,
Blue skies have waned, and earth obeys thy sceptic,
Tyrannous December!

All inefficiently glimmers out the pale sun,
'Twere brooding raineloud, o'er the faded landscape,
Comfortless is noontide—desolate is evening,
Stormy and starless.

Drear is the aspect of old rugged ocean,
To his caves of basalt riding on his foam steed,
South comes the polar duck, and the gliding grey gull
Shrieks to its shelter!

Of hail the tremendous magazines thou openest,
Spreadest thy snow-white mantle o'er the bare hills,
Chainest up the floods, and hangest on the red moor
Icicles of crystal!

Hast thou no mercy for the wanderer houseless?
See the lean pauper shivers by the dim hearth;—
How the starved fox-cubs, and the little field birds,
Die of cold and hunger!

Yet joy to earth,—grim, pitiless December,
'Twas 'mid thy storm-clouds that our Lord descended.
Christmas is thine, and man shall rejoice him,
Dark though thy scowl be.

CHRISTMAS IN SCOTLAND.

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

It sometimes shakes our faith in the approved accounts of countries beyond seas, when we read the gross misrepresentations of English writers on the Christmas customs of Scotland —a country only a few hours distant from their own. Whether the writers we are speaking of draw their descriptions from personal knowledge, we do not know, but our own acquaintance with Scotland convinces us, that what they have at different times stated has no foundation in fact.

We remember it stated in a popular periodical, one Christmas season not long ago, that Christmas-day was not kept at all in Scotland Such is not the case; the Scots do keep Christmas-day, and in the same kindly Christian spirit that we do, though the Presbyterian austerity of their church does not acknowledge it as a religious festival. Nor is there any spirit of heterodoxy in the intention of the kirk. Christmas-day, with every other species of fast and feast-day, was originally ignored, because Presbyterian zeal desired to be as far removed from the doctrines of Rome as possible. In fact, such was [illegible] aversion to anything savouring of Romanism, even in appearance, that they rejected many harmless and even venerated customs, in order to avoid what they considered the appearance of evil. The spirit of Christmas, or Yule as they call it, remains with them nevertheless. In the country districts, the duty of Christmas-day falls on the month of January. The country people, with a tenacious love for the O. S., or the old style of chronological computation, hold that Yule falls on the 6th of January, our Twelfth-day. The 25th of December, regarded as Christmas-day, is considered new-fangled and worthy of the most supreme contempt, indeed so strong is this partiality for the old style, that any attempt to introduce the new would be resisted as an aggression on their civil liberty.

With the Scots, New Year's-day is the commencement of the festive season. On that day, as in England, the yearly custom of expressing good wishes for the happiness of friends and acquaintances, is religiously observed, and other demonstrations of friendliness and good feeling peculiar to the season are cordially exchanged Feasting, dancing, and other amusements are freely indulged in, and the poor are made glad by the munificence of the rich.

On Yule morning, that is, the 6th of January, the country people rise at twelve or one o'clock,—that is if they have gone to bed—to drink sowens by the light of the lamp. Sowens is a kind of gruel, made from the glutenous particles of oats, boiled and sweetened with sugar or treacle. The rural population enjoy this ceremony amazingly. We remember being present in the large kitchen or hall of a farm-house, on one of these occasions, and we are bound to confess we never saw so much enjoyment over so harmless a beverage. At daylight, the guests, who were principally farming men and mechanics, were treated in common with the female domestics to a "tae breakfast," or tea breakfast, as it is called, in contradistinction to the usual national meal of porridge and milk. The festive scene was after a time broken in upon by the sound of a chorus, lustily bellowed forth by some voices without. All rose up and rushed to the doors with the cry of "The beggars,! the beggars!" And the beggars they proved to be, singing their Yule song. The words of the chorus have been the subject of much disputation among the curious in folk lore, especially the last line, which is repeated as a refrain, viz.—

"And awa' by soothen town"

The song is generally an extemporaneous ditty, setting forth the claims of some "auld wife," whose slender means constitute the plea for the begging expedition. The "beggars," as they are called, are handsome strapping fellows, the sons of respectable farmers, who are not too proud to carry a "meal bag" over the country to assist their poor neighbours When the song is finished, the lasses come in for the salute usual on such occasions, a ceremony in Scotland that does not require to be excused by the mistletoe or any thing else. The "gude wife," or lady of the house, then regales the young fellows with a "dram" of Scotch whiskey, and with her own hands, like the ancient *lef-day* or lady of the Saxons, con-

tributes a quantity of oatmeal to their sacks, for the benefit of the "auld wife" whose case they are pleading. Many poor persons, especially widows and "lone women," depending upon their own exertions, are enabled in this manner to pass the winter in comfort without being chargeable to the parish.

From New Year's-day to Yule, the 6th of January, there is little or no work done in the rural districts of Scotland. The reason of this is not altogether to be ascribed to the holiday claims of the season, but, partly to the weather, which generally about the beginning of January is so severe as entirely to put a stop to all farm operations. These long holidays are principally spent in attending shooting matches, dances, and card parties. With the young people, a favourite amusement of the season is playing for pins with the teetotum on a tenboard.

Those persons who have endeavoured to depreciate the influence of Christmas upon the Scotch people, are entirely wrong when they state that "Christmas is not kept in Scotland" True, the customs and ceremonies are different from those of England. There is no church service for the day, no Christmas chimes from the church bells, no characteristic fare, such as roast beef and plum pudding; the houses are not adorned with holly and mistletoe; the shops in the towns are not shut up,—but there is the *spirit* of Christmas abroad, of which these are but the physical signs. There is good will and fellowship, charity and benevolence, mirth and festivity, as much as in England, where Christmas sits in all the pomp and circumstance of outward state.

CHRISTMAS IN FRANCE.

From a newspaper of 1823, (the name unfortunately not noted at the time, and not immediately a certainable), it appears that Christmas in France is another thing from Christmas in England

"The habits and customs of the Parisians vary much from those of our own metropolis at all times, but at no time more than at this festive season. An Englishman in Paris, who had been for some time without referring to his almanac, would not know Christmas-day from another by the appearance of the capital. It is, indeed, set down as a 'jour de fete' in the calendar, but all the ordinary business of life is transacted, the streets are, as usual, crowded with waggons and coaches, the shops, with few exceptions, are open, although on other *fête* days the order for closing them is rigorously enforced, and if not attended to, a fine levied, and at the churches nothing extraordinary is going forward. All this is surprising in a Catholic country, which professes to pay such attention to the outward rites of religion.

"On Christmas-eve, indeed, there is some bustle for a midnight mass, to which immense numbers flock, as the priests, on this occasion, get up a showy spectacle which rivals the theatres The altars are dressed with flowers, and the churches decorated profusely: but there is little in all this to please men who have been accustomed to the John Bull mode of spending the evening The good English habit of meeting together to forgive offences and injuries, and to cement reconciliations, is here unknown. The French listen to the church music, and to the singing of their choirs, which is generally excellent, but they know nothing of the origin of the day and of the duties which it imposes The English residents in Paris, however, do not forget our mode of celebrating this day. Acts of charity from the rich to the needy, religious attendance at church, and a full observance of hospitable rites are there witnessed. Paris furnishes all the requisites for a good pudding, and the turkeys are excellent, though the beef is not to be displayed as prize production.

"On *Christmas-day* all the English cooks in Paris are in full business The queen of cooks, however, is Harriet Dunn, of the Boulevard. As Sir Astley Cooper among the cutters of limbs, and d'Egville among the cutters of capers, so is Harriet Dunn among the professors of one of the most necessary, and in its results, most gratifying professions of existence; her services are secured beforehand by special retainers, and happy is the peer who can point to his pudding, and declare that it is of the true "Dunn" composition. Her fame has even extended to the provinces For some time previous to Christmas-day, she forwards puddings in cases to all parts of the country, ready cooked and fit for the table after the necessary warming. All this, of course, is for the benefit of the English. No prejudice can be stronger than that of the French against plum-pudding—a Frenchman will dress like an Englishman, swear like an Englishman, and get drunk like an Englishman, but if you would offend him for ever, compel him to eat plum-pudding. A few of the leading restaurateurs, wishing to appear extraordinary, have *plomb pooding* upon their cartes, but in no instance is it ever ordered by a Frenchmen. Everybody has heard the story of St. Louis—Henri Quatre, or whoever else it might be, who, wishing to regale the English ambassador on Christmas-day with a plum pudding, procured an excellent recipe for making one, which he gave to his cook, with strict injunctions that it should be prepared with due attention to all the particulars. The weight of the ingredients, the size of the copper, the quantity of water, the duration of time, everything was attended to except one trifle—the king forgot the cloth, and the pudding was served up like so much soup, in immense tureens, to the surprise of the ambassador, who was, however, too well bred to express his astonishment. Louis XVIII., either to show his contempt of the prejudices of his countrymen, or to keep up a custom which suits his palate, has always an enormous pudding on Christmas day, the remains of which, when it leaves the table, he requires to be eaten by the servants, *bon gré, mauvais gré*, but in this instance even the commands of sovereignty are disregarded, except by the numerous English in his service, consisting of several valets, grooms, coachmen, &c, besides a great number of ladies' maids, in the service of the duchesses of Angoulême and Berri, who very frequently partake of the dainties of the king's table."

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

JOIN merry hearts in merry voices to keep old custom up,—
To dress the house with holly boughs and drain the lusty cup!
We'll hold the mirth the season claims, with all its jovial skill,
As firmly as the ivy clings around the sprig of holly

O holly! 'tis a sight as rare as summer's gaudy scene,
To see both hall and cottage wear such livery of green,—
To see, in spite of winter's nips, thy little bright red berry,
Reminding us of love-warm lips that bid us all be merry

Bright Vesta, hail! Hence, smirky care, evaporate in fog!
Look on our little summer here, where burns the bright yule log.
Christmas and thee are not of kin—he scorns thee, base sojourner!
There is no place for thee within his cheerful chimney corner

Welcome the midnight minstrels' lay—that simple rustic prayer,
That, like the [illegible] is heard there!—
Welcome the [illegible] whiteness!
Or can spring's sweetest dew bestow the [illegible]

If Molly innocently trips beneath the mistletoe—
And if Ralph pounces on her lips, how can she say him "No?"
To quarrel with so fair a kiss were little short of treason,
And [illegible]

Gay youth with dance and mirthful song scarce feels the minutes fly,
[illegible] lightens every eye.
[illegible]
We'll [illegible]

And old age loves the lively noise—each youthful happy face
Appears to speak of by-gone joys, that memory may trace
They too have had their early prime—*their* eyes have beamed as brightly,
Their voices joined the cheerful chime, *their* feet have tripped as lightly!

Then, pass the song and jest about, the merry feast begin,
He cares not for the cold without whose heart is warm within!
Hail! glorious Christmas, graver cares we in the [illegible]
Let him be dismal now who dare,—our Christmas [illegible]

A M P

THE KING OF CHRISTMAS.—The society belonging to Lincoln's Inn had anciently an officer chosen at this season, who was honoured with the title of King of Christmas-day, because he presided in the hall upon that day. This temporary potentate had a marshal and a steward to attend upon him: the marshal, in the absence of the monarch, was permitted to assume his state, and upon New-Year's-day he sat as king in the hall when the master of the revels, during the time of dinner, supplied the marshal's place. Upon Childermas day they had another officer, denominated the King of the Children:

CHRISTMAS DAY.

(From "Hone's Every-day Book.")

The festival of the nativity was anciently kept by different churches in April, May, and in December. It is now kept on this day by every established church of Christian denomination; and is a holiday all over England, observed by the suspension of all public and private business, and the congregating of friends and relations for "comfort and joy."

Our countryman, Barnaby Googe, from the Latin of Naogeorgus, gives us some lines descriptive of the old festival.—

Then comes the day wherein the Lorde
did bring his birth to passe,
Whereas at midnight up they rise
and every man to Masse.
This time so holy counted is,
that divers earnestly
Do thinke the waters all to wine
are chaunged sodainly,
In that same houre that Christ himselfe
was borne, and came to light,
And unto water streight againe
transformde and altred quight
There are beside that mindfully
the money still do watch,
That first to aultar commes, which then
thy privily do snatch
The priestes, least other should it have,
takes oft the same away,
Whereby they thinke throughout the yeare
to have good lucke in play,
And not to lose: then streight at grene
till day-light do they strive,
To make some present proofe how well
their hallowde peace will thrive
Three Masses every priest doth sing,
upon that solemne day,
With offrings unto every one,
that so the more may play
This done, a woodden child in clowtes
is on the aultar set,
About the which both boy and gyrles
do daunce and tryvally jet,
And Carrols sing in prayse of Christ,
and, for to helpe them heare,
The [illegible]
with [illegible]
The peperetus doe rore aloude,
about the parentes sonde
To see the sport, and with their voyce
do helpe them and their hande

The commemorations in our own times vary from the above in the diversifyings. An accurate observer, with a hand powerful to seize, and a hand skilled in preserving, could [illegible], as a beautiful sketch of Christmas-[illegible] in the "New Monthly Magazine" of December 1, 1825. Foremost in his picture is the most estimable, because the most useful and ornamental character in society,—a good parish priest

"Our pastor was told one day, in [illegible] of Christianity were opposed to [illegible] shall not easily forget his answer. 'I [illegible] society,' said he, 'are the same as the interests of society. It has no other meaning. Christianity is the very enlightenment you speak of. Let any man find out that thing, whatever it is, which is to perform the very greatest good to society, even to its own apparent detriment, and I say *that* is Christianity, and I know not the spirit of its founder. What?' continued he, 'shall we take Christianity for an arithmetical puzzle, or a theorem in terms, or the bitterness of a bad argument, or the evil deeds, real or supposed, of any particular set of men? God forbid. I wish to speak with reverence (this conclusion [illegible] me very much) - I wish to speak with reverence of whatever has taken place in the order of Providence. I wish to think the best of the very evils that have happened; that a good has been got out of them, perhaps that they were even necessary to the good. But when once we have attained better means, and the others are dreaded by the benevolent, and scorned by the wise, then is the time come for throwing open the doors to all kindliness and to all knowledge, and the end of Christianity's attainment in the reign of beneficence.'

"In this spirit our pastor preaches to us always, but most particularly on Christmas-day; when he takes occasion to enlarge on the character and views of the divine person who is supposed then to have been born, and sends us home more than usually rejoicing. On the north side of the church at M. are a great many holly-trees. It is from these that our dining and bed-rooms are furnished with boughs. Families take it by turns to entertain their friends. They meet early; the beef and pudding are noble; the mince-pies—peculiar; the nuts half play-things and half-eatables, the oranges as cold and acid as they ought to be, harmonizing us with a superfluity which we can afford to laugh at; the cakes indestructible, the wassail-bowls generous, old English, huge, demanding ladles, threatening overflow as they come in, solid with roasted apples when set down. Towards bed-time you hear of the elder-wine, and not seldom of punch. At the manor-house it is pretty much the same as elsewhere. Girls, although they be ladies, are kissed under the mistletoe. If any family among us happen to have hit upon an exquisite brewing, they send some of it round about, the squire's house included, and he does the same by the rest.

"Riddles, hot-cockles, forfeits, music, dances sudden and not to be suppressed, prevail among great and small, and from two o'clock in the day to midnight, M. looks like a deserted place out of doors, but is full of life and merriment within. Playing at knights and ladies last year, a jade of a charming creature must needs send me out for a piece of ice to put in her wine. It was evening and a hard frost. I shall never forget the cold, cutting, dreary, dead look of every thing out of doors, with a wind through the wintry trees, and the snow on the ground, contrasted with the sudden return to warmth, light, and joviality.

"I remember we had a discussion that time, as to what was the greatest pest and drawback of Christmas. Many were for mince-pie, some for the beef and plum-pudding; more for the wassail-bowl, a maiden lady timidly said, the mistletoe, but we agreed at last, that although all these were prodigious, and some of them exclusively belonging to the season, the fire was the great indispensable. Upon which, we all turned our faces towards it, and began warming our already scorched hands. A great blazing fire, too big, is the visible heart and soul of Christmas. You may do without beef and plum-pudding, even the absence of mince-pie may be tolerated, there must be a bowl, poetically speaking, but it need not be absolutely wassail. The bowl may give place to the bottle. But a huge, heaped-up, ever heaped-up, all-attracting fire, with a semicircle of faces about it, is not to be denied us. It is the *lar* and genius of the meeting, the proof positive of the season, the representative of all our warm emotions and bright thoughts, the glorious eye of the room, the meeter to mirth, yet the retainer of old, the amalgamater of the age and sex, the universal relish. Tastes may differ even on a mince-pie; but who dislikes a fire? The absence of other luxuries still leaves you in possession of that, but

'Where can he find a fire in his hand
With the king on the frostiest twelfth-cake?'

'Let me have a dinner of some sort, no matter what, and then give me my fire, and my friends, the humblest glass of wine, and a few penn'orths of chesnuts, and I will still make out my Christmas. Why! have we not Burgundy in our blood? Have we not joke, laughter, repartee, bright eyes, comedies of other people, and comedies of our own; songs, memories, hopes? [An organ-grinder struck up in the street at this word, as if to answer me in the affirmative. Right, thou old spirit of harmony wandering about in that ark of tone, and touching the public ear with sweetness and an abstraction! Let the multitude bustle on, but not unarrested by thee and by others, and not unreminded of the happiness of renewing a wise childhood.] As to our old friends the chesnuts, if anybody want an excuse to his dignity for roasting them, let him take the authority of Milton. 'Who now,' says he, lamenting the loss of his friend Deodati,—'who now will help to soothe my cares for me, and make the long night seem short with his conversation; while the roasting pear hisses tenderly on the fire, and the nuts burst away with a noise,—

'And out of doors a washing storm o'erwhelms
Nature pitch-dark, and rides the thundering elms.'"

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

SELECTED FROM HONE, BRAND, AND FOSTER.

COMMON CUSTOMS OBSERVED IN DEVONSHIRE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.—A superstitious notion prevails, in the western parts of Devonshire, that at twelve o'clock at night, on Christmas Eve, the oxen in their stalls are always found on their knees, in an attitude of devotion; and that (which is still more singular), since the alteration of the style, they contrive to do this only on the Eve of old Christmas Day. An honest countryman, living on the edge of St Stephen's Downs, near Launceston, Cornwall, informed me, October 28th, 1790, that he once, with some others, made a trial of the truth of the above, and watching several oxen in their stalls at the above time, at twelve o'clock at night, they observed the two oldest oxen only fall upon their knees, and, as he expressed it in the idiom of the country, make "a cruel moan, like Christian creatures;" I could not but with great difficulty keep my countenance he saw, and seemed angry that I gave so little credit to his tale, and, walking off in a pettish humour, seemed to "marvel at my unbelief." • There is an old print of the Nativity, in which the oxen in the stable, near the Virgin and Child, are represented upon their knees, as in a supplant posture. This graphic representation has probably given rise to the above superstitious notion on this head

CHRISTMAS DAY was observed in the Primitive Church as a Sabbath Day; and was preceded by an eve or vigil—hence our Christmas Eve. On the night before Christmas our ancestors were wont to light up candles of an uncommon size, called Christmas Candles, and lay a log of wood upon the fire, called a Yule Log, or Christmas Block, to illuminate the house, and, as it were, to turn night into day. This custom is, in some measure still kept up in the North of England. And in the South say others. In truth, it is a custom lingering, or *revived*, more or less, in all parts of the country

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.—Bishop Taylor observes, that the 'Gloria in Excelsis," the well-known hymn sung by the angels to the shepherds at our Lord's Nativity, was the earliest Christmas Carol Bourne cites Durand, to prove that in the earlier ages of the churches, the bishops were accustomed, on Christmas Day, to sing Carols among their clergy He seems perfectly right in deriving the word carol from cantare, to sing, and vola, an interjection of joy. This species of pious song is undoubtedly of most ancient date. "On Christmas Day,—says Mr Taylor, in his work on the subject—the Carols took the place of psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining, and, at the end, it was usual for the parish clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year." This custom would seem to exist in the present day, "just before Christmas Day," says Leigh Hunt, "I was awakened in the dead of the night by the playing of the waits on the conclusion of their solemn tunes, one of the performers exclaimed aloud, "God bless you, my masters and mistresses, a merry Christmas to you, and a happy new year." The Christmas Carol is still an "institution" The wood-cuts round the annual sheets, and the melody of "*God rest you, merry Gentlemen*," delighted my childhood; and I still listen with pleasure to the shivering carolist's even chaunt towards the clean kitchen window, decked with holly, the blazing fire showing the whitened hearth, and reflecting gleams of light from the surfaces of the dresser utensils

CHRISTMAS BOXES.—The customs of annual donations and love gifts on Christmas and New Year's Day is very ancient, being copied by the Christians from the Polytheists of Rome, at the time the public religion was changed. These presents, now-a-days, are more commonly made on the morrow of Christmas. From this circumstance, the festival of St. Stephen has got the nick-name of Christmas-Boxing Days, and, by corruption, Boxing Days. In London, and in many other parts of Europe, large families and establishments keep regular lists of tradesmen's servants, apprentices, and other persons who come about making a sort of annual claim on them for a Christmas Box on this day. This practice, however, is declining; and, in many places, is now confined to children The parish boys and children at schools bring about their samples of writing, and ask for money; and the Bellman, the Watchman, the Waits, and the Church-Band, still repeat their wonted annual calls on the hospitable feeling with which a smoking Christmas board of turkey, plum pudding, and minced-pies, inspires the pious head of an oldfashioned family mansion. We are told in the "Athenian Oracle," vol. 1, p 360. that the Christmas Box money is derived from hence The Romish priests had masses said for almost everything If a ship went out to the Indies, the priests had a box in her, under the protection of some saint, and for masses, as their cant was, to be said for them to that saint &c. the poor people must put something into the priests' box, which was not open till the ship's return The mass, at that time, was called Christ-mass; the box, called Christ-mass box, of money gathered against that time, that masses might be made by the priests to the saints to forgive the people the debaucheries of that time; and from this, servants had the liberty to get box-money, that they, too, might be enabled to pay the priest for his masses, knowing well the truth of the proverb,—"No Money, no Pater Noster."

CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN WARWICKSHIRE.—The following is given by a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1795, as a common sport in the houses of the well-to-do in Warwickshire, on the eve of the great Festival:—"As soon as supper is over, a table is set in the hall; on it is placed a brown loaf, with twenty silver threepences stuck on the top of it, a tankard of ale, with pipes and tobacco; and the two oldest servants have chairs behind it, to sit as judges if they please The steward brings the servants, both men and women, by one at a time, covered with a window-sheet, and lay their right hand on the loaf, exposing no other part of the body, the oldest of the two judges guesses at the person, by naming a name, then the younger judge, and lastly, the oldest again If they hit upon the right name, the steward leads the person back again, but if they do not, he takes off the window-sheet, and the person receives a threepence, makes a low obeisance to the judges, but speaks not a word. When the second servant was brought, the younger judge guessed first and third; and thus they did alternately, till all the money was given away Whatever servant had not slept in the house the preceding night, forfeited his right to the money No account is given of the origin of this strange custom, but it has been practised ever since the family settled there. When the money is gone,—the servants have full liberty to dance, sing, and go to bed when they please"

THE MUMMERIES AND MASQUERADES AT CHRISTMAS.—In the middle ages, says Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastime of the People of England," mummings were very common Mumm is said to be derived from the Danish word mumme, or momme in Dutch, and signifies to disguise oneself with a mask hence a mummer, which is properly defined by Dr. Johnson to be a masker, one who performs frolics in a personated dress The following occurs in Milton's "Samson Agonistes," line 1325

Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics.

At court, as well as in the mansions of the nobility, on occasions of festivity, it frequently happened that the whole company appeared in borrowed characters and, full licence of speech being granted to every one, the discourses were not always kept within the bounds of decency. These spectacles were exhibited with great splendour in former times, and particularly during the reign of Henry VIII they have ceased, however, of late years to attract the notice of the opulent, and the regular masquerades which succeeded them, are not supported at present with that degree of mirthful spirit which, we are told, abounded at their institution, and probably it is for this reason they are declining so rapidly in public estimation The mummeries practised by the lower classes of the people usually took place at the Christmas holidays, and such persons as could not procure masks rubbed their faces over with soot, or painted them, hence Sebastian Brant, in his "Ship of Fools," alluding to this custom, says —

The one hath a visor ugly set on his face,
Another hath on a vile countenance vesture,
Or painteth his visage with fume in such case,
That what he is, himself is scantily sure.

It appears that many abuses were committed under the sanction of these disguisements, and for this reason an ordinance was established, by which a man was liable to punishment who appeared in the streets of London with "a painted visage." In the third year of the reign of Henry VIII., it was ordained that no persons should appear abroad like mummers, covering their faces with vizors, and in disguised apparel, under pain of imprisonment for three months The same act enforced the penalty of 20s. against such as kept vizors in their houses for the purpose of mumming. Bourne, in his "Vulgar Antiquities," speaks of a kind of mumming practised in the north about Christmas time, which consisted in "changing of clothes between the men and the women, who, when dressed in each other's habits, go," says he, "from one neighbour's house to another, and partake of their Christmas cheer, and make merry with them in disguise, by dancing and singing and such like merriments."

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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THE

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PAINTED AND STAINED GLASS.



SHAKSPEARE AT THE COURT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH; A WINDOW IN STAINED AND ENAMELLED GLASS, AS SHOWN AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851, BY MR. E. BAILLIE, OF WARDOUR STREET.

PAINTED AND STAINED GLASS.

Among the earliest of our recollections—and, perhaps, also in the youthful memories of most of us—there is a picture of a quaint old village church, with a great painted window over the communion table. Something like this is, or was at least with the writer, our very first acquaintance with the beautiful art of painting on glass. And, in spite of the knowledge acquired by contact with the every-day world—in spite of the angles in our minds which we have rubbed smooth by abrasion with other minds—in spite of the cold, hard, money-getting feelings which *will* come uppermost at times—we still associate stained glass windows with the decent ordinances of religion in the houses of God in the world.

But as our purpose now is with the manufacture of stained and painted glass rather than with the associations connected with particular specimens of it, we refrain from following out the train of ideas to which we have referred.

In the Great Exhibition of all Nations in 1851, was to be seen the original of the engraving we have chosen for illustrating our remarks. In the production of stained glass—the most elaborate no less than the most simple specimens—the means employed are so nearly identical, that one description will serve for all. When certain metallic oxides (rusts) and chlorides (salts) ground up with proper fluxes, are applied to, or rather painted upon, glass, the colours fuse at a moderate heat, and painted or stained glass is the result. By the last term, however, is not meant simple painting with transparent oil colours upon white glass, but the productions of designs *in a material which combines with the glass on the application of heat*. The colours of stained glass are, or should be, all transparent, because they are to be viewed by transmitted light,—that is, light from *outside* of the building; but occasionally, as in the cases of the great Dante window at the Exhibition, and the Shakespeare window shown in the engraving, certain parts are either quite opaque or only so far transparent as to give greater prominence to the lighter portions of the design. Great care must be taken with the colours employed, as many metallic pigments which afford a fine effect on paper are so changed by vitreous fusion as to present a totally different appearance when burnt, while others are altogether unfitted for application to stained glass.

The glass proper for receiving these vitrifying pigments, says Dr. Ure, should be colourless, uniform, and difficult of fusion, for which reason crown glass, made with little alkali, or with kelp, is preferred. When the design is too large to be contained on a single pane, several are fitted together, and fixed in a bed of soft cement while painting, and then taken asunder to be separately subjected to the fire. In arranging the glass pieces, care must be taking to distribute the joinings so that the lead frame-work may interfere as little as possible with the effect.

A design must be drawn upon paper, and placed beneath the plate of glass, though the artist cannot regulate his tints directly by his pallet, but by specimens of the colours produceable from his pallet pigments after they are fired. The upper side of the glass being sponged over with gum-water, dilute, when dry, a surface proper for receiving the colours, without the risk of their running irregularly, as they would be apt to do on the slippery glass. The artist first draws on the plate, with a fine pencil, all the traces which mark the great outlines and shades of the figures. This is usually done in black, or, at least, some strong colour, such as brown, blue, green, or red. In laying on these, the painter is guided by the same principles as the engraver when he produces the effect of light and shade by dots, lines, or hatches, and he employs that colour to produce the shades which will harmonise best with the colour which is to be afterwards applied; but for the deeper shades black is in general used. When this is finished, the whole picture will be represented in lines or hatches similar to an engraving finished up to the highest effect possible, and afterwards, when it is dry, the vitrifying colours are laid on by means of larger hair-pencils; their selection being regulated by the burnt specimen tints. When he finds it necessary to lay two colours adjoining, which are apt to run together in the kiln, he must apply one of them to the back of the glass. But the few principal colours are all fast colours, which do not run, except the yellow, which must therefore be laid on the opposite side. After colouring, the artist proceeds to bring out the lighter effects by taking off the colour in the proper place with a goose-quill cut like a pen without a slit. By working this upon the glass he removes the colour from the parts where the lights should be the strongest: such as the hair, eyes, the reflection of bright surfaces, and light parts of draperies. The blank pen may be employed either to make the lights by lines, or hatches and dots, as is most suitable to the subject.

By the metallic preparations now laid upon it, the glass is made ready for being fired, in order to fix and bring out the proper colours. The furnace or kiln best adapted for this purpose is similar to that used by enamellers. It consists of a muffle or arch of fire-clay or pottery, so set over a fire-place, and so surrounded by flues, as to receive a very considerable heat within, in the most equable and regular manner; otherwise some parts of the glass will be melted, while on others a superficial film of colours will remain unvitrified. The mouth of the muffle, and the entry for introducing fuel to the fire, should be on opposite sides, to prevent as much as possible the admission of dust into the muffle, whose mouth should be closed with double folding-doors of iron, furnished with small peep-holes, to allow the artist to watch the progress of the staining, and to withdraw small trial slips of glass, painted with the principal tints used in the picture.

The muffle must be made of very refractory fire-clay, flat at its bottom, and only five or six inches high, with such an arched top as may make the roof strong, and so close on all sides as to exclude entirely the smoke and flame. On the bottom of the muffle a smooth bed of sifted lime, freed from water, about half an inch thick, must be prepared for receiving the pane of glass. Sometimes several plates of glass are laid over each other with a layer of dry pulverulent lime between each. The fire is now lighted, and most gradually raised, lest the glass should be broken; and after it has attained to its full heat, it must be kept up for three or four hours, more or less, according to the indications of the trial slips, the yellow colour being principally watched, as it is found to be the best criterion of the state of the others. When the colours are properly burnt in, the fire is suffered to die away, so as to anneal the glass.

Here, then, we have the whole art, the antiquity of which is proved by many evidences, besides those of the material itself, for Pliny, nearly two thousand years ago, speaks of "coloured glasses made to imitate precious stones and gems," and we have undoubted authority for believing that the art was not altogether unknown to the ancients. Among the ruins of Pompeii have been discovered several pieces of vitrified material like coloured glass, and many specimens of painted windows exist in cathedrals and churches of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

The earliest example of stained glass which we have in this country is to be seen in the cathedral of Canterbury. It is curious to trace the improvements made by successive artists, from simple angular forms we come to rude outlines of saints and martyrs, these are succeeded by regular subjects from Scripture history—that inexhaustible source of inspiration, and these, again, give way to the single figures and mosaic emblazonments of the Flemish and French artists; till, at last, as was seen in the Crystal Palace, all styles of ornamentation are attempted—and that, too, with no small degree of success—in a material the components of which are flint, sea-sand, and the rust of metals!

"There is a prejudice too readily entertained," says M. Flachat, "that the secret of painting upon glass has been lost for many ages; therefore we admire the painted windows of our churches, not so much for the beauty and harmony of their colouring, as for the supposed secret of the art which is enveloped in so much mystery. This is an error; the art of painting upon glass, it is true, was not practised in France after the seventeenth century, but it was known and practised in Germany, and especially in England, some time after that period. Some years ago, Sèvres exhibited, at one of the Royal Exhibitions, some painted glass, which elicited general admiration; in many respects it was superior to the ancient productions, and certainly inferior to them in no one point. An English artist, Mr. Edward Thom, who had been invited to France by M. de Noe, gave a new impulse to this branch of

art, and materially established it amongst us. The first experiment of painting on glass by Mr. Thom was made upon the windows of the church of Saint Elizabeth; since that period he has been attached to the establishment at Choisy-le-Roi, and has given great extension to the art."

The Shakspeare window, like many other specimens shown in the Exhibition, owes much of its beauty to enamel. Enamelling requires a great number of colours, and differs essentially from the former process described. Orange, red, blue, rose colour, &c., are used to produce the life-like effects of a portrait; these colours being vitrified until they become a portion of the glass on which they are laid, some of them requiring to be burnt four or five times before the painting is complete. The Italians have carried this art a step further, by occasionally substituting portions of opaque instead of translucent glass; and the effect attained is equal, if not superior, to an oil painting. It has been objected to this picture, that "the light is made to appear as it thrown upon the glass from within, instead of being transmitted through it from without—the back-ground being, in fact, quite opaque and luminous at all, but a reflecting surface. We [illegible] it not unreasonable to devote so much labour and cost on a material so fragile, and, when broken, so irreplaceable? *Stained* glass, composed of numerous pieces, may be [illegible] broken, and easily mended; not so this ambitious enamelling on large areas of this brittle substance." Without questioning the first part of the objection—except to remark that the picture is a treat to gaze upon in any light—we may question the correctness of the writer in regard to the [illegible] being usually placed in positions [illegible]

Mr. Baillie, has, with the single exception of Thom, produced the best specimen of enamelled glass in the Exhibition. Compared with surrounding productions, the "Shakspeare and Queen Elizabeth" stands like a brilliant amongst diamonds, it is so far beyond them in depth and richness of colouring.

Our immortal dramatist—and here we quote our own words in the ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR for October, 1851—[illegible] to be reading one of his works to Queen Elizabeth, who is seated in a chair of state, attended by certain ladies of her court, dressed in the costume of the age. Besides Shakspeare, there is Sir W. Raleigh and the Earl of Southampton, "fit audience and few" for such an occasion. The grouping of the figures is exceedingly well managed. The queen is attired in a [illegible] vest, with crimson stomacher, studded with pearls, and she wears her usual head-dress. Sir W. Raleigh and Shakspeare wear the slashed doublet and hose of the day, and the latter has also a small cloak of crimson velvet. Considerable effect is given to the draperies of the most prominent figures, every fold being painted with obvious accuracy, but the great beauty in this part of the painting is, that the different materials are represented so faithfully, the velvet and satin textures appearing as though you could distinguish them by touch. The general effect is, indeed, irresistible, and of itself is sufficient to characterise the art as one of the utmost utility of application. Every part of the picture is distinguished more or less for the purity of the colouring, and great judgment has been exercised in making it harmonise with the general distribution of light and shade. Some of the colours are put in at once with glass of the required colour; but where a variety or combination occurs, these have been painted on the glass first, and then burnt in. The pattern of the drapery is managed by the use of fluoric acid, which etches away the coloured surface, leaving it either bluish for the reception of another colour, or else a lighter tint of the original. By painting partly in front and partly at the back of the glass, the shadows can be represented with the greatest reality and precision. The transmission of the light, and the effect of the thickness of the glass, contributes much to modulate the intensity of the colouring. This is, doubtless, the cause of the wonderfully correct imitations of the satin and the velvet, both of which appear to great effect. Two medals, according to a notice attached to the painting, were given to his artist by the Society of Arts for enamelling on glass, one as early as 1833, the other in 1837. We repeat, with all respectful deference to pseudo-judges in these matters, that the "Shakspeare reading to Queen Elizabeth" is the most effective production by far in the English collection, and will bear in many respects a severe comparison with that of Signor Bertini, which must be acknowledged as a work of original conception and of masterly execution.

Of the other specimens of English stained glass in the Crystal Palace, it will be sufficient to say that they were good in design, and that they were executed with much care and an evident desire to excel. Foreigners are, we have been told, before us in the art; but of the truth of such an assertion we beg most respectfully to put in a doubt.

JAMES LOGAN, OF PENNSYLVANIA,

ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

JAMES LOGAN was descended from the Scottish family of Logan of Restalrig, known in history for little else save its connexion with the celebrated Gowrie conspiracy. Driven from Scotland by the legal proceedings consequent upon the singular discovery of their father's letters to Gowrie in 1608, the two sons of the last Logan of Restalrig migrated to Ireland, and established themselves at Lisnegarvey. Robert, the younger son, subsequently returned to Scotland, where he married, and had a son Patrick, who removed to Ireland, taking with him a well-connected Scottish bride, and an affection for the religious opinions of George Fox. Out of a considerable family, only two children of Patrick Logan grew up to manhood, William, who was a physician at Bristol, and James, the subject of the present biography. The latter was born at Lurgan "in 1671 or 1675." He seems to have had an aptitude for the acquisition of languages, and during a youth passed in various places in the three kingdoms—for his parents removed from Ireland back to Scotland, and thence to England—James Logan picked up considerable knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish.

How or when he became acquainted with William Penn does not appear. Probably it was through Penn's second wife, with whose family Logan was acquainted. However begun, community of religious opinions and some superiority in manners and education to the Quakers in general, riveted the bond of union between the proprietor of Pennsylvania and the young disciple, and induced Penn, in 1699, to propose to James Logan, to relinquish his intention of engaging in trade at Bristol, and accompany him to Pennsylvania in the character of his secretary. They sailed in September, 1699, and after a three months' voyage the proprietor [illegible] reached the shore of the new land of promise, in which [illegible] intention to pass the remainder of his life. After two years Penn found it necessary to return to England, but he left his secretary in [illegible], with the [illegible] that arrangement Penn [illegible] Logan [illegible] else in authority in Pennsylvania looked upon Penn with jealousy, and strove to attain some selfish ends by infringing his acknowledged rights, or by taking advantage of his necessities. Logan alone acted fairly by him, and exhibited in his correspondence and in his conduct a due regard to his patron's interest, and a calm consideration of the practical possibilities of the position in which both of them stood. A more unquiet, litigious, hard-dealing set of men than Penn's colonists can scarcely be conceived. It all is true that is told of them, they certainly used Penn himself very ill, and oppressed every one who was inclined to treat him with more justice or liberality than themselves. Logan did not escape. In 1710 he was obliged to visit England in order to vindicate his conduct before the home authorities. He did so fully, and then returned to pursue his duties and his fortune in the new world. During the six years of paralytic helplessness which preceded the death of William Penn, a correspondence passed between Penn's wife and Logan, in which we have on the one side interesting but melancholy glimpses of the condition of the great Quaker philanthropist, and on the other valuable information respecting the growing colony. Penn sent his scapegrace eldest son to Pennsylvania, consigning him to the care of Logan and his other sober friends, but other companions were better suited to his taste, and the silly youth brought discredit upon his father and himself. In vain Logan addressed to him letters of sensible but cold advice—too wise by half to have had any weight with a youth so far gone in dissipation. Sage, sentimental aphorisms fall dead upon a wanderer whose own heart and conscience can supply him with

better teaching than any mere moral lessons, if he can but be persuaded to listen to its still small voice.

Logan had ere this time married, and settled himself in Pennsylvania. He prudently continued to devote his attention to commerce, as well as to the public affairs of the colony, and attained to eminent wealth as well as to the highest station. As his years and infirmities increased he partially withdrew from public affairs, and in a residence in the suburbs of Philadelphia devoted his declining years to literature and science. The last office he continued to hold was that of "Chief Justice of the Province of Pennsylvania," at a salary of 100*l.* per annum. In 1736 he speaks of having already been obliged for five years past to mount the bench on crutches. He desired to retire, but the government could not find a satisfactory successor to his office. During his period of retirement Logan corresponded with his friends in Europe upon metaphysical subjects, and made communications on natural phenomena to the Royal Society, in letters addressed to Sir Hans Sloane, Peter Collinson, and others. He also employed himself in collecting a library—then not an easy task in that part of the world—and having built a room for its preservation, and endowed it with £35 per annum for a librarian, he left the whole to the city of Philadelphia. The Loganian library still exists, but in combination with two other public libraries. The founder is also perpetuated in one of the public squares of Philadelphia, which bears his name. He died on 31st October, 1751.

Among the founders of Pennsylvania, Logan ought to be had in honorable remembrance. Firm in his friendship to William Penn, and in his adherence to his personal religious opinions, a zealous and useful citizen, honorable and upright in every relation of life, he has also the still further credit of having been the first to tincture the rising colony with literature and all those amenities which learning brings in its train.—*From the Gentleman's Magazine*

OLD BOOKS.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY GEORGE DAWSON, AT THE BRIGHTON ATHENÆUM.

It has been thought by not a few scholars that there is danger in reading too much. If reading were made a duty, and not a means of acquiring some wisdom, then there is, indeed, some such danger. A man may thus run the risk of emasculation; his reading will take out all his manhood, and fill him with the elements of a weak and washy disposition. There may be some cause to fear this, too, if a man read new books only; but besides that, there is another course of reading—the reading of old books; and to that description of reading my remarks will be strictly and rigidly confined. It must not be looked upon as a depreciation of all new books if I say all I can in favour of the study to which I am now calling your attention. I purpose to speak of the matter rather than of the antiquity of a book itself. I love old books, good old books, and from my admiration of them I may be thought a bibliomaniac—one of those who love a book because it is old; and in truth I look upon old books as I do upon old China—I admire them and long to save them from decay and neglect. There are some old books which we like to read in the old editions, such as the "Pilgrim's Progress," printed on yellow paper, with curious old cuts, and done up in a thick clumsy binding. The pilgrim in the modern editions is too much like a dainty, paltry, lemonised gentleman. I would much rather read an old edition of "Ye Fairie Queene" than a modern one. I detest family Shakspeares and modern expurgated editions generally. I enjoy an old edition, over which, perchance, the author himself has presided. Old books enjoy many advantages over their more modern compeers. We look upon an old book with a feeling which we cannot bestow upon a new one. It will not do to talk to a man of being rebuked by another man living in the same parish as himself. If any one thinks of being a curate, let him not be the curate of his native parish; for if he does men will think little of his most prophetic discourses, and his instructions be of no avail. They think of something they have seen him do when he was a child; and if he were Boanerges himself it would not cause them to forget that they once gave him a drubbing in the playground. The greatest talents are not exempt from these consequences. People listened to Jesus when he taught in the temple, yet professed not to believe, for they knew his father, mother, and relations; they belonged to the same parish or district, and could not be taught by him. In these old volumes there is a wideness from all the party and personal feelings of the hour. Death has done for them what it has for your child or friend,—removed the mean, vulgar, and petty feeling. They are unspotted by the meanness of the hour, and remain gracious and noble; and from them we consent to learn. Meanness and pettiness always surround the things of the moment, and they are not seen in their true light till they have long passed. In looking at the present time fifty years hence we should say that it was the greatest era in modern history. But its greatness cannot be read in the newspapers. If a man takes one up and finds a grease spot in the middle of the column, or tumbles upon the information that one of his debtors is about to pay 1s. 6d. in the pound, it destroys the illusion utterly. The influence of the present is upon all modern literature. No man thinks anything of modern poetry, but Milton is read by all. This would not have been so if Milton had been living as a roundhead and a republican; no, he would be looked upon as a Grub-street nobody, and his beautiful poems would never be read. But two centuries of death have made all right, and we are now not ashamed to be rebuked by him. Some of the old books are of a strange character, and yet how few of them we could afford to lose! There are the books of the old gossips, for instance. Take "Pepys's Diary," an incredible book, which no man would like to include in the process of his reading; but who could spare it now? Some dignified people would not read it; but I could not spare it. Listen to a sentence from it,—"I went to church, saw a pretty woman in a pew, went about for to take her hand, which she perceiving did prick me with a pin." That a man should make himself an ass at any time in the day is really conceivable, but that a man should come home and write it down is really astonishing. Yet that book gives knowledge of the time in which the man who wrote it lived better than any pompous historical volume whatever. It is fashionable now-a-days to declaim against gossip; and when it is pointed by malice, no punishment is severe enough but an old gossip is invaluable. Who could spare Boswell, and yet who would be Boswell? These gossipy old writers are to us what no recognised historians could be: through the loophole of one of their simple sentences we see more to realise to us and impress on our minds the events of a period, than we could ever get from their more stately contemporaries. Take an example. History describing such an event as Queen Elizabeth going to view the troops at Tilbury would begin: "On that majestic morning when she who presided over the destinies of this country, and who combined some of the greatest parts of manly wisdom with the greatest weaknesses of womanly nature." All twaddle. It gives you no idea by which to realise the woman. But now turn to the pages of an old gossip, and find her sending a message to a refractory bishop to this effect.—"I made you, and by God I'll unmake you if you will not do what I tell you;" or turn to another and learn how she, who could review the troops at Tilbury, had yet such weakness that in her old age she was afraid to look in the glass, and so one day one of her ture women rouged her nose instead of her cheeks, and she moved about among the foreign ambassadors for one day with a rouged nose, all glowing and ruddy, and cheeks yellow as parchment. Take those two bits of gossip, and you never forget the "manly wisdom" or the "weakness of womanly nature" that made up her character. Again, Charles I., when he came to the throne, was very poor, and as his exchequer was empty, he was reduced to many a shift to pay the expenses of the court. The historians tell us this, but the gossips realise it so that we never forget it. They tell us that the court had occasion to go into mourning and the dealers, calculating that there would be an extensive demand for black cloth, ran up the price. Charles and his chamberlain consulted, and at last hit upon an expedient; they could not afford black cloth, so they bought white cloth and had it dyed; "at which," the old books say, "the tradesmen did mightily grumble." It is by these little things the gossips told history; and how well! I would defy anybody after reading that statement in common with his reign to forget that Charles was poor when he came to the throne. Now suppose we wanted to know the state of theology in 1603

Well, history might talk about it; but let us go to an old book, and we find a canon stating "that no minister or ministers without license or direction by the bishop under his hand and seal obtained, shall pretend under any pretence to cast out any devil or devils, under the pain for imposture and cozenage and deprivation of rentals." What a trait of the times! Devils were to be cast out orderly and properly, but not without due license. Again, for another trait. We find John Bunyan, in defending himself against a charge of immorality, saying, "I call everybody to witness, I kiss the ill-favoured of my flock as well as the good-looking." Erasmus spoke of kissing as an admirable custom that cannot be too much commended. From such little passages in old books how much is to be learned of the age in which the writers of them lived!

To get the secrets of the olden times out of the books thereof they must be read with love and faith. Some of them would shock one by their arrant nonsense; but take it with their wisdom. Take, for instance, Lord Bacon's case. Watch him go forth with his bright copper basin under his arm, see him put his basin down, and assure you that the moon shines admirably for the cure of warts. Yet nobody would deny Bacon's claim to wisdom, that was a point of knowledge he had not investigated. Old books for wisdom and new books for knowledge. The young for information and the old for wisdom, for they knew how to lead human life wisely, rightly, and well. Old books contain much marvellous ignorance and strange superstition; but these should be accepted with the wisdom and humanity. And those old writers betray a deep knowledge of humanity, though they had no telegraphs, and were carted about at six instead of sixty miles an hour. Travellers tell us that the man who has not been to the north pole or stood on the top of the pyramids, or walked the wall of China, knows nothing of life. Yet surely Shakspeare was no traveller. From Stratford-on-Avon he once made a journey to London, and he once went from London to Stratford-on-Avon, and he might once have gone as far as Dover; yet there is not a passion of the human heart, or a sentiment of which man is capable, or a thought hid in the quaint chambers of his imagery, of which he has not given us the clue and the working. Hobbs only read four books, and would read no more, lest he should become as ignorant as other people! He who ever hated one man thoroughly, or loved a woman deeply, knows all about hatred and love, and if that man were to love or hate fifty people afterwards, he could not love or hate them more intensely.

I love books of the olden times because they disclose to me specimens of real humanity. In our day, a man has so many claims on him, he is acted upon by so many benevolent and other influences, that his character is merged into that of the mass. It was not so with them. They kept what they took up, even their prejudices and weaknesses, and I plead guilty to liking men with weaknesses. I had a friend who so far despised human weakness, that he said, when he was dead, they might, for aught he should care, throw him in the next ditch, or "send him to an anatomical scholar to be cut up for the benefit of the species." Now I, when I am buried, should like to be laid in the old green churchyard among my forefathers, and, if possible, on the sunny side and under the branches of some spreading tree. My friend would prove to me that it was no matter where the body lay, for, like all others, it might come to be a beer barrel bung. Poor fool! The old patriarch said to his son, "Swear not to bury me in Egypt." My friend would call that a weakness, but give me the strength of the patriarch. It is not theory nor philosophy that causes in me the desire to be buried in the churchyard. It is not for the use of the thing. That test of usefulness is a poor standard to judge things by. I believe a bean boiled would eat as well without the spots on it. I believe the sun might set as well without causing a halo and a glory in the west. For the purpose of utility and beauty, one uniform calendar would be better. For practical ends the human body might be confined to its precise anatomy and have nothing of the roundness and the plumpness of the flesh. Our fathers had their weaknesses, and believed in something beyond utility. They believed also in witches, wizards, devils, sprites, and the like; and to me there is refreshment in reading of those matters. Those things may seem very silly now, but I rather like to catch a man who could tell a ghost story at Christmas. I like to get hold of a man who is not too enlightened. What a charm to get away from bright fire-irons and the fender upon which you do not dare put your feet, to an old farmhouse in the country where there is a spacious chimney corner, from which you may occasionally see the smoke issuing from the top and blot out the stars, and where there are provisions for a six months' siege. It is with a feeling like this I get away from the prunness and knowingness of modern writers. It is like quitting a party of "wall-flowers," and playing hunt the slipper with Dr. Primrose at the old vicarage of Wakefield. For I still believe in the propriety of such amusements. I have little sympathy with "serious" people. People are in danger of growing too religious now-a-days. We live in very serious times,—such times that one begins almost to regard as profane the preachings of the olden time, the days when Latimer, and Fuller, and South were in their pulpits. Still it is refreshing to turn to the old books in which their teachings are perpetuated, for those men possessed a hearty, manful, robust sort of piety, very different from the piety of modern days. If they were here now, I do not know what we should do with some of them; and before people could permit them to enter their churches, they would have to alter their way of estimating the religious character. They would not have a modern Luther among them,—a man who went out with coppers on a Sunday to buy something, in order, as he said, to keep his liberty! If any man said they were to keep a Jewish sabbath, what must be done with the man who drunk beer and sang songs, and sang them till he made the rafters ring? I cannot get through the doors of our churches. I do not see how Martin could be admitted. But I would admit him into my church, and take him as the type of the old piety, of the men, earnest, religious, and withal so humourous. The old divines carried wit and religion together; they jested, and yet they were good praying men.

There is one class of books, perhaps, the most useless of all old books, yet I keep a shelf in my library for them books of alchemy, astrology, witchcraft, and wizardry. You may cry "it's all rubbish." So it is. Yet those very useless books enable a man to understand that than which there is nothing more difficult of comprehension, the spirit of Paganism. It was once a marvel how men could ever have come to worship Jupiter, or believe in the host of Pagan deities. By the aid of these old books we can understand it. Of theology a little child had no conception, but was by nature a Pagan; if it fell on the floor and hurt itself, it would beat the floor because it believed the floor had done it some harm. In the early times men were children. In the middle ages they were little more, and in their beliefs there was a child-like simplicity. If the hinges of a door creaked, it was believed to be a cry of pain from a soul in punishment, for they believed that the souls of the wicked were put into the hinges of doors. And from a knowledge of all this, we can imagine how the children of remoter times came to the creation of their gods, how it was that they considered the thunder to be the frown of a god, the lightning the flash of his eyes, and the sighing of the wind round the oak his sweet voice.

And withal we must not fail to notice the quaint style of the authors of these favourite old books, and which lent them such a rare and irresistible charm. Supposing that a modern writer wanted to say, the founders of the pyramids of Egypt were unknown, it would be done after this style. "The mists of antiquity have so gathered round the heads of those remarkable structures that rise before the eyes of the traveller on the plains of Egypt,—witnesses of the pristine splendour of that country,—that it is impossible to say who were the founders," &c. Fuller wrote upon the same point, and stated it thus: "the pyramids doting with age have forgotten their founders." Well did those old preachers know that a great meaning in a few words was, as Solomon said, like nails driven in a sure place.

Apart from other considerations, there is something grateful in the influence of old books upon a man's mind. Whenever I become ruffled by hot controversy or party feeling, I resort to an old book, and it cools me down. When I go to a meeting and hear men say, "if you do not vote my way, the sun of England will set," and try to make me believe that after them would come the deluge,—I go home to the old books.

They set the matter at [illegible] When I have listened to the [illegible] on all sides, I go home [illegible] the world was threatened was threatened long ago, and the world was safe yet. The second coming should have occurred long ago, and I have been disappointed in the millennium several times in my life. I read old books, and agree with Solomon, that "there is nothing new under the sun." I also learn another important lesson from old books,—that of Catholicity. It is charming to me to see the books of men who lived in different generations laying close together, resting, like their authors, in peace. Loyola and Luther are quiet, Jesuit and Calvinist lay side by side so pleasantly, and the Protestant and Catholic keep company with the old Pagan without a murmur. As with my house, so with my books. I admit those with whom I agree, and those with whom I differ. I do not want a man to say "amen" to all I utter.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

BEFORE us are lying several books, which claim notice at our hands as being, some of them, adapted to the present season, and others of them especially well adapted to the readers of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND at any and all seasons. Among the latter we may mention the

Lives of Eminent Men; or, Biographical Treasury containing Memoirs of the most Celebrated British Characters of the Past and Present Day. By John Tillotson. London: Thomas Hodges.

We have given this rather pompously-worded title in full. Among the personages selected for portraiture—both literary and artistic—are the poets Milton and Shakspeare, Southey and Oliver Goldsmith, Cowper and Burns, Wordsworth, Scott, Bulwer, Hogg, and Tom Moore. Then we have Peel, Canning, Brougham, and Grey, to represent the statesmen, and Nelson and Wellington, the warriors. Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir Joseph Banks, and Sir Isaac Newton constitute the scientific portion of the biographies, while Samuel Johnson, the late Duke of Cambridge, Sir Christopher Wren, Prince Albert, and others, are among what may be called the unclassified portraits. Several steel engravings illustrate this handsomely and cheaply got up volume, though we must say, that, for our own part, we greatly prefer the pen and ink drawings of the writer to the more elaborate work of the artist. Mr. Tillotson's style is correct, graceful, and not too much overloaded with quotations. His views of individual character, though they differ occasionally from those more generally received, are, on the whole, formed with liberality and kindly feeling. Speaking of Wellington, he says,—"We know but one man with whom he may be justly compared, namely, his great friend and illustrious co-operator, Sir Robert Peel. Both chiefs of the privileged class, they struck mortal blows at privilege, both taking their ground upon resistance, they [illegible] themselves at the head of the party of progress. Three great changes have taken place within the last thirty years—Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and Free Trade. Of these, Peel and Wellington personally accomplished the first two and accepted the last." Our readers will recollect in what way the writer of the memoir of Wellington in the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND differed from this estimate of the great soldier. Apart, however, from such matters of personal opinion, this volume of biographies is valuable, not so much because they contain many new facts, as that they collect what ever is known of the various men introduced, and tell what there is to tell in a pleasing, familiar, and very attractive manner. The "Lives of Eminent Men" is just the sort of book to give to a clever boy as a New Year's present.

Our next volume relates to,

The Adventures of Barnaby Lee, or, the Struggles of a Son and Heir. By Edward Thompson. London: J. Allen

THIS is a book in the Pickwick style, and only so far inferior to its great prototype as that it is of *later publication*. And this of course will explain much, to even unmitiated readers. Notwithstanding and nevertheless, there is much good writing in this tale, the interest in which never seems to flag. It is illustrated with some spirit by an, to us, unknown artist, whose work, by the way, is not improved by being printed on yellow paper. From the nature of the tale we cannot make an extract, but we may say, with perfect good faith, that "Barnaby Lee" is a book worth reading more than once.

A new edition of "Sterne's Sentimental Journey," with illustrations by the late Tony Johannot, has just been published by Willoughby and Co., who, we perceive, have lately brought out another edition of "Priceless Pearls," an elegantly illustrated volume on the Bath, Baptism, Miracles, Death, and Resurrection of Our Saviour.

We have lying on our table "The Wellington Almanack," with seven engravings, a calendar of all the events of the great warrior's life, a neatly written memoir, and various other attractive features, for a penny! The "Temperance Almanack," and the "Protestant Dissenters' Almanack," are both well illustrated by Gilbert—the former containing a tale by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The "Ladies' Drawing-Room Book," an elegant volume for Christmas, beautifully bound and illustrated, has just been published. Besides containing thirty-two pictures, with two pages of explanatory letter-press to each, this volume contains an illustrated explanation of the whole history and mystery of knitting, netting, tatting, crochet, and point-lace. This latter portion of the Drawing-Room Book has been edited by a lady well-known as a teacher of all kinds of needlework. The two volumes of the "Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art" for 1852, are bound together, and form a handsome table-book. Mr. Cassell has, we find, issued the first part of his highly-valuable work, "The Altar of the Household," it is edited by Dr. Harris, the author of "Anti-Mammon," and is a sufficient guarantee for its excellence. The first volume of the "Popular Educator," now ready, shows us more of the design of this excellent work than could be seen during its progress in detached numbers. We could have wished that there had been rather less of science, so called, and rather more of *popular explanatory writing* in the volume, but, on the whole, we cannot but consider this periodical as one of the great triumphs of the age. The best papers are those of Dr Beard on the English and Latin languages, on Geology by Dr Jenkyn, and on Mathematics by the Editor. The articles on Natural History are by no means so well written as they should be, and if we were in a criticising mood, we might take exception to the papers on Botany, as well as some of the Biographies. But we repeat, that no periodical work has hitherto attempted to teach so many subjects as have been here commenced, or has, as yet, succeeded in attracting so large a share of popular attention. The "Popular Educator" is a work which should form, and it is fitted for, a text-book for every village schoolmaster, every teacher, and every scholar in the kingdom.—Of the "Fables for the Young," published by John Lofts, Strand, the various shilling volumes of Messrs Routledge, Clarke, and Houlston, we must take another opportunity of speaking.

HEROES.

I sing of HEROES—old and young—
Who struggle much and labour hard,
But with head, or hands, or tongue,
And toiling feel their great reward,
Who aim to set the spirit free,—
These are the Heroes, boys, for me!

Not those who boast an ancient name,
And claim their golden stores of wealth,
Whose honour, like a burning flame,
Consumes at once their time and health;
Who seem to have no mind to free,—
They are not Heroes, boys, for me!

But he's the Hero high or low,
Or has he wealth or does he lack it,
Is he or fast or is he slow,
Black be his coat or fustian jacket;
Has he a mind, and is it free?—
That's the Hero, boy, for me.

Or rich or poor, whate'er his station,
In manhood's years, or vigorous youth;
Behold him scattering o'er the nation
The seeds of God's eternal truth:
Just such a man, where'er you see,
Is just the HERO, boys, for me.

Sligo W X.

LETTERS TO WORKING MEN

No VI.

THE BALLOT.

The scandals of the recent elections in regard to bribery and intimidation are bringing out the usual amount of sense and nonsense about the ballot. It would be puzzling to a stranger —it is puzzling to some foreigners—to account for such an amount of sense as is talked on this subject being met by nothing but nonsense. A shopkeeper is threatened or solicited by some electioneering customer, Lady A. or Mrs. B, whose custom he could not well afford to lose. If the ballot were in established use, the shopkeeper need not pledge himself, one way or another, as pledging and promising must have come to an end under the liberty of secret voting. Squire C. threatens an humble tenant, that unless he votes for the aristocratic candidate, his family shall be turned out of their cottage, and there is no other to be had. Such has been, it is to be feared, the compulsion put upon many a rural voter in past and present elections. In future elections, if we have the ballot, the squire will not put it into his tenants' power to say of him with a grim of independence, that it is a pity the squire should show his teeth when he can't bite; and so on, through the whole list of tyrannies under which every electeur makes our hearts throb and our blood boil. "But it is un-English." Then the bribery and intimidation are English, are they? It is English to terrify the timid—to oppress the helpless—to take from him that had little—to trample upon a man already too deep in the dust. It is English to set a man's wife to teaze him to do what he thinks wrong. It is English to make a fond father look with a heavy heart upon his children. Is all this really English? To us it seems more English to put honest citizens beyond the reach of "the proud rich man's contumely,"—to take care that men are equal before the law—to put an end to the cant of calling a man's most galling slavery by the name of his political liberty. It seems to us thoroughly English to set that legal guard about an humble home, which may leave a man and his wife to agree or differ as they chose about his vote, and let him solace himself with his children at the end of his day's work, without the bitter thought that he must swear or act a lie to save their bread. To us it seems plain enough that the loyalty is with those who would secure the humble many from the cruelty of the insolent few, and that the grossest possible disloyalty to the English name and character is that shown by the opponents of the ballot, when, by their loud refusal of protection to voters, they hound on the rich to worry the poor. Of all the nonsense talked on this subject, perhaps the most astonishing to an American observer is the assertion that the ballot is not found to answer in America. This saying is worthy only of old ladies talking politics over the tea-table. There are no landowners in that country who have a rent-roll. There is no aristocratic class. There are no patrons and clients in any department of private life. The shopkeepers wait upon customers rather as a matter of favour than otherwise. The white labourer is worth his weight in gold, as a labourer, and has no occasion to give an account of himself to anybody. The suffrage being universal, is every man's attribute, as much as his power of locomotion, or anything else about him. No man's vote is made any fuss about, any more than a day's journey on his own affairs would be; and no citizen would think of asking how he means to vote, any more than he would inquire what business he went about on his day's journey. Such is the state of things in all purely American parts of the country. In the cities on the sea-board, and wherever British and Irish immigrants abound, something of the English electioneering methods and vices may be introduced; and there may be interference, turbulence, and corruption, during one generation of a particular class. But these are not the people who can give an account of the operation of the ballot on the other side of the Atlantic. In the genuinely American towns and villages the spectacle of polling is simple and quiet enough. Elections to several offices or functions usually take place at once. Lists of the candidates are printed, the Whigs on one slip of paper, the Democrats on another, and any third and fourth list if there be a third and fourth party. The voter usually approves the list of his party. If he does, he deposits it in the box or urn, keeping the other in his pocket, or destroying it, as he pleases. If he wishes any of the names changed, he changes them; or he can, of course, write out a list for himself, or get it written (if he does not wish his handwriting to be known); or he can paste the printed names on a list of his own. The door of the church, or of some other public building, stands open; he steps in at his leisure, and deposits his paper in the box. The probability is, that he may stand and chat on the steps with some acquaintance, and that he will say (if it be not taken for granted) how he has voted, but it is at his own choice. Some ask why, in a country where there are no overbearing, and no subdued classes, the ballot should exist at all. The answer is by another question —would the Americans part with the ballot? They say, one and all, that they would not. It must, therefore, have some use, and implicate some value. The fact is, some men as the secrecy it admits of, and all choose to keep the power of using it. Though a man's subsistence may be independent of his vote, and his dwelling-house, and the fortunes of his children, there are many cases in which social inconvenience and annoyances might be caused by the nature of his vote being known. He may value a man as a man, and love a relation as a relation, and esteem a neighbour as a neighbour, and a citizen of his locality, without thinking any one of them exactly fit for Congress, or for office in the General or State Government. There is no need to specify the many cases in which a citizen may have a good reason for voting this way or that, at his own discretion, without being a hypocrite for keeping his own counsel. Any of us who may feel that we should wish a personal friend to vote against us if he did not think us the best representative that he could find, may feel that some little exertion of magnanimity might be required to keep us on the same terms of friendship as before. If not, we shall be aware that with others it might be so, and that in small country settlements, or amidst the vivid intercourse of a stirring town, it is a very good thing to have the feeling perfectly established, that no man has any business with any other man's vote, and that it is an impertinence to inquire into it. Such is the established feeling in the United States; and in establishing it the ballot has "answered." All who really care for popular liberty in England should work without resting, till we have ascertained whether it would not "answer" equally well with us, for our need of it is greater than ever was known in America, or perhaps anywhere else.

From a period of immemorial antiquity, it had been the practice of English Governments to contract debts. What the Revolution introduced was the practice of honestly paying them.—*Macaulay.*

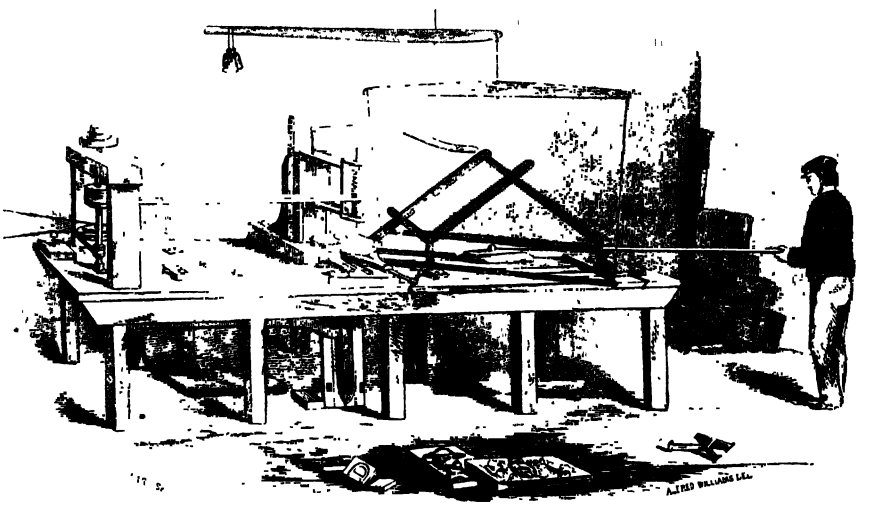
Goodness I call the habit, and goodness of nature the inclination. This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity, and without it, man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin.—*Bacon.*

THE PANTAGRAPHIC CUTTING, CARVING, AND ENGRAVING MACHINE.

It is now generally understood and believed that every addition to the arts and sciences, every new discovery, improvement, and invention, has but one end—the promotion of the comfort and happiness of mankind. And thus it is that the public have at last come to consider machinery an aid rather than an evil, thus it is that mechanics and artisans—the last persons to acknowledge the utility of any plan which either does, or is supposed to, interfere with their just rights and privileges—have been brought to look upon the steam-engine as a valuable co-worker, instead of, as heretofore, a sort of mechanical thief. Indeed, the larger the number of useful machines invented, the greater seems the need of skilled workmen—for machinery, after all, does only the work of the labourer.

We have been led to make these remarks in consequence of a conversation we had with a friend on the subject of the machine we are now about to describe. The Pantagraphic Carving and Engraving Machine is a new invention of immense importance and capabilities, and by means of it nearly all kinds of cutting, carving, and engraving on marble, wood, stone, ivory, and other on paper; and indeed, if the workman were an artist—as a workman properly educated should be—a design might be transferred at once to the wood, &c., by the aid of the cutting instrument, without the employment of a separate drawing at all. To explain: this machine consists of a slide rest, or floating bed, to which is united a pair of pantagraphs, a tracer passes over every part of the pattern, and the cutting-tool makes on the material employed *fac-simile* indentations with the most perfect accuracy; and in such a manner, too, that all parts of the design to be copied are submitted to the action of the cutting tool. The office of the pantagraphs is to reduce the copy to any size required. To repeat, the lines of the design are determined by the patterns or originals submitted to the action of the tracer, and the tool being fixed, no deviation from the pattern can take place, provided it be accurately traced by the workman. The tracer being considered as one arm of the machine, and the cutter as the other, the operation is purely mechanical.

Thus all kinds of carvings for ecclesiastical, commercial, and other purposes may be produced at this machine. In the first



PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE PANTAGRAPHIC CARVING AND ENGRAVING MACHINE.

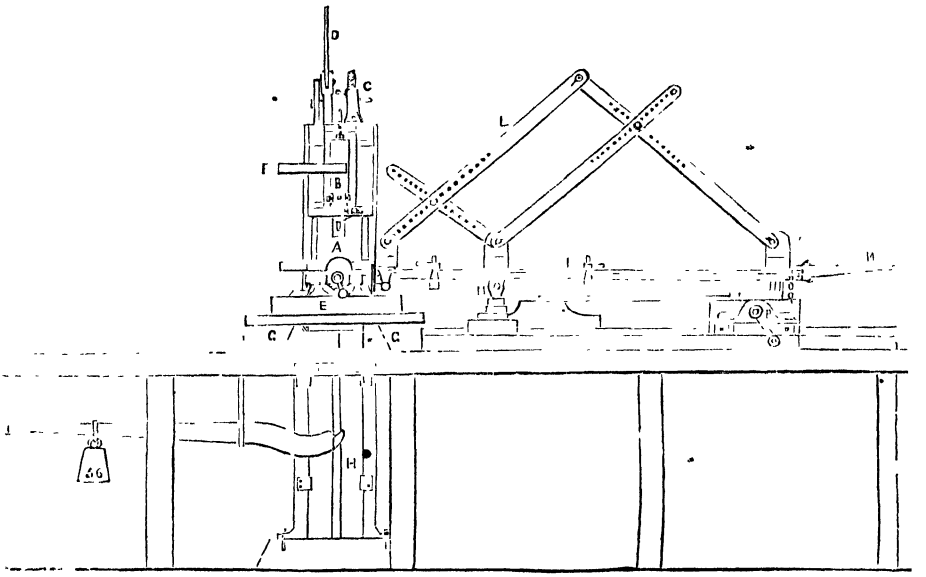
materials may be accomplished. Now it would appear at first sight that an instrument of this description would supersede skilled manual labour in the production of the various objects submitted to it, but that it cannot altogether take the place of the workman is evident from the fact that its powers are confined to copying; and that for every separate design there must be an artistic original. It imitates the work of man's hands in a most marvellous manner, but it cannot conceive or originate.

This assertion, however, requires some qualification—as, indeed, what assertion does not? Thus, when we say that an artistic original is required, we state nothing more than the truth; but we must also say that a *highly-finished* design is not absolutely requisite, so long as grace of outline and correctness of drawing is preserved—a groove being only required for the tracer to pass through in the pattern, and the moulding being given to the various parts of the perfect copy by the tool employed. And again, to such perfection has the machine already attained, that copies in metal or wood may be made of drawings or engravings engraving we have a perspective view of the instrument, in which both the horizontal and vertical pantagraphs are shown; but a better idea of it will be formed by an examination of the working drawing on the other page. For this engraving and its mechanical description, we are indebted to a gentleman well known in the scientific and literary world. A, is the cutter, beneath which is placed the object to be acted on. B, is a revolving spindle with socket, into which the cutter or tool is fixed. C, is a screw with nuts for lowering or raising the cutter in accordance with the pattern required. The lever D presses the tool down upon the substance to be engraved, which is fixed upon the bed, or frame E. A band marked F, communicates with the moving power, which may be of any description accessible. The machine with one cutter is not a heavy drive for a man of ordinary strength, but although manual power may be used, yet in practice steam power will be proferred. Two blocks, marked G G, are placed beneath the frame, when the engraving required can be produced by a horizontal operation of the tool, as in cutting plain letters in stone, and removed when a vertical motion is

necessary, for example, in cutting floral ornaments or figures. The letter H denotes a moveable slide used in vertical work, when the lever and weight, marked I, come into operation, the weight balancing that of the material employed, and being varied with its magnitude.

The two pantagraphs, marked L L, are in different positions. The vertical is described in the drawing, but the horizontal, wrought on the same principle, gives only what may be termed a side view. This double pantagraph is connected with the bed by a small joint, which will be readily observed attached to E in the engraving. The pantagraphs are moved by the handle N on the fulcrum or pivot M, and this handle N also moves the tracer O, which operates in the pattern fastened in the grip P.

The moving power gives the cutter many thousand revolution per minute, and after the cutter A has passed through an ordinary operation, it is found perfectly cool, so that in reality, one tool may make almost an indefinite number of cuttings The absolute motion being thus obtained, its direction is given by the operator from the handle N, through the pantagraph in strict accordance with his pattern, with the aid of the tracer O. The horizontal pantagraph gives an even pattern, and the vertical enables the workman to copy a floral or other pattern, such as a medallion of varied depths. The pantagraphs allow him to copy the pattern on various scales of size, adhering always to the precise proportions in the original.



WORKING DRAWING OF THE PANTAGRAPHIC CUTTING, CARVING, AND ENGRAVING MACHINE.

In the machine, as shown in the engraving, only one cutting instrument is employed, but we understand that several cutters may be employed at the same moment without interfering one with the other; so that with a single object of imitation, a dozen or more articles may be produced at one operation. The patent merits of this machine do not consist in the use of the pantagraphs for reducing the size of the copy—for this principle is well-known, and has long been in use for the purpose of taking profile likenesses—one leg of the pantagraph passing over the features, and the other recording the likeness on paper, nor does it rest with the union of the two pantagraphs in different directions, as might at first sight be supposed; nor with the moving power, the cutters, or the sliding rest,—but with the combination and adaptation of the whole of these peculiarities in one instrument. Though made up of several previously known principles, the Pantagraphic Carving Machine must be considered as perfectly original. Indeed, the very fact of taking old principles, and uniting them so that new effects may be produced from their combination, is the very essence of originality. The most remarkable fact, too, connected with this machine is its extreme simplicity, and so entirely free is it from complication, that one wonders when examining it, that such a machine should have remained so long unInvented. At first it was supposed that this instrument would be useful only for cutting wooden type letters and the wood letters used for shop fronts, and for the production of such objects, together with *the cutting and carving of all irregular figures*, has a patent been taken out, and a company formed. The insertion of the words we have italicised in the specification has not only made the patent one of the most secure in existence, but has also enabled the projectors, Messrs. Searby and Turner, to bring out the full capabilities of their very ingenious machine. By it they are enabled to produce all kinds of carved and engraved work in stone, metal, wood, or ivory. Every day brings its proof of some new adaptation of its principle, or some fresh evidence of its capabilities. From being intended merely to cut wood letters, it has been found capable of producing the most minute description of engravings on polished metals, gems, and other adjuncts of ornamental art. For the purposes of trade, this machine will multiply with extreme rapidity all kinds of architectural carvings in wood and stone, open tracery, such as is used for pianofortes, in the hard woods of America and India; blocks for the paper-stainer, and engraved cylinders for the calico-printer, picture frames, furniture mouldings, and many similar articles of extensive use.

In the production of one article alone, it seems that this machine is a sort of fortune to its proprietors. Of course everybody knows what a saw-handle is, and that a number of tools—key-hole saws, and chisels, and rasps, and files, and planes—must be used by the workman who makes one, but with this machine a pair of saw-handles can be turned out complete by a single

operation, in as little time as we have taken to write down the fact. And then as for the letters for shop fronts, we may simply state that they may be cut in stone or other substances at the rate of 5,000 a week.

But the capabilities of the machine have been yet further tested, and statuettes, busts in marble, and basso-relievos in ivory and metal have been produced which rival their originals in accuracy of detail and beauty of finish. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to put any limit to the productions of this very remarkable invention. When we were present at the Company's works at Pimlico, we witnessed the cutting of a letter in marble,—and, indeed, cut one ourself, though we are no mechanic, and never saw the machine before—and had put into our hands a bust of Jenny Lind in ivory, a bas-relief of Wellington, and various other objects carved by the machine. Among other wonderful performances of this machine, we may mention a minute engraving on the polished surface of a razor blade, and an engraved representation of a coat of arms upon a slip of glass!

Now, it is not possible to engrave on hardened steel by means of hand labour with any kind of instrument we possess, nor can figures or designs be [illegible] by a slow and expensive process. Here, then, is an entirely open in which few rivals will be found. So easily is the machine guided, that a lad of ordinary intelligence might be set to work on the first day of his engagement, and yet so multifarious are the objects it will produce, that the highest intellect, and the most practised talent, might be well employed in producing patterns for its imitation We have little doubt but that, in a short time, a complete revolution in the style of domestic architectural ornamentation will be brought about by means of this ingeniously contrived instrument, Of the commercial success of the company there can be no question —*From the Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art.*

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

THERE is no other transaction in life in respect of which the maxim of "delays are dangerous" has such powerful reference as in relation to Life Assurance.

It has been remarked by a very high authority, that "all men think all men mortal but themselves," but do you not read every day of fatal accidents and sudden deaths? Although *your* turn is not yet come, you have a share in the chances of each that occurs. Do you ever look in the newspapers certain returns under the head of Bills of Mortality, showing how many people died in London last week—probably 1,100 or 1,200 persons? Calculate how many it is an hour. It is quite certain, according to the law of mortality developed in what are termed the NORTHAMPTON TABLES, that out of every 125 readers of this article one of the age of twenty-five—two *will be dead before the expiration of a year.* Such a rate of mortality is a serious matter; and the only reason for its not being felt as a serious matter is, that people do not accustom themselves to reflect upon it.

If the reader were told that, once within the ensuing twelve months, he would have to stand up in rank with 124 other men to be fired at, and that to a certainty two of them would be killed—and it is as certain that two of the 124 will be in the grave in twelve months as that he is now reading these sentences—he would most likely exclaim, "Good God, if *I* should be *one* of the *two*, what is to become of my wife and children; if any possible means can be pointed out to me for making provision for them, I will not lose another day in securing such a benefit, without the existence of which they may, within a few hours, be rendered helpless and hopeless."

Well, such means do exist—and the means are these:—Go up stairs and take £10 out of the drawer, which you have made the depository of the £30 or £40 you have already saved up as the beginning of a fortune for your children—take it to an Assurance Office,—*being most careful to ascertain that it is conducted and controlled by respectable and responsible persons*—and, having inquired for the manager, tell him you have come to invest £10 for the benefit of your family—that you have no idea what good £10 can do, but that you have been reading an article on LIFE ASSURANCE, the writer of which has pointed out to you the insecurity of life, and recommended you to effect an assurance. No doubt you will ask to be informed what is the exact nature of the benefit your family will derive from this small sum, and as little doubt is there that you will almost become dumb with astonishment, when you are told, that if you die before that day twelvemonth, or even the moment after you receive the manager's receipt, your family will be paid £500 by the office. This payment of £10 must, of course, be made to the office every year, so long as you desire to hold the company to the engagement; *but in case you should, in the course of three or four years, wish to discontinue the Assurance, either from inability or any other circumstance, then a fair proportion of what you have paid would be returned to you.*

The illustration here offered is only one of twenty different modes of assurances applicable to the various means, positions, and requirements of individuals. For instance, a man arrived at fifty, with a wife about his own age, and no children, may not care about realising a large sum of money at his death, the management of which he may not wish to delegate to a lady unaccustomed to such responsibilities He has, perhaps, an income of £200 derivable from a Government pension, or some form of annuity, terminable with his own life—even the profits of trade, or the returns for professional service dependant upon the talents and exertions of the individual have very much the character of an annuity—and his great anxiety is to provide that, after his death, the income of his wife shall not be materially abridged. This may be effected by his paying to the office about £5 a-year, which, after his decease, will secure for his widow an annuity of £100 during the remainder of her life, whilst his own income, during the joint continuation of their lives, will only be reduced from £200 to £165

As an instance of what may be effected by a very small saving, supposing a young man, entering business at the age of twenty-five, saves *two shillings and sixpence* per week, equal to £6 10*s.* per annum, which is often expended in cigars and other superfluities, this would secure £500 to his wife and family, and in some of the old offices, which are dividing large bonuses, that £500 would in all probability be doubled if he lived to the age of sixty five or seventy, or in lieu of this addition to the amount insured, the annual charge of £6 10*s.* might be periodically reduced, until, by the time he arrived at that age, it would be altogether extinguished.

DR MANTELL.

THE year has been prolific in the loss of great men. The last name we have to add to the already too-full list is that of the eminent geologist, Dr Mantell, who died on the 10th of November, in the 64th year of his age. Gideon Algernon Mantell, L L D, F R S, &c. &c —whose acquaintance we had the honour to possess —had been for some time past a severe sufferer, but, such was his cheerfulness and kind disposition, and such the amazing flow of his animal spirits, that it was impossible to be in his company for ten minutes without being innoculated with the mirthful energy which never deserted him At an early period he became distinguished for his love for, and knowledge of, natural history, though for many years he practised medicine in the town of Lewes, in Kent It is however as an investigator into the truths of geological science that his name will go down to posterity. While resident at Lewes he was led to devote himself, with great natural enthusiasm, to the investigation of the fossils of the Chalk and of Wealden of Sussex Little attention had hitherto been excited among geologists to the wonderful organic remains of this district, and to a mind of his penetration and sagacity a rich field presented itself for observation. In 1812-15, Dr. Mantell commenced forming, at Lewes, the magnificent collection of 1300 specimens of fossil bones, which is now deposited in the British Museum, and in 1822 appeared his "Fossils of the South Downs," a large quarto work, with forty plates, engraved by Mrs. Mantell, from drawings by the author Another work was published by him about the same time, entitled "The Fossils of Tilgate Forest," and compared with the geological literature of the period in which they were written, these books cannot but be considered as highly meritorious productions. In 1825 Dr. Mantell was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and he has contributed some important papers to its "Philosophical Transactions" For his memoir "On the Iguanodon" he had the honour, in 1849, to receive the Royal

Medal. He was also an active member of the Geological Society, and in 1835 was presented with the Wollaston Medal and Fund, in consideration of his discoveries in fossil comparative anatomy generally. From Lewes Dr. Mantell removed about this period to Brighton, and his collection being materially added to, was purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum for the sum of £5,000. Upon this he removed to a substantial residence on Clapham Common. Dr Mantell took great delight in imparting to others a knowledge of his favourite science; he was fluent and eloquent in speech, full of poetry, and extremely agreeable in manners to all. He now turned his attention to the more popular and attractive works for which his name will be chiefly remembered. His "Wonders of Geology," "Medals of Creation," "Geological Excursions Round the Isle of Wight," and an enlarged edition of his "Thoughts on a Pebble," all of which are profusely illustrated, and have passed through several editions, are well known to the members of Mechanics' Institutions and scientific enquirers His latest work was a handbook to the organic remains in the British Museum, entitled "Petrifactions and their Teachings." To these may be added "Thoughts on Animalcules," and "A Pictorial Atlas of Fossil Remains," selected from Parkinson's and Artis's palæontological illustrations, and among his early productions, a handsome quarto narrative, with portraits, of the "Visit of William IV and Queen Adelaide to the Ancient Borough of Lewes," which included some original poetry. Dr Mantell was a most attractive lecturer, filling the listening ears of his audience with [illegible] imagery, and leading them in amazement with his [illegible] No man has done more to popularise the science of geology than Dr Mantell, and we are happy to know that he has a worthy successor in his son, the gentleman who first made known the existence of the wingless birds of Australia

A WORD IN SEASON.

This is the first day of a New Year. It was once the custom, and still is among humble loving folk, to make presents on New Year's-day, and we should regret if so good a custom ever died quite out If the "good old times" were in many respects very bad, superstitious, obstinate, and weak-minded old times, as no doubt they were, they nevertheless possessed many charitable and Christian customs which we of these modern days would do well to revive. And this present-giving was one of them Christmas-day with its rollicking good humour, its roast beef and plum-pudding and hearty kindnesses, has passed away, and a new era is before us all. Another year is opened to us—another year has died away and been gathered to the tomb of all the annuals Such a time should not be let pass without a pause in the noise and toil and bustle of our ever stirring, ever active life Like a good thrifty tradesman, we should look into our books, should balance our accounts, should look at the debtor and creditor side of the question, and by a just and fair sum total, find out how we stand with the moral world. We should take stock of our inner selves. It is always best to know the truth. The man in trade who is afraid to look at his circumstances, afraid to know his true position, makes his position so much the worse by his neglect. A resolute inquiry into his liabilities, and the means which his fortune afford him for meeting the calls that sooner or later must be made upon him, puts him into a true position, and oftentimes enables him to weather the storm of adverse fortune. And it is the same with our moral liabilities. It is wise to talk with our past hours,

"And ask them what report they bore to heaven?"

Wise to question our own virtue and disinterestedness,—wise to regard ourselves, as it we were not ourselves;

"To see ourselves as others see us."

And surely in the whole 365 days there is no day so appropriate, no time so fitting, as when another year is gone, and we begin to enter on a new period of existence The hand of time is about to remove from our gaze another page of our history. Look at it. Every letter is of our own inscribing, every false character, every blot and blemish—all our own. We may learn wisdom from failure, and turning over a new leaf, inscribe in nobler form, and with a better grace, a fitting welcome to the year.

It is worth a thought or two, this annual birth and death We cannot part from an old friend who has seen strange sights with us, who has been with us in trouble and joy, without a sigh, and ere we take to sympathy the new friend which January brings, we like to regard him for a space, and ponder on the future and the past.

Old 1852 is dead. We are beside his grave. We think about his existence, and our friendship with him, we call up shadowy pictures of the scenes which we have witnessed in company, and ere we leave him to his rest, begin to think of his character as a whole—of his great public doings, and of our private dealings with him. There have been more eventful lives than his. The chronicles of his family present us with more exciting biographies, more spirit-stirring histories. Some of his brothers were of an heroic temperament, and sought

"The bubble reputation
Even at the cannon's mouth,"

but 1852 was the last who has made a name in history by soldiership. Others, in the olden time, have distinguished themselves by religious proselytism in a strange and doubtful light, and [illegible] records present us with memoirs of years that [illegible] preach with such strange discourse, that the [illegible], block and axe, gibbet and rope, powder and ball, were the results of such theology. Other years there are who went about upon exploring expeditions, and found out new countries, and founded new empires—till

"Two new worlds the circuit filled,
Which one world occupied of old"

And years there are which give their whole attention to unmistakeable labour. Such a one was the late 1851, whose interest in behalf of labour, whose appreciation of the workman's toil, was so great and good that he built a huge glass-house for a world-wide meeting, and held a mighty gathering in his own [illegible] [illegible] forgotten And now of [illegible] He has seen [illegible] sights, and done strange things in his time. In the Old and the New World he has stood beside the death-bed of a great man In America he has witnessed the closing scene of the life of Daniel Webster, in England he has seen the hero of a hundred fights, he whose glory has filled two hemispheres, breathe out his last and die. If there was nothing else in his career worth remembering, we should all recollect our old friend on account of that one event—the loss of Wellington 1852 will ever be associated with that great national disaster,—

"How blest the brave who sank to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!"

The death of the great military leader—the honour and respect which not only England, but the world, sought to render—the solemnity of his funeral obsequies, all must and will be remembered. But 1852 has seen other things beside In France he witnessed a long and continued series of struggles and festivals, which came to an end at last in the declaration of the empire, and in Louis Bonaparte becoming Napoleon the Third. This event would give, independently of everything else, a marked and distinctive aspect to our friend, and more especially so when coupled with the fact that England's greatest hero—he who shattered the empire of old, and flung *le grand Empereur* out upon the rock to die—is himself laid in the tomb. Liberty, equality, fraternity—artillery, infantry, cavalry—culminate in a president unprecedented, who sways the hearts and lives and liberties of all true Frenchmen. 1852 has seen a [illegible] in Tuscany, which proved deeply on [illegible]—namely, [illegible] Madiai shut up in gaol for reading the pure Gospel. It seems to speak to him of a resuscitated past—to tell of days gone by come back again—and trembling for [illegible], the old year was sadly affected. For 1852 loved liberty, true liberty—liberty that did not interfere with other people's liberty, liberty everywhere and always; and glad was he when from the land of Columbus he heard the news of the late election to the president's chair,—he hailed the intelligence as an important sign of the times—the election of a free-trade and democratic president in the United States. The rejection of General Scott by an immense majority, simply because of his great military reputation, marks well the watchful jealousy with which all men of the Anglo-Saxon race look upon the struggles of successful soldiers for great political power In France, Scott would have been adored as a Messiah, and the

intellect and wealth of the country would have prostrated themselves at his feet; in America, with all their vapouring and boasting, they have shown that they love glory well, but love liberty better. General Pierce, too, is a free-trader. We may, therefore, safely look for some modifications in the tariff, and a progressive breaking down of the fiscal barriers which now separate the nations of the world. This is cheering, when we recollect that many of the transcendental and nationalistic party, who are bidding fair to hold sway over the intellectual portion of the community, are rigid protectionists,—amongst others, Horace Greeley, of the *New York Tribune*, a man who ought to know better. The abolition of slavery is the sure and inevitable goal of these onward tendencies of American politics. The day may be far distant which shall witness it, but as surely as all virtue and religion are not trampled out in millions of American hearts, so surely will the great principle of their declaration of rights, the equality of all men before God, become the law and practice of the United States.

As we stand beside the grave of the past year, we cannot help recalling these facts as connected with his past history. But what has he been to ourselves? How many things have happened since we greeted him last January, since the bells of the old church tower rang out a merry peal for the young heir! It may be that sorrow, with her pale face, has come into our abode—that sickness has laid its hand on those that we loved dearly, that we have seen the bright eye grow dim, and the ruddy cheek grow pale, and the robust frame become weak and feeble. It may be death has come, and beckoned one of ours away, saying, Arise and live for ever in the world unseen, the home of purity and peace; and now, that as the new year comes and opens out its vast extent before us, and bells again begin to wag and waver—that looking round upon our little circle, one space is vacant, and one voice is hushed. It may be that the very opposite of all this is our case, that we have been happier and wiser this year than we have ever been before; that we have now a second self to share our joys and sorrows, and a fond, loving heart that beats in unison with our own,—that we in fact are far more cheerful and far more prosperous than when 1852 first came upon us. Would it were the case with us all. But whether joy or sorrow be our portion, there is one thing still which should make us happy—hope is ours. Hope is the indefensible possession of all, a Constantine's banner in the eternal skies. Looking onward, happier scenes rise up before us, and we get comfort in the prospect of the future. Farewell 1852,—tears and smiles were mingled in thy life, the sunshine and the storm were seen alike, but on the clouds uniting they paint the iris of promise—the rainbow of a better time. So we bid farewell to 1852, and turning from the green grave of the past, begin to welcome 1853, as we join in the hearty and familiar greeting—A happy New Year to us all!

LINES

FROM THE SWEDISH OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

The night is calm, the sky is clear,
The birds are silent, and the flowers,
Fresh with the heavy summer dew,
Dream out the solitary hours
Then still be every whisper, lest
The sleep of any living thing
Be broken, for in every breast
Some little world is habiting

The lark dreams of the coming light,
And sings and soars in the pure air;
The flowers interpret their delight,
With their sweet odours everywhere.
Oh! endless worlds, both great and small!
Oh! mighty depths of heaven and space,
Into my heart I take ye all,
And give to all a resting place!

The eyes are filled with tears, although
A double sense of peace and rest
Makes all my senses to o'erflow
With love for all things that exist.
But now the stars wax pale, and soft
The daylight comes Yet dream and sleep!
The sky is blue, and clear aloft—
And my heart's peace is calm and deep.

THE DINNER OF THE MONTHS.

FROM NEELE'S "LECTURES ON ENGLISH POETRY."

Once upon a time, the Months determined to dine together. They were a long while deciding who should have the honour of being the host upon so solemn an occasion; but the lot at length fell upon December, for although this old gentleman's manners were found to be rather *cold* upon first acquaintance, yet it was well known that when once you got under his roof, there was not a merrier or more hospitable person in existence. The messenger too, Christmas-day, whom he sent round with his cards of invitation, won the hearts of all; although he played several mad pranks, and received many a *box* in return. February begged to be excused coming to the dinner, as she was in very bad spirits on account of the loss of her youngest child, the twenty-ninth, who had lately left her, and was not expected to return for four years. Her objection, however, was over-ruled; and being seated at table between the smiling May, and that merry old fellow October, she appeared to enjoy the evening's entertainment as much as any of the company

The dinner was a superb one; all the company having contributed to furnish out the table. January thought for the *thirtieth* time what he should give, and then determined to send a calf's head February, not being a very productive month, was also a little puzzled, but at length resolved to contribute an enormous cake, which she managed to manufacture in fine style, with the assistance of her servant, Valentine, who was an excellent fellow at that sort of ware, but especially at bride-cake. March and April agreed to furnish all the fish; May to decorate the dishes with flowers, June to supply plenty of excellent cider, July and August to provide the desert, September a magnificent course of all sorts of game, excepting pheasants, which exception was supplied by October, as well as a couple of hampers of fine home-brewed ale, and November engaged that there should be an abundance of ice. The rest of the eatables, and all the wine, were provided by the worthy host himself.

Just before sitting down to table, a slight squabble arose about precedency, some of the company insisting that the first in rank was January, and some that it was March. The host, however, decided in favour of January, whom he placed in the seat of honour, at his right hand; November, a prim, blue-nosed old maid, sat at his left, and June, a pleasant, good-tempered fellow, although occasionally rather too *warm*, sat opposite him at the end of the table.

The dinner was admirably served. Christmas-day was the principal waiter; but the host had been obliged to borrow the attendance of some of his guests' servants, and accordingly Twelfth-night, Shrove-Tuesday, and Michalmas-day, officiated in various departments: though Shrove-Tuesday was speedily turned out, for making rather too free with a prime, demure servant-maid, called Good-Friday, while she was toasting some hot-cross buns for the tea-table.

A short, squab, little fellow, called St. Thomas's-day, stood behind December's chair, and officiated as toast-master, and much merriment was excited by the contrast between the diminutive appearance of this man, and the Longest-day, who stood behind June, at the other end of the table. Master Thomas, however, was a very useful fellow; and, besides performing the high official duty which we have mentioned, he drew the curtains, stirred the fire, lighted and snuffed the candles, and, like all other little men, seemed to think himself of more importance than anybody else.

The pretty blushing May was the general toast of the company, and many compliments were passed upon the elegant manner in which she had decorated the dishes. Old January tried to be very sweet upon her, but she received him coldly, as he was known not to be a loyal subject, and to have once stolen a crown and sceptre, and hidden them in a grave; and May, who was loyal to the back-bone, had much trouble in finding out and *restoring* them. January at length ceased to persecute her with his attentions, and transferred them to November, who was of the same politics as himself, although she had not been quite so successful in supporting them. Poor May had scarcely got rid of her venerable lover, before that sentimental swain, April, began to tell her that he was

absolutely dying for her. This youth was one moment all sunshine, and smiles, and rapture; and the next he dissolved in tears, clouds gathered upon his brow, and he looked a fitter suitor for November than for May, who having at last hinted as much to him, he left her in a huff, and entered into close conversation with September, who, although much his senior, resembled him in many particulars.

July, who was of a desperately *hot* temper, was every now and then a good deal irritated by March, a *dry* old fellow, as *cool* as a cucumber, who was continually passing his jokes upon him. At one time July went so far as to threaten him with a prosecution for something he had said: but March, knowing what he was about, always managed to keep on the *windy* side of the law, and to throw *dust* in the eyes of his accusers. July, however, contrived to have his revenge; for being called upon for a song, he gave "*The dashing white sergeant*" in great style, and laid a peculiar emphasis upon the words "march! march! *away!*" at the same time motioning to his antagonist to leave the room.

April having announced that it was raining hard, January was much perplexed as to how he should get home, as he had not brought his carriage. At one time, when he was looking very anxiously out of the window to discover if there were any stars visible, October, at the suggestion of May, asked him if he thought of borrowing *Charles's wain* to carry him, as he had done so great a kindness to its proprietor? This put the old fellow in such a passion, that he hastily seized his head-gear (a red cap), sallied out through the rain, and would most likely have broken his neck in the dark, had not February sent her footman, Candlemas-day, after him with a lantern, by whom he was guided in safety to his lodgings, in Fog-alley.

On the retirement of the ladies—February, May, August, and November—the last proposed their healths, which were drunk with the usual honours; when April, being a soft-spoken youth, and ambitious of distinction as an orator, began to return thanks for them in a very flowery speech, but was soon coughed down by December and March; and March, by the bye, at length got into such high favour with his old enemy, July, that the latter was heard to give him an invitation, saying that if ever he came to his side of the Zodiac, he should be most happy to see him. October told the host that, with his leave, he would drink no more wine, but that he should be glad of some good home-brewed, and a pipe. To this December acceded, and said he should be happy to join him, and he thought his friend March would do the same March having nodded assent, they set to, and a pretty *puffing* and *blowing* they made among them. April, however, continued to drink Madeira; while June, July, and September, stuck, with exemplary constancy, to the Burgundy.

After repeated summonses to the drawing-room, they joined the ladies at the tea-table. November drew herself up, and affected to be quite overpowered by the smell of smoke, which March, October, and December, had brought in with them; although it was well known that the old lady herself could *blow a cloud* as well as any of them. October seated himself by May, and said he hoped that his pipe would not have the same effect upon her as upon her aunt: and after having very gracefully assured him that she was not at all annoyed by it, he told her that he would make her exercise her own sweet pipe before the evening was much older, which, instead of annoying, would delight every body. August, a grave stately matron of extraordinary beauty, although perhaps *un peu passé*, officiated as tea-maker. Good-Friday, who by this time had recovered the fright into which Shrove-Tuesday had thrown her, handed about the toasted buns, and Swithin, a servant of July, was employed to keep the tea-pot supplied with water, and which he too often did to overflowing.

Tea being over, the old folks went to cards; and the young ones, including October, who managed to hide his years very successfully, to the pianoforte. May was the *prima donna*, and delighted every one, especially poor April, who was alternately all smiles and tears, during the whole of her performance. October gave them a hunting song, which caused even the card-tables to be deserted; and August sang a sweet melancholy canzonet which was rapturously encored. April both sang and played most unmercifully; but the company had an ugly trick of yawning over his comic songs, and were ready to expire with laughter at his pathetics.

At length, Candlemas-day having returned from seeing old January home, his mistress, February, took leave of the company. April, who was a little the worse for the wine he had drunk, insisted on escorting November; although she held several servants in waiting, and her road was in an opposite direction to his own. May went away in her own carriage, and undertook to set June down, who lived very near her. The road was hilly and steep, but her coachman, Ascension-day, got the horses very well to the top; and July and August both walked home, each preceded by a dog-day, with a lighted torch. September and October, who were next-door neighbours, went away in the same hackney-coach; and March departed as he came, on the back of a rough Shetland pony.

THE TEA ROSE.

BY MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.

Authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc.

THERE it stood, in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand, in the window of the drawing-room. So pure it looked, its white leaves just touched with that delicious creamy tint peculiar to its kind; its cup so full, so perfect, its head bending as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness—oh! when did ever man make anything to equal the living perfect flower!

But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose. Reclined on a couch, in a deep recess, and intently engaged with a book, rested what seemed the counterpart of that so lovely flower. That cheek so pale, that fair forehead so spiritual, that countenance so full of high thought, those long, downcast lashes, and the expression of the beautiful mouth, sorrowful yet sweet—it seemed like the picture of a dream.

"Florence! Florence!" said a merry, laughing girl, entering the room, "put down that wise, good, and excellent volume, and descend from your cloud, and talk with a poor little mortal. I have been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose when you to go to New York, as, to our consternation, you are determined to do; you know it would be sad pity to leave it with such a scatterbrain as I am. I do love flowers, that is a fact; that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut off and tied up, to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing, which is needful to keep them growing, I have no gifts in that line."

"Make yourself easy as to that, cousin," said Florence, with a smile; "I have an asylum in view for my favourite."

"Oh, then, you know just what I was going to say. Mrs. Marshall has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and was quite pathetic upon the subject, telling us the loss your favourite would sustain, and so forth; and she said how delighted she would be to have it in her greenhouse, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like to give it to her, you are so fond of Mrs Marshall, you know."

"I am sorry, Kate, but I have given it away."

"Who can it be? you have few friends here."

"Oh, it is only one of my odd fancies."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing."

"What! little Mary Stephens? How absurd, Florence! this is just another of your motherly, old-maidish ways—dressing dolls for poor children, making bonnets and knitting socks for all the little dirty babies in the region round about; and now, to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou to a sempstress-girl. What in the world can people in their circumstances want with flowers?"

"Just the same as I do," replied Florence, calmly. "Have you not noticed that the little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? And, do not you remember, the other morning she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?"

"But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stifled in that close little room, where Mrs Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, cook, and nobody knows what beside."

"Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, and iron, and cook, as you say—if I had to spend every moment of my time in toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick wall and dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold enjoyment to me."

"Pshaw! Florence—all sentiment: poor people have no time to be sentimental. Besides, I don't believe it will grow with them; it is a green-house flower, and used to delicate living."

"Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner is rich or poor; and Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good quality as this that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are his gift to all alike. You will see that my fair rose will be as well and cheerful in Mrs. Stephens' room as in ours."

"Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people, one wants to give them something *useful*—a bushel of potatoes, a ham, and such things."

"Why, certainly, potatoes and bacon must be supplied, but, having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any other little pleasures or gratifications we may have it in our power to bestow? I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, but which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification.

"Else why is it that we so often see the geranium or rose tree carefully nursed in an old cracked teapot in the poorest room, or the morning-glory planted in a box and twined about the window? Do not these show that the human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life? You remember, Kate, how our washerwoman sat up a whole night, after a hard day's work, to make her first baby a pretty dress to be christened in."

"Yes, and I remember how I laughed at you for making such a tasteful little cap for it."

"Well, Kate, I think the look of perfect delight with which the poor mother regarded her baby in its new dress and cap, was [illegible] I do believe she could [illegible] a barrel of flour."

"Well, I never thought before of giving anything to the poor but what they really needed: I have always been willing to do that when I could without going far out of my way."

"Well, cousin, if our heavenly Father gave to us after this mode, we should have only coarse, shapeless piles of provisions lying about the world, instead of all this beautiful variety of trees, and fruits, and flowers."

"Well, well, cousin, I suppose you are right—but have mercy on my poor head, it is too small to hold so many new ideas all at once—so go on your own way." And the little lady began practising a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

It was a small room, lighted by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor; there was a clean, but coarsely-covered bed in one corner, a cupboard, with a few dishes and plates, in the other; a chest of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand quite new, and, indeed, it was the only article in the room that seemed so.

A pale, sickly-looking woman of about forty was leaning back in her chair, her eyes closed and her lips compressed, as if in pain. She rocked backward and forward a few minutes, pressed her hand upon her eyes, and then languidly resumed her fine stitching, on which she had been busy since morning. The door opened, and a slender little girl of about twelve years of age entered, her large blue eyes dilated and radiant with delight as she bore in the vase with the rose-tree in it.

"Oh! see, mother, see! Here is one in full bloom, and two more half out, and ever so many more buds peeping out of the green leaves."

The poor woman's face brightened as she looked, first on the rose and then on her sickly child, on whose face she had not seen so bright a colour for months.

"God bless her!" she said, unconsciously.

"Miss Florence—yes, I know you would feel so, mother. Does it not make your head feel better to [illegible] such a beautiful flower? Only see how many buds there are! Just count them, and only see all the flowers! Now, where [illegible] up?" And Mary skipped about, placing her flower first in one position and then in another, and walking off to see the effect, till her mother gently reminded her that the rose-tree could not preserve its beauty without sunlight.

"Oh yes, truly," said Mary; "well, then, it must stand here on our new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it: it will look so much better." And Mrs. Stephens laid down her work, and folded a piece of newspaper, on which the treasure was duly deposited.

"There," said Mary, watching the arrangement eagerly, "that will do—no, for it does not show both the opening buds, a little farther round—a little more; there, that is right;" and then Mary walked round to view the rose in various positions, after which she urged her mother to go with her to the outside, and see how it looked there. "How kind it was in Miss Florence to think of giving this to us!" said Mary; "though she had done so much for us, and given us so many things, yet this is the best of all, because it seems as if she thought of us, and knew just how we felt, and so few do that, you know, mother."

What a bright afternoon that little gift made in that small room! But [illegible] when she bestowed the gift that there twined about it an invisible thread that would affect her whole future life. One cold afternoon in early spring, a tall and graceful gentleman called at the lowly room to pay for the making of some linen by the inmates. He was a stranger and wayfarer, recommended through the charity of some of Mrs. Stephens' patrons. As he turned to go, his eye rested admiringly on the rose-tree, and he stopped to gaze at it.

"How beautiful!" said he.

"Yes," said little Mary, "and it was given to us by a lady as sweet and beautiful as that is."

"Ah," said the stranger, turning upon her a pair of bright dark eyes, pleased and rather struck by the communication, "and how came she to give it to you, my little girl?"

"Oh, because we are poor, and mother is sick, and we never can have anything pretty. We used to have a garden once, and we loved flowers so much, and Miss Florence found it out, and so she gave us this."

"Florence!" echoed the stranger.

"Yes—Miss Florence L'Estrange a beautiful lady. They say she was from foreign parts, but she speaks English just like other ladies, only sweeter."

"Is she here now? Is she in this city?" said the gentleman, eagerly.

"No; she left some months ago," said the widow, noticing the shade of disappointment on his face; "but," she added, "you can find out all about her at her aunt's, Mrs. Carlysle's, No 10,————street."

A short time after, Florence received a letter in a hand-writing that made her tremble. During the many early years of her life spent in France, she had well learned to know that writing—had loved as a woman like her loves only once; but there had been obstacles of parents and friends, long separation, long suspense, till, after anxious years, she had believed the ocean had closed over that hand and heart; and it was this that had touched with such pensive sorrow the lines in her lovely face.

But this letter told that he was living, that he had traced her, even as a hidden streamlet may be traced, by the freshness, the verdure of heart, which her deeds of kindness had left wherever she had passed. Thus much said, our readers need no help in finishing the story for themselves.

CINDERELLA, OR THE GLASS SLIPPER.—Two centuries ago furs were so rare, and so highly valued, that the wearing of them was restricted, by sumptuary laws, to kings and princes. Sable, in those laws called *vair*, was the subject of many regulations as to the precise rank and quality of the persons permitted to wear it, as well as to the article of dress to which it might be attached. In the fairy tales attributed to Perrault, the dignity conferred on Cinderella is said to have been marked by presenting her with a slipper of *vair*. An error of the press probably converted *vair* into *verre*, and so *vair* became a slipper of *glass*.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AND NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

FROM BRANDL'S "POPULAR ANTIQUITIES."

THERE was an ancient custom, which is yet retained in many places, on New Year's Eve: young women went about with a Wassail bowl of spiced ale, with some sort of verses that were sung by them as they went from door to door. Wassail is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wæl hæl*, be in health "The *Wassail Bowl*," says Warton, "is Shakspeare's gossip's bowl, in the 'Midsummer's Night's Dream,' Act I. Scene 1. The composition was ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crabs or apples. It was also called *Lamb's Wool*."

It appears from Thomas de la Moore ("Vita Edw II") and old Havilhan (in "Arcmtren" Lib. 2) that *wes-hael* and *drinc-hael* were the usual ancient phrases of quaffing among the English, and synonymous with the "Come, here's to you," and "I'll pledge you," of the present day.

It is unnecessary to add, that they accepted little presents on the occasion from the houses at which they stopped to pay this annual congratulation.

The learned Selden, in his "Table-Talk" (article "Pope"), gives a good description of it. "The Pope," says he, "in sending relicks to Princes, does as wenches do to them Wassails at New Year's tide, they present you with a cup, and you must drink of a slabey stuff--but the meaning is, you must give them money, ten times more than it is worth"

Verstegan gives the subsequent etymology of Wassail — "And *was* is our verb of the preter-imperfect tense, signifying have *been*, so *was*, being the same verb in the imperative mood and now pronounced wase, is as much as to say *aroint*, or *become*, and *wassheil*, by corruption of pronunciation, afterwards came to be wassail"—*Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, edit. London, 1653, 8vo, p 101.

Ben Jonson personifies it thus "Enter Wassel like a neat sempster and songster, her page bearing a brown bowl drest with ribbons before her."

Gough's "Anecdotes and Typography," vol i p. 218, edit 1775, is a wood-cut of a large oak beam, the ancient support of a chimney-piece, on which is carved a large bowl, with this inscription on one side, "Wassheil"

The ingenious remarker on this representation observes, "that it is the figure of the old Wassail-bowl, so much the delight of our hardy ancestors, who on the vigil of New Year never failed to assemble round the glowing hearth with their cheerful neighbours, and then, in the spicy Wassail-bowl (which testified the goodness of their hearts), drowned every former animosity, an example worthy modern imitation."

"As the vulgar," says Browne, "are always very careful to end the old year well, so they are no less solicitous of making a good beginning of the new one. The old one is ended with a hearty compotation; the new one is opened with the custom of sending presents, which are termed New Year's Gifts, to friends and acquaintances." He resolves both customs into superstitions, as being observed that the succeeding year ought to be prosperous and successful.

The poet Naogeorgus is cited by Hospinian, as telling us that it was usual in his time for friends to present each other with a New Year's Gift, for the husband to give to his wife; parents to their children; and masters to their servants, &c.; a custom derived to the Christian world from the times of Gentilism. The superstition condemned in this by the ancient fathers, lay in the idea of those gifts being considered as omens of success for the ensuing year. In this sense also, and in this sense alone, could they have answered the benevolent compliments of wishing each other a happy New Year.

Dr. Morison tells us that in Scotland it was in his time the custom to *send* New Year's Gifts on New Year's Eve, but that on New Year's Day they wished each other a happy day, and asked New Year's Gifts.

It is still usual in Northumberland for persons to ask for a New Year's Gift.

In the "Statistical Account of Scotland," Edinb. 1798, 8vo., vol. vii., p 188, Parishes of Cross, &c, County of Orkney, New Year's Gifts occur under the titles of "Christmas Presents," and as given to servant-maids by their masters. Ibid. p. 918, we read: "There is a large stone, about nine or ten feet high, and four broad, placed upright in a plain, in the isle of North Ronaldshag, but no tradition is preserved concerning it, whether erected in memory of any signal event, or for the purpose of administering justice, or for religious worship. The writer of this (the parish priest) has seen fifty of the inhabitants assembled there on the first day of the year, and dancing in the moonlight with no other music than their own singing."

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN GERMANY —It was in the beginning of the New Year, a day on which the general bustle, occasioned by the visits of congratulation, set the whole city in motion. To us children this day always afforded a pleasure long and eagerly wished for at our grandfather's house, where we used to assemble by break of day, to hear a concert performed by all the musicians belonging to the town, the military bands, and all who had any pretensions to handle flute, clarionet, and haut-boy. We were intrusted to distribute New Year's Gifts to the people of the ground storey: the number of receivers and the crowd of visitors hourly increased. Relations and confidential persons came first, functionaries and people in subordinate situations came next, and even the members of the Senate would not fail to pay their respects to their pretor. A select party used to sup in the evening in the dining-room, which was scarcely ever opened again during the remainder of the year We were plentifully supplied, as will easily be believed, with the [illegible], and sweet wines distributed on the occasion. In short, on this anniversary we enjoyed, on a small scale, everything that is usual on the celebration of more pompous festivals.—*Goethe's Memoirs of Himself.*

RING OUT, WILD BELLS!

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more,
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress of all mankind

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land.
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LEGISLATIVE NOMENCLATURE.

(From the Aberdeen Herald)

n the odd medley of names of Members of the new House of Commons may be found

'wo Kings, with Hope and Power, A'Court,
With Manners, Bland, and Bright;
Moody, Jermyn, Hastie, Scott,
A Marshal, Duke, and Knight.

An Abel Smith, a Turner, Prime,
A Potter and a Fuller,
A Taylor, Collier, Forrester,
Two Carters and a Miller.

A Parrot, Peacock, and a Coote,
A Martin, Daws, and Cocks,
A Roebuck, Bruen, and a Hogg,
A Swift, Marc, and a Fox.

Rich, Banks, with Goold and Wood and Clay,
And Massey, Cotton, Mills,
Two Chambers, Barnes, Burroughs, Wells,
Dunne, Moore, and Brookes, and Hills

A Booth, a Barrow, and a Crooke,
A Pattern, Pugh, and Bass,
A Buck, a Talbot, and a Heard,
A Cow-per and Dund-as.

A Painter has a Heathcoate reared,
A Gardener builds a Hutt,
A Goodman walks Long, Miles, to vote
For honest Edward Strutt.

Members there are of every Tynte—
White-side, Green-all, and Greene,
With Black-ett, Green-hill, Browne, and Dunne,
No Greys are to be seen.

South Durham elevates her Vane,
Carnarvon hoists a Pennant,
East Norfolk has a Wodehouse raised,
Lisburn provides a Tennent

From Somerset a Knatch-bull comes,
From Devonshire a Buller;
West Norfolk lies a Bagge that's full,
East Sussex one that's Fuller!

The North is claimed by Oxfordshire,
By Winchester the East;
A Sotheron aspect Wilts prefers,
Denbigh secures the West.

A Freeston, Kirk, with Bell and Vane,
A Freshfield, Baring, Rice,
A Currie powder, Lemon, Peel,
Coles, at a Free Trade Price!

A Butler to his master's Hall
Invites a friend and Guest,
Two Butts of Newport just come in
To open, try, and taste!

A Lincoln Trollope, with a Child,
Beau-mont and one Camp-bell;
Grace from Roscommon has arrived,
From Devonport Tuffnell!

A Morris dance, and Somerset,
French, Foley, and Lowe plays
On Mundy, in the month of March,
With East winds and a Hayes!

There's Knightley, Jocelyn in the house,
And Deedes of dark intent,
But Jones declares, and Johnstone swears,
No-el nor harm is meant!

The house is well defended by
The Thickness of its Wall;
Within it has reliance on
Its Armstrong and its Maule!

Disraeli, with his Winnington,
Contrives ten seats to Wynn,
And some few odd fish have been caught,
But neither Roche nor Phinn!

Reverses sad the Whigs have met
In Buxtons, Greenes, and Greys,
In Pagets, Stewarts, Somervilles
But all dogs have their days.

A fearless Horsman has been thrown,
A reckless Horsfall mounted;
But Derby chickens one they've hatched
Had better not be counted!

Wise men of Mary'bone elect
Brave Hall and noble Stuart;
Whilst dolts, at Liverpool reject
A Cardwell and a Ewart

We've lost a Barron, Clerk, and Craig,
A Spearman, Young, and Wyld,
A Palmer, Perfect, Bird, and Coke—
Their Best Hopes are beguiled

A dozen Railway potentates
Have managed seats to gain,
Resolved a foul monopoly
In traffic to maintain.

To crown this medley sad and strange,
A host of Lords are sent,
As if one house were not enough
To sate the lordly bent!

Protection's dead—its grave is dug—
The house provides a Coffin,
A Packe of Fellowes, Young, and Hale,
Rise up and Rush-out, Laffan!

EARNESTNESS IN MANNERS.—I know not [says Baxter] what others think, but for my own part, I am ashamed of my stupidity, and wonder at myself, that I deal with my own and others' souls as one that looks for the great day of the Lord, and that I can have room for almost any other thoughts and words, and that such astonishing matters do not wholly absorb my mind. I marvel how I can preach of them slightly and coldly, and how I can let men alone in their sins, and that I do not go to them, and beseech them, for the Lord's sake, to repent, however they may take it, and whatever pains and trouble it should cost me. I seldom come out of the pulpit but my conscience smiteth me that I have not been more serious and fervent in such a cause. It accuseth me not so much for want of ornaments and elegancy nor for letting fall an unhandsome word, but it asketh me, "How couldst thou speak of life and death with such a heart? How couldst thou preach of heaven and hell in such a careless, sleepy manner?—Dost thou believe what thou sayest? Art thou in earnest, or in jest? How canst thou tell people that sin is such a thing, and that so much misery is upon them, and before them, and be no more affected with it? Should thou not weep over such a people, and should not thy tears interrupt thy words? Shouldst thou not cry aloud, and show them their trangressions, and entreat and beseech them as for life and death?"

CHAMOIS LEATHER.—This leather, in England, is called wash leather. It is made of sheep skins, either split into two by machinery, or dressed whole. The process of preparing oil or chamois leather consists in beating fish oil into the pores of the skin, and afterwards partially drying or oxygenating the oil. When the skin is perfectly saturated, by the repeated process of hammering in the mill and partial drying, it is allowed to become hot by natural fermentation. Being afterwards washed in strong alkali, and thoroughly dried, it becomes the softest and most pliable of leathers. Vast quantities of wash leather are hawked about the streets of London by women and young men. Jews formerly had the trade of the streets in their own hands, but the sale of wash leather, sponges, and oranges appears to have passed from them to the Irish.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A JOURNEYMAN PAPERHANGER AND DECORATOR.—The best book for your use is one published by *Bohn*, called "Whittock's Decorator's Guide;" but it will cost you £1 1s.

T. R. W.—We believe that the number of agricultural labourers in England and Wales is about 700,000.

A WOULD-BE INSURER.—You had better apply to some of the old and well-established offices; the one you name may be a good one, but it has scarce had time to establish itself.

W. R. BOYTON.—The process of making *artificial ultramarine* is both delicate and difficult; and unless you have good apparatus, and are a tolerably-expert chemist, we question whether you would succeed in making it. One mode is as follows:—Sulphur, two parts; dry carbonate of soda, one part; mix well, gradually heat them in a covered crucible to redness till the mixture fuses, then sprinkle on by degrees another mixture of silicate of soda and aluminate of soda (containing 72 parts of silica, and 70 parts of alumina), and continue the heat for one hour longer. The product contains a little free sulphur, but this may be separated by water

R. WHITE.—"The practical method of paper-stereotyping" cannot easily be explained without diagrams. You must get the knowledge you require from witnessing the process; but this you are not likely to be able to do, as it is patented. It is doubtful whether it will be practised very extensively, as it is said greatly to injure the type.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS have inquired where a copy of the "*Rules and Tables of the Wills Fyendly Society*" may be obtained. Let them apply to the *Gazette* Office, Devizes

MARTHA.—You ask for a good receipt for *furniture polish*. An American correspondent says that "sweet oil and vinegar, mixed in equal quantities, used constantly, and the furniture afterwards well rubbed with soft wash-leather, is an excellent polish for mahogany, &c." He recommends, at the same time, the following *furniture cream*.—One gallon of soft water, two ounces of pearlash, one pound of beeswax, and a quarter of a pound of soap. Boil till all is dissolved, when a portion of the water will have evaporated. Spread this, thinly and evenly, over the furniture with a painter's brush; then polish off with soft leather

J. J. CHARLTON.—Bishop Berkeley died in January, 1753. His work, "The Minute Philosopher," obtained for him the patronage of Queen Caroline and promotion to the bishopric of Cloyne. It is, we believe, well worthy the commendation you bestow upon it, as a refutation of the various systems of atheism and scepticism, but we cannot undertake to reprint it.

A HUMBLE INQUIRER will obtain ample information on the subjects of Biblical antiquities from Professor Jahn's celebrated work, entitled, "Biblical Antiquities," of which an excellent translation, by Professor Upham, is published by Messrs. Ward and Co., Paternoster-row.

J. S. (Gartsherrie).—It is not likely that we shall issue a Bible in weekly numbers; good Bibles may now be had for 1s. or 1s. 6d. each.

"WOULD DO BETTER."—You will be sure to get constant employment as a good working carpenter in almost any part of Australia. Wages vary, but are in all cases good.

J. C.—Write to J. Walcott, Esq., Secretary to the Emigration Board, No. 9, Park-street, Westminster.

"A WOULD-BE EMIGRANT."—If you are, as you state, a youth of seventeen," and "in the printing profession," you are most probably an apprentice. If so, we say, *Stay at home!*

W. RICHARDS.—The title "*Pantaloon*" is from the Italian *Pantalone*; written in full the word is *Puntalcone*, signifying *lion-planter*. This was a name of honour given to a very powerful Venetian, who planted the lion banner, the symbol of the Venetian republic, on many islands of the Mediterranean.—"*Punch*" is derived from the Italian *Pulcinella*, and Pulcinella seems to be made up of *Puccio d'Amello*, that is Puccio, an ill made, witty clown of the town Aniello, who gained a livelihood by his antics in the market-places and public highways.—See Dr. Beard's Lessons on English, No. XXI, in the "Popular Educator," No. 31, for much curious matter on these and other suffixes.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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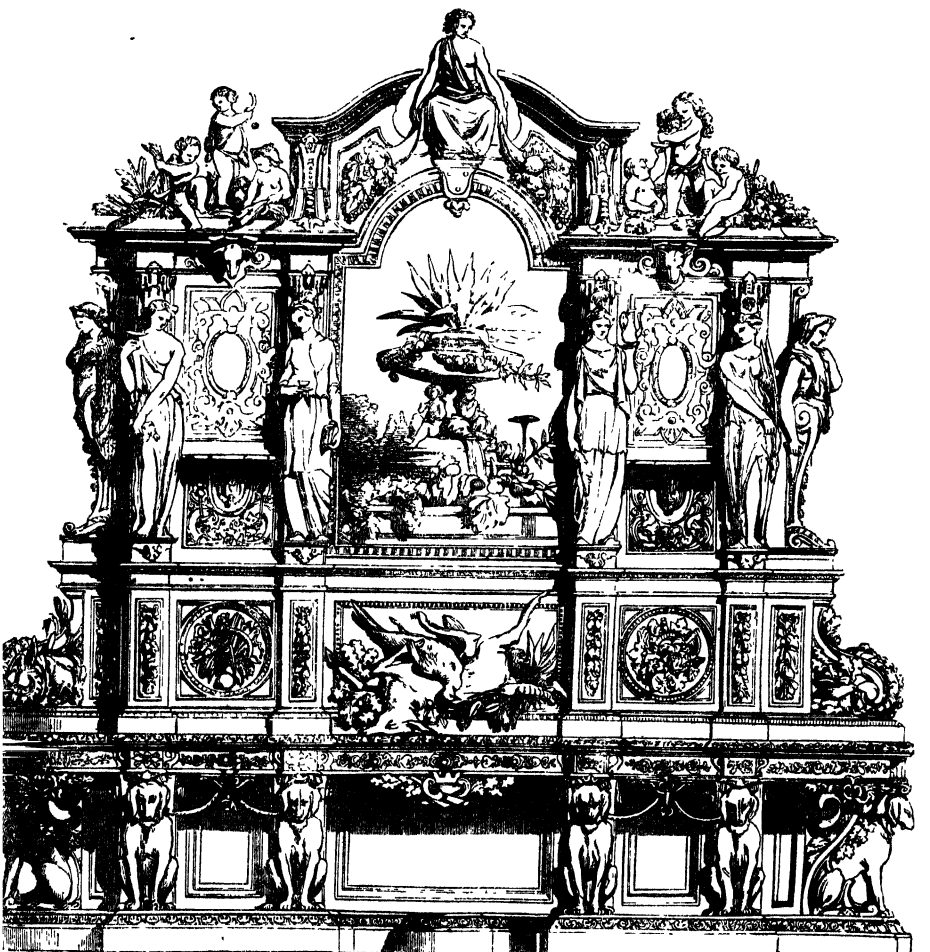
THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III., No. 67.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1853. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DOMESTIC ÆSTHETICS



SIDEBOARD, CARVED IN WALNUT WOOD, BY M. FOURDINOIS, OF PARIS AS EXHIBITED IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE IN 1851

DOMESTIC ÆSTHETICS.

The love of beauty is inherent and universal among men. It enters into the characteristics of the painted savage, no less than into the cultivated taste of the most educated and refined. It exhibits itself in various ways peculiar to the antecedents, the education, the prejudices, and the associations of the individual. Now, it assumes the form of a fine collection of statuary or paintings; now, in the acquisition of a wide-selected library; now, in the choice of appropriate furniture and dresses, and everywhere in some speciality suitable, or otherwise, to the worldly means of the man—in horses, dogs, stuffed birds, collections of insects, scraps of poetry, or autographs! The mind is restless in its search of those peculiar gratifications which appeal to the moral rather than the physical senses; and the taste—a cultivated faculty—is ever on the watch for fresh experiences and new objects of worship

This æsthetical feeling is either praiseworthy or blameable, either morally good or bad, according as means are taken to bring it under the control of the judgment. In other words, the taste for ornamentation, the love of nature and its imitative representation on the canvas of the artist, and the delight with which a man fills his house with graceful forms, or clothes his person with garments of appropriate outline and colour, are matters which require other aids than those of the uneducated fancy. We said that the love of beauty is a natural feeling, but we should add, that the correct appreciation of its proper claims on our regard is an acquired habit.

Nothing, perhaps, tends so much to the proper education of the taste as living in the midst of beautiful forms and harmonising colours; and nowhere can such a combination be so well perceived and appreciated as in a man's own house.

The furniture of man's house, says Mr. Redgrave,* had need to be well designed, well constructed, and judiciously ornamented, for, from being constantly under his hand and eye, defects overlooked at first, or disregarded for some showy excellence, grow into great grievances, when, having become an offence, the annoyance daily increases. Here, at least, utility should be the first object, and, as simplicity rarely offends, that ornament which is the most simple in style will be likely to give the most lasting satisfaction. Yet, on looking over the various articles of cabinet furniture exhibited in the Crystal Palace, how seldom has this consideration been attended to. The ornament of such works on the English side consisted largely of *imitative* carving; bunches of fruit, flowers, game, and utensils of various kinds in swags and festoons of the most massive size and the boldest impost, attached indiscriminately and without meaning, to bedsteads, sideboards, bookcases, pier-glasses, &c., rarely carved from the members of the work itself, but merely applied as so much putty-work or papier-maché might be. The laws of ornament are as completely set at defiance as those of use and convenience. Many of these works, instead of being useful, would require a rail to keep off the household. A sideboard, for instance, with garlands of imitative flowers projecting so far from the slab as to require a "long arm" to reach across it, and ever liable to be chipped and broken, and cabinets and book-cases so bristling with walnut-wood flowers and oak-wood leaves, as to put use out of the question. Now, besides that such treatments are not ornamental, they are not beautiful, and only enter into competition with stamped leather and gutta percha. There is great reason to doubt if this merely imitative carving is ever just in principle, when applied ornamentally to furniture, for, although the masterly chisel of Grinling Gibbons has raised it to great favour in this country, and although it may be tolerated when executed as skilfully as it is by W. G. Rogers yet it becomes absolutely unbearable under less skilful hands, and when it is lavished in such profusion as we find it on many other works. On the foreign side of the building there was far less of this false mode of decoration, and a better sense of ornament prevailed, the works were more frequently designed in the traditional styles in France, a modification of the *Renaissance* is principally used, and in this the ornament is in low relief, and does not interfere with use, although false construction is a vice of that period, which has not been remedied in modern works, but is sometimes exaggerated.

The style of Louis XV. lingers in some of the French works; its playfulness of line and surface, its varied treatment and mixture of materials, together with its showiness, still command favour with the multitude. In the French Court (and in some works of the English side, probably of French manufacture) it was seen in its genuine character. The surfaces of these works are curved, when practicable; they are veneered in parti-coloured wood, and panels are formed by or-molu mouldings, often in both instances completely at variance with the true construction; and occasionally the panels are filled with porcelain enamels, the whole having at least a gay and sparkling appearance. Some attempts have been made by English manufacturers to adapt ornament of this period to cabinet furniture, but it has been totally misunderstood. Instead of the treatment above described, the bold scrolls and shell forms used in the decoration of rooms at that period are here seen carved in all their coarseness on furniture. Such works bear out the remark before made, that these forms were especially adapted for gilding, and, indeed, are hardly bearable, except when so treated, or when made of metal. This becomes even more apparent when full-coloured woods are used, such as mahogany; in this material the ornament is even more coarse and heavy than in lighter-coloured wood. Since, however, the vendors of cheap furniture have adopted this manner as a cheap and flashy decoration for their goods, it is to be hoped that it will soon be entirely proscribed, or retained only by such dealers.

Those designers who unreservedly adopt the ornament of past times must, of course, apply it to their works without any peculiar significance or connected idea, but merely for its beautiful forms, elegance, grace, or richness. Where, however, any significant allusion, sentiment, or happy idea can be embodied in the ornament, uniting it with the use and intent of the work on which it is to be placed, it will have a charm which the others want. Not that this want is peculiar to the application of traditional ornament, since the designer in the natural or imitative manner seldom attempts any connexion between his decoration and the work to which it is to be applied. There seems no fitness, for instance, in surrounding the frame of a pier-glass with dead birds, game, shell-fish, nets, &c., although they may be excellent specimens of carving, nor is it clear why eagles should support a sideboard, or dogs form the arms of an elbow-chair, nor, again, why swans should make their nests under a table, at the risk of having their necks broken by every one seated at it, indeed, in most cases, as such imitative forms cannot in the strict sense be called ornament, they almost challenge inquiry as to why they have been adopted, and disappoint us when we find it has been without motive. This is not the case with traditional ornament, which, like the current coin, is accepted at once without inquiry.

The sideboard, carved in walnut, shown in the engraving, and which was exhibited in the French Court by FOURDINOIS, is an apt illustration of ornament having a just and characteristic significance. This piece of furniture is of rare excellence and merit in design, and of skilful and artistic execution as to carving, and, although of a highly decorative character, is fitted for the purpose for which it is intended. Six dogs, emblematical of the chace, resting on a floor of inlaid wood, support the slab, which has a simple carved moulding along its front, and is inlaid in geometric forms. The dogs are not merely imitative, but are treated as a part of an ornamented bracket or console, thus composed architecturally for bearing and support. Above the slab, standing on four pedestals, are female figures, gracefully designed as emblems of the four quarters of the world, each bearing the most useful productions of their climate as contributions to the feast. Thus Europe has wine; Asia, tea; Africa, coffee: and America, the sugar-cane. In the central space between the pedestals, which is rather the widest of the three, the products of the chace are poured out on the very board, and above this the space is filled with a framed picture of rare fruits, giving an opportunity to enliven the work by the addition of colour, without militating against good taste; above the figures, which are treated as statues, the cornice is bracketed, and supports boys with the implements of the vineyard and of

* Report on Design, by Richard Redgrave, R.A. Published in the Reports by the Jurors of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

agriculture. It rises into a pediment in the centre; this is broken in the manner of the *Renaissance*, and decorated with a figure of Plenty crowning the group. The upright line of the back is gracefully varied at the sides, and constructively strengthened by carved brackets, above which are terminal figures bearing the implements of fishery on the one side and of the chace on the other. The panels of the pedestals and of the side compartments below are filled with carvings formed of the fruits of various countries, grouped with the instruments of horticulture and agriculture. Two brackets on the side compartments between the figures give an opportunity for placing silver plate in a position for display. The ornamental parts of this piece of furniture are carved throughout in a masterly manner, and in a bold and free style; it is consistent as a whole, and free from puerilities, and, while it is thoroughly fitted for its purpose as a sideboard, it is at the same time of a highly ornamental character, without any of its decoration being overdone or thrown away. It corresponds in its constructive form with the *Renaissance* of the 15th century —in the style of its carvings rather with the works of the 13th; the gates of Ghiberti having evidently supplied the idea of the groups of fruit and implements which fill the pannels; and it may be remarked as a fault, that it has been overlooked that the relief in Ghiberti's work was suited to metal, the ornament standing beyond the face of the framing of the panel; but in adapting it in wood this should have been modified so as to bring the impost of the carving within the surface; such faults, however, are trifling in a work otherwise of great ability. The care which has been taken to keep all the ornaments details in the same scale throughout is an additional merit, and the wood has been judiciously chosen as to colour and grain.

We shall return to this subject.

NAT. PUCKETT, THE INDIAN HATER.

[We insert the following from the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, revolting to our feelings as are the incidents it relates, as a specimen of a species of literature greatly admired by a large portion of the American population, and as a proof that *some* portion of that population is still in a barbarous and savage state.]

In the summer of 1837, while on a visit to Texas, I was induced, by the favourable accounts I had received from the "West," to reconnoitre that portion of the "Young Republic." Having cut a hole in the middle of my blanket, through which I thrust my head, tied a "lariat" round my mustang's neck, and a couple of diminutive ox-bows, in the shape of stirrups, to my saddle, I mounted and set off, and in the course of a few hours was fortunate enough to overtake a company of some seven or eight others, who, like myself, intended making a "tour of observation" through the "West."

For several days we jogged along, encountering nothing in the way of adventure more piquant than the death of a deer, or an occasional scamper after a drove of wild horses. The country, however, over which we journeyed fully compensated for this dearth of "incident by flood and field," and we came unanimously to the conclusion, that it fully merited the glowing colours in which it had been described to us.

Never before had I seen such richness of verdure; such a happy blending of green, undulating prairies, and park-like woods. I doubt if I should have been at all surprised, had I come suddenly upon some turreted castle, with all its moats, draw-bridges, and frowning walls; so much did these natural lawns and parks remind me of the descriptions I had read of "lordly domains" and "regal estates."

But as yet, saving the log-houses of the back-woodsmen (which heaven knows were few and far between), nothing like civilisation was to be seen. As we had taken the precaution, however, when passing through the "city" of Brazoria, to supply ourselves with provisions and camp-equipage, we suffered no inconvenience on this account, but whenever and wherever inclination prompted, we pitched our tent, most generally upon the banks of some one of the numerous and beautiful little streams that intersected the country. Then after staking our horses among the luxuriant herbage (an ear of corn would have "stampeded" the whole drove), and placing a guard over them, we would build up a roaring fire, and attack such "creature-comforts" as our larder afforded, with well-sharpened appetites.

In this way we travelled on, until we came to the La Vaca, where we purposed resting a day to recruit our horses. That night it fell to my lot to stand guard over them. The moon was shining brightly, and, taking my gun in my hand, I sat down with my back against a fallen tree, in such a position as to command a "bird's-eye view" of the camp and its vicinity.

I know not how long I had been thus seated, when all at once the moon became eclipsed, and the horses seemed to increase in size, until it appeared to me they formed but one huge shadowy animal. I remember trying to recal to mind whether or not I had seen in the late almanacks any announcement of such eclipse, and also endeavouring to reason philosophically with myself upon the strange phenomenon of the horses; but the next morning when I awoke, not a single horse was to be seen. With secret misgivings I hurried to the spot where we had staked them out, but all were gone, saving my poor mustang, that lay dead upon the ground, with several arrows still sticking in his side. This explained all. The Indians (who perhaps had been waiting an opportunity for several days to steal our horses) had taken advantage of the eclipse of the moon to do so; and as my mustang, no doubt, had refused to go any course except his own (I had myself noticed that little amiable trait in his character at times), his death was the consequence.

A council of war was immediately held, as to what should be done, and it was resolved that some of us should return to a "settlement," a few miles back, procure other horses if possible, and then follow the Indians. Accordingly, a "committee of three" was appointed to wait upon the "settlement," and state our unfortunate situation to the inhabitants.

In the course of a few hours the committee returned, bringing with them a sufficient number of horses to re-mount our company, but as most of them were vicious, half-broken devils, just taken from the prairies, it was some time before we could bring them into terms. Fortunately for me, the one that fell to my lot was rather less fractious than the rest, and I only received two kicks and a bite before I was fairly seated in the saddle. As soon as we had examined our arms, to make sure that all was right, we set off in full gallop upon the trail of the Indians, which at first was plainly visible amidst the tall grass of the rich prairies bordering the river.

We had gone, I suppose, some three or four miles, when, perceiving that my girth had become unbuckled, I dismounted to re-fasten it. While engaged in this operation, I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and looking back soon discovered some one rapidly approaching on our trail. In a few moments he came along side of me, and giving me the usual salutation of "How goes it, stranger?" he observed, that hearing in the "settlement" of our intended expedition, he had concluded to join us, if it was entirely agreeable. I assured him that such a reinforcement to our small number would be perfectly "agreeable," and re-mounting my horse, as we rode on I had time to observe the "personnel" of the strange specimen who had so unexpectedly added himself to our party.

He seemed to be about forty years of age; tall and rather spare made, and had a complexion very near the colour of unburnt bricks: at the same time, however, the great breadth of his shoulders, and the swelling muscles of his arm, which were apparent as he reined in the fiery little Mexican horse upon which he rode, gave token of strength and power of endurance. He was dressed in a hunting-shirt and leggins, the usual costume at that time of all classes, and his head was covered with a coon-skin cap, the tail of which dangled gracefully on one side. A long rifle was balanced on his shoulder, which, with a shot-pouch, and a bunch of something hanging from his belt, that looked marvellously like human scalps, completed his equipments.

After we had galloped on some time in silence, he suddenly observed, "Stranger, did you ever shoot an Injen?" "No," I replied, "I never did, but if I can only catch the rascal that killed my mustang, I hope to have that satisfaction before long." "Satisfaction!" said he, "why, it's a real pleasure to tumble over one of them there yallow devils! How often

have I waylaid their paths, for whole days and nights, living upon nothing but dried venison, and exposed to all kinds of weather, just to get one pop at the varmints, and thought myself well paid when I had knocked over a straggling rascal, and taken a little thing like these (pointing to the scalps that hung at his belt) from the top of his head! I believe I am getting used to it, though, now," said he, "for (and he sighed to think how callous he was becoming) it don't stir me up like it did at first, when I draw a bead upon an Ingen, and see him pitch headforemost from his horse upon the ground. Then I used to jump out of my hiding-place, and whirl my gun around my head, and shout till my breath was gone, and stamp upon them with my feet, and tear their scalps from their heads; but now, though I like to kill Ingens as much as ever, I am getting sorter used to it, and never take on so. Oh, stranger, (and he sighed again,) how I envy you your first Ingen!"

I looked at the man in astonishment as he spoke thus, and for the first time observed that wild and restless expression of the eye, which usually denotes an unsettled intellect. My suspicions were confirmed, when, after a short silence, he said:

"Stranger, my name is Nathan Puckett, all the way from the old North State. I'm a 'remote circumstance,' I know, and can't read nor write 'pen-writing;' but when it comes to Ingen-fighting, you can set me down for seven chances!"

Wishing to humour him a little, I asked him why it was he had such a hatred to the Indians? But not seeming to notice the question, he continued:

"Here, of late, they have got in the way of killing off whole gangs of Ingens at once: that's a great waste, and if they keep it up, I shall soon have to move further West. People ought to be more economical of 'em. Kill one or two occasionally along, as I do, and then let 'em rest a spell, and the sport wouldn't be so soon over. I make it a p'int never to average more than two full-grown Ingens a month, and if other folks would do the same, and not go in great crowds and drive 'em into the crooks of rivers, and kill 'em off by hundreds at a time, they would last for years to come. Oh! it's a great waste!"

After a short silence, seemingly ruminating upon the great consumption of the raw material of which he had been speaking, he resumed.

"Now if I was only one of those great lords I have heard tell of in the 'old country,' and had one of their big parks, do you think I'd stock it with deer and such-like game? Yes, I'd have *them*, too, but I rather reckon Ingens would be the most plenty. Then every morning after breakfast, I'd throw my rifle over my shoulder, take a turn or so round the premises, knock over a Kickapoo, and, if I felt right Ingenfied, perhaps a half-grown Waco, and by that time I'd have an appetite for dinner. After dinner, a couple of Tonkewas, and a Lipan or so, would amuse me till night; and then, if their eyes would only shine, I'd give 'em a small turn at fire-hunting. Whoop! would n't that be sport, stranger?"

Apparently much elated by this little effort at castle-building, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed off at so rapid a rate, that I found considerable difficulty in keeping up with him. Gradually, however, as the excitement wore off, he slackened his pace, and repeating the question I had asked him a few moments before, namely, why it was he had such a hatred to the Indian race, he replied

"Stranger, they killed my father, my mother, my brothers, and my sisters, and they would have murdered me too, if I had not been preserved by Providence to revenge their deaths. I'll never forget that day, stranger! In the morning I had started out to kill some meat, and when I left home, my little brothers and sisters were playing in the yard. my poor old mother was in the house a-reading in the Bible to my gray-haired father, and every thing looked so peaceful and quiet. When I came back, the smoke was rising from the spot where my home had stood, and near by lay the bodies of my murdered father, mother, brothers and sisters. I was alone in the world. For a long time afterward, I wa'n't exactly right here," said he (tapping his forehead), "and even now, when Ingens is sca'ce, and I don't get my reg'lar number, I'm mighty flirty at times."

In a short time we overtook the rest of the party, who were busily engaged in trying to recover the trail of the Indians, which, passing at that point over a hard rocky prairie, had become totally invisible, at least to our unpractised eyes. And now it was that the genius of friend Nathan began to show itself. Dismounting, and leading his horse by the bridle, he walked slowly ahead of us, every now and then stopping to examine a broken blade of grass, or some leaf or pebble, that seemed to him to have been displaced from its natural position. At length he came to a dead halt: even he, with all his wood-craft, being unable to detect any farther sign of the Indians. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Ah! I know now what the red devils are up to! They have 'squandered' here, and if we scatter too, and circumambiate around, we will be apt to strike the trail again where they come together."

His advice was taken, and by circling round the point where the last trace of the trail had been lost, wider and wider each time, in less than an hour we came on it once more, and so plain that we had no difficulty in following it as fast as our jaded horses could go. From thence the Indians seemed to have lost all apprehensions of farther pursuit, and in a short time we came to where they had encamped so recently that their fires were still burning. An hour's ride brought us to the Chicalete, a small tributary of the La Vaca, near which we discovered the blanket tents of the Indians, and putting speed to our horses, the Indians had scarcely time to seize their guns and bows before we were upon them. I say 'we,' but unfortunately for the military renown I was about to acquire, my mustang took it into his head to make his onset (after the manner of the Chinese) by turning a couple of somersets and a flip-flap, and then commenced a series of "pitchings" that would have done honour to a steam-boat in a heavy sea-way. At the first pitch, away flew one of my pistols from my belt; at the second, the other followed suit; and at the third, my hat went by the board, so that by the time we had pitched into the enemy's camp, I had nothing left but my rifle. Perceiving that the rest had dismounted and "treed," I thought it advisable to do the same, particularly as the balls began to whistle in very uncomfortable proximity to my head. I have read somewhere that a celebrated general once remarked, during a battle, that the whistling of bullets was to him the most melodious of sounds. It may have been so, but in my opinion he had a bad ear for music. But to return.

Just as I was in the act of dismounting, a tall, hideously-painted Indian stepped from behind a tree, a few paces off, and drew an arrow, that looked to me as long as a May-pole, directly upon me. Thinks I to myself, I'm spitted before I can say "Jack Robinson," and so, perhaps, I should have been, but just at that critical juncture, my mustang, frightened by the firing of guns and the yelling of the Indians, made a dozen pitches, all concentrated into one, which landed me head foremost upon the ground. I rose, thirsting for vengeance, and levelling my rifle at the rascal who shot the May-pole at me, I fired, and cut a limb from the oak under which he was standing After a few rounds, the Indians retreated, leaving two of their number upon the ground, but as neither of them, upon inspection, showed any evidence of having been killed by a falling limb, my conscience does not accuse me of being at all accessory to their death. I am afraid, however, that Nathan could not say as much, for he pointed to a ghastly wound in the breast of one of them, and remarked: "That's the kind o' hole my rifle always makes! At any rate," said he, "I shall claim his scalp:" and suiting the action to the word, he commenced cutting it off, with as much care as if engaged in some most delicate surgical operation. At that moment the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and Nathan, letting fall the knife from his hand, staggered backward against the trunk of a tree. I thought at first it was all over with him; but he quickly recovered himself, having only been stunned by the concussion of the ball, which slightly grazed his forehead. Looking round to see from whence the shot had come, he observed the other Indian, whom we had supposed to be dead, in the act of sinking back again upon the ground, from whence he had partially risen in order to take a more deliberate aim at his hated foe. Nathan, casting his eyes toward him, as much as to say, "Now, don't be in a hurry; I'll attend to your case presently," coolly recommenced his surgical operations, in which he had been so unexpectedly disturbed. Having finished it to his satisfaction, he leisurely wiped the blood from his knife, returned it to the

scabbard, and picking up his rifle, he walked slowly and deliberately to the spot where lay the wounded Indian. Placing the muzzle directly against his head, he pulled the trigger with as much sang-froid as if it had been a rattlesnake he was about to shoot. I turned away just as the gun was discharged, and when I looked again, Nathan was calmly re-loading his rifle.

After collecting our horses, which were tied to the neighbouring trees, we shifted our saddles from those we had ridden during the day, and set out on our return, and about four o'clock in the morning arrived at the "settlement," having travelled (with the exception of a half hour or so, where we came up with the Indians) more than seventy-five miles without halting. That night a "blow-out" was given in the "settlement," in honour of our successful foray, and notwithstanding the hard ride of the previous day, the vigour with which we footed it to the enlivening tunes of "Hug 'em Snug," and "Kiss me Sweetly," was no doubt long remembered by the belles of La Vaca.

On inquiring for Nathan the next morning, I was told that, having laid in his usual supplies of ammunition, &c., he had just started off upon another "quiet, still hunt" after the Indians.

THE MYSTERIES OF A FLOWER.

BY PROFESSOR R. HUNT

FLOWERS have been called the stars of the earth, and certainly, when we examine those beautiful creations, and discover them, analyzing the sunbeam and sending back to the eye the full luxury of coloured light, we must confess there is more real appropriateness in the term than even the poet who conceived the delicate thought imagined. Lavoisier beautifully said "The fable of Prometheus is but the outshadowing of a philosophic truth—where there is light, there is organisation and life, where light cannot penetrate, Death for ever holds his silent court." The flowers, and, indeed, those far inferior forms of organic vegetable life which never flower, are direct dependencies on the solar rays Through every stage of existence they are excited by those subtle agencies which are gathered together in the sunbeam, and to these influences we may trace all that beauty of development which prevails throughout the vegetable world. How few there are of even those refined minds to whom flowers are more than a symmetric arrangement of petals harmoniously coloured, who think of the secret agencies forever exciting the life which is within their cells, to produce the organised structure—who reflect on the deep, yet divine philosophy, which may be read in every leaf —those tongues in trees, which tell us of Eternal goodness and order!

The hurry of the present age is not well suited to the contemplative mind, yet, with all, there must be hours in which to fall back into the repose of quiet thought becomes a luxury. The nervous system is strung to endure only a given amount of excitement, if its vibrations are quickened beyond this measure, the delicate harp-strings are broken, or they may undulate in throbs To every one, the contemplation of natural phenomena will be found to induce that repose which gives vigour to the mind—as sleep restores the energies of a toil-exhausted body And to show the advantages of such a study, and the interesting lessons which are to be learned in the fields of nature, is the purpose of the present essay.

The flower is regarded as the full development of vegetable growth; and the consideration of its mysteries naturally involves a careful examination of the life of a plant, from the seed placed in the soil to its full maturity, whether it be as herb or tree

For the perfect understanding of the physical conditions under which vegetable life is carried on, it is necessary to appreciate, in its fulness, the value of the term *growth* It has been said that stones grow—that the formation of crystals was an analagous process to the formation of a leaf and this impression has appeared to be somewhat confirmed, by witnessing the variety of arborescent forms into which solidifying waters pass, when the external cold spreads it as ice over our window panes This is, however, a great error; stones do not *grow*—there is no analogy even between the formation of a crystal and the growth of a leaf All inorganic masses increase in size only by the accretion of particles—layer upon layer, without any chemical change taking place as an essentiality The sun may shine for ages upon a stone without quickening it into life, changing its constitution, or adding to its mass. Organic matter consists of arrangements of cells or sacks, and the increase in size is due to the absorbtion of gaseous matter, through the fine tissue of which they are composed. The gas—a compound of carbon and oxygen—is decomposed by the excitement produced by light, and the solid matter thus obtained is employed in building a new cell—or producing actual growth, a true function of *life*, in all the processes of which matter is constantly undergoing chemical change.

The simplest developments of vegetable life are the formation of confervæ upon water, and of lichens upon the surface of the rock. In chemical constitution, these present no very remarkable differences from the cultivated flower which adorns our garden, or the tree which has risen in its pride amidst the changing seasons of many centuries. Each alike has derived its solid constituents from the atmosphere, and the chemical changes in all are equally dependent upon the powers which have their mysterious origin in the great centre of our planetary system.

Without dwelling upon the processes which take place in the lower forms of vegetable life, the purposes of this essay will be fully answered by taking an example from amongst the higher class of plants, and examining its conditions, from the germination of the seed to the full development of the flower—rich in form, colour, and odour.

In the seed-cell we find, by minute examination, the embryo of the future plant, carefully preserved in its envelope of starch and gluten. The investigations which have been carried on upon the vitality of seeds appear to prove that, under favourable conditions, this life-germ may be maintained for centuries. Grains of wheat, which had been found in the hands of an Egyptian mummy, germinated and grew; these grains were produced, in all probability, more than three thousand years since, they had been placed, at her burial, in the hands of a priestess of Isis, and in the deep repose of the Egyptian catacomb were preserved to tell us, in the eighteenth century, the story of that wheat which Joseph sold to his brethren

The process of germination is essentially a chemical one. The seed is placed in the soil, excluded from the light, supplied with a due quantity of moisture, and maintained at a certain temperature, which must be above that at which water freezes, air must have free access to the seed, which, if placed so deep in the soil as to prevent the permeation of the atmosphere, never germinates. Under favourable circumstances, the life-quickening processes begin, the starch, which is a compound of carbon and oxygen, is converted into sugar by the absorption of another equivalent of oxygen from the air, and we have an evident proof of this change in the sweetness which most seeds acquire in the process, the most familiar example of which we have in the conversion of barley into malt The sugar thus formed furnishes the food to the new living creation, which in a short period shoots its first leaves above the soil, and these, which, rising from their dark chambers, are white, quickly become green under the operation of light.

In the process of germination, a species of slow combustion takes place, and—as in the chemical processes of animal life and in those of active ignition—carbonic acid gas, composed of oxygen and charcoal, or carbon, is evolved. Thus, by a mystery which our science does not enable us to reach, the spark of life is kindled—life commences its work—the plant grows. The first conditions of vegetable growth are, therefore, singularly similar to those which are found to prevail in the animal economy. The leaf-bud is no sooner above the soil than a new set of conditions begin, the plant takes carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and having, in virtue of its vitality, by the agency of luminous power, decomposed this gas, it retains the carbon, and pours forth the oxygen to the air. This process is stated to be a function of vitality, but, as this has been variously described by different authors, it is important to state with some minuteness what does really take place.

The plant absorbs carbonic acid from the atmosphere through the under surfaces of the leaves, and the whole of the bark, it at the same time derives an additional portion from the moisture which is taken up by the roots, and conveyed "to the topmost twig" by the force of capillary attraction, and another power called *endosmose*, which is exerted in a most striking manner by living organic tissues. This mysterious force is shown in a pleasing way by covering some spirits of wine and water in a wine-glass with a piece of bladder; the water will escape, leaving the strong spirit behind.

Independently of the action of light, the plant may be regarded as a mere machine, the fluids and gases which it absorbs pass off in a condition but very little changed, just as water would strain through a sponge or a porous stone. The consequence of this is the blanching or *etiolation* of the plant, which we produce by our artificial treatment of celery and sea-kale—the formation of the carbonaceous compound called *chlorophyle*, which is the green colouring-matter of the leaves, being entirely checked in darkness. If such a plant is brought into the light, its dormant powers are awakened, and, instead of being little other than a sponge thro ugh which fluids circulate, it exerts most remarkable chemical powers;

the carbonic acid of the air and water is decomposed; its charcoal is retained to add to the wood of the plant, and the oxygen is set free again to the atmosphere. In this process is exhibited one of the most beautiful illustrations of the harmony which prevails through all the great phenomena of nature with which we are acquainted—the mutual dependence of the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

In the animal economy, there is a constant production of carbonic acid, and the beautiful vegetable kingdom, spread over the earth in such infinite variety, requires this carbonic acid for its support. Constantly removing from the air the pernicious agent produced by the animal world, and giving back that oxygen which is required as the life-quickening element by the animal races, the balance of affinities is constantly maintained by the phenomena of vegetable growth. This interesting inquiry will form the subject of another essay.

The decomposition of carbonic acid is directly dependent upon luminous agency: From the impact of the earliest morning ray to the period when the sun reaches the zenith, the excitation of that vegetable vitality by which the chemical change is effected regularly increases As the solar orb sinks towards the horizon, the chemical activity diminishes—the sun sets—the action is reduced to its minimum—the plant, in the repose of darkness, passes to that state of rest which is as necessary to the vegetating races as sleep is to the wearied animal

These are two well-marked stages in the life of a plant; germination and vegetation are exerted under different conditions the time of flowering arrives, and another change occurs, the processes of forming the alkaline and acid juices, of producing the oil, wax, and resin, and of secreting those nitrogenous compounds which are found in the seed, are in full activity. Carbonic acid is now evolved and oxygen is retained, hydrogen and nitrogen are also forced, as it were, into combination with the oxygen and carbon, and altogether new and more complicated operations are in activity

Such are the phenomena of vegetable life which the researches of our philosophers have developed This curious order—this regular progression—showing itself at well-marked epochs, is now known to be dependent upon solar influences; the

"Bright effluences of bright essence increate"

works its mysterious wonders on every organic form Much is still involved in mystery. but to the call of science some strange truths have been made manifest to man, and of some of these the phenomena must now be explained.

Germination is a chemical change which takes place most readily in darkness; *vegetable growth* is due to the secretion of carbon under the agency of light, and the processes of *florution* are shown to involve some new and compound operations. these three states must be distinctly appreciated

The sunbeam comes to us as a flood of pellucid light, usually colourless, if we disturb this white beam, as by compelling it to pass through a triangular piece of glass, we break it up into coloured bands, which we will call the *spectrum*, in which we have such an order of chromatic rays as are seen in the rainbow of a summer shower These coloured rays are now known to be the sources of all the tints by which nature adorns the surface of the earth, or art imitates, in its desire to create the beautiful These coloured bands have not the same luminating power, nor do they possess the same heat-giving property The yellow rays give the most LIGHT, the red rays have the function of HEAT in the highest degree Beyond these properties, the sunbeam possesses another, which is the power of producing CHEMICAL-CHANGE—of effecting those magical results which we witness in the photographic processes, by which the beams illuminating any object are made to delineate it upon the prepared tablet of the artist.

It has been suspected that these three phenomena are not due to the same agency, but that, associated in the sunbeam, we have LIGHT, producing all the blessings of vision, and throwing the veil of colour over all things—HEAT, maintaining that temperature over our globe which is necessary to the perfection of living organisms—and a third principle, ACTINISM, by which the chemical changes alluded to are effected We possess the power, by the use of coloured media, of separating these principles from each other, and of analysing their effects A yellow glass allows *light* to pass through it most freely, but it obstructs *actinism* almost entirely; a deep blue glass, on the contrary, prevents the permeation of *light*, but it offers no interruption to the *actine* or chemical rays; a red glass, again, cuts off most of the rays, except those which have peculiarly a *calorific* or heat giving power

With this knowledge we proceed in our experiments, and learn some of the mysteries of nature's chemistry. If, above the soil in which the seed is placed, we fix a deep pure yellow glass, the chemical change which marks germination is prevented, if, on the contrary, we employ a blue one, it is greatly accelerated, seeds, indeed, placed beneath the soil, covered with a cobalt blue finger-glass, will germinate many days sooner than such as may be exposed to the ordinary influences of sunshine;—this proves the necessity of the principle of actinism to this first stage of vegetable life. Plants, however, made to grow under the influence of such blue media present much the same conditions as those which are reared in the dark, they are succulent instead of woody, and have yellow leaves and white stalks; indeed, the formation of leaves is prevented, and all the vital energy of the plant is exerted in the production of stalk. The chemical principle of the sun's rays, alone, is not therefore sufficient; remove the plant to the influence of light, as separated from actinism, by the action of yellow media, and wood is formed abundantly; the plant grows most healthfully, and the leaves assume that dark green which belongs to tropical climes or to our most brilliant summers. Light is thus proved to be the exciting agent in effecting those chemical decompositions which have already been described, but, under the influence of isolated light, it is found that plants will not flower. When, however, the subject of our experiment is brought under the influence of a red glass, particularly of that variety in which a beautiful purpered is produced by oxide of gold, the whole process of floriation and the perfection of the seed is accomplished.

Careful and long-continued observations have proved that in the spring, when the process of germination is most active, the chemical rays are the most abundant in the sunbeam. As the summer advances, light, relatively to the other forces, is largely increased, at this season, the trees of the forest, the herb of the valley, and the cultivated plants which adorn our dwellings, are all alike adding to their wood Autumn comes on, and then heat, so necessary for ripening grain, is found to exist in considerable excess. It is curious, too, that the autumnal heat has properties peculiarly its own—so decidedly distinguished from the ordinary heat, that Sir John Herschel and Mrs. Somerville have adopted a term to distinguish it. The peculiar browning or scorching rays of autumn are called the *parathermic* rays. they possess a remarkable chemical action added to their calorific one. and to this are due those complicated phenomena already briefly described.

In these experiments, carefully tried, we are enabled to imitate the conditions of nature, and supply, at any time, those states of solar radiation which belong to the varying seasons of the year.

Such is a rapid sketch of the mysteries of a flower "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Under the influence of the sunbeam, vegetable life is awakened continued, and completed, a wondrous alchemy is effected, the change in the condition of the solar radiations determines the varying conditions of vegetable vitality, and in its progress those transmutations occur which at once give beauty to the exterior world, and provide for the animal races the necessary food by which their existence is maintained The contemplation of influences such as these realizes in the human soul that sweet feeling which, with Keats, finds that

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,
Its loveliness increasing, it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

* * * * *

"Such the sun and moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep, and such are daffodils,
With the green world they live in."

THE DOUBT.

Spake the Poet, doubtful-hearted
"Stirless here, in thought, shall I
Hear the roar of earth around me,
See the strife of life go by?
Thoughts—what are they?—seeds unfruitful;
Deeds the harvest are sublime—
Loud the voice of duty crieth,
'Act—with action fashion time.'"

Came the calmer words of Reason,
Clearer-visioned—"Mortal, see,
Thought, the living soul of action,
Thought may highest action be
Heaven to each his part assigning,
Marks for thee a power sublime—
Thine shall be the acts of races,
Thine the deeds of endless time!" W. C BENNETT.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

CHRISTMAS goes out in fine style,—with Twelfth Night. It is a finish worthy of the time. Christmas Day was the morning of the season: New Year's Day the noon: Twelfth Night the evening, brilliant with innumerable planets of twelfth-cakes. The whole island keeps court, nay, all Christendom. All the world are kings and queens. Everybody is somebody else, and learns at once to laugh at, and to tolerate, characters different from his own, by enacting them. Cakes, characters, forfeits, lights, theatres, merry rooms, little holiday faces, and last, not least, the painted sugar on the cakes, so bad to eat, but so fine to look at, useful because it is perfectly useless, except for a sight and a moral,—all conspire to throw a giddy splendour over the last night of the season, and to send it to bed in pomp and colours, like a Prince.

And not the least good thing in Twelfth Night is, that we see it coming for days beforehand, in the cakes that garnish the shops. We are among those who do not like "a surprise," except in dramas. We like to know of the good things intended for us. It adds the pleasure of hope to that of possession. Thus we eat our Twelfth-cake many times in imagination, before it comes. Every pastry-cook's shop we pass, flashes it upon us.

"Coming twelfth-cakes cast their shadows before,"

for shadows they can be called, which shade have none, so full of colour are they, as if Titian had invented them. Even the little ragged boys, who stand at those shops by the hour, admiring the heaven within, and are destined to have none of it, get, perhaps, from imagination alone, a stronger taste of the beatitude, than many a richly-fed palate, which is at the mercy of some particular missing relish,—some touch of spice or citron, or a "little more" egg.

We believe we have told a story of one of those urchins before, but it will bear repetition, especially as a strong relish of it has come upon us, and we are tempted to relate it at greater length. There is nothing very wonderful or epigrammatic in it, but it has to do with the beatific visions of the pastry shops. Our hero was one of those equivocal animal-spirits of the streets, who came whistling along, you know not whether thief or errand-boy, sometimes with bundle and sometimes not, in corduroys, a jacket, and a cap or bit of hat, with hair sticking through a hole in it. His vivacity gets him into scrapes in the street, and he is not ultra-studious of civility in his answers. If the man he runs against is not very big, he gives him abuse for abuse at once; if otherwise, he gets at a convenient distance, and then halloos out "Eh, stupid!" or "Can't you see before you?" or "Go, and get your face washed." This last is a favourite saying of his, out of an instinct referable to his own visage. He sings "Buffalo Gals" and a "Shiny Night," varied occasionally with an uproarious "Rise, Gentle Moon," or "Coming through the Rye." On winter evenings you may hear him indulging himself, as he goes along, in a singular undulation of yowl,—a sort of gargle,—as if a wolf were practising the rudiments of a shake. This he delights to do more particularly in a crowded thoroughfare, as though determined that his noise should triumph over every other, and show how jolly he is, and how independent of the ties to good behaviour. If the street is a quiet one, and he has a stick in his hand (perhaps a hoop stick), he accompanies the howl with a run upon the gamut of the iron rails. He is the nightingale of mud and cold. If he gets on in life, he will be a pot-boy. At present, as we said before, we hardly know what he is; but his mother thinks herself lucky if he is not transported.

Well, one of these elves of the *pave*—perplexers of Lord Mayors, and imitators of the police—was standing one evening before a pastry-cook's shop-window, flattening his nose against the glass, and watching the movements of a school-boy who was in the happy agony of selecting the best bun. He had stood there ten minutes before the boy came in, and had made himself acquainted with all the eatables lying before him, and wondered at the slowness and apparent indifference of jaws masticating tarts. His interest, great before, is now intense. He follows the new-comer's eye and his hand hither and thither. His own arm feels like the other's arm. He shifts the expression of his mouth and the shrug of his body at every perilous approximation which the chooser makes to a second-rate bun. He is like a bowler following the nice inflexions of the bias; for he wishes him nothing but success; the occasion is too great for envy: he feels all the generous sympathy of a knight of old, when he saw another within an ace of winning some glorious prize, and his arm doubtful of the blow.

At length the awful decision is made, and the bun laid hands on.

"*Yah!* you muffin," exclaims the watcher, bursting with all the despair and the indignation of knowing boyhood, "you have *left the biggest!*"

Twelfth-cake and its king and queen are in honour of the crowned heads who are said to have brought presents to Jesus in his cradle—a piece of royal service not necessary to be believed in by good Christians, though very proper to be maintained among the gratuitous decorations with which good and poetical hearts willingly garnish their faith. "The Magi, or Wise Men, are vulgarly called (says a note in 'Brand's Popular Antiquities,' quarto edition by Ellis, p 19,) the three kings of Collen (Cologne). The first, named Melchior, an aged man with a long beard, offered gold; the second, Jasper, a beardless youth, offered frankincense; the third, Balthaser, a black, or moor, with a large spreading beard, offered myrrh." This picture is full of colour, and has often been painted. The word Epiphany (from the Greek, signifying, an appearance from above), alludes to the star which is described in the Bible as guiding the Wise Men. In Italy, the word has been corrupted into Befana, or Befana, (as in England it used to be called Piffany), and Befana, in some parts of that country, has come to mean an old fairy, or Mother Bunch, whose figure is carried about the streets, and who rewards or punishes children at night by putting sweetmeats, or stones and dirt, into a stocking hung up for the purpose near the bed's head. The word Befana, then, it seems, originally means a trick or mockery put upon any one—to such base uses may come the most splendid terms. Twelfth Day, like the other old festivals of the church of old, has had a link of connexion found for it with Pagan customs, and has been traced to the Saturnalia of the ancients, when people drew lots for imaginary kingdoms. Its observation is still kept up, with more or less ceremony, all over Christendom. In Paris, they enjoy it with their usual vivacity. The king there is chosen, not by drawing a paper as with us, but by the lot of a bean which falls to him, and which is put into the cake, and great ceremony is observed when the king or the queen "drinks," which once gave rise to a jest, that occasioned the condemnation of a play of Voltaire's. The play was performed at this season, and a queen in it having to die by poison, a wag exclaimed with Twelfth Night solemnity, when her Majesty was about to take it, "The queen drinks." The joke was infectious, and the play died, as well as the poor queen.

Many a pleasant Twelfth Night have we passed in our time; and such future Twelfth Nights as may remain to us shall be pleasant, God and good will permitting, for even if one should be round about them, we have no notion of missing those mountain-tops of rest and brightness, on which people may refresh themselves during the stormiest parts of life's voyage. Most assuredly will we look forward to them, and stop there when we arrive, as though we had not to begin buffeting again the next day. No joy or consolation that heaven or earth affords us, will we ungratefully pass by; but prove, by our acceptance and relish of it, that it is what it is said to be, and that we deserve to have it. "The child is father to the man," and a very foolish grown boy he is, and unworthy of his sire, if he is not man enough to know when to be like him. What! shall we go and sulk in a corner, because he is not just what he would have it? Or shall he discover that his dignity will not bear the shaking of holiday merriment, being two fragile and likely to tumble to pieces? Or lastly, shall he take himself for too good and perfect a person to come within the chance of contamination from a little ultra life and Wassail-bowl, and render it necessary to have the famous question thrown at his stately and stupid head—

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

This passage is in "Twelfth Night," the last play (be it never

forgotten) which Shakspeare is understood to have written, and which shows how in his beautiful and universal mind the belief in love, friendship, and joy, and all good things, survived his knowledge of all evil,—affording us an everlasting argument against the conclusions of minor men of the world, and enabling the meanest of us to dare to avow the same faith.

Here is another lecture to false and unseasonable notions of gravity, in the same play,—

"I protest (quoth the affected steward Malvolio) I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies."

"O (says the Lady Olivia), you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets."

This is the play in which are those beautiful passages about music, love, friendship, &c., which have as much of the morning of life in them as any that the great poet ever wrote, and are painted with as rosy and wet a pencil —

"If music be the food of love," &c

"Away before me to sweet beds of flowers,
Love thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers"

"She never told her love
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek," &c

"I hate ingratitude more in a man
[says the refined and exquisite Viola],
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood."

And again,

"In nature there's no blemish, but the mind,
[that is to say, the faults of the mind],
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind"

The play of "Twelfth Night," with proper good taste, is generally performed, at the theatres, on Twelfth Night. There is little or nothing belonging to the occasion in it, except that there are a set of merry-makers who carouse all night, and sing songs enough to "draw three souls out of one weaver." It is evident that Shakspeare was at a loss for a title to his play, for he has called it, "Twelfth Night, or *What You Will*," but the nocturnal revels reminded him of the anniversary which, player and humorist as he was, and accustomed, doubtless, to many a good sitting-up, appears to have stood forth prominently among his recollections of the year. So that it is probable he kept up his Twelfth Night to the last —assuredly he kept up his merry and romantic characters, his Sir Tobies and his Violas. And keeping up his stage faith so well, he must needs have kept up his home faith. He could not have done it otherwise. He would invite his Stratford friends to "king and queen," and, however he might have looked in face, would still have felt young in heart towards the budding daughters of his visitors, the possible Violas perhaps of some love story of their own, and not more innocent in "the last recesses of the mind" than himself.

We spent a Twelfth Night once, which, by common consent of the parties concerned, was afterwards known by the name of *the* Twelfth Night. It was doubted among us, not merely whether ourselves, but whether anybody else, ever *had* such a Twelfth Night;—

"For never since created cake,
Met such untiring force, as named with these
Could merit more than that small infantry,
Which goes to bed betimes"

The evening began with such tea as is worth mention, for we never knew anybody make it like the maker. Dr. Johnson would have given it his placidest growl of approbation. Then, with piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, came Handel, Corelli, and Mozart. Then followed the drawing for king and queen, in order that the "small infantry" might have their due share of the night, without sitting up too too-late (for a reasonable "too-late" is to be allowed once and away). Then games, of all the received kinds, forgetting no branch of Christmas customs. And very good extempore blank verse was spoken by some of the court (for our characters imitated a court), not unworthy of the wit and dignity of Tom Thumb. Then came supper, and all characters were soon forgotten but the feaster's own; good and lively souls, and festive all, both male and female,—with a constellation of the brightest eyes that we had ever seen met together. This fact was so striking, that a burst of delighted assent broke forth, when Moore's charming verses were struck up,—

"To ladies' eyes a round, boys,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse;
For bright eyes so abound, boys,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose."

The bright eyes, the beauty, the good humour, the wit, the poetry (for we had celebrated wits and poets among us, as well as charming women), fused all hearts together in one unceasing round of fancy and laughter till *breakfast*,—to which we adjourned in a room full of books, the authors of which might almost have been waked up and embodied to come among us. Here, with the bright eyes literally as bright as ever at six o'clock in the morning (we all remarked it), we merged one glorious day into another, as a good omen (for it was also fine weather, though in January), and as luck and our good faith would have it, the door was no sooner opened to let forth the ever-joyous visitors, than the trumpets of a regiment quartered in the neighbourhood struck up into the morning air, seeming to blow forth triumphant approbation, and as if they sounded purely to do us honour, and to say, "You are as early and untired as we."

We do not recommend such nights to be "resolved on," much less to be made a system of regular occurrence. They should flow out of the impulse, as this did, for there was no intention of sitting up so late. But so genuine was that night, and so true a recollection of pleasure did it leave upon the minds of all who shared it, that it has helped to stamp a seal of selectness upon the house in which it was passed, and which, for the encouragement of good fellowship and of humble aspirations towards *tree-planting*, we are here incited to point out for by the same token the writer of these papers planted some plane-trees within the rails by the garden-gate (selecting the plane, in honour of the Genius of Domesticity, to which it was sacred among the Greeks), and anybody who does not disdain to look at a modest tenement for the sake of the happy hours that have been spent in it, may know it by those trees, as he passes along the row of houses called York-buildings, in the New-road, Marylebone. A man may pique himself without vanity, upon having planted a tree, and, humble as our performance has been that way, we confess we are glad of it, and have often looked at the result with pleasure. The reader would smile, perhaps sigh (but a pleasure would or should be at the bottom of his sigh), if he knew what consolation we had experienced in some very trying seasons, merely from seeing those trees growing up, and affording shade and shelter to passengers, as well as a bit of leafiness to the possessor of the house. Every one should plant a tree who can. It is one of the cheapest, as well as easiest, of all tasks; and, if a man cannot reckon upon enjoying the shade much himself (which is the reason why trees are not planted everywhere), it is surely worth while to bequeath so pleasant and useful a memorial of himself to others. They are green footsteps of our existence, which show that we have not lived in vain.

"Dig a well, plant a tree, write a book, and go to heaven," says the Arabian proverb. We cannot exactly dig a well. The parish authorities would not employ us. Besides, wells are not so much wanted in England as in Arabia, nor books either, otherwise we should be two-thirds on our road to heaven already. But trees are wanted, and ought to be wished for, almost everywhere; especially amidst the hard brick and mortar of towns, so that we may claim at least one-third of the way, having planted more than one tree in our time; and if our books cannot wing our flight much higher (for they never pretended to be anything greater than birds singing among the trees), we have other merits, thank heaven, than our own to go upon; and shall endeavour to piece out our frail and most imperfect ladder, with all the good things we can love and admire in God's creation.

THE GATHERED ROSE.

BY MARY SOUTHWELL.

ONE burning day in June, when the sun had dispersed every cloud, and reigned in all his brightness over the glowing sky, I lay down tired on a bank of moss, where the drooping branches of a young sycamore cast a refreshing shadow. I was quite alone,—for the birds had hidden themselves in green boughs far above the earth, waiting till the scorching hour of noon was past, and the fainting flowers had closed their eyes, and bowed down their heads to dream about the cool night and the pleasant dews. But whilst lying so sorrowful because I was companionless, that I forgot to receive with thankfulness the sunny scenes by which I was surrounded, and the peaceful rest of my soft couch, the warm west wind, with blossoms on his robe, came floating by, and as he caught the rising sigh of sadness, stooped his compassionate wings beside me, and lingered to tell me so sweet a tale, that even now, when many years lie between me and that dear hour, the magical echoes of his voice still vibrate in my heart.

"You are resting on hallowed ground," he began, in tones of silver music. "Charms and recollections haunt this spot, of which you are unconscious, but they give pensive beauty to the violet that lies half hidden in the moss, and tender melody to the breeze that wanders here at evening, and then sweeps on to whisper in the poet's ear thoughts the world cannot understand.

"This hot season has dried the little brook that used to warble amongst the long grass beneath you—and the frosts of the past winter withered to the roots a fair rose-tree that looked into its waters. Alas, how fearfully omnipresent is death! Mysteriously is decay interwoven with our brightest dreams. The softest sigh may cast the fairest blosom to the dust. The day so earnestly desired may call away the friend best beloved.

"This rose-tree was not more favoured by situation than many of the flowers that grew around, but there dwelt within it a better heart,—causing it to receive to greater profit the warmth of the moss that crept humbly round its roots, and the gay spirit of the waters bringing life and joy into its veins, and the wonderful teaching of the varying sky, that, in smiles or storms, never ceased to watch over it. One single bud graced this happy tree. I have heard my eastern brother tell, that many once had clustered on its stems; but cankering sickness grew within them, until he carried them all, one by one, blighted to the earth—all but this precious bud of which I speak. I saw nothing of this. Love, and life, and beauty, alone did I ever find in that tree; but it might have been the softened pitying shadow of remembered death and separation that united this solitary rose-bud to its parent-tree so tenderly—making it love to nestle closer, as if for security within its encircling leaves, and put forth its sweetest smile beneath their shade. Day by day I came to that opening flower, which lifted up its fair head, and smiled a constant welcome, yielding the spirit to which it looked for guidance, the purest blessings he has ever known. In the fresh and early morning how ready was she to catch the earliest rays of the ascending sun, while her blushing leaves quivered at the notes of the lark, that was already out of sight, and tears of unutterable joy and love welled from her hidden heart. And at noon, when a hot stillness rested on the land, and my languid wings could scarcely bear me hither, I found her bowed in silent thoughtfulness—communing within herself; and at such hours her words were full of deeper and richer beauty—imparting such treasures of fragrancy, that I went forth laden with comfort and refreshment.

"'How is it,' said I, sometimes, 'that in this season, when the sun is become a burden, and the springs of nourishment are dried, such a fountain of bliss should be opened within you?' 'Do you not yet know,' she answered, 'that the time of bereavement is often that of holiest enjoyment? Does not the soul then more gratefully muse over, and more purely love the benefactor and the friend, when the body is no longer the medium of intercourse? How often have my leaves withstood your kind caress, or veiled from my spirit the friendly sun—tempting it to believe that he regarded me no more; nay, have they not at times, by wayward agitation, jarred even the melody of the nightingale to my heart? But now I see nothing, and am all thought—oh, how I love them now! and at night, when even you are sleeping, before the heavenly stars will I weep over my unfaithfulness. And think not, dearest friend, that in bodily forms only can pleasure and wisdom journey to the soul. Does not the child look up in love to his mother's face long before the words of tenderest affection are intelligible to him, and receive with smiles the bright sunshine while still unconscious that it has a name?'

"Then I went forth from the hushed flower, and sought the sorrowful and lonely; and, while they blessed the unseen breeze that brought them consolation, they learned willingly the lesson the rose had taught, and believing that vanished peace would yet again alight upon their path, they no longer sought to track its silver wings in the blinding mists of the past."

The Wind sighed, "Alas!" said I, "have not you then learned to rejoice always?" "Hush!" he whispered, "it is not forbidden even to the thankful-hearted to mourn, and he who is still a wanderer here, even among roses, cannot fail to weep full often, though he will ever find it his surest consolation to dry the tears of others. This is my happiest joy, but could I cheer them, had I never felt their grief? Is it not in hearing me sigh that they are comforted? Now listen, for I must away: the hour of noon is past, and the faint flowers will lament my absence.

"The green bands which had wrapped the young bud in happy retirement, were at length all loosened, and, blushing to the very heart the perfect rose looked forth upon the world. Rejoicing in the power to bless, she poured out all the treasure of her spirit on the air, and reflected the glory of the sun from the mirror of her dewy breast, and bent her head to cast a beautiful shadow on the gentle brook. It seemed as if she could not show forth all her love to the dear companions of her life.

"There passed by this way a human being, with eyes that delighted to rest upon the beautiful, and a voice that could speak beguiling words, but without a heart to love. Before every fair form his senses were enthralled—but he had never sought after the fountain of beauty in the pure heart. He looked upon the rose, and bent down to worship her. Still more willingly did she glow in her confusion, as he poured forth his ardent breath. Lingeringly he knelt, for he felt that he could not go away and loose her. 'Wilt thou come with me?' said he. 'I will carry thee into a brighter land than this, where clouds shall never hide thee from the sun, and throngs of worshippers shall bow before thy feet, whereas here thou art surrounded only by these poor vulgar weeds.' 'It is my home,' said the rose; 'the land of my birth. To the humblest flower here I am deeply grateful; and not a cloud has shadowed us together, whose remembrance is not pleasant to me.' Then the youth urged his *loneliness*—how that hitherto he had wandered, seeking vainly for perfection—whithout which he must die in painful yearnings. And he wrung his hands, and bewailed the hour he had first seen her, if now they were to part for ever. Then the tender rose looked up, and there were tears upon her cheek; and cold as was the being who knelt before her, her spirit acknowledged the divine majesty of man. 'Could I really bless you?' she asked timidly. 'Even here I am but the humble recipient of good; how then could I minister to your happiness?' The youth waited not to reply, but stretching forth his impatient hand, plucked the scarcely-shrinking flower, and; laced it in his bosom. And so eagerly were his proud thoughts fixed upon the matchless beauty of his glorious prize, and he did not even notice the tears she shed in parting from her parent-tree, and when I saw them fall unheeded to the ground—the only bequest she could leave to a place so long gladdened by her presence—I knew that he *loved* her not, and I sighed so heavily, that he turned and departed.

"We met again. The rose was somewhat paler, but certainly more lovely as she rested calmly beside him, drinking sunshine from his eyes and joy from his voice, but finding no home within his heart. And a short—oh, how short a time elapsed—and I found her blighted and dying, even on his breast; while he angrily complained that he must carry about with him a withered rose, when all around so many were glowing in their prime of charms, 'Is it you, dear friend?'

she murmered faintly, as I pressed closer to catch her last breath. 'Carry me to the bed of moss, by the silver brook; and lay me under the tree that gave me birth. No longer can my spirit yield sweet refreshment, and my leaves shall no more look fair, even to the eye of him who once told me they were changeless.'

"I raised the faded form upon my wings, and lifelessly it rested, for the very heart was broken in twain. The destroyer was almost unconscious that the dry and thorny stalk was all now left to remind him of his late blessing, so earnestly was he gazing on a snow-white lily at his side; and the sigh he had heaved for his sad fate, when I first addressed the rose, still lingered on his lips when mine, beneath that lonely tree, was waiting a requiem over the perished flower I had had to rear."

CLARA GREGORY, OR, THE STEPMOTHER.

A STORY IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—PART I.

"Do, dear Clara, stay at home to-night, father will be so grieved"

"He certainly has shown no great regard for my feelings, and he cannot expect me to be over tender of his. I am sure I could not endure to stay here, and my marvel is that you can"

Clara Gregory did not observe the tear that glistened in her sister's eye, as she spoke these words, in a bitter tone, yet her voice was gentler when she spoke again

"Please, Alice, just tie my tippet for me, my hands are gloved There, thank you."

She opened the hall-door, and stood for a moment listening to the moan the leafless trees made as they shivered in the blast

"Well, Alice, I suppose it is of no use asking you to go with me, so, good night" And she slowly descended the steps, and passed down the street

Alice stood watching her receding form until she disappeared, and then, with a shiver, she turned away

"How cold it is" she said to herself "I must be sure to have it warm and pleasant for them when they come Let me see I will have a fire in the little back parlour, it looks so bright and cheery. I know father will like that best."

The fire was kindled, the rooms were lighted, and the young girl wandered through them, again and again, to assure herself that nothing could make them more home-like and inviting In the large parlour, with their rich furniture and furnace-heat, there was little for her to do.

A certain awe forbade her to interfere with "Aunt Debby's" accustomed arrangements, but in the "dear little back parlour" she might do as she listed, and she found ample employment for her fairy fingers.

The fire was made to throw its bright blossom over the pale face, the curtains were to be set open, the slippers to be placed before the chair, the favourite books to be laid upon the table

All, at last, was done The pictures on the wall, the crimson curtains, and the carpet on the floor, reflected the streaming light of the fire with a grateful glow of comfort One circumstance remained to be decided. Should the old dog be suffered to crouch as usual on the hearth-rug, or be banished to less honourable quarters? After deep and anxious deliberation this was also settled Carlo was permitted to ensconce himself in the chimney-corner, while his young mistress placed herself in the great arm-chair before the fire, and fell to dreaming Alice Gregory was but fifteen years old, yet anyone would have longed to know of her dreams, who might have looked on her as she sat there, her thoughtful eyes fixed on the glowing coals, and her youthful face invested with a dreamy air And much she had to make her think and muse, poor motherless child, and this night was to bring a stranger into that place, so hallowed by the memory of her who had passed thence into the heavens

Two long hours did the girl sit there, awaiting her father's return Sweet visions of the past, dim visions of the future, were about her. All the saddest and the happiest hours of her brief life came back to her. They came as old familiar friends, sorrowful as were some of their face, and she clung to them, and could not bear to leave them for those coming hours that beckoned to her with so doubtful promise

"I hope she will love me," mused she of the strange mother, "but she cannot as Aunt Mary does, and nobody, nobody can ever love me as my own dear mother did" she sobbed, with a gush of tears But presently they staid in their fountain, for she thought of her mother still loving her, and of her Saviour, ever near, loving her more than mortal could. "I will try to be good and gentle," thought she, "and she *will* love me. Nine o'clock! Aunt Debby thought they would be here by seven, I must go and ask her what the matter can be."

The individual yclept "Aunt Debby" was no less a personage than Mrs. Deborah Dalrymple, whose pride it was, that for twenty years she light of her wisdom, and the strength of her hands, had been the dependence of Dr Arthur Gregory's household On this occasion, Alice found her in the dining room, seated in state, her bronzed visage graced by the veritable cap with which she had honoured the reception of the first Mrs. Gregory Its full double ruffle and bountiful corn coloured bows, made her resemble the pictures, in the primers, of the sun with puffed cheeks, surrounded by his beams She would show no partiality, not she What Dr. Gregory thought was right, was right He had been a good master to her as ever a woman need have, and she was sure of a comfortable home the rest of her days whoever came there Dr Gregory was in all things her oracle, her admiration, her sovereign authority. The world did not contain such a man as he, that that didn't But, barring the doctor, she sensibly realised the world had no more reliable authority than Mrs Deborah Dalrymple. Then she sat, anxiously speculating on the approaching revenue, and plying the needles on her best knitting-work with unwonted zeal.

"Aunt Debby, do you know it is nine o clock?"

"I heard the clock strike nine."

"Father should have been here two hours ago"

"I don't know that."

"Why! you said he would be here at seven.

"I don't know that"

"What then?"

"I *expected* him"

"Well, what can be the reason that he does not come?"

"Great many things"

"But what *is* the reason?"

"He knows better than I"

"What do you *suppose*?"

"Nothing"

Alice came to a pause with a decidedly unsatisfied expression.

"Was it winter when he brought my mother home?"

"No"

"Summer?"

"Yes"

"Was it a pleasant day?"

"Yes."

Despairing of Aunt Debby's communicativeness, Alice returned to her solitude, roused a wig from the grate, and sitting down on an ottoman beside Carlo, commenced an attack on his taciturnity

"But Lark! those are father's bells! No—yes! yes, they are come!"

Girl and dog sprang to the front together, and ran to the door In her haste, Alice brushed something from the work table It was nothing but her mother's needle-book, but she pressed it to her lips as she tenderly replaced it, and passed more slowly into the hall

The cordial greetings were over The cloaks and furs were laid aside, and Alice sat down in the chimney-corner to observe the new comer, in whose face the full radiance of the night fire shone, while she conversed with Aunt Debby about the journey and the weather

"She is not pretty," thought she "Very unlike mother—taller and slighter, with black eyes and hair—still, her features are noble, and she looks good"

She came to this satisfactory conclusion just as her father suddenly exclaimed—

"Where did you say Clara was, Alice? Has she not returned from Belford?"

"Yes, sir, she is staying with Ellen Morgan to-night"

"Is Ellen Morgan sick?"

How Alice wished she could say yes, or anything else than the plain, reluctant *no*—but out it must come An expression of pain and displeasure came over the doctor's countenance, and he glanced quickly at his wife. But she seemed to have no other thought than of the plants over which she was bending

"What sweet flowers have come to you, in the midst of the snow, Alice!" she exclaimed, as she lifted a spray of monthly rose, weighed down with its blossoms

Alice's eyes glistened with pleasure as she saw that her darlings had found a friend

"They were mother's," she began, then stopped suddenly.

"You must love them very dearly," said Mrs. Gregory, with feeling. "But where is the little Eddie? Shall I not see him?"

"Oh! he begged to sit up and wait, but he fell asleep, and Aunt

Debby put him to bed. Would you like to go up and look at him? He is so pretty in his sleep!"

"Indeed he *is* pretty in his sleep," thought the stepmother, as she bent over the beautiful child in his rosy dreams. She laid back his soft, bright curls, and lightly kissed his pure cheek, gazing long and tenderly upon him. Tears shone in her eyes as she, turning toward Alice, said softly—

"Can we be happy together, Alice dear?"

"I am sure we shall," answered the warm-hearted girl impulsively. "Indeed, I will try to make you happy."

Chapter II.

Late the next morning, Mrs Gregory was sitting in the parlour with little Eddie at her side, where he had been enchained for five long minutes by the charms of a fairy tale. But as some one glided by the door, he bounded away, crying—

"There's sister Clara! Clara, come and see my new mamma!"

Presently, however, he came back with a dolorous countenance, complaining—

"She says I have no new mamma, and she does not want to see her either. But I *have*," he continued emphatically, laying hold on one of her fingers with each of his round white fists, "and you will stay always, and tell me stories, won't you? Was that all about Fenella?"

"We will have the rest another time, for there is the dinner-bell, and here comes your father."

The joyous child ran to his father's arms, and then assuming a stride of mettable dignity, led the way to the dining-room.

"Has not Clara yet returned?" asked the doctor, in a tone of some severity.

"Yes, father," said her voice behind him, and as he turned she greeted him, respectfully, yet without her usual affectionate warmth.

Then came her introduction to the stepmother, who greeted her with a gentle dignity peculiar to her. Clara's manner, on the contrary, was extremely dignified, without any special gentleness, ceremonious and cold. As the family gathered around the table, all but one made an attempt at conversation. But the presence of one silent iceberg was enough to congeal the sociability of the group. Remarks became shorter than the intervals between them, and finally quite ceased. Mrs Gregory, meanwhile, had time to observe her eldest daughter. She was a handsome, genteel girl of about seventeen, elegantly dressed. Her fair face was intelligent, though clouded at this time with an expression of determined dissatisfaction. The red lips of her pretty little mouth pressed firmly together, as though to make sure that no word should escape them; the dark-blue eyes were continually downcast.

Suddenly little Eddie exclaimed, directing his spoon very pointedly towards Clara,

"What made you say I had no new mamma? There she is!"

The crimson blood rushed to Clara's temples, as she visited a most reproving glance on the child, while Alice hastened to relieve the awkward predicament by suggesting to him the desirableness of more sauce on his pudding. He was hushed for the moment, but presently broke forth again, as though a bright thought had flashed upon him.

"She isn't the same dear mamma I used to have, is she? Say, father, did you go up to heaven and bring her back? Oh! why did'nt you let me go too?"

"No, my child," said Dr Gregory very seriously, "I could not go for your dear mamma, nor would I if I could, for she is with those whom she loves more than even us. But, perhaps, she has sent you this mother to love you, and take care of you, till you can go to her, if you are good."

"I will be good," said the child very resolutely, and they rose from the table.

Alice and her mother lingered talking at the western window, which commanded a fine sea view.

"She is certainly a delightful woman," thought Alice, as, after a long chat, she tripped blithely up to her chamber.

As she opened the door, she discovered Clara thrown upon the bed, her face hidden in the pillows, weeping. She hesitated a moment, then going up to her, said in a tone of —

"Don't, dear Clara, cry so!"

But her only answer was a fresh burst of tears. So she sat down on the bed-side and took her mother's miniature, which Clara clasped between her hands. It was a picture of rare beauty, as well might be that of a faultless form, in the first pride of womanhood, glowing with life and love. Alice gazed on it with mournful fondness, and kissed its small, sweet face many times.

"Oh, I am wretched, *wretched!*" moaned Clara, "the happiness of my life is gone for ever."

Alice took her hand in hers, and said softly—

"You know we thought, when mother died, we could never cease to weep, we could not live at all. Yet we have been even happy since that, though we love her and think of her just as much as ever. Indeed, I believe I love her more and more. I think we we shall be happy still."

"Happy! with this strange woman thrust upon me, every day, in my mother's stead? I tell you, Alice, it will never, never be. I cannot say but *you* may enjoy life as well as ever, but not I. I do not want to be happy—I will not be happy with a stepmother. Oh, the odious name!"

In her excitement she rose from the bed and paced the floor.

"You can, undoubtedly, be as unhappy as you choose, and you can *hate* father's wife if you want to; but I think it would be a great deal easier to love her," said Alice. "I am sure, if our own blessed mother could speak to us, she would bid us treat her very kindly, and try to make her happy with us."

"There is no danger but she will be *happy* enough," retorted Clara. "Yet she shall lament the day she ever intruded upon us here."

"Oh, Clara, Clara! you are very wrong. You ought not to speak so or to feel so," said Alice, sadly, putting her arm about her sister's waist and joining in her walk. "Certainly she had a right to love our father and to marry him, and I do not see the need of suspecting her of a plot upon our peace."

"But what infatuated father to ask her? How *could* he forget my beautiful mother so soon!" and Clara threw herself, weeping, into a chair.

"He has *not* forgotten her," replied Alice, almost indignantly. "And you and I have no right to doubt that he loved her even better than we. But I know not why that should render it impossible for him to appreciate loveliness in another. He was very desolate, and I am thankful that he has found such a friend."

"*Such* a friend? I see nothing remarkably lovely about her."

"Why, I think she is very attractive."

"*Attractive!* Pray what has attracted you, dear? She is, certainly, very plain."

"I do not think she is."

"She looks as though she meant to rule the world, with her great black eyes and military form."

"Her 'great black eyes' are soft, I am sure, and I admire her form. Then she looks so animated when she speaks, and her smile, I think, is fascinating."

"Oh, look at me, I pray you hold my hand, Alice, and say, if you can, that you admire *her*."

"Nobody is so lovely as mother. But, if you were not determined to find fault, I know this face would please you. At any rate, you cannot dislike her manner, she is very ladylike. She dresses, too, in perfect taste."

"I suppose she is well-bred, and I have no reason to doubt her dress-maker's taste. But once more, Alice, I never shall like her, and I beg you never to speak to me of her, except from necessity. You, of course, can love her just as well as you have a mind to, but you must not expect me to. I shall try to be civil to her."

"Oh, I wish you could see Aunt Mary, I am sure she could convince you that you are wrong."

"You think that I cannot understand your feelings, and that nothing is easier for me than to receive a stranger here. But, Clara, you do know that you love not our precious mother more devotedly than I, nor cherish her memory more sacredly, I am quite sure that no child could. It was terrible for me, at first, to think of seeing another here in her place, of calling another by her consecrated name. It was sacrilege to me. But Aunt Mary talked to me so kindly, and taught me to think calmly and reasonably about it, and I became certain that I ought to be an affectionate, dutiful child to my father's wife, if it were in my power. And I am sure it will be easy, for she is loveable."

"I am grateful to father for giving me so excellent a friend. I shall never love her better than Aunt Mary, indeed; but it is so pleasant for us to be together once more in our own home. Only think—you at boarding-school, Neddie at grandfather's, I at uncle Talford's, and poor father here alone. I am sure we shall be vastly happier here together, if you will only be a good girl."

"I am not going to be!" said Clara, with a pouting smile.

"Ah! not another word," cried Alice, with a playful menace. "I shall call it treason to listen to you. I shall go away so that you may have nobody to say wicked things to."

And with the words she ran from the room and shut the culprit in.

Chapter III.

Weeks flitted over the Gregorys, whose course it is needless to trace.

Aunt Debby became fully satisfied that if there was a woman in the world fit for Dr Gregory, it was the one he had married. Few children ever had a stepmother like her, very few indeed. Never a loud word nor a cross look had she seen, never! She guessed, too,

there were not many women, ladies born and bred, that knew when work was done about right better than she, not many. She didn't know who should be a judge if she wasn't, that had kept Dr. Arthur Gregory's house for upward of twenty years—twenty years last August.

What was that gentleman's private opinion in the matter, these closing sentences of an epistle given under his hand will tell.

". . . A strangely excellent wife is this same Catharine Gregory. Alone in her society, I love her, with my children, I am grateful to her, among my friends, I am proud of her. Every day convinces me more perfectly that I have found in her such a combination of virtues as I have never seen or hoped to see since departed

'The being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given.'

Hoping, for your sake, my dear Ashmun (though with doubt, I confess,) that this planet bears such another, I am yours,

GREGORY."

And many were the doctor's patients whose pale faces lighted at the sight of her, and whose wo-laden hearts beat freer to the music of her step

"Ah, Nell!" sighed old, bed-ridden Betty Begoin, "Dr Gregory is a good doctor, as nobody may better believe than I, for the Lord knows *you* would have been in your grave nine years ago, Christmas, if He hadn't put it in the doctor's heart to save ye The doctor's a good doctor, I say, but his wife is better than all his medicines to a poor old thing like me! Nobody looks so kindly and sunny like, nobody reads the Scriptures so plain and clear as she.

"The first Mrs. Gregory was a fine lady, I dare say, I have often heard it. But she never came near us. Well, well! she had a young family to look to, and was weakly and ailin' toward the last, poor thing! I have nothing against her now she's dead and gone, anyway

"A'n't the gruel hot, dear?

"The doctor is a good doctor as anybody need have, but his wife is better than all his medicines to a poor, sick, old thing like me."

And many a sufferer was there in whose breast old Betty's sentiment would find an echo For, while her husband laboured to upbuild the outer man, Mrs. Gregory breathed courage into the fainting heart, and braced it to the effort of recovery Then, nobody could keep wide awake all night like her, nobody's cordials were so grateful, yet so harmless, nobody knew so exactly just what one wanted.

And in that dark, dark hour, when life's last promise is broken, and science can do no more, and loving hearts are quivering under the first keen anguish of despair, how often did they implore that her voice might tell the dying one his doom, that in its gentleness the death-warrant might lose its terror

How tenderly did she try to undo the ties that bound the trembling spirit to this world, and commit it to the arms of Him, who should bear it safe above the swelling waters! How trustingly did she point the guilt-stricken, despairing soul to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world" And who shall conceive an intenser thrill of joy than was hers, as she witnessed the sublimity of that weak Child of Earth triumphant over Death, passing away, not as to "pleasant dreams," but as to "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory"

It was only in the inner circle of her life that hearts were cold towards Mrs Gregory. Alice, it is true, clung to her with the fond dependence of a child upon its parent Eddie was a wayward and ungovernable creature, perfectly subject to his passionate impulses, in one moment, foaming in a frenzy of infantine rage, the next, exhausting his childish resources for expressions of his extravagant love.

It was no light or transient task to teach such a nature self-control. She unspeakably dreaded to employ that rigid firmness which she saw so indispensable to gaining a permanent ascendancy over him. Watchful eyes were upon her, and lithe tongues were aching to be busy. She well knew how the thrilling tale would fly of the heartless hardness of the stepmother toward the little innocent.

He had been the darling of most doating grand-parents, to whom he had been committed, a mere baby, at his mother's death Mrs Gregory understood how galling restraint would be to him, hitherto unthwarted in a single wish, uncurbed in a single passion, and she feared to blast the affection which she saw beginning to twine itself about her.

"Yet," thought she, "I *must* govern, or the child is ruined He is given to me to be educated for honour, usefulness, heaven And shall I suffer passion and self-indulgence to fasten their clutches on him and drag him down to destruction, lest, forsooth, my fair name should get some slander? No, no, I will not be so selfish. I will be faithful to my duty, to my husband. I will treat him as though he were my own"

But it required many a hard struggle, many a long trial of unfailing forbearance and inexorable resolution, to execute her purpose. Still, she had the satisfaction of seeing that at the end of each the little rebel was drawn more closely to her. With the unerring instinct of childhood, he revered her justice and appreciated her patience

For him she laboured in hope. With delight she watched the development of better dispositions, the formation of healthful habits. It was rare pleasure to follow the rovings of his untiring curiosity; to open to his wondering mind the mysteries of the unfolding leaves, the limitless ocean, and the deep heavens; to watch the strange light that kindled in his beaming eye as Truth dawned upon him.

In this was the stepmother happy. But there was one member of her household in whose heart she had no home. Clara still held herself unapproachable. Neither Mrs. Gregory's uniform, cordial courtesy toward herself, nor her undeniable superiority as a woman, could avail to move her. She *would not* like a stepmother, and she was possessed of a strength of will very extraordinary for one of her youth and sex From this inflexible purpose to dislike unavoidably grew a habit of misconstruction In order not to see good where it obviously is, one must turn good into evil. This Clara unconsciously yet studiously did. To her sister it was at once painful and amusing to notice the ingenuity with which she sought out some selfish motive for the beautiful action, some sinister meaning for the well-spoken words. It was a continual vexation to her to observe the love with which the new-comer was regarded by every other member of the family, and the esteem and admiration in which she was held among the villagers. Yet she was far too proud to intimate her feelings to those sympathizing friends who are ever so very ready to listen to one's inmost secrets and offer their condolence, then hasten away, wiping their eyes, to gather for one the sympathies of a whole neighbourhood Nevertheless, her cold reserve toward her stepmother, and about her, was not unmarked.

One there was, however, to whom Clara poured forth her sorrows with that perfect freedom which, it is said, exists nowhere except among school-girls Arabella Acton had been her room-mate at Belford, and had parted from her with an agony of tears Indeed, it was Arabella's extreme pity that had first impressed upon her the breadth and depth of her misfortune in becoming a step-daughter. Seldom has the post-office establishment been blessed with more faithful patrons than were these two friends Clara would have blushed to yield her fortress so long as she had such an ally to whom to acknowledge it Therefore, she lived much secluded from the rest of the family in her little boudoir, where she had assembled all the most sacred relics of her mother, in the persuasion that she was the only one true to her memory Indeed, she was in the act of conveying her portrait thither one day, when her father met her and forbade it, saying kindly—

"You are too selfish, my daughter, the rest of us love it as well as you."

Toward her father she was always respectful She had the greatest reverence for him, but there could no more be that familiarity between them that once had been

To Mrs Gregory, this state of feeling was a source of continual but unavailing regret She could but see that Clara was fast losing her native generosity of character, and falling into habits of selfishness and indolence, but she was perfectly aware that any direct effort of hers to win her could but repel, and that her only way was to *wait*, hoping for a happier day

CHAPTER IV

"ALICE, it is getting late, and I beg leave to bid you good night *I* will wait for Clara."

"She said no one need wait for her," replied Alice, "and you are tired to-night, I know. I beg you will not sit up"

"It will be dreary for her, and I can very well sit up I shall be writing to my mother—good night, love."

Mrs. Gregory's letter was finished, and the last "Graham" read before her solitude was disturbed. At length, as she stood looking out into the starlight, footsteps and mirthful voices broke the stillness The loitering footsteps draw near, and halt at the door. The mirthful voices subside into the low, earnest hum of conversation Then the light "Adieu!" and the two part.

A smile still lingered on Clara's face as she entered, and—without observing that the room was occupied—threw herself down beside the fire, whose warmth was no unwelcome thing in the chill April night, and slowly pulled off her gloves. Mrs. Gregory still stood at the window, half hidden by the folds of the curtain She thought she had rarely seen a more beautiful face than was Clara's at that moment. Joyous words seemed to tremble on her lips,

and laughing fancies to peep out through the long lashes of her eyes, so roguishly! Then, when the little white hands untied the bonnet and took it off, dropping it on the carpet, and let the rich, clustering hair flow about the bright face,

"Ah, she is very charming!" thought her mother, while she said—

"You have passed a delightful evening, Clara."

Clara started and looked up The radiant smile instantly died away, and replying coldly—

"Very passable, I thank you," she rose, and taking a light from the table, left the room

Mrs Gregory sighed deeply, and, leaning her forehead against the cold window-pane, stood lost in painful thought, till many stars were set, and the embers on the hearth grew white and cold.

She for whom she thus sorrowed, meanwhile, flew to her chamber and, wrapping her shawl about her, sat down to her writing-desk and scribbled these lines—

"A word with thee, dearest Bel, before I sleep. Oh! if you could have been with me to-night! A little select party at Mrs Hall's, and such a delectable evening! All our choice spirits were there, and one entirely new star A "real, live" star, too, Bel, unquestionably the most elegant man that ever wore a mustache. Oh, you should see him! So *distingué*! Neither M——, nor Monsieur de V—— is a *circumstance* to him! I cannot conceive where Mrs. Hall found him, but she is always the first to introduce strangers—the only polite woman in town, I think. I suspect, however, that he is a friend of Frank, who has just returned from his winter's residence in the south

"They kept me at the piano half the evening, and this exquisite '*Don Whiskerando*' accompanied me—so sweetly!—with the flute. Under a perfect cannonade of entreaties he consented to sing, too although he would be persuaded to nothing but a *duett* with your humble friend The richest bary-tone.

"He will be here to-morrow, and I would give the world if my Bel might be here also! Oh! I forgot to tell you my hero's name is Brentford—did you ever hear it before?

"Do you not think Ellen Morgan an envious thing · Good night, love—dream of your Clara!

"Oh, one word more Don't you think *ma chere mère* must have an active mind to keep her up till this time, to observe my arrival? Oh, Eve, thou art undone!

"I hope all she saw and heard was satisfactory to her I suppose she expected that I should continue the conversation after I came in, for she kept so whist, that I was not aware of her presence till she discovered herself by the sagacious observation—

"'You have had a charming evening, dear,' in such an insinuating tone! Awed!"

(*To be continued*)

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

(*From Victor Hugo's "Napoleon the Little."*)

CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, born at Paris, on the 20th April, 1808, is the son of Hortense de Beauharnais, married, by the emperor, to Louis Napoleon, King of Holland. In 1831, taking part in the insurrections in Italy, where his eldest brother was killed, Louis Buonaparte attempted to overthrow the Papacy. On the 30th October, 1836, he attempted to overthrow Louis Philippe. He had a failure at Strasbourg, and, pardoned by the king, he embarked for America, leaving his accomplices to be tried. On the 11th November he wrote.—"The king, in his clemency, has ordered me to be taken to America." He declared himself vividly affected by the king's "generosity," adding, "certainly, we are all culpable towards the government in having taken up arms against it, but the most culpable person is myself," and he ended thus.—"I was guilty against the government, therefore the state has been generous towards me." He returned from America and went to Switzerland, was appointed captain of artillery at Berne, and a citizen of Salenstein, in Thurgovia; equally avoiding, amid the diplomatic complications occasioned by his presence, to call himself a Frenchman or to avow himself a Swiss, and contenting himself, in order to satisfy the French government, with stating in a letter, dated the 20th August, 1838, that he lived "almost alone," in the house "where his mother died," and that he was "finally resolved to live in quiet" On the 6th August, 1840, he disembarked at Boulogne, parodying the disembarkation at Cannes, with the little hat on his head, carrying a gilt eagle at the head of a flag, and a live eagle in a cage, a whole bundle of proclamations, and sixty valets, cooks, the Temple, and buttons of the 42nd Regiment made in London. He scatters money amongst the passengers in the streets of Boulogne, sticks his hat on the point of his sword, and himself cries, "Vive l'Empereur!" fires at an officer (who had said to him, "You are a conspirator and a traitor") a pistol shot, which hits a soldier and knocks out three of his teeth; and, finally, runs away. He is taken into custody; there are found on his person 500,000 francs, in gold and bank-notes; the Procurer-general, Franc-Carre, says to him, openly, in the Court of Peers, "You have been tampering the soldiers, and distributing money to purchase treason." The peers sentenced him to perpetual imprisonment. He was confined at Ham. There his mind seemed to take refuge within itself and to mature. He wrote and published some books, impressed, notwithstanding a certain ignorance of France and the age, with democracy and with faith in progress: "The extinction of Pauperism," "The Analogies of the Sugar Question," "The Ideas of Napoleon," in which he made the emperor a "humanitarian." In a treatise entitled "Historical Fragments," he wrote thus: "I am a citizen before being a Buonaparte." Already, in 1852, in his book, "Political Reveries," he had declared himself a Republican. After five years of captivity he escaped from the prison of Ham, disguised as a mason, and took refuge in England. February arrived, he hailed the Republic; came to take his seat as a representative of the people in the Constituent Assembly; mounted the tribune on the 21st September, 1848, and said, "All my life shall be devoted to the confirmation of the Republic;" published a manifesto which may be summed up in two lines —liberty, progress, democracy, amnesty, abolition of the decrees of proscription and banishment; was elected president by 7,500,000 votes; solemnly swore the oath to the constitution on the 20th December, 1848; and, on the 2nd December, 1851, broke it. In the interval he had destroyed the Roman Republic, and had restored, in 1849, that Popery which, in 1831, he had essayed to overthrow. He had besides taken, more or less, a share in the obscure affair of the lottery of the ingots of gold. A few weeks previous to the *coup d'etat*, this bag became transparent, and there was visible within a hand greatly resembling his. On the 2nd December and the following days he, the executive power, assailed the legislative power, arrested the representatives, drove out the assembly, dissolved the council of state, expelled the high court of justice, suppressed the laws, took 25,000,000 francs from the bank, gorged the army with gold, swept the streets of Paris with grape-shot, and terrorised France. Since then he has proscribed eighty-four representatives of the people; stolen from the Princes of Orleans the property of their father, Louis Philippe, to whom he owed his life; decreed despotism in fifty-eight articles, under the name of constitution; garrotted the Republic; made the sword of France a gag in the mouth of liberty; pawned the railways; picked the pockets of the people, regulated the budget by *ukase*, transported into Africa ten thousand democrats; banished into Belgium, Spain, Piedmont, Switzerland, and England, forty thousand Republicans; filled all souls with sorrow; covered all foreheads with a blush.

Louis Buonaparte is a man of middle height, cold, pale, slow in his movements, having the air of a person not quite awake. He has published a tolerable treatise on artillery, and is thought to be acquainted with the manœuvring of cannon. He is a good horseman. He speaks drawlingly, with a slight German accent. His histrionic abilities were displayed at the Eglinton tournament. He has a thick moustache, covering his smile like that of the Duke d'Aitois, and a dull eye like that of Charles IX.

Before the 2nd of December, the leaders of the Right used habitually to say of Louis Buonaparte, *'tis an idiot*. They were mistaken. Questionless that brain of his is perturbed, and has large gaps in it, but you can discern here and there in it thoughts consecutive and concatenate. 'Tis a book whence pages have been torn. Louis Napoleon has a fixed idea, but a fixed idea is not idiotcy; he knows what he wants, and he goes straight on to it through justice, through law, through reason, through honesty, through humanity, no doubt, but still, straight on. He is not an idiot. He is a man of another age than our own. He seems absurd and mad, because he is out of his place and time. Transport him in the sixteenth century to Spain, and Philip II. would recognise him. to

Cæsar Borgia would embrace him. Or even, taking care to place him beyond the pale of European civilisation, place him, in 1817, at Janina, and Ali-Tepelini would grasp him by the hand. He is of the middle ages, and of the Lower Empire. That which he does would have seemed perfectly simple and natural to Michael Ducas, to Romanus Diogenes, to Nicephorus Botomates, to the Eunuch Narces, to the Vandal Stilico, to Mahomet II., to Alexander VI., to Ezzelino of Padua, as it seems perfectly simple and natural to himself. The only thing in that he forgets, or knows not, that, in the age wherein we live, his actions will have to traverse the grand courses of human morality, chastened by three ages of literature and by the French revolution; and that, in this medium, his actions will wear their true aspect, and appear what they really are, hideous. His partisans, he has some, complaisantly parallel him with his uncle, the first Buonaparte They say, "The one accomplished the 18th Brumaire, the other the 2nd of December: they are two men of ambition." The first Buonaparte aimed to construct the empire of the west, to make Europe his vassal; to dominate over the continent by his power, and to dazzle it by his grandeur; to take an arm-chair himself and give footstools to the kings, to create his place in history. Nimrod, Cyrus, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon. to be master of the world. * * * * To be so he accomplished the 18th Brumaire. The other man aims to have horses and women, to be called Monseigneur, and to live luxuriously. To this end he brought about the 2nd of December. Yes. They are two men of ambition. the comparison is just. Let us add, that, like the first Buonaparte, the second also aims to be emperor But that which somewhat allays comparison is, that there is, perhaps, a slight difference between the conquering an empire and the pilfering it. * * * * *

The great talent of M. Louis Buonaparte is silence. Before the 2nd of December he had a council of ministers who, being responsible, imagined they were something. The president presided. Never, or scarcely ever, did he take part in their discussions. While MM Odillon Barrot, Passy, Tocqueville, Dufaure, or Faucher was speaking, he occupied himself, says one of these ministers, in constructing, with intense earnestness, paper figures, or in drawing men's heads on the documents before him. To feign death, that is his art He lies mute and motionless, looking in the opposite direction to his object, until the hour for action comes, then he turns his head, and leaps upon his prey. His policy starts out on you abruptly, at some unheeded turning, pistol in hand, *at fau* Up to that point there is not the least movement. For one moment, in the course of the three years that have just passed away, he was seen face to face with Changarnier, who, himself, on his part, meditated an enterprise. "*Dant obscuri*," as Virgil says France observed, with a certain degree of anxiety, these two men. What was in their minds? Was not one, she thought, Cromwell, the other, Monk? Men asked one another these questions as they looked on these two men. In both of them there was the same attitude of mystery, the same tactics of immobility. Buonaparte said not a word, Changarnier made not a gesture, this did not stir, that did not breathe, they seemed competing which should be the most statuesque. * * Machiavel has made small men, Louis Napoleon is one of them. * * * * *

POLICY OF PEACE-INSURANCE.

Let masses mumbled to the cannon's roar,
And eagles by embroidered bishops blest,
Soldiers and priests combined on Gallia's shore
These hate our faith and those our name detest.
Is this a time to sit, unarmed, at rest?
When scribes too, free to utter little more,
England with menace unrebuked defy
Pooh pooh! drab cockneys, give your twaddle o'er,
Inviting war. How soon, should foeman come,
You'd cease that cant, to scream, with mouths awry,
For those defenders whom you now decry!
Ne'er let us beat again aggression's drum,
And twist there's no attack for us in store
Meanwhile, my friends, we'll keep our powder dry!

A VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD.

BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

THE morning of our leaving Edinburgh, though far from brilliant, was not stormy, or chill, and we were sincerely thankful for a cessation of the pelting rain which had made "Auld Reekie," with all her modern beauties, so thoroughly dismal for the days of our visitation. We stopped at the Melrose station, and taking a carriage, drove over to Abbotsford, some three miles. The country, though exceedingly pleasant, did not strike us as remarkably picturesque, and before we dreamed of such a thing, we were at Abbotsford, which lies low, on the banks of the Tweed, hidden from the road by a thick plantation

The grounds are very beautiful, and have, need I say, a peculiar mournful charm in all their lovely lights and shades of greenery, and leafy luxuriance, from the recollection that he, the immortal master, planned and planted, and found his purest, richest pleasure in adorning them.

The house itself is a superb, baronial-looking residence, strikingly picturesque in effect, and wonderfully in keeping with the mind and taste of the noble builder It is one of the most natural productions of his genius. You could almost fancy it in all its varied forms of antique beauty, quaint and strange, yet ever graceful and imposing—his light enchanting poetry and his glorious romance resolved into stone. It is a curious pile—an odd, yet not inharmonious assemblage of architectural ideas, half religious, half feudal, simple yet stately—the charming conceits and bold fancies of poetry and the spirit of olden romance, revealed in towers and turrets, arches and windows, gables and chimney-tops.

The entrance-hall at Abbotsford is not very large, but is exceedingly beautiful, and tastefully hung with armour, antlers, weapons, and interesting relics from many lands. But after the guide pointed to a glass case, which contained the suit of clothes last worn by Sir Walter, I saw nothing beside in this apartment These brought the picture of the grand old man, worn down and broken before his time, with wondrous vividness before me I could see him as he tottered about his grounds, or sat in the shade of some favourite tree, with his faithful Willie Laidlaw—the great soul-light in his eye dimmed with deepening mist, and his gigantic genius shrunken into a babe's bounded and bewildered capacity—I could see on his worn brow the troubled struggle of memory and thought, in his eyes the faint moments gleaming of the old inspiration—but by the sweet, mournful smile of his wan lips, I could see, oh! nothing more, for the real tears which rained from my eyes seemed to hide the unreal picture of my fancy.

In the beautiful little study in which the great novelist wrote many of his works, the air seemed surcharged with the living magnetism of his genius. So *near* he seemed, so strangely recent his presence, so inevitable his speedy return, my mind grew bewildered, and my heart beat hurriedly and half expectantly. My very senses obeyed the strong illusion of my excited imagination. I looked toward the door by which he used to enter I listened, and spoke low. I dared not approach his writing-table, and sat in his chair, for fear he might surprise me when he should come in. But oh! how soon passed over my heart the chill returning wave of recollection, of reason—gone, gone for ever! dust, dust these twenty years!

The library, drawing, and dining-rooms are very elegant apartments, commanding some charming views. There are several fine pictures, by foreign artists, collected by Sir Walter, but of more interest to me were the family portraits. Of these there are two of the poet, taken in his early boyhood, wonderfully like those painted in his manhood and old age. There is a handsome full-length likeness of the last Sir Walter, and several portraits of his sister, Mrs Lockhart, whose son is the present master of Abbotsford. Of all the weapons curious and memorable in the armoury, of all the valuable relics, I was most moved by the sight of the pistols of Napoleon, Rob Roy's gun, and the sword of Montrose.

The wet state of the grass preventing our wandering about the grounds, we were obliged to return, much sooner than we would have chosen, to Melrose.

LINES TO MRS. H. B. STOWE.

AUTHORESS OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

HAIL to thy potent genius, generous STOWE!
May heaven's best blessings thy fair head endow!
And thy warm heart, long may its pulses swell
In genial tides; and may the magic spell
Of happiness around thy pathway rest,
And dwell sublime within thy peaceful breast!

Honoured thy mission! thou hast nobly wrote,
With giant power, the monster slavery smote,
Accursed of God and man it soon must fall,
But thou hast aimed a deadly blow withal,
E'en now its shaking pillars own thy power,
And shadow forth its last, its final hour.

All honour to thy voice, whose powerful strains
Pleads eloquent poor Afric's fettered chains,
Defends her rights, and echoes loud her cries,
And shows the tyrant through his proud disguise—
With foulest scorn the hellish system brands,
And justice loud for slaves—*for* men—demands

In heaven there is a God, and soon shall cease
This frightful source of human agonies,
The which us struggle onward, firm and strong,
Success shall crown our efforts yet, ere long,—
Let "UNCLE TOM" a rallying watchword be,
For God—for justice—and for liberty!

Alnwick, Northumberland E. ALLEN

GROWTH OF THE SUGAR AND TOBACCO TRADES IN LIVERPOOL.

IT has been seen that the sugar trade was introduced into Liverpool about the year 1667, when the first sugar-refinery was built in Sugar house Close, Dale-street. The tobacco trade was introduced a little earlier, and soon became the great trade of the port. We learn from the correspondence of Captain Tarleton, one of the first shipowners of Liverpool, in the reign of Charles the Second, that he had extensive transactions with Virginia and Maryland in the year 1676, and the first Liverpool policy of insurance which I have been able to find is a policy on Captain Tarleton's good ship Anne and Sarah, by which she is insured to Barbados and home again for a premium of four per cent on the ship and goods. By the close of the century the tobacco trade was firmly settled in Liverpool, and had taken the lead of all other.

In the year 1701 Sir Thomas Johnson, then one of the members for Liverpool, states, in a letter to one of his constituents, that a threatened interference with the tobacco trade would destroy half the shipping in Liverpool, in 1702 he mentions that the Irish and Scotch tobacco, that is, the supplies for those countries, was imported into Liverpool, in the same year Sir Thomas's brother-in-law, Mr Peter Hall, informs Mr. Richard Norris, that two new Custom-house-surveyors, Messrs. Manly and Walker, had come down to Liverpool, who had reduced the allowance for damaged tobacco from 150 lbs. the hogshead to 50 lbs., "and put all the Pilgarlics into a cold sweat." He then gave an account of a dispute between these new brooms and the merchants, which, "with much ado, they brought them (the Custom-house-officers) to stand on their feet, and hope in a few days to learn them to go," which they afterwards did, for the facetious Mr. Hall adds, in a postscript "We have now clear got over the point with Messrs. Manly and Walker, who are both very civil, ingenious men, and big with expectation at first, and treated us as they believed us to be, robbers, but our light now shines in darkness, and there is not one word to be believed that was spoken against us by the poor devils, they declare that they find us to be an honest, industrious people, and that we deserve encouragement."

In the same year, Sir Thomas Johnson speaks of the tobacco trade "as one of the chiefest trades in England," and in another letter he informs Mr. Richard Norris, that the Custom-house-officers, Manly and Walker, had not left Liverpool with quite so high an opinion of the tobacco importers as Mr. Peter Hall supposed, for he says, "Sir William Deans told me to-day he dined at a (London) merchant's house where all the surveyors of the port (of London) dined, and, after some discourse about tobacco, and his complaining how they had lost them trade, he did add that 100,000 lbs. allowed for damages in one ship, and some other circumstances, that I found it came from Manly. He could give an account of the town (of Liverpool) and how they lived, and said he was told Mr Houghton had a fine house, and kept good wine, but we all lived frugally, Mr Clayton had a fine house, but it was not furnished. Now, I suppose these gentleman thought we did not make enough of them *when they come again we shall know better how to deal with them.*" We are sadly envied, God knows, especially the tobacco trade, at home and abroad; nor were they altogether free from internal danger, for Sir Thomas Johnson and Mr Clayton, the members for the borough, quarrelled on the subject of tobacco, and Mr Clayton wrote a letter on it, which led to the following sharp comment from Sir Thomas. "Certainly his letter is a great reflection on all the merchants in town that ever repacked, my neighbour, R. H. [ougton] does not escape. Alas! there's the rise of it, he sees his out-done; it's a sad temper, God knows, when these gentlemen come to be partners, they will make havock with us, but, as you say, *I hope they will not stop up the river!*" In spite of envy and strife, Liverpool retained, and still retains, much of the American tobacco trade, which was the great trade of America, until it was outgrown by the cotton trade at the beginning of the present century.—*Baines's History of Liverpool*

IMPROVED BRICKS.—The improved machinery recently invented by Mr J. P. Oates, of Lichfield, is admirably adapted for the purpose in view. The clay in a plastic state is fed into a vertical hopper gradually contracting towards the extremity to the shape of the brick-mould used. This contracting portion is called the "rectum." Within the upper part of the hopper is fixed a shaft, to which are attached by bosses a series of knives or blades. Within the "rectum" is placed a vertical revolving screw, the threads of which come almost in contact with the sides of the interior. The clay is fed into the hopper and tempered by the action of the knives or blades on the revolving shaft, it is then carried down by the screw in the "rectum" and forced from the orifice thereof into one or other of the moulds. The moulds are formed in a sliding frame, which has a reciprocating movement immediately under the orifice of the "rectum," so as to bring the moulds alternately into a position to be filled by the clay in its forced descent. When one mould is filled the sliding frame is caused to move sideways, so as to clear the filled mould from the orifice and bring the second mould under it to be filled. The same motion causes also the top and bottom of the moulded brick while in the mould to be planed or smoothed, by the sliding frame passing between two flat surfaces in contact with its upper and lower sides. The moulded bricks are removed by the action of pistons, which force out the bricks on to a travelling web, from which they are taken to be stacked and burnt. For the purpose of forming other and less than bricks and tiles, the orifice of the "rectum" must be made of a form corresponding to that of the mould employed.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART.—A new and improved series of this work under the title of the ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, has just commenced. Each Number will in future be enclosed in a wrapper. In addition to numerous Engravings in the text, it contains an Engraving, worked on Plate Paper. With Number I. was presented, gratis, a splendid View of the Interior of St. Paul's Cathedral, from a Drawing of the late Duke of Wellington, printed in the most exquisite manner by the Woodbury Type Company. This Engraving will be followed by a View of the Interior of Westminster Abbey, from a Drawing by W. Wyld, Esq., and a View of the Interior of the Sistine Chapel, from a Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c., &c.

THE ALTAR OF THE HOUSEHOLD, or, DOMESTIC WORSHIP. Part I. is now ready, price 1s. This work will contain 52 Sets of Services for the Family, adapted for every morning and evening throughout the year, viz., portions of Scripture, Prayers and Thanksgivings, suitably adapted to each other, to which will be added short practical comments to explain the subjects read, &c. &c. This work is edited by the Rev. Dr. Hall, assisted by a band of eminent divines in London.

CASSELL'S EUCLID.—THE ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY. Containing the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth books of Euclid. Edited by Robert Wallace, A.M., price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. neat cloth.

THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF ARITHMETIC. Enunciations of all the Propositions of Colenso's Arithmetic, for the use of Colleges, Schools, and Private Students, is now ready, price 3d.

The PATHWAY, a Religious Magazine, price 2d. each Number, enclosed in a neat wrapper. The Fourth Volume has just commenced—Vols. I. II. and III., price 2s. 6d. each, nearly bound, are now ready.

BITS OF MY MIND.

I NEVER felt that melancholy sensation, "a weariness of existence," *save in a town* Shut up amongst walls and paved streets when the mind is tired with reading or deep contemplation, the eye has nothing on which to rest that is capable of giving pleasure or exciting pleasurable trains of thoughts,—at least so are towns with me. In the country, on the contrary, a tree, a shrub, a flower, nay, a bit of moss, or a blade of grass (putting aside the en .re landscape), is capable of raising trains of thoughts that, as the Poet Wordsworth says

——"lie too deep for tears."

In the country existence to me is only one round of varieddelight, admiration, and love.

IT IS a curious proof of the wealth of England and its diffusion a century and a half ago, that stage coaches were complained of as parsimonious, and as injuring the breed of horses, and lessening the expenditure of money Before the invention of stage coaches and spring caravans, most men "rode at tended by one or even two servants" "Now," says one author "*a miserly spirit* can come twenty miles into London for a few shillings." This was about 1680 or 1690

PEOPLE who are easily excited and easily quieted commonly arrogate to themselves the title of "persons of feeling," and pass for such with the world in general. I deny their title. Persons of *really deep and strong feeling* are *difficult* to be moved, but when once stirred, the tempest is tremendous. A messet dog barks, when a lion seems totally unheeding, but which is *stronger*, the lion or the pug? In truth, a little reflection shows us this must be so If people of intense feeling had not a strong *controlling power* as a protection, their lives must either be cut short, or else one scene of unadulterated misery and irritation

DIVERS most learned and powerful minds have tried to prove, but I must own not to my conviction, that Parliaments are of *Anglo-Saxon growth* and *formation*. I have met with nothing that has at all tended to convince me of this The Saxon "Witenagemotes," and such convocations as the earlier Norman monarchs got together, seem to me to have been a sort of gigantic but aristocratic privy councils. There sat the barons, the principal tenants "in capite," the "Proceres" or holders under the highest services, and the church dignitaries, who at that time were also the law dignitaries, but no commons in our sense of the term. As for the theory that the tenants "in capite" acted for those who had inferior holdings—that is easier said than shown. Why, however, such an *anxiety* to prove this? Suppose *real*, *Parliament* only to have sat from Henry the Third's time up to the middle of Henry the SIXTH's reign, when the forty-shilling freeholders and burgesses of free towns usurped the whole commons' influence, this only shows that the institution was slow of growth, and like a political aloe took a thousand years in flowering—a high compliment in my notion! I admit the *Anglo-Saxon* grand councils were the *germ* of the more modern English Parliaments but they were *not* Parliaments, in any modern meaning of the term.

WE are apt to imagine that before the invention of printing, and when books were rare, there was little knowledge. This is a serious mistake. The truth, I fear, is that since printing made writing cheap, we have left our *memories* uncultivated I have no doubt in my own mind and there is plenty of testimony, that before the printing-press much knowledge was communicated and handed down orally; and this learning was of the best and soundest kind. The "Lex Communis" was the traditionary law; and other sciences were taught in the same way. Printing has this great evil, that it sometimes puts what is false and worthless on a level with what is true and valuable. Tradition sifted knowledge, and the *bran* and chaff were rejected. We, who neglect our powers of memory, do not know their strength Franklin says the Indian woman will "rehearse" word for word "treaties of a century old" between tribe and tribe, or between tribes and whites. They are, says he, the "*Records*" of their nation In Europe they are the records of folly and scandal *Utrum horum mavis accipe*

IN one sort of "right divine" I am a believer, and that is in the right of true poets to reign unscathed and (as Burke would say) "in contempt" of all critics, criticism, and everything thereto pertaining The only blot in the Life of Tasso is his consenting to re-write parts of his "Jerusalem" to please the critics. This was a real crime, and came under the head of what lawyers term "Læsæ Majestatis" Happily his general readers tossed the emendations overboard, or they might have lost him his crown with posterity, however they might keep him to that in the capitol

As no man can walk comfortably in a crowded street unless at the same pace with those about him, so in the grand thoroughfare of the world, you must, if you value ease, *keep step* with the rest It is equally bad to be twenty years *before* your contemporaries as twenty years behind them.

THE *richest* men have the *fewest* luxuries; determination of *volition*, or in plainer terms *self-will*, is what constitutes strength and decision of character It is found to co-exist with all discriptions of mind and disposition. When united to *talent and virtue*, it is the chief of *blessings*. When joined to *folly*, or *vice* it is the greatest of curses

"ALL suffering must be pitied and relieved (saith the sage) without adverting to anything beyond the fact." This is philosophically true, doubtless, but let philosophers and sages preach or lecture as they will, the character of the sufferer *will* make a difference as long as human nature is human nature. Peevishness, illtemper, passion, and complaining, on one side, contrasted with meekness, fortitude, and consideration, on the other, is a scene that gives rise to two very different sets of feelings, do what you may to prevent it. Oh, no! be as humane, as kind, as sympathetic as you can, still, how are you to help seeing that a *suffering angel* is one thing, and a *suffering devil* another?

IT is an opinion that has long been growing upon me that Cromwell is one of those men whose character has been *systematically misrepresented* I see no reason to believe either that he was insincere in politics or in religion, but he filled a difficult position, and his character has suffered accordingly He made the best of bad materials, and contended as he might against conflicting elements, but his inclination was to be just, and his latter end was not that of a religious simulator and hypocrite The truth is, he is one of three remarkable men whom history has misused, because they were succeeded by their political enemies The *three* are Richard the Third, Cromwell, and Robespierre!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. J. C.—You do indeed need "to improve in spelling." Buy an English dictionary, which you may get at almost any book-stall for a shilling, and transcribe portions of it every day, carefully observing how those words are spelt which are in most common use. Also read the works of good authors with the same design and in the same manner. Write sentences occasionally, and then consult your dictionary to see if your spelling be correct.

MARS.—The word "Budget" is probably derived from the French *bougette*, a bag, or repository; it is sometimes rendered "a proposal," which idea seems to be founded on the fact that the proposal to be submitted is contained in a bag, thus the annual statement, made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, of the public revenue and expenditure, together with his "proposals" as to the future, are, most probably, brought down to "the House" in a "bag," this is called "The Budget."

URBS INTACTA.—The answer to your questions as to the British government in India would occupy many pages; it would, indeed, comprise a history of British India. As to "the qualifications required for a clerk in the civil service of the East India Company," you had better write for information to the secretary of the company.

A YOUTH.—You must learn to write a better hand, and to *spell* correctly, before you can hope to obtain "an office in the EXCISE" (*excise*), or in any other respectable office. Try so "downing" (*doming*), you will "oblidge" (*oblige*) us, and greatly benefit yourself.

MARS.—The word "Philomath" signifies a lover of science, or learning.

ARABELLA W.—We cannot tell you the precise period "when parasols and umbrellas first came into use in England." Parasols, or sun shields, were used at a very early period. Dr. Hyard met with representations of them on the bas-reliefs at Nineveh. The umbrella, *as a sun shield*, is spoken of by Ben Jonson and others more than two centuries ago, but its use *as a defence from rain* commenced much later. Umbrellas appear to have been used by females about the commencement of the eighteenth century. Jonas Hanway, the celebrated philanthropist, is said to have been the first *man* who used an umbrella in England that must have been about the year 1750.

X. Y. Z.—Depend upon it the "spiritual manifestations" advertised at a certain house at the west end of the metropolis, are a gross and clumsy delusion. They are an English edition of the "Rappings" of America, the details of the trickery of which have been extensively exposed. Don't be guilty of spending a guinea upon any such wickedness.

W. B.—The lines commencing—

"Great Wellington the Great
Has met his fatal fate,"

are respectfully declined; as are also lines on the same subject, by "an *amateur*."

ANNE.—A friend informs us that "very excellent *beef-tea*" may be made thus:—Cut a pound of fleshy beef in thin slices, simmer with a quart of water twenty minutes after it has once boiled and been skimmed. Season to taste, but it is best with a little salt only. Put in a little bread well toasted, but not burnt.

C CALCOFT.—It was about the commencement of the eighteenth century that cotton began to be used for various articles of wearing apparel; and in a monthly magazine, published in 1731, we find "the *pernicious practice* of wearing cotton" denounced as one which had "occasioned great deadness of trade"—as one which would "bring the country into misery"—as one which would "cause the country to swarm with unhappy manufactors." We need not tell you that this "pernicious practice of *wearing* cotton" is adopted by millions, and that the practice of *manufacturing* cotton sustains a very large portion of the population of this country.

ERRATA.—No 66, p 219, 2nd col., 18th line from top of page; for 1852, *read* 1815, page 220, 1st col, 8th line, nationalistic, *read* rationalistic; line 42, in same page, indefensible, *read* indefeasible.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London

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WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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JOHN HAMPDEN.



STATUE OF JOHN HAMPDEN, EXECUTED IN MARBLE BY J. H. FOLEY; AND ERECTED IN THE NEW PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

JOHN HAMPDEN

The principal events in the life of John Hampden are of course familiar to the majority of our readers—we having given a somewhat lengthy account of both the man and his times in an early number of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.* The statue of "the patriot Hampden" by Mr Foley, is one of the most interesting of those in the New Houses of Parliament, not only for its associations with the place, but also on account of its artistic excellence as a great historical portrait. A very brief *résumé* of the life of the great man may not, however, be out of place—the more especially as we cannot refer to him or his times without acknowledging the importance of the principles for which he and his [illegible] struggled and died.

[illegible] of an ancient and noble family in Buckinghamshire, and was born in London in the year 1594. At an early age he entered as a commoner at the University of Oxford, where he spent a year or two in the study of the law, and then, after the fashion of the time, made the tour of Europe. The death of his father, however, put him in possession of an ample estate, and he returned to his country seat in Buckinghamshire, where the attention of the [illegible] gentleman. Events, however, occurred which roused up within him all the energies of his mind, and called him from his paternal acres, like another Cincinnatus, to take part in a great political struggle.

In 1621 he sat in the House of Commons, and at once attached himself to the popular party. Cousin-german to Oliver Cromwell, he could not be calmly on the usurpations of Charles and it was that he had soon to undergo the ordeal of a government prosecution for opposing the illegal impost of shipmoney. Though he lost the cause—which he defended in person against the Crown lawyers for twelve days—his adherence to the popular side gained for him the applause of the people and the hatred of the court. His defeat, though it was hailed as a great victory by the court, was considered as no small triumph by his party, because by it they were enabled to take a certain position in regard to the question when they had not hitherto assumed it. It is said that both Cromwell and Hampden contemplated emigrating to America after the trial, but that an order in council prevented their departure. As it was, the court gained but a small and temporary triumph, for Hampden took an active part in the contest between the king and the parliament, and when at last an appeal was made to arms, he joined the Earl of Essex in opposing the misguided monarch.

The history of the Long Parliament, and the issue of the struggle between the Roundheads and Royalists, is known to every child in Great Britain. In that struggle Hampden fell—too early for his country's good, but not too early for his own fame. Prince Rupert coming suddenly upon the parliamentary forces, near Thame, in Oxfordshire, Hampden eagerly headed a few horse soldiers that were rallied in haste, and in the skirmish that ensued received a wound in the shoulder which proved fatal. After lingering in great agony for six days, he expired on the 24th of June, 1643.

His death, while it threw his party into consternation and disorder, was looked upon by the adherents of the Crown as a real triumph, for they feared a man of so much eloquence, bravery, firmness, moderation, and good sense. Of the questions which agitated men's minds in those days, and the feelings which prompted their actions, happily little but the history remains. Time, the leveller and consoler, has enabled us to look with cooler judgment and clearer vision on the great events in which our forefathers were engaged, and in this day we may congratulate ourselves that the stern uncompromising principles of Cromwell and his parliament rendered all future antagonism between court and people, all misunderstanding about "royal prerogative" and "popular rights," for ever unnecessary. With the liberty which we in this year of grace, enjoy under the sway of a beloved Queen, we cannot well understand, or perhaps even sympathise with, the unyielding character of the political crisis which produced such a man as the Patriot Hampden

* See article on "The Men of the Commonwealth Age," vol. iv., Old Series, p. 289.

PAPERS FROM THE RED-TAPE BUNDLE.

FIRE ON BOARD A NORTH RIVER STEAMBOAT IN THE UNITED STATES.

It was one afternoon in September, in the year 1840, that, while engaged in my counting room looking over a trial balance, I was pleasantly surprised by a visit from my friend Dick B., a last year's fledgling of —— College, and a very good fellow withal. He had been spending the early season at the Springs, and, having become [illegible], had returned once more to the city, but a fortnight in the fashionable-deserted metropolis had been quite enough to cure him of his anticipated relish for brick and mortar; and hence the call, accompanied with the proposition to start on the first of October ensuing, with gun and dog, knapsack and fishing-rod, for the far west.

Dick B. was a man whom, from our first acquaintance, I had taken an incipient affection for. Noble and magnanimous in nature, quick and impulsive from indulgence, devoted even unduly to his studies, till he left college, where he had taken a high rank as a classical scholar, he had spent the last year of his life in the pleasures of which he had pursued and run the [illegible] with a certain eagerness and zest that characterised every other action of his life. And now, completely satiated with [illegible] its conventional refinements, he hailed with joy [illegible] of a race of beings of primitive simplicity in their feelings, as where they could be found in their primitive state, in their manners and habits, generous, hospitable, and grateful, brave and beautiful, unceremonious and unartificial, and perfect as God had originally made them.

Such was Dick's theory, based upon a slight acquaintance with a lovely specimen of her race, upon whose education no pains or expense had been spared, and who in her culmination promised to realise all the fond hopes and ardent wishes of her friend.

My acceding so readily to Dick's request was partly from a habit of saying yes to every proposition for a "lark" that [illegible] made, the sudden impulse usually giving them a zest which they would have lost by reflection and consideration, and partly from resolution, already formed, to devote a month to relaxation from the oppressive duties which had confined me to the city for the previous year.

The first of October brought a note from Dick, to meet him on board the S——, at the foot of —— street, at seven o'clock P.M. So throwing into my valise a dozen shirts, cap, shooting-coat and trousers, woollen stockings and thick boots, I took a cab for Pier ——.

Half-past six found me delivered at the steamboat Bald Eagle, at the landing. "Four for a shilling, sweet as honey," by a red-faced Irishwoman, with a true type of her dear Johnny hanging at her breast, a thump from the shoulder of her dear Johnny, or some other scoundrel, with a trunk on his back, accompanied with a "Beg pardon, Sir, didn't see you, Sir," but which nevertheless sent me stumbling forward, and left my hat in the mud behind, an Evening Express (confidentially) thrust into my face by the evident progeny of some mysterious shovel-er, who recovered my hat, and smoothed the mud over it very carefully with his coat sleeve, porters and cabmen running, passengers hallooing, cabs backing suddenly up and dumping their loads with marvellous facility, with a few more such pleasant accompaniments, came over me with a freshness that proved to my own mind that I must have kept myself very quiet since the world began to move, and to the minds of the cabmen and porters that I was possessed with a degree of viridity that might prove profitable.

Ploughing my way to the forward deck, through the three or four hundred people, who, to a stranger, might have seemed to have hit by some unlucky accident upon this particular day and this particular boat for their journey, I discovered Dick standing with his arms a-kimbo, surveying with no little complacency a pyramid of baggage, surmounted by a hand some little mulatto boy, of about fourteen years of age, drumming with his heels the devil's tattoo on a champagne-basket.

The last bell rang, a few farewells were exchanged, a few hands shaken, and the noble boat which had been snorting and pawing like a wild steed impatient for its liberty, [illegible] thrown upon its neck, darted out into the river through its moving crowd of fellows, and, apparently uncertain as to its course, as it made for the middle of the stream, turned its head gradually north, and with a final snort started on its long race with a speed

and untiring vigour that in an animal would have excited the world's surprise.

Consigning my defiled castor to the care of the illustrious Cato, and mounting in its place a cap, I ascended the promenade deck, where, finding Dick in interesting communion with a pretty black-eyed acquaintance whom he had found, I took a seat on the after-rail.

This I chose, to feel the electrical quivering of the iron-sinewed monster, whose convulsive energies, like the leaps of a race-horse which you are riding at full speed, seem almost to identify themselves with and become a part of your own. The hissing of the parted waves, like a flock of valiant geese, as they throw up their proud necks to the air, and then disappear in the distance, denote our progress. The constantly shifting and changing scenery, grouping and re-grouping, the opening and closing vistas, presenting rapid-moving double panorama, as we pace the paved way on either side, which it will occupy all your attention to appreciate and understand. When weary of this, you have before and around you an original and ever-varying medley, whose objects of study, appearance, manners, probable pursuits and residences, may afford you any extent of speculation.

On entering, we found the floor of the cabin covered with the usual complement of settees and their occupants. A black bushy head or two, a bald and very shiny one in close proximity to it, a full-length gentleman standing in the middle of the floor, half undressed, and looking very much disgusted at the necessity of displaying his scantiness in the act of denuding, composed a part of the foreground. Stretched around in every possible variety of attitude and position, lay, sat, reclined, and stood the remainder of the shadowy throng, undressed, and half dressed, a most unhappy group, each one inwardly wondering what in the name of confusion could have induced all the rest to have encroached on his private privilege, and looking upon each new comer as a new and most hateful intruder.

"One hundred and forty, and forty one," said Dick, doubtfully pulling out his tickets. "One hundred and forty one!" slowly drawing open the curtain of the lower berth, and stooping to reveal a remarkably corpulent gentleman in a particularly genial repose.

"Fire!" cried Dick

"Fire!"

"Sir!"

"Sir!"

"What, the devil!"

"No, no, sir," said I, "the upper one no doubt he left for you, as you see it is empty; and you could not certainly be so hard-hearted as to wish to arouse him from such a refreshing slumber."

"I have half a mind, nevertheless, to try the depth of his blubber with the end of my walking-stick," said Dick, giving way to my suggestion in no very pleasant temper. "I do not believe the puppy is any more asleep than I am."

He was not to be aroused.

Divesting myself of coat, boots, and hat, I turned into the middle berth, and was soon in a dreamy maze of half forgetfulness, half consciousness. The silent and shadowy movements of the waiters, as they stole noiselessly round among the sleepers, collecting the material for their nocturnal labours, the regular plunges and hissing of the powerful engine, and the trembling of the solitary suspended lamp, were soon lost in a wild fantasy of bull-dogs and bison-bulls, Indian maidens and red-faced Irish women, which flitted through my fancy in multitudinous profusion.

I was in the midst of a very interesting interview with a beautiful chocolate damsel, reclining on a couch of tiger skins, and surrounded by the spoils of war and implements of the chase, when I was awakened from my trance by a sudden cry of "Fire!" "Fire!" "The boat's on fire!" which was instantly echoed by a hundred mouths, and followed by a noise and confusion that beggars description.

I had barely time to rub open my eyes and draw aside the curtains, when there was a general rush to the companion-way of nearly the whole of the passengers. Out they rolled, pell-mell from their berths; tumbling over one another in the most amusing state of confusion. The heads and shoulders of the under tier were pounced upon as they were protruded by the upper tier, to the no small damage of noses and faces. Slipping, tumbling, swearing, striking officers shouting it was a false alarm, which was generally believed to be a fetch, captain rolling on the floor, having been tumbled over the balusters in a vain attempt to stop the rush up the companion way, were a few of the incidents.

A little fat man, with a squeaking voice, after one or two abortive attempts to get up stairs, in which he lost his wig, rushed with frantic energy to one of the wedge-like cabin-windows, and thrust his person so forcibly in that he could neither advance nor recede. What he said, the rudder could probably tell, but the violent flapping of his little turtle-fin legs was the only indication we had on this side of his state of feeling.

One tall and bony, but cool and collected looking man, whose specific gravity was certainly greater than the water, but whose natural gravity was much greater than the specific, after getting out of his berth, stretching himself, and giving a glance at the scene of confusion, coolly walked to the steward's closet, and after some fumbling, came out with two jugs! Drawing the cork of one, and smelling the contents, he applied it to his mouth, and after a long pull, smacked his lips with great apparent gusto, and pouring the remaining contents on the floor, replaced the cork, which he drove in forcibly. The same process was repeated with the other jug, a slight curl up of the eye-brows in each case denoting a [illegible]. He then took a sheet, and giving an additional blow to the corks, tied one jug in each end, and after walking to the unoccupied window, and noticing the height of the water, slung under his shoulders his ready-made life-preserver, and sat down quietly, to wait till he companion-way was clear.

This scene and choked passage made the exit very slow, and the crowd still more furious. Determined at length to have a little closer view, I was upon the point of jumping from my berth, when a hand from above pushed me back, and the next instant Dick vaulted over my head, and lighted astride the neck of the corpulent gentleman, who had so coolly taken possession of "forty-one," and who was at that instant slowly emerging from his den.

"Fire! fire!" cried Dick, twisting his legs together

"Get off, you scoundrel!" said the corpulent man

"Murder!" cried Dick

"Get off, you villain, or I will murder you!"

"Help! help! I am drowning!" said Dick, twisting his legs tighter, and seizing the stout man by each of his ears.

This was too much for poor human nature, and a desperate struggle ensued, which terminated in the rolling together on the cabin floor, Dick still maintaining his position, and the stout gentleman's face blazing with rage and vexation.

"Oh, my poor mother! I shall never see her again!" blubbered Dick, holding on with the energy of a drowning man.

Here Dick gave a tremendous twist of his legs, at which the fat gentleman opened his mouth, and evinced decided symptoms of strangulation.

"If I get up I will pound you to a mummy, sir!"

Dick took a better hold.

"Do you intend to let me up?" said the gentleman.

"I wonder how far it is to land," said Dick.

Here the round gentleman made a violent plunge, which resulted in a somerset, and had not Dick maintained his position a little his luck, I know not how far he would have rolled.

Succeeding at last in recovering from the convulsions into which the scene had thrown me, I jumped from the berth, and extricating the sufferer from his embarrassments with some little difficulty, raised him to his feet, and pointing to the companion-way, up which the tall man, who had been an amused spectator of the affray, was retreating, his jugs still slung under his arms, intimated that if he expected to save himself no time was to be lost. But no rage had succeeded fear, and the sole objects of his existence appeared to be, first to regulate his wind-pipe, and then to avenge himself on Dick, and it was not till, tapping my forehead significantly with my fore-finger, and bending my thumb mysteriously toward Dick, I conveyed the impression that he was a little damaged in the upper works—in fact nothing less than insane—that I succeeded in quieting him.

Casting first a look of incredulity, and then one of mild compassion and contempt upon Richard, he seized his coat, and enveloping himself in its ample folds, prepared to mount the deck and encounter the apprehended danger.

He was, however, spared the trouble, and the Hudson the pain of having such a sizzling hot subject thrust into its bosom.

The tide had turned, and he was encountered on the stairs by the return current of angry, laughing, scolding, jesting, half-naked, tattered passengers, who had made the important discovery that there was after all no fire or explosion, nothing more, in fact, than the crazy fancies of a man troubled with the night-mare, whose alarming cries had found an answering echo in the breasts of some half-dozen others, from whom the contagion spread to the rest with the rapidity of wild-fire.

I have often thought that there is no better test of a man's temper than an unnecessary fright or alarm, and the difficulty in this case with which sundry staid personages controlled their anger at being so suddenly astonished out of their dignity, and the unqualified pleasure with which a few of the victims enjoyed the joke, as they believed it, were as good indications of natural temper as of the amount at stake, which last is so well supposed to generally regulate one's care for life.

The little fat man who had been serving as a plug to the cabin-window, and who had been enjoying the pleasing contemplation of the waves, rising to his excited imagination with alarming rapidity, and about to engulf him, was seized by the legs by him of the jugs, and after several powerful efforts drawn in. If he could have been wire-drawn, or lengthened out by being pulled through the other way, it would have been a decided improvement to his person

Dick's friend I noticed making a vain attempt to obtain from the indignant captain, who would not listen to a word, the name and address of his volunteer cravat. How he disposed of himself for the night I was never able to ascertain. One thing is certain, he did not trust himself in Dick's vicinity.

The man of the jugs exchanged with the steward his ready-made life-preserver for a pair of clean sheets, and quietly turned in, being soon after followed by most of the remaining passengers. My last recollection is of being lulled to sleep by the bugle-note of his snore, which had been sonably stimulated by some cause, not in any way of course connected with the contents of the jugs.

THE TEST OF TRIFLES

By Clara Wallis.

The moving-spring of many minds, the component part of many existences, the semblances of many virtues, appearing in almost every form and under every name, how shall we distinguish *trifles* from the minute links of the infinite and eternal chain of consequence? Smiles, flower-gifts, tones of music awakening some sympathetic echo, and words carelessly uttered and soon forgotten by the speaker, may assist in transforming a nature, in colouring a destiny, while a soul-engrossing thought and life-engrossing ambition may be essentially trivial and worthless. It is not the nature of the thing alone, then, but the purpose to which it is consecrated, or to which it is degraded, that must assist to decide the question.

Whatever is identified exclusively with *self*, though wealth, fame, and power be involved, must be trifling in its nature, for it is utterly opposed to the development of all that is hallowed and beautiful—the completion of all that is true and real. He whose mind responds alone to what affects his own interest and comfort, has no power to appreciate the happiness he covet, for happiness can alone result from the performance of duty and the diffusion of truth, and in thus creating their consequence, happiness in others. Whatever conduces to the real welfare of mankind generally, or of individuals particularly must be important, though merely a word of kindness, a word reproof, or a truthful idea is conveyed,—though merely the suppression of a wish, of a feeling, is laid on the altar of obedience or affection.

But, worthless as they are, trifles are far from being powerless in their effects, the subtle poison that lurks within the beautiful blossom, to grasp which is most dangerous, is not more concealed by adventitious splendour than the heartlessness of trifling injuries is by the brilliant polish of plausibility and assumed benevolence, and may be, from the deadly reaction caused by its discovery, equally fatal in its results. For the protean aspects of all trifles corresponds with the attributes of the mind they influence; now, glaring beneath the eye of envy, or intenser hate; now, looming like a cloud-wrapt mountain, in the paths of indolence and timidity; anon, diminishing to a mere speck before the energetic progress of faith and will Thus, judging comparatively, we may securely infer that every occurrence, thought, or desire that militates against our duty is, if we analyse it, in reality a trifle; for that alone becomes real which is eternal, while, abstractedly considered, there is nothing trivial, as every atom, material or immaterial, must have a certain weight in either the scale of benefit or injury.

In elucidation, let us examine a cursory sketch or two from the busy world around us. Here we see a delicate interesting looking girl busily and anxiously employed in manufacturing some fairy fabric, it is essentially, of little real utility, but it is to be a token of gratitude to a kind friend who is going to a distant land, and it is all she can give; she looks fatigued, but she stays not to rest, for time is precious and affection moves her wearied hand. Turn to the next sketch look at that beautiful countenance; the rich tresses over which the rose-wreath twines so lovingly, the slender waist clasped with diamonds; the splendid drapery that falls so gracefully around that erect and stately form,—where has her morning been passed? In canvassing for the ensuing election, that her father may be returned to parliament, not for the well-being of her country, but that *he* may rise higher and higher in the scale of power and worldly wealth and honour. And now she is going to the hall of one she deems far inferior, in order that she may, by the condescension, secure additional votes, she is going to sacrifice her feelings at the shrine of ambition! Which, then, of the two is trifling away her time, which performing a duty, preparing her mind for its mission—that mission which is universal—of sacrificing the present for the future on the altars of immortal truth?

The next view represents a hero on the battle-plain, leading on his men to slaughter. The star of victory is culminating; amidst the gloom of war; the proud strains of triumph concluding, mingled with groans of despair and angony, and the visioned crown of fame glitters above his brow as the savage billows of contention ebb and flow;—ebb, to flow fiercer on, crimsoned with the red tide of life! Victory is his aim, that Fame may bestow her mockery of glory, Wealth her perishable treasures, Applause his transient praise, and Flattery his palling echoes! Some few, indeed, fight for their country's glory, not their own; but, though such a feeling is more gracious, and therefore less condemnable, the object to be won is equally illusory. No true glory can be gained by destruction, though much may be by preventing it. and supposing a nation should be compelled to struggle for its liberties—its existence—it should be mourned as a cruel necessity, not gloried in as an opportunity for the development of valour, often another name for obtuseness of nerve.

Here is one more imperfect delineation, and we will close our portfolio. Observe that old gentlemen, seated on a bench in his garden. He has a bunch of wild flowers and herbs in his hands, the nature and uses of which he is explaining to two dark-haired, bright-eyed boys, who are sitting on either side of him. He is teaching them—not from the abstract love of the study, but that they may trace each beauty of construction and adaptation, each wonderful property, to the beneficence of the All-wise Creator A few minutes, and the lesson is over: the boys are sporting joyously among the bright flowers of the garden, where the butterflies fan the rich petals with their painted wings—where the quiet hum of bees, and the sweet, low whistle of the blackbird blend with their merry laugh and rustling steps—where Nature reposes in her mutable but deathless beauty! Which was wasting his life, has allotted share in the distribution of time, and which improving his leisure hour?—the great subjugator of nations, or the simple and venerable studier of flowers and senator of peace?—*People's and Howitt's Journal.*

Domestic Doings in Devonshire.—A Devonshire magistrate says—"Some time since a woman applied to me for a summons against her husband. She said, 'My husband is on his death bed—the parish doctor says he cannot live a week, so I told him as soon as he was dead I should marry again, and he says so sure as I do he will come down the chimney and tear me abroad, so I wants a summons against him, your honour.'"

THE WORKMEN OF LYONS.

BY M. A. AUDIGANNE.

(Translated from the French for the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, *by Walter Weldon)*

THE workmen of Lyons have been, for the last half century, surrounded by a strange and sinister *éclat*. How often, during the long days of distress, has not the attention of all France been riveted upon the ancient metropolis of the Gauls, in which the unfortunate but mistaken masses were waving the flag of social war! Even in the intervals of tranquillity, the gaze of France has rested anxiously upon this Etna only half extinguished, fearing each moment new and sudden eruptions. Nevertheless, the manufacturing workmen of Lyons are but imperfectly known beyond the bounds of their own city. In consequence of the peculiar industrial organisation which prevails therein, and which buries individual activity in the bosoms of the families, it is difficult to penetrate into the moral and intellectual life of the masses. Moreover, people are generally most inquisitive with regard to the Lyonnais in times of political crisis and agitation, when their most important characteristics have disappeared for a time amid the convulsive turmoil and tumult of the moment. There is to-day, however, a marked period of rest for the turbulent inhabitants of Lyons. They are not panting now behind the barricades, but breathing for a few moments calmly and in peace. The moment is, therefore, very favourable for fixing the essential features of this living picture.

An interest perfectly exceptional attaches itself to the study of the vast agglomeration of two hundred and fifty thousand individuals, of whom three-fourths, or thereabouts, are engaged in one single manufacture—that of silk. It was in the serried ranks of this great phalanx that the enemies and sworn adversaries of all social order found but yesterday that implacable army which they delighted to point to as the "arm of socialism." Where are to be found *now* the soldiers which were promised from it for new *emeutes*, the heroes and effectors of new revolutions,—and in what direction, at the present moment, is moving the intelligence of the population of Lyons? To these questions we ought not to be indifferent. An examination of the moral and political condition of that city will furnish a marvellous opportunity for observing what it really is that working men are able to gain by delivering themselves up to revolutionary agitation, and the pursuit of social and political fantasies. Never has a population been more thoroughly imbued with the adventurous spirit of revolution than has that of the great city of the silk-weavers. What has it gained by all its many efforts? To recompense it for its immense losses and long convulsions, has it approached one morsel nearer to its end? Has it not, on the contrary, arrived at perfect powerlessness, and tainted, without exception, every institution it has meddled with? The results which we are about to lay before the reader of our examination of the social, moral, and political condition of Lyons, will be able to teach a most important lesson to the world, and more especially to the working men thereof, for they will make evident the ties which bind the destinies of labour to the destinies of order.

In order to be able to penetrate into the actual thoughts and sentiments of the working classes of Lyons, it is necessary to be acquainted first with the *régime* to which they are subject, and with the natural inclinations of their minds and character. It is necessary also to have some knowledge of their exterior life, and to follow them into the agitated public scenes which are so frequently presented by their city, before we can appreciate the influence which is exercised over their minds by the recollections of recent insurrections. All this we propose to give and do in the course of the present paper.

I.—LYONS AND ITS INDUSTRY.

When one studies in its details this strange city of Lyons, which strikes the traveller every time he sees it with a new astonishment, one is struck with the evident connexion which exists between its topographical configuration and the spirit of its population. It is not a city bearing any likeness to any other, forming a compact and homogeneous mass, but everything in it is unequal and clashing with all else. The various parties among its inhabitants are divided from each other by natural barriers. Till very lately, when a presidential decree did away, partially, at least, with the anomaly, the very laws divided the population of Lyons into different *communes*, thus giving sanction to its ideas of division. It is essential that we should picture the topography of the city, if we would have the reader understand its moral situation.

At the point where the rivers Saone and Rhône prepare themselves to join, a high and steep hill separates, and bathes its feet in, their two yet unmingled floods. A little farther on, the mountain suddenly sinks into a plain, which is triangular in shape, a couple or three kilometres in length, and bounded on two sides by the two rivers, and on the third by the steep side of the mountain we have mentioned. The central point of Lyons is situated at the foot of this steep declivity, up which the city climbs by steps, consisting of six-storied houses, till it reaches the summit, upon which, covering it entirely, it finds the populous quarter *de la Croix-Rousse*. The city is not, however, wholly confined to the space which lies between the two rivers, but also spreads itself over the right bank of the Saone, which was the site of the original city, and over the left bank of the Rhone, to a great distance. Enclosed within the bosom of these grand natural divisions are others quite as boldly marked, which seem to render every quarter of the city as distinct from every other as are separate towns. Each social class is packed up by itself in its own quarter, as separately as the Jews were from the Christians in the towns of the middle ages. The *fabricans* are grouped about the foot of the declivity before described, and to which is given the name of the Grand' Cote. The merchants, the *commissionnaires*, have their counting-houses in the centre of the city, and upon the quays which cover the right bank of the Rhône, while those who are dependent upon neither trade nor commerce, the families whose fortunes are hereditary, reside in the most southerly portion of the city, sloping in the direction of the wide fields of Perrache. In the *Guillotière*, as it is called, which is situated upon the left bank of the Rhone, and also separated by that river from the most aristocratic portion of the city, are encamped the most nomadic class of the population, is found the rendezvous of all the *gens tarés et sans aveu*,* who are numbered among the children of Lyons, and are gathered together all those vicious elements which are always enclosed within the bosom of a great gathering of men. The houses placed under the surveillance of the police are situated in the Guillotière, in the low streets which run parallel with the banks of the river. Seek not there, however, for the workmen of Lyons, *les ouvriers de la fabrique*, as we say in common parlance, including thus under one designation all the artizans whose labours have connexion with the staple manufacture of the city. The numerous workmen who are included in this extensive category have their dwellings principally in the quarter of the Croix-Rousse, which consists of an immense assemblage of workshops, from all of which escapes the same dull sound, and in all of which the same occupations are carried on. In this part of the city none beside these *ouvriers* reside, not even a single vender of the necessaries of life dwelling within it, but —inconceivably vast as is its wide extent—it has grown to be insufficient for even the small accommodation which is asked for by the Lyonnais silk-weavers, and they have been obliged also to spread themselves over the surface of the Grand'-Cote, and to transport a portion of their body across the Rhône, on the other bank of which it occupies that part of the Guillotière which is situated at the least distance from the quarter of the Croix-Rousse, at whose further extremity, round the sombre and gloomy cathedral of Saint Jean, in the ancient *quartiers* of Saint George and of Saint-Juet, resides the only remaining portion of the weavers of Lyons.

It will thus be seen that this vast body of *ouvriers* forms, as it were, a single compact mass, in one place intersected by the Rhône, but otherwise undivided, and placed apart from all other portions of the population of Lyons, and it now remains for us to inquire into the nature of the *régime* under which it exists.

As the silk manufacture consists of a multiplicity of various operations,† it brings face to face the interests of more parties than

* Men whose characters will not bear scrutiny, and low people.

† The weaving of silk necessitates the performance of various labours of a goodly number of successive, which are generally divided between. To these are given the names of Apprentices, or draw-boys; Drawers, or folders; Doublers, or winders; Bobbineers, or pirn winders; and Warpers. Lisseuses, those who prepare the draw-boys; Liseurs, those who read the designs in order to put them upon the cards, &c. &c.

one, but of these interests it will be sufficient to name the three principal ones—that is to say, the interests of the *fabricans*,* those of the *chefs-d'atelier*, and those of the *compagnons*, upon the relations towards each other which are borne by each of which depends entirely the public peace and prosperity. The *fabricans* receive their orders sometimes from the *commissionaires*—commission agents—of Paris or of their own city, and sometimes directly from the merchants who require the goods. Excepting a few kinds of stuffs which are always saleable, and always form a safe investment, they never manufacture anything for which they have not orders, and the moment these are completed the looms they have put into motion cease to beat. The *fabricant*—so many and so various are the species of goods which he manufactures—has not always in stock, when he receives his orders, the raw material necessary for the manufacture of the goods required, and still more seldom has he in employment at the time the particular "hands" required to make them He has therefore to send out amongst the workmen of the city, in order to engage those of them he requires, just as the barons of the middle ages, before the formation of regular standing armies, sent out to enlist soldiers when they were inclined to fight a neighbour The *fabricant* delivers the unmanufactured silk—having first given directions respecting the pattern, &c &c, of the article to be woven—to the *chef-d'atelier*, who carries it to his workshop, weaves as much as he can of it himself, and enrolls *compagnons* to weave the remaining portion The looms made use of are nearly always the property of the *chef*. The *compagnons* labour with him in the same workshop, which rarely contains more than four or five looms, and is only calculated for the accommodation of a very limited number of workmen.

The *ouvriers* have *none* in absolute independence of the *fabricans* who supply them with the silk which they work up, the contract between the two parties always ending with the receipt from the workmen of the silk given out to them. A *fabricant* has, sometimes, supply one workshop for a length of time, but a fresh contract is entered into every time a new quantity of silk is furnished to its *chef*, so that no compensation is possible between the manufacturing system of Lyons and that which prevails in the vast factories of Flanders, Alsace, or Normandy

The province of which Lyons is the capital port more than one half of the departments which are seated near that of the Rhone, and, excepting times of commercial crisis and stagnation, there have been constantly and steadily thousand looms at work in it, and of these 35,000 are in the town itself To show the proportion of French silks which are manufactured in Lyons alone, it will be sufficient to state that the fabrics made of silk only, together with those of which the greater part is silk, employing in the country (France), about 130,000 looms, which produce goods to the annual value of 360 millions of francs, of which 200 millions worth are manufactured by us. Of the 360 millions of francs worth of silk goods, rather less than half are exported, the country's annual exports of such goods amounting to the value of 170 millions of francs, of which 120 millions worth are furnished by Lyons, which thus finds its principal markets in the exterior of France The most valuable customers of the Lyonnais are the merchants of the United States, with those of England, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Russia, Mexico, Turkey, Italy, and Brazil The rich brocaded stuffs for which their city has become so famous, although giving employment to very many of the best workman, are far from equalling in amount of value the commoner stuffs which form the staple of its manufacture. The annual value of the brocaded stuffs exported from Lyons is as nearly as possible equal to 40 millions of francs, or about a third of that of its gross exports. There exists in foreign countries an eager combination against the Lyonnais industry more than 230,000 silk looms being employed by foreign weavers Prussia brings largely into the markets of the world the [illegible] and velvet ribbons of Crevelt and Elberfeld, Switzerland [illegible] sarsenets, taffetes, and lute-strings of Zurich, Savoy the fabrics velvets of Faverges, and England the various silk fabrics which are manufactured at Paisley, Coventry, Derby, Macclesfield, Manchester The Great Exhibition, however, of 1851, has put into bold relief the superiority above all others of the fabrics of Lyons, and rendered evident to the most casual observer the incomparable beauty of the colours prepared by the Lyonnais dyers, the exquisite taste of her *fabricans* and manufacturers, and the unapproachable ingenuity of her weavers All the world has seen, too, from the specimens there exhibited, that the Lyonnais spin a great deal finer silks than are spun elsewhere and possess the art, more than any others, of appropriating to the various fabrics the kinds of silk which are the most suited for their manufacture Nevertheless, as certain foreign manufacturers have the advantage on the side of price, the contest between them and the Lyonnais brethren is often unfavourable to the latter, especially as in goods manufactured for the foreign markets, a low price is usually a greater recommendation than that superiority of execution which distinguishes even the commonest of the fabrics of Lyons.

It has been calculated that in silk-weaving every couple of looms requires for the weaving of their produce and the [illegible] operations the constant employment of five persons, so that [illegible] 70,000 Lyons looms [illegible] the Lyons silks must [illegible] employ [illegible] Of this number one half [illegible] inhabitants of the city itself,—of the Croix Rousses [illegible] neighbouring *quartiers*, we have mentioned— [illegible] are contained within the [illegible] of Lyons, [illegible] however, being [illegible] that of the [illegible] villages from the capital The numbers of the weavers are recruited in two ways, viz by hereditary descent, the son of a Lyons artizan generally following the trade of his father, and by the emigration from the country of new workmen, whom the reductions of the city have induced to forsake the plough and oxen for the loom and shuttle, and who are engaged by the *chef d'atelier* first as apprentices, then as *compagnons*. These companions arrive from a thousand different places, from Ain, from the Isere, Doubs, the Jura, Switzerland, Piedmont, and almost every part of France. When they have once become manufacturing artizans, it is seldom that they fail to remain such, but they very often change their *chef* and workshop, partly in consequence of the mobility of their humour, and partly in consequence of the changes which take place in the trade itself. Some of the *compagnons*—those of them who are careful and saving and determined to get on in life—become in the course of time *chefs d'atelier* themselves. These *chefs d'atelier* divide amongst the *compagnons* only one half of the amount which they receive from the *fabricans*, keeping themselves the other half for the rent of the workshop and that of the instruments of labour.

The wages earned by the weavers are generally but small. We will adduce an example which will give an idea. For the weaving of black silks, of an ordinary quality, such as form the greatest portion of the silks of Lyons, the *fabricant* pays 70 centimes * per mètre, and the *ouvrier*, by working from five o'clock in the morning till ten at night, is able—if he is not inordinately slow—to weave about four *mètres*. He thus earns as nearly as possible three francs per day, of which one half reverts to the *chef-d'atelier*, leaving only one franc and 50 centimes for himself. At some kinds of weaving higher wages

* The [illegible] [illegible] exact number [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

may be gained, but on the other hand the earnings sometimes are considerably less, so that the sum we have just named may be fairly taken as the mean. The women who are engaged in the manufacture are styled *compagnonnes*, and are placed upon exactly the same footing as the men. They weave by far the greater portion of the plain silks, whose manufacture requires the exercise of considerably less physical strength than does that of the brocaded fabrics, in the weaving of which latter, after each throw of the shuttle, it is necessary to raise a number of cords to which extremely heavy weights are suspended. The process of weaving, however, although still extremely painful and unhealthy, as it constrains the weaver to continue always in one position and always to be making the same movements, is a far less heavier labour than it was in days gone-by, and has been rendered so, as all the world is aware, by the genius of a simple *ouvrier* of the city which we speak of. His name will be handed down to every future generation, as one of the greatest benefactors to his race that ever lived.*

(*To be continued.*)

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A BANK IN AMERICA.

BY MR. W. WELLS BROWN, AN ESCAPED SLAVE.

In the autumn of 1835, having been cheated out of the previous summer's earnings, by the captain of the steamer, in which I had been employed, running away with the money, I was, like the rest of the men, left without any means of support during the winter; and therefore had to seek employment in the neighbouring towns. I went to the town of Monroe, in the state of Michigan, and while sauntering [illegible] unemployed, I took a look into a small, I passed one of [illegible] barber in the town, whose shop appeared to be filled with persons waiting to be shaved. As there was but one man at work, and as I had already been employed in the steamer, occasionally shaved a gentleman who could not perform that office himself, it occurred to me that I might get employment here as a genteel way of living; I therefore made immediate application for work, but the barber told me he did not need a hand. But I was not to be put off so easily, and after making several different kinds of work cheap, I frankly told him, that if he would not employ me, I would get a room near to him, and set up an opposition establishment. This threat however, made no impression on the barber, and as I was leaving, one of the men who were waiting to be shaved said, "If you want a room in which to commence business, I have one on the opposite side of the street." This man followed me out, we went over, and I looked at the room. He strongly urged me to set up at the same time promising to give me his influence. I took the room, purchased an old table, two chairs, got a pole with a red stripe, [illegible] opened with a sign over the door, "[illegible] New York, Emperor of the West." I need not add that my enterprise was very annoying to the "shop over the way,"—especially my sign, which happened to be the most expensive part of the concern. Of course, I had to tell all who came in that my neighbour on the opposite side did not keep clean towels, that his razors were dull, and, bove all, he had never been to New York to see the fashions. Nor had I. In a few weeks I had the entire business of the town, to the great discomfiture of the other barber. At this time, money matters in the Western States were in a sad condition. Any person who could raise a small amount of money was permitted to establish a bank, and allowed to issue notes for four times the sum raised. This being the case, many persons borrowed money merely long enough to exhibit to the bank inspectors, and the borrowed money was returned, and the bank without a dollar in its vaults, if, indeed, it had a vault about its premises. The result was, that banks were started all over the Western States, and the country flooded with worthless paper. These were known as the "Wild Cat Banks." Silver coin being very scarce, and the banks not being allowed to issue notes for a smaller amount than one dollar, several persons put out notes from 5 to 75 cents in value, these were called "Shinplasters." The Shinplaster was in the shape of a promissory note, made payable on demand. I have often seen persons with large rolls of these bills, the whole not amounting to more than five dollars. Some weeks after I had commenced business on my "own hook," I was one evening very much crowded by customers, and while they were talking over the events of the day, one of them said to me, "Emperor, you seem to be doing a thriving business. You should do as other business men, issue your 'Shinplasters.'" This, of course, was not intended, created a laugh, but with me it was no laughing matter, for from that time I began to think seriously of becoming a banker. I accordingly went a few days after to a printer, and he, wishing the job of printing, urged me to put out my notes, and showed me some specimens of engravings that he had just received from Detroit. My head being already filled with a bank, I needed but little persuasion to set the thing fairly afloat. Before I left the printer the notes were partly in type, and I studying how I should keep the public from counterfeiting them. The next day my Shinplasters were handed to me the whole amount being [illegible] dollars, and after being duly signed were ready for circulation. At first my notes did not take well, they were too new, and viewed with a suspicious eye. But through the assistance of my customers, and a good deal of exertion on my own part, my bills were soon in circulation; and nearly all the money received in return for my notes was spent in fitting up and decorating my shop. Few bankers get through this world without their difficulties, and I was not to be an exception. A short time after my bank had been out a party of young men, either to pull down my vanity, or to try the soundness of my bank, determined to give it a run. After collecting together a number of my bills, they came one at a time to demand other money for them, and I, not being aware of what was going on, was taken by surprise. One day as I was sitting at my table, stropping some new razors, I had just got with the ashes of my "Shinplasters," one of the men entered and said, "Emperor, you will oblige me if you will give me some other money for the notes of yours." I immediately cashed the note with the most [illegible] of the Wild Cat money that I had on hand, the which was a lawful tender. These notes had scarcely left when a second appeared with [illegible] and demanded payment. These were cashed, and soon a third one with a roll of notes. I paid these with an air of triumph, although I had but half a dollar left. I began now to think seriously what I should do, or how to act, provided another demand should be made. While I was thus engaged in thought, I saw the fourth man crossing the street, with a handful of notes, evidently my "Shinplasters." In great anxiety I shut the door, and locking out of the window, said, "I have closed business for the day, come to-morrow, and I will see you." In looking across the street, I saw my travelling friend in his shop-door, gesticulating and clapping his hands as a payment down. I was completely "done *Brown*" for the day. However, I was not to be "used up" in this way, so I escaped by the back door, and went in search of my friend who had first suggested to me the idea of issuing notes. I found him, told him of the difficulty I was in, and wished him to point out some way by which I might extricate myself. He laughed heartily, and then said, "You must be a stranger to do in this part of the country." I replied I never was, and he said, "When your notes are brought to you, you refuse to redeem them, and then send out and get other money for them, and, with the latter, you can keep cashing your own 'Shinplasters.'" This was indeed a new job to me. I immediately commenced putting in circulation the notes which I had just redeemed, and my efforts were crowned with so much success that before I slept that night my "Shinplasters" were again in circulation, and my bank once more on a sound basis. As I saw the clerks shovelling out the yellow coin upon the counters of the Bank of England, and men coming in and going out with weighty bags of the precious metal in their hands, or on their shoulders, I could not but think of the great contrast between the monster Institution within whose walls I was then standing, (the Bank of England) and the Wild Cat Banks of America!

*Before the invention by Jacquard of the machine which bears his name, each loom required two individuals to work, one placed at each side of the machine in the most painful of all possible positions: no one of the looms either was able to execute more than one design, while the Jacquard loom, by merely changing the cards, will execute any number.

CLARA GREGORY, OR, THE STEPMOTHER

A STORY IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V

One morning a few days after the evening of the last chapter, Mrs Gregory — was entering the breakfast room—found her husband reading a letter

"This is from my sister Mrs Horland, of Cincinnati she is sudden great bereavement in the death of her husband It [illegible] but I believe I must go to her, Catharine Poor Ellen was always a dependent creature, and I cannot leave her alone A note from Mr Horland's clerk says, that his affairs were left in a very embarrassed condition, and presses urgently that I should come to save Ellen from imposition and fraud"

"She does, indeed, need you sadly, and we ought to let you go, but, can your practice spare you?"

"There are no patients now whom it would not do to leave with you's Pa [illegible] Instant [illegible] sible"

The [illegible] conversation at the [illegible] ry should start the next morning

"Dear Catherine," said he, at parting, "I pray you to feel that you are mistress of this house Be sure that the children revere your authority—I am happy in intrusting them to you"

One week from that day, in the pleasant twilight, an antique family carriage, that had been splendid in its day, drew up before the gateway, and two individuals very much of the same description emerged from its cavernous interior.

"Grandfather and Grandmother Newell, as true as I live!" cried Alice, who was looking out

All rushed to the window and then to the door to welcome the venerable visitants With joyous exclamations and great running to and fro, they were at last seated so comfortably that nothing more could be done without making them less comfortable Eddie was on his grandfather's knee, Alice leaned over her grandmother's chair, while Clara was seated between them Mrs Gregory hastened to prepare a dish of tea, to refresh them after their ride

"Well, my poor dears, how do you get along?" asked Mrs Newell, as soon as the stepmother had disappeared

Clara looked to Alice

"As well as we possibly could without our own dear mother," said Alice "I am glad your are come to see for yourself," and she kissed the old lady's pale, wrinkled cheek

"Yes, I shall see," replied the grandmother, and accordingly that evening and the next day [illegible]

"See what Mr. Brentford gave [illegible] from a walk with Clara on the following afternoon, he bounded into the room, brandishing above his head an enormous paper of bon-bons

"Mr Brentford was very kind, was he not?" said his mother, taking a sugar-plum which the child generously extended to her He bestowed a similar bounty on every one in the room, and then sat down to the work of feeding himself, which he performed with extraordinary celerity, bolting the sugar-coated poison by the handful

"There, Neddie, you have had quite enough for this time," interposed his mother "You will make yourself sick"

No, no!" cried the young *gourmand*, grasping his precious package with great energy, and turning away, "I want them all"

"Not all, now—Oh, no, that would not do, at all Bring them to me, and I will keep them for you, and give them to you when it is best for you to have them."

Emboldened to disobedience by the presence of those whom he had never failed to conquer, the child hugged his treasure still closer, and [illegible] physiognomy for a cry

"Neddie—I want you to bring me your sweet-meats," said Mrs G

He took refuge by the chair of his grandmother, who began to caress him. The stepmother's [illegible] deepened, but she said in a low, firm tone, [illegible]

"Edward, my child, bring me that package"

It was with rather a slow and reluctant footsteps, but he did bring it and place it in her hands She said simply—

"That is right," and left the room.

As she closed the door, however, she heard tremulous tones telling how "they shouldn't abuse grandma's little dove—no, they shouldn't!—who was grandma's darling!"

This was but one instance, among many, that occurred during the visit, when the step-mother found herself forced to exercise her parental authority, and then to listen to the condolence bestowed on the victim of her despotism

That evening Mr. Brentford spent there. He made himself very much at home, holding old Mrs Newell's yarn for her, listening with the most exemplary complaisance to Mr. Newell's interminable tales, consigning to Eddie his elegant repeater for a plaything, singing with Clara, playing chess with Alice, talking with Mrs Gregory, evidently bent on earning for himself the epithet, which the old lady was not slow in bestowing, of "a *very* pretty young man"

Mrs. Gregory admired him in all but his conversation, and in this she could not persuade herself that he was not shallow, flippant, and arrogant She sought to draw him out on many subjects, but found none on which he was thoroughly informed—none on which she expressed fine sentiments that had about them any of the freshness of originality.

CHAPTER VI.

"WHAT a genial, delicious air it is, to-night!" said Mrs. Gregory to herself, as she sat alone in her chamber one evening, "so light too! How beautiful!" she exclaimed, as she opened the window and stepped out on the balcony As she did so, the sound of voices arrested her attention

She looked down into the garden, and saw Brentford and Clara slowly pacing along the garden walk, in the light of "the young May moon" His arm girdled the light shawl that floated about her waist, his cap was placed coquettishly over her dark curls, his musical voice filled her ear

"Poor, poor child!" murmured her step-mother, as she turned away, "how I wish this stranger had never come here! How continually he is in her society—how much he fascinates her, and how destitute he really is of everything worthy of her regard What shall I do? What would my husband have me to do Shall I leave her to her own discretion? 'I have [illegible] in intrusting them to you"—Oh! if she only had *a mother!*"

At that moment, the soft sound of music stole up through the sleeping air How deep and rich, yet how delicately modulated, was the voice that sung,—

"In parlours of splendour, though lonely in glances,
[illegible] the fairy form's dancing,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
The face that I love, in its beauty revealing
I'd list to the voice that is sweeter by far
Than the tones of the lute or the heartless guitar

The accents of love all my spirit are filling
With rapture subduing, yet blissful and thrilling
Alas! the kind minutes, unkindly are speeding,
For joy or for sorrow, unstaying, unheeding,
Oh! dearest, mine own one, whatever may be
This *presence*, my spirit ne'er parteth from thee"

The last words melted away in the most liquid melody "Ah! he will sing her heart away!" thought Catharine, as the magical tone died, echo-like "How ravishingly sweet that was! and how adoringly Clara loves music!" She sat down and leaned her head upon her hand, thinking anxiously, than suddenly taking her pencil, wrote these words,

"DEAR CLARA,—Listen kindly, I entreat you, to a few words, which nothing but the most anxious solicitude for your interest could induce me to intrude upon you.

"Are you sure that your father, that your *mother* would approve so great an intimacy with one so much a stranger as Mr Brentford? Be chary of your heart, I implore you He may be all his very prepossessing appearance seems to claim, but remember, you do not know him

"Forgive these suggestions, at once so unwelcome and so reluctant, and believe that you have no sincerer friend than

CATHARINE GREGORY."

She folded the little note, and stepping across the hall, laid it on Clara's table.

As she sat at the window, reading, the next morning, the trampling of horses in the court-yard attracted her notice. There sat Clara on her horse, Brentford encouraging her graceful timidity, and caressing the fiery animal on which she was mounted Another moment and he, too, vaulted into the saddle, and away! Nobody knew better than Brentford that he looked nowhere so well as on a horse, and understood nothing so well as horsemanship. Mrs Gregory admired them all, riders and horses, as they passed, looking so elegant, so excited, and so happy

"Perhaps she did not observe my note," thought she.

"Do they not look beautiful!" cried Alice, entering at that moment; "Clara's riding-dress is so becoming to her perfect

form She sits like a queen. And then Brentford—I hardly know which to admire most, him or his horse—and that is saying a great deal"

"Your comparison is very apt, Alice," said her mother, laughing, "for Mr. Brentford's beauty is very much of the same character as that of the noble brute he bestrides They certainly are both extremely handsome"

"Well, I wouldn't care if he were as ugly as Caliban, if I could only ride his magnificent gray Oh! if I were only old enough to be invited! But I must to my quadratic equations! Oh, I had forgotten—this note Clara left for you"

Mrs Gregory hastily opened it, and read thus

"Clara's father is not in the habit of [illegible] with the inspection of her affairs, and Mrs Gregory will excuse her not to burden her mind with any undue solicitude

C L GREGORY"

The tears sprang to the step-mother's eyes as she read these lines, but she brushed them away, for she heard footsteps at her door It opened, and there stood Dr. Gregory himself A [illegible]

"[illegible]" he asked

"Alice left me but a moment ago, Neddie is in the garden, at play, I believe, and Clara has gone to ride"

"To ride!—With whom?"

"With Mr Brentford, a young man who came to town about the time you left, and has become somewhat intimate here I should like to have you make his acquaintance"

"Why, what is he?"

"You will see for yourself," answered his wife, with a smile "But you have told me nothing about your poor sister yet"

It was not long before Dr Gregory had an opportunity of meeting the stranger, and holding quite a long conversation with him in his own house.

"That is the man you spoke of" said he abruptly to his wife, as the door closed on the visitor

She assented

"A *man*, indeed, if hair and cloth can make one. It is a pity he hadn't a brain inside his comely cranium"

[illegible] on her step-mother, as the doctor [illegible] himself, and sailed majestically out of the room

CHAPTER VII.

THE last rays of a June sun were streaming into Clara's chamber through the open window at which she sat

"There goes father into his office!" she exclaimed "He is alone Now or never!" and snatching her sun-bonnet, she ran quickly down the stairs and across the garden to the little white vine covered office that stood at its foot A moment's hesitation, as she laid her hand on the latch, and then, with a sudden air of resolution, she opened the door and went in Her father, who sat at the window, reading, glanced at her as she entered, nodded slightly, and went on with his book.

Clara walked across the floor to the library, and searched it diligently Yet her father did not ask her what she wanted She rattled gently the bones of a skeleton that hung in the corner Still he did not look up She played a tattoo on the skull of a Hottentot. The imperturbable doctor moved not So she went up to him, and laid her hand on the back of his chair, saying,

"Have you a few minutes for me, father?"

"Oh yes, my dear Can you wait till I finish this article?" So she leaned upon his chair, gazing out of the window, and wishing herself back in her room

"Well, Clara, I am ready for you," said her father at last, closing his book

But she seemed to have nothing ready to say, and began to pull to pieces a stray branch of woodbine that looked in at the window

"Why what is it, my child—do you want a new frock, or what?"

"No, sir. I want—I came to ask you—why the truth is, father, that I want to be married, and beg you to tell me yes, when I ask you if I may."

"Want to be *married*!" cried the doctor, laughing immoderately "Now I protest, of all the fooleries, that is the last I should have thought of the child's asking for! Why, see here, dear—how long is it since you were romping about here, in short dresses, and short hair, and all that? Want to be married!" and he gazed at her with an incredulous smile.

"I am nearly seventeen," observed Clara, with considerable dignity

"Oh, indeed! I beg your pardon, madam!" exclaimed her father, in a tone of profound deference, at the same time seating her on his knee. "You want to be married Now, what for, my little lady?"

"Why, I think, without it, neither I nor one other can ever be happy."

"And who might that other individual be?"

"I dare not tell you, for you are prejudiced against him, and will refuse me"

"Prejudiced, am I? What, do you opine, has prejudiced me?"

"I think you adopted the opinions of another before seeing him, and were not prepared to judge justly"

"Is it this Brentford you mean?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl, colouring deeply, and turning away her head

"And what do you suppose would make your happiness with him?"

"We love each other!"

"What is it that you love in him?"

"Why, he is [illegible]"

"Are you quite sure [illegible] Or is it that he is handsome, so genteel, so elegantly bearded, so devoted to you But I will not keep you on the rack, my poor child I will tell you at once, that it is not my wish that you should marry mortal man, be he who he may, till you come to years of discretion, which is not likely to be for four or five yet.

"You do not know, now, what you will want when your taste is fully formed, your character consolidated. I am convinced that this man who now captivates you so much, possesses none, or next to none, of the qualities necessary to secure your permanent happiness and election in the connexion you desire He is far from being the person to whose influence I should be willing to have you subject your whole future life And, indeed, if he met my entire approval, I should be very reluctant to have you pledge yourself so early

"Be not in haste to assume the cares and responsibilities of life, my dear child, they will come soon enough at furthest I would have you a strong, right-minded, well-developed woman, before you take the station and duties of a woman I would not advise you to marry now, unless I were willing to risk the peace of your whole life, which I am far enough from being" And he drew down her blushing cheek, and kissed it

"Do you not suppose your lover would find another lady as much to his taste, should you reject him?"

"Never!" replied Clara, emphatically, "he has told me a hundred times that he never loved before, and he never should again."

"Very well," returned her father, with a quiet smile, "if he will give you bail for his re-appearance here, four years from this day, I shall be ready to listen to his proposals, if I am alive But why did he not prefer his suit him self, like a man, instead of pilfering your heart [illegible] A heavy frown lowered on Doctor Gregory's [illegible] daughter hastened to dissipate, saying,—

"Indeed, he would have seen you, but I preferred to, because—"

"Because what?"

"I thought you would be more willing to listen to me."

"I hope I should be reasonable with any one You understand my wishes, Clara, and no doubt, I may depend on your acquiescence in them You need not trouble yourself any further about a marriage, till you are of age, at least As to Mr Brentford, I rely on your judgment and sense of propriety, my daughter, to direct your future conduct Of course, you will discontinue any intimate friendship with him

"I am heartily sorry to disappoint you, love, but I have not a doubt you will be infinitely happier in the end"

Clara's lip quivered, and her eyes were so full of tears she dared not close them, as she rose, and pulling her sun bonnet over her face, glided out of the office and up the garden walk. She ran up the stairs to her room, turned the key, and burst into tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

WEEKS have passed, and young Clara Gregory sits again, alone, at that western window, pale and troubled The letter which she holds in her hand is the secret of her perplexity.

"He still loves me, then! He cannot give me up! He is so miserable—am I not cruel to condemn to misery one whose only crime is loving me too well? How gently he hints it—dear Brentford! But then a secret marriage seems so mean. Father, too Then I have refused once, so positively Shall I recant? I that am so inflexible! Indeed I should be ashamed to, still nobody would know it but Brentford himself

"I never did disobey my father in my life, still, as this letter says, I am the best judge what is necessary to my own happiness—and it concerns me only. Father did not consult my wishes about marrying himself, and so he could not help forgiving me if I should disregard his. Shall I shut myself up at home to see that detestable step-mother exult in her success in frustrating my plans? No, Brentford, no! She shall not exult, she shall know that there are no thanks to her that I am not yours Yet, but for her, I do

not believe father would ever have objected. I will not be thwarted by *her!* An elopement? What is that more than a thousand ladies have consented to? Some of the very most perfect that ever were imagined, too. Why should I set myself up above all the world in my puritanism? It is no such shocking thing, after all.

"But father relies upon my honour and sense of propriety; oh, well, he will be glad afterwards, when he sees how happy I am, and will like me the better, perhaps, for showing a little of his own energy. It will be just the same in the end as though I were married at home, only a bit of romance about it."

And so the girl went on, zealously persuading her willing self that nothing could be more excusable—justifiable—commendable, than for her to abscond from her father's house, and secretly to wed against his will

"Yes, I come, Brentford!" she exclaimed aloud; and seizing a pen, she wrote and sealed a bond to that effect.

"Now I *must* go," thought she, "for I have promised."

That evening she asked her father's permission to go on a few weeks' visit to her friend Arabella, who had recently returned to her home.

"Oh, yes, my dear, I shall be glad to have you go and enjoy yourself as much as you can, and as fast, too, for we cannot spare you a long while."

Clara's cheek burned as she thanked him, and turned away, for she knew he little imagined how long or how eventful was the absence she contemplated.

They thought she seemed strangely sad and agitated the next morning, as she bade them adieu to start on her excursion. Her sister felt a tear drop on her hand, as Clara embraced her and whispered—

"Good bye, dear, *dear* Alice!"

How anxious she seemed to do every little kindness for her father that morning, how solicitous to please him in all things! When he bade her "good morning," she seemed to wait for him to say something more, but he only added—

"Be a good girl, my daughter."

What a rush of emotions crowded each other through her mind, when she found herself seated among strangers in the railway car, speeding away like the wind from that sweet home, and the life-long friends who loved her as themselves, from the grave of her mother—whither? To the arms of one of whose very existence she had been ignorant but a few weeks ago! For his sake she had forsaken those tried and precious friends—had parted from them with a *lie* upon her lips. To him she was about to give *herself*.

Perhaps a painful doubt crossed her mind of the honour of one who could demand from one so young, so unadvised, such a sacrifice of truth, of duty, of home, just for his sake Perhaps a query arose whether there was enough in him to compensate for all she lost—whether the charm of his society would last through all the vicissitudes of life.

An old man sat before her, and from every wrinkle of his time-worn visage, a quiet tone seemed to ask her—

"Will your heart still cling to its hero when the rust of poverty is on his shining garments, and care has furrowed his fair forehead, and his raven hair has grown gray, and his proud form bent, and his rich voice wasted and broken?"

She felt, too, like a fugitive; she fancied that people looked suspiciously at her. Especially was there an eye that vexed her; a black, piercing eye, that peered out from a pale face through a mourning veil. It looked as though it might read the inmost secrets of one's heart—and its frequent gaze became almost insupportable to Clara.

But they were rapidly approaching Burrill Bridge, the station where her lover had promised to join her. How intently she gazed from the window, as the Iron Horse began to halt, and the conductor shouted "Burrill Bridge!"

There he stood, as distinguished as ever among the crowd. She felt a thrill of pride as she marked the involuntary deference with which the throng made way for his lofty form, and said within herself, "He is mine!"

Within him once more at her side, listening to his fascinating tones, she felt that she was in little danger of making too great a sacrifice for him; she reproached herself that she had ever faltered. Still she felt guilty and unsafe, startled at every new entrance; and it was with an emotion of dread that she glanced towards the stranger, whose observation had been so oppressive to her. But her eye brightened with an expression of relief as it caught the wave of her black garments passing into another car.

After a long, long ride of nearly forty-eight hours, they stopped

Oh! how far I am from dear, quiet Vernon, in this great, strange city!" thought Clara. But her heart fluttered as she heard Brentford order the hack-man to "drive to —— church."

"You shall be mine before we rest," she whispered to her. Before another hour had passed the solemn irrevocable words were spoken which sealed her destiny! She felt their momentous import as she never had before.

A little group of loiterers in the vestibule gazed curiously at them as they passed out, and behind them Clara saw the same black eye that had annoyed her so much on the journey. Why should *she* be there, in the sultry noon, from the dust and weariness of travel?

Chapter IX.

That same afternoon the bride sat alone in her room in a fashionable hotel. A tap at her door—it is that stranger of the black eye and mourning dress. Though amazed and not altogether pleased, Clara invited her to a seat.

"I think, ma'am, you were married this morning in —— church, to Mr. Bernal Brentford?"

Clara assented, with a faint blush.

"I could not tell you, if I should try, how sorry I am to blast your happiness, but perhaps you will be thankful to me sometime I must tell you that he, who has just wedded you, *is the husband of another*. Mr. Brentford has been, for four years, a married man!"

Clara stared at the woman in blank amazement, as though she did not comprehend what monstrous tale she was trying to make her believe

At last, however, she seemed to understand, and with a sudden burst of indignation, and flashing eyes, she exclaimed—

"Who are you, that *dare* say such a thing? It is false! I know it is false! Brentford is true—he is honourable. I say, how dare you come here with that foul, despicable slander against him, my noble husband?"

She stood directly before her visitant, and clasped her cold hands together very tightly, that she might not seem to tremble The black eyes looked mournfully and steadily on her, as the stranger replied—

"Poor girl! I dare come here and tell you this, because I know it is the truth, and I would save an innocent young fellow-being from disgrace and misery I know one who, five years ago, was as light-hearted a creature as ever trilled a song Then she met Bernal Brentford. He flattered her. He sang with her. He said he loved her. He took her away from her happy, happy home in the sunny south, and carried her to the city. There he squandered her fortune, and deserted her.

"Could I be human and suffer another poor heart to be murdered in this same way?"

As she spoke she drew a paper from her pocket, and handed it to Clara, who had sunk down into a chair, pale and speechless. She took it, and opened it mechanically. It was a record of the marriage of Bernal Brentford and Bertha Vale, signed and attested in due form. She read it, again and again, then said, suddenly,

"How do I know that this is genuine?"

"There are witnesses, to whom you can refer, if you care to The means of proof are ample."

Clara's ear caught the sound of a well-known foot-fall on the stairs.

"*You* are Bertha Vale?" said she.

"Yes."

"Sit in that recess, and be silent."

Summoning all the fortitude of her nature, Clara resumed the book which she had dropped on the entrance of the stranger, and threw herself, in a careless attitude, on the sofa. She was glad of its support—for it seemed to her she should sink to the ground. Brentford entered, and approached her with some playful speech. But as he crossed the floor, his eye fell on the shadow of the figure in the recess He looked at it and stood aghast. Then in a voice tremulous with passion, he cried,

"How on earth came *you* here?"

She made no reply, and Clara said, very calmly,

"Why should the lady not be here? She called to see me."

"You called to see her! he exclaimed, advancing toward the intruder, and glaring fiercely on her, "You shall not see her, you shall not speak a word to her! Get you hence!"

She rose, saying simply, "I am ready to go."

"I tell you, Bertha Vale," hissed her husband in her ear, "if you ever cross my path again, you shall *bitterly* rue it!"

Here eye fixed itself unwaveringly on his as he spoke, while her small hand freed her arm from the grasp he had taken on it. She did not speak, and casting one pitying glance on Clara, glided out of the room. Brentford stared after her as she went, then walked to the window, to see, apparently, whether she went into the street. There he stood, motionless, for several minutes, then, placing himself, with folded arms, before the faded form upon the sofa, demanded,

"What did she say to you?"

She raised her pallid face from the hands in which it had been hidden, and said sorrowfully,

"I cannot tell what she did say, but she made me know that I have been deceived, and I want to go home.

"Yes, yes, I must go home," she murmured to herself.

"No, no, she hed, I say. You shall not go—would you go and desert your own Brentford, dearest?"

"You are not mine," said she, putting away the arm with which he would have encircled her, "you are another woman's. I want to go home."

She raised herself and strayed toward the table, where her bonnet lay Brentford sprang after her and seized her hand, pouring forth a torrent of remonstranee, denial, invective, and command, in the utmost confusion. But Clara's inexorable will was, for once, her good angel; and, whether he raved or implored, she was still firm. Although so weak and trembling that she could hardly support herself, she suffered him to see nothing but cold, strong resolve, but as she opened the door to go, and saw his look of dark despair, she hesitated, and gave him her hand, saying—

"I do forgive you, Brentford."

But the gleam of hope that shot into his eyes admonished her, and she quickly shut the door and ran down stairs, without stopping to think, and was soon seated in a carriage and rattling rapidly away

Chapter X.

How like an angel's sigh of loving pity that summer's wind breathed on the cheek of the sufferer! How kindly the crimson sunset clouds tried to shed their own glow on its pallor, and even to fill with light the tear that glittered on it. The blushing rose, [illegible] to and fro at the open window, and peeped in, as if to kiss the thin, white hand that rested on the sill, and her sad eyes beamed forth a grateful blessing on them all, as she lay there, like a child, in her father's arms.

His face bore a strange contrast to the mournful gentleness of hers, for his dark, heavy brows were knit, and his lips compressed, as though in anger, yet that firm lip quivered, as he said, tenderly—

"How much you have suffered, my poor child! No wonder that it has made you sick and delirious!"

"I have suffered no more than I deserved," murmured Clara

"But how did the man try to extenuate his villany?" exclaimed her father, with a sudden flash of indignation from his dark eye

"Don't speak harshly, dear father?" whispered she. "He confessed, at last, that he was married, but said he had long ceased to love, and then, he loved me—so madly!"

A smile of pure scorn curled Doctor Gregory's lip, and he clasped his child closer in his arms, as he exclaimed—

"Thank God, my daughter, you are safe in your father's arms once more!"

"Oh, I am thankful," said Clara, earnestly, raising her tearful eyes to her father's face, "and I do hope that I may be a better child to you than I have ever been. I have been proud and selfish, but I do think that I am humbled now. Ah! how much I owe you, my father, to atone for the grief I have caused you. It seems to me, now, so strange that I could be so undutiful! I lived long in those few days I was absent from you—and, then," she added hesitating, "there is another thing for which I ought to make a long and sad confession—I have been most unkind to her you gave me in my mother's stead. I have felt it all as I have lain upon my bed, and watched her noiseless footsteps stealing about, ministering to me. I have suffered for it as I have felt her cool, soft hand upon my burning forehead—and, most of all, have I repented it, as I have noticed the beautiful delicacy with which she avoids the most remote allusion to my ingratitude and folly."

"God bless you, my child!" breathed Doctor Gregory, with deep emotion "I trusted long to your good sense to correct the evil which I so much mourned. I pitied you—for I knew, but too well, whence you inherited the self-will that was your bane. But your heart is the victor, at last," and a glow of satisfaction lighted his countenance, as he bowed his manly head to kiss the sweet face that rested on his breast. "But you will have great disappointment and loneliness to sustain, my dear Clara. I fear you will be very unhappy."

Clara gazed cheerfully and seriously into her father's face as she replied—

"I think I have learned to be happy in the love of home, and I shall delight in trying to repay the long forbearance and gentleness of my *Stepmother*."

A Fact.—It is astonishing the amount of ignorance frequently met with in matters of current history. A good dame, the wife of a well-to-do tradesman at a favourite watering-place, being informed of the death of the Duke of Wellington, innocently asked the question,—'Is that, sir, the man who wanted to go to war with England?'

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

By G. F. Pardon.

The history of genius is pretty much the same in all times and countries, and may be characterised in a single expression—a struggle! And here it may be well to remark, that the struggles of genius are oftentimes, especially in our own day, rather conflicts with *self* than with the *world*. And this result appears inevitable; for, when particular ideas possess the minds of men to the exclusion of all meaner, it is scarcely surprising that the mere every-day business of life should fall into arrear and be neglected. Besides, how many mistake their vocation: how many a man who fancies himself, in right of a little skill or taste a poet, or a painter, or a sculptor, would have made an excellent mechanic or tradesman; and, on the contrary, how many who possessing the divine spark, are tied to businesses which gall and fret the spirit; and ever striving to rid themselves of the pressing cares of life, grow weary of their lot, and die discontented, and what are called "disappointed" men. "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest!" sung the psalmist of old; and how often has the aspiration been re-echoed by genius struggling with adversity!

But not so with the man whose name heads this sketch. Benvenuto Cellini seems to have been a sort of universal genius; nothing came amiss to him: music, painting, sculpture, and a variety of useful and ornamental arts were his commonest employments. At one time a flute-player in the service of Pope Clement III., at another warmly engaged in defending the Castle of St. Angelo, when Rome was beseiged by the great Duke of Bourbon, and performing prodigies of valour, even to the taking of strict aim and killing the great Duke himself; anon, seeing a doctor about to perform a simple operation with an awkward lancet, running home to his shop, where he "soon made a little instrument of the finest steel, with which the surgeon continued the operation with so gentle a hand that the patient did not feel the least pain;" and again with the most child-like simplicity and enthusiasm, endeavouring to learn the art of necromancy, and seriously taking part in a farce of magic rings and phantasmagorial spectres.

Benvenuto Cellini was born of humble parentage, in the city of Florence, in the year 1500. Our knowledge of him is principally derived from the charming autobiography he has left behind; and a very curious and valuable history it is, for in it are contained scraps of intelligence and hints of the domestic life of the time, which are nowhere else to be found. "The perusal of Cellini's life," said Horace Walpole, "is more amusing than a novel;" and, certainly, when we come to consider the eminence of the artist himself, the distinguished characters with whom he lived, and by whom he was employed; Michael Angelo, Titian, Romano, and other great Italian painters and sculptors; Francis I. of France, the Emperor Charles V., the Popes Clement VII. and Paul III., the Dukes Allesandro and Cosmo of Florence, besides many of the most celebrated princes, statesmen, and commanders of those stirring times,—our admiration of this notable biography may be well excused.

Our author interests us at the very commencement of his history. At his birth a girl was fully expected, in consequence of her mother's prediction, and when the nurse, taking the infant, wrapped in fine swaddling clothes, presented it to the father; he, perceiving it was a boy, exclaimed, "Lord, I thank thee for this present, which is very dear and welcome to me." This exclamation being repeated to the mother, the child was forthwith called Benvenuto (welcome).

It is almost impossible to recapitulate the many incidents of the artist's life, so numerous and various were they, and so intimately connected with his thoughts and feelings; but it is curious, here and there, to catch a glimpse of sciences, then imperfectly understood, though common in our day, which are rather hinted at than explained. For instance, here is the whole philosophy of mnemonics in an anecdote:—

"When I was about five years of age, my father happened to be in a little room in which they had been washing, and where there was a good oak fire burning; with a fiddle in his hand he sang and played near the fire, the weather being exceedingly cold. Looking into the fire, he saw a little animal resembling a lizard, which lived and enjoyed itself in the hottest flames. Instantly perceiving what it was, he called for my

sister, and after he had shown us the creature, he gave me a box on the ear: I fell a crying, while he, soothing me with his caresses, said—'My dear child, I don't give you that blow for any fault you have committed, but that you may remember that the little lizard which you see in the fire is a salamander! a creature which no one that I have heard of ever beheld before.' So saying, he embraced me, and gave me some money."

But the chief charm of Cellini's autobiography is in the transient but distinct picture he gives us of the domestic lives of the great men with whom he was acquainted. He lets us into the secrets of how popes and princes, cardinals and counsellors, gave way to their passions and meannesses, their spleen and love of flattery, with the most charming simplicity imaginable. The various characters of his time—the great geniuses and noble patrons—sit before us in his pages as in life; and with more than the fidelity of portraiture, for their likenesses were being taken when they were not conscious of the operation, and were therefore unprepared with the solemn frown or the amiable smirk. And Cellini possessed just the characteristics necessary to a man writing his own life. Ardent and highly imaginative, his simplicity and susceptibility are always apparent! and even when relating the most absurd and incredible stories, his earnestness and singleness of purpose make the reader respect his veracity, even though he cannot put entire faith in the incidents introduced.

And nothing strikes us more, than the impunity with which crimes were committed in Italy, when the criminal happened to be under the patronage of a great man,—for Cellini tells us of men whom he wounded, and sometimes killed, in quarrel, with all the gravity and *naïve* of an ordinary occurrence.

Giovanni Cellini, the father of our hero, was in great favour with Pope Leo X., and soon perceiving the talent and adaptability of his little son, resolved, being himself a great lover of music, that he should one day take his place in the pope's private band, and become "the most famous musician in the world;" but whether, as is often the case, the youth disliked the art in consequence of his father's importunities, or from the wilfulness of his age, certain it is, that he learnt to play only with great pains and labour; and, though subsequently a fine performer, never gave his mind to music with the same ardour and enthusiasm he expended upon anything else. In consequence of this dislike to music, his father consented to let him choose his own employment, provided he promissed to continue the practice of the flute: and, soon after, the youthful Benvenuto was placed with Michael Angelo, a goldsmith of Florence; no relation, by the way, to the celebrated painter of the same name.

This choice of a profession was every way fortunate, for it opened the way to the acquisition of painting, designing, sculpture, medalling, seal-engraving, and all their kindred arts, and Benvenuto Cellini became the most skilful worker in metals that the age could boast—as may be seen by the fact of his being employed by Pope Clement in re-designing and setting the jewels in the triple crown, after the plunder and capitulation of the imperial city, consequent upon the wars of the Emperor Charles V. and Francis I. of France, and the vacillating policy of the pope himself, who—trimming first with one and then the other—fell, like the man in the proverb, between two stools, and was the victim of his own weakness and incapacity.

We cannot follow Cellini in all his adventures and gallantries; suffice it that his extraordinary genius quickly introduced him to the notice of the great men of the time by whom he was employed, either in Rome or Florence, during a long eventful life.

During the sack of Rome, Cellini was occupied in secreting the pontifical jewels, which he disengaged from their gold setting and concealed about the person of the pope and his adherents; the gold was then melted down, and was used in paying the soldiers of the Imperial army. Our hero then returned to Florence, and found that his father,—for whom he had always evinced the greatest affection, never failing to send him a considerable part of his earnings,—had died of the plague, which carried off, in the space of seven months, no fewer than forty thousand persons.

As soon as Cellini had recovered the shock of his father's death, he again visited Rome, where he set up in business, and was soon employed by the pope and great men of the court. Passing through various adventures, our hero falls in love—though he had met with the like accident twice or thrice before—and being thwarted by the damsel's mother, consults a Sicilian priest, a professor of necromancy, who promises that he shall see his inamorata within a month; but happening to quarrel with a brother artist, whom he nearly killed, he was obliged to make the best of his way out of the city; and, after some little difficulty, arrived safely at Naples. Here, as if in verification of the astrologer's prediction, he happened to meet Angelica and her mother, who accidentally took up their quarters at the same inn where Cellini was stopping. Fortunately, he soon discovered the mercenary character of his mistress and her mother, who, finding he was rich and had powerful friends, endeavoured to entrap him into a speedy marriage. But Benvenuto, with all his simplicity, was not so easily deceived; and hearing from a friend that he need be under no apprehension about the *contretemps* at Rome, he returned to that city, and was soon employed by the pope, who, in consideration of his great abilities, gave him absolution for all his misdeeds.

Cellini was busily occupied at Rome for several years, during which Clement VII. died, and Cardinal Farnese was elected pope in his stead, under the title of Paul III. The new pontiff was as liberal to our hero as he could reasonably desire; but, in the midst of his success he was falsely accused by his Perugian servant of concealing some of the royal treasures at the sack of Rome; and, being quickly taken and examined, was confined in the castle of St. Angelo. Here he was well-treated by the governor, and had plenty of opportunities of escape; but having passed his word that he would not, his sense of honour forbade the attempt. Time passed on, and Cellini, seeing no chance of ever being liberated, resolved at last to compass his escape. This coming to the ears of the governor, he ordered him to be more closely confined than ever. This, however, only increased his desire for liberty, and he set about thinking how he might elude the vilgance of his keepers

It must be explained that the constable of the castle was subject, at certain seasons, to slight aberrations, in which he fancied himself possessed of the characteristics of various animals. This was the case just now, when he believed himself to be a bat, and performed many curious antics. During one of his paroxysms he ordered his prisoner to be more strictly watched, which only rendered him the more determined to escape. With great care and diligence he cut up all his linen, and forming it into ropes, managed to make everything ready for his daring purpose. Having previously withdrawn the nails from the door of his prison, he contrived to get outside. Once there, he thought his toil over. but he shall relate his escape in his own words:—

"I then took the end of one of my bundles of long slips, which I had made out of the sheets of my bed, and fastened it to one of the tiles of the roof that happened to jut out four inches; and the long string of slips was fastened to the tiles in the manner of a stirrup. When I had fixed it firmly I addressed myself to the Deity in these terms: 'Almighty God, favour my cause, for thou knowest it is a just one, and I am not on my part wanting in my utmost efforts to make it succeed.' Then letting myself down gently, and the whole weight of my body being sustained by my arm, I at last reached the ground.

"It was not a moonlight night, but the stars shone with resplendent lustre. When I had touched the ground, I first contemplated the great height which I had descended with so much courage; and then walked away in high joy, thinking I had recovered my liberty. But I soon found myself mistaken; for the constable had caused two pretty high walls to be erected on that side, which made an inclosure for a stable and a poultry-yard; this place was fastened with great bolts on the outside. When I saw myself immured in this inclosure, I felt the greatest anxiety imaginable. Whilst I was walking backwards and forwards, I stumbled on a long pole covered with straw; this I with much difficulty fixed against the wall, and by the strength of my arms climbed to the top of it; but as the wall was sharp I could not get a sufficient hold to enable me to descend by the pole to the other side. I therefore resolved to have recourse to my other string of slips, for I had left one tied to the great tower; so I took the string, and having fastened it properly, I descended down the steep wall. This put me to a great deal of pain and trouble, and likewise tore the skin off the palms of my hands, insomuch that they

were all over bloody; for which reason I rested myself a little, and was induced even to wash them in my own water. When I thought I had sufficiently recruited my strength, I came to the last wall, which looked towards the meadows, and having prepared my string of long slips, fastened it to the niched battlement, and began to let myself down. Whether it was owing to my being near the ground, and preparing to give a leap, or whether my hands were quite tired, I do not know, but being unable to hold out any longer, I fell, and in falling struck my head and became quite insensible.

"I continued in that state about an hour and a half, as nearly as I can guess. The day beginning to break, the cold breeze that precedes the rising of the sun brought me to myself; though I had not yet thoroughly recovered my senses."

How he escaped into the house of the duchess Ottario—how the court was surprised at his daring and successful attempt—how he became at last reconciled to the Pope—how he was recommitted to prison, and underwent horrible tortures there—how the death of the Constable and the interposition of the Cardinal of Ferrara procured his liberty—how he visited France, and was graciously received by the king—how he was employed by his majesty, and was successful in all he undertook—how he was involved in the meshes of love and law, and settled the first with his person and the last with his wealth—how he quarrelled with the king and returns to Italy, where he visits Rome, Florence, Venice, Fiesole, and is honourably received—how he commences and completes his famous statues of Perseus, Apollo, and Narcissus—how he engages in the art of casting bronze, and renews his friendship with Michael Angelo—how he passes through all these and various other curious and remarkable adventures, and returns to Florence to die, it were too long to tell: suffice it, that on the 15th day of March, 1570, the great genius, Benvenuto Cellini, departed this life, full of years and honour. The following sonnet was written to his memory:—

As o'er my past and painful life I pause,
But not unheedful of Heaven's gracious care,
Shielding the gift it gave; in mind I bear
Proud deeds I did, yet live. In honour's cause
I served, and high adventures were my laws,
Till fortune bowed to toils no cowards dare,
And worth and virtue bore me onwards, where
Leaving the crowd, I pass'd on with applause.
One thought still irks me. that my life's best prime
Of richest promise, vain and idly fled.
Bearing my best resolves, like air away,
Which I could now lament, but have no time.
Lo, *welcome* borne I proudly raise my head,
Fair Florence' son—bright flower of Tuscany.

AUNT MARY.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc.

I AM now a tolerably old gentleman—an old bachelor, moreover—and, what is more to the point, an unpretending and sober-minded one. Lest, however, any of the ladies should take exceptions against me in the very outset, I will merely remark, *en passant*, that a man can sometimes become an old buchelor because he has too much heart as well as too little.

Years ago—before any of my readers were born—I was a little good-for-nought of a boy, of precisely that unlucky kind who are always in everybody's way, and always in mischief. I had to watch over my uprearing, a father and mother, and a whole army of elder brothers and sisters. My relatives bore a very great resemblance to other human beings, neither good angels nor the opposite class, but, as mathematicians say, "in the mean proportion."

As I have before insinuated, I was a sort of family scapegrace among them, and one on whose head all the domestic trespasses were regularly visited, either by real actual desert or by imputation. For this order of things there was, I confess, a very solid and serious foundation in the constitution of my mind. Whether I was born under some cross-eyed planet, or whether I was fairy-smitten in my cradle, certain it is that I was from the dawn of existence, a sort of "Murad the Unlucky;" an out-of-time, out-of-place, out-of-form sort of a boy, with whom nothing prospered.

Who always left open doors in cold weather? it was Henry. Who was sure to upset his coffee-cup at breakfast, or to knock over his tumbler at dinner, or to prostrate salt-cellar, pepper-box, and mustard-pot if he only happened to move his arm? why, Henry. Who was plate-breaker for the family? it was Henry. Who tangled mamma's silks and cottons, and tore up the last newspaper for papa; or threw down old Phœbe's clothes'-horse, with all her clean ironing thereupon? why, Henry.

Now all this was no "malice prepense" in me, for I solemnly believe that I was the best-natured boy in the world; but something was the matter with the attraction of cohesion, or the attraction of gravitation—with the general dispensation of matter around me, that, let me do what I would, things would fall down and break, or be torn and damaged, if I only came near them: my unluckiness seemed in exact proportion to my carefulness in any matter. If anybody in the room with me had a head-ache, or any manner of nervous irritability, which made it particularly necessary for others to be quiet, and I especially desired to be so, I was sure, while stepping around on tiptoe, to fall headlong over a chair, which would give an introductory push to the shovel, which would fall upon the tongs, which would animate the poker, and altogether would set in action two or three sticks of wood, and down they would come, with just that hearty, sociable sort of racket, which showed that they were disposed to make as much of the opportunity as possible.

In the same manner, everything that came into my hand, or was at all connected with me, was sure to lose by it. If I rejoiced in a clean pinafore in the morning, I was sure to make a full-length prostration on my way to school, and come home nothing better, but rather worse. If I was sent on an errand, I was sure either to lose my money in going, or my purchases in returning; and on these occasions my mother would often comfort me with the reflection, that it was well my ears were fastened to my head, or I should lose them too. Of course I was a fair mark for the exhortatory powers, not only of my parents, but of all my aunts, uncles, and cousins, to the third and fourth generation, who ceased not to reprove, rebuke, and exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine.

All this would have been very well if Nature had not gifted me with a very unnecessary and uncomfortable capacity of *feeling*, which, like a refined ear for music, is undesirable, because, in this world, one meets with discord ninety-nine times where it meets with harmony once. Much, therefore, as I furnished occasion to be scolded at, I never became *used* to scolding, so that I was just as much galled by it the forty-first time as the first. There was no such thing as philosophy in me: I had just that unreasonable heart which is not conformed unto the nature of things, neither indeed can be. I was timid, and shrinking, and proud; I was nothing to any one around me but an awkward, unlucky boy; nothing to my parents but one of a half a dozen children, whose faces were to be washed and stockings mended on Saturday afternoon. If I was very sick, I had medicine and the doctor; if I was a little sick I was exhorted unto patience; and if I was sick at heart, I was left to prescribe for myself.

Now all this was very well: what should a child need but meat and drink, and room to play, and a school to teach him reading and writing, and somebody to take care of him when sick? certainly, nothing. But the feelings of grown-up children exist in the mind of little ones oftener than is supposed; and I had, even at this early day, the same keen sense of all that touched the heart wrong; the same longing for something which should touch it aright; the same discontent with latent, matter-of-course affection, and the same craving for sympathy, which has been the unprofitable fashion of this world in all ages. And no human being possessing such constitutionals has a better chance of being made unhappy by them than the backward, uninteresting, wrong doing child. We can all sympathise, to some extent, with men and women; but how few can go back to the sympathies of childhood; can understand the desolate insignificance of not being one of the growne up people; of being sent to bed, to be out of the way in the evening, and to school, to be out of the way in the morning; of manifold similar grievances and distresses, which the child has no elocution to set forth, and the grown person no imagination to conceive.

When I was seven years old, I was told one morning, with considerable domestic acclamation, that Aunt Mary was coming to make us a visit; and so, when the carriage that brought her stopped at our door, I pulled off my dirty pinafore, and ran in among the crowd of brothers and sisters to see what was coming. I shall not describe her first appearance, for, as I think of her, I begin to grow somewhat sentimental, in spite of my spectacles, and might, perhaps, talk a little nonsense.

Perhaps every man, whether married or unmarried, who has lived to the age of fifty or thereabout, has seen some woman who, in his mind, is *the* woman in distinction from all others. She may not have been a relative; she may not have been a wife; she may simply have shone on him from afar; she may be remembered in the distance of years as a star that is set, as music that is hushed, as beauty and loveliness faded for ever; but remembered she is with interest, with fervour, with enthusiasm; with all that heart can feel, and more than words can tell. To me there has been but one such, and that is she whom I describe. Was she beautiful? you ask. I also will ask you one question: If an angel from heaven should dwell in human form, and animate any human face, would not that face be lovely? It might not be beautiful, but would it not be lovely? She was not beautiful except after this fashion.

How well I remember her, as she used sometimes to sit thinking, with her head resting on her hand, her face mild and placid, with a quiet October sunshine in her blue eyes, and an ever-present smile over her whole countenance. I remember the sudden sweetness of look when any one spoke to her; the prompt attention, the quick comprehension of things before you uttered them; the obliging readiness to leave for you whatever she was doing.

To those who mistake occasional pensiveness for melancholy, it might seem strange to say that my Aunt Mary was always happy. Yet she was so. Her spirits never rose to buoyancy, and never sunk to despondency. I know that it is an article in the sentimental confession of faith that such a character cannot be interesting. For this impression there is some ground. The placidity of a medium commonplace mind is uninteresting, but the placidity of a strong and well-governed one borders on the sublime. Mutability of emotion characterizes inferior orders of being; but He who combines all interest, all excitement, all perfection, is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." And if there be anything sublime in the idea of an Almighty Mind, in perfect peace itself, and, therefore, at leisure to bestow all its energies on the wants of others, there is at least a reflection of the same sublimity in the character of that human being who has so quieted and governed the world within, that nothing is left to absorb sympathy or distract attention from those around.

Such a woman was my Aunt Mary. Her placidity was not so much the result of temperament as of choice. She had every susceptibility of suffering incident to the noblest and most delicate construction of mind; but they had been so directed, that instead of concentrating thought on self, they had prepared her to understand and feel for others. She was beyond all things else, a sympathetic person, and her character, like the green in a landscape, was therefore less remarkable for what it was in itself, than for its perfect and beautiful harmony with all the colouring and shading around it.

Other women have had talents, others have been good; but no woman that ever I knew possessed goodness and talent in union with such an intuitive perception of feelings, and such a faculty of instantaneous adaptation to them. The most troublesome thing in this world is to be condemned to the society of a person who can never understand anything you say without you say the whole of it, making your commas and periods as you go along; and the most desirable thing in the world is to live with a person who saves you all the trouble of talking, by knowing what you mean to say almost before you begin.

Something of this kind of talent I began to feel, to my great relief, when Aunt Mary came into the family. I remember the very first evening, as she sat by the hearth, surrounded by all the family, her eye glanced on me with an expression that let me know she *saw* me; and when the clock struck eight, and mother proclaimed that it was my bedtime, my countenance fell as I moved sorrowfully from the back of her rocking-chair, and thought how many beautiful stories Aunt Mary would tell after I was gone to bed. She turned towards me with such a look of real understanding, such an evident insight into the case, that I went into banishment with a lighter heart than ever I did before. How very contrary is the obstinate estimate of the heart to the rational estimate of worldly wisdom. Are there not some who can remember when one word, one look, or even the withholding of a word, has drawn their heart more to a person than all the substantial favours in the world? By ordinary acceptation, substantial kindness respects the necessaries of animal existence; while those wants which are peculiar to mind, and will exist with it for ever, by equally correct classification, are designated as sentimental ones, the supply of which though it will excite more gratitude in fact, ought not to in theory. Before Aunt Mary had lived with us a month, I loved her beyond anybody in the world, and an utilitarian would have been amused in ciphering out the amount of favours which produced this result. It was a look—a word—a smile: it was she that seemed pleased with my new kite; she that rejoiced with me when I learned to spin a top; she that alone seemed to estimate my proficiency in playing at ball and marbles; she that never looked at all vexed when I upset her workbox upon the floor? she that received all my awkward gallantry and *maladroit* helpfulness as if it had been in the best taste in the world, when she was sick, she insisted on letting me wait on her, though I made my customary havoc among the pitchers and tumblers of her room, and displayed, through my zeal to please, a more than ordinary share of insufficiency for the station. She also was the only person that ever I conversed with, and I used to wonder how anybody who could talk all about matters and things with grown-up persons, could talk so sensibly about marbles, and hoops, and skates, and all sorts of little-boy matters; and I will say by-the-by, that the same sort of speculation has often occured to the minds of older people in connexion with her. She knew the value of varied information in making a woman, not a pedant, but a sympathetic, companionable being, and such she was to almost every class of mind. She had, too, the faculty of drawing others up to her level in conversation, so that I would often find myself going on in the most profound style while talking with her, and would wonder, when I was through, whether I was really a little boy still.

When she had enlightened us many months, the time came for her to take leave, and she besought my mother to give me to her for company. All the family wondered what she could find to like in Henry; but if she did like me, it was no matter, and so the case was disposed of.

From that time I lived with her—and there are some persons who can make the word *live* signify much more than it commonly does—and she wrought on my character all those miracles which benevolent genius can work. She quieted my heart, directed my feelings, unfolded my mind, and educated me, not harshly or by force, but as the blessed sunshine educates the flower, into full and perfect life; and when all that was mortal of her died to this world, her words and deeds of unutterable love shed a twilight around her memory that will fade only in the brightness of heaven.

CONVERSATIONAL POWERS OF EMINENT MEN.

(*From Alison's History of Europe from* 1851 *to* 1852.)

MACKINTOSH.

The author once spent one of these forenoons in his society, from breakfast to two o'clock. Lord Jeffrey, and Mr. Earle Monteith, now Sheriff of Fife, were the only other persons present. The superiority of Sir James Mackintosh to Jeffrey, in conversation, was then very manifest. His ideas succeeded each other much more rapidly; his expressions were more brief and terse—his repartee more felicitous. Jeffrey's great talent consisted in amplification and illustration, and there he was eminently great; and he had been accustomed to Edinburgh society, where he had been allowed, by his admiring auditors, male and female, to prelect and expand *ad libitum*. Sir James had not greater quickness of mind, for nothing could exceed Jeffrey in that respect; but much greater power of condensed expression, and infinitely more rapidity in changing the subject of conversation. "Tout toucher rien approfondir," was his practice, as it is of all

men in whom the real conversational talent exists, and where it has been trained to perfection by frequent collision in polished society with equal or superior men and elegant and charming women. Jeffrey, in conversation, was like a skilful swordsman flourishing his weapon in the air; while Mackintosh, with a thin sharp rapier, in the middle of his evolutions, ran him through the body.

SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott had a prodigious fund of stories and anecdotes at command, both in regard to the olden and the present time, which he told with infinite zest and humour; and his conversation was always interspersed with those strokes of delicate satire or sterling good sense which abound in his writings. But he had not the real conversational talent; there was little interchange of ideas when he talked, he took it nearly all to himself, and talked of persons or old anecdotes, or characters, not things.

BYRON.

It was impossible that a man of Lord Byron's genius could converse for any length of time without some sparks falling; and his celebrity and rank rendered him a great favourite, especially of women of high rank. But he wanted nature in his ideas, and simplicity in his manner. He never forgot himself, and was constantly affecting the roué and man of fashion, rather than the poet or literary man. Don Juan was the picture of him in real life, much more than any of his heroes or Corsairs. The author met him only once, at Venice, in 1818; when he kindly entertained him in his hotel, and rowed him through the Grand Canal and the Lagunas to Lido in his gondola. The conversation was charming, chiefly from the historic anecdotes connected with the places which Lord Byron mentioned; but the impression left, on the whole, was rather lowering than elevating to that previously formed by the study of his writings.

MOORE.

The author met Moore only once, but that was under very interesting circumstances. After an evening party at Paris in the Rue Mont Blanc, in 1821, when he charmed every one by his singing of his own melodies, especially the exquisite one on genius outstripping wealth in the race for ladies' favour, they walked home together, and falling into very interesting conversation, walked round the Place Vendome, in constant talk, for three hours. They separated at three in the morning, with regret, at the foot of the Pillar of Austerlitz, and never met again. His conversation was very sparkling; and, as it abounded in the rapid interchange of poetical ideas, it impressed the author more than the more discursive and amusing anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott.

SOUTHEY.

The author met Southey only once, but he then saw much of him, under very interesting circumstances. Travelling through the Highlands of Scotland in autumn, 1819, with his friend Mr. Hope, the present Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland, they were put into a room at Fort Augustus, the inn being crowded, with two other gentlemen, who proved to be Mr. Telford, the celebrated engineer, a very old friend of the author, and Southey. It may readily be believed the conversation did not flag in such society; it continued from nine at night till two in the morning, without a moment's intermission. Southey was very brilliant, but yet unassuming. He left an impression on the mind which has never been effaced; and the author was gratified to find, on sending him a copy of his History, that he had not forgotten the nocturnal meeting.

WON AND LOST.

A Glimpse of Feudalism.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

In this bannered hall sits Sir Guy de Ford,
Bearded and grim, at the festal board,
With baron and lady gay;
And his health he gives, who with lance and sword,
The land and the hand of Maud, his ward,
Has won in the lists to-day.

In his lonely tent, deep-gashed and pale,
Gory his helm and cleft his mail,
And glazing his knightly eyes,
Lies he who, couching his lance for the love
Of her who is shrieking his wounds above,
Lost life and the tourney's prize.

AMBITION'S BURIAL-GROUND.

BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

"A late letter from California states that the writer counted six hundred new graves, in the course of his journey across the Plains."

FAR away, beyond the western mountains, lies a lovely land,
Where bright streamlets, gently gliding, murmur over golden sand,
Where in valleys fresh and verdant, open grottoes old and hoar,
In whose deep recesses treasured, glitter heaps of golden ore—
Lies a lovely land, where Fortune long hath hidden priceless store

But the path which leadeth thither, windeth o'er a dreary plain,
And the pilgrim must encounter weary hours of toil and pain,
Ere he reach those verdant vallies—ere he grasp the gold beneath,
Ay, the path is long and dreary, and disease, with poisonous breath,
Lurks around, and many a pilgrim finds it but the way to death.

Ay, the path is long and dreary—but thou canst not miss the way,
For, defiant of its dangers, thousands throng it night and day,
Pouring westward, as a river rolleth on in countless waves—
Old and young, alike impatient—all alike Ambition's slaves—
Pressing, panting, pining, dying—strewing all the way with graves!

Thus, alas! Ambition ever leadeth men through burial plains—
Trooping on, in sad procession, melancholy funeral trains!
Hope stands smiling on the margin, but beyond are gloomy fears—
One by one, dark Disappointment wastes the castles Fancy rears—
All the air is filled with sighing—all the way with graves and tears!

Wouldst thou seek a wreath of glory on the ensanguined battle-field?
Know that to a single victor, thousands in subjection yield;
Thousands who with pulses beating high as his, the strife essayed—
Thousands who with arms as valiant, wielded each his shining blade—
Thousands who in heaps around him, vanquished, in the dust are laid!

Vanquished! while above the tumult, Victory's trump, with swelling surge,
Sounds for him a song of triumph—sounds for them a funeral dirge!
E'en the laurel wreath he bindeth on his brow, their life blood stains—
Sighs, and tears, and blood commingling, make the glory that he gains—
And unknown, sleeps many a hero, on Ambition's burial plains!

Or, the purple field despising—deeming war's red glory shame—
Wouldst thou, in seclusion, gather greener laurels, purer fame?
Stately halls Ambition reareth, all along her highway side—
Halls of learning, halls of science, temples where the arts abide—
Wilt thou here secure a garland woven by scholastic pride?

Ah! within those cloisters gloomy, dimly wastes the midnight oil—
Days of penury and sorrow alternate with nights of toil!
Countless crowds those portals enter, breathing aspirations high—
Youthful, ardent, self-reliant—each believing triumph nigh;
Countless crowds grow wan and weary, and within those portals die

Ay, of all who enter thither, few obtain the proffered prize,
While unblest, unwept, unhonoured, undeveloped genius dies!
Genius which had else its glory on remotest ages shown—
Beamed through History's deathless pages, glowed on canvas, lived in stone—
Yet along Ambition's way-side, fills it many a grave unknown!

But, perchance, thou pinest only for those grottoes old and hoar,
In whose deep recesses hidden, Fortune heaps her glittering store,
Enter, then, the dreary pathway—but, above each lonely mound
Lightly tread, and pause to ponder—for, like those who slumber round,
Thou mayest also lie forgotten on Ambition's burial ground!

LITERARY NOTICES.

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SCISSORS AND PASTE WORK.

OXFORD PUNS.—Dr. Barton, Warden of Merton College, was the oddity of his time. Of the puns belonging to Dr Barton, we believe the following are little known. As he was a man of remarkable insensibility, people told him everything that happened A gentleman coming one day into his room, told him that Dr. Vowel was dead! "What!" said he, "*Vowel* dead? thank God, it is neither U nor I." Dr. Eveleigh, who, with his family, was some years ago at Weymouth, gave occasion to old Lee, the last punster of the old school, and the master of Balliol College, Oxford, for more than half a century, to make his *dying pun!* Dr E had recovered from some consumptive disorder by the use of *egg* diet, and had soon after married. Wetheral, the master of University College, went to Dr Lee, then sick in bed, resolved to *discharge* a pun which he had made. "Well, sir," said he, 'Dr. E has been *egg'd* on to matrimony." "Has he?" said Lee, "why then I hope the *yoke* will sit" In a few hours after, Dr. Lee died; the yoke did sit easy on Dr. Eveleigh, for he had a most amiable wife.

AN INDIAN PICNIC.—Pitched under the shade of some wide-spreading mangoes are a variety of tents of all sizes, from the handsome and spacious marquee to the snug sleeping tent. Near them are picqueted a number of fine-looking Arab horses, in prime condition, while the large barouche, which is standing close by, might have just emerged from a coach-house in a London mews, a few servants are loitering about, and give life to this otherwise tranquil scene. Nobody can for an instant suppose that this is the camp of Jung Bahadoor, his tents are green and red, and generally surrounded by soldiers, his horses do not look so sleek and fresh as these; he has not got a barouche belonging to him, far less a piano; and I think I hear the music of one proceeding from the large tent. No, this is an Indian picnic, none of your scrambling, hurried pleasure parties to last for a wet day, when everybody brings his own food, and eats it uncomfortably with his fingers, with some leaves for a plate and an umbrella for a roof, and then persuades himself and others that he has been enjoying himself Let such a one come and make trial of a deliberate, well-organized picnic of a fortnight's duration, such as the one now before us, with plenty of sport in the neighbourhood, while the presence of the fair sex in camp renders the pleasures of the drawing-room doubly delightful after those of the chase — *Oliphant's Journey to Nepaul.*

ONE OF THE SAME FAMILY.—A gentleman having called a ticket-porter to carry a message, asked his name: he said it was Russell. "And pray," said the gentleman, jocularly, "is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?" "As to our *arms*, your honour," said the porter, "I believe they are much alike, but, there is a great difference between our *coats*."

A BROKEN HEART.—Dr J K Mitchell, of the Jefferson College, Philadelphia, in lecturing to his pupils upon the diseases of the heart, narrated an anecdote in proof that the expression 'broken-hearted' was not merely figurative. On one occasion, in the early period of his life, he accompanied, as surgeon, a packet that sailed from Liverpool to one of the American ports The captain frequently conversed with him respecting a lady who had promised to become his bride on his return from that voyage. Upon this subject he evinced great warmth of feeling, and showed Dr. Mitchell some costly jewels, ornaments, &c, which he intended to present as bridal presents. On reaching his destination he was abruptly informed that the lady had married some one else Instantly the captain was observed to clap his hand on his breast, and fell heavily to the ground. He was taken up and removed to his cabin on board the vessel Dr. Mitchell was immediately summoned, but before he had reached the poor captain he was dead A 'post mortem' examination revealed the cause of his unfortunate disease His heart was found literally rent in twain! The tremendous propulsion of blood, consequent upon such a violent nervous shock, forced the powerful muscular tissues asunder, and life was at an end. The heart was broken.

SHAKSPERE'S UNCLE.—A poor actor, with a book under his arm, was entering a pawnbroker's office, when he encountered a friend, who enquired what he was going to do. "Only going to pout Shakspere," was the reply.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.—Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.—Misery and ignorance are always the cause of great evils Misery is easily excited to anger, and ignorance soon yields to perfidious counsels.—Education is the proper employment, not only of our early years, but of our whole lives.—It is not the *accumulation* of wealth, but its *distribution*, which is the test of a people's prosperity.—Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.—Time, with all its celerity, moves slowly on to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.—Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.—What is not for the interest of the whole swarm, is not for the essential interest of a single bee.—Keep a low sail at the commencement of life, you may rise with honour, but you cannot recede without shame.

LEAVE TO DINE.—Every day, at about 1 P M, the notes of a discordant horn resound through every town and village in the Siamese territories, meant to proclaim to the world at large, "that his Majesty the King of Siam has had his dinner, and was graciously pleased to grant permission to all other potentates on the face of the earth to follow his judicious example" A Siamese would no more believe that any other crowned head dared transgress this law with impunity than he would in the existence of an electric telegraph, and as for breaking through it themselves, instantaneous death would be the result.—*Neale's Residence in Siam.*

IMPROVEMENT IN GAS MANUFACTURE.—We have occasionally pointed attention to the hydro-carbons and their singular combinations and changes as a hopeful source of those improvements and that cheapening of gas manufacture which we have long anticipated. The vegetable and animal creation teem with hydro-carbonaceous products, which we yet hope to see turned to public profit in this way without either waste or nuisance, and with increased convenience as well as economy. One of the most recent attempts to realise these pleasant prospects appears to consist in the composition of an artificial fluid or oil easily convertible into illuminative gas, by combining palm oil with Canada balsam and caoutchouc in distillation in such a way as to leave no residuum that is not also resolvable into the same vegetable oil in new distillation. Much cheaper and more abundant ingredients, however, will doubtless yet be found to be easily combinable into the requisite fluid or solid form that will yield pure gas with facility. It is known, for instance, that linseed oil and cotton have, in certain circumstances, such a tendency to combine that they not only do so, but burst into flames spontaneously Might not some hopeful experiments, with abundant ingredients such as these, and say turpentine, resin, tar, bitumen, cannel and even common coal, be gone into, and the requisite mean fluid result be most readily and cheaply got? It is probable that any *three* or more hydro-carbons distilled in common will assume a more distinct and permanent intermediate form than any two so distilled. It is quite possible, too, that some of the more insoluble, such as cannel, may thus be readily convertible into the fluid form by means of an intermediate hydro-carbon acting in association with a highly hydrogenous solvent one.—*The Builder.*

WHAT is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet he gave two to each of his children? Parents.

DOMESTIC DEFINITIONS.—*Home*—The place where children have their own ways and married men resort when they have nowhere else to keep themselves. *Wife*—The woman who is expected to purchase without means, and sew on buttons before they come off *Baby*—A thing on account of which its mother should never go to the opera, consequently need never have a new cap *Dinner*—The meal which is expected to be in exact readiness whenever the master of the house happens to be at home to eat it, whether at one or half-past six

JACOBITING.—'I hate to hear people talk behind one's back,' as the robber said when the constable called 'Stop thief!'

THE HOOP PETTICOAT was adopted in the reign of Queen Anne, the first was smuggled from France, where it was invented, and measured seven yards in circumference The English ladies improved upon the fashion by increasing the size to nine yards

THE CLIMAX OF PENURY.—Mr. Watson, uncle to the late Marquis of Rockingham, a man of immense fortune, finding himself on the point of death, desired a friend who was present to open him a drawer, in which was an old shirt, that he might put it on. Being asked why he wished to change his linen, and he so ill, he said, "Because I am told that the shirt I die in must be the nurse's perquisite, and that is good enough for her!"—This was as bad as the woman who, with her last breath, blew out an inch of candle, "because," said she, "I can see to die in the dark"

PERFUMED LADIES.—Did you ever travel in an omnibus on a rainy day, windows and doors closed, eight on a side, limited, of course, to six, and among that number two women covered with musk? "Drivare," said a Frenchman, "let me come out of ze dore I am suffocate! You 'ave vat you call one musty rat in ze omzebus. I 'ave no parapluie, mais I prefare ze rain water to ze mauvais smell."

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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THE TERMITES, OR WHITE ANTS.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE NEST OF THE TERMITES, OR WHITE ANTS; SENEGAL, WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

"Go to the ant, learn of its ways, be wise
It early heaps its stores, lest want surprise
Skilled in the various year, the prescient sage
Beholds the summer chill'd in winter's rage
Survey its arts, in each part and cell
Economy and plenty design to dwell."—DRYDEN.

MAN learns solemn lessons from the lower animals. Looked at aright, all nature is instructive—a great book of wisdom, which ever lies open at our feet. There is not a wayside flower, a blade of grass, an autumn leaf, a rippling stream, a gay-winged butterfly sailing in the air, a thing of life, but with a silent eloquence communicates the loftiest instruction. Our own Shakspeare tells us that there are

"Tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,
And good in everything."

"From time immemorial the ant has been selected as a pattern of parsimony to the profuse, and of unremitting diligence to the sluggard. Says Solomon—"The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer. Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." The common ants of Europe are of two or three different kinds. some red, some black, some with stings, and others without; those of Africa are of three kinds, the red, the green, and the black; the latter are above an inch long, and are in every respect very formidable. In several parts of the East there is a species of this insect extremely destructive to almost every kind of property. these are the Termites, or white ants.

Of these very surprising insects naturalists describe four species, the largest of which is the termes bellicosus, or belligerent termite. The nests of these insects are large handsome pyramids, ten or twelve feet and upwards above the surface of the earth, and as many beneath it. The second species is named the fatal termite, the nests of which are likewise of a pyramidal form, but neither so lofty nor extensive as the former. Its ravages, however, are more fatal, and its punctures more painful and dangerous. The biting termite forms the third species, and constructs its nest in the form of a cylindrical turret, four feet high, and one in diameter. The turret is covered with a conical roof, which projects some inches over, and beyond the building, doubtless to prevent it from being injured by the rain. The destroying termite constitutes the fourth species, and constructs spherical nests round the branch of a tree, which passes entirely through them.

The termes bellicosus, according to Mr. Smeathman, whose account has appeared in the "Philosophical Transactions," constructs works which surpass those of the bees, wasps, beavers, and other animals, as much at least as those of the most polished European nations excel those of the least cultivated savages. Even with regard to man, his greatest works, the boasted Pyramids, fall comparatively far short, even in size alone, of the structures raised by these insects. The labourers among them employed in this service are not a quarter of an inch in length; but the structures which they erect rise, as has already been observed, to the height of ten or twelve feet and upwards above the surface of the earth. Supposing the height of a man to be six feet, this author calculates that the buildings of these insects may be considered, relatively to their size and that of a man, as being raised to nearly five times the height of the greatest of the Egyptian pyramids; that is, corresponding with considerably more than half a mile. It may be added, that, with respect to the interior construction, and the various members and dispositions of the parts of the buildings, they appear greatly to exceed that or any other work of human construction.

The most striking parts of these structures are—the royal apartments, the nurseries, magazines of provisions, arched chambers and galleries, with their various communications; the ranges of the Gothic-shaped arches, projected, and not formed by mere excavation, some of which are two or three feet high, but which diminish rapidly, like the arches of aisles in perspectives; the various roads, sloping staircases, and bridges, consisting of one vast arch, and constructed to shorten the distance between the several parts of the building, which would otherwise communicate only by winding passages. In the engraving, a section is given of one of these surprising mounds or ant-hills; and likewise the section of a pyramid surmounted by its conical roof. In some parts near Senegal, the number, magnitude, and closeness of these structures, make them appear like the villages of the natives.

The economy of these industrious insects is equally curious with the plan and arrangement of the interior of their buildings. There are three distinct ranks or orders among them, constituting a well-regulated community. These are, first, the *labourers*, or working insects, next, the *soldiers*, or fighting order, who abstain from all work, and are about twice as long as the former, and equal in bulk to about fifteen of them; and lastly, the winged or perfect insects, which may be styled the *nobility* or *gentry* of the state, for they neither labour nor fight, being scarcely capable even of self-defence. These alone are capable of being elected *kings* or *queens*, and it has been so ordained by nature, that they emigrate within a few weeks after they are elevated to this state, and either establish new kingdoms or perish in the space of one or two days.

The first order, the working insects, are most numerous, being in the proportion of one hundred to one of the soldiers. In this state they are about a quarter of an inch long, and twenty-five of them weigh about a grain, so that they are not so large as some of the ants of Europe.

The second order, or soldiers, have a very different form from the labourers, and have been by some authors supposed to be the males, and the former the neuters; but they are, in reality, the same insects as the foregoing, only that they have undergone a change of form, and approached one degree nearer to the perfect state.

The third order, or the insect in its perfect state, varies its form still more than ever, differing in every essential part from the labourers and soldiers; beside which, it is now furnished with four fine, large, brownish, transparent wings, with which it is, at the time of emigration, to wing its way in search of a new settlement. The difference is, indeed, so great, that these perfect insects have not, until recently, been supposed to belong to the same community as the others, and are not to be discovered in the nest until just before the commencement of the rainy season, when they undergo the last change, which is preparatory to the formation of new colonies. They are equal in bulk to two soldiers and about thirty labourers With the aid of their wings, they roam about for a few hours, when their wings fall off, and they become the prey of innumerable birds, reptiles, and insects. Hence it happens that scarcely a pair of many millions of this unhappy race find a place of safety, to fulfil the first law of nature, and lay the foundation of a new community. In this state many fall into the neighbouring waters, and are eaten with avidity by the Africans, who roast them in the manner of coffee; and, it is said, find them delicate, nourishing, and wholesome.

The few fortunate pairs who survive this annual massacre and destruction, being casually found by some of the labourers, who are constantly running about on the surface of the ground, are elected kings and queens of new states. Those who are not so elected and preserved certainly perish. By these industrious creatures the king and queen elect are immediately protected from their innumerable enemies, by being inclosed in a chamber of clay, where the propagation of the species soon commences. Their voluntary subjects then busy themselves in constructing wooden nurseries, or apartments entirely composed of wooden materials, seemingly joined together with gums Into these they afterwards carry the eggs produced by the queen, lodging them as fast as they can obtain them from her Plausible reasons are given by Mr. Smeathman for the belief he entertains, that they here form a kind of garden for the cultivation of a species of microscopical mushroom; and in this belief he is supported by M. Hünig, in his essay on the East-Indian termites, by whom also this is conjectured to be the food of the young insects. But perhaps the most wonderful, at the same time best authenticated, part of the history of these curious insects, is that which relates to the queen, or mother of the community in her pregnant state.

After impregnation, a very extraordinary change begins to take place in her person, or rather in her abdomen only. It gradually increases in bulk, and at length becomes of such an enormous size as to exceed the bulk of the rest of her body 1,500 or 2,000 times. She becomes 1,000 times heavier than her consort, and exceeds 20,000 or 30,000 times the bulk of one of the labourers. In this state 80,000 eggs (for they have been counted) are protruded in twenty-four hours. They are instantly taken from her body by the attendants, a sufficient number of whom are constantly in waiting in the royal chambers and adjacent galleries, and carried to the nurseries, which are sometimes four or five feet distant in a straight line. Here, after they are hatched, the young are attended and provided with everything necessary, until they are able to shift for themselves, and take their share in the labours of the community.

Many curious and striking particulars are related of the great devastations committed by this powerful community, which construct roads, or rather covered ways, diverging in all directions from the nest, and leading to every object of plunder within their reach. Though the mischiefs they commit are very great, such is the economy of nature, that they are probably counterbalanced by the good produced by them, in quickly destroying dead trees and other substances, which

would otherwise, by a tedious decay, serve only to encumber the face of the earth. Such is their alacrity and dispatch in this office, that the total destruction of deserted towns is accomplished in two or three years, and their space filled by a thick wood, not the least vestige of a house remaining.

At Bombay, Mr. Forbes observes in his Memoirs, they are so numerous and destructive that it is difficult to guard against their depredations: in a few hours they will demolish a large chest of books, papers, silk, or clothes, perforating them with a thousand holes: the inhabitants dare not leave a box on the floor without placing it on glass bottles, which, if kept free from dust, they cannot ascend. This is trifling when compared with the serious mischief they sometimes occasion, by penetrating the beam of a house, or destroying the timbers in a ship.

These destructive animals advance by myriads to their work, under an arched incrustation of fine sand, tempered with a moisture from their body which renders the covert-way as hard as burnt clay, and effectually conceals them in their insidious employment.

Mr. Forbes, on his departure from his residence at Anjengo, to pass a few weeks at a country retirement, locked up a room containing books, drawings, and a few valuables, as he took the key with him, the servant could not enter to clean the furniture, the walls of the room were white-washed, and adorned with prints and drawings in English frames and glasses. returning home in the evening, and taking a cursory view of his cottage by candle-light, he found everything apparently in the same order as he left it, but on a nearer inspection the next morning, he observed a number of advanced works, in various directions, towards his pictures; the glasses appeared to be uncommonly dull, and the frames covered with dust, on attempting to wipe it off, he was astonished to find the glasses fixed to the wall, not suspended in frames as he left them, but completely surrounded by an incrustation cemented by the white ants, who had actually eaten up the deal frames and back-boards, and the greater part of the paper, and left the glasses upheld by the incrustation, or covered-way, which they had formed during their depredation. From the flat Dutch bottles, on which the drawers and boxes were placed, not having been wiped during his absence, the ants had ascended the bottles by means of the dust, eaten through the bottom of a chest, and made some progress in perforating the books and linen.

The different functions of the labourers and soldiers, or the civil and military establishments, in a community of white ants, are illustrated by Mr. Smeathman in an attempt to examine their nest or city. On making a breach in any part of this structure with a hoe or pick-axe, a soldier immediately appears, and walks about the breach, as if to see whether the enemy is gone, or to examine whence the attack proceeds. In a short time he is followed by two or three others, and soon afterwards by a numerous body, who rush out as fast as the breach will permit them, their numbers increasing as long as any one continues to batter the building. During this time they are in the most violent bustle and agitation; some being employed in beating with their forceps upon the building, so as to make a noise which may be heard at three or four feet distance. On ceasing to disturb them, the soldiers retire, and are succeeded by the labourers, who hasten in various directions towards the breach, each with a burden of mortar in his mouth ready tempered. Though there are millions of them, they never stop or embarrass each other; and a wall gradually rises to fill up the chasm. A soldier attends every 600 or 1,000 of the labourers, seemingly as a director of the works, for he never touches the mortar, either to lift or carry it. One in particular places himself close to the wall under repair, and frequently makes the above-mentioned noise, which is constantly answered by a loud hiss from all the labourers within the dome; and at every such signal they evidently redouble their pace, and work as fast again.

The work being completed, a renewal of the attack constantly produces the same effects. The soldiers again rush out, and then retreat, and are followed by the labourers loaded with mortar, and as active and as diligent as before. Thus the pleasure of seeing them come out to fight or work alternately, Mr. Smeathman observes, may be obtained as often as curiosity excites, or time permits; and it will certainly be found that the one order never attempts to fight, nor the other to work, let the emergency be ever so great. The obstinacy of the soldiers is remarkable they fight to the very last, disputing every inch of ground so well as often to drive away the negroes, who are without shoes, and make white people bleed plentifully through their stockings.

Such is the strength of the buildings erected by these puny insects, that when they have been raised to little more than half their height, it is the constant practice of the African wild bulls to stand as sentinels upon them, while the rest of the herd are ruminating below. When at their full height of ten or twelve feet, they are used by the Europeans as look-out stations whence they can see over the grass, which in Africa is on an average of the height of thirteen feet. Four or five persons may stand on the top of one of these buildings to look out for a vessel the approach of which is expected.

Says the poet Clare—

"Thou little insect, infinitely small,
What curious texture marks thy minute frame!
How seeming large thy foresight, and withal
Thy labouring talent not unworthy fame,
To raise such monstrous hills along the plain,
Larger than mountains when compared with thee,
To drag the crumb dropp'd by the village swain,
Huge size to thine, is strange indeed to me.
But that great instinct which foretels the cold,
And bid'st to guard 'gainst winter's wasteful power,
Endues this mite with cheerfulness to hold
Its toiling labour through the sultry hour.
So that same soothing power in misery
Cheers the poor pilgrim to eternity."

PEBBLES.

——"Books in the running brooks
Sermons in stones."

I TAKE my seat beneath a waving willow,
Beside a little, babbling, pebbly brook,
Then of the earthless roots I make a pillow,
And lay me down to listen and to look.

And as I watch the little wavelets glisten,
I see a truth shine out from every one,
And as their gentle murmuring I listen,
I learn a lesson from each pebble-stone.

The lives of men are like to pebbles rolling
Adown a brooklet, ceaselessly along,
The never-turning tide their course controlling,
The tide, though wayward, still for ever strong.

When first from off the parent boulder battered,
The little rocks are rugged things enough,
The hard and soft, throughout unequal scattered,
Make them sharp-cornered, angular, and rough.

They drop into the stream, the current seizes,
And drives them downward with resistless force,
Directs, controls, and changes as it pleases
The various zig-zag of each little course.

But ever and anon, while downward driving,
'Gainst some obstruction they perchance are brought;
Ah! then in vain seems all their tiny striving,
Each deems himself for ever fixed and caught.

Then what a minute whirlpool each one raises!
How swells with feeling every injured stone!
The pressing current grinds their softened faces,
And, *bon gré mal gré*, drives them harshly on.

Just so are men, poor little transient creatures!
Borne down the swiftly-running stream of life.
They have their clayey and their flinty features,
And in the current snags are always rife.

The "snag," some failure of a high ambition,
Or pique of pride, or loss of love, may be,
Which seems to shut them out from all fruition,
And hold them firmly bound, and hopelessly

But still the stream of life is swiftly rushing,
And, *bon gré mal gré*, with it they must go,
With still-increasing force behind them pushing,
It drives them on, whatever

THE STRUGGLES AND TROUBLES OF AN INVENTOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "WORKING MAN'S FRIEND."

SIR,—Believing you to be a real friend of the working man, I have taken the liberty to ask a favour of you. I, some time ago, saw an advertisement somewhere, but where, I cannot now recollect, making mention of an Inventor's Aid Society, and purporting, if I recollect rightly, to assist individuals (not having the means themselves) to bring out inventions. I have a design for a hydraulic or water-pressure engine, which I should be glad to bring out, but I have not the means to do so. I am quite certain of its action, having made some experiments which are quite conclusive. I have been rather unfortunate in a few things which I have invented, and probably you will exercise a little patience whilst I relate them. And first I would observe, that I am a self-taught individual, or very nearly so, in all things. My father was a country sawyer, and sometimes did a little rough carpentering in the country. I was taken early to work with him, and never had any education of any account. My father was more fond of spending his money at the ale-house, than in appropriating it to the education of his children. As I grew up, I began to have a taste for machinery and mechanical matters, and became a sort of factotum in the village where I lived; I cleaned and repaired the people's clocks, repaired their pumps and bells, was land surveyor, building surveyor, timber measurer, and I know not what else besides; but I did not like the country, and so removed to Bristol; but hitherto I have not bettered my condition by so doing. About twenty years ago, and previous to my leaving the country, I invented and constructed the model of a screw-jack in wood, which I have now in my possession. I showed it to several persons, and tried to induce a wealthy individual to assist me in taking out a patent; but I failed to realise any benefit from it, and I have since had the mortification of seeing a jack on the self-same principle, patented by a person of the name of Haley, and manufactured by Galloway, of Manchester. They are extensively used on railways, and I saw some of them in the "Exhibition." Doubtless, it was as much an invention on Mr. Haley's part as on mine, but my model was in existence some years before he took his patent.

As I was passing through Bristol a short time since, I saw a kind of vertical mangle said to be registered. Now, I made two such mangles as this about the same time that I made the screw-jack; they were precisely on the same plan as the one I saw in Bristol, but I met with the same fate with this as I did with the screw-jack; I was a poor fellow, and could get no one to assist me. When I removed to Bristol I obtained employment in a locomotive factory, which was just then started. As I professed no trade, and did not know what situation to apply for, I told the manager what I was, and said I thought I might succeed in getting some sort of employ, as I had a desire to get among machinery. He said, as I professed no trade, he did not know what he could give me to do. He told me, however, that they had some heavy frame-work to construct for railway engines and tenders, which was a kind of carpentering, and they had hitherto failed in getting men who could work to drawings, and if I thought I could do so, he would employ me. I commenced work, and gave perfect satisfaction. I continued in the employ some time, and by economy and pretty good wages I managed to save a little money, and maintained, with my family, a respectable place in society. But now came a change. The depression that occurred in railway business a few years ago had the effect of well nigh closing the factory, and nearly all the hands—myself included—were discharged. A new era, as it were, now commenced. Out of employ, with a family to look to, and not the slightest prospect of getting work of any kind,—but it was useless despairing. There was a man living near me doing a wonderful trade in the lucifer match business, and I observed that he procured all his splints, as they are called, from London. I inquired how it was he did this, and understood that the Bristol people could not make a machine to cut them. I gave the thing a thought, and designed and constructed a machine that cut the splints admirably. I thought, now, surely my fortune was made. The individual of whom I have spoken learning what I had done, sent for me, and wished to enter into an engagement with me, but I not liking his terms, declined his offer. However, he soon gave me to understand that my machine was of little use to me; for he said, as far as he could see from the appearance of the splints, the cutting principle of the machine was the same as that of the patentees in London. He then proceeded to explain, as far as he knew, wherein the patent consisted; and, if what he said was true, my machine was upon the same principle as that of the patentees. He said, moreover, that if I continued to cut splints, he should inform the patentee, and I must abide the consequences. Here was another death-blow to my inventive ingenuity; for instead of the wealth that I had hoped would flow from this invention, poverty was staring me in the face. I had spent what little money I had, and both myself and family had to feel its power, for I was a long time before I obtained any regular employ. Having said thus much, I will now come to the hydraulic engine, another invention of my own, and which I first mentioned in the commencement of this letter. I had seen, some years ago, in papers of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," a vague description of such an engine, showing how an engine may be worked by the pressure of water similar to steam; but I saw at once that the plan there given was totally impracticable, for I saw that the method laid down for working the valves would not succeed in practice on account of the inclasting of water; but I thought nothing more of the matter, because there was no prospect of working such an engine. But of late there have been water-works established in Bristol, with a constant and high pressure on the pipes, a hundred pounds on the inch, the head of water being two hundred and fifty feet above the city. This circumstance set my inventive powers to work on the designing of an engine, to be worked by water-pressure, and I was not long before I had it complete, as far as design was concerned, but then I had no money. I tried several persons whom I thought would assist me to bring it out. I once thought it would not pay on account of the high charge of the company for the water, others thought it was a scheme that might or might not succeed, and so I and my invention were left to ourselves, to succeed if we could. But notwithstanding this, the projecting of the "Exhibition" determined me, if possible, to get up an engine of the kind and send it there. I devoted all my spare time to the undertaking—made all the patterns—as these cost me little, except labour, and being known to a founder or two, obtained goods on credit, borrowed money of a friend or two,—and by earnest perseverance, almost day and night, I succeeded in getting the machine completed. But I was doomed to suffer another reverse. I claimed space, and gave a description of the machine. But when the printed forms were being sent to the various exhibitors to be filled up, I found I did not get one, and applied in consequence to the secretary of the Bristol Committee. That functionary, on my waiting upon him, seemed quite surprised, and wished to make it appear that I had never given notice, until I put it beyond a doubt that I had. When he found that he could not get out of the predicament in which he was placed by his inattention, he proceeded to try and rectify the mistake, and so he kept bamboozling me about until within a day or two of the extended time for exhibitors to send in their goods, when I wrote myself to M. Digby Wyatt, Esq., and received an answer from that gentleman, informing me that no space had never been claimed for me, and consequently that I could not exhibit. Thus, after straining every nerve and doing considerable injury to my constitution by my incessant and overwrought application to the thing, I was deprived the privilege of making one at the great Industrial Show, which it had been my highest ambition to become. When I put my engine to the test, I found it was defective, it would only act partially. But this arose in some measure from the defectiveness of some of the workmanship; for, not having a proper lathe of my own, I was obliged to get some of the work done for me; and as I had but little money, I was obliged to employ those who performed the work in a very imperfect manner; still, even if the work had been performed in the most perfect manner, I think the action of the press would have been incomplete. I could not get the crank to pass the centres; this arose from its slow motion not imparting to the fly-wheel sufficient momentum; but then I saw at a glance how this defect might be removed. If I had a duplicate engine with

right-angled crank, like that of a locomotive, it would matter little how slow the motion was—indeed it would, I think, be an advantage, because water being unlike steam, *viz.*, more elastic, there would be more time for its escape, and if speed were wanted, it could easily be obtained; but be that as it may, the engine would be sure to act it so constructed. What I want is the means to construct such an engine. I do not consider that any very great advantages would arise from the construction of such an engine—that is not my ultimate aim. I have read in your WORKING MAN'S FRIEND and elsewhere, of individuals who have raised themselves to eminence by their talents and genius, and I feel that I have a sufficiency of both to raise me far above the position in which I now am. If I could but get my foot on the ladder I am certain of being able to ascend. I know it is said by some that if we would advance we must turn to our own exertions. I know that in a certain measure we must do so; but Watt's exertions without Boulton's money would have done but little. Neither is it likely that George Stevenson's fast locomotive would have made its appearance so early, had it not been for Lord Ravensworth's assistance. I have no desire to place myself beside these great men,—that would be an absurdity. I only mean to show that individual exertion alone, in certain cases, would avail but little. My object in writing to you is to inquire whether such a society as that which I named does exist, and if so, whether you think it likely that I could obtain any assistance from it. The sum that I should require would be thirty pounds; I do not want it as a gift I make no doubt that I should be able to repay the money at no very distant period. I could obtain a character for honesty, which would be of a first-rate description. I have thought that in case the society I have named does not exist,—or if it does, and its intentions be to assist individuals only whose inventions are likely to be beneficial to the country,—you may possibly know of some rich and benevolent individual who has struggled through difficulties who would feel glad to lend a helping hand to a poor fellow-being, who is struggling for a like independence. I should be happy to furnish a description of the engine, the design of which is entirely my own, and I would, as I have before said, state that it is not from the construction of this that I expect any great good to arise. I want to engage some person with a capital, to fit up some sawing machinery: I have some designs for such of a superior kind to any that I have yet seen—especially a radial sawing machine for cutting circular work, and also a greatly improved vertical saw-mill, besides this, I have such a thorough knowledge of timber and the various purposes to which it can be applied, that I am qualified in an eminent degree to conduct a business of this description. I have tried to engage with several individuals, but they all seem to fear that there is some illusion in the matter, and that I am not competent for the business. If I could by any means bring out the Hydraulic Engine, such a thing would be quite a novelty—at least, it would be so in Bristol—and would, I make no doubt, at once confirm my statements as to my capabilities.

If, sir, you think you could render a poor fellow (who is ambitious to rise above his present circumstances, and who is possessed of a mind of some inventive and constructive powers) any assistance by affording him any information, you would bestow a lasting obligation on, sir, your very humble servant,

H. H.

[We have inserted the above, *verbatim et literatim*, in the hope that some one among our readers may be enabled to advise or assist this unfortunate inventor. We shall be happy to receive letters or communications for him.—ED.]

DEATH.—A messenger whose visits we imagine will always be confined to our neighbours. We care not how old a man may be; he has no idea that an obituary notice will ever be needed for him. The last steamer to Australia had two octogenarians on board, each bound to the mines, for the purpose of getting the means of "enjoying life." How unaccountably absurd! In less than five years, little boys will be playing "leap-frog" over their tomb stones!

THE STUDY OF THE CLASSIC LANGUAGES IN EDUCATION.

THE languages of Greece and Rome derive a great portion of their excellence for educational purposes from the fact that they are self-evolved languages, and had each an independent process of development. This applies, of course, much more to the Greek than to the Latin; but both are emphatically *etymological* languages, while our own language, as well as all those of southern and western Europe, are *conventional*. What I mean is this: if in Latin or Greek you have the root or stem of a word, you are enabled to evolve from it, by means of certain prefixes and suffixes, a variety of derivative words, with distinct and peculiar meanings determined by the prefixes and suffixes; and these meanings are the same in all words which have the same prefixes or suffixes. Those languages, accordingly, proceed in the formation of their words on regular and uniform principles. Every word denotes that which, from its root and its prefixes and suffixes, it must denote, and nothing else; and, from its primary meaning, we can always, by a process of reasoning, discover its secondary and figurative meanings. How different is the case of the English, and other languages which are not self-evolved!

Words ready made are borrowed from other languages, and arbitrary meanings are assigned to them, or, at least, they have not always those meanings which, according to their roots and suffixes, they should have. Hence the etymological analysis is often of very little use in determining the meaning of a word: its face does not tell us its meaning; fashion and custom are the only guides. Think of the words virtue (from vir), modesty (from modus), egregius (from grex), and a hundred others!

The process of evolving out of a root logically and systematically the various modifications and variations of the primary meaning, is one of the most interesting means of exercising the judgment and cultivating the taste of youths Such a process, supposing it to lead to the desired result, could not be applied to our own language, without taking in Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, German, Latin, French, and Greek. The Latin and Greek languages, moreover, belong to that large family of languages which are spoken from the banks of the Ganges to Iceland and Scandinavia in the north; they are two sisters, and have preserved their native features in greater purity than any other European language, and thus afford us the best key for understanding and estimating the others. For this reason, Latin and Greek should never be taught without instituting a comparison with those sister tongues with which the pupil may be acquainted; his views become thereby enlarged, and a new and wide field is opened, on which he will with pleasure and advantage exercise his talent and ingenuity. He farther accustoms himself to look upon the nations of antiquity as members of the same great family to which we ourselves belong; and, what no history can teach him, he may learn from language, that we all belong to one great brotherhood, and that our apparently different languages are in reality only dialects spoken by the different branches of the same great family.—*Lectures by Dr. Schmitz, of Edinburgh.*

SONG OF THE MOSS-ROSE GIRL.

BY HENRY FRANK LOTT.

Buy my moss-roses! whose red buds are peeping
Out of their curtains of emerald bright,
'Neath whose velvet foldings young fragrance is sleeping,
And sighs to impart to your senses delight!
Buy my moss-roses!

Buy my moss-roses! with morning-dew laden,
'Mong gems of the garden the choicest of all,
Fit for the breast of the loveliest maiden
That sighs in the *boudoir* or smiles at the ball!
Buy my moss-roses!

Buy my moss-roses! before the sun's fervor,
Or hands that are feverish, their freshness shall fade:
An orphan-girl offers—Oh, buy them to serve her!
And by beauty and fragrance be amply repaid!
Buy my moss-roses!

THE WORKMEN OF LYONS.

BY M. A. AUDIGANNE.

Translated from the French, for the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, *by Walter Weldon.)*

(*Continued from page* 247.)

II.—MANNERS AND CHARACTER OF THE WORKMEN OF LYONS.

THE every-day life of this remarkable population abounds in the strangest and most striking contrasts. Its most observable feature is its domestic character. The sedentary *chefs* nearly always marry early, the assistance of at least one woman being required by every two looms, while the *chef* is generally the owner of three or four. The dwelling of the *compagnon* is generally close to his *atelier*, and the nature of his employment renders it impossible for him to wander far from it when trade is good, and so uses him to staying at home, that even in times of *chômage*,* as also in times when he is "out of work," he is to be found seated, during the greater part of the day, beside his silent loom, in as pensive and sullen a mood as can be imagined. Although the convulsions of these last twenty years have somewhat weakened the domestic tie, and although one sees to-day less frequently than aforetime the Lyonnais husband of the *ouvrier* class taking his Sunday and holiday amusements and recreations with his family at home, it is undeniable that the *chefs-d'atelier* have few stronger passions than that for the domestic life, and their leisure moments are devoted, almost without exception, to the beautifying and adornment and improvement of their dwellings.

Some happy changes which have been effected since the commencement of the present century in the construction of their houses, has served to strengthen considerably this natural *penchant*. The new houses reared in the Croix-Rousse, and the other quarters of the city in the occupation of the weavers, well built and ventilated, bear no resemblance to those which they used to occupy, or are still occupied by that portion of their number who dwell in the neighbourhood of the cathedral of Saint-Jean. Nor has progress been alone effected in the architecture of the dwellings of the artizans, but a corresponding advance has been made also in the manner in which their interiors are furnished. The salubrity of their new dwellings, together with the more healthful labour, for which they are indebted to Jacquard, has worked, during the last fifty years, a complete physical transformation in the *ouvriers* themselves, who are no longer, as their fathers were, a race of which every member was weak, sickly, and consumptive. The last remnant of the *canuts*, as the old weavers were denominated, may still be found in the old quarter of St. George, the natal spot of the *canuserie*. There, we may still observe from time to time some little old man, with his long face, white hair, and tottering, slender legs, as we wander through, and him we may know to be a veritable *canut*, probably, like the last of the Mohicans, the only one remaining of his race.

The workmen of Lyons are not addicted, like those of every other part of France, to the evil custom of frequently drinking eau-de-vie. Amongst the Lyonnais, the abuse of alcoholic liquor is a circumstance perfectly exceptional. The *chefs-d'atelier* very seldom enter any kind of public-house, taking the little common wine he drinks at home, and although intemperance may not perhaps be quite so rare among the *compagnons*, they are a very great deal more sober than the workmen of the industrial districts in the north and east of France. The tastes of the Lyonnais are less gross and sensual than those of the majority of the French working classes, but they are at the same time much more costly. The *compagnons* frequent the *cafés*† in preference to the *cabarets*,‡ especially those *cafés chantans* (*cafés* at which singers are employed to amuse the visitors) which have been imported from Paris during these last few years, and have obtained such a great success on the banks of the Rhône. Music pleases these southern Frenchmen most exceedingly.

Not only in the circumstance of frequenting the *cafés*, but also in their dress, and many other particulars, the *ouvriers* seek to imitate the *bourgeois*. We do not see them, as in other towns, affect to distinguish themselves on the Sunday by their negligent costume. On the contrary, they lay aside on that day the cap and blouse, leaving them to be worn only by the dissolute inhabitants of the Guillatiere. This custom renders evident the possession of some refinement, but it re-acts rather awkwardly upon the spirit of economy, as the money expended by the *ouvriers* in dress exceeds very often the proportion which it ought to bear to their scanty earnings. Indeed a want of economy is one of the greatest faults of the Lyonnais. They never seem to think of regulating their expenditures by their income, or of bestowing in any way a thought upon the morrow; but constantly immolate, upon the altar of present gratification, the peace, security, and prosperity of their future.

This want of economy re-acts upon their manners, and demoralisation is always the result of it. Their morality also suffers from that industrial *regime* which throws the two sexes so much together in their workshops. This is particularly the case in those workshops in which both plain and brocaded silks are woven, and both male and female weavers therefore employed. More sedentary than the men, the women are not the less obliged, by the fluctuations of trade, to change their employers frequently, and these changes are rendered much more dangerous by the circumstance of their being surrounded by the attraction of novelty.

It is necessary to remark, however, that this disorder occasions but little *declassment* in Lyons, for as the opportunities of intercourse between individuals placed in different social positions are of rare occurrence, the daughters of the artizans are not liable to the seductions which an elevated rank in the social scale might offer to them. Their manners, however, might be very much improved, if the *chefs-d'atelier* would only take the trouble of exercising a kind of paternal care and authority over the young artizans of the gentler sex whom they employ. But these female weavers are often only country girls of 15 or 16 years of age, who have come up from the country to be apprenticed to the *chefs*, and what care would not require to be exercised over such simple, thoughtless creatures, who thus find themselves so far from former friends and relatives, and placed in the middle of a world entirely new to them. The *chefs-d'atelier* seem to imagine that they have no responsibility at all in the whole matter. They flatter themselves, however, that they possess to-day in a greater degree than has been possessed by their class any other epoch, the sentiment of self-respect and personal dignity, and yet they cannot see that the most sure claim which they could have upon the respect of others would be afforded by the rigorous fulfilment of such a duty.

The weakness of the moral sentiment in Lyons is also increased by the almost greater weakness of the religious sentiment. Religious practices have lost much more by the shock of these last years than has domestic life, and even the outward observances which have escaped the wreck are more the consequences of custom than of conscience. To awaken religious feelings in the careless souls of the Lyonnais, it requires some extraordinary calamity or misfortune. Thus, when people expected at Lyons that terrible plague which has twice visited the shores of France, coming thither from the farthermost extremeties of the East, they suddenly found themselves possessed of beliefs they had long forgotten, but, by a process easy to be comprehended, religion took in them the most superstitious of all possible shapes. In ordinary times, the Lyonnais *ouvriers* mistrust and shun the clergy. They imagine that the doctrines which are preached by the ministers of religion and by the priest are merely invented in order to render them the more willing to bend beneath their yoke. This is the great error which prevents those rebellious spirits becoming subject to the holy influences of religion. They forget that although Christianity preaches resignation to those who possess nothing, it imposes a very many duties on the rich, and exacts from them a rigorous account of their performance.

Considered individually, the character of the Lyonnais *ouvrier* of to-day bears no resemblance to that of the ancient *canut*, whose gentleness and docility was proverbial. The weavers now are always proud and self-important, and incessantly pre-occupied with the idea of aggrandising themselves and families. This tendency, which, as we shall see, is manifested in the *chefs-d'atelier* by excessive political pretensions, produces curious effects upon

* Rest from work during the festivals of the Catholic church.

† The *café* in France are coffee-houses, in which one is served with coffee, ices, tea, and liqueurs of all kinds, but no wine or eatables.

‡ Public-houses.

the connexions which exist between them and the *compagnons* There was a time, and not so very long ago, when the *chefs* and the *compagnons* lived absolutely in common. Every loom-proprietor or *chef* both lodged and fed the weavers whom he employed, paying them a small amount of wages in addition. These new *penchants*, however, have entirely modified and changed the interior economy of the workshops, very few *chefs* now either lodging or providing for their *compagnons*. The *chef*, who gained nothing, on the old system, out of the small sum which was paid for their food, loses nothing in that way by the new plan, and is besides freed by it from a thousand little daily annoyances; but, in return, he cannot depend so much as formerly upon the assiduity of his workmen. For the latter, this exterior life is the most expensive, for under the ancient *regime* their lodging cost them nothing, as they only paid their masters for their food. Not only so, but it likewise favours the keeping of St. Mondays, and it is the cause of the enaction of numbers of disorderly scenes after the day's work is done, which would not take place were the old custom still adhered to. Its worst effect, however, has probably been that of destroying, as it has done in a great measure, that amicable sympathy which formerly existed between the *chef-d'atelier* and his workmen. The first of these finds often in the *ouvrier* a *collaborateur* indocile and intractable, to whose unreasonable caprices he cannot but submit, in consequence of the engagement which has been made between them. The ablest of the *compagnons*, knowing that the *chefs* are entirely at their mercy, are often the most insubmissive, and refuse to accept the *chef-d'atelier* either as master or as equal, looking upon him only as a "lender-out-at-hire" of looms, who wrongfully claims an important portion of their earnings. When one looks closely into the daily life of the Lyonnais one is struck by the seeming entire reversal of the common order of affairs, as far as the *chefs* and the *compagnons* are concerned, seeing that the latter appear to govern and the former to obey For one imperious *chef* there are twenty intractable *compagnons*, and let not any one ask of those of the latter who lodge with their masters any domestic service, howsoever light, for although they demand the performance of such themselves, they always refuse to render them, disdaining to be equalled with domestics The want of union, however, between the *chefs* and the *compagnons* is never visible when it would damage the latter's interest. The *compagnon* unites his cause with that of the *chef* against the *fabricant*, and abandons to his master the initiative, but for this exterior subordination, which is entailed upon him by the industrial *regime* under which he exists, he fully and amply avenges himself in private.

In the relations of private life, honesty is one of the characteristics of the Lyonnais. The weavers have scarcely ever occasion to be brought before the correctional tribunals, either for want of probity or from any other cause, especially from any connected with their trade. In the midst even of the most direful confusion and the most fearful convulsions, there is not an instance upon record of a piece of silk having been either appropriated by the weaver or voluntarily damaged. The weaver cherishes a sort of religious reverence for the products of his loom, and the *chef-d'atelier* makes it a point of honour to deliver to the *fabricans* every inch of stuff that is woven. He is not so scrupulous, however, with respect to the raw materials confided to him, and the purloinment of a given portion of the silk received from his employer by the *chef* is an evil which has always afflicted the manufacturer. This *piquage d'once*, as it is called, was, till very lately, customary throughout the trade, and the *chef-d'atelier* looked upon it as his rightful perquisite. It is now, however, abandoned by the majority of them, and in the course of the next few years will probably be so by the whole.

The passion which makes the greatest ravages amongst the working classes of the Lyonnais is that of envy.* They see not, in the immense wealth which is accumulated in their city, a capital which employs their labour and enables them to live, but only a source of pleasure and enjoyment in whose possession they have no part The wealth of the opulent amongst the Lyonnais, however, is never paraded and displayed unnecessarily Every Lyonnais, whatever be his class and social standing, endeavours to keep to himself the secret of his position. This is particularly the case with the *ouvriers*, all of whom endeavour to hide their indigence; and if wealth in this strange city is divorced from pomp, poverty and misery are equally unimportunate. There are beggars in Lyons, but mendicity is unknown among the *ouvriers de la soie*.

It would be impossible to find in all France an industrial population which resigns itself to suffer with such uncomplaining patience, when commercial crises come to paralyse their trade. It is never at such moments that insurrections take place, and yet how frequent are the periods of commercial depression in Lyons! Farther on we intend only to speak of those more marked periods which have written their own story in its annals, taking no count of those less striking and less prolonged crises which throw every year so many families into such dire distress. There is always a depression, however good the general trade may be, in one or other particular department of Lyonnais industry, and some branch or other of the workmen of Lyons are constantly enduring the bitterest privation. At such periods the *ouvriers* are accustomed to run in debt, but they never suffer themselves to imagine that their lack of work gives them a claim upon a portion—as so many others of our *ouvriers* do—of the fruits of the industry of others. Misery, in Lyons, never invokes, as in Paris and nearly all the rest of France, what the socialists denominate the *droit à l'assistance*. On the other hand, if you come to the aid of the distressed in this strange city, they receive your benefactions, if without resentment, also without any, even the slightest, expressions of gratitude, to render which, they imagine, would be equal to an acknowledgement of inferiority. For the rest, their habits are extremely industrious and laborious. Their days are of an almost unexampled length, the majority of the weavers mounting their looms by five in the morning—earlier if trade is brisk—and very seldom quitting them till ten or eleven at night. Even their children have their parts to perform also, and very heavy and laborious too are many of them. But the weavers seldom complain of their hard labour; one only question, that of the rate of their wages, pre-occupies all their thoughts. It is in the debates which are given rise to by this eternal question that the essential traits of their characters are the most plainly manifested.

Much has been done since the commencement of the present century towards extending education amongst the working classes of Lyons, but to that instruction which developes the understanding and the intellect there has not been added that education of the heart which is necessary to guide men safely through this world to the one beyond the grave. No education, however, could be more requisite to the Lyonnais than this, the working classes especially of their city not possessing that intuitive sentiment of right and wrong which sometimes fills its place. They have not the faculty of divining danger, and their restless imagination, incapable of fixing itself upon one thing for any length of time, prevents them forming exact ideas of things. Moreover, in spite of their affectation of independence, the Lyonnais workmen have no originality of thought, and are never given to think of their own accord. It is absolutely necessary for them to receive the themes of their cogitations *tout fait* from others, and these they then embroider with their reveries, just as they ornament the productions of their looms. They therefore easily submit to the ideas and passions of others, as it is but too fully exemplified by their whole history. Nothing is more easy than to bring round to one's will an individual whose mental state is not one of either ignorance or stupidity, but one whose chief characteristic is an entire want of reflection In the mind of such a one the true idea is often commingled with the false one, and the last is often presented in more attractive colours than the first.

Another danger for the *ouvriers* is this,—they possess, in a great measure, the pride of knowledge without the thing itself, and they also love to occupy themselves with things of which they are ignorant, and that less for the sake of learning than for that of seeming to have knowledge. An adventurous ardour, which is one of the essential traits of their strange character, carries them with a bound into the midst of matters beyond their reach, only to lose them in the wide field of the absurd Abstract questions, cloudy ideas, vague solutions,—these form the atmosphere which they most prefer to breathe. In order that they should be wholly captivated by a writer or an orator, it is not at all necessary that they should understand, but merely that he should make use of high-sounding words and expressions, such as will fire their imaginations and set them dreaming With generalities such as the following—"The antagonism of labour to capital," "The organisation of labour," "Universal fraternity," or "The sanctity of insurrection,"—nothing is easier than to set the brains of the *ouvriers* on fire, with a flame,

however, which shall shed no light. The Lyonnais leader who first inscribed upon his standard the since famous formula, "Vivre en travaillant ou mourir en combattant," knew well the minds of those he wished to make his instruments. Even with respect to the discussions upon the wages question, with which, every now and then, the *ateliers* and public places are all filled, the workmen look more upon the ideal side of the question than the positive and real. In fact everything connected with the Lyonnais, especially those of them who belong to the working classes, reveal certain powerful metaphysical inclinations which ignorance darkens and which passion perverts, but which are still the most characteristic of their mental attributes. These metaphysical *penchants* may rest buried in the interior of families, and may only be given way to in solitary reveries, but they exist not the less at the bottom of each soul, and seem to be caused, at least in some measure, by the nature of the daily labours of the Lyonnais. Their labour, in the majority of instances, is purely mechanical, and whilst the hands and arms are occupied in performing it, the head, in order to escape from the weary monotony, creates around itself an ideal world, a world of chimeras, beside which that of the *atelier* seems very sad and very narrow.

If there be anywhere a population predestined by its natural tendencies to receive with welcome the socialistic ideas of our time, it is certainly the population of Lyons. Profoundly false abstractions, empty but captivating and showy generalisations, afford the most ample nutriment to the ruling passion of the Lyons *ouvrier*. It is so, and it is these vices of the imagination, these metaphysical tendencies, and these dreary tastes, which have caused to be written upon the pavement of the city, which is the capital of the world's silk trade, those tumultous historical episodes which have given it so sad a fame.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ASCENT OF THE CATARACT.

(From Miss Martineau's "Eastern Life")

It was a curious scene: the appearance of the dusky natives on all the rocks around; the eager zeal of those who made themselves our guards, holding us by the arms, as if we were going to gaol, and scarcely permitting us to set our feet to the ground, lest we should fall; and the daring plunges and divings of man or boy, to obtain our admiration or our baksheesh. A boy would come riding down a slope of roaring water as confidently as I would ride down a sandhill on my ass. Their arms, in the fighting method of swimming, go round like the spokes of a wheel. Grinning boys poppled into the currents, and little seven-year-old savages must haul at the ropes, or ply their little poles when the kandjia approached a spike of rock, or dive to thrust their shoulders between its keel and any sunken obstacle; and after every such feat they would pop up their dripping heads, and cry "baksheesh." I felt the great peculiarity of this day to be my seeing for the first, and probably the only time of my life, the perfection of savage faculty; and truly it is an imposing sight. The quickness of movement and apprehension, the strength and suppleness of frame, and the power of experience in all concerned this day, contrasted strangely with images of the bookworm and the professional man at home, who can scarcely use their own limbs and senses, or conceive of any control over external realities. I always thought in America, and I always shall think, that the finest specimens of human development I have seen are in the United States; where every man, however learned and meditative, can ride, drive, keep his own horse, and roof his own dwelling, and every woman, however intellectual, can do, if necessary, all the work of her own house. At home, I had seen one extreme of power, in the meagre helpless beings whose prerogatives lie wholly in the world of ideas; here I saw the other, where the dominion was wholly over the power of outward nature; and I must say, I as heartily wished for the introduction of some good bodily education at home as for intellectual enlightenment here. * * *

Throughout the four hours of our ascent, I saw incessantly that though much is done by sheer force—by men enough pulling at a rope strong enough—some other requisites are quite as essential; great forecast, great sagacity, much nice management among currents and hidden and threatening rocks, and much knowledge of the forces and subtilties of wind and water. The men were sometimes plunging to heave off the boat from a spike or ledge; sometimes swimming to a distant rock, with a rope between their teeth, which they carried round the boulders; then squatting upon it, and holding the end of the rope with their feet, to leave their hands at liberty for hauling. Sometimes a man dived to free the cable from a catch under water, then he would spring on board to pole at any critical pass; and then ashore, to join the long file who were pulling at the cable. Then there was patience and diligence; very remarkable when we went round and round an eddy many times, after all but succeeding, and failing again and again from the malice of the wind. Once this happened for so long, and in such a boisterous eddy, that we began to wonder what was to be the end of it. Complicated as were the currents in this spot, we were four times saved from even grazing the rock, when, after having nearly got through, we were borne back, and swung round to try again. The fifth time there came a faint breath of wind, which shook our sail for a moment, and carried us over the ridge of foam. What a shout there was when we turned into still water! The last ascent but one appeared the most wonderful. the passage was twice over so narrow, barely admitting the kandjia, the promontory of rock so sharp, and the gush of water so strong, but the big rope, and the mob of haulers on the shore and the islets heaved us up steadily, and as one might say naturally, as if the boat took her course advisedly.

Though this passage appeared to us the most dangerous, it was at the last that the Rais of the Cataract interfered to request us to step ashore. We were very unwilling; but we could not undertake the responsibility of opposing the local pilot: he said it was mere force that was wanted here, the difficulty being only from the rush of the waters, and not from any complication of currents. But no man would undertake to say that the rope would hold, and if it did not, destruction was inevitable. The rope held. we saw the boat drawn up steadily and beautifully, and the work was done. Mr E, who has great experience in nautical affairs, said that nothing could be cleverer than the management of the whole business. He believed that the feat could be achieved nowhere else, as there are no such swimmers elsewhere.

The Holy Fire at Jerusalem.—I was never present (says Mr. Neale, in his "Eight Years in Syria,") in Jerusalem at the celebration of Easter myself, but Dr Esperon, who had often been an eye witness, informed me that, after the celebration of high mass, the Greek Patriarch or bishop, accompanied by a Turkish authority, descends into the sepulchre, in the centre of which there is a small opening through which a taper can be inserted. When the crowd is in the height of excitement and expectation, their attention is suddenly drawn off by the prayers and exclamations of the numerous priests and lay-brothers. A simultaneous rush is then made towards the sepulchre, and in the confusion that ensues to secure the nearest places, a sudden noise, like the rumbling of distant thunder, is heard; the patriarch lights his candle by the aid of a lucifer-match, and thrusts it adroitly through the crevice in the tomb, at that instant, cries of "The fire, the holy fire, has fallen!" resound through the place, the pilgrims light their candles, and from their candles others again are lit, and so till the whole place is a perfect blaze of illumination, and this is the main object in view with Greek and Armenian pilgrims. As for the candles just lit, they are very soon afterwards extinguished, and they remain as relics, prized above all others. Each man is generally provided with half-a-dozen candles, and when he returns to his village and his home these are the most precious trophies he has to produce. They are a kind of diploma, which entitle him to prefix the honourable distinction of *mosy* or *hadjis* to his name. They are lit and held over his head, and over his bride, when he is married; they serve as tapers at the baptism of his children; when extinguished, they are hung over the threshold of his door, and serve as a safeguard against all evil intruders and goblins and ghosts, and when eventually he sets forth on his last earthly pilgrimage, and sickness and pain and trembling and sorrow are the sole companions of his dread journey, then the priest will hold up the remains of these relics before his already half-glazed eye, and they cheer and support him in his gloomy passage through the valley of the shadow of death. The last service these candles render is, when once more lit, they are carefully placed at the head and feet of him who shall never see light again, and here they burn lower and lower through the long hours of the night till they expire.

THE FIRST AND LAST DIFFICULTY.

BY MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE, AUTHORESS OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," ETC.

In a stately red-brick house, in one of the villages of New-England, lived the heroine of our story. She had every advantage of rank and wealth, her father was a deacon of the church, and owned sheep, and oxen, and exceeding much substance. There was an appearance of respectability and opulence about all the demesnes. The house stood almost concealed amid a forest of apple-trees, in spring blushing with blossoms, and in autumn golden with fruit; and near by might be seen the garden, surrounded by a red picket-fence, enclosing all sorts of magnificence. There, in autumn, might be seen abundant squash-vines, which seemed puzzled for room where to bestow themselves with their bright golden squashes, and fine rosy-cheeked apples, looking as satisfied as the evening sun when he has just had his face washed in a shower, and is sinking soberly to bed. There were superannuated seed-cucumbers, enjoying the pleasures of a contemplative old age; and Indian corn, nicely done up in green silk, with a specimen tassel hanging at the end of each ear. The beams of the summer sun darted through rows of crimson currants, abounding on bushes by the fence, while a sulky black currant-bush sat scowling in one corner, a sort of garden curiosity.

But time would fail us were we to enumerate all the wealth of Deacon Enos Taylor. He himself belonged to that necessary class of beings who, though remarkable for nothing at all, are very useful in filling up the links of society. Far otherwise was his sister-in-law, Mrs. Abigail Evetts, who, on the demise of the deacon's wife, had assumed the reins of government in the household.

This lady was of the same opinion that has animated many illustrious philosophers, namely, that the affairs of this world need a great deal of seeing to in order to have them go on prosperously, and, although she did not, like them, engage in the supervision of the universe, she made amends by unremitting diligence in the department under her care. In her mind there was an evident necessity that every one should be up and doing: Monday, because it was washing-day, Tuesday, because it was ironing-day, Wednesday, because it was baking-day; Thursday, because to-morrow was Friday, and so on to the end of the week. Then she had the care of reminding all in the house of everything each was to do from week's end to week's end; and she was so faithful in this respect, that scarcely an original act of volition took place in the family. The poor deacon was reminded when he went out and when he came in, when he sat down and when he rose up, so that an act of omission could only have been committed through sheer malice prepense.

But the supervision of a whole family of children afforded, to a lady of her active turn of mind, more abundant matter of exertion. To see that their faces were washed, their clothes mended, and their catechism learned; to see that they did not pick the flowers, nor throw stones at the chickens, nor sophisticate the great house-dog, was an accumulation of care that devolved almost entirely on Mrs. Abigail, so that, by her own account, she lived and throve by a perpetual miracle.

The eldest of her charge, at the time that this story begins, was a girl just arrived at young ladyhood, and her name was Mary. Now we know that people very seldom have stories written about them who have not sylph-like forms, and glorious eyes, or, at least, "a certain inexpressible charm diffused over their whole person." But stories have of late so much abounded, that they actually seem to have used up all the eyes, hair, teeth, lips, and forms necessary for a heroine, so that no one can now pretend to find an original collection wherewith to set one forth. These things considered, I regard is as fortunate that my heroine was not a beauty. She looked neither like a sylph, nor an oread, nor a fairy; she had neither "*l'air distingue*," nor "*l'air magnifique*," but bore great resemblance to a real mortal girl, such as you might pass a dozen of without any particular comment; one of those appearances which, though common as water, may, like that, be coloured any way by the associations you connect with it. Accordingly, a faultless taste in dress, a perfect ease and gaiety of manner, a constant flow of kindly feeling, seemed, in her case, to produce all the effect of beauty. Her manners had just dignity enough to repel impertinence, without destroying the careless freedom and sprightliness in which she commonly indulged. No person had a merrier run of stories, songs, and village traditions, and all those odds and ends of character which form the materials for animated conversation. She had read, too, everything she could find: Rollin's History, and Scott's Family Bible, that stood in the glass-bookcase in the best room; and an odd volume of Shakspeare, and now and then one of Scott's novels, borrowed from a somewhat literary family in the neighbourhood. She also kept an album to write her thoughts in, and was in a constant habit of cutting out all the pretty poetry from the corners of the newspapers, besides drying a number of forget-me-nots and rosebuds, in memory of different particular friends; with a number of other little sentimental practices to which young ladies of sixteen and thereabout are addicted. She was also endowed with great constructiveness; so that, in this day of ladies-fairs, there was nothing, from bellows needle-books down to web-footed pincushions, to which she could not turn her hand. Her sewing certainly was extraordinary (we think too little is made of this in accomplishments of heroines), her stitching was like rows of pearls, and her cross-stitching was *fairy-like*; and for sewing over-and-over, as the village school ma'am hath it, she had not her equal. And what shall we say of her pies and puddings? They would have converted the most reprobate old bachelor in the world. And then her sweeping and dusting! "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all!"

And now, what do you suppose is coming next? Why, a young gentleman, of course; for about this time comes to settle in the village, and take charge of the academy, a certain William Barton. Now, if you wish to know more particularly who he was, we only wish we could refer you to Mrs. Abigail, who was most accomplished in genealogies and old wives' fables, and she would have told you that "her grandfather, Ike Evetts, married a wife who was second cousin to Peter Scranton, who was great uncle to Polly Mosley, whose daughter Mary married William Barton's father, just about the time old Squire Peter's house was burned down." And then would follow an account of the domestic history of all branches of the family since they came over from England. Be that as it may, it is certain that Mrs. Abigail denominated him cousin, and that he came to the deacon's to board; and he had not been there more than a week, and made sundry observations on Miss Mary, before he determined to call her cousin too, which he accomplished in the most natural way in the world.

Mary was at first somewhat afraid of him, because she had heard that he had studied through all that was to be studied in Greek, and Latin, and German too; and she saw a library of books in his room, that made her sigh every time she looked at them to think how much there was to be learned of which she was ignorant. But all this wore away, and presently they were the best friends in the world. He gave her books to read, and he gave her lessons in French, nothing puzzled by that troublesome verb which must be first conjugated, whether in French, Latin, or English. Then he gave her a deal of good advice about the cultivation of her mind and the formation of her character, all of which was very improving, and tended greatly to consolidate their friendship. But unfortunately for Mary, William made quite as favourable an impression on the female community generally as he did on her, having distinguished himself on certain public occasions, such as delivering lectures on botany; and also, at the earnest request of the Fourth of July Committee, pronounced an oration which covered him with glory. He had been known, also, to write poetry, and had a retired and romantic air greatly bewitching to those who read Bulwer's novels. In short, it was morally certain, according to all rules of evidence, that if he had chosen to pay any lady of the village a dozen visits a week, she would have considered it as her duty to entertain him.

William did visit; for, like many studious people, he found a need for the excitement of society; but, whether it was party or singing-school, he walked home with Mary; of course, in as steady and domestic a manner as any man who has been

married a twelve month. His air in conversing with her was inevitably more confidential than with any other one, and this was cause for envy in many a gentle breast, and an interesting diversity of reproofs, with regard to her manner of treating the young gentleman, went forth into the village.

"I wonder Mary Taylor will laugh and joke so much with William Barton in company," said one. "Her manners are altogether too free," said another. "It is evident she has designs upon him," remarked a third; "and she cannot even conceal it," pursued a fourth.

Some sayings of this kind at length reached the ears of Mrs. Abigail, who had the best heart in the world, and was so indignant that it might have done your heart good to see her. Still, she thought it showed that "the girl needed advising," and "she should talk to Mary about the matter."

But she first concluded to advise with William on the subject, and therefore, after dinner, the same day, while he was looking over a treatise on trigonometry or conic sections, she commenced upon him:—

"Our Mary is growing up a fine girl."

William was intent on solving a problem, and only understanding that something had been said, mechanically answered, "Yes."

"A little wild or so," said Mrs Abigail.

"I know it," said William, fixing his eyes earnestly on x, y, z, c.

"Perhaps you think her a little too talkative and free with you sometimes; you know girls do not always think what they do."

"Certainly," said William, going on with his problem.

"I think you had better speak to her about it," said Mrs. Abigail.

"I think so too," said William, musing over his completed work, till at length he arose, put it in his pocket, and went to school.

Oh, this unlucky concentrativeness! How many shocking things a man may endorse by the simple habit of saying "Yes" and "No," when he is not hearing what is said to him.

The next morning, when William was gone to the academy, and Mary was washing the breakfast things, Aunt Abigail introduced the subject with great tact and delicacy by remarking,

"Mary, I guess you had better be rather less free with William than you have been."

"Free!" said Mary, starting, and nearly dropping the cup from her hand; "why, aunt, what *do* you mean?"

"Why, my dear Mary, you must not always be so free in talking with him, at home, and in company, and everywhere. It won't do." The colour started into Mary's cheek, and mounted even to her forehead, as she answered with a dignified air,

"I have not been too free: I know what is right and proper: I have not been doing anything that was improper."

Now when one is going to give advice, it is very troublesome to have its necessity thus called in question; and Mrs. Abigail, who was fond of her own opinion, felt called upon to defend it.

"Why, yes, you have, Mary; everybody in the village notices it."

"I don't care what everybody in the village says, I shall always do what I think proper," retorted the young lady; "I know cousin William does not think so."

"Well, I think he does, from some things I have heard him say."

"Oh, aunt! what have you heard him say?" said Mary, nearly upsetting the chair in the eagerness with which she turned to her aunt.

"Mercy on us! you need not knock the house down, Mary; I don't remember exactly about it, only that his way of speaking made me think so."

"Oh, aunt, do tell me what it was, and all about it," said Mary, following her aunt, who went around, dusting the furniture.

Mrs. Abigail, like most obstinate people who feel that they have gone too far, and yet are ashamed to go back, took refuge in an obstinate generalisation, and only asserted that she had heard him say things as if he did not quite like her ways.

This is the most consoling of all methods in which to leave a matter of this kind for a person of active imagination. Of course, in five minutes, Mary had settled in her mind a string of remarks that would have been suited to any of her village companions, as coming from her cousin. All the improbability of the thing vanished in the absorbing consideration of its possibility; and, after a moment's reflection, she pressed her lips together in a very firm way, and remarked that "Mr. Barton would have no occasion to say such things again."

It was quite evident, from her heightened colour and dignified air, that her state of mind was very heroical. As for poor Aunt Abigail, she felt sorry she had vexed her, and addressed herself most earnestly to her consolation, remarking, "Mary, I don't suppose William meant anything. He knows you don't mean anything wrong."

"Don't *mean* anything wrong!" said Mary, indignantly.

"Why, child, he thinks you don't know much about folks and things, and if you have been a little—"

"But I have not been. It was he that talked with me first; it was he that did everything first. he called me cousin, and he *is* my cousin."

"No, child, you are mistaken; for you remember his grandfather was—"

"I don't care who his grandfather was; he has no right to think of me as he does."

"Now, Mary, don't go to quarrelling with him; he can't help his thoughts, you know."

"I don't care what he thinks," said Mary, flinging out of the room with tears in her eyes.

Now when a young lady is in such a state of affliction, the first thing to be done is to sit down and cry for two hours or more, which Mary accomplished in the most thorough manner; in the meanwhile making many reflections on the instability of human friendships, and resolving never to trust any one again as long as she lived, and thinking that this was a cold and hollow-hearted world, together with many other things she had read in books, but never realised so forcibly as at present. But what was to be done? Of course, she did not wish to speak a word to William again, and wished he did not board there, and, finally, she put on her bonnet, and determined to go over to her other aunt's in the neighbourhood, and spend the day, so that she might not see him at dinner.

But it so happened that Mr William, on coming home to dinner, found himself unaccountably lonesome during the time of school recess, and, hearing where Mary was, determined to call after school at night at her aunt's, and attend her home.

Accordingly, in the afternoon, as Mary was sitting in the parlour with two or three cousins, Mr. William entered. Mary was so anxious to look just as if nothing was the matter, that she turned away her head, and began to look out of the window, just as the young gentleman came up to speak to her. So, after he had twice inquired after her health, she drew up very coolly and said,

"Did you speak to me, sir?"

William looked a little surprised at first, but seating himself by her, "To be sure," said he; "and I came to know why you ran away without leaving any message for me."

"It did not occur to me," said Mary, in the dry tone which, in a lady, means, "I will excuse you from any farther conversation, if you please." William felt as if there were something different from common in all this, but thought that perhaps he was mistaken, and so continued:—

"What a pity, now, that you should be so careless of me, when I was so thoughtful of you! I have come all this distance to see you."

"I am sorry to have given you the trouble," said Mary.

"Cousin, are you unwell to-day?" said William.

"No, sir," said Mary, going on with her sewing.

There was something so marked and decisive in all this, that William could scarcely believe his ears. He turned away, and commenced a conversation with a young lady, and Mary, to show that she could talk if she chose, commenced relating a story to her cousins, and presently they were all in a loud laugh.

"Mary has been full of her knick-knacks to-day," said her old uncle, joining them.

William looked at her: she never seemed brighter or in better spirits, and he began to think that even Cousin Mary might puzzle a man sometimes.

He turned away, and began a conversation with old Zacary Doan on the raising of buckwheat, a subject which evidently required profound thought, for he never looked more grave, not to say melancholy. Mary glanced that way, and was struck with the sad and almost severe expression with which he was listening to the details of Mr. Zacary, and was convinced that he was no more thinking of buckwheat than she was.

"I never thought of hurting his feelings so much," said she, relenting; "after all, he has been very kind to me. But he might have told me about it, and not somebody else." And hereupon she cast another glance towards her cousin.

William was not talking, but sat with his eyes fixed on the snuffer-tray, with an intense gravity of gaze that quite troubled her, and she could not help again blaming herself.

"To be sure! aunt was right; he could not help his thoughts. I will try to forget it," thought she.

Now you must not think Mary was sitting still and gazing during this soliloquy. No, she was talking and laughing, apparently the most unconcerned spectator in the room. So passed the evening till the little company broke up.

"I am ready to attend you home," said William, in a tone of cold and almost haughty deference.

"I am obliged to you," said the young lady, in a similar tone, "but I shall stay all night," then, suddenly changing her tone, she said, "No, I cannot keep it up any longer. I will go home with you, Cousin William."

"Keep up what?" said William, surprised.

Mary was gone for her bonnet. She came out, took his arm, and walked a little way towards home.

"You have advised me always to be frank, cousin," said Mary, "and I must and will be; so I shall tell you all, though I dare say it is not according to rule."

"All what?" said William.

"Cousin," said she, without regarding what he said, "I was very much vexed this afternoon."

"So I perceived, Mary."

"Well, it is vexatious," she continued; "though, after all, we cannot expect people to think us perfect; but I did not think it quite fair in you not to tell *me*."

"Tell you what, Mary?"

Here they came to a place where the road turned through a small patch of woods. It was green and shady, and enlivened by a lively chatterbox of a brook. There was a mossy trunk of a tree that had fallen beside it, and made a pretty seat. The moonlight lay in little patches upon it, as it streamed down through the branches of the trees. It was a fairy-looking place, and Mary stopped and sat down, as if to collect her thoughts After picking up a stick, and playing a moment in the water, she began:—

"After all, cousin, it was very natural in you to say so, if you thought so; though I should not have supposed you would think so."

"Well, I should be glad if I could know what it is," said William, in a tone of patient resignation.

"Oh, I forgot that I had not told you," said she, pushing back her hat, and speaking like one determined to go through with the thing. "Why, cousin, I have been told that you spoke of my manners towards yourself as being freer—more obtrusive than they should be. And now," said she, her eyes flashing, "you see it was not a very easy thing to tell you, but I began with being frank, and I will be so, for the sake of satisfying myself."

To this William simply replied, "Who told you this, Mary?"

"My aunt."

"Did she say I said it to her?"

"Yes; and I do not so much object to your saying it as to your thinking it, for you know I did not force myself on your notice: it was you who sought my acquaintance and won my confidence; and that you, above all others, should think of me in this way!"

"I never did think so, Mary," said William, quietly.

"Nor ever said so?"

"Never. I should think you might have known it, Mary."

"But—" said Mary.

"But," said William, firmly, "Aunt Abigail is certainly mistaken."

"Well, I am glad of it," said Mary, looking relieved, and gazing in the brook. Then, looking up with warmth, "and, cousin, you never must think so. I am silent, and I express myself freely; but I never meant, I am sure I never should mean, anything more than a sister might say."

"And are you sure you never could, if all my happiness depended on it, Mary?"

She turned and looked up in his face, and saw a look that brought conviction. She rose to go on, and her hand was taken and drawn into the arm of her cousin; and that was the end of the first and the last difficulty that ever arose between them.

HOME INFLUENCE.

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

ALL men need a home, but very few find one calculated in all respects to meet those inward feelings of necessity which often drives them to seek it. And why this sad disappointment? It is equally true in this case as in many others, "He that seeketh shall find." But there are wrong ways of seeking this necessary blessing as well as right ones. There are, however thousands who have found it, who have not the wisdom to understand it, to be content with it, nor even to guard it from foes that enter to waste and destroy. It always was so, and is so still. Our first parent's task in his garden-home was to cultivate and keep it. In the blessings of that home, there was an overgrowth which should have been checked, and outside of its fences lurked a demon against which watch and ward should have been kept. But he left his watch-tower, the foe espied his opportunity, gained an inlet, and blighted the prospects of his once happy home. Then sin accompanied by sorrow invaded his heart, and cut in twain those love-cords that bound it to the heart of his bosom companion. Then was it for the first time that the husband could meanly stoop to excuse his own evil-doings by throwing the fault on his own wife. It was the first time, alas! but not the last; for such sins have been committed thousands of times since, and are resorted to still. It is not to poverty alone that we must trace the wretchedness of many homes; for some of the wealthiest lead a life of misery in their costly halls; and being unhappy there, they cannot be happy elsewhere; so that with all their means of comfort, they have no real enjoyment. The home of the cottager, who labours hard for his bread, and lives on good terms with the wife he loves, and laughs with his children in their mirthful gambols, when he has completed his day's work, is in fact much more to be preferred. Much better is a little with content, than boundless wealth accompanied with a spirit possessed with some restless passion, that puts aside the ability to enjoy it when the means of life have been secured. It is, then, not what a man has, but what he is, that must decide whether he shall be miserable or happy.

Ask then, earnestly, what is needed to change the mere dwelling into a pleasant home. Seek till you find him, the fell foe, that robs your home of all right to that sweetest of names. When you may have found him, fight as if against death, until you have driven him away, and when you have accomplished this, be watchful that he may never return. A man is the first requisite in every dwelling that is to become a true home. Now there is a great deal more in this requirement than at first sight appears. The husband is the head of the house, and at its head he should be. But the authority which he exercises must be tempered by love. He who unites himself to a woman from any other motive than love or esteem, does not deserve the right to the name, man. He is either the slave of some unbridled passion, or is one of the silliest of animals. Having laid the foundation of his home in love, the true man moderates the rule he exercises over it with that sweetest of virtues. But while the wife is in one sense his servant, in another she is his sovereign. In the heart of a husband love should restrain from all indulgence of bad temper and unholy appetites, for these must ultimately blast the joy of home. Can the wife love a husband who, by the indulgence of anger, is ever striking terror to her heart? Or can she love him who is too greedy of gain to give her what is sufficient to supply their necessary wants? Or, can she love

him who would rather spend his nights at the tavern, listening to rude and boistrous songs, than be, with his wife and children at his own fire-side? He does not merit the name of man who can do thus. A husband, to be a man, should be master of himself in a sense both better and higher than is generally meant by his being his own master.

He must have a sound, wise, and well cultivated head; in order to exercise a rule over his heart and keep his passions in due subjection. For if a man cannot keep himself right in these respects, he becomes by his intemperate habits the grand foe to the happiness of his home. His wife and children lead a life of fear and misery; the children at last, perhaps, follow his example; or the latter plunge early in the troubled waters of imprudent marriage, and never know the real joys of home.

When children have that dignified respect for family character which all good and noble hearts have, what pangs of grief must the intemperate father inflict in their breasts by his misdoings! And how many women, brought up in a moral and religious point of view, have after marriage suffered from the outrage of their husbands misdeeds. Some women bear this in secret, and never even open their lips to complain, if the husbands only exhibit their wickedness at home; but when they are weak enough to publish their shame to the world, when they disturb whole streets and annoy their neighbours, then, it is very trying indeed to the wife. Her heart then knows its own bitterness, but hers is the only one that does know it, save that it is known to Him before whose altar the husband pledged himself that he would love and cherish her till death. Where the fear of God is absent there can be no real comfort and no lasting happiness, no matter whether the home belong to a peer or a labourer.

In every house deserving the name of home there must be a manly, trustworthy, and loving husband—a man whose aim and pride is to reign triumphant at the head of his family—a model of peace; a man who prefers his snug arm-chair in the corner before a seat on the hard benches of the tavern; one who would rather be attended to by his own loving wife, than by the slip-shod waitress of a public-house; one whose chosen associates are his wife and children, whom he will endevour to instruct and make happy, with now and then a few friends to share the evening joys in the midst of the family.

J. W., *Waterloo, near Ashton.*

CURIOUS MEDICO-LEGAL CASE.

In the *Monthly Journal of Medical Science*, we observe the following case of Combustion of the Human Body—Spontaneous or Not? by John Grigor, M.D., Nairn.—On the evening of the 29th July last, the body of John Anderson, æt. 50, about five feet four inches in height, and of a spare habit, a carter of wood from the forest of Darnaway to the pier of Nairn, and a notorious dram-drinker, was found dead by the road side, seven miles from Nairn, and in a state of combustion, the process having proceeded so far as blackening and charring of the body and head, and complete disfiguration of the features, so much so that the person was only recognised from his horses and cart being known. The case was taken up medico-legally by the Procurator-Fiscal of the county of Nairn, and I was requested to inspect the body, and report. On approaching the unfortunate man's dwelling on the forenoon of 31st July, I found that the funeral had passed on to the churchyard of the parish of Dyke, and after a little explanation to the attendants, I succeeded in getting a hurried autopsy within the church. On removing the grave sheet, I found a black, incinerated, and stiffened body. The legs and arms were crossed; the latter raised from the chest. The position was one of ease, and the body had not been touched since first rolled up. The eyes, ears, and nose, were burned away; teeth clenched; and from the mouth bubbled out some white froth and gas. The lining membrane on the inside of the lips and cheeks was quite burned; also the edges of the tongue, and the hair and skin of the head. The skin and cellular tissue of the body were much charred, the thighs not to the same extent, and the burning had ceased about midway between the knees and feet, where there was a reddish and slightly blistered line. The back was not so much destroyed. The pharynx, œsophagus, &c., exhibited no appearance of burning. The villous coat throughout was much congested, and that of the stomach presented those cherry-red appearances, with thickening, which are sometimes noticed in the stomachs of drunkards. It was almost empty, gave out no smell of alcohol, nor did the contents on after examination. On opening the peritoneum, there was a great escape of fetid gas. The bowels were healthy, but dry from heat. The state of the heart, blood, and lungs, could not be examined.

On inquiry, I found the wretched man's history to be the following.—He has been a carter, as above stated, for several years, has drunk, at least, of ardent spirits daily, on an average, a common bottleful, besides porter, beer, &c.; left Nairn on the day of his death intoxicated; in passing an intermediate village, was seen coming on "all fours" out of one of those many "publics" which are the opprobria of our smaller towns and villages in the north of Scotland. He was, however, one of those "soaking" individuals, who much sooner lose the locomotive balance than a knowledge of his situation and work, hence, when on his cart, he could talk and manage his horses tolerably well. He had a brother carter with him, a neighbouring toll-keeper, who was sober; and they parted company at the toll-gate of Harmuir, within half a mile of the place where the body was found. Before this, however, Anderson wished his pipe to be lit and handed to him; but his friend, thinking that he had no need of a smoke, merely put a little fire on the old tobacco ash, when he drew, and immediately said, "she is not in." The conversation went on for ten minutes, when the poor man turned his horses' heads homewards. All this time the pipe was in his hand. The tollman, who was much on the road with him, declared that Anderson seldom lighted his own pipe, and never almost knew him to carry lucifers. The dress was a woolen shirt, canvass frock, corduroy trowsers, and "a wide awake." The weather was very warm and dry. When a little further on his way homewards, smoke was seen rising up from the cart in which the man was, and which contained a good deal of hay, by a herd boy on a neighbouring rising ground, about one-fourth of a mile distant. The man was next seen to descend from the cart, to stand, then to stagger and fall. The horses stood still. In a few minutes, smoke again appeared from the ground, when the boy ran down, and found the body lifeless, black, disfigured, and burning. He hurried to a cottage close by, and returned with a woman having a water-pail, with which they drew water several times from a rivulet almost at their feet, and thereby extinguished the burning body and garments. The position was on the back, inclining to one side; arms and legs as before mentioned. The time that elapsed between the boy seeing the man come down from his cart and the water being dashed on, is represented as not more than fifteen minutes. The body was wrapt in a sheet, and removed home. The pipe was found lying below the body with the cap on, apparently as it had been put into his hands. The clothes were all consumed, except the lower parts of the legs of the trousers, where the burning had ceased, and a small portion of the shirt, frock, and hat, immediately between the body and the ground. There was none of the hay burned.

Remarks.—The case at first sight appeared to me to have arisen from the clothes having by some means caught fire, and the smoke therefrom producing death by asphyxia—the subject being much intoxicated; but second thoughts demonstrated a few points not reconcileable to my mind with this view, such as the position on the back, &c., the event taking place in the open air, rigidity of the limbs, no trace of fire, and the rapidity and extent of the combustion, whilst this latter (compared with the accounts of martyrs, suttees, and others who have been consumed, and the great quantity of fuel and the time that have been required) and no apparent struggle or attempt having been made to cast off the burning garments, or to quench the flames in the brook running alongside, whilst the man was not at all in a state of insensibility from his potations, led me to the belief that it was no ordinary combustion from the application of fire. I have then been induced to regard it as a case of progressive igneous decomposition, commencing during life without the application or approach of any hot or burning body, as believed in by several continental physiologists of eminence. Such a state of matters, I know, has been regarded by many as almost fabulous; but the numbers of general instances from good authorities, and from all parts of the world, of spontaneous combustion, or, as Beck more properly terms it, preternaturnal combustibility of the human body, and written on by Dr. Mason Good, and received into the Statistical Nosology from the General Register Office, now in the hands of most medical practitioners under the appellation of *Cataeaustis Ebriosa*, show that the doctrine cannot be wholly set aside.

LETTERS TO WORKING MEN.

No. VII.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

GREAT as is the value of life assurance, it is, unfortunately, so much neglected. The wealthy and well-to-do have generally the forethought to provide for their families; but the struggling clerk, who lives up to his income, and strives to make his wife and daughters keep up *a genteel appearance*,—who endeavours, flimsy as the artifice usually is, to make a salary of *one* hundred a year look like *two*, and always fails in the attempt,—and poor professional men and tradesmen, who are obliged, positively *obliged*, by the exigencies of their various callings, to appear richer than they really are,—these are the people who most neglect life assurance; and these are the people for whom it is more especially needful, and to whom it proves of most real advantage. Mechanics and the better sort of labourers are usually more provident in this respect than the class immediately above them; for they have their clubs and benefit societies, their Odd Fellows' and Druids' lodges, their Old Friends' and Birmingham Brothers' meetings—in fact the whole economy of these excellent institutions, imperfect though they be, have for their end and object the helping each other in sickness, and providing a decent funeral for a deceased member or member's wife. Besides, the wives and children of the artizan class are more apt at "getting their own living," and the sudden misery and destitution which occurs upon the death of a, so-called, independent and respectable clerk or professional man, seldom happens with them. Nevertheless, life assurance is as valuable to the artizan as to the clerk, and we propose, once again, drawing the attention of both to some of the advantages offered by the system.

The cases in which life assurance is attended with beneficial results are too numerous to need more then the slightest reference. If a man has a wife and children dependent upon him for support, a small sum set aside from his regular income will secure to them a provision at his death, where married persons have a jointure, annuity, or pension, depending upon either of their lives, by insuring the life of the one entitled to such annuity, the other may secure a competency after death shall have taken him on whom the interest depended; an individual desirous of borrowing money may insure his life, and thus give the lender security for the sum obtained, if a creditor be in danger of losing his debt, he may insure the life of the debtor, and thus render repayment certain; a person possessed of an annual income only may, on marriage, secure such a sum, by way of settlement, upon his wife as shall render his loss less severe than if he left her to the chances of poverty and the world. A man may commence business with the fairest prospects, but a few years may find his wife a widow and his children fatherless: life assurance almost remedies the evil. These are a few of the instances in which assurance upon life may be rendered of incalculable advantage. In fact, to all those who wish to make a provision for their wives and families—professional men, merchants, tradesmen, and mechanics—life assurance offers a cheap, safe, and most certain method. How many helpless and destitute would have been rescued from misery,—how many a widow would have been saved the pain of blaming her dead husband—how many daughters would have blessed, instead of reproached, the memory of their dear father in the grave—had that husband and father been more mindful of the day when he should be parted from them! The experience of men is daily convincing them of the necessity which exists for obtaining this security for the benefit of those they leave behind; and when we examine the principles on which it is based, and scrutinize their bearings upon the moral and social condition of mankind, we are unable to discover any reasons which ought to prejudice the mind against it, or observe the slightest tendency it possesses towards the introduction of fraud or evil practices.

In a disordered state of society, where the administration of the law is too feeble and ineffective to provide perfect safety to life and property, life assurance, unless confined to very narrow limits, might be dangerous; but in a community like ours, where stern justice is certain to overtake the wrong-doer, and where the laws are respected and observed, and the passions and feelings governed and controlled by considerations of morality and the public good, it is eminently calculated to ensure the most important benefits. The prejudices which exist—or rather *did* exist—against it, on the ground that it trifles with the decrees of Providence, by setting a price upon the solemn event of death, are without the least foundation in reason or good sense, and hardly deserve serious consideration. These prejudices arise from a want of due deliberation and reflection of the true principles on which the world is governed. What infringement of morality or religion is committed by an individual who pays a small yearly sum that his family may enjoy a humble competence at his death? Is it any presumption towards his Maker, if a man endeavours to make an event, which must inevitably produce mourning and unhappiness, fall on his dear wife and children as lightly as possible? Can there be any impiety in his looking forward to his dissolution, and "setting his house in order" against the day when it shall arrive?—or will it be pretended that he shows less love to those who are near and dear to him in life by rendering his death less painful, and taking, as it were, the sting out of grief? We think not!

Where is the moral distinction between insuring a ship for a voyage, with a hundred souls on board, and insuring the life of an individual? In either case the loss may depend upon equally uncertain and contingent circumstances: the lightnings of heaven, the billows of the sea, or the rocks that sleep beneath it, may destroy the vessel, and death may be the portion of every person on board. The event thus insured against is productive of the most dreadful consequences, while insurance upon the life of a single individual contemplates a result in which the safety of that one person only is involved.

Another objection is, that a man may realise a larger sum by laying by the surplus profits of his trade. so he may, if he live to carry out his intentions; but he may die before he has added a year's surplus to the fund; whereas, if he insure his life, he is by so much the richer, in fact, as soon as he has paid the first premium. The advantage of the assurance system becomes, therefore, at once apparent. There is no certainty in life, there is no stability in trade; the one may decline, and the other may pass away as a shadow, ere the ultimatum be reached—ere the necessary means be set aside. who shall say, then, that a man does his duty to his family who leaves them to the mercy of chance?

Again, many persons decline to assure their lives on the ground that they are young, strong, and healthy, and may live to amass a sufficiency for the decent maintenance of their families. A few words will settle this part of the question. When any man can guarantee to himself health, long life, and the power of resisting temptation, contagion, and "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to," then, and then only, can such an argument be available. There is no time like the present; a good should not be delayed too long. A young man may be in good health to-day, to-morrow he may be striken with disease or death. Besides, a state of health is an almost indispensable requisite in life assurance. "A whitened tongue or a quickened pulse find no passport to the life office," who shall say how many days this hue of health shall rest upon the cheek, or how long he may be free from those dangerous symptoms? A slight cold may be the herald of consumption, a pain in the abdomen the premonitory harbinger of cholera,—delay, therefore, in such a case becomes almost criminal.

Driven from these strongholds of objection, the last argument of the vacillator is that he "cannot afford it." If he can afford to live at all, he can afford to put by something from his daily means so provide a living for those who may survive him. Consider for a moment, you professional man with £300 a-year: to secure £1,000 to your wife—the wife you took a blushing maiden from her father's arms—needs an outlay of just £32 10s. a-year, supposing you commence paying at forty; something more than twelve shillings a-week—two shilla-day—the price of a cab! Look to it, you honest, hard-working, striving mechanic. You married at twenty-two—you might have done a worse thing—and you may die, God only knows, before you are thirty. Look at your pretty wife and the chubby, darling boy upon her knee. You wouldn't like to leave them in poverty, no, I'm sure you wouldn't. Well, then, insure your life. For, two pounds a-year you may leave your wife £100 at your death, happen when it may.

One hundred pounds! why it is a little fortune, and so easily obtained too. Let us see; two pounds a year is just 9½d. a week; less than three-halfpence a-day. Deprive yourself of a pint of beer a-day—only a pint of beer—and do justice to the wife who loves you.

Considering assurance upon life only in the light of a proper and necessary provision—just, indeed, as the insurance of a house from fire, or a ship from the chances of loss or wreck, are necessary to the prudent conduct of business and speculation,—let us proceed to point out the plan and manner of adopting this description of security.

For the purpose of presenting the subject fully to our readers, we shall endeavour to illustrate and explain the principles upon which life assurance is based and controlled; and in this we are greatly assisted by a valuable work on the subject by Alfred Burt.*

To the person desirous of insuring his own life, or that of one in whom he may be interested, the nature of the preliminary measures to be taken is important to be understood; and the facts and circumstances he is bound to disclose, as the foundation upon which the policy is based, for the purpose of giving effect and validity to its provisions, should be faithfully and unreservedly communicated. The usual mode of proceeding is, to procure at the office of the company a printed form of proposal, containing a number of questions relating to the profession, trade, situation in life, and health of the person, all of which must be satisfactorily and truly answered, or the proposition for effecting the insurance will not be entertained

Questions to nearly the same purport are also propounded to the medical attendant and friend of the proposed, which must be truly replied to; and then, if it be what is called a safe life, the company grant the insurance required. Strict probity is important; for, although the offices seldom take advantage of any trifling objections for the purpose of discharging their liability when once entered on, the slightest appearance of fraud, concealment, or misrepresentation is sufficient to vitiate the claim of the assured.

The importance of a "full, true, and particular" statement of every circumstance that may effect the probable duration of the life of the assured, will be best seen by the relation of a fact. In 1824 an insurance was effected by the Atlas Company on the life of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. In answer to the usual questions, the duke's physicians and others stated that he had formerly led a dissolute life, by which he had nearly lost the use of his speech, but without mentioning that his mental faculties were also greatly impaired. Upon his death, in 1825, it was discovered that there had existed a large tumour pressing on his brain, which had probably affected his mind and deprived him of speech. Under these circumstances, the insurance company refused to pay the demand, and an action was brought on the policy. Upon the trial, all the medical testimony went to establish that the symptons, during the duke's life, tended to disprove the supposition of a tumour existing, but several eminent medical men averred that, had they been consulted, they should have considered themselves bound to mention the loss of the duke's faculties; and the court held that the concealment of the fact was a fraud in law, and sufficient to invalidate the claim. The party whose life is insured as considered the agent of his creditor, and all statements, as to his health and other circumstances necessary to be divulged, made by his physician or friend, are binding upon him and his executors.

Enough has been said of the value of life assurance; a few instances of their benefit will not, however, be out of place here. From a little book published by one of the companies* we extract the following:—

An eminent tradesman in London effected an assurance for £2,000, and dying within the first year, from inflammation, arising from a cold, his widow and family were thus put in possession of £2,000.

A young married man, in the medical profession, opened a chemist's shop in the suburbs of London, and was induced by his wife's friends to assure his life for £1,000; shortly after this the cholera made its appearance in the metropolis, and the party in question fell a victim to that disease. The assets of the deceased were little more than sufficient to pay his creditors, and had it not been for the insurance on his life, his widow and family would have been left destitute; as it was, however, they received the £1,000.

A legal gentleman took out a policy of assurance for £1,500 on his own life, and having caught a severe cold, ruptured a blood-vessel during a paroxysm of coughing. This occurred after two annual payments only had been made, and his family, of course, received the £1,500.

A clergyman, aged 30, possessed of an income of £500 per annum, and married, without a family, desirous of securing his wife a sum sufficient for her support, in the event of his being cut off before he was enabled to save the required amount of money, assured his life for £2,000. The annual premium payable to the office was £45—not a tenth of his income—and he having unexpectedly died after two payments had been made, his widow received £2,000, which enabled her to maintain a state of comfortable independence during life.

A medical gentleman in a country town, whose emoluments from an extensive practice, averaged £300 per annum, reflecting upon the precarious tenure of health in the sphere of his duties, which necessarily exposed him to the constant vicissitudes of the weather, besides bringing him frequently into contact with parties afflicted with infectious diseases, took out a policy on his own life for £1,000 Having been assured for four years, he died from a malignant fever caught in a professional visit, and his widow thus obtained the sum of £1,000

A still more striking instance of the uncertainty of life occurred in the case of a commercial gentlemen, who, for the benefit of his wife, to whom he had been lately married, made a proposal to an assurance company for a considerable sum, and his health being good, the proposal was accepted, and the premium paid. He died of apoplexy during the first year, and the large sum insured thus fell to his widow.

In the words of the volume before us, an apparently trifling incident will oftentimes give a right direction to the thoughts and conduct of a youth, and determine his course during all his future years. The obligation imposed by a policy of assurance is as likely, we think, as any other to exercise a moral influence on the possessor. If the value of health, its importance, and the most rational means of preserving it be rightly understood—if habits of diligence, economy, kindness, and forethought be cultivated in early life by a man—there is hope that he will prosper in all he undertakes, and become an ornament and a blessing to the sphere in which he moves.

GRATTAN'S ORATORY.—His health had suffered, and it had been a fashion for some years in England to relate in derision the peculiarities of his manner, phraseology, and style, without doing justice to the unrivalled wisdom of his views, elevation of his sentiments, fancy, imagery, and wit of his language. He rose in a house prepared to laugh at him, in the face of Mr Pitt and Mr Canning, both of whom had treated him with scorn, and with a manner and voice much exposed to ridicule everywhere, but more especially so in an assembly which had never been familiarised to it, had no experience of the sense and genius by which these defects were redeemed, and has, at all times, been remarkable for great reluctance in confirming reputations for oratory elsewhere attained. When he rose curiosity was excited, and one might have heard a pin drop in that crowded house. It required, indeed intense attention to catch the strange and long deep-fetched whisper in which he began; and I could see the incipient smile curling on Mr. Pitt's lips at the brevity and antithesis of his sentences, his grotesque gesticulations, peculiar and almost foreign accent, and arch articulation and countenance. As he proceeded, however, the sneers of his opponents were softened into courtesy and attention, and, at length, settled in delight and admiration Mr. Pitt beat time to the artificial, but harmonious, cadence of his periods, and Mr Canning's countenance kindled at the brightness of a fancy which in glitter fully equalled—in real warmth and power far exceeded—his own. Never was triumph more complete.—*Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whig Party*

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* An Historical and Statistical Account of Life Assurance, with Observations on Friendly Societies and Savings' Banks, by Alfred Burt, Esq. London: Effingham Wilson.

* The Equitable Life Assurance 1842.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

No. XV.—A CHEER FOR THE WORKERS.

BY JOHN RICHARDSON.

Hurrah for the men who work!
Whatever may be their trade,
Hurrah for the men who wield the pen,
And they who use the spade!
Who earn their daily bread
By the sweat of an honest brow;
Hurrah for the men who dig and delve,
And they who reap and plough!

Hurrah for the sturdy arm!
Hurrah for the steady will!
Hurrah for the worker's strength!
Hurrah for the worker's skill!
Hurrah for the arm that guides the plough,
And the hand that drives the quill!
Hurrah for the noble workers!
Hurrah for the young and old!
The men of worth all over the earth—
Hurrah for the workers bold!

Hurrah for the men that work,
And the trade that suits them best!
Hurrah for the six days' labour,
And the one of blessed rest!
Hurrah for the open heart!
Hurrah for the noble arm!
Hurrah for a quiet home!
Hurrah for an honest name!

Hurrah for the men who strive!
Hurrah for the men who save!
Who sit not down to sigh,
But struggle like the brave,
Hurrah for the men who *earn* their bread,
And will not stoop to *crave*!
Hurrah for the honest workers!
Hurrah for the young and old!
The men of worth all over the earth,—
Hurrah for the workers bold!

ELEMENTARY DRAWING AND NATIONAL EDUCATION.—A circular has recently been issued by the Committee of Council on Education to the authorities of the several training-schools under inspection, calling their attention to the steps which have been taken towards organising local means of instruction in drawing as part of elementary education. The circular proceeds to state, that "it has, however, occurred to my Lords of the Education Committee, and to their Lordships of the Board of Trade, that the various training-schools for masters and mistresses which are under inspection are the points at which the most effectual impetus can be given to the promotion of the object in view. My Lords have felt sure that the authorities of the institutions in question appreciate the importance of this object, and will not have been slow to avail themselves of the means already at their disposal for obtaining supplies of apparatus and the services of competent instructors," and an intention is announced of causing an inspection to take place into the system of drawing which may be pursued in the training-schools. "My Lords would contemplate it as one of the results to follow in time from this step, that evidence of a certain proficiency in drawing should be afforded by each student on account of whose examination the training-school receives a grant, and their Lordships would expect each training-school desirous of receiving Queen's scholars to make adequate provision for imparting this branch of instruction. In like manner my Lords might, sooner or later, regard it as improper to sanction the apprenticeship of pupil teachers to masters or mistresses who had neglected to profit by the means now about to be made generally available for acquiring a practical knowledge of elementary drawing. You will observe that elementary drawing is mentioned both in the minutes of 1846 and in the earliest document, explanatory of them, as one of the subjects in which an apprentice ought to be instructed, and as one of the attainments to be expected in a certificated teacher. My Lords would, however, be most careful not to enforce any requirements of this nature until ample time had been allowed for making the necessary provision to meet them. They desire, however, emphatically to record their opinion that the power of accurately delineating the forms of objects ought no longer to be regarded as an accomplishment only, or the result of some rare natural aptitude, but as an essential part of education."

SAILORS IN 1796.

I RECOLLECT being on board the *Swiftsure*, with Cap Philip, when a sailor carrying a pewter pint in his hand nearly full of guineas came to his captain on deck, and begged very earnestly to be allowed to go on shore for the remainder of the day, in order to expend his prize-money Philip knew the man, and stiffly refused his petition: the man soon reduced his demand to "one hour on shore, if you please dear captain, and I promise you most sincerely to have them spent to the last guinea." "No," replied Philip "I know you will not return but when brought off by force," and quickly turned away towards the cabin The sailor again had in hand, followed the commanding officer, begging for leave to go in the boat about to be pushed off to the shore, and assuring the captain he would remain within site of the officer in charge of the boat; still he was denied. "Then," exclaimed the tar, as he uttered a deep groan, "what's the use of money if a man can't get leave to spend it?" and at the same moment he dashed the pot and guineas overboard, and hastened away to the forecastle, without uttering another word. * * One morning I was with many others standing at the door of Mr. Hoxland's library, printing-office, and gossiping shop, in Fore-street, the usual rendezvous of the navy and army, where all the real and false news of the day was circulated, when our attention was drawn to the assembling of three post-chaises with four horses to each at the door of the King's Arms hotel. They were immediately driven off On our inquiring what great personage had landed without the customary salutes, we were informed that all this display was by a common sailor, who had just received prize-money to the amount of £500. Having been allowed one week to get rid of it, his ingenuity had devised the most noble way of doing so, by hiring one chaise and four for himself, another for his hat, and a third for his cudgel He intended to go to London and back to Plymouth in that style, which, together with some £200 for road expenses, &c., would, he hoped, nearly consume the whole of the prize money

On my landing at Mutton Cove, one day, on returning from Mount Edgecomb, in a boat rowed by two of the women, who always plied the ferry at that place, I observed a group of sailors, women, and Jews, anxiously watching some proceedings going on within a ring they formed I was attracted to the spot, and soon perceived two sailors sitting on the ground each of them holding a shoe by the toe and with the heel hammering a watch to pieces, whilst there were several other watches lying by their sides, seemingly waiting turn to undergo the same operations I was quickly informed by some of the lookers on that the two watch-pounders were "Poor fellows whose hard-hearted captains not allowing them one hour's liberty on shore to spend the prize-money they had that day received, amounting to more than £70 each, had obliged them to remain on the water side in sight of the middy in charge of the boat." To all the women looking on they had behaved with great liberality by dividing amongst them a considerable share of the money, and I was further informed that they were now endeavouring to get rid of the remainder by breaking watches. But tell me," said I, "how, and by what rule are they going on?" "Why," said a large, heavy looking woman, with a short petticoats and bloated face, "I don't suppose its of any use to tell you nothing about it. The way on it is, they buys a dozen of them there watches for £5 a-piece from that tall half-starved looking Jew, as you sees t'other side; but they isn't worth £1 a-piece, God bless you, and then they goes to work and tries which can beat to crumbs his half first for a glass of grog all round"—*Col. Landmann's Adventures.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

CASSELL'S EUCLID.—THE ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY. Containing the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid. Edited by Robert Wallace, A.M., price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. neat cloth.

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NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

INSECTS AS VIEWED BY THE MICROSCOPE.—A German named Hasert, residing in Cincinnati, United States, has manufactured a microscope, which has a magnifying power of 600. The *Cincinnati Times*, speaking of its extraordinary powers, says the dust which, in contact with the wing of the butterfly, adheres to the finges, was shown to be a number of feathers; on these little feathers are observed longitudinal and transverse lines, but this has been, so far, the utmost that has been seen. This new microscope, however, shows that between each pair of longitudinal lines there are five or six rows of scales, like those of a fish, and appear to have the same form in all the feathers, differing only in size. A dust particle, taken from the back of the body of a sphinx, which is the largest of these feathers shown, measuring one-fifteenth of an inch in length, and one two-hundreth of an inch in breadth, had 104 longitudinal lines. Between each pair of lines six rows of scales were visible, making the number of these little scales, laterally, 624; the number of scales, longitudinally, downwards, would be 2,228, therefore, the entire number of these on this little feather amount to one million four hundred thousand, which gives the number of fourteen thousand millions to one square inch. On a very minute particle of dust from the wing of a fimes, measuring only one five-hundredth of an inch in length, and one-thousandth of an inch in width, the number of scales is found to be 84,000, which gives the enormous sum of 42,000,000,000 to one square inch. We observed, also, large sizes of the cat and common house flea, the eye of a fly, and the wing of a small bug, the latter presenting the most brilliant colours and beautiful shawl pattern we ever beheld, with a magnificant border, elaborately ornamented.

A PET PARTRIDGE.—Individually, the bird is eminently susceptible of domestication in confinement, and has been known to evince the strongest personal attachment to its owner. A lady in West Sussex had a tame partridge for many years it was a mere chick when it came into her possession, and no dog or parrot ever presented a more perfect model of affection and docility. Although it had the run of the house, its favourite quarters were in the drawing-room, where it would sit for hours on the back of the chair usually occupied by its beloved mistress, and never fail to exhibit every symptom of grief and concern during her occasional absence. When she retired to rest it would accompany her to her chamber, and take up its position near the head of her bed No wonder then that many a tear was dropped when, from an untimely accident, it "went the way of all" pets.

A REMARKABLE DOG STORY.—A writer in the *New York Evening Post* relates the following almost incredible instance of the intelligence and affection of a dog —"I passed a day and a night last week at a friend's house, under the Palisades, opposite Spitendevil's Creek, about nine miles from this city. A fine hound-like dog came into the room where we were sitting, of whom the family related the following instance of sagacity and canine affection, which had occurred a few days before. He and another dog were in the practice of going out together to hunt squirrels on the mountain His companion, in pursuit of some game, got his head fast between two rocks, from which he could not extricate himself; he remained in this situation eight days; during this time his associate, Watch, fed him daily. Watch was observed to whine and show great uneasiness; he would seize every bone and bit of meat he could find, and hasten up to the mountain, reserving for himself only the crumbs which were shaken from the table-cloth. He also went often to the master of his friend, and by signs endeavoured to induce him to follow him. At length the master began to notice the conduct of the dog, and one day said to him, 'Watch, do you know where poor Alonzo is?' The dog, appearing to understand him, sprang upon him with so much force as almost to throw him down, and by other signs induced him to follow him. Watch, elated beyond measure, conducted him to his imprisoned companion. The poor dog was found to have suffered greatly; in addition to his being nearly starved, in his efforts to extricate himself he had worn the skin from his neck and shoulders. He was soon liberated, and with care is in a fair way of recovery. Fragments of the bones which Watch had brought him, lay around the place of his confinement.

THE WINGLESS BIRD —A live specimen of this bird has been received, during the last autumn, at the Zoological Gardens. This bird is a native of New Zealand,—and interesting as being almost the last of group of wingless birds which seem in former times to have overspread that island. Of the living history of the great mass of the species of these birds we know nothing. Of one genus, the Notornis, Mr. Mantell seems to have captured the last of its race. The Apteryx is also fast disappearing under the influence of civilisation, and, like the Dodo, bids fair to leave nothing but its head and claws behind. Hence, the interest which attaches to the safe arrival of a living specimen in this country. There are three species of this genus known. They are all strictly nocturnal in their habits, and, in consequence of this, it has been thought desirable to prevent the present specimen from being disturbed by visits during the day. It is utterly incapable of flight, having merely rudimentary wings. It has very diminutive eyes, and during the day very imperfect vision. Its legs are so far back, that when standing in any other than the erect position it is obliged to have recourse to his beak, on which it rests This part has been hardened towards its point for that purpose. The feathers of this bird are very peculiar in appearance; and combine with its almost globular body, when in a state of repose, to give it a very strange appearance,—presenting few of the characteristics that distinguish the other classes of animals The safe arrival of this curious bird is a subject for congratulation in another point of view as it affords further proof that animals which had been supposed to be perfectly incapable of restraint and transport may yet be added to our living collections.

INGENUITY OF ROOKS.—A curious circumstance, illustrative of the ingenuity and reasoning powers of rooks, was witnessed at the South Inch rookery one Sabbath forenoon. One of the black fellows was observed hammering with his bill with great force at the joint of a twig on a tree, which he had evidently selected for a part of his new nest. Finding he could not strike the twig off, he threw himself to its point and hung awhile, trying, no doubt, whether his weight would bring it away. This, however, also failed; and, returning to his perch at the joint, with a croak brought his mate to his assistance. Both, after some apparent consultation about the matter, threw themselves to the point of the twig. Still it would not do, and they were compelled to return to the perch, from whence one of them flew off, and shortly arrived with two assistants. A long consultation then took place, and it was amusing to observe the conclusion they had come to as to their *modus operandi*. Three of the rooks threw themselves upon the point of the twig, while the fourth, with great vigour, attacked the joint, and ultimately the much-coveted twig was severed from the branch, and was carried off to the nest, with a crowing of gratification which nearly drowned the noise of the other denizens of the rookery.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CURIOSO.—Have nothing to do with the almanack you mention, nor with any other that professes to prognosticate future events. The pretensions of astrologers are much worse than ridiculous.

G. S. FORD.—Your question is not definite "the ingredients for japanning" vary with the character of the article to be japanned, and the nature of the ornaments. In general, after the article is coloured, or painted with various devices, it is covered with copal varnish, dried at a high temperature, and then polished. The making of copal varnish is a difficult and expensive process, which few private persons would be able to perform with success. The varnish may be bought, properly made, at any varnish maker's.

ALFRED.—We cannot undertake to settle disputes between apprentices and masters, or workmen and employers. Your recovery of "a week's wages, or a week's notice," depends upon the terms of your engagement.

T. M.—Exeter Hall was opened at the latter end of March, 1831. Sir Thomas Baring, Bart., M. P., presided. But it was not opened, as you suppose, to be used *gratuitously* by different benevolent and religious institutions, the charge for the use of the Hall for a public meeting was at first about £60, it is now reduced to about £25

A YOUNG MAN IN WANT OF EMPLOY —In reference to your inquiries about entering the Excise Office, we have to inform you that the age of candidates must be from nineteen to twenty-five years, that they must be unmarried, that they must understand well the first four rules of vulgar and decimal fractions, and book-keeping by double entry.

C. E. D. (Melbourne) —Where can you have been, or how can you have been engaged, not to have seen that "the life and battles of the Duke of Wellington" has already come out in the pages of the WORKING MAN." We began the memoir in No. 53, bearing date October 2, and continued it through six successive numbers Really, you do not prove yourself "a *regular* subscriber to the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND," when you have allowed six numbers, so full of interest, to escape your notice.

J. EARNEST.—You can obtain advice at the Opthalmic Infirmary, Moorfields, by applying *personally*, when every direction will be given you as to the best mode of becoming an inmate

J. P. (Headcorn) —Your lines, "Answer to the Slave's Appeal," are not eligible for insertion in our pages.

D. R. W.—The covers for binding the "Illustrated Exhibitor" may be had at our office, or by order through any bookseller.

J. P. (near Leeds) —The Pantagraphic Carving Machine may be seen in operation at the Company's works, Lower Eaton-lane, Pimlico.

J. SEYMOUR.—A series of "Lessons in Phonetic Shorthand" was commenced in the "Popular Educator," No 40, dated January 1, 1853.

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AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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FLOWERS AND FRUIT.



GROUP OF FLOWERS AND FRUIT; FROM THE DESIGN OF A FRENCH ARTIST.

FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

Who goes to the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy without passing by for the exquisite fruit and flower pieces of Mr. ——? Not many persons of taste, we opine, for the love of pictorial representations of natural objects seems to be almost universal. If we go into the most remote districts of the earth, we find that the natives possess the art of imitative carving on wood, or are skilled in the portraiture of the human face divine "on rudest canvasses," or, at least, exhibit a talent in transferring to their warlike instruments and domestic utensils, the outlines which nature has given to the trees and flowers of the forest. Thus has man's imitative skill produced, in nearly all countries, numerous specimens of ornamentation in which the fruits and flowers common to the climate have been the originals. We discover this love of nature's choicest forms under a vast variety of circumstances: in the productions of the looms of China, Persia, and India; in the wall paintings and domestic series of Pompeii and Herculaneum; in the recovered sculptures of dead and buried Nineveh; in the carvings on Egyptian tombs; in the familiar ornaments of all civilized peoples; and, in rude shapes, among the coarse art-efforts of the merest savages.

Nor can we wonder at this universal taste, or feel surprised

> "That man, remured in cities, still retains
> His unconquerable, unquenchable thirst
> For rural scenes,"

for among the very first objects with which the little, unreasoning, helpless human animal becomes familiar, are fruits and flowers! And what would the world be without them? We take little account of

> "Lilies, and roses, and yellow daffodils,"

because we are familiar with them all; but only try to realise the idea of a world without flowers! Of course, if our fields, and gardens, and forests were destitute of flowers, there would be no fruits; and if there were no fruits, it is not a *very* wild notion to suppose that there would be no singing birds: and so, without flowers, fruit, or little grain-eating birds, we should pass through our dull lives in a fashion something akin to that of the Esquimaux, or, having known what birds and flowers were, we should go on our miserable life-journeys—much in the way that we may suppose lost Arctic discoverers go on theirs. A halt hopeless, inanimate, perpetually-brooding-on-the-past condition. "God might have made," says Mary Howitt, in that exquisite little book of hers on Birds and Flowers—

> "God might have made the earth bring forth
> Enough for great and small,
> The oak tree and the cedar tree,
> Without a flower at all.
> He might have made enough—enough
> For every want of ours,
> For luxury, medicine, and food,
> And yet have made no flowers!"

True, He might; and then would man have had none of those sweet thoughts which come upon us all in times of sickness, and ours would have been a cold weary world indeed. Without the flowers,

> "Springing in valleys green and low,
> And on the mountain high,
> And in the secret wilderness,
> Where no man passeth by,"

we might as well have been all born miners, and dug into the bowels of the earth, or have dwelt in sandy deserts in one continual round of dangerous travel. Nay, even in the desert, or on the sea, the flowers have their sweet influences: for even in the desert we come occasionally to soft green spots where wild flowers grow, and on the "wild wide sea" rough sailors treasure up a little monthly rose, or a pot of mignionette, as a dear memory of home!

The spring is coming, and with it comes the flowers. The flowers pass away with the summer, and autumn steals gently on, and the trees are loaded with fruits. Against the south wall behind the house there is the ruddy vine, laden with luscious grapes, not quite so dark, nor quite so full, perhaps, as they might be in a warmer climate; but what does that matter? we have them, and very exquisite fruit are in either health or sickness. A little further on, in the kitchen garden, grows the old rose-tree—always a beauty! In spring, covered with thick white blossoms; in summer, umbrageous with leaves, in autumn, heavy with the great red bunching berries, two upon a stalk, and ripe as—as maidens' lips, and in winter, putting on a pure white garment of hoar-frost and snow, which makes it look, seen from the back bed-room window in the uncertain light of a Christmas morning, more beautiful than ever. And then the fruit-trees in the orchard—not *our* fruit-trees, nor *our* orchard at home, for we have neither one nor the other—but that grey-brown, quiet, dreamy, old orchard "down in Suffolk," where grandfather lives. Ah! how many years ago is it since we romped and frolicked—some dozen of us, boys and girls—among the apple and pear-trees, and gathered great bunches of roses and gilliflowers, to the annoyance of the lame old gardener, in that same glorious orchard and flower-garden!

The house is shut up now, and a board next the highway informs the passers-by that it and the "extensive ground and paddocks, and three hundred acres of arable land comprised in two farms, both well let," are to be sold to the highest bidder. The merry young company have all grown up and dispersed hither and thither—some prosperous, some poor, and some dead!—and the flowers—

> "The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
> Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again."

ON AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE LAWS OF NATURE.

BY GEORGE KERSHAW.

"In looking at the present age," says Dr. Channing, "I am struck immediately with one commanding characteristic, and that is, the tendency, in all its movements, to expansion, to diffusion, to universality." And truly it is one of the most cheering signs of the times we live in, that the masses of the people are awaking from that deep intellectual slumber which pressed so heavily upon the eyelids of their forefathers for many a century—a slumber which deprived them of the knowledge of the most common facts, and kept them ignorant of things most essential for them to be known.

Working men, however, are now beginning to arouse themselves into active life, to awake to a proper estimation of their true dignity as men—as beings whom God hath created for nobler end than to eat, drink, toil in ignorance, and die! They are beginning to enter the fields of literature, rich in luxuriant bloom and beauty, to investigate the myriad objects which nature presents before their eyes, in the heavens above, and on the earth beneath, to examine the laws by which the Creator governs the universe, and especially those by which He governs the world we live in, and which are essential to the well-being of man and beast, fowl and fish, and all the wondrous things that breathe the vital air.

I think it necessary that working men should know something about those laws, and should study the sciences which treat of them. We live in a world governed by physical laws, the observance of which secures health and pleasure, while their infringement entails pain and disease. But how can a man conduct himself in accordance with the physical or natural laws by which he is surrounded, unless he has some knowledge of them? And let it be remembered that these laws are inflexible, they will not bend to man's caprice, to his ignorance, or wilful neglect. If he violates them, he must suffer the punishment and bear the pain. He may be honest, but this will not save him. He may be pious, but neither will that preserve him from the operation of those laws which have been established by the Creator of the world to promote and secure the physical happiness of his creatures.

It is manifestly, then, of some importance to possess at least a general knowledge of those laws which are continually exerting their influence upon us. And when it is known that so much depends upon ourselves, as to whether that influence shall be for good or for ill—as to whether it shall be productive of pleasure or pain, health or sickness, life or death—it behoves us to make ourselves acquainted with the circumstances under which they operate, injuriously or otherwise. To know this, we should have

some knowledge of ourselves—of our constitutional adaptation to the physical laws, or their adaptation to us. And to have a *practical* knowledge of these, in order that we may be able to conduct ourselves in harmony with external nature, we should possess a general knowledge of the organic structure of our own bodies, not that I think it necessary that working men should enter into, and understand, *all* the minutiæ of physiological science, but I think they ought to have at least a *general* knowledge of its more important branches. They should know something of the laws of health, of diet, how different substances when taken into the stomach will affect that delicately-formed organ, how they will operate upon the finer tissues of the internal structure. Now the science which teaches us these things ought to be studied by all, working men should not think it a subject which is above or beneath their attention, they are concerned in it; their health and happiness are affected by it, or rather by those laws upon whose mode of operation it treats. For instance, chemistry has demonstrated that alcohol (the active principle of intoxicating drinks) to be a *poison*. Physiology teaches us that this poison acts injuriously upon the human system, and, if taken in sufficient quantity, would destroy life as effectually and as certainly as prussic acid, or arsenic, or mercury or opium.

But, leaving these general remarks, let us look at man for a moment as he stands connected with those physical laws by the working of which he is more *immediately* surrounded, namely, the atmosphere in which he breathes and lives. By physical laws are meant those laws by which the Creator conserves or upholds the universe which He has made; those by which its beauty, its order, and its harmony are preserved from age to age, and shall continue in one steady untiring course of obedience, until the fiat of Him who first called them into existence shall say, "It is enough" then ——— But I am wandering, I must keep to the text. What, then, is the constitution of those laws in reference to man? This is a point of importance, and deserves our particular attention.

It has been ascertained by chemical experiment, and now stands a demonstrated fact, that pure atmospheric air is made up principally of two gases, which the chemists technically call nitrogen and oxygen. These gases, combining in unequal parts, form the vital air we breathe. The proportions are (if I mistake not) 79 parts of nitrogen gas, and 21 parts of oxygen, and a very small quantity of what is called carbonic acid gas. And so nicely are these principles adapted by the infinitely wise and intelligent Creator, and so exact in all chemical combinations by the above-named proportions for the purposes of *life* and health, that to breathe them in any other combinations becomes at once deleterious to the healthful action of the organs of life—and this, whether it proceed from our ignorance or inattention. (I have before said that these laws will not bend to man's ignorance or folly.)

Oxygen supports life, but, to sustain it in a healthful condition, it must be in the proportions named, and in no other. A larger quantity of oxygen would quicken the circulation, and cause the fire of life (if I may be allowed the expression) to burn with an intenser flame, but, for want of fuel to support it, the evident result would be a speedy extinction—every organ and function of life perishing by sheer exhaustion, as experiments by the inhaling of nitrous oxide (in which is contained a considerable quantity of oxygen) may illustrate. On the other hand, were we to breathe an atmosphere containing a *less* proportion of oxygen, and a larger quantity of nitrogen, the effect would be just the reverse: life would become a burden—a perpetual weariness of frame, from a languid organic action, would be the portion of our days.

But, further, in the phenomena of respiration the vital air is materially changed. After performing its great and important purposes in the lungs, in oxygenating or purifying the blood, &c., it is expired (breathed out), but so altered in its chemical combinations as to become extremely vitiated. It is found by chemical analysis that it has lost more than one-third of its oxygen; and, as the volume of air *expired* is nearly equal to that which is inspired, it follows, of course, that the oxygen lost from the volume inspired must be supplied by some other, and that is found, by the analysis above mentioned, to be carbonic acid. Now carbonic acid gas acts as a virulent poison, it will not support life; so that just in proportion as we breathe an atmosphere containing carbonic acid gas (more than the small quantity found in pure air), just in proportion shall we suffer its injurious effects upon the vital functions of life.

From these facts, I think the two following particulars are apparent, and will force themselves upon the understanding of every one who may read this paper, namely —first, that the nicely balancing of the stratum of atmospheric air which surrounds our globe, by the peculiar combination of its gases for the purposes of life, and the adaptation of man's physical constitution to this part of the arrangement of external nature, bear striking proofs of the providence and care which the all-wise Creator *still* takes of His creatures, and second, that to secure the benefit, to enjoy the blessings contained in this beautiful arrangement, man must act in accordance with these laws of a benificent Providence. They will not change or accommodate themselves to his foolishness, they will not bend to his ignorance: he must breathe a pure air—must drink the grateful cup of life at its Maker's hands, sweet, yea sweeter, than the "grapes of Eschol," and charming as the "snow of Lebanon, which cometh from the rock of the field," to the thirsty soul.

I will illustrate by a supposed case of infringement. I will suppose a family living in a closely-confined house or room: they take every precaution to keep themselves warm and comfortable (as they suppose), stopping up every crevice through which the pure breath of heaven might find its way into the room and consequently through which the bad air might make its escape. I will suppose the family to be pious, but they are ignorant—ignorant of the physical laws which surround them, of their own constitution, and of its adaptation to external nature, and, consequently, ignorant of the general or universal providence of God, save only so far as the name goes. What, then, are the consequences? First, a direct infringement of the grand principles or laws I have been trying to explain. The necessary influx of vital air is prevented, the quantity of oxygen in the room is greatly lessened by respiration, its place is supplied by carbonic acid gas, the air becomes vitiated, bad, unfit for the purposes of life, by being breathed over and over again, it is less and less capable of aerating or purifying the blood in the lungs, —and then comes on a *second* consequence, namely, langour, pain and suffering, until, at length, some pulmonary disease fixes its fatal talons in the heart, the lungs, or the liver, and carries the unfortunate victims, one by one, to the house appointed for all living. Now, in a case of this sort, I ask, would it be right to charge all this suffering and premature death upon the infinite goodness and sovereign pleasure of the Almighty?

I think I may venture to leave the answering of this question to the common sense of the readers of this paper—that is, if the paper should be accepted and printed, for you perceive, Mr. Editor, I have been writing a little presumptively as if I thought the paper *would* find its way into your valuable little book the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND. However that may be, I think there is no harm in trying, and if I don't succeed with this I shall try again, and even if I do not succeed at all, I shall have, nevertheless, the benefit of writing and composing them, and that will tend to the improvement of my own mind.

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

BY JOHN METCALF.

(An Essay read before the Ambleside Young Men's Association.)

THE present day may justly be called one of unusual mental activity, benefecent enterprise, and social improvement. In nothing is this seen more than in the earnest and well directed efforts of ragged schools. These schools decidedly aim at rescuing the youth of our destitute and demoralised population from the greatest temporal destitution and from the deepest moral degradation; and, blessed be God, this purely Christian agency is effecting great and permanent good for such necessitous objects. Unfortunately in years gone by the children now sought after and instructed in ragged schools were entirely neglected and despised by many persons who were in trust of funds which should have been expended on their mental and moral training.

Happily there is a great and good change coming over the opinion of society on this point. These poor helpless outcasts are now admitted to be objects of pity, and deserving of our educational care. The education and future employment of ragged school children are now become subjects of popular discussion. They are the very chief points of the Christian's

duty and the legislature's responsibility, most earnestly insisted on by preachers, poets, lecturers, and journalists. Much of what we hear and read on the subject is most amusing, as coming from mere theorists. There is no end to the number of theories published about it by persons who never left their office or their homes for one hour in quest of the ragged, ignorant, population of our lanes, courts, and alleys. Some speakers and writers affect to bring the whole subject within the compression of a nutshell, whilst there are others who amplify their own views of it so as to fill a pamphlet. By one party the most probable means of effecting the instruction and reformation of these children, and the most liberal co-operation offered to accomplish this desirable end, are rejected because the mode of conducting the business of committees and visitors does not square with their ecclesiastical and contracted views; and thus so far as such men are concerned the good work is retarded. But, thanks be to them, there are others who, with generous support unite anxious pity for the objects of their sympathy—they willingly co-operate with both lay and clerical controul in carrying on their operations; and this union affords the best guarantee for the energy and efficiency of such undertakings.

From even disunited advocates of ragged schools, we may learn much of their necessity and advantages. But such are not our examples. We look at the brightest examples —we converse with the most decided and united advocates—men who by their writings and personal efforts have done essential and lasting service to this great movement. The keen moral perceptions of the Dr. Guthrie and Lord Ashley have discerned real merits in the beneficent operations of ragged schools. These gentlemen we call the Caleb and Joshua of our day. They are eminently qualified and in earnest for their mission to the destitute outcasts of our juvenile population. They have spied out the densely-populated alleys, courts, yards, and lanes, of our large towns.

They have obtained lodgement in the houses of many Rahabs; the pleasing incidents and the encouraging facts of ragged schools are their "grapes of Eshcol;" and led on by our Ashleys and Guthries, we hope the moral host of 800 ragged school teachers in London will gradually take possession of every degraded district, and eventually bring them under the notice and moral supervision of our glorious Christianity.

I.—THE NECESSITY FOR RAGGED SCHOOLS.

This necessity is too apparent to need any argument with persons at all conversant with the statistics of juvenile destitution and delinquency. A very slight acquaintance with the "Pleas," of Dr. Guthrie and the labours of Lord Ashley will serve to convince any enquiring person of the necessity for such institutions. These gentlemen are too comprehensive in their knowledge of society, and in their experience of the *truth* to be deluded. They are no fanatics; they do nothing to obtain popularity; they utterly disdain notoriety. This labour they have undertaken is dictated by necessity and prudence. It is highly beneficial to the objects for whose good it is put forth, and also to the nation.

The lamentable fact, that hundreds of our strong youths are annually convicted before our city magistrates for mendicity or crime, shows the necessity of ragged schools. These are alternately paupers and criminals, and after a seven years' course of confinement in the union and prison, are again set at liberty unimproved, to put the nation to the same disgrace and expense. Again, who can read of boys before they are twelve years old, having been ten times before the magistrates, and having served as many terms of imprisonment unreformed, and not see the necessity of ragged schools? The denial of their necessity must arise from total ignorance of vagrant and delinquent statistics, or, what is worse, from a total indifference about the matter.

Every inquiry into the education and morals of the vagrant and the delinquent classes shows the deep necessity of ragged schools. So also does every investigation of the moral state of the youth of both our manufacturing and agricultural districts. Among these we can lay our hand on the heads of many boys of fifteen and seventeen years old, who, although they are in work, and have homes, are nevertheless as greatly in need of the instructions and moral training of ragged schools, as those boys are who have no work, no homes, no parents. Those have work, and parents, and homes, but under such awfully demoralising influences as to make them truly objects of Christian pity and effort. We have stood by some boys of the above ages, and with a watch in our hand, we have counted *seven* minutes occupied by them in writing their familiar names, so unaccustomed are they to use the pen. What, then, can they appreciate that is educational and intellectual—absolutely nothing?

Just think of one of these youths, seventeen years old, witnessing the birth of *four* illegitimate children, under the parental roof, by two of his sisters, and his parents being only about forty-seven years of age! Are not such domestic circumstances truly wretched and immoral? They are ruinous to every principle and sense of virtue and religion. Is there, then, not a necessity for ragged schools which embrace boys such as these, and in which alone they can have the instructions of the prudent and the pious?

II.—THE ADVANTAGES OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

The pleasing incidents and cheering facts in the short history of ragged schools attest their advantages. In the experience of many boys who have been trained in these schools the advantages are of the very highest order. Their interests both for time and for eternity have been promoted. Nor is this great result to be wondered at. The agency of ragged schools is of a kind to contemplate and produce such results. Where the numerous and long-standing police can point to one case of reformation among juvenile delinquents resulting from prison discipline, the Ragged School Union can produce many such cases, and that too after the lapse of a very few months' operations. There can be no mistake about this point. Some of the scholars have been induced to return to their deserted homes, some have obtained situations, some who subsisted on the garbage of the streets, having had few clothes, and no lodgings before, are now by their own efforts respectably clothed, fed, and lodged. Instead of being idle and destitute, they are industrious and comfortable. They are become producers and consumers in the state. Instead of being either paupers or criminals, they are decent members of society, and the nation is spared the expense and disgrace of their support or prosecution.

In fact, the advantages of ragged schools are too numerous to be specified and too valuable to be fully estimated. See in them the naked clothed, the pilferer made honest, the vicious made chaste, the vagrant located, the cruelly-treated at home kindly intreated there. See the really neglected at home well cared for there. See the Sabbath breaker reclaimed, and led to attend and appreciate the public service of God. See the profane, the liar, the blasphemer, the sceptic, and the despiser of good men and of God, become the serious reader, the Sabbath scholar, the Sunday school teacher, and the communicant, while being trained in the ragged school.

Are not these educational and moral changes both personal and national advantages? O that the same means were universally in operation, and the same blessed results as extensively realised in every large town in England!

That was a strong and noble sentiment uttered by the honourable president of the Ragged School Union who, when defending the name "ragged school," said "we adhere to the term, because we receive the children in rags and send them out clothed; we receive them as ignorant as heathens, and we send them out Christians." England, Scotland, and some of the British colonies, can bear witness to the happy truth of that memorable sentence,—yes,—

> "They've achiev'd delightful things
> Beyond our best imaginings."

To conclude, ragged schools are a necessary institution in our cities and populous towns; and they would be an honourable addition to our hospitals, dispensaries, and almshouses. As no large town is without one or all of these receptacles of the diseased, the infirm, and the aged, so neither should it be any longer without its ragged school. The morally destitute should be attentively and speedily cared for by the capitalist, the philanthropist, and the Christian.

THE WORKMEN OF LYONS.

BY M. A. AUDIGANNE.

(*Translated from the French, for the* WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, *by Walter Weldon*)

(*Continued from page* 261.)

III.—THE INSURRECTIONS AND THE SECRET SOCIETIES.

The rich industry to which the working population of Lyons is devoted, being submitted, like all the industry of luxury, to a thousand capricious influences, and being, moreover, in a great measure, dependent upon the foreigner, finds itself liable to frequent and sad vicissitudes. From all times it has keenly felt all exterior perturbations, and these have always tended to confuse and interfere with its healthy and sound condition. The political events which have occurred in France, at various epochs, have many times given to it most cruel wounds, and threatened to destroy Lyonnais prosperity for ever. Never, however, before 1831, did the world see the artizans of this city of the silk-weavers put themselves in an hostile attitude towards the authorities. They passed, on the contrary, for inoffensive races, incapable of any energetic efforts. Nothing, till the revolution of July, had seemed to produce upon them any effect which need be dreaded, or caused them to take any part in the political history of *la belle* France.

During the year, however, which immediately succeeded the restoration, an exercised and attentive eye might have discovered already, under a surface seemingly tranquil and serene, the germs of the deplorable *egarements* which the world has witnessed since. The mutual relations of the employed and the employers were changing themselves entirely, by little and little, in those years. A lively competition which was springing up amongst the *fabricans* was producing an unwonted briskness in the silk trade, which was but to be momentary, and was soon to be followed by the saddest periods of depression ever known. The development of the silk manufacture in Switzerland, Italy, Germany, and England, and the rivalries which it produced between the Lyonnais and foreign manufacturers pressing upon the selling price, could not but re-act upon the rates of wages. The resources of the laborious families became smaller day by day, and exasperation glided into the soul of every workman, in proportion as misery took its place by his fireside. The wives of the workmen, who held more constant intercourse with the interior distress, began to show themselves impatient and determined. Certain difficulties, formerly unknown, also commenced to be apparent, from time to time, in the relations between the two classes. The mechanic had felt the breath of the new ideas of the age, he had a little improved his intellectual position, and having thus grown prouder and more intelligent, he began to feel himself aggrieved by many of those proceedings carried on around him which were aditional, and which he had hitherto regarded with indifference. The *fabricans*, taking no account of change and progress, were treading in the old path, travelling in the ruts which had been worn in it by custom, without any ill intention, but at the same time without seeing that they were approaching an abyss.

The events of July, while still unruffling the calm exterior of the Lyonnais, greatly fanned those smouldering sparks of discontent which had thus been gathering fresh numbers and intensity during all the preceding years since the restoration. After 1830, the ideas of the St. Simonians with regard to labour were largely thrown into circulation amongst the Lyonnais, and were welcomed with avidity by the already discontented. The reduction of wages which took place so shortly, after the Revolution was the theme amongst them of incessant discussion at the eve of the insurrection of 1831. It also was the subject which alone was occupying the attention of two societies since rendered famous, that of the *mutuellistes*, composed of *chefs-d'atelier*, and that of the Ferrandiniers,* formed entirely of *compagnons*. Originally established, few years before, for the purpose merely of giving succour to their members in case of sickness, these societies were carried far from these primitive ends and objects. *Mutuellisme*, which played so great a part between the years 1832 and 1834, began to take, in the middle of 1831, the high hand in the direction of the popular interests. If the spirit of anarchy dwelt not then in the intentions of the members of the society from which this *ism* took its name, the germs of it were certainly to be found in its organisation. Divided into sections denominated *loges*, the *mutuellistes* had at their head an executive council, which had the power of deciding every question absolutely. Each *loge* was composed of less than twenty members, in order to escape the interdictions of the penal laws. In the preamble of its *acte-social* there was mingled, with ideas of the enfranchisment of labour such as Turgot had promulgated when reversing the ancient industrial system of France, a sort of ardent Cyrism which reflected the language of some of the contemporary sects. The society was, moreover, a secret one, or sought to be such, and its associates looked upon each other as brethren. Every one knew the days on which the monthly re-unions of the members were accustomed to take place, but the *mutuellistes* held also, from time to time, extraordinary meetings at indeterminate periods. These assemblies, however, were very seldom held unknown to the authorities, although they were sought to be, notwithstanding that it was almost impossible that they should be so, seeing that the members of all the *loges*, each in its own *quartier*, met together at exactly the same moment. The expenses of the association were defrayed by a subscription of one franc per month from each member, who moreover paid at first the sum of five francs as an entrance fee.

In 1831, the *ouvriers* had come to incarnate all their wishes in one single idea that of an obligatory tariff, fixing a *minimum* for the wages of the silk weavers. They said "Our wages are falling every day; misery is spreading amongst us like an ulcerous wound. If a point be fixed and settled below which our salaries shall not fall, we shall be freed from the fear of those arbitrary depreciations which are at present plunging us into such deep distress." This imaginary bulwark of an obligatory tariff, the *ouvriers* could not perceive, would have to be founded upon shifting sands, placed under the subordination of circumstances essentially mobile and very often impossible to be determined before hand, the *minimum* would have to be still invariable and changeless. If the city of Lyons had possessed the entire monopoly of the silk trade, which it certainly had not nor yet has, the establishment of such a tariff would have also necessitated the organisation and regulation upon one uniform plan of all the labour—a measure which would have been attended with the gravest inconveniences. The project, moreover, had this to be said against it—the tariff which it proposed to establish would have been obligatory for the *fabricans*, who could not descend below a certain *minimum*, but not so for the *ouvriers*, who were to be free to accept it or not, just as they chose. In reality, there exists always at Lyons, as elsewhere, a species of tariff, a price-current known to all the trade, but one which is facultative, and changes with the times. If such a tariff is liable to be abused by individuals, a fixed and inflexible one would be a great deal more so.

When the *ouvriers* claimed a positive tariff, they were only consistent with themselves in insisting upon its most essential condition, that of the *minimum* which it fixed being obligatory. The prefectoral authorities, however, who, animated by intentions more well-meaning than far-seeing, had patronised the idea of the *minimum*, and given their full approbation to the rate of wages which was fixed upon by the delegates of the *ouvriers* and those of a part of the *fabricans*, were guilty of gross inconsistency when they wrote to the Council of Prud'hommes, respecting a question relative to the tariff which had been agreed upon, that that tariff must be considered only as a simple base of valuation. This was, doubtlessly, only giving way to an impossibility, but this impossibility ought to have been seen before. This drawing back of the prefectoral authorities exasperated the *ouvriers* beyond all endurance. Every one knows the history of the fearful insurrection which it caused. An encounter which took place upon the declivity of the Grand-Côte, between the National Guards, who represented the interest of the *fabricans*, and the *ouvriers* of the Croix-Rousse, was the signal of the combat.

The great error of the workmen had been that of imagining that they would be able to obtain the redress of what they called their grievances by force, by agitation, and violent pressure, and that by these means they would be able to restrain their masters' from further lowering their wages, in short, that they could put their hands into the fire without burning them. "Before the

* The Ferrandiniers derived their name from a kind of silk once largely manufactured in Lyons, but which is now gone entirely out of fashion.

insurrection broke out," says one of its leaders, "we had not dreamed of resorting to physical force, and we had entirely excluded politics from our ranks." It is very probable that it was so, but they had aroused up many spirits, and irritated many hearts; they had put into one another's presence elements decidedly hostile and then they were astonished that they could not restrain the torrent they had let loose! When men, even acting individually, have once given up the reins unto their passions, they care not where the latest of their hearts may lead them,—and how much more difficult must it not be to moderate a vast crowd which is incapable of reflection, and liable to every unforeseen disaster! The *ouvriers* had moreover gravely troubled the public peace, and thrown the whole city into great alarm, they had entered into combat with the very army itself, and had begun to serve their apprenticeship to the art of street warfare; and yet, throughout the whole period of the insurrection of '31, they imagined that they were only debating an economic question.

If it was not evident before the breaking out of that sad insurrection that the question at issue could not possibly be decided by physical force, it became so immediately that the city was abandoned to the insurgents. The combination which concentrated the troops without the town, upon the heights of Montessuy, has been variously appreciated, but it is impossible to deny that, by leaving the *ouvriers* to themselves, the General-in-Chief only placed them in the more inextricable embarrassment. A feeling, an acknowledgment of total impuissance and powerlessness, was visible in every act which they committed. If, for the moment, the industrial difficulty seemed simplified, the future was only the more gloomy, seeing that the *émeute* had entirely paralysed all trade and commerce. The workmen appeared to know no longer what they had been fighting for. Harassed by intestine divisions, and perceiving around them nothing but shadows, they soon began to wish for the end of the affair. They requested the civil authorities in their functions, and as for the arms, which they had previously refused as having driven from the city, they were now far from dreaming of offering any impediment to its return, especially as no obstacle imposed upon them any serious attention to many military posts. A *chef-d'atelier* who played an active part in this sad drama, said to us lately, "If Marshal Soult had waited a few more days before he had thought of causing his troops to return to the city, it is very likely that we should have gone to fetch them."

A circumstance, of which the details are but little known, which took place just before the period we refer to, will serve to show how little the individuals who were readiest to break out into complaints had reflected upon the conditions and situation of the Lyonnais manufacture. Some delegates were sent to Paris by the insurgent workmen, immediately upon their becoming masters of the city, charged with the mission of laying before the government the wishes of the *ouvriers*. The delegates, chosen from among the most capable *chefs-d'atelier* were received, at the ministry of the interior, by M. Casimir Périer. The minister knowing that they were a little out of place in his cabinet, strove to put them at their ease, and commenced at once a free and familiar conversation upon the subject which they ought to have known the most about, and which alone their business there related, namely, that of the condition and situation which they had come to complain of. His matter-of-fact questionings left no place for declamation, they required precise facts and categoric proofs and indications. The deputation, which reflected with profundity the *état d'esprit* of the workmen of Lyons, had only brought the declamatory expression of a vague discontent, and had never occupied itself with reflections concerning the means by which the inconveniences complained of could be remedied, or of those whereby the exigencies of the weavers could be harmonised with the necessities of home and foreign commerce. The tariff which the delegates proposed would not stand the test of a few moments of calm and tolerably profound discussion. They had, therefore, to retire without having given utterance to a single one and which they themselves, when the *pros* and *cons* were fairly put before them could judge to be reasonable, or just, or possible to be conceded. As soon as they had left the cabinet they strove to recollect themselves, and ask if there was nothing which had been forgotten. Mark the result —these fiery deputies who had come to Paris full of their mission and imagining that they carried in their souls a World of griefs but "government" could ease them of, put into sudden contact with the executive were constrained to admit that they had no serious proposition to place before it. Unfortunately this conviction had not power to penetrate amongst the mass of the distressed inhabitants of the Croix-Rousse.

Radically barren of good effects, even at the moment, and productive rather of a multitude of bad ones, the insurrection of November, 1831, bequeathed to the future many dangerous germs, which were not smothered in the least by the conciliatory measures adopted by the government. The mind of the masses received from the insurrection a vicious principle, which time served only to develop rapidly. Each antagonistic interest, after it was ended, still remained in presence, becoming only more intense in its antagonism. The *fabricans* and *ouvriers* were more enemies than ever; the former dwelling on the bitter souvenirs of late events, the latter being inflated with an immense amount of pride at having been masters, although only for a day. Taking the human heart such as it is, it will be easy to see that the *fabricans* would have to suffer even for the protection which was afforded them during the insurrection by the *canuts*, who kept watch at the doors of their warehouses in order to make sure that their property was respected. This circumstance, so creditable to the *ouvriers*, only irritated the *fabricans* the more against them. Politics now, also, came to widen the gulf between them. Moreover, from the time that the *ouvriers* threw themselves behind the barricades in '31, they ceased to belong any longer to themselves. In vain they strove to arrest themselves in their headlong career; they had fallen into the hands of men who were capable of making them the instruments of their ambition, of their rancour, and of their vengeance. Industrial in 1831, Lyonnais insurrection became political and republican in 1834, and socialist in 1839.

At the first of these epochs the workmen thought only of their tariff. At the second, on the contrary, they were occupied only with political questions. It was the red flag of republicanism alone which was made to wave over the barricades of 1834. In the interval which had elapsed since 1831, the economic question had entirely disappeared. The *ouvriers* had given up all hope of ameliorating their condition by any agreement which could be come to between themselves and the *fabricans*, and had opened their hearts, by little and by little, to the idea that that which the industrial *émeute* had denied them, the political *émeute* might have the power to give. We shall see how how they were correct in this prediction.

In the army of malcontents who dwelt upon the slopes of the Grand Côte and the plateau of the Croix-Rousse, the enemies of the then existing government perceived an active force of which it behoved them at any price to gain the direction. Various means were resorted to for the purpose of attracting the *ouvriers* on to the dangerous ground of politics, into whose domain at first they were unwilling to encroach. Public demonstrations of all kinds, patriotic banquets, and ovations to those of their Parisian and other visitors who had been tried and acquitted for political offences, together with a thousand other similar expedients, were used to keep the Lyonnais in a state of continual excitement. At every moment the masses were appealed to, even in the streets, by all that could be imagined capable of exciting their emotions. The secret societies and the press, however, were the two engines upon which dependence was most strongly placed. One journal, *La Glaneuse*, the organ of opinions the most outrageous, preached up revolt openly and without disguise. The *Precurseur* did the same, but in terms much less passionate. The most irritating pamphlets inundated the workshops. To give an idea of the general tone of these, we will cite a single sentence from one by M. Jules Favre—one of the editors of the *Precurseur*—upon "The Coalition of the Chefs-d'atelier." "You are the strongest," says he to the *chefs*, "and July and November have shown you how garrisons are reduced to nothing. That which you have done you may do again." As to prices of the services they were to render, these fanatical and mercenary journals promised, and such a promise was just the one to attract the Lyonnais—a greater share of social *jouissances* to the masses. *Mutuellisme*, of which the organisation became only more exact, had also its own journal, entitled the *Echo de la fabrique*,* which was sustained by the funds collected for the purpose of giving relief to the sick *chefs*. This journal received its inspiration from the same fount as *La Glaneuse*, applying itself ardently to arouse in the souls of

* A division which took place in the bosom of this society gave birth to a second journal, the *Echo des Travailleurs*, but it was soon extinct.

the *ouvriers* hatred against the *fabricans*, and to place those who gave their labour to the manufacturer in a hostile attitude with regard to those who contributed to it only their ideas and capital.

While the press thus addressed incessant provocations to the masses, several secret societies, recently constituted upon the plan of those of Paris, seized one by one the *ouvriers de la fabrique*, and finished by enrolling them as members in vast numbers. Besides the "Society of the rights of man," whose influence predominated, but which was often occupied with intestine divisions, there were many others of a similar character, such as the "Society of progress," the "Society of the friends of the press," the "Society of freemen." The sentiments which were promulgated and given loud utterance to at these occult re-unions of the *chefs-d'atelier* and the *compagnons*, were reported by each member and still further propagated out of doors. The *Mutuellists*, whose society had been promptly changed in character by contact with the *Society des droits de l'homme*, claimed the right of organising the refusal of labour* as a barrier to, and check upon, the further abatement of wages. They pushed the idea of solidarity so far, that the very slightest reduction of wages by a single employer to a single workman, for a single kind of work, it was decided should be the signal for the cessation from labour of every individual connected with the manufacture, even in those workshops in which the weavers were properly paid. Not only was such a course unjust, but it was unwise, for it is evident that it would have been much more to the interest even of the *chefs* and *ouvriers*, to have continued working for those *fabricans* who paid properly, when they refused to work for those who did not, than to have presented the revolting spectacle of a punishment applied at hazard, and—setting aside all the laws of justice—inflicted alike upon the guiltless and the guilty. But those who caused the weavers to repudiate all partial interdiction, knew well what end would be served by their so doing. Possessing the power to suspend at will the labour of 30,000 weavers, the *mutuellistes* became absolute masters of the public tranquillity. By forbidding the *ouvriers* to work their looms, the *mutuellistes* did not deprive them of their life and action, but caused to be thrown into the *émeute* all the energy which they had driven from the work-shops. Not only so, but the idea of association soon led, amongst the *mutuellistes*, to that of coalition, and then the step to revolution was short. Never, perhaps, in the whole history of the world, was a mass of human being—warning too, however, a certain willingness—carried away to such an extent by schemers towards an end which was not their own.

As for the choice of the moment for the intended insurrection, the intelligence amongst the members of the secret societies imagined, at the commencement of 1834, that a favourable opportunity for their purpose had presented itself, and that they would then be able to raise a political tempest out of an industrial crisis. The *mutuellistes*, met together in general assembly, had decreed that all labour should be suspended in consequence of a slight reduction of the wages of the workmen who manufacture the plush silks, but, in consequence of the division which prevailed amongst the chiefs of the conspiracy, most of whom were *enfans perdus* of the bourgeoise, whose natural career had been more or less compromised the insurrection had not time to burst out before the *ouvriers* had recommenced their labour—which they were always unable to abstain from for a longer period than eight days—thus rendering their refusal to work a mere mockery, and placing them entirely at the mercy of the *fabricans*, who could disregard any kind of tariff or agreement with impunity, since the necessities of the workmen rendered them unable to abide them by, in consequence of the want of the first necessaries of life which they could not gain when beyond the precints of the *atelier*.†

Six of the *chefs d'atelier*, who bore high office amongst the *mutuellistes*, being then prosecuted by the authorities for the part which they had taken in the coalition, which was entirely contrary to the laws of France, a new pretext was furnished for drawing the *ouvriers* into the streets. This prosecution, as its conductors have been so often and justly reproached, was carried on with the utmost tardiness. With the incidents connected with it most readers are well acquainted. They know that, in consequence of a tumult amongst the audience, the judgment of the accused having been put off for eight days a misunderstanding upon this point was the immediate cause of scenes of violence, of which the incomplete suppression only served the more to exalt the insurgents. Not only, however, did this delay cause one day's fighting at its commencement, but it also left suspended above the city a cloud which was charged with thunder and with lightning. On the morrow, at the interment of a *chef-d'atelier*, which served as the pretext for a political demonstration it was easy to read upon the menacing countenances of the 12 or 14 000 *ouvriers* who attended it, what sentiments were seething in and animating each breast. On the evening of the day which preceeded that on which it had been promised that judgment should be definitely given, news was received from Paris of the vote in the Chamber respecting the new law of associations, which aimed a blow at the very vitals of the secret societies of Lyons. This circumstance was looked upon as a further reason for an appeal to arms. By an abuse of authority, the executive council of the *mutuellistes* had decreed a general repose of the looms until judgment upon the six *chefs-d'atelier* were given, thus placing the unoccupied *ouvriers* entirely at the disposition of a set of political agitators, who precipitated themselves and them, with the blindest ardour, upon a danger and a ruin which could not but have appeared inevitable.

During the four days that the contest lasted, the veritable *ouvriers* by no means precipitated themselves *en masse* upon the barricades, but took part in the insurrection only, as it were, individually. The bloody battle of 1834 is to be laid less to their charge than that of '31, but still they must bear a large part in its responsibility, though an almost equally large part is due unto the *mutuellistes*. These latter, in the whirlwind of passion which had carried them away, and of which they were the playthings, had lost all idea of their real situation and every sentiment of moral duty. Divested of reason, of justice, and of dignity, the demonstrations to which the *chefs-d'atelier* gave way at the eve of the insurrection of 1834, resembled nothing so much as the delirium of drunkenness. Honest, but mistaken minds, could adhere, in 1831, to the idea of the tariff, but what impartial mind would have been able in 1834 to approve of the actions and sentiments of the *mutuellistes*, who were doing their best to bring about the reign of anarchy, and heaping up the materials for a conflagration which was to consume themselves as well as thousands of others? The vicious seed sown in the minds of the Lyonnais in '31 bore fruit abundantly in '34. The mind cannot be corrupted without its corruption being made manifest in the outward life, and no merely worldly advantage even can accrue from its corruption. It is superfluous to ask whether or not the *ouvriers* have derived any advantage from their participations in political disorders. Unmistakeable facts offer an answer which cannot be misread. The vanity even of the Lyonnais found no pretext in 1834, as it had done in 1831, for a day of triumph to console them for the defeat which they had suffered. They gained nothing morally by the insurrection, but rather experienced a heavy enough loss, while their material losses caused by the *émeute* were immense. The destruction of one-half of the property of the poorer classes, the scattering and dispersion of many of the elements of production, the violent death of one or more members out of almost every family, the almost ominous increase of class-hatreds and prejudices, with a multitude of other misfortunes which no pen could ever enumerate,—such were the *gains* (?) of the insurgents of '34.

(To be continued.)

THE RULES OF THE HOUSE.—A short time since, a stalwart Paddy under paid a visit to their residence of a party in the vicinity, the object of his call being, of course, for the purpose of—beginning. Contrary to his usual good breeding, Pat went "right forward" into the sanctum of his butler-ship, who, in a burst of indignation, asked him what brought him there? "Och," said Paddy, "an' is that at ye're axing, is it! Shure, thin, and it was to spake with yer honour's glory." "Well then, sir," retorted the butler, "do you know, that, according to the rules of this house, it is customary, in coming in, to knock at the door." "Arrah, by the sowl," bawled Paddy, "an' how should I know the rules of the house until I came in to ax?" The man of the larder was thus plussed, and rewarded Pat with a "bit of somethin'" for his wit.

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* "strike," we should say.

† The loss to the *ouvriers* of *chefs* combined, which was then occasioned every day the looms stood still may be estimated at from 70 to 90,000 francs, each loom weaving as much silk per day as cost the *fabricans* from 2½ to 3 francs for its manufacture.

A PLEA FOR A NATIONAL HALF-HOLIDAY.

Some years since an agitation sprang up in London and the principal provincial towns for the early-closing of shops and warehouses. Meetings were held in various places; ministers and other persons of influence interested themselves in collecting significant facts touching the hours of labour of the metropolitan shopmen; authors and newspaper editors aided the movement by putting these facts in the most striking light; and the public were appealed to in a variety of ways, but more especially were they implored to refrain from gas-light shopping. Employers were called together, to discuss the matter with their assistants, and the Early-Closing Association was regularly organised. Through these means the tradesmen of London were induced to considerably shorten their hours of business, and upwards of twenty thousand young men had leisure afforded them for the improvement of the bodily and mental health. Of course there were various objections, as there always are, to every improvement or novelty—and it was confidently predicted that the "young men" so favoured by their employers would spend their two or three hours of liberty in public-houses, billiard-rooms, and other disreputable places, instead of attempting to improve their minds. Well, to a certain very small extent the prophets were right, and there was, for a short time, no doubt, an increase in the evening sale of cigars and "goes of brandy," and a little more pressure at the theatre doors at half-price. But the early-closing-system prospered notwithstanding; and the Mechanics and Literary Institutions soon found various sharp, clever, young fellows among their members And so it has gone on, till, at this moment, we think it would be difficult to find a single individual bold enough to argue in favour of late hours for shopping, on the score of keeping the assistants out of harm's way.

As one reform has a natural tendency to produce another—all good being progressive—it soon began to be asked whether it would not be possible to provide a weekly half-holiday for the labourers in factories and warehouses. Manchester took the lead; merchants and bankers were among the friends of the agitation; and in a little while the half-holiday actually was granted. At this moment, business is over in Manchester, Glasgow and other factory towns, by one o'clock every Saturday. Now, the business of these towns is relatively larger than that of London, but it is found that all that is requisite to be done can be done in five days and a-half instead of six. In Glasgow the bankers close their doors at noon and finish their day's work in an hour—or two, upon extreme occasions,—and nobody feels inconvenienced by a plan which gives a little liberty to a very deserving and hard-working class of persons—the bankers' clerks. Of course, the half-holiday in the factory districts was assailed in the same way that the early-closing movement in London had been. Drinking, it was predicted, would increase alarmingly, and all kinds of debauchery would arise from the practice of giving so much time to those who had hitherto been hard at work from Monday morning to Saturday night. Work,—hard work, head-aching work, mind-destroying and body-weakening work,—said these dear lovers of things as they were—was the moral purifier of society. All work and no play, they declared, in spite of the proverb to the contrary, was the way to make Jack a *good* boy; and if to hard work there could be conveniently added short wages and dear bread, he would be sure to jog on in the quiet, unresisting, stupid sort of manner which was considered proper and suitable for a working man. But the half-holiday did *not* make more idlers and drunkards, and for once the croakers were forced to confess themselves in the wrong The publication of the Excise and Customs returns proved, and still prove, that the consumption of beer and spirits was not greater in consequence of the increase of leisure among the workmen; on the contrary, they proved that while the population is daily increasing, the number of drunkards is decreasing; that the reduction of duties on such articles as coffee, and sugar, and corn, has been attended with the very best effects; that the people could be trusted with the management of their own leisure; and that every amelioration, whether fiscal or social, had the one effect of making men better, as fathers of families and citizens of a great and free kingdom.

And now the question naturally arises—If the boon of a half-holiday has been found to work so well on a small scale, why could it not be tried on a large one? If in Manchester and Glasgow the bankers can get all their work over by Saturday noon, why should not the merchants and bankers of London do the same? If the plan has been found to answer so admirably locally, why not make it national? We have heard of a great deal of opposition to the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sundays; we have constantly before us plans and petitions for the suppression of Sunday trading, coming from the very shopkeepers themselves; and we,—every one of us, who take any kind of interest in the welfare of that great mass of human beings known as the *people*,—continually lament the absence of some comprehensive plan which could be equally advocated by all sections of social reformers. Well, here is one convert the Saturday afternoon into a national half-holiday, and on the next day you may shut up every public house and tea-gardens in the kingdom; you may forbid the running of excursion-trains on Sundays, you may prevent all shops from selling, and you may introduce a clause into the Crystal Palace Company's charter which shall make it punishable for them to take money for admission to their grounds or premises on any part of the Lord's day.

Nor is this proposal to be considered the impracticable hobby of a mere reading and writing man, for we have authority for saying, if an association were set on foot for the purpose of granting to the people of England a weekly half-holiday, that some of the most influential names among the merchants and traders of Great Britain would be found attached to its first prospectus.

Now, just let us consider a moment. At the first blush of the thing, it would seem that a vast quantity of time would be wasted, and a great deal of work left undone; but that this would not be so, in fact, is proved by the experience of Manchester, Glasgow, and other towns in the north. If it were an universal thing, the business of bankers and merchants could be arranged accordingly; docks could be closed, warehouses sealed up, and government offices vacated, for the three or four hours they would otherwise keep open on the afternoon of Saturday. And then, as for the mere quantity of work performed in any given time, we guarantee that the compositors of our printing-office would undertake to get through their week's work in five days and a-half—and that, too, in an honourable and satisfactory manner—if the remaining half-day were always at their own disposal. Men on the piece, as it is called,—that is, workmen who are paid by the quantity of work performed,—would lose nothing, for they would work the harder; and men on the establishment—that is, those who are paid by the day for the labour rendered—might, if the employer wished, come half an hour or so earlier every day to make up for the lost time. As for the business of shops and warehouses, there really needs no particularly clever special pleading to prove that no money could be lost to the tradesmen if *all* shops were closed from noon on Saturday. In a word, employers should never forget—what they really appear never to remember—that *the worth of the work performed is to be valued by its quantity and quality, rather than by the time the workmen are about it.* One man wastes a life in doing nothing, another writes a verse of poetry, which makes his name immortal!

But take a higher view of the subject. Besides employers and employed being mutually benefitted—the one by getting the work more satisfactorily done, and the other by having granted him a disposable period of time for the avowed amusement and instruction of themselves and families—God's Day might be kept more holily in the world, if men were taught to consider it a day of rest, as opposed to their previous half-day of pleasure. And that many—nay, tens of thousands—*would* so consider it, there is little doubt; for the poor would be really religious, in the best sense of the term, if proper means were taken to make them so—if the Church of England were really made the poor man's church. Let the agitators for social and religious reforms look to this. We read in French history how the first act of the falsely-called age of reason was to abridge the time of rest. France has never properly recovered that blow; and at this moment French workmen often work for seven days in the week!

Every reform must have a beginning. We cannot bring this half-holiday into vogue all at once; therefore we would propose

that employers should commence by paying their men on Friday instead of Saturday night. They buy dearly who buy late on the Saturday night, and the change even in the day of payment would be extremely advantageous to workmen and their families. Every good wife knows the economy of going early into the market.

Besides all this, a general remodelling of the plan of business would naturally result from the adoption of a national half-holiday. The truth is, and there is no denying it, we work too hard and too incessantly in England; we take too little pleasure in the six days of the week devoted to labour, and too much on the seventh (which should be) devoted to God. The adoption of the plan we have hinted at would obviate both evils. It behoves us all to agitate this question. We may not be able to call together, or speak at, public meetings, but we can talk about it at our clubs, and societies, and places of meeting with each other; we may not be able introduce bills into parliament, or even concoct petitions on the subject, but we can argue the matter in our houses by our own firesides. Properly taken in hand, and earnestly and faithfully represented to the whole body of this great trading nation, an agitation for a people's half-holiday can hardly be unsuccessful. It may not come about all at once—no real reform ever did; it may meet with a great deal of opposition and be assailed with a good crop of well-meaning prejudices and old-fashioned notions—all true progress always has; it may even be the cause of considerable misunderstanding between employer and employed—as what innovation has not? it may be that some few, even of the workmen themselves, will oppose its introduction—as we have in many instances seen workmen do, when they misunderstood or were doubtful of the real good of a progressive movement in their own body,—but, taken thoughtfully and earnestly into the consideration of the millions, it *must* succeed.

The religious body have a peculiar interest in this question, for if the Saturday half-holiday became general they could go boldly to Parliament and ask for the suppression of Sunday work. The great contractors and employers have more interest in it than they think—for upon the moral contentedness and prosperity of their workmen depend their own wealth and success in life; the workmen have an interest in it peculiarly their own,—and by the term workmen we mean all those who labour for hire, whether it be in shop or warehouse, or mine or factory, or counting-house or workshop, or mill, or forge, or field. Once attained, other social reforms would follow as certainly as night follows day. Let us, then, go earnestly to work—quietly and earnestly—and, getting all the help we can, WE WAIL FOR A NATIONAL HALF-HOLIDAY.

ROYAL LETTER ON EDUCATION.

THE following letter, which is being forwarded by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the clergymen of the several parishes in England and Wales, is an evidence of the importance which the highest personage in the realm attaches to the education of the people. The information contained will, no doubt, be interesting to the majority of our readers.

"VICTORIA R.—Most Reverend Father in God, our right trusty and [illegible], we greet you well.

"Whereas the president and governors of the Incorporated National Society for the Education of the Poor in the principles of the Established Church in England and Wales, have, by their petition, humbly represented unto us, that the president and governors of the society have now during a period of 41 years zealously and perseveringly laboured to carry into effect the great work for which the society was incorporated, and that they have now expended the whole of the funds which, either through the munificence of the Sovereign or the liberality of the public, have been placed at their disposal for the purpose of extending and improving education among the poorer classes.

"That the produce of the collections made under the authority of the Royal letters, which for some time past have been triennially granted on their petition, has been mainly expended in building school-rooms and teachers' residences, permanently secured for the education of the children of the poor, and in the organisation and improvement of those already erected.

"That the general principles upon which the society has conducted its operations have received the sanction of the Legislature as well as the approbation of our subjects at large.

"That the plan which the society has pursued since its foundation in the year 1811, of encouraging local voluntary efforts, by granting moderate sums of money to aid in the erection of schools and teachers' houses, has been adopted by our Government in distributing the grant voted away by Parliament in furtherance of national education; and that, with respect to the approval and co-operation of the people in general, it will be sufficient to observe that the number of children attending schools in immediate connexion and correspondence with the society amounted in the year 1813 to 10,481, in the year 1833 to 400,830, in the year 1837 to 597,911, in the year 1847 to 816,874, and at Christmas, 1851, to the increased number of 886,430, while the total number of church schools known to exist up to Christmas, 1851, is 23,457, with 1,564,401 scholars.

"That the grants made by the society in aid of building, enlarging, or otherwise improving school-rooms and teachers' residences, out of its own funds up to Christmas, 1851, amounted altogether to £325,734. The advance of this money, which is granted on condition of a certain amount of private contribution in each case, having drawn forth an expenditure of at least three times the amount in building alone, besides the annual expense of keeping up the schools when built.

"That the training institutions of the society have, during the last nine years, sent out 2,117 trained teachers (1,133 masters and 1,014 mistresses) into schools in various parts of the country.

"That the great progress which has been made in extending education among the poor renders more desirable than ever the adoption of effective measures for its improvement, and that for this purpose the society will continue to maintain its central school for boys, for girls, and for infants, and will afford support to its various establishments for instructing and training young persons of either sex, as well as adults, to be teachers, and will give aid towards the expense of inspecting, organising, and remodelling schools, so that the most improved methods of teaching may be speedily and effectively spread throughout the country.

"That, as well from the rapid increase of the population of this kingdom, as from the numerous applications continually made to the society both for aid towards erecting school-rooms and for the services of duly qualified teachers, it is evident that liberal contributions to the funds of the society will be required, in order to meet the pressing demands made upon its resources, the increase of which demands is one of the many proofs of the general feeling which exists throughout the country, strengthened by the late events in other nations, that it is only by providing a sound religious education for the growing masses of the population that the social and religious institutions of these kingdoms can be preserved.

"The president and governors of the society, therefore, earnestly pray that we will be graciously pleased, by issuing our Royal letters, directing collections to be made throughout England and Wales in aid of the funds of the society, to place in their hands the means by which the objects of the society can be maintained and extended, so that at length the poor in every parish throughout the kingdom may have the opportunity afforded them of obtaining for their children the inestimable blessing of a sound Christian education.

"We, taking the premises into our Royal consideration, and being always ready to give the best encouragement and countenance to undertakings which tend so much to the promotion of piety and of our holy religion, are graciously pleased to direct that these our letters be communicated to the several suffragan bishops within your province, expressly requiring you and them to take care that publication be made hereof on such Sunday, and in such places within your and their respective dioceses, as you and the said bishops shall appoint; and that upon this occasion the ministers in each parish do effectually excite their parishioners to a liberal contribution, whose benevolence towards carrying on the said charitable work shall be collected the week following at their respective dwellings by the churchwardens or overseers of the poor in each parish, and the ministers of the several parishes are to cause the sums so collected to be paid immediately to the treasurer for the time being of the said society, and applied to the furtherance of the above mentioned good designs.

"And so we bid you heartily farewell."

[The collections in virtue of the foregoing Circular will, of course, be made in the churches and chapels of the Episcopal order. It is pleasing, however, to know that the various denominations of Dissenters are making vigorous efforts for the same purpose, namely, the diffusion of a sound religious and secular education, and that they, as well as the church "by law established," have their normal and training schools, and other instrumentalities, admirably adapted to the accomplishment of the great and important object.]

COMMON PEOPLE.

BY GEO. F. PARSON.

In certain societies all persons who live by mental labour, or are not fortunate enough to be able to keep a fat man-servant in plush breeches, are esteemed and spoken of as "the common people," and, with the sort of folk alluded to, any connexion with trading pursuits, however slight and distant, is voted *nem. con.* to be low and "vulgar," except when accompanied by great riches. Half a century since, these notions were much more general than now, and descended through all grades of life, from the duchess who looked upon the merchant's fair daughter as a *parvenu*, to the suburban tailor's wife, who considered her washerwoman a "low person." In our day, thanks to the spread of liberal opinions, the universality of the term "people" has come to be slowly and reluctantly acknowledged, and may, at last, be said to include the rich as well as the poor; the lord as well as the dustman; the great capitalist who lives in Belgravia as well as the miserable weaver who vegetates in a court in Spitalfields.

But with the educated and the thoughtful only has this concession been made, for even now with a large body of Her Majesty's loving subjects—the well dressed and poorly taught—the phrase "common people" includes all those of scantily furnished purses and laborious occupations. That it should be so, is sincerely to be lamented; but that it *is*, is patent to the world.

The sort of bigotry alluded to, like bigotry of another and more dangerous character, particularly affects the proud of purse, the ignorant, and the pretending—the last two characteristics, by the way, being generally coupled.

The writers of the last century appear to have considered the rich and well-to-do their only audience, and talk of the "common people" with a snug complacency that is quite amusing now. Even the learned Doctor Johnson could not resist the prevailing weakness; for, besides constant reference to the uneducated and the hard-working as the "common people," he gratuitously insults the million by defining the word "vulgar" as "the common or lower people," and by wilfully refusing to acknowledge—or, perhaps, not understanding—that the term "common" meant nothing more than universal, after all. "The great art of life," says the Doctor, "is to play for much and to stake but little;" and the authors of his time very literally followed his pithy advice—for, having only a small audience to address, and never thinking of writing for the improvement or education of the "common people," they played for places and pensions, and merely threw down their reputations on the mendacious gaming-board of life! Of the class of writers alluded to, a critic in the "Edinburgh Review" speaks in a terse and satisfactory manner there is no mistaking. "Of that generation of authors, it may be said," observes the writer, "that, as poets they had no force or greatness of fancy, no pathos, and no enthusiasm; as philosophers, no comprehensiveness, depth, or originality; they are sagacious, neat, clear, and reasonable, but for the most part cold, timid, and superficial. Writing with infinite good sense and great grace and vivacity—and, above all, writing in a tone that was peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that are almost exclusively interesting to them—they naturally figured as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers that the world had ever seen; and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison." What wonder, therefore, that, with such teachers, the rich and great hesitated not to consider all who moved in a narrower circle than themselves essentially the "common people." In his "Representative Men," Emerson retails a well-worn anecdote:—Mr Pope was one day with Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter, when the nephew of the latter happened to come in. "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world." —"I don't know how great you may be," said the nephew, who was a trader in slaves on the coast of Africa, "but I don't like your looks. I've often bought many a man much better than both of you, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas." Now, if "common" means vulgar and narrow-minded, then was Sir Godfrey Kneller, in his estimation of himself and his small friend, a very "common" person indeed.

But, in these our own times, the term "common" has come to have a narrower signification. Except with the ignorant and the prejudiced, it no longer means the ill-dressed, the poor, and the uneducated exclusively, but is understood to include the vulgar in soul, whether rich or poor, the narrow minded, and the bigoted.

Indeed, the tide, of late, has set in strong the other way; and, with a certain class of writers, the hard-fisted and the unwashed alone possess the virtues, and are your only true nobility. The rich, with them, are avaricious, hard-hearted, craven, grinding, low souled, and despicable—while the poor are virtuous, long-suffering, noble-minded, brave, true, open-handed, and unprejudiced. Without attempting to deny that the poor are virtuous and brave surpassingly—for we know that many of them are—we may just observe, that those writers who flatter the self-love, or pander to the prejudices, the vanities, the ignorances, or the vices of a class, whether that class be rich or poor, are undoubtedly "common people," and quite unworthy the noble vocation to which they are called.

But with your genteel people—I have a mortal horror of gentility, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, which does not necessarily mean nobility, or even respectability or virtue, but simply the possession of a certain income, a man servant, a seat at church, the giving of good dinners to people they don't care about, and living all the rest of the week upon the cold meat that is left, and knowing and being known to certain great people who live in the country, and have a house in town,—with your *genteel* people, all below them and not in their own set are very "common people," and should be avoided as much as possible, except when they fall into a fat legacy, or happen to have a speaking acquaintance with a lord, when they may be courted, patronised, and caressed, with any amount of superfluous adulation.

But it is in the nature of all men to rise in the social scale—like the sparks, fly upwards; and various circumstances tend to elevate them—love most of all, for was not the beautiful and chaste Diana captivated by the odious Pan, and the lovely Titania enthralled by Bottom the weaver in the ass's head? and did not the rich dowager-countess Bluebottle marry her footman, who forthwith became a lord, and was made a privy councillor?

But to return; the "common people"—the universal nations of the world—are alike in the eyes of Him who has decreed that all flesh is as grass, which fadeth and withereth away. And he who bears him nobly in the sight of men, and does his inward promptings freely and of a brave heart—for bravery and heroism are *not* peculiar to battle-fields, but are as often found in the dwellings of the weak and humble—is as acceptable to the All-wise as the starred and gartered duke, or the learned pedant, to whom the Word of God in Greek and Hebrew is an open book.

But lest the last sentence should lead any to undervalue learning, it may be as well to say at once that ignorance—though far too wide and general—need not, positively, and of necessity, render a man vulgar; yet *remaining* ignorant when the means of knowledge are at hand and only need the asking for, makes very "common people," in the worst and least amiable sense of the phrase. Therefore let no man hug himself—as it is common for men to do—upon the possession of such and such an amount of knowledge and worldly wisdom, for, with all reverence be it said, to whom much is given, of him also much shall be required.

The "common people" belong to no grade or class; for envy, pride, and uncharitableness make people very "common" in the estimation of the wise, and he who tells a lie for expediency's sake—or for any sake at all—is a man to be avoided.

Walk bravely on, then, in your appointed path, and strive to rise if your ambition prompts you, but forget not that the path of duty is the best after all. Though the birds may sing and the flowers may blossom brightly in the tortuous ways of expediency and worldly wisdom, the straight, though thorny path of virtue is that which will lead you quickest to the envied goal; and he who nurses discontent and cherishes ignorance when the means of happiness and knowledge are to be obtained, is of the "common people" who plant deceitful flowers on a barren soil.

AUNT MILLY'S VISIT TO THE WATERING-PLACE.

BY FANNY BRACY.

AUNT MILLY considered herself an invalid. Not that she had any particular complaint, or suffered at all from debility. But she had been for years accustomed to sigh and moan habitually, to tie a handkerchief around her face lest that lately fashionable terror neuralgia should make her a victim. She ate brown bread for fear of dyspepsia, took seltzer every morning to guard against nervous headache, and never drank coffee or green tea for the same reason. When winter set in, she was swathed in flannel, because her father had been dreadfully afflicted with rheumatism, and it was said to be hereditary. She kept cough drops in her pocket, and took gruel every night, for her chest was weak, she dreaded walking fast because she was sure that she was threatened with palpitation of the heart, and when she rode out, she sank back in the carriage overwhelmed with the exertion of asking John if everything were safe—shafts, axle-tree, springs, wheels, tires, harness, reins, and check-reins.

Uncle Jones called in physicians, and consulted medical works. He could find nothing in reference to her many nervous attacks, and gave up in despair. Numberless were the plain bread pills Aunt Milly swallowed; countless the vials of coloured water she imbibed. She could not sleep without two pills at night, and fancied herself dying if throughout the day her teaspoonful of mixtures had been omitted, or five minutes of the exact time had been allowed to elapse before her meals prepared them.

She knew the name of every watering-place in the queendom, and declared that she should die a victim to Mr Jones's indifference, if she were to be deprived of the benefit attending spa waters, mineral springs, sea-bathing, and salt air.

Now Uncle Jones had a holy horror of travelling. He could not be convinced of the necessity of shutting from place to place, deprived of the usual comforts, when he could stay at home and have everything he wanted. So, for years, Aunt Milly was allowed to groan and hint, and throw her head in vain. She could not move his obdurate heart, and resigned herself to one of neglect.

"My dear," he would say, "you can go where you like, but you must not expect me to accompany you. I am no invalid, and have always a good appetite, and a fondness for my own bed. So leave me at home, and travel from North to South, and from East to West. Drink sulphur water, bathe in hot springs, enjoy salt air, and sleep in dirty places, since you have a fancy for it, but let me have my way here."

"*I* sleep in dirty places, Mr. Jones! You forget yourself, indeed! When did I ever express a liking that way, sir? But let me die. You know I cannot go without you, ill and feeble as I am. I am resigned to my late, poor, single-handed creature! Oh, my side! My head is so paint ill! Joanna! quick with the white mixture! Joanna! Joanna! Mr. Jones, *will* you ring the bell? Don't you see the star I'm in?"

"I do and hear, too," said he, seizing the bell-rope. "But you look remarkably well under the excitement, Milly, and you only want exercise and fresh air to make you a sensible woman once more. Wrap your self up in flannel, bury yourself in your room, and dragging from sunrise till sunset, you are getting to be like a withered apple—withered and shrivelled into wrinkles while you are yet a young woman, for a woman of thirty-three is by no means old, unless ill-used, and a fancy for illness, make her so."

"You are surely crazy, Mr. Jones," cried Aunt Milly, rising and looking in the glass. "I look withered! How decidedly ungentlemanly of you to say so! I defy you to show me a more youthful looking woman of my age than I am; and will thank you not to remember my years either, or to show a greener memory. I am not thirty nine yet, thank goodness."

"Well, convince me of that, Milly, and I'll be as green as you can expect," said he, slyly. "When were you born, my dear?"

"Pshaw, Mr Jones! What is the use of being so foolish? Go and ask my grandmother such questions. She could tell to a minute; old people are for ever talking about ages. It seems to be one of their infirmities." And here Aunt Milly rather tossed her head.

"Well may be so, Milly, but is it not singular that you should be losing your memory at your time of life? Your grandmother has been dead these fifteen years past, and you bid me go and ask her about your birth!"

"La, Jones, you know I was jesting," said his wife, a little put out.

"Well, then, Milly, let's be serious now." And my uncle took a chair. "Every year I am tormented with your passion for travelling. Now we are going to make a bargain. Once for ever is our to you that you might lose your husband's affection by this constant hypochondria of yours—don't interrupt me—this cessation of all pleasant intercourse between man and wife? There was a time, Milly, when our tastes were mutual, you loved me enough to try and make me happy, and I *was* happy. I love you as fondly as ever, because I am not one to change, yet there is but little domestic bliss falling to my share now. You complain all day and leave me to enjoy myself as I can, without interesting yourself any more in my pursuits than if I were a stranger."

Aunt Milly began to cry—but he went on earnestly, not stopping to comfort her as usual, and I could see that this was the "crisis," as the doctors term it.

"Now, I detest travelling; I have a horror of your fashionable watering-places, but, for our mutual benefit, I will promise to go with you where you like, if you, in your turn, will promise to get well before we come home again."

'How do I know that I shall recover my health?" asked Aunt Milly, wiping her eyes. "I think it wrong to exact such a promise."

"As you please, my dear," said Uncle Jones, thrusting his hands to his pockets, "as you please. I have made you a reasonable offer, and on those conditions alone will I accompany you when you wish to go. So make up your mind, and let me know your decision."

Decision was a fearful word to Aunt Milly. She had never been decided in all her life, and it was late to begin now. She looked at me, at Joanna, and at her husband, but we dared not look up and she took her knitting from the work-stand.

'You see Fanny," said she, throwing the yarn across her little finger, "you see, my dear, I cannot promise to get well just in one moment, as your uncle wishes. Suppose that I should not improve, I couldn't come back home to run about, here and there, as I used to. But, Lord! if I were to miss the opportunity! Fanny I wish you would advise me, child. Do you think I'll be recruited enough by the change of air to get my strength again? Don't tell me to it you can't tell. Can't you reflect? If I go, I may get well to be sure, but then—oh, I declare, Mr. Jones is provoking! But, then, how *can* I to promise, when I can't? I vow it is *too* bad to exact such unjustifiable things from people whose nerves are as weak as mine! I do believe he thinks I can get well when I make up my mind to do it, as if it depended on me."

My uncle whistled and put on his hat.

'Well, Milly, take your time about deciding. I'll give you all day. And, meanwhile, I'll take my gun and bring you a bag of game for your dinner."

'Now do stop, John! What is the use of flying off in that way? How, in the name of common sense, can you leave me in this way? There, he is gone, and I really don't know what to do. Joanna, see to all my morning cups are nicely done up, you know I must have them all. But, you see, Fanny, if I should not improve, I shall lose the benefit of Dr Ring's attendance and his excellent medicines. I may die in consequence of your uncle's unfeeling conduct. Perhaps, however, I had better go, and try what virtue there is in salt bathing. See to my clothes, my dear, look over them carefully to-day and make me some fresh knots to wear with them. If I *do* go I must make a good appearance. I declare, Fanny, I am bewildered. Send for Mrs Martin to come in, my child, I'll consult her. She is a woman of excellent judgment, and knows my disease as well as a physician."

I was rejoiced at this. Mrs Martin was an excellent auxiliary, and a good friend. She did not always agree with Aunt Milly about her ill health, for she comprehended that it was a mania for illness and nervousness indulged. They had known each other since childhood, and Aunt Milly loved her dearly, in spite of their arguments.

So I dispatched Joanna, and, shortly after, saw Mrs. Martin coming up the lane in a brisk walk. I hastened to meet her.

'Fanny, how do you do? What is the matter with Milly now? More nerves to day?"

I explained as I led her in, and she nodded her head approvingly, promising to influence my aunt as far as she was able, as it was

an excellent idea. I left them together, and went to look at the collars and knots, convinced of the result; and, before I had quite finished, Joanna came to call me, "as her mistress had made up her mind to go, and wanted me immediately."

How hard we worked I cannot say, for the entire household was topsy-turvy for my aunt's sake. Washing, ironing, clear starching, sewing, mending, and running errands after ribbons, muslins, and laces. When all was ready, and I saw the carriage at the door, I could not help pitying my uncle. He walked about uneasily, gave orders concerning his gun and hunting accoutrements, fishing-rods, and so on; but I could see how he hated the prospect before him of discomfort and daily annoyance. I do believe he would have been glad if Aunt Milly had remained, and been all nerves for the rest of her days.

At length they set off, my aunt crying bitterly, and Joanna in a whirl of delight at seeing "somethin' 'sides the' everlastin' fields and woods." The journey was short enough; but her mistress looked upon it as a dreadful undertaking, and I wondered, as I went into the house, whether my uncle's plan would cure her of hypochondria, or bring her back a victim to coughs, colds, and imaginary catarrhs.

I had enough to do in their absence, and a week passed swiftly enough. My uncle wrote to say that they had reached their first place of destination; and wished himself safe home again. "So I believe Milly does, if she would acknowledge it," added he; "but I am determined to make her believe I am more and more charmed as she grows more disgusted."

Three weeks from the day they arrived at Wearyfield, I was surprised to see a carriage coming along the lane, loaded with trunks and carpet-bags. I went to the door, and wondered who it could be; for, although we had plenty of visiting neighbours, I did not expect any one to stay while my aunt was gone. The horses came slowly on until they reached the circle in front of the house. Then they whirled in, the driver drew in his reins, and I recognised my uncle and his wife!

"What on earth has happened?" cried I, springing down the steps, and catching my Aunt Milly in my arms. "Is my aunt ill?"

"Oh, Fanny, my child! I'm so glad to get back! So enchanted! You may well kiss your uncle, for he is a person of excellent sound sense."

He winked his eye mischievously at me, and my aunt went up the front steps unassisted, a thing she had not done for years.

"Come along, child, I'm dying to tell you all. Come on Mr. Jones, I want you to listen, or Fanny will certainly think I am exaggerating."

Here Joanna lifted a basket awkwardly, and out rolled a large box of pills, the contents scattering in every direction. She flew to pick them up, but my aunt interposed—

"Let the pills go, Joanna, I don't mind them; bring in the things, and set them in my room."

I looked at my uncle, who smiled significantly, and we followed Aunt Milly in the hall, then into the sitting-room, where, having satisfactorily possessed herself of her individual arm-chair and foot-stool, she ordered me to sit near her. I suggested she had better divest herself of her bonnet and mantilla, which she laughingly declared she had forgotten. At length she composed herself, and I prepared to listen with all my ears, for I was wondering what to think of the sudden return and my aunt's recovery

"Now, Fanny, you can never imagine the dirt we eat, drank, saw, and slept in, during our four days' journey. I thought I should die outright, but your uncle declared it was delightful, and pretended that he found everything cleaner than it was at home. Just think of that, my dear child! He wouldn't agree with me in a single opinion I expressed, and wished the distance were greater yet from here to that dreadful watering-place. The evening we arrived, there was a ball, and everybody's head seemed to be turned. We waited for an hour in the hotel parlour before we could get a room, there was such a crowd, and the women peeped at me, and giggled like so many fools, walking arm and arm with gentlemen whom I took to be their husbands and brothers, but found out afterwards to be no such thing. Well, at last [illegible] were led to our rooms—two poor little pens, with a comfortless appearance that chilled me. I went to bed directly, telling [illegible] send my tea up to me; but waited two mortal hours for [illegible] running down every five minutes to try and get it. When it did come, it was a slop, to be sure! I couldn't drink it, and, in despair, tried to sleep. Oh, Fanny, such beds and pillows! If they were not stuffed with oyster-shells, they were with pounded brick-bats, for I never laid my poor head upon such stony things in all my life. Fortunately, I had brought two pillows with me, and I sent after the baggage that remained down stairs. My dear child, I had to wait till next morning! Then I rolled up some of my shawls under my head, and hoped to rest; but the music began in the ball-room, and I was nearly wild. Your uncle came up laughing fit to kill himself, and insisted on my getting up and dressing myself to go and see them dance. You may imagine, Fanny, how miserable I must have felt when I consented to this; but I put on my black levantine and a new cap, and took Jones's arm. We reached the ball-room at last, and found a seat. Everybody was up on the floor, it seemed to me, for my head was in a whirl. The men all looked drunk, and half the women, instead of being dressed, were in their petticoats I wanted to go out, but Jones would not let me, so I looked on. The queerest dances you ever saw were performing, for it certainly was a performance. The gentlemen hugged their partners close to their breasts, and, with their faces close together, they began to slide first one side and then another, and then hop all round on one foot. Some just slided, others gave a little kick, then a hop, and then a kick again, all the time as close as could be to one another. You may well open your big eyes, Fanny, for I would sooner see you dead than engaged in those improper dances. I thought, at first, that they were dancing with their husbands, these half-dressed ladies, but I give you my word, that I never saw man and wife together while I was away. They didn't seem to care a snap for one another, and flirted worse than any wild unmarried belle I ever heard of.

"Well, at twelve o'clock, they had supper, and your uncle dragged me along There were bony chickens and thin turkeys, oyster soup and fried oysters. Sloppy blancmange, stale cakes, and blue milk frozen into what they called ice-cream. Oh, Fanny, I thought of our delicious ice-cream, and your sponge-cake, and wondered how people could eat such stuff! Well, to go on, the ladies stood in groups, and their partners helped them, but to such loads of food! And to see how they tippled! Why, child, your uncle don't drink as much in one month as these women in a night, and sometimes they drank out the same glass with a gentleman. Oh, I can't tell you how shocked I was! I insisted on going back to my room, and, tired to death, I did sleep in spite of the hard pillows.

"Well, next morning I was waked by hearing a man's voice call out, 'Mrs. Jones! Mrs. Jones' will you go bathing this morning? Mrs Armor is ready, and we are only waiting for you' I sat up in bed, and looked around. Your uncle had gone down, and there I was alone, a man at my door asking *me* to go and bathe with him and some one else! I sprang out of bed and latched the door, trembling from head to foot, and, after a while, the imprudent creature went down. Joanna came up and dressed me, and I sat waiting for your uncle, intending to make him call this person to account, if he could discover him. Some one knocked at the door, and Joanna opened it There stood a waiter with a glass of brandy. 'This is Mrs. Jones's brandy,' said he, bowing to me. 'Mr. Hall sends it with his compliments, and hopes she does not feel badly after her bath.' I was furious. 'I have not bathed this morning, and do not drink. you must make a mistake. Shut the door, Joanna.' And he went to the next door. I could hardly keep from crying at this fresh insult; and, when your uncle came, could scarcely find words to tell him what had passed. My dear, he laughed at me, and said I must have been dreaming'"

Here, Uncle Jones threw himself back in the chair and shook with laughter. My aunt looked reproachfully at *him*, and I tried hard not to join in his mirth, but smile I must, I could not help it.

"I went down to breakfast—Fanny, listen to me,—and couldn't eat a thing The table-cloth was dirty, and the butter a smash. There must have been two hundred in the room, and their loud talking deafened me. I went back to my room, and tried to swallow some of my pills, but they made me sick. I lay down to rest, and, about eleven, your uncle told me to go down and bathe, as the bath-house was empty. So down I went, and had been there about fifteen minutes, when a perfect swarm of women and children rushed in, I wanted to get out of the water, but thought I would wait until they were all *in*, so that I could dress in peace. Such a clatter and screaming, as they all plunged in hooting and hallooing! Some could swim, and some were learning, so they kicked about manfully, looking at me as if I were a crocodile, and

talking French. I got out and dressed as well as I could, and went up to the hotel. They sent up a lunch of bread and smashy butter, with a few streaks of ham. I ate this with pleasure, for I was hungry, and your uncle brought me a glass of India ale that was very nice. The place was quiet enough, for all the people were out to bathe, and I fell asleep over that nice book, 'David Copperfield.' I was waked by a knock at the door 'Mrs. Jones'—"

Here my uncle set off again, and this time I joined him, and laughed heartily, for my aunt's indignation was irresistible. She looked at us steadily, but did not call Joanna for cether, as was her wont; and, after a pause, went on with her story.

"Well, you would never laugh, Fanny, if you were to go to a public watering-place and see women dancing in their petticoats, bathing with anybody, and drinking as they do. For two good weeks I endured this, and being every morning roused out of my sleep by that monster calling me to go and bathe. For two good weeks I saw more flirting and parleyvooing, more skipping, hopping, and drinking than a woman of my character and principles ever ought to witness, and I never had spirits during all the time to take my medicines, for I was afraid to ring the bell for Joanna, lest the saucy waiter should answer it. So one thing I've gained by my journey, I find I can do without them and feel very well."

"Eureka!" cried my uncle, jumping up and giving her a hearty kiss. "Here is my own Milly come to life! And now, my dear, I'll tell you a secret your morning visitor and your offers of drops of brandy, were all intended for your neighbour in the next room, another Mrs. Jones."

"Why, John! why did you not undeceive me? I was so very much annoyed."

"Well, Milly to tell you the truth, I thought I would allow you to be as much disgusted with watering-places as you really are. I knew that you would not have time to faint and stuff yourself with bread pills."

"Bread pills, John Jones! What do you mean?" cried Aunt Milly.

"Simply that you have swallowed nothing but bread pills since your maladies showed themselves," said he, dryly, resorting to his old way of thrusting his hands in his pockets.

"Is it possible! How abominable!" Aunt Milly was ready to cry. "One thing, then, I will say, you have all treated me shamefully, but I have been well punished by hearing this, and my visit to that horrid watering-place."

"And yet it cured you, aunty," said I, mischievously.

"Now, Fanny Bracy!—now, Fanny Bracy!" and my aunt looked daggers, but from that day she has been as active as a squirrel, as busy as a bee, and as merry as a lark. So, at least, says my uncle, and he ought to know.

THE EFFICIENCY OF THE TEACHER TESTED BY THE SUCCESS OF THE SCHOLAR.

BY A LEITH PRESS PRINTER.

THE political world has been for some years engaged in the consideration of certain rival schemes of popular education, and various have been the plans suggested for Government adoption, whereby, it is expected, most of our social and moral evils can be overcome, and the physical and intellectual condition of the people advanced. There are several serious questions involved in this agitation, which must, ere its end be attained, be somewhat better understood and answered. One of the most obvious questions, in regard to this matter, which is apt to arise, is this—"Are the schoolmasters of this age—by their intellectual acquirements and disinterested zeal—equal to the responsible duties connected with the education of the people? or whether there is not an inefficient body of teachers as well as an imperfect plan of education?"

On all subjects relating to the character of the mind, Locke is an authority to which few will refuse deference; and if we can believe in the truth of the following ideas of his, as to the duties of teachers, we may be assisted in the solution of this question:—"The child's natural genius and constitution must be considered in a right education. We must not hope wholly to change their original tempers, nor make the gay pensive and grave, nor the melancholy sportive, without spoiling them. God has stamped certain characters upon men's minds, which, like their shapes, may, perhaps, be a little mended, but can hardly be totally altered and transformed into the contrary. He, therefore, that is about children should *well study their natures and aptitudes, and see by often trials what turns they easily take, and what becomes them; observe what their native stock is, how it may be improved, and what it is fit for.* * * * * For in many cases all that we can do is to make the best of what nature has given, to prevent the vices and faults to which such a constitution is most inclined, and give it all the advantages it is capable of. Every one's natural genius should be carried as far as it could; but to attempt the putting another upon him will be but labour in vain."

From the above authority, and from that which we must have observed in the educational progress of the nation since his day, and the great acquirements of intellectual and moral culture needed to enjoy and preserve the benefits of advanced art and science, and political right we must be of opinion that the office of a schoolmaster is, at this time, a very responsible one,—and that it is fitting we should consider his qualifications for duties that affect greatly the present happiness and the future destiny of the nation.

The plans of education hitherto propounded are but the adoption of particular studies, either secular or religious, the elements of which are supposed to be all that is necessary to be taught to the scholar of a certain age and class; and it is imagined that they are a cleverly-arranged course of studies calculated to effect certain educational ends—the true measures of quantity and quality of the intellectual diet of the people. This mode of regarding the character of the human understanding recognises but a low estimate of the moral and intellectual destiny of mankind, and in practice promises but a slow, if any, advancement from the condition of present times.

I am not aware of any popular educational system adopted either in this or any other country, in past or present time, that has been remarkably favourable for the development of moral character or latent talent, or any that has been productive of extraordinary social or moral good to society. But from the biographies of most men conspicuous in history as the originators and successful advocates of civilising movements—and from the lives of the men who have made the present discoveries in the arts and sciences—we may learn, that the early dawn of genius and greatness has been more indebted to the matured judgment and affectionate regard that detected their mental power and directed it to profitable results, than to any peculiar system of elementary instruction. It has been frequently remarked that most great minds have had the advantage of extraordinary maternal guidance, and, from this fact, it has been, with good reason, urged that from securing to the female portion of society a sound religious and moral education, we might furnish to society the greatest civilising influence, and prepare for the general instructor a purer element to work with, and not surrounded with a vicious home-association.

From these thoughts, I reason that the intelligence and moral character of the teacher is a primary consideration for parents in the education of their children; and that a stiff and unbending routine of tuition for the popular mind is unphilosophical in conception, and would be productive of no advantage over ordinary modes of tuition. Rule and system in education must be devised by the intelligent teacher; his judgment must calculate the bias and direction of the pupil's mind, and prescribe for moral or mental weakness, according to those principles of educational art which can only be learned from a study of human character in all its social phases. "A child's natural genius and constitution must be considered in a right education;" and to this task, the schoolmaster must bring other qualifications besides a knowledge of the elements of the ordinary scholastic studies. It is not the ability to write, or a knowledge of the different rules in arithmetic and grammar, that will, of necessity be a source of future benefit and pleasure; neither can we hope for a virtuous ambition to succeed in the struggle of life, a virtuous affection for the beautiful and good, self-respect, zeal in the pursuit of knowledge, and other leading social virtues, in the youthful student—if regard be not paid to the discipline that is likely to stimulate curiosity, create pleasure in study, and affection for, and confidence in, the teacher.

How few men date their rise in learning, condition, and character, from the time they were first subjected to the control of the schoolmaster; and how few there are who can look back on their recollection the dreary and profitless hours spent at the school-desk, without a feeling of regret that the teacher had failed, from his ignorance of his pupil's constitution and temper, to cultivate the true springs to study and instructive pleasures; and that it should have been left to a later period in life ere, self-informed, they came to the acquisition of the sources of educational power and pleasure.

The fact is, that the office of schoolmaster, generally, is an ill-requited one, his labour too burdensome, and his station in society unworthy of his noble calling; consequently he is void of the requisite qualifications for his great and responsible duties. His religious and moral character may be unimpeachable, his manners mild, and his affections strong, and even his learning may be extensive—but still he may not possess the ability to read the character of the youthful mind, and the art of applying instruction through the channels of original taste and temper; and, what is more necessary, may fail to observe palpable evidences of latent ability.

Before we seek to establish model *systems of education*, let us endeavour to improve the class of *teachers*, and, believing that on this change depends the best results to our social system, let us make the profession of teacher so respectable and remunerative, by governmental and individual regard, that the best and wisest will be brough to superintend the training of the national mind at that period of life when the character is most tender and pliant, and at the age when the future destiny of the individual is, in "nine parts out of ten," mostly fixed.

A great authority has stated that the best method of teaching is that which approaches nearest to the method of investigation,—and, this being granted, let us hope that the endeavours of the working classes after efficient teachers, and the canvassing of the suitable studies for different ages and according to varied intellectual vigour, will be education carried on in the most profitable and extensive directions,—and that public instruction may, ultimately, be safe and efficient under the care of the public mind,—and that, instead of needing the legislature to control the education of the people, the education of the people will serve to change the constitution and government to a reflection of their own virtues and intelligence.

VOICES!

The Voice of the Wind!
In summer eve so lly tuning its sound,
Quelling the anxious sigh for those at sea,
The Voice of the Wind!
Yelling over the graves of the drown'd,
Friends we no more shall see—
Sigh on in peace! roar in thy agony!
Dread Voice!

The Voice of the Brook!
With tiny murmur gently meand'ring on,
Whispering soft music to the mind serene;
The Voice of the Brook!
Speaking of joy that is for ever gone,
Of sorrow that hath been—
Babble thy tale through wavy meadows green,
Sweet Voice!

The Voice of the Lov'd!
Laughing in gladness—sighing in sad grief—
Singing the minstrel song of lullaby;
The Voice of the Lov'd!
Breathing into the soul the blest belief
In Him above the sky;
Whispering in manhood's ear of days gone by;—
Dear Voice!

The Voice of the Mind!
Urging the inmost soul to noblest deeds;
Piercing the ether—sounding from pole to pole,
The Voice of the Mind!
Uttering evermore bright truth that feeds
The docile, searching soul,
Lend us thy aid to reach the wished-for goal!
Blest Voice!

CHARLES HARRISON.

ERICSSON'S CALORIC SHIP.

(From the *New York Daily Times*)

A GREAT experiment in navigation is now on the eve of trial. The caloric ship is undergoing the final preparations for her experiment trip, and will soon be before the public for praise or censure. On our part is destined to reap the honour or suffer the reproach of its ultimate success or failure. In a former article we alluded in general terms to the leading principles involved in the construction of this vessel, but the public interest has been so largely drawn toward the enterprise, that a more complete description of the plan which it is now proposed to prove seems to be not only desirable but necessary.

Wise men have long pondered the idea which Captain Ericsson is working out patiently and hopefully. The need of new motors has become more manifest with the advance of mechanical and commercial prosperity. Steam has gone into disrepute, and proves itself untrustworthy, unsafe, and expensive. Electricity has been tried, and has not succeeded. Caloric was something never known in its true sense until now, and the credit is due to Captain Ericsson of directing attention to an old agent of which new applications may produce the most remarkable results. The experiment now making is no ephemeral fancy, but is the work of a quarter of a century of mature reflection and diligent inquiry. The ingenious projector, under whose auspices it is carried forward, has devoted his best energies to the task, and it will not fail through want of forecast, judgment, or ability. The public will assuredly accord to him their most hearty sympathy.

The Ericsson, taking the name of her inventor, is a first-class vessel of the ordinary steamship pattern, though combining in her construction many valuable improvements. She is owned by a company of merchants in this city, among whom is Mr John B. Kitching. The builders of her hull were Messrs Perrine, Patterson, and Stevens, of Williamsburg. Her engines are the workmanship of Messrs Hogg and Delamater, of this city. The register of the ship is 1903 tons. Her length is 250 feet, with 26 feet 6 inches depth of hold, and 40 feet breadth of beam. She is propelled by wheels, which are smaller than those of the Collins steamers, offering only in being somewhat smaller, are 32 feet in diameter, with buckets of 10 feet 6 inches. The decks are abundantly provided with lifeboats, among which is one of Francis's celebrated "life-cars," ready to be cast off from the davits at a moment's notice. Thus far, dry details.

We now come to the first causes of difference which are to be noticed as marking the contrast between this and the ordinary steamship. The peculiar conformation of the boilers has served to produce very essential modifications in the exterior as well as the interior of the vessel, which we shall endeavour to describe as briefly as possible. To commence, then, with the upper deck. In place of the solitary smoke-funnel commonly employed in the steamships to convey away the smoke and gases of combustion, the caloric ship presents four small tubes, gaily painted white and gold, rising but five feet above the paddle-wheels and only 30 inches each in diameter. Two of these tubes, or chimneys, are intended for use, and two are for ornament and to preserve uniformity. The two corner chimneys are attached to the cylinders of the engine, and the remaining two protect the hood from the impure and heated air which would otherwise render a residence there in quite uncomfortable. By this arrangement also, and in consequence of the peculiar construction of the engines, the upper deck of the vessel is entirely clear. No impeding machinery serves to hinder free passage fore and aft. The four chimneys, each resting upon a neatly carved and painted octagonal pedestal, are formed, two of sheet-iron, and two of wood. These are the only material alterations in the exterior of the ship, save the unusual clearness and roominess of the deck, where the passenger may promenade pleasantly when the weather shall permit him. But the chimneys are not alone in their ventilating properties. Beside each pair of these pipes is a well, extending to the bottom of the ship, through which a current of cold air is carried down to the fireroom, rendering that precarious place as cool and comfortable as the upper deck, and effectually preventing all danger of conflagration from overheating. The mouths of these "wells" are carefully covered with tarpaulins, and the room occupied is hardly equal to a hatchway. Through the open space thus afforded, an additional advantage is given for the working of the force pumps, the pipes of which are carried up through its entire length, projecting upon the upper deck in a manner very convenient for the seamen to work them to free the ship from water. The deck, accordingly, supplies three *desiderata*, viz—1, ventilation of the hold, 2, safety from fire; 3, a means of preventing danger from leakage, by readiness of access to the pumps.

The descent from the upper deck is accomplished, not, as in steamships, by impracticable ladders, but by neat staircases, for

which ample space is afforded by the position of the engine-room. The peculiarities of construction of the vessel ought to appear in this region. The compartments of the engine leave a free space on each side of the ship, from stem to stern, both above and below, thereby affording opportunities for easy communication between all parts of the vessel. The shaft which turns the paddle-wheels is concealed between decks, and therefore no such obstruction to the midship section of the vessel as is generally to be found, even in first class steamers. The dimensions also of the cabin aft of the engine, and these are rooms below, easy access to them being obtained by means of substantial and spacious stairways. The appointments of the saloons, state rooms and other parts of the vessel intended for the accommodation of passengers, are very perfect, and expense has not been spared to render the Ericsson exhibit a superior one in these respects.

The seeming peculiarities of the caloric ship, it is well known, consist in the application of hot air to the propulsion of vessels. The practical alteration which is accomplished by this plan, in the construction of the engine, renders a description of the machinery, unaccompanied by diagrams, a matter of some difficulty. The engine consists of two pairs of cylinders, connected in the ordinary but not plainest manner. Each pair is composed of two cylinders, of which the lower one is much the larger. The upper is termed "the supply cylinder," the lower the "working cylinder." The diameter of the working, or lower cylinders, is 168 inches, of equal size, 147 inches each. This last item will be remarked, is a peculiar one. The position of the cylinders is exactly in the centre of the vessel. The magnitude of the lower cylinders of each pair, it will be noticed in the accompanying engraving, contrast forcibly with the diminutive dimensions of the machinery, the bulk of the entire mass being so great as in the common steam ship.

The operations of the engines is remarkably simple. A fire is kindled in the furnaces attached to the lower cylinders, the flames being removed to a distance of about five feet from the bottom of the cylinder, so that no actual contact can take place. The application of heat serves to increase the temperature of the air already contained in the lower cylinder. The air thus heated, seeks a vent which is readily found in a series of valves properly arranged for the purpose. The cylinders being each provided with a piston fitting closely within it, but so contrived that the pistons of both cylinders rise simultaneously, the vacuum created by the escape of the air from the working cylinder causes the descent of the lower piston, which, of necessity, draws down with it the piston of the supply cylinder, and the work of the engine is fairly commenced in a most wise manner. Across of valves, each of which is 2 feet in diameter, is placed in the top of each supply cylinder, and these valves instantly open at the descent of the pistons, a current of cold air rushes in, which passes down following the piston of the upper cylinder, and is also pressed by the regenerator—a contrivance upon which depends the successful operation of the machinery. The air, having entered this regenerator, is converted from a cool into a warm current by the operation of the simple philosophical laws. The construction of the regenerator is at once simple and ingenious. The invention of this remarkable feature of the engine is entirely due to the genius of Captain Ericsson. He found, by a series of careful experiments on the properties of caloric, that the affinity of metals for heat was marked by peculiar circumstances, that the absorption and radiation of heat from metallic surfaces are nearly instantaneous, and that the expansive force of air when its volume is doubled by the application of heat was at least equal to the power of steam. To effect the practical application of this principle was the thing to be accomplished. Captain Ericsson found that his experiments warranted a belief in the practicability of a new improvement in the construction of marine and locomotive engines, and he set him off to establish the truth or falsity of the idea which had been so happily suggested to his mind. Hence the construction of the so called "Caloric Ship."

But it is time to follow the action of the regenerator, and its effect upon the engine and the currents of air. The apparatus known as the regenerator is little more than a series of fine wire nettings of iron placed side by side, to the thickness of 12 to 20 inches. As the air passes through this mass of metallic surfaces, penetrating through the minute cells formed in the interstices of the wires, it imbibes a greater volume of caloric, which increases in temperature as the current approaches nearer to the fire beneath. The *maximum* of heat absorbed by the air in this passage through the regenerator is 150°. The *maximum* pressure to be applied from below is 30°, making an aggregate of 480°, at which point the volume of air which has entered the engine is exactly doubled, and by its expansive force sets in motion the crank connecting the machinery, producing a revolution of the shaft, by which the paddle-wheels are revolved, and the vessel is put in motion. The manner in which these various performances take place, is quite remarkable. As the air passing through the regenerator has performed its work, in causing the revolution of the crank—which rests upon the piston of the working cylinder—it is made to re-enter the apparatus by the upward pressure of the now ascending piston. As it passes through the regenerator, in exact reverse order, it loses the volume of heat which it had before acquired, and become cooler as it approaches the upper surface of the regenerator. It will thus be seen that the regenerator presents two different surfaces—one, on the upper, is the cooler, being so most directly opposed to the current of cool air entering the cylinders from above; the other, warmed by the furnaces below, preserving a warm exterior, and, by this contrary action, the current of air which is alternately drawn through or expelled from it, undergoes essential modifications of temperature. A very small percentage of the whole volume of atmospheric air thus employed is permitted to go to waste. The caloric principle involves no useless expenditure of material. The supply of fuel required to continue the operation of the engine is vastly inferior to that of the steamships. But a few pounds of coal—anthracite only being used in the caloric ship, both on account of its greater cleanliness and portability—are needed to commence the operations of the machinery. There are no boilers to large furnaces, and the danger from fire can never be so great as to create apprehension, while, as an additional means of security against accident, the engine floor of the engine room is paved with a corrugated cast-iron pavement, the plates of which are so carefully joined together that the chance coals can neither penetrate to the woodwork, nor the water enter through the interstices left in the bed-plates, as is frequently the case in steamships. A number of advantages are thus combined, not only in the engine proper, but in connexion with its various appurtenances.

The construction of the furnaces, and the small amount of fuel required to feed them, cause a great saving in the stowage room of the vessel, by which it gains largely in accommodation for merchandise and freight. The freightage of the ship will be about 1,400 tons. The freight-deck, strongly secured from accident, is roomy and cleanly. It is perfectly clear from stem to stern, in consequence mainly of the small space occupied by the machinery of the ship, and all aids, beside the freighting space proper, a considerable supply of store rooms and recesses, always useful for the stowage of precious articles. The coal hold is below the freight-deck and is abundantly spacious to contain the entire mass of fuel required for the outward and return voyages of the ship. It is, in fact, contemplated that the vessel will be able to carry her coals for the longest trips out and back, even should the voyage be extended beyond the customary route of our packet steamers. The coal can not only be procured here with great readiness, but the stowage of the amount required may be accomplished at one time, and a certain contract may be entered into, by which the owners of the vessel may realize a profitable sort of economy. The advantages are secured here, of a saving of room, security from spontaneous combustion, and a greater degree of cleanliness from the use of the anthracite than by the employment of the British bituminous coals. It is not to be lost sight of, in case the success of the caloric principle shall be definitely established, that the monopoly of the coal trade, for steamer supply, will eventually remain with the American dealers. The steamships can now carry a supply sufficient only for a single trip. To return to port they are compelled to lay in supplies abroad, and hence one of the ostensible reasons of the expedition to Japan—the necessity of free coaling stations being felt by the steamers navigating the seas of the China Seas. The suggestion is incidental, but may possibly prove true in theory, in the event of the final success of the new principle which is now about to be inaugurated.

The experiments already made with the engines of the new ship promise a very auspicious commencement of her career. The operations of the machinery, so far as the different portions have been tried, are perfectly smooth and accurate; and the revolutions of the wheels of the vessel have taken place with all the regularity and order which was to be expected of them. The prognostics of success are very promising. The public will await the issue with eager interest. But one opinion can be expressed in regard to the probabilities of the plan. The necessity of a new motive power is every day more pressing. Advantages must be gained by the application of the leading principles of nature to new uses, and the inventor who shall accomplish this feat will entitle himself to the lasting gratitude of the commercial and travelling world. It is to be hoped, in view of the labour and ingenious resources which have been expended upon a project that seems so feasible as this, that the honour of the new motive power may be finally awarded to the studies of Captain Ericsson.

LIFE.—What a serious matter our life is! how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed! what a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature any one comes to be who does not, as soon as possible, bend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task lies first before him!—*Sterling's Last Letter to his Son.*

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES.

ROSSINI.—Mr Gardiner, the author of "Music and Friends," says, "When Rossini visited this country, I was introduced to him by Spagnoletti. He was a fine, portly, good-looking fellow, a voluptuary that revelled in the delights of the table as much as in the luxury of sweet sounds. He had just composed a dirge on the death of Lord Byron, the score of which he exhibited to me, obviously penned with great rapidity I heard part of it performed, and thought it worthy of that great genius. I am not aware that this work has been printed. He sang the principal airs himself in a graceful manner and with a rich liquidity of tone; the easy movement of his voice delighted me; his throat seemed lacquered with Florence oil, so ripe and luscious were the tones he threw out. He was a perfect master of the pianoforte, and his mode of touching that instrument was beautifully neat and expressive. Garcia had brought his daughter, Mallbran, then only fourteen, for the *maestro* to hear her sing; he accompanied her in a cavatina. When he sat down, he had his walking-stick in his hand, for he was a great beau; and he contrived to hold it while he was playing; but his wife, seeing the incumbrance, drew it away He was the most joyous, good natured, well-fed fellow I ever saw, and I have no doubt, when at Carlton-house, he broke through any ceremony, and was as much at ease with his Majesty as is represented. In his operatic pieces his style is as gay as himself; light and cheering, glowing with the brightest colours—a path so flowery that it gives birth to a new set of feelings in the musical science. Having none of the dark shades of Beethoven, we are lured among the gayest flowers of fancy His compositions, though highly ornamented, possess a simplicity of thought intelligible to the most untutored ears. His style is full of voluptuous ease, and brings with it a relief from the cares of the world."

A ROYAL LESSON OF HUMANITY.—Queen Caroline, wife of George II, being informed that her eldest daughter, afterwards Princess of Orange, was accustomed, at going to rest, to employ one of the ladies of the court to read aloud to her till she should drop asleep, and that on one occasion the princess suffered the lady, who was indisposed, to continue the fatiguing duty until she fell down in a swoon, determined to inculcate on her daughter a lesson of humanity The next night the Queen, when in bed, sent for the princess, and commanded her to read aloud. After some time her royal highness began to be tired of standing, and paused in hopes of receiving an order to be seated. "Proceed," said her Majesty In a short time a second pause seemed to plead for rest. "Read on," said the Queen again. The princess again stopped, and again received an order to proceed, till at length, faint and breathless, she was forced to complain. "Then," said this excellent parent, "if you thus feel the pain of this exercise for one evening only, what must your attendants feel who do it every night? Hence, learn, my daughter, never to indulge your own ease, while you suffer your attendants to endure unnecessary fatigue"

A REPROOF OF FOPPERY.—Dean Swift was a great enemy to extravagance in dress, and particularly to that destructive ostentation in the middle classes, which led them to make an appearance above their condition in life. Of his mode of reproving this folly in those persons for whom he had any esteem, the following instance has been recorded.—When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies Swift received him with the same ceremony as if he had been a stranger. "And pray, sir," said he, "what are your commands with me?" "I thought it was my duty, sir," replied George, "to wait upon you immediately upon my arrival from London." "Pray, sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner, the printer, sir." "You, George Faulkner, the printer? Why, you are the most impudent, barefaced scoundrel of an impostor I ever met with! George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies Get you gone, you rascal, or I will immediately send you to the house of correction" Away went George as fast as he could, and having changed his dress, returned to the deanery, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. "My friend George," said the dean, "I am glad to see you return safe from London. Why, here has been an impudent fellow with me just now, dressed in a lace waistcoat, and he would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him off, with a flea in his ear."

SYDNEY SMITH.—"It happened," says the *Knickerbocker*, "during the youth of Sydney Smith, that he was settled as a curate of souls in a small inland English town. And in this town there was a field, over which the inhabitants had from time immemorial been accustomed to travel, according to that right or title known to students of Blackstone as "Prescription." But ere long the field alluded to came into the possession of a crusty old codger, who seems to have relished legal prescription about as well as medical, for, to the great discomfort of the entire vicinage, he at once put a stop to this right of way by putting up a board-fence, and stationing a big bulldog as superintendent of the same. Nor was there any one bold enough to dispute the owner or the dog. Nay, so sulky was the anti-prescriptionist that he even refused to communicate with any man on the subject In consequence of this, the poor devils applied to the parson, who was even more at a loss than they, for the old heathen repudiated clerical interference with even greater bitterness than legal or medical. But Sydney knew that there were other methods of killing dogs beside choking them with bread and butter, and set himself carefully to work to ascertain the habits of this 'modern Timon.' He soon found that he was in the habit of going once a week to a solitary ale-house, and there reading, to mug-and-pipe accompaniments, a filthy little sheet whose staple consisted of reports of criminal trials, and similar spice. 'I have got you!' thought the Rabelais of the nineteenth century. And repairing to his sanctum he at once prepared the report of a trial, which was represented as having recently taken place in some out-of-the way court, of a certain farmer who had also illegally closed a right of way, and confirmed it in like manner with a big bulldog, which had bitten a child. All manner of antiquated law-dust was copiously sprinkled in the speech of the judge, and the heinousness of keeping a savage dog was clearly proved from Plowden, Bracton, and other familiar legal works. But the judge also admitted that the testimony had amply established an almost angelic goodness of character in other respects for the accused. He had given annually nine-tenths of his goods to the poor, was a model father, a pattern husband, a perfect son, and the very *ne plus ultra* of every thing in all things — save only in keeping a vicious dog In consequence of this being his only offence of any description, the judge declared that he would be *very* lement and inflict the mildest penalty possible, consistent with duty, that is to say, he should simply sentence him *to transportation for seven years!* Dashing down his beer, smashing his pipe, and dropping his paper, the old fellow ran home, shot his dog, and demolished with hasty blows the fence, and so ends the tale"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A WOOD-CARVER.—You may give the appearance of *old* oak to the ornaments of the chair you are repairing with pieces of *new* oak, by subjecting the new portions to the vapours of ammonia, you must watch the process till your new pieces have the exact tint of the old

A STUDENT.—In answer to your question, "Is the earth a *solid* mass?" we may tell you that Professor Whewell—no mean authority—considers the generally-received theory—"that the earth is merely *a shell*, and that the central parts are hollow"—to be a mere fancy. He adds "All the reasons we can collect appear to be in favour of its being a *solid mass*, considerably denser than any known rock."

ANOTHER "STUDENT."—The "Pillars of Hercules" (*Hercules Columnæ*) were two lofty mountains, the one situate on the southern extremities of Spain, the other on the opposite part of Africa. They were reckoned the boundaries of the labours of Hercules, and were joined together (it is fabled), until severed by the arm of the hero, and a communication thereby opened between the Mediterranean and Atlantic seas. "Trajan's Pillar" was set up at Rome in the year 114. The "Monument of London" was begun in 1671, and finished in 1677.

ETCHING GROUNDS.

IN compliance with the request of several Correspondents, we furnish the following receipts, for which large sums have formerly been given To each of them we can add, *Probatum est*

CALLOTT'S ETCHING GROUND.—Take virgin wax, four ounces, asphaltum, two ounces, gum mastic, two ounces, resin, one ounce, black pitch, one ounce, copal varnish, one ounce. Put the virgin wax and the pitch into a clean pipkin, and place it over a slow fire, or on a heated hob or plate, where it may melt slowly and without fear of burning. The asphaltum, gum, and resin must be reduced to fine powder, and shred in carefully to avoid its getting into lumps When the whole of these ingredients are in the pipkin, it must continue for some time on or near the fire, stirring it well the whole time with a piece of stick. Let the whole boil slowly until such time as, by taking a drop upon a plate, it will break, when cold, by bending it three or four times between the fingers. Then take it off the fire, and stir in carefully the copal varnish After it has somewhat cooled, pour it into cold water, or into lukewarm water if the weather be cold, and knead or pull it for a long time, that the ingredients may be properly blended. It may then be formed into balls, or cakes, ready for use When about to use one of these cakes or balls, tie it up in silk, as taffety or persian, Be sure that the fire is not too violent, and that it is kept stirring while the powdered ingredients are put in, and during the whole time of simmering.

REMBRANDT'S GROUND.—One ounce of white wax, half an ounce of finely-powdered asphaltum; half an ounce of powdered gum mastic. Proceed as directed in the last.

HOLLAR'S GROUND.—White wax, two ounces; black pitch and Burgundy pitch, each half an ounce; powdered asphaltum, two ounces. Make as directed above.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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THE

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SOME FACTS ABOUT SMITHFIELD.

IN a few years Smithfield will be among the things that were; and the spot which has been the theatre of so many historical events—at one time a place of execution, at another the field of chivalry and knightly valour—during a brief period under the sway of the popular rebel Wat Tyler, and for many years an increasing nuisance as a cattle market, — Smithfield will for the future be considered in the light of an evil reformed

There are few areas in London—says Mr. Thomas Gaspey, in his History of Smithfield, —which have so long been known under the same name, and which at different periods have been so variously occupied. Through many centuries, Smithfield has been celebrated as a place of trade. It was the scene of royal pageantry and of knightly prowess, now reverenced as the spot on which devoted martyrs have laid down their lives in the cause of religion, anxious to seal their faith with their blood; now shrunk from as the place appropriated to the execution of common felons. Such mournful scenes have given place to the low humours and grotesque absurdities of clowns, mountebanks, and jugglers; and in after days, these have been all swept away, and Smithfield has only been known in its character as a market.



SMITHFIELD DROVERS.

Mondays and Fridays are the market days for cattle, when they pour in from all the main roads leading from the provinces, and great confusion ensues. That the drovers severely punish the cattle and sheep is too obvious; but the men themselves suffer not a little, and it is really wonderful how they select and separate the animals belonging to numerous owners as they do. When many droves and flocks meet in a confined area, the cattle, alarmed, or frantic from pain, often rush in any direction but that which it is wished they should take. The timid sheep makes desperate efforts to rejoin his fellows, and frequently no array of force, nor violence, can prevail for the moment against him. He bursts impetuously through the ranks of his adversaries, armed with sticks and goads as they may be, and seeks to escape observation by penetrating the woolly crowd assembled at a distance, from the midst of which dogs and men are forced to drag him, to confine him in his own pen, or put him in the road to the place of slaughter. The toil and anxiety thus inflicted on the drover produces a degree of exasperation which precludes him from thinking of any sufferings but his own, and useless severity follows. In some parts of the country, small flags have been found more efficient to guide sheep and

cattle to their destination than the goad and the bludgeon. It might be well to have recourse to them in Smithfield.

At present there is not room to pen up all the cattle sent for sale; the remainder are formed into groups of about twenty each, which are called "rings" or "off droves," each beast having its head towards the centre of the ring. This is not effected without great labour and much violence.

On Friday afternoons there is a horse-market in Smithfield, which is said to be the means of bringing many persons of bad repute to that part of the metropolis. There is also a donkey and dog-market held at the same time; and these creatures, with goats and other animals, are then commonly offered for sale. Those who are engaged in the inferior traffic are reported by the police to give comparatively little trouble, but the horse-market is said to bring together many of the greatest rogues and thieves within ten miles of London. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays the area of Smithfield is used as a market for the sale of hay, straw, clover, &c.

Several inns of considerable antiquity are found in Smithfield, and the history of some of them, would our limits permit, might be found not a little interesting. The Ram Inn, on the north side of the area, was, forty or fifty years ago, celebrated for its pig club.

We look in vain for the inn or public-house of which we read in Tennant. "I cannot," he says, "help indulging myself with the mention of William Pennant, an honest goldsmith, my great great great great great great uncle, who at his house, the Queen's Head in Smithfield, acquired a considerable fortune in the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth and the beginning of that of James I."

The Red Lion Inn, in West-street, which was taken down about the year 1845, obtained a dismal notoriety. It was said to have been the residence of Jonathan Wilde, and subsequently the home or rendezvous for the highwaymen, footpads, and pickpockets of the last century. Here Jack Sheppard and the ruffianly Abershaw were reported to have sought concealment, and within its walls, trap-doors and other contrivances to baffle the ministers of justice were discovered, as also the mouldering remains of unhappy beings who had been decoyed there to perish by the hands of murderers.

It will easily be conceived that with the growing population of the metropolis the importance of Smithfield as a market increased. At the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, in 1598, there were sixty butchers, freemen of the city, who killed 300 oxen weekly. The non-freemen slaughtered about four times as many, giving a total of fifteen hundred per week.

In the next hundred and forty years, the consumption of meat had not increased so largely as might have been expected, for in 1732 the cattle sold in Smithfield amounted to but 72,216, and 514,700 sheep. In the next century a remarkable change took place. Between the years 1732 and 1832, the population of London had been so augmented, that at the latter date it exceeded what it had been a hundred years before by 218 per cent.; and the annual consumption, taking an average of three years, ending in 1834, appears to have been 156,258 cattle, and 1,227,688 sheep; that number being sold in Smithfield. It is remarkable that, from improved methods of breeding, cattle and sheep weigh much more than formerly, the latter more than double their average weight in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The number of sheep and cattle sold at various periods of five years were as follows —From

	Cattle.	Sheep.
1820—4	113,453	1,180,914
1825—9	149,017	1,252,994
1830—4	156,258	1,227,688
1835—9	171,250	1,238,742

To these should be added 20,000 calves and 250,000 pigs.

The consumption of butcher's meat, and consequently the demand for cattle, is found to vary enormously in proportion as the poorer classes are unfortunate or in comparatively easy circumstances. An advance of price causes little abatement of the customary demand among the wealthy, but when the mechanics and labourers are generally depressed, it almost instantly sinks to very much less than it had previously been.

Similar returns do not appear in the last published report of the Select Committee which sat to inquire into the state of Smithfield-market; but there is a statement of the greatest number of cattle and sheep brought for sale on each day in each year, from the commencement of 1828 to the close of 1848. The greatest numbers during the last ten years are as follows —

	Cattle.	Sheep.
1842	4,422	35,560
1843	4,511	35,380
1844	5,633	39 920
1845	5,276	27,070
1846	5,762	32,480
1847	5,066	31,090
1848	5,942	28,880
1849	3,588	31,100
1850	6,350	35,190
1851	6,084	35,670
1852	6,175	35,810

In his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, Mr. Deputy Hicks supplied information which it was thought went far to prove that, at the present day, circumstances favoured the removal of the market. Speaking of an individual who supplied him with dead meat, he described his meat to be sent up good and sweet from the country, and to be "no time at all on the road." "He went home," said Mr. Hicks, 'from my house a fortnight ago on the Monday, he said, 'I am killing a hundred sheep to-day.' I said, 'I wish they could be in to-morrow, the trade is hungry, meat is short, and nobody will have much.' He said, 'I do not think I can get any up.' I said, 'Oh, set off home immediately, and pack up some of it if it is possible.' He sent a communication that night to my son, who lives close to the market, by the electric telegraph, that there would be a dozen hampers, about 600 or 700 stone, sent by the next morning's train. The fact is, that by one o'clock he started this meat off by the mail train from Ipswich, and before five I had it in my possession in Newgate-market on sale, and it certainly came in very beautiful condition, although alive the day before."

Besides the cruelty charged against Smithfield-market, the cattle, considered as property, are stated to be largely damaged, and many respectable and dispassionate parties are earnest in seeking for its removal. "I think," said one witness, Mr. Samuel Gurney, the bill-broker, "it must be evident to anybody who goes into Smithfield-market, that however suitable it may have been for the purpose originally, it has grown beyond it, both geographically and also in the size of it, and that which was the most suitable place has become exceedingly unsuitable, and a great public nuisance, that nuisance may not be wholly abated by its being removed, but every one feature would be mitigated to a great degree, both as it relates to the safety of the inhabitants of London, and their convenience on every market-day, and as it relates to the healthiness of the beasts, and that which I certainly feel a matter of great importance, the cruelty to the animals, I have no hesitation in saying that in every one of those points they would be very materially mitigated by Smithfield being removed to a spot where there was ample space, without the cattle being driven about in such a mass of confusion of carts and carriages, and population in every direction."

The subject is certainly one which demands grave attention, but, without controverting the opinions of those who call for the removal of Smithfield, we are bound to add that, hitherto, the efforts made to establish a market in the neighbourhood of the metropolis have signally failed. A large establishment at Islington, provided with many conveniences which seemed eminently desirable, inflicted enormous loss on its projector, and whatever may be urged in disparagement of Smithfield as it is, it cannot be denied that many establishments in its vicinity, the growth of centuries, offer accommodations to those who frequent it which cannot at once be transferred to another place. Nevertheless the public opposition has prevailed, and the plot of ground formerly known as Copenhagen-fields has been selected for the future cattle-market for London. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that an open space in a more distant part of Middlesex was not chosen, as, if London increases in size as rapidly as it has of late years, even Copenhagen-fields will soon be surrounded with houses. What will occupy the place of Smithfield in the days which are coming it would be hazardous to predict. A few years may see it—like that larger area, Moorfields, long reserved for the recreation of the Londoners, for the stalls of houseless hucksters, and the exercises of itinerant preachers of the Gospel,—covered with streets and squares, or, possibly, it may be appropriated to a terminus for railways leading into the city.

THE WORKMEN OF LYONS.

BY M. A. AUDIGANNE.

(*Translated from the French for the* WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, *by Walter Weldon*)

(*Continued from page* 279.)

THE calm exterior which force re-established was only maintained by force during the period which elapsed between the years 1834 and the new disturbances which were caused amongst the population of Lyons by the Paris Revolution of 1848. Occupied by numerous troops, and surrounded by fortifications and batteries directed against itself, this great city resembled during those fourteen years, and still resembles, more than anything else, a newly-conquered town, in which revolt and rebellion were of hourly expectation. Some secret societies essayed, little by little, when the storm of '34 was fairly hushed, to gather again together their scattered members; but it was not until the last few years preceding 1848 that one could recognise in them even the faintest image of the powerful political associations of 1834. A for *mutuellisme*, it had, as an institution, foundered in the tempest. All its members, however, or nearly so, continued till 1848 to live in constant connexion with one another, the ancient spirit perpetuating in them the memory of the past. The *forcandiers*, more mobile, dispersed themselves more easily. Their name, which is still preserved, is only applied now to an institution of companionship, which embraces in its ranks the silk weavers of all France. Freed from the ties of their destroyed or transformed societies, the Lyonnais *ouvriers* preserved separately a hatred towards the government which had only done its duty in re-establishing the public peace, overtly attacked, which had settled its account at the close of the insurrection. During the fourteen years which separated '34 from '48, it would only have needed a spark to have set Lyons once more in flames.

It is easy to comprehend the effect which could not but have been produced upon a population so disposed by the unexpected news of the events of the 24th of February. The *ouvriers* of the Croix-Rousse poured down the Grand-Côte in a torrent, in the midst of the most general and stupefied astonishment. There was no contest, because there were no opponents, but the city was abandoned as completely to the multitude—and almost more completely, if it were possible—than it was in 1831, and the flag of that year, that is, the red flag, waved for several days from the municipal palace. In Lyonnais insurrections, pillage had been hitherto entirely unknown, and had appeared utterly repugnant to the minds of the populace, this time, however, there were to be reported several acts of savage devastation, inspired by a spirit of jealousy against those religious houses whose inmates occupied themselves with silk-weaving. The *ouvriers* also threatened to destroy—but did not carry their threat into execution—a number of labour-saving machines which were employed in various industrial establishments, upon the absurd pretext that they tended to decrease wages, by throwing human labourers out of work, as though industry was free to remain stationary in any country, whilst it was making great and rapid progress in every other, and as if such immobility, in the face of progress accomplished elsewhere, would not infallibly result in an universal loss of employment by the stationary workmen. The sentiment, however, of the absolute need of order reigning in large assemblies of members of the human family must have been impressed with great force upon the minds of the Lyonnais *ouvriers* in 1848, for there was not caused a single great catastrophe in their city by events which otherwise could but have caused many. Although driven by a frantic enthusiasm into the midst of the noise and bustle of the public places and the clubs, which last were open at all the corners of the streets, people sought to construct some bulwark to which they might attach themselves, and which should defend them from the shocks of passion which they had learned to dread. Unfortunately, the *ouvriers* found themselves called upon to play a part which was above their capabilities, and deeply perilous to their own proper interests. The absence of distinct ideas respecting the constitution of industrial society was as sadly evident as it had been in 1831. Deceived by preachings which they did not understand, the multitude could but repeat a few sonorous and hollow phrases; and of temporary institution, the movement amongst them consequently gave birth to a force which was in reality highly anarchical, although only instituted with the idea of conserving the public security—that of the *voraces*. This improvised militia charged itself, as Cavaignac had attempted to do in Paris, with the task of creating order out of disorder—an order always, in consequence of its origin, precarious, and big with heavy perils for the morrow.

In 1848, the *voraces*, for a moment, represented all the authority which remained in Lyons. Born upon the heights of the Croix-Rousse, and consisting entirely of *ouvriers en soie*, the society of which the *voraces* were the members was several years anterior in its origin to the Revolution of February. Neither secret, nor political, nor very closely organised, it was established with an entirely economic end in view—for the purpose of resisting certain practices of the shopkeepers, who were accused of not employing rigorously in their transactions the weights and measures which alone could legally be used in Lyons, but of making use of, for instance, in the sale of liquors, of the *bouteille*, instead of the legal *litre*. It was these shopkeepers, it appears, who bestowed upon the resistants the designation since so famous,—calling them, in allusion to their pretended greediness, *voraces*, men of voracious appetites, or *ventres-creux*, men with empty bellies. Compelled by circumstances, in 1848, to put themselves at the head of the popular movement, they occupied immediately the forts of the Croix-Rousse, ordained the demolition of all interior fortifications, took possession of the Hotel-de-Ville, and placing the dwelling of the commissaire-general of the government under their surveillance, exercised his functions with uprightness and humility. Excepting on account of the devastation of the convents, which they did not hinder, and one or two brutal domiciliary visits, not a single fault can be found with their administration. They assured personal security and the respect of property to every Lyonnais,—and this, at a moment when in all the city there was not the slightest amount of commerce being carried on, when no wages were being paid, and no one possessed credit, and when the only orders in the hands of the manufacturers was one from the Provisional Government of the country—one for 120,000 scarfs and 43,000 or 45,000 flags. They received no pay, and whilst the *ateliers nationaux* cost the city 1,600,000 francs for labours which were worth no more than 50,000, the daily service of the *voraces*, till the moment when their body was dissolved by M. Martin Bernard, imposed the most insignificant sacrifice upon the municipal treasury. Never, before or since, did an improvised institution reflect so exactly the circumstances from which it had its birth during its existence it offered us the spectacle of a rightly-meant, persevering, but insensate effort to establish order by exterminating agitation. It failed—as will fail all who in the tempest seek the calm.

However, as the Lyonnais *ouvriers* had not produced any system of industrial organization which was judged by even the masses themselves to be practicable, they were obliged to end by returning into the ancient tracks. To plunge into the midst of noisy agitation,—to crowd the streets and rend the air with shouts,—to constantly attend the meetings of tumultuous clubs,—and to give free vent to the passions of an unreflecting population,—will not provide such population with the necessities of life and if disorder takes off the real side of some things, it does not bring comfort to the domestic hearth,—each day of its prevalence causing, on the contrary, new sufferings, new wants, and new necessities. The *ouvriers*, therefore, returned to their *ateliers*, and returned to them, too, weary in a great measure of agitation. That they were so weary is rendered evident by the circumstance, that the sinister events of the days of June, in Paris, produced no kind of contest in Lyons. Another movement, however, and a very active one, began to show itself more and more audaciously day by day, namely, the movement in favour of socialism. The exaggerations of the socialists excited the passions of souls possessed of such natural tendencies as those which we have endeavoured to describe in a former section of this article, just in proportion to their mysticism and vagueness. Can it be believed?—the orders both of home and foreign merchants had refilled Lyons before even the year 1848 was ended; a remarkable activity had already been evinced in every department of the manufacture, the year 1849 had given promise of being, what it proved to be in reality, one of the most productive that had ever been known amongst the silk manufacturers,—and yet, in the middle of this unhoped-for prosperity, the ground was being slowly, but yet surely, undermined. As though, in the disastrous career of insurrection, the *ouvriers* had been condemned to descend to the very bottom of the abyss.

they were preparing a third *émeute*, more absurd still than the two others, which was to raise itself up in opposition to the very fundamental principle of the new government itself, namely, to that of universal suffrage. While excited opinion was committing in Paris one of those faults which decide the future of a political party, *apropos* of the Roman expedition, there was essayed at Lyons a similar demonstration, also dignified with the designation of *pacific*, which led to results which were anything besides, and which once more deluged the streets of the city with blood. The contest was confined principally to the quarter of the Croix-Rousse, in which were reared seven or eight formidable barricades, which required the use of artillery for their demolition. Considered in itself, this insurrection was without importance: the barricades, well as they were constructed, being defended by small numbers, and without vigour; but socialism was behind them, or hovering in their neighbourhood. The origin of the insurrection gave it gravity, as did also the circumstance of the wishes of the majority of the working population being in its favour.

It will be needless to declare that the socialist insurrection, like its predecessors, bequeathed only misfortune to the labouring classes. It only made, if possible, ten times more evident than before, the fact, that no element of utility is ever produced out of the boiling chaos of political agitations. Victorious or vanquished, insurrection in Lyons, as well as elsewhere, has proved itself to be equally impuissant and powerless. The economic difficulties of which the Lyonnais workmen sought the solution in so sinister an arena, would have only been solved by the union of all interests and all wills, while these tempests only widened the gulf which divided them, and destroyed, to a great extent, the seed which before existed in the bottom of all souls of anything like sympathy between them. That this is the case, one would think that they now could scarcely fail to see. If the *ouvriers* would only recollect themselves an instant, and ask themselves what propositions at all serious have been made to them since 1831, in the midst of so abundant a mass of predications, they will be obliged to answer that, excepting the tariff, which is now pretty generally abandoned, there has been nothing placed before them which could merit their attention; and that they have fought and wrestled so violently for no definite end, and have only reaped, as the fruits of their labours, further wretchedness and misery.

Were we even able to compute exactly the days of labour which these civil discords have lost to the Lyonnais *ouvriers*, we should have still but a poor idea of all that they have cost them. In the fear of the incertitudes and delays which they well knew would result therefrom, the *ouvriers* have emigrated from the city by thousands in times of agitations; and many an order, which would have been given otherwise to a Lyonnais *fabrican*, has been given to the foreigner for fear that in Lyons it would not be executed in time. Our disorders here in France are often God-sends to the foreign manufacturer, to whom they give what should have been the gains of our workmen and the profits of our *fabricans*. But though every one connected with the commerce of this country has felt severely the political troubles which have afflicted it, these *ouvriers* of Lyons have suffered from them the most cruelly.

In another order of Lyonnais interests, what bitter fruits have not sprung from these political convulsions! The incessant agitations of the laborious classes have rendered them constantly subject to suspicion. Politics having been discussed at all their gatherings, even at those whose objects would have seemed to have excluded them, the civil authorities have been compelled to exercise a constant surveillance over their every movement. When the *ouvriers* of the Croix-Rousse complain to-day that the agents of the government keep ever throwing obstacles in the way of their establishing institutions of a merely private character, they forget with what elements they have formerly alloyed such. For example: once they had *reunions chantantes*, musical gatherings, which delighted them one and all; but they soon were invaded by politics, and by politics of that irritating class which only seek to multiply and perpetuate class-hatreds. But, say they, these private societies have remained inoffensive, why should they be condemned with the offensive ones? For many reasons, and, for one, because of its being impossible in times of universal excitement to discern the exact point at which preventive measures can be arrested without danger. The like interdiction has been obliged to strike certain institutions more serious than the *reunions chantantes*, particularly some societies which were entirely economical and greatly useful, like those societies of consumption [illegible] established for the purpose of purchasing by wholesale many of the articles which are of daily use among the *ouvriers*. The idea which found the means of adding to the comfort of the working classes by associating their individual resources was certainly worthy of encouragement, and was generally appreciated by the families of the *ouvriers*, to many of whom it had been productive of much good. But, oh, these politics! they could not be kept out of even these modest associations, and often transformed them into foguses of agitation and disorder.

One of the worst effects of the insurrections has been, however, that of broadening the gulf which already separated the two classes of manufacturers, the *ouvriers* and the *fabricans*, and the two divisions of the former, the *compagnons* and the *chefs*. We have seen that the *fabricans* have but little connexion with the *ouvriers* they employ; and that, although both are parties to one and the same contract as far as business is concerned, they remain at an immense distance from one another in private life; and that the industrial tie which connects them together in a general way is neither solid nor durable. It is true that a common interest soars above all their divisions—the interest which all parties must have in the prosperity of the manufactures, of which the sovereign condition is the quiet of the city; but this interest has less weight with both *fabricans* and their workmen than the causes, so numerous, of dissidence and discord.

Since 1831, to the moral separation which had for some time existed between them, has been added its consequent, a material separation. This has not been because there has been much hatred on the side of the employers—for although the hostile attitude which has been taken against them on so many various occasions by the *ouvriers*, together with their unjust reproaches and aggressive demonstrations, have left painful remembrances in the hearts of the Lyonnais *fabricans*, their well-known wisdom has prevented them either exhibiting or even cherishing any calculating and cool hatred—but essentially in consequence of the instincts, tastes, and characters of the two classes being infinitely more distinct than are their interests.

The points of dissemblance between the two classes have become at last so many and so important, that they would appear to be, as it were, two entirely distinct races—the one participating in the northern populations, the other taking part rather in that of the more southerly. If we have seen the *ouvriers* naturally given to dreaming and to reverie—if we have seen them strongly inclined to abstract ideas, mobile as a tempestuous sea, greedy for public spectacles, and fond of taking their divertisements in common; the *fabricans*, on the contrary, are very positive and very reflective, and love to shut themselves up in their family circles, and thus, as it were, to bury their existence. Scrupulously exact in the fulfilment of their engagements, they are extremely reserved and prudent in their business affairs. Compelled to sacrifice every intellectual gift and acquirement for the purpose of conserving the reputation of the goods they manufacture, they are much more ingenious and enterprising as manufacturers than as merchants. Naturally desirous of gaining speedy fortunes in a career of which the gain forms the most attractive feature, they do not, however, rush blindly *à l'aventure*, but count with care the steps they have to take before-hand, and if success should happen to betray their efforts, they ruin themselves, and disappear with the utmost silence possible. Under a sky which is brilliant in summer, but in winter is veiled by fogs often as thick as those of London, there are revealed in some of their moral dispositions and in the manner of their living many striking affinities with the English merchants. Just as in the city of Lyons itself, imbued with commercial customs, the place of the Terreau presents, although in a different style, much of the same appearance as that which is presented by the municipal edifices of the Guildhall and the Mansion-house, so do the interior habits of the *fabricans* recall in a great measure those of the wealthy citizens of London. Between the *ouvriers* and the *fabricans* the moral contrast is therefore real.

The insurrections have also left their traces in the dispositions which are cherished by the *ouvriers* towards the social and civil authorities, the most general sentiment of the populace with regard to whom is one of blind but absolute mistrust. The *ouvriers* cannot divest themselves of the idea, industriously promulgated by the more popular political parties before 1848, that the government will always be disposed to uphold the cause of the *fabricans* against their workmen, however manifestly the former may be in the wrong. They are not yet in a state capable of

judging of the acts of the authorities uninfluenced by party bias, or of understanding, that if such and such measures asked for by the working classes have been refused, it is not because they would be unfavourable to the *fabricans* and favourable to the *ouvriers*, but because they would entail the most evil consequences upon all the agents of production, and upon all the members of society in general. The working classes had been taught, before the Revolution, to hope nothing at all from the existing government, and to turn their eyes incessantly towards imaginary systems. They were thus taught to remain constantly in readiness for insurrection, and all that we can say of them to-day is this—that the disposition thereunto is now less lively than it has been.

The *ouvriers* have not, perhaps, many truer ideas than hitherto, but they have more prudence and circumspection than they ever had before, and in these respects, at least, have profited by the great lessons of the past.

IV.—PRESENT STATE OF THE MANUFACTURE AND INSTITUTIONS OF LYONS.

All theories respecting the future of Lyons must take into particular account a number of circumstances which are inherent in its industrial *regime* itself. The wages of the *ouvriers*, like the profits of the *fabricans*, depend entirely upon the selling price of the goods they manufacture, and this price is governed by various circumstances, which, it would seem, cannot be submitted by any possibility to control. The competition of the *fabricans* between themselves, for example—an energetic source of incessant efforts and continuous progress, and one which, were it susceptible of receiving a few rules, would be productive of the greatest good effects—will always refuse to suffer any limitation from without.

Another circumstance which will have considerable effect upon the future of the city, is that of the manufacture of silk being carried on, to an extent which greatly increases every day, in the country, where labour is rather cheaper than in the town, and where the workmen are not so liable to be attracted from their *ateliers*, when orders require executing, by the lures and wiles of political agitators. This circumstance, besides causing an eager competition amongst the *ouvriers* themselves, will probably, and at no very distant day, have the effect of causing the manufacture of plain silks to wholly leave Lyons, and that of the richer fabrics,—which require not only abler and more experienced weavers, but also the constant superintendence of the *fabricans*, and a concurrence of other circumstances which it will always be more difficult to unite out of the city than in it—be alone retained. The other effects which will be produced by this country-weaving are far more difficult to be foreseen, and will probably be of deep and great importance, for, excepting in times of insurrection, and even then but few of those who leave the city are real *tisseurs*—the *ouvriers de la fabrique* never emigrate from Lyons, while their numbers are daily added to by arrivals from the country, at the same time that the manufacture which has hitherto given the greater portion of them employment, namely, that of the *étoffes unies*, is hourly abandoning the city, in order to give employment to the multitudes of weavers who are springing up beneath the thatched cottage-roofs of Dauphiny and the Forez, and thus rendering most precarious the situation of the parent body.

Nor are these the only circumstances which threaten change. The rich silks which we have seen reason to fear will alone, ere long, be manufactured in Lyons, it is becoming the custom to weave principally by power in large factories in which numbers of looms are gathered together, and all worked by either water-power or steam, while in a rapidly-increasing number of instances the commoner fabrics are made in the same way. It is the same, too, in the country, many looms being gathered together in large establishments in the departments of the Rhone, of Ain, and of Isére, and moved by water-power; and if the efforts which have been made by the manufacturer to introduce the use of steam as a motive power have not been quite so completely successful as those which have been made with regard to water, it is certain that, ere long, they will be rendered so by the well-known perseverance and ingenuity of the Lyonnais, to which the arena which is now opened is immense. Although we have said that the rich silks are most generally becoming woven by mechanical power, it must not be understood that it is easier to apply such power to their production than to that of the commoner fabrics—exactly the reverse, on the contrary, being the case: the process of manufacturing these last being a great deal more simple than that of manufacturing the former. The earliest applications of other than manual power to the weaving of silk were made to the looms on which the common and plain goods were woven, and it was long thought impossible that steam or water power could be applied to the machinery which produced the rich brocades. The application of power, however, to the manufacture of the lower class of goods is not productive of, by any means, so great advantage as those which accrue from its appliance to that of the richer fabrics,—the labour of the class of artizans who weave the greater portion of the *soies unies* being about as cheap as steam, in consequence of the simplicity of the process not requiring it to be conducted by persons possessed of more than a very ordinary amount of skill. This is the reason why the power-looms are only so slowly superseding those which are worked by hand in the manufacture of the ordinary plain silks; but still there can be doubt that at no very distant day even these goods will be manufactured by power-looms alone, though, by the time that such is the case, we believe that very few of them will be woven in Lyons. Whether they will be or not, however, is little to our present purpose: we are only aiming to show that it seems highly probable that in the course of a few, and most probably of a very few, years from the present time, the present *ateliers* will be entirely done away with in Lyons; and that the industry of the city will be entirely carried on—instead of under the domestic roof as hitherto—in large factories, like those of the English city of Manchester. Though the advantages of so manufacturing the commoner kind of goods are not so striking as to cause a change in this respect, as far as they alone are regarded, to take place at once, they are such as to render the change certain in the end, although that end may be approached but by degrees, if the manufacture of them should be continued in Lyons; while the advantages of so manufacturing the rich brocades are sufficiently great and numerous as to render it almost imperative to the *fabricans* that the change should be effected with the utmost possible dispatch. It may, therefore, be taken as granted, that the domestic habits of the *ouvriers* of Lyons are about to be greatly disturbed, if not destroyed, but what permanent effect such a change will exercise upon their future is an exceedingly difficult question to determine. In one respect, it will certainly be productive of much good, for the *regime* of the factory system permits the manufacture, to a greater degree than does the other system, of "stocks," as they are denominated, of those goods of which the sale is irregular, and thus tends to render of less frequent occurrence those periods of depression and inactivity which cause so much suffering to those who live by daily labour. Moreover, the great factory system has the advantage of being susceptible—without being submitted to an absolute organisation, which, in the present state of national industry, would entail the very worst of possible consequences—of many and various disciplinary regulations, the which, while adding to the prosperity of the *ouvriers*, will act, in some measure, as guarantees of the preservation of good order. It would, therefore, seem that we may be permitted to augur well, in many respects, of this change, when it is fully accomplished; but the period of transition will be undoubtedly attended with much that we can only look forward to with alarm.

(*To be continued.*)

EPITAPH.—Having seen some curious epitaphs in your journal, I send you this, which I copied from a tombstone in Stockbridge churchyard:—"In memory of John Buckett, many years landlord of the King's Head Inn, in this borough, who departed this life November 26th, 1842, aged 67 years.

"And is, alas! poor Buckett gone?
Farewell, convivial, honest John.
Oft at the well, by fatal stroke,
Buckets, like pitchers, must be broke.
How various have thy fortunes been!
Now lifted high, now sinking low,—
To-day thy brain would overflow:
Thy bounty then would all supply,
To fill and drink and leave thee dry.
To-morrow must, as in a well,
Content unseen with truth to dwell.
But high or low, or wet or dry,
No rotten slave could malice spy
Then rise, immortal Buckett, rise!
And claim thy station in the skies:
'Twixt Amphora and Pisces shine,
Still guarding Stockbridge with thy sign.'

—*Correspondent of the Builder.*

FRANKNESS.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, AUTHORESS OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," ETC.

THERE is one kind of frankness which is the result of perfect unsuspiciousness, and which requires a measure of ignorance of the world and of life: this kind appeals to our generosity and tenderness. There is another which is the frankness of a strong but pure mind, acquainted with life, clear in its discrimination and upright in its intention, yet above disguise or concealment: this kind excites respect. The first seems to proceed simply from impulse, the second from impulse and reflection united: the first proceeds in a measure from ignorance, the second from knowledge: the first is born from an undoubting confidence in others, the second from a virtuous and well-grounded reliance in one's self.

It was said of Alice H——that she had the mind of a man, the heart of a woman, and the face of an angel. a combination that all my readers will think peculiarly happy.

There never was a woman who was so unlike the mass of society in her modes of thinking and acting, yet so generally popular. But the most remarkable thing about her was her proud superiority to all disguise in thought, word, and deed. She pleased you; for she spoke out a hundred things that you would conceal, and spoke them with a dignified assurance that made you wonder that you had ever hesitated to say them yourself. Nor did this unreserve appear like the weakness of one who could not conceal, or like a determination to make war on the forms of society. It was rather a calm, well-guided integrity, regulated by a just sense of propriety, knowing when to be silent, but speaking the truth when it spoke at all

Her extraordinary frankness often beguiled superficial observers into supposing themselves fully acquainted with her real character long before they were, as the beautiful transparency of some lakes is said to deceive the eye as to their depth; yet the longer you knew her, the more variety and compass of character appeared through the same transparent medium. But you may just visit Miss Alice for half an hour to-night, and judge for yourselves You may walk into this little parlour. There sits Miss Alice on that sofa, sewing a pair of lace sleeves into a satin dress, in which peculiarly angelic employment she may persevere till we have finished another sketch.

Do you see that pretty little lady, with sparkling eyes, elastic form, and beautiful hand and foot, who is sitting opposite to her? She is a belle: the character is written in her face—it sparkles from her eye—it dimples in her smile, and pervades the whole woman.

But there—Alice has risen, and is gone to the mirror, and is arranging the finest auburn hair in the world in the most tasteful manner. The little lady watches every motion as comically as a kitten watches a cotton-ball.

"It is all in vain to deny it, Alice—you are really anxious to *look pretty* this evening," said she.

"I certainly am," said Alice quietly.

"Ay, and you hope you shall please Mr. A. and Mr. B," said the little accusing angel.

"Certainly I do," said Alice, as she twisted her fingers in a beautiful curl.

"Well, I would not tell of it, Alice, if I did."

"Then you should not ask me," said Alice.

"I declare! Alice!"

"And what do you declare?"

"I never saw such a girl as you are!"

"Very likely," said Alice, stooping to pick up a pin.

"Well, for *my part*," said the little lady, "I never would take any pains to make any body like me—*particularly* a gentleman."

"I would," said Alice, "if they would not like me without."

"Why, Alice! I should not have thought you were so fond of admiration."

"I like to be admired very much," said Alice, returning to the sofa, "and I suppose every body else does."

"*I* don't care about admiration," said the little lady. "I should 'be as well satisfied that people should not like me as that they should."

[illegible]

said Alice, with a good-humoured smile. If Miss Alice had penetration, she never made a severe use of it.

"But really, cousin," said the little lady, "I should not think such a girl as you would think anything about dress, or admiration, and all that."

"I don't know what sort of a girl you think I am," said Alice, "but, for my own part, I only pretend to be a common human being, and am not ashamed of common human feelings. If God has made us so that we love admiration, why should we not honestly say so. *I* love it—*you* love it—every body loves it; and why should not every body say it?"

"Why, yes," said the little lady, "I suppose every body has—has a—a general love for admiration. I am willing to acknowledge that I have, but—"

"But you have no love for it in particular," said Alice, "I suppose you mean to say; that is just the way the matter is commonly disposed of. Every body is willing to acknowledge a general wish for the good opinion of others, but half the world are ashamed to own it when it comes to a particular case. Now I have made up my mind, that if it is correct in general, it is correct in particular, and I mean to own it both ways"

"But, somehow, it seems mean!" said the little lady.

"It is mean to live for it, to be selfishly engrossed in it, but not mean to enjoy it when it comes, or even to seek it, if we neglect no higher interest in doing so All that God made us to feel is dignified and pure, unless we pervert it."

"But, Alice, I never heard any person speak out so frankly as you do"

"Almost all that is innocent and natural may be spoken out; and as for that which is not innocent and natural, it ought not even to be thought."

"But can *everything* be spoken that may be thought" said the laughing lady

"No; we have an instinct which teaches us to be silent sometimes but, if we speak at all, let it be in simplicity and sincerity."

"Now, for instance, Alice," said the lady, "it is very innocent and natural, as you say, to think this, that, and the other good thing of yourself, especially when everybody is telling you of it, now, would you speak the truth if any one asked you on this point?"

"If it were a person who had a right to ask, and if it were a proper time and place, I would," said Alice.

"Well, then," said the bright lady, "I ask you, Alice, in this very proper time and place, do you think that you are handsome?"

"Now I suppose you expect me to make a courtesy to every chair in the room before I answer," said Alice; "but, dispensing with that ceremony, I will tell you fairly, I think I am."

"Do you think that you are good?"

"Not entirely," said Alice.

"Well, but do not you think you are better than most people?"

"As far as I can tell, I think I am better than some people; but really, cousin, I do not trust my own judgment in this matter," said Alice.

"Well, Alice, one more question. Do you think James Martyrs likes you or me best?"

"I do not know," said Alice.

"I did not ask you what you knew, but what you thought," said the lady; "you must have some thought about it"

"Well, then, I think he likes me best," said Alice.

Just then the door opened, and in walked the identical James Martyrs. Alice blushed, looked a little comical, and went on with her sewing, while the little lady began,

"Really, Mr. James, I wish you had come a minute sooner, to hear Alice's confessions."

"What has she confessed?" said James.

"Why, that she is handsomer and better than most folks"

"That's nothing to be ashamed of," said James.

"Oh, that's not all; she wants to look pretty, and loves to be admired, and all—"

"It sounds very much like her," said James, looking at Alice.

"Oh, but, besides that," said the lady, "she has been preaching a discourse in justification of vanity and self-love—"

"And next time you shall take notes when I preach," said Alice, "for I don't think your memory is remarkably heavy."

"You see, James," said the lady, "that Alice makes it a point to say the whole truth when she speaks at all, and I have been puzzling her with questions. I really wish you would ask her some, and see what she will say. But, mercy! there is Uncle C—— come to take me to ride. I must run." And off flew the little humming-bird, leaving James and Alice *tête-à-tête*

"There really is one question—" said James, clearing his voice.

Alice looked up.

"There is one question, Alice, which I wish you *would* answer."

Alice did not inquire what the question was, but began to look very solemn; and just then the door was shut—and so I never knew what it was that Alice's friend James wanted to be enlightened about.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

As we have already presented our readers with one or two articles *apropos* to the season, we here indulge in little gossip about that "day of days," for district postmen, known as Saint Valentine's.

This is a day,—says Charles Lamb, in one of his charming Essays of Elia—on which those exquisite little missives yclept Valentines cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is so common as the *heart*,—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears,—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera-hat.

Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a *knock at the door*. It "gives a very echo to the throne where Hope is seated." But its issues seldom answer to the oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations, the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that "bringeth good tidings." It is less mechanical than on any other days; you will say, "That is not the post, I am sure." Visions of Love, of Cupid, of Hymen, and all those delightful, eternal common-places, which "having been, will always be;" which no schoolboy nor schoolmaster can write away, having their irreversible throne in the fancy and affections, what are your transports, when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger—careful not to break the emblematic seal,—bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful fancy!

It is recorded as a rural tradition, that on St. Valentine's each bird of the air chooses its mate; and hence it is presumed that our homely ancestors, in their lusty youth, adopted a practice which we still find peculiar to a season when nature bursts its imprisonments for the coming pleasures of the cheerful spring. Lydgate, the monk of Bury, who died in 1440, and is described by Warton to have been "not only the poet of his monastery, but of the world in general," has a poem in praise of Queen Catherine, consort to Henry V., wherein he talks of St. Valentine and Cupid's Calendar with as much gusto as a young lady or gentleman of the nineteenth century.

In ordinary and common-place life, where the *day* is thought more of than the *sentiment*, a young man's Valentine is the first female he sees in the morning who is not an inmate in the house; the young lady's Valentine, as a matter of course, is the first youth she sees. Gay mentions this usage on St. Valentine's-day: he makes a rustic housewife remind her good man,—

> "I early rose just at break of day,
> Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;
> Afield I went, amid the morning dew,
> To milk my kine, (for so should housewives do,)
> The first I spied, and the first swain we see,
> In spite of fortune shall our true love be."

In the "Connoisseur" there is mention of the same usage, preceded by certain mysterious ceremonies the night before; one of these being almost certain to ensure an indigestion, is therefore likely to occasion a dream favourable to the dreamer's waking wishes. "Last Friday was Valentine's-day, and, the night before, I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said she would be married before the year was out. But, to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be my Valentine. Would you think it, Mr. Blossom was my man! I lay a-bed, and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house, for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

As to the actual origin of Valentine's-day, we learn from Hone that it derived its name from a priest of Rome who suffered martyrdom about the year 700. "It was the custom with the ancient Roman youth to draw the names of girls in honour of the goddess Februta-Juno, on the 15th day of February, in exchange for which certain Roman Catholic pastors substituted the names of saints in billets given the day before." hence St. Valentine's-day. Most of our readers are better able, perhaps, to write Valentines for themselves than we for them, but, lest any mistake should be made in the choice of a mate on that important festival, we give them this piece of advice, extracted from sixty-five poems and sonnets, and entitled

A VALENTINE.

> No tales of love to you I send,
> No hidden flame discover,
> I glory in the name of *friend*,
> Disdaining that of lover.
> And now, while each fond sighing youth
> Repeats his vows of love and truth,
> Attend to this advice of mine—
> WITH CAUTION CHOOSE A VALENTINE.

OLD AGE.

> WHAT is old age?
> Is it when snowy hairs, the brow surrounding,
> Soften, with halo mild, the prints of time,
> Or when, to the dulled ear, less loud resounding,
> Earth's din seems softened to a vesper chime?
> Is't when the eye is losing all its brightness?
> When the once firm voice trembles in its tone?
> No!—whatsoe'er man calls them in his lightness,
> These, these are not the signs of age alone.
>
> For in the breast youth's fount, perpetual springing,
> May live, defying years as they roll by,
> The trembling voice may yet give forth its singing,
> Its sparkle yet abide in the dimmed eye
> While round its brink young fancies bright are growing,
> And fresh affections, that no frost can chill,
> Call this not age, that is such gifts bestowing
> Who has the heart's youth, has the true youth still!
>
> What is old age?
> It is to feel that health and strength are fading,
> The eye grows dim, and dull the clouded brain,
> The hand for its loved task is unavailing,
> The foot essays its fav'rite haunts in vain;
> The colour, once so bright, the pale cheek leaving,
> Tells that the love it helped enchain is gone;
> The form, from health its any grace receiving,
> Now both are fled, sinks helpless and alone.
>
> This too is age—to feel the warm heart chilling,
> To see the eye of friendship turned away,
> Or dark distrust, or cold aversion, filling
> The glance that erst to us was clear as day.
> Oh! what are years, that, love and wisdom bri
> Conduct us gently to a peaceful tomb,
> To the worn heart, that, pain and coldness wri
> Still must live on a long, long life of gloom!

A FEW WORDS ON VENTILATION.

The importance of a proper supply of pure air has long been acknowledged, but the way in which it may be introduced into our houses, and destributed in such quantities as to produce no disagreeable effects, has been, and is, a complete puzzle to the philosopher. The atmosphere, as we all know, consists of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, in a state of mechanical mixture. Oxygen may be said to be the life and combustion-supporting gas, and nitrogen may be briefly stated to have no power of sustaining life or combustion at all. Upon the mixture of these two gases, however, in proper proportions, depends the degree of health enjoyed by all who continually breathe the compound called atmospheric air. Now this mechanical mixture is constantly liable to derangement, and a variety of causes contribute to render it unfit for human respiration. From the fire and the candle, for instance, are continually evolving a destructive gas called carbonic acid, which is the direct product of combustion. In the same way, carbonic acid is rapidly produced from the combustion or destruction of our food in the process of digestion; and it will be seen that if these processes go on continually, impure air must find its way into an apartment, to the probable danger of the occupant. But how, it will be asked, is this impure air to be got rid of? The answer is—by Ventilation.

"Aye, there's the rub," as Hamlet says, by ventilation,—what is ventilation?

To answer this question in a single sentence it may be stated that all the conditions necessary to perfect ventilation exist in a single apartment with a chimney, and a window, and a door in it. If a fire be in the grate, or a lighted candle stands on the table, and, more than all, if one or two persons sit round the table, the mechanical mixture of the air is interfered with, and vitiated air is the result. It is the office of ventilation to get rid of this impure air, and to provide a supply of pure air in its place, and to do this, it is necessary only to treat the invisible atmosphere as if it were water. There must be an outlet for the impure air, an inlet for the pure or outer air, and an apparatus like the chimney to keep the air in a state of motion.

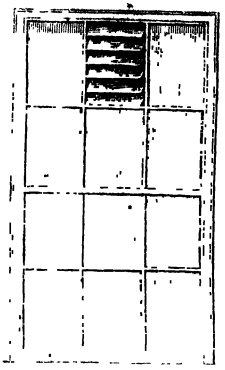
In the process of respiration, says Mr. Tomlinson, a full-grown man draws into his chest about 20 cubic inches of air; only one-fifth of this is oxygen, and nearly one-half of this oxygen is converted into carbonic acid. Now, allowing fifteen inspirations per minute for a man, he will vitiate about 300 cubic inches, or nearly one-sixth of a cubit foot of atmospheric air, and this, by mingling as it escapes with several times as much, renders at least two cubic feet of air unfit for respiration. Now, the removal of this impure air, and the bringing in of a constant fresh supply, have been provided for by nature in the most perfect manner, and it is by our ill-contrived artificial arrangements that the provision is defeated. The expired and vitiated air, as it leaves the chest, is heated to very nearly the temperature of the body, *viz.*, 98°, and, being expanded by the heat, is specifically lighter than the surrounding air at any ordinary temperature; it therefore ascends and escapes to a higher level, by the colder air pushing it up, as it does a balloon. The place of this heated air is constantly supplied by the colder and denser air closing in on all sides. In the open air the process is perfect, because there is nothing to prevent the escape of the vitiated air; but in a close apartment, the hot air, rising up to the ceiling, is prevented from escaping, and, gradually accumulating and becoming cooler, it descends and mingles with the fresh air, which occupies the lower level. We thus have to inhale an atmosphere which every moment becomes more and more impure and unfit for respiration; and the impurities become increased much more rapidly by night, when lamps and candles or gas are burning, for flame is a rapid consumer of oxygen. Under these circumstances, our only chance of escape from suffocation is in the defective workmanship of the house-carpenter. The crevices in the window frames and doors allow the foul air a partial exit, as may be proved by holding the flame of a candle near the top of a closed door, in a hot room; it will be seen that the flame is powerfully drawn towards the door in the direction of the outgoing current; and on holding the flame near the bottom of the door, it will be blown away from the door, showing the direction of the entering current. If we stop up these crevices, by pasting list round the windows and doors, so as to make them fit accurately, we only increase the evil. The first effect is, that the fire will not *draw* for want of sufficient draught; if the inmates can put up with a dull fire and a smoky atmosphere, they soon become restless and uncomfortable—young people get fretful and peevish, their elders irritable, respiration becomes impeded, a tight band appears to be drawn round the forehead, which some invisible hand seems to be drawing tighter and tighter every moment; the eyeballs ache and throb, a sense of languor succeeds to fits of restless impatience, yawning becomes general, for yawning is nothing more than an effort of nature to get more air into the lungs; under these circumstances, the announcement of tea is a welcome sound, the opening and shutting of the door necessary to its preparation give vent to the foul air, the stimulus of the meal mitigates the suffering for a time, but before the hour of rest the same causes of discomfort have been again in active operation, and the family party retires for the night indisposed and out of humour.

But in the bed-room the inmates are not free from the malignant influence. The closed doors, the curtained bed, and the well-closed windows, are sentinels which jealously guard against the approach of fresh air. The unconscious sleepers at each respiration vitiate a portion of air, which, in obedience to the law of nature, rises to the ceiling, and would escape, if the means of escape were provided; but, in the absence of this, it soon shakes off those aerial wings which would have carried it away, and becoming cooler and denser, it descends, and again enters the lungs of the sleepers, who unconsciously inhale the poison. When the room has become surcharged with foul air, so that a portion must escape, then, and not till then, does it begin to escape up the chimney. Hence, many persons very properly object to sleep in a room which is unprovided with a chimney; but it is evident that such a ventilator is situated too low down to be of much service. If there be no chimney in the room, a portion of the foul air escapes by forcing its way out of some of the cracks and crevices which serve to admit the fresh air.

That this sketch is not overdrawn, must be evident to any one who, after an early morning's walk, may have returned directly from the fresh morning air into the bed-room which he had left closely shut up an hour before. What is more disgusting than the odour of a bed-room in the morning? Why is it that so many persons get up without feeling refreshment from their sleep? Why do so many persons pass sleepless nights? The answer to these and many other similar questions may be frequently found in defective ventilation. How much disease and misery arises from this cause it would be difficult to state with any approach to accuracy, because the causes of misery are very complicated. Among the poor, the want of sufficient nourishment, neglect of temperance and cleanliness, and excessive labour, all act with aggravating effect upon want of ventilation and drainage. Among the middle classes, mental anxiety, overtasked powers, insufficient out-door exercise, are also aggravating causes, but there is a similar want of attention to ventilation and drainage. The rich suffer least, because they pass much of their time in the pure air of the country, and are relieved from a good deal of anxiety by being independent in circumstances, their rooms are also larger and less crowded than those of the other classes; but still there is a neglect of ventilation, and they often breathe a poisonous atmosphere for hours together in the crowded and heated ball-room, the theatre, and the fashionable assembly; so that fainting, headache, and sickness, are the not uncommon results.

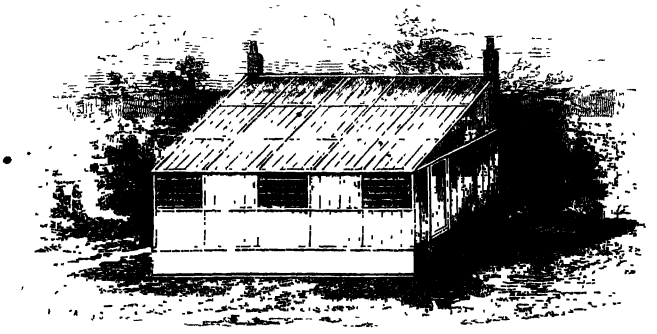
How may the evils arising from a want of sufficient ventilation be overcome?—evils, says Dr. Arnott, in his examination before a committee of the House of Commons, which ordinary minds cannot conceive, and which ordinary remedies cannot counteract. Various plans have been proposed for the proper ventilation of large buildings, and numerous scientific quackeries have been adopted only to be discovered and laughed at. In ordinary sized apartments the chimney forms a natural air-pump, whose office is to withdraw the foul air from the room as fast as it is generated; but where many persons sit in one room, and, as in most modern houses, the fire-place and chimney-opening are low, the ill effects arising from an improper circulation of fresh air are soon discovered. Our ancestors were not much inconvenienced in this respect, because the chimney-openings in their houses were generally higher than the heads of the occupants, and the warm vitiated air was above them. The low grates and small chimney-openings of modern houses, as we have said, are extremely injurious; "for such openings"—we quote Dr. Arnott—"can draw air only from the bottom of the rooms, where generally the coolest, the last entered, and therefore the purest air is found; while the hotter air of the breath, of lights, of warm food, and often of sub-

terraneous drains, &c., rises and stagnates near the ceilings, and gradually corrupts there. Such heated, impure air no more tends downwards again to escape or dive under the chimney-piece, than oil in an inverted bottle immersed in water will dive down through the water to escape by the bottle's mouth; and such a bottle or



MOORE'S LEVER VENTILATOR.

other vessel containing oil, and so placed in water with its mouth downwards, even if left in a running stream, would retain the oil for any length of time. If, however, an opening be made into a chimney flue, through the wall, near the ceiling of the room, then will the hot, impure air of the room as certainly pass away by that opening,* as oil from the inverted bottle would instantly all escape upwards through a small opening made near the elevated bottom of the bottle. A top window-sash, lowered a little, instead of serving, as many people believe it does, like such an opening into the chimney-flue, becomes generally, in obedience to the chimney draught, merely an inlet of cold air, which first falls as a cascade to the floor, and then glides towards the chimney, and



THE LEVER VENTILATOR APPLIED TO A HOT-HOUSE.

radually passes away by this, leaving the hotter impure air of he room nearly untouched."

Acting on the authority of so clever an "air doctor," and taking advantage of all that has been written and said on the subject, Messrs. Moore, of Clerkenwell, have invented and patented a plan by which the evils of bad ventilation may be speedily remedied. It consists in the partial adoption of Dr. Arnott's principle, and provides, by means of moveable glass louvres, for the admission of fresh and the exit of foul air in the most perfect manner.

In the engravings below, the form of the ventilator is shown as applied to an ordinary sash window, and to hot-houses, green-houses, &c. The philosophy of this ventilator is, that while it admits the outer air through the upper openings, it causes the air to traverse the apartment and expel the vitiated atmosphere through the lower louvres. This may readily be proved by means of a lighted candle. If it be held before the upper louvre the flame is instantly blown inwards, but if it be held to the lower louvre the flame is as quickly drawn towards the outer air. Thus a perfect current of air is diffused through the apartment, and complete ventilation is the result. This simple but ingeniously-contrived instrument is now in extensive use in various public buildings, churches, hotels, and private houses; and in the room in which we write we have had one of these ventilators in use for the last twelve months. Its success has been perfect. Of course it will be seen that the louvres can be raised or depressed at pleasure; and that, whether open or closed, no rain or moisture can penetrate into the apartment. The action of the instrument is perfect, and the only care necessary is to keep the slips of glass as clean as you would an ordinary window.

We have introduced this ventilator of Messrs. Moore's, in preference to any other, because it is both cheap and easily adapted to any form of window; and because by it the most perfect ventilation may be maintained in apartments of all sizes and forms.

On the importance of ventilation as a means of sanitary reform we need not enlarge. To quote the opinions of our most learned medical men both of the past and present age, it is no exaggerated statement to affirm that the greatest scourge with which this climate is afflicted, *viz*, consumption, owes its origin to ignorance of the laws of health, connected with an impure and over-heated atmosphere. It may perhaps not be generally understood that in many assemblies public and private, churches, chapels, &c., a person is unconsciously breathing for hours continually a tainted atmosphere, which, compared with pure and wholesome air, is as foul and offensive as a draught of filthy and stagnant water contrasted with a clear mountain spring. In large manufactories, in all places where a number of artizans are employed, it is obvious that too much attention cannot be paid to secure the discharge of the vitiated air, and a proper and efficient supply of the pure element.

After all that has been written and said on the subject of ventilation—after all the splendid mistakes of Messrs. Reid and Barry, with their ventilating shafts and furnaces, and hot blasts and cold, cold air streams, and so on—it seems strange—but no less strange than true—that a private tradesman, of his own unassisted means and talent, should produce an instrument which an-

* This would not be the case, if the air in the chimney is colder than that the room: thus, in case of Dr. Arnott's valve, if the air in the room is not ranger than that in the chimney, the valve would remain closed, which equently is the case, but, if a glass louvre ventilator is placed in the ndow, then the fresh air being admitted puts the Arnott valve into tion, and causes a perfect current through the room. But, if there is no ier means of escape, then the vitiated air is forced from the ceiling, and, the continual current, is brought to the lower louvre and escapes. ore the ventilator is used, all draughts from doors, windows, &c. (which dangerous) should be stopped—the ventilator supplying, without incon-

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

A SKETCH OF THE REFORMATION TIMES IN EUROPE

HANGING midway between the past and present of our national history—the ages of feudalism and civilisation—is the 16th century.

Upon no age of the world does the memory fall back with so much enthusiasm as on this, the age of evolution for soul and mind. Toward it our unreigned thoughts are found ever to converge. Upon no particular spot in the world's annals have we such a congregation of names, each acting as principal characters at one and the same time.

In no age did ever a revolution occur, having such an influence, involving such principles, affecting so large a portion of humanity, conducted on such terms, as that which stirred up European mind in the 16th century,

It was then that moral power began to triumph over brute force, and the mind of Europe elaborated itself into a new creation.

Then man began his mission as a remarker, a renouncer of lies, and a restorer of truth and good. To the struggles of this era we owe whatever we now enjoy of civil and religious liberty, of free and elevated thought; of high and holy principles.

Let us review its introduction

Such changes as unfolded themselves in this century were not of spontaneous growth—could not be. They were the birth of ages, not the utterances of an hour.

The reign of superstition, war, wild adventure, and feudal rule had been long, but could not last for ever. The genius of Egypt, Greece, and early Rome could not always be buried Fire and the sword were not always to control.

The soul was not always to be estranged from its Divine source The teaching of Jesus, the new doctines he had uttered, were not for ever to be hidden amidst masses of corruption and error.

The hour approached for a new birth of truth and righteousness The dark masses of error that had for centuries covered the heavens were now penetrated by those rays that should finally roll back and wholly extinguish them.

The command had gone forth, "Let there be light" the first certain ray had long reached above the horizon the abyss of vapours were removing from before the face of the orb of day, while its inundations of heat and light were fast rolling themselves forward.

The 16th century was the consequence of causes long operating.

Through the long centuries the dark ages had lasted the elements of truth sustained themselves. Many times did their existence brighten up the moral gloom in which the world was enshrouded, but the prodigious strides of the 11th and 15th centuries were alone sufficient for the extraordinary developments of the 16th These were the days of Dante, Petrarch, Wickliffe, Huss, Gower, Chaucer, Raphael, Angelo, and Columbus Algebra had been introduced into Europe, the art of making paper improved, and printing discovered. Columbus, strong in the faith of his own idea, had boldly pushed his bark across the boisterous Atlantic, and opened up the vast territory of America to European enterprise. The Portuguese had doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Copernicus had broken through the obstinacy of human nature. Bold in his native freedom, he surmounted the prejudices of centuries, and gazed upon the certain machanism of the heavens. He gave back to the world the true astronomical theory that for nearly 2,000 years had been comparatively dead.

Wickliffe had preached, Raphael had painted, and Chaucer had sung. Here was the vast machinery that elevated the world. It was the power of concentration and energy combined in these men that was employed by the Divine Providence to work out its own purposes.

And now, its *characteristics*.

The 16th century is known as the age of the Reformation. It was more, it was the revival of science; the nativity of literature; the working out of the great problem of the sufficiency of moral power to bring about all the changes in man's affairs necessary to his political and intellectual well-being; the destruction of the principle of isolation and exclusiveness, the birth of inquiry and philanthropic enterprise.

It was the age of the Tudors, of Luther and Leo X, of Charles V. and Francis, of Wolsey and Cranmer of Erasmus and Calvin:

It is that period of European history that dazzles by its reflections the ambitious hopes of princes. The genius, magnificence, love of display, mingled with all the vices of the family of Medici, was now seated on the throne of the Papal hierarchy while the still small voice of truth was struggling for an utterance. The convulsions of this period are unparalleled. The birth of opinions on theological subjects was not the only consequence It was not wholly a religious question, but the effort of mind after freedom. The plunge was after truth. The enterprise was holy. But kings and princes turned it to their own account it became unholy, descended from its high position, and their hands was a tool for personal aggrandisement. Hence flow the spirit of persecution and war. Nations quarrelled, the genius of truth, peace, and righteousness was substituted by the demon of war and blood

Our heart sickens when we contemplate the fact of five millions of people being sacrificed in the wars that followed.

In England that line of kings introduced by the seventh Henry was the only family of English sovereigns, prior to the House of Brunswick, whose memories will be respected Each member of this family had large governing mind Circumstances combined to throw a lustre around the English throne at this period that has been unparalleled in our history before or since, nation enterprise, scientific inquiry, and religious discussion combined to arouse the public mind to action, and to write some of the brightest and blackest pages. The reign of Elizabeth in many respects corresponded more with the 19th than the 16th century Blood in contrast with that which had gone before, and that which followed after, a contrast with the reign of Victoria would be unjust, as the nation's present state is a consequence of circumstances long operating, that of Elizabeth of the immediate influence of the monarch Victoria governs indirectly, Elizabeth ruled immediately

The Stuarts were weak, and never did actions worthy of princes. They should have gone before, rather than followed after Elizabeth Stepping from a poor throne, with some £5,000 a-year at one bound into the rich one of the haughty and imperious Tudors, they proved themselves unequal to their preferment English liberty was advanced beyond the people's immediate wants upon the second Stuart's death, and thrown back for two centuries upon the third Stuart's return

The first Tudor, Henry VII., gave the tone to his family. His earliest acts were to consolidate the power by crippling the power of the aristocracy, he curtailed the privileges of the clergy and introduced several ecclesiastical reforms He encouraged commerce with great vigour. His son had nothing of his greatness, but his name, authority, and associations In those days merciful rule, when patriotism is the badge of every man character, it is hard to conceive of England's throne being filled by such a monster as Henry VIII. But to the everlasting infamy of his black and cruel existence, the second brightest spot in England's history stands attached. Henry had a great body, and gloated in great power. He was the first keeper of a nation conscience, the first defender of a national faith Had he lived a few years later, he would have served as a splendid monument of the fruits of misapplied power and its consequences The cold sweat of woman's fear would have been wiped before her blood was spilt to satiate the thirst of such an absolute despot. But there was a master in Israel in those days, and of him, in connexion with Henry Tudor, we must speak—a perfect great character, born to rule, destined to be a slave. Like some mountain torrent thundering down from its fastness, bent on its noble purpose, suddenly stopped, broken, turned aside in divided streams made to waste its existence in its effort to pursue its course over the paltry obstructions stuck up in its way. Such was Cardinal Wolsey by the side of the fickle, sensual, cruel, absolute Henry the Eighth.

Very few men have had their memories so loaded by misrepresentation as Cardinal Wolsey. A member of the Catholic church he was the butt of the early reformers, as infinitely superior in power and genius to any other ecclesiastic of his own church in the kingdom, he was the mark of their envy and hatred. Between both we only read his character in the blackest colours, but time and a clear vision enables us to pass a juster sentence

He was evidently far in advance of his age, and had it fallen been rightly directed he would have shone as a star of the first origin he elevated himself to rule solely the political power of England. Falling upon a time he encountered those of

diffusion, that gave a stamp to Henry's reign; and to him and his influence Henry owes much of the glory attached to himself,—and when his capricious master had thrown him from his high position, Henry, not Wolsey, was the greatest loser; for then his foul disposition shone out without the redeeming influence of Wolsey's high character, and the enormities of the monarch showed themselves in full force.

Edward VI. was a nice boy, but consumption did more for him than he ever did for the nation. Cranmer's sincerity, united to his ebbing and flowing firmness, was the principal feature of this reign. Black-hearted, silly Mary's rule was short, and terminated the nation's misery in five years. Her sister, Elizabeth, who, by some kind of dumb show, handed her crown to her cousin of Scotland, had a glorious reign on account of the names that adorned it. Now lived England's greatest genius, William Shakspeare, with Spencer, Sir Philip Sydney, George Buchanan, George Crichton, and Sir Walter Raleigh. Scotland was at this period the theatre of the romantic adventures of poor Mary Stuart and her unfortunate father, with the celebrated Knox.

Nicholas Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Keppler, and Galileo, struck the death-blow to the Grecian theory of physics. A highway was by them opened up to that field of scientific enterprise which has since so enriched the world, and elevated mind in its study of the grand and sublime in the universe. But these discoveries of this age was of a moral character. The claim was the true. It was the universal jubilee of mind at liberty over despotism and tyranny, truth and freedom battling with exclusiveness and persecution, light with darkness, conviction in opposition to popery—that spirit that withers every ripening shoot of free opinion, and dries up every channel of national affection. Wh reve on idea takes hold of the mind and impresses it with its truthfulness, there will be earnestness and enthusiasm. The lives of the reformers were so many evidences in favour of this principle.

Had Christianity sustained its early character, there would have been no need of the revolution of the 16th century. But the church in Rome, from the time of Constantine, had been growing in civil power, luxury, and pomp. The faith of the humble Jesus had exalted itself to be the faith of kings and princes, and the nobles of the earth. It became established on the throne of Nero, the capital of the Cæsars was its stronghold. Instead of rags and penury, here it was decked out in gold, purple, and fine linen. The sword that it came to destroy became its strongest ally, the pomp and ceremonials it came to abolish were renewed with all the taste and luxury of an advanced age. The modern Babylon, with its imperial temples, its amphitheatres, its magnificent halls—vestiges of idolatrous ages—all passed over to give an external lustre to that system of faith which was declared by its author to be "not of this world." The very name of the ancient capital of the world was wielded to give a glory to the sway of its modern ambitious masters.

Superior destiny having ruled the overthrow of this mistress of nations, and left it as a monument of that power that rules in the affairs of men—as a wreck, a confusion of man's guilty projects—in the midst of the devastation and wreck that followed in the train of this scene of destruction, papal authority raised its head.

In any other state it would never have had a being. Ignorance is always the parent of superstition. People uneducated are ever ready to harbour superstitious phantoms. The mind of man is formed for worship, and if proper objects are not placed before it, men will worship their own creations. The will-principle is ever the strongest. To it the intellect readily bows. The priestly influence once established, reasonably enough ambition urged a few to forget the principles of their religion, and make them subservient to personal motives of elevation. Fascinated by the power Rome had so long exerted over all the nations, men began to honour her bishop as greater than his brethren. He was not backward in registering every fresh accession of power. Kings and princes bowed to this authority; none dared to deny his infallibility. Monarchs, at his frown, trembled; at his command they taxed their people, raised armies, went to war, journeyed to foreign climes. To win his favour they doffed their crowns, prescribed him with their kingdoms, walked bare-footed, and received stripes. The papal power grew daily. Monsters in human form assumed the title of the "Most Holy."

The cruelties, murders, and miseries inflicted by the atrocious names of Julius and Alexander VI. could not long pursue their course. Retribution may be slow, but it is always sure; and on the head of the youthful Leo the vial seemed to be poured out. Money was to be raised, and Leo was indifferent how. Centuries of cheating and hypocrisy seem to have led the popes to believe themselves what they represented. They could forgive sins, money covered a multitude. Murder was absolved—the assassin's stains removed—chastity violated for money, all kinds of relics, too, could be obtained for money. This was the state of the church before the Reformation, and then came Martin Luther.

Luther was cloistered with a great inspiration. The idea in his mind had more of a negative than a positive existence. He knew not its author—he knew not its ultimate destiny—he dreamed not of the part he was to play. Great as Luther was, he would have shrunk from the task. He, the solitary monk, with a single book, was to be the lever that should raise the world. He never intended to shake the foundations of the church—he talked about the offshoots of the tree; but all was ready, and the blow went to the root. Centuries had been preparing the fuel—he struck the match, and to his astonishment the whole atmosphere caught fire.

Leo at first laughed, then listened, then howled. John Huss and John Wickliffe had appeared before, had done mischief, and Leo resolved to act with energy on this occasion. Leo issued his bull, that fatal bull to Leo's church. Now was the hour of Luther's life. By it he was to stand or fall—the humble monk, in opposition to the powerful pontiff. How many spirits would have quailed, but Luther was unmoved. He assembled all the professors and students in the University of Wirtemburgh, and in presence of a vast multitude of spectators, neither acknowledged the authority of Leo, nor the errors of his own writings, but with great pomp cast the volumes of the canon law into the flames, together with Leo's bull; and from that fire, as the flame did its work upon them, and disseminated their elements, the new principle of civil and religious liberty burst into existence.

The indestructible elements of that conflagration exist now; they are working out man's and the world's destiny. This was the greatest, the undying *characteristic* of the 16th century.

J. H. B.

AN HOUR AT APSLEY-HOUSE.

All the world knows by this time that the Duke of Wellington, with great good taste, has thrown open the doors of Apsley-house to the people, and that thousands have availed themselves of the privilege. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, the public are admitted by tickets, obtainable by written application to Mr. Mitchell, of Bond-street;—but as many of our readers will not have had an opportunity of viewing for themselves the treasures acquired by the Iron Duke, and as tickets will not be issued after the present month, we purpose giving them a short description of what they would have seen had they been present in the house itself.

Apsley-house was built about 1785-6, by Henry Bathurst Baron Apsley, Earl Bathurst, and Lord High Chancellor, the son of Pope's friend.—

"Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?"

It was for some time the residence of the Duke's elder brother, the late Marquis Wellesley,—and was purchased by the great Duke in the year 1820. The house, originally of red brick—as Mr. Cunningham tells us in his "Handbook,"—was faced with Bath stone in 1828, when the Piccadilly portico and the gallery to the west or Hyde-park side were added by the Messrs. Wyatt. Much of the house is, however, of Bathurst's building,—and exhibits throughout tokens of want of skill and taste in the original builder, and the more modern tokens of alterations that have not very skilfully supplied or concealed the original defects. The portico is a portico to let—fit only for London sparrows. The site, however, is the finest in London.—commanding the great west-end entrance into London, and the gates of the best known parks. A foreigner called it, happily enough, No. 1, London:—and when the Duke was alive and in Apsley-house, many have been heard to regard him not only as Constable of the Tower, but as Constable of London, with his castle actually seated at its double gates. The house, indeed, stood at one time a kind of siege; and the iron blinds—bullet-proof, it is said—were put up by the Duke during the ferment of the Reform Bill, when his windows

were broken by a London mob. What the great man saw,—and what he lived to see! How far less universal would the feeling have been about him in 1832, had he died then instead of 1852!

Within—we are speaking architecturally,—the house has little to recommend it. The staircase, lighted by a dome filled with yellow glass, is unnecessarily dark. The light in the Piccadilly drawing-rooms is seriously lessened by the useless portico to which we have already referred. The great gallery in which the annual Waterloo Banquet took place—though a fine room, occupying the whole length of the Hyde-park side of the house, and the best room in the house,—is lighted at present only from the top; the windows towards the park—its only side lights—being filled within by mirrors and without by iron blinds.

The present Duke would, we think, do well to remove the temporary mirrors in the windows,—for he would then restore the light, and enable his visitors to see the pictures in the gallery to some advantage. The far-famed Correggio—"Christ on the Mount of Olives"—is visible—but that is all. Such a gem should be seen close and with a good light. At present it is protected by a glass—placed at a distance by a barrier,—and all but hidden by a bad light.

The house is left very much as we remember to have seen it in the Duke's lifetime. We recollect, however, a very large and impressive collection of marble busts on the Waiting-room table, grouped together without much order, but striking and tasteful notwithstanding—very few of which are now to be seen. There were two of "the Duke"—one by Nollekins,—two of "Castlereagh,"—two of "Pitt,"—and busts of "George the Third," the "Duke of York," the "Emperor Alexander," and "Sir Walter Scott,"—the Scott by Chantrey. Now, the busts are fewer in number, and differently arranged. On one side of the door leading from this room to the principal staircase is Steele's bust of "the Duke,"—and on the other Chantrey's "Castlereagh." In a corner is Nollekins's characteristic bust of "Pitt,"—and in a place of honour is a reduced copy of Rauch's noble statue of "Blucher." Above, are views of Lisbon and other places in Portugal and Spain,—too high to be seen to advantage.

From the hall the visitor passes to the principal staircase:—a circular one,—lighted, as we have said, from above, and through yellow glass. Here, bathed in saffron colour, stands Canova's colossal statue in marble of "Napoleon" holding a bronze figure of victory in his right hand. This—to our thinking Canova's greatest work, for it is manly and antique-looking, not meretricious and modern—was presented to the Duke by the Allied Sovereigns. It was executed, however, if we mistake not, for Napoleon himself. The staircase opens on the "Piccadilly Drawing-room:"—a small, well-proportioned room, containing a few fine and interesting pictures, ancient and modern. Among the former is a fine Caravaggio—"The Card Players:"—half-lengths,—fine in expression, and marvellous in point of colour, and light and shade. Beneath it—but not too well seen on account of the barrier—is a small, good Brouwer—"A Smoking Party." Over the fire-place, is a small full-length—perhaps by Vandermeulen—of the great "Duke of Marlborough on Horseback." The modern pictures are, Wilkie's "Chelsea Pensioner"—a commission to Wilkie from the Duke,—Burnet's "Greenwich Pensioners" bought by the Duke from the artist,—and Landseer's "Van Amburgh in the Den with Lions and Tigers," a subject suggested to the painter by the Duke himself. The pictures by Wilkie and Burnet—known so well by Mr. Burnet's own admirable engravings—it is needless to describe or praise. We were pleased, however, to observe that the Wilkie is standing marvellously well in point of colour,—though painted at a time when Wilkie, like Reynolds, was fond of playing with experiments in painting—and, also like Reynolds, often to his own after misfortune.

From the "Piccadilly Drawing-room," the visitor passes to *the* "Drawing-room:"—a large apartment deriving its chief light from Piccadilly. Here the eye is at first arrested chiefly by four large copies by Bonnemaison after Raphael:—copies of more than average merit, but not of sufficient importance to detain the eye already in expectation of seeing an *original* Correggio. The ladies are detained here by two Sèvres vases presented to the Duke by Louis XVIII.,—country gentlemen by "The Melton Hunt," by Mr. Grant, the Royal Academician,—and historical students by a small full-length of Napoleon studying the map of Europe—by Hoppner's fine three-quarter portrait of Mr. Pitt (bought at Christie's some sixteen months ago by the Duke, as we chronicled at the time)—by a clever head of Marshal Soult—and by a characteristic likeness of the Duke's old favourite friend, the late Mr. Arbuthnot. The great hero, it will be seen, was somewhat universal in his love for art,—and a little whimsical in the way in which he hangs "La Madonna del Pesce" by Grant's "Melton Hunt" and Landseer's "Highland Whiskey Still."

From the "Drawing-room" the visitor enters "The Picture Gallery:"—the principal apartment in the house. In this room the Annual Banquet on the 18th of June was held:—the Duke occupying the centre of the room, with his back to the park, and his face to the fire-place,—over which is hung a large and fair contemporary copy of the *Windsor* Charles I. on horseback. Here are seen the King of Sweden's present of two fine Vases of Swedish Porphyry—standing modestly at the side,—while in the centre are two noble Candelabras of Russian Porphyry, a present from the Emperor Nicholas. The walls (before we speak of the pictures,—for we must write for upholsterers and milliners now and then) are hung with yellow,—the ceiling is richly ornamented and gilt—and the furniture throughout is yellow. The pictures—the true decorations of the room—are not seen, as we have said, to advantage,—though hung with judgment as far as size and general harmony are concerned. In this room is the "Jew's-eye" of the collection,—the little Correggio, "Christ on the Mount of Olives,"—the most celebrated specimen of the master in this country. It is on pannel; and a copy, thought to be the original till the Duke's picture appeared, is now in the National Gallery. This exquisite work of art—in which the light, as in the Notte, proceeds from the Saviour—was captured in Spain, in the carriage of Joseph Buonaparte,—restored by the captor to Ferdinand the Seventh,—but, with others under like circumstances, again presented to the Duke by that sovereign. Next in excellence after the single Correggio are the examples of Velasquez—chiefly portraits, but how fine!—something between Vandyck and Rembrandt. The best specimen, however, which the Duke possessed of this great Spanish master is not a portrait,—but a common subject, "The Water Seller," treated uncommonly and yet properly. The Duke, unlike Marshal Soult, had no Murillos. After the specimens of Velasquez we would place a fine half-length of a female holding a wreath, by Titian. Two small examples of Claude, at the Piccadilly end, seemed promising,—but we were not able to get near enough to speak decisively of their merits. Specimens of Teniers and Jan Steen are both numerous and good in this room;—and there is a small Adrian Ostade which would ornament a better collection than the Duke pretended to possess. The Duke, it should be remembered, did not profess dilletanteism or seek to be thought a collector. The pictures at Apsley-house are either chance acquisitions abroad, commissions to artists, or portraits of Napoleon, of his own officers, his own family and friends. In this room, at the north end, is a marble bust of Pauline Buonaparte, by Canova—a present to the Duke from the artist, as appears by the inscription on its back.

From the gallery, the visitor now enters the back of the building, with its windows looking northwards, past the statue of Achilles, and up Park-lane. Here are two rooms—"the Small Drawing-room" and the "Striped Drawing-room"—both filled with portraits of all sizes. Here are, Wilkie's full-length of William the Fourth (his much finer full-length of George the Fourth in his Highland dress is not shown),—four full-lengths by Lawrence of the Marquis Wellesley, Marquis of Anglesey, Lord Beresford, and Lord Lynedoch,—Beechey's three-quarter portrait of Nelson, interior to the portraits of the same hero by Abbott and Hoppner,—two good portraits, head-size, by Hoppner, of the late Lord Cowley and Lady Charlotte Greville,—and a three-quarter portrait of the Duke's sister as a gypsey with a child on her back, by, if we remember rightly, either Owen or Hoppner. We were too far off on this occasion to pronounce with greater precision on the subject. The other attractions of these two back rooms are, Gambardella's half-painted portrait of the present "Duchess of Wellington,"—and the large picture by Sir William Allan of the "Battle of

Waterloo," with Napoleon in the foreground, bought from the painter by the Duke himself—with this remark, that it was "good, very good—not too much smoke." A full-length portrait of "Napoleon" in the "Small Drawing-room" would, if we remember rightly, well repay a closer inspection.

From the "Striped Drawing-room" the visitor descends by a back-staircase into the rooms immediately below the Picture Gallery. Here is "The China-room:"—not rich in Delft, or China, or Chelsea, or Dresden ware,—but boasting a most elegant and exquisite blue and gold service that many a lady will linger over with eyes of admiration. Here, too, is Stothard's "Wellington Shield," in gold, presented to the Duke, in 1822, by the Merchants and Bankers of London,—and here is the Silver Plateau presented by the Regent of Portugal. A few good busts in bronze crown the cases containing these elegant and costly gifts,

From this little El Dorado of handsome things the visitor passes first to "the Secretary's Room,"—then, to "the Duke's Private Room,"—and, lastly, to "the Duke's Bed-room!"—all three on the ground floor, fating the garden that skirts Park-lane and the public footway through Hyde-park from the Duke's house to Chesterfield-gate. These three rooms open on one another,—and the arrangements in all three are in every respect the same as when they were last used by the illustrious Duke. "The Secretary's Room" wears the appearance of a room belonging to a man of business and a methodical man who is Secretary to a great man. The Duke's own room is just what one expected the Duke's room to be like:—lined with book-cases filled with red-covered Despatch Boxes—having a red morocco reading-chair, a second chair, a desk to stand and write at, a glass screen to keep the cold away and not conceal the books and papers behind it, tables covered with papers, and a few portraits. The portraits here are fewer in number than we had imagined. Here are two engravings of the Duke himself, framed and leaning against a sofa—one when young, the other when old (D'Orsay's is the old portrait),—a small drawing of the Countess of Jersey, by Cosway, a full-length over the fire-place,—with on one side of it a medallion of the present Duchess of Wellington, and on the other a corresponding medallion of Jenny Lind.

A narrow passage to the east leads to the "Duke's Bed-room."—a small, shapeless, ill-lighted room, with a rather common mahogany young person's bedstead, surmounted by a tent-like curtain of green silk. Neither feather-bed nor eider-down pillow gave repose to the Victor of Waterloo and the writer of the Despatches. This illustrious and rich man was almost as humble in his wants in this way as Charles XII. of Sweden. The Iron Duke,

"What though his eightieth year was by."

was content with a mattress and a bolster.

The present Duke of Wellington,—the future owner of Apsley-house—will we trust keep the rooms in which the great Duke lived and slept much, if not precisely, as they are now. The Sitting-room and Bed-room might certainly be kept intact; and if thus kept, with what interest will they continue to be looked on by millions yet to be born! Abbotsford is kept unchanged,—and thousands flock to see the romance in stone and lime raised by the Ariosto of the north. The bed-room of Byron at Newstead is preserved just as Byron left it,—with coloured prints of Harrow School and Trinity College, Cambridge, hanging on its wall as they were placed there by the poet himself. What would Englishmen subscribe to restore New Place, at Stratford, as Shakspeare left it on the 23rd of April, 1616? Who would not "call up" Pope's Villa if he could? Nothing remains of Nelson's house at Merton. The choice contents of Strawberry Hill—those true illustrations of Walpole's writings—were scattered under the ruthless hammer of George Robins. The vigorous exertions of a few men have saved Shakspeare's birth-place from being sawn into snuff-boxes, knife-handles and tobacco-stoppers. Will not, then, the present Duke of Wellington preserve to us his father's study and his father's bed-room?

It is impossible to walk through Apsley-house without contrasting the collection of pictures at Blenheim with the pictures obtained by the Duke of Wellington. The reason of the inferiority of the latter collection tells infinitely to the credit of the illustrious man whom we have so lately lost,—for he did not rob, and he did not solicit. Equally impossible is it to pass from room to room without calling to remembrance that in this, the house of Wellington, Soult was received with open arms by the Duke himself,—by Hill, Hardinge, and such other English officers of name, as war and time had spared to render that considerate honour to the famous French Marshal in the Peninsula.

THE BOOK TRADE IN GERMANY.

As Frankfort monopolises the trade in wine, so Leipzig monopolises the trade in books. It is here that every German author (and in no country are authors so numerous) wishes to produce the children of his brain, and that, too, only during the Easter fair. He will submit to any degree of exertion, that his work may be ready for publication by that important season, when the whole brotherhood is in labour, from the Rhine to the Vistula. Whatever the period of gestation may be, the time when he shall come to the birth is fixed by the almanac. If the auspicious moment pass away, he willingly bears his burthen twelve months longer, till the next advent of the bibliopolical Lucina. This periodical littering at Leipzig does not at all arise, as is sometimes supposed, from all or most of the books being printed there; Leipzig has only its own proportion of printers and publishers. It arises from the manner in which this branch of trade is carried on in Germany. Every bookseller of any eminence, throughout the Confederation, has an agent or commissioner in Leipzig. If he wishes to procure works which have been published by another, he does not address himself directly to the publisher, but to his own commissioner in Leipzig. The latter, again, whether he be ordered to transmit to another books published by his principal, or to procure for his principal books published by another, instead of dealing directly with the person from whom he is to purchase, or to whom he is to sell, treats only with his Leipzig agent. The order is received by the publisher, and the books by the purchaser, at third hand. The whole book trade of Germany thus centres in Leipzig. Wherever books may be printed, it is there they must be bought; it is there that the trade is supplied. Such an arrangement, though it employ four persons in every transaction instead of two, is plainly an advantageous arrangement for Leipzig; but the very fact, that it has subsisted two hundred years, and still flourishes, seems to prove that it is likewise found to be beneficial to the trade in general. Abuses in public institutions may endure for centuries; but inconvenient arrangements in trade, which affect the credit side of a man's balance-sheet at the end of the year, are seldom so long lived, and German booksellers are not less attentive to profit than any other honest men in an honest business.

Till the middle of the sixteenth century, publishers, in the proper sense of the word, were unknown. John Otto, born at Nürnberg, in 1510, is said to be the earliest on record who made bargains for copyright, without being himself a printer. Some years afterwards, two regular dealers in the same department settled in Leipzig, where the university, already in high fame, had produced a demand for books, from the moment the art of printing wandered up from the Rhine. Before the end of the century, the book-fair was established. It prospered so rapidly, that in 1600 the Easter Catalogue, which has been annually continued ever since, was printed for the first time. It now presents, every year, in a thick octavo volume, a collection of new books and new editions, to which there is no parallel in Europe. The writing public is out of all proportion too large for the reading public of Germany. At the fair, all the brethren of the trade flock together in Leipzig, not only from every part of Germany, but from every European country where German books are sold, to settle accounts, and examine the harvest of the year. The number always amounts to several hundreds, and they have built an exchange for themselves.

Yet a German publisher has less chance of making great profits, and a German author has fewer prospects of turning his manuscript to good account, than the same classes of persons in any other country that knows the value of intellectual labour. There is a pest called *Nachdruckerei*, or reprinting, which gnaws on the vitals of the poor author, and paralyses the most enterprising publisher. Each state of the Confederation

has its own law of copyright, and an author is secured against piracy only in the state where he prints. But he writes for all, for they all speak the same language. If the book be worth anything, it is immediately reprinted in some neighbouring state, and, as the pirate pays nothing for copyright, he can obviously afford to undersell the original publisher. Wirtemberg, though she can boast of possessing, in Cotta, one of the most honourable and enterprising publishers of Germany, is peculiarly notorious as a nest for these birds of prey. The worst of it is, that authors of reputation are precisely those to whom the system is most fatal. The reprinter meddles with nothing except what he already knows will find buyers. The rights of unsaleable books are scrupulously observed; the honest publisher is never disturbed in his losing speculations, but, when he has been fortunate enough to become master of a work of genius or utility, the piratical publisher is instantly in his way. All the states do not deserve to be equally involved in this censure; Prussia, I believe, has shown herself liberal in protecting the rights of every German publisher.

Some of the utterly insignificant states are among the most troublesome, for reprinting can be carried on in a small just as well as in a great one. The bookseller who published Reinhardt's Sermons was attacked by a reprint, which was announced as about to appear at Reuthingen in Wirtemberg. The pirate demanded fourteen thousand florins (nearly twelve hundred pounds) to give up his design. The publisher thought that so exorbitant a demand justified him in applying to the government, but all he could gain was the limitation of the sum to a thousand pounds. Such a system almost annihilates the value of literary labour. No publisher can pay a high price for a manuscript, by which, if it turn out ill, he is sure to be a loser; and by which, if it turn out well, it is far from certain that he will be a gainer. From the value which he might otherwise be inclined to set on the copyright, he must always deduct the sum which it probably will be necessary to expend in buying off reprinters, or he must calculate that value on the supposition of a very limited circulation. At what rate would Mr. Murray pay Lord Byron, or Messrs. Longman and Co. take the manuscript of Lardner's Cyclopædia, if the statute protected the one only in the county of Middlesex, and the other only in the city of London? Hence it is, that German authors, though the most industrious, are likewise the worst remunerated of the writing tribes. I have heard it said, that Goëthe has received for some of his works about a louis d'or a sheet, and it is certain that he has made much money by them, but I have often likewise heard the statement questioned as incredible. Buger, in his humorous epistle to Gokingk, estimates poetry at a pound per sheet; law and medicine at five shillings.

The unpleasing exterior of ordinary German printing, the coarse, watery paper, and worn-out type, must be referred, in some measure, to the same cause.

The publisher, or the author who publishes on his own account, naturally risks as little capital as possible in the hazardous speculation. Besides, it is his interest to diminish the temptation to reprint, by making his own edition as cheap as may be. The system has shown its effects, too, in keeping up the frequency of publication by subscription, even among authors of the most settled and popular reputation. Klopstock, after the Messiah had fixed his fame, published in this way.

There has been no more successful publisher than Cotta, and no German writer has been so well repaid as Goethe; yet the last Tübingen edition of Goethe himself is adorned with a long list of subscribers. What should we have thought of Byron or Campbell, of Scott or Moore, publishing a new poem by subscription?

A PREDICTION CURIOUSLY FULFILLED.—It was foretold to M. de Flamarin, one of the dashing captains in the French civil war of the Fronde, that he would die with a rope about his neck. In a severe action (July, 1652) under the walls of Paris, De Flamarin was shot through the body. Some of the Conde's soldiers, who were defending a house near the spot, saw him struck, and, wishing to despoil him of his rich attire, cast a slip-knot rope over his head to drag him into the house, and so he died.

DEATH IN THE AIR.

THE veteran grave-yard reformer, Mr. Geo. Alfred Walker, has come forth again to do battle to the great evil, intramural interments. Mr. Walker says, the failure of the Board of Health to carry out the important duties entrusted to them, has re-opened the whole question, and nothing now will be effective but a general system of burying our dead outside our towns, for which purpose every town and many a village should have its cemetery. The danger of the present system of crowding our dead into the confined courts of the London grave-yards, cannot be over-rated:—

"Every day our over-crowded burial places are becoming more over-crowded still. We are heaping the dead of to-day on the bones and amidst the decomposing flesh and tissues of our forefathers. A large proportion of our population, begotten in corruption—born in corruption—brought up in corruption—live in corruption—die in the midst of, are prematurely slain by, corruption—and are buried in corruption, again to become the producers of corruption in others—and are thus made the creators of poison and the producers of disease.

"In the opinion of medical judges on this question, a conclave of evils spirits leagued together to destroy the spiritual by depraving the physical man, could not, in the exercise of their utmost cunning and malignity, compound more subtle or more sure poisons than those elaborated day and night in the vaults, cellars, and receptacles for the dead in this metropolis. In order to render the work of poisoning more sure, myriads of bodies, in every stage of decomposition, have been continued to be, stowed away in cellars in receptacles under the very lines, and blind alleys in this metropolis, situated in the very midst of the habitations of two millions and a half of people, whilst in the majority of the so-called grave-yards every foot of ground has been occupied—re-occupied and re-employed—until the very soil, compounded as it is of human remains, constitutes, in the warm season more especially, vast hot-beds of pestilential infection. But even in these saturated and disgusting depositories, decency and shame—the sense of what is revolting—have ceased to exist, and much—the greater portion of what is buried—is buried out of time. Money is to be procured—space *must* be found for successive new tenants, whilst the late ones, often years before their right of tenancy has expired, are ejected by processes which, though I have elsewhere fully exposed, I will here very briefly indicate. Sometimes the clearing-out is wholesale. At the "Cross-Bones" burying ground, in Southwark, the "Irish Corner" was cleared of 1,000 bodies at one sweep. Generally speaking, the nefarious work goes on more gradually, though not always silently, for during many years, persons, whose necessities have compelled them to reside in the neighbourhood of such places, have been aroused from sleep in the dead of night by the noise occasioned by breaking up coffins recently deposited.

"In other localities the remains of the dead have been carted out in loads, and shot down as "rubbish" upon waste grounds, or used for "filling in." Some of our viaducts have been constructed on rubbish obtained by this unchristian process.

"The more usual method, however, consists in simply cutting through the half decomposed bodies and coffins, with instruments made for the purpose.

"The grave is dug *through* the corpses of the pre-deceased. This horrible violation of the dead body takes place more or less in all the London grave-yards. The coffin-wood often serves as fuel for, and is given away to, the poor in large quantities by grave-yard officials, and from the horrible stench which sometimes accompanies the combustion, there can be but little doubt that the means employed for effectually re-nooming the tenants of these notorious places, would, if they were kept up with any tolerable degree of accidental interruption—say an hour a day—for a period of a quarter of a century, be amply sufficient to clear out the contents of his neighbour's. A number of people are constantly clearing out what are called "bone holes." The fluid portions of the human body, or the greater part thereof, is, as I have proved, rapidly destroyed by artificial agencies, after which, in some instances, the bones are disposed of to "bone crushers," or stowed away in large pits.

"The latter are evacuated from time to time. An eye-witness counted 500 skulls which were thus "cleared out" in a single day.

"Finally, a strong suspicion exists that in many cases the dead never reach their last home. This must be considered as the *acme* of the system. It saves not only the cost of interment, but it prevents the necessity of "clearing out." Our authority on this mysterious point is the rector of Bishopsgate: 1,244 persons had died in the parish within a certain time. Of these 795 were buried in the parish, nine in the cemeteries, the remainder, 440, could be found nowhere. They were gone, but not "in the churchyard laid!" They were poor, and never inquired after—apparently of less value than the missing penny in the balance-sheet of the banker. The above is but a small item in our account with intramural sepulture."

HOW MR. JONAS JONES BECAME A CONVERT TO TEMPERANCE.

"No, sir, no!" said Mr. Jonas, in his most rapid and exasperating tones, "I require no arguments: I don't wish to be convinced. I hav'nt the slightest idea, nor don't care to have, of what it costs me. But this I *do* know, that I take my glass of wine after dinner and enjoy it, and that no amount of argument shall persuade me that I am doing myself or anybody else any harm in the world."

And Mr. Jonas, considering this a knock-down blow to any future discussion on the subject, waved his hands before him as if to dismiss all memory of the previous conversation, and rung the hand-bell for another bottle.

Which being duly brought into the parlour by the neatest of maid-servants, was uncorked in the usual fashion, and set upon the table between Mr. Jonas and his handsome nephew.

For a few moments neither of the gentlemen spoke, for neither of them cared to renew the conversation about temperance which Mr. Jonas had so peremptorily ignored. Mr. Jonas, therefore, filled the two wine-glasses, slightly nodded his head to his companion, and lifted his own glass to his lips.

"Well, uncle," said Mr. Alfred, the handsome nephew aforesaid, "then you won't come?"

"Won't come! certainly not. What do I care about temperance soirees and musical festivals at Whittington Clubs? Better stop and finish the bottle with me, Hal."

"Well, no, sir, I thank you, you must excuse me, for I have promised to be at the soiree by six. Good evening."

"Well, if you *will* go," said Mr. Jonas, "you *must* go." And then as his nephew closed the door, he observed to himself in a grumbling whisper—"I can't think what's come over the young men now-a-days. Temperance, indeed! I'll warrant, those precious teetotallers are a pale-faced, sickly-looking set. Indeed I can't see how they can be otherwise, what with their sermonising, and their water-drinking, and all their other follies."

And so Mr. Jonas sat down by himself to finish the bottle. But he could not go on with it so well as he generally did, for he kept thinking of his nephew's arguments against the drinking practices of England; and, somehow, he was not, as he termed it, "altogether himself" that evening. "Ah," he thought, "it's all very well for some folks, this advocating of temperance and improvements of all sorts. I dare say it's a cheap way of getting a little popularity, but what's the use of an old fellow like me interfering with such matters, what influence should *I* have? I don't know any drunken mechanics to be reclaimed, or any nasty old gin-drinkers to be put down, —all nonsense and fudge! I should like to hear what they could say that could influence me—a man that never got drunk in his life!"

And as Mr. Jonas played and toyed with the stem of his wine-glass, thinking of what those "atrocious teetotallers," as he called them, could say in defence of their folly, came back again and again, so that he was fain to ring the bell for candles.

"Jane," said Mr. Jonas, to the maid when she brought the candles, "what's that card on the ground?"

"I'm sure *I* don't know, sir," replied Jane, picking up the object pointed at, and handing it to her master.

"Why, positively," said Mr. Jonas, examining the card through his double eye-glass, "its a ticket for this precious soiree that Hal's gone to,—well to be sure!"

"Shall I call a cab, sir?" inquired Jane.

"A cab! What, for me to go to the soiree! A cab, no! But it would be good fun, though," said Mr. Jonas to himself, when the girl had closed the door behind her. "Capital fun, just to go in quietly, and steal an argument or so out of their own mouths, the hypocrites! I'll go!"

And Mr. Jonas *did* go. And very much surprised he was; for, instead of the pale, thin-faced audience he expected to see, he discovered a large company of healthy-looking men and women busily occupied in discussing tea and cake and various other good things of that kind. He was really quite taken aback by the comfortable looks of the teetotallers; and then, when the tea-drinking was over, and Mr. J. S. Buckingham—of whom Mr. Jonas had heard some account as a reformer of thirty years' standing—took the chair, and in a brief address told the audience how total abstinence was the forerunner and father of all social reforms; how habits of economy and morality had gradually taken the place of waste and sin among thousands of working men in consequence of their adoption of total abstinence, how the London Temperance League looked hopefully forward to the time when, in conjunction with other similar organisations, they might go boldly to parliament and ask for the entire abolition of the licensing system, as a forerunner of the adoption of the Maine law as enforced in America—Mr. Jonas was obliged to acknowledge that there was a great deal of good sense in his remarks.

After the chairman sat down, a lady and gentleman—Mrs. and Mr. G. A. Cooper, Mr. Jonas was informed—entertained the audience with temperance songs, which Mr. Jonas was really frank enough to confess were great improvements on the "Drown it in the Bowl" school, and then there was a powerful speech by a young Scotch clergyman, in which were described the effects of the establishment of Penny Banks in Edinburgh in connexion with a Temperance Society, and in which was drawn such a vivid picture of the misery of the working classes, arising from their indulgence in "drops, drams, and noggins" upon all occasions, that Mr. Jonas was truly inclined to declare that he would instantly take the pledge.

But he did not take that step just then, for more temperance music, and more temperance speeches, and more temperance music again, kept his mind in a continual agitation, till Mr. George Cruikshank rose to address the assembly.

"Ah, now we shall have the other side of the question," thought Mr. Jonas, who remembered certain dinners where he and the celebrated caricaturist had hob-a-nobbed together in the most social manner, "let's hear what they have to say to that!"

But Mr. Jonas was doomed to disappointment; for Cruikshank, much to his old friend's astonishment, declared himself a staunch teetotaller, and spoke of the errors of his past life, when he was fond of a "jolly full bottle," with the most sincere sorrow and repentance. But when Mr. Cruikshank, in reference to an allusion of a previous speaker, about the destruction of spirits in America by emptying them into the common sewer, declared that he "pitied the rats," Mr. Jonas laughed as loudly as anybody; and when Cruikshank described how the rats in the London docks eat away the bungs of the wine casks, and drank the wine, by dipping their tails in, and sucking them afterwards, till, "drunk and incapable," they fell into the casks, and improved the *body* of the "fine old port," Mr. Jonas mentally declared that he would get rid of his wine merchant, discharge his butler, and become a teetotaller.

But Mr. Jonas was still in a wavering condition, till his own nephew got up and spoke of the influence which every one—man, woman, and child, in that crowded room—possessed, and how that influence might be turned to good in a thousand ways, but most of all by rescuing this great nation, this glorious old land of ours, from the curse, and the sin, and the abomination of drunkenness. How, by the example of the rich and well to-do, the poor and struggling might be taught and persuaded into right; how it behoved every woman,—every wife, and every mother, and every sister,—to exert herself in bringing about the great social reform which the speakers advocated; how sober men were more likely to be moral men; and being moral men and sober too, how they were certain to prove to be good husbands, and good brothers, and good fathers of a sober generation yet unborn.

Mr. Jonas clapped, and applauded, and became quite enthusiastic, as his nephew resumed his seat, and for the rest of the evening he listened to the music and the speeches with an interest he had never felt before, and when he got home he went to bed without his usual "night-cap" of strong grog, and rose in the morning, as he said, "quite a different man." And Mr. Jonas now attends temperance meetings almost every evening, and promises to become a prominent man among the social reformers. He hates his actual "conviction"—he will not admit of a less strong term—from the Temperance Soiree at the Whittington Club on the 24th of January, 1853.

MISCELLANEA.

A GENTLEMAN, while attending an examination of a school where every question was answered with the greatest promptness, put some questions to the pupils which were not exactly the same as found in the book. After numerous ready answers to their teacher on the subject of geography, he asked one of the pupils where Turkey was. She answered rather hesitatingly, "In the yard, with the other poultry."

A LITTLE BOY, nine or ten years ago, was called as a witness at a late trial at Cambridge. After the oath was administered, the chief-justice, with a view of ascertaining whether the boy was sensible of the nature and importance of an oath, addressed him.—"Little boy, do you know what you have been doing?" "Yes, sir," the boy replied, "I have been keeping pigs for Bannord."

A DEGRADED chief-justice in America once addressed a jury in the following speech:—"Gentlemen of the jury,—in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible, the witnesses on both sides are incredible, the plaintiff and defendant are such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

BEDS.—In early ages mankind slept upon the skins of beasts. These subsequently gave way to loose rushes and heather. As late as the close of the fifteenth century the beds in the royal chambers of England consisted of straw. The Romans are said to be the first who employed feathers. Now people sleep upon beds of air, and even water.

THERE is a Spanish *danseuse* coming over in April for the opera season, so light and ethereal that she dare not travel when the March wind blows, for fear of being whiffed away like a feather. She once danced a pinpipe on a soap bubble!

AN AMERICAN paper says, "Two married ladies in St. Louis last week, met a young man upon the street, and gave him a severe cowhiding. They said he had been enticing their husbands away from home at night, and taking them to doubtful places."

"WHAT on earth shall I do?" said Biddy; "Father Dominic orders for my Easter penance, that I must say three Paternosters every morning, and I have never learnt but one!"

THE CREDULOUS MAIDS OF BERLIN.—Six years ago a "Mutual Dowry Society" was founded in Berlin, by which young damsels were to be entitled to £100 on marriage, after payment of £11 in instalments extending over five years. There are now 4,000 members, swarms of whom get married in the sixth year *for the sake of the dowry*; and great has been their surprise to find that more money cannot be got out of the fund than was put in.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—We often are entertained, says a journal, by the tone of sentiment adopted in advertising a death. There is frequently a facetious union of puff and despondency. We will give a specimen of a "death."—"Died on the 11th ult., at the shop in Fleet-street, Mr Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man he was amiable, as a hatter upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only 24s. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, and just as he had concluded an extra purchase of hats, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply hats at a more reasonable charge than any other house in London. His disconsolate family will carry on the business."

LARGE FAMILIES.—To the instances of unusually large numbers of children by one mother, may be added that of a Lady Elphinstone, who is said, by tradition, to have had no fewer than thirty-six children, of whom twenty-seven were living at one time. There is a story told of this lady and her husband, Lord Elphinstone, which seems to corroborate the tradition; it is, that they once asked a new and somewhat bashful acquaintance to visit them, telling him that he should meet no one but their family circle. Their guest arrived shortly before dinner, and being shown through the dining-hall on his way to the drawing-room, was much disconcerted at seeing a long table laid for about twenty people. On remonstrating with his host and hostess for having taken him in, as he thought, he was quietly informed that he had been told no more than the truth, for that their family party, when all assembled, only fell short of *thirty by one*. I believe that John, 8th Lord Elphinstone, and his lady, a daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale, who lived in the latter part of the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries, are the pair to whom this story refers; and though the Scotch peerages make no mention of any such phenomenon in the Elphinstone family, yet I am strongly inclined, from the goodness of the authority from which I derived the tradition, to believe it to be true.—R. A.

A PRACTICAL ANSWER TO THE PROTECTIONISTS.—The following singular reason for voting against a free trade candidate was given by a butcher in an agricultural constituency:—"I am sorry I can't support you. I believe that you mean well, but free trade does not agree with me; I can't sell these here plucks and offal (seizing them as they hung upon the wall). Look here. People now-a-days *have so much bread to eat that they will not buy my offal.* Cheap bread is all very well, but it don't do for my trade, and I can't vote for you." Calling upon another voter (an agricultural labourer), the wife, a quick intelligent-looking woman, only appeared, and, addressing the visitor, said, "Are you in favour of taxing our bread?" "No, quite the contrary, I wish to prevent its being taxed," quoth the candidate. "Then my husband will vote for you." Mr. M——: "May I see your husband as I should be glad to hear him confirm your promise?" "You need not fear, come here (opening the door of a room and pointing to five children), *do you think that my husband will go and vote against his own children?*"

NAPOLEON AFTER WATERLOO.—He who had so often invoked destiny as the supreme right, was now discussing with deaf and dumb necessity. Destiny was Waterloo, and the invincible re-action of a defeat upon an empire whose only foundation since the 28th of March was a victory of the army over the people, avenged, unhappily for the country, by the defeat of that army by foreigners. The principle crumbled beneath the consequences. The sword had done all; that broken, all crumbled to nothing—the empire—the man—the nation. —*Lamartine's History of the Restoration.*

THE GENTLEWOMAN.—"I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child," said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner, to all people, on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should mark you gentle. I never heard your mother, your dear good mother, say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavour to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity, than anything I ever undertook."

A JUST REBUKE.—A hypocritical fellow in Athens inscribed over his door, "Let nothing evil enter here." Diogenes wrote under, "By what door does the owner come in?"

EQUIVOQUE.—The French excel all nations in studied equivoque, but give us a Yankee for the unintentional kind. A western New York farmer writes as follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine:—"Respected Sir,—I went yesterday to the fair at M——; I found several pigs of your species. There was a great variety of beasts, and I was very much astonished at not seeing you there!"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. B.—You will obtain the information you require as to "chemical apparatus," by applying to West, Philosophical Instrument-maker, Fleet-street, London.

J. P.—It was on the 21st of January, 1793, that Louis XVI. was beheaded by the guillotine, contrary to the express laws of the new constitution, which had declared the person of the king inviolable. His queen shared a similar fate on the 16th of October following.

CHARLES B—The musical instrument called the *accordion* is of German origin; it was introduced into England about the year 1828. The Chinese have an instrument somewhat similar.

TYRO.—The Latin motto you have sent us, *Virtus Sepulchrum Condidit*, may be thus rendered in English "Virtue is the best Epitaph."

GEORGE GRIMSTEAD.—We do not know exactly what you mean by "ornaments for picture-frames;" if you mean the beading, &c., which is usually stuck upon such frames, that is made of a kind of putty formed of glue and whiting, which, while in a soft state, is pressed in moulds of the pattern required, and fastened to the frames by means of glue.

T. KENTON, jun.—The term "accessories" in painting refers to those adjuncts which are introduced into a picture without being absolutely necessary to the subject represented, and which yet give relief and beauty to it. Your understanding the term in its *legal* sense has led you into a ludicrous mistake. The "Lessons in Drawing" about which you inquire are in the "Popular Educator" commencing with No. 37.

WILLIAM BLACK, and several other correspondents, have written to us on matters which are so entirely personal, and in which our readers in general can have no interest whatever, that we decline filling our columns with replies. Besides, to many of the inquiries put to us, answers might be easily obtained without the troubling of writing and posting. W. Black, for instance, writes to know "where he can buy a good second-hand violin?" Several inquiries, too, could only be answered at the risk of subjecting ourselves to the advertisement duty.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."—A correspondent signing thus wishes to know of "a method of destroying the scent of naphtha in French polish, &c." Can any of our readers give him the information he requires?

A READER.—The weights and measures used in the United States of America are those which were employed in England before the introduction of the imperial standard.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London

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NAZARETH.



CELEBRATION OF HIGH MASS IN THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH AT NAZARETH.

THE road to Nazareth, whichever route we take, is steep and rugged. Stunted oaks and other trees are seen at intervals, but there is upon the whole but little cultivation; and the rugged path—now ascending now descending,—now winding in this direction, now in that—bare, bleak, barren, with here and there a strip of green, beautiful verdure, here and there a vineyard or an olive garden—winds onward to the little town, which lies in a vale almost circular, and is shut in by hills on every side.

The vale resembles a circular basin encompassed by mountains; it seems as if fifteen mountains met to form an enclosure for this delightful spot; they rise around it like the edge of a shell, to guard it from intrusion. It is a rich and beautiful field in the midst of barren mountains; it abounds in fig-trees

small gardens, and hedges of the prickly pear, and the dense rich grass affords an abundant pasture. The village stands on an elevated situation, on the western side of the valley.*

The white houses of the pretty little town stand out conspicuously on the dark hill side; and full of strange emotions, waking up old memories deep and tender, the traveller regards the spot. Far back in the past the mind begins to conjure up old forms, and sees again that town of Nazareth a by-word among the tribes—a proverb of offence; and sees that proverb which declared that no good thing could come out of Nazareth, destroyed by the spotless life of One who was recognised as he Nazarene, and who for nearly thirty years dwelt in the own. Thoughts such as these are with us as we regard the own, and, thinking thus, the place becomes a hallowed region, and the heart beats wildly as we begin to tread the streets of he obscure secluded village.

The narrow dirty streets are thoroughly Eastern; but, unlike many towns in Palestine, Nazareth bears some evidence of ndustry and prosperity. We encounter many Mohammedans, and here and there a poor outcast Israelite; but two-thirds of the population are Christian—Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, members of the Greek Church, and Maronites. The houses are built of stone, generally two stories high, and flat-roofed.

In the centre of the town is the Mosque, its high minaret rising into the air and crowned with the symbol of Mohammedan faith. The Greeks have a strange old church, near the fountain of the Virgin; the Maronite church is at no great distance; but the most important building is the Latin Convent. In 1730, this building was repaired and enlarged. The Church of the Annunciation is enclosed within its walls, one of the finest churches in Syria. Our engraving represents the interior of the edifice, which is furnished with a fine organ, and richly ornamented. Tradition says that it occupies the very spot where stood the house of Mary. The church is a beautiful building; and a grand and solemn sight it is to witness the Franciscan monks at their devotion, especially when some great festival of the church occurs, and more than usual splendour attends the service of the day. The gorgeous dresses of he priests, the richly-jewelled copes, the gilded crosses, the solemn march, the altar with its silken canopy and golden hangings, the huge candles in their gigantic candlesticks, the worshipping host, the waving draperies, the smoke of the incense rolling upward like a cloud of glory—altogether present a grand and wonderful spectacle. The solemn music, the sudden pause, the deep swell of the organ, add peculiar interest to the scene; once witnessed, the celebration of mass in the Franciscan church is never forgotten, even in the noise and bustle of the world asur.

The other objects of veneration in Nazareth are:—1. The workshop of Joseph, which is near the convent, and was formerly included within its walls; this is now a small chapel, perfectly modern, and lately whitewashed. 2. The Synagogue where Christ is said to have read the Scriptures to the Jews, at present a church. 3. A precipice without the town, where, they say, the Messiah leaped down, to escape the rage of the Jews, after the offence his speech in the synagogue had occasioned. Here they show the impression of his hand, made, says tradition, as he sprang from the rock!

MARTIN LUTHER'S WEDDING-RING.—The *New York Daily Times* gives an account of the discovery of what is supposed to be the wedding-ring of Martin Luther, whose name and the maiden name of his wife are inscribed upon it. The story of the relic is, that a German, a jeweller, in Broadway, recently presented to Lieutenant D. a gold ring for sale, and wished merely its amount in weight as an equivalent. The ring attracted the attention of Lieutenant D., and he purchased it at an advance of its nominal value. On inspection it was found to be the wedding-ring of Luther. It is in good condition, bearing little mark of chafing or extraordinary wear. It is by no means massive, but, on the contrary, slight and delicate in form. Previous to its being shaped to the finger, the plate was chased into a figure of the Crucifixion, most delicately and beautifully wrought, so that the cross and paraphernalia appertaining are distinctly visible. On the centre of the body of the Saviour is inserted a ruby. The inside of the ring bears this inscription, in bold letters, in German text—"Martin Luther, Catherine von Bora, 13th January, 1525."

* Richardson.

THE PLAGUE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE annals of the world furnish, perhaps, no instance of a more terrible and wide-spreading pestilence than that which desolated many countries in Asia, and subsequently every country of Europe, in the fourteenth century. It commenced in Tartary, in the year 1346, and from that time up to the year 1352, it progressed from kingdom to kingdom, visiting each in turn, and exerting its ghastly power in each with a rigid and awful impartiality.

From the account given by Boccaccio in the preface to his Decameron, it appears that the higher classes suffered comparatively little; the first appearance of the plague in their neighbourhood being the signal for their departure to some place which the plague had not as yet visited, or in which it had expended all its terrible rage; but the poorer sort of people were far differently situated. They could not fly from the terrible enemy; they could only await its approach, and prepare for its infliction with all the courage they could muster for the dread occasion. Unhappy people! They seem to have been ignorant even of the palliatives of which they might have made use to diminish the evil which it was not in their power wholly to prevent. Instead of establishing a rigid police for the provision, and to enforce the use, of every antiseptic that could be procured—for effecting the most scrupulous cleanliness of houses, streets, and persons, fumigating all of them, and, above all, providing a distant, commodious, and well attended lazzaretto—they shut themselves close up in their houses, thus denying themselves such chance of escape as would have resulted from a free circulation of the air, and a constant fumigation of their floors and walls. It requires little skill to pronounce what must inevitably result from such measures taken under such circumstances. Those who first died of the plague added, as they lay deserted in their houses, or in the streets, to the pestiferous rankness of the atmosphere; and as that made its way into the close, heated, and filthy houses, it found everything prepared to aid its death-dealing qualities.

There was none to cool the parched lip, none to raise the drooping head, or to speak hope and comfort to the stricken and fast-breaking heart. Families, and even individuals, isolated themselves in their respective lairs; and there, with pestilence around them, and famine hourly approaching—swift-winged and inevitable famine—they sullenly sate down to

"Die, like the wolf, in silence."

The first inroad made upon this passive submission to fate, and upon this selfish and sullen isolation, was made from the impulse which is but too commonly the spring of human exertion, whether for good or evil—intense selfishness of the most confined and concentrated character. One after another, poor and deserted wretches, died, unheeded as unaided; and there lay their corpses, as unheeded and untended in death. But the mere physical laws of nature—to set utterly out of question that retributive moral law which never slumbereth or sleepeth—would not be thus outraged. The stench of the putrefying corpses became so dreadful, that the living population were in mere self-defence roused into at least the semblance of humanity. Arrangements were made for burial of the dead; and as soon as any poor creature had endured his last earthly pang, his corpse was placed upright before his door, to await the coming round of the public biers. At first only five or six corpses at a time were carried to consecrated ground, and the priests performed the service for the dead with the wonted solemnity. But the consecrated grounds were soon filled and choked, and the priests were no less obnoxious than other men to the terrible visitation that was desolating their beautiful but most unhappy and mourning country. And so it speedily came to pass, that large pits were dug, into which bodies were thrown promiscuously by hundreds at a time, without funeral knell or the prayer of priest, and without distinction of age or sex;—nay, there is even some ground to fear that the dying as well as the dead were not unfrequently disposed of in this summary style of interment.

Happy were it for mankind if they could, or rather if they *would*—for it is only the *will* that is wanting—view their relations with this world in the same light during their prosperity, as they do when their spirits are at once chastised and enlight-

ened by sorrow, sickness, and the near approach of death. In those terrible hours, how petty, how unspeakably insignificant, seem the things for which we have so passionately longed, so fiercely, alas! perhaps, also, so unfairly, struggled for. How scorningly does the mental eye, the more clear and piercing as the bodily eyes wax dim,—

"And dull the film along the dim eye grows"—

how scorningly does the mental eye look through all the thousand dazzling disguises in which the vain world garbs the crime, feculence, folly, and madness, which make up so much of what it holds out as the reward for the sacrifice of the body's health and happiness, and as the temptation for the hazard of the soul's safety! Well, well, indeed, were it, could man always look thus discerningly and thus scornfully at all that is false and evil in the busy world!

When the plague at length subsided, the dreadful and wide-spreading havoc had more than half-depopulated many places; while everywhere it had destroyed a very large proportion of the population. Palaces, from which the owners had fled only to perish in distant cities, were untenanted; and whole streets of inferior dwellings, with their entire furniture, and the property of their owners, who had passed from them to the loathsomeness of the common dead-pit, were at the mercy of the first comer. Provisions of all sorts, in those places to which famine as well as pestilence had not been ordained, abounded; and those who survived, unceremoniously and unscrupulously constituted themselves the heirs of the dead; and the last sigh of a sorrowing city had scarcely given place to the glad cry of "The plague is gone!" when piety and charity gave place to the most frantic debauchery, and to the most flagrant dishonesty. The palace was tenanted by the late pauper; the banquet spread for princes was wallowed in, rather than enjoyed, by the robber and the bravo; and the silken raiment, and the precious gems which had adorned and become the high-born matron, contrasted with the dirty skin, and matted hair, and repulsive mien of the loathsome and drunken harlot.

In England, as elsewhere, this terrible pestilence produced very extensive mortality. In London alone upwards of a hundred thousand persons perished, according to the very lowest accounts, though London at that time certainly did not contain a population of half a million. Taking these numbers for data, we may say that one person died of every two of the whole population, a very moderate computation compared to that of some of the old historians, who affirm that scarcely a tithe of the population survived!

In the appendix to Ashmole's "History of the Institution of the Garter," we find a circumstance related which we have never seen noticed.

In the year 1349, when the plague was at its worst and most desolating stage, the Order of the Garter was founded, with ceremonials and festivity the most splendid that could be at that time devised or carried into effect. The dance and the song, the solemn procession and the gorgeous banquet, co-existent with the wail and the moan of the dying, the almost frantic prayer of the despairing, and the blasphemous yell and robber-grasp of the utterly depraved and desperate.

What a picture of English manners and morality in the fourteenth century! The "good old times" were often very bad old times, viewed by the light of present-day civilisation.

LOVE.—Love exercises quite a different influence upon a woman when she has married, and especially when she has assumed a social position which deprives life of its cares. Under any circumstance, that suspense which, with its occasional agony, is the great spring of excitement, is over; but, generally speaking, it will be found, notwithstanding the proverb, that, with persons of a noble nature, the straightened fortunes which they share together, and manage and mitigate by mutual forbearance, are more conducive to the sustainment of a high-toned and romantic passion than a luxurious and splendid prosperity. The wife of a man of limited means, who by contrivance, by the concealed sacrifice of some necessity of her own, supplies him with some slight enjoyment which he never asked, but which she fancies he may have sighed for, experiences without doubt a degree of pleasure far more ravishing than the patrician dame who stops the barouche at Storr and Mortimer's, and out of her pin money buys a trinket for her husband, whom she loves, and which he finds, perhaps, on his dressing-table on the anniversary of his wedding day. That's pretty, too, and touching, and should be encouraged; but the other thrills, and ends in an embrace that is still poetry.—*Disraeli.*

TEMPER.

BY JOHN GREET.

"Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation."

THUS mused "the mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare," and the strain, like most of the productions which own the same paternity, is pregnant with wisdom and morality; for it is beyond reply, that scarcely aught of human defection so tarnishes and shades the better qualities of our being as those repeated sallies of passion—those tetchy, querulous interludes—which evince so much self-misgovernance, and which are known to proceed from a hasty and depraved temper.

And yet it is astonishing the sway which individuals yield, and the prerogatives which they accord, to this arch-enemy of our interests; for it is remarkable, that wherever the human relationship subsists "in this our life," whether "exempt from public haunt," or amid the din of worldly bustle and activity, there as certain is the beauty of the moral landscape and the flowers of the social paradise deformed and choked by the noxious and deleterious weeds of unlovely and unamiable temperament. And, by the way, the wonder is augmented when we reflect upon the inutility, nay, the absolute injuriousness of its effects, as it respects individuals and communities, which an indulgence in these evil tendencies necessarily involves.

Man is essentially a rational intelligence, endowed with faculties which, though prone to fall, have power to rise,—faculties capable of contributing to his present and future well-being, and in reference to the disposal of which he assumes an amount of responsibility from which no power can absolve him. These combine to place him under a moral duty, and suggest to him the high importance of concentrating their energies in such a direction as shall tend to their best and noblest good. To paralyse the powers of reason, and to yield a passive surrender to that irascible affection, that anarchic rival—passion, were to obliterate the grand characteristics which distinguish and separate the rational and brute creation. And yet, alas! how often have we to lament conduct which savours of everything opposed to that which is great and good! Even in the high places of the earth, where we might hope to see some approaches to human perfectibility,—in the palace as in the cottage, in the senate as in the workshop,—the temper is suffered to hold at times unbridled sway. But what can be more subversive of human progress and amelioration? Man, comparatively defective though he be, is essentially and relatively a being of great moment; hence, he is sent amid "the rendezvous of being," "in the bivouac of life," with a view to the promotion of deeds of high emprise. The sublime powers of his mind, and the expansive benevolence of his heart, authenticate the truth and significance of his mission. He is inaugurated into places of duty and onerous responsibility; the religious sanctuary, the legislative assembly, the judicial court, and the mercantile exchange, are a few of the way-marks which stud the wide and almost boundless circle of his empire and his influence;—way-marks which at once suggest and demarcate trusts of high magnitude and importance. Yet, how can he deport himself seemly towards them if he be a slave to the fitful and rampant ill we are feebly attempting to deprecate? Rage, and the immoderation which invariably accompanies it, are diametrically opposed to the spirit of calm, unruffled sobriety and decorum which these functions imperatively demand. The Scriptures exhort us "to possess our souls in patience;" but, as Bacon facetiously remarks, "whoever is out of patience is out of possession of his soul." Such is really the condition of a furious, ill-tempered person.—a condition which incapacitates him as much with respect to the fulfilment of important duties, as strong drink does the successful prosecution of abstract metaphysical investigations.

There are those who plead a prescriptive right to the indulgence of what they call "natural infirmities," on the ground that the circumstances of life will scarcely allow them respite from the thraldom of its vexatious inquietudes. We do not deny that the path of human experience is a little [illegible]

unequal, that its superficies are at times interspersed with harsh ascents and long declivities; in other words, we are free to confess that there is much in life to irritate and annoy the feelings, and to transfuse a tremulousness athwart the fibres of the nervous system. "Life," as the poet sings, "is a mingled yarn of good and evil;" hence, while it has its redeeming features, upon which we may look with some degree of satisfaction and complacency, it has peculiarities of a somewhat different character. Indeed, this is not to be wondered at when we consider the imperfect and embryotic aspect of our terrene condition. Man, at best, is the emblem of vicissitude—the prosopopœia of imperfection; and all by which he is surrounded nods assent to this affecting truth. The folding tissues of the vernal sky, the sere and yellow leaf, the drooping petal, and the stricken song-bird, are so many poems illustrative of the changeful, dissoluble, and evanescent nature of the bright and beautiful of earth. We conceal not the fact that man is an important being; nay, we had involuntarily fallen into a smattering of the panegyric,—"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!" We repeat, we dare not view this being, man, with inadvertency and indifference: still we aver that he is the creature of mutation and demerit. What, though he has planted the pyramids, penetrated the clouds, transposed mountains, gauged the ocean, swayed continents, and organised dynasties;—what though he has, by a thousand honourable achievements, secured the perpetuation of his name in granite and in brass;—still, in the emphatic language of the inspired penman, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." In the face of this humiliating truth, how pass they away, like the delicate butterfly of an April noon, all the towering memorials of earthly glory! "How short-lived is the immortality which the works of our hands confer! The noblest monuments of art that the world has ever seen are covered with the soil of twenty centuries. The works of the age of Pericles lie at the foot of the Acropolis in indiscriminate ruin. The ploughshare turns up the marble which the hand of Phidias had chiselled into beauty, and the Mussulman has folded his flock beneath the falling columns of the temple of Minerva."

Essentially defective, man is ever and anon demonstrating and practically exemplifying the truth of the aphorism,—"To err is human." Hence, it were sheer infatuation to refuse the assent of the judgment to a fact which our state polity, our social and ecclesiastical institutes, our domestic firesides, and last, but not least, our own hearts, abundantly confirm. No wonder, then, on a *prima facie* view of the case, that the equanimity of the human temperament is at times destroyed, and its activities aroused.

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
* * * * *
——————The whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,"

with a long category of kindred discomfitures, to say nothing of

"The heart-ache, and the thousand natural ills
That flesh is heir to,"

conspire rather to impair than improve that sobriety of deportment which so adorns and beautifies the human character, and that "charity which suffereth long and is kind." A few moments' reflection, however, will, we trust, rob these moral aberrations of the seemingly extenuating phase which this aspect of the case appears to throw around them.

Look we, for a moment, at what is denominated ill-temper. Is it not the involuntary gratification of impassioned susceptibility,—the loosing of the worse impulses of our being? and, could we reveal one tithe of the evils and abominations of which it has been, directly or indirectly, the motive cause,—the obloquy, hate, disquietude, and bloodshed, of which it has been the prolific parent,—how prompt, methinks, would be our resolve at once to set about, by individual example, so desirable a reformation. Its baneful influence is exerted on all hands, and permeates every grade of human existence. In the arena of public and social life, what bickerings and heart-burnings have we not to deplore! Men generally seem incapable of realising even in theory the fraternal principles espoused by all the truly great and enthusiastic spirits of modern times, and to the consummation of which all our Herculean movements tend; and the idea of concentrating and fusing the common interests of humanity excites as much ridicule as the conduct of the petty prince of an insignificant tribe in North America, who every morning stalks out of his hovel, bids the sun good-morrow, and describes to him the course he is to take for the day. "Cribbed, confined, and confined," within the little ambiture of their own small ends, they deem themselves too worthily employed to justify aught of concern for those without the immediate range of their own cupidity and selfishness, and, therefore, whatever entrenches upon this narrow-mindedness is met on the threshold with anger and opprobrium. Little, vicious minds seldom experience the exquisite gratification of forgiving an injury; nay, touch them where their selfish aims are concerned, a dash of the cruet suffuses their distorted lineaments, and they break out into a tirade of petulant and abusive phraseology, oblivious of the saying of the wise man—"The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression."

In the sanctuary of domestic life, too, what scenes of purturbation are engendered by unguarded, undisciplined, tempers. Home! the birthplace of the affections, the shrine of Platonic devotion, the El-dorado of the heart's best treasures, oh, how is thy crystal cup of happiness embittered by these injurious and unamiable tendencies! Parents are petulant and revengeful towards each other and towards their children; while the children are petted against each other and against their parents,—a state of things too affecting to contemplate. And yet this is no over-tinted picture, no oriental fable; thousands, up and down our own comparatively happy isle, can attest the existence of evils which rend the very centre of home-life, and which owe their being to impassioned susceptibility. An evenly balanced temper is ever desirable for its gracious and sovereign influence as it respects the various relations of life, but especially is its hallowed power to be desired and appreciated by the members of a family. On all hands we have to combat with difficulties well calculated to ruffle the summer surface of the soul's serenity, but especially here; and therefore we strongly urge that this placid, forgiving demeanour be cherished by our fathers and mothers, our sisters and brothers. Life is no ideal figment, but a stern reality; home is no fabled Utopia, but the conservator of our most abiding pleasures and privileges; men are not fays nor genies that "melt into thin air," but tangible, corporeal substances—beings of muscle and sinew—having real energies to excite, and real duties which ask the exercise of those energies, and upon the fulfilment of which, in a great measure, hinges their present and future happiness. One of the means most conducive to this is, indisputably, the subdual of the temper.

The parental relation lacks one of its master elements if destitute of this art of managing the temper. It is a point demanding the most uncompromising vigilance on the part of parents, since their failings not only affect themselves, but by example become stereotyped upon the lives and conduct of the offspring with which Providence has endowed them. There is a wondrous susceptibility about the mind of youth; like wax it takes the slightest impression, and it abides there indelibly, and actuates materially their after and mature life. "The mind of a child," says a clever authoress, "is not like that of a grown person; too full and too noisy to observe everything, it is a vessel always ready to receive, and always receiving."* Hence, how important the duty of guarding against the incursions of rage and angry ejaculations: and how often should they pause to plead the supplication,—"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." If parents grow disquieted at everything which crosses their expectations, either with regard to the unforseen concerns of Providence, or those inseparably associated with the incidents of common life; if they ever and anon assume, as these discomforts repeat their never ceasing round,

"A February face,
So full of frost, and storm, and cloudiness,"

is it a matter of surprise that the infection should descend to the

* Mrs. Child.

lesser members of the domestic circle? Impossible! If parents are constantly, or even occasionally, losing their equilibrium, if they persist in squandering their moral ballast, depend upon it, a like result simultaneously influences the children, and as certain as effect succeeds cause, they become

"Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel."

Oh! it is a momentous matter to assume the guardianship of a family, but awfully so in the case of those whose lives and characters are prostituted by the habitual indulgence of evils we most strongly reprobate!

In the relation sustained by man and wife, too, how benign is this disposition of tranquillity and mutual forbearance, and how blighting and repulsive their opposites. As has been stated, in every stage of our existence we have to combat with hostilities: in this relation, man and woman are not exempt from the various disquietudes peculiar to it. Nay, when our hearts so often rebel against themselves, it is not to be wondered at they should at times rebel against others; and notwithstanding, alas, the proximity and endearing tenderness of the relation, how often have we to weep over the unamiable and unlovely scenes which portray the experiences of husband and wife. How frequently is the home, which otherwise would have been a very Elysium—the shrine of beauty, peace, and affection—transformed into the abode of scandal, and disquietude, and hate! The husband returns at "dewy eve" bowed and pallid with the fatigues of the day to the fireside of his early affections; she who plighted her maiden vows is there, but not to him return those kindly greetings, those welcomings of impassioned tenderness, which once captivated his ear, and kept his soul in love's idolatry. None of these return to alleviate the pressure of care, or assuage the brunt of toil; and thus, those who once promised mutual, undying, constancy and affection, have in the revolution of a few years, or months, it may be, become objects of rankling enmity. The harsh rebuke, the pouting lip, the sullen, morose look, and the profane oath, pass from one to the other with unscrupulous liberality. Happy is that woman who has a partner worthy of the relation, and who is alive to its momentous responsibilities. If a participator in the joys and hopes of real religion,—without which all our pretensions to hope and joy are as "the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal,"—his will be a peaceful and happy home; the smiles of Providence will sun it, and the shield of Omnipotence protect it; while the graces of moderation, charity, and tenderness, will embalm it in the hearts of all who can boast his acquaintance. And thrice happy that man who has conciliated the affections of one true to herself and her position: one, as Pope says,

"Blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray,
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys"

That the temper is an obstinate pupil to all the purposes of propriety and right discipline, we readily concede, but withhold credence to the assertion that it is an unconquerable enemy. The concurrent sanction of reason and experience conspire to satisfy the conviction that whatever man has accomplished, since the age of miracles, he still has power to accomplish; and with regard to the government of the temper, its practicability is amply testified by numerous examples, that should inspire us with a spirit of virtuous emulation: an allusion to one or two of these will promote the success of our design.

The Christian precept—"Let not the sun go down on your wrath"—was, as Plutarch assures us, "practiced in a literal sense by the Pythagoreans;" who, if at any time in a passion, they broke out into opprobrious language, before sunset gave one another their hands, and with them a discharge from all injuries; and so, with a mutual reconciliation, parted friends.*

Aristophanes was the enemy of Socrates: he scrupled not to exercise grossly-slanderous and abusive language against this most virtuous and enlightened of Pagan philosophers; nay, even wrote a comedy to ridicule his notions of the doctrine of the soul's immortality. Socrates was present during the performance of the play, but as he exhibited a marked serenity of demeanour, it was conceived he was insensible of the dastardly treatment of Aristophanes. The sequel proved, however, that the maligned Athenian felt the wrong most acutely, but that his kind, forgiving disposition forbade his showing it.

A rare instance illustrative of the control which may be acquired over the temper, presents itself in the narrative of Lopez d'Acunha, a gallant Spaniard who lived in 1578, recorded in the Apophthegms of Juan Ruffo. "He was called out from his tent by a sudden alarm. His servants armed him in great haste; and although he told them that his helmet pained him exceedingly, they insisted that it could not be fitted better. The brave Lopez had not time to contest the point: he rushed to the combat, fought with success, and at his return, unlacing his casque, and throwing it down upon the ground, together with his bloody ear, 'There,' said he mildly to his awkward valets, 'was I not right when I told you how much you hurt me in putting on my helmet?'"

Sir Walter Raleigh was once challenged by a hot-brained man, and because he deliberately declined to fight, the young man proceeded to spit in his face. Sir Walter drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and, calmly wiping his face, made this reply,—"Young man, if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience, as I can this injury from my face, I would this moment take away your life."

The influence of religion is a powerful auxiliary in the right keeping of the temper. The good Chrysostom, as well as the pious physiognomist of Zurich—Lavater—men of high natural and acquired endowments, though constitutionally of warm and hasty temper, obtained the most complete mastery over these ungracious tendencies.

Few men ever had, naturally, a more unmanageable disposition than Roger Sherman; yet, "he made himself master of his temper, and cultivated it as a great business in life. There are one or two instances which show this part of his character in a light that is beautiful. He was, one day, after having received his highest honours, sitting and reading in his parlour. A roguish student, in a room close by, held a looking-glass in such a position as to pour the reflected rays of the sun directly in Mr. Sherman's face. He moved his chair, and the thing was repeated. A third time the chair was moved, but the mirror still poured the sun's rays in his eyes. He laid aside his book, went to the window, and many witnesses of the impudence expected to hear the ungentlemanly student severely reprimanded. He raised the window gently, and then—shut the window-blind!

"Mr. Sherman was one of those men who are not ashamed to maintain the forms of religion in his family. One morning, he called them together as usual, to lead them in prayer to God; the old family Bible was brought out and laid on the table. Mr. Sherman took his seat, and beside him placed one of his children—a child of his old age; the rest of the family were seated around the room; several of these were now grown up. Besides these, some of the tutors of the college were boarders in the family, and were present at the time alluded to. His aged, and now superannuated, mother occupied a corner of the room, opposite the place where the distinguished judge of Connecticut sat. At length he opened the Bible and began to read. The child who was seated beside him made some little disturbance, upon which Mr. Sherman paused, and told it to be still. Again he proceeded, but again he paused, to reprimand the little offender, whose playful disposition would scarcely permit it to be still. At this time, he gently tapped its ear. The blow, if it might be called a blow, caught the attention of his aged mother, who now, with some effort, rose from her seat, and tottered across the room. At length she reached the chair of Mr. Sherman, and, in a moment most unexpected to him, gave him a blow on the ear, with all the power she could summon. 'There,' said she, 'you strike your child, and I will strike mine.' For a moment the blood was seen rushing to the face of Mr Sherman, but it was only for a moment, when all was calm and mild as usual. He paused—he raised his spectacles—he cast his eyes upon his mother—again it fell upon the book from which he was reading. Not a word escaped him; but again he calmly pursued the service, and soon after sought, in prayer, an ability to set an example before his household which should be worthy of their imita-

* Plutarch's Morals.

tion." Such a victory is worthier of renown and immortality than the most costly and magnificent achievement on the battle-field.

Reader! in conclusion, we desire a few words with you. The value of all our disquisitions in relation to human conduct consists in their reformatory influence on individual character; excuse, then, a tendency to individualise. Are you a vassal of this bugbear, temper? If so, struggle, we beseech thee, to release yourself from its vassalage, its degrading thraldom. Some helps available to this end may be suggested:—

I.—Persevere in the cultivation of a forgiving spirit. There is much appositeness and force in the apostolical rebuke—"Ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?" A forgiving spirit is, assuredly, one of the loveliest graces which can adorn and beautify mortal intelligences: "How good and how pleasant it is," says the sublime Psalmist, "for brethren to dwell together in unity."

II.—Persevere in the cultivation of a cheerful spirit. It will dispel "the hovering cloud of care" which sometimes shades thy brow, and dissolve those portentous forebodings which so frequently haunt, like midnight spectres, the temple of the soul, and transfuse therein a halo of cerulean light and beauty. In scenes of domestic strife it will be the sure antidote, the safe panacea, the sovereign contrary, to those evils which will ever more or less invade the domestic enclosure.

III. Persevere in the cultivation of a gentle spirit. Be not overwhelm in fits of phrensy. no good was ever gained by a multiply of impassioned expressions, but an infinite deal of harm. "There is nothing," says Lavater, "by which we more lower ourselves than by exciting our own blood. We make ourselves to every one who sees and hears us, not only terrible, but despicable. We not only gain nothing, but lose everything." At all hazards, strive to eschew the hasty and ungentle. These advisings teach us the value of calm dispassioned sobriety: our advice is, pause—only pause, if it be but to enable you to raise your spectacles, as good Mr. Sherman did. Whatever you do not, this do—pause: remember "moderation is the better part of valour."

To this necessarily brief and imperfect code, we have only to add a word or two. Imitate the models we have placed before you, if you would enrol your name among the annals of the great and good. Be sincere, and you will be energetic: be energetic, and you will be successful in your attempts to overcome a foe which will destroy your peace of mind if suffered to reign unvanquished. You have ample encouragement to begin, for, as Seneca sublimely affirms, "he is the most powerful who holds himself in subjection;" and a higher authority still more sublimely asserts—"he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." If, therefore, you desire power—power over yourself, and power—high moral power—over all by whom you are surrounded, attend to the cultivation of your temper. Bring moral courage and decision of character to bear upon the work, and it shall be accomplished, and you shall gather a rich harvest of blessing. The enemy, we know, is a formidable one; but combat with uncompromising assiduity, and the victory is yours. The mean is in your own possession, and you can employ it better than even Confucius, Athenodorus, or Socrates. Have at the foe! remember, the elephant that can crush an armed host suffers itself to be led by a little child.

"Be advised.
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion."

THROUGHOUT life I have had a passion for the "Old Masters," and some portion of contempt for modern paintings; but I must confess I think some grains of prejudice mingle here. An old name has poetry in it, and that is one charm. The antiquity of the old pieces has also a collateral interest for us, which the moderns lack. In fact we do not judge fairly in the matter, and our prepossessions sway us all through. In old paintings we hunt for *beauties*, in new ones for *faults*.

RICHARD OASTLER'S INTERVIEW WITH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"THAT I knew the Duke of Wellington" says Oastler, in one of his publications; "have often been admitted to his presence; enjoyed the high honour of free conversation and correspondence with him, is now most gratifying. I cannot describe him in the field or in the cabinet; I have not seen him there. But I can tell of him at home in private; there I have seen him. It was during the summer of 1832, when, with a letter of introduction from the Duke of Rutland, I called at Apsley-house. In a few minutes the servant returned, saying, 'The Duke of Wellington desires his compliments to you, and will be happy to see you to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock.' Twenty years have elapsed since then. I have not forgotten, however, what I felt at the prospect of meeting face to face with the greatest man of the age. Five-minutes before the time appointed I knocked at the door of Apsley house. I was shown into a room looking into the garden, at the corner of the park. I naturally wished to obtain a favourable hearing, and was concocting a few sentences of introduction, anticipating a very formal reception, when, as the clock was striking eleven, I heard a very weak voice, saying, 'Good morning, Mr. Oastler; will you walk this way?' On turning round I saw the door open; I did not see the duke; I, however, saw his nose projecting beyond the edge of the door, and was sure that was the Duke of Wellington. There was a door into each room, the thickness of the wall separating them. His grace, standing in that vacant space, smiling, said, 'Walk forward, sir.' 'Allow me to close the doors.' 'Oh, no, sir; walk forward; I'll close the doors,' was the duke's reply. I was then shut in with the Duke of Wellington. There was no grandeur in the room; it was evidently a place of business. A long table, nearly filled with books, papers, and letters, occupied the middle of the floor. The documents seemed placed in such exact order that their owner might have found any one of them even in the dark. At the end of the table was a sofa, nearly covered with orderly-arranged papers, leaving sufficient space for one person. On that space, at the bidding of the duke, I sat. The duke, standing before me, said, 'Well, Mr. Oastler, what is it you wish to say to me?' I observed, 'It's very strange that I should sit while the Duke of Wellington stands, and in Apsley-house too.' 'Oh,' said his grace, 'if you think so, and it will please you better, I'll sit.' So saying, he took a seat on an easy chair, between the sofa and the fire-place. I was then desired to 'proceed.' Being strangely affected with a reception so different from what I had anticipated, I expressed my surprise, and craved the duke's indulgence. Placing his right hand on my right shoulder, his grace said, 'We shall never get on if you are embarrassed. Forget that you are here; fancy that you are talking with one of your neighbours at Fixby, and proceed.' The friendliness of his action and the encouraging kindness of his words removed every impediment. I at once entered into familiar conversation. After a few preliminary remarks, I said, 'There are two great mistakes prevalent in this country—I would rectify them.' 'What are they?' asked the duke. 'One, that the aristocracy imagine that the working people wish to deprive them of their rank and property.' 'That's true,' said his grace, 'they do.' 'By no means, my lord duke,' I rejoined; 'not any one knows the working men of England better than myself. I can assure you there never was a greater mistake; all that the working men want is to be enabled, by honest industry, to provide for themselves and families.' 'I rejoice to hear you say so,' answered the duke; 'every honest, industrious working man has a just claim to that reward for his labour.' 'I expected to hear that sentiment from your grace, notwithstanding the next mistake which it is my object to rectify.' 'What is that?' 'The working people are, by their enemies and yours, taught to believe that your grace wishes to feed them with bullets and steel.' 'Are they?' exclaimed the duke. 'They are, your grace. Is your grace thus inclined? I do not believe it. The duke, with serious emotion, said, 'I am the last man to wish for war; I have gained all that the sword can give, the crown excepted; and it is *my duty to serve* the crown.' 'May I tell the people so?' 'Certainly. Tell them that I hate war—that I shall be the last man to recommend the sword.'

THE WORKMEN OF LYONS.

BY M. A. AUDIGANNE.

Translated from the French, for the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, *by Walter Weldon.*

(*Continued from page 283.*)

ANOTHER very unfortunate circumstance is, that the selling-price of certain kinds of common goods, while producing to the *fabricant* the most trifling profit, is not sufficient to allow of a reasonable price being paid for weaving them, that is of a price which shall fairly recompense the weaver and supply his legitimate needs. Such are doubtlessly destined to disappear from the list of those which it is customary to manufacture, but no ancient industry was ever yet abandoned without causing a large amount of misery for a time. Those who have been used to its practice always cling to it as though it were their only *planche de salut*. Have we not seen a striking example of this fact in the desperate efforts which have been made to prevent the substitution of machinery for the ancient wheel and distaff in the spinning of our own flax? There are home spinners in many districts of Brittany and Maine whose earnings have dwindled down, by little and by little, to less than a *sol* per day, and yet they still cling to their ungrateful task, and will till actually compelled to seek a more profitable employment. It will be the same with a portion of the weavers of Lyons.

Before, however, being entirely abandoned in Lyons, the manufacture of the goods to which we are alluding will fall wholly into the hands—if, indeed, it has not already fallen—of the least able workmen, or of those whose workshops are most badly furnished, and they form just the class which is, generally speaking, and very naturally, the most discontented already, and the one whose discontent is to be the more greatly feared, since its members are far too ignorant to be able to attribute effects to their right causes. Thus, the wife of an exceedingly poverty-stricken *chef-d'atelier*, and of one, too, who was engaged in the very manufacture we are speaking of, said to us lately, "We shall always be in this distress, if not in greater, for the *fabricans* are lowering the *prix de façon* every day." The ignorance and mental confusion, caused by want of reflection, which gives birth to accusations as unjust as this one, may yet be productive of more deplorable effects than ever, if the misery of the class amongst which it most prevails be deepened, as it will be, by the cause which we have named. The unfortunate *ouvriers*, crushed to the earth by poverty and distress, are too far blinded by their sufferings, to say nothing of their ignorance, to be able to perceive that the fault does not rest in the slightest degree with the *fabricans*, to whom they attribute the whole of it, and the probable consequences of the mistake which they make in doing so cannot be thought of without a shudder of alarm. This mistake, which we have spoken of as belonging more especially to the poorer class of *ouvriers*, is, however, common to the whole of them in some measure, and will one day plunge them into a sanguinary abyss, such as has never been fallen into by either the *ouvriers* of Lyons or Paris, if it be not, at any rate in some degree, eradicated. Till, however, a change has taken place in their rate of wages, those weavers whose earnings are below the standard which their legitimate needs require, will never listen to reason upon the subject, and therefore it is desirable that that portion of the manufacture which will not enable those who labour at it to live, should be abandoned with as much speed as possible. An analogous reform is already in the course of being effected. It was the custom formerly, during periods of depression, sometimes to have goods manufactured without orders having been received for them, on condition that the *ouvrier* should make a reduction in the price of weaving, to balance the risk which was run by the *fabricant*. This custom is every day becoming less and less observed; people seeing that it is better that a loom should stop for a time, rather than that it should continue to work at a reduced price, which it will never afterwards be possible to raise.

The frequent occurrence of these periods of depression is the grand misfortune which aggravates all the causes of inquietude which hang above the city of the *tisseurs*. People are never any moment sure of the morrow. Dependent entirely upon the changeful idol men call fashion, and upon the orders of the foreigner, the manufacture passes often within the space of a few days from a state of the utmost briskness to one of total inactivity, and the *ouvrier* who was working less than a month ago sixteen, eighteen, and twenty hours per day, may now be forced to spend interminable weeks in idleness, and the debts which he is therefore now compelled, as it were, to contract, in order to sustain the lives of himself and family, will keep him in distress and poverty when trade has mended. For the silk weavers, or rather, we might say, the immense majority of them (for it is very seldom that *every* weaver is unemployed at the same time, the *chômage* not striking all of them at once, but spreading over their mass gradually, like the tide of a great sea, and reaching first those workmen who are the least able and who are consequently only employed when work is very abundant, and then those whose abilities are of the average class, leaving only in employment—but still generally leaving *them* so—those workmen who are the most ingenious and adroit), the fluctuations of the manufacture are the perpetual conditions of their existence, and in the face of a circumstance so calculated to excite inquietude it is important that we should see what is the character of the measures hitherto taken in order to attempt to strengthen the tottering foundation upon which rests the prosperity of the Lyonnais, and the cause of peace and order among the manufacturing artizans of France.

Amongst the institutions which have been established with the purpose of rendering aid to the laborious classes, some are already ancient, while others have been produced by the progress of ideas which, in the midst of the most deplorable *egarements*, have shown, during these last days, even to the Lyonnais, many industrial and charitable questions in a new light. Before, however, examining these new creations, let us say, once for all, that charity, in the ancient metropolis of the Gauls, has always actively pursued its mission, and pursues it actively unto this day. Extremely various and ingenious, even in the *means* which it makes choice of, it distributes its benefits by a thousand different channels, and, perhaps, loving a little too much the fame of its benefactions. However that may be, it has effected many a good work, not the least of which is the foundation of a considerable number of schools, at which the children of the popular classes are educated gratuitously. These schools had their origin principally at a period anterior to the present epoch, and form objects of just interest to those who would pursue our present study. If primary, that is, elementary, instruction be not sufficient for a human being all through life, it is certainly the first step to higher things, and is of itself essential to the proper self-guidance of each individual on his path through life. It cannot but, therefore, be a matter of gratulation that *some* provision, however small, has been made towards bestowing it upon the *ouvriers* of Lyons. The brothers *de la doctrine Chrétienne*, and a lay society which was founded about six and twenty years ago, under the name of the *Société de l'instruction primaire*, rival each other in the care which they bestow upon the elementary education of the children of the *ouvriers*. The brothers conduct regularly about two-and-twenty schools, receiving in the aggregate rather more than 5,000 pupils, while the *Société*, which practises the method of mutual instruction, has in constant operation nineteen or twenty schools, attended by rather more than 3,000 *garçons*. As for the girls, the same *Société* keeps open for them in Lyons nine classes, attended by upwards of 1,300 scholars; the sisters of Saint Charles educate 4,000, in twenty-two establishments in the Croix-Rousse and the Guillotière; and a second society instructs between 700 and 800 more. Evening classes for adults are also opened, both by the *frères de la doctrine Chrétienne* and the *Société* we have mentioned; and, at these classes, grammar, drawing, and music are taught on the best systems. Part of the expenses incurred by these gratuitous instructors are defrayed by the municipality of the city, which allows 88,000 francs per annum to the schools of the *frères de la doctrine Chrétienne* and of the sisters of Saint Charles, and 60,000 francs to some mutual instruction classes, and also devotes various other sums to the promotion of the same purpose.

An establishment, founded in 1833, under the name of the *Ecole de la Martinière*, sustained by means of resources provided by the legacy of an individual, one M. Jules Martin, who gained a fortune in the service of the English East India Company, merits a special and particular attention. A veritable institution of professional instruction, this *école* joins to a perfect course of mathematics and design, a practical and theoretical course of modelling, weaving, machine-building, &c. It receives gratuitously about 400 young people, all of them sons of *ouvriers* or small *commerçans*; but the scholars only receive those of the various kinds of instruction which

are there offered them which their parents think [illegible] most useful to their future life. Young men are there allowed to pass, if they choose, a few hours only each day at school, and then devote the remainder to other duties,—thus allowing apprentices, &c., to partake of its advantages. The system of education which is followed in this establishment is so framed as to cause the attention of the youngest and most turbulent of auditors to be constantly attracted and engaged, and the progress which is made by every pupil is always great.

Among the institutions of credit and *prévoyance* established for or by the *ouvriers*, Lyons possessed, before 1848, a *Caisse de prêts** for the *chefs-d'atelier*, and a considerable number of mutual aid societies. The *Caisse de prêts*, which is in operation still, was founded in 1832, *à la suite* of the insurrection of the preceding year, in order to remedy, in some measure, the evils which that shock had augmented, and has been endowed by both the state, the department, and the city. Before its establishment, the *chefs-d'atelier* were often obliged, whenever a partial or general suspension of trade took place, to sell—at insignificant prices—their implements of labour, and thus to deprive themselves almost entirely, in order to gain the present necessaries of life, of the means of earning a livelihood in future. Now, however, when in such a situation, they have only to make a simple request in writing, and, if this request be verified by a certain commission which is appointed for the purpose, they will receive advances from the *Caisse*, at a moderate rate of interest, and repayable by instalments, for which their simple signature will be held as ample security. For want of sufficient resources, this institution, of which the originating idea was given birth to by one of the needs which most afflict the manufacture, has not been able to extend its sphere of operation to a sufficient degree to enable it to include in it the families of the *ouvriers;* and, being thus restricted in its operation to the narrowest limits, it confines itself to the relief of a few individual miseries. It is the same with the ancient mutual help societies, all of which produced only insulated good effects, without having any influence upon the mutual relations of the various classes of society. There are in existence from 100 to 110 of such societies, each of which is composed of a very small number of members,—the united number of the members of the whole not exceeding 6,000: with but few exceptions, none of these members are veritable *ouvriers*.

It is elsewhere that we must seek for evidences of that which most distinguishes the present epoch in Lyons, that is to say, of the efforts which have been engendered by the needs and necessities of the working classes. These efforts are entirely in the right direction, and they seek to react against the spirit of disunion, and to extinguish, if possible, that brand of discord which can only burst into flame in the midst of ruin. The idea which has given birth to them has also originated, in consequence, the *Société général de secours mutuels*† and the *Caisse de retraites*,‡ both of which were established for the benefit of the working classes; and has also caused various municipal allocations, destined to provide annual pensions to those *ouvriers* whose age prevents them profiting by the advantages of the *Caisse de retraites*. Although at present it is only in its infancy, it is evident already that the *Société général de secours mutuels* is one of the most excellent institutions which could have been established in Lyons. Richly endowed by means of a special right created in its favour at the *Condition des Soies*,§—and which forms a kind of impost voluntarily paid by the merchants for the profit of the *ouvriers*,—and joining to the sum which is thus given to it the produce of the subscriptions of the honorary members, and the contributions of those who participate in its benefits, the *Société des Secours* is enabled to afford these last advantages—by no means common to such institutions—in exchange for a payment of two francs per month for men, and one franc fifty cents per month for women; it allows a like sum to every sick workman, and causes him to be properly attended, at his own home, at the society's cost. A sum of twenty francs per annum is also contributed by the society to the national *Caisse des retraites*, on the account of each of the members, who thus find themselves, without new sacrifices, entitled to a pension in old age.‖

This mutual society is the first which has been founded on so broad a basis. Proceeding from the initiative of [illegible] Chamber of Commerce, which knows so well always how to [illegible] the best use of its resources, welcomed favourably by [illegible] tion, and approved by the local authorities,—the projector [illegible] which the idea is at the same time so [illegible] so politic—owes its so speedy realisation to one of our last ministers of commerce, M. Dumas, who took care to surround the infant society with a large amount of interest. The working classes, for whose special benefit it was intended, were very slow at first in endowing it with their support and countenance. A project whose object was that of uniting, to a great extent, the fate of the laborious with that of the higher classes, and to bind their destiny with that of an institution which was officially recognised,—an idea whose realisation would give the *ouvriers* an interest in the preservation of peace and order, by giving them something to lose, and a stake in society,—how could such an one be otherwise than unacceptable to those who were the leaders of the working classes, and whose only hopes rested upon the creation of anarchy and disorder. They consequently represented the mutual society to be a snare held out to the good faith of the *ouvriers*—a net in which the *bourgeois* desired to envelope them, in order that they might the more surely become their slaves and victims. They could not bear to see the savings of the working classes take a route which prevented them being applied to the occult purpose to which the subscriptions which *they* had drawn from them had been devoted,—and they therefore spread, and are still spreading, the basest and falsest of insinuations against a society whose object is to cause them so to do, in order to add immensely to their prosperity and comfort. Nevertheless, however, in spite of the impression which could not but be produced upon their minds by such suggestions, especially when emanating from such a quarter, the work is prospering, and the number of its supporters is so great as to seem to promise that the whole population will appreciate, before long, the advantage which it offers to them so very liberally.

The *Caisse des retraites*, annexed, at its origin, to the *Société des secours*, of which it was the corollary, preceded in its formation the establishment of the general *Caisse*, which has since been instituted under the guarantee of the State. In presence of this last establishment, the *Caisse* of Lyons has no occasion to exist separately; but its parent society preserves its traces by playing the intermediary part between its members and the *Caisse National*. These two institutions, the *Société des secours* and the *Caisse des retraites*, aim at consolidating industrial society in Lyons, by binding its members by the sure ties of economy and forethought. On the success which attends them will depend, in a great measure, the next twenty years' prosperity of the working classes of Lyons.

While the *Société des secours* thus renders such necessary aid to the sick *ouvriers*, and provides them with the right of receiving future pensions, many of their number, who are too aged to be admitted to the participation in the benefits of the *Caisse des retraites*, are allowed incomes out of the exchequer of the commune. The municipal council of Lyons has inscribed in its budget an annual sum of 12,000 francs towards this purpose, and this sum is added to by the councils of some neighbouring communes. The pensions allowed vary, according to the age and the infirmities of their recipients, from 100 to 200 francs per annum each. By the union which has lately been effected between Lyons and several of the neighbouring communes, it is hoped that the municipal and communal councils will be enabled to devote much larger sums, before long, to the pensioning of aged *ouvriers* than they are at present; and, if the laborious classes can only be made to see that it is to their interest to support the *Société général des secours*, their condition, from these two causes, will be greatly ameliorated.

The vices which principally afflict the laborious portion of the population of Lyons belong, at the same time, to the economic and the moral classes. Their moral vices proceed from two principal sources, both of which, however, are very intimately connected—the one being the loss of the religious sentiment, and the other an entire ignorance or forgetfulness of the mission of suffering. They have wandered, little by little, from all remembrance of the Christian idea which was formed so puissant in their souls, and which teaches men to form within themselves the conditions of their happiness, both in this world and hereafter; and they have forgotten, if, indeed, they have not always ignored, that view of

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* Bank for lending money.

† General Society of mutual assistance.

‡ Bank of pensions.

§ The *Condition des Soies* is an establishment at which is determined the real weight of the silk goods, independently of the humidity.

‖ A member admitted at the age of eighteen will receive, when he reaches

which men have of the help of one another,—and that this need, which is consciously being developed by civilisation, after having modified the relations which exist between individuals, must necessarily modify those which exist between the various social classes.

They were always entertained the manifestly false belief, that the antagonism of the various social classes is not a necessity, and that their own class would be sufficient for the supply of all their wants; and this belief has been at the bottom of a vast deal of their misery. Experience, and a cruel experience, having proved this to be the case, the means which are made use of in all attempts to elevate their condition should be founded upon those great principles which remain from age to age, under one form or another, the essential condition of the moralisation of men, and the development of human civilisation.

The devoted efforts which are being made by the clergy of Lyons, in order to replant religious ideas in a soil which has been rendered barren by indifference, respond marvellously well to the exigencies of the moral situation of the *ouvriers*. Christianity can alone infuse healthy and new blood into their impoverished veins. The seeds which have been unable to germinate under the sad influence of socialism will fructify under that of the all-powerful and all-glorious principle which teaches men that, before attempting any social reformation, they must take the trouble of reforming their own selves; and there is nothing which will do any more than slightly alleviate for a time whatever misery exists within the walls of Lyons or any other city, excepting the practice of the principles of Christianity,—of which the essence is contained in this one simple formula, which forms the grand panacea for all the evils which afflict mankind —"Do unto one another as you would have that others should do unto you."

By the side, however, of that religious teaching which alone can destroy the evils which afflict society in Lyons, the civil institutions of the city must work for the same end, by tending to unite the interests of the various classes, as Christianity will tend to unite the hearts. The one must act as a support to the other; for they both aspire, in the midst of a thousand secondary causes of division, to reunite the links which bind all the elements of the social fabric in one common destiny. The separation of interests—a separation so evident upon the part of the *ouvriers*—was given birth to originally by the inevitable influence which could not but be exercised by exterior competition upon their rates of wages, and the only way in which this influence can at all be lessened, is by a union taking place between all the various agents of production.

The work of the *Société des secours mutuels* will not, it appears to us, have been completed till the *fabricans* themselves shall have fully carried out its idea, by establishing a sister institution, for the purpose of coming to the aid of labour during those long and frequent periods of depression which are the chronic diseases of the city of the *soieries*. Were every *ouvrier* a member of the *Société des secours*, and thus certain of relief in times of illness, they would still be no better off than they are now in the times, of so frequent occurence, when they are without employment. No savings' bank, which adds nothing to the sums confided to it, will be sufficient to stimulate the *prévoyance* of the working classes. To do so, we must follow in the path which has been already opened by the *Société mutuel* and the *Caisse des retraites*. The *Caisse des prêts*, insignificant as it is, would serve as a point of departure; but the institution must enlarge itself by combining, as in the case of the *Société*, the vigorous efforts of its participating members with a generous amount of aid from the local merchants and manufacturers. Established upon such a foundation, a society of this sort would not be liable to any of those dangers which have beset similar societies which have been established, on a small scale, by the *ouvriers* themselves; and would tend to draw them from, instead of into, the turbulent and dangerous political arena. The great and wealthy manufacturers of the Rhône have proved, in many instances, that they are not afraid of making such sacrifices as would be necessitated by the establishment of an institution such as that which we have mentioned, and, by founding one on such a basis, they would ensure, not only the prosperity of the *ouvriers*, but their own.

Some *fabricans*, animated by the most excellent intentions, have already thought of establishing a *Société de patronage*, which should tend to establish, between the two classes of the agents of production, a rather closer connexion than that which exists at present; but they have feared that they would not be supported by the majority of the manufacturers, and that they would have also to encounter the suspicion of the *ouvriers*. These fears, however, although founded on too bitter an experience, should not be the cause of an initiative of this kind being abandoned. A *Société de patronage* would be the best first step towards the institution of a society which should counteract the effects which are produced upon the working classes by the precarious and uncertain nature of their employment.

When we endeavour to realise any social ameliorations, it is seldom from the hands of *ouvriers* that we expect to receive the elements. If it is very common to hear them complain of their rates of wages, it is very rare that we find them specify precisely their desires in such a manner as to enable them to be judged of accurately. It is very seldom that we hear them say,—"We wish to ameliorate our own condition." But this wish—and very legitimately when it is restrained by a proper respect for the moral laws—resides at the bottom of the souls of all mankind. Accordingly we find, even amongst the thoughtless and unreflecting *chefs-d'ateliers* and *compagnons* of Lyons, here and there a few ideas which really may be held by; a few thoughts which rest upon a solid and real foundation, and which may be taken, as far as they go, to embody the wishes of the working classes of the city. Amongst these, and the most important of them, are those respecting the license with which the *chef-d'atelier* is burdened whenever he takes a new *compagnon* or even a simple apprentice, and from which the universal wish is that they should be exempt. The abrogation of the law which bids him pay such license can only be effected by the Chamber of Commerce, and it is to be hoped that it will cause it to be abrogated before long.

Among the institutions founded by the *ouvriers* themselves for the purpose of purchasing domestic commodities, there are some which contain germs of excellence which the future will doubtlessly cause to expand and produce much good. We allude to those societies which confine their operations within the limits of the circle of their members only. When restricted to such bounds, societies of this kind are enabled to lighten much the load of poverty, every measure of economy being an inappreciable boon to the poor *ouvrier*. We have seen that by consequence of a variety of causes, such as the competition between the Lyonnais and foreign manufacturer, the competition between the Lyonnais manufacturers themselves, and that between various bodies even of the *ouvriers*, together with the fickleness of fashion, the emigration of the manufacture from the city to the country, the erection of large factories, &c., &c., the existence of the working population in Lyons is rendered, to say the least of it, extremely precarious. Hitherto the industry of the city has proved itself to be possessed of a kind of intrinsic force and energy which has enabled it to triumph over multitudes of the obstacles which have beset its path, but if it has shown that its energy and wisdom may be depended upon, it has also rendered evident that there must be given thereunto a wider outlet.

All efforts, however, which may be made towards the amelioration of the condition of the *ouvriers de la soie*, will be rendered useless if *order* is not jealously preserved. It is order, as we all know, that alone raises the demand for manufactured goods, that permits them to be manufactured at a decent profit, and affords to benevolence any opportunity for manifesting its wishes and its will in acts. Long enough, and too long, have the workmen of Lyons endeavoured to find in the midst of agitation the elements of a better and more prosperous future; long enough, and too long have they seen their efforts prove abortive, their hopes delusive, and their misery only increased, instead of lessened, by their strivings. Surely the moment is now come for them to see that in the preservation of order only can they truly hope. It would be imprudent, doubtlessly, to expect immediately a perfect and complete change in the sentiments and attitudes of men who have breathed so long no atmosphere besides that of the secret societies and the barricades, but such a change is strongly counselled by all past experience; and as it would also promote immensely the prosperity of the working classes, there is reason to believe that it will take place ere long, in spite of the fluctuations of the commerce of Lyons, and the well-known character of its *ouvriers*.

To conclude,—these *ouvriers*, when one observes them closely, in the middle of their so extremely precarious existence, with their virtues as well as their faults exposed to view, are very far from inspiring that repulsion which one would have expected them to inspire from their historical character. In spite of the lees with which they have been covered by revolutions, at the

bottom of their souls there still are qualities [illegible] worthy of inspiring our best sympathies. If it is impossible to condemn too strongly certain of the *égarements* of the part, the population of the city of the *soieries* is in reality far better than its sad renown. It would be neither just nor politic to condemn that population as tainted by a vice which is incurable, or as entirely wrapped in sinister shadows which no ray of light or truth can penetrate; by so doing we should only eternalise their abode in the abyss from which, on the contrary, we should strive to raise them. Bismarck has said that he would never let a man condemn himself too much, and there is a vast amount of depth and wisdom in his saying. By abasing the Lyonnais *ouvriers* too much in their own eyes, we should only be rendering their moral degradation the more lasting.

MY GHOST.

A NEW YORK ROMANCE.

This is not a tale of spiritual rappings. I never heard any. Possibly I am not worth a rap, being only an artist. My table does not hop, or rear up, or fly. Between you and me, it is lucky it does not. If it did, the claw would come off, to a dead certainty. I think it right to mention this, and to warn any playful young ghost or ghostesses of the fact. Now to my tale.

Aurelia Garford and I loved one another passionately, so passionately, that at the age of seventeen we resolved to marry. Both our parents opposed the scheme. We had neither of us any money, and though I thought myself a Titian, the portraits I daubed were poor things even for sign painting. But we could not wait. We grew desperate. We determined to run away into the wide world.

The wide world! How narrow it is, after all! A gimlet eight thousand miles long would bore a hole right through it. And what is eight thousand miles? Less than most people walk in a couple of years. "What is anything compared to everything?" as the editor down east observed.

Aurelia's parents lived in Two-hundred-and-twenty-second-street, New York. Their house is near the corner of Fourth Avenue. It is a long way 'up town.' Some say there is no such street. But that, of course, is nonsense, because I know Aurelia lived in it. Many people, no doubt, have started off in the cars to look for the street, and never found it. It is not easy to find, though, as it is the next street to Two-hundred-and-twenty-first-street, it is not so difficult, after all. But I knew the street like a book. There was only one house in it, and that was only half built, owing to the owner's want of funds. I need not add that that house was the house of Aurelia's parents.

There was a large garden to the house. People can afford space for gardens up in Two-hundred-and-twenty-second street. It was a very nice garden. Only one thing grew in it, and that was grass. But give me grass to walk on. Trees are all very well for climbing, and timber is useful for building. Fruit is a capital thing if you want to eat, and flowers are very pretty if you care to look at them. But Aurelia and I only wanted to walk about with our arms round one another's waists; and we preferred grass to trees, as we did not want to climb like squirrels, or build like carpenters. We valued grass even more highly than flowers, because we preferred sitting down upon it, and looking into one another's eyes, to gazing at all the roses and magnolias in creation. And as for fruit, we scorned to think of earthly peaches or apricots, when our lips could be so much more sweetly occupied in exchanging celestial kisses, of which no amount could possibly give us a surfeit.

It is my deliberate conviction that the garden of Eden was a grass-grown bit of land, with good high fence round it to cast a shade in hot weather. The rest was love, which makes a paradise of any place.

We resolved to run away. And we did. We met one afternoon behind the wall of the grass-grown garden, and made for the cars. As we went along, I summed up the items of my happiness, drew a line, and calculated the total. The items were

1. An angelic disposition.
2. The softest black eyes in the world; sulken tresses to match.
3. A complexion pure as the whiteness of a pearl.
4. A mouth which beat all the Greek statues to fits.
5. A neck and shoulders of human though quite equal to vegetable ivory.
6. A slender, graceful figure, that would have captivated St. Anthony's saintship to a dead certainty, and so made him better for him if it had tempted him.
7. Love for a certain individual, (who, like Mr. Micawber in 'Tom Pepper,' shall be nameless), carried to the confines of hero-worship.

Total: Aurelia Garford.

I was in a state of tremendous exhilaration. My soul cut capers and threw up its hat inside my breast; at least so I conjectured from the thumps I felt against the walls of that portion of my body. Aurelia and I took one long-drawn, champagnish sort of kiss, just before we turned the corner of that, to many, apocryphal Two-hundred-and-twenty-second street, and in another minute we were at the railway-station.

So was old Garford!

He had come home two hours before his time from his office down town, were he was supposed to make money somehow. Not that he ever made any. His wife had a small income of her own, and that supported the family. Mr. Garford, at least so it appeared to me, was allowed to play at business just to keep himself out of mischief.

"Hollo, young people!" he cried, jovially, "taking a walk, hey! Where are you off to? and what does my pretty Aurelia carry in that confoundedly bulgy basket there?

"Oh, papa!" cried Aurelia, whose self-possession was upset by the sudden roncontre, and the dear girl burst into a passionate flood of tears; tears of disappointment and vexation, I conscientiously believe.

"Hollo! what's this, what's this, young gentleman?" said old Garford sternly, smelling a rat for the first time.

"Why, sir," said I, perhaps stupidly, impelled by an irresistible impulse, "if you had not met us so unluckily, we should have run away and got married."

"Hum!" said old Garford, looking at me fixedly, "is there any particular reason for your getting married in such a hurry?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"And pray what is it?" said old Garford, severely.

"We love one another!" said I, looking him boldly in the face.

"Oh, is that all? Very well. You need not run away, I have not the least objection to your being married."

"Oh, sir——"

"Stop a moment. I *have* a great objection to your marrying without anything to live on. Much as I was attached to Mrs. Garford, sir, I should never have dreamed of marrying her unless we had had between us sufficient to support a respectable establishment, sir."

"But, sir——"

"But, sir," resumed Mr. Garford, who evidently took a pleasure in playing his part of heavy father in the drama; "but, sir, you perhaps imagine that I can give my daughter a fortune. You anticipate——"

"Not at all, sir," I interrupted, eager to disclaim all interested motives. "I know very well that you cannot give your daughter anything."

"Indeed, sir, *indeed?* And pray *how* do you know that I cannot give my daughter a fortune? Are you aware, sir, that the business I am engaged in is one by which some of the largest fortunes in this city have been realised, sir?"

To use a somewhat worn but expressive phrase, I had hit my intended father-in-law "in the raw," and all attempts to conciliate proved fruitless. Nor did a hint from Aurelia, that "papa knew very well he had not made the rent of his office for the last two years," at all mend matters.

Finally, Mr. Garford positively forbade my further visits or correspondence with his daughter, until I could show him that I was worth five thousand dollars clear, and making an income of at least two thousand a year.

Thus we parted. I made several attempts to see Aurelia, but failed. In the end I resolved to set to work to make the required sum and come with the least possible delay.

Luckily I made friends with a very clever painter, who undertook to put me in the right way. I had to begin again. The fact was, I had a tolerable dexterity in the handling of colours, but I drew like a Chinese, or a Yankee as I was. My master was a Frenchman; he had studied at Paris, under Delaroche. He opened my eyes. I was quick. In a few months, with considerable labour, I could produce a portrait at any rate tolerably correct in

outline and perspective. This at once raised me above the mediocrity of my rivals, and I soon procured considerable custom.

I had just laid the first stone of my fortune in the shape of a hundred dollars deposited in a bank, when an overwhelming blow destroyed the whole edifice of my hopes.

I received a letter announcing the death of Aurelia from her father. She had been dead three weeks when the news reached me. My friend the painter was present. He saw me turn pale and cover my face with my hands.

"What is it?" he asked, kindly.

"She is dead!" I replied, in a shaken voice.

He knew my history, and needed no further explanation.

I threw myself on a sofa and wept convulsively. When I had exhausted the first violence of my grief, my friend approached me, and in a tone of grave sympathy asked me of what I was thinking.

"Of death!" I replied.

"Of suicide?" said he.

I made no answer.

"Do you not possess her portrait?" said he.

"Yes, a daub of my own, but which reminds *me* at least vividly of the original. I have also a daguerreotype, but daguerreotypes have always a cold, ghastly look."

"You should paint her."

"Paint her?"

"Yes, paint her as an angel of heaven; realise your memory of her beauty on the canvas. Leave a monument of your love and talent behind you. Then die if you please."

The artist's suggestion pleased me. No youth of eighteen is in a violent hurry to die, even for love. I resolved to adopt my friend's idea, and a gloomy sort of ambition seized me to make this work a work of art worthy of its model. Nay, I even dreamed of posthumous fame, of going down the stream of American art-history, as the man who painted a real angel, and then pursued its prototype into the world of angels.

I commenced my task that very day, and laboured as long as the light allowed, without cessation. My master aided me by his counsels; and when the work was complete, he laid his hand affectionately on my shoulder and said, "Truly you are a pupil worthy of a greater master!"

We had the picture framed and sent to the exhibition of the Academy. On the very first day my triumph was unquestionable. "An Angel" was decidedly *the* attraction of the exhibition. The same afternoon an offer to purchase it for a large sum arrived from one of the richest merchants of New York. I sat with this letter in my hand trying to read it by the already waning light in my studio, when I heard the door open and somebody enter. Supposing it to be the painter, I did not look round.

Presently I raised my eyes, and beheld to my horror a shadowy figure in white, with a face of unearthly pallor.

The face was Aurelia's!

I confess that fear seized me. My shattered nerves, my recent over exertion, my fast and vigils, had increased my nervous sensibilty to an alarming degree. I tried to reason with myself, and account for the vision on grounds of mental delusion, when I was startled out of all reasoning by the figure saying in a low but distinct tone.

"Frederick! do you not know me?"

"Yes, I know you," was my solemn answer.

"And you still love me?"

"Now and for ever!"

"Then why do you not embrace me?" said the figure, gliding nearer.

"Can ghosts embrace?" I cried, rising dubiously, and gazing more assuredly at the pale phantom.

"Try!" said the ghost.

And I did try; but it was no spectre; it was a living, breathing angel I folded in my arms.

"What is the meaning of this? I thought you dead!"

"And I believed you buried. They told me so at home. I have had a fever in consequence; see how pale and thin I am!"

"But you are alive; so are you!"

"That is evident."

"What could have been your father's motive for such conduct and such falsehood?"

"An insane wish to marry me to his partner, Mr. Smith."

"His partner?"

"Yes; he has caught a partner with money, as mamma says, and she thanks God she will not have to pay the rent of the office out of her own income any longer."

"But how did you know I was alive?"

"Dead men do not paint pictures."

"Then you know?"

"Yes, I have *seen*—oh! you flatterer!"

"Flatterer? not at all. But look at *this*—an offer of seven hundred dollars for the picture. An hour ago I would not have sold it for seventy thousand. But now—suppose we take the seven hundred dollars and run away at once?"

"It is not necessary; my father gives his consent—and here he is."

Old Garford entered.

"Well, sir," said he, "I congratulate you on your success. We shall be happy to see you at Two-hundred-and-twenty-second street this evening, if you are not otherwise engaged."

Shortly afterward I was married. As soon as Aurelia and I were alone in the carriage that bore us from the church, I said to her, smiling, "My dear little ghost, I sincerely trust you will haunt me to my dying day!"

"I will try," said Aurelia, looking full at me with beautiful and fathomless eyes, "to be your ghostly comforter as long as I live."

It is my opinion that a ghost is very much improved by having a body attached to it.

WINTER.

It is universally acknowledged that the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator are admirably displayed in the variation of the seasons; and our climate being exempted from the extremes of heat and cold, it might reasonably be concluded that each returning season would be hailed with corresponding delight, as the wise ordination of Providence, and the source of some peculiar blessing. Such, however, is the frailty of human nature, that many persons regard the approach of winter with despondency, associating with it no other ideas than those of gloom and discomfort, regardless of the many advantages it confers on the earth and its varied productions.

How can we sufficiently testify our gratitude to that Being by whose unerring wisdom the earth, and all that it produces, is now permitted to enjoy a measure of repose, whereby it may become invigorated and prepared for future displays of the power and goodness of Him who created nothing in vain? The physical constitution of man doubtless renders it necessary that prudent measures should be adopted to protect him from the changes of atmosphere to which his duties may now expose him, but this is not a task of such arduous accomplishment as to mar his enjoyment, or furnish reasonable grounds for indulging a spirit of discontent.

It is as ungrateful to repine at the approach of winter as it would be to regret the return of spring, both periods contributing to the welfare of man.

It is readily conceded that the aged, infirm, and destitute, now demand the warmest sympathy of their more opulent neighbours, who are now furnished with opportunities of indulging in the greatest of all luxuries, "that of doing good," thereby imitating the conduct of HIM whose birth is at this period commemorated, and who procured for all a richer inheritance than earth could supply, or man can adequately appreciate.

To those who profess a profusion of this world's good, after contributing to the necessities of others, what a rich source of gratification is now provided, in the temperate enjoyment of those productions which the Author of fruitful seasons has bountifully supplied!

May we all, therefore, thankfully regard the various changes through which we are called to pass as indications of Divine goodness; assured that whatever evil may attend them is of our own procuring, cheered by the hope that the shades of winter will soon be dispelled, and a scene of promising beauty and fertility again call into activity the slumbering energies of frail humanity.

H. D.

THE OLD COACHMAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

MISS F. M. RATHBONE.

CHAPTER I.

It was between fifty and sixty years since that I first saw the light in a small suburban cottage in the neighbourhood of Southampton. I was the youngest of my parents' four children, who were all of the male sex, and saw comparatively little of my elder brothers, who were generally absent, and actively employed as shipwrights and sail-makers. My mother was all that a mother should be, and thank God, what most women are; and though naturally of a delicate constitution, it was wonderful how much work she got through, how carefully she contrived to bring us up, and how comfortably every household matter was arranged by her. She taught me to do many little things, which unfortunately are too often considered only suitable to girls, such as to sew on my own shirt buttons, to make good gruel, broth, and other similar matters which are constantly needed in a working man's family, and her instructions in regard to cleaning plate, glass, and knives, all of which she thoroughly understood, from having formerly been waitress in a gentleman's family, helped me no little in obtaining the excellent place which I did in after years. She could not afford to send me to school, and every washing-day, while kneading and rubbing the clothes, she performed the part of schoolmistress, teaching me reading, spelling, and arithmetic, and making me, as I advanced in the latter art, keep what she called the house accounts. This entering into a book each week every article which was bought for the use of the family, and thus realising the value of every penny has ever since been of the greatest possible use to me; and from my earliest boyhood it prevented my squandering my chance gains upon lollipops and gingerbread. I was also deeply indebted to my kind father, who followed the profession of tailoring, because his weak health prevented his engaging in any more arduous labour. From him I learned to mend and darn cloth clothes, which saved me many a shilling that I should otherwise have been forced to pay to tailors or sempstresses, when I was in service; he knew something too of cobbling, and this easily learnt art spared me much of the expense to which domestic servants are obliged to submit, in order to appear decent, just because they will not take the trouble of learning how to mend their own shoes. During the winter evenings, my father used to give me some idea of geography and taught me to write, but the most valuable learning which I gained from him, was the practical knowledge of religion, and its important bearing on the little incidents of daily life, combined with that general training of the faculties which early rendered me quick to observe and reason on all around me. So clear and impressive were his upright simple lessons on the perfect integrity of thought, word, and deed, necessary to all who would experience peace of mind, and even worldly prosperity in this life, in addition to bright and glorious hopes they inspired of a future existence, that, young as I was when he died, to them I mainly owe the character for strict honesty, and thorough conscientiousness in the fulfilment of my duties that has shielded me from temptations of every description during half a century. But it is my career as regards money affairs that I mean chiefly to chronicle; because, in spite of many recent improvements in this respect, working men as a body are still lamentably deficient in foresight, thrift, and the knowledge of what small sums amount to when zealously laid by. At eight years old, my mother made over to me the contents of her rag-bag, telling me, that any surplus which might remain after exchanging its contents for the pins and needles required by her for family consumption would be at my own disposal. As she was ever scrupulously saving of the smallest scrap of linen, calico, muslin, or wool, and my father's occupation of course furnished a constant supply of odds and ends of cloth, I soon found that it would be worth my while to add to the store in all possible ways. Our grocer's wife, who was at once too careless and too proud to care for such trifling barter for herself, good-naturedly put by and gave me many handfuls of pieces, and I never walked through the town without heedfully picking up any stray scraps that could be pressed into the service. From other sources I also acquired similar information, and very proud I felt the first day I received from the dealer in rags who supplied the paper manufactories two-pence for myself besides the articles handed by my mother. That same evening, my father gave me a small ruled account book and made me enter my two-pence, and my kind mammy rummaged out of an old drawer for me a wooden box with a lock and a real key and a slit, in which she said I might keep my property. Oh how proud I felt! A year later, my mother whose cares increased as my brothers grew up into young men, and continued to board and lodge at home, made over to me the charge of collecting our potato wash for a neighbour's pigs, which was done once a week, and for which I regularly received from him a penny—gleefully entered, as you will easily imagine, every Friday evening, into my little red account book; so on my tenth birthday, no less a sum was placed to my credit than seven shillings, derived as follows:—

	s.	d.
Disposal of pig's wash for one year . . .	4	2
Disposal of rags, &c. for two years . . .	2	10
	7	0

CHAPTER II.

It must not be inferred from the former part of my narrative, that my excellent mother neglected charity because she managed her household so economically. On the contrary, she was much loved by the poor for her innumerable acts of thoughtful kindness towards them, and on Sunday, I well remember three old women who received regularly for many years a liberal supply of nourishing soup, in which the neck of mutton which graced our Sabbath meal had been previously boiled. Another person too, and a most welcome guest, always partook of our Sunday's dinner,—this was Jonas Appleby, my mother's only brother, to whom my father generously allowed the free use of a garret which he might otherwise have let off for eighteen-pence a week. My poor crippled uncle! I have good reason to remember his thin grey hairs, clear kindly eyes, and cordial affectionate voice, with deep reverence and gratitude. He never quitted the house, being too feeble to walk many steps, but he contrived by the aid of crutches to go up and down stairs occasionally, whenever he could be persuaded to take a seat by our hearth, but this was not often. He gratefully and cheerfully accepted the shelter so kindly afforded him under the roof of his brother-in-law, but with the exception of joining the before-mentioned Sunday dinner, and partaking of a refreshing cup of tea on Christmas-day, Good Friday, and my parents' wedding-day, nothing would induce him to trespass further, as he called it, on their hospitality. I was very fond of stealing up to his scantily, neatly furnished garret, when he would either continue the sea-songs, wherewith he liked to enliven his solitude, as he possessed a really fine voice, of which he was a little bit proud, or would relate long entertaining, stories of his youthful adventures when he had been a sailor. To these I listened with greedy ear; but the witnessing his unfailing cheerfulness under extreme poverty did me still more essential service, and his living so contentedly and respectably on such very limited resources still seems to me, as it did then, a romance in real life. It is true that his crippled fingers enabled him to earn a trifle by cutting pegs for clothes lines and corks for the chemists, but I know these sources of emolument did not bring in on an average a shilling a week, and all he possessed besides in the way of income was an annuity of £3 per annum, which furnished him as he often explained to me, with two-pence a-day to live on. His food used to cost him three-half-pence daily, composed solely of oatmeal, a little bread, and a few pot-herbs; and the remaining half-penny, together with what he got by his occupation and the having no dinner to provide for on Sundays, procured him clothing and fuel. I have said he was proud of his fine voice, but he had one other peculiar taste, which showed itself in a singular attachment he formed for a certain pair of grey stockings, which had lasted him for twenty years and which he mended himself, and frequently exhibited his workmanship with infinite triumph to any chance visitor. Nobody indeed could please him better than by saying "Well, Jonas, how do the grey stockings get on?" but my reason for alluding to them

so particularly will be seen hereafter. On the day on which I attained the age of thirteen years, I was surprised to see the old man bobbling down to our kitchen, for it was a week-day; and at the same moment my mother placed on the table an unusually large pudding well stuffed with currants, saying to me with a smile, "There, Philip my lad, it's thy birth-day, and as I thought thee'd like a bit of a treat, I've made thee a whispering pudding, and here's Uncle Jonas coming to do thee honour as well." Be it known to the rich reader, that a hooting pudding signifies one made with such a scant supply of currants as to require shouting to reach each other, while the whispering luxuries speak of the abundance which permits a genteeler and sweeter mode of communication. When this said dinner, to me a memorable one on many accounts, was over, my father bade me put on my hat, and casting a significant look at my mother, he went out and I followed him down the High-street until he stopped at the door of the penny savings' bank. "Now, lad," said he "here's thy treasure," and he drew out the fifteen shillings I had by that time accumulated, "and here's five more from thy father, as a free gift, and thou shalt put it all into the bank to-day, and by-and-by it will get interest," and before I had time to thank him, he had walked into the bank, and in a few moments I received an official-looking account book containing a technical statement that £1 was placed to my credit. It will be rightly supposed that I felt very happy, yet, as we returned home, I was for the first time made uneasy respecting the future by my father's deep hollow cough, and I noticed how the perspiration stood on his brow when we sat down to our evening tea. I can fancy I still hear his fervent blessing upon myself pronounced with tremulous earnestness of voice as he that night concluded an emphatic prayer for his youngest son, that he might be rightly guided to grow up a good man Alas, it was the last time that warm gentle heart was permitted to pray for the beloved wife and children who were too soon to be left desolate! The following morning, at daybreak, my mother's cry of anguish brought me hastily to his bedside, there to see the worn, thin features of my dear, dear father reposing in the serene placid beauty of death. And oh, how soon was this first bitter blow succeeded by a second of equal severity!—I cannot dwell in detail upon the melancholy scenes that I then went through, nor speak of the terrible loneliness of soul which fell upon me when, three weeks after our first great loss, I was destined to follow the remains of my broken-hearted mother when they were laid in the same grave. Sweet mother! sweet mother! do you still think of the little boy whom you left to weep unconsoled over his double bereavement? I had some comfort, it is true, from my ever-kind old uncle, but *he* could never allude to the past without weeping, and it had become necessary for both him and me to seek some other home than the one so doubly endeared by long intercourse with the best of parents. My brothers were kind-hearted young men, who expressed themselves willing to join in paying for my schooling for two years longer; but they had themselves now rising families to support, and their means did not admit of their doing more. So the matter ended in Uncle Jonas going to live at the Alms-Houses, which he rightly said, he looked upon to be no disgrace, since his only near relatives were dead, and considering his own helpless condition; and it was settled that I should for some time to come reside in the family of my father's sister, who lived nearly eight miles off, at the market-town of Goring, and who was understood to be well-to-do in the world. With a bleeding heart I set off for my new abode, and it was on the way there I first met with Mary Fielding; but of her I must speak in another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

I HAD trudged along the road to Goring for about two miles, on a mild spring morning, and the beauty of the country had insensibly distracted my grief, so that the choking sobs caused by parting from Uncle Jonas had well nigh ceased, when I came up to a pleasing-looking young girl, who seemed to be taking leave of one still younger, and who was indeed a mere child. The little one was crying piteously, beseeching her sister not to leave her; and, attracted towards them by sympathy in a sorrow so nearly resembling my own, I suppose I regarded them with unusual wistfulness, for the eldest, after a moment's hesitation, asked me where I was going. There was something in the cordial gentleness of her voice that led me to reply rather fully to her question, and, in return, she told me something of her sister's history. It appeared they were orphans, and the eldest had obtained a situation as laundry-maid, at Southampton, a year previously, during which time her sister Amy had been in the workhouse; but the overseers, thinking her old enough now to earn her own living, had engaged her to attend upon the housekeeper at Mr. Melville, a gentleman who lived close to Goring. Amy was now going to her new place, and as Sarah, the eldest girl, was reluctantly obliged to return to her own duties, she asked if I would take care of her sister until she reached our joint destination. To this I willingly agreed, though not a little perplexed as to how I should talk to so juvenile a specimen of the female sex, never having enjoyed the happiness of a sister's companionship, or been acquainted with any girls in the neighbourhood. I felt very shy, and should probably have walked by the child in total silence, had not the clasp of her little hand, which she confidingly placed in mine, and her repeated bursts of tears, which seemed to appeal to my protection, somewhat reassured me. We soon got on very well, and I was surprised to hear her make so many remarks that reminded me of my mother; and the experience of this walk to Goring first made me aware how entirely the very nature of men and women differ, and yet now necessary they are to each other. Besides, it was a very pleasant and novel sensation that the taking charge of Amy Fielding produced in me; and when, before we parted, she asked my advice touching many little points, I was almost too agreeably bewildered to reply. So it came to pass that we were mutually sorry when it was time to separate; and, having accompanied her to Mr. Melville's back-door, and delivered in the small box of clothing, I said 'good bye,' with mingled pain and pleasure. She seemed so slight and tender, to be thus entering on the wide world to fight her way unassisted; yet the consciousness that she had liked, and had expressed a wish to see me again, pleased me much, and, by giving me the feeling that I had something to live for, comforted me for the first time since my mother's death.

I was good-naturedly welcomed by my uncle and aunt; though I quickly became aware that they were superficial, indolent people, who preferred remaining in an atmosphere of sluttishness, whilst enjoying an income which would have enabled many to live quite respectably. Ready money was almost an unknown commodity; the family's wages, which averaged, including those of all its members, from £3 to £4 a week, were invariably long forestalled; nor was this any wonder, when their luxurious mode of living was taken into account. Early lamb and green peas, porter and oysters, lobster salad and veal cutlets, were articles freely indulged in; and I was often compelled to wear thread-bare clothing, which occasioned me many severe coughs, because a few shillings could not be spared for my use. Not that I was in this respect treated unlike my cousins, for we all fared alike; and, when cash was for the moment plentiful, my aunt would frequently treat us all round to some expensive piece of dress, the cost of which, if properly expended, would have clothed one in comfort. There were two circumstances to be advanced in excuse for the family's bad management: one arising from the most vicious practice of my uncle's employer, who always paid his men's wages in a public house, thus offering a premium upon irregular expenditure, and throwing the men into the very jaws of temptation. The other excuse also originated with him, and was owing to his habit of only paying his workmen once a month. This last custom almost invariably leads to bad consequences; for the feeling that a large sum will be due in a few weeks that will pay for a great deal, occasions men who do not study the subject minutely, to run into extravagance, besides leading them into debt for every-day necessaries, which it is out of their power to settle for weekly. My brothers had placed me at a good grammar-school, where I made rapid progress; though twelve months passed quickly away, without my either ever meeting with Mary Fielding, or adding a penny to my savings; but an incident about this time occurred that again awakened my attention to the latter subject. My aunt some time previously had, it seems, made, according to usual careless practice, a verbal agreement with her landlord to pay 6d. a week of additional rate, on condition of his taking on himself all charges for rates and taxes. The rent having been punctually paid at the increased rate, my poor aunt was

one morning greatly astonished to receive a demand for nearly £2, said to be due for rates and taxes. She was directed to her landlord; but unfortunately there had been no witness to the agreement, and Mr. Giles, not being an honourable man, he declared she must pay the demand, for he would have nothing at all to do with the matter, and so fairly drove her out of the house. Vexed as she was, my aunt, with inconceivable carelessness, resolved to take no further notice, and went on with her festive preparations for the approaching marriage of her eldest daughter, Jemima. Within a week of the wedding day, just three weeks after the receipt of the peremptory missive from a lawyer, to give up the premises, the money was paid before noon next day, and the sum was to be put into the house immediately. It added three weeks to the monthly time of paying her husband's wages, and my aunt was in despair, while Jemima and Maria, both dressy, vain girls, were dreadfully put out of temper at the idea of any interruption to the marriage gaieties. It was truly a matter of some difficulty, since in order to make a great display, my aunt had drawn upon her credit in all directions to an extent which precluded any hope of further advances. She very unwillingly went so far as to dispose of several inferior articles of clothing and some tawdry kinds of ornaments, which raised one sovereign of the required sum; and then, overpowered by so unusual a crisis, she sat down on the settle, declared the wedding must be put off, and began to weep. I had received much kindness from her and my uncle, and being also grieved at the idea of an execution, an evil thing of which I had never before heard, I could not remain an unmoved spectator of her distress, and so I told her of my pound in the savings' bank, and offered to run over to Southampton to get the money. At first she hardly seemed to comprehend my meaning, but when she did take it in, she expressed herself so warmly that I was glad I had made the offer. It was agreed I should go at once and stop the night, if practicable, with Uncle Jonas, and get back in time to pay the money in before twelve o'clock. I hurried off immediately, to be in time to reach the bank before it closed, and as the clerk counted out the pound of silver in the waning twilight, he said, "Here, Master Philip, is your money, and I'm sorry to part with it; somehow I thought your father's son would have left it a bit longer, and maybe have added to it before this time." These words occasioned me a bitter pang; but, satisfied with my motives for drawing out my little store, the feeling had well nigh disappeared before I got to the almshouse. My heart leaved with thoughts of the happy peaceful past as I caught sight of my dear old uncle, whose white, nicely-kept hair shone in the sunset's last rays, as his head was bent over the open Bible before him. "Uncle," I said: and he looked up with such an expression of unabated affection and tender interest, that I felt as if I must have returned to the sweet home of my childhood. How greatly I enjoyed pouring out my whole heart to him, while his fingers, as usual, were busily employed in his cork-cutting, and in hearing him say he was happy in his new abode! But my conscience smote me when, at the end of my narrative, he said,—"Well, lad, and what's come to thy hands, that thou hast done nothing with them all these twelve months? How long dost expect to be supported by thy uncle, and who's to fit thee out when thou goes into business or begins service?" His rebuke came at the right time, for I felt, as he spoke, that I was becoming infected by the indolent, shiftless atmosphere in which I lived, nor did I leave until he had helped me to trace out a new and more active course of life. It was against rules for me to stop the night at the almshouse, but the good-natured wife of our former grocer gave me a bed, and early the following morning I returned to Portsea. The money was paid, and my uncle, who had hitherto looked upon me as an obliging sort of milksop, as he termed it, told me I was a fine lad. I was warmly pressed to join in the wedding revels, but they were not at all to my taste; and when the noisy dinner was over, I went off on a solitary ramble, across a wild common which adjoined some beautiful park scenery. Whilst thinking of what I would first undertake by which I would earn some money, for I did not feel half the man I was before I had drawn out my last penny, I inadvertently set my foot on a weak part of a slight wooden bridge across a mill-stream, and was precipitated into the water. Luckily I was not hurt, and had scrambled on to the left-hand bank, and was wringing out my dripping jacket, when a sweet, young voice close to me exclaimed,—"Oh, Philip Andrews, is that you? How sorry I am! Do come into the house and dry your clothes properly." There beside me stood the [illegible] pretty figure of Mary Fielding.

[To

DEATH AT SUNSET.

BY G. C. COFFIN.

THE golden dust of autumn is falling on the field,
And the red moon of October spreads out its ruddy shield.
The russet and the yellow are on the distant wood,
And all the lovely flowers that "in their beauty stood,"
The lily and the violet, the white rose and the red,
Have with the summer faded, and all their perfume shed
The golden-yellow corn-ears are ripened for the store,
And purple grapes are hanging on the trellis by the door.
The apples in the orchard are shaken to the ground,
While o'er the distant wood-land the hunter calls his hound
The ripened nuts are falling, and the squirrels in their play
Climb to the rustling tree-tops and chatter with the jay
The young men and the maidens, when the nights are calm and still,
And the cricket 'neath the hearthstone is chirping loud and shrill,
To the farmer's cottage gather where the cheerful fire light falls
Upon the oaken rafters, and on the whitened walls.
But hushed is all their gladness, when they think of one alone
Within her chamber fading, who alas! will soon be gone
They know that she will never go to the fields again
And see the sturdy reapers cut down the golden grain
For they say the reaper, with an hour glass in his hand,
And he holds the keenest sickle as he walk'th o'er the land,
And soon he will be coming across the withered wold,
And MARY will be resting beneath the heavy mould!

The mellow sunset falleth on the up-land and the plain,
O'er the valley and the forest, and the cottage window-pane.
The reapers from their labours are coming down the glade,
And the stars begin to twinkle within the gathering shade
Hushed are all the echoes of the thresher's heavy flail,
The loud call of the hunter, and the whirring of the quail.
The children's joyous laughter is silent on the hill,
And the berries are forgotten that grow beside the rill
For they have ceased their playing, and round the cottage door,
With trembling voices whisper that "MARY is no more!"
She died so very gently, and did not wish to stay,
For the flowers would be but fairer in a garden far away
She said, 'twas heavenly music, as we listened to the swell,
While the sexton, slowly tolling, swung the heavy old church-bell. *
Then the bright moon of the harvest rose from out the distant sea
And we heard her gently saying, "'Tis the harvest moon for me!"
Her lover stood beside her, and his scalding tears would start,
But she said that there was healing for every broken heart:
And when the death-dew gathered upon her golden hair,
We listened to the pleadings of LIFE'S last earnest prayer

"Must the baptism be sprinkled
Ere the brow is wrinkled?
Must the wine be wasted
Ere it hath been tasted?
Can the flowers that I cherish
Blossom ere they perish?
Oh cheer the broken-hearted,
Who weeps for the departed!
And let the love-light burn,
Though shattered be the urn,
Till the tree that THOU hast riven
Shall bloom again in heaven!"

Then the spirit faltered, and fluttered in her breast;
As a dove that far has wandered returneth to its rest.
It was the last sad struggle of the spirit with its GOD,
To bow without a murmur to the chastening of the rod.
And then we heard her saying, as slowly ebbed the tide,
That angels now were staying upon the other side.
We saw the SOUL was passing across the narrow bay,
And heard her gently whisper as it soared from earth away,
"By my grave while thou art kneeling, let no tears unbidden start;
For the SAVIOUR now is healing all the sorrows of my heart.
To my soul are angels calling, from the realms of the blest;
While the sunset shades are falling, now GOD [illegible] let me rest!"

* There is still a custom in some rural places to toll the church bell when the spirit is taking its departure.

THE EDITOR'S T

AUTOGRAPHS FOR FREEDOM.—Small 8vo., in paper boards, 1s. London: Low and Co., and J. [illegible], Ludgate-hill.

In the latter part of 1852, the "Rochester Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society," in the United States, determined to collect a number of testimonies against slavery. For that purpose they wrote to various well-known friends of the slave in America and England, requesting their autographs, and such other matter for publication as should assist in the great work the society had in view. The present volume, which is published simultaneously in this country and America, is the result of that appeal. Here we have, from upwards of thirty persons eminent in literature, science, art, and politics, testimonials in prose and verse in favour of freedom. To each article is attached a *fac-simile* of the signature of the writer, hence the title of the volume. "Few better evidences," says the preface to the English edition, "of the deep interest which most of the leading minds of America take in the question of slavery can be afforded than are contained in this book;" and when we look through its pages, and meet with the names of Mrs. Stowe, the Earl of Carlisle, Horace Mann, Frederick Douglass, the poet Whittier, Joseph Sturge, and the Bishop of Oxford, son of the immortal Wilberforce—we are both delighted and cheered; delighted to find so many of the "eminent people" of the world interesting themselves in behalf of the poor negro, and cheered by the hope, strengthened in so many ways of late, that the days of domestic slavery in the United States are numbered. The people of America are our brethren. Speaking the same language, united by the same faith, holding the same traditions, carrying on the same commercial system, and sympathising each with each in the politics, religion, and nationalities of a common origin, there should be no diversity of opinion upon any really great and material topic. The "peculiar institution" of the United States is one of those great subjects on which all men should be agreed, for it is not right, or moral, or religious, or even politic, for man to hold his fellow-man in the bondage of slavery. The more, then, that such books as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Autographs for Freedom" are circulated among the people—the more light there is thrown on this dark spot in the American character, and the more likely are the efforts of the good and philanthropic to succeed quickly;—as succeed eventually they must. We all know—to quote again from the preface to the English edition—the vast moral power which England possesses in the United States; and we may readily conjecture how comforting it must be for those who are battling for the rights of a downtrodden race,—in the face of a hostile senate, a hostile press, a hostile aristocracy of slave-holders—to hear a cheer of encouragement from those across the water who feel that the position of the Anglo-Saxon race in the future of the world depends upon the respect it now shows for the sacred rights and the inherent nobility of humanity. The contents of this remarkable book may be thus briefly epitomised:—

> Caste and Christ, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe—The Two Altars, by Mrs H B Stowe—The Slave's Prayer, by Miss C. E. Beecher (sister to Mrs. H. B. Stowe)—Letter from the Earl of Carlisle to Mrs H B Stowe—Mommia Charlotte, by Mrs. C. M. [illegible], by the Hon. Horace Mann—Slavery and Polygamy, by R H [illegible]—The Way, by John G. Whittier—The Slave and [illegible], by Miss Sedgwick—Hide the Outcasts, by Rev. Wm. Goodell—Can slaves rightfully Resist and Fight? by Rev. G. W. Perkins—Death in Life, by Ebenezer Burton—True Reform, by Mrs C. W. H Dall—How Long? by J. M. Whitfield—Impromptu Stanzas, by J. M. Ecles—John Murray of Glasgow, by James M'Cune Smith — Power of American Example, by Lewis Tappan—The Gospel as a Remedy for Slavery, by Lewis Tappan—The Struggle, by the Hon. Charles Sumner—Work and Wait, by Horace Greeley—The Great Emancipation, by Gerrit Smith—Ode, by Rev. John Pierpont—Passages in the Life of a Slave Woman, by Annie Parker—Story Telling, by Annie Parker—Be up and Doing, by Hon. Wm. H. Seward—The Man-Owner, by Rev E Buckingham—Damascus in 1851, by Rev. F. W Holland—Religious, Moral, and Political Duties, by Landley Murray Moore—Why Slavery is in the Constitution, by James G. Birney—Outline of Man, by Rev. R. R. Raymond—The Heroic Slave Woman, by the Rev. S. J. May—Kossuth, by John Thomas—The Heroic Slave, by Frederick Douglass—A Plea for Free Speech, by Prof. J. H. Raymond—Plagida, by Prof. W. [illegible]den. Also, Letters from the Bishop of Oxford, Josiah Stur[illegible]Wilson Armistead, and the Rev. G. C. Finney.

With these few remarks we recommend the book to the attention of our friends, feeling confident that every reader of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will hail its appearance as a necessary and almost indispensable companion to that remarkable work.

ATHEISM CONSIDERED THEOLOGICALLY AND POLITICALLY.—By Dr. Lyman Beecher, with an Introduction by John Cassell. Cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

That there exists among the working classes a vast amount of practical atheism, is a fact as difficult of denial as of remedy. Serious efforts have been made from time to time to stem the torrent, and good men have endeavoured with all their energy and with all their influence to lead the uneducated, into the right path, with what effect we [illegible] know. It is the shame and reproach of our time that, with so many organisations for religious and moral teaching, so many [illegible] presses in full and active operation, so many philanthropists of the pen and the purse in daily communication with the masses, there should co-exist such an amazing, and apparently irremediable, amount of evil in our midst. We hail, therefore, the appearance of this book as a work remarkably well fitted to act as a kind of antidote to this wide-spread moral sickness. The lectures were delivered in the United States by Dr. Beecher, the father of Mrs. Stowe; and the present edition has the advantage of the experience of its publisher, who is perhaps as well acquainted with the condition, feelings, and habits of the working classes as any man in England. The publication of this Volume could not possibly have been better timed, and we have little doubt a large circulation will be ensured.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ALTAR OF THE HOUSEHOLD: a Series of Services for Domestic Worship for every Morning and Evening in the Year; Select Portions of Holy Writ, and Prayers and Thanksgivings for Particular Occasions: with an Address to Heads of Families. Edited by the Rev. John Harris, D.D., Principal of New College, St. John's Wood; Author of "The Great Teacher;" "Mammon;" "Pre-Adamite Earth," &c. &c., assisted by Eminent Contributors. The following are among the Ministers engaged in the preparation of THE ALTAR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—The Rev. J. Sherman, the Rev. W. Urwick, D.D., the Rev. W H. Bunting, M.A., the Rev. R. Ferguson, LL.D., the Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D., the Rev. Professor Lorimer, the Rev. Newman Hall, B.A., the Rev. B. S Hollis, the Rev. W. Chalmers, A.M., the Rev. J. Bremont, M.D., the Rev. Samuel Martin, the Rev. William Brock, the Rev. John Kennedy, A.M, the Rev. William Leask, the Rev. Charles Williams, the Rev. W. W Ewbank, A.M., the Rev. J. Stoughton, the Rev. W. Ball, the Rev. George Smith, &c. &c. The Work will be completed in Twelve Parts, one to appear on the first day of each successive month; the whole forming One Handsome Volume, with Frontispiece engraved on steel by a first-rate Artist. Parts I. and II are now ready, price 1s. each

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The PATHWAY, a Religious Magazine, price 2d. each Number, enclosed in a neat wrapper. The Fourth Volume has just commenced.—Vols I. and II., price 2s. 3d. each, Vol. III., price 2s. 9d, neatly bound, are now ready.

NEW "OLD JOES."

A FAIR EXCHANGE.—The mistress of a dame school, speaking of her pupils, honestly declared, "It is but little they pays me, and it is but little I teaches them."

THE word net-work is thus defined in Johnson's dictionary, "Anything reticulated, or decussated, with interstices at distances between the intersections."

THE following sign on Western Row, Cincinnati, bears the impress of originality:—"Kaka, Krackers, Kandies, Konfekshunnarys, Holesale and Retaile."

KNOWLEDGE may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring

THE note-book of a reporter gives the following definition, on the authority of an Irish cook:—"A rasl gintleman is one that never earned a ha'porth for himself or any one belonging to him."

"WHY, Jack, I thought as how they'd done away with the *cat* in the navy?" "Well so they have, old Salt." "Not they; I found one in a canister of preserved provisions only the day before yesterday!"

A SENSIBLE ANSWER.—At a recent examination of girls in Cheshire for the rite of confirmation, in answer to the question, "What is the outward and visible sign and form in baptism?" the reply was, "The baby, sir."

APRIL is derived from Aprilis, of Aperio I open, because the earth in this month begins to open her bosom for the production of vegetables The Saxons called this month oster-monat, from the goddess Oester or because the winds were found to blow generally from the east in this month.

OLD MAIDS AND BACHELORS — The North Frisians are very unmerciful to people who don't marry. One of their legends says that, after death, old maids are doomed to cut stars out of the sun when it has sunk below the horizon, and the ghosts of the old bachelors must blow them up in the east, running like lamplighters all night up and down a ladder.

THE LATEST CASE OF MONOMANIA.—A very "fast" young gentleman, who fancied himself a pendulum, and always went upon *tick*, went on so long that he never discovered his delusion until he found a *turnkey*, by whom he was carefully wound up in the Queen's Bench.

TWO Irishmen in crossing a field came in contact with a donkey who was making the "day hideous" with his unearthly braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment, but turning to Pat, who seemed as much enraptured with the song as himself, remarked, "It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, Pat, but sure he's got an awful cowld"

THE barbers in towns in China go about ringing bells to get customers. They carry with them a stool, a basin, a towel, and a pot containing fire. When any person calls them they run to him, and planting their stool in a convenient place in the street, shave the head, clean the ears, dress the eye-brows and brush the shoulders, all for the value of a farthing.

BULL AND NO BULL.—"I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster Bridge the other day, and I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' said I, 'how are you?'—'Pretty well,' said he, 'I thank you, Donnelly.' —'Donnelly!' said I, 'that is not my name.' —'Faith, no more is mine Hewins,' said he. So we looked at each other again, and sure it turned out to be neither of us,—and so where's the bull in *that* now?"

A LADY passing through New Hampshire, observed the following notice on a board—"Horses taken in to grass Long tails three shillings and sixpence, short tails two shillings." The lady asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of price. He answered—"You see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short tails are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all."

STAYS were invented in the thirteenth century by a brutal butcher, as a punishment to his wife, who was very loquacious, and finding nothing would cure her, he put a pair of stays on her in order to take away her breath, and so to prevent her, as he thought, talking. This cruel punishment was inflicted by other husbands, till there was scarcely a wife in London who was not condemned to wear stays. So universal did the punishment become at last that the ladies, in their defence, made a fashion of it, and so it continues to the present day.

LIFE is a field of blackberrry bushes Mean people squat down and pick the fruit, no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and perpendicular, strides fiercely on, and gets nothing but scratches.

SYDNEY SMITH said there were three things which every man fancied he could do —farm a small property, drive a gig, and write an article for a review.

"PA, how many legs has a ship?" "A ship has no legs, my child." "Why, pa, the paper says that she draws twenty *feet*, and that she *runs* before the wind."

A YANKEE editor says, "much attention is paid to the rearing of poultry in the west, and their method of hatching chickens is far superior to the Egyptian mode, in ovens. It is simply to fill a barrel with eggs, head it up, and sit a hen upon the bung."

"DID you ever see a race, Bobby?" "Yes, I have seen the candles run?"

SMART BOY.—"What is the feminine of hero?" asked a pedagogue of a young hopeful. "*Shero*" was the prompt answer, which took the dominie all aback.

"MARM, may I go a fishing?" Yes, sonney, but don't go near the water; and recollect if you are drowned I shall skin you as sure as you are alive!"

"MR. JENKINS, as you always come in late, have you any objection to this gentleman occupying your bed until the stage goes out?" "Not in the least. I will be infinitely obliged to you if you will put him there, so that the bed-bugs can have their supper before I come."

POSITIVE AND COMPARATIVE.—The man who is attentive to the ladies is a beau—but when they don't like him he is a bore.

AMERICAN TOAST.—"The ladies, the only endurable aristocracy, who rule without laws, judge withoutjury, decide without appeal, and are never in the wrong."

THE Roman censors frequently imposed fines upon unmarried men, and men of full age were obliged to marry. The Spartan women, at certain games, laid hold of old bachelors, dragged them around their altars, and inflicted on them various marks of infamy and disgrace. After twenty-five years of age a tax was laid upon bachelors in England—£2 10s. for a duke, and for a common person, 1s. (7 Wm. 3, 1695). Bachelors were subject to a double tax on their male and female servants in 1785.

A CLOSE RUB.—"See there!" exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to a gaping crowd, as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet-hole in it. "Look at that hole, will you. You see that if it had been a low-crowned hat, I should have been killed outright!"

SETTLING A DIFFERENCE.—What was the difference between Noah's ark and Joan of Arc?—One was made of wood and the other was *maid* of Orleans.

A FRENCHMAN got exceedingly angry with a waiter at an hotel. "You rascal," exclaimed he, "I'll blow your nose for you."

THE less wit a man has the less he knows he wants it.—It is only hatred, not love, that requires explanation. — Age is surrounded by a cold mist in which the flames of hope will hardly burn.

QUERE.—Some odd genius has fixed up the following item:—"Two gentlemen each have a daughter; each marries the daughter of the other, if children arise from the union, on both sides, what relation would they be to each other?"

A SMART LAD.—A boy from the country was recently taken into a gentleman's family. One evening, after having been called up to the drawing-room, he came down into the kitchen, laughing immoderately. "What's the matter?" cried the cook. "Why, dang it!" said he, "there are twelve on 'em up there, who couldn't snuff the candle, and they had to ring for me to do it!"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. DARGIN.—The word "arithmetic" is from the Greek *arithmeo*, to reckon. The first work on arithmetic printed in England, is that by Cuthbert Tunstal; it is entitled, *De Arte Supputandi, libri quatuor*, and was published in 1522, at which period Tunstal was bishop of London; he was afterwards translated to the see of Durham.

AN ALMANAC READER.—The "change of style" was effected in Italy and other Catholic countries, in October, 1582, by calling the day after the fourth of that month the 15th; it was effected in England in September, 1752, by calling the day after the second of that month, the 14th.

H. D. A.—You have run a great risk, the penalty for giving an unstamped receipt is £10, if the sum for which it is given be less than £100. For threepence you might have avoided this risk.

A YOUNG MECHANIC.—There is "a well-established savings' bank" at a short distance from your residence; namely, in Goldsmith's-place, Hackney-road.

M'GOW.—You may be almost certain of employment at Sydney or Hobart Town, as many young men, qualified for general business, as you say you are, have left good situations to go "off to the diggings," and are not likely to return to steady business occupations.

M. M. A.—The name "Tariff," a cartel of commerce, is derived from the town *Tarifa*, at the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar, and the most southern point in Europe. Tarifa was the last stronghold which the Moors disputed with the Christians, and is still within three leagues of the empire of Morocco. When the Moors held possession of both the pillars of Hercules, it was here that they levied contributions for vessels entering the Mediterranean; hence the generic name.

R. C.—We know no reason for "the preference given to the Hollybush at Christmas," except that it is one of the most gay and lively shrubs that can be procured at that season, for the same reason the Laurestinus, Laurel, and Bay also are selected.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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MANNERS IN THE EAST.

No theme so inexhaustible as the East. Romance, mystery, strangeness, wonder, and dim lights surround. In spite of all that Mr Albert Smith, and other travellers of the "fast" school, have said and written to the contrary, Egypt is to us as it was to our forefathers, a dreamy land,—only that we are a little, just a little, more wide-a-wake than they were. Still every traveller who enters those eternal cities of the dead and buried past—those apparently boundless deserts of historical association, those strange, busy streets, those gay, fantastic, crowded bazaars — cannot but feel that he is in presence of objects new and wonderful. Cairo, Damascus, Thebes, the pyramids and the tombs, are visited in turns, each sight but impressing the visitor the more strongly But most of all the manners of the people So unlike those of Europe and yet so human and so natural, and so very interesting to the shrewd observer.

An incident in the travels of Mr. Bartlett,* will illustrate our meaning. The adventure is extremely characteristic of oriental manners —

"The inhabitants of Damascus have always enjoyed the distinction, so honourable to the more orthodox Moslem, of being, after those of Mecca, the most special haters of the Giaour; and this pious and proper aversion has been increased and kept alive by the annual passage of the great Mecca caravan. Everybody knows the Turkish proverb —'If thy neighbour has been once to Mecca, have a care of him; if twice, deal not with him; but if three times, avoid him as thou wouldst the plague of Allah" The native Christian inhabitants were always under the harrow, and but one single and obscure European agent had ever been able hitherto to naturalise himself. The visits of travellers, although made in the most rigorous oriental garb, were always attended with risk. * * * Even so late as the time of Lamartine, 'the Frank Emir,' with his imposing *cortège*, the same precautions were needful, and thus it may be supposed that it was not without some twingeing apprehensions that I prepared to make my solitary entry in the obnoxious European costume. My visit however 'had fallen' on good and not on 'evil times,' upon an era of change indeed remarkable and momentous,—not only for its immediate but for its far stretching consequences, and distinguished for the first insertion into the old Mussulman fabric of the wedge of European civilisation. * * * The day after my arrival we visited the city. As our horses clattered through the



INTERIOR OF AN EASTERN BAZAAR.

*The Nile Boat; or Glimpses of the Land of Egypt.

narrow streets, the crowd suddenly made way for us, and curses, not loud, but deep, were no doubt muttered in the choicest Arabic Many a filthy dervish, pale with suppressed hate, looked daggers as we passed him by While such was the sullen fanaticism of the populace, only restrained by the arms of Ibrahim, another spirit was gaining ground among certain of the higher classes The notorious indifference of the pasha himself to the Moslem institutes, and the liberalism of his European officers, which had infected also the native ones, began to influence certain of the Mussulman aristocracy; and, as extremes commonly meet, while the populace were ready to tear to pieces the Giaours who dared to insult their streets in the odious hat and European dress, some of the higher illuminati took a secret pleasure in showing their emancipation from the prejudices of their forefathers Of this class, principally, were the visitors to the consul's house. I was on one occasion engaged in drawing the costume of a native female servant, when a man of some distinction entered, a Moollah of high descent, claiming as his ancestor no less a personage than the father of Ayesha, the favourite wife of the Prophet himself. His demeanour was exceedingly grave and dignified, and, as I afterwards remarked, he was saluted in the streets with singular respect. His amusement was extremely great as he saw the girl's figure rapidly transferred to paper, he smiled from time to time, as if occupied with some pleasant idea, of which at length he delivered himself, expressing his wish, to our infinite surprise, that I should come to his house in company with the consul, and take a drawing of his favourite wife. At the appointed hour we repaired to the old Moollah's abode. Externally, unlike the houses of Cairo, it presented nothing but a long dark wall upon the side of a narrow dusty lane, within, however, everything bore testimony to the wealth and luxury of its owner. The saloon into which we were ushered was spacious and splendid, marble-paved, with a bubbling fountain in the midst, and a roof supported on wooden beams highly enriched and gilt in the arabesque fashion. A large door, across which was slung a heavy leathern curtain which could be unclosed and shut at pleasure, similar to those adopted in Catholic churches in Italy, opened on the court, from which another communicated with the mysterious apartments of the harem We seated ourselves on the divan,—our host shortly entered, smiling at his own thoughts as before; he doffed his turban and pelisse, retaining only his red cap and silk jacket, he rubbed his hands continually, his eyes twinkled, and he seemed to abandon himself entirely to the merry humour of the moment. A few words had hardly passed, before the curtain was gently pushed aside, the lady, like a timid fawn, peeped in; then, closing the curtain, advanced a few steps into the room, watching the eye of her husband, who, without rising, half laughing, yet half commanding, beckoned her to a seat on the divan, while we, our hands on our bosoms in the oriental fashion, bent respectfully as she came forward and placed herself between the old Moollah and Mr. Farren. * * * While this was going forward, I observed that the curtain of the door was drawn aside by a white hand, but so gently as not at first to attract the attention of the Moollah (who sat with his back towards it), and a very lovely face, with all the excitement of trembling curiosity in its laughing black eyes, peered into the apartment, then another, and another, till some half dozen were looking over one another's shoulders, furtively glancing at the Giaours in the most earnest silence, and peeping edgeway at the old fellow, to see if they were noticed, but he either was or affected to be unconscious of their presence, while the consul and myself maintained the severest gravity of aspect. Emboldened by this impunity, and provoked by the ludicrous seriousness of our visages, they began to criticise the Giaours freely, tittering, whispering, and comparing notes so loudly that the noise attracted the attention of the old man, who turned round his head, when the curtain instantly popped to, and all again was silent. But ere long those lively children of a larger growth, impelled by irresistible curiosity, returned again to their station—their remarks were now hardly restrained within a whisper, and they chattered and laughed with a total defiance of decorum. The favourite bit her lips, and looked every inch a sultana at this intolerable presumption, whereupon the old man gravely rose and drove them back into the harem, as some old pedagogue would a bevy of noisy romps. Delivered from this interruption, the lady, at a sign from her liege lord, proceeded to assume the *pose* required for the drawing. She had assumed for this occasion her richest adornments, her oval head-dress was of mingled flowers and pearls, her long closely-fitting robe, open at the sleeves and way down the figure, was of striped silk, a splendid shawl wreathed gracefully around the loins, and a rich short jacket thrown over the rest of her attire, her feet were thrust into broidered slippers, but the elegance of her gait was impaired her walking on a sort of large ornamented pattens some inc from the ground. * * When I had finished, our host, wi smile of peculiar significance, directed her attention to a sm carved cupboard, or cabinet, ornamented with pearl, from wh she proceeded to draw forth—*mya'ahil* / /.'—a glass vessel c taining that particular liquor forbidden to the true believer, and, po ing it out into glasses, handed it to us all, then, at her husbar suggestion, helped herself, and, as we pledged one another, exhilaration of our pious Mussulman entertainer seemed to kn no bounds. At the loud clapping of hand, a female slave l entered with a large tray covered with the choicest delicacies Arab cookery—chopped meat rolled up in the leaves of vegetabl and other and more *recherché* dishes, of exquisite piquancy flavour, this was placed before us on a small stool, together w spoons for our especial use To complete our entertainment, were favoured with a specimen of the talents of an Almeh, singing woman, confounded by so many travellers with t Ghawazee, or dancing girls. In long low strains she began chant a lugubrious romance, probably some tale of hapless lo and woe, her monotonous cadences would have driven Hotsp mad, worse than —

> "To hear a brazen canstick turned,
> Or a dry wheel grate on an axle tree,"

but, as the story proceeded, the lady appeared to feel, the tears fill her eyes, and she exhibited every sign of the deepest emotion, different are the modes by which the same universal feelings m be affected."

CHARGING A SQUARE.—In speaking with a friend the other d about the late Colonel Dukin, he related a little anecdote which so characteristic of the man, that we cannot refrain from repea ing it, though we think something of the same kind was told by o of our correspondents during the Mexican war The colon commanded one of the six regiments of volunteers which wer raised in this state, after the battles of Palo Alto, and Re sac de la Palma, and which joined General Taylor's army speedily The colonel was an old disciplinarian, very strict and capable, and i a short time his regiment excited the admiration of even veteran regular officers, by the ease and precision with which it drille and manœuvered. One morning the regiment was drawn up and the men were standing at ease, after a variety of marches an charges and evolutions, when the colonel took it into his head t put them discipline to a stronger test The regiment was throw into a square to receive cavalry The commander rode off a fe hundred yards, and then wheeling his horse, came down sword i hand, at a fierce gallop, straight at his men He and his stee formed an imposing looking object, for he was a big man, and hi steed was a big horse, and neither appeared to fear the glittering and bristling array of bayonets against which they were rushing The men stood the charge very well until the horse and rider wer within a few feet, when they broke right and left in confusion, an opened a broad passage for the "cavalry" into their ranks O course the colonel was wroth, and the way the men and officer caught it, for a few moments, was by no means agreeable to their feelings. "You repel cavalry! Why, what would you have don if a thousand dragoons had charged on you as I did?" "Well, jus try us again, colonel, and see if we don't hurt your feelings," cried a number of the discomfited volunteers. The square was again formed, off rode the colonel; round he wheeled, and here he came again, at full speed, rushing straight at the bayonets, and looking as if he could crush them to powder under his charger's heels. The bayonets wavered not, though the horse came faster and faster and finally, with a terrible bound, sprang at the square The square stood the shock, and the next moment the horse was stretched on the ground, with a broken bayonet in his side, and his limbs quivering in the death agony, while the stout rider lay, with his foot and knee caught, and himself unable to rise Not a man moved —the square was silent, steady, and unbroken. In another instant the colonel was on his feet. He replaced his sword in the scabbard, looked gravely and coolly at the dead horse, and at the firm array of soldiers, and then said in his usual quaint way—"Very well done, boys, both the horse and the square did their duty Now you're ready for the lancers" The men cheered not a little.—*New York Herald*

THE OLD COACHMAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY MISS H M. RATHBONE.

(*Continued from page* 318.)

CHAPTER IV.

WERE I writing a novel, I suppose I should here present a sentimental picture of this my second meeting with Mary Fielding, but I have no time to do so, and will only stop to say that the little interview confirmed all my first favourable impressions respecting her. She had a natural refinement about her which was very pleasing, and her artless gratitude for the former slight service I had rendered her, made her display a degree of solicitude about my accident that deepened an interest that was henceforth destined never to fade away. Though still a child, it gave me a sharp sensation of pain to see her at last leave the Lodge, in company with a smartly dressed groom, belonging to Mr. Melville, and who had a peculiarly cunning expression, but I was myself too much a boy to dwell as long on the subject as I should have done a few years later; and having formed the valorous resolution that if ever I married Mary Fielding should be my wife, I also quitted the Lodge, determined to lay at once the substratum of my future fortunes. Uncle Jonas had made me feel thoroughly ashamed of my late idleness, and after various failures too tedious for narration, I obtained employment from the only toy-shop in Goring. It was a very poor one, and I soon experienced the full benefit of my parents having taught me the use of my fingers, for my performances were much liked and the business proved remunerative. I also earned a trifle occasionally by tailoring and shoe-mending for the farmers' families in the neighbourhood on the regular half-holidays of Wednesday and Saturday. Another source of profit before long opened to me. From my infancy upwards I had been very fond of drawing on slate or paper as occasion offered, but had always regarded it as merely idle recreation, but Uncle Jonas said people should never neglect anything for which they had a natural ability, as it would be sure to be useful to them some time or other, and thus encouraged I set to work. Every evening when I had written out my copy, done my sums, and learnt my other school lessons for the next day, I practised my drawing until I could imitate with tolerable freedom and accuracy, carving utensils, articles of my aunt's furniture and dress, and wild flowers which I brought from the common, whither I often wandered in hopes of seeing Mary, but she never came there. I next copied a fierce looking print of Mr. Canning which was framed and hung over the chimney-piece, and succeeded so well in this last undertaking that I boldly tried to draw portrait from life. Mr. Barnes, the master of the toy-shop, and who also kept stationery and managed a small circulating library, knew something of designing, and was good enough to help me considerably at this juncture. From him I learned how to lay on water-colours, and when I had practised my hand for several months by painting children's play carts, paper wind-mills, and little flags, I coloured about a dozen small pictures of my aunt and cousins, in various attitudes, and one market-day offered them for sale. They sold well and rapidly; but I lost so much time by being my own salesman, that I afterwards placed them in the toy shop, Mr. Barnes only stipulating that he should receive a very moderate commission. Thus actively engaged, a year passed quickly over, during which I had bought my own clothing and had by thirty shillings in the Penny Bank at Southampton,—so called, because it received deposits as low as a half-penny, and returned the money, if desired, without insisting on that previous fortnight's notice of withdrawal which prevents so many hundreds of working men from putting their money into the common savings' banks. As my brother could not afford to keep me any longer at the Grammar School, I had, on attaining the age of 16, to fix on some more permanent mode of maintaining myself, and as a preliminary step, I engaged to pay 2*s.* a week to my aunt for my nightly lodging and washing, agreeing to find myself in food, clothing, and all other expenses. I kept a good look-out for an opening either as servant in some gentleman's family or to assist in a shop, but months and months passed over without my hearing of one, and I often experienced great difficulty in making both ends meet, whilst a feeling of pride prevented my accepting the seat at their dinner-table which was freely offered by my uncle and cousins whenever they saw me looking thinner than usual. Once I thought of becoming an artist, but Uncle Jonas happily saved me from this folly, assuring me, I had far better be a good day-labourer than a bad artist, whilst, as he shrewdly remarked, I had neither the means or the ability to become a good one. I must have starved outright or gone to the workhouse, during the two succeeding years, but for his advice and my mother's excellent instructions; and often, after a day's hard work, and sustained by merely drinking a little meal dissolved in water, I still kept up in the evening the habit of reading, writing, and cyphering. Part of the time I got employment in making out half-yearly accounts for the upper sort of tradesmen, and occasionally in making shop-labels, and painting sign-posts; all of which showed me how right my father had been in saying that opportunities fell in every poor man's way, but that only he who could use his head and his hands to some purpose would be benefited by them. At the end of two years matters began to brighten, and I was again able to lay by a few shillings towards getting a decent suit of clothes when I should be fortunate enough to meet with an opening. I never saw Mary Fielding all this time, but I did not forget her; and one day early in the new year of 1820, Mr. Barnes asked me whether I could invent a design for a lady's ball dress, as he had had an order for one, from which, if she was satisfied with it, she would embroider the delicate crepe fabric of which he said the dress was to be composed. He seemed quite put out about it, as the lady had been very peremptory that it should be ready for her in a week, and he was fearful of losing her custom should he not be able to fulfil her wishes. I promised to try, and set to work upon an idea which had been suggested to me on my first walk to Goring, by Mary's pointing out to me how beautifully the wild convolvolus wreathed itself around some tall ferns by the road side. I laboured all day and nearly all night for many days, before I could even see how the matter was to be accomplished; but perseverance finally overcame all difficulties, and on the last day I managed to produce a satisfactory outline, which I immediately began to colour. The next morning I ran over to the toy-shop, where Mr. Barnes was anxiously expecting me. He looked half pleased and half-doubtful at my performance, but confessed it was wholly out of his line, and while we were talking about it, a stylish barouche with four horses drove up, and a tall elegant young lady entered, who I quickly discovered was Miss Melville, and that she was the person who had ordered the embroidery design. "Well, Mr. Barnes," she asked, "what have you got for me?—Oh how could you say you did not know where to get me an original pattern! this is beautiful, where did you get it?" In reply, Mr. Barnes introduced me to her notice, on which she said many flattering things, and drove off with the design, leaving me highly gratified. She had paid handsomely for it, and Mr. Barnes, with his customary liberality, made the whole sum over to me without reservation, quietly remarking, "You'll not come to my shop for work much longer, Philip Andrews, if I'm not mistaken." I did not know what he meant, but that same evening came a page from Hazlewood Park, desiring me to call there and ask for Miss Melville. Attired in my neatest trim, I went the following day, and after talking some time with Miss Melville, in a drawing-room so splendid in decoration as to dazzle my senses, she called her father, a fine noble-looking man, who smiled fondly at his daughter's eagerness, when she warmly insisted that he should immediately do something for me; or, as she proposed, send me to study drawing in London. He good-naturedly asked me what I thought of the science, and I told him what Uncle Jonas had advised me on the subject. His eye brightened as I thus spoke, and he put a great number of questions to me, which drew out my young life's history. He then in terms it would not become me to repeat, praised my steadiness and industry, and concluded by asking me if I would like the place of under-groom, which he could offer me in his own establishment. I gratefully accepted his proposal, though I saw that Miss Melville, who was of a romantic disposition, as I afterwards learned, seemed disappointed. My wages were to be £16, with a suit of livery, yearly to begin with, "of course with the usual allowance for

er," Mr. Melville said, but this last phrase I did not then mprehend. Ten days later, I took an affectionate farewell my aunt and cousins, and arrived about nine o'clock at the ick door of Hazlewood Park, where I was admitted by mes Perkins, the smart groom, whom it now occurred to me ould probably become my master in the stable-yard. This as by no means a consoling commencement of my new mode of fe, but all sad thoughts were kept at bay by the thrilling ope that I should now be brought into daily communication ith Mary Fielding, how far those anticipations were destined) be realised remains to be narrated.

CHAPTER V.

Had it not been for my previous savings, I must have declined his situation at Mr Melville's, since the suit of livery comprised merely one set of the principal outer garments, and I ound many niceties of dress were expected from a servant in gentleman's family, for which no funds were provided. For nstance, I was frequently desired to attend the young ladies on horseback, and on these occasions was always expected to wear a white neckcloth and spotless white gloves which latter rticle,—though only of cotton, yet wore out very fast, being ut to pieces by the bridle, and this alone caused me an expenliture of many shillings within a few months. The mystery of he beer money was explained to me the day after my arrival pon the steward giving me fifteen shillings, and telling me it was my quarterly allowance for malt liquor, which I soon discovered it was the custom to procure in a cask to be used in common by a certain number of the servants, who thus joined their money together to provide for the ensuing three months' consumption. Before I had decided what I would do, I made time to run over to Southampton to tell Uncle Jonas of my new place and my receiving the beer money. "Well, lad," he replied "and I suppose thou thinks thyself rich enough to spend £100 on stuff thou would do well to let alone altogether, at least so long as the Lord gives thee health?" "A hundred pounds, uncle!" I exclaimed in astonishment "what do you mean?" "I thought" he answered drily, "thee'd been a good hand enow at ciphering to know that £3 a year for 20 years will make £60, and if the interest be also allowed to accumulate, and thee adds may be a trifle to it now and then from thy wages, what's to hinder thee, I'd like to know, from having a clear £100 by the time thou gets to forty years of age."

On my return to the Park I pondered long over these calculations, and decided I would not give way to the foolish habit of drinking beer, to which I had never been accustomed, while I continued strong and healthy. The money was quickly lodged in the bank, and no ridicule from silly luxurious domestics ever tempted me to break my resolution; for I certainly had no prospects of ever being rich enough to throw away such a large sum on an indulgence peculiarly unnecessary where good living was as plentiful as it is in most of the gentry's households.

One great disappointment awaited me in my seeing next to nothing of Mary Fielding; for a second table, as it is termed, was kept at Mr. Melville's, at which the upper servants alone took their meals, and Mary having been raised to the post of Miss Melville's own maid, was of course amongst the number. I used, however, to catch a glimpse of her neat figure every Sunday morning as she walked to church by the side of the housekeeper; and, during the service, my attention was often distracted by the temptation my seat offered of gazing upon her sweet guileless face, upturned towards the preacher with a pious collected reverence that was a true type of her single-minded character; a modesty borne out by her studious avoidance of all silly jesting or idle intercourse with the menservants. It was a comfort to me to have even this casual meeting to look forward to each week, and on the Sabbath evenings I used duly to follow her into the library at the end of the long train of domestics to engage in the home service which Mr. Melville regularly performed. But these brief interchanges of glances were not sufficient to preserve me entirely from the contamination held out by the idle ways that went on during leisure hours in the stable-yard. Not that Mr. Melville's establishment was ill-regulated; on the contrary, many rules of good discipline were steadily enforced. A [illegible] home library was provided, and gambling of every description strictly prohibited. But these orders could not prevent the ill-educated and indolently disposed from wasting much time in the worst species of gossip and in playing games of chance with small articles, such as grains of wheat, fruit, &c., for the stakes; and insensibly my love for some recreation brought me too much under the baneful influence of these practices. I began to care too much about my appearance, to use slang words, and to neglect all means of mental improvement; and at the end of the first quarter I could only put by ten shillings instead of the twenty which might have been the case had I not foolishly bought several showy cravats, which were not at all essential to the neatness of my appearance. Perkins, the upper groom, behaved more kindly to me than I expected, yet he was the most given to levity of speech and action of all the servants, and so evidently disliked me, that perhaps I fancied he was glad to see me becoming as careless as the rest.

Happily for my future well-doing, I was saved from further descent into evil ways by meeting Mary Fielding the week after our wages had been paid at the savings'-bank, where she had gone to deposit her own beer money and a considerable instalment of her earnings. She was, as usual, accompanied by the housekeeper, but they did not refuse my attendance on their way home, and from the conversation that then ensued may be dated my first real knowledge of Mary; and whatever she said seemed to re-awaken so vividly all my best feelings, that I could not help exclaiming just before we separated, "I cannot tell you how strongly you remind me of my dear mother, Miss Fielding, and that is the highest compliment I can pay to any one." She turned away with a blush, but not until I had seen a tear trembling in her eye; and this, combined with what had just passed, made me seriously determine to alter my mode of life without further delay. That I had allowed three months to pass over without going to see Uncle Jonas, might by itself have warned me that all was not right; and I cannot describe how disgusting the use of slang terms appeared to me the next time I heard Perkins use one, after I had my walk with Mary Fielding. A few weeks later, my good resolutions were further confirmed by a sort of merry-making out of doors, on the first of June, in which all the servants joined, and when I had the pleasure of dancing with Mary, in honour of Mrs. Melville's birthday. I remember how impressed I was by her simple pretty dress, whose quiet colours and modest arrangement contrasted forcibly with the flaunting style of many others who were present, and with what I had seen my cousins assume on similar occasions. But it was not only the purity and grace of this fair child-like girl, who had only just attained the age of sixteen, that struck me, but the tone and manner of conversation in which she and the steward, the butler, and upper housemaid indulged. I was surprised to hear them speak of many books of whose very titles I was ignorant; and their conversation was so entertaining, that, finding all of them pursued so steadily some improving art or superior kind of reading, I was thoroughly determined to render myself worthy such companionship.

The housekeeper kindly supplied me with abundance of candle-ends, and thus furnished I turned the saddle-room into a study, and devoted every spare moment to reading and writing and drawing, except such portions of time as I was allowed to bestow upon my old uncle, who welcomed me back with all his accustomed kindness. Once, Mary Fielding was deputed by the housekeeper to bring me a parcel of candle-ends; and, though she would not stay a moment, I lived for several months on the approving smile and cordial greeting she then gave me. My right feelings once aroused, I put in force my father's injunction to do every duty thoroughly, and my work soon elicited a degree of increased confidence on the part of Mr. Melville, that was an additional stimulus to exertion. The daily crook in my lot, that cross which everybody, be he rich or poor, must bear, lay in observing the attention which Mary showed James Perkins, and I had more than once seen him coming out of the housekeeper's room where I knew he had been shut up alone with her half an hour at least. The thought that she loved him was unendurable, and was one that strengthened as time passed; still I did not quite despair, and went on laying by all I could in addition to the beer allowance, and trying to improve myself in every

way. So some years passed on, and Mary was growing up into a beautiful woman, and Perkins got a situation close by as bailiff to a large farmer, and came to see Mary constantly, though their interviews generally took place in the housekeeper's presence, and I was promoted to be head-groom with increased wages; and Uncle Jonas waxed older, but still darned his favourite pair of grey stockings and continued cheerful as in the days of his youth. At last, a great change came upon us all, for Miss Melville caught a severe cold and was ordered to winter in Italy, and I with many of the superfluous domestics were informed we must seek other places.

It was a great trial to me to leave the Park, whose gentlemanly owner did so much for his dependents, and a heavier blow awaited me in the parting from Mary Fielding without any engagement subsisting between us. I did indeed implore her to give me her word, before she went, that she would be my wife at some future period, but she remained inexorable; and, though somewhat consoled by the pale cheeks and faltering voice with which she bade me farewell, I was compelled to see her depart to Italy, without knowing whether she cared for me in the way I most desired. Mr Melville had procured me a place as coachman, with a gentleman who resided near London, and there I next proceeded, only to learn that my master's friend had suddenly failed, and to find myself at a loose end in that vast wilderness. Twelve months elapsed before I obtained another situation, and though during this time I earned a little by my old trade of painting portraits for the country folks, I should have been miserably destitute but for my fund in the savings' bank. I lived upon what I had laid by from my wages during six years, and, luckily, this held out until I got a place, without trenching on the beer-money stock. The knowing I possessed this reserved fund, kept up a sense of self-respect, and inspired a hopefulness that effectually prevented my yielding to those temptations which are sadly too rife when young men are compelled to remain for many months out of regular employment. As aforesaid, however, I heard of a new place at length, and I went to Hastings, as coachman to an old lady, who lived very retired in that neighbourhood. Here I had many difficulties to contend with, from Mrs. Howard's habit of delegating everything to the management of not the best principled servants, who abused me incessantly, and did me all the harm they could. But our mistress was shrewd and penetrating, and when she had once made up her mind that she could always trust me, she never allowed herself to be talked into any injustice towards me, and I presently had my reward in seeing a better set of domestics about her, and being able to lead a happy, comfortable, regular life. Yet happy it could hardly be called, I was so very lonely; and as years went by, and I could hear nothing of Mary Fielding, I became melancholy far beyond my time of life. I was nigh two-and-thirty when I got a letter from Uncle Jonas, telling me he believed James Perkins and Mary were to be married in a few weeks. I did not before know that she was in England, and after receiving the letter I felt as if I had become a raving maniac.

CHAPTER VI.

I WENT straight to Uncle Jonas, walking a whole day and night, to accomplish the journey, and having Mrs. Howard's permission to be absent a week. He told me the Melville family had only just returned to England; that Perkins, who had made a good deal of money, was going out to Australia, and it was said Mary Fielding would accompany him. My uncle did not, however, speak quite positively; and therefore, without stopping to eat, or rest, I started at once for Goring, which I reached on a fine summer's evening. But I could not bear to face the party in the servants' hall, and leaping over a broken fence that led into the park, I scrambled down to a well-remembered shaded brook, where an arbour was erected, in which I had seen Mary meet Perkins occasionally in former days. Merciful heavens! how was I startled, in spite of all I had heard, at now finding her there at this late hour, and where I beheld my hated rival actually kneeling at her feet! I did not wait one second, but turned back too softly to be overheard, and then throwing myself on the ground I prayed that I might die, and never see another sun rise. I do not at all know how long I remained in this posture, but I was presently roused by the kindly voice of the old steward, who asked if anything ailed me, though without recognising me. I sprung to my feet, when he knew me immediately, and reduced as I was in mind and body, he had not much difficulty in extorting from me the cause of my present grief. But hardly had I finished speaking when he interrupted me, saying, "Mary Fielding go with Perkins! No such thing, Andrews. 'Tis true he has long loved her, and would give all he's worth that she returned his love, but that she never did; though she has taken a deal of pains with him, and is fondly attached to him, it is only because he is her first-cousin, and was brought up by her father like a brother of her own. Perkins, I know, sails to-morrow, and he told me he was going down to the brook to-night to say good-bye to her."

These few words did indeed work a mighty revulsion in my condition; but I have no space to linger over the history of my courtship: suffice it to say, that in six months after her return to her native country, Mary and I were married, and having furnished our cottage from our joint savings, we were happily, *most* happily, established in the entrance Lodge of Mrs. Howard's estate, and I had the heartfelt satisfaction of seeing Uncle Jonas take his place as a permanent and honored guest by our hearth.

As this is the last time I shall here allude to the good old man, I may as well take this opportunity of mentioning, that when the Exhibition Committee sent out its circulars, previous to the opening of the Crystal Palace, Uncle Jonas forwarded the grey stockings that he had worn, and mended with his own hands for thirty years, to the commissioners, and to his excessive gratification received an award for his industry of £10 10s We thought he would painfully miss the object on which he had been so long engaged, but he took the whole affair very quietly, and when asked on one occasion what he supposed had become of his favourite hose, he placidly replied, "I dunna knaw exactly, but I conclude Prince Albert wears them" It will not unnaturally suggest itself to my readers to inquire whether I was always so fortunate as to find the savings from my regular wages sufficient to bring me through times of distress, and want of employment, without touching what I have designated as my beer-money fund. To this I answer "Certainly not." Though the steady laying by for several years of two persons enabled Mary and myself to start in life free from debt, with good furniture and excellent clothing of our own, besides some extra money in the penny bank, seasons of want and trouble beset us in the process of years, which compelled us to draw on part of the beer-money fund; and what would have become of us without it I really cannot tell. I once took eight pounds out of it to obtain the best medical advice and treatment for Mary when she was dangerously ill, and to this she owed her life. Another time I drew out £20 for my eldest son, which procured for him a capital opening in a thriving business, by which he is likely to become a richer man than his father. I have also had the comfort of materially aiding my poor shiftless aunt, by helping to get out her youngest boy who had taken to evil ways, to Australia, where he went under good care and is doing well. Then I was once out of a place for nearly two years after Mrs. Howard's death, and though during this time Mary earned a good deal by clear-starching, fine sewing, and plaiting straw, which she learned to do abroad, and I contrived to pick up a trifle now and then, we not only exhausted our savings, but were obliged to fall back for a time on the beer-money. As I continue in service, and take all my meals, excepting breakfast, with my master's other servants, I still receive an allowance for malt liquor every quarter, and at this last place it has amounted to £4 per annum. When my twin daughters were born, I regularly put by 3d. a week for each of them, and thus when they were fourteen, a sum had accumulated sufficient both to fit them out neatly for service, and to have a little store in reserve for a rainy day. I am not a very old man, but I somehow fancy I have not many years left to live; should that be the case, my wife will find at my death £400, which will either enable her to enter into some profitable business, or properly invested, will secure her an income of £20 a year. Having been in service thirty-six years, I have received in beer-money alone £124, the greater portion of which has been placed out at good interest, and from time to time invested, as I was able to add enough to it wherewith to purchase railway and bank shares. It is now time to finish my narrative, and Mary is becoming

impatient for me to sit down to table to help her and my children in demolishing the roasted goose which our kind master always gives us for our Christmas-day dinner; so I must conclude with an earnest hope that all young men and women entering on service, will calculate well beforehand whether they are rich enough to spend £100 on a mere luxury of the palate.

A SHORT PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY.

MAN is usually considered as a being composed of body and soul. These two, however, differ in substance, the one being material and the other spiritual. The qualities of matter are length, breadth, extension, and divisibility. Those of spirit are sensation, thought, will, &c.

SUBSTANCE.—A substance is a thing which can subsist of itself, without the aid of anything else; it is an assemblage of qualities that distinguish it from all other objects. By these qualities we distinguish the difference between animals and vegetables; some (materialists) suppose that there is only one substance in nature, viz, matter, and that spirit is an organisation of matter. Substance, however, may be divided into two kinds, viz, matter and mind. As already mentioned, the essential qualities of matter are length, breadth, &c. Those of mind are thought, will, &c.

QUALITY.—A quality is a thing which neither does nor can, unaided, subsist of itself. In order to suppose it, we require the presence of some other thing in which it does exist. A stone is a substance,—colour is a quality. A stone can be easily conceived by its appearance, dimensions, &c. It has length, breadth, and thickness. Green exists only in some things; in order to suppose it we must have the existence of something in which it is inherent, and it is by a comparison with which that we come to distinguish it.

Qualities are properly divided into two sets—primary and secondary.

PRIMARY QUALITIES are those which necessarily exist in a substance, as extension in matter, consciousness in mind.

SECONDARY QUALITIES—on the other hand—are those which may or may not be found to exist in a substance, the absence of which is not necessarily destructive to the substance in which it exists; as for instance, colour in matter—joy, grief or pain in mind.

The terms mode, attribute, and property, have often been confounded with quality—as, for instance, it is the property of a round body to roll.

The terms mind and matter include all that come within the reach of human power. Natural philosophy has solely to do with matter. Many curious combinations may be made from matter—such as a watch, thermometer, steam-engine, &c. But we cannot apply the properties of matter to those of mind. It would be most absurd to call a thought *large*, or *square*, &c. But if the mind be material, as some suppose, it must have the properties of matter—length, breadth, &c. If, again, substance be divided into mind and matter, a question arises, how these two substances, so different in their nature, act in so direct and influential a manner as we know they do? The manner in which they act, the one occupying space, and the other not, has given rise to various hypotheses. We shall specify three of the principal ones.

FIRST.—The doctrine of mutual influence. This doctrine does not try to explain the operation by which the body and soul act. It allows that there is a communication of action between the body and the soul, but they act together in an inexplicable manner—not as in matter. When the slightest impression is made on any part of the body, the mind is immediately affected. If we have done anything so as to make us feel ashamed, the body is immediately affected, the blood quickens in our veins; all this would bespeak a direct mutual influence.

SECONDLY.—Doctrine of occasional causes. This doctrine was proposed by Descartes and supported by his countryman, Malbroke. In order to get rid of some difficulties which presented themselves in the prosecution of the theory, they had recourse to the doctrine of mutual influence. To conceive a [illegible] on mind and matter is impossible, because any way touch matter. When, therefore, mind seems to act upon matter, they do not call it the cause, but the occasion; God is the cause. Thus, when we wish, we raise our arm, the mental act here is merely the occasion: God is the cause. This doctrine necessarily supposes an infinite number of miracles in the most common actions in our existence, which is utterly at variance with that completeness and harmony which pervades the creation in which we believe. In order to surmount the difficulty a third hypothesis was suggested—one which assumes the direct action of mind and matter. The doctrine of pre-established harmony. It holds that though in themselves, matter and mind cannot act together, God has adjusted them so nicely to each other that they form two parts of one harmonious whole. Each contains in itself the necessary power, but Infinite Wisdom has caused that harmony to exist between them which completes the action; the impression of mind on matter following with such rapidity, as that it would seem to be *cause* and *effect*. The mind does not of itself raise the sensation, but each contains in itself the necessary power, and God has caused a harmony which completes the action. Could we suppose that there is no such thing as spirit (the materialist's doctrine), that it is all organised matter we might rid ourselves of the difficulty, as it would be simply [illegible] matter acting upon matter. But this would lead us into another difficulty. If there be nothing but matter, then thought must have length, breadth, &c., and be capable of divisibility. If the mind of man be material, it must be constantly acted upon by other matter. No sane man could think himself a great many different beings!

The second doctrine is liable to equally substantial difficulties. It renders matter useless. If matter has no influence on the mind, what purpose does it serve? It makes God the author of our sins! Indeed all objections that apply to the second hold equally with the—

THIRD DOCTRINE, which supposes universal freedom,—laws impressed on matter and on mind, destructive of man's free agency, and not accountable for his misdeeds any more than a watch or a steam engine. It supposes an universal fatalism; for if matter does not act directly on mind, it is that God has adjusted them so nicely to each other, that the impression of mind on matter follows so rapidly that they would seem to be cause and effect. It is said that the rose, when presented to our organ of sense, has no power in itself to excite any sensation,—and when we wish to raise our arm, the mind does not produce the action of the muscles, but God has adjusted them so nicely to each other that they seem cause and effect. From this we infer that there are certain laws impressed upon matter and mind, and that there is no choice left us but to conform to their motions. This is destructive of man's free agency: 1st, it supposes that matter and mind mutually influence each other; 2nd, that the antecedent is the occasion and not the cause; 3rd, that there is no cause or effect, but a direct action of mind on matter. In choosing between these, we choose between difficulties: the one which most naturally presents itself to the mind is the first. Could we adopt the materialist's view and suppose the mind organised matter, then these difficulties would be obviated, for matter would then be acting on matter. But, by avoiding the difficulty in this manner, it necessarily involves us in another. for, supposing the mind to be organised matter, then it must possess the properties of matter, viz—length, breadth, thickness, extension, &c.; and therefore thought must be possessed of extension, and we will be able to talk of a *long broad* thought. We would naturally feel repugnance at this. The difficulty can therefore only be avoided by supposing mind and matter to be quite different and logically opposite to each other; that mind must be destitute of length, breadth, &c., and matter of volition, desire, &c. The second has also its insuperable difficulties, for it does not accord with established facts. It supposes that when the rose is presented to our organ of smell, it is merely the occasion by which God excites the sensation. It renders matter altogether useless for if matter has no effect on mind, what is the use of it?

We will now direct our attention to the terms Power, Faculties, Habits, and Instinct.

POWER is the most comprehensive and extensive of any of man's capabilities. Power is that which is capable of producing an effect, or a change in the condition of things; hence we [illegible]—when the

employed, it is termed a natural power. It is also applied to the involuntary functions of natural economy, as respiration, and also to the passive mental states, as sensation. In all these different significations it is the capability of producing a change.

Faculty, when used contradistinctively to power, denotes properly a mental power,—as forming part of our intellectual nature, not of our motional nature. It is an original part of the constitution of our nature.

Habit may not necessarily be a mental power, but may be corporeal. It may be defined as that tendency to do certain things which beings have frequently done before. To perceive a colour that strikes the eye is a power common to all: speech is a habit, and depends upon original powers. Habits are peculiar to beings endowed with will: mechanical powers must be distinguished from them in so far as they are involuntary. What we do habitually we do from volition, by willing it. The faculty with which a musician plays a difficult air arises from practice, by frequent repetition it becomes a habit. Every note which he fingers on his instrument, however rapidly they may follow each other, all proceed from his willing it, and, on the very same principle, every step which a dancing-master goes quickly through depends upon volition. A machine may be made to play the same air as the musician; but in this case it is not from habit that the regular and harmonious sounds proceed the machine does not will it—a mechanical power is alone the agency which produces it.

Instinct denotes a natural propensity in an animal to do certain acts, but this must be distinguished from habit, though both give rise to a promptness to act, and both depend on volition. It is instinct that prompts the nightingale to sing The volition put forth in instinctive acts is blind, but habit is the result of voluntary acts pursued by those willing to act with a view to some ulterior object or end. The swallow and sparrow build their nests from instinct If we deprive the lark's nest of her eggs, and place stones in their stead, she will still continue her endeavours to hatch them. A bird never thinks of changing its abode; although it may have had its nest destroyed several times, it will still continue to build in the same place Instinct makes no provision against extraordinary circumstances Habits are acquired, but instinct is born with the being. No child can speak a language without having first learned it, but a bird sings its own peculiar notes by natural instinct, without a teacher. Perfection of habit depends upon practice,—the faculty and power acquired is proportional to the frequency of the instruction and repetition of the act. Instinct is born perfect the thrush does not construct her nest more perfectly or systematically the last than the first time; but it is, or rather should be, different as regards a young man after having been some years learning a trade,—he ought to be able to do his work more correctly at the end, than he could at the commencement, of his apprenticeship. All instincts are useful in their tendency, and conducive of good results: some habits are not so. Habits acquired are to man what instinct is to the brutes. Some writers have supposed that man has no instincts whatever, with the exception of one common to all animals, viz., choice of food!

We will now divide the principal effects of habits into three head. First effects.—That habit produces a permanent proneness and disposition to act, which continues after the motive which gave rise to it has ceased. We frequently recognise this by the impressions made on our bodily frame. thus, the soldier is known by his erect walk, and the sailor by his hobbling gait. The power of habit, as producing a tendency to act in conformity therewith, is evidently shown in the behaviour of those people who, with long-formed habits, enter a different sphere of life from that to which they were accustomed. Their behaviour and motions at the outset appear both ludicrous and awkward. In the case of moral habits, the tendency to act long survives the action. The same law applies equally with regard to good habits as with bad.

Second effects.—Habit always imparts great facility in performing the different acts in which we may be employed. We are astonished at the feats of the juggler and rope-dancer: their different motions, following each other with such rapidity, all proceed from volition Perhaps a better example of what practice is to habit is the facility with which we give utterance to those numberless ideas which spring from the brain. Thus practice renders the acts attainable, without that amount of exertion which, for lack of practice, must have to be called into requisition. The difficulty soon yields to practice, and if we ask a musician what induces him to put his fingers in so singular a position, he can give us no answer. There is no difficulty experienced by him, but to the novice in the art it is a matter of incalculable difficulty, and yet it must be from volition that the musician thus adjusts his fingers in their singular though proper places. Men, [illegible], frequently persist in pursuing vicious habits, although they are of the bad tendency they have, and to ruin they must inevitably lead to. Bishop Butler says that "habit strengthens active principles, but weakens passive impressions."

Third effects.—Habit, in its practice and repetition, is followed by an accession of power in the particular function exercised. The effects of habit on our intellectual powers are no less ostensible. What other than habit gives to the philosopher the command over his attention till principles are evolved and theories unravelled? Sir Isaac Newton said, "I keep the subject constantly before me till the first dawn of light makes its appearance."

Thus, therefore, power is that which is capable of producing an effect. Faculty, in contradistinction to power, means a mental power, forming an original part of our constitution.

Habit is a proneness to do certain actions which by practice is simplified and rendered of easy execution, and is distinguished from mechanical acts in so far as it proceeds from volition, the other being involuntary. Thus, the blood is propelled from the heart into the arteries independent of volition. Instinct differs from habit, in so far as it prompts us to act without having any preconception of the end. J. N.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

No. XVI.—THE REASON WHY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

AIR—"*A marching thro' Handres*"

There once was a time, but it's happily past,
When the cupboard of labour was bare,
When our wives and our children were fated to fast,
And we toiled in the shade of despair,
But things have grown better, there's joy in the street,
And coin in the purse brings the light to the eye,
And the loaf has grown big, and we've pudding to eat
And we all know the reason why

We can sit by the fire when our labour is done,
With our children as rosy as morn,
And grateful and healthy get up with the sun
That ripens the bountiful corn
We can pay for the book, we can pay for the school,
The gown and the shawl for our wives we can buy,
And the man we should think is a bit of a fool
Who knows not the reason why.

No longer heart-broken, or scowling with hate,
To the doors of the workhouse we throng,
We feel no ill-will to the rich and the great,
Nor harbour a thought to do wrong
We read of revolts, and of riots, and what not,
But "England, and God save the Queen!" is our cry
We are well as we are, we have beef in the pot,
And we all know the reason why

And should Mr. Disay, or Darby the busy,
Or other Protectionist oaf,
Attempt but so much as a finger to lay
On the slice of an Englishman's loaf,
We'll read them a lesson, to cure them, we trust,
And end the dispute they're so ready to try,
On them be the blame—for, if fight them we must,
We'll show them the reason why.

THE HAND AND ITS WORK.

BY SARAH J. HALE.

The stars that shine in Afric's sky,
Lighting all lovely things,
Have seen, though hid from human eye,
Two tiny, trembling Springs,
Whose silvery, soft-ton'd flowing seems
Like whispers heard in lover's dreams,
That wake an answering smile;—
And yet those star-kiss'd springs send forth
The proudest flood that tracks the earth—
The world renown'd Old Nile —
Swart Egypt's sands, beneath his wave,
Are whelm'd, as in an ocean grave,
Anon, from out his slimy tide,
Like creation from Chaos raised on
[illegible]
And hope, and joy, and beauty reign
Thus powerless, as the oozing rill,
The infant's small, soft hand appears,
But [illegible] stern, shoot will,
A [illegible]
Like Nile, when bursting every bound,
A flood of devastation o'er
The prostrate world around
Or, like Nile's fertilising tide,
May scatter blessings far and wide
The human Hand! Would'st number o'er
Its mighty works of strength and skill
The trophies cumber every shore,—
Mid desert wastes,—on mountains hoar,
Where foot may press, or eye explore,
Its presence meets us still,—
From Babylonia's crumbling tower,
Religion's earliest dome of power,
To Zion's holy Hill,—
And downward, through the lapse of time,
Where'er is heard the voice or chime,
That summons men to praise and prayer
From minaret or Gothic pile,
From shingled roof or pillar'd aisle—
The Workman's Hand is there
* * * * * *
Man's Work—how much the word has said!
From Mœris Lake to fountain, set,
Like diamond in a coronet,
Within some emerald shade,
From garden-pale to China's Wall,
From Pyramid to plaything small
Which infant's touch has sway'd,
From mud-scoop'd hut to royal hall,
From burial-vault to lighthouse tall,—
The loftiest work, the lowest—all
Man's master Hand has made.
* * * * * *
Art's glorious things, that give the Mind
Dominion over time and space,
The silken car, that rides the wind·
The steel, that pathless seas can trace,
The engine, breathing fire and smoke,
Which first old Neptune's trident broke,
And sails its ships 'gainst wind and tide,
The telescope, that sweeps the sky,
And brings the pilgrim planet nigh,
Familiar as the Sun's pale bride,
The microscopic lens, which finds
On every leaf a peopled land,
All these, which aid the mightiest minds,
Were wrought and fashion'd by the Hand
* * * * *
Oh, when its gather'd trophies stand,
Like magic forms, on sea and land,
In Fancy's view,—who doth not cry,
As the bright vision glideth by,
In beauty, power, and majesty,—
"Though Mind, Aladdin's lamp might be,
His Genie was the Hand!"
* * * * *
While thus to ceaseless task-work doom'd, to make the world his own,
Lest, in the struggle, sense should drag the spirit from its throne,
Woman's warm heart and gentle hand, in God's eternal plan,
[illegible]
And win from pleasure's poison cup to life's pure fount above,
And rule him, as the angels rule, by deeds of peace and love.—
And so the tender Mother lays, on her soft pillowing breast,
With gentle hand, her infant son, and lulls him to his rest,
And dries his tears, and cheers his smiles, and by her wise control,
She checks his wayward moods, and wakes the seraph in his soul.
And when life's work commands him forth, no more to dwell with her,
She points him to the HAND that saved the sinking mariner,
And broke the bread for famish'd men, and bids him trust that stay—
And then, her hands unclasp'd from his, are lifted up to pray.
But man could never Work alone, and even in Eden's bowers
He pined for woman's smile to cheer his task of tending flowers
And soon a fair young bride is sought and found to bless the youth,
Who gives, for his protecting hand, her heart of love and truth —
And now his Work has higher aims, since she its blessings shares,
And oft her hand will roses strew, where his would scatter tares,
And, like a light within a vase, his home enshrines her form,
Which brightens o'er his world-toss'd mind, like sunshine o'er the storm,
And when she pleads in sorrow's cause, he cannot choose but hear,
And when her soul with Heaven communes, she draws his spirit near!
And thus they live till age creeps on, or sickness lays him low,
Then will she guide her woman's heart to bear life's bitterest woe,
And soothe his pain, and stay his head, and close his dying eyes—
While praying Angel hands may guide his soul to Paradise

SKETCH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE ancestors of Daniel Webster came originally from Scotland, and his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were named Ebenezer, and were descendants of Thomas Webster, who was one of the earliest settlers of New Hampshire. His father was a person of large and stalwart form, of swarthy complexion, and remarkable features. He was born and spent his youth upon a farm, served as a ranger in the famous company of Major Robert Rogers, and, as a captain, under General John Stark, during the revolutionary war, was for several years a member of the legislature of New Hampshire; and died while performing with honour the duties of judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was not only a man of superior intellect, but was distinguished for his strong and indomitable will, a characteristic which his distinguished son rightfully inherited. He was a Federalist in politics, and it is related of him that he was once taken ill while passing through a village which was noted for its democracy, and that, supposing that he was about to die, he beseeched his physician to remove him as soon as possible out of the place, giving, as a reason for his great anxiety, that he "was born a Federalist, had lived a Federalist, and could not die in any but a Federalist town." Mr. Webster's mother was Abigail Eastman, a lady of Welsh extraction, and of superior intellect. She was the second wife of her husband, and the mother of five children, two boys, Daniel and Ezekiel, and three daughters. Daniel Webster was born on the 18th day of January, 1782, in the town of Salisbury, New Hampshire. The site of the house is two and a-half miles from the beautiful Merrimack River, and in the immediate vicinity of that where his father built the first log-cabin ever seen in that section of the country, and at a time when, between his residence and the borders of Canada, there was not a single human habitation, except the Indian's wigwam. The house in question is not now standing. * * * * It was to this spot, and especially the log-cabin, that Mr. Webster alluded, when, at a speech delivered at Saratoga in 1840, he uttered the following touching words —"I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abroad. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now living, and, if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country, and to raise his children to a better condition than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted for ever from the memory of mankind."—*Private Life of Daniel Webster, by*

THE IMPORTANCE OF YOUTH, AND THE NECESSITY OF ITS IMPROVEMENT.

BY J. ROBERTSHAW.

'Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot;
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enliv'ning spirit, and to fix,
The generous purpose in the glowing breast." THOMSON.

LIFE is a most precious blessing; so great a blessing, indeed, that any being possessing it will surrender anything, nay, everything, rather than life. The reader will please to understand that it is the instinctive love of life which the Creator has put into the nature of every creature which is here meant, for it is at once obvious that a being may be brought into those circumstances, that it will often sacrifice even life for some other object, which has been shown in numberless instances. But the lowest, as well as the highest order of being cling, from their very nature, to life with the greatest tenacity. The words which Satan addressed to the great Author of life just convey our meaning, "Skin for skin, all that a man hath will he give for his life." Man, when overwhelmed with the direst calamities, when enduring the severest sufferings, will still cling to life. He shrinks from the bare idea of annihilation, or nonentity. There is something so utterly repulsive in it that, unless his mind has become completely reckless and disordered under the influence of unbridled passion, from the burning conviction of deep and aggravated guilt, or some other cause, he cannot bear the thought, after having once tasted of the joys of life

Man cannot have the least sympathy with Death Can a stone reciprocate the feelings of his heart? Can he hold communion with that which is without life? We do not ask, can he contemplate such objects, and from their associations sometimes draw the most instructive lessons (for a contemplative mind will often do this with pleasure and profit), but after he has mingled with his fellow-beings—after he has drunk of the chalice of social, domestic, and Christian happiness, can he bear the thought of having the taper of life snuffed out—the light of life extinguished? He shrinks from the bare possibility of such a thing, and there is a voice within him which speaks loudly and unmistakably as to its meaning, that there is no *probability* of such an event ever taking place in his history. Once a living soul and for ever a living soul The immortal part of man is the essence of the Creator, and cannot therefore cease to exist.

What, then, is life? God is life, the fountain of all life. It is the principle of activity emanating from him, and developed in the vegetable, animal, intellectual, and spiritual kingdoms. We are surrounded with life, we are a part of it. We see it beautifully developed in every shooting blade of grass, in every springing flower, in every budding tree, in every stalk of wavy corn, in the ripening fruits, and in all the rich and pleasant verdure which robes this our earth. We see it in the growth, strength, and the endless variety of movements of animals. But the true glory of life is in mind. It is not what a man eats and drinks, the apparel he may wear, the wealth he may possess, that yields the best enjoyments of life. It is the holy thoughts that revolve in his mind, leading him to noble, self-denying, and untiring efforts in the world for the good of mankind. It is having the heart steeped in benevolence for man, and in deep, sincere, and exalted piety to God, that leads to the truest, best, and happiest life. A man is not known, after his generation, by the particular cast of features, or formation of body which the Creator, in his providence, may have given him. The body is more matter, and forms no more a part of his *real self* than any other portion of matter. It is only because the body is rather more closely allied to the soul that the soul honours it with any particular distinction or preference. What care we about the physical development or temporal circumstances of any of those great and glorious men who have preceded us on the stage of human existence, a glance at whom fills our minds with the sunshine of hope, and our hearts with pulsations of secret joy! We care nothing, we have no need to waste a single moment in thinking about the matter. No, it is the memory of their thoughts and actions that lives It is the works that follow them, when all that was mortal is sleeping in the dust of death, that we admire and venerate. It is the image that they were enabled to reflect, from the great source of light and life, upon the tablets of our hearts, that we love to contemplate, and we love these men simply for what they thought, and said, and *did*, in their day and generation.

True life is communion with our Maker. Talk not even of knowledge and worldly wisdom apart from him. The ancient heathen philosophers had as much of these as their capacious souls could hold, and yet they never compassed the true object of life. They groped about in thick darkness, and could not, by reason's piercing eye, obtain a glimpse of the true light of the world. The heavy folds that enveloped them were too dense for their seeing the clear and boundless firmament above, fretted with the bright and everlasting stars of revealed truth—they were never favoured with the glorious visions of these "latter days" True life is holding communion with God in every object in his works, every event in his providence, every passage in his word, by hallowed and glowing thought. It is a laying hold of invisible things—a communion with spirit—a seeking to make everything subservient to the grand object for which the Creator has sent us into being in this world, in short, it is a daily growing in meetness for launching out into the great ocean of life, and light, and glory before us. This is life!

It is our present intention to offer to the reader a few thoughts on the importance of that portion of life which we call "youth." The subject presents itself in various lights, but we wish to confine our remarks to the development of two thoughts in connexion with it, and these are, its importance in the relation it bears to the present life and that which is to come.

Youth is of the greatest importance in relation to the present life, if we consider that it is the period in which is moulded the future character of the man. The heart and mind in youth are more susceptible of impressions, good or bad, from the objects by which they are surrounded, than at any other period of life. The images that are thrown into them are fixed and abiding. Hence we frequently hear aged people telling us that they can far better remember the events that happened in their youth than those which transpired in their after years. The impressions which we receive in youth are so deeply engraven upon the mind that the hand of time can never obliterate them. They are woven into the very nature, and form what we call the intellectual being. Those impressions remain in after-life. At the period of life of which we are writing, everything influences the heart—everything is a passion. The avenues to the mind are all open and unguarded, consequently all the thoughts and impressions that present themselves for admission, not only gain an entrance, but are warmly welcomed. And how important it is that these tenants of the soul, after they have found a lodgment there, should be of such a nature as that they will form pleasant instructive companions through life; and such as the spirit, when about to take its departure into the invisible world, can welcome to bear it company, and form its associates in eternity!

We see, too, that youth is an important period if we consider that then every one is an active agent in the formation of his own character. How eagerly, as the mind gradually developes itself, does the youthful spirit drink from every available source of gratification which presents itself! How it bounds into life with elastic spring and conscious joy, and endeavours, day by day, to explore its profound and sublime mysteries! Every object around courts its attention, fills it with wonder, and invites its regard. We can easily imagine that, in some respects, its thoughts and feelings are similar to those of a spirit who, after having passed through the ordeal of this state of discipline, enters into the future world, and expands into superior being, receiving its mighty impressions from the glorious objects and bliss-inspiring scenery around it.

From the principle of eternal progression the soul receives an impulse which continually bears it onward in life. It is ever more and more desirous to extend its intellectual territory—to advance farther and farther into the regions of knowledge. And, whatever be the external facilities which a man may possess for improvement, how many friends soever he may have around him wishful for his advancement in knowledge, and however assiduously they may labour to promote his best interests in the world, yet *he*, after all, is in a great measure his own teacher. Whatever agency there may be employed to influence him for good, the man himself forms his own character. He has faculties given to him which *he* alone can employ, under the direction of that mighty agent, the will, for the attainment of any object in life. How dear this power and liberty to think and act for ourselves! How the soul dilates itself in the delightful thought of

having no one between itself and God to cramp its energies, or confine its desires, which are as boundless as the universe! But while every man possesses this blessed prerogative to think and act for himself—while no one has a right to enter into the sacred precincts of his mind to dictate any one line of conduct that may be thought desirable or right, or usurp any undue authority there contrary to his own will, yet we are not to conclude because he possesses this liberty, that no efforts are to be made to influence him for good, and especially in inexperienced youth. A very many considerations might be advanced here to show that, though man be the independent being—because self-responsible—we have represented him to be, yet no labour should be spared, no means should be left untried, in his tender years, to lead him into the pathway of holiness and peace. He may abuse the sacred liberty he enjoys—the glorious birthright he possesses,—and reject all the counsels that may be thrown into his mind for his good; still, under the pressing conviction that every one is his brother's keeper, we should do all that in our power lies to instil into the minds of our rising youth the precious principles of unerring truth, and this in complete harmony with the liberty of which we have been speaking.

Youth is an important period of life, if we further consider that it is a most critical period. Who that has arrived at the years of experience and discretion, and habituates himself to frequent and calm reflections on his past life, but sees how here he took a false step, and there he made a mistake—how on one occasion he rushed into folly, and on another he was led into error, from the effects of which he never afterwards recovered. Who that takes this backward view down the vista of the past, but often and heartily wishes he could take back to the bud of his being the experience he had acquired of men and things in his progress through the world, and on that foundation build his character for life. How often in seasons of unsuspicious, uncalculating, unreflective youth are those seeds sown which never fail to yield a plentiful crop of bitter regrets, heart repinings, conscience reprovings, which inflict upon the soul the severest suffering. Perhaps there is not a single instance in which the individual has not to unlearn in maturer years what in youth he considered so desirable, and cost him so much self-denying exertion to secure. Such is the connexion between the present and the future, that the attractive influence of our youthful follies draws around the mind's horizon a cloud so surcharged with the elements of retributive justice, that it is long before we can enjoy true peace of mind, even after reformation has begun, it requires many years of the dew of repentance, and the sunshine of faith, before that cloud is dissipated, and the prospect for the future assumes a smiling, cheering, and hopeful aspect. Where, alas! there are too many instances in which the gloom of our misspent early days, not only overshadows the whole of our path through this life, but stretching on into futurity, at length settles down into the blackness of darkness for ever.

Youthful readers, the writer of this paper is comparatively young, and his object is to do good. He has no faith in anything either written or spoken that is not done with this object in view From what has been said, perhaps, your impressions of the importance of *your* period in life have been somewhat deepened. Your early days are, indeed, a momentous time, if considered only in connexion with the present state of being. They are a time of great susceptibility—a time when your restless spirits unconsciously do a vast deal towards stamping your characters in the world—a most critical time, and one which affects in a great measure your eternal destiny See that you seek to preserve your hearts, in this season, with all diligence—for out of them are the issues of life lest those evil days come, even in this world, when you shall say, "we have no pleasure in them."

What youth is to man's natural life, the whole term of that life may be regarded as being to his future existence. Time is ever on the wing He knows no rest for his weary foot as he wings his silent and solitary way over the vast ocean of life, making towards the mysterious shores of eternity. Our moments unperceivably pass away and we take no account of them but by the days." The fleeting days of youth, however important in themselves and in their influence on future ages before we are aware; and—which is a most lamentable truth—often before we are possessed of that knowledge which enables us to judge rightly of their importance. So taken up are we with the endless nothings of this world, that the period for laying a firm foundation, upon which to raise a solid character, slips from our grasp unimproved and never to be recalled. Every thing then seems to go wrong through life; old age creeps on apace, and frequently looks back with deep regrets to his youthful errors and mistaken views.

When compared with eternity, how short a period does our whole life appear! In the scriptures of infallible truth it is represented in its true light by the most appropriate figures. When measured by the grand scale of eternity it is called a hand-breadth. Compared with a flower, it springeth up, blooms for a short time, the wind then passeth over it and it is gone. The morning cloud, the early dew, the fleeting shadow, and transient sun-gleam, are fit and expressive emblems of the life of man. And in this short space we have to learn all, and do all that we ever accomplish either for our own good or the good of others.

The object of man's life seems to be two-fold—that of securing to himself, by the employment of all the means put into his possession, the highest good, as John Locke would term it, or in other words, the salvation of his soul, and that of securing the same inestimable blessing to as many of his fellow-beings as he can. The world has a mighty agency at work, whose aim is the amelioration of the temporal condition of man. Society seems to heave with desires to raise man from his debasement and brutishness to the glorious eminence of high and pure intellect, for which symptoms—and this journal is one of the best—we thank God, and take courage. But it seems to us that there are too few agencies at work, whose noble aim is to imitate the great Exemplar of the world, not only in securing to man his temporal, but eternal good. Elevate man to his proper dignity as a man. By all constitutional means better man's worldly condition. Nay, raise him to the highest pinnacle of the temple of intellectual fame but we ask you to crown your glorious work by leading him up the path of life, to that Being who can give his angels charge concerning him, lest he dash his foot against a stone—lest, eventually, he be hurled from that high eminence, like the rebellious spirits of old, down into the dark gulf of oblivion, to crawl about, in utter wretchedness, the caverns of unending gloom and despair.

However a man may labour, and however successfully, in the cultivation of any of the arts or sciences which justly engage the attention of mankind however he may cultivate the powers of his own mind, or the attractive and commendable qualities of the heart—however high he may raise himself in the estimation of his fellow-creatures by his practice of virtue and benevolence—however distinguished he may be for his attainments in knowledge and wisdom,—if he has not secured a "hope blooming with immortality," he has failed in the great object of life, he has laboured, so far as himself is concerned, in the world, in vain—all will go for nothing. "What will it profit a man should he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" will sooner or later ring in his astounded ears, the death-knell to all his fancied fame and worldly joys. How distressing it is to one's mind to rise from the perusal of the account of some men's lives! men who have achieved so much that is really noble and worthy of our closest imitation, men whose gifted spirits seemed to penetrate almost all mysteries, men who turned almost everything they touched, both in the physical and intellectual world, into refined gold,—how lamentable it is to rise from reading the lives of such, with the not-to-be-put-off conviction that these men have never compassed the true object of life—that when weighed in the balance they will be found wanting! Dear young friends! nothing can possibly be compared with the knowledge and wisdom, the purity and holiness of the religion of the Bible. Imbibe but its principles and they will not, cannot, fail to rule and regulate our whole lives, and secure to us, not only present, but, what is of vast more importance, future eternal good. Live but under their influence, and we shall not only not fail in securing the great object of life, but in whatever field of knowledge we may sink the capital of thought, we shall be certain to reap the greatest amount of profit. It is then that we fully comprehend and verify in our experience the true meaning of the Redeemer of the world in his parable of the talents It is then that, in the truest sense, we make the five into ten We are labouring for eternity. Everything seems vested with greater interest when we thus draw out motives from eternal realities. Life and labour become increasingly more sweet The rose takes the place of the thorn. The sunshine of hope gilds the landscape around us, as the gloom

of doubtful faith and undecided action retires. Every thought we indulge—every moment we employ in thinking—is turned to the best account; and the treasure we are thus accumulating through time, will survive every mortal change, stand the refining fire of the last day, and form the current coin of eternity.

The youths of England! God bless them; and may they exceed in honesty of heart, in purity of mind, in nobleness of design, in energetic and united efforts for the good of their country, all that their best friends and warmest lovers have ever anticipated.

Instructors of youth! from royal down to the most ragged of our ragged schools, endeavour to instil those principles into their minds which, when put into practice, will make the future generation of England all that you desire.

FATHER GAVAZZI.

Father Gavazzi, a Brabantine friar, and a native of Italy, the fame of whose wondrous oratory has rung through the length and breadth of England, has been for some time past delivering a series of lectures against Popery. A more decidedly classical figure, both in person and costume, than Father Gavazzi has perhaps never appeared. Nature has endowed him with a goodly figure and a prepossessing countenance; education and training have imparted to the latter a radiating and striking intelligence, and an expression of deep earnestness and solemnity, and [illegible] with the varying emotions which the eloquence of his tongue evokes. His age appears to be somewhat more than forty. The elocution of Father Gavazzi is exceedingly fine, and so powerfully aided by fluency, style, and action, as to arouse the enthusiasm of his audience, though he addressed them at first in a tongue which to a very large majority of them is wholly unintelligible. He wears his glossy black hair in the Italian fashion, parted over his brow, and falling in long locks behind his head. His dress is a loose body garment descending nearly to the feet, confined to the waist by a sash. Over his flowing garb he wears a cloak of the same black colour, fastened only at the neck, and falling in ample folds below the waist. The figure of the cross, embroidered in colours, appears conspicuously on the breast of the vestment, and also on the cloak at the left shoulder. The costume is not, we believe, that of a religious order, but it is the garb of a Crusader, and indicates that its wearer is engaged in the struggle for Italian liberty.

Bologna, the sacred stronghold of Popery, the second bulwark of the Vatican in Italy, claims the honour of being the birth-place of Gavazzi. He was the second of twenty children. The son of a barrister and a judge. He is of good family, his paternal grandfather, at an early age, being nominated Vice-Chancellor of Portugal, where he was born of Italian parents. At an early age he possessed great physical and intellectual precocity, and at 20 he was a Professor of Rhetoric at Naples. Here, and afterwards at Livorno, he was admired as a man of genius, and beloved as a dear friend. Being, however, at 15, a Barnabite monk, the most liberal of the orders of the Papacy, he had imbibed a stronger love for the pulpit than the chair. Accordingly he became the great apostle of the religion of Christ, and Italy was soon filled with the enthusiasm of his manly and impressive eloquence. By the example of a virtuous and purely moral life, he drew his warm-hearted countrymen around him, and to their throbbing hearts he carried his great cause—the errors and superstitions of Rome, and the pure faith and holy breathings of the gospel of Jesus. With a keen and ever-watchful intellect, he had marked the evil practices of Rome, and in the warmth of his enthusiasm he exposed those practices to the light of truth and morality. Anything and everything which appealed to the degraded and superstitious ignorance of the people he unmasked with fearful and fearless determination. But his glorious career was of short duration. The Jesuits had their eyes upon him, for their ears had been assailed from every quarter with the dangerous eloquence of the youthful preacher, denouncing idolatrous processions, shows, and pageantries, and teaching in their stead the simple truths of Christianity.

Parma was one of the first scenes of his labours, and here he was immured in goal for his zeal in defence of Protestanism, though Government Chaplain-General, but the death of Pope Gregory, his persecutor, gave him liberty. Soon after this, resenting the Austrian excesses in Bologna, Milan, and Mantua, the population of half Italy rallied round him. But the new Pope taking umbrage at the eloquence which demanded condemnation for Haynau and Radetzki, the merciless authors of those cruel butcheries, Gavazzi was sent under penitentiary punishment. Rome rose in tumult. A cry arose to free Gavazzi by force. A deputation waited upon the Pope soliciting his release, which was faithfully promised for the next morning, and he kept his word by transferring him during the night to the Capuchin Monastery of Genoano. This fact needs no commentary. Gavazzi had spoken the truth. Italy had listened to his voice. Every day had added interest to his mission, friends to his cause, and no wonder that, in the corrupted state of the Papacy, vile calumniators were ready to do the bidding of their superiors, and wage war against the man of God.

Up to this time, the hopeful spirit of Gavazzi looked forward to a more liberal government for his happy country. The election of Pio Nono had filled him with joy. He thought the hour of Italy's emancipation was at hand, that the voice of freedom would be heard in the streets, and gladness reign throughout the land. Alas! he was doomed to bitter disappointment. His own imprisonment shook his faith. The Cardinals who were most averse to liberal reforms returned to Court. Morandi was dismissed for Sterbini, as Governor of Rome, and the aspect of affairs in the north [illegible]. The onward movement was gaining ground however. The King of Naples, urged by the King of Piedmont and the Pope, played the people a Jesuitical trick, by granting them a constitution. "This," remarks his biographer, "excited and inflamed the minds of the Romans. Then came the news of the French Revolution—the outbreak of Vienna—the insurrection of Milan, whose unarmed citizens had for several days withstood the butcheries and cannon of 14,000 Austrians, and drove them from the town. Nor is it at all wonderful that at such news the excitement of the Romans was raised to the highest pitch. From every part of Italy a cry arose—a cry universal, irrepressible, and powerful as the voice of God, calling for arms that the sanguinary oppressors might be expelled from the Italian soil. The long-cherished hopes of independence assumed the shape of reality, and from Etna to the Alps a long and uninterrupted shout was heard of *'Away with the strangers!'*" Of his services at Rome during the French siege, of his fervid assistance of Mazzini and the Triumvirate, and his unceasing exertions, even in the front and heat of battle, to heighten the enthusiasm of the troops, we need not speak. The facts are patent to the world. Being driven from Italy by the arm of despotism, he is now in England, and will very shortly pay a visit to America. We hope some day to hear of his restoration to liberated Italy—now as down-trodden and oppressed a nation as any the sun beholds in its entire course.

FORTUNE.

Fortune is sweet, Fortune is sour,
Fortune will laugh, Fortune will lower,
The fading fruit of Fortune's flower
Doth both ripen and rot in an hour.

Fortune can give, Fortune can take,
[illegible] can make;
When others sleep, poor I do wake,
And all for unkind Fortune's sake.

Fortune sets up, Fortune pulls down,
Fortune soon loves, but hates as soon,
She is less constant than the moon,
She'll give a groat, and take a crown.

PUNCH'S EPITAPH ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

By the sole survivor of a deplorable accident (no blame to I attached to any servants of the Company.)

Collisions four
Or five she bore,
The signals set at nought,
Grown old and wasted,
Her boiler burst'd,
And smash'd the excursion train.
"Here end was pieces."

THE CAVES OF ELLORA.

(From the Hon. Captain Egerton's Tour in India.)

The famous caves of Ellora are situated along the face of the hill looking to the westward, and are consequently much cooler in the early morning than they are at a later time of day. It would take volumes to describe them, and even then I doubt if anything like a correct idea of them could be formed. With many of the principal sculptures I felt almost familiar, from drawings I had seen of them, but I was not at all prepared for the appearance of the Kylas. This can hardly be called a cave. It was a cave once dedicated to Budhoo, but was what they now call "extricated" from the rock by the Brahmins, that is, the cave was cut down into, leaving an enormous mass in the centre, which was then itself cut into, carved and ornamented in the most wonderful manner. No drawing, that I recollect seeing, gives the least idea of its general appearance. Much of the carving is grotesque, and not a little excessively obscene. In fact, there is little doubt but that the Brahmins often used this cave for any purposes but those of devotion. In many places, the statues of Budhoo have been altered to suit the Hindoo mythology In others Budhist images have been removed, and their places either left vacant, or Hindoo images substituted In one place there is a curious piece of sculpture, representing the construction of Adam's bridge, the connexion between Ceylon and the main land. Monkeys are bringing the stones which Humaioom is placing. The attitudes of the monkeys are absurdly life like, though the sculpture is a good deal the worse for exposure to the air A pendant to this work of art is a representation of a battle The period in which the battle was fought is unknown, but the supposition is, that the sculpture relates to an action between the Medes and some nation whose existence was prior to that of the Persians It is roughly executed, but is not without a certain amount of spirit in the figures Where the stone failed them, the Brahmins have added other stone, and their workmanship was so good that the joining is scarcely anywhere perceptible. A curious feature in the sculptures is that the men are never represented with beards, except some which appear in the character of prisoners. The others have neither beards nor mustachios As at Ajunteh, these caves were formerly ornamented with painting, but, thanks to Aurungzebe, there are hardly any vestiges of them left What little does appear leaves one little to regret in the loss of the remainder, for it seems that the Brahmins thought fit to cover the ancient painting of all with their own clever performances, about equal to the beautiful specimens of art one sees drawn on the walls now-a-days in India, a faint idea of which may be formed by supposing them to be a good deal worse than anything ever perpetrated by idle schoolboys at home. Of the original painting but one piece is known to remain, and that seems in a fair way to be lost It is on a ceiling of a vestibule of the Kylas, and is merely a small fragment representing a couple of elephants' heads, and some pattern work The animals are very good, and the colours have that hard enamelled look that is seen in the paintings discovered at Pompeii. It is supposed that this piece of painting was saved by the coat with which the Brahmins had covered it, the heat of the fire not having been sufficient to destroy more than the first coat. The story goes, that Aurungzebe had lodged his wives in one of the painted temples, that during the night a quantity of bats began to fly about, whereat the ladies were greatly frightened, that they gave an alarm, and declared that the souls of the people represented in the painting had come out to annoy them, and that Aurungzebe had therefore ordered the destruction of the paintings by means of large fires lighted in each cave His zeal for destruction had been previously shown at Futtypore Siera, and other places.

Among the other remarkable caves we visited are the Carpenters, and the Doomar Leyna. The former derives its name from a colossal statue which it contains It represents a man in a sitting posture, with what looks like a long bandage hanging from his finger The Brahmin history of it is, that it is the statue of a carpenter, who cut his finger while at work at the construction of the caves, an operation which only lasted one night. For a spiritual carpenter he must have been clumsy. This cave is arched, and has the daghoba like the caves of Ajunteh. Its roof is ribbed with stone, resembling the interior of the hull of a ship, capsized The Doomar Leyna is, I suppose, the largest cave of any, and next to the Kylas, the best sight of them all. It is not, however, of so much interest to antiquarians, as it is of much more recent date than many of the others. It contains, however, some of the most celebrated groups of sculpture, most of which have been described by former travellers. A steep flight of steps, now worn or broken away, once led from this cave to what it is supposed was the surface of the water, the idea being that, when the excavations were made, the plain below was one great lake, and that the caves were placed on the edge of it The said plain would often be the better for a small portion of the water again, at the present day. That it was well watered in former times is evident from the number of large tanks which exist in the neighbourhood, most of them of a much more recent date than that of the construction of the caves, though still so ancient that the name of the maker is generally known only by tradition.

MASANIELLO, THE PATRIOT FISHERMAN OF NAPLES.

In the year 1647, there lived at Naples a poor fisher-boy of the name of Tomaso Anello, vulgarly corrupted into Masaniello. He was clad in the meanest attire, went about barefooted, and gained a scanty livelihood by angling for fish, and hawking them about for sale. Who could have imagined that in this poor, abject fisher-boy, the populace were to find the being destined to lead them to one of the most extraordinary revolutions recorded in History? Yet so it was. No monarch ever had the glory of rising so suddenly to so lofty a pitch of power as the barefooted Masaniello. Naples, the metropolis of many fertile provinces, the queen of many noble cities, the resort of princes, of cavaliers, and of heroes, Naples, inhabited by more than six hundred thousand souls, abounding in all kinds of resources, glorying in its strength this proud city saw itself forced, in one short day, to yield to one of its meanest sons such obedience, as in all its history it had never before shown to the mightiest of its liege sovereigns. In a few hours the fisher-lad was at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men; in a few hours there was no will in Naples but his; and in a few hours it was freed from all sorts of taxes, and restored to all its ancient privileges. The fishing rod was exchanged for the truncheon of command, the sea-boy's jacket for cloth of silver and gold. He made the town to be intrenched; he placed sentinels to guard it against danger from without, and he established a system of policy within which awed the worst banditti in the world into fear. Armies passed in review before him; even fleets owned his sway. He dispensed punishments and rewards with a like liberal hand, the bad he kept in awe; the disaffected he paralysed; the wavering he resolved by his exhortations; the bold were encouraged by his incitements, the valiant made more valiant by his approbation.

Obeyed in whatever he commanded, gratified in whatever he attempted, never was there a chief more absolute, never was an absolute chief for a time more powerful. He ordered that all the nobles and cavaliers should deliver up their arms to such officers as he should commission to receive them. The order was obeyed. He ordered that men of all ranks should go without cloaks, or gowns, or wide cassocks, or any other sort of loose dress, under which arms might be concealed, nay, that even the women, for the same reason, should throw aside their farthingales, and tuck up their gowns somewhat high.

The order changed in an instant the whole fashions of the people, not even the proudest and fairest of Naples' daughters daring to dispute in the least the pleasure of the people's idol. Nor was it over the high and noble alone that he exercised this unlimited ascendancy. The "fierce democracy" were as acquiescent as the titled few. On one occasion, when the people in vast numbers were assembled, he commanded, with a loud voice, that every one present should, under pain of rebellion and death, retire to his home. The multitude instantly dispersed. On another, he put his finger on his mouth to command silence; in a moment every voice was hushed.

The reign of this prodigy of power was indeed short, lasting only from the 7th till the 16th of July, 1647: when he perished, the victim of another revolution in affairs. It was a reign marked, too, with many atrocious excesses, and with some traits of indescribable personal folly; yet as long as it is not an every day event for a fisher-boy to become a king, the story of Masaniello of Naples must be regarded with equal wonder and admiration, as exhibiting an astonishing instance of the genius to command existing in one of the humblest situations of life, and asserting its ascendancy with a rapidity of enterprise to which there are few parallels in history.

LETTERS TO WORKING MEN.

No. VIII.

SAVINGS' BANKS.

At a public examination of one of the British and Foreign schools, the subject of vegetable growth, as illustrated in the oak, was under consideration. The children got on pretty well while the examiners confined himself to the natural production, but when a more philosophical questioner arose, and asked "what are we taught by the growth of this great tree, from so small a matter as the acorn?" the pupils were silent, and silent remained though the question was three times repeated. Then the youngest child in a low, half doubtful way ventured to remark—"Please, sir, I think we're taught that *great things grow upon little legs.*"

There was a shrewdness in the saying well worth considering; every thing grows. A thing must be little before it is great. The spring that leaps amongst the pebbles widens into the broad, deep river, to bear upon its bosom the commerce of the world. The seed the husbandman drops into the ploughed land springs up again, "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

Fortunes Grow. Men stand forth to tell us how they once started in the world with a few pence in their pockets, but by steady industry, careful economy, persevering zeal, adding here a little and there a little, have now laid by a sum that being whispered in their neighbourhoods, makes neighbours touch their hats with grave politeness.

There is a truth of universal application in the simple words, *Gather up the fragments.* Be frugal; don't waste; SAVE, SAVE, SAVE. A penny saved is a penny earned. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves; be neither a miser, nor a prodigal, but "gather up the fragments, *that nothing may be lost.*"

SAVINGS' BANKS have created, during the few years which have elapsed since their establishment, habits of forethought and economy—a frame of mind disposed to regard a future and substantial advantage, rather than a momentary gratification. The temptations to dissipation and extravagance everywhere present themselves in a great city, and its population should therefore be armed with an additional degree of prudence. The advantages held out by these saving institutions, have induced many to lay by sums which would otherwise have been imperceptibly wasted, thus laying the foundation for future opulence.

Young depositors may be informed that a shilling a week, put into the savings' bank, and allowed to accumulate at compound interest—that is, neither to withdraw the principal, nor the interest which is every year added to it, and continuing the weekly deposit of a shilling—for the space of ten years, will at the end of that period place them in possession of a sum amounting to £30 7s. 5d., or £4 7s. 5d., more than was put into the bank. In the same way 2s. a-week will produce £60 14s. 10d., 3s. a-week will amount to £91 2s. 3d.; 4s. a-week to £121 9s. 8d., 5s. a-week to £151 17s. 1d.; 6s. a-week to £182 4s 6d.; and 7s. a-week to £510 1s. 4d.; for *great things grow upon little legs.*

An examination of the amounts deposited in savings' banks will show, that the deposits in England, Wales, and Ireland, proportioned to the population, amounted in 1821 to 12s. 8d., per head, in 1836 to 16s. 4d.; in 1841 to 19s. 10d; and in 1848 to 20s. 11d. People are beginning to understand the commercial truth MONEY IS POWER, that it is wiser to lay up a good foundation against the coming time, and by putting aside a weekly or a monthly sum, to build a bulwark between themselves and future poverty; that those shillings so recklessly spent at the pastry cooks or lavished on some gaudy finery, or, worse than either, expended in the tavern parlour, if put carefully aside, would have proved the truth that *guineas are gregarious*, and that frugality and self-denial are their own reward.

Only a penny! a penny a-week is four and fourpence a year; a penny a-day is £1 10s. 5d., a year, pennies make shillings, shillings pounds, pounds hundreds. In a mill at Preston 119 men were in the habit of spending £11 7s 9d. each in drink; if that sum had been put into the savings' bank, how comfortable they would have been in old age. "Ours is a homely aim,' says Dr. Chalmers, "and we express it in homely language, it is simply that the workman should lay by for an evil day—for old age, the winter of life."

Self-helpfulness is the lesson of the savings' bank; for the only true secret of assisting men is to make them the agents in bettering their own condition. If a man once saves half a sovereign, and deposits it in a savings' bank, it is the beginning of a course which may lead him to competence, perhaps to fortune.

A writer in the "Eclectic Review" says he never knew amongst the pauper class one instance of a man who had in the course of his life saved, and put by a pound, becoming a pauper. An inspector of prisons reports, that in a small town, out of 1,000 depositors, chiefly working people, during a period of five years, only ONE of the depositors had been committed to prison.

A comparative statement of the progress of saving habits among the people is exhibited in the recent returns of the Marylebone Savings' Bank, at specified periods during seven years:—

	Open deposit Accounts	Sums invested with National Debt Commissioners.
On 20th November, 1841 . . .	£15,124 . .	£350,089
,, 1845 . . .	16,201 . .	326,954
,, 1846 . . .	17,280 . .	318,643
,, 1847 . . .	18,119 . .	301,663
,, 1848 . . .	19,019 . .	291,386
,, 1849 . . .	20,382 . .	311,091
,, 1850 . . .	21,110 . .	321,775

The sum of £99,666 6s. 4½d. has been deposited in the Military Savings' Bank. These facts teach us that people are willing to save.

Savings' Banks are often the means of MORAL REFORM. "They cause the future to predominate over the present, and raise men in the scale of social beings."* However neglected a man may have been, however debased by vicious tastes, self-respect may be made to return, hope may look forward to a brighter future; and, under its benign influence, drawn into a better course, the day when the first few pence were laid by will be marked with a white stone as the time self-indulgence was conquered and a glorious victory won. Saving habits must make men *temperate*, for he who squanders his hard-earned wages in the ale-house cannot belong to the "savings' bank class." The trial of how little will suffice for present self, and how much can be saved for worn-out aged self, is worth something as a moral restorative. The sweetness of self-denial, the comfort of having somewhat provided against evil days, and the luxury of doing good, form that three-fold cord which is not easily broken.

Savings' banks make HAPPY HOMES. The faithful endeavour to discharge *one* social or religious duty is stepping into a charmed circle which gradually leads to the wish to fulfil *all*. The man who is a little *before-hand* with the world is like him described by the American poet, Longfellow —

> "His hair is long and black and crisp,
> His face is like the tan,
> His brow is wet with honest sweat,
> He earns whate'er he can—
> AND LOOKS THE WHOLE WORLD IN THE FACE,
> FOR HE OWES NOT ANY MAN"

The home that was once a dreary, cold, uncomfortable place, where everything seemed to go wrong and rough tempers grew still more rough, where nothing seemed in its proper place or wore a tidy look, but where now confusion is cleared up, discord arranged, and in the little realm of rooms and cupboards everything is neat and orderly, we may trace the cause to those *first savings* which made the first impression and roused the first desire for *independence.*

It has been suggested that savings' banks attached to mechanics' institutions would hold out a constant encouragement to the exercise of providence. One reason for adopting the suggestion is, that the savings' banks do not receive any smaller sum than a shilling; whereas many young persons might put by 3d. or 6d. per week, who could not spare a shilling at once.

* Dr. Johnson.

The plan is thus stated by *Mr. Charles W. Sikes*, of Huddersfield:—

"That the humbler members of each mechanics' institution should be encouraged to 'transact a little business' with a preliminary savings' bank within the institution, for which purpose some of the leading members might form a small 'savings' bank committee,' attending an evening weekly to receive their trifling deposits—their threepences, their sixpences, and, perhaps, their shillings—giving each party a small book; and so soon as the sum reached, say, £2 2s., paying it over to the Government Savings' Bank of the town, in the person's name, and giving to him or her the new pass-book. This to be repeated until another guinea be accumulated, to be again transferred, and so on. No interest being allowed until paid over to the Government Savings' Bank, the little bookkeeping requisite would be very simple, and from always being paid over when it reached £1 1s. or £2 2s., the liability incurred would be very limited."

Money makes money; those who have little can get more; the difficulty lies in getting the little. "For the last thirty years it seems to have been generally believed that the best thing a working man could do with his savings' was to put them into the savings' bank, but by judicious management working men can obtain from twenty to thirty per cent. per annum. Twenty men having each £10 in a savings' bank, have altogether £200 there, for which they receive, say, 3 per cent. or £6 per annum interest. A capitalist being able to give security for its repayment can directly or indirectly obtain the £200 from the savings' bank, paying the banker £10 a year for the use of it. The capitalist will build a house for one of the workmen with the workmen's own money, and let it at a clear profit of £15 per annum Here we have another proof that KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

What we say is—SAVE! Odd pence of themselves will do nothing; but odd pence multiplied by odd pence, change into ringing silver, and by the true alchemy of provident habits are transformed again to gold.

Money that answereth all things will enable you, not by lying idly in the bankers' hands, or, if not idly, industrious in its circulation for the benefit of others,—money will enable you to become your own landlord, relieve you from the necessity of paying rent, and a still greater advantage may be gained by the purchase of a freehold. A forty shilling freehold gives a vote for the county; if our artisans would but consider that those scanty savings are the means by which fair representation is to be obtained and those just laws effected which now seem so Utopian.

What an investment for a working man! "Depend on it there is no security on earth half so secure as the earth itself."*

These things CAN be done. "*Great things grow upon little legs.*" The child's philosophy is the true wisdom of all mankind. Stone upon stone pyramids are raised. Leaf after leaf bursts forth to form the foliage of the summer time. NOT by sudden intuition, but line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, the learned man attains his knowledge; and penny after penny, shilling after shilling, pound after pound, the steady worker saves,—saves that he may attain Self-respect, True Independence, and Political Equality.

REGULARITY IN STREET ARCHITECTURE NOT AN AGENT IN THE PICTURESQUE.

The descriptions of the great "Market-street" of Philadelphia, as given by writers on the United States, have always conveyed to me the idea of the finest, almost, of all possible streets. It is two miles and more in length, of immense breadth; and the houses, instead of being uniform, are variously built and ornamented, and of various sizes and styles of architecture. The line of the street is kept, but that is all Now, this is a street of which the eye never tires. It is regular, but also picturesque it shows like what it is—the work of independent wealth, untrammelled and unconfined. How superior to that "regularity" which, in nine cases out of ten, is not only monotonous after it is once seen, but also thrusts upon the mind the idea of its being planned by some vile speculator or moon-struck schemer in stone and lime;—the spawn of paper-money and mortgage making, under the specious title of "improvement"—!"

* Cobden.

THE NECESSITY OF RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE, SHOWN IN A CHINESE STORY.

IN the early part of the reign of the great Emperor Kamtis, a mandarin of the city of Canton, while ruminating in his own house, heard a violent noise proceeding from the house adjoining. He sent to inquire if they were not committing murder on some person. He was answered, that the almoner of the Danish Company, a priest from Batavia, and a Jesuit, were disputing. He ordered them to be brought before him, and treated them with tea and sweetmeats, and then demanded the cause of their quarrel.

The Jesuit answered, that he thought it was hard upon him, who had always reason on his side, to have to deal with persons who were always in the wrong that he had at first argued with great coolness; but that, at length, his patience was quite exhausted. The mandarin, with great composure, reminded them, that politeness was necessary in all disputes, that the Chinese never put themselves in a passion; and demanded what was the subject of their dispute.

The Jesuit said, "I appeal to you, sir, as the judge between us: these two divines refuse to submit to the decisions of the Council of Trent."

"This astonishes me," replied the mandarin: then, turning to the two refractory priests,—"Gentlemen," he said, "it appears highly reasonable, that you ought to pay respect to the advice of a numerous assembly. I know nothing of the Council of Trent; but I know that many heads are wiser than one. No man ought to fancy that he knows more than others, and that reason lodges in his brain only this is the opinion of our wise Confucius If you will therefore, believe me, you cannot act more wisely than trust to the decisions of the Council of Trent."

The Dane now put in his word, and said, "You speak, sir, with the greatest wisdom we respect, as we ought to do, the decisions of large assemblies, and, therefore, agree with many that were held before the Council of Trent"

"Oh!" says the mandarin, "if that be the case, I beg your pardon you appear to have reason on your side. Well, then, you and the Dutchman agree in opinion against this poor Jesuit?"

"Not at all," said the Dutchman, "for this man holds opinions as extravagant as those of the Jesuit himself."

"I do not understand you," said the mandarin, "are you not all three Christians? Are you not come hither to teach Christianity? And ought you not, consequently, to preach the same doctrines?"

"You see, sir," said the Jesuit, "that these two persons are mortal enemies to each other, and both dispute against me is it not evident, therefore, that they are both in the wrong, and that reason is clearly on my side only?"

"This is not so very evident," said the mandarin, "you may be compelled, all three, to confess that you are all in the wrong. I shall be glad to hear you, one after another."

The Jesuit then made a long discourse, during which the Dane and the Dutchman shrugged up their shoulders, while the mandarin could not comprehend a single word that was spoken. The Dane made a speech in his turn, [illegible] him all the time with pity and contempt, but the Dutchman understood not a word of what he said. The Dutchman was also heard. In short, they all three spoke at once, and treated one another with the grossest abuse.

The honest mandarin had great difficulty in procuring silence, and then said, "If you would have your doctrine tolerated here, you must begin with being neither intolerant nor intolerable yourselves."

On quitting the audience, the Jesuit met with a Dominican missionary, and told him, that he had gained his cause, assuring him, at the same time, that truth must always prevail. The Dominican said, "If I had been there you would not have succeeded, for I should have convicted you of falsehood and idolatry" The quarrel grew hot, and the Dominican and the Jesuit seized one another by the hair. The mandarin, informed of this scandalous affray, committed them both to prison. A sub-mandarin asked the judge, how long his excellency intended to confine them. "Until they can agree," said the judge.

"Ah!" replied the sub-mandarin, "they will be imprisoned then all their lives." "I mean," said the judge, "till they can forgive one another." "I know," said the other, "that they will never forgive one another." "Well, then," said the mandarin, "till they can make us believe that they forgive one another."

THE SLAVE SHIP.

(*For our Children.*)

I NEVER a tale for children's ears,
'Twas more than pity and their tears
A ship came down on Afric's coast,
Its crew, a fierce and lawless host,
From home, and friends, and native shore,
Six hundred helpless negroes tore:
The white man did not heed their cries,
But stifled all their sobs and sighs.
Down in the dark and noisome hold,
Enduring miseries untold,
But little food or drink had they,
And never saw the light of day
For Indian isles the monster steer'd;
But, as the vessel westward veer'd,
A threat'ning cloud o'ercast the sky,
And wind and wave howl'd dreadfully.
The captain fear'd an instant wreck,
And all the sailors on the deck,
Whom, guilt alarm'd, began to think
The o'erladen vessel soon would sink
O did they deem their cargo nought,
But such as from the isles is brought,
Towards which they went across the sea,
To sell those men to slavery,—
The lifeless produce of the cane,
Sugar and rum, the drunkard's bane?
They did;—and though one pang might cross
Their sordid souls at such a loss,
Yet terror each steel'd breast assail'd,
And over avarice prevail'd
With fiendish fierceness, and a tone
That can belong to fiends alone,
The captain his dire mandate gave,
That, him and his fell crew to save,
Regardless of the daughter's cry,
And tender parent's welling eye,
And all the ties as strong and true
In negroes as they are in you,—
They should,—O! what a scene was then!—
Two hundred of those sunburnt men
O'erwhelm in one deep watery grave,
To pacify the clam'rous wave!
'Tis done! they fall with mournful plash,
And o'er them swift the billows dash
Above the tempest's horrid noise,
The shrieks of death a moment rise,
A moment,—and the only sound
Is from the wind and waves around
The storm blew o'er, and clear and bright
Return'd the cheerful face of light
The dizzy cup went briskly round,
The whispers of remorse were drown'd
But O! there surely comes a day
When God will all their deeds repay,
When pride of wealth, and power, and home
The negro man will sternly sever,
And when that reckoning day shall come,
Then he that kills shall die for ever!"

J. M. HART.

HISTORICAL COINCIDENCES.

It has been remarked as a curious circumstance that Buonaparte and Wellington were born in the same year, and that Burns and Hogg, the Scotch poets, were both born on January 25th, but it is more remarkable that the two greatest dramatists of modern Europe, Shakspeare and Cervantes, both died the same day in the same year, April 23, 1616. It is further remarkable that Shakspeare, like the case of the great Raphael of Sobieski, died on the anniversary of his birth.

LITERARY NOTICES.

GIN AND WATER, a pair of pictorial designs by Kenny Meadows, portraying the effects arising from the indulgence of those potent liquids. In the first, GIN, we have the interior of the drunkard's home, with a glimpse of the horrors which belong peculiarly to such homes, in the second, WATER, we see how comfort[illegible] upon the steps of the temperate man. The contrast [illegible] the pictures—which measure 24 inches by 16 [illegible] We have had too many [illegible] and pictures in praise of [illegible] of our country, and we are glad to perceive that our poets and artists are beginning to discover that they may get inspiration even out of water—

"Wine, wine, thy power and praise
Have ever been echoed in minstrel lays,
[illegible] claim
[illegible] I am?"

These pictures, [illegible] over every cottage chimney-piece, and on the walls of every factory, and workshop, and ragged school throughout all the land, can be obtained of every bookseller for one shilling. They are exquisitely engraved on wood, by Messrs. Henry Linton and William Measom.

THE AUTOGRAPHIC [illegible] be found [illegible] ters this; to the leaders of [illegible] the [illegible] Abolitionists [illegible] Among the contributors [illegible] Harriet Beecher Stowe, one by her sister, Miss C. E. Beecher, a [illegible] Frederic Douglas; other articles, in prose and verse, by Professors Allen, Raymond, and Finney, Judge Birnie, Horace Mann, Lewis Tappan, Horace Greely, Rev. J. Pierpont, &c. Also letters from the Bishop of Oxford, Karl Carlisle, Joseph Sturge, Wilson Armistead, &c. The price at which this is published, one shilling, will, no doubt, be the means of securing for it a most extensive circulation.

ATHEISM CONSIDERED THEOLOGICALLY AND POLITICALLY. This Volume, now in the press, consists of thirteen Lectures, by the Rev. LYMAN BEECHER, D.D (father of Mrs H. B. Stowe). These Lectures enter fully into the momentous question now at issue, or, at least, under discussion, between "Secularism" and Christianity. For close reasoning and eloquent declamation, these Lectures have rarely been surpassed. The Volume will be well printed, and will be sold for 2s. 6d. bound in cloth.

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SHADOWS ON THE RIVER.

'Tis evening's hour—
The shadows lower,
The earth in gloom enshrouding—
Dense clouds and dun
Around the sun
Up from the west are crowding;

And dull and chill
Adown the hill,
The fount is sadly creeping,
Along the ground,
With wailing sound,
As if of spirits weeping.

The lake is dark—
There's not a spark
Of light upon it playing;
The shadows rest
Upon its breast,
The chill breeze o'er it straying.

No more within
The wave is seen
The lustrous sky reposing,
And deep in shade
Lie dell and glade,
Around the waters closing.

Now dimly o'er
The margin pour
The dark waves, joyless gliding,
Upon the stream
No pleasant beam
Has left one smile abiding.

With sullen sound,
And darkling bound,
O'er crag and ledge 'tis dashing,
Through mist and gloom,
As from the tomb,
Is heard a mournful plashing.

Now winding slow,
With cheerless flow,
Through grove and mead 'tis wending;
Now rippling by,
Where rushes sigh,
Or willow-boughs are bending

And song of bird
No more is heard
In liquid music thrilling,
The shadow flings
Its dusky wings,
The saddened waters chilling.

And dark and lone
The flood moves on
In mute and solemn motion—
Mid shades profound,
That close around,
It sinks into the ocean

And as I viewed
That gloomy flood
As fount, and lake, and river,
I cried, "Alas!
May life ne'er pass
Mid shadows thus for ever"

Then Ocean lone
With awful moan
Upon my ear fell booming,
And to my sighs
A voice replies
From out the shadows coming —

"Man's life is made
Of light and shade,
Of joys and griefs together,
Now sun, now shower,
Now shadows lower,
Like fitful April weather.

"From source to sea—
'Tis God's decree—
Man's flood is full of changes,
Now calm its waves
Now vext it raves,
Now glad now sad, it ranges.

"But He whose might
Made cloud and light,
In wisdom each dispenses
And still in vain
Doth man complain
Of hours above his senses."

Rebuked I stood
Beside the flood,
And answered, bending lowly—
"Lord, I resign
My will to thine;
Thy ways are just and holy.

"In joy or woe,
Let life's stream flow
As Thou ordainest ever
But grant one gleam
At last to beam
As graveward sinks the river."—H. R.

BITS OF MY MIND.

THAT the ancient Britons were a set of half-naked savages, I, for one, do not believe. The construction of Stonehenge contradicts this but it is also evident, from the reception Julius Cæsar met, that their arms and military skill were both formidable The "British Chariot" became, after Cæsar's attempt, fashionable at Rome. Propertius, Book II., Elegy 1 76, alludes to the highly ornamented "Esseda Britanna" of Brennus. This fact negatives the notion of barbarism.

ONE of the best proofs of the difficult and absorbing nature of the study of the law is this *striking fact*, that, though amongst lawyers, and at the bar, and on the bench, are to be found at all times men of splendid talents, yet the *law has hardly produced a great author*, excepting such as have treated of the law itself. The great Lord Bacon is a splendid exception to the rule, and Sir Thomas More is, to a small extent, another, but where is the third?

THE science of architecture seems to me to have sadly declined for the last three centuries not only in matters of taste and design, but in some of the actual essentials In all old houses built after a certain date, I have observed the cement turns to dust and easily separates, when the fabric is pulled down. In buildings that are fully three or more centuries old, the *lime is harder than the stone* This is the case in all old ruins of castles and abbeys, and in all old bridges not so in modern piles The cement of St Paul's Cathedral is even now, alas! mourning but dust! It hangs together merely by the weight and joints of the stones Of this melancholy fact I was assured by my friend, Allan Cunningham, a most competent judge

FALLACIES that are altogether false, are also altogether *inefficient* Your only sturdy and long-lived fallacies are those founded upon and mixed with some modicum of truth. This is the case with physiognomy, phrenology, and mesmerism, to mention no others.

I HAVE sometimes thought that it was all the better for *Job's* reputation that he had never been in attendance upon some of our English ladies upon that sort of forenoon expedition which, in common parlance, is called going "a-shopping." If the venerable man's patience had survived *that*, he would have deserved his reputation indeed.

YOU may talk of modes, and methods, and systems, of "Education" as you like their importance is of a very secondary sort! No *great man* was ever educated, save by himself

BEWARE of that man whose eyes, without squinting, seem to look two ways at once, that is to say, straight forward, and also backwards, as it were, over each shoulder

THE grand error and besetting sin of schemers, reasoners, and theorists, on different states of society is, that they always incline to reject at once, as superfluous or wrong, what cannot be *proved by reason* to be right;—a most short-sighted and atheistical mistake, though religious men often fall unwittingly into it! This is pseudo-philosophy with a vengeance. The reverse is the truth. Some of the *most valuable* cements and binders of society are *instinctive or nearly so*, and cannot be made to rest upon mere logical foundations. The preference of parent to child, the affection between the sexes, the love of country, the love of locality, the respect for property, the hate of injustice,—all these, and many more, are either all instinct, or at the least half-instinctive, and yet upon these society mainly rests. Why is this so? Why for this plain reason—*because God will fashion his own work*, and not leave the world to be made and unmade by the whims of "philosophers."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. R.—If you, as a youth, can earn 21s. a-week regularly, we cannot see why you should wish to emigrate to Australia.

DOUBTING.—Get Dr. Beecher's Lectures on Atheism They will be published in a few days you will find them advertised [illegible]

THOMAS.—*Belles l. t[illegible]* Bel[illegible] a French term used to de[illegible] especially poetry and oratory *Ta[illegible]* Greek, *taxo*, to dispose, is the science employing and regulating the movements of an army, or of a fleet, in warfare

INQUIRER (Bolton).—*Cornucopiæ*, literally, the horn of plenty. The use of this horn arose from a Greek fable, to the effect, that in Lybia there was a fruitful little territory, in shape somewhat like a bullock's horn, which Ammon, the king, gave to his daughter. Poets and painters employ it as emblematic of abundance and happiness

MARY ANN B.—The address of Sidney Herbert, Esq., M.P., is No. [illegible] Belgrave Square, [illegible]

AMICUS.—The [illegible] of Dr. Morell [illegible] various forms, to be [illegible] artes and sciences [illegible]

AUSTRALIA.—You [illegible] obtaining employment [illegible] arrive [illegible] trees, but you will have to [illegible] could not let us know [illegible] obtain such places, except [illegible]

C. A. S.—According to existing statutes, marriage with a deceased [illegible]

R. A. D.—It is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III., No. 74.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1853. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MOSQUES.

A STRANGE, romantic story is the life of Mahomet, very different from the dull, dry reading of the Koran. The wild son of the desert, with his sagacious, honest countenance, his horse-shoe mark, like Scott's Red Gauntlet, at once arrests our attention, and enlists our sympathy; and as we follow him step by step in his wonderful career—now poor and despised, now rich and envied—we cannot but feel deeply interested in his fate. He is one of those men whom history is forced to remember. Everywhere in the East you are reminded of his life and doings. The priests in the mosques never cease reading the Koran, day after day, and all day long you hear the sound going on. Strange places are those Eastern mosques, some of them remarkable for beauty. Dr. Clarke, on viewing the Mosque of St. Omar, observed, that the sight was so grand, that he did not hesitate in pronouncing it the most magnificent piece of architecture in the Turkish empire; and considered it externally far superior to the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople. By the sides of the spacious area in which it stands, are certain vaulted remains; these plainly denote the masonry of the ancients; and evidence may be adduced to prove, that they belonged to the foundations of Solomon's temple. He observed, also, that reticulated stucco which is commonly considered as an evidence of Roman work. Phocas believed the whole space surrounding this building to be the ancient area of the temple; and Golius, in his notes upon the Astronomy of Alferganes, says, the whole foundation of the original edifice remained. As to the mosque itself, there is no building at Jerusalem that can be compared with it, either in beauty or riches. The lofty Saracenic pomp so nobly displayed in the style of the building; its numerous arcades; its capacious dome, with all the stately decorations of the place; its extensive area, paved and variegated with the choicest marbles; the extreme neatness observed in every avenue towards it; and, lastly, the sumptuous costume observable in the dresses of all the Eastern devotees, passing to and from the sanctuary, make it altogether one of the finest sights the Mahometans have to boast.



INTERIOR OF AN EASTERN MOSQUE.

The Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople is a strikingly beautiful building. The dome of this celebrated structure is one hundred and thirteen feet in diameter, and is built on arches, sustained by vast pillars of marble. The pavement and staircase are also of marble. There are two rows of galleries, supported by pillars of party-colour marble, and the entire roof is of fine mosaic work. In this mosque is the superb tomb of the Emperor Constantine, for which the Turks have the highest veneration.

Besides the above, two other mosques attract the particular notice of travellers who visit the Turkish capital. That of the Valide Sultan, founded by the mother of Mahomed IV., is the largest, and is built entirely of marble. Its proportions are stupendous; and it boasts the finest symmetry. The mosque of Sultan Solyman is an exact square, with four fine towers in the angles; in the centre is a noble cupola, supported by beautiful marble pillars. Two smaller ones at the extremities are supported in the same manner. The pavement and gallery surrounding the mosque are of marble; and under the great cupola is a fountain, adorned with such finely-coloured pillars, that they can scarcely be deemed of natural marble. On one side is the pulpit, of white marble; and on the other the little gallery for the Grand Signior. A fine staircase leads to it; and it is built up with gilt lattices. At the upper end is a kind of altar, on which the name of God is inscribed; and before it stand

two candlesticks, six feet in height, with wax candles in proportion. The pavement is spread with fine carpets, and the mosque illuminated by a vast number of lamps. The court leading to it is very spacious, with galleries of marble, supported by green columns, and covered by twenty-eight leaden cupolas on the sides, with a fine fountain in the centre.

"The mosque of Sultan Selim I., at Adrianople, is another surprising monument of Turkish architecture. It is situated in the centre and most elevated part of the city, so as to make a very noble display. The first court has four gates, and the innermost three; both being surrounded by cloisters, with marble pillars of the Ionic order, finely polished, and of very lively colours: the entire pavement is of white marble, and the roof of the cloisters is divided into several cupolas or domes, surmounted with gilt balls. In the midst of each court are fine fountains of white marble; and, before the grand entrance, is a portico, with green marble pillars, provided with five gates. The body of the mosque is one prodigious dome, adorned with lofty towers, whence the *muazins*, or priests, call the people to prayers. The ascent to these towers is very artfully contrived: there is but one door, which leads to three different staircases, going to three different stories of the tower, in such a manner, that three priests may ascend and descend, by a spiral progress, without meeting each other.

The walls of the interior are inlaid with porcelain, ornamented with small flowers and other natural objects, in very lively colours. In the centre hangs a vast lamp of gilt silver, besides which there are at least two thousand smaller ones: the whole, when lighted, have a very splendid effect.

Speaking of the mosques of Cairo, Bartlett, in his "Nile Boat," says: "Among the four hundred mosques in the city, many of which are in a state of decay, other beautiful specimens may be met with; but perhaps the utmost perfection and variety of this style of architecture seems to have been reached in the tombs, which are scattered without the walls on the south and east. Emerging from the crowded city by the Bab e Nusr, or Gate of Victory, the desert stretches from the very walls into the trembling haze of distance, and its dead and silent expanse receives an additional mournfulness of aspect from the cemetries which glitter and whiten in the burning sun, unshadowed by shrub or tree; some with their gilt and gaily turbaned head-stones of yesterday's erection; others broken and half filled up with sand. Here the Bedouin, who love not the confinement of walls nor the society of civilised man, establish themselves on their flying visits to the capital, crouching in the shade of the ruinous monuments, and raising their temporary camp on the surrounding sands, in the midst of their recumbent camels. As you advance, the hum of the city, faintly ascending above its walls, dies away upon the ear, high mounds of rubbish conceal the tops of its minarets, and, without enclosure of any kind, backed by hills of an aspect wildly desolate, these beautiful structures 'rise like an exhalation' from the blanching waste. None, even the most indifferent, could behold without astonishment such erections in the bare and open wilderness,—yet this adds not a little to the funereal impressiveness of the sight; but when we approach, and find how fast oblivion is gathering upon these mouldering memorials of former greatness, and still greater genius, we might almost weep that such a fate must, at no great distance of time, befall monuments, which, in lands more enlightened, would be preserved as precious creations of Art, which in their peculiar style have never been surpassed."

THE PRESS.

The conservators of wrong have ever been most angry with the bold productions of the printing press. From a pamphlet published about two hundred years since we extract the following —

"The press (that villainous engine), invented much about the same time with the reformation, hath done more mischief to the discipline of our church than the doctrine can make amends for. It was a happy time when all learning was in manuscript, and some little officer did keep the key of the library, like our author; when the clergy needed no more clerkship than to save them from hanging; but now, since printing came into the world, such is the mischief that a man cannot write a book, but presently he is answered. Could the press but at once be conjured to obey only an imprimature, our author might not disdain, perhaps, to be one of its most zealous patrons. There have been ways found out to banish ministers, to find not only the people, but even the grounds and fields where they assembled in conventicles, but no art could prevent those seditious meetings of letters. Two or three fellows in a corner, with mere ink and elbow grease, do more harm than a hundred systematic divines with their sweaty preaching, and, what is a strange thing, the very sponges which one would think should rather deface and blot out the whole book, and were anciently used for that purpose, are become now the instruments to make them legible. Their ugly printing letters look but like so many rotten tooth drawers; and yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes that they grow as firm a set and as biting and talkative as ever. Oh, printing, how hast thou disturbed the peace of mankind, that lead, when formed into bullets, is not so mortal as when formed into letters! There was a mistake sure in the story of Cadmus, and the serpent's teeth which he sowed were nothing else but the letters which he invented. The first essay that was made towards this art was in single characters upon iron, wherewith, of old, they stigmatised slaves and remarkable offenders; and it was of good use sometimes to brand a schismatic, but a bulky Dutchman diverted it quite from its institution, and contriving those innumerable syntagmes of alphabets, hath pestered the world ever since with the gross bodies of German divinity One would have thought in reason that a Dutchman might have been contented with the wine press."

DEPOSITS IN SAVINGS' BANKS A VOTING QUALIFICATION.

The present government having committed itself to the principles of extended suffrage, it is but natural that speculation should be afloat as to the measure it is likely to introduce. Some persons are so uncharitable as to hint that in the event of Lord John Russell obtaining a peerage, the country would have more to thank him for in this matter than if he continued to discharge the responsibilities of his present office. Men—says Mr. Bunting, the "Norwich Operative,"—"are noting the expressions which fell from his lips on those occasions when he has opposed measures of a more sweeping character than he is likely to adopt, and from them attempt to form some conclusion as to what shape the intended project will take. It will probably be remembered, that on one of those occasions he intimated his willingness to support a plan which would make the deposit of a specified sum in the savings' bank the voting qualification Now, to regard such a scheme as a satisfactory means of meeting the claims of the unenfranchised body would be rank delusion. Such a plan, independent of the very slight addition it would make to the number of electors, is manifestly open to several objections. It would entirely pass over a class of persons who would give some proof of their fitness for the franchise by their subjection to habits of self-denial for the purpose of affording provision for the maintenance of their aged parents in their case, exclusion from the rights of citizenship would be the reward of filial affection. It would enfranchise the skilled artizan, who, after a year or two's expiration of his apprenticeship, had, by economy and industry, acquired sufficient to place his name upon the registry, but let him dare to contract a matrimonial engagement, and furnish his house with the proceeds of that industry, and, forsooth, he becomes totally unfit for the exercise of political responsibilities! but, further, let exemplary frugality again lead to his possession of the stipulated sum, and just in proportion as he discharges the duties of a husband and a parent in relation to many of the obligations and trials of working-class domestic life, in the same proportion does he risk expulsion from the muster-roll of freemen, upon which his prudence and forethought had placed him. The injustice of the plan is obvious. If Lord John Russell desires to place the franchise within the reach of those whom he would regard as the *élite* of the working class, he must not adopt a project which would make mere parsimony the road to political privilege."

A FRENCH AMBASSADOR'S RECOLLECTIONS OF PERSIA.

BY M. EUGENE PLAUDIN.

(*Translated for the* WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, *by Walter Weldon.*)

THERE are countries in which the life of the inhabitants is all exterior, and of which the traveller has only to report his first impressions, in order to enable those to whom he relates them to form correct and definitive judgments of the people among whom he has sojourned. There are others, on the contrary, into the life of which it is exceedingly difficult to penetrate, and amongst their number must be counted Persia. In order to obtain a full comprehension of the Persian national character, in all its independence, it will not be sufficient to interrogate the public life of the Persian people. In their country, the official ceremonies, the popular and religious festivals, the magnificence of the royal palaces, and the surpassing majesty of the ancient ruins, charm and surprise the traveller by turns; but leave him, perhaps, a little more disposed to admire the Persia of the past than that of the present, and inclined to forget, while stricken with the glories of the former, the interest which attaches to the last. There is engendered in his mind a double sentiment when he sets his foot in Persia, viz., one of enthusiasm, and, at the same time, sadness, and it is to this sentiment that he must often most resistance when he attempts to give a true account of the modern empire of the Kadjars. If the national spirit of the Persians is at this hour slumbering, it is only because there is open to it no theatre of activity. After having excelled by turns both in the arts and war, the genius of the Persians, deprived of the powerful mobiles which impelled it in days by-gone, is quietly awaiting a new field of action. It is in those, perhaps, of commerce and industry that it would most gladly find an opportunity for exercising its latent energies, were any hand able enough to guide it into their neglected territory. The abasement of the Persians of to-day has less its causes in any vice of the national character than in a sad concurrence of unfortunate circumstances, in a train of revolutions and intestine conflicts whose consequences could not but be most deplorable. The history of the incessant troubles which, for more than a century, have agitated their country will give the best response to those who are doubtful of the persistent vitality and possible *revival* of the Persian people. Let us, then, glance thereat for a few moments.

I.—THE SUCCESSORS OF THE SOPHIS.

The dynasty of the Sophis had given to Persia three centuries of glory and prosperity, when, at the commencement of the eighteenth of the Christian era, the invasion of the Afghans hurled them from the throne, which then was filled by the most unworthy of the descendants of the valiant and enthusiastic sheik Ardebil.* This prince, weak and timid, and forgetting that he counted amongst his ancestors the heroes who had chased the Tartars out of Persia, knew not how to defend himself against a handful of Afghans, and, trembling before the emirs of Mahmoud, the leader of their undisciplined bands, placed with his own hands the royal *tomah* at the feet of his audacious conqueror.

Thus was established for some years in Persia the domination of the Afghans, inaugurated by Mahmoud. This barbarous chief called himself, in the midst of a terrified population, upon the throne of Abbas the Great, but everything seemed to prophesy the speedy downfal of the Afghans. Between them and the Persian people, religion, if nought else, created a gulf which it was impossible to bridge. The Afghans were Sunnites, and, sooner or later, unto national hatred must come to be united religious animosities. The successor of Mahmoud had suffered a prince of the line of the Sophis to survive. The malcontents all rouped themselves around him, and, under the name of Châh-Thamas, he was proclaimed king by the revolted Persians. One Nadir, a soldier of fortune, constituted himself the lieutenant of Châh-Thamas: he rescued his country from the tyranny of the Afghans, and replaced the *tomah* upon the brows of a Sophi. But the liberator of the Persians was not the man to be contented with a merely second rank. He was the first to attempt to wrest from the hands of his sovereign the sceptre which he had placed in it,—and he made Châh-Thamas descend from the Persian throne, in order to seat himself there in his stead.

The reign of Nadir-Châh was only one long series of wars waged against the Afghans, the Hindoos, and the Turks. This extraordinary man, who, from a condition the most humble, had risen step by step until he had reached the throne of an empire, makes certainly as large a figure as any man of the eighteenth century. His officers went to the banks of the Bosphorus to dictate peace to the Sultan, after having so extended the Persian frontier that it intersected the very heart of Turkey. He vanquished also the Tartars and the Afghans,—made himself master of Herat, of Candahar, of Caboul, and of Boskh,—crossed the Indus,—conquered Lahore,—and, descending towards the valley of the Ganges, became even the conqueror of Delhi, from whence he carried away immense riches, including the imperial treasure, and the famous throne of the sacred *takht-e-taous*. Upon this precious monument of his conquests was it that, justly proud of his innumerable victories, drunk with glory, and covered with the jewels of the Great Mogul, he then seated himself before the dazzled eyes of his Persian subjects. Unfortunately, however, for the continuance of his power, all the treasures he had gathered in the Indies, together with the exactions which he imposed on his own people, were insufficient for the satiation of his cupidity. The cruel despotism of so avaricious a monarch at last wearied out the Persians, whom the double influence of glory and terror had caused before to bow to him, and he was assassinated by one of his own officers, after having reigned just fifteen years.

As always happens in cases of usurpation, after the death of Nadir-Châh the crown was coveted by numbers of the ambitious of all ranks. The consequence was, that to the brilliant conquests of that prince who had caused the banner of Ali to wave in triumph from the Tigris to the Ganges there succeeded an era of intestine conflicts, which was only ended by the seizing of the sceptre—fallen to the earth in the midst of the combatants who disputed for it—by a hardy nomade chief, who had been one of the soldiers of the conquering Nadir-Châh. This new usurper, Kerhim-Khân el Zeud, was a benefactor to the Persians, who still revere his memory. They honour him under the modest title of *vekil* or regent, the only one which would be taken by this soldier, whom indomitable courage and exhaustless energy had made a king. The educated mind and noble heart of the prince Kerhim-Khân raised considerably the fallen Persian nation, encouraged letters, caused the arts to reflourish, and gave once more prosperity to Persia. Listen how a Persian author,* a contemporary of the *vekil*, expresses himself respecting him.—"The rays of this majestic sun extended themselves over all the empire, but the influence of its beneficent heat was felt above all particularly at Chiraz, the inhabitants of which city enjoyed, while he resided in it, the most tranquil and perfect happiness,—as did, indeed, those of every other city in his dominions. Everywhere the people were well fed, well clothed, and happy, and everywhere they blessed the name of the good *vekil*."

The spirit of discord, nevertheless, was not extinct, but only slept, and, on the death of Kerhim-Khân, civil war was recommenced with a new bitterness. As if no dynasty could last long in Persia which was not of a Turkish origin, that of the Zeuds was sapped and overthrown by the Kadjars. The Turkish tribes have played a most remarkable *rôle* in the history of modern Persia. It was only by the aid of some tribes of Ottoman origin, established in the north of the kingdom since the time of the conquest of Taimour-Leuk or Tamerlane, that the Sophis were enabled to throw off the yoke of the Attabegs, and it was from the same tribes that were furnished to Chah-Ismael the best of the soldiers that he employed in the succeeding contest with the Sultan. Nadir, too, was of the tribe of the Afchars, established near to Tabris, as also is the family of the Kadjars, which still holds in its hands the supreme authority in Persia.

The revolt which broke out against the successor of Kerhim-Khân was headed by a eunuch, Aga-Mohammed-Khân, who had long cast covetous eyes upon the crown, and had only waited for the death of the *vekil* in order to attempt to seize it. The young man who had succeeded Kerhim, Louft-Ali-Khân, seemed to have inherited some of the best qualities of his predecessor; but his inexperience rendered very difficult to him the contest with so astute and able an enemy as Aga-Mohammed. The heroic and impatient Louft-Ali was defeated by his antagonist in their first

* Sefi-ed-Din, founder of the sect of the Chutes, and grandfather of the first prince Sophi Ismael. He was the passionate instigator of the revolt which resulted in the downfal of the Tartar dynasty and the advent of that the Sophis.

* Ali-Reza, historian of the Zeud family.

encounter, and a second time under the walls of the royal city of Chiraz. Obliged to seek for safety in flight, he shut himself up in the walled town of Kerman, whose inhabitants had preserved their fidelity to the successor of the good *schah*. They still remember, however, the barbarous manner in which the cruel Kadjar eunuch rewarded that fidelity:—the eyes of all the men in the city being put out, and all the women delivered to the soldiers. For many years afterwards Persia was covered with the unfortunate men who were thus rendered blind, and deprived of all resources besides those which could result from the commiseration of the public; and there are even yet remaining many old men who excite pity by a cecity which dates from childhood, and recalls sadly the barbarity of the first chief of the reigning family. As for Louft-Ali-Khân, he fell into the power of his implacable enemy, who caused him to perish of hunger after having had his eyes put out; and who, not content with this one victim, likewise put to death all the other princes of the family of Kerhim-Khân. The eunuch then seated himself upon the throne to which he had waded through such a flood of crime, and founded the dynasty which has now worn the Persian crown for a longer period than half a century. After having reigned in peace for twenty years over a people who were rendered by exhaustion submissive to his bloody yoke, Aga-Mohammed-Khân was assassinated in 1797, at the rather advanced age of sixty-three. Two of his servitors or *pichketmets* having happened to break out into a quarrel in his presence, he ordered that both of them should be put to death; they prevented the execution of this sentence by becoming his assassins.

In the first year of his reign, Aga-Mohammed-Khân had put to death his brother, notwithstanding that he owed to him a great part of his success, "in order to avoid the quarrels which most likely would ensue between him and his nephew, whom he had chosen for his successor." If by chance his conscience ever whispered aught against this crime, he would say, pointing to his nephew,—"I committed it only that this child might reign in peace." The name of this nephew was Fêt-Ali-Châh, but he was called more familiarly Baba-Khân. He ascended the throne under the first of these two titles, and although his ascent did not take place without opposition, he had not to contend with any powerful opponents. Imitating the prudence of his uncle, he caused the eyes of his brother to be seared with a hot iron, though he did not go so far as to put him to death. In a country in which the laws relating to the transmission of the royal power have nothing fixed in them, and in which they can be disregarded with impunity by the first ambitious upstart, the parents and brothers of the last monarch are almost always sacrificed by whatever successor has been able to seize upon the crown.

Fet-Ali found the Persians well prepared to acknowledge his authority, in the hope that his rule would prove less rigorous than had been that of his uncle, of whose fierce and often cruel administration he reaped the fruits. The cupidity and avarice of Aga-Mohammed had caused him to amass an immense treasure, and this, together with that which had been gathered by Nadir-Châh, gave to Fet-Ali the means of indulging in all kinds of luxury, and in all the pleasures of which even an Asiatic monarch has power to dream. He used them with the utmost prodigality, and expended immense wealth upon the interior of his harem, into which he had gathered more than six hundred concubines, who bore him as many as seventy-seven sons, and a number of daughters thereto equal at the least. Another cause for expenditure, and one, too, of a far more serious order, was soon, however, added to the foregoing, and served with it to entirely drain the royal treasury. Persia began to be menaced by the Russians, who, even already, had become conquerors of Georgia, and the Russian eagle, in its rapid flight, threatened to settle on the very towers of the royal palace of Teheran. It was necessary, therefore, to submit to the expenses of war, which cost Fet-Ali—as long and unfortunate wars always cost—extremely dear. Frequent levies of men, together with materials for warfare dearly bought, or still more dearly made by unskilful hands,—with large subsidies accorded to experienced foreigners, in order to induce them to become the counsellors and instructors of the ignorant chiefs of the army,—the waste and spoliation of all kinds committed by all ranks of the civil and military hierachy, and the prodigalities of the seven-and-seventy princes, who knew no other way of honouring their royal origin than that of throwing gold to all those who ministered to the caprices of a life of voluptuous enjoyment, could not but speedily exhaust even the most abundant resources. The imposts were accordingly augmented, and exactions of all kinds imposed upon the Persian people; but they were insufficient to prevent the decline of the luxury and splendour of the court. This decline taking place conjointly with the impoverishment of the people, Fet-Ali became soon a poverty-stricken king, reigning over a nation of beggars. After having reigned rather more than thirty years, and having named as his successor his grandson, Mohammed-Châh, the son of Abbas-Mirza,—a prince who had fought against the Russians with much valour, and of whose patriotism and military virtues the Persians are still proud,—he died, unlike most of his predecessors, in his bed.

Mohammed-Châh had received an education as European in its character as could be permitted by the manners and religion of the Persians. In his youth, this prince had been placed in contact, at the court of his father and that of his grandfather, with the Europeans whom Fet-Ali gathered round him for the purpose of aiding him, by their superior intelligence, in the war in Georgia. A little later, chance drew into Persia a young French lady and her husband, who had gone, like many others after the events of 1814, to seek their fortune in Asia.* The husband died soon after their arrival, leaving his wife entirely destitute. Madame * * * * was, however, still young and very beautiful, and Fet-Ali opened to her the gates of his harem. The slanderers assert that the prince regarded her with a favour to which she was not at all insensible, but all that is known certainly is, that she occupied herself greatly with the education of the young *châzadâhs* whom she found within its walls. Mohammed-Mirza, afterwards the Mohammed-Châh whom we have named, was one of her disciples, and if he did not much profit by the instruction which he received from her, he at any rate learned to cherish an esteem for Europe, and a *penchant* for its arts and civilisation.

In mounting to the throne, Mohammed met with no necessity for shedding blood; he found the members of his family and the Persian nation alike disposed to bow to his authority. Still, as though it were impossible for any sovereign of Persia to put on the *vourah* without having to battle against counter-pretensions sustained with more or less of energy, two of his uncles could not suffer him to attach the royal *aigrette* to his turban without disputing the possession of it, the one by arms, the other by intrigues. The *châzadéh* who broke out into open revolt was Telly-Sultan; but he was powerless to combat with his brother, and, being shortly abandoned by those whom he had imagined were devoted to his cause, he was obliged to flee. He took refuge in Bagdad, where the English government,—which allows him still a princely salary, and holds him suspended, like a menacing sword, over the throne of Iran,—took him under its protection. As for Mohammed, young, gentle, and, to some extent, imbued with European ideas, he would have been able, had he been sufficiently energetic and desirous of so doing, to have regenerated his country, seeing that the most profound peace reigned around him. But he was indolent and feeble-minded, and left everything in the hands of his prime minister—a fanatic, ignorant, and unable Molah, who suffered Persia to remain still in its state of torpor, and, instead of endeavouring to govern the people ably, spent his time in praying to Allah and Mahomet to watch over them. The country therefore declined more and more each day, and approached still nearer to the bottom of the abyss, over which she was only supported and held in equilibrium by the forces which pulled in opposite directions, viz., the powers of England and Russia.

For the rest, Mohammed-Châh was an honest and good man, passing for the best individual in his kingdom. He had private virtues, but no royal qualities. His court, very simple and unostentatious, cost the country scarcely anything. In his own conduct he practised the most severe austerity, and many of those who surrounded him followed the example which he set them. He took no advantage of the latitude with regard to women which his country's laws allowed him, and he had but one wife and two concubines, who bore him five children, two of which were princes.*

The intercourse which Mohammed held in his youth with Europeans did not destroy many of his Asiatic ideas, and left him still an immense number of barbarous prejudices. A superstitious fear tormented him through life, and poisoned the whole cup of his existence. In a book which had been written four or five centuries before his birth, and which bore the title of "*Châh-Namèh-Toullah*," he had found a prediction relating to the periods of the

* One of these two princes is the reigning chah, Nassir-ed-Din.

ascent and death of seven Persian monarchs, of whom he himself was the last. He pretended that the history of his predecessors had justified the prediction so far, and he therefore counted the days, and even the hours. The astrological author of the book containing it had fixed at eleven years the duration of the reign of Mohammed. The latter used all his efforts to render false his prophecy he employed necromancers, who appealed to God and to the prophet in his favour; and he showered gold upon the molahs and the dervishes, in order that they might pray for the prolongation of his life. But all was in vain: his credulity rendered true the prophecy which had been hazarded by an ignorant astrologer, and he died of *fear* on the very day predicted.

Although Mohammed-Châh encountered no serious obstacles on his ascent to the throne, still the rebellion of a member of his own family could not but cause him much anxiety and uneasiness. He found in it a pretext for no longer suffering either his uncles or his cousins to retain the offices which his predecessor had bestowed upon them, from whom they had held the posts of governors of his provinces and principal cities. The posts in which he found them, therefore, rendered them very dangerous to his repose and that of the country. Possessing a great influence over the populace, in consequence of their authority and riches, he justly feared that they might use it to alienate and turn them from their duties to their legitimate monarch. Rendered suspicious and distrustful by the revolt of Telly-Sultan, he therefore resolved to deprive of their power all those who could possibly become competitors for the kingship, by dispossessing every member of his family who held any important provincial or city government. By so doing he could also create for himself partisans, by investing with the same governments khans whose power might be able to prove of use to him. This stroke of policy was certainly not one which was at all calculated to attach to his government the princes of his own house, every one of whom believed himself, as much as him, heir to the throne, but, nevertheless, it was necessitated by prudence, especially in a land in which the reasons of the most powerful are always esteemed the best. It naturally resulted in the extreme impoverishment of the numerous princes whom it deprived of rank and power, and who lived, miserably enough, henceforth upon the alms of the king and the nobility.

An almost incessant series of revolutions, all tending to plunge the nation into a state of dangerous torpor, have alone marked the subsequent history of Persia. During the reigns, however, of Mohammed-Châh and that of the present ruler of the Persians, one other thing has rendered itself worthy of remark, viz., the growing sympathy of the nation with European civilisation. From the period of the commencement of the former reign, Persian society may be said to have been divided into two factions, the one welcoming and the other repelling the influence of the *Frenguis* and the *Frenguistan*, as they call Europe and the Europeans. I have been able to acquaint myself with two very distinct types of the two classes. The two princes, Karamân-Mirza and Malek-Khassem-Mirza, personify the opinions which divide their compatriots: the one cherishing obstinately the traditions of the Persians, the other a sincere taste, though a rather frivolous one, for French civilisation. In order to make the reader judge correctly of these two Persian princes, it will be necessary for him to know something of the spirit which to-day animates the Persian nation, and of the curious contrasts which one meets with in the ranks of its *noblesse*. This knowledge it now must be our object to supply to him.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPH HUME.

THE following brief notice of this celebrated financial reformer is extracted from a small volume recently published by Mr. Bogue, of Fleet-street—and entitled "The Men of the Time;" "Joseph Hume, a Radical Reformer, whose history adds another memorable example of perseverance raising its possessor from a humble station to distinction. He was born at Montrose, in the year 1777. While he was still young, his father, the master of a small trading vessel of that port, died, leaving his widow to bring up a numerous family. Mrs. Hume, it is related, maintained herself and her children by means of a small earthenware business, and placed Joseph in a school of the town, where he received an education which included instruction in the elements of Latin. With such scanty stores of knowledge, he was apprenticed to a surgeon of Montrose, with whom he served three years. He attended the prescribed lectures to the medical classes in the University of Edinburgh, he was admitted in 1796, a member of the College of Surgeons in that city. India was at that time a favourite, and indeed almost the only field for the young, who had no other fortune than their talents and enterprise. To India, accordingly, Mr. Hume went, and entered as a surgeon, the naval service of the East India Company. He had not been there three years, before he was placed on the medical establishment of Bengal. Here, while increasing his professional reputation, he had the opportunity of watching the whole operation of the machinery of the Company's service. His quick eye soon detected the deficiencies of the greater number of the Company's servants in command of the native language, an acquirement so valuable in possessions such as ours. He determined to acquire a knowledge of the dialects of India, not doubting that a sphere of larger utility and greater emolument would open before his efforts. The Mahratta war breaking out in 1803, Mr. Hume was attached to Major-General Powell's division, and accompanied it on its march from Allahabad into Bundelcund. The want of interpreters was now felt, as Mr. Hume had expected, and the commander was glad to find among his surgeons a man capable of supplying the deficiency. He continued to discharge his new duties without resigning his medical appointment, and managed to combine with both the offices of paymaster and postmaster of the troops. His ability to hold direct intercourse with the natives continued to be of immense service to him, and enabled him to hold simultaneously a number of offices with most varied duties, such as nothing but an unwearying frame and an extraordinary capacity could have enabled any one person to discharge. At the conclusion of the peace, he returned to the Presidency, richer by many golden speculations, for which a period of war never fails to offer opportunities. In 1808, having accomplished the object for which he left his native land, he came to England, and, after an interval of repose, determined upon making a tour of the country, the better to acquaint himself with the condition of its inhabitants. After making this tour, and visiting various continental countries, he returned to England, where he devoted himself to a political career; and, since 1812, he has for the most part had a seat in the House of Commons. His parliamentary history since 1813 has been that of a reformer of abuses and enemy of monopoly, and he is respected even by those who differ from him in opinion."

ENDURE WHAT YOU CANNOT AMEND.

BY JOHN GREET.

Endure what you cannot amend,
'Tis madness to fret and repine;
The short-lived are ever the men
Accustomed to murmur and whine.
What! though the bright hope be obscured
By clouds which your ruin portend,
'Tis folly, not wisdom, to chide,—
Endure what you cannot amend.

Be passive, forgiving, and meek,
Nor with power unearthly contend—
The ocean more turbulent grows
The more roughly its billows are stemmed.
The evils oft galling to bear,
Are wrought in the loom of our fears,
And castles our fancies create,
Are seen toppling over our ears.

Dry the tears fast careering thy cheek,
Nor chafe more that spirit of thine,
Be sure there are volumes of good
In ills which you cannot divine.
A Providence, gracious and kind,
Hath graven the path we must wend—
Oh! strive in that path to abide,
And bear what you cannot amend.

Endure what you cannot amend,
'Tis futile to menace and swear,
No sunlight was ever educed
From out the dense glooms of despair:
The rainbow that whispers of hope,
Illumes with its beautiful bend,
The soul that bears meekly the ills
She knows she can never amend.

MY EARLY HOME.

How well I know my early home was not where it is now,
Midst city dust and buzz, and pride and crime and pageant show;
Where pale-faced Penury begs loud at corners of the street,
And tatter'd Blindness asks an alms with bare and bleeding feet,
Where midnight Murder often seeks for dark revenge or wealth,
And guilty Passion rears her shrine where virtue falls and health.
Oh! no, my early home was not where spares and turrets rise,
And noisome vapours steam around and blacken all the skies;
But far away in rural vale, beside a murmuring stream,
Where healthiest zephyr kiss'd the cheek and bees and flow'rs were seen.

That humble cot on mem'ry's page indelibly is drawn,
And *fancy* scents the garden beans and views the waving corn,
And climbs again the old oak tree to pluck the royal lump,
That lads who cannot show their oak I may have right to thump;
And when November fifth comes round in spirit I am there,
Helping to drag the chump along—a boy devoid of care!
I love these reminiscences—they're as the gentle rain
That falls upon life's drooping flow'rs and bids them bloom again

Oh! take your city homes for me, with all their pride and glory,
No softer carpet can ye tread than cotters' bank of moss,
The pavement's ceaseless rumbling sound—the piercing plaint of woe—
Are poor exchange for black-bird's trill, and gentle wild dove's coo.
Oh! how I long again to dip my can in that old well,
Which springs exhaustless at the root of hawthorn in the dell
'Tis nectar to the city stream, for mournfully 'tis said
That he who drinks at city well drinks only of the dead

The sanctity of sabbath morn, when stream, bird, bee, and flow'r,
With all things else appeared to *feel* the consecrated hour,
When at the call of sabbath bell the rustic maid and swain
Obedient sought the house of prayer through fields and shady lane,
Where if a sudden show'r came on the tree gave shelt'ring bough
(Methinks I feel the great big drops come dashing on me now),
Oh! how unlike the sabbath here, where nought seems half so blest,
Where rattling wheels and reeking steeds tell 'tis no day of *rest*

Here there is no green hill to scale, no huntsman's horn is heard,
No old mill stream to paddle in, no thrush, no cuckoo bird,
No mushroom fields with fairy rings, no beds of water-cress,
No woods to play the truant in when pedagogues oppress,
No hedges and no gutters where the black-berries may hide,
And wind rose-trees luxuriant trail in all their summer pride,
No, none of these!—I therefore feel to wish my city lot
With all its wealth again exchang'd for that dear stream and cot

J. W.

IS NOVEMBER SO VERY DREARY?

NOVEMBER, gloomy as it may be, is not altogether destitute of interest to the lover of Nature. November is proverbially month of fogs and mists; "driving sleets deform the day" the aves which, scared and withered, still remained on the branches f the forest, are now stripped off by the rude wind, but new uds, embryo leaves folded up, and protected by a close envelope, ave been pushed forth, waiting for the breath of spring to evelope them. Shall we then say that death reigns, at this eason, over the meads and woodlands? Or is it not only needful répose? The swallow, it is true, no longer twitters on the traw-built shed; the thicket no longer resounds with the melody f the nightingale; the song of the blackbird and thrush is scarcely eard,—but, listen, the song of the robin is clear and lively; the hort, shrill pipe of the wren occasionally breaks on the ear; the parrows on the eaves are chirping, and if no full chorus of music elights us, as we pass through leafless groves, and along hedgerows, ruddy with the clustering berries of the hawthorn, we, at east, hear the piping call-notes of troops of birds, expressive of contentment, mingled with the caw of the rook, whose black quadrons are scattered over the fields; and the chattering of the estless magpie. At this season, many birds, which during the summer were only associated in pairs, now collect into flocks of considerable number, and thus rove the country in quest of food. Of this singular law the skylark is an instance. Another beautiful bird which now collects into flocks, is the yellow hammer, which may be observed flitting along the hedgerows, and crowding the farmer's stack-yard, attracted by the scattered corn. The chaffinch is another, but it is remarkable that the males of this species form flocks distinct from those of the females, the latter being very few in number; many having migrated. In Northumberland and Scotland, this separation takes place about the month of November and from that period to the return of spring, few societies the males remain, and are met with during the winter in immense flocks, feeding, with other gramous birds, in the stubble lands, as long as the weather continues mild, and the ground free from snow; and resorting, upon the approach of storms, to farm yards and other places of refuge and supply.

Summer and winter, as they succeed each other, bring with them proofs of this wisdom and benevolence: the land, clothed with trees and plants, and tenanted by living beings, diversified in their natures and habits, proclaims His praise; and shall not we, who in all the operations of nature, in all the mysteries of organic life, in all the phases of being, behold God in all—shall we not proclaim His praise, and "speak well of His name"—H B

THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

PART OF A LECTURE BY CHARLES MACKIE.

To the establishment of Freemasonry the world has been most indebted for those splendid specimens of architectural grandeur which abound in every clime where masonry is known. Freemasonry, we are informed, was reduced to rules at the building of Solomon's Temple, and there is every reason to believe that some *bond of union* was necessary in such a congregated mass of workmen.

The number of masons employed in building the temple was one hundred and thirteen thousand six hundred, besides the men of burden, not freemasons, which amounted to seventy thousand more.

The footstone of this mighty fabric was levelled in the fourth year of Solomon's reign, the third after the death of David, and the 480th year after the passage of the Hebrews through the Red Sea. The building commenced in Mount Moriah on Monday, the second day of the month *Zif*, which answers to the 21st of our April, and it was finished in all parts in little more than seven years, on the 8th day of the month *Bull*, which answers to our 23rd day of October, being the 7th month of the sacred year, and the 11th of Solomon's reign. Every piece of the edifice, whether timber, stone, or metal, was brought ready cut, framed, or polished to Jerusalem, so that no other tool was wanting, no other sound was heard, than what was necessary to join the several parts together. All the noise of the axe, hammer, and saw was confined to the forest of Lebanon and the quarries and plains of *Zeredadeth*, that nothing might be heard among the masons of Zion but harmony and peace. In like manner their descendant freemasons in all their lodges banish discord, love and harmony being inseparate from their assemblies, alike open to the beggar and the king.

It is incompatible with my present effort to enter into a detail of the establishment of Freemasonry by Solomon and his deputy grand-master, Hiram Abif, or the costly interchange of gifts between Solomon and the Tyrean monarch. We must, therefore, take leave of those stupendous temples which consecrated the soils of Etruria, Ethiopia, Nineveh, Babylon, Thebes, Athens, and Jerusalem. All have fallen. Rome is one vast sepulchre, a huge *sarcophagus* of the mighty, the tomb of Cato, the grave of Cicero, the mausoleum of the Cæsars, their amphitheatres, coloseums, are crumbled into dust. But the eternal mind which first sent forth the swallow and the bee to teach our fathers the rude elements of architecture, outlives the wreck of nations, urging its mysterious flight onwards, nothing can stop its irresistible progress, or mar its blessings to the human race.

The world at this time is covered with cities; never was architecture or masonry known to have arrived at such a pinnacle of perfection to such a boundless extent. The present course of civilisation is not to be thrust back or impeded; its path is fixed by Him who has appointed the "day-spring to know its place, and the outgoings of the morning to rejoice!"

Of a revolution, so fatal to the fine arts, as that on which I have now touched, there is little danger. The standard of taste in architecture, fostered and encouraged by civilisation and peace, has been effectually set up. The caprice of the few cannot overpower the influence of the many. Nor is it likely to be lost, till the same darkness which once overspread ancient Greece and Rome shall involve all modern Europe—an event too improbable to be apprehended but by the gloomy visionary.

The history of Freemasonry in Great Britain commences about the year 287, when Diocles ian and Maximilian, joint emperors, sent their admiral, Carausius, against the Saxon pirates, who, on account of the peace with the Picts, had gained a formidable victory, wherefore he was made the Emperor of the British Isles,

who it is said, built the palace of St. Alban, and fortified the town of that name.

St. Alban was not only the first master mason in Great Britain, but he was also the first man who suffered martyrdom, being beheaded in a general persecution of the early *Christians*. In 303 the Empress Helena girt the city of London with a stone wall, and after this period masonry began to be encouraged; but in 584 a horrid period was put to the progress of architecture by Hengist, King of Kent, who, in his bloody congress, murdered 300 British nobles, many of them great artists and encouragers of masonry. Pope Gregory I., who was a great encourager of the arts, sent Augustin and a colony of monks into Britain, who converted, Ethelbert, King of Kent, and in return was made the first Bishop of Canterbury, the cathedral of which was first built in 600; in 602 the Cathedral of Rochester, in 604 the Cathedral of London, and in 605 the Cathedral of Westminster; four cathedrals within the short period of five years. The clergy at this time made architecture their study, and their mason lodges or assemblies were usually held in the monasteries. In 680, Bennet, Abbot of Wirral, first introduced stone and brick; formerly wood was the chief material Many of our ancient worthies filled the masonic chair in succession In 857 St. Swithin was Grand Master; in 957 St. Dunstan filled that office. Several of the Bishops of Exeter, the famous William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, Chicheley Archbishop of Canterbury, Wamfleet, Bishop of Winchester, Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury, Cardinal Wolsey, and many other dignitaries, were all master masons.

Among the kings were Alfred the Great, Edward the Confessor, Edward III., Henry VII., James I., during whose reign Inigo Jones planned the Banqueting-house Whitehall; the stately gallery of Somerset-house, fronting the Thames; but the architect was prevented from finishing his work by the Civil Wars, in which King Charles I. was beheaded at his own window, on the 30th January, 1648.

Sir Christopher Wren was deputy grand master, when the great fire in London, in 1666, consumed so many houses, prisons, halls, gates, and churches The greater portion of Sir Christopher's life was taken up in rebuilding many of the churches, and to erect upon the place where the fire began the volated column or monument, 202 feet in height, which took six years in building, in consequence of the great scarcity of stone. Amongst his most conspicuous works are St. Paul's as it now stands, Winchester Palace, the hospitals of Greenwich and Chelsea, the theatre at Oxford, and upwards of fifty churches. Notwithstanding the extraordinary merit of this man, he was turned out of his office of surveyor-general in his old age to make room for an arrant blockhead, who was soon after dismissed from incapacity meantime, as Pope emphatically remarks,—

"The ill-requitted Wren,
Descends with sorrow to the grave,"

Foreign states were always jealous of Freemasonary, Germany, Italy, Flanders, and Holland having at one time united in suppressing the order. France followed the example of Holland, though many of the greatest men in the kingdom endeavoured to defend the lodges.

The persecutions at Vienna, occasioned by the jealousy of the ladies of that court, who were baffled in their devices to get some of their tools and agents into the lodges, rose to a great pitch, till his imperial majesty pacified the empress and her satellites.

The Court of Rome also poured its bulls and decrees against masons. Pope Clement issued declarations of damnation, command, prohibition, and interdict against the brotherhood, threatening them with the indignation of the Almighty and of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul and these declarations were posted upon the gates of the Palace of the Sacred Office of the Prince of the Apostles by the curator of the most Holy Inquisition!

The only British monarch who ever attempted to suppress the order of Freemasons was Queen Elizabeth, who having resolved on the annihilation of the craft, sent an armed force from the Tower of London to break up the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of England, assembled at York, on St. John's-day, 27th December, 1561. But Sir Thos. Sackville, Grand Master, took especial care to make her chief emissaries Freemasons, sending them back after their initiation to justify the institution of Masonry. The Queen was satisfied, and not long after, out of compliment to masonry, she ordered the Exchange, built by Sir Thomas Gresham, to be called her Royal Exchange.

In after times we find that William III., the Duke of Norfolk the Emperor of Germany, Frederick, Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester, Henry Frederick Duke of Cumberland, the King of Prussia, were all Grand Masters. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Prince William Henry, and the Duke of York were also initiated in 1787. On the death of the Duke of Cumberland, in 1790, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, was Grand Master, and in this capacity laid the foundation stone of Covent-Garden Theatre, in 1806. The Duke of Kent, the father of our gracious Queen, was also initiated into the mysteries of Masonry.

The Grand Mastership continued to be vested in one of the male branches of the royal family until the death of the Duke of Sussex. The Queen (God bless her!) is a mason's daughter.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. XVII.—THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

Written in aid of the movement for the Repeal of Taxes upon Knowledge.

BY J. BURBIDGE.

There were days when a man with a thought in his head
Had been watched like a rascally thief,
When the rich and the great were the people that read,
And the rest were shut out from a leaf.
When the question was asked what they wanted with schools,
And some wondered however they thought of it;
For they fancied the poor were all made to be fools,—
And that was the long and the short of it!

But the Press—like the sunbeam that scatters the cloud,—
By degress broke the darkness of night;
And a murmur arose from the down-trodden crowd,
That soon settled this question of right
The Bible was found on the labourer's shelf,
Though little he'd ever been taught of it,
But now he'd determined to read for himself—
And that was the long and the short of it!

And the light has now reached to the lowliest shed
Where the toil-worn and ignorant dwell,
And the man can now over his crust of "cheap bread,"
Teach his children to read and to spell
No longer he's frightened to read "the debate,"
Nor trembles to say what he thought of it,
No more in the dust of the feet of the great—
And that is the long and the short of it!

Then honour to those who would banish the tax
That keeps knowledge away from the poor,
They will lighten the load upon millions of backs,
And bring joy to the labourer's door.
"Cheap bread," and "cheap books," he demanded, though some
In the height of their wisdom ne'er thought of it,
The first he has got, and the other must come—
And that is the long and the short of it!

"IT CAN'T BE DONE" is the cry of weakness, indecision, indifference, and indolence. What can't be done? Something that some other man has done. Well, you can do it; or you can do something towards doing it. At all events, you can try Until you have tried—tried once and again—tried with resolution, application, and industry to do a thing—no one is justified in saying, "It can't be done" The plea in such a case is a mere excuse for not attempting to do anything at all. You remember the story of Robert Bruce and the spider in the cave. Trying to reach a certain point, the spider fell to the ground again and again but still the little creature came again to the task, and at the fortieth effort it succeeded. "Surely," said Bruce, "if a spider can succeed after so many failures, so can I cover my defeats," and he sallied from his hiding place with new hopes, rallied his men, and ultimately conquered. So in all things. We must try often, and try with increased resolution to succeed Failure seems but to discipline the strong: only the weak are overwhelmed by it. Difficulties draw forth the best energies of a man, they reveal to him his true strength, and train him to the exercise of his noblest powers. Difficulties try his patience, his energy, and his working faculties. They test the strength of his purpose, and the force of his will. "Is there a man," says John Hunter, "whom difficulties do not dishearten—who takes them by the throat and grapples with them? That kind of man never fails." John Hunter himself, originally a working carpenter, was precisely a man of that sort, and from making chairs on weekly wages, he rose to be the first surgeon and physiologist of his time.

THE BAKED POTATO CANS.

"Hot hot-all ot—mealy and floury, hot ot ot. Yere's yer reg'lar Hirish fruit, with plenty of butter and salt, all ot ot hot." All round the metropolis, and for some distance in the country, may be seen various originals of Gavarni's graphic sketch, every one of whom announces his trade in some such loud-voiced legend as the above. It is calculated that there are not fewer than three hundred individuals engaged in the street trade of baked potatoes. Some of these have regular standings, while others travel about from place to place with their cans on their arms. The trade is a comparatively new one in London, it having been introduced within the last twenty years. Previous to the sale of baked potatoes in the streets, roasted chestnuts and apples were carried about in baskets; but, for at least six months in the year, the potato trade is considered very profitable.

The potatoes for street consumption—as we learn from Mr. Mayhew's "London Labour and the London Poor"—are bought of the salesmen in Spitalfields and the Borough markets, at the rate of *5s.* *6d.* the cwt. They are usually a large-sized "fruit," running about two or three to the pound. The kind generally bought is what are called the "French Regent's." French potatoes are greatly used now, as they are cheaper than the English. They are picked, and those of a large size, and with a rough skin, selected from the others, because they are the "mealiest." What is known as a waxy potato shrivels in the baking. There are usually from 280 to 300 potatoes in the cwt.; these are cleaned by the huckster, and, when dried, taken in baskets, about a quarter cwt. at a time, to the baker's, to be cooked. They are baked in large tins, and require an hour and a half to cook them well. The charge for baking is *9d.* the cwt., the baker usually finding the tins. They are taken home from the bakehouse in a basket, covered up, and protected from the cold, by a piece of green baize. The huckster then places them in his can, which consists of a tin with a half-lid, it stands, as we see in the engraving, on four legs, and has a large handle to it, while an iron fire-pot is suspended immediately beneath the vessel which is used for holding the potatoes. Directly over the fire-pot is a boiler for hot water. This is concealed within the vessel, and serves to keep the potatoes always hot. Outside the vessel where the potatoes are kept is, at one end, a small compartment for butter and salt, and at the other end another compartment for fresh charcoal. Above the boiler, and beside the lid, is a small pipe for carrying off the steam. These potato-cans are sometimes brightly polished, sometimes painted red, and occasionally brass mounted. Some of the handsomest are all brass, and some are highly ornamented with brass-mountings. The potato sellers take great pride in their cans, and usually devote half an hour every morning to polishing them up, by which they are kept almost as bright as silver. We have seen a potato can in Shoreditch, of brass mounted with German silver, which cost ten guineas. There are three lamps attached to it, with coloured glass, and of a style to accord with that of the machine; each lamp cost *5s.* The expense of an ordinary can, tin and brass mounted, is about *50s.* They are made by a tinman in the Ratcliffe-highway. The usual places for these cans to stand are the principal thoroughfares and street-markets. There are three at the bottom of Farringdon-street, two in Smithfield, and three in Tottenham-court-road (the two places last named are said to be the best "pitches" in all London), two in Leather-lane, one on Holborn-hill, one at King's-cross, three at the Brill, Somers-town, three in the New-cut, three in Covent-garden (this is considered to be on market-days the second-best "pitch"), two at the Elephant and Castle, one at Westminster-bridge, two at the top of Edgeware-road, one in St. Martin's-lane, one in Newport-market, two at the upper end of Oxford-street, one in Clare-market, two in Regent-street, one in Newgate-market, two at the Angel, Islington, three at Shoreditch church, four about Rosemary-lane, two at Whitechapel, two at Mile-end-gate, two near Spitalfields-market, and more than double the above number wandering about London. Some of the cans have names—as, the "Royal Union Jack" (engraved on a brass plate), the "Royal George," the "Prince of Wales," the "Original Baked Potatoes," and the "*Old* Original Baked Potatoes."

The business of the baked potatoes sellers begins about the middle of August and continues to the latter end of April, or as soon as the potatoes get to any size,—until they are pronounced "bad." The season, upon an average, last about half the year, and depends much upon the weather. If it is cold and frosty, the trade is brisker than in wet weather. The best hours for business are from half-past ten in the morning till two in the afternoon, and from five in the evening till eleven or twelve at night. The night trade is considered the best. In cold weather the potatoes are frequently bought to warm the hands. Indeed, an eminent divine classed them, in a public speech, among the best of modern improvements, a cheap luxury to the poor wayfarer, who was benumbed in the night by cold, and an excellent medium for diffusing warmth into the system, by being held in the gloved hand. Some buy them in the morning for lunch and some for dinner. A newsvender, who had to take a hasty meal in his shop, told Mr. Mayhew he was "always glad to hear the baked-potato cry, as it made a dinner of what was only a snack without it." The best time at night, is about nine, when the potatoes are purchased for supper.

The customers of baked-potatoes belong to nearly all classes. Many "gentlefolks" buy them in the street, and take them home for supper in their pockets, but the working people are of course the greatest purchasers. Many poor boys and girls lay out a half-penny in a baked potato. Women buy a great number of those sold. Some take them home, and some eat them in the street. Three baked potatoes are as much as will satisfy the stoutest appetite. One potato-dealer in Smithfield is said to sell about 2½ cwt. of potatoes on a market-day, or, in other words, from 900 to 1,000 potatoes, and to take upwards of *2l.* Upon an average, taking the good stands with the bad ones throughout London, there are about 1 cwt. of potatoes sold by each baked-potato man—and taking the number of these throughout the metropolis at 200, we have a total of 10 tons of baked potatoes consumed every day. The money spent upon these comes to within a few shillings of *125l.* (calculating 300 potatoes to the cwt., and each of those potatoes to be sold at a halfpenny). Hence, there are 60 tons of baked potatoes eaten in London streets, and *750l.* spent upon them every week during the season. Saturdays and Mondays are the best days for the sale of baked potatoes in those parts of London distant from the markets, but in those in the vicinity of Clare, Newport, Covent-garden, Newgate, Smithfield, and other markets, the trade is briskest on the market-days. The baked-potato men are many of them broken-down tradesmen. Many are labourers who find a difficulty of obtaining employment in the winter time; some are costermongers; and some have been artisans.

After the baked potato season is over, the generality of the hucksters take to selling strawberries, raspberries, or anything in season. Some go to labouring work. The capital required to start in this trade is not, we are told, more than £2, while the average daily receipts amount to about 6*s.*

EMENDATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. W. Collier has just published "Notes and Emendations to the text of Shakspeare's Plays, from Early Manuscript Corrections, &c." The account of the source from which these manuscript corrections are derived has so much similarity to the history of the discovery of the manuscript containing the veracious history of the Knight of La Mancha, and other treasure trove of a like nature, that were it not for the reverence which it is well-known Mr. Collier entertains for Shakspeare, we might, says a reviewer, have suspected him of having concocted a clever story to introduce certain judicious alterations of his own of the original text. Mr. Collier buys a copy of the second folio of Shakspeare's plays much cropped, the covers old and greasy, and imperfect at the beginning and the end. His reason for purchasing this dilapidated folio was that he might be enabled to complete by its means another poor copy of the same edition which he had by him. On taking it home, he discovered that the two leaves he wanted were unfit for his purpose, being not only too short, but much damaged and defaced. The copy was therefore thrown aside, and it was not until subsequent perusal had drawn Mr. Collier's attention to the value of the manuscript corrections of the text, that he was induced to subject it to a careful scrutiny. The result of his investigation showed that the book contained twenty thousand emendations of every kind. Many of these were trifling, but a large number appeared of the utmost value. Mr. Collier is unable to give any clue to the discovery of the annotator in question, but supposes that he may have been a manager or a member of a company, who for his own theatrical purposes took the trouble to set right from time to time errors in the printed

text by the more faithful delivery of their parts by the principal actors. The managers and sharers of theatres did their utmost to prevent the appearance of plays in print; and, as on this account, most of the plays appeared surreptitiously, the great number of typographical errors the earlier editions contained is explained. About half the productions of Shakspeare remained in manuscript until about seven years after his death, and of those printed in his life-time not one can be pointed out to the publication of which he in any way contributed. The manuscript copies from which the first editions were printed may be, therefore, supposed to be transcripts made from oral dictation, by incompetent scribes, or by inferior actors when listening to rehearsals or performances.

Of the value of the corrections in Mr. Collier's copy it is impossible to speak too highly. A few will sufficiently indicate their worth. In Henry VIII. (act iii, scene 2), the *King* says to *Wolsey*—

You have scarce time
To steal from spiritual *leisure* a brief span
To keep your earthly audit

The scribe here evidently heard "leisure" for "labour" and made the *King's* speech unintelligible.

In "Macbeth," (act i, scene 7), *Lady Macbeth* is reproaching her irresolute husband for not taking advantage of time and opportunity to murder Duncan, after vaunting his determination to commit the crime, and in the midst of her taunts she asks him, in the words of all the printed copies—

What *beast* was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it then you were a man.

The correction of a single letter in Mr. Collier's copy frees *Lady Macbeth* from the absurdity of asking "what *beast*" made him communicate the enterprise to her. The gist of her question is to ask why he should brag that he would commit the murder, and then shrink like a coward from what he had undertaken, and this comes out clearly enough in the correction—"what *boast* was't then."

Sometimes the transference of a portion of a speech from one character to another throws a flood of light upon an obscure passage. Thus, in "Romeo and Juliet," (act iii, scene 5), *Juliet* expresses her determination to her mother that if she must marry, her husband shall be *Romeo*, in the following terms according to the old copies—

And when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.—These are news indeed!

The commentators generally pass over the extraordinary incongruity of the last sentence with a very wise silence. The change in the corrected copy makes the whole clear. It runs thus—

And when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris
Lady Capulet—These are news indeed!
Here comes your father, &c.

These few examples will be sufficient to show the general value of the emendations. The book itself will be a rich mine of wealth for all critical readers of Shakspeare. It is worth the whole body of annotations that are in existence.

"If there be one point more clear than another,"—says Mr. Collier, in the preface to the lately-published volume containing these emendations—"in connexion with the text of Shakspeare, as it has come down to us, it is that the person or persons who prepared the transcripts of the plays for the printer, wrote by the ear and not by the eye; they heard the dialogue, and they wrote it down as it struck them. This position has been completely established by Malone, and only in this way can we explain many of the whimsical mistakes in the quartos and folios. It is very well known that associations of actors, who bought dramas of their authors, were at all times extremely averse to the publication of them, partly under the persuasion that the number of readers would diminish the number of auditors. If, therefore, popular dramas did make their way to the press, it was generally accomplished, either by the employment of short-hand writers, who imperfectly took down the words as they indistinctly heard them, or by the connivance and aid of inferior performers, who got by heart the various plays by listening to the principal actors that might dictate to some mechanical copyist, thus many words, and even sentences, which sounded like something else, would be misrepresented in the printed editions, and nobody take the pains to correct the blunders. Of course, those who were sharers in the theatres would be the last to remedy defects."

WHAT GOOD CAN THE WORKING MAN DO?

BY GEORGE HOLDING.

Geologists have discovered that many places on the surface of the earth were once sunk a considerable depth in the sea, and covered with water. It is pleasing to contemplate the changes these places must have undergone, and reflect on the volcanic forces that were working beneath, and gradually elevating these masses till they lifted their heads above the ocean's surge and the swelling billow, progressing upward to become the scenes of fertility and life, and at length assuming the appearance of a beautiful landscape. After this, the strata of which they consisted would be found to contain rich gems and veins of precious ore hitherto undiscovered. Here is a strong contrast between these places when lying at the bottom of the sea altogether useless, and after they are elevated to become the dwelling place of millions. By the side of this let us place another scene not less picturesque nor inferior in interest. Conceive of the masses of social beings, after lying for ages, sunk down in ignorance and degradation, being raised up by the force of moral and intellectual energy to dwell in the sunshine of knowledge, and breathe the atmosphere of virtue till their minds become fertile in everything that is pure and good. Then it would be found, that in these masses, which had been considered useless and degraded, rich veins of thought and genius had existed, together with an aptitude for becoming virtuous, brave, and generous in a high degree. A firmament all stars, and a landscape all flowers, would be far inferior in beauty to such a scene, in which the wilderness of mind was reclaimed and made to blossom as the rose. When we look at the working class, we are cheered here and there by seeing indications of this elevating process, but with regard to the great bulk of them we fear that they are still under water, and must be heaved up many degrees before they can present a prospect like the one we have been considering. A good indication of success would be to see these masses on the move, for that would prove the existence of energy beneath, and if they could be made to take a right direction, we might soon see some pleasing result. We are aware that some mistrust the movements of the lower orders as if it was likely to lead to mischief, and in this spirit they ask, What good can the working man do? We feel glad to have a copy of [illegible] such a question as this, for it is exciting our sympathies, and points us to something which we should like to see realised.

Supposing every working man willing to do his best, both for his own elevation and that of society around him, is it possible for him to do any good? Does not his poverty depress him, and his low condition deprive him of influence, so that any attempt from him would be fruitless? We think not, and we solicit attention to a few reasons for thinking so. The working man can do something for his own improvement. The greatest difficulty in the way of improvement lies in the want of a proper disposition, but this no more affects the working man than the most favoured branch of the aristocracy. Every one whose eyes are open may improve if he has a resolution to do so. All nature is capable of exciting a good influence upon him, and he needs no more to carry his library with him when he goes abroad, than he needs to take a bottle of atmospheric air to breathe out of. For as the atmosphere is spread all over the earth, and wherever we go it is there to serve our wants, so the means of improvement are likewise ever present, and our minds may be supplied with subjects for thought by the suggestions which natural scenery calls forth. There is a constant process of change going on in the course of the seasons. We are charmed in summer and chilled in winter. Every change must have some cause to produce it. If working men endeavour to understand these causes, they will be in a fair way for improvement. To see a grand idea brought out into actual manifestation is always gratifying to a generous mind. It is this that induces us to remember with pleasure the labours of those gifted men who were a blessing to their age.

We look on the difficulties which stood in their way, and the evils they struggled to remove, till we feel that it is a privilege to follow them in their arduous undertaking. In the work of nature we see many grand ideas brought out into actual manifestation on a scale which far surpasses the feeble efforts of mankind, and by looking upon them in a proper spirit we

may feel our souls enlarge, and our hearts grow better. We are aware that nature is as dumb and unintelligible to many as the Egyptian hieroglyphics, but this is no proof that her phenomena are without meaning, and her features insignificant. The highest productions of genius are sealed books to the ignorant, but this does not diminish their value in the eyes of those who understand them. He who has never been charmed by the golden lustre of the setting sun, the glorious colouring of the rainbow, and the fragrant beauty of the rose, ought not to lay the blame on nature, but rather mourn over his own want of feeling. Working men will never be destitute of means of improving while they can look on the face of creation.

The working man can combine his efforts with the exertions of others for his moral and social elevation. We are plentifully supplied with lectures and platform orators. These are often eloquent in their exhortations to the labouring class to raise themselves above the degraded position in which ignorance and vice have kept them. In the moment of hearing these exhortations, we fancy many good resolutions have been made, and glorious reforms intended, but there was wanting in the mind some groundwork on which these reforms might be firmly established. Before any valuable improvement can be effected, something more must be done than please the fancy. The understanding must be enabled to perceive the force of great principles, so that a man will steer his course, and be guided by them in all the storms of passion and all the allurements of temptation. The will of man is fickle and unsteady, unless it be under the control of a cultivated understanding. No reformer, however clever in his exhortations, will render very important service to working men, unless he can induce them to combine with him and put in practice that which he proposes for their adoption.

The people have often shown a readiness to listen to the proposals of schemers, and we fear they have been disappointed in too many instances. Bold men rush out into the world with their unfledged speculations, and under the excitement of the moment many have become their dupes, and entered into impracticable undertakings, only to reap vexation and disgust. All the real friends of the working class are sober, earnest, practical men. They have too much sense to promise impossible things, and too much honesty to encourage groundless expectations. By combining with these men the people may do much good, and make far more progress than they could do unaided and alone.

In the cause of reform they have a strong tendency to follow the flattering and showy, but this has led them further from their own interest than ever. "If we attempt to travel in a course that has never been travelled before, it often proves exceedingly tiresome, so to adopt schemes that have never been known to succeed, is a sure way to lose ground in things that would be prosperous, if we attended to the practicable and the useful. We are willing to believe that, when the sagacity and intelligence of working men has increased, they will be less inclined to attend to the proposals of senseless smatterers and more anxious to follow the teachings of real philanthropists.

We are anxious to keep within the limits of the possible, always recollecting that we are writing about working men. Bearing this in mind, we have abstained from mentioning things which cannot be supposed within the reach of the generality of them. We might expatiate on the good they could derive from reading, but then we recollect that few of them have access to books calculated to lead on to great lengths in knowledge, and even if they had them, something else is wanting, more difficult of attainment, to make them turn in earnest to improve. What is a love of reading? We think, however, it is not too much to expect that every one has access to the Bible, and may derive good from perusing its pages. If he has not the privileges of consulting college libraries nor the educational advantages which fall to the lot of wealth, still it is something to be grateful for, if he has the opportunity of reading the Word of God. Supposing the working man to be wishful to get good in order that he may communicate it, we recommend him to repair to this fountain of light, there to chase away much of the darkness that hangs over his soul. Every man needs encouragement in the hour of trial, comfort in the time of adversity, hope in the season of desertion and support in the prospect of death. Here are evils for which nature provides no remedy and can give no answer to our appeal, except that we must suffer. Science is equally at a loss in such a deliverance, and has no power to chase away a rooted sorrow. All the past experience of mankind has not enabled them to do much to smooth some of the worst parts of life's rugged road. However, it is evident something was wanting that would grapple with the worst part of his difficulty and show us a way of escape from the prison of despair. Now we think no one will deney that the Bible does this, if he allows that it has been done at all. We admit that it does not annihilate all life's sorrows nor smooth every part of our thorny road. Mankind may be compared to a crew that have been shipwrecked. Dangers surround them on every hand, and death stares them in the face and is ready to swallow them up. Human aid is quite out of the question, and great loss is inevitable. All that can be reasonably attempted is the saving of the lives of some of the crew, for the ship and all the property in it is sure to go down. To this benevolent enterprise every friend of humanity must turn his attention. Those that have gone down must be lifted up and restored by every likely means. Those that are sinking must be assisted, and every one must be brought from the treacherous waters, in fear and fainting, to set his feet on the solid ground. This is no trifling case and admits of no delay. Indolence is cruelty here, and indifference is inhuman. This may be a very humiliating representation of the condition of mankind, but we believe it is not far from the truth. The Bible regards us as a ruined race, and he who is too proud to acknowledge this, will not derive much pleasure from perusing its pages. As a ruined race it brings a hope of relief, the full blessedness of which cannot be realised in this world. On the stormy sea of life we shall always be tossed, with troubles and afflictions, but it holds out a hope that when disease and death have prostrated the body in the tomb, the spirit shall rise above the waves of adversity, and wing its way to a land where storms never rise and to a region where tempests never come.

Viewed only as a matter of curiosity, the Bible is an interesting book, far surpassing anything in the common order of things. If a man were to attempt to write another in imitation of it, we feel persuaded that the effort would be as utterly a failure as it would be to make a man by mechanical ingenuity, and ... to put life in him by chemical agency. But we do not recommend the perusal of the Bible in the spirit of an intellectual infidel, judging of it as a specimen of composition. He who would read it to derive improvement from the perusal of its pages, must read it as a believer, and make a practical application of its principles. It is a compass which always points heavenward, and it is good to know the direction it gives, and attend to its guidance in every step of life's journey. It is a balance in which we may weigh all sublunary things, and ascertain which are light, vain, and unworthy of pursuit. It is a test by which to try the pretensions of men and creeds, and if used aright it will always select truth, and unite with it as with a kindred element, thereby enabling us to know error and avoid it. It is a great sun in the moral firmament, and all who have eyes to discern its beams will walk in light like Israel in Goshen, while the rest of the world gropes in Egyptian darkness. By reading the Bible, the working man may get good that will qualify him to be of service in labouring for the elevation of his fellow creatures around him.

After considering various ways in which a working man may get good, we now propose to enter upon those by which he may do good. A good example is one of the first means suggested to our minds. Every one has some influence which operates more or less on the circle in which he moves. We have had many opportunities of witnessing the force of example; when an intelligent working man exerts himself to stimulate others to cultivate their mind, become sober and enter upon a praiseworthy course. We also know something of the force of example when it leads to evil habits, midnight revellings, and foolish conduct. Now if it has much power in one case, why may it not have equal influence if brought to operate in a contrary direction? It is allowed on all hands, that example is more powerful than precept, so that a man who teaches good principles and does not practise them, is pulling down with one hand and building up with the other.

Imitation is one of the most important things which human nature presents to our notice. By it a child begins to advance

from absolute ignorance to walk on in the path to knowledge. By seeing the gestures and hearing the words of those around him, he learns to understand their meaning, and likewise to make known some of his own wants. For many years he has no other means of making progress, and imitation is his chief director, till he learns to make use of his own reflections. But imitation depends entirely on example, and a child that could strike out a course of action for himself without acting after others, would be one of the most remarkable prodigies in existence. Example exerts its greatest influence on the young, so that if a working man is the head of a family, he may either do much good or much evil by the example which he sets before the principal objects under his care. The same remark is applicable if he is a teacher of youth, only once in seven days; and let him always bear in mind that his conduct every day will be observed by those who are under his control on the Sabbath. We have sometimes had opportunities of observing that an intelligent man will have more influence, and his example will possess more force than that of one who had no reputation for intelligence, even though his moral conduct and the way of managing his business was not open to rebuke. There seems to be either a real or imaginary connection between force of character and force of mind. Then again, the example of the working man will operate on those whom he makes his select friends. It is a law of nature that all material bodies materially attract each other. The greatest are attracted by the least, though in a much smaller degree. There is some analogy in this in the attractions of friendship, for while feebler minds influence others in some degree, the great drawing force is seen in the superior power of ponderous minds; an acute observer would soon discern in a company of friends which is the greater magnet. It is dangerous to associate with a forcible character, unless his example leads us in a right direction. Every attentive reader of biography has had opportunities of observing the truth of this remark.

Among working men there are not a few who possess force of character. This is evidently from their following on in arduous pursuits for many years, and at last accomplishing what seemed to feebler minds an impossibility.

As a teacher and instructor of the young, we think the working man may do much good if he has prepared himself for the task by previous mental discipline. We are far from thinking that an ignorant man is a fit person to become a teacher of youth, even in the Sabbath school. As a poor man could never bestow riches upon another, so an ignorant man could never make others intelligent. There is a double benefit in a man who is anxious to improve, becoming the teacher of the young. It is a benefit to himself, because it reminds him again of those elementary principles which he took so much pains to understand in his early days, and often there is truth and significance in them which he never perceived till he began to illustrate it to the capacity of his pupils. In addition to this, there is the benefit which the learner derives from the labours of every successful teacher. Every one who is apt to be discouraged and gloomy on account of the waywardness and inattention of his youthful charge, should often muse on such considerations as these, in order that he may be urged on to more diligent exertions.

May we venture to add, that the working man may do good in the capacity of a public speaker? We fancy that many who were willing to go along with us hitherto, and admit the possibility of his doing good in the various ways which we have specified, will be ready to make a stand here and dispute the position to which we now advance. The qualifications requisite to become a public speaker are so numerous and difficult, that it hardly seems likely for any one who has to labour for his daily bread, to master them. When it is remembered that many persons of reputed talent, and wealthy extraction, after spending years at the favoured seats of learning in preparatory study, are still very indifferent speakers, it seems to partake of the character of paradox to assert that the working man can accomplish anything of this kind. But in spite of all this, we can appeal to facts, which prove that it may be accomplished by practice and perseverance. We have seen a man who could shape the shoe of a horse, and address a congregation of a thousand persons with equal composure. Few things have so suddenly called forth the capabilities of working men for public speaking as the temperance movement. This proves that there is ability within them if a suitable occasion happens to call it forth. There are two or three things which seem to show the working men have some advantage for addressing their fellow creatures not possessed by the more favoured classes. Habitual association with the people seems more favourable for learning their tempers, habits, opinions, and desires, than the seclusion of a study or the retirement of college life. In other words, they have an advantage for studying human nature, and a better criterion for estimating their intellectual and moral stature, in consequence of mingling much with the labouring class. He will be a poor tutor that sets forth his subject according to his own views of it without any regard to the capacity of his hearers. As the working man knows better than others the mental condition of his own class, he also knows most of the steps by which they will have to ascend before they can attain any higher gradations of knowledge, and he will be more likely to speak with effect a word of encouragement to urge them on. We shall, perhaps, be reminded that the usual language spoken by the working man is so very vulgar and awkward as to present a great obstacle to his being able to address a public audience without exciting mirth at the uncouthness of his delivery. But let it be remembered that education is mending many of them in this particular. Even now there are hundreds of them that can speak for a full hour in a style so grammatical and correct that you could not discern any inferiority in this point between them and some who had graduated at college.

Practice is the chief thing wanting to make others fit to address the public with equal success. Every person, who attempts to instruct by public speaking, should have some dexterity in exploring the mines of thought as well as skill in framing sentences. Now we believe there is no monopoly of thought possessed by the educated classes. That can never be bound with fetters nor placed beneath an iron grasp. Like the air of heaven and the light of the sun, it is the common birthright of the rich and poor. If, then, the working man possess a feeling heart and intelligent mind, what should hinder him from lifting up his voice and exerting his energies to inform the ignorant, guide the wandering, and bring those who are out of the way to a right path? While there is in this world of danger one dark and bewildered mind, and the working man knows a truth that would enlighten and bless that mind, does not every sentiment of philanthropy urge him on to exertion? Now look abroad, and instead of finding the supposition groundless you see it verified ten thousand fold. Instead of seeing only a single acre of barren ground, you behold extensive regions that require the care of the labourer. Immortal mind starving and famishing on the grossest sensuality in consequence of being abandoned to the blight of ignorance. Here, then, is a loud call for exertion from some quarter.

Working men may be successful in preaching the gospel. We know that it is commonly thought necessary for a youth of talent to leave his employ and spend a few years of preparatory study before entering upon this calling. To this we have no objection unless it is intended thereby to assert that none, who are not so qualified, ought to raise their voice for the good of perishing millions. This work is laborious. He who enters upon it to enjoy a life of ease will either be disappointed in his expectations or negligent in his duties. Being engaged during six days does not debar a working man from his Heavenly Father on the Sabbath. If he is anxious to follow the example of Him who went about doing good, he will gladly embrace an opportunity of doing good in this direction. Much remains to be done in diffusing knowledge before it fills every chasm now yawning with emptiness and renders this ugly moral world plane and smooth as the waters cover the caverns of the deep.

Much light must be diffused before the dim twilight of partial civilisation and the midnight darkness of heathenism shall be succeeded by the heavenly rays of truth and righteousness. The summer's sun rises in the morning and chases away the dark clouds that seemed to bar his approach long before the people, whose eyes are to enjoy his light, awake out of sleep; but we are not warranted to expect that the morning of that better day will be hurried on in this manner. Some may sleep, but many will be vigorous and active during its approach, running to and fro, to increase knowledge. Among these

if is reasonable to suppose some working men will be included.

We do not profess to have mentioned all the ways in which working men may do good. Other things will present to our conception; but lest we should be too prolix, we leave them to be suggested by the reader's own reflexions. However, the field we have surveyed, and the labours we have referred to, will produce an incalculable amount of good if followed in the right spirit. We like to see that disposition in a man which makes him resolve to leave the world better than he found it. It is the ambition of some men to command great armies, and others to acquire great wealth; but we can fancy angels weeping over the success that attends them, while the success of one who laboured to do good has made them tune their harps anew, to sing and to rejoice.

THE STEPMOTHER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THERE are few positions in social life of greater trial and responsibility than that of a stepmother; and it too rarely happens that the woman who assumes this position is fitted for the right discharge of its duties. In far too many cases the widower is accepted as a husband because he has a home, or a position to offer, while the children are considered as a drawback in the bargain. But it sometimes happens that a true woman, from genuine affection, unites herself with a widower, and does it with a loving regard for his children, and with the purpose in her mind of being to them, as far as in her power lies, a wise and tender mother.

Such a woman was Agnes Green. She was in her thirty-second year when Mr. Edward Arnold, a widower with four children, asked her to become his wife. At twenty-two, Agnes had loved as only a true woman can love. But the object of that love proved himself unworthy, and she turned away from him. None knew how deep was the heart-trial through which she passed—none knew how intensely she suffered. In part, her pale face and sobered brow witnessed, but only in part, for many said she was cold, and some even used the word heartless, when they spoke of her. From early womanhood a beautiful ideal of manly excellence had filled her mind, and with this ideal she had invested one who proved false to the high character. At once the green things of her heart withered, and for a long time its surface was a barren waste. But the woman was yet strong in her. She must love something. So she came forth from her heart-seclusion, and let her affections, like a refreshing and invigorating stream, flow along many channels. She was the faithful friend, the comforter in affliction, the wise counsellor. More than once had she been approached with offers of marriage by men who saw the excellences of her character, and felt that upon any dwelling in which she was the presiding spirit would rest a blessing. But none of them were able to give to the even pulses of her heart a quicker motion.

At last she met Mr. Arnold. More than three years had passed since the mother of his children was removed by death, and, since that time, he had sought, with all a father's tenderness and devotion, to fill her place to them—how imperfectly, none knew so well as himself. As time went on, the want of a true woman's affectionate care for his children was more and more felt. All were girls except the youngest, their ages ranging from twelve downwards, and this made the mother's loss so much the more a calamity. Moreover, his feeling of loneliness and want of companionship, so keenly felt in the beginning, instead of diminishing, increased.

Such was his state of mind when he met Agnes Green. The attraction was mutual, though, at first, no thought of marriage came into the mind of either. A second meeting stirred the placid waters in the bosom of Agnes Green. Conscious of this, and fearful lest the emotion she strove to repress might become apparent to other eyes, she assumed a certain reserve, not seen in the beginning, which only betrayed her secret, and at once interested Mr. Arnold, who now commenced a close observation of her character. With every new aspect in which this was presented, he saw something that awakened admiration; something that drew his spirit nearer to her as one congenial. And not the less close was her observation.

When, at length, Mr. Arnold solicited the hand of Agnes Green, she was ready to respond. Not, however, in a selfish and self-seeking spirit; not in the narrow hope of obtaining some great good for herself, was her response made; but in full view of her woman's power to bless, and with an earnest, holy purpose in her heart to make her presence in his household indeed a blessing.

"I must know your children better than I know them now, and they must know me better than they do, before I take the place you wish me to assume," was her reply to Mr. Arnold, when he spoke of an early marriage.

And so means were taken to bring her in frequent contact with the children. The first time she met them intimately was at the house of a friend. Mary, the oldest girl, she found passionate and self-willed; Florence, the second, good-natured, but careless and slovenly; while Margaret, the third, was in ill health, and exceedingly peevish. The little brother, Willy, was a beautiful, affectionate child, but, in consequence of injudicious management, very badly spoiled. Take them altogether, they presented a rather unpromising aspect; and it is no wonder that Agnes Green had many misgivings at heart, when the new relation contemplated and its trials and responsibilities were pictured to her mind.

The earnestly-asked question by Mr. Arnold, after this first interview,—"What do you think of my children?"—was not an easy one to answer. A selfish, unscrupulous woman, who looked to the connexion as something to be particularly desired on her own account, and who cared little about duties and responsibilities, might have replied, "O, they are lovely children!" or, "I am delighted with them!" Not so Agnes Green. She did not reply immediately, but mused for some moments, considerably embarrassed, and in doubt what to say. Mr. Arnold was gazing intently in her face.

"They do not seem to have made a favourable impression," said he, speaking with some disappointment in his tone and manner.

A feeble flush was visible in the face of Agnes Green, and also a slight quiver of the lips, as she answered.

"There is too much at stake, as well in your case as my own, to warrant even a shadow of concealment. You ask what I think of your children, and you expect me to answer truly."

"I do," was the almost solemnly-spoken reply.

"My first hurried, yet tolerably close observation has shown me, in each, a groundwork of natural good."

"As their father," replied Mr. Arnold, in some earnestness of manner, "I know there is good in them—much good. But they have needed a mother's care."

"When you have said that, how much has been expressed! If the garden is not cultivated, and every weed carefully removed, how quickly is it overrun with things noxious, and how feeble becomes the growth of all things good and beautiful! It is just so with the mind. Neglect it, and bad habits and evil propensities will assuredly be quickened into being, and attain vigorous life."

"My children are not perfect, I know, but—"

Mr. Arnold seemed slightly hurt. Agnes Green interrupted him, by saying, in a mild voice, as she laid her hand gently upon his arm.

"Do not give my words a meaning beyond what they are designed to convey. If I assume the place of a mother to your children, I take upon myself all the responsibilities the word 'mother' involves. Is not this so?"

"Thus I understand it."

"My duty will be, not only to train these children for a happy and useful life here, but for a happy and useful life hereafter."

"It will."

"It is no light thing, Mr. Arnold, to assume the place of a mother to children who, for three years, have not known a mother's affectionate care. I confess that my heart shrinks from the responsibility, and I ask myself over and over again, 'Have I the requisite wisdom, patience, and self-denial?'"

"I believe you have," said Mr. Arnold, who was beginning to see more deeply into the heart of Agnes. "And now," he added, "tell me what you think of my children."

"Mary has a quick temper, and is rather self-willed, if my observation is correct, but she has a warm heart. Florence is thoughtless, and untidy in her person, but possesses a happy temper of mind. Poor Maggy's ill health has, very naturally, soured her disposition. Ah, what can you expect of a suffering child, who has no mother? Your little Willy is a lovely boy, somewhat spoiled—who can wonder at this?—but possessing just the qualities to win for him kindness from every one."

"I am sure you will love him," said Mr. Arnold, warmly.

"I have no doubt on that subject," replied Agnes Green. "And now," she added, "after what I have said, after showing you that I am quick to see faults, once more give this matter earnest consideration. If I become your wife, and take the place of a mother to these children, I shall, at once,—wisely and lovingly, I trust,—begin the work of removing from their minds every noxious weed that neglect may have suffered to grow there. The task will be no light one, and, in the beginning, there may be rebellion against my authority. To be harsh or hard is not in my nature. But a sense of duty will make me firm. Once more, I say, give this matter serious consideration. It is not yet too late to pause."

Mr. Arnold bent his head in deep reflection. For many minutes he sat in silent self-communion, and sat thus so long, that the heart of Agnes Green began to beat with a restricted motion, as if there was a heavy pressure on her bosom. At last Mr. Arnold

looked up, his eyes suddenly brightening, and his face flushing with animation Grasping her hands with both of his, he said

"I have reflected, Agnes, and I do not hesitate. Yes, I will trust these dear ones to your loving guardianship I will place in your hands their present and future welfare, confident that you will be to them a true mother."

And she was. As often as it could be done before the time appointed for the marriage, she was brought in contact with the children. Almost from the beginning she was sorry to find in Mary, the oldest child, a reserve of manner, and an evident dislike towards her, which she in vain sought to overcome. The groundwork of this she did not know. It had its origin in a remark made by the housekeeper, who, having learned from some gossiping relative of Mr Arnold that a new wife was soon to be brought home, and also who this new wife was to be, made an imprudent allusion to the fact, in a moment of forgetfulness.

"Your new mother will soon put you straight, my little lady," said she one day to Mary, who had tried her beyond all patience

"My new mother! who's she, pray?" was sharply demanded

"Miss Green," replied the unreflecting housekeeper. "Your father's going to bring her home, one of these days, and make her your mother, and she'll put you all rights,—she'll take down your fine airs, my lady!"

"Will she?" And Mary, compressing her lips tightly, and drawing up her slender form to its full height, looked the image of defiance.

From that moment a strong dislike towards Miss Green ruled in the mind of Mary, and she resolved, should the housekeeper's assertion prove true, not only to set the new authority at defiance, but to inspire, if possible, the other children with her own feelings

The marriage was celebrated at the house of Mr. Arnold, in the presence of his own family, and a few particular friends, Agnes arriving at the hour appointed.

After the ceremony, the children were brought forward, and presented to their new mother. The youngest, as if strongly drawn by invisible chords of affection, sprung into her lap, and clasped his little arms lovingly about her neck. He seemed very happy. The others were cold and distant, while Mary fixed her eyes upon the wife of her father with a look so full of dislike and rebellion, that no one present was in any doubt as to how she regarded the new order of things

Mr. Arnold was a good deal fretted by this unexpected conduct on the part of Mary; and, forgetful of the occasion and its claims, spoke to her with some sternness. He was recalled to self-possession by the smile of his wife, and her gently-uttered remark, that reached only his own ear.

"Don't seem to notice it Let it be my task to overcome prejudices."

During the evening Mary did not soften in the least towards her stepmother On the next morning, when all met, for the first time, at the breakfast table, the children gazed askance at the calm, dignified woman who presided at the table, and seemed ill at ease. On Mary's lip, and in her eye, was an expression so like contempt, that it was with difficulty her father could refrain from ordering her to her own room.

The meal passed in some embarrassment. At its conclusion, Mr. Arnold went into the parlour, and his wife, entering at once upon her duties, accompanied the children to the nursery, to see herself that the two oldest were properly dressed for school. Mary, who had preceded the rest, was already in contention with the housekeeper Just as Mrs. Arnold—so we must now call her—entered the room, Mary exclaimed, sharply:

"I don't care what you say, I'm going to wear this bonnet!"

"What's the trouble?" inquired Mrs. Arnold, calmly.

"Why, you see, ma'am," replied the housekeeper, "Mary is bent on wearing her new pink bonnet to school, and I tell her she mustn't do it. Her old one is good enough."

"Let me see the old one," said Mrs. Arnold. She spoke in a very pleasant tone of voice.

A neat straw bonnet, with plain, unsoiled trimming, was brought forth by the housekeeper, who remarked:

"It's good enough to wear Sundays, for that matter."

"I don't care if it is, I'm not going to wear it to-day. So don't bother yourself any more about it"

"O yes, Mary, you will," said Mrs. Arnold, very kindly, yet firmly.

"No, I won't!" was the quick, resolute answer. And she gazed, unflinchingly, into the face of her stepmother

"I'll call your father, my young lady! This is beyond all endurance!" said the housekeeper, starting for the door.

"Hannah!" The mild, even voice of Mrs. Arnold checked the excited housekeeper. "Don't speak of it to her father,—I'm sure she doesn't mean what she says She'll think better of it in a moment."

Mary was hardly prepared for this. Even while she stood with unchanged exterior, she felt grateful to her stepmother for intercepting the complaint about to be made to her father. She expected some remark or remonstrance from Mrs. Arnold. But in this she was mistaken. The latter, as if nothing unpleasant had occurred, turned to Florence, and, after a light examination of her dress, said to the housekeeper.

"This collar is too much soiled, won't you bring me another?

"O, it's clean enough," replied Florence, knitting her brows, and affecting impatience. But, even as she spoke, the quick, yet gentle hands of her stepmother had removed the collar from her neck.

"Do you think it clean enough now?" said she, as she placed the soiled collar beside a fresh one, which the housekeeper had brought

"It is rather dirty," replied Florence, smiling

And now Mrs. Arnold examined other articles of her dress, and had them changed, re-arranged her hair, and saw that her teeth were properly brushed. While this was progressing, Mary stood a little apart, a close observer of all that passed One thing she did not fail to remark, and that was the gentle firmness of her stepmother, which was in strong contrast with the usual scolding, fretting, and impatience of the housekeeper, as manifested on those occasions.

By the time Florence was ready for school, Mary's state of mind had undergone considerable change, and she half regretted the exhibition of ill temper and insulting disobedience she had shown. Yet she was in no way prepared to yield To her surprise, after Florence was all ready, her stepmother turned to her and said, in a mild, cheerful voice, as if nothing unpleasant had occurred

"Have you a particular reason for wishing to wear your new bonnet this morning, Mary?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have" The voice of Mary was changed considerably, and her eyes fell beneath the mild, but penetrating gaze of her stepmother

"May I ask you the reason?"

There was a pause of some moments, then Mary replied

"I promised one of the girls that I'd wear it She asked me to She wanted to see it."

"Did you tell Hannah this?"

"No, ma'am, it wouldn't have been any use. She never hears to reason"

"But you'll find me very different, Mary," said Mrs. Arnold tenderly. "I shall ever be ready to hear to reason."

All this was so far from what Mary had anticipated, that her mind was half bewildered. Her stepmother's clear sight penetrated to her very thoughts Taking her hand, she drew her gently to her side. An arm was then placed lovingly around her.

"My dear child,"—it would have been a hard heart, indeed, that could have resisted the influence of that voice,—"let us understand each other in the beginning. You seem to look upon me as an enemy, and yet I wish to be the very best friend you have in the world. I have come here, not as an exacting and overbearing tyrant, but to seek your good and promote your happiness in every possible way. I will love you, and may I not expect love in return Surely you will not withhold that."

As Mrs Arnold spoke thus, she felt a slight quiver in the hand she had taken in her own. She continued:

"I cannot hope to fill the place of your dear mother, now in heaven Yet even as she loved you would I love you, my child" The voice of Mrs. Arnold had become unsteady, through excess of feeling. "As she bore with your faults, I will bear with them, as she rejoiced over every good affection born in your heart, so will I rejoice"

Outraged by the conduct of Mary, the housekeeper had gone to Mr Arnold, whom she found in the parlour, and repeated to him, with a colouring of her own, the insolent language his child had used. The father hurried up stairs in a state of angry excitement. No little surprised was he, on entering the nursery, to see Mary sobbing on the breast of her stepmother, whose gentle hands were softly pressed upon the child's temples, and whose low, smooth voice was speaking to her words of comfort for the present, and cheerful hope for the future. Unobserved by either, Mr. Arnold stood for a moment, and then softly retired, with a gush of thankfulness in his heart that he had found for his children so true and good a mother.

With Mary there was no more trouble. From that hour, she came wholly under the influence of her stepmother, learning, day by day, as she knew her better, to love her with a more confiding tenderness. Wonderful was the change produced on the children of Mr. Arnold in a single year They had, indeed, found a mother.

It is painful to think how different would have been the result, had the stepmother not been a true woman. Wise and good she was in her sphere, loving and unselfish, and the fruit of her hand was sweet to the taste, and beautiful to look upon.

How few are like her! How few who assume the position of

stepmother,—a position requiring patience, long-suffering, and unflinching self-denial,—are fitted for the duties they so lightly take upon themselves! Is it any wonder their own lives are made, at times, miserable, or that they mar, by passion or exacting tyranny, the fair face of humanity, in the children committed to their care? Such lose their reward.

APSLEY HOUSE.

The iron gates set wide, let in the human tide
Of gentle and of simple,—of wealthy and of poor,
That in numbers ever swelling it may flood the hero's dwelling,
See, it stands not in the court, and it stops not at the door.
Pass along!

It stays not in the hall to look around the wall,
At the range of busts all standing in a still and stately ring.
On—on the tide keeps flowing, nor pauses in its going
For soldier or for statesman, for Kaiser or for King.
Pass along!

Up the staircase let it flow, past that marble bulk below—
A colossus, seeming huger in that twilight dim and dun,
Who sceptred thus doth stand, globe and victory in hand
'Tis the conqueror of all, the conquered but of one!
Pass along!

Through chambers gay and bright, with costly pictures dight,
Where Landseer's strong beast-tamer his fierce creatures doth subdue,
Where Wilkie's veterans listen, with eyes that glow and glisten,
To the record of his battle—the Gazette of Waterloo
Pass along!

From saloon unto saloon let the tide sweep onward soon,
Till suddenly it slackens in a long and narrow hall,
Where Murillo's bright brown faces, and Velasquez' knightly graces,
And Titian's golden sunlights are glowing on the wall—
Pass along!

Yet pause awhile—for here he welcomed year by year
The companions of his triumph, the men of Waterloo,
Mark, curious, the space where his chair they used to place
Enough! it is enough—we have seen it, and swept through—
Pass along!

Through curious treasure-rooms where are gathered great heir-looms,
The trophies of his triumphs, rich gifts of price untold,
In their cases locked and guarded so great deeds should be rewarded—
But way dwell on gauds and jewels—on malachite and gold?
Pass along!

What means the sudden hush that has checked the hasty rush
Of the crowd that still pressed onwards, in this chamber low and bare?
To what poor place have we come in this vast and stately home?
What's that table, and that deal box standing there?
Pass along!

No, linger long, and learn how, Spartan-like and stern,
He wrote at that poor table and sat in that mean chair,
How, with secretary near, in close toil and severe
He laboured, nor his body nor his mind for age would spare.
Pause awhile!

Twas on the unpolished face of that rough-hewn old deal case
He wrote from all his fields how the fight had chanced to fare,
From Oporto's triumph through to the day of Waterloo
It was with him, and his records of battle still did bear.
Pause awhile!

In this room, where none have past since its master left it last—
Nought touched, the book he laid aside to take it up again;
See the letters of the day after reading laid away—
His open inkstand, and the ink scarce dry within his pen.
Pass along!

To where he slept his sleep—not in downy cushions deep—
Such his bed as soldier's bed should be, uncurtained, hard, and plain,
Solemn and still we gaze, till the fancy seems to raise,
'Midst these relics of his life, the old warrior up again!
Pass along!—*Punch.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

GIN AND WATER; a pair of pictorial designs by Kenny Meadows, portraying the effects arising from the indulgence of those potent liquids. In the first, GIN, we have the interior of the drunkard's home, with a glimpse of the horrors which belong peculiarly to such homes; in the second, WATER, we see how comfort, cleanliness and peace attend the steps of the temperate man. The contrast is well defined, and the pictures—which measure 24 inches by 16 inches—cannot but be popular. We have had too many songs and pictures in praise of the drinking customs of our country, and we are glad to perceive that our poets and artists are beginning to discover that they may get inspiration even out of water—

"Wine, wine, thy power and praise
Have ever been echoed in minstrel lays,
But water, I deem, hath a mightier claim,
To fill up a niche in the Temple of Fame!"

These pictures, which should be framed and hung over every cottage chimney-piece, and on the walls of every factory, and workshop, and ragged school throughout all the land, can be obtained of every bookseller for one shilling. They are exquisitely engraved on wood, by Messrs. Henry Linton and William Measom.

THE AUTOGRAPHS FOR FREEDOM; containing, in addition to a New Story by Mrs STOWE, authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," entitled "The Two Altars, or, Two Pictures in One,—The Altar of Liberty, or 1776; The Altar of ——, or 1850," a thrilling Narrative by FREDERICK DOUGLASS, entitled "The Heroic Slave," "Passages in the Life of a Slave Woman," by Annie Parker, "Placido, the Cuban Slave," by Professor W. G. Allen; "The Heroic Slave Woman," by the Rev. J. S. May, &c., also, Contributions from the leading Writers in America on the Question of Negro Emancipation, and on this side of the Atlantic, from the Earl of Carlisle, the Bishop of Oxford, Wilson Armistead, Joseph Sturge, &c., with Incidents of the Anti-Slavery Struggle. Price 1s., in boards; or bound in cloth, with Eight Illustrations from designs by Gilbert and Willis, price 1s. 6d.

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THE ALTAR OF THE HOUSEHOLD: a Series of Services for Domestic Worship for every Morning and Evening in the Year, Select Portions of Holy Writ, and Prayers and Thanksgivings for Particular Occasions, with an Introductory Essay on Family Worship, by the Rev. John Harris, D.D., Principal of New College, London. Edited by the Rev. Josiah Wood, Author of "The Great Teacher," "Baptism," "Preparation for Death," &c., &c., assisted by eminent contributors. In this work, which is now in course of publication, the following are engaged in the preparation of THE ALTAR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—The Rev. J. Sherman, Rev. Newman Hall, D.D., the Rev. W. H. Bartley, M.A., the Rev. Richard Lyndley, D.D., the Rev. J. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D., the Rev. Thomas Lorimer, the Rev. Stephen Hall, B.A., the Rev. Ross Wilkes, the Rev. W. Cooke, the Rev. J. Beaumont, M.D., the Rev. Samuel Martin, the Rev. A. Reed, the Rev. John Kennedy, M.D., the Rev. William Leask, the Rev. Thomas Williams, the Rev. W. Wain, M.A., the Rev. J. Stoughton, the Rev. S. Rous, the Rev. George Smith, Rev. H. Wood, and the Editor. The Work will be completed in Twelve Parts, one to appear on the First day of each successive month, the whole forming One Handsome Volume, with Frontispiece engraved on steel by a first-rate Artist. Parts I. to III. are now ready, price 1s. each, or in one Quarterly Section, price 3s.

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The PATHWAY, a Religious Magazine, price 2d. each Number, enclosed in a neat wrapper. The Fourth Volume has just commenced—Vols. I. and II. price 2s. 6d. each, Vol. III., price 2s. 9d., neatly bound, are now ready.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, with Twenty-seven Illustrations on wood, by George Cruikshank, and an elegant Portrait of the Authoress.—Three Editions of this popular work are now on sale at our office—a Drawing Room Edition, demy 8vo., price 4s 6d. elegantly bound, with gilt edges; crown 8vo., neatly bound, gilt edges, 3s. 6d., or plain binding, 3s.

THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART.—The First Two Parts are now ready of this work, under the title of the ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, are now ready, price One Shilling each. Weekly Numbers are now enclosed in a neat wrapper, price 3d. In addition to numerous Engravings in the text, each number contains a fine Engraving, worked on Plate Paper. With the first Part was presented a splendid View of the Interior of St Paul's Cathedral, during the Interment of the late Duke of Wellington, printed upon fine Plate Paper, measuring eighteen inches by thirteen, in addition to four separate Engravings, and a large number of choice Illustrations, with which each Part is embellished.

MORE ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

THE PLAYFULNESS OF ANIMALS.—It is asserted by Erdl, who has bestowed considerable attention on the habits of the crustacea, that he has seen the cancer moenas play with little round stones and empty shells, as cats do with a ball of cotton. Fancy a young crab at play on the sea shore! Dogs, particularly young ones, are carried away with the impulse of their own good tempers, and roll over and chase each other in circles, seizing and shaking objects as if in anger, and enticing even their masters to join in their games. Horses, in freedom, gallop hither and thither, snort and paw the air, advance to their grooms, stop suddenly short, and again dash off at a speed. A horse belonging to one of the large brewing establishments in London, at which a great number of pigs were kept, used frequently to scatter the grains on the ground with his mouth, and as soon as a pig came within his reach, he would seize it without injury and plunge it into the water-trough. The hare will gambol round in circles, tumble over, and fly here and there. Brehm, the naturalist, witnessed one which played the most singular antics with twelve others, coursing round them, feigning death, and again springing up, seemed to illustrate the old saying of "mad as a March hare." The same thing occurs with rabbits, and many others of the rodentia, and on warm days fish may be seeen gambolling about in shallow water. Carp, in early morning, whilst the mist still hangs on the water, wallow in the shallows, exposing their broad backs above the surface. Whales, as described by Scoresby, are extremely frolicsome, and in their play sometimes leap twenty feet out of the water! Small birds chase each other about in play; but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter (*Psophia crepitans*) is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws summersets. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, and throwing little stones and pieces of wood in the air, endeavours to catch them again, or pretends to avoid them as if afraid.

GIGANTIC EGGS.—The Committee of Management of the Jardin des Plantes de Paris have just presented to the Hunterian Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons the casts of eggs of the gigantic wingless bird of Magadascar, *Epyornis maximus*, of Geoffrey de St. Hilaire. These enormous eggs are equal in size to 11 ostrich, 16 cassowary, 148 domestic hens', or 50,000 humming birds' eggs.

WILD SHEEP.—Wild races of sheep inhabit the elevated regions of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and comprise chiefly the several species and varieties of musmon and argali. They differ greatly from one another, and still more from the domesticated breeds, in habits and in specific characteristics; and in some instances, they blend away into near resemblance to wild goats on the one hand, or to domesticated sheep on the other; yet, in general, they exhibit very boldly the true characteristics of their genus, and may be regarded as, in many mixed methods, and often in their respective localities, the common or aggregate source of the multitudinous and very diversified domestic breeds. Some races of a medium character between wild and tame inhabit parts of Caubul, Persia, and the countries of the Turcomans and others in the regions round the Caspian Sea; and one of the best known of these has a very coarse grey hairy fur, outward-bent horns like those of the argali, and a head exactly similar to that of the ram on the ancient oriental sculptures, and this race, together with domesticated varieties of it, is the common cultivated sheep of a large portion of Arabia, Tartary, and Hindostan. Wild sheep, with seemingly other distinctive characteristics than those of any known existing races, are obscurely mentioned by ancient credible authors, or figure somewhat phantasmagorically in the descriptions of ancient writers. Whether any inhabited Western Europe, cannot certainly be affirmed, though the credulous chronicler, Boetius, speaks of sheep in the remote Hebridean island, St. Kilda, who had bodies larger than the largest goats, and horns longer than those of oxen, and tails reaching to the ground; and Pennant states that a bas-relief figure of an animal corresponding to this description was found on the wall of Antoninus, in the vicinity of Glasgow.

THE BERLIN DOG.—The Prussian dog, unlike his kin in many other countries, is not placed on the same level with vagabonds and vagrants. In London and Paris, a dog is but dog; in Berlin he is a patentee. He holds his own specified rank, has his own number, and pays a fixed tax, just like an adult citizen, in testimony whereof, he bears his acquittance suspended to his neck, in the shape of a little plate of metal, stamped with his number. Furnished with this legal passport, he rambles quietly through the whole territory, without fearing either ragman or bullets. The authorities interpose the shield of their protection between him and outrage; he is regarded as a citizen. The privilege of paying the tax, however, does not extend to all dogs indiscriminately. The dog of luxury, which constitutes the aristocracy of the canine species, alone enjoys prerogative. The blind man's dog, the sheep-dog, the draught-dog — a common office in Germany—are exonerated from all payment. But woe to the animal convicted of not being included in one of these categories, if he carry not his number. He is then treated as a vagabond, and, as such, expelled from the territory, or "hanged by the neck until he be dead."

LION CATCHING IN SOUTH AFRICA.—Mr. Lemue, who formerly resided at Motito, and is familiar with the Kallibari country, assured me that the remarkable accounts sometimes circulated as to the people of that part of Africa catching lions by the tail, and of which, I confess, I was very incredulous, were perfectly true. He well knows that the method prevailed, and was certainly not uncommon among the people. Lions would sometimes become extremely dangerous. Having become accustomed to human flesh, they would not willingly eat anything else. When a neighbourhood became infested, the men would determine on the measures to be adopted to rid themselves of the nuisance, then forming themselves into a band, they would proceed in search of their royal foe, and beard the lion in his lair. Standing close by one another, the lion would make his spring on some one of the party —every man, of course, hoping he might escape the attack—when instantly others would dash forward and seize his tail, lifting it up close to the body with all their might; thus not only astonishing the animal, and absolutely taking him off his guard, but rendering his efforts powerless for the moment, while others closed in with their spears, and at once stabbed the monster through and through.—*Rev. J. J. Freeman's Tour in South Africa.*

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.—Without the shepherd's dog, the whole of the mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a flock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole stock would be capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd, then, feel an interest in his dog. It is, indeed, he that earns the family bread, of which he is content himself with the smallest morsel. Neither hunger nor fatigue will drive him from his master's side; he will follow him through fire and water. Another thing very remarkable is, the understanding these creatures have of the necessity of being particularly tender over lame or sickly sheep. They will drive these a great deal more gently than others; and sometimes a single one is committed to their care to take home. On these occasions they perform their duty like the most tender nurses. Can it be wondered at, then, that the collcy should be so much prized by the shepherd; that his death should be regarded as a great calamity to a family, of which he forms, to all intents and purposes, an integral part, or that his exploits of sagacity should be handed down from generation to generation, and form no small part of the converse by the cozy ingle on long winter nights?

THE PERCH.—"Every fish that swims the sea," said Professor Rymer Jones, in a lecture delivered at Oxford, "is an island, and has to be peopled. Examine the gums of a perch, and we find animals resembling a kind of sucking cup, provided with hundreds of little hooks which it inserts into the gums of the fish and thus sustains its existence. But has the creature always enjoyed that form? It might hold on where we find it, and increase itself for a length of time, but as to changing its situation for another fish's mouth, how is that to be done? And yet, strange to say, we never find that little creature in the mouth of any other fish than a perch. The way in which this is done is simple enough. That creature implanted on the palate of the perch lays its egg—from that egg is produced a creature not like the original animal, but one provided with fins, by means of which it travels about, and after trying different perches, selects one suitable to itself. It then changes its form once more, and makes its appearance with ten or a dozen grappling irons to enable it to hold on. And then it changes into the shape at first described, and thus maintains its existence."

ALLIGATORS SWALLOWING STONES.—The Indians on the banks of the Oronoko assert, that previously to an alligator going in search of prey, it always swallows a large stone that it may acquire additional weight to aid it in diving and dragging its victims under water. A traveller being somewhat incredulous on this point, Bolivar, to convince him, shot several with his rifle, and in all of them were found stones varying in weight according to the size of the animal. The largest killed was about seventeen feet in length, and had within him a stone weighing about sixty or seventy pounds.

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THE

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EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

On Saturday, January 22, were assembled at the Tuileries—the scene of many an eventful deed—the senate, the *corps-legislatif*, and the members of the council of state, to receive a message from the emperor's lips. Standing before the throne, supported by Prince Jerome on the right, and Prince Napoleon on his left, Louis Napoleon declared that, in compliance with the wish manifested by the country, he had come to announce his marriage—a marriage not in alliance with the traditions of ancient policy, and therefore advantageous to France. "Why should he marry a foreign princess?" he observed; "it ought not to be forgotten that, for seventy years foreign princesses have not mounted the throne but to behold their races dispossessed and proscribed by war or revolution." In a bold and manly way he observed that, "When in presence of old Europe, one is borne on by the force of a new principle to the height of ancient dynasties, it is not by giving an ancient character to one's escutcheon, and by seeking to introduce oneself at all costs into a family, that one is accepted. It is rather by ever remembering one's origin, by preserving one's own character, and by adopting frankly, in presence of Europe, the position of a *parvenu*." The speech was immediately printed and placarded through Paris. This was the first official notification that the emperor had fallen in love, and was courageously resolved to marry, not for state convenience, but for private affection, of course no opposition was made. The imperial will was law.

A week passed, and the marriage had become a fact. The following Saturday the civil contract took place at the Tuileries. On Sunday the marriage received the sanction of the church in the venerable pile of Notre Dame, the ceremony was, as all such ceremonies the other side the water are, splendid. At an early hour all Paris was astir. The whole neighbourhood of the palace, and the various streets through which the procession was to pass presented one dense mass of human life, amongst which the liveliest curiosity was exhibited by the crowds for a sight of the empress, of whose beauty rumour had said so much. Inside the church the *tout ensemble* is described as gorgeous in the extreme. The foreign ambassadors and ministers and all the public functionaries of distinction were placed in seats assigned them. Then the dazzling attire of the ladies, with the gorgeous official costumes of French and foreign officers, gave to the scene an unwonted brilliancy. The Archbishop of Paris, having received their majesties, proceeded at once to the ceremony of the marriage, which was conducted, in all respects, according to the solemnities of the Roman Catholic Church, and accompanied by all the pomp of imperial prestige and royal tradition. A canopy of silver brocade was held over their majesties' heads by two bishops, the choir repeated, several times, the *Domine Salvum*, the archbishop presented holy water, and chanted the *Te Deum*, which was repeated with thrilling effect by the orchestra and choir. At the conclusion of the *Te Deum*, the imperial *cortege* returned, accompanied by the archbishop, who conducted them to the door of the Tuileries. The return, as had been the departure, being celebrated by the roll of drums, the flourish of trumpets, the discharge of artillery, and the shouts of a people ever ready to applaud. The great *fête* happily passed off without any accident. In the evening there was a splendid illumination. To signalise his marriage, the emperor pardoned more than 4 000 persons who were implicated in the events of December, 1851. We must record one anecdote to the credit of the empress. Among the articles composing the marriage offering, the emperor placed, instead of the customary purse, a portfolio enclosing 250,000 francs. The empress, however, having expressed a strong desire that this sum should be entirely devoted to charitable purposes, 100,000 francs were immediately bestowed on the maternal societies to assist poor lying-in women to provide for their wants. This was the second sacrifice the empress had made, an offer of a diamond necklace from the Corporation of Paris having been refused, that the money it would have cost might be appropriated to charitable purposes. The honeymoon was passed in the retreat of St. Cloud. The coronation, it is said, will take place in May. The register which was used at the Tuileries on the occasion of the civil marriage of the emperor was that of the former imperial house, which has ever since been preserved in the archives of the Secretary of State. The first entry in it is dated March 2nd, 1806, and records Napoleon's adoption of the Prince Eugene as son of the Emperor and Viceroy of Naples. The second, immediately preceding that of the marriage of Napoleon III., is that of the birth of the King of Rome, bearing date March 20, 1811. So much for the marriage and the incidents connected with it. Let us now turn our attention to the imperial bride.

There has come down to us from the dark times of Scottish history, when men's passions ran fierce and strong, when might not right was the law, a dim outline—a skeleton as it were—of a man who did, what we should call in these more enlightened times, murder; but who did it out of his allegiance to royalty, and as to give the bloody deed a redeeming, if not a heroic air. The story is, that King Robert Bruce quarrelled with the Red Comyn at a monastery in Dumfries, and in the heat of the moment struck him at the altar. In terror he hastened to his friends, and expressed his fear that he had slain his rival. "You doubt," cried Sir Roger Kirkpatrick, "I mak sicar!" and immediately ran in and despatched the Comyn. "Mak sicar!" was immediately adopted as the motto of the Kirkpatrick, who, of course, was well remembered for his seasonable service in an hour of need. In course of time, the family branched out. Wherever you travel you are sure to find a Scotchman, one of these Kirkpatricks settled in Spain, and married the eldest daughter of Baron Grivegné, of Malaga. He had three daughters by this marriage, the eldest was married to Count de Teba, who, upon the demise of his elder brother, Count Montijo, grande of Spain of the first class, succeeded to the numerous titles and ample possessions of that illustrious house. The Countess de Montijo has two daughters, of whom the first is married to the Duke de Berwick and Alba—a descendant of that Miss Churchill of whom Count de Grammont tells such queer stories, the second, the lovely and accomplished Eugenie Countess de Teba, is now Empress of the French, and possesses, in an eminent degree, all the noble qualities calculated to adorn the dignity of the imperial throne.

Thus, then, on the throne of France is seated an empress with British blood in her veins. It is more than probable, too, that on the father's side she is one of us. Through him she belongs to the Guzman family, and that name, according to Spanish etymologists is neither more nor less than our common name of Goodman Hispanicised. The story is, that one Goodman, an English knight, distinguishing himself in the wars against the Moors was ennobled by Ferdinand of Castile, and that our countryman was thus the founder of the illustrious house of the Guzmans. All the branches of this family have played a distinguished part in history. The father of the empress is connected with some of the most glorious souvenirs of the great wars of the empire. In the struggle which Napoleon carried on in Spain the Count de Montijo fought valiantly under the standard of France as colonel of artillery. At the battle of Salamanca he lost an eye and had a leg fractured. At the period when, in spite of all the courage of the soldiers and the skill of the chiefs, the French army experienced those reverses which led to its retreat, and when Ferdinand XII was re-established on the throne of his ancestors, the Count de Montijo left Spain and continued to serve France. He went through the campaign of 1814 with much distinction, and was decorated by the emperor himself for the courage which he displayed in the course of it. It was he to whom, at the time of the defence of Paris, Napoleon confided the tracing out the fortifications of the capital, and who chose the place at the head of the pupils of the Polytechnic School, to defend the Buttes de Saint Chaumont. He had then the honour of firing the last shot for the emperor, then about to exchange fame and sway for a wretched existence on a lonely rock. A few years and the scene is changed: once more the empire is a fact—once more the Bourbons are fugitives on the face of the earth. The emperor's nephew wields the emperor's sceptre, and the faithful colonel of artillery's daughter becomes his queen. So change the colours in the kaleidoscope of history. Thus does the whirligig of time bring about its revenge.

But it is time we speak of the empress. She was educated at Paris, at the convent of *Sacre Cœur*. More than once she has ran some risk of missing the greatness she has at length achieved. At one time there was a project of marrying her to the Duke of Osuna. One of the offers for the lady's hand came from the Marquis of Alcanizez, a Spanish gentleman, who followed her to Paris for that purpose, another came from an English gentleman for some time attached to the embassy at Madrid who was greatly surprised to find that the lady preferred an emperor to himself.

So confident was this latter gentleman, that, Louis Napoleon's attentions to the lady having excited remark, he offered bets of five to one that if the emperor asked the lady would refuse. For once the gentlemen was wrong. The offer was too tempting for a woman to decline. Byron tells us—and he knew something of the subject—

"Women like moths are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wings his way where seraphs might despair."

Fame, power, splendour, wealth, are seldom offered to the weaker sex in vain, and if the lady had doubts, and if dark clouds loomed in the future, and sad memories of Marie Antoinette expiating on the scaffold the sins of a long line of royal sires, of Josephine, divorced and broken-hearted, of Marie Louisa, her brief splendour obscured in the sad evening of an ignominious life, of Henriette of Orleans, widowed, exiled poor,—if such memories as these hovered in the Spanish maiden's brain, it was but for a moment, and they did but deepen and brighten the colours of the gorgeous destiny, for which, whether fortunately or the reverse time alone can tell, she seems to have been resolved, and so, as many others would, she risked the danger and boldly seized the glittering prize. Yet there were warnings in her path, one of these we give as evincing the feelings of the humbler class, ever timid, ever looking at the dark side, oblivious of the clear blue and the golden sun. Amongst the attendants of the young countess was her nurse Pepa. It was considered desirable that she should return to Spain. The unpleasing announcement was made by the fond nursling herself. "You must leave me, Pepa, we must part for ever," said the fair Eugenie, "I am about to marry, and no Spanish attendants will be allowed about my person!" "Marry, and with whom?" exclaimed she eagerly. "With the Emperor of France," returned the lady. The nurse said not a word but having made a knot in her thread, she was spinning at the time, resumed her spinning as heartily as before. "Well, 'tis not so bad as it might be, he will still have the duke-dom of Teba and the grandeeship of Spain to fall back upon." The story was told at court as a proof of the *naïveté* of the Spanish woman. There were many there who laughed more heartily at it, but he whom it was intended most to interest, it is said, did not seem particularly impressed with its comic meaning, and listened to it with sadness rather than hilarity.

The following portrait is drawn by the correspondent of the *Time*. The empress is about twenty-six years of age, she possesses considerable personal attractions, but more in the style of English than of Spanish beauty. Her complexion is transparently fair, her features regular, yet full of expression. She is of middle stature, or a little above it, with, as no doubt Louis Napoleon has found to be the case, manners extremely winning, her education is superior to that received generally by Spanish women who do not travel, and she is said to be what the Spaniards term *graciosa*, the French *spirituelle*. Her paternal fortune is, without being considerable, yet suitable to the rank her family holds in Spain—that of grandees of the first class. Her mother, the Countess of Montijo, has been for years at the head of the *haut ton* of Madrid, and her house has on more than one occasion been honoured by the presence of royalty, and those who are acquainted with Spanish manners will know such an honour, from its rare occurrence, is most appreciated in Spain. Formerly it was the custom to suspend a chain across the doorway of the house the king had visited, and the haughtiest hidalgo of Castile pointed to that most expressive symbol of devotedness with pride. The receptions of the Countess de Montijo at Madrid comprised all that was most select and distinguished in rank and eminence in Spanish society. To have been invited to the Condessa de Montijo's fortuita was considered as a sort of passport to all other society in Madrid. The English particularly were always made welcome, and for the last fourteen or fifteen years few English gentlemen who have visited Madrid will have forgotten these receptions. The family was used to quit Madrid during the hot season, and generally passed the summer at Biarritz, or some other watering place in the south of France. They have, however, spent the last three winters, or the greater portion of them, in Paris. We need not add, since her marriage the Empress has been the observed of all observers, and that envy and scandal have been busy with her name. Those who have studied human nature will have no need to wait until the stories that have been circulated with regard to her conduct shall be contradicted, they will know well enough that the woman who arrives at the station to which Mademoiselle de Montijo has evidently aspired, is not on at any time likely to have allowed her passions to get the better of her reason. She has the immense fault of being a *home*, of all female characters the most suspicious in French eyes, and to which they attach, not always with justice, the idea of an independence of morals, inconsistent with that refined grace and coquetry beneath which the most licentious conduct may pass unnoticed. She is too graceful not too gain admirers, and much of her future influence will depend upon the way in which she uses them. Those who know her well consider that her character bears a strong resemblance to that of Josephine—the same charm—the same grace—the same courage—and the same reckless extravagance. It is said that she already feels so, that as regards herself the throne shall be no idle pageant, that she will play a part as well as her imperial lord—and why should she not? It was a bold step for her to accept her present illustrious rank, but what will not woman dare?

"In all the drama, whether grave or not,
Love rules the scene, and woman forms the plot."

To please a woman, Alexander set fire to his capital, and Anthony made war with the conqueror of the world. To avenge the wrongs of woman, Rome became a republic, and the Moors usurped the wealth and power of Spain. Anne of Austria frowned on the libertine addresses of Buckingham, and the result was war with France. The Duchess of Marlborough ruled Queen Anne, and in consequence we went the laurels of Oudenarde, Ramillies, and Blenheim. Mrs. Masham became Anne's favourite, and the protestant succession was placed in such jeopardy, that if Anne had not suddenly died, the Revolution of 1688 would have been nullified, and James III. would have been restored to the throne from which his father had been righteously expelled. In our times, we have seen Lola Montes drag down a monarch from his throne. With the world's progress advances woman's influence. The more refined society becomes, the more it is permeated by woman's power. A noble woman, then may well aim at imperial sway—and may she who has thus become an emperor's bride, live long to adorn the crown that graces her royal brow—to illustrate those virtues the possession of which constitutes after all woman's abiding charm—to temper justice with *mercy*, and might with right,—and thus to achieve a happier fate than many of the high-born and beautiful, of whose power and splendour she has now become the rightful heir.

A DREAM AND ITS FULFILMENT.

(From Mr. Cr[illegible]'s Architecture of Nature.)

Some ninety years ago there flourished in Glasgow a club of young men, which, from the extreme profligacy of the members, and the licentiousness of their orgies, was commonly called the Hell Club. Beside their nightly or weekly meetings they held one grand saturnalia, in which each one tried to excel the other in drunkenness and blasphemy, and on these occasions there was no star among them whose lurid light was more conspicuous than that of young Mr. Archibald B——, who, endowed with brilliant talents, and a handsome person, had held out great promises in his boyhood, and raised hopes which had been completely frustrated by his subsequent reckless disposition.

One morning, after returning from the annual festival, Mr Archibald B——, having retired to bed, dreamed the following dream:—

He fancied that he himself was mounted on a favourite black horse that he always rode, and was proceeding towards his own house—then a country seat embowered with trees, and forming part of the city of Glasgow—when a stranger, whom the darkness of the night prevented his distinctly discerning, suddenly seized his horse's rein, and said—"You must go with me!"

"And who are you?" exclaimed the young man with a volley of oaths, while he struggled to free himself.

"That you will see by-and-by," returned the other, in a tone that excited unaccountable terror in the youth, who plunged his spurs into his horse, attempting to fly, but in vain. However fast the animal flew, the stranger was beside him, till, at length, in his desperate efforts to escape, the rider was

thrown; but instead of being dashed to the earth as he expected, he found himself falling, falling—still, as if sinking in the bowels of the earth.

At length a period being put to this mysterious descent, he found breath to inquire of his companion, who was still beside him, whither they were going. "Where am I?—Where are you taking me?" he exclaimed.

"To hell!" replied the stranger; and immediately innumerable echoes repeated the fearful sound—"To hell! to hell! to hell!"

At length a light appeared, which soon increased to a blaze; but instead of the cries, the groans, and lamentations, which the terrified traveller expected, nothing met his ear but the sounds of music, mirth, and jollity; and he found himself at the entrance of a superb building, far exceeding any he had seen constructed by human hands. Within, too, what a scene! No amusement, or pursuit of man on earth, but was being there carried on with a vengeance that excited his unutterable amazement. There the young and lovely still swarmed through the mazes of the giddy dance! There the panting steed still bore his brutal rider through the excitement of the goaded race! There over the midnight bowl, the intemperate still drawled out the wanton song of maudlin blasphemy! The gambler plied for ever his endless game, and the slaves of mammon toiled through eternity their bitter task, whilst all the magnificence of earth paled before that which now met his view.

He soon perceived that he was among old acquaintances, whom he knew to be dead; and each, he observed, was pursuing the object, whatever it was, that had formerly engrossed him; when, finding himself relieved from the presence of his unwelcome conductor, he ventured to address his former friend, Mrs. D., whom he saw sitting, as had been her wont on earth, absorbed at loo; requested her to rest from the game, and introduce him to the pleasures of the place, which appeared to be very unlike what he had expected, and indeed an extremely agreeable one. But with the cry of agony, she answered that there was no rest in hell; that they must ever toil on at those very pleasures; and innumerable voices echoed through the interminable vaults—"There is no rest in hell," whilst throwing open their vests, each disclosed in the bosom an ever-burning flame. These, they said, were the pleasures of hell, their choice on earth was now their irrevocable doom.

In the midst of the horror this scene inspired, his conductor returned, and, at his earnest entreaty, restored him again to earth; but as he quitted him he said—"Remember, in a year and a day we meet again."

At this crisis of his dream the sleeper awoke, feverish and ill; and, whether from the effect of the dream, or of his preceding orgies, he was so unwell as to be obliged to keep his bed for several days; during which period he had time for many serious reflections, which terminated in a resolution to abandon the club and his licentious companions altogether.

He was no sooner well, however, than they flocked around him, bent on recovering so valuable a member of their society; and having wrung from him a confession of the cause of his defection, which, as it may be supposed, appeared to them eminently ridiculous, they soon contrived to make him ashamed of his good resolution. He joined them again, and resumed his former course of life; and, when the annual saturnalia came round, he found himself with his glass in hand at the table; when the president rising to make the accustomed speech, began with saying—"Gentlemen, this being leap-year, it is a year and a day since our last anniversary," &c. The words struck upon the young man's ear like a knell! but ashamed to expose his weakness to the jeers of his comrades, he sat out for the feast, plying himself with wine even more liberally than usual, in order to drown his intrusive thoughts; till in the gloom of a winter's morning he mounted his horse to ride home.

Some hours afterwards the horse was found with his saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing by the roadside, about half-way between the city and B——'s house, whilst a few yards off lay the corpse of his master,

This is a true story, and no fiction, the circumstances happened as here related. An account of it was published at the time, but the copies were bought up by the family. Two or three however, were preserved, and the narrative was reprinted.

ERICSSON'S CALORIC ENGINE.

Having on a previous occasion,—*ante*, page 206,—given a notice of the application of heated air as a motive power, as applied to Captain Ericsson's vessel, we are now enabled to lay before our readers the history of a discovery so interesting to engineers and scientific men.

As is well enough known a ship called the *Ericsson*—after the name of the engineer—has been for some time in progress in the United States, which is to be,—and has been, to some extent,—propelled by the expansive power of atmospheric air, and on the 15th of February, Mr. B. Cheverton read a paper on the subject at the Institution of Civil Engineers, the substance of which is stated as follows:—

The great experiment of the new motive-power is so far advanced as to allow of several trials, from which it seems certain that, so far as speed, capabilities, &c., are concerned, the principle is a true one, and that when a few mechanical difficulties are overcome, the most complete success may be expected.

That atmospheric air is expanded by the application of heat, and condensed when cooled, has been long known—indeed, Boyle, Hooke, and others, examined this fact, and determined that under all conditions, the elasticity or "spring" of the air was maintained. As far as we can trace, the merit of endeavouring to apply the expansive force of air as a motive power belongs to Messrs. Stirling, who worked an engine in 1827. Sir George Cayley had, however, written on the subject in 1807. As early as 1802, we find Captain Ericsson speaking of his *Caloric Engine* as a well-studied machine, and in 1833, an engine constructed on this principle is described in the *Mechanics' Magazine* as being then actually at work in London. "The grand feature," says the editor, "by which this engine is distinguished from the steam-engine, and all other power machines, is this,—that the same given quantity of heat which sets it in motion, is used over and over again to keep up that motion, and that no additional supply is wanted beyond what is requisite to compensate for a small loss incurred by escape and radiation." This description involves the principles applied in the large engine fitted to the ship *Ericsson*. Two or three attempts have been made in this country to employ heated air, but Stirling's engine, which was in all its main features similar to Ericsson's, was the only one that approached success. It must be remembered, that two caloric engines have been for some time at work in the foundry of Messrs. Hogg and Delamater, at New York,—one of five, and the other of sixty horse-power. This larger experiment, therefore, is made with all the advantages derivable from practice and long-continued experiment.

We must endeavour, within a short compass, to describe the caloric engine now at work. There are two cylinders, one of which is double the capacity of the other,—so that, the air which fills the smaller one, being forced into the larger, and heated to about 480°, fills it also. Now, this air in expanding, exerts a mechanical force equal to moving the machinery, by raising the piston through the whole length of the cylinder. This heated air then escapes, the piston descends, cold air is forced in, and by its expansion another impulse is given to the machine, and so on continuously. The operation is analogous to the practice of working steam expansively, air being employed instead of water.

Captain Ericsson has introduced an entirely new feature, under the name of a *regenerator*, by which he purposes using the same heat over and over again. This *regenerator* is composed of wire-net, sheets of which are placed side by side, as in the *Ericsson*, to the thickness of twenty-six inches. The heated air which has performed its duty escapes at a temperature of 480°. This passes through the innumerable meshes of the wire gauze of the regenerator, each layer of which deprives it of some heat, and when it passes out of this arrangement, it is reduced to the temperature of the external air nearly. Now, by a mechanical contrivance of no very complex character, which we need not describe, the air contained in the smaller cylinder is driven back through the regenerator, and in passing its interstices is said to take back the heat from the wire, and passes into the large cylinder at a temperature of 450°, having reduced the temperature of the wire in its passage to its former cool state. Thus, the only fire necessary is that required to supply the waste of 30° which is lost in the operation. The ordinary respirator will convey a correct idea of the action of the regenerator,—the warm air passing outward

warms the wires, and the cold air flowing inward takes this heat back from the wires again.

It will be apparent that in this engine *heat* in a peculiar manner is made the moving force; hence the correctness of the name employed—the Caloric Engine,—which we may fairly expect in a short time to see ploughing the Atlantic Ocean. Whether the immense size of the cylinders required will prove an insurmountable obstacle to its application, time alone can determine. The *Ericsson* has four open cylinders, each of 168 inches diameter, with pistons of upwards of 22,000 superficial inches area, moving up and down through a space of six feet. Several trials have been made in the bay of New York, which appear to have been satisfactory, but we learn from private sources on which we can depend, that before the *Ericsson* is likely to achieve the Atlantic voyage, cylinders of 20 feet diameter will probably be substituted for those at present employed.

We cannot but think that the present experiment is destined to open up some new applications of heat as a motive-power, which will probably, ere long, supersede our best steam-engines. If the principle of employing the same equivalent of heat to exert a new mechanical force be firmly established,—the mathematical theory of heat force must undergo a complete revision.

We find in the French journal *L'Institut* several parties claiming originality in their attempts to apply heated air as a motive-power M. Franchot's claim is from 1836, when his experiments were first commenced His *brevet* is dated 1838, and he published a memoir on the "Motive Power of Heat" in 1840. M Lemoine insists upon his claim to the priority of using the wire-gauze screens. He states, that for twelve years he has been working on the subject, but his *brevet* dates from the 2nd of September, 1848. These, and M Emmanuel Laas, who appears to have made an air-engine in 1847, are, however, easily replied to, by referring them to the date of Ericsson's patent—1833—which, at all events, places his claim five years earlier than any of those now so eagerly pressed forward. M E. Laas draws attention to one important point which he has observed in his investigations When the air is saturated with moisture, the loss of heat is very considerable, from the re-evaporation of the water condensed on the regenerator.

In the *Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art*, (vol i, p. 12,) will be found a drawing and description of Parsey's Compressed Air Engine, a machine of similar principles and powers to that of Captain Ericsson Mr Parsey, however, seems to have applied his engine to the working of locomotive and land engines.

THE ROYAL FAMILY—THEIR DAILY OCCUPATIONS.

Our contemporary, the *Field*, gives, on reliable authority, a few details of the manner in which the day of the royal scholars is divided. They rise early, breakfast at eight, and dine at two. Their various occupations are allotted out with almost military exactness. One hour finds them engaged in the study of the ancient—another of the modern authors, then acquaintanceship with languages being first founded on a thorough knowledge of their grammatical construction, and afterwards familiarised and perfected by conversation. Next they are trained in those military exercises which give dignity and bearing. Another hour is agreeably filled up with the lighter accomplishments of music and dancing. Again the little party assemble in the riding-school, where they may be seen deeply interested in the various evolutions of the *manege*. Thence—while drawing and the further exercise of music and the lighter accomplishments call off the attention of their sisters—the young princes proceed to busily engage themselves in a carpenter's shop, fitted up expressly for them, with tools essential to a perfect knowledge of the craft. They thus early become, not only theoretically, but practically acquainted with the useful arts of life. A small laboratory is occasionally brought into requisition, at the instance of their father. This done, the young carpenters and students throw down their saws and axes, unbuckle their philosophy, and shoulder their miniature percussion-guns — which they handle with the dexterity of practical sportsmen—for a shooting stroll through the royal gardens The evening meal, the preparation for the morning's lesson, and brief religious instruction closes the day.

COMPETITION.

BY JOHN WOODS.

England rings with the conflicting arguments, prophecies, warnings, and threatenings, concerning the results to be expected from competition. Competition, which pervades things social and things religious in all their ramifications, and that too in a most unprecedented degree—competition which, whilst it influences the rag-gatherer in his bargains, actuates the merchant in his speculation, the tradesman in his dealings, the preacher in his exhortation, and the beauty in her blandishments—competition, which induces us to make fresh exertions to-day in order to surpass our own efforts of yesterday—competition, which is at once the stimulant of invention, the harbinger of progress, the apple of discord, and the fruitful cause of poverty—competition, in a word, which may be described as the result of the passion to underbuy, undersell, overmake, to make Ishmaelites of us all, to put self of to-day against self of yesterday in order that the greatest excellence may rest with the last effort.

As a principle, therefore, of universal application, and by which we are individually and collectively influenced, either for good or for evil,—perhaps for both,—a calm, fearless, and passionless investigation of its operations and tendencies, as well as its possible or reasonable limits, and the counteracting influences which may or ought to be employed in some instances, may perhaps be considered as not altogether out of place at the present time. Every use has its abuse, every power, every passion, every principle of the human mind, is not only liable, but actually subject, to misapplication, to distortion, and to error. There is nothing within us *entirely* good, neither is there anything within us *entirely* evil; we ourselves, our motives, our actions, our thoughts, nay even our very imaginations, are only approximations to these principles, and hence the life and conduct of every man serves to exhibit not his absolute truth or absolute falsehood, but by how much he distances his fellows on either of those roads. Neither could the case be otherwise consistent with moral agency, for the moment you make a good to which evil is impossible, or an evil to which good is impossible, that moment—however high or however low the being so created may be—you make a mere machine, a piece of mechanism which *cannot* err from its one appointed and settled course, and to which moral agency is as much out of the question as is inherent motion in matter.

Competition, like every other principle, has its dark side as well as its bright side, its good and its evil. The result, therefore, of all our investigations upon this subject ought to be a settled plan whereby to increase the good and diminish the evil. Happily for us, we possess tests and standards by the application of which we may discover what is right and what is wrong in the principles and actions of mankind. When, therefore we apply revelation and reason as a line to the uneven surface of human affairs, it enables us at once to see where are the hollows and where the projections, where limits may safely be placed, or encouragements to proceed held out. The inspired apostle tells us that the man who will not work ought not to be allowed to eat. It appears that this is the only character whom society has authority to starve out of existence. Neither competition nor anything else can show any good authority for famishing the willing labourer or the unwilling idler.

The primary right of every willing worker to eat is as inalienable and as undeniable as is his right to breathe the air of heaven, or to walk upon God's earth. If this be not the case, let some one show to the contrary chapter and verse, line and precept, in order that we may know what society has authority to do. True it is that mainly to the operation of the competitive principle do we owe our unrivalled machinery, which, whilst it lessens labour, multiplies immensely the products of labour; but it is equally true that these very results—prizeable though they be—have been obtained (in many instances) at the expense of the honest competence, the social comforts, the honesty, the chastity, nay the very existence itself of thousands of our fellow creatures—beings who bring with them into this world as great a natural right to a just portion of its material blessings as any he or she that breathes. The machinery in question may ultimately prove a blessing

to mankind, but who is to answer for the souls trodden down to crime, despair, and death by its introduction? When the reckoning day comes—as come it will—who will be there to accept the responsibility? Will 50 per cent. clear profit be considered as a sufficient set-off to the "deep damnation" of the casting off of thousands? Can society manage to shuffle the blame on to the individual, or will the individual try to shift the responsibility on to the shoulders of society? or will every individual who has subscribed to such a social system be amenable at the high tribunal for the miseries which *his* participation therein have caused to human beings? One thing is certain, viz. that ultimately a balance will be struck, whoever may be the losers. When I see the competitive principle carried on to a remorseless extent, Juggernaut like, crushing its human victims in its progress, shutting its ears at once to the wail of the destitute, the groan of the famishing, or the resolve of the desperate, reminds me of the anecdote told of Napoleon's retreat across the river "Elster" at the battle of Leipsic. As soon as the "Grand Emperor" and his invincibles had got over with a whole skin, the bridge (by which alone there was any escape) was blown up, and thus, his infatuated devotees—the main body of the French army—with all retreat cut off, and when a stand was impossible, were left a prey to the fury of the victorious enemy, who soon rolling on with resistless force, crushed the French into the ravine, and filling up the yawning chasm with that hopeless helpless mass of human beings, made a bridge of their bodies, and, marching to a merry tune over broken limbs, crushed skulls, straining eyeballs, and souls leaving their last sigh, and lips muttering their last curse, the compressed remnant of the horse and its rider, the dense, close columns of foot, and the heavy wheels of the ponderous artillery. Thus it is with society which having no reserve for the labourer—no retreat open to him—no minimum *below* which it will not suffer him to be driven, either by competition or any other power,—a single invention may hurl a thousand families from industrious ease to desolation, to beggary, and perhaps to crime, and yet we have nothing in our social system to meet the case, except ("tell it not in Gath") the union. Suppose the families in question could increase their exertions tenfold, and be still unable to compete with the million-eyed and million-handed machine, which had deprived them of food, what then? Must they perish? Has society a right to say—as it does in practice—"since the introduction of this machine, your existence any longer in on this earth is rendered unnecessary, or if we do suffer you just to live, remember that it is purely out of mere love of charity." To remedy this monstrous anomaly in a country where Bibles are plentiful as blackberries, there should be some provision made, not to support the people in idleness, nor to drive machines to despair by stone-breaking or oakum-picking, but a plan whereby the most needful class of men of which society can boast would be enabled, by the sweat of the brow, to earn honest bread.

Let it once be recognised as a fundamental principle, that whilst earth affords bread, the willing worker shall have his proper share, and the means of carrying out the too long delayed justice will soon present themselves. I am aware of the existence of freehold land societies; the establishment of them amongst the working men is a step, and a great step, in the right direction, but then it will at once be admitted that these societies can only affect those who are not *yet* brought down to the workhouse level. What is to be done with the thousands of both sexes already reduced by competition to a state of existence which more resembles a sort of hovering between life and death than life itself? These must either be cared for or answered for. Look at the vast colonial territory of this country, where millions of acres waste, panting, as it were, for the hand of man to cultivate till and taste their richness, and then let us ask how many families of the would-be-industrious, who are wasting their time in this over-populated hive, a misery to themselves and an incubus to society, would gladly and thankfully go to their inviting acres, if they had but the means? The people are willing, and the land is waiting, and whilst acknowledging the mutual fitness of each for the other, timid men will exclaim, "Where is the money to come from?" I answer, Ireland, from the national exchequer, or, to be more particular, from the pensionist list, from the useless service and sinecure list, as far as that will go, and if that will not do, cut another million or so off the very peaceable fighting establishment, and thus return to the extreme poor at least an instalment of the shameful overcharge which has so long been practised upon them. Would it not be better policy to spend a couple of millions in putting men, whose only crime is poverty, on to snug little freeholds in the now-unproductive portions of the colonies, than continue to wish it upon the starved and gartered pauperism of this country upon titled receivers of national alms, whose curse at the present moment is that they have—in other ways—more than they seem capable of making a good use of? Common sense shows which would be the most prime, and common honesty which would be the most reasonable, way of producing the money. If this plan were carried out, there would be no occasion either to curb invention, or to starve those whom such invention injured, and if the people were educated, it would be the means of spreading civilization and religion at a rate, and over a breadth of the earth's surface, which the most imaginative expectations of the most sanguine missionary never reached. One troop of honest labourers, able and willing to extract necessaries and comforts from the willing earth, is of more value as a "peace establishment" to a colony than ten troops of our gaudy, pleasing, beautiful, and expensively useless horse! Thus, with freehold land societies at home, and an extensive plan of free emigration for picked men of good character, the evil of an uncontrolled competition might, to say the least of it, be very considerably assuaged.

But we are told that the distress resulting from competition is not confined to the manufacturing districts. Farmers are crying out for relief against the foreign competitor, and as a remedy they demand a return to "protection." It may not be necessary to enter at any considerable length in this place into an inquiry concerning the exploded fallacy of protection, in the common acceptation of the term. Protection to farmers is undoubtedly what they must have it, but then it is against the vices of the age, rather—against the calculations of the tithe-collector—against the destructive vermin yclept "game," and against a horse-racing, fox-hunting, gambling landlordism. With what powers of face must that man be gifted, who can come forward as the advocate of a measure to rob nine-tenths of the community in order to make semi-paupers of the remaining tenth, for every shilling which the purchaser has, by act of parliament, to pay to the British farmer for his produce, above its natural value in the world's market, every shilling so received is an alms, and the recipient is, of course, to that extent a pauper. Is this the honest and independent position in which an honest yeomanry with an oligarchy in the attempt to place English farmers? Besides, it is about the only plan by which a monstrously extravagant government, a proud and not over-useful aristocracy, and an incubus of an established church, can be kept from dissolution, contempt, and oblivion. Therefore, to concede this principle would not only be close robbery upon the present generation, but would have the effect of putting off to a still more distant period "the good time coming." Therefore, with regard to protection, in the sense applied to it by landlords, there only remains this to be said, viz., that interest, reason, policy, and progress combine to put the eternal negative upon the proposition for its restoration. Hitherto, in this little paper, alleviating measures by legislative interference have been proposed for the evils naturally resulting from honest competition only. Let us now consider a few of those evils resulting from reckless and unscrupulous competition, evils which are perhaps beyond the reach of legislative enactments, but whose remedy, nevertheless, lies in the hands of the people. Unfortunately for us, we are a nation of bargain hunters; from the price of a pair of shoe-strings to the construction of a railroad or a city, we demand "a decided bargain" as the condition of purchase. Anything "very cheap" has charms, but when it is announced for sale "under prime cost," the temptation to possess the article becomes insatiable. We buy the *produce* without a moment's thought of the *producer*. We place *the thing* above *the man*, and thereby reverse the natural order of things, according to which man stands pre-eminent, and every production, whether of nature or art, is considered valuable and useful in proportion as it ministers to his necessities and his comforts, therefore all your costly luxuries, which are bought with human blood, washed

in human tears, or preserved in human wretchedness, are but self destructives, for whilst they may minister to the taste or even to the wants of a few, they are loaded with the emblems of the destitution, the breach of the sighs, and the muttered curses of a many. Take an instance. some splendid public edifice takes fire, and is burnt to the ground; the event is regarded, and justly so, as a national calamity. Newspapers are filled with the particulars of the disastrous affair, describing, in eloquent pathos, the destruction of so rare a work of art; from mouth to mouth are passed its history, its rise, its flourish, and its fall, and in a short time *the thing* acquires a sort of martyr-fame. Now, look on the opposite side: thousands of immortals, each possessing a soul of more value than a universe of mere matter, roused by a heartless competition and a morbid passion for low prices, are struggling fiercely with gaunt poverty for a morsel of bread, the struggle, however, in many instances is a hopeless one, for having to submit to reduction after reduction, until the labour of their hands will scarcely suffice to keep soul and body together even on a quality of food little superior to garbage, they either break the bounds which kept them honest and chaste, or madly seek the retribution of the self destroyer. This is the fate of *the man*, yet we have no newspaper parties, no pathetic appeal—no tender remembrances—no funeral dirge, unless, indeed, it be in the laconic style of "temporary insanity," "six months' hard labour," or something of that sort. Could gentle woman who would be horrified at the thought of crushing even a worm—could she but see the effect of her propensity to cheapen articles,—could she but see the thousands of her wretched sisters, daughters of humiliating toil, eating with wasted form and lack-lustre eyes over the manufacture of *a thing* which is fast sucking the life-blood of the victims—could she but observe her waiting to, know the pinings of her soul, and finally see it huddled under a miserable and very, very narrow coffin—there is every reason to believe that she would shun as pestilential the shops of those vampires who make a loathsome living out of the blood, out of the very life of their fellow-creature. In this *Christian* country we are apt to listen with horror and disgust to the recitals of stories of cannibalism, and there we hug ourselves with self complacency at the thought that the atrocity is so far off. Alas! we need not leave our own island home in order to find specimens of cannibalism, for what else can that be which feeds and clothes itself upon the very life of human beings? In consideration of the evils inflicted upon the producer by the universal passion for cheapness in his produce, and as a slight reparation for past thoughtlessness, let each purchaser shun the shops of those who are known to grind down their workpeople to the starvation point. So much of this sort is absolutely necessary, for to such an extent has the system of reckless competition arrived, that the business transactions of this country, generally speaking, exhibit far more of the spirit, and partake far more of the manner, of gambling than they do of fair and honest dealing. In ancient times the law forbade the owner from muzzling the ox that was treading out the corn, and *shall* it be that Christian England, civilized, gospel, slave-freeing England, shall treat her sons and daughters—her toiling sons and daughters too—worse than the Jews three thousand years ago treated their cattle? This were progress with a vengeance! Henceforth, then, let us consider the man first, and *then* the thing. The device is the case at present. If a piece of machinery breaks, and costs £50 to repair it again, it is a source of vexation, and perhaps anxiety, to the owner; but if a man falls from a scaffolding or elsewhere and breaks his neck, his place is soon filled, and it is to be feared that in many instances the circumstance never costs the employer a thought. In conclusion, I beg to reiterate the fact, that there exists a necessity for a maximum standard, below which it shall be illegal to drive the working man either by competition or by any other power, that a better standard than the one laid down by the apostle we could not have, and that as the people approach the maximum—driven to it by competition—as many of them as are of good character and willing to emigrate should be sent free and comfortable to take possession of such unoccupied portions of the colonies as were considered most suitable for the purpose, the expense to be paid out of the national exchequer. A measure of this sort, acting in concert with the freehold land societies, diminished taxes, and properly-expended tithes, would not only lessen the county rates, and the poor's rates, and put those, who would otherwise be degraded to the level of paupers, and what is worse, *able-bodied paupers*, into a position to obtain honest bread without burdening any one, but it would give those who remain a chance of selling their labour at something like its market value, an opportunity which, it is to be feared, very few at present enjoy, owing, on the one hand, to excessive competition, and on the other to the absolute necessity of accepting work at the price offered, through having no resources to fall back upon. The continuance of the present system can only be compared to a foolish man in care of a steam-boiler—he sees the steam rising, and adds another weight to the lever of the safety valve, in order to keep it quiet; again it bursts forth somewhat nearer than before, and again, instead of providing proper escape, he applies the old remedy—another weight on the lever, for a short time it succeeds, and there is a kind of foreboding, unnatural stillness in a moment, however, the sound as of a hundred cannon bursts upon the ear, and life, limbs, and property are enveloped in the ruins.

ST. KENNY'S WELL.

BY PARIS ANDERSON.

[There is a beautiful tradition connected with the Holy Well of Saint Canice, Kilkenny, which tells that any native of the "Fairy Land" who drinks of its waters, before leaving home for a foreign country, will be sure to return to his native land—and will be buried among his people.]

Where thy waters, Breagh wander, 'neath the sloping woodlands yonder
Once I stood while to ponder, in a joyous morn of May—
By the bright well of St. Canice, fronting where the old towers menace—
Other than the domes of Venice—frowning in their stern decay—
The round tower of St. Canice, and the church of later day
There my steps I did delay

Bright the well's head stream was gushing, in the golden sunlight blushing,
Onward went the Breagh rushing, making to the Nore its way,—
E'en the well's old arch was brightening and its cross with sunny gladdening,
Seem'd as if it fain was frightening misery from our isle away—
So calm all that scene was young, in the morning's radiant glowing,
But the curse was yet to stay!

For unto the fountain wending, were young men and maids attending
And one strolling there was hieing—drinking of those waters clear,
Why are those young maids weeping?—faithful tryst so early keeping?
Why is that young peasant sleeping his rude vessel in the stream?
Raising it, with fervent feeling, to his lips as he is kneeling—
Thinking—drinking in a dream?

Ah! upon the coming morrow, he last words from friends will borrow—
Will depart a home of sorrow—seeking fortune far away
Thus it is that those surround him, and with fare well words around him—
Seem all the ties that bound him—the last smiles and last tears beam!
Tantalus that he is kneeling, in that trance of pious feeling
Thus he drinketh of the stream

For it is a tender story, and an old tradition hoary,
That in battle dread and gory, or upon the ocean's breast,
He will ne'er meet death—or never die by cold or burning fever,
Till the old land, though he leave her, he shall see—this is the spell,
When unto the peasant's thinking, comes by only simply drinking—
If his faith be all unshrinking—from St. Kenny's holy well.
Even now they try the spell.

A PERUVIAN PRONUNCIAMIENTO.

BY M MAX RADIGUET.

A CALM of some months' duration had followed the execution in the *Plaza-Mayo* (see WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, *ante* page 187), when a still more serious and important episode took place, as nearly as possible on the same spot. Lima, or its inhabitants rather, had just begun to suffer themselves to hope that the power of the existing government was taking root, and were exulting over some very useful and much-needed reforms which Vivanco had just effected He had disbanded a great part of the useless portion of the army, and had greatly benefited the civil administration, by suspending dishonest and incapable magistrates and other functionaries, filling their places with the honourable and the able, and addressing severe remonstrances to those who were merely suspected to be other than they ought. All sane Peruvians applauded these sage measures of their director, and looked upon them as *avant-coureurs* of a prosperous and happy future Unfortunately, however, these reforms were not, and indeed could not, have been accomplished without damaging some interests, and wounding some self-love, and thus creating enemies of their effector. Some influential chiefs of party had been condemned to exile, and amongst them was the General Castilla, whose ambition determined him to make use of his situation for a purpose which may be divined The circumstance of Vivanco being possessed of *absolute* power furnished Castilla with the best of pretences, and he fomented an insurrection in the south under the veil of a desire to re-establish a government founded upon constitutional principles. All the discontented flocked beneath his banner, and he had speedily gathered together a considerable army, whose numbers every day were added to, and with which he marched towards the capital

As soon as all this was made known to the Limenians, the extremest agitation spread throughout the city, and preparations were made for the repulsion of the rebels with an enthusiasm so lively that one could not but imagine that the sympathies of all hearts were irrevocably given to Vivanco. The citizens ran to inscribe their names in registers of voluntary enrolments, they organised resistance at all weak and menaced points, and erected, at the principal entrances into the city, large barricades defended by artillery. These barricades, however, were but poor affairs, and that of the bridge of Montes-Claros, especially, composed of fixed and massive planks in such a manner as to render impossible the pointing of the large guns placed behind it, seemed to me destined to play but a weak part in the defence of the lives and liberties of those who raised it Nevertheless, it was quite laughable to see what importance was attached by the worthy citizens to these imaginary bulwarks

All was enthusiasm, all was preparation, noise, and bustle The superior officers and the aides-de-camp galloped about in every direction, visiting the various posts, examining the different works, and giving orders Patrols of troops circulated through and around the city, and everybody, without exception, played at soldiers, even the most pacific *tendero* being enrolled in the militia, and dragging after him on the pavement some innocent rapier. This warlike ardour, burlesque, although it seemed to one brought up within a camp, and all these preparations which seem mean and so insignificant, produced, at any rate, one good result, for the rumours of them, which were carried to the enemy, having, perhaps, magnified their proportions into the gigantic, caused Castilla to imagine that his forces were not sufficient for the attack of a city in such martial attitude, and he therefore retraced his steps, and resolved to wait for further reinforcements. We ought to add, for the sake of justice, that this retreat was attributed to a more laudable motive, the general being unwilling, people said, to deluge with blood the streets of his country's capital. However this might be, by deferring its attack the party of Castilla only added to its strength. The supreme director continually received inquieting communications respecting the progress of the insurrection, and at last, after the expiration of a few days, he resolved to send against Castilla a division of his army, the command of the expedition being confided to one of his generals. This commander, being imprudent enough one day to suffer his men to leave their ranks and put down their arms, in order to proceed to quench their thirst at a mountain stream, Castilla surprised both him and them in this predicament, and them were taken prisoners. Vivanco, upon receiving the news of this disaster, resolved to set out in person to the combat of the insurgents. He therefore quitted Lima, at the head of a large army, leaving Domingo Elias, a rich vine-grower of the province of Cañete, to fill his place while absent

The rains of the wet season, which had just commenced, retarded greatly any definitive engagement between the hostile armies, and as months passed without anything at all decisive taking place, the enemies of Vivanco began to cover him with ridicule, and it was bruited about Lima that the rival generals were exhausting their different armies in mere marches and countermarches purposely, in order to avoid any encounter As time passed, public affairs and commerce became in a very languishing condition, and the crisis seemed only to promise to prolong itself, when a singular individual determined to put an end to it, and — putting a well-known fable into action - to seize himself upon that power for whose possession Vivanco and Castilla were contending That individual was Domingo Elias

Nothing, certainly, on the morning of the day in question would have led one to believe that an event of such importance was at hand, and at noon the city was almost as silent as the tomb, the inhabitants having retired within doors to spend the burning hours of mid-day. Now and then a rare pedestrian passed along the shadier sides of the streets, and here and there a *tendero*, with his arms crossed, and a cigar in his mouth, stood waiting for a customer. In the middle of the great square some *aguaderos* were loading their mules with water, but scarcely any other human beings were to be seen, and if the brayings of an ass or the barkings of a dog chanced to strike the ear, they were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the city.

For my own part, a little after noon on the day that I refer to, I was directing my steps towards the hospitable dwelling of a friend, beneath whose roof I was always warmly welcomed, and under which a hammock, with cigars and sherbet, were now awaiting me, when I saw appear, as I turned the corner of the Casa Municipal, a group composed of about fifty persons, in the middle of whom marched an individual who carried a large roll of papers under his arm. Twenty or thirty soldiers, all in disorder, followed as a kind of escort I asked one of them what was the meaning of all this, and he replied by informing me that Domingo Elias, the individual who was carrying the papers, was proceeding to the national palace for the purpose of proclaiming himself, by a *pronunciamunto*, president of the republic If anything *could* have astonished me in this strange city, it would have assuredly been so important an occurrence breaking in on so profound a calm. But, like a regular philosopher, I was prepared for anything, knowing what I did of the character of the people I was sojourning with, and I followed the *cortége* rather less surprised than the reader would imagine The sentinels of the palace, with their chins resting upon the butt-ends of their muskets, regarded us as we passed with a kind of stupid astonishment. We traversed a court, climbed a lengthy staircase, and entered a gallery, at the farther end of which there was a dais, upon which Elias took his place, surrounded by a party of his friends He appeared to me, as I observed him at that moment, about forty, or perhaps a few more, years of age, of middle stature, and fair and regular features, while his countenance, though grave and serious, seemed expressive in a high degree of gentleness and benevolence.

At the moment that he prepared to read his *factum*, a heavy crush took place amongst the assembled crowd, and carried me almost to the foot of the raised dais, where I could neither see nor hear. I managed, however, to extricate myself after the lapse of a few moments, and succeeded in gaining a place upon a *banquette* which surrounded the apartment. From this height I was enabled to see everything I wished to see, being elevated some feet above the remainder of the crowd, which all at once had filled the gallery, into which at least three hundred persons had compressed themselves, half of whom were discussing the affair with deafening loudness At last, however, when Elias began to speak, a death-like silence was immediately established, and every eye was turned upon the Cañetian. His *pronunciamiento* differed very little from the many which the turbulent years of emancipation caused to be given birth to. It exposed the difficulties which beset the then present situation of the country, the embarrassing state of its finances, the miseries of the poor, the stagnation of commerce, and all the disorders which attend upon a state of civil war, and proceeded to show how it was necessary that some citizen should strive to bestow upon his country the calm which it so much needed. Then, making an

appeal to his audience, which remained without response, he added, in a voice tremulous with emotion, that he himself, in default of any one more able who might be disposed to take the direction of affairs, felt enough devotion to the republic to enable him to perform the difficult task of guiding the state's helm until the time when his compatriots, by naming his successor, should permit him to sink back into that tranquil private life which he sought to leave for a time only with regret, and merely for the purpose of endeavouring to do the state some service.

This discourse called forth not even the least murmur, not the slightest protestation in this city, whose inhabitants, a few months before, had appeared so entirely devoted to Vivanco. When the new president, for such Elias had now become, in order to leave the palace, passed before the drums which are always ranged beneath the peristyle, they were beaten *aux champs*,* and the garrison of the city commenced marching, preceded by some bands of music, through its principal streets, escorting a kind of herald, who, at every hundred yards, read a decree which liberated all political prisoners. Thus was effected this new revolution, which opened to the country a new era, by assuring, after some months of civil war, the accession of Castilla. After this afternoon, no one appeared to pay the least attention to the matter. The city continued to enjoy the most perfect tranquillity, the *tapadas* flooded just as usual the pavement of the *portales*, the *galinazos*, perched upon the terraces, regarded impassably the passage of the soldiers, and the lower classes continued their usual labours with indifference. As for the party of the superseded director, it gave itself up entirely to envy, but would it not have been a curious sight to see the effect which the news of this event produced upon their leader?

UMBRELLA MAKING

Everybody has heard, and many known from experience, that at Manchester it is always raining, but few, perhaps, are aware that the balance of compensation is tolerably well preserved by Manchester in return making umbrellas for the rest of the world. About three years since we paid a visit to one of these factories, situated in Great Bridgewater-street, where upwards of five hundred hands are constantly employed making umbrellas for [illegible]. From this establishment an umbrella has been turned out complete every minute for the last ten years, which will render up a total that with the assistance of Babbage's calculating machine we might attempt to ascertain, did we not fear to inconvenience our printer in so doing by exhausting his stock of Arabic numerals. The advantage of a division of labour in umbrella making, as well as in other manufactures, is strikingly apparent. The rings, runners, ferules, and handles, are obtained from Birmingham, but every other portion is fabricated on the premises. In one department the weaving by power-looms occupy the visitor's attention, in another he sees boys and men preparing the sticks by running them through a furnace to season them, and [illegible] them on the springs and wires, a branch of their calling executed with remarkable quickness and dexterity; in another room groups of cheerful-looking girls, some of them especially noticeable for their personal attractions, are seen cutting out the gores, and clothing the whalebone skeleton with its garb of silk or gingham. Those destined for the colonies are generally of a gayer colour than the plain dark coverings chiefly in vogue for our own climate, and there was even an order about being executed for Egypt, where one shower of rain in the year is supposed to constitute very wet weather, but it is to be presumed they are found desirable for portable awnings, to screen the owners from a too oppressive sun. It is a somewhat curious fact that a periodical fluctuation in public taste governs the statistics of the umbrella market to an extent that it would puzzle a political economist to account for. This peculiar propensity on the part of an umbrella-carrying people chiefly develops itself in an alternate fancy for the two descriptions of handles. For one series of years the rage is for the round knobs, and then for the next the hook handles are alone considered saleable. The regular recurrence of these two periods, and their unvarying duration, form, of course, the most singular part of the subject, as there is no palpable reason for this alteration of choice. At present, we heard, the popular prejudice ran in favour of the "knobs," but in three years' time the "hooks" would again be restored to their former position, until, their brief reign ended, the round headed gentry would assume their sovereignty as before. The technical distinction of the two kinds—a very obvious and happy one—gives them the honourable historical definition of "Cavaliers" and "Roundheads." Among other small scraps of intelligence that we picked up in our progress through the works, we learned that the rage for expensive umbrellas had quite ceased, and that, as with other articles adapted for general consumption, the cheaper the production the greater the demand. We believe that we are not unwarrantably disclosing trade secrets when we add that, in order to meet this necessary condition of economy in cost, cane has been prepared by a new process to imitate whalebone so well, that it is difficult, without close inspection, to distinguish the difference, and that the ordinary oyster-shell has been subjected to so clever a manipulation, that when fixed in the handle it has frequently passed off as an elegant and unsuspected substitute for "mother-o'-pearl." When we consider that at this one manufactory alone the rate of umbrella production is known to be one a minute, or, at twelve hours a day, averaging about 1,320 a week, and that there are besides several other factories in Manchester alone perpetually bringing new umbrellas into existence, we may begin to associate another marvel with the celebrated problem of the pins, and wonder what becomes of all the old umbrellas. Until we thus obtained an approximate notion of the immense body of umbrella purchasers, we had no conception that the race of umbrella borrowers was so numerous, for of course the latter class is visibly dependent upon the former. Before quitting this portion of our subject we should add that the appearance of the operatives of both sexes employed at the Messrs. Worthingtons' was gratifying in the extreme, and presented a marked contrast to the haggard features we had noticed at the cotton factory. Some of the men, too, we were told, had even got money in the savings' bank—a proof of good conduct and forethought too rarely exhibited by the generality of work-people to make the fact too common-place to chronicle. Possibly the suggestive nature of their employment may have thus advantageously led them to provide against a "rainy day."—P.

A Foreigner's Testimony to English Cleanliness.—I have nowhere seen stouter or healthier-looking children than in England. The way in which they are kept, the great regularity and simplicity of their diet, above all, the extreme attention to cleanliness, cannot be too much praised. The custom of dressing children, in their first infancy, in white only, so often ridiculed by women on the continent as a senseless luxury, is of great use in promoting cleanliness. Even women of narrow means, who have to wash their children's dresses themselves, and do all other tasks of the kind, do not like, because they think it slovenly, to give them dark-coloured woollen clothes, the sole advantage of which is that they conceal dirt. * * Besides this cleanliness, it is certainly well for the children that in English towns they eat wheaten bread only, and that they are not allowed more than three meals a day. * * It is remarkable enough that no nation takes so many meals, or wastes so much time in eating and drinking, as the German, which makes an especial boast of its spirituality. The Englishman has three meals; the French and Italians, favoured by climate, have rarely more than two; while Germans take at least four breakfast in the morning, dinner at three, coffee at five, and supper at nine. With us, in east Prussia, they managed to get a second breakfast in the forenoon; and in rich families another *intermezzo* towards evening consisting either of cake and fruit, or of tea, so that, in fact, six meals were taken daily; work was six times interrupted, and three hours were consumed in mere feeding, to say nothing of the trouble which this way of living imposed on the lady of the house and on the servants. In my youth, the custom of frequent eating went so far in Prussia, that to every guest who called on a short morning visit they offered refreshments, which were kept ready for such occasions, and could not well be refused. In those days to pay visits and spoil your digestion were nearly synonymous in Prussia.—*Mlle. Leewald*

* Military drummers make use of a particular kind of beat when a prince or general passes them, and their drums are then said to be beaten *aux champs*.

A FRENCH AMBASSADOR'S RECOLLECTIONS OF PERSIA.

BY M. EUGENE FLANDIN.

(*Translated for the* WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, *by Walter Weldon.*)

(*Continued from page* 311.)

II.—THE FRENCH KARAMAN-MIRZA AND MALEK-KHASSEM.

During our sojourn at Tabris, the capital of Azerbaidjan, it was our duty to make *en corps* our official visit to the Prince Karaman-Mirza, *beglar bey* of that province, but the snow continued falling almost without intermission during the first day of our arrival and it would have been contrary to the prejudice which is one of the most sacred in the eye of every Persian, for us to have arrived *nel* at the palace of the *begler-bey*. In effect in the opinion of a Mussulman—the dwelling of a Persian is contaminated for ever, if it bear even the very slightest traces of moisture received from the garments of a Christian visitor. Our *mehmándar*, too polite to mention to us this reason, simply told us that it would be most proper for us to wait for finer weather before we repaired to the serail. We therefore deferred our visit till the day following, when we found that the ceremony of our coming interview had given rise to discussions which seemed to us most puerile, but which, in the eyes of the Persians, were of the first importance. In Persia it is the custom for all visitors to enter barefoot into the dwellings of the great, and always to remain standing in their presence. The question therefore was agitated whether or not we should visit the chânzâdéh with our boots on, and whether or not a seat in his princely presence should be provided for us. These grave questions caused much embarassement to the person who was charged with the conduction of the ceremony, and also to the prince himself. The second of them—which appeared to us, however, to be the most important—was decided with the least difficulty by far, Karaman-Mirza insisting upon it strongly at all, and yielding the point a great deal more easily than could have been expected. A seat he ordered to be prepared for each of us, but as for our shoes—with respect to them he was immoveable. In order that the reader may appreciate all the importance which is attached by the Persians to the custom, so long established amongst them, of visitors leaving their shoes at the doors of the dwellings of whomsoever they may visit—an importance which naturally increases with the greatness of the person who is visited—it will suffice to inform him that the Russians therefrom of Russian officials and other subjects of the Czar was the object of a clause which was specially inserted in the last treaties which were concluded between Russia and Persia, and that it was only the fear which was inspired by the victories and arms of Russia that induced the châh to consent to dispense with Russian submission to a Persian custom which is quite incompatible with the costumes of Europe. Moreover, he did not suffer them to break through it entirely, but caused them to agree to cover their shoes with pantoufflés, who never they came into the royal presence, till they arrived at the palace's threshold, so that the soles thereof should not be soiled with earth during the journey thither. A French ambassador, however, would naturally claim for himself and for all Europeans an exemption from such a custom even if such an exemption had not been granted to the Russians. He rested his demand upon an argument which could not be replied to, and which smothered the last scruples of the prince. "The king of France," said he to Chanzâdéh, "had received the envoy of the châh, Hussein-Khan, and his suite, with their heads covered, contrary to the usage of all Europeans, and the prince ought, therefore, in his turn to receive the ambassador of France, and his attachés with their shoes on." This message was peremptory, and produced the most effect. It was agreed that we should enter the audience chamber of the chânzâdéh with our shoes protected from the contact of the soil by them being cased in large *pantoufflés*.

We were still, however submitted by Persian etiquette to another exigence not less agreeable. It is the custom for all the princes, to whom a foreign ambassador goes to render homage, to send horses out of their own stables for the ambassadors and his suite. We had therefore to mount the horses of Karaman Mirza in the eastern fashion, and I can assure my reader that we felt but ill at ease upon them. Each of us was preceded by a groom, and we thus repaired in state to the serail. A battalion of infantry was ranged in the outer court to welcome us, and the whole of the soldiers who composed it at our arrival presented arms. A band of music also, as soon as our feet had touched the earth, began to thunder forth some of the rather barbarous national airs of Persia.

A master of ceremonies, dressed in his robes of state, and holding in his hand a cane, the distinctive badge of his office, received us at the threshold of the palace. Having led us through a garden, at the further end of which we doffed our slippers (*pantoufflés*), he introduced us into a large and beautiful hall, whose walls were entirely covered with mirrors, arabesques, and pictures—the latter giving representations of the various battles gained by the Turks, in which the father of the chânzâdéh, Abbas-Mirza had been victor. In addition to these battle-pieces, there were on the walls four portraits, namely, those of Ishenghuz-Khan, Cha-Ismael, Roustam and Nadir Châh, four favourite heroes of the Persian people. On each side of the apartment there were placed armchairs, in which we all seated ourselves, after having saluted the chânzâdéh, who was himself seated at the bottom of the hall. His complete impassibility, together with the very unamiable air which was worn by his countenance, rendered very evident the discontent with which he regarded our persistency in breaking through a usage which alone was incompatible with the dignity of the representative of France, and the costumes which are worn by Europeans.

The chânzâdéh wore a green tunic, buttoned at the chin, and having a collar and ornaments of black velvet. He wore also pantaloons in the European fashion falling upon socks of scarlet silk, which were the only coverings he wore upon his feet. Heavy epaulettes of gold were on his shoulders, and upon his breast, beside the great cordon of the Lion and the Sun, the plate, adorned with diamonds, of the great dignitaries of that order. A belt of silk and gold, with a large diamond clasp, went round his waist, while by his side there hung a sword, of which the hilt glittered with brilliants, and whose sheath was of velvet beautifully covered with gold.

In spite of the brown tint of his complexion, and his long black mustaches, the chânzâdéh had about him an air of remarkable effeminacy. He seemed to believe that his dignity was concerned in pushing the etiquette of his country to the furthest extent possible, that of almost absolut impassability, when we presented ourselves before him, for he did not rise, and did not make even the slightest gesture when we offered him the usual salutations. When these were over, he made us, however a signal to sit down, and waited for what we had to say. He received with a remarkable coldness all the compliments that we addressed to him, and however much our interpreter might embellish with flowers the discourse which we addressed, the chânzâdéh did not appear at all to be delighted with their perfume. Nevertheless, he did not omit offering us a few words of welcome on our arrival in his dominions, although his compliments were as laconic as they possibly could be. The interview between him and us was extremely short, and we carried away with us, on leaving him, an opinion extremely unfavourable to the chânzâdéh.

Some days afterwards, it was our duty, as the ambassadors of France, to carry to the chânzâdéh a variety of presents, among which was a beautiful tea-service of Sevres china. Unfortunately the delicacy of the work was such, that it was impossible to prevent it from sustaining some slight damage during its travel, seeing that it had to be carried many leagues on the backs of mules, who met with almost innumerable falls on the difficult roads and among the snows of Armenia. It was impossible that the vessels could be repaired, and we were therefore under the necessity of presenting them as they were. The prince, however, refused to receive the service, saying *that a rose-bud given by a friend had, in his eyes, all the value of the revenue of a province, and that it was imperative that the rose should not be withered*, and although this refusal was conveyed in such metaphysical language, it was by no means gracious, if even it were respectful.

On leaving the audience-chamber of the brother of the châh, we repaired to that of his uncle, the prince Malek-Khassem-Mirza, who occupied a palace closely contiguous to his nephew's. Contrary to what had happened in the hall of the *begler bey*, in his uncle's the conversation was very animated and interesting, the prince himself taking a very active part in it. He appeared highly flattered by the effect which he produced upon us by his aptitude to converse with us with fluency in our own tongue, and altogether pleased with us and our visit. He was a very handsome and also

a still youngish man, and his features were noble and strongly characterised. According to the fashion, which has been since adopted by the reigning monarch, he wore only a short beard, but his moustaches, by way of compensation, were extremely long. His dress was partly Persian and partly European in its fashion, consisting of a kind of small frock-coat, having a single row of buttons, and tightened by a ceinture of blue silk; a cashmere pelisse, worn over the foregoing, and furred with marten skins, pantaloons in the fashion of our country, shoes of white woollen stuff embroidered very richly, and a black lamb-skin hat or bonnet. The châhzâdeh effaced entirely, by his amiability and talent, the unpleasant impression that his nephew had produced on us, and we took our leave of him enchanted with our visit, and delighted with the thought that *all* the Persian princes were not the images of Karaman Mirza.

A few days after he desirous of doing us the honours of his country, and of showing us the environs of Tabris, the prince Malek-Khassem-Mirza sent one of his officers to invite us all to a hunting party. The Persians are unacquainted with the use of the pointer, or of the *to arise*, but they are, nevertheless, great hunters and make up for the latter by the use of well-trained falcons, which they know how to manage ably, and of which they have some of the most excellent species. Besides the falcon, which he, however, esteemed by far the most, they also use in hunting several other birds of prey.

Everything connected with the pleasure-party to which we were thus invited by the chazadeh we found new would be entirely new to us, and therefore we eagerly accepted the invitation. We accordingly repaired on the next day, with the prince and his suite, to some mountains in the neighbourhood of the city, and it was not long before we started game. The falconer, upon one of his fingers—covered with a long glove—carried a beautifully fine bird, which he retained by a slender cord tied to its talons. The eyes of the falcon were covered with a hood, a kind of little skull-cap of red cloth, ornamented with embroidery, precious stones, and metal-work, the best being of gold. At the moment when a prey became visible, the falconer uncovered the bird's head, and turned its eyes in the direction, and then threw it forcibly into the air. The falcon shot forth like an arrow from the bow, never deviating in the slightest from the straight line, rose to a considerable height above the animal pointed out to it, and then pounced upon it perpendicularly with the most remarkable rapidity, carrying it by the talons and the beak. As soon as the bird had become the master of its prey, the whole party hastened to its aid, and easily caused it to let go it from its grasp, by supplying it with choice morsels of flesh, carried by the attendants of the falconer for that purpose.

We hunted several kinds of animals, but the chase of a white heron, by reason of the difficulties which it presented, was the one which caused us the greatest amount of interest. As soon as the bird was aware of our approach, it began to rise to an immense height in the air, and the falcon was obliged to be let loose at a great distance from it. The heron did not rise upward in a straight line, but in a large spiral, thus lessening, gradually, by the infinite number of circles it described, its chances of being wounded by its enemy, who made the greatest possible efforts to come up with it. For several minutes the heron kept rising upwards, the falcon mounting resolutely after it, but remaining still at a great distance from its prey. At last, however, it succeeded in seizing it by the neck, and we assisted with anxiety the result of the deadly contest. It took place at such an immense altitude, that we could scarcely at all distinguish the various movements of the two combatants, but we could easily perceive that there was taking place between them no light, playful contest, but, on the contrary, a duel *à l'outrance*. The heron defended itself bravely, and caused, with its long beak, serious injury to the enemy which had come so high up into the heavens to attack it. Indeed, the result would probably have been fatal to the aggressor, had we not have been enabled to send out a reinforcement. We unhooded another falcon, fixed its eyes upon a point in the heavens which was all but imperceptible to our own, and then it shot forth like a cannon-ball. Higher and higher it continued to rise rapidly (the other two birds having in the meantime risen beyond the range of our vision), growing smaller and smaller every instant, and at last entirely disappearing from our view. We waited for some moments very impatiently, and at the end of them we saw a white something, seeming of the size of a pin's head, detach itself from the sky. Gradually it grew larger, and its fall became accelerated, and we perceived that it was the heron in the pangs of death, with the two wounded falcons with their beaks digging into its back. It made one last effort to shake them off, and, falling, fell to the earth, dragging its two assailants along with it—the whole three being dripping with their own and each other's blood.

The Persian falcons are trained to chase not only such animals as the hare and heron, but also the very largest birds and beasts of prey. When all other means have failed it is the wont to strive to gain recourse to a plan, which, when it can be acted upon, is never wanting of success, namely, that of picking out with its beak the eyes of its antagonist. The Persian grand seigneurs are very seldom known to hunt with fire-arms, which they leave to those who have not the means of supporting a hawkery. It may be added, however, that the art of falconry is becoming daily less and less practised by even the nobles, for among the Persians, even of the royal family, there are but few who find themselves rich enough to support it. Things are different now to what they were in the days of the Sophis, when, according to the popular traditions, there were then eight hundred falcons in the royal hawkery.

The passions which is cherished by the Persians for the chase, does not, however, deprive them of a taste for more delicate pleasures. They are remarkable for their fondness for the arts, and, above all, for those which have relation to design. This inclination contrasts singularly with the horror with which the Turks and several other oriental nations regard the productions of the pencil and the graver, and representations of the human form. The prince Malek-Khassem-Mirza was an enthusiastic amateur painter, and his taste for the painter's art was a fortunate thing for me, for it caused to spring up between us, perhaps, a closer intimacy than a Frenchman had ever before enjoyed with a Persian prince, and enabled me to make copies of various costumes and other matters which it would otherwise have been quite impossible to have made. Seeing that I also was fond of using the brush and palette, he offered me as a studio his *divan-i-khanèh* in which he held his daily audiences, and gave me every facility for the accomplishment of the object I had in view in using the painter's brush, in such a situation as I was then placed in, namely, that of being enabled to carry away with me on canvas representations of the most striking scenes of Persian daily life, of the costumes worn by the Persians, and of the various articles in use amongst them, which are unknown in Europe. At first, while engaged in this occupation, I only seemed to be amusing the chahzadeh, but he soon took such an eager interest in it, that when I was not arrived at his palace at the usual hour of my repairing thither, he would send one of his officers to see what detained me. The intimacy between us, which had thus its birth, far from diminishing the good opinion I had conceived of this châhzadeh, long ere it as much as possible, and caused to be revealed to me many qualities of his mind which I had not expected to have discovered in a Mussulman. Thus, he professed the greatest respect for liberty of conscience in all matters of religion, in which respect his tolerance was entirely without bounds. He spoke with a most remarkable freedom from prejudices of whatever kind in relation to the female sex, and the intercourse and conversation between Mussulmen and Christians. If he had been educated in Europe, or in France, the country, *par excellence*, of liberty, he could not have been possessed of larger views, or have been more independent in his manner of expressing them. My intimacy with him, and the knowledge I had acquired of his character permitted me to use towards him an easy manner and an *abandon* which he comprehended very well, and to which he responded with the perfectest good will.

Emboldened by the freedom which characterised our mutual relations, I one day went so far as to request of the chahzadeh that he would permit me to take the portrait of a Persian lady in the costume of the harem. He knew that I could not as yet have seen, and, unless he afforded it me *himself*, should probably have no opportunity of seeing, any lady in such costume, seeing that Persian women very seldom leave their homes, and when they do so, are always covered from head to foot with a large veil—that is during the time they are in the streets together with a kind of mantle which bears the name of *tchader*. Beside the veil which then covers their faces, as well as almost every other portion of their bodies, they have also under it, tied to each side of their heads, a little piece of white cloth, generally embroidered, and having a couple of holes just over the eyes for its wearers to see through. They are thus enabled to see without being seen, and

to pass through the streets without any one being enabled to see their features Sometimes, when the streets happen to be empty, they permit themselves to raise their masks, in order to breathe a little more at ease, but they replace them the instant that they see a man approaching, even if the comer be their husband. Every *tchadr* has exactly the same appearance, and the gait of every Persian lady is the same, so that to us it seemed impossible that one lady in the street should be distinguished from another. The Persians, however, assured us that it was not so.

The usual impossibility of seeing a Persian woman in the harem, made me extremely desirous of profiting in that respect by the good offices of the châhzâdéh I made known to him my curiosity with a confidence which made him smile. After having reflected for an instant, he promised that my wish should be complied with. Two or three days passed without my daring to remind him of his promise, and, besides, the air of good faith with which he had given his promise was such as to forbid my imagining that he would break it. He kept it, on the contrary, and I received one evening a message inviting me to go and sup with him. His physician, an old white-headed Frank, whose origin and country were entirely unknown to us, but who was a good man, and the intimate confidant of the châhzâdéh, was charged with the office of conducting me to the rendezvous. The night was very dark, and we marched along, preceded by a *ferah*, who carried a linen lantern, whose uncertain light—which denounced us to the fury of a crowd of dogs at every corner—we followed through a number of obscure and deserted streets, till we arrived at a postern gate, which was opened to us on our knocking at it. This gate debouched on a little court, sombre and silent. Our guide put out his light, and the doctor, signing me to follow him, struck gently at a little door, which was then opened with precaution. Everything seemed to savour somewhat of mystery, and I even imagined that we were running some great peril, but the adventure had about it something so piquant, that I was only thereby encouraged to run all the risks to which my audacity might expose myself

Beyond the threshold which we had so mysteriously crossed, we penetrated into an obscure nook, which abutted upon a gallery quite dark, and which we traversed in what I thought was a rather roundabout manner. We mounted a few steps, crossed a hall which was illuminated rather feebly, but in which I was, nevertheless, enabled to discover a large number of pictures, representing women in the act of dancing, or of playing upon instruments of music. The nature of these pictures, which was different to those of any others that I had as yet seen in Persia, led me to believe that I was now in that part of the seraglio which is never opened to strangers, that is to say, in the *zan-nha-nèh*, or apartment of the women.

My curiosity was by this time more and more excited, but as for my guide, the doctor, he seemed astonished at nothing, and, going about everywhere like a man who was well acquainted with every passage and every issue, he might well have applied the words of Achmet to his confidant and accomplice. We found ourselves at last in front of a curtain, whose transparency permitted the passage of a very strong and brilliant light from the interior, it was one of those embroidered cashmere door curtains called *perdehs*, which are suspended by the Persians to intercept the outward air. Suddenly the curtain was drawn up, and gave passage to floods of light and brilliancy, by which, for the first moment or two, I was entirely blinded, and rendered quite unable to distinguish the scene which was ready to burst upon my gaze At last, however, I perceived myself at the threshold of a beautiful apartment, in which a thousand facets of glass and gold reflected the light which fell upon them from all sides, and in which were congregated about twenty females. Surprised at my arrival, and terrified at the apparition of a Christian in their retreat, they all had set up cries of fear and horror, and were precipitating themselves, as it were, one upon another. These covered their faces with their petticoats, those hid themselves under the cushions, or among the folds of the various curtains, while others, clustering together like sheep who see a wolf behind them, strove to hide as they could their faces from the eyes of the rash *gnour*. I stood fixed upon the threshold, regarding with astonishment the scene before me, as a hornet might the disorder and disquiet which would be produced by its intrusion into a hive of bees, and not daring to advance a step, when my astonishment was partly dissipated, and my courage entirely revived, by hearing a loud and hearty burst of laughter. It proceeded from the châhzâdéh, who, stretched upon the carpet, and surrounded by cushions, was hidden from all eyes in a distant corner of the apartment. He held his sides, and laughed with all his heart at my stupefaction, which, to tell the truth, was not less than that of the frightened ladies. He rose from his hiding-place, however, and I advanced to meet him, and he then told me that, wishing to satisfy the desire that I had expressed, he had sent for me to sup with him in his *anderoun*. I had already lived long enough among the orientals to be able to comprehend how generously and obliging the prince had acted in this matter, seeing that if, by my indiscretion, it had been made known among the people that he had admitted a Christian into the interior of his harem, he would have certainly incurred disgrace in the eyes of the chah, and, prince although he was, he would have suffered severely from the discontent of the inhabitants of Tabris, who would have murmured greatly at so great a violation of Mussulmanic manners, and at so great a contempt for universally-received prejudices.

(*To be continued*)

NEW BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES.

It has been proposed in the Common Council of London to erect a new bridge, to be called St Paul's Bridge, to be approached from St Paul's cathedral If London had for its population, as much bridge accommodation as Paris, there should be 132 bridges instead of 7 According to distance there should be 42. It is intended by the new bridge to relieve the traffic of the streets in the city, the loss by the frequent stoppages in which has been calculated at £100,000 a-year There might be a straight road in this way from the Angel at Islington, to the Elephant and Castle at Walworth The new London bridge cost £680,232 , removing the old bridge £37,600 ; the approaches £1,840,138. Southwark, including the approaches, £800,000 , Blackfriars, ditto £210,000 , Waterloo, ditto £1,000,000, Westminster, £388,700, Vauxhall, £150,000; Hungerford, £110,000, while the proposed bridge, to be called "St Paul's" to be 60 feet in width, with a head-way of 27 feet 6 inches, may be erected for £144,000. The estimate of £144,000 does not include the purchase of any land or compensation to be given, but even these, from the character of the locality, may be fairly considered less than is usual in such cases. The sum, though moderate, is ample, and the designer, guarantees its execution within the estimate. This arises from various causes Such works, through the incitement of railway enterprise, are better understood than they used to be The nature of iron and its many advantages in works of this magnitude are thoroughly comprehended, and, above all, cofferdams and the old-fashioned system of pile-driving are chiefly dispensed with, by a recent very ingenious application of the principles of the diving-bell. A tube is dropped into the water, and rests upon the bed of the river. If the river is deeper than the tube is long, other tubes are rivetted to it, until the uppermost stands above high water, an apparatus with double valves is fixed on the top and made air-tight, an air pump is then applied, and the pressure within the pipe raised until it expels the water, which cannot ooze in again, the pressure within, being greater than the density of the water without, and keeps the interior of the tub perfectly dry. Workmen then descend, dig away the ground from under the edge of the tube, which sinks by its own weight, and as it sinks other cylinders are fixed on the top, and the whole let down until they have reached a solid foundation. In this manner the tubes of one of the piers for the new-bridge at Rochester were lowered 40 feet below the bed of the river and planted on the solid rock, and they could have taken it 400 feet if necessary The material cut out is lifted up through the valves before named, and when the proper depth is gained they introduce bricks and Portland cement, and fill the cavity of the tube with them, which immediately becomes as strong as stone These tubes (being six or seven feet in diameter) are placed within two or three feet of each other and in double rows, and can be extended to any length that the width of the bridge requires; they are then all braced together with beams of iron, and on the top is placed a plate of iron with transverse beams, and the cavities between, about 12 inches deep, are filled with cement, &c.

Then round all the tubes, is fixed a shield pointed up and down the river, so that all danger is warded off and injury from collision avoided. The plate described may then become the foundation for the stonework, from which the arches spring, or the plate itself may become the foundation Should any question arise as to the durability of the iron, or its likelihood to corrode and fall off, it has been stated by Sir Charles Fox, than whom there is no better authority, that iron in such a position and one inch thick would last 500 years, but if it did fall off, there would still be left the solid masonry, which time could hardly destroy. No site could be better chosen, and the cost will be only half the cost of Blackfriars, and only one fourth the expense of London bridge.

HOW FAR CRIME IS CAUSED BY DRINK.

Perhaps of all the proximate causes of crime, says a writer in the *Law Magazine*, none is more fearfully powerful than that of drink, and the facilities and temptations to it which the law permits, most disastrously for the morals and welfare of the people No statistics are needed on this subject; every town swarms with beer-houses and public-houses, the majority of them being ill-conducted, and in towns some are the haunts of thieves, prostitutes, and gamblers. To such an extent have depravities been tolerated in these nurseries of wickedness and misery, that it is by no means an uncommon thing for these places to keep prostitutes as an enticement to young men to frequent them No inconsiderable portion of this class are brothels, every kind of vice is fostered—robberies planned—profligacy pampered, and thieves harboured in these dens of corruption Gambling has been very largely encouraged of late by a kind of sweepstakes, which the disreputable class of inns and public houses have established, in barefaced defiance of the law, and to the utter ruin of many shop lads and other dupes who frequent them We believe drink to be the mainstay of every kind of vice and crime It is attended by no single advantage; it has been proved to demostration, over and over again, that instead of increasing exhilaration, it creates twice as much prostration after its transient effects are over—that so far from ministering to strength, water drinkers have beaten those who have trusted to stimulants, in every kind of muscular exertion and labour. That it tends to health or power, either of mind or body, is an assertion which has no other foundation than its own effrontery. It directly and hugely [illegible] bed, living the seed of every sort of disease, and bru[illegible], and beggary to the poor. Why the present temptations to this frightful evil, and encouragement to this national curse, are allowed to be held out and multiplied in every street, lane, and alley in the kingdom, as if especially designed by the devil for the perdition of the people, it is hard to say The miserable excuse of raising a revenue is as obviously absurd as it is disgraceful, for, inasmuch as the loss of property and punishment of crime, caused by drunkenness alone, amounts to double the sum of the revenue raised by spirit and malt duties put together, the nation is losing by this villanous abuse instead of gaining by it Another most scandalous abuse, growing out of the facility given to licenses, is, that they are constantly multiplied for political purposes, and granted in order to facilitate those appeals to the debauchery of the land whereby many of the elections are carried in this country. Some of our members of Parliament are returned by the beer-barrels, and fitly enough they represent their constituents. The government should put down this growing cause of infamy and disease with a strong hand. The number of public-houses should be reduced to one-third their present number, and proportioned rigidly to the population of each place, knocking off the latest granted licenses. The duty on spirits and on publicans' licenses should be raised twenty-five per cent, stringent regulations should be made for the conduct of and visiting all such houses, and punishing infractions of the law. All cases of drunkenness should be punished by fine when detected, and all second offences, after previous admonition and fine, be punished with shaving the head and a week at the treadmill, by summary conviction. Above all, well paid stipendiary magistrates, having no local interests, should replace the present town justices.

EVERYMAN'S TWO HEADS

"How did you like my friend, Mr. Blazon?" said the Secretary, to me.

"I was disappointed I expected greater things of one of his reputation" I knew that the Secretary had only asked the question to introduce one of those philosophizing lectures with which, I being always a good listener, he so often favoured me.

"Did you ever, sir, see a great man who did not disappoint you? ever one who did not lose something of his magnitude by near approach, or display some flaw dimming the splendour of his reputation?

"Distance lends enchantment to the moral and mental, as well as to the physical view Let the eye sweep over a broad and distant landscape; only its grand and imposing features are seen; draw near it—walk through it, and the littering rocks, the mud holes, putrefying carcases, and other disgusting objects, offend the sight.

"Heroes, it is said, are never heroes to their valets. Why are they more so to the public? I will tell you. Because the public imagines a harmony of character not to be found in human nature. It takes a single prominent trait in an individual, and magnifies his every other quality to its dimensions A man becomes distinguished in poetry—eloquence—science, those who hear of him endow him with every correspondent quality of greatness, and are very much disappointed if they find him manifesting any of the ordinary every-day traits of humanity and yet, there are no men so great but they will do so.

"Those who like myself, sir, have mingled much with their fellows, in high and in low stations, learn that there is more difference in the external position of men than in their intrinsic qualities

"Taking the extremes of humanity—the lowest idiotic intellect or moral character at one end, and the highest and most noble at the other, probably between one and the other may be found every shade, variety, and combination of character—good and bad mingled in every degree, sometimes the one and sometimes the other predominating, and hence, too, we have the same persons exhibiting the most opposite and inconsistent qualities and sometimes flying suddenly from the line of their established reputation, and startling the public by manifestations of character hitherto unsuspected

"Did you never see that strange combination of men to whom religious observances, divine worship, and sacred ceremonies were a necessity, yet whose daily practices were entirely inconsistent with such habits? Such men are not hypocrites—another combination makes the hypocrite.

"If I were to tell you your neighbour was provident, wise, active, you would think only of a good citizen; and if I told you of another, who was jealous, malignant, dark, sullen, unsociable, reserved, cruel, unrelenting, unforgiving, you would think of no combined useful quality; but Hume puts all these epithets together and makes up a Tiberius.

"*Common Sense*, the preservative quality, is that more generally diffused, and is often wanting in those of brilliant genius. Hence, our ordinary every-day acquaintance may exhibit more force and strength of character, than forms the general aggregate of some great men; they fall below our habitual association. Besides the properties which make greatness, there are other properties which make greatness known—the show-window art of putting the goods in the public eye; and men may, most probably do, exist in every association, unknown to fame, but gifted with all upon which others base a public reputation. There may be men in their quiet farm-houses, in their village offices, greater than greatness. Even in our schoolboy associations, have we not seen those calm, quiet, intellectual boys, satisfied with the joy of knowledge, and despising scholastic triumphs. May there not then be men who think the fame of the hustings, the fuss and feathers of the soldier, and the plodding calculations of the seeker for wealth, a poor exchange for heart-quiet, and that manly action which, working for others and not for self, shuns the noise and bustle of popularity? These are the truly great men who work in the steady view of the all-seeing God, and not before the world's blinking eye, and so long as this principle fails to be taught as the leading human impulse, education is defective

"The parent tells his child, Such and such a one rose from poverty to wealth. Follow his example, wealth is the grand object.

"Mr. Magnum, who sits now in the high place of power, was

once a poor mechanic—work you for power also; that is, work, plod for yourself, let self be the aim and object—the alpha and omega of your existence. Who tells this child to measure his sphere of usefulness, to begin by doing the little good he can; to widen his circle with his strength, until his usefulness reaches the utmost circumference of his power? Then if wealth, fame, power comes, they come to one fitted for their use, and if they do not come, a greater than all does—happiness."

"You have never been married, I believe, Mr. Secretary?" "No, sir; I'm a bachelor," and as if the question was an unpleasant one, he picked up his cane and gloves to leave me, but a new thought chased away the momentary annoyance, and quietly laying them down again, he resumed: "Often the world looks with admiring envy upon the greatness of a great man, identifies it with the whole existence of the individual, and considers him as revelling in the joy of high fortune, whereas the true man and his greatness are separate existences,—his greatness is a shadow or rather a brilliant light, it may be either, round about him, shutting out the views of the world from his true self. It may, indeed, be a strong spectre walking by his side, and hurrying along the true man despite himself

"'I am satiated with greatness,' cried the scarcely more than boy Napoleon. It became a *thing* outside of himself, but it pushed him along 'I have a star—a destiny,' he said, so much did the man-Napoleon feel subjected to the world-Napoleon. A youth and almost unknown, he had magically created armies, and conquered circumstances. Now, after Waterloo, with an army calling him to head it, with another '80,000 men immediately to commence operations and to take a bloody revenge on the Duke of Wellington,' with the French people adoring him, he exclaimed:

"'Putting the brute force of the mass of the people into action would doubtless save Paris, and insure me the crown, without incurring the horrors of civil war, but it would likewise be risking thousands of French lives, for what power could control so many various passions, so much hatred, and such vengeance. No, I like the regrets of France better than her crown.'*

"And he quietly walks out of his empire and his glory. People wonder. It is incomprehensible! Might not the man Napoleon have become tired of living so long the slave of the world-seen splendid Napoleon? 'I will henceforth live to educate my boy,' spoke the man. The spectre Greatness would not be shaken off, and chained him to St Helena, without wife, child, or friend. Those who have lived above greatness, are greater than Napoleon, and happier.

"Calm, quiet, blue-eyed, light-haired Doctor Morton, 'The Illustrious' he is called, measures in his study the capacity for greatness of individuals, and that of nations. He pours beans or shot into their skulls, when the brains are out, measures and weighs their power, and tells us that the Teutonic skull is the largest, and the negro nine cubic inches smaller. He measures one tremendous head, finds one hundred and fourteen cubic inches, puts it up on his shelf, and labels it '*Dutch Gentleman*'

"Dutch Gentleman, with the big head, who shall tell of your true greatness corresponding with your brain-power? It may have been felt in acts of wisdom, judgment, and intellect, on your native Holland canals Then what was this little Peruvian head, the smallest of heads, fifty-eight cubic inches? This may be the head of a great man—an Inca—a Child of the Sun, who on his golden throne at Cuzco, called upon all the world to bow the knee as it approached his capital; and believing it did so, believed his own greatness"

The Secretary having delivered these sentiments, again took up his gloves and cane, rose from his chair, and prepared to go in earnest In all courtesy I arose at the same time, and as we stood together he slowly drew on his gloves, remarking—

"I am sorry you did not like Blazon. You must not judge him by your disappointment. The most disappointing kind of men, if they are asked to come down, and divide their magnificence out for half an hour with a few friends, are your authors. For two reasons: they do not go out to work, but to relax. In the labours of authorship they are on the stretch, when they come to meet your few friends they let down, and are interested in the same every-day common-place matters which interest us common people. Again, when you ask your merchant or banker friend to dine or sup with you, do you expect the one to bring his wares, and the other his money to divide with you and your company? The author's good thoughts and good sayings are his wares, and if scattered at your table would lose their value in the market, and sometimes to save a bright idea, he condescends to discuss the merits of a beefsteak By the way," he added, as he took up his hat, "it is just the time for mine, and if you will go with me we will talk this matter over more fully; as I find our views are so much alike, it will be pleasant"

I begged to be excused, and the Secretary took his leave. He was a great talker.

* Count Montholon.

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

A list of the Presidents of the United States, from the adoption of the Constitution, with the dates of their respective terms:—

		Term Began		Term Ended
1	George Washington ..	April 30, 1789	..	March 3, 1797
2	John Adams.....	March 4, 1797	..	March 3, 1801
3.	Thomas Jefferson	March 4, 1801	..	March 3 1809
4	James Madison	March 4, 1809	..	March 3, 1817
5.	James Munroe	March 4, 1817	.	March 3 1825
6	John Quincy Adams ..	March 4, 1825	..	March 3, 1829
7	Andrew Jackson	March 4, 1829	..	March 3, 1837
8	Martin Van Buren	March 4, 1837		March 3, 1841
9	Wm Henry Harrison*	March 4, 1841	..	April 4, 1841
10	John Tyler	April 4, 1841		March 3, 1845
11.	James Knox Polk .. .	March 4, 1845	..	March 4, 1849
12.	Zachary Taylor*	March 4, 1849	..	July 9, 1850
13.	Millard Fillmore	July 9, 1850	..	March, 1853
14.	General Pierce	March, 1853		

* Died in office.

INFLUENCE OF THE EARTH'S MOTION ON INVALIDS.

[We insert the following as curious, without subscribing to all that it contains]

It often happens that the inhabitants on one side of a street suffer severely from the fatal effects of cholera, whilst the people on the other side almost entirely escape There are houses that have acquired a bad name from the circumstance of the occupiers seldom or never having good health There are people that are subject to over heating in their beds at night, and seldom enjoy a refreshing night's sleep. There are others who are very subject to nightmare while asleep, some go to bed sound in body and mind and die during night, or awake in confirmed mental imbecility Most people of weak minds are more so at the full and change of the moon

My notion is the motion of the earth is the cause of this Most people now-a-days are astronomers enough to know that this earth which we inhabit is a globe of about 8 000 miles in diameter, giving a circumference of about 25,000 miles That the earth turns round from west to east in 24 hours, giving a motion at the equatorial parts of more than 1,000 miles an hour, this motion must less or more affect every thing on the surface of the earth, and such from observation we find to be the case This motion gives a depth and steadiness to the atmosphere within the tropics nowhere else to be found, the mercury in the barometer seldom rising or falling more than ¼ of an inch, whilst in our latitudes it goes over a range of 3 inches. The tides within the tropics rise and fall from 80 to 100 feet, whilst here they seldom rise more than 12 feet, at the poles I presume there is neither flux nor reflux Most people, too, are aware that this diurnal motion of the earth affects to every considerable extent the length of the pendulum the same length of pendulum which beats seconds at the equator, will not beat seconds in our latitude This arises from the centrifugal force derived from the motion of the earth being greater at the equator and lessening as we proceed north or south, thus we find that not only the aerial, the fluid, but the giant ribs of the solid globe has yielded to the overwhelming influence of this mighty power, in bulging out the equatorial regions of our earth, so that the equatorial diameter is 26 miles longer than the polar diameter. Now for the effect of this motion upon man From what has been said formerly, most readers will understand that when people lie in bed with their heads to the south and west, that the blood will be forced to the brains in unusue quantities, producing feverish heat and unrefreshing sleep, bringing about that state of physical debility which medical men say is necessary to induce the body to take in an infectious disease; not only will the brain suffer from undue pressure, producing even congestion of that organ, but the nervous fluid, which is so nicely adjusted, will also be deranged. It is a

well known fact that emigrants for the first two weeks after the vessel sails are excessively irritable and quarrelsome, undoubtedly this arises from the complicated motion of the vessel communicated to them. In order to account for the spring-tide at the full and change of the moon on both sides of the earth at the same time, Sir Isaac Newton inferred that the attraction of the moon not only drew up the waters on the side next the moon, but that the moon's attraction pulled the earth so much aside from her usual course that the earth as it were left the water so much behind her, thus forming the opposite spring-tide. Such, however, is still the manner of accounting for this singular phenomenon. May this stepping aside motion of our earth not account for the increased mental eccentricity of weak minded people? The lunar influence is certain; there must be some way of accounting for it, and why not this? Thus it will be under-stood that the best two ways to lie in bed in our latitude is with the head to the north or the east, the centrifugal force in this case relieving the brain from undue pressure, giving rise to feverish heat and irritability, unrefreshing sleep, nightmare, giddiness, velocipede pulse, palpitation of the heart and inducing indigestion and different kinds, explaining too their capricious movements, for it follows as a necessary consequence, if the people on one side of a street lie in bed right, the beds on the other side of the same street will be wrong.

T. Reid

WORDS OF WISDOM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE, BY DR. BOWRING.

A man must never talk about
What passes his own home within;
And for a woman 'tis a sin
To speak of what takes place without.

To pardon crimes is a most foul offence;
But still more foul to punish innocence.

Fire, though the tree should near the temple grow
The blasting hurricane will lay it low.

The poet's and historian's pen
Drag from their graves distinguish'd men
Wisdom's dear talent is a virtuous name,
While folly leaves no heritage but shame.

He'll build a palace if he could,
Yet has no stones, nor bricks, nor wood!

The power of music penetrates the skin,
And makes the very marrow dance within.
Larks and little birds may listen
To a soft and gentle song—
Would you fascinate the eagle,
Loud must be your strains and long.

'Tis said the world's superfluous waste to see,
While millions starve in want and misery.

As the peach tree's crimson blossoms
'Midst the verdant foliage bloom
So the virtuous heart is enamoured
Love and harmony at home.

As the gold among the metals
Towers aloft in price and praise,
So beneath, while baseness settles,
Noble deeds the sage upraise.

If every man would see
To his own reformation,
How very easily
You might reform a nation.

Give me the most inglorious peace
Rather than all the spoils of war.
Victory's most splendid trophy is
A mound of the dead and dying!
What men call laurels are but blood,
And conquerors for their triumphs should
Have only funeral honours—sighs
Should be their victory-songs, and tears,—
And 'midst enwreathing sepulchres
Then pyramids of fame should rise.

If onward, onward still you go
Complain not that your steps are slow;
Better ten wintry days—than one
Scorch'd by a fierce and withering sun.

LITERARY NOTICES.

GIN AND WATER. A pair of pictorial designs by Kenny Meadows, portraying the effects arising from the indulgence of those potent liquids. In the first [illegible] the drunkard [illegible] with [illegible] of gin, while [illegible] of water, we see how to [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] man. The contrast is well sustained, and the pictures—which measure 24 inches by 16 inches—cannot but be popular. We have had too many songs and pictures in praise of the drinking customs of our country, and we are glad to perceive that our poets and artists are beginning to discover that they may get inspiration even out of water—

"Wine wine, thy power and praise
Have ever been recorded in immortal lays,
But water I deem, hath a mightier claim
To fill up a niche in the Temple of Fame!"

These pictures, which should be framed and hung over every cottage chimney-piece, and on the walls of every factory, and workshop, and ragged school throughout the land, can be obtained of every bookseller for one shilling. They are [illegible] by engravers [illegible], in Messrs Henry Linton and William Mason.

THE AUTOGRAPHS FOR FREEDOM, containing, in addition to a New Story by Mrs STOWE, authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," entitled "The Two Altars; or, Two Pictures in One,—The Altar of Liberty, or 1776; The Altar of [illegible], or 1850," a thrilling Narrative by FREDERICK DOUGLASS, entitled "The Heroic Slave," "Passages in the Life of a Slave Woman," by Annie Parker; "Placido the Cuban Slave," by Professor W. G. Allen; "The Heroic Slave Woman" by the Rev J. S. May &c., also, Contributions from the leading Writers in America on the Question of Negro Emancipation; and, on this side of the Atlantic from the Earl of Carlisle, the Bishop of Oxford Wilson Armistead, Joseph Sturge, &c., with fac-similes of the Autographs of all the Contributors. Price 1s. in boards; or bound in cloth, with Eight beautiful Engravings from designs by Gilbert and Willis, price 1s. 6d.

ATHEISM CONSIDERED THEOLOGICALLY AND POLITICALLY. This Volume, consists of thirteen Lectures by the Rev LYMAN BEECHER, D.D. (father of Mrs. H. B. Stowe.) These Lectures enter fully into the momentous question now at issue, or, at least, under discussion, between "Secularism" and Christianity. For close reasoning and eloquent declamation, these addresses have rarely been surpassed. The Volume, just issued, is well printed, and is sold for 2s 6d bound in cloth. It is important in ordering this work, that John Cassell's edition should be specially named.

THE ALTAR OF THE HOUSEHOLD. A Series of Services for Domestic Worship for every Morning and Evening in the Year; Select Portions of Holy Writ, and Prayers and Thanksgivings for Particular Occasions, with an Address to Heads of Families. Edited by the Rev John Harris, D.D., President of New College, St John's Wood; Author of "The Great Teacher," "Mammon," "Prepared unto Earth," &c. &c. A list of the contributors to this work is given. The following are among the Ministers engaged in the preparation of THE ALTAR OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—The Rev J. Sherman, the Rev W. Urwick, D.D., the Rev W. H. Burnett, M.A., the Rev R. Ferguson, LL.D., the Rev. F. Wagstaff, D.D., LL.D., the Rev. Professor Fisher, the Rev. Newman Hall, B.A., the Rev. H. S. Holme, the Rev. W. Chalmers, A.M., the Rev. J. Baumont, M.D., the Rev. Samuel Martin, the Rev. William Brock, the Rev. John Kennedy, A.M., the Rev. William Leask, the Rev. Charles Williams, the Rev. W. W. Ewbank, A.M., the Rev. J. Stoughton, the Rev. W. Reid, the Rev. George Smith, &c. &c. The Work will be completed in Twelve Parts, one to appear on the First day of each successive month, the whole forming One Handsome Volume, with Frontispiece engraved on steel by a first-rate Artist. Parts I. to III. are now ready, price 1s. each, or in one Quarterly Section, price 3s.

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The PATHWAY, a Religious Magazine, price 2d each Number, enclosed in neat wrapper. The Fourth Volume has just commenced.—Vols. I. and II. price 3s 3d each, Vol III., price 2s 9d, neatly bound, are now ready.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, with Twenty-seven Illustrations on wood, by George Cruikshank, and an excellent Portrait of the Authoress.—Three Editions of this popular work are on sale at our office—a Drawing Room Edition, demy 8vo, price 4s 6d, extra bound, with gilt edges; crown 8vo neatly bound, 1s 6d, or plain binding, 3s.

THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART.—The First Two Parts of a new and improved Series of this work, under the title of the ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART are now ready, price One Shilling each. Weekly Numbers are now enclosed in a neat wrapper, price 3d. In addition to numerous Engravings in the text, each number contains a fine Engraving, worked on Plate Paper. With the first Part was presented a splendid View of the Interior of St Paul's Cathedral, during the Interment of the late Duke of Wellington, printed upon fine Plate Paper, measuring eighteen inches by thirteen, in addition to four separate Engravings, and a large number of choice Illustrations, with which each Part is embellished.

SONG OF THE SHIP-BUILDER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The sky is ruddy in the East,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin,
The broad-axe to the gnarléd oak,
The mallet to the pin!

Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars
All day for us the smith shall stand
Bee-like that flashing forge,
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge

From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near,
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still,—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free,
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plough—
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt-spray caught below—
That ship must heed her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peel,
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel;
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea?
Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within.
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours,
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

BITS OF MY MIND.

It is a bad thing to *expect* gratitude for services rendered *Gratitude* is to be praised when it *is* evinced, but it ought not to be calculated upon. Do good actions for their *own sake*, and look no further.

We do wrong in keeping a horse too warm and giving him on all sorts of occasions warm food This is totally *at war with nature*, and renders the animal so delicate, both externally and internally, that he is in perpetual danger of coughs, colics, inflammations, and this class of complaints. The want of exercise also causes grease or sore heels. As a proof how much better the horse is in a state of nature, look at the *Irish* horses, which are much exposed, and at *ponies*, which are hardly ever under cover and yet never ail anything

In the accidents by rail and coach the imagination is much more strongly impressed by one than the other. Hence we attribute more risk to railways than we did to coaches, because coach accidents have become as it were *natural and commonplace* This is a great part of the secret. Let a little boy over-reach himself in climbing for apples, and fall, or tumble into the water when fishing, and get drowned, we think little about it, and merely say, "Poor little fellow, what a pity!" Let him be cut in two upon a railroad, and one half sent to each side, and our *hair is on end!* Yet the matter is almost identical—the little boy was where he ought not to be in both cases

In my boyhood I went to four schools, each with numerous scholars; but not one of them, as far as I know, has been distinguished in the world, not even for the vulgar distinction of making a fortune or getting hanged. Most of them are now dead! If the player, which spared the infant Shakspeare, had come amongst us in a less merciful humour, how little would the world have felt it.

Printers now-a-days do not seem to me to know the use of the *colon*, as one step in punctuation I never can get them to print anything but commas, semicolons, and full stops.

Nothing attracts and affects me so much as a fine old air, finely played, especially when first heard. The first time I ever heard the "Boyne Water" was from the band of an Orange procession Orangemen I hated, but on hearing the air I "fell in" and marched with them "through Coventry" as long as the tune lasted.

As a boy I hated dancing, dancing masters, and dancing schools, in short the whole "danse," with an indescribable hate. To mention them put me into a transport of rage. Long after, I was pleased to read, in the life of *Alfieri*, that he was affected in the same way. It is pleasant even to share the *follies* of a *man of genius* One hopes the comparison may hold elsewhere, I suppose

Some men, aye many men, cannot see *a truth*, just as many men cannot see *a hare* even when taken so close to it as to have it absolutely under their nose!

If the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge would publish a cookery book and housekeeper's guide, and find a way to make all women get it by heart, they would "diffuse" more "useful knowledge" in a year than they are likely to do in a century

Never alter a word in verse to please anybody. In prose do as you like

In poetry, a single apparently small word or two gives the force and direction to the passage, just as the feather upon the shaft sends it straight to the mark—though that mark be the heart.

The best piece of criticism I ever *heard* was by Allan Cunningham, who said of Moore's songs that "they might all have been written in a coffee-house" Beautiful as they are, they are certainly artificial, and want the salt of more nationality and earnestness to make the matter savoury No man, however, understood the expression and meaning of good old melodies better than Tom Moore, *in this respect* his "Irish melodies" are perfection, — Burns' not better.

It is good never to be too hasty in imagining that *changes*, though showy and surprising, are therefore sure to turn out *improvements*. In fact, society makes no great strides, there is more appearance than reality in the "progress of civilisation" as it is called. Things that seem all good at first are found to be alloyed with many evils, and the more *artificial* society becomes the more this is felt Where there are many wells sunk, to sink another a little deeper is almost certain to take away the waters from some of the former.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Columbus.—We shall not be able, at present, to publish the "narrative" to which your letter

J. S. will find that in this, as in most other mechanical processes, a practical knowledge of the art is necessary. It is almost impossible to learn any mechanical process from books merely

D. Monk.—The present inhabitants of Rome and Greece can scarcely be said to be the lineal descendants of the ancient Greeks and Romans, any more than we can be said to be descendants of the ancient Britons—time, circumstances, and the genius of the epochs through which each race has passed producing variations of character, language, and even physical conformation of feature.

A. V.—There is no law to prevent the sale of gunpowder by gaslight, but the strictest care is, of course, necessary. Moral laws are above and before legal enactments

A. Hackney.—We never heard of a book entitled "A Fortune to be Made by Saving a Farthing a day," and if we had, we should have put no faith in its promises.

H. Zachary.—*A* unicorn is the old style—*an* unicorn the new, either is grammatically correct

H. M. N. wishes to know if "the constant drinking of salt and water will take away all colour from the face, and leave it quite pale?" Yes, we should think that the *constant* drinking of salt and water would very soon leave the face as pale as *death*

I. I. A.—The debentures, or loan notes, of railway companies are simply mortgage deeds or promissory notes bearing interest, when capitalised, these debentures become shares, negociable at the current market value. The conversion of such debentures may or may not be advantageous to the holders, but it is certainly not repudiation of the company's liabilities The step cannot be taken, we believe, without the consent of a majority of the shareholders.

W. Brown.—The reason why the atmosphere is purer in the hottest days of summer and the coldest days of winter is, that in the summer the heat causes the exhalations from the earth to rise rapidly and disperse, and that in the winter extreme cold prevents noxious vapours from rising at all. A more scientific answer might be given possibly, but the philosophy of the facts are as simple these. The answer to your second question cannot be given at this moment Probably yes!

A Ribbon Weaver is referred to the Nautical Almanack in the Library of the Coventry Mechanics' Institution

The Answers to the "Exercises for Ingenuity" have been delayed from the simple fact that so few answers have been received They will appear next week.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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ABYSSINIA.

ABYSSINIA is a large country and kingdom of Africa, about 300 leagues long, and 280 broad, bounded on the east by the Red Sea, on the north by Nubia, on the west by Nigritia, and on the south by Caffraria. It is divided into twelve provinces, Masuah, Tigré, Samen, Begemder, Amhara, Walaka, Gojam, Damot, Maitsha, Dembea, Kuara, and Nara; the principal towns or cities are Gondar (the metropolis of Abyssinia), Dixan, Axum, and Masuah. Of the rivers, the principal is the Nile. The country is mountainous, but fertile where the land can be cultivated. The air in the valleys is extremely warm, but more temperate on the mountains. The rainy season continues from April to September, after which is an uninterrupted series of fine weather. No country produces a greater variety of quadrupeds, wild or tame; of the latter, the principal are of the cow kind, and sheep; the wild sort are the gazelle or antelope, jackall, wild hog, elephant, rhinoceros, giraffe or cameleopard, lion, leopard, hyena, bohûr, fassa, seeho, madequa, &c.; the crocodile and hippopotamus are found in all the large rivers. Among the birds are reckoned several species of the eagle and hawk, the golden goose, and the goose of the Nile, and a vast number of others, which frequent



COSTUME OF ABYSSINIAN NOBLES.

both the valleys and mountains. Of the insects, the most remarkable is a fly, called simb, or teakeedva, a little larger than a bee, which proves dreadfully tormenting, and even destructive, to every quadruped, both wild and tame, and from which they can escape only by flying from the rich lands to the deserts, during the whole of the rainy season. Among the vegetable productions may be reckoned the papyrus, the plant from which paper was first made by the Egyptians, after the disuse of hieroglyphics; the balessas, or balm, called also balm of Gilead, the sassa, the myrrh tree, the ensete, several species of the mimosa, the kolquall, the tack, the coffee-tree, the woogincs, cuffo, teff, and wheat. The professed religion of the country is Christianity. The patriarch of Alexandria, in Egypt, is the head of their church, and confirms their bishops, admitting them into his communion. The emperor of Abyssinia must in general assume the priesthood before his coronation, after which he continues to discharge the sacerdotal functions on occasions of public solemnity. It is for this reason, perhaps, that he has been called by the Europeans Prester John, a title of which no other origin is known; it is never given to him by the Abyssinians. This empire lies entirely in the torrid zone, yet, on account of the great rains, the forests, mountains, and rivers, there are districts in it as temperate as Spain and Portugal; but the low sandy plains reflect a heat insupportable to any other people than the natives. The winds here are impetuous, the thunder awful, and the rains like torrents; the season of these meteors is unwholesome, and produces diseases. The moisture and heat, the valuable means of fecundity, cover their meadows with grass always renewed, and their trees with blossom and fruits at the same time. They promote the speedy vegetation of a kind of very small grain called teff, of which they make excellent bread, the principal part of their food. The Abyssinians do not tame their elephants; they remain wild, and are very destructive. Their plains are ravaged also by the rhinoceros, as well as lions and tigers. The pipe, a singular bird, attaches itself to sportsmen, and never leaves them till it has pointed out game, because it lives upon the offals; but they must take care to follow it well armed, as it may sometimes lead them also to a dangerous animal, such as a serpent or tiger. Another bird, called meroc, enables the natives to discover honey, which is made by a certain kind of bee below the earth. Abyssinia is often ravaged by clouds of locusts, which occasion famine by devouring the plants, and pestilence by their dead bodies, which cannot all be burnt or interred; they are eaten fresh or dried, and reduced to a powder, which is afterward converted into a paste, but it is not an agreeable food. Though there are a great many Mahometans, Jews, and Pagans, in Abyssinia, the Christians are the most numerous. Of the idolatory of the Pagans, very little is known, but it seems to consist rather in superstitious rites than in the adoration of idols. The court language is a mixture of almost all those of the empire; it is deficient neither in expression nor richness. The ancient Ethiopic still retains its dignity; it is employed in the emperor's letters-patent, in the public registers, and in divine service. The Abyssinians (if we except those Ethiopians who at Rome in the time of Augustus were thought horridly ugly) are well made; they are of a majestic stature, rather brown than fair; have lively sparkling eyes, a well-shaped nose, not at all flat, thin lips, and very white teeth. Their disposition inclines them to be virtuous; they possess all the simplicity of nature, have a great deal of candour, and exhibit every sign of innocence. They rarely quarrel with each other, and readily submit to the decision of the first arbiter they meet. The administration of justice is neither tedious nor complex. They are extremely affected in their manners, and remarkably fond of dress. Those of common rank perform all the laborious parts of domestic economy. There are some kinds of work which the male slaves refuse to do; such as that of grinding their corn, a task that occurs every day. A marriage, to be firm and valid, must be solemnized in church, it is prohibited within certain degrees of consanguinity, and divorces are allowed. They drink neither cider nor wine (though they might make the latter in abundance), but hydromel, the basis of which is honey brought to a state of fermentation. It is not long since they became acquainted with the tools employed in different arts; and for these, as well as for the art of building, they were indebted to the Jesuits; before that they could only place one stone above another in an irregular manner. They had no idea of stairs, or of different stories, which they call a house upon a house. Notwithstanding their few tools, they had cloth stuffs exceedingly well woven, and jewels of the neatest workmanship. They seldom travel into other countries; and even if they had an inclination to do so, they are prevented by the Turks and the Gallas who keep their frontiers as if in a state of blockade. They are unwilling also that the entrance into their country should be opened. They depend on factors for disposing of their merchandize by exchange, which is never in favour of the Abyssinians; so that with an inexhaustible store of productions—skins, furs, leather, honey, wax, gold, ivory, and abundance of superfluities, the country is extremely poor. Abyssinia, fertile in the animal and vegetable kingdom, is not less so in the mineral. It contains silver, but more gold, and a great deal of lead and iron; it is not said that it is destitute of copper or tin. The salt dug from mines, extracted from saline springs, or collected in the form of a crust in the immense plains, though very common, is considered as a valuable article; every person carries a small bit of it suspended in a bag from the girdle. When two friends meet, they produce their bits of salt, and give them to each other to lick; to neglect this ceremony would be thought a great incivility. The natural curiosities of Abyssinia are enormous mountains, the rocks of which exhibit the appearance of walls, towers, and cities, others such a smooth surface as render them almost like a mirror; and some hollowed out by nature, or in which have been cut apartments, churches, and palaces. At the bottom of these mountains are steep precipices, where the torrents roll down large stones with a most tremendous noise; and on their summits plains, the inaccessible edges of which convert them into prisons, where the first children of their kings, whose competition for the throne was apprehended to be productive of mischief, were formerly exposed to languish in misery. The beautiful rivers by which Abyssinia is watered, flow down from the mountains. The crown is hereditary, but does not necessarily pass to the eldest. The emperor chooses for his successor one of his children whom he wishes to favour, and this custom has frequently given rise to civil wars. To prevent these a scheme was devised, in consequence of which all those princes who had a right to the throne were confined on the top of a mountain almost inaccessible, where they were closely guarded. This custom was however abolished, on account of the indirect reproach of an infant. The emperor had a great fondness for this child, who was only eight years of age, one day, whilst he was sporting with him, one of his courtiers approached, and observed to the king that the child was growing tall, on these words the young prince, looking tenderly at his father, said, "Have I become big enough to be sent to the mountain?" The emperor, affected by this arch apostrophe, abolished the custom, and made his council swear that it should never be re-established. In imitation of Solomon, from whom they pretend to be descended, the Abyssinian emperors maintain several wives and children; and, like him, of different religions. That they may have a still greater resemblance to him, they allow each to exercise her own religion; so that it is not uncommon to see around the palace, or royal tents, mosques and pagan temples, close to a church. The Abyssinian annals contain an account of the Queen of Sheba's journey to Jerusalem. Some circumstances in it appear more like a fable than truth, yet one is inclined to give credit to it. With regard to the conversion of Queen Candace by one of her eunuchs, who was instructed by the Apostle Philip, the account corresponds with that given in the gospel of St. Luke. Christianity, however, did not become the prevailing religion in Ethiopia till towards the middle of the fourth century. Athanasius, the great patriarch of Alexandria, sent thither a bishop, whose successor is the Abuna, the only person in Abyssinia who exercises the sacerdotal function. It is a custom observed with a rigour which has rendered it a law, that this Abuna must never be an Abyssinian; and this circumstance affords the Abyssinians the most means of preserving their superiority. They, however, frequently abuse it; for in general they send only ignorant men, who purchase that office by money. As they buy, they sell also all the lucrative places in the church. There is no regular chronology of Abyssinian emperors or negusses, but for the last four hundred years. Some traditionary facts, representing the princes descended from Solomon, who reigned before, are still preserved. In the beginning of the tenth century the throne was usurped by a woman, whose posterity preserved it for 500 years. But respecting this dynasty we have only a few circumstances ranged in a very imperfect chronological order, which took place after the entrance of the Portuguese into Abyssinia under the great Alphonso Albuquerque.

WHIMS OF GREAT MEN.

"There is no accounting for tastes," is a common saying; nor is there any accounting for antipathies. One man shudders at the idea of swallowing an oyster, while another regards them as the choicest of delicacies. And yet the lover of oysters would revolt at sight of a cooked frog, in which the Frenchman rejoices. A story is told of Dr. Ferguson the historian, and Dr. Black, the discoverer of latent caloric (which led to the invention of the steam-engine by Watt), who once met to regale in the manner of the ancients. The feast was to be of snails, and a classical soup was prepared therefrom for the epicurean delight of the learned pair. They sat down to table, and began to sup. A mouthful or two satisfied both that the experiment was a failure; but both were ashamed to give in first. At last, Black, stealing a look at his friend, ventured to say, "Diuna ye think they're a leetle green?" "Confounded green," emphatically responded Ferguson, tak' 'em awa; tak' 'em awa!"

But there are more remarkable antipathies than this. Uladislas, King of Poland, could not bear the sight of an apple. Tycho Brahe changed colour, and his legs shook under him, at meeting with a hare or a fox. Some people have a remarkable antipathy for cats, and know the instant that one has entered a room. We have seen a lady thrown almost into hysterics by the appearance of a cat; and we have also seen Mr. Vandenhoff, the actor, spring up with much apparent alarm, exclaiming, "There is a cat in the room!" Marshal Saxe had an antipathy of the same kind for cats; and he who met and overthrew armies fled at the sight of poor puss! Peter the Great durst not cross a bridge; and though he tried to master the terror, failed to do so. It was with the utmost difficulty he could forbear from shrieking out!

A spider hanging from a tree made both Marshal Turenne and Gustavus Adolphus shudder. The Marshal D'Albret became sick on seeing a boar's head, and the Duc D'Epernon at sight of a leveret. The smell of fish threw Erasmus into a state of fever. Bayle fell into convulsions once on hearing the cook washing salad under the spout in the kitchen, and scarce had the cresses been placed on the table, ere Scaliger, who was present, soon became as ill as Bayle. Music was played to bring the two *savants* back to life; but so touching were the airs which were played, that lo! Lomothe-le-Vayer, who was also present, fell stark dead at the sound! There are at this day ladies who cannot bear the odour of roses. Some of the Roman ladies have a peculiar idiosyncrasy in this respect, the faintest odour is apt to throw them into convulsions. So that the poet's line, to

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain,"

is founded on truth.

Madame de la Rochejaquelin related the following anecdote of her celebrated husband, who led the royalist armies during the war in Vendée. "M. de la Rochejaquelin," she says, "furnished an instance of those physical antipathies which no degree of personal courage can overcome. A little squirrel had been given me, striped with black and grey, which had been found in the chamber of a republican officer's lady. He had been informed of my little companion, and I was holding it on my knee when he entered the room. As soon as he saw the little animal, he became suddenly pale, and laughingly told me that the sight of a squirrel caused him an invincible horror. I made him pass his hand over its back; he resolved to do so; but I saw he trembled." In like manner, Charles John, King of Sweden, had an insurmountable aversion to dogs. In this case it seems to have arisen from the circumstance of a person of his acquaintance having died through the bite of a mad dog, and still more from his having seen one of his most intimate friends devoured on the field of battle by these animals. One of Louis XIV.'s brothers had a similar repugnance for horses, and durst scarcely mount one. James I, King of England, was horrified at sight of a drawn sword; he instantly grew pale, and sometimes swooned away. Louis XIV. of France, surnamed the Great, was once thrown into a state of the most appalling fright on hearing Massillon preach his dreadful sermon on the small number of the Elect. The same monarch was thrown into fits by certain odours. He could only tolerate those used by Madame de Maintenon, whose gloves were always perfumed with jasmine.

We know some men who have the strongest antipathy to a crowd, and who are utterly disconcerted by the presence of strange faces; while there are new friends, who are never so happy as in the company of others, and shun solitude as a pestilence. Even men cannot help being superstitious and fearful, in spite of the courage they can muster. Many believe in dreams, though few dare to confess it. If, at a dinner-party, it be observed that thirteen have sat down to table, one or more of the party cannot help shuddering inwardly. Many will not believe in the prosperity of a voyage or enterprise begun on a Friday. Dr. Johnson had a singular aversion to entering any door or passage with his left foot first. When he found himself entering with the wrong foot, he retraced his steps, and made a start forward again measuring his paces until he entered the door with the right foot. He was also often observed to make a long circuit, rather than cross a particular alley in Leicester Fields. Johnson was subject to distressing fits of melancholy, and, though he wrote admirable papers on religious philosophy, he had an unusual horror of death.

Some of the greatest warriors have been afraid of thunder. Cæsar was almost thrown into convulsions by it, but he was subject to fits of epilepsy. Thomas Aquinas also suffered greatly in thunder-storms, and always regarded their coming on with unalloyed terror. Queen Elizabeth would not allow the name of her dear rival, Mary of Scotland, to be uttered in her presence. The word "death" was full of horrors to her. Nor could Talleyrand hear the same word pronounced without changing colour. His domestics scarcely dared to place before him letters sealed with black, conveying the intelligence of the decease of friends, relations, or diplomatists. Of some of them, the decease was concealed from Talleyrand for many years.

Montaigne, supposed to be a stoic, was, like Johnson, full of prejudices and antipathies. He always preferred odd numbers; though he would not sit at table one of thirteen. He began nothing on Friday. He was alarmed at a hare crossing his path. The Marquis D'Argens, the chamberlain of Frederick the Great, when he found thirteen at table, immediately rose and escaped. Hobbes did not dare to sleep at night without a candle burning by his bedside. He did not believe in God, but he had a dreadful horror of the devil. Voltaire, whom one would have supposed to be devoid of fear—mocker as he was of all the beliefs and superstitions of men—was thrown into alarm and fear on hearing cocks crowing on his left, when in the country. Rousseau also had many weaknesses. One of these was his fear of the dark: the approach of night was always the approach of terrors for him. The late Sir Samuel Romilly had a similar fear of darkness. He confesses in his autobiography, that he was in the practice of looking under the bed to see no one was concealed there, before he lay down to rest; otherwise he could not sleep. Byron was more superstitious still. He believed in supernatural appearances, in apparitions, in presentiments, in omens, and dreams. A drawer of horoscopes had predicted that his twenty-seventh or thirty-seventh year would be fatal to him, and he could not get the prediction out of his head. Friday was always a black day in his calendar. He was struck with terror when he remembered that he had embarked for Greece, at Gênes, on a Friday, and he once dismissed a tailor at Geneva who brought him home a new hat on that day. At Pisa, he went to call upon a lady of distinction for the first time, but immediately turned away from the door when he remembered it was Friday. He would neither help any one to salt at table, nor be helped himself. To overturn the salt-cellar, or to let the bread fall, was a most alarming occurrence; and to break a mirror was a horrible event. In short, Byron succumbed before the weakest prejudices; and he afforded only another proof that even the strongest intellects have always their weak side—that strongest minds are often the slaves of the pettiest foibles. What a chimera is man! What an object of interest, yet how chaotic, and what a subject of contradictions! A judge of all things, a depository of truths, a pile of contradictions. The history of great men, as some one has said, might be written with the title of *The History of Sublime Fools*; for the greatest have had their folly or their madness. Cardinal Richelieu, one of the strongest of positive minds, often imagined himself to be a horse, and would then leap about the room, neighing and kicking. The great Malebranche was at times not only a fool, but an arch-fool. He once fancied that he carried an enormous leg of mutton at the tip of his nose! A friend would accost him thus: "How is M. Malebranche to-day?" "Very well, on the whole; but this horrid leg of mutton becomes insupportable by its weight and by its smell." "How? leg of mutton?" "What! don't you see it?" If the person said "No," then Malebranche was seriously annoyed. An ingenious friend proposed to cure him of this folly,

[illegible] "you will be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

FRENCH AMBASSADOR'S RECOLLECTIONS OF PERSIA.

BY L. ROCHE-LAVIGNE.

(Translated for the Working Man's Friend, by Walter Weldon.)

(Continued from page 364.)

However, the ladies whom my apparition had so frightened and troubled in the middle of their dances and their pleasures, were re-assured before long by the châhzâdéh, and commenced unloosing themselves from the folds of the curtains behind which they had hidden themselves, and uncovering their faces, which I as yet had hardly seen. Frightened as they had been at first, these mistresses of the mansion were not backward in submitting me to the peering glances of a curiosity which in deepness and intensity could at any rate vie with my own. They shortly, however, resumed their usual attitudes and occupations, all of which my apparition had deranged, and becoming, as it were, accustomed to my presence, put on again that careless and indifferent air which constantly characterise the inmates of the harem. Those of them who had thrown down their instruments upon the carpet, picked them up again, and some sounds which they were thus caused to remit by chance, attracted the fingers of their owners to their cords, and a lively tune was soon being performed, and re-animating the group of pleasure seekers, every member of which, seeming to imagine that the time spent otherwise was all thrown away, in the course of a few more minutes was engaged in dancing.

In the middle of these houries of the terrestrial paradise which had been created for the enjoyment of prince Malek-Khassem-Mirza, we seated ourselves at a little inlaid table, upon which was spread a supper very elegantly prepared, and at which we were joined by another châhzâdéh, the prince Mossem-Mirza, cousin of our host, and my former guide, the old physician. During the repast, which was served with a luxury and refinement in perfect consonance with everything around us, the dances of the women were not discontinued; generally, one of them only danced at once, but now and then a second came to join her, though after the first commencement no more than two ever danced at the same time. Each of the dancers had in her hand a little cymbal, which served the purpose of castanets, and with which she marked the measure of the tune, thus accompanying at intervals the instruments which played it. One of the instruments was a kind of harp or viol, of a round form, furnished with a long finger-board, having only three strings, and standing upright on a pair of feet. It was played by an old man, who was only permitted to enter the sacred precints of the harem because of his being blind. He played his viol—which was made principally of fish bone—with a bow of silk, and beside him was a woman who accompanied his playing with the sweet notes of a mandolin, striking its metallic strings with a kind of sea-shell, while two others struck a couple of tambourines, and a third a small drum exactly like our French ones.

The various dances succeeded each other at the shortest intervals, and the dancers became in the course of a short time so animated that the vivacity and strangeness of their movements was almost absurd; sometimes they seemed to be thrown into a perfect paroxysm of excitement, and at such moments several of them fell upon the carpet in a singular and painful state of nervous agitation.

I found the dances more original than graceful, and consisting principally of brusque and disorderly movements, but movements so animated that they appeared born of delirium. When fatigue had driven the dancers to repose, I was able to examine more deliberately the particular fashion in which they were accoutred. The clothes of the whole number were all of the same pattern; what I saw of them appeared very simple, and the prince was good enough to supply descriptions of all those portions of their dress that I could not see. The Persian females, I am therefore enabled to say, do not wear chemises, but only a tight corsage, which is very straight round the waist, but then widens in order to fall over the petticoat. The two sides of the corsage do not meet over the breast, but a space rather wider than the breadth of a hand is left there, and covered by a piece of richly embroidered silk, the corsage being united by means of clasps. A large petticoat, tightened just above the haunches, hangs over their feet, their hair is combed quite back, and falls in long tresses, which are often ornamented with flowers and precious stones, but the head, their eyebrows, when not so by nature, are always by artificial means, and made to meet together above the nose being essential to a Persian beauty that her eyebrows should so—as those of most Persian women indeed do naturally.

Judging from those of their number whom I met in châhzâdéh's *anderoûn*, the Persian ladies appear to me to h generally small mouths, fine white teeth, very large eyes, features which I may characterise as sweet and handsome. T have the custom of painting black the interior edges of the eye and of prolonging the line which they trace at the roots of eyelashes by means of a very fine point dipped in a black d A few of them wear *mouches* (Fr. plasters or patches worn on cheeks), covered with rouge, and they all are accustomed to st their hands—making them an orange colour—with *pennâ*, a d which is imported from the Indies. The soles of the feet likewise stained in the same way, as are the sides also to t height that a shoe would reach, while the toe-nails are paint with carmine.

It began to grow late, and the physician signed to me that was time to leave, and I therefore made my adieu to the t princes and the ladies, the last of whom saluted me at parting great deal more graciously than they had dreamed of doing when first came into their presence. The doctor and I again thread the labyrinth through which we had passed a few hours befo and we soon found ourselves again at the little door I befo mentioned, which opened for our exit as mysteriously as it ha before done for our entrance. When we had passed through, again closed of its own accord,—never, I dare say, to be aga opened for the admittance of any other man—to say nothing any other Christian—seeing that the mysteries which I had th evening witnessed were such as it was impossible could be twi unveiled.

The prince Malek-Khassem combined with the rare independen of mind, of which he so often gave me proofs, other and mo solid mental qualities and acquirements. He was the perfe master of six languages, exclusive of his own—that is to say, the English, the French, the Turkish, the Russian, the Arabia and the Hindostanie. He had many times accorded his patronag and pecuniary aid to the Europeans who came to settle in hi country, and M. Boré himself, when he came to found in th châh's dominions his famous Ecole Francais, had no more zealou protector than prince Malek-Khassem. He took great pains, o that occasion, to make the châh, his nephew, comprehend that i was to the interests of his subjects and his crown to sustain and uphold that educational institution, and to grant such firman to all those Europeans who were willing to transfer the scene o their industry into Persia, as should encourage European emigration into his territory; and it cannot be imputed as a fault to him that afterwards, in some instances, the châh was not faithful to the firmans he had issued in moments when his uncle had made him look with favour on the idea and traditions of European civilisation.

III.—A PERSIAN INTERIOR.

My intimacy with the châzâdéh Malek-Khassem only showed me an exceptional phase of Persian daily life. The spirit of independence and innovation which I observed in him has not penetrated as yet, by any means, into the bosoms of what may be looked upon as the middle classes of the nation. It is in these classes, however, that society in Persia, as in all other nations, will one day find its solidest foundation. This we shall see if we penetrate into a Persian interior,—into the inner precincts of a family mansion in Ispahan or Teheran, and seek to learn what manner of life prevails amongst the inhabitants; how they employ themselves, what is their business, and in what consist their pleasures. We shall, by so doing, learn to perceive how much vitality is remaining in the Persian national character, and, consequently, what force it is possessed of, and what guarantees there may be found in it for the duration, or even the development, of the Empire of the Sophis.

When one has crossed the threshold of a Persian mansion, one finds oneself generally in a court planted with shrubs or trees, in the midst of which is a vessel of water, which is renewed as often as the facilities for so doing will permit. It is there that the master of the house, his visitors, and servants, make their ablutions, which are repeated a certain number of times each day. The house itself is arranged after the following fashion; firstly, opening upon

the court is a *corps de batement*, which contains what is called the *divân-i-khâneh*, that is to say, the reception hall, in which the master of the mansion receives his visitors and manages his business; secondly, on each side, or at the back, of this portion of the house are several smaller and often detached buildings, which are used as lodgings for the guests and servants, cooking apartments, and places in which are prepared the *kalioums*—the tea or coffee prepared for visitors, and thirdly, behind the first-named building, and completely hidden, is the building containing the apartments of the women and the children. There are, therefore, as we have seen, in a Persian habitation two distinct and separate portions; one which may be almost said to be a public one, and another into which a stranger never penetrates. All the apartments are generally on the ground floor, few Persian houses being more than one story high. The consequence is, that a vast deal of ground is covered by a house there, and that—especially as no two families are permitted by the laws of the Mussulmen to dwell together—the cities of the Persians have a vastness of extent which—at least according to European ideas—is quite incommensurable with the number of their population.

When the master of the house has made his toilet and said his prayers in the morning, he passes from the harem to the *divân-i-khâneh* there, seated in one of the corners, upon a carpet with which the whole floor is covered, he attends to those who visit him. If it be summer, he seats himself near a window which opens upon the planted court which I have named, and in which, near to this window, are planted odorous flowers. If, on the contrary, it be winter, he takes up his position in the opposite corner, and a chafing-dish, or *mugnal*, is placed in the middle of the hall, above the coals in which are placed some odoriferous berries, which, on being heated, perfume the apartment. If the master be a personage of some importance, his visitors are very numerous,—some of them coming to make their court to him as a superior, and to beg for favours, others merely to gratify the popular taste for visiting and gossiping at the houses of others. He is seated upon the carpet with his legs crossed under him, and his visitors, seated in the same manner, are all ranged around him against the walls, in the exact order called for by their various positions in the social scale. The Persians push very far this principle of class, or, as it might be almost called, of *caste*. When any one enters the *divân-i-khâneh*, if he be a person of importance, the master rises, remains standing till the new comer is seated, and, if the visitor be very much his superior, seats himself then without crossing his legs, but on his toes. If the visitor be an equal, he still rises, but seats himself again with his legs under him. If he be an inferior, he simply makes a feint of rising, sometimes rising about half way, perhaps, and then continues seated as before. As for the visitors, all Persians seem possessed of a kind of tact which enables them to see on their first entry into the *divan* the exact place in it which they are entitled to occupy; and they walk through it, thereupon, without saying anything to any one, and place themselves, just as the case may be, before or after those whom it contains already. As for the posture which the visitors take in seating themselves, they follow exactly the same rule as their host. If they are his inferiors, they seat themselves upon their toes; if they are his equals, they cross their legs under them. As for servants, and those belonging to the lower orders of society, they always remain standing near the wall at the extremity of the audience chamber, with their right hands on their belts or on their pouards, and they never speak except in answer to the questions which may be put to them by the master of the house. The laws of etiquette among the Persians are so rigorous, that even a son must remain standing before his father, and must not speak to him till he is authorised, and instances of their being broken are extremely rare.

A Persian generally takes his meals in his *anderhâun*; though it sometimes happens that he causes his dinner or his luncheon to be served in the *diwan*, in the midst of his visitors, who then partake of it with him. On such occasions there is spread upon the carpet a large napkin, made of cotton, silk, or cashmere, according to the opulence of its owner. The meal is composed of aromatised *ragouts* (made dishes), fowls, and eggs, to which are sometimes added dishes of *pilau*, or rice prepared in several fashions, sometimes simply with butter, sometimes with raisins, almonds, and various spices also. The Persians eat with the fingers of the right hand only, the left being considered impure. They neither use knives, forks, nor plates; but place before every guest a very thin round loaf of broad, very much like a pancake, which is eaten with the other viands, and serves instead of a towel also. They drink either water, sherbet, or lemonade,—of the last two of which there are many kinds,—the precepts of the Koran forbidding them to take wine. These precepts are not every where, however, religiously observed; and there are very many Persians who drink—and that too, with intemperance—both wines and spirits. Those who do so generally choose the evening, or the first hours of the night, for their libations. The Persians know not how to drink alcoholic liquors in moderation, that is, without becoming intoxicated; and wine is not sufficient for their palates—they must have their *arak*, or their "water of Europe," which is the name they give to our brandy. Their orgies never end except in drunkenness.

The richest of the Persians employ a couple or three musicians to entertain them during meal times. Of these, one chants in a monotonous tone, varied now and then by piercingly sharp notes, poems of which women, love, and warriors, form the subjects, and he is accompanied by two others on the tambourine and mandolin, a kind of viol being sometimes, however, substituted for the latter. The sounds produced by these instruments are not very harmonious, their tones are almost always painfully sharp and *saccadé*, and it requires the listener to them to have Persian ears in order that his nerves be not most disagreeably affected by their harsh and discordant jar. Nevertheless, somewhat barbarous although Persian music may be, and rather rude the Persian sentiment of melody, it is in Persia with this art as with all others—it is evident that it pleases its inhabitants, that they are not by any means insensible to its influence, and that if they are content to put up with the performance of their at present unskilful musicians, it is merely because they have not the means of procuring better. Their natures are well, marvellously well, fitted to receive delicate impressions; and if music has remained with them till now in so rude a state, there are two very excellent reasons for its having done so,—seeing that it is not an imitative art, like painting, and consequently requires for its advancement more knowledge and science than as yet has penetrated into Persia, and that the practice of the art is there considered rather ignoble, and is abandoned entirely to the *lowest*, that is to say, to the mountebanks and those unfortunates who have no other means of supporting existence.

Feasting and visiting takes up the whole day of every Persian whom fortune has placed *en dehors* of those classes who are compelled by necessity to spend their lives in labour. There is, however, a force which checks, even among the upper classes, their material and sensual appetites, and their traditional taste for the *far meute*. This force is the religious faith of the Persians,—a faith which with them has preserved intact its original energy and ardour. It will be easy to show, and that in a few words, how well adapted to the Persian character are the doctrines of Islamism, and what a salutary influence they are capable of exercising over the people of whom I am recording my impressions.

It is well known in what consists the schism which separates religiously the Persians from the Turks, and makes the one look upon the other as the worst of heretics, and that, in spite of what may be said by the Turks to the contrary, the Persians believe in the great dogma and all the fundamental principles of Islamism, such as they were established by Mahomet. Their dissidence in respecting questions more historic than religious,—such as that respecting the rights of Ali to the succession of the prophet, compared with those of Aboubekhr and Omar, and the characteristic traits of Islamism are to be found, to say the least, as strongly developed in the Persians as in the Turks. The Koran only teaches of one God, the Creator of all things, and the only being to whom men ought to address worship and adoration. It teaches also of angels, that is, of supernatural beings who are placed between the Almighty and the human race, for which they are wont to intercede with God. The Devil* has also a place in what

* The belief in a Devil is developed in some parts of Persia to such a great extent, that it encroaches considerably upon the belief in God; and there exists, principally in the north of Mesopotamia, a sect whose members have turned their belief in the power of the Devil into a kind of stupid idolatry; and, under the redoubtable name of *Chetian*, pray to and worship Satan even in preference to God. These singular sectarians, professors of a faith so diabolical, are called *Yezidis*. They pretend, as an explanation of their worship, that the Devil having the power of doing evil and of injuring mankind, they act wisely in worshipping him, and in thus persuading him to turn aside his malefices. It is very probable that the *Yezidis* are the remnants of the ancient idolators of Asia, who acknowledged two antagonistic forces,—that of the good being, personified in Ormuzd, and that of the evil being, represented by Ahriman. They are redoubtable for the bellicosity of

it teaches, as an evil spirit who is the chief of a vast number of evil spirits of an inferior order, called *djins* or *dios*. A very important portion of the faith of the Mahometans is that which asserts the existence of a future state, and thus the immortality of the soul. They believe in a hell, as well as in a heaven, and in the former place imagine that the punishments will vary in severity according to the deepness of the sins which have been committed by the punished; and that in the latter, those who have been enabled by their good actions to become its inhabitants, will enjoy an unlimited and ever-increasing variety of pleasures. There is certainly something sensual and material in the pleasures which are promised by Mahomet to his followers,—something more calculated to gratify the animal appetites and the body than the soul; but it must not be forgotten that these things were promised by him to barbarous, but yet voluptuous peoples,—to peoples degraded to as great an extent as men *can* be degraded by idolatry,—for the purpose of persuading them to obey the precepts of a religion which, however false it may be, is certainly superior to those it superseded. Moreover, *everything* connected with Islamism is *not* sensual and material, for one of the obligations imposed most strictly by Mahomet upon his disciples is that of the constant practice of charity. "Prayer and fasting," says the Koran, "will carry a man unto the gates of heaven, but it is the alms which he has given that alone will open them to him" and the Persians are so universally impressed with the force of this precept, that scarcely one of them is wanting in charity, according to their acceptation of the term—an acceptation which makes that man the most charitable who gives the greatest amount of worldly goods away as alms; and there are no countries in the world in which it is so generally exercised as in Turkey and in Persia.

Separated from orthodox Mahometanism, the Persians are extremely infatuated with everything relating to the dissident faith which they have embraced with fervour. Their fanaticism, however, has something about it which is much more intellectual and less brutal than is anything which is connected with that of the Turks. As the Turks or Sunnites will not suffer any discussion to be entered upon respecting even the least important of their religious dogmas, the Persians, on the contrary, are pleased with controversy, and, far from shunning it, seek it with that confidence which is imparted by a heart-felt faith and a cultivated and strong mind. To the eyes of the Persians, the decrees of Providence have the same force that they have with the Turks; but the first, while bowing their necks under the yoke of fatalism, use all their efforts to attenuate the effects of that which they believe *must* come to pass; and this is what the Turks never would dream of doing. In Persia, whatever may be the lot of an individual, he never suffers himself to enter into that state of open revolt against the decrees of God which conducts to suicide, as is done, alas! in many a Christian country. This homicide, of which the murderer himself is the victim, is as little known amongst them as is another species, not infrequent among us, and the result of our prejudices, and sometimes of the inefficacy of our laws,—the homicide which is committed by the duellist. The Persians revenge themselves upon their enemies when they can; they will sometimes attack with arms and even assassinate them; but they never fight conditionally and before witnesses.

I have said that some portions of the doctrines of Mahomet—if, indeed, not all—were framed so as to make concessions to the instincts and the needs of those whom he wished to range under the banner of Islamism; but of all the concessions that he made to the sensual instincts of those amongst whom he wished to spread Mahometanism, none is more repugnant to a Christian than that which is permissive of a plurality of wives. The Koran legitimatises polygamy, but it establishes some differences between the female companions who are allowed by it to Mussulmen. It permits a believer to have four legitimate wives, who must live always with their husband, and whom he has not the power of putting away. These spouses are called *nikiâ*. As well as these, it allows him as many concubines, under the name of *mutch*, as he may be pleased or able to place beneath his roof. Of these concubines, some he buys and some he simply hires; and he can either buy or sell them at his pleasure. Some of them he is, after a fashion, married to, but only temporarily. The duration of these temporary marriages is indeterminate, and depends entirely on the stipulations made beforehand between the two parties. The concubine is bought, as it were, for a given time at such a price; and the purchase must take place before a molah or the cadi. The engagement made by the man is not irrevocable, and he may send back the *mutch* on payment of a certain sum. If, on the contrary, he is pleased with her, at the expiration of the specified time he can, if he chooses, renew the union.

But, although the system of concubinage is sanctioned by the law, there exists, in the interior of the harem, considerable difference between the wives and the concubines. The last are ranked a great deal below the former, from whom they sometimes suffer cruel treatment.

This distinction between the *nikiâ* and the *mutch* does not extend, however, to their children. According to the laws of the Mahometans, dignity of birth is only derived from the father,—the whole of whose children, however various may have been the conditions of their mothers, are legitimate. The difference, indeed, between a concubine and her son is so very great, that the latter remains with the father although the former has been put away. There is something very barbarous in this, and it is hard to believe that the maternal sentiment does not revolt against a law which only recognises the rights of the male parent. If the rupture, it may be added, of temporary marriages is easy, it is not so with the more legitimate ones, by any means. Divorce, it is true, is possible amongst the Persians, but it is considered scandalous, and is only permitted to those who will fulfil conditions which are so very onerous that there are very few who care to submit to them. Moreover, in a country where the husband is allowed so wide a license, and in which he can so easily take new concubines, the resort to divorce, if more easy, would be seldom thought of.

It is only the rich, too, who can take the full advantage of the liberty which is allowed them by the Mahometan laws in regard to women; for it needs immense resources to supply the necessities of a large harem, and to supply the caprices as well as the necessities of a goodly number of women and children. The Persians, therefore, who make use of all the liberty which the Koran accords to them are very rare, and are seldom found except amongst the princes and the most opulent of the khans. As for the other classes, their members are generally too poor to indulge in such a luxury as polygamy, and very few of them possess more than one wife.

Such, in its principal features, is the character of Persian society, considered under its religious and its moral aspects. We find therein a sincere faith, contrasted with a disorder of manners existing principally among the upper classes, and a tendency, more general, to idleness and fatalism. Are these faults inherent in the genius of the nation? or can this apathy and lassitude be accounted for by the numerous revolutions which have kept, for a whole century, the fields of Persia red with her children's blood? Before pronouncing a final judgment, it behoves us to interrogate two other national tendencies, namely, that which has relation to the arts, and that which relates to labours of industry. Having done this, we shall be enabled with the more certainty to decide on what side are ranged the true instincts and most lively *penchants* of the Persians. *(To be continued.)*

their manners; and wherever they dwell they are avoided sedulously by the people amongst whom they dwell; and they everywhere bear an evil reputation, hardly merited by their brigandism and certain abominable practices which are customary among them, and which, although inspired by a religion, are equally repugnant to morality and reason.

RAINY DAYS.

Rain
Rain! Rain!
Thicker and faster it comes again,
Day after day, and week after week;
Neither frost nor snow does its fetters break.
The hills—the valleys—the rivers—the plain—
Inundated are with the heavy rain,
Month after month it patters away,
And we look in vain for a frosty day.

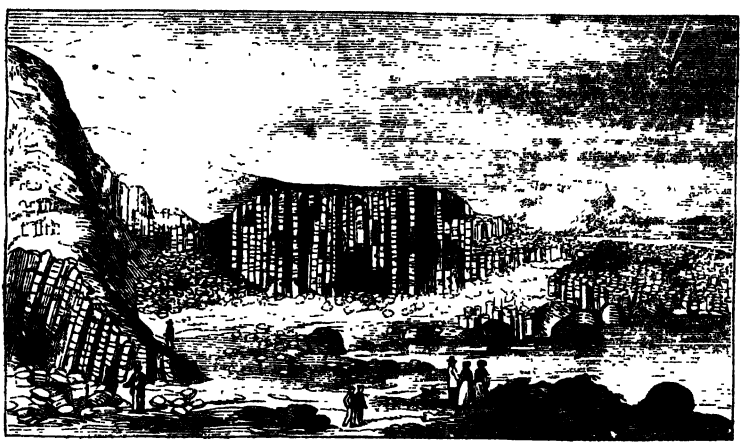
Rain!
Rain! Rain!
It has flooded the earth with its might and main;
It has deluged both cities and town in its course
As it dashes on with a giant's force
It has made the cottages onward fly,
And bridges and trees in dark ruin lie;
Whilst month after month it patters away,
And we look in vain for a frosty day.

A VISIT TO THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

(*Concluded from page* 107.)

We arrived; and as a descriptive account of this most wonderful of Nature's works must necessarily be more interesting to our readers than any mere adventures of the writer, we shall proceed to give something of the general history of the Giant's Causeway; at the same time apologising for allowing so long a period to elapse between the first and second parts of our "visit."

This vast collection of basaltic pillars is in the vicinity of Ballymony, in the county of Antrim, Ireland. The principal or grand causeway (there being several considerable and scattered fragments of a similar nature), consists of an irregular arrangement of many hundred thousands of columns, formed of a black rock, nearly as hard as marble. The greater part of them are of a pentagonal figure, but so closely and compactly situated on their sides, though perfectly distinct from top to bottom, that scarcely anything can be introduced between them. These columns are of an unequal height and breadth several of the most elevated, visible above the surface of the strand, and at the foot of the cliff. The columns of this narrow part incline from a perpendicular a little to the westward, and form a slope on their tops, in the unequal height of their sides, and in this way a gradual ascent is made at the foot of the cliff, from the head of one column to the next above, to the top of the great causeway, which, at the distance of about eighteen feet from the cliff, obtains a perpendicular position, and lowering from its general height, widens to between twenty and thirty feet, being for nearly three hundred feet always above the water. The tops of the columns being, throughout this length, nearly of an equal height, form a grand and singular parade, which may be walked on, somewhat inclining to the water's edge. But from the high-water mark, as it is perpetually washed by the beating surges, on every return of the tide, the platform lowers considerably, becoming more and more uneven so as not to be walked on but with the greatest care. At the distance of a hundred and fifty yards from the cliffs, it turns a little to the east, for the space of twenty or thirty yards, and then sinks into the sea. The figure of these columns is, with few exceptions, pentagonal, or composed of five sides, and the spectator must look very narrowly indeed to find any of a different construction, having three, four, or six sides. What is very extraordinary,



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY; AS EXECUTED IN NEEDLEWORK BY MRS. ANNE WARD, OF COLERAINE, IRELAND; AND SHOWN BY HER IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

impending angular precipice, are of the height of about twenty feet, which they do not exceed, at least not any of the principal arrangement. How deeply they are fixed in the strand, has never yet been ascertained.

This grand arrangement extends nearly two hundred yards, as it is visible at low water; but how far beyond is uncertain: from its declining appearance, however, at low water, it is probable that it does not reach beneath the water to a distance equal to that which is seen above. The breadth of the principal causeway, which runs out in one continued range of columns, is in general from twenty to thirty feet. in some parts it may, for a short distance, be nearly forty From this account are excluded the broken and scattered pieces of the same kind of construction, which are detached from the sides of the grand causeway, as they do not appear to have ever been contiguous to the principal arrangement, although they have been frequently comprehended in the width, which has led to such wild and dissimilar representations of this causeway, in the different accounts that have been given. Its highest part is the narrowest, at the very spot of the impending cliff, whence the whole projects; and there, for about the same space in length, its width is not more than from twelve to fifteen

and particularly curious, is, that there are not two columns in ten thousand to be found which either have their sides equal among themselves, or display a like figure.

The composition of these columns, or pillars, is not less deserving the attention of the curious observer. They are not of one solid stone in an upright position, but composed of several short lengths, nicely joined, not with flat surfaces, but articulated into each other like a ball and socket, or like the joints in the vertebræ of some of the larger kind of fish, the one end of the joint having a cavity, into which the convex end of the opposite is exactly fitted. This is not visible unless on disjoining the two stones. The depth of the concavity or convexity is generally about three or four inches. It is still farther remarkable, that the convexity and correspondent concavity of the joint are not conformable to the external angular figure of the column, but exactly round, and as large as the size or diameter of the column will admit; consequently, as the angles of these columns are in general very unequal, the circular edges of the joints are seldom coincident with more than two or three sides of the pentagonal, and are, from the edge of the circular part of the joint to the exterior sides and angles, quite plain. It ought likewise to be

noticed as a singular curiosity, that the articulations of these joints are frequently inverted, in some of them the concavity being upwards, in others the reverse. This occasions that variety and mixture of concavities and convexities on the tops of the columns, which is observable throughout the platform of this causeway, without any discoverable design or regularity with respect to the number of either.

The length of these particular stones, from joint to joint, is various; they are in general from eighteen inches to two feet long; and, for the greater part, longer towards the bottom of the columns than nearer the top, the articulation of the joints being there somewhat deeper. The size, or diameter, likewise of the columns is as different as their length and figure in general they are from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter. Throughout the whole of this combination there are not many traces of uniformity or design, except in the form of the joint, which is invariably by an articulation of the convex into the concave of the piece next above or below it; nor are there traces of a finishing in any part, whether in the height, length, or breadth. If there be particular instances in which the columns above water have a smooth top, others near them, of an equal height, are more or less convex or concave, which shows them to have been joined to pieces that have been washed away, or by other means taken off. It cannot be doubted but that those parts which are constantly above water have gradually become more and more even, at the same time that the remaining surfaces of the joints must necessarily have been worn smoother by the constant action of the air, and by the friction in walking over them, than where the sea, at every tide, beats on the causeway, continually removing some of the upper stones, and exposing fresh joints. As all the exterior columns, which have two or three sides exposed to view, preserve their diameters from top to bottom, it may be inferred that such is also the case with the interior columns, the tops of which alone are visible.

Notwithstanding the general dissimilitude of the columns, relatively to their figure and diameter, they are so arranged and combined at all the points, that a knife can scarcely be introduced between them, either at the sides or angles. It is most interesting to examine the close contexture and nice insertion of the infinite variety of forms exhibited on the surface of this grand parade. From the great dissimilarity of the figures of the columns, the spectator would be led to believe the causeway a work of human art, were it not, on the other hand, inconceivable that the genius or invention of man should construct and combine such an infinite number of columns, which should have a general apparent likeness, and still be so universally dissimilar in their figure, as that, on the minutest examination, not two in ten or twenty thousand should be found having their angles and sides equal among themselves, or those of one column to those of another. As there is an infinite variety in the configuration of the several parts, so are there not any traces of regularity or design in the outlines of this curious phenomenon including the broken or detached pieces of a similar structure, they are extremely scattered and confused. Whatever may have been their original state, they do not at present appear to have any connexion with the grand or principal causeway, as to any supposable design or use in its first construction; and as little design can be inferred from the figure or position of the several constituent parts.

The cliffs, at a great distance from the causeway, exhibit in many parts similar columns. At the depth of ten or twelve feet from the summit of the cape of Bengore the rock begins to assume a columnar tendency, and forms a range of massy pillars of basalt, which stand perpendicular to the horizon, presenting in the sharp face of the promontory the appearance of a magnificent gallery or colonnade, upwards of sixty feet in height. This colonnade is supported on a solid base of coarse, black, irregular rock, nearly sixty feet think, abounding in blebs and air-holes; but, though comparatively irregular, it evidently affects a peculiar figure, tending in many places to run into regular forms, resembling the shooting of salts and many other substances during a hasty crystallisation. Beneath this great bed of stone stands a second range of pillars from forty to fifty feet high, more exactly defined, and emulating in the neatness of its columns those of the Giant's Causeway. This lower range is upborne by a layer of red ochre stone, which serves as a relief to show it to greater advantage. The two admirable natural galleries, with the interjacent mass of irregular rock, form a perpendicular height of one hundred and seventy feet, from the base of which the promontory, covered with rock and grass, slopes down to the sea a considerable space, so as to give an additional height of two hundred feet, making in all nearly four hundred feet of perpendicular elevation, and presenting a mass, which, for beauty and variety of colouring, for elegance and novelty of arrangement, and for the extraordinary magnitude of its objects, cannot, perhaps, be rivalled by anything at present known.

The promontory of Fairhead raises its lofty summit more than four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and forms the western termination of Ballycastle Bay. It presents a vast compact mass of rude columnar stones, the forms of which are extremely gross, many being a hundred and fifty feet in length. At the base of these gigantic columns lies a wild waste of natural ruins of an enormous size, which, in the course of successive ages, have been tumbled down from their foundations by storms, or some more powerful operations of nature. These massive bodies have occasionally withstood the shock of their fall, and often lie in groups and clumps of pillars, resembling artificial ruins, and forming a very novel and striking landscape.

Many of these pillars lie to the east, in the very bottom of the Bay, at the distance of about one-third of a mile from the causeway. There the earth has evidently fallen away from them upon the strand, and exhibits a very curious arrangement of pentagonal columns, in a perpendicular position, apparently supporting a cliff of different strata of earth, clay, rock, &c., to the height of a hundred and fifty feet. Some of these columns are from thirty to forty feet high, from the top of the sloping bank beneath them, and being longer in the middle of the arrangement, shortening on either of the sides, have obtained the appellation of *organs*, from a rude likeness in this particular to the exterior or frontal tubes of that instrument. As there are few broken pieces on the strand, near this assemblage of columns, it is probable that the outside range, as it now appears, is in reality the original exterior line towards the sea; but how far these columns extend internally into the bowels of the incumbent cliff is unknown. The very substance, indeed, of that part of the cliff which projects to a point, between the two bays on the east and west of the causeway, seems composed of similar materials, for, besides the many pieces which are seen on the sides of the cliff, as it winds to the bottom of the bays, particularly on the eastern side, there is, at the very point of the cliff, and just above the narrow and highest part of the causeway, a long collection of them, the heads or summits of which just appearing without the sloping bank, make it evident that they lie in a sloping position, and about half-way between the perpendicular and the horizontal. The heads of these columns are likewise of mixed surfaces, convex and concave; and they evidently appear to have been removed from their original upright position to the inclining or oblique one they have now assumed, by the sinking or falling of the cliff.

LEIGH HUNT,

A JOURNALIST and Poet, is the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, October 19, 1784. His father, the Rev. Isaac Hunt, was a West Indian; but being in Pennsylvania at the time of the war with the mother-country, he manifested his loyalty to the crown so warmly that he was forced to fly to England as a refuge. Having taken orders he was for some time tutor to Mr. Leigh, the nephew of Bevil Chandos, near Southgate; and his son, the subject of this sketch, was named after his pupil. Like Coleridge and Lamb, Leigh Hunt received his education at Christ's Hospital, where he continued until his fifteenth year. "I was then," he says, "first deputy-Grecian, and had the honour of going out of school at the same age, and for the same reason, as my friend Charles Lamb. The reason was, that I hesitated in my speech. It was understood that a Grecian was bound to deliver a public speech before he left school, and to go into the church afterwards; and as I could do neither of these things, a Grecian I could not be." Whilst at school he showed his talent for poetry by some clever contributions to "The Juvenile Preceptor;" the chief part of these he collected and published under the title "Juvenilia," in 1801, being then under articles of clerkship to an attorney. He subsequently relinquished this connexion with the law to accept an appointment. In 1805, Mr. Hunt's brother John set up a paper called the "News;" and Leigh, giving up his official employment, went

to live with him, and assist in its production. As a critic and scholar he had at this time few equals, and perhaps no superior in the press; and bringing to his newspaper duties a loftier idea of the vocation of a journalist than was then generally entertained, he succeeded in giving to the paper to which he contributed a character which honourably distinguished it above its rivals. His contributions to the "News" consisted chiefly of dramatic and literary criticisms, which, being written with an independence and spirit then too rare in writers for the press, were greatly admired. In 1808 he established the "Examiner" newspaper, still in conjunction with his brother. He was still more literary than political in his tastes and incubrations, but unfortunately ventured an observation in 1810, in the "Examiner," which drew upon him the attentions of the Attorney-general. The following is the paragraph which was then thought worthy a government prosecution. "What a crowd of blessings rush upon one's mind that might be bestowed upon the country in the event of a total change of system! Of all monarchs, indeed, since the Revolution, the successor of George III. will have the finest opportunity of becoming nobly popular." Informations were now filed against Mr. Hunt and his brother, and also against Mr Perry, of the "Morning Chronicle," who had reprinted the obnoxious remarks. The case of the "Morning Chronicle" was tried first; Mr. Perry defended himself with spirit, justifying the passage, and was acquitted, upon which the information against the "Examiner" was withdrawn. Another opportunity soon presented itself to the officers of the Crown. Some remarks, by no means of a personal character, directed against the practice of military flogging, became the subject of a second prosecution, and the trial came on before Lord Ellenborough, 22nd February, 1811. Mr. Brougham, then a rising advocate in the English courts, was engaged for the defence; and having cited the opinions of Abercromby and other illustrious generals in condemnation of the use of the lash, declared that the real question with the jury was, whether on the most important subjects an Englishman had the privilege of expressing himself according to his feelings and opinions—a question which the jury answered in the affirmative by a verdict of Not guilty. But this was not to be the last of Hunt's appearances in the law courts. The "Morning Post" having, in the practice of its usual fulsome adulation, called the Prince Regent an Adonis, Leigh Hunt added—"of fifty." The Prince's vanity triumphed over his discretion, and upon so slight a ground was a prosecution instituted. The jury upon this occasion found a verdict of Guilty against Leigh Hunt and his brother John; and each was sentenced to pay a fine of £500 (which, with the costs, made the total penalty £2,000) and to suffer two years in Horsemonger Lane Gaol. Offers not to press both penalties were made on condition that no similar attacks should appear, but they were with constancy rejected. Mr. Hunt has since described the manner in which he adapted the cell allotted to him to the tastes of a poet. He papered the walls with a trellis of roses, coloured the ceiling with clouds and sky, screened the barred windows with Venetian blinds, and having set up his bookshelves, and introduced a piano, declared there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. Upon their liberation the Hunts continued to write as before, and maintained the "Examiner" at the head of the weekly metropolitan press, until in course of time he surrendered it to a management. On leaving prison he published his "Story of Rimini," an Italian tale in verse, containing some exquisite lines, and discovering a charming play of fancy; he also set up a small weekly literary paper in the manner of the periodical essayists of Queen Anne's Reign, which, like his "Companion," was well received, but not to a sufficient extent to ensure its permanence. In 1810 he also commenced a quarterly magazine, called "The Reflector," but it was not more successful than the "Liberal," which he subsequently published in connexion with Shelley and Byron. Mr. Hunt's chief fame has been won as an essayist, his performances in this character are to be found in a collection called the "Round Table," written in conjunction with Hazlitt, as well as in his "Indicator and Companion," and in "Critical Essays on the Performers at the London Theatres." In 1822, Mr. Hunt went to Italy to reside with Lord Byron, but the association was not productive of happiness; and the disappointment of the untitled poet was afterwards freely expressed, much to the chagrin of Byron's admirers, in a work called "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries." Among the works of Leigh Hunt not mentioned above are included "Classic Tales," "Feast of the Poets," "The Descent of Liberty, a Mask," "Foliage," "A Translation of Tasso's Aminta," "The Literary Pocket-Book," "The Legend of Florence," a drama, and "Paltrey," a poem. Besides these original works must be mentioned "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," "Imaginations and Fancy," "Wit and Humour," &c., volumes in which the choicest flowers of genius are brought together, while the taste of their gatherer is genially employed to unfold their hidden beauties. These latter volumes are substitutes for the hortus-siccus kind of compilations long known as "Elegant Extracts."

THE LITTLE HAND.

(A Tale for the Young.)

BY THE REV. H. HASTINGS WELD, OF BOSTON, UNITED STATES.

THERE were once two little boys, whose names we will suppose to be George and Henry. They lived in a beautiful valley in Pennsylvania, the same where I am now sitting to write this sketch concerning them. The sun peeped over the hills at the East, to bid them good morning; and when he went to rest, he made his night-cap of mountains on the other side of this beautiful valley. A stream which comes through it, making a notch in the hills on both sides, joins another stream below, and the two with their tributaries form the Brandywine river, famous for the battle fought on its banks, in which the friend of our country, Lafayette, was wounded, many years ago.

When George and Henry rubbed their eyes open in the morning, the first thing they saw from the window was a famous old stone bridge, arched over the Brandywine. Across this bridge, long before they were born, there used to pass every day, long trains of loaded wagons, jingling with bells, and carrying the merchandise of Europe, the products of the tropics, or the manufactures of New England, into the heart of Pennsylvania, or returning with the wheat and iron, and other mineral and agricultural products, of this fine rich State. But now you may look many times in a day, and see nothing upon the bridge, but every few moments you hear a puff and a whistle, and turning at the sound, you see another, and more modern, but less romantic structure. Over this goes snorting and puffing the iron horses, drawing after them long and heavily laden trains, and waking the echoes of the quiet valley with their shrill music. Every hour in the day, from early dawn till dark, you may hear this music. I know nothing more beautiful than when, as where I now sit, you may see of a still cold afternoon the long train which the railroad train seems to have left on the side of the dark wintery hills—the white smoke and steam, puffed out of the locomotive, and hanging like a wire-drawn cloud over the road, until the swift-moving cause of the appearance is far, ever so far away.

If you chance to be awake in the morning, or if the whistle wakes you, you may see a fiery car shooting along, and leaving a sparkling train like a comet. And as the train thunders over the bridge, you shudder at the thought, that the careless movement of a piece of iron might hurl into eternity the hundreds of people who may be in those cars, quietly beguiling their journey with sleep. You are thankful that you are safe in bed, but if you keep awake long enough to remember it, you bethink yourself that the same good God who guards you knows, also, "all who travel by land and by water," and that his eye is watchful over all.

The iron road over which is carried at one draught a whole day's procession of waggon loads, has left the grass to grow on the turnpike. Cows feed along the roadside where the quick bustle of twenty-five years ago would have scared them from their feed, had the many heavy wheels left feed there for them. Our little friends, George and Henry, were not rich, nor of rich parents, but they were richer than many, whose turnpike stock melted from thousands down to hundreds, as horse power came on the rails, and thence to tens and fives, when the iron locomotive took their business away altogether from the quadruped. Old taverns are here, the ghosts of "entertainment for man and beast." Small shops nestled in the corners of the great houses which used to be filled with people, and had every night a new set of inmates. Great piles of stone stabling would look quite romantic, if they had only turrets or battlements to make interesting ruins of their now uncomely walls.

A friend of mine came here about a dozen years ago, looking for a spot where he might establish himself to preach—for he was a minister of the Gospel. He looked with a poetic eye on those old stables—and thought how, with a Gothic arching to the doors, and the piercing of windows in the old walls, and the building of a tower, he might convert the now useless building into a church. But his friends were more practical, and built him a new, commodious and very pretty building—small, but I am sorry to say, as yet almost large enough. And here on every Sunday I am at

home. Here, on Sunday afternoon, the little children come from far and near, from the village and from the distant hillside, to learn those things in which, as an old writer expresses it, "a Christian ought to be instructed for his soul's health." A right pleasant thing it is to see this congregation of little people gather. George and Henry always came among them, and no two of the pupils were dearer to the teachers than they.

One Sunday afternoon neither George nor Henry was there; and you may all be sure that we were very sad indeed to hear that Henry had stayed at home, because little George was dead. The sun had risen unthought of that day by little Henry, for his bed-fellow was not there to look abroad with him, and he waked late to reach out his arms in vain for his brother, and bitterly to cry when he found that the pillow was untouched, and would no more be pressed by the curly head which he had so often hugged to his heart; and hugged the closer in his dreams, when the thunder of the train upon the bridge, or the shrill scream which seemed almost to sound under his bed, disturbed his sleep without awakening him from it. The last rays of the next day's sun kissed a little grave, and the golden glories of the sunset were full of happy promise for one of the little ones of whom Jesus said, "Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not." It is a sad thing to pay the last office to a little child—to commit his body to the ground until the general resurrection in the last day. It is sad because of the grief of sorrowing relatives and friends—of brothers, who, like little Henry, refuse to be comforted—of sisters who draw back with a shudder from the deep narrow pit—and of lesser children who look on with an air of grieved and troubled wonder—too much perplexed to understand their bereavement, and yet sufficiently aware of the grief of the scene to weep, they know not why. The sorrow of the mother is not always spoken, perhaps because it is beyond words, and the father's heart aches to find his busy hopes thus suddenly cut short. But though mournful on account of the survivors, the "light on little graves" is pleasant, if we will but see in it the reflection of the purposes of the kind Father who has taken the children away from the evil to come. Had George lived, he might have met much to sorrow for, and as he had a kind heart, we are sure that he would, even though his own personal lot had been free from suffering.

And so little George died and was buried. And Henry came alone on the next Sabbath to the Sunday-school. There the sorrow of his young heart [illegible], for each of the brothers was a subscriber to the paper which is printed to circulate among Sunday-school scholars. George was a little fellow, and sometimes while he lived could not come to the church. And then Henry carried home his paper for him. On such occasions George looked with all anxiety for the return of Henry from school, eager to receive the Child's Gazette which he prized so much. On this Sunday, when the little form of George was wrapped in clay, Henry took his paper with a smile. For an instant he had forgotten his loss. For an instant he thought of George bounding to meet him, and a smile of expectation [illegible]. Then remembered that his brother would meet him no more in this world, and very sad he was indeed. All who saw joined with him in his grief; but we reminded them of the better land, where those who love God will meet, and as they listened, their sorrow became a pleasing melancholy. They were wiser if sadder, and it seemed as if their late schoolmate George, being dead, yet spake among them.

George and Henry were not born in America, but came with their parents from over the sea. Dearly they loved to wander together through scenes so new to them, and when George was gone Henry seemed to desire nothing but to ramble alone where his brother had so often accompanied him. He sought everything which could remind him of the friend he had lost, and thought of him not as dead, but only as separated for awhile from him. It was delightful to see so much true thoughtfulness in one so young; not the unavailing grief to which many older persons give way—but "sorrow not without hope."

Perhaps my young readers think that this sketch has in it already quite pain enough. But they must remember that I am telling them a true story, and cannot make my facts, but must recount them as they happened. Before the house where Henry lived is a mill race, and upon it stands a woollen manufactory, in which lies his father's business. Little Henry very early learned to move unharmed among the machinery, and many parts he could adjust and direct as well as an older person. When not at school he often went in, unasked, to assist his father—until one evening when we heard that the poor lad had lost an arm. The constant sight of the machinery had made him too confident, and he paid the sad penalty.

He bore his sufferings like a little hero. The limb was skilfully amputated, and Henry laid upon his bed, which was brought down stairs that he might not brood over his great misfortune in solitude. There we saw him. The minister may choose his companions among the well and the happy, and visit them or not, as his leisure serves; but his duty lies among the suffering and the sick, and such he must not neglect, if he would follow the example of his Heavenly Master. Well rewarded we were for that visit, for the glance of pleasure that lighted up the little hero's eyes was a something more grateful than the house of feasting could have offered. Again we were there when his mangled limb was dressed, and no soldier after the excitement of a hard fought field could have exhibited more courage—more fortitude we should say, which is the nobler effort of the mind.

The strangest little incident remains to be told. In a day or two there was a call for us, and we found the friends of Henry with his little amputated arm in a miniature coffin. They wished to obtain permission to place the arm which had so often encircled George alive, upon the dead lad's breast. And there now repose the body of the child who first died, and the arm of his brother; we dare say that there is not another such a grave like it in the world. It was a thought worthy the poetry of affection—that true poetry, which needs no rules of art, and no choice of words for its expression—which grows spontaneous in the palace and in the cottage—wherever "little children love one another." Often the one-armed lad strays into the quiet cemetery, where the few who have died since the church was built sleep in its shadow. Who can tell what strange thoughts must gather in the mind of that boy as he gazes on the grave of his own flesh—who can tell what speculations that lad must indulge in, respecting the day when the grave shall give up its dead! He may, and most probably will die far away from this, for if he reaches man's estate he will probably wander hence. And when he dies, how strange will be the thought that he has left his brother such a pledge that in the resurrection they shall see each other!

This much is strict truth. Let us now take a story-teller's privilege, and look some years ahead. It happens often that the loss of a limb, or the disabling of the body, gives the mind larger scope, and that the forced curtailment of pursuits requiring physical strength or aptitude, developes the finer faculties of the mind. We are too careless of our thinking powers, and in the bustle of action leave them to rust inert. And oftentimes that which seems to our short sight a great calamity, proves a great good, controlling and directing our paths into higher pursuits than we should have thought of for ourselves, or our friends would have devised for us, under other circumstances.

Henry learns to love his book, and it is remarkable to see with what dexterity he can manage to turn over the leaves of a pretty large volume, steadying it upon his knee with his other arm, since other hand he has none. And we must not forget to mention that he learns better to love his mother and his little sister, that is to say, he gives more evidence of his love in thoughtful attention. His young heart is moved with ambition to show how useful he can be with only one hand, and he accomplishes more with that—more of serviceable help—than most other boys can do with two. His baby sister is his constant companion, a gentle little playmate, from whom he need fear no rough usage. And the loss of his arm has made him gentle too. She thinks, and well she thinks, there never was so kind a brother. His father, also, finds him more than ever useful. Upon errands he is invaluable, for now he has not the distraction of the temptation to run wild and play, which he might have, if that hand were still his which used to help him so nimbly over walls and fences, and up the highest, and to us it would seem the most inaccessible trees. Poor fellow! There is a shade of sadness in the glance which he casts up at the high swinging seats which he used to perch upon among the branches; but a smile comes over his face as he stoops to examine the beautiful little mosses at the foot of the tree, which a boy with two arms would never think of heeding.

Years pass. The thoughtful boy has become a youth, and even men of reading listen with pleased surprise at the light which he can throw upon such topics of village conversation as may be elucidated by quotations from books. There is a very good old library in the village, to which the lad has access; and there are nice old books which came to America just after William Penn, and have remained as [illegible]-looms in families, generation after generation. The quaint old type, and the long s's particularly, like an f trimmed, plagued the boy a little at first—but perhaps there is an advantage in the printing which compels you to pause as you read, and a better opportunity is given for marking, learning, and inwardly digesting. At any rate the lad thrives in his learning. The "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" often secures the attainment. The verdict of the neighbours is, that "the young man ought to be educated," and the 'Squire gives his sanction with as much dignity as he would give to the acknowledgement of an affidavit.

But how is this education to be had? It has been apparent for two or three winters that Henry has "learned out" all the country schoolmasters are prepared to teach; and indeed he has become

rather an assistant—an assistant superior to his principal—than a pupil. The minister gives Henry a peep into the Latin Rudiments, and *Liber Primus* is left behind. The surveyor is glad that he should carry the chain, and Henry walks around and looks over and under and into the theodolite, until with his reading he has mastered that mystery, and could survey himself if he had only two hands for the adjustment of the instrument. He has puzzled out all the Latin abbreviations on the old bottles in the apothecary's corner of the village grocery. He has looked behind "one, two, three, one," in the village choir, till he knows more of the theory of music than the leader. He has attempted the solution of the mysteries of the little instrument in the church, and talks about stops and pipes with such aptness, that we are sure he might build an organ, IF—that cruel *if*—if he had only two hands!

What is to be done with the young man? The school committee talk in corners, looking over their shoulders at his thoughtful face, till he feels sure they *must* be saying something in which he is interested, and he hopes—but scarcely dares to hope. At length the secret comes out—he is not disappointed, but almost staggers at the undertaking—he may be schoolmaster, if he dare undertake it. "What is the use," the committee have well asked, "that strangers should be paid and Henry do their work?" Certain of the older folk, who remember school days for their striking incidents, and recollect how some staid citizen, now one of the "heads of meeting," actually whipped the master in his teens—some of these cautious old men who think the world has stood still, or rather retrograded, since they were boys, have their doubts whether a one-armed teacher will do. But the trial is made, and the silent appeal which that armless sleeve makes to the pupils, touches their magnanimity, and Henry proves a better teacher than the village ever knew before, or quite as good as any Even the academy in the country town has not a more thorough one in the primary branches.

The minister drops to Henry's parent a quiet hint. Why cannot he take the money which he receives for teaching the young idea to shoot in that season when other vegetation ceases—why cannot he take his winter wages and educate himself in the summer months? The suggestion is acted upon, and the interest of the clergyman places him where the most can be made of his little capital. By-and-bye he does more, and makes the one-armed student the beneficiary of an institution where provision is made for the cases of those who have more mind to learn than means to pay.

Shall we follow this flight of fancy farther? Shall we make him preacher or lawyer? Doctor he cannot be; for a one-armed man could not have dressed his mangled limb, and doctors must be ready for all emergencies

There are many years before him yet, before he can realise what we have already imagined for him, if the rest of his body does not follow the arm already laid down to its rest. But we do think that for him and such as him, God opens a privileged instead of a difficult path. They are sure of the sympathies of their fellow-men Through them, as instruments, our Heavenly Father works good for those who love him, who have "heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy"

THE LAST OF THE MAGICIANS.

IN early summer, when the leaves were in all their delicious freshness, Laurentius, after the toils of the day, quitted the city of Haerlem, and wandered forth into the neighbouring fields. As he sauntered on, the sounds of the distant populace grew fainter on his ears, and the beauty of nature beneath the setting sun awakened a train of thoughts connected with the passing glories of the scene before him, and the instability and changes that seem combined with the very nature of all that is fair and beautiful.

There came over him saddening reflections, recalling the languor of his own little Lotchen, and he thought how gradually her smile, like the light of a twilight sky, grew fainter and fainter. Much he feared all would be dark soon—dark to him; that his child herself would be a shadow; her voice but a fairy song, art ...ho fleeting farther off in his memory, till it mingled, and was lost for ever, in the murmurs of the infinite Past.

He had striven to minister to her comforts and amusements, yet toys, and even flowers, were neglected now, or yielded but a momentary pleasure; and so the gloom deepened upon him—upon all; for this was not his only grief, ever as the child drooped more and more, there came anguish over the countenance of another whom he loved dearer than life itself.

Laurentius had begun to instruct his Lotchen in the rudiments of reading. She had learned with avidity, at least in days of health and vigour, and even that morning reminding him of some manuscript which he had shown her, with its illuminations and large initial letters, she had besought him to design for her some of its words, that she might keep them by her, and look at them, and learn them—when she was well again.

In his walk, he heard a bird singing in a wood close by it was a merry strain, but it made him sadder, if possible, for it reminded him of a time, not long ago, on that very spot, when with a fair companion on his arm, he momentarily led her aside, and pointed out to her in living letters her own gentle name, carved on the bark of a young tree.

Now, thinking also to gratify his child, stepping out of the path, he engraved some letters on the rind of a beech-tree.

He would have carved her name too—"Lotchen"—but his hand slipped at the second letter, so he made it another word. Then, cutting a square of bark from the tree, he folded it in a piece of paper, and returned home.

Pleased was the little girl when she heard her father's step, and she stretched out her hand to take his present. But, even as he told her of the carved letters, her eyes became dim, and she said she was "a-weary," and then, as she saw her mother turn away, and her father look strangely at her, she put out her hand feebly for the letters, and, placing them beneath her pillow, said, "she would look at them by-and-by." and no doubt she did so, for she had become during her illness an angel in truth and gentleness, but it must have been in heaven that she read them, for she died that night!

Laurentius bowed down with grief; but, after a time he arose, and went to his usual occupation; and, one day, casting his eyes upon the cover in which he had wrapped the beech-rind, he perceived that the cut edges of the letters had stained the outlines of a word upon the paper. That word was "Light"—the talisman that led to a mighty discovery—the "Open sesame" of an infinite store-room of Thought and of Intelligence.

Thus ran the tale—for it is an old one, and in telling it we have indulged in a few particulars — *thus* was printing invented.

But not to Haerlem only, but to Mentz and to Strasburg, has been assigned the honour of this discovery. Very earnest at one time was the controversy, and each locality had certain pretensions to enforce.

Laurentius, sometimes called "Coster," from his office in the cathedral at Haerlem, has the prior claim. From the rude hints he had now obtained, he perfected a sort of press, or rather wooden stamp, on which he cut his letters. He impressed one side of his sheets only, pasting the unlettered surfaces together, to render their appearance more sightly. The earliest of his essays was long considered to be a work entitled, "*Speculum Nostræ Salutis*," subsequently, however, a book was discovered, supposed to be the first specimen of printing. It was an Horarium, impressed on parchment, of eight pages only, containing the Alphabet, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed, and three other prayers. It was the rudest thing in the world—such as the first specimen in a new discovery might indicate—as primitive almost as the first steam-engine. It had no numbers to the leaves—no distinctive marks or points. the lines were uneven, and of various lengths; nay, the very shape of the pages differed, some being rhombodial, some square, some angular. This might be about A.D. 1430.

Previous to this era, wood engraving, a sister art, had been invented. In connexion with it a curious circumstance has lately come to light.

The earliest supposed specimen, bearing date A.D. 1423, was a representation of St. Christopher carrying the infant Jesus. However, about seven years since, an ancient print was discovered at Malines, on the lid of an old chest, of a religious subject, dated A.D. 1418. It was purchased for twenty pounds, by the conservator of the Royal Library, in Brussels, and is a far more curious and better-finished specimen than that of St. Christopher, which is, we believe, in the possession of Earl Spenser.

Playing cards are said to be of an earlier date—first painted, they were supposed to be printed toward the end of the fourteenth century. Hence sprang the engraving of the images of saints on wood.

Haerlem was not long permitted to boast the undisputed possession of so valuable an art as printing. The invention, in

spite of all attempts to conceal its nature, was pirated. It is generally supposed that a workman of Laurentius fled to Strasburg. At all events, Geinfleisch, alleged to be the elder brother of Guttenberg, set up a printing machine in connexion with the latter in this town. This undertaking, however, appears to have been fruitless—nay, utterly failed—for there is no proof of any book being printed at Strasburg till after A.D. 1462, the date of the general dispersion of the printers.

Guttenberg shortly afterwards made his appearance at Mentz. This city was undoubtedly the scene of that improvement in the art which amounted to a second invention, and endued it with a vitality which may be said to have rendered it immortal It was the application of moveable metal types, instead of the old fixed wooden ones—an improvement still further enhanced by the use of cast, instead of cut letters; and here for the first time appears on the scene John Fust, or Faust.

Faust, or Faustus, is a name memorable alike in truth or fable. Marlow and Goethe, in undying verse, have immortalised their hero; but the Faust of history is no less famous, and stands forth, in connexion with the superstition and fears of an age that saw in his perfection of a wonderful art something ominous of an alliance with the Enemy of Mankind.

With John Guttenberg, did Faust, an eminent and enterprising citizen of Mentz, associate himself as partner in the first printing press; while his own energies and pecuniary resources, combined with the skill and practical knowledge of his coadjutor, soon gave that significancy to the discovery that immediately rendered it famous throughout the world. Wonderful as was the power of Thought, it might be said to have now acquired an omnipresent and all-pervading vitality. Hitherto, the discoveries of science, and the experience of the profoundest minds, were but indented upon sand, which every deluge of barbarism was certain to efface; *now*, a security was given to man—a sort of ark—which should securely float down the tide of Time to the remotest ages; not only preserving within it all that was most precious in intellectual acquisition, but containing a talisman which should stay, or at least divide, the stormiest waters, so that the good and the true should henceforth pass dry shod and unharmed among them!

John Faust, citizen of Mentz, having amassed considerable wealth by commercial pursuits, became stimulated by a nobler ambition than that of mere acquisition, and was desirous of devoting his fortune and his energies to some system which, though it might benefit him in a pecuniary view, should also conduce to the intellectual and physical advantages of his fellow-men. Long, however, did he muse in his search for an efficient mode of carrying his project into effect.

One evening, as the shades of twilight were descending, and he sat alone, deeply absorbed in thought, upon looking up, he beheld a tall, dark form before him. There was an ominous light in the eyes, and a wild intelligence on the dusky brow of the stranger, but on his sunken cheeks were Care, and unrequited Toil, and Famine.

With scarcely a word of apology for his intrusion; with some muttered exclamation, "that he had at length found the man he had long been in quest of," Guttenberg—for he it was—unfolded a small packet, and spread upon the table some pieces of metal. Faust looked, rather than asked, for an explanation. The stranger placed the dies in a kind of stamp, painted the surfaces of the letters—for such they were—with a dark fluid, produced a piece of vellum, and impressed upon it a short sentence. He repeated the operation several times, on each occasion comparing the results. He then displayed a printed page—nay, several printed pages—identical in form, words, and points, such as no scribe could imitate or repeat—such as only could be perfected by some new and wonderful art, or by magic. When Faust had sufficiently admired the production, he exclaimed, "That such a beautiful invention must bring its own reward, and that its authors must speedily become independent of the wealthy and of the great." The stranger made no reply. He took a small lamp from his vest, of a construction that seemed to combine the excellences of all the latest improvements; he touched the wick with a match, it lighted up, streaming through the apartment, now darkened by the shades of evening, then instantly went out.

"It wants oil—it has none," said Faust.

"Behold the lamp!" replied Guttenberg, again spreading the metal types before Faust. "It wants oil—will you supply it?"

"I will."

That night the bargain was struck—the compact signed—*the lamp was lighted!*

That lamp had the power of infinite multiplication. From a little star, it became to the world a sun, it pierced through the thickest clouds of moral and mental darkness; it was soon reflected by other lamps, of more or less intensity, throughout all the cities of the civilised world.

For some years Faust and Guttenberg laboured together. Though not the inventors, they stamped this art with a utility that rendered it universal. It was, in many senses, a fearful innovation; it swept away whole centuries of conventional rights and monopolies. Soon, however, it directed itself to mightier and to loftier objects.

These were the magicians! and at one time it appeared they would have experienced the fate of all supposed confederates with the powers of darkness.

Our Faust did not shut himself up with Wagner, to discourse of "dry philosophy;" nor roam the world at large with Mephistopheles, to indulge in luxury, or share the witches' banquet; but he had leagued himself with the unknown mysterious Guttenberg, and that was nearly as bad. He wielded a power which shook the conventional world to its foundations.

When the first productions of the two printers came out, we are told they created a vast sensation. Men could not sufficiently admire and wonder at the new art, the most accurate scribes, and the best judges of chirography, were astonished at the exact similitude of each copy of an impression; they had no idea of the means—at least, the greater portion of them—by which this identity of character was produced, for the operations of the printing-press were guarded and watched over with jealous and mysterious solicitude.

If Faust eschewed magic, we cannot deny but that he loved mystery. Thus, in a most splendid edition of *Tully's Offices*, which issued from his establishment, he declared, in an appendix, "That the book was not executed by means of ink, nor a quill, nor a brazon pen, but by a wonderfully beautiful art!"

Books, and editions of books, were now published from the press at Mentz, comprising hundreds of volumes, identical in every respect—nay, even to the slightest error, or smallest typographical mark. Gradually, the admiration of the public yielded to a sort of superstitious wonder; then, to fear—to hate. Many, too, were personally interested in denouncing the new art. Fanaticism and ignorance set earnestly to work, the passions of an uneducated populace were speedily aroused, neither witches nor wizards had ceased to be believed in, nor persecuted, and there was in the legends of the people many a wild tale of supernatural agency.

It had been the custom of the scribes to illuminate and embellish some of the ancient manuscripts. Faust, to enhance the value of his impressions, had in some degree followed their example; he had introduced coloured inks, in many of his books the red hue predominated.

This was conclusive; little further proof was required by his enemies, for *here* was displayed the very signs by which he had contracted his compact with the Evil One. The populace of Mentz rose in tumult. In vain he addressed the municipality; his house was invaded, his presses were destroyed, his business suspended—nay, it is even said he was obliged for a time to shelter himself in concealment from the fury of the rioters.

But Truth prevailed again, the violence of the populace subsided as quickly as it had risen, and the printing-press resumed with increased vigour its operations. But Faust and Guttenberg had quarrelled; they were no longer to be associates. The man of genius and the man of enterprise separated; each betook himself to his own path; the mighty secret was divulged, and the press, the deadliest enemy of monopoly, whether scientific or political, became patent to all mankind.

Faust, in union with other partners, issued many works from his establishment. There is a love story, too, connected with this art, with his daughter, the gentle Christina; but we will not tell it *now*, lest we be accused of romancing.

Faust lived to witness many of the mighty effects of the science which he had so materially promoted. He was undoubtedly a man of energy—a master-spirit in his time—one of, if not the last of, the magicians; for the night clouds were breaking up, and the mighty revelations of new truths, as they rose, shone with the clear light of stars, and startled not with the same fears and

ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

NOTHING, says Sir J. Herschell, can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken *in limine* by persons, well meaning, perhaps, certainly narrow-minded, against the study of natural philosophy; namely, that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, and leads them to doubt the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well-constituted mind, is, and must be, the direct contrary. No doubt, the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths which it is the object of revelation to make known: but, while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd, and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress on the contrary, by cherishing, as a vital principle, an unbounded spirit of inquiry and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind, and leaves it open and free to every impression of a higher nature which it is susceptible of receiving guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of strict investigation; but encouraging, rather than suppressing, everything that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state.

The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable. He,—who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable, in physical and mathematical sciences, suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising fields of inquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, on a single change of one point of view, or by merely bringing to bear on them some principle which it never occurred before to try,—will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or the future destinies of mankind, while on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral, as well as material, relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits,—the knowledge of the trivial space he occupies in the scale of creation,—and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him,—must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character.

EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

The effort now making for shortening the hours of shop-keeping in Norwich has, says a correspondent, hitherto, been only partially successful. The booksellers have for some time closed their establishments at seven o'clock, and the silversmiths have now agreed to do so, but the grocers, for the most part, refuse to concur in the arrangement, and other classes of tradesmen may be expected to follow the example of the recusants. The linen-drapers, who constitute the most important, because the most numerous and wealthy, body of shopkeepers, have, with a single exception, bound themselves to adhere to the arrangement; but this exception is important, in the first place, because the gentleman who clings to the late-hour system is one of the principal employers in the trade; and in the second, because his non adhesion will, it is feared, be speedily followed by the secession of one and another of his brethren, until the whole shall have relapsed into their former practice. Under these circumstances, it becomes important to investigate, not only the grounds on which the early-closing movement rests, but also the considerations which appear chiefly to influence its opponents.

It is scarcely necessary to re-assert or to re-inforce the arguments in favour of such a shortening of the hours of business as should allow all persons engaged in it some time for relaxation. If it be true that man is destined to labour, it is no less true that labour demands for each day an interval of rest. The night's repose is not adequate for this purpose. Even the brute is unable to toil incessantly through the waking half of the twenty-four hours. But uninterrupting and monotonous drudgery, which wastes also the bodily powers of the human animal, is doubly cruel, in that it starves if it cannot destroy his mind. Millions of souls are condemned by the modern system of merchandize to a mental treadmill. "All work and no play" not only whitens the cheek and shortens life, but it dulls the intellect and chills the heart of a large portion of our population. The question, therefore—"Is the long-hour system right?"—amounts, in fact, to this—Is it right to kill a man before his time? Is it right, by making him the slave of the counter, to render his present existence cheerless, and, as far as possible, to unfit him for the enjoyment of happiness hereafter? Is it right to deal with him as a mere muscular machine, and to treat him less tenderly than you treat a horse or a donkey? Is it right to do this for the sake, not of business—for business, it is notorious, can be conducted quite as well under the short-hour as the long-hour system—but of a particular mode of doing business, which has nothing to support it but custom, and the chance of losing a few half-pence, or at most a few shillings, a-day? Is it worth while, is it allowable, is it just, is it Christian-like, or, rather, is it not a crying sin and a deep disgrace to our age and nation, that so trifling an advantage should be purchased at so prodigious a cost? The heathen practices of infanticide, of widow-burning, of crushing multitudes under the car of Juggernaut, are not more destructive nor more indefensible than the British habit of keeping shops open till a late hour of the night

Before proceeding to rebut the case set up on the other side, we cannot help stopping to observe that the length of the period to be devoted to business, ought not to be regulated solely by the will of the employers. The remark we had lately occasion to make in reference to the peasantry, applies with equal force to labourers in shops, they ought not to be dependent on the charity of any one for the enjoyment of the first necessaries of life, among which the power of commanding a fair day's wages for a *fair* day's work takes the foremost place. The curse which doomed man to earn his bread by the sweat of the brow, was not all penal: it was, in reality, a blessing in disguise. The clear intention of the Omnipotent is, that as man must live by labour, he should thrive by labour, both mentally and bodily; and the social machine has been so constructed, that when allowed to play freely it secures to the employed the power of bargaining on equal terms with the employer. The long-hour system, therefore, is not only an evil in itself, it is also a symptom of a much worse evil—of a state of things in which labour has been unduly placed at the mercy of capital.

LITTLE THINGS.

THE importance of little things has scarcely ever been considered rightly, more especially amongst what are termed the working classes. The philosophy of trifles might, in the hands of a thoughtful man, be made into an enduring and useful book—and any of our readers are welcome to the hint. Those little things we see about us every day we are the most ignorant and careless of, while anything new or strange engages our best attention immediately

As in physical or tangible things, so also in moral and untangible ideas. A *little drop*, says the dram-drinker, can do me no harm, but perhaps he is not aware that the "sea of troubles" is made up of drops, and that if he continues to drink little drops he will doubtless find out the "sea of troubles" before he cares about making out the discovery.

A *little* cold lays the foundation of an incurable disease, resulting in death; which might have been prevented by the employment of a *little* care.

Duty well and properly performed is nothing more nor less than the well-performing the various little things connected with it, of which the great departed "Duke" was an admirable example, and one worthy of being imitated by all classes of society. That which the "Duke" was required to do, he did well. By little things he attained unto greatness. Lord Byron said, that "he awoke one morning and found himself famous;" but it should be remembered that he only attained that height by little and by little. "Great results from little causes spring," the little acorn is the parent of the gigantic oak. The celebrated Lord Bacon says, "the smallest hair casts a shadow;" hence it shows, that a little thing can do that which a large thing, however great, can only do. A little deviation from the truth, however trivial, very materially alters the aspect of it. Paley says "a lie is a breach of promise," therefore I say he that in any manner alters the aspect of the truth of any matter, commits the "breach of promise," if the person to whom such matter is related supposes that he is going to hear the truth.

By careful attention to many little things connected with our daily avocations much misery and unhappiness might be prevented, and much good and happiness very easily and cheaply promoted. With which crumb of morality I conclude my little essay.

THE SOULS OF THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"Who bids for the little children—
Body and soul and brain;
Who bids for the little children—
Young and without a stain?
Will no one bid," said England,
"For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good or evil,
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb:
Fever and pain and squalor
Their bright young eyes shall dim
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places
Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling,
"I'll buy them, one and all,
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie, to skulk, to crawl,
They shall sleep in my lair like maggots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine,
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime with wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin,
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay

"Prison and hulk and gallows
Are many in the land,
'Twere folly not to use them,
So proudly as they stand
Give *me* the little children,
I'll take them as they're born
And I'll feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn."

"Give *me* the little children,
Ye good, ye rich, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round
While ye shut your idle eyes,
And your judges shall have work,
And your lawyers wag the tongue,
And the jailors and policemen
Shall be fathers to the young.

"Oh, shame!" said true Religion,
"Oh, shame, that this should be!
I'll take the little children,
I'll take them all to me
I'll raise them up with kindness
From the mire in which they're trod.
I'll teach them words of blessing,
I'll lead them up to God."

"You're *not* the true religion,"
Said a Sect with flashing eyes;
"Nor thou," said another scowling—
"Thou'rt heresy and lies."
"You shall not have the children,"
Said a third, with shout and yell;
"You're Antichrist and bigot—
You'd train them up for Hell."

And England sorely puzzled
To see such battle strong,
Exclaimed with voice of pity—
"Oh friends! you do me wrong!
Oh, cease your bitter wrangling,
For till you all agree
I fear the little children
Will plague both you and me."

But all refused to listen;—
Quoth they—"We bide our time,"
And the bidders seized the children—
Beggary, Filth, and Crime;
And the prisons teemed with victims,
And the gallows rocked on high,
And the thick abomination
Spread reeking to the sky.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ATHEISM CONSIDERED THEOLOGICALLY AND POLITICALLY. This Volume, consists of thirteen Lectures, by the Rev LYMAN BEECHER, D D. (father of Mrs H. B. Stowe.) These Lectures enter fully into the momentous question now at issue, or, at least, under discussion, between "Secularism" and Christianity For close reasoning and eloquent declamation, these Lectures have rarely been surpassed. The Volume, just issued, is well printed, and is sold for 2s. 6d bound in cloth It is important in ordering this work, that John Cassell's edition should be specially named.

GIN AND WATER, a pair of pictorial designs by Henry Meadows, portraying the effects arising from the indulgence of those potent liquids In the first, GIN, we have the interior of the drunkard's home, with a glimpse of the horrors which belong peculiarly to such homes; in the second, WATER, we see how comfort, cleanliness, and peace attend the steps of the temperate man. The contrast is well sustained, and the pictures—which measure 24 inches by 16 inches—cannot but be popular We have had too many songs and pictures in praise of the drinking customs of our country, and we are glad to perceive that our poets and artists are beginning to discover that they may get inspiration even out of Water—

"Wine, wine, thy power and praise
Have ever been echoed in minstrel lays;
But water, I deem, hath a mightier claim
To fill up a niche in the Temple of Fame!"

These pictures, which should be framed and hung over every cottage chimney-piece, and on the walls of every factory, and workshop, and ragged school throughout all the land, can be obtained of every bookseller for one shilling. They are exquisitely engraved on wood, by Messrs. Henry Linton and William Mc'Connell.

THE AUTOGRAPHS FOR FREEDOM, containing, in addition to a New Story by Mrs STOWE, authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," entitled "The Two Altars; or, Two Pictures in One,—The Altar of Liberty, or 1776, The Altar of ——, or 1850," a thrilling Narrative by FREDERICK DOUGLASS, entitled "The Heroic Slave," "Passages in the Life of a Slave Woman," by Annie Parker; "Placido, the Cuban Slave," by Professor W. G. Allen; "The Heroic Slave Woman," by the Rev. J. S. May, &c., also, Contributions from the leading Writers in America on the Question of Negro Emancipation; and, on this side of the Atlantic, from the Earl of Carlisle, the Bishop of Oxford, Wilson Armistead, Joseph Sturge, &c.; with facsimiles of the Autographs of all the Contributors, Price 1s, in boards, or bound in cloth, with Light beautiful Engravings from designs by Gilbert and Wills, price 1s. 6d.

THE ALTAR OF THE HOUSEHOLD a Series of Services for Domestic Worship for every Morning and Evening in the Year, Select Portions of Holy Writ, and Prayers and Thanksgivings for Particular Occasions; with an Address to Heads of Families. Edited by the Rev. John Harris, D D., Principal of New College, St. John's Wood, Author of "The Great Teacher," "Mammon," "Pre-Adamite Earth," &c &c, assisted by eminent contributors. The following are among the Ministers engaged in the preparation of THE ALTAR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—The Rev J. Sherman, the Rev W. Urwick, D D., the Rev. W H. Bunting, M A, the Rev. R. Ferguson, L.L.D., the Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D., the Rev. Professor Lorimer, the Rev. Newman Hall, B.A, the Rev B. S Hollis, the Rev. W. Chalmers, A M., the Rev. J Beaumont, M.D., the Rev. Samuel Martin, the Rev. William Brock, the Rev. John Kennedy, A.M, the Rev. William Leask, the Rev. Charles Williams, the Rev. W W. Evans, A.M., the Rev J. Stoughton, the Rev. W. Reid, the Rev George Smith, &c. &c. The Work will be completed in Twelve Parts, one to appear on the First day of each successive month; the whole forming One Handsome Volume, with Frontispiece engraved on steel by a first-rate Artist. Parts I. to III. are now ready, price 1s. each, or in one Quarterly Section, price 3s

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The PATHWAY, a Religious Magazine, price 2d. each Number, enclosed in a neat wrapper. The Fourth Volume has just commenced—Vols. I. and II. price 2s. 3d. each, Vol. III., price 2s. 9d., neatly bound, are now ready.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, with Twenty-seven Illustrations on wood, by George Cruikshank, and an excellent Portrait of the Authoress.—Three Editions of this popular work are now on sale at our office—a Drawing Room Edition, demy 8vo., price 4s. 6d. elegantly bound, with gilt edges; crown 8vo., neatly bound, gilt edges, 3s. 6d., or plain binding, 2s.

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A FEW GENERAL STATISTICS.

EAST INDIA SALARIES.—The renewal of the charter of the East India Company is one of the most important things that must come before the newly-elected Parliament. The following table of salaries to civil officers in the service will show how vast a pecuniary interest is concerned in the decision of the question:—

Governor-General of India .	*Rs. 250,000
Chief Justice	83,347
2 Puisne Judges, each . . .	62,510
4 Members of Council, each . . .	160,320
5 Judges of Sudder Dewani Adawlut, average each	52,200
2 Members of Sudder Board of Revenue, ditto	52,200
3 Members of Board of Customs, salt and opium, average each	52,200
4 Political employment, average each	50,000
4 Secretaries to Government, each	52,200
2 Opium agents, ditto . . .	42,000
9 Revenue and Abkari Commissioners, at average each of .	38,000
30 Judges, at an average each . .	30,000
45 Collectors and Magistrates, at salaries of from	38,000
To	28,000
And	12,000
9 Miscellaneous appointments, varying from	28,000
To.	15,000
*Additional Collectors, Joint Magistrates, and Deputy Collectors, from	12,000
To	8,100
2 Secretaries to Boards	30,000
1 Register	30,000
35 Assistants, at from	6,600
To	4,800

Deputation allowances are omitted.

COASTING TRADE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.—The total number of vessels which entered inwards with cargoes at the several ports of the United Kingdom, during the five months ended the 5th of June, 1852, was 54,981, with tonnage 5,215,034, against 55,477, with tonnage 5,052,836, in the corresponding period of 1851. The number of vessels which cleared outwards during the first five months of the present year was 61,518, with 5,420,064 tonnage, against 62,753, with 5,620,815 tonnage, in the corresponding period of 1851. Of the whole number of vessels which entered inwards in the first five months of 1852, 3,797, with 688,100 tonnage, were employed in the intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland. The total number of vessels which entered inwards with cargoes during the month ended the 5th of June, was 12,060, and of these 10,634 were sailing, and 1,426 steam vessels. The number of vessels which cleared outwards within the month was 13,906; of these, 12,447 were sailing, and 1,459 steam vessels.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS.—The following particulars, showing the number of criminal offenders in 1851, are taken from the Annual Tables of Criminal Reports 27,960 persons were committed for trial or bailed in England and Wales, of which 21,679 were convicted, and 6,359 acquitted. 70 were capitally convicted, of whom 10 only were executed, 52 having had their sentence commuted into transportation for life, and the rest into minor punishments, except one free pardon. 124 were transported for life, and 2,702 for minor periods. Of the offenders 22,301 were male, and 5,569 females. The total number of criminals in 1850 was 26,813; in 1849, 27,816; and in the five years ending 1851, 144,771. In the five years ending 1846, 136,327. In Scotland, 4,001 persons were committed for trial or bailed, 2,892 males, and 1,129 females; of these one only was capitally convicted, 15 transported for life, and 687 for shorter periods. 3,070 cases resulted in convictions, 907 in acquittals.

STATISTICS OF NAVIGATION.—From returns which have been published it appears that 8,990 ships under, and 14,970 ships above, fifty tons, had been registered in the United Kingdom on the 31st of December, 1850, of which the tonnage of those under fifty tons amounted to 270,525, and of those above fifty tons to 3,067,207 tons. The number of registered steam vessels under fifty tons was 520, the tonnage of which amounted to 12,885 tons, and the number of steamers above sixty tons was 658, having a tonnage of 154,328. The number of sailing vessels that entered and cleared coastwise including their repeated voyages last year, was as follows:—Inwards, England 101,361, tonnage 8,009,681; Scotland 16,766, tonnage 1,042,971; Ireland 15,403, tonnage 1,191,243. outwards, England 117,073, tonnage 9,124,185; Scotland 17,322, tonnage 1,028,376; Ireland 7,360, tonnage 438,532. The number of sailing vessels that entered inwards from the colonies during the year was 5,333, having a tonnage of 1,502,149. The proportion of foreign vessels was 237, the tonnage of which amounted to 82,085. Last year 610 timber vessels and timber steamers were built and registered, the aggregate tonnage of which was 120,895; eleven iron sailing vessels and fifty iron steamers were built and registered. The number of vessels wrecked during the year was 129, of which four were steam vessels. 129 sailing vessels and ten steamers belonging to the United Kingdom were broken up. Fifty-seven foreign-built vessels, having a tonnage of 10,499, were registered in this country

AGES OF THE CABINET.—The respective ages of the cabinet ministers are as follows:—Lord Lansdowne, seventy-three; Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston, sixty-nine; Lord Cranworth, sixty-three; Lord John Russell and Sir J. Graham, sixty-one; Sir C. Wood, fifty-three; Gladstone, forty-four; Sir W. Molesworth and Mr. Sydney Herbert, forty-three; Duke of Newcastle, forty-two; Lord Granville, thirty-eight; Duke of Argyll, thirty. Their joint ages are 699, and their average age fifty-three, that of Sir Charles Wood Several of them are under sixty years of age, and six above that age.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.—It takes 300,000 gold leaves to make an inch in thickness, and 170,000 silver leaves been estimated that there are in London above 16,000 beggars, who obtain from 1s. 6d. to 5s. daily. The London and Birmingham Railway cost £5,000,000, or £44,444 per mile There are seven tunnels on the line. A man is taller in the morning than at night, to the extent of half an inch or more, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages. Horse power in steam-engines is calculated as the power which would raise 33,000 lbs. a foot high in a minute, or 90 lbs. at the rate of four miles per hour. The various clucks of the hen display anger, grief, or joy. The language of the cock is distinctly varied for every purpose, most animals vary their tone by various passions, though the vanity of man does not regard it. The first coach in England was built in 1565, for the Earl of Rutland. In 1661 a stage coach was two days going from London to Oxford (54 miles), and the "Flying Coach" in summer was thirteen hours. Herah Gulliam, the calculating boy, could, in a few minutes or two hours, the exact product of any or all figures from six or six, or extract the square or cube root of eight or ten figures. George Bidder, another calculating boy, could do the same.

THE TAXES AT THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION.—By an Act passed in 1689 being "The First of William and Mary," and intended to "raise money by a poll and otherwise, towards the reduction of Ireland," a Duke was to pay £50; a Marquis, £40, an Earl £30; a Viscount, £20; a Baron, £20; an Archbishop, £20; a Duke's eldest son, £30; a Duke's youngest son, £25; the eldest son of a Marquis, £25; the youngest son of a Marquis, £20; the eldest son of an Earl, £20; the youngest son of an Earl, £15, the eldest son of a Viscount, £15; the youngest son of a Viscount, £15; a Baronet, £15; a Knight of the Bath, £15; a Sergeant of law, £20; other Law Officers, £15; a Dean, £10: an Esquire, £5, a D D., £5; a Doctor of Law, £5; a Pluralist, £5, a Gentleman, £1; and Widows a third part of the above. Public Companies, Societies, and Corporations were also taxed according to their capacity and debt, all specified in the Act with precision, and all shareholders in public works were assessed according to the amount of their shares. But the important question arises, "How were the great bulk of the people to be charged?" Why, it was enacted that the Commissioners should inquire into the value of all persons assessed to the rates, and that the Receiver-General should have 2d. in the pound from them—and so, by this Act, each man and each woman had to pay according to their exact ability, and the poor got off altogether!

MR. EDWIN BATES, of Wellbeck-street, London, has discovered "A Perfect Railway Break," which he says will stop a train going at the rate of twenty miles an hour in a space of six yards with perfect safety, and, singularly enough, offers a reward of £100 to any engineer of an inboard that will enable him to prove the contrary of his discovery.

HINTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—1. Be brief. This is the age of telegraphs and stenography. 2. Be pointed. Don't write all round a subject without hitting it. 3. State facts, but don't stop to moralise. Let the reader do his own dreaming. 4 Eschew prefaces. Plunge at once into your subject, like a swimmer in cold water. 5. If you have written a sentence that you think particularly fine, draw your pen through it. A pet child is always the worst in the family. 6. Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible terms. We want thoughts in their quintessence. 7. When your article is complete, strike out nine-tenths of the adjectives. The English is a strong language, and won't bear too much "redoing." 8. Use plain, down-right language. The plainest Anglo-Saxon words are the best. Never use still-born legs will do as well. 9. Make your sentences short. Every period is a mile-stone, at which the reader may halt and rest himself. 10. Write legibly. Don't let your manuscript look like the tracks of a spider half drowned in ink. We shan't mistake any one for a genius though he writes as crabbedly as Napoleon. Finally, to all who obey these injunctions we will through our columns grant an immortality of a week. A special edict.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, Bells Sauvage Yard, London.

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* A rupee is about 2s. English.

THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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CUSTOMS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

A SINGULAR custom exists in Russia, which we omitted to notice in our account of that interesting country, namely, the "Easter Kiss." On Easter Monday, the Emperor visits the army, and salutes each of the officers in turn, wishing them every happiness. In the engraving the Emperor is seen with



THE "EASTER KISS."

one of the "child captains" in his arms. Lord Londonderry, in his "Tour to the Northern Courts," speaks with great enthusiasm of the discipline of the Russian army. On a certain occasion, the Emperor, he says, "had graciously proposed to me to be present at a review of the cavalry of the guards. I received an invitation by letter, on the evening of the 23rd, from Benkendorff, the minister of war, saying, he was commanded by his Imperial Majesty to invite me to the manœuvre; that one of his horses would be in waiting for me at the Marble Palace, close to the Champ de Mars, where the manœuvre was to take place. Officers were expected in full dress at twelve.

I repaired to the palace, where I found a richly caparisoned Arabian charger ready for me, and joining Generals Benkendroff and Czernicheff, we proceeded to where a very large

assemblage of general and staff officers were waiting the Emperor's arrival.

"In a few minutes his Imperial Majesty made his appearance. Riding directly up to me, with the most cordial shake of the hand, he added, '*Mon cher, je suis enchanté de vous voir, vous n'es pas le moindre du monde changé.*' He then galloped off rapidly to the body of the cavalry, which were formed in two lines. Arriving on the left flank, he received the salutes as he passed along, greeting every regiment with the accustomed cry of "How are you, my children?" while they reply, in deafening response, "We thank you, my father." The cavalry assembled consisted of about eight thousand horses. The regiments of Chevaliers de la Garde, detachments of regiments formed regimentally, assembled at Petersburgh for instruction, six troops of Light Artillery carrying flying pontoons, Cossacks of the Don, and of the Guard, and Circassian Cossacks, formed the mass that was collected. The space of the Champ de Mars, large as it is, is too confined to exercise, in extended manœuvre, so numerous a body of cavalry. The Emperor, putting himself in the centre, made the two lines defile before him in parade order. They next passed in columns of squadrons, in a trot, and afterwards at a gallop. A charge, or swarm, of the Circassians and Cossacks followed. The galloping by of each regiment in close column of squadrons, and a general salute, finished the exercises; when the Emperor, riding up to the assembled general and staff officers, dismissed them with, '*Adieu, Messieurs!*'"

IS THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE COMPATIBLE WITH A CLOSE ATTENTION TO BUSINESS.

BY W. G. DENHAM.

This is a very important and interesting question to all who have to labour for their daily bread; and we can well understand how cheering and satisfactory its solution in the affirmative must be to the readers of these pages. In attempting to discuss this subject, we may be permitted to state that we are personally interested in it, and we shall endeavour not merely to theorise on the question, but rather to give the results of a bona fide experience in relation thereto. The writer is not one who, having plenty of leisure himself, can afford to talk flippantly to those who are less favourably circumstanced, but one who is himself engaged on an average thirteen hours per diem in the pursuit of business, and who is induced to state so much, not in a spirit of self-laudation, but from a sincere desire to encourage in the pursuit of knowledge the hardy and industrious sons of toil. It may fairly be premised that the acquisition of knowledge is both desirable and beneficial; that even of the working man it is significantly true that for *his* soul to be without knowledge is not good, that ignorance is not bliss to him, but, on the contrary, that the possession of refined and cultivated tastes, of enlarged views, of solid information, of varied and useful knowledge, is of itself a perennial source of the purest enjoyment—the finest solace and support to all the better part of his nature,—and therefore whatever tends to reconcile the claims of labour with the pursuit of knowledge, and to encourage the working man to cultivate his mind while he still diligently fulfils all the duties of his station, is worthy at least of a sincere and persevering attention.

The time has gone by when the labouring man was practically regarded and treated as little more than a mere machine, for learned blacksmiths, profound shoemakers, and mathematical weavers and miners have demonstrated that there is no necessary connexion between labour and ignorance, and that learning neither unfits a man for work, nor makes him a worse mechanic. The men with horny hands, with begrimed and sunburnt faces, have become enfranchised in the republic of letters! And very thankful ought we to be that it is so;—gratefully is it required of us also to acknowledge that many a friendly hand has been held out, many a cheering welcome has been given to us, by some who were far above us in rank, wealth, and attainments; so that we are guilty of no heresy when we aspire to know, to learn, and to think for ourselves;—nay the "honourable men" who have so far helped us up the hill of knowledge, have a right to expect to see us availing ourselves with grateful energy of the many invaluable means and privileges which in these days of enlightened and generous enterprise are freely accessible to millions working men and women.

It is indeed much to be deplored that so many still withhold a grateful response, that such numbers among the working cl should still be deterred by various causes from entering on th path of knowledge and self-improvement which is sure to cond them to a higher, more honourable, useful, and happy position social life; and while it would be quite beyond the limits of t paper, and of our own ability, to investigate all these causes, may humbly hope to do something for the cause of progress endeavouring to show that the pursuit of knowledge is comp tible with a close attention to business, and thus to demolish c fallacy which as yet powerfully restrains many who have labour for their sustenance from pursuing a systematic and pe severing course in the acquisition of learning, in the cultivati of the intellect, and in the elevation and refinement of men tastes.

Animated by this hope, and with a grateful sense of our ob obligations, we would enter, as on a labour of love, on the inves gation of the present subject, we would fain with our readers co sider this question thoughtfully, dispassionately, yet earnestly, a with a sincere desire to help and encourage each other to t attainment of whatever is wise, useful, good, and worthy in t pursuit of knowledge.

By the pursuit of knowledge we understand not merely a d sultory course of reading, not merely application to one branc of learning, but a systematic, persevering, diligent, and e lightened acquisition of whatever tends to inform the mind, e pand the intellect, and strengthen the mental powers, to dissip prejudice and error, widen the range of observation, and gi breadth, depth, and energy to the understanding, and above a to increase the capability of retaining and digesting truth, a impart the habit and power of directing the thoughts at will any subject that may be presented for investigation.

Now the gist of the present question is, whether such a ph losophic, systematic and persevering pursuit of knowledge as w have attempted to define is, or is not, compatible with a due a close attention to business? On one point it is essential to obta clear and definite views, viz, whether the pursuits of busine are naturally antagonistic to the pursuit of knowledge; whether the two are essentially opposed, whether, in short, the being en gaged in one pursuit necessarily unfits us for the other? If it cou be shown that a life of labour unfits a man to afford proving h mind, and shuts him out from all chance of his doing inform tion; that it enfeebles the mental powers, and unexpectedly incapacitates hi for mental effort, and that the one must be given up and aba doned before we are in a position to prosecute the other then, indeed, there would be an end of the question, and t who have to labour for their means of living would have abandon as hopeless the struggle to obtain knowledge. But w opine that few if any will be disposed to admit this, and w maintain the contrary to be the fact, and shall endeavour to pro that both reason and experience confirm the assertion, that t pursuits of labour tend rather to expand and strengthen the i tellectual faculties, and that business and learning may be n only combined, but also rendered subservient to each othe Work of every kind involves some degree of mental as well bodily activity, and skilled labour, as is well known cannot carried on without the exercise of thought and judgment, hen the reasoning faculties are brought into play; the powers of i vention, of adaptation, and of taste, must all be exercised, mo or less, in numerous cases, according to the nature of the wo and the results required to be attained. Now, in all such cas it is obvious that concurrently with manual labour the acquisiti of knowledge is being carried on, that both the physical a mental powers are simultaneously exercised and develope and, perhaps unconsciously, while the workman is striving to c tain the given end, he is reasoning from cause to effect, comp ring, judging and deciding—in short, applying the powers of t mind to the work of his hands, and in such a manner that th work eventually bears the impress of his design, intelligence, a skill. In all such cases, we repeat, the very nature of the wo performed involves the exercise of the mental faculties, and proportion as these faculties are exercised must the work whi calls for that exercise tend to strengthen and develop them, is one very important step gained towards the acquisition knowledge, when the mind is thus prepared by exercise for a plying its powers to whatever may be presented before it; and

far as labour promotes this exercise—leads a man to employ his thoughts, to judge for himself, and to apply his faculties vigorously to the actual business before him—so far does it render the acquisition of knowledge comparatively easy, and so far is a close application to business compatible with the pursuit of knowledge. The habit of reflecting on whatever is presented before us, and of directing the thoughts at will to any topic that may claim the attention, is a very important one, and, as we have seen, it is a habit which is largely encouraged by that degree of mental effort involved in the operations of manual labour, it is a habit which need not interfere with the closest attention to business; nay more, the closer the attention required the more vigorous is the mental effort by which that attention is directed and sustained, and in the same proportion is the power of applying the thoughts at will to any subject we may wish to investigate strengthened and increased A moderate degree of attention to the formation of this habit, by observing the operations of our own minds, and a sincere and earnest endeavour to render whatever passes around us subservient to the acquisition of knowledge, is all that is required to invest us with an almost absolute control of the thinking powers, and to impart to us the capability of sustained, vigorous, and ready application to the subject we may wish to pursue in the moments of leisure, when we are realeased from the immediate occupations of daily labour.

For want of this power of readily applying the mind to any given subject, many precious hours are lost, hours which ought to be regarded by the working man as sacred to mental improvement, but which are too frequently squandered in desultory reading or in still more frivolous and unprofitable pursuits, and we would earnestly advise, therefore, the constant and persevering cultivation of this habit of reflection and mental application to those who have to labour for their sustenance, convinced as we are by actual experience that it is a habit so essential to a genuine and successful pursuit of knowledge, and one which will so render that pursuit at once easy and delightful, that it is worth any pains to acquire.

Some idea of the extent to which this habit may be acquired can be gathered from an incident in the life of the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke. It is related that on one occasion while, in the midst of a festive party, a letter was brought to him from a friend, requesting an immediate answer, with his advice as to whether that friend should article his son to the medical profession The Doctor, with his usual kindness of heart, sat down surrounded by the noise and distraction of a crowded drawing-room, and at once wrote a reply, stating the advantages and disadvantages connected with the profession of medicine, the peculiar temptations to which the youth would be exposed, the personal qualifications necessary for such a profession, entering minutely into several particulars, and concluded by offering the best advice he could give. Now what was it that enabled the Doctor to apply his mind to a subject with which we may well suppose he was anything but conversant, and this too under circumstances the most unfavourable to reflection, at a moment's notice, and without any previous arrangement of ideas? It was a constant habit of thinking, the thorough discipline of his mind, and the power of retiring within himself, which he possessed. And this is a power we may all to some extent acquire, the acquisition of which is greatly assisted by that mental effort and application involved in business pursuits, and which pursuits are so far compatible with the pursuits of knowledge. Let us, then, accustom ourselves frequently to call home our wandering thoughts, to fix the mind on a given subject, to bring all the information we possess to bear on that subject,—and let us do this for the sake of disciplining the thoughts, and bringing them at will to bear on some given topic—and we shall find that instead of the pursuit of knowledge interfering with our business avocations, that very discipline, without which it is impossible to acquire any respectable degree of knowledge, will enable us to devote a more close and undivided attention to the duties devolving on us.

But we have heard it frequently objected that a man who has to labour ten or twelve hours out of the twenty-four hours, can have little or no time to devote to the acquisition of knowledge; that after a day's toil the powers are so spent, and the energies so exhausted, that it is unreasonable to expect from one so situated anything like a systematic and persevering cultivation of the mental faculties. We leave out of the question altogether the case of those who are so unfortunate as to be really engaged in protracted, excessive, and exhausting toil, because their case is not a fair criterion, though at the same time it would be easy to cite numerous instances where men, who have had the least possible amount of leisure time at their disposal, and who have had to contend with the most serious difficulties while climbing the hill of knowledge, have nevertheless made the most astonishing progress, and have achieved such results as would appear under the circumstances to have required almost super-human exertions to accomplishes One valuable lesson, however, may be gathered from such examples, and though a trite one it will bear repeating again and again—it is, that no difficulties are insurmountable to a mind fully bent on gaining knowledge; and that to such minds obstacles are only so many stimulants to exertion —things to be overcome as a matter of course—not to be dismayed at, or for one moment to be permitted to stop their onward career.

But leaving such cases out of the question, as being exceptional and comparatively rare, let us take the case of the majority of those who are engaged in daily labour. It may fairly be presumed that with a proper economy of time, and as a general rule, those who are thus engaged have at least two hours out of the twenty-four to devote to mental improvements, and thus, without reckoning the Sabbath, will leave twelve hours per week.

How much may be acquired in those twelve hours, what stores of knowledge may be laid up, what materials for thinking may be amassed! Were we only to economise the little time we do possess, to take care that every minute of it should be profitably occupied, and by system and perseverance to make the best use of those hours which are emphatically our own, we should be astonished and delighted at the result, and we should discover that the true secret of success in the pursuit of knowledge is to make the most of the opportunities we really possess, in an earnest and thankful spirit, instead of vainly wasting those opportunities in fruitless longings after what we may never possess. A great many precious moments are wasted for want of having something to do; but the man who is in the habit of economising his time, so as to have every minute occupied in some pursuit, will very rarely be ever heard complaining of the little time he has to spare.

After all, it does appear to me, that the question of time is of comparatively little importance; that the acquisition of knowledge does not depend on the amount of leisure time we may possess, and that very frequently those persons who have much time at their disposal are less informed, and generally less intelligent, than many who have not more than an hour or two in a day to spare. So that if it be objected that the pursuit of knowledge by working men must encroach on the hours that should be devoted to labour, and that consequently such pursuit is incompatible with a close attention to business, we answer, that even with the limited time left us after ten or twelve hours of business, there yet remains sufficient at our disposal for greatly improving our minds, without taking a single moment from the allotted period of labour.

But can it reasonably be expected that men who have to devote so large a portion of their time to labour, should thus burden themselves with the pursuit of knowledge? and will not such an amount of mental exertion, in addition to the exhausting occupations of a daily toil, tend to distract the mind and unfit a man for his ordinary duties? To the first of these questions it may be sufficient to reply, that we must choose for ourselves—if we are content to labour, eat, drink, and be merry, and to neglect the "fine immortal mind" within us; if we are satisfied with being little more than beasts of burden, and to sink down into a mere animal existence—we may indeed excite the pity of the good, and provoke the exactions of the selfish, but if we are capable of making such a deliberate choice as this, we can have no interest in the present inquiry.

The second question is a very grave and important one, and demands a full, close, and dispassionate investigation. As regards one part of this question, we have already seen that the pursuits of labour have a tendency to discipline the mind, and to strengthen the habit of ready and vigorous application of the mental powers to any subject that may be presented for investigation, that in fact even manual labour (some kinds especially) requires a certain degree of intelligence; and it follows as a natural consequence, that in proportion to a man's general intelligence will be his fitness for a proper and efficient discharge of the duties of his calling. If such, then, be the case, how can the reasonable pursuit of knowledge tend to distract a man from his ordinary duties, when in fact that very acquisition enlarges the understand-

ing, adds to his information, and increases that general intelligence which so largely contributes to his superiority as a workman? Will it be pretended that ignorance makes a man more skilful, ready, and quick at his work? that he who knows the least is likely to perform the best? and that the man who scarcely thinks at all is less liable to mistakes, and more prepared to meet the difficulties and emergencies that may arise in the course of his work, than one who is constantly exercising his thoughts, and who possesses information derived from a thousand varied sources, ready to be applied as occasion may require? In that case it were better to substitute a machine without consciousness, thought, or feeling, and to dispense with manual labour altogether. Indeed, to some extent, as we all know, that may be, and is done to advantage, where the same unvarying and prescribed result is required to be attained; but wherever skill is required there must be intelligence to direct it, and wherever varying circumstances are liable to hinder the performance of work, there must be varied information and ready wit to meet and overcome those circumstances as they arise.

So far, then, from the possession of knowledge having a tendency to unfit a man for his ordinary duties, it renders him more capable and fit, and actually tends to facilitate the efficient and skilful performance of his labour. But supposing this granted, where the knowledge is already attained, still it may be objected that the mental application required during the process of acquiring information requires more time than a working man has to spare; must pre-occupy his mind, and overburden his thoughts; and is therefore incompatible with a close attention to business. As we have no wish to shirk any part of this inquiry, and as we are anxious to show that the pursuits of knowledge and labour are perfectly compatible at one and the same time, this point demands a calm investigation. As to time—we have already seen that a comparatively small portion, so much as the generality of working men may be fairly presumed to have to spare, is fully adequate for the pursuit of knowledge without encroaching on the period allotted to labour, and as to the second part of the above objection, we will frankly admit that a man may be so intoxicated with a special pursuit as to allow it to absorb his whole attention, and so unfit him for the ordinary duties of his station.

But at the same time we altogether deny that the pursuit of knowledge naturally tends to this result,—it is only when carried to excess, it is only the abuse, and not the use, of this pursuit that unfits a man for his duties, just the same as excessive application to any other pursuit does; and the fact that in a few special instances men are foolish enough to pre-occupy their minds with a favourite pursuit, is no argument against its rational and moderate use. Thus the madness of fanaticism is no valid objection to the benefits of religion, the vanity of the coxcomb does not disprove the necessity and propriety of cleanliness and personal decency; and the vagaries and cruelties of dog-fanciers would be a ridiculous argument against the study and enjoyment of natural history. These excesses, these foolish, unnatural, and perverted tastes, only prove how much some men may be deluded and misled, but they are good for nothing as objections against piety, decency, and a love of natural objects. And so excessive and undue application to mental studies ought never to be urged against the rational pursuit of knowledge such as we are attempting to defend. So far, indeed, from this pursuit having a tendency to overburden the mind, it affords an innocent and agreeable relaxation from toil, and thus promotes that balance of the physical and mental powers which is essential to the maintenance of a vigorous and healthy constitution, instead of unfitting for ordinary duties, it actually tends to make those duties more agreeable and easy to perform, and instead of rendering us dissatisfied or disgusted with labour, it promotes those enlightened views of social relations and duties which can alone preserve us in the conscientious and punctual discharge of our obligations.

It has been remarked by Menzel, the German historian, that "the natural inclinations of each individual are necessarily stronger whenever the intellect is neglected," and many deplorable instances of the truth of this remark may be found in those voluntarily ignorant and debased working men who are a disgrace and reproach to their class. Such men prove by their conduct, that as a general rule ignorance, not knowledge, is incompatible with a close attention to business; neglecting the innocent relaxation afforded by the pursuit of knowledge, they are driven to low and debasing pursuits which unfit them for the duties of their calling, render them dissatisfied with their station, tend to make them slovenly and careless with their work, and to destroy that conscientious feeling which alone guarantees a regular and efficient performance of the labour they undertake, but which they are no more concerned about than so far as it enables them to procure the means of gratifying their degraded propensities. How widely different is it with those who employ their leisure hours in cultivating their minds; instead of sauntering to the ale-house to squander their earnings and undermine their health, they will naturally wend their way homewards, glad of every returning opportunity to vary their pursuits and to unbend their attention by the innocent and agreeable relaxation afforded by mental application—they will thus secure the necessary repose of the body, avoid vicious and undue excitement, while at the same time they are gathering information and enlightenment as to social obligations, and their duties as men and citizens. The pursuit of knowledge will thus exert an indirect but powerful influence in withdrawing them from scenes and pursuits of a debasing kind, and which tend to unfit those who engage in them for the duties of their calling; and they will avoid the temptations to unsteady and irregular habits which are the bane and ruin of hundreds of working-men.

The direct influences of this pursuit of knowledge are no less valuable and beneficial—self-respect, independence, and uprightness of character will all be promoted, prejudices and errors will be dissipated, humility, a virtue ever attendant on true knowledge, will tend to soften and refine, and so promote affability in our intercourse with others, the working-man will thus learn his true position, and will be prepared for a cheerful and hopeful application to his duties; he will come to feel and understand how his own interests are bound up in the general welfare of society, and he will thus escape those headstrong and selfish passions which too often drive men from their work, and plunge their families into poverty and want; in short, the man will feel, however humble and laborious his vocation, he has a position and character to maintain, and that only by a cheerful and conscientious discharge of his own appropriate duties, can he attain to peace and prosperity.

Another direct influence which must ever result from this pursuit of knowledge, is that of keeping the powers in working order, and promoting the habit of regular and constant application. A man who has no definite object in view, when his day's work is done, will not only be in danger of mis-spending his leisure hours, but, what is almost as bad, of wasting those hours in absolute idleness, and must thus be in danger of acquiring a dreamy, listless, vacant and inactive habit of standing still even when he really has something to do. But the man who is accustomed to have every moment occupied in some useful pursuit, will acquire the habit of ceaseless activity; will naturally make the most of his time in whatever he may be engaged; instead of regarding his work as a task to be got rid of as easily and as soon as possible, he will cheerfully and habitually devote to that work all needful time and attention; he will not begrudge exertion and application, for it will be an essential part of his nature and habits to be doing something; and the closer the application required by his work, the more accordant will it be with that power of sustained and vigorous attention which his pursuit of knowledge has tended to strengthen and develop. So far, then, that pursuit is not only compatible with a close attention to business, but it positively aids such attention by keeping the faculties constantly employed, and rendering every active pursuit easy, natural, and agreeable. To use the language of metaphor, such a man will have his loins constantly girded; he will be always in harness; like a well trained racer, he will be accustomed to the course; like a faithful and devoted soldier, his faculties will be constantly at their post, ready, prepared, and used to actual service; the conflicts, toils, sufferings, and difficulties of his daily life will ever find him prepared to meet, bear, and overcome whatever would impede or mar the efforts of one who knows how to live in the highest and best sense, by devoting the powers of an essentially active nature to all the varied purposes of his existence. Shall we, then, be deterred from this pursuit by the false notion that it will interfere with our daily avocations, and unfit us for the duties of our station? Have we not rather many cogent reasons to urge for combining labour and learning; and may we not conscientiously discharge every duty of a working-man, doing full justice to our employers, while at the same time we cultivate those higher faculties which have been conferred on us by our Creator, for wise, beneficent, and ulterior ends? We

leave the question with you, only asking a candid and careful perusal and digestion of what has been advanced, and respectfully reminding you that in relation to your life and destinies as men, it is well to bear in mind the words of one who spake as never man spake: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

THE FOUR GREAT MEN OF THE LAST GENERATION.

(From a Lecture by Dr. Croly.)

In the interpositions of Providence, the fewness, yet the grandeur, of the instruments, is a distinguishing feature.

If this high evidence were given to a nation, it was to England, in the French war of 1793. To meet the *four* distinct aspects of the national peril, *four* individuals were successively brought forward; each possessing *peculiar* faculties; each applying those faculties to a peculiar crisis; each performing a service which could confessedly have been performed by no other of his contemporaries; each forming *a class by himself*, and each achieving a fame which neither time nor rivalry can ever diminish in the memory of England.

WILLIAM PITT.

In the commencement of this greatest of European conflicts a mighty mind stood at the head of English affairs—William Pitt!—a man fitted, beyond all his predecessors, for his time; possessed of all the qualities essential to the first rank in the conduct of an empire—an eloquence singularly various, vivid, and noble—a fortitude of soul that nothing could shake or surprise—a vigour and copiousness of resource inexhaustible. Yet he had a still higher ground of influence with the nation in his unsullied honour and visible superiority to all the selfish objects of public life—in the utter stainlessness of his heart and habits, and in the unquestioned purity of that zeal which burned in his bosom as on an altar, for the glory of England. The integrity of Pitt gave him a mastery over the national feelings which could not have been won by the most brilliant faculties alone. In the strong financial measures, made necessary by the new pressure of the times, and to which all the sensitiveness of a commercial people was awake, the nation would have trusted no other leader. But they followed the great minister with the most profound reliance. They honoured his matchless understanding, but they honoured still more the lofty principle and pure love of country, which they felt to be incapable of deception.

The British minister formed a class by himself. He was the leader not only of English council, but of European. He stood on an elevation to which no man before him had ascended; he fought the battle of the world, until the moment when the struggle was to be changed into victory. If he died in the night of Europe it was when the night was on the verge of dawn. If it could ever be said of a public man that he concentrated in himself the genius and the heart of an empire, and was at once the spirit and the arm of a mighty people, Pitt was that man.

EDMUND BURKE.

Another extraordinary intellect was next summoned, for a separate purpose, scarcely less essential. The revolutionary influence had spread itself extensively through the country. A crowd of malignant writers, from whose pens every drop that fell was the venom of atheism and anarchy, were hourly labouring to pervert casual discontent into general rebellion. Success had made them insolent; and the country was rapidly filled with almost open revolt. Their connexion with France was palpable—every roar of the tempest in that troubled sky found a corresponding echo in our own; we had the *fêtes*, the societies, and almost the frenzy of France; every burst of strange fire from the wild and bloody rites which republicanism had begun to celebrate flashed over our horizon; every pageant of its fantastic and merciless revelries found imitators ready to rival it on our shore.

Burke arose; his whole life had been an unconscious preparation for the moment. His early political connexions had taught him of what matter democracy was made. He had seen it, like Milton's Sin—

> "——— Woman to the waist and fair,
> But ending foul in many a scaly fold."

His parliamentary life had deeply acquainted him with the hollowness and grimace, the selfish disinterestedness, and the profligate purity of faction, and, thus armed in panoply, he took the field.

He moved among the whole multitude of querulous and malignant authorship a giant among pigmies—he smote their Dagon in its own temple—he left them without a proselyte or a name. His eloquence, the finest and most singular combination that the world has ever seen of magnificent fancy and profound philosophy, if too deliberate and too curious in its developments for the rapid demands of public debate, here found the true use for which it had been given—here found the true region of its beauty and its power, shining and sweeping along at its will, like the summer cloud, alternately touched with every glorious hue of heaven, and pouring down the torrents and the thunders. No work within human memory ever wrought an effect so sudden, profound, and saving, as the volume on the French Revolution. It instantly broke the revolutionary spell—the national eyes were opened — the fictitious oracles, to which the people had listened as to wisdom unanswerable, were struck dumb at the coming of the true. The nobles, the populace, the professions, the whole nation, from the cottage to the throne, were awakened, as by the sound of a trumpet; and the same summons which awoke them filled their hearts with the patriot ardour that in the day of battle made them invincible. Burke *formed a class by himself*. As a public writer he had no equal and no similar. Like Pitt he was alone. And like Pitt, when his appointed labour was done, he died.

England had now been prepared for war; and had been purified from disaffection. Her war was naval; and her fleets, commanded by a succession of brave men, were constantly victorious. But the struggle for life and death was still to come. A new and tremendous antagonist—the most extraordinary man of the last thousand years—appeared in the field. France, relieved from the distraction of the democracy, and joining all the vigour of republicanism to all the massiveness of monarchy, flung herself into the arms of Napoleon. His sagacity saw that England was the true barrier against universal conquest; and, at the head of the fleets of Europe, he moved to battle for the dominion of the seas!

LORD NELSON.

A man was now raised up whose achievements cast all earlier fame into the shade. In a profession of proverbial talent and heroism Nelson instantly transcended the noblest rivalry. His valour and his genius were meteor-like; they rose above all, and threw a splendour upon all. His name was synonymous with victory. He was the guiding star of the fleets of England. Each of his battles would have been a title to immortality; but his last exploit, in which the mere terror of his name drove the enemy's fleet before him through half the world, to be annihilated at Trafalgar, had no parallel in the history of arms. Nelson, too, *formed a class by himself*. Emulation has never approached him. He swept the enemy's last ship from the sea; and like his two mighty compatriots, having done his work of glory, he died!

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Within scarcely more than two years from the deaths of Pitt and Nelson, another high intervention was to come. The Spanish war let in light upon the world. England, the conqueror of the seas, was now called to be the leader of the armies of Europe. A soldier now arose, born for this illustrious task. He, too, has *formed a class by himself*. Long without an equal in the field, his last victory left him without a competitor. Yet while Wellington survived, personal praise was left to the gratitude of his country and to the imperishable homage of the future.

But the praise of the country needed to wait for no epitaph. In our age the fate of arms has been tried on a scale so far transcending the old warfare of the world—the character of hostilities has been so much more decisive, vigorous, and overwhelming—the chances of the field have so directly involved

the life and death of nations, that all the past grows pale to the present. If the martial renown of a great people is to be measured by the difficulties overcome, by the magnitude of the success, or the mighty name of the vanquished, it is no dishonour to the noblest prowess of England in the days of our ancestry to give the palm to that generous national valour, and exhaustless public fire—that heroic sympathy with mankind, and lofty devotion to truth, liberty, and religion, which have illustrated her in our own. It can be no faithlessness to the glorious past to place in the highest rank of present fame that soldiership which stopped a torrent of conquest swelled with the wreck of Europe, redeemed kingdoms, overthrew from battlement to foundation the most powerful military dominion since the days of Rome, and in one consummate victory, hand to hand, tore the sword from the grasp and the diadem from the brow of Napoleon.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

THE day is not far distant when the language we speak will be the chief medium of communication throughout the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Indian, and the Southern Oceans, and wherever the weary emigrant seeks to rest the sole of his foot, he will find himself compelled to change the language of his fathers for that of Queen Victoria and President Pierce. Disappointed, then, as we are of unity and conquest, we are at least sure of seeing our race the most numerous, the most diffused, the most powerful in the world, and of exercising an influence far beyond the scope of emperors and czars, beyond the reach of cabinets, and the organization of armies. Whatever may befall the community that peoples these little isles, it will be a consolation that wherever we go, whether following gain or flying oppression, we shall everywhere find our own countrymen, hear our language in every port, and everywhere discover that we have changed the clime, but not the generous freedom, the industry, the literature, the worship of our own native land.

It is the prospect of these expanding and strengthening affinities that imparts so much interest to the mutual hospitalities shown by British and American citizens to the diplomatic representatives of the sister states.

Ever since the epoch, so deplorable in the eyes of politicians, which violently removed the United States from the legal pale of this realm, the actual connexion between the mother country and her transatlantic colonies has been closer and closer. It has now attained to a pass that our Georgian statesmen never dreamed of. The relation of England to Scotland or Ireland, of the metropolis to the provinces, of towns to countries, is not more intimate and beneficial than that of the British Isles to the United States. The vast and fertile territory there, brought under cultivation by our kinsmen, supplies our increasing population here with the materials of labour and the means of existence, without which they must have long ceased to increase and multiply. We contribute the bone and sinew, without which the planter and the colonist would never have had encouragement to penetrate the interior, to cut down the forest, to drain the swamp, and cover half a continent, in one brief generation, with a network of railways and telegraphic wires.

It used to be said that if Athens and Lacedæmon could but make up their minds to be good friends and make a common cause, they would be masters of the world. The wealth, the science, the maritime enterprise, and daring ambition of the one, assisted by the population, the territory, the warlike spirit, and stern institutions of the other, could not fail to carry the whole world before them. That was a project hostile to the peace and prosperity of mankind, and ministering only to national vanity. A far grander object, of more easy and more honourable acquisition, lies before England and the United States, and all other countries owning our origin and speaking our language. Let them agree not in an alliance offensive and defensive, but simply never to go to war with one another. Let each permit the other to develope as Providence seems to suggest, and the British race will gradually and quietly attain to a pre-eminence, beyond the reach of mere policy and arms. The vast and ever-increasing interchange of commodities between the several members of this great family, the almost daily communication now opened across, not one, but several oceans, the perpetual discovery of new means of locomotion, in which steam itself now bids fair to be supplanted by an equally powerful, but cheaper and more convenient agency—all promise to unite the whole British race throughout the world in one social and commercial unity, more mutually beneficial than any contrivance of politics. Already, what does Austria gain from Hungary, France from Algeria, Russia from Siberia, or any absolute monarchy from its abject population, or what town from its rural suburbs, that England does not derive in a much greater degree from the United States, and the United States from England?

What commercial partnership—what industrious household exhibits so direct an exchange of services? All that is wanted is, that we should recognise this fact, and give it all the assistance in our power. We cannot be independent of one another. The attempt is more than unsocial, it is suicidal. Could either dispense with the labour of the other, it would immediately lose the reward of its own industry. Whether national jealousy, or the thirst for warlike enterprise, or the grosser appetite of mercantile monopoly attempt the separation, the result and the crime are the same. We are made helps meet for one another. Heaven has joined all who speak the British language, and what Heaven has joined let no man think to put asunder.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. XVIII.—LEAVE OFF YOUR DRINK.

BY JOHN RICHARDSON.

LEAVE off your drink, you wretched men!
And buy your children food and clothing,
Nor hug the curse that drains your purse,
And fills your hearts with scorn and loathing
In vain they cry aloud for bread,
Ye care not how their hearts are bleeding
The wretches shiver in their bed,
While you carouse all night unheeding.
The drink that makes you curse and swear,
And scorn yourself and hate your neighbour,
Oh! shun the draught that sparkles fair.
And turn again to honest labour
Redeem the hours you've spent in vain,
And warm the hearts your sins have saddened,
And brighten'd eyes shall speak again,
The joy of hearts that you have gladden'd

Leave off your drink, you silly youth!
And put your money in your pocket;
Or throw it in some beggar's hat,
Or go and buy your love a locket
But pay not for disease and pain,
Nor put your money down for sorrow;
For though to-night your hearts are light,
They will be heavy on the morrow.
What is the pleasure that ye find?
Why love ye this carousing nightly?—
It hards the heart and dulls the mind,
And dims the eye that shines so brightly,
It robs the colour from the cheek;
It feeds the heart's unholy flame;
It brings despair and want and care,
And makes ye heedless of your shame.

Leave off your drink, oh, young and old!
The brave, the lusty, and the hoary;
How often need ye to be told,
The young man's strength, it is his glory.
You're losing health, you're losing wealth,
You're wasting time and sowing sorrow
Hugging the Devil to your hearts,
And thinking little of the morrow.
It takes the vigour from the strong;
It takes the courage from the brave;
It makes the wise a drivelling fool;
It makes the free a wretched slave.
Leave off your drink, leave off your drink,
And crush the fiend that you're caressing!
For drunkenness is all a curse;
And temperance is all a blessing.

A FRENCH AMBASSADOR'S RECOLLECTIONS OF PERSIA.

BY M. EUGENE FLAUDIN.

(*Translated for the* WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, *by Walter Weldon.*)

(*Concluded from page* 375.)

IV.—THE STATE OF THE ARTS AND INDUSTRY IN PERSIA.

In order to show how lively is the sentiment of the arts in Persia, it will be only necessary to follow the history of its inhabitants from the ages the most remote from the present epoch. If we thus recall their history, we shall see this sentiment incessantly grappling with difficulties, to whose number every moment added, but which were always triumphed over in the end. It is a great and sad spectacle which is offered to us by the history of art in Persia, and one filled to overflowing with dramatic interest, and also capable of teaching us the most important lessons.

Persia, before Cyrus, was tributary to Nineveh. The Persians, whom I shall confound with the Medes, seeing that the two peoples in reality made but one, seem to have gained nothing by their contact with the Assyrians, who had already made such progress in the paths of civilisation and refinement, until the moment when, masters of Nineveh and Babylon, they contemplated the monuments of their vanquished inhabitants, and carried back into their own country the riches of which they had despoiled them. It is from that moment only that we begin to see appearing in the history of Persia the evidences of an elegant and rich civilisation, which was in great part inspired by the arts which had so long been the glory of the Babylonians. Before this period, it is true that there existed in the heart of Media a celebrated city, Ecbatane, but, as far as we can determine from the descriptions which have been given of it by historians, it was the residence of kings, who had fashioned it with the sole object of making it a place of safety for their treasures, rather than the capital of a people who were practisers of the arts. I have been able myself to judge, upon the plain of Hamadan,* by the ancient remains which are scattered around the modern town, that the primal city was more distinguished by the colossal proportions of its edifices, and the solidity of the materials of which they were built, than by the beauty of the finish of an architecture which still lacked that shape and form of pomp and elegance which were to give to it in later days so much of interest. It was then, only, under the reigns of the Achemenides, that any new arts began to be developed amongst the Persians. That which the victories of Cyaxares and Cyrus, upon the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris, had commenced, was completed by those acquired upon the banks of the Nile and the plains of Ionia by Cambysses and Xerxes. The artistic genius of the Persians, which they themselves had ignored hitherto, developed itself rapidly when surrounded by the civilisation of the Egyptians and the Greeks. The sight of the monuments by which these two peoples had already marked their place in the world, quickened the intelligence of the Persians, who as yet had been but warriors, but who returned to their own country, after the close of their expeditions against Greece and Egypt, pre-occupied with new ideas, and impatient to become creators in their turn. Their ardent imaginations were crowded with remembrances which could not be effaced. Thebes, Memphis, Ephesus, and Athens, had produced upon their minds impressions at once durable and vivid. Upon the return of every foreign expedition, a certain number of the soldiers who had formed it, re-entered their own country as warriors no longer, but as architects, painters, sculptors, artists of all kinds. They brought back with them to their own firesides new ideas, which continued in them the essence of that noble civilisation which afterwards drew upon the Persian people the rage and covetousness of ancient Greece.

Thus this semi-barbarous and savage nation, consisting, so long as it remained shut up in the bosom of its own mountains, principally of shepherds, re-formed itself by conquest, and civilised itself by contact with the peoples it had vanquished. The Persians, in the course of their bellicose expeditions, felt themselves smitten with a taste for luxury and the arts by the sight of the temples and palaces of Greece and Egypt. After, therefore, having devastated these, they returned to their own country with the germ of a civilisation which was not so much an imitation as a new creation, for it is to be remembered that the Persians have been always remarkable for originality, and that their imaginations, when excited, at the time we speak of, by those things which their eyes had so much admired, launched themselves into the vast career of invention, instead of remaining imprisoned within the narrow limits which are sufficient for those of copyists and reproducers. In effect, the palaces and temples of Persepolis, with their fluted columns, and their voluted capitals, show us clearly in what manner the Persians appropriated to the usages of their own country, under the reigns of the Achemenides, the architecture of the Greeks. The innumerable sculptures which ornament these sumptuous monuments, and the adoption of the bas-relief and *rondebosse* in their systematic ornamentation, recall forcibly that which they had seen in the temple and palaces of Babylon and Nineveh, but although this architecture and this sculpture by which they manifested their native genius was incontestably the result of ideas which the Persians had brought home with them from Greece, from Egypt, and Assyria, they, nevertheless, are *tout-à-fait* original. It may be said, it is true, that they were the fruits of inspirations, born *en face* of the monuments of the countries I have named, but it must be also added, in order to be just, that these inspirations were of another kind than those which moved the builders of the monuments they gained them from. In the architectural details of Persepolis, we recognise much that is evidently Grecian Thus, the royal dwellings and the temples of the Persian city, are all preceded by a portico with columns, and the interiors are all equally divided by columns which sustain the roofs and ceiling. These columns also are fluted, and terminate in capitals in which we easily recognise the Ionian volute, but still the whole is arranged, built, and ornamented in a fashion which precludes the possibility of the Persians having, in their architecture, had the most remote intention of servilely imitating the Greeks. The *ensemble* of the capitals bears not the slightest resemblance to that of the Grecian orders, and the architrave of every edifice of any pretensions in Persepolis is borne by the bodies of animals, which terminate all the columns. Certainly, in these respects, there is nothing in the architecture of Persepolis which can have been copied from that of either Egypt, Assyria, or Greece. It is much the same with the species of pylones which are placed before the entrances of the palaces, and with the bas-reliefs which decorate their walls. It is evident that the first ideas of these were gathered from the palaces of Nineveh, and the typogeia of Egypt, but the forms and fashion of those of the Persepolians are considerably modified and purely Persian. There is, therefore, no resemblance between the Assyrian and Egyptian sculptures and those of Persepolis; while at the epoch of the building of the latter city, we learn from them that the Persians were remarkable for exactly the same qualities—as far as the arts are concerned—as those by which they are to-day distinguished, that is to say, for a great purity of design, and an exquisite elegance and luxury of ornamentation. Compared with the monuments of Assyria and Egypt, or even those of Asia Minor, those of Persepolis are highly remarkable for their greater elegance, their more graceful proportions, the superior delicacy of their workmanship, and the more *recherché* nature of their decorations.

Though the palaces, the temples, and the sculptures of the ancient Persians have braved the ages in consequence of the solid durability of the materials they have ennobled, it is not so, unfortunately, with many others of the productions of ancient art. Still, as far as the Persians are concerned, thanks to the graceful custom of decorating the walls of their edifices with sculpture,—although all the relics of their civilisation in the tombs of the Achemenides that we possess, are confined to the precious remains of the palaces which ministered in part to the Asiatic voluptuousness and royal pomp of Xerxes and Darius—we are enabled, after the lapse of more than two and twenty centuries, to gain considerable knowledge respecting many of those other arts which were practised by the Persians of antiquity; and we find, from the superb bas-reliefs which are preserved amid the ruins of the royal palaces, that that dexterity and address in *one* art, of which their own most exquisite workmanship affords such abundant evidence to have been possessed by the Persians, was also shared by them amongst many other arts, as is proved by the chariots, the arms, the household furniture, and the rich textile fabrics which are here and there represented in them, and in which we find invariably the manifestations of that taste and elegance,

* Hamadan is the ancient Ecbatane.

together with that extreme fineness and delicacy of workmanship, for which the Persians from all time have been remarkable.

From the moment that the Persian nation began to suffer its latent genius to manifest itself in action, that is to say from the moment that war had taught it what it might become, we see it beginning to adapt to its own manners—which till then had been solely pastoral—the civilisation and the arts of the peoples who had preceded it. Its members exchanged their woollen garments for clothes of linen and of purple, pulled down their rude cabins, their mud hovels, and their tents; erected in the place of them substantial dwellings of stone, and built for their kings the most sumptuous palaces that had ever then been seen even in Asia, or have been seen there from that day to this. Unfortunately, beneath the influence of a civilisation so refined and elegant, Persia grew effeminate, and forgot the art of conquering in aggressive warfare, together with that of successfully resisting in defensive. Persepolis, therefore, was burned by Alexander, and the whole of the country subjected to his rule. The Persian empire was cut up into small satrapies, over which were placed governors chosen by a Macedonian general; oppressed, therefore, but still pre-occupied with the idea of their enfranchisement, its people had no longer that leisure which is necessary to give impulsion to the creative genius of a nation. Henceforth, for a long period, while passing continually out of the hands of one master into those of another, harrassed by the necessity of defending themselves against the constant attacks of the Roman legions, they were only able to devote unto the arts efforts which I may characterise as few and feeble. A few poor edifices were indeed erected in many of their cities, as in Firourabad, Charbistan, and Chapour, but these rude buildings, as we learn from the very barbarous sculptures which are preserved among their remains, were merely the expression of the vanity of the princes who then trod upon the necks of the Persians, and not the produots of an art which was no longer cultivated, and of a science which was no more.

A few years later, the antique life gave way to an entirely new life, and the gods of paganism were overthrown; but in the heart of Asia idolatry and superstition were still rampant. The sacred fire had not ceased to burn upon the altars of the Persians. Still, Mahomet saw grow more numerous every hour the army of his disciples. Employing the sword to make proselytes to his creed, in a land in which a few persecuted Christians had found martyrdom, and had been unable to create more than a few followers of theirs, the Arabs under the Prophet invaded Persia Their invasion was at once the last blow given to the manners, the tastes, and the ideas, which had descended to the Persians from their forefathers; and the introduction amongst them of a new art,—of a civilisation entirely different in character from their old one,—and upon which art and civilisation the religion which they received with them could not but bestow a character and a form which bore not the least resemblance to those of their old art and civilisation, as exemplified in the palaces of Persepolis and the sculptured tombs of the Sassanides. Ancient Persia was known by her palaces, her temples, and her sculptures; under the Sophis, the arts in Persia attained the utmost limits of the fantastic and the various, and she became remarkable for the elegance and richness of her industry, while her mosques, palaces, bazaars, caravanseries, bridges, arms, silks and stuffs of all sorts, jewels, orfèvrerie, and enamelled works, all underwent a most extraordinary development,—took the forms of all others which were most voluptuous and seducing, and bent themselves graciously to the most fanciful caprices of artists who proved themselves to be as able as ingenious. By the side of the arts, too, letters flourished equally. Poetry, always so dear to the Persians, inspired in this age Saadi and Hafiz, the most renowned of all the Persian poets; while Ferdoney wrote in it his immortal "*Châh-Nameh*," or Book of Kings. Philosophy and medicine had also, at this period, their most famous interpreters; and the celebrity of Nasser-ed-Din and of Abu-ibu-Pina was universal over Asia, and spread even into Europe. Islamism, we see then, opened unto Persia an era entirely new. It is from the moment that the dogmas of Mahomet triumphed amongst her people, that the national genius began to strengthen itself and flourish. It took then a hundred thousand different forms, applied itself to all the arts, and ruled over all Asia. Its then present phase was, undoubtedly, its most striking and most glorious one. A few words will suffice for an explanation of its character, and that of the monuments which it produced.

Between the ruins of the palaces of the Achemenides, at Persepolis, and the magnificent mosques of the Sophis, at Ispahan, there are not in Persia—if we take no account of the vestiges of the edifices raised by the Sassanides, which, besides being very rare, bear the imprints of a rudeness and barbarity which shew too clearly the decadence or rather absence of art—any intermediate monuments. There seems no point of transition between the pomp of which the colonnades of Persepolis preserve the souvenirs, and the sumptuous magnificence, so different in its character, which distinguishes the monuments of the age of Châh-Abbas. We are astonished and almost confounded when we examine the productions of Persian art in the two ages which are separated from each other by fifteen hundred years. We cannot comprehend how that art, whose first manifestations were in the shape of the noble architecture of Persepolis, should have been enabled, fifteen or sixteen centuries afterwards, to throw up, all on a sudden, the gorgeous enamelled mosques of Sultanieh and Ispahan. In our Europe, such changes are gradual and slow, and almost insensible. With us, the creations of art form a continuous chain, which we can follow regularly from year to year, from the temples—as far as architecture, for example, is concerned—erected in the style of the old Greeks, to the buildings which are raised in our own day. In Persia, on the contrary, it would seem as though some ancient people, the first possessors of the soil, had created the Persepolitan monuments, and that then, this people being conquered and dispossessed, a new nation had taken its place, and shed over the conquered soil new arts and a new civilisation, without any regard to those of the people which had preceded it. The immense interval between the epoch of the monuments of Persepolis and that of those of Ispahan, and this want of continuity in the civilisation of the Persians, are a proof of the degree of feebleness into which the nation had fallen at the death of Darius. It seems to have been sunk into a state of benumbed torpor, from which it could only be aroused by a new faith, and by a religion which was rendered vivifying by fanaticism. When the nation was thus electrified and roused into new action, no homage was paid by it at all unto the past. The Mahometan Persian held the fire-worshipping Persian in horror and abhorrence; and the Persian monuments of Guebric origin, though respected by the former as the wonderful works of his forefathers, were at the same time hated by him as having had their birth in a civilisation which had been supported and created by a religion which he had learned to hold in utter abomination. Throughout the nation everything was changed. All souvenirs of anterior times were repudiated, and, by a new religion, new temples were required. It was then made evident, that, although the Persians had remained sunk in a state of prolonged torpor during the centuries which had preceded the birth of Islamism, their distinctive characteristics had undergone no alteration, and their inventive spirit had not disappeared. At the command of the religion forced upon them by the Prophet, all the ancient noble qualities of the Persians re-appeared, in all their former strength and former glory; but that ingenuity and elegance which have distinguished the Persians at every epoch of their history were transported thereby into an entirely new field of action. Then arose, as by enchantment, the splendid mosques with enamelled cupolas; then shot up into the heavens the bold and delicate minarets, as though for the purpose of carrying as near to heaven as possible the praises of Mahomet and of Allah. The architects who designed these superb edifices, and the artizans who put those designs into execution, were each as able as those who, fifteen hundred years before, had designed and built the palaces of the Achemenides. In these noble mosques, too, science opened all her schools, and from within them there went forth savans and poets, artists and artizans, who spread over the land the evidences of their learning and their skill, and blessed it by their ability and industry.

Nor were the Persians, after thus raising such magnificent sanctuaries for the services of their religion, slow in carrying likewise a voluptuous elegance into their daily life and their domestic manners. It soon became necessary to them that they should be clothed in fine tissues of cashmere, rich silks and velvets brocaded with gold, and satins covered with the most beautiful artistic designs; while they could only set their feet upon the softest carpets, and those which were also dyed of the most harmonious colours. The dishes and vessels of pottery-ware, which had served them hitherto, were no longer sufficient to satisfy their tastes; and their dishes were henceforth the workmanship of the goldsmiths, who studied to fashion them in shapes of the greatest elegance. At the time of their great conquests, the

Persians were content with only a bridle and saddle to conduct their coursers to the banks of the Hellespont; but their successors of the age of the Sophis must have their horses covered with magnificent gold and velvet housings; their saddles must be hidden by a superabundance of embroidery; and their bridles so overladen with gold and precious stones, that they had rather the look of necklaces made for the dwellers in the harem than that of anything which could possibly be connected with a horse. No art was neglected in that age of magnificence; but painting held the first rank in the predilections of the rich Persians. Historical pictures, battle-scenes, portraits of heroes, and the fanciful productions of imaginations excited by the reading of the poets, were all executed by the painters of that day in a style displaying an ability and nerve which the specimens still remaining, in all their pristine freshness, on the walls of Ispahan and Tchekel-Sutoun, compel us to admire and wonder at. And while the painters embellished, with the productions of their pencils, the dwellings of the powerful and the rich, from the workshops of the artizans went forth immense quantities of almost all kinds of manufactured goods to fill the bazaars of all the merchants of Asia. The jewellery and metalwork of the Persian goldsmiths was carried to Bagdad, to Constantinople, and even to the cities of India, while the rich fabrics which were woven upon Persian looms were amongst the number of precious rarities which were presented by the sovereigns of all countries to one another; and the arms which were manufactured by the armourers of Persia—made of the finest steel and damascened with gold—were objects coveted by the warriors of all lands. The industry of the Persians reigned supreme in all the markets of the world, and gave the example, and furnished the types, which were followed by all the artizans of the earth. The bazaars of Aleppo, of Damascus, of Cairo, and Constantinople, were filled with the productions which were sent to them from Persia; whither the merchants of Venice, of Pisa, and Genoa, with the Jews of France, of Spain, and Germany, resorted for the purchase of those rich stuffs, those jewels, and those precious vessels which they re-sold in Europe for their weight in gold. It was then that luxurious customs began to propagate themselves amongst the inhabitants of Latin countries. Till then, their garments had been composed solely of coarse woollen cloth or serge. As soon as the rich stuffs of the Persians became known, the former wearers of such habits left them wholly to the poor; and, in the West, the rich clothed themselves, almost universally, in the velvets and sumptuous satins of the East For several centuries Persia thus ministered to the luxurious tastes which she had created among the rich of Europe; but along with the fashion for using her rich products, there developed itself in the end, as its consequence and natural effect, the artistic tastes and industrial energies of the Europeans themselves. Thence sprung up a rivalry highly prejudicial to the interests of the Asiatics. Then arose, as if by magic, in every city over Europe, looms upon which were woven fabrics which ceded nought to those of the Persians, whether they were tissues of silk and gold, velvets, brocades, or satins. Europe, but France principally, then drew from Asia that monopoly which had so long imposed on European luxury so onerous a tribute. Persia was conquered; but there remained with her the honour of having been the first to forge the arms which were now turned against herself.

The productions of Persia, imported into Europe, had had the effect, then, of creating these able and ingenious artizans. We have seen that Persia, successively become the heroic conquerer of India and the slave of her neighbours, was now exhausting all her energies in civil discords and bitter and bloody wars of usurpation. All those causes combined together could not do otherwise than give the most deadly blows to her arts, her industry, and all that which had been her glory in the past. Whilst she was thus consuming herself in intestine quarrels, Europe was labouring with diligence in the path which she had opened her looms were multiplying their numbers with almost inconceivable rapidity, her ships were sailing upon every sea, and were visiting all the sea-ports of the East, in order to introduce therein productions imitated from those of Persia, and manufactured for the purpose of satisfying the wants of not only the Persians themselves, but also—as those very Persians had done hitherto—those of all the other Asiatic nations. This competition resulted—although Persia at first boldly and bravely endeavoured to stand her ground—in the gradual but complete ruin of her industry. Her religious fanaticism at first caused her to repel the introduction of the products of the arts of Christians, but her opposition was feeble and soon overpowered. The master had been surpassed in every respect by his pupils, and more especially in productiveness and activity, and therefore it was impossible that his prosperity should not decline. It has declined accordingly, and entirely perished. To-day, the Persian bows his head in sadness as he views the inactive instruments of that industry which made him so opulent and powerful in days gone by. Still in the midst of the ruins of that industry, amid the *débris* of a civilisation to which we owe so many noble examples, the national spirit remains the same as ever. It struggles manfully against its oppressors, it groans under the yoke which is imposed upon it, and remains, in its hour of adversity, faithful to its past.

Elegant and *distinguée*, the Persians have always loved the arts and letters. Its languishing industry may be almost dead of inanition, but still the conditions of vitality exist for it. We see still at Kachân, at Yezd, Kerman, Meched, Chiraz, and other places, manufactories in which are produced fabrics worthy of the old renown of Persia, and not only silks and cashmeres, but arms also. The painters and goldsmiths of Teheran and Ispahan have not forgotten the secrets of their arts, but practise them still, *con amore*, and with success. Everything belonging to the intelligence and tastes of the Persians resists decay, and will live for ages yet, but their industry gold alone can revivify. They do not build now any such mosques as those of Châh-Abbas and Châh-Hussein; the Persian princes have no longer the means of raising such palaces as those of the Tchar-Bâgh and Ispahan. Persia is now humiliated and poor, everything connected with her seems tumbling into ruin. Her monuments are falling, stone by stone, without any one striving to prevent their further decay, or to replace them by newer ones. Her civilisation created her, in the bye-gone, a renown which made all other nations envy her. Those envious nations have become her rivals, and successful ones. They have imitated the models which she laid before them, and now they make her pay very dear for having created them. Step by step she has sunk into a state of apathy, and is *now* no longer sufficient for herself, but is dependent upon others for the supply of all her wants.

It is the duty of the actual government of Persia to cause the noble instincts which are still remaining in the breasts of its whole people to resist and wrestle with this apathy, and to bring back the country which is placed beneath its care to a position bearing somewhat more resemblance to its old one, by an intelligent exportation of its moral and material resources. For our own part, it is from the point of view furnished by the interests of the French that we would look at the situation of the Persians. The English are almost the only people who minister to the wants of the Persian nation; but seeing that the Persians are wholly dependent on foreign industry for the supply of all their needs, it is highly desirable that France also should be given access into their territory. France would find there a good market for a vast number of her productions. Her muslins, her woollen cloths, her linen and silk fabrics, her porcelain, her glass-ware, her clock-work, and her *objets de fantaisie*, would surely find there eager purchasers. But France has not a single merchant in all Persia. In all our many journeys through the country, we have never encountered a single French *negociant*. France can only tread in the paths of routine; she seeks not new markets or new fields of action; she recoils before the unknown, and is afraid of difficulties, and yet there is nothing very difficult in the journey from France to Persia. A caravan will travel in twenty days from Trebisonde to Tabris, which serves as the grand store-house for all Persia, and the transport of goods from France in this way would not be at all costly. The roads are safe, and the goods which had passed along them would meet with a sure and profitable sale. France might easily come to partake with England of the immense benefits which are derived by the latter alone from the trade with Persia, and might exercise also a very beneficial influence over the future destinies of that unfortunate country. We know not why France should have entered into no treaty of commerce with the Persians. There may be an obstacle or two perhaps in the way; but, if so, they certainly are not insurmountable,—our government has never hitherto obtained such treaty, because our merchants have never asked it so to do. Were they to require it and demand it, it would be obtained for them, they may rest assured, without delay. Behold the vicious circle in which their arguments have travelled hitherto. Do you ask them why they have not penetrated with their merchandise into Persia? It is because we possess the security of no treaty

of commerce with that country. Do you ask them *why* we possess no treaty of commerce with it? It is because we have had no commercial interests to protect there! For what *bizarre* reason should Persia be the only country of the world into which we have no access? To comprehend the interest which we have in throwing down the barriers which oppose our entrance thither, it will be only necessary to recollect what pains have been taken by the English and the Russians to strengthen them and preserve them from decay. We think it is the duty of our country to put an end to a state of things which is alike prejudicial and injurious to the political influence and commercial interests of the French nation.

SHELLEY'S ASPIRATIONS.

He it was that breathed forth those wild and aimless aspirations towards something more than is granted to man to know or to possess. Sometimes with a soft wailing, sometimes with haughty scorn, did he seek to grasp that transcendent knowledge, that superhuman wisdom which the Creator has denied to man. He could not bow to the destiny of fallen mortals, who needs must grovel on in ignorance and servility; he sought to perpetrate again that crime which caused the fall of the human race; he strove at once to seize and to devour the dangerous fruit of of the tree of knowledge. Not satisfied with the gradual manner in which is doled out to us the cognisance of Heaven's great laws, he plunged into the deep waters of metaphysics, and, when he rose again, it was but to doubt to cavil, to deny. Such was the inquiring, truth-seeking mind of Shelley. From his earliest youth he evinced this tendency to resist the powers that be, to base his conduct on wild, imaginative theories of his own building: theories poetical and beautiful in themselves, but never to be realised in this world's present condition. Of this mental malady nothing could cure him; there is but one remedy to be administered to a mind thus diseased: experience alone can put such wild imaginings to flight, and substitute for them the harsh reality of worldly wisdom. But of this better medicine Shelley quaffed only the harsh and not the healing ingredients. He waged resolute war against this stern monitor; and the realities of life, carrying with them no conviction, only hardened him in his abhorrence of the world's constitution, and, working no change in his opinions, served but the more to pervert them, the more to turn them from their natural bias. He persisted in seeing all things through the prism of his fancy; and, with intentions really excellent, but sadly misdirected, he started on Utopian theories to set the world at rights. He was strangely fanciful, and withal strangely inconsistent. Of excellent birth, of noble mien, of exquisitely delicate sensibility, he was in politics a communist and a revolutionist. When he found on every side disappointment and failure attend the inculcation of his theories, he shunned communication with his fellow-creatures, and sought to become such a one as he has portrayed in his "Alastor," yet he has deep sympathies and warm compassion. He avowed himself openly the enemy of established religion, calling it "hostile instead of friendly to the cultivation of those virtues which would make men brothers;" yet he was undoubtedly pious, for his life was irreproachable, and he suffered martyrdom in the cause of what he conceived to be the truth—nay, he was even *religious*, only he worshipped some airy creation, of "universal love" or "perfection," in lieu of the Deity revealed to man. It is easy to conceive how fatal to the happiness of the man was this diseased imagination; but it must be as evident that such a being could not fail to be a poet of nature's own election. And such he was indeed! A poet verily, in thought, in mind, in language. But not a poet [illegible]; and here lies the chief blemish in his works. Had he been less of a metaphysician, his poetry would have been better; had he been less of a poet, his metaphysics might have been more sound. The union of these qualities tended greatly to shut him out from the pale of popularity and general admiration. He has not employed his wondrous language to express the feelings of his fellow-men; or, rather, he has not let men know [illegible] has used it to this end, though unconsciously he has done [illegible] he seems but to have made it a channel for conveying to the world his own strange longings, his own inward sufferings. Hence, will his writings never become popular, nor attain their real value in any eyes save those of the eclectic few. And herein did he especially differ from his attached friend, Byron. While the one always saw the real in life, while the one was not only satisfied to learn of, but actually anticipated, experience, the other saw but the fanciful, and resisted, instead of yielding to, the effects of time. While Byron held to "wise saws and modern instances," and viewed his youthful fancies daily disappearing and falling around him, Shelley clave to those fascinating but false principles, and suffered his mind, offended with the bitterness of truth, to recur constantly to his favourite conceptions, and feast on the luscious falsehood, until its fictions operated as realities, false opinions fastened upon his mind, and his life passed away in alternate dreams of rapture and of anguish. Yet, though his poetry be not, as I have said, popular, there are not wanting many who appreciate the beauty of his works; and it may confidently be expected that a day will come when many who now condemn Shelley as a morbid visionary and an immoral atheist, will learn to value his productions, and bear charitably with those faults for which the unhappiness of his own life was a sufficient atonement.—*The late Earl of Belfast on the Poets and Poems of the Nineteenth Century.*

FAIRIES.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

The word *Fairy*, in the sense of a little miniature being, is peculiar to this country, and is a southern appellation applied to a northern idea. It is the *Fée* and *Fata* of the French and Italians, who mean by it an imaginary lady of any sort, not of necessity small, and generally of the human size. With us, it is the *Elf* of our northern ancestors, and means exclusively the little creature inhabiting the woods and caverns, and dancing on the grass.

The progress of knowledge, which humanises everything, and enables our fancies to pick and choose, has long rendered the English fairy a harmless being, rarely seen of eye, and known quite as much, if not more, through the pleasant fancies of the poets, than the earthier creed of the common people. In Germany also, the fairy is said to have become a being almost entirely benevolent. But among our kinsmen of the north, the Swedes and Danes, and especially the insular races of Iceland and Rugen, the old opinions appear to be in force, and, generally speaking, the pigmy world may be divided into four classes.

First, the white or good fairies, who live above ground, dancing on the grass, or sitting on the leaves of trees—the fairy of our poets. They are fond of sunshine, and are ethereal little creatures.

Second, the dark or under-ground fairies (the dwarfs, trolls, and hill-folk of the continent), an irritable race, workers in mines and smithies, and doing good or evil offices, as it may happen.

Third, the house or homestead fairy, our Puck, Robin Goodfellow, Hobgoblin, &c. (the *Nis* of Denmark and Norway, the *Kobold* of Germany, the *Brownie* of Scotland, and *Tomtegubbe*, or *Old Man of the House* in Sweden). He is of a similar temper, but good upon the whole, and fond of cleanliness, rewarding and helping the servants for being tidy, and punishing them for the reverse.

And fourth, the water-fairy, the Kelpie of Scotland, and Nick, Neck, Nickel, Nickar, and Nix, of other countries, the most dangerous of all, appearing like a horse, or a mermaid, or a beautiful girl, and enticing people to their destruction. He is supposed by some, however, not to do it out of ill-will, but in order to procure companions in the spirits of those who are drowned.

All the fairies have qualities in common; and for the most part, eat, drink, marry, and are governed like human beings; and all without exception are thieves, and fond of power. In other words, they are like the human beings that invented them. They do the same good and ill offices, are subject to the same passions, and are called *good folk* and *good neighbours*, out of the same feelings of fear or gratitude. The better sort dress in gay clothes of green, and are handsome; the more equivocal are ugly, big nosed little knaves, round-eyed and hump-backed, like Punch, or the figures in caricatures. The latter dress in red or brown caps, which they have a great dread of losing, as they must not rest till they get another, and the *hill-folk* among them are great enemies to noise. They keep their promises, because if they did not, the Rugen people say they would be changed into reptiles, beetles,

and other ugly creatures, and be obliged to wander in that shape many years. The ordinary German kobold, or house goblin, delights in a mess of grits or water gruel, with a lump of butter in it. In other countries, as in England of old, he aspires to a cream bowl. Hear our great poet, who was as fond of a rustic supper as any man, and has recorded his roasting chesnuts with his friend Diodati.

> "Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
> With stories told of many a feat,
> How faery Mab the junkets eat;
> She was pinch'd and pull'd, she sed,
> And he, by friar's lantern led;
> Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
> To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
> When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
> His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
> That ten day-labourers could not end;
> Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
> And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
> Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
> And crop-full out of doors he flings,
> Ere the first cock his matin rings.
> Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
> By whispering winds soon lull'd to sleep."

This *gigantifying* of Robin Goodfellow is a sin against the true fairy religion; but a poet's sins are apt to be too agreeable not to be forgiven *. The friar with his lantern is the same Robin whose pranks he delighted to record even amidst the stately solemnities of Paradise Lost,—philosophising upon the nature of the ignis fatuus, that he might have an excuse for bringing him in.

> "Lead then, said Eve. He, leading, swiftly roll'd
> In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
> To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
> Brightens his crest; as when a wandering fire,
> Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
> Condenses, and the cold environs round,
> Kindled through agitation to a flame,
> Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attend,
> Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
> Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way
> To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
> There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far:
> So glister'd the dire snake."

We have remarked more than once, that the belief in supernatural existences round about us is indigenous to every country, and as natural as fears and hopes. Climate and national character modify it, parts of it may be borrowed; a people may abound in it at one time, and outgrow the abuse of it in another, but wherever human nature is to be found, either in a state of superstitious ignorance, or of imaginative knowledge, there the belief will be found with it, modified accordingly.

We shall not trouble ourselves, therefore, with attempting to confine the origin of the fairies to this or that region. A bird, a squirrel, a voice, a tree nodding and gesticulating in the wind, was sufficient to people every one of them with imaginary beings. But creeds may oust creeds or alter them, as invaders alter a people; and there are two circumstances in the nature of the popular fairy, assignable to that northern mythology, to which the belief itself has been traced we mean, the smallness of its stature, and the supposition at one time prevailing, that it was little better than a devil. It is remarkable, also, that inasmuch as the northern mythology is traceable to the Eastern invaders of Europe, our fairies may have issued out of those same mountains of Caucasus, the great Kaf, to which we are indebted for the peries and genii. The pygmies were supposed by the ancients to people the two ends of the earth, northern and southern, where the growth of nature was faint and stunted. In the north they were inhabitants of India, the cranes their enemies being Scythians: in the other quarters, they were found by Hercules in the desert, where they assailed him with their bows and arrows, as the Lilliputians did Gulliver, and were carried off by the smiling demigod in the skin of his lion. Odin, the supposed Scythian or Tartar, is thought to have been the importer of the northern fables. His wandering countrymen, of the crane region, may have a higher personal acquaintance with the little people of the north than is supposed. In the tales now extant among the Calmuc Tartars, and originating it seems in Thibet, mention is made of certain little children encountered by a wandering khan in a wood, and quarrelling about "an invisible cup." The khan tricks them of it in good swindling style, and proceeding onwards meets with certain *tchadkurs* or evil spirits, quarrelling about some "boots of swiftness," of which he beguiles them in like manner. *

These may be chance coincidences; but these fictions are not of so universal a nature as most, and we cannot help regarding them as corroborations of the Eastern rise of our fablers of the north. We take this opportunity, before we proceed, of noticing another remarkable circumstance in the history of popular fictions, which is, that it is doubtful whether the Greeks had any little beings in their mythology. They regarded the pigmies as a real people, and never seem to have thought of giving them a lift into the supernatural. And it may be observed, that although the Spaniards have a house-spirit which they call *Duende*, and Tasso, in the fever of his dungeon, was haunted with a *folletto*, which is the *Follet* or *Lutin* of the French, it does not appear that these southern spirits are of necessity small; still less have those sunny nations any embodied system of fairyism. Their fairies are the enchantresses of romance. Little spirits appear to be of the country of little people, commented on by their larger neighbours. It is true that little shapes and shadows are seen in all countries, but the general tendency of fear is to magnify. Particular circumstances must have created a spirit at once petty and formidable.

We are of opinion, with the author of the Fairy Mythology, that the petty size of the household idols of antiquity argues nothing conclusive respecting the size of the beings they represented. Besides, they were often large as well as small, though the more domestic of them, or those that immediately presided over the hearth, were of a size suitable to convenience. The domestic idols of all nations have probably been small, for the like reason.

Whether the lares were supposed to be of greater stature or not by the learned, it is not impossible that the constant sight of the little images generated a corresponding notion of the originals. The best argument against the smallness of these divinities is, that there is no mention of it in books; and yet the only passage we remember to have met with, implying any determinate notion of stature, is in favour of the little. We here give it, out of an old and not very sage author.—

"After the victory had and gotten against the Gothes, the Emperor Domitian caused many shewes and triumphs to be made, in signe and token of joy; and amongst others hee invited publickly to dine with him all sorts of persons, both noble and unnoble, but especially the senators and knights of Rome, to whom he made a feast in this fashion. Hee had caused a certaine house of al sides to bee painted black, the pavement thereof was black, so likewise were the hangings, or seelings, the roofe and the wals also black; and within it hee had prepared a very low room, not unlike a hollow vault or cell, ful of emptie sledges or seats. Into this place he caused the senators and knights, his ghests, to be brought, without suffering any of their pages or attendants to enter in with them. And first of all he caused a little square piller to be set near to every one of them, upon the which was written the partie's name sitting next it; by which there hanged also a lamp burning before each seat, in such sort as is used in sepulchers. After this, there comes into this melancholicke and dark place a number of yong pages, with great joy and merriment, starke naked, and spotted or painted all over with a die or colour as

* "Robin Goodfellow," says Warton, "who is here made a gigantic spirit, fond of lying before the fire, and called the lubbar-fiend, seems to be confounded with the sleepy giant mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act iii., sc. 1, vol. vi., p. 411, edit. 1751." There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her—God bless us—that had a grant to her son that was called "Lob-lye-by-the-fire." Todd's Milton, vol. vi., p. 96. Burton, in a passage subsequently quoted, tells us, in speaking of these fairies, that there is "a bigger kind of them, called hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows, that would in those superstitious times grinde corne for a messe of milke, cut wood, or do any manner of drudgery works." Melanch., part i., sec. 2, p. 49, edit. 1632. The bigness arose probably out of the superhuman labour: but, though Milton has made fine use of the lubbar-fiend with his "hairy strength," it is surprising he should have sacrificed the greater wonder of the *little* potent fairy to that of a giant

* See an excellent article in the "Quarterly Review," entitled Antiquities of Nursery Literature. Of similar merit and probably by the same hand (which we presume to be that of Mr. Southey) is another on the Popular Mythology of the Middle Ages. We cannot refer to the volume, our copy happening to form part of a selection which we made some years ago from a bundle of the two reigning Reviews.

blacke as inke who, resembling those spirits called manes, and such like idols, did leape and skip round about those senators and knights, who, at this unexpected accident, were not a little frighted and afraid. After which, those pages set them down at their backs, against each of them one, and there stayed, whilste certaine other persons (ordayned there of purpose) did execute with great diligensie all those ceremonies that were usually fit and requisit for the funeralls and exequies of the dead. This done, there came in others, who brought and served in, in blaik dishes and platters, divers meats and viands, all coloured black, in such sort that there was not any one in the place but was in great doubt what would become of him, and thought himself utterly undone, supposing he should have his throat cut, onely to give pleasure and content to the emperour. Besides, there was kept the greatest silence that could be imagined. And Domitian himself being present, did nothing else but (without ceasing) speake and talke unto them of murthers, death, and tragedies. In the end, the emperour having taken his pleasure of them at the full, he caused their pages and lackies, which attended them without the gates, to come in unto them, and so sent them away home to their own houses, some in coches, others in horselitters, guided and conducted by strange and unknown persons, which gave them as great cause of fear as their former entertainment. And they were no sooner arrived every one to his own house, and had scant taken breath from the feare they had conceived, but that one of their servants came to tell them, that there were at the gates certaine which came to speake with them from the emperour. God knows how this message made them stirre, what excessive lamentations they made, and with how exceeding feares they were perplexed in their minds; there was not any, no, not the hardiest of them all, but thought that hee was sent for to be put to death. But to make short, those which were to speake with them from the emperour, came to no other purpose but to bring them either a little piller of silver, or some such like vessel or piece of plate (which had beene set before them at the time of their entertainment); after which, everyone of them had also sent unto him, for a present from the emperour, one of those pages that had counterfeyted those *manes* or spirits at the banquet, they being first washed and cleansed before they were presented unto them."

Spirits of old could become small; but we read of none that were essentially little except the fairies. It was a Rabbinical notion, that angelical beings could render themselves as small as they pleased; a fancy of which Milton has not scrupled to avail himself in his Pandemonium.* It was proper enough to the idea of a being made of thought or fire; though one would think it was easier to make it expand like the genius when let loose, than be contracted into the jar or vial in the first instance. But if spirits went in and out of crevices, means, it was thought, must be taken to enable them to do so; and this may serve to account for the fairies themselves, in countries where other circumstances disposed the fancy to create them; but all the attributes of the little northern beings, its petty stature, its workmanship, its superiority to men in some things, its simplicity and inferiority in others, its supernatural practices, and the doubt entertained by its believers whether it is in the way of salvation, conspire, we think, to render the opinion of M. Mallet in his "Northern Antiquities"† extremely probable; viz., that the character of the fairy has been modified by the feelings entertained by our Gothic and Celtic ancestors respecting the little race of the Laplanders, a people whom they despised for their timid peacefulness, and yet could not help admiring for their industry, and fearing for their *magic*.

In the *Edda*, or northern Pantheon, the dwarfs are described as a species of beings bred in the dust of the earth, like maggots in a carcase. "It was indeed," says the Edda, "in the body of the giant Ymer, that they were engendered, and first began to move and live. At first they were only worms; but by order of the gods, they at length partook both of human shape and reason; nevertheless, they always dwell in subterranean caverns and among rocks."

Upon this passage, M. Mallet says (under correction of his translator), "We may discover here one of the effects of that ignorant prejudice, which hath made us for so many years regard all arts and handicrafts as the occupation of mean people and slaves. Our Celtic and Gothic ancestors, whether Germans, Scandinavians, or Gauls, imagining there was something magical, and beyond the reach of man in mechanic skill and industry, could scarcely believe that an able artist was one of their own species, or descended from the same common origin. This, it must be granted, was a very foolish conceit; but let us consider what might possibly facilitate the entrance of it in their minds. There was perhaps some neighbouring people, which bordered upon the Celtic or Gothic tribes; and which, although less warlike than themselves, and much inferior in strength and stature, might yet excel them in dexterity; and addicting themselves to the manual arts, might carry on commerce with them, sufficiently extensive to have the fame of it spread pretty far. All these circumstances will agree well enough with the Laplanders, who are still as famous for their magic as remarkable for the lowness of their stature; pacific even to a degree of cowardice, but of a mechanic industry which formerly must have appeared very considerable. The stories that were invented concerning this people, passing through the mouths of so many ignorant relators, would soon acquire all the degrees of the marvellous of which they were susceptible. Thus the dwarfs soon became (as all know, who have dipped but a little into the ancient romances) the forgers of enchanted armour, upon which neither swords nor conjurations could make any impression. They were possessed of caverns full of treasure entirely at their own disposal. This, to observe by the by, hath given birth to one of the cabalistic doctrines, which is perhaps only one of the branches of the ancient northern theology. As the dwarfs were feeble, and but of small courage, they were supposed to be crafty, full of subtice and deceit. This, which in the old romances is called *disloyalty*, is the character always given of them in those fabulous narratives. All these fancies having received the seal of time and universal consent, could be no longer contested, and it was the business of the poets to assign a fit origin for such ungracious beings. This was done in their pretended rise from the dead carcase of a great giant. The dwarfs at first were only the maggots engendered by its putrefaction afterwards the gods bestowed upon them understanding and cunning By this fiction the northern warriors justified their contempt of them, and at the same time accounted for their small stature, their industry, and for their supposed propensity for inhabiting caves and clefts of the rocks. After all, the notion is not everywhere exploded, that there are in the bowels of the earth fairies, or a kind of dwarfish and tiny beings, of human shape, remarkable for their riches, their industry, and their malevolence. In many countries of the north, the people are still firmly persuaded of their existence. In Ireland, at this day, the good folks show the very rocks and hills in which they maintain that there are swarms of these small subterranean men, of the most tiny size, but most delicate figures."

When Christianity came into the north, these little people, who had formed part of the national faith, were converted by the ordinary process into devils; but the converts could never heartily enter into the notion. Accordingly, in spite of the endeavours of the clergy (which, it is said, have been more or less exerted in vain to this day), a sort of half-and-half case was made out for them, and the inhabitants of several northern countries are still of opinion that elves may be saved, and that it is cruel to tell them otherwise. An author quoted in the "Fairy Mythology" (vol. i., p. 136) has a touching theory on this subject. We are informed in that work, "that the common people of Sweden and thereabouts believe in an intermediate class of elves, who, when they show themselves, have a handsome human form, and the idea of whom is connected with a deep feeling of melancholy, as if bewailing a half-quenched hope of redemption." "Afzelius is of opinion," says a note on the passage, "that the superstition on this point is derived from the time of the introduction of Christianity into the north, and expresses the sympathy of the first converts with their forefathers, who died without a knowledge of the Redeemer, and lay bound in heathen earth, and whose unhappy spirits were doomed to wander about these lower regions, or sigh within their mounds, till the great day of redemption."

Our old prose writers scarcely ever mention the fairies without letting us see how they were confounded with devils, and yet distinguished from them. "Terrestrial devils," says Burton, "are those lares, genii, faunes, satyrs, wood-nymphs, foliots, fairies, *Robin Goodfellowes*, &c., which as they are most conversant with men, so they do them the most harm. Some think it was

* Milton's reduction of the size of his angels is surely a superfluity, and diminishes the grandeur of their meeting. It was one of the rare instances (theology apart), in which his learning betrayed his judgment.

† "Northern Antiquities," translated from Monsieur Mallet's "Introduction a l'Histoire de Dannemare, &c.," vol. ii., p. 42.

they alone that kept the heathen people in awe of old, and had so many idols and temples erected to them. Of this range was Dagon among the Philistines, Bel among the Babylonians, Astarte among the Sydonians, Baal among the Samaritans, Isis and Osiris among the Egyptians, &c. Some put our fairies into this rank, which have been in former times adored with much superstition, with sweeping their houses, and setting of a pail of water, good victuals, and the like, and then they should not be pinched, but find money in their shoes, and be fortunate in their enterprises. These are they that dance on greens and heaths, as Lavater thinks with Tritemius, and as Olaus Magnus adds, leave that green circle which commonly we find in plains and fields, which others hold to proceed from a meteor falling, or some accidental rankness of the ground, so Nature sports herself; they are sometimes seen by old women and children. Hierom Pauli, in his description of the city of Barcino (in Spain), relates how they have been familiarly seen near that town, about fountains and hills. Giraldus Cambrensis gives instance of a monk in Wales that was so deluded. Paracelsus reckons up many places in Germany, where they do usually walk in little courts some two foot long."

"Our mothers' maids have so frayed us," says gallant Reginald Scot, "with bul-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, fauns, syrens, kit with the canstik, tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, giants, imps, calcars, conjurors, nymphs, changelings, incubus, Robin Goodfellows, the spoon, the mare, the man in the oak, the hellwain, the fire-drake, the puckle, Tom Thumb, hobgoblin, Tom Tumbler, boneless,* and other such bugs, that we are afraid of our own shadows; insomuch that some never fear the devil but in a dark night, and then a polled sheep is a perilous beast, and many times is taken for our father's soul, especially in a churchyard, where a right hardy man heretofore scant durst pass by night but his hair would stand upright."†

In consequence of this opinion in the popular mythology, the merry and human-like fairies, during a degrading portion of the history of Europe, were made tools of, in common with all that was thought diabolical, to worry and destroy thousands of miserable people, but it is more than pleasant,—it is deeply interesting to an observer, to see what an instinctive impulse there is in human beings to resist the growth of the worst part of superstition, and vindicate nature and natural piety. Do but save mankind from taking intolerance for God's will, and exalting the impatience of being differed with into a madness, and you may trust to the natural good humour of the best of their opinions for as favourable a view as possible of all with which they can sympathise. Even their madness in that respect is but a perversion of their natural wish to be liked and agreed with. The first thing that men found out in behalf of the fairies, was that they were a good deal like themselves the next was to think well of them upon the whole, rather than ill. and when Reginald Scot and others helped us out of this cloud of folly about witchcraft, the fairies became brighter than before. In England, the darker notions of them almost entirely disappeared with the bigotries in church and state, and at the call of the poets they came and adorned the books that had done them service, and became synonymous with pleasant fancies.

* There is a personage in Eastern history, who appears to have been of kin to this grim phenomenon. He was a sorcerer of the name of Sottan. He is described as having his head in his bosom, and as being destitute of bones in every part of his body, with the exception of his skull and the ends of his fingers. It was only when he was in a rage that he could sit up, anger having the effect of swelling him; but he could at no time be made to stand on his feet. When it was necessary to move him from place to place, they folded him like a mantle, and when there was occasion to consult him in the exercise of his profession, it was the practice to roll him backwards and forwards on the floor, like a churning-kin, till the answer was obtained.—See Major Price's *Essay towards the History of Arabia antecedent to the Birth of Mohammed*, p. 196

† The list of the unclean spirits in Middleton's tragi-comedy of the *Witch*, is closely copied from the passage in Reginald Scot.—See the Speech of Hecate.

> Urchins, elves, hags, satires, pans, fauns, silenos,
> Kit with the candlestick, tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, imps,
> The spoon, the mare, the man i'th'oak, the hellwain
> The fire-drake, the puckle.

Satire.—Some say of Cobbett that his style was "coarse," because he sometimes used coarse terms. So does Shakspeare, and so do all great writers; but then they know when, where, and how to use them, and that is the secret. Do these blockheads think these words were made *for nothing*?

THE BREAKFAST PARTY.

BY MISS H. M. RATHBONE.

CHAPTER I.

"How pale and tired you look, Mary! I am very glad this good doctor is coming to tell us what is the matter; I only wish you would not feel so desponding about yourself."

"I cannot help it, Charles; you know all the stuff I have taken from Jenkins's shop has done me no service, and I fancy the hardships of our way of life have most to do with my being so weak."

A shadow passed over the brow of her brother as she spoke, for the same idea had at times painfully oppressed his own mind, but rousing himself from the troubled reverie into which her words had thrown him, he said, "But, Mary, this gentleman is no common doctor, and you cannot think how skilfully he has cured some of the worst cases belonging to our theatre, and though he stands so high in his profession, that we could not possibly offer him any adequate remuneration, he consented, Mr. Crowther told me, with the greatest alacrity to prescribe for you. I believe, too, he has proposed coming here to breakfast with us to-morrow, that by accepting our hospitality, he may the more easily decline any fee."

"Do you know him by sight?"

"No, and I never happened to hear his name, or else I have forgotten it, but tell me what have we got for breakfast, have you thought of what we can give him?"

"I bought half a pound of white sugar and a quarter pound of coffee to-day, and I told the baker to bring a fresh roll in the morning. Then we have a little bacon left and if I broiled a few slices very nicely, and made some toast from the old loaf, I fancied that would be sufficient. Indeed I shall not have a penny over after paying for a lock of meal for our own dinners next week, and the roll."

"Well, I suppose we must be satisfied, but it seems a shabby turn-out, and I do not at all like the idea of setting our vile salt butter, that is always rancid into the bargain, before him; can't you manage to get some fresh on credit,—or stay, here is my neckhandkerchief, I will go out now and see what can be got for it, it is a silk one though much worn." Giving his young sister a hasty kiss, Charles Gardener ran down stairs, and by the light of the lamps, Mary watched his well-formed, slight-made figure hastening down the street. She was only fifteen years old, and yet the charge of her widowed father and of her brother's comfort devolved wholly upon her, and so scanty were their united earnings, that it was no wonder toil, anxiety, and want of nourishment should have caused her health and spirits to fail. The clock of St. Paul's Church striking seven, obliged her to wrap herself in her old cloak, preparatory to encountering the keen night air; and after making up the little fire, so that her father who was asleep beside it with a worn, patient look on his face that made her heart ache, might not grow chilly, she followed her brother's example, and glided down into the still busy street. Her limbs felt very feeble as she walked, and she shuddered at the thoughts of standing on the stage for an hour together as one of those poor supernumeraries who compose the living ground-work of theatrical performances, and who are grudgingly rewarded by a shilling a day for all the time, labour, dress, and attending rehearsals, which such situations involve.

In general, Charles, who was five years her senior, accompanied her, and gave her the support of his arm, and her present deprivation of his aid made her feel additionally lonely and depressed. She could not prevent the tears running over, as she took her customary place in a circle of smartly-dressed smiling Swiss peasant girls, and the manager, on seeing them, harshly warned her that her attendance would be no longer required if she should again dare to disobey his positive orders. Mechanically her lips resumed the set expression which was considered to represent a mirthful appearance, and her courage presently revived when she saw Charles enter as one of the Emperor's standard bearers, a department whose trouble and attendant expenses were paid like her own by a stipend of 6s. weekly. Unfortunately for her, he was detained after her business had been concluded, and ever desirous to rejoin her father, she once more wearily wended her solitary way, and buried herself on reaching home in preparing the small portion of soup-maigre which was to constitute the family

heard her brother's step below, but to her surprise, he seemed to be bringing some one else with him; and waking their father, who usually dozed from exhaustion most of the evening, they both turned round to see Charles enter, followed by a middle aged female and a very young man, whose extreme ungainliness of appearance was but dimly compensated by his possessing a pair of very intelligent, piercing black eyes. "Both the new comers looked weary, and bore evident marks of having just come off a journey, which somewhat paved the way for Charles's introduction as he said, "Father, this is Aunt Eliza and our cousin Ned Donovan, they have come up to London to look for employment, and when they found that we were not so rich as they had somehow fancied, Aunt Eliza wanted to go to the neareshoarding house, but I pressed them to come in here for to-night at all events."

"And you did quite right, my son," was Mr. Gardener's reply, "so long as I have a sixpence left, my sister and her child shall share it with me."

We shall not now pursue the details of this family re-union nor disclose minutely how the humble resources of the Gardeners were hospitably stretched to take in and minister to the wants of the two tired travellers; but we will look in for a moment into the sloping roofed chamber six feet square, containing a flock bed on the boards, which afforded a narrow resting-place for the young men. "How comes it, Charles, that you are so badly off? Mother always thought my uncle had done very well in his profession, and that you and Mary were earning a good deal at the theatre. Is uncle ill?"

"No, but some years ago he got into difficulties by becoming surety to a brother of my poor mother's, who died insolvent, and then he was forced to adopt scene painting as the readiest means of getting bread to eat. The manager of C—— theatre took advantage of his distress to engage his services on wretchedly low terms for five years, and so he has lost all his former patrons, and has been forced to abandon those higher branches of the art for which his fine talents and well-cultivated powers would so eminently fit him. Paint as hard as he will, he seldom makes more than 10s. a week, and that by an amount of labour that is fast wearing him out."

"Do not you help him at all?"

"I can't, Ned, and yet heaven knows I've done my best. I owe my excellent education entirely to my father, for he is an admirable scholar as well as artist, but not merely am I devoured by a passion for a theatrical career, in which I could assuredly produce a sensation if the manager would only give me an opportunity of proving my abilities, but I cannot to my father's great regret draw a line correctly. If I could, I need not say how willingly I would give up my own wishes to follow out his; and when one is twenty years of age it is bitter work to be gaining a miserable pittance that is hardly enough to keep myself, let alone helping those who are far dearer;—but tell me about yourself, and what you purpose doing in London?"

"I am not like you, Charles; I would give all the world to be an artist, and we had thought my uncle could perhaps give me or help me to employment in this line. My mother has hitherto kept a small shop for fancy wares, and this, with a small annuity which my father left her of £20, kept us tolerably comfortable during my boyhood, when I attended the grammar school, and used to practise drawing at every leisure moment. But a few months since a new line of railroad opened that carried away our customers, and we were obliged to shut up shop, and have been going down the hill ever since. I tried to obtain work on some farm, but without success, and at last I got a fishmonger's card to engrave, which I engaged to do for 7s., and I was paid in red herrings, which proved very acceptable, since my mother's funds could do little more than supply us with fuel and shelter. We lived on those for several weeks, and then we fixed to come here, and were stopped for want of money on reaching Warwick, but there I managed to pick up some weeks' work for a heraldry engraver, and the proceeds enabled us to get places in the third-class train which brought us last night to town. What we shall do now I can't conceive; but I want to know whether my pretty little cousin is out of health, or do all London girls look white like her?"

"I fear Mary is not at all well," Charles answered rather shortly, for the subject was very painful, "and the best advice has been beyond our reach hitherto, but to-morrow a very liberal and clever medical man is coming to breakfast with us, who, I trust, will be able to tell us if anything is seriously amiss." Half an hour later the two cousins, one singularly handsome, and the other as singularly plain, but both warm-hearted and high-principled, had sunk to rest—the plain one to dream of glowing artistic visions, to be realised in London, the other of salt butter forced upon him by the manager of the theatre, who, as it seemed in his sleep, exultingly declared "it was quite good enough for a doctor's breakfast!"

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, long before it was light, Mary rose early, and having carefully dusted every article of their shabby yet brightly kept furniture, she set out the sugar, the coffee, and the fresh roll upon a clean cloth, and as she did so, the poor girl felt pleased to think her aunt and cousin would partake of one good meal under her father's humble roof. The sacrifice of Charles's only silk handkerchief had enabled her to procure a small jug of what Londoners style cream, and a pot of butter, whose freshness looked very tempting to one accustomed to feed upon oatmeal and potatoes from one year's end to the other, varied only by the Sunday evening's meal of tea with bread and butter. The toast and bacon were duly made ready and set by the fire to keep warm until their guest should arrive, and then Mary joined Charles in looking out to see him cross the street. The rest of the party were all assembled, when Mary exclaimed, "See, there is some one gazing up at these windows; and now he is coming towards the house, but there is a lady with him, so it surely cannot be the doctor. I wish we knew his name."

"I almost think it is Harrison," said her brother, and at that moment a knock at the sitting-room door was followed by the entrance of the same individuals upon whose appearance they had been commenting. A rather small person, with very white hair, and features in no respect remarkable, but whose every word and gesture marked their owner's high breeding and superior mental cultivation, came forward to Mr Gardiner, and, shaking him by the hand, said, "You see I have accepted your kind invitation without any ceremony, and have brought my daughter with me as you requested." Mr. Gardiner felt a little surprised, but concluding his son had forgotten to mention the young lady's intention of so honouring them, he gave her a most courteous welcome, whilst his artist's eye dwelt with delight on a face of uncommon loveliness. Slightly naming his own daughter, sister, and nephew, to the newly arrived, he begged every one to sit down, and for a quarter of an hour, breakfast and conversation both proceeded very satisfactorily, though each minute, additionally convinced Mr. Gardiner that the doctor and his daughter must have mixed habitually with the very best classes in society. The stranger took advantage of a pause to ask Mrs Donovan how her mother was. "I thank you, sir, she is in very good health, though her eye-sight is failing rapidly, and it is a great trial to her that she can no longer see to read her Testament even with her spectacles." He looked quite disturbed as he slowly replied, "Indeed! I am very much grieved to hear it, and the change in her eyes must have come on very rapidly, for when I last saw her, she was boasting of still being able to thread a fine needle without the aid of glasses." Mrs Donovan wondered when he could have seen her old bed-ridden mother, who had never quitted Yorkshire in her life, but before she could ask the question, their guest went on "We must see what can be done, and whether some one can be regularly engaged to read to her twice a day. What is your son now employed upon?" Again Mrs Donovan answered, though the question had in fact been addressed to Mr. Gardiner, and as briefly as she could. She mentioned Edward's desire to become an engraver, and the degree of practice he had given himself in drawing. "Ha! I thought the lad's fancy had been irrevocably fixed upon cabinet work, ever since he made that elegant jewel box which sold so well at the repository—but youth is privileged to be fickle, I suppose. Come, my boy," he continued, with an air of good-humoured authority, "take this piece of chalk, and show me what you are capable of in this new line, and if I can help you, I will." Greatly surprised by the whole of this speech, Ned Donovan went to his uncle's easel, and while the stranger stood over him, he drew, with a steady hand, a very tolerably correct outline of a group of bacchante, which stood on an adjoining bracket. It was done indeed with so much spirit and fidelity, that his new patron clapped him on the shoulder, and told him it was a very clever design, and bidding him to persevere declared he was sure to succeed. The colour flew into the youths face, which glowed with gratified feeling, and with sparkling eye but faltering voice he vainly attempted to express his grateful

pleasure and deep sense of obligation, and the stranger then advised him to take the sketch he had just made to the society for the "Encouragement of Art," and promised that if they pronounced him fit, he should at once become a student at the Royal Academy. Whilst this had been passing, both Mr. Gardiner and Charles felt increasingly doubtful how to introduce the subject of Mary's health, and all the more so, that it never seemed to enter the mind of their guest, and that his attention appeared to be quite taken up, first by Ned Donovan and then by looking at the various designs for theatrical scenes which were up in one corner of the room, in different stages of progress. His remarks on their different merits, and his warm praise of their composition, gradually, however, opened the artist's heart, and a long talk ensued on pictures, in which the latter was eventually led to pour out the whole of his sorrowful history to a listener at once so appreciating and so sympathising. In the meantime, the beautiful young lady, with winning graceful manners that soon won Mary's confidence, had been engaged in drawing out the hopes and wishes of the deeply cited yet interesting girl, though she often made observations that perplexed Mary not a little, and to which she could offer no response. At last she said, "I am glad to observe that your mother seems in pretty good spirits; is she able still to go on with the clear-searching she used to do so admirably?" Mary's eyes filled with blinding tears, as she tremblingly answered, "You mean my aunt, Mrs. Donovan, I suppose, my own mother is in heaven." The lady appeared much surprised, and not knowing how to remedy her mistake, she gently pressed Mary's cold hand, and whispering, "Forgive me for being so inconsiderate," rose and joined her father, to whom the artist was just saying, "May I now ask you to fulfil your very friendly offer, and to consult you respecting my daughter's health? I wish particularly to know whether her liver is affected, as I have sometimes had reason to fear it might be."

"Indeed!" the stranger replied, "I am not at all qualified to judge. Has she been long in this state—I mean has she been long so thin?" *(To be continued.)*

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

What recollections of the past,
Of scenes gone by, and days that were,
Crowd through my mind when e'er I cast
A look upon my father's chair!

How often have I climb'd his knees
To pat his cheek, and stroke his hair,
The kind paternal kiss to seize,
When seated in this old arm chair.

And much of mommy love,
Which bade me of the world beware,
His tongue has utter'd o'er and o'er,
When seated in this old arm chair

When evening called us round the hearth,
And storms disturb'd the wintry air,
What merry tales of social mirth
Have issued from this old arm chair.

When adverse fortune crossed his road,
And bow'd him down with anxious care,
How has he sigh'd beneath the load,
When seated in this old arm chair!

But death long since has closed his eyes,
And peacefully he slumbers, where
A grassy turf is seen to rise,
And fills no more this old arm chair!

Ev'n that which does these scenes recall,
Which age and wasting worms impair,
Must shortly into pieces fall,
And cease to be an old arm chair

Yet while its smallest parts remain,
My fancy shall behold him there;
And memory stir those thoughts again,
Of him who filled the old arm chair.

*** The above beautiful lines were written by a self-taught, or natural genius, living in the Isle of Ely. They were first published in Hone's "Table Book," August, 1827. Those who have read the celebrated "*Old Arm Chair*," by ELIZA COOK, will, no doubt, perceive a remarkable coincidence of thought and expression.

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"Wine, wine, thy power and praise
Have ever been echoed in minstrel lays;
But water, I deem, hath a mightier claim
To fill up a niche in the Temple of Fame!"

These pictures, which should be framed and hung over every cottage chimney-piece, and on the walls of every factory, and workshop, and ragged school throughout all the land, can be obtained of every bookseller for one shilling. They are exquisitely engraved on wood, by Messrs. Henry Linton and William Measom.

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EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS PROPOSED IN NO. 62

QUESTION 25. The angle of vision is different in looking either down, on, upon, or up to an object, from when seen at right angles. In the first situation, you have a bird's-eye view, or foreshortened view, in the last, a full direct view.—BENNET LOWE.

26 The phrase, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," is generally supposed to have been a quotation made by St. Paul (1st Corinthians, chap. xv. ver. 33) from Menander's lost comedy of "Thais." The apostle probably used the phrase without knowing anything of its origin.—M R

27. The explosion is occasioned by the carburetted hydrogen taking fire, and passing off. The carbonic acid lies lower down, and is fatal if inhaled. It may be avoided, by quitting if the light goes out, and if water be thrown into it, it may be dispersed.—B. L.

28 Unanswered correctly.—29. Unanswered.

30 Pennant records, that in North Wales "there is a custom, upon All Saints' Eve of making a great fire called Coelcerth, when every family, about an hour in the night, makes a great bonfire in the most conspicuous place near the house, and when the fire is almost extinguished, every one throws a white stone into the ashes, having first marked it, then, having said their prayers, turning round the fire, they go to bed. In the morning, as soon as they are up, they come to search out the stones, and if any one of them is found wanting, they have a notion that the person who threw it in will die before they see another All Saints' Eve" They also distribute *soul-cakes* on All Souls' Day, at the receiving of which poor people pray to God to bless the next crop of wheat. Mr. Pennant also says, in his tour in Scotland, that the young women there determine the figure and size of their husbands by drawing *cabbages blindfold* on Allhallow Even, and, like the English, *flung nuts into the fire* This last custom is beautifully described by Gay in his Spell —

> "Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
> And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name
> This, with *the loudest bounce*, me sore amaz'd,
> That in a *flame of brightest colour* blaz'd.
> As *blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow*,
> For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow"

Mr Owen's account of the bards, in Sir R Hoare's "Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin through Wales," says, "The autumnal fire is still kindled in North Wales, on the eve of the first day of November, and is attended by many ceremonies: such as, running through the fire and smoke, each casting a stone into the fire, and all running off at the conclusion, to escape from the black short-tailed sow, then supping upon parsnips, nuts, and apples; catching at an apple suspended by a string, with the mouth alone, and the same by an apple in a tub of water, each throwing a nut into the fire, and those that burn bright betoken prosperity to the owners through the following year, but those that burn black and crackle denote misfortune" To fully illustrate this custom it would require many pages, but every information on the subject will be found in "Hone's Every-day Book," vols 1 and 2, and "Brand's Ant.," vol 1

31. The East India Company took possession of the island of St. Helena, after the Dutch left it in 1651 New Zealand first became an acknowledged British settlement at the foundation of the New Zealand Company, in 1839.—BENNET LOWE.

31. Captain Cook, in 1796-70, visited the coast of the North Island, and took nominal possession of the country for his sovereign. In 1814, missionaries began to visit it, and in 1839 systematic efforts were commenced by the New Zealand Company for the occupation of the island. The sovereignty was proclaimed by Captain Hobson, 6th February, 1840, over the Northern Island, and the whole territory is now an integral portion of the British empire.—JOHN ROBERTSON.

32. The sum total of the force required to raise a given quantity of water a given height, is that due to the raising of the water that height, added to that which is required to overcome the resistance offered by the friction of the pump. Now, whatever locality the piston or bucket may occupy in the pump, the work required to raise a given quantity of water a given height, considered apart from all friction, is constant the expression for it being the weight multiplied by the height through which the centre of gravity of the water is raised (see Tate's Mechanics, page 22). Therefore, that being constant, it follows, that if the power required varies at all, it is owing to a variation in the resistance offered by the friction of the pump. That the friction of a pump would be affected by a change in the locality of the bucket will be easily perceived, for the farther the bucket works below the delivery pipe, the longer will be the rod to which it is attached; and consequently, it, having the same thickness, will be heavier, thereby causing the lever to press rather more heavily upon its fulcrum, which will somewhat increase the friction, therefore, if the bucket works near the water's surface, a little more power is required But after some practical experience I say, let me have the bucket near to the surface of the water. Perhaps some readers know not that the greatest vertical distance which a bucket will act from the surface of the water is about 33 feet; but at that distance the pump must be in perfect order. The reason why that is the greatest distance is, because the column of water beneath the bucket is raised and supported by the pressure of the atmosphere upon the surface of the water in which the pipe is immersed, and at that height the two are nearly equal in weight.—J. TIMMS, *Chesterfield*

33. Who gave Wales its present name?—It is a disputed question; some suppose it to be from Gad, G and W being often interchanged. Others say, that "Welsh" was a name given to strangers by the Saxons. A Welsh bard of the sixth century styles his country Walia.—B. L

33. The origin of the name Wales and Welsh is uncertain Taliesyn, a Welsh bard of the sixth century, styles his own country Walia. The term Cambria, another and frequent name for Wales, is probably derived from Cymri, one of the two great families into which the Celtic appears to have been divided.—J ROBERTSON

34 Sir J Malcolm, in his "History of Persia," derives the word "satrap" (the Persian title for a prince, or governor of a province) from the term "chahtarpa," lord of the umbrella, or shade of state. Bearing an umbrella, as a distinction of dignity, is still a custom in many countries of the East, and that it was so from the earliest times in Persia, may be gathered from the sculptures at Persepolis, where that sort of shade is held over the figure of the chief or king, whether he be seated or walking.—Sir R K. Porter's Travels This title is of course applied to a governor only in his civil, not military capacity.

"Satrap" was the name of a governor of a province under the old Persian empire The duties of a "satrap" are described by Xenophon in the Cyropædia (viii, 6, s 1-3) "Satrap" is undoubtedly a Persian word, but Oriental scholars have given very different explanations of it.—J R

35. The "figures of arithmetic," Arabic numerals, as they are called, were introduced into Europe by the Moors, in the year 991 — a most admirable system of phonetic notation Before that time, Roman letters were used

36. The *custom* of hiring servants from a particular period in one year to the corresponding time in the next, obtains generally all English agricultural counties, but it is *only* a custom, not a law.—J. R.

37. Receipt for making good water-proof blacking - 18 ounces of Canotchouc are dissolved in 9lbs of hot rape oil, add 6lbs ivory black and 45lbs molasses, with 1lb. finely ground gum arabic previously dissolved in 20 gallons of vinegar of strength No. 24. The whole to be well triturated in a paint mill till smooth. Then add in small successive quantities 12lbs. sulphuric acid, stirring strongly for half an hour, the stirring to be continued for half an hour a day during a fortnight, when 3lbs. of gum arabic in fine powder are to be added, and the half hours stirring to be continued, another fortnight; a fine liquid blacking is then produced, and is ready for use. To make *paste* blacking the same ingredients and quantities are employed, *except* that the gum arabic is dissolved in only 12lbs. of vinegar instead of 20 gallons, and the paste is ready in a week.—JOHN ROBERTSON.—38 Unanswered

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WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III., No. 78.] SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1853. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AGATE, COMELIAN, ONYX, AND OTHER GEMS.

AGATE, sometimes called Scotch pebble, is an ornamental stone used in jewellery. It is one of the many forms under which silica presents itself, almost in a state of purity constituting in the agate 98 per cent of the mineral. It presents a semi-translucent mass with a sort of resinous fracture, and is sometimes tinted by a minute quantity of iron. The variations both of translucency and of tint in the same stone are often so great as to give much richness of appearance, and this, combined with the high polish which they are capable of receiving imparts great value to some specimens of agate.

These stones generally occur in the form of detached rounded nodules, in a variety of the trap rocks called Amygdaloid. The particles often arrange themselves in layers parallel to the surface, and the centre has in some specimens a hollow space containing crystals of other minerals. It is supposed that agates have been formed in a kind of lava produced by igneous or volcanic action.

There are many gems which so closely resemble the agate in chemical constitution as to render it convenient to notice them briefly in this place. Carnelian or cornelian is coloured with shades of red and yellow, the deep clear red being the rarest and most valuable. It is brought chiefly from the East Indies, and is much used for engraving seals. Calcedony presents generally a milky white or pale yellow colour, with very often a wavy internal structure. It is sometimes met with in the British Isles, in such large masses as to be formed into cups and other vessels. Onyx has the particles arranged in parallel layers white alternating with blue, grey, or brown. The onyx was much used by the ancients for cameos; the figure or device being cut out of the opaque white, and the dark part forming the ground. A Roman cameo of this kind, in the Royal Library at Paris, measures as much as 11 inches by 9. Sardonyx is a variety of the onyx, in which the opaque white alternates with a rich deep orange brown of considerable translucency. Mocha stone is a semi-transparent calcedony, in which varied tints are produced by the presence of iron and other bodies. Moss agate closely resembles Mocha stone. Blood-stone is a green agate, coloured with bright red spots like drops of blood. Chrysoprase and plasma are two varieties of calcedony having a green tint.



AGATE CUP, MOUNTED IN GOLD AND JEWELS, BY MESSRS. WILD AND ROBINSON, OF OBERSTEIN, PRUSSIA, AND EXHIBITED BY THEM IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE OF 1851.—PRIZE MEDAL.

Sir H. T. De la Beche, in his anniversary address to the Geological Society in 1848, drew attention to the artificial colouring of agate. The agate workers of Oberstein are in the habit of imparting colour to that substance—an art derived from the Italians. It depends on the difference of porosity in the different layers of the agate. By immersion for some time in honey and water or olive oil, so that the pores of the agate become more or less filled, a subsequent soaking of the stone in sulphuric acid produces a difference in the tints of the agate, according to the porosity of the layers,—the most porous becoming black, while the least porous remain white or

uncoloured. By immersion in a solution of sulphate of iron, and a subsequent heating of the agate, a cornelian red is in like manner obtained in the most porous layers, while the least porous remain unchanged in colour. It is supposed that some of the agates which have come down to us from antiquity have been artificially coloured. In the Exhibition of Works of Mediæval Art, at the rooms of the Society of Arts in 1850, many exquisite specimens of agate were collected. The specimen we have chosen for illustration appeared in the Crystal Palace of 1851.

THE WORKING MAN SHOULD BE INTELLIGENT

BY J. ROBERTSHAW.

"Of course he should," exclaim the readers of these pages; "and why not?" The proposition is so self-evident that it needs no proving." Granted, kind readers, but you will allow one of your number, perhaps, to offer a few remarks on the subject, which he hopes will neither be taxing nor profitless; and the more so as Mr. Cassell so generously invites working men to unbosom their thoughts on various subjects, the very unbosoming of which tends so much to develop the faculties of the mind. This is all the writer intends doing.

In former ages it seemed to be the exclusive privilege of a few to be considered entitled to hold those offices of trust and importance among their fellow-men for which intelligence and ability were the sole qualifications. The idea seemed to obtain that there was a difference in the constitution of the mind of those who, by the accidental circumstances of this ever-changing world, were raised to the higher walks of life, and the lower classes of society. When the human mind was almost universally buried in ignorance and superstition, the people were content to be led by any designing and crafty politician who was wishful to build up his own interest at their expense, or any pretending priest of religion, however, destitute of the real qualifications which constitute the indispensable requisites to form that sacred character, who, instead of seeking to promote their spiritual good, sought his own temporal good. It was considered quite a phenomenon in nature for one to spring up from the lower ranks of society and distinguish himself for any remarkable degree of intelligence. And when the general mind is kept in thraldom, under a despotic and tyrannical rule, the masses are like to grovel in all that is debasing and immoral to the development of the mind and heart. We have an instance of this in Russia at the present moment, where the people are in a state of complete serfdom—in the same state as were the people of England in the feudal ages, when they were but mere vassals of a superior lord—their masters' property. And when mind is thus chained down, is there any need for wonder that ignorance and superstition should prevail, and thick darkness should cover such a people. Not being permitted to think, how can it be expected that the mind can, or will, develop itself. Extraordinary, indeed, must be the circumstances which will be sufficient to draw out individual mind when such is the state of things, and hence the lower classes under a despotic government, marked as they always have been for ignorance and vice, have been regarded by the strutting aristocrats who ride rough-shod over them as the "vulgar throng," "the swinish multitude," and have been considered as inferior beings. Just as in the case of America at the present time—for "what's in a name," the toad though called by any other name is still a toad, and the extreme of aristocratic principles may exist under a professed republican government—where they boast of the superiority of their liberal principles, claim the distinguished honour of being in the van of all the movements that are taking place for bettering the condition of the world, unfurl the broad flag of freedom to the breath of applause from millions of their subjects, and yet a large number of the subjects of that government are in a state of absolute slavery, denied all political and social rights, bought and sold as beasts of burden, and as such by many considered an inanimated.

Where true liberty is enjoyed, however, how different is the state of things. When mind is free to think and act, the fact is soon proved that in its original constitution there is little difference. Give but the same chances for its development among the lower classes of society as are enjoyed among the higher, and the fruit of cultivation will be as rich on the one tree as on the other. We have only to look around us in this our native land—the land of the "brave and the free" in the highest and truest sense of those terms—the land where mind is recognised, however humble its birth—where facilities are continually increasing for its education—and we shall see numerous instances of individuals rising from obscurity, building up for themselves characters of the truest nobility, genuine worth, and extensive influence for good, to occupy stations of the highest importance and distinction.

These remarks will lead us, perhaps, to give our assent readily to the truth of the sentiment, "The working man should be intelligent." We will now proceed to state briefly a few reasons *why* the working man should be intelligent.

And first, as we have already partially seen, he is capable of becoming intelligent.

The language of the sacred historian is, "So God created man in his own image." That is, we suppose, that God imparted to him his own nature, conferred upon him, in degree, his own intelligence, endowed him with faculties which constituted him capable of knowing and enjoying his Creator, in some of his works and ways. After having created the body, he breathed into man the breath of life, and he became a "living soul"—a being that would never cease to be, one who, being a part of himself, would be as indestructible as himself—an immortal germ capable of expanding for ever in all that is pure, and wise, and good. And if this is the glorious birthright of one man, then, so far as original capability goes, it is of all men; and all may and *should* cultivate their intellectual and moral powers so as to answer the grand design of life, both in the present and future state of existence. With regard to the question as to whether man *should* be intelligent, there can be no divided opinion as to a reply in the affirmative, as the truth is so clear that he *may*. And that he may there is ample proof in the history of the past to warrant the same reply to be made. God never does anything without design. In the creation of matter as well as of mind there is design—means to an end. Mind was given for a purpose—that purpose was its development in all those qualities which would make the creature happy, and reflect, in degree, the glory of his own nature and attributes. May man then become intelligent! May those who walk in the humbler spheres of life—may working men—distinguish themselves as sensible, sound thinking men! Let the names of some of the wisest and best men which adorn the history of our own dear England answer for themselves. Without mentioning names, who have had the largest amount of influence at command in our senate house? Who have occupied our chairs of professorship and our most prominent pulpits with the most honourable distinction? Men who, though of lowly origin, have cultivated those faculties with which God endowed them, and thus fitted themselves for the faithful discharge of the duties of their spheres in life.

Secondly, because it is man's duty and interest to cultivate his intellect. Every man, at his birth, is put in trust with a possession far richer and more valuable than any earthly estate however rich and extensive it may be. For the proper cultivation of this he is held responsible by Him who gave it. His duty is plainly to seize every available means by which he can bring it into that state that will yield him the largest and most valuable amount of produce. He may, by neglecting it, have it one scene of disorder—one wilderness covered with useless underwood, rank weeds, brambles, and thorns, and everything upon which sluggishness can put its stamp. The eye may be filled with the prospect of naked hills and barren valleys, completely destitute of everything that is either useful or ornamental. On the other hand, by cultivation it may form a beautiful and extended landscape, divided into delightful gardens, rich pasturage, fruitful fields, and peaceful homes, around which the eye can scarcely look in any direction without fixing upon some object or other—some beautiful plant or flower that may not be applied to some use. Every working man should regard himself as a husbandman, and seek so to cultivate the mind, bring it into that state that, instead of being constantly dependent upon what is external for his happiness, he may be able to look within himself, and derive from himself that pleasure which is the sure reward of a well-cultivated intellect and disciplined heart. For when a man has the spring of happiness within he is independent of the ever-varying circumstances of life for it to a great extent. Whatever may be his lot, wherever Providence may place him in the world, there the spring abides, and not only yields him a rich and plenteous supply to quench his ever-growing thirst, but wells out of his full heart in streams of kindness, of sympathy, and "unremembered acts of love," blessing and fertilising the moral desert around him, and thus increasing his happiness in the onward flow from his consciousness of

doing good. While, with Wordsworth, when speaking of the kindly impressions which the various forms of Nature make upon the human mind,

> "'Mid the dim
> Of towns and cities, he has owed to them
> In hours of weariness, sensations sweet
> Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
> And passing even into his purer mind
> With tranquil restoration."

His highest interest is connected with the conscientious discharge of cultivation, and he will find that in attending to this business he does not work for an austere master who "reaps where he has not strewed," but one who "devises liberal things," and amply rewards those who, by seeking to benefit themselves and those around them in a proper spirit, at the same time honour him.

Thirdly, the age in which he lives and the society among which he moves have claims upon him, and it is just in proportion as he is intelligent that he can meet those claims, and discharge the duties which devolve upon him in the particular sphere in which Providence may have placed him. The more truly enlightened an individual is, the deeper and wider will be his sympathy for others, the less will he live to himself. Of all the forms of fallen humanity, that of selfishness perhaps has the fewest redeeming qualities connected with it of any. It is quite possible to live to one's self, regardless of all influence for evil upon others that such conduct might exert; but what is our reward? Why, we become entrenched within prejudices; we become grasping in our desires, and seek to appropriate everything to our own use. We try everything and every person by our own limited judgment, our own low standard, and are, consequently, continually making errors in judging of others. We become unsocial, gloomy misanthropes. The world may get on as it can for us, until at last we begin to find out that in the enumeration of those whom the world respects and values we are not reckoned. Now the more intelligent a person is the more interested he is in what is going on in the world around him, and takes a more active part in its various movements. He has received good from others, and shall he not seek, according to his ability, to impart what he has received? He wishes to leave the world in a better state than that in which he found it. His influence is limited, it is true. What he can do is very little, but what he *can* do, he does it. It is only by individual effort, under the pressing conviction of responsibility, that the world can be regenerated under the blessing of Heaven, and the more the labourers the more work will be done. Our great men—great in goodness of heart and intellect—may do a great deal in the glorious work of raising the human mind to its original state of purity and goodness. Such there always have been, and such are indispensably necessary as leaders in the grand march of mind through the world, but when those in the ranks become intelligent and do their duty, then does truth make more rapid advances towards its destined goal. Unity is strength here, and every working man should seek to fit himself for bearing his part in the noble struggle whose aim is to build on the ruins of fallen humanity that beautiful temple the corner stone of which was laid by incarnate Love, and for these reasons,—he is capable of doing it, it is his duty to do it, and the claims of society in the age in which he lives demand it of him.

We will now take a cursory glance at a few of the advantages which the intelligent working man possesses. Look at him in the *work-shop*. Who looks the least puzzled while plying his craft? Who is entrusted with the most difficult pieces of workmanship? Who enjoys the most of his master's confidence? Who commands the largest amount of respect from his fellow-workmen? that is, if he conduct himself towards them as his knowledge teaches him it is his duty to do. Who is the most likely to rise step by step until he either become a partner in the firm, or the master of a separate establishment? Who? but the intelligent workman. It is he who can generally command the highest amount of wages, and thus provide for himself, and those dependent upon him, a comfortable subsistence. Instead of hanging his head, and walking about like an abject slave, half afraid of all with whom he has to do, he walks the earth erect as one of God's creatures, conscious to some extent at least of his birthright, his privileges, and his immortal destiny. This he does not in a proud, arrogant spirit, for the more he knows of himself, of God, and his creation, the humbler he feels, and the more disposed is he to pay a proper deference to those whom he considers to be his superiors. He acknowledges the civil distinctions which obtain among society, for while there is a diversity of gifts among men, he knows that these must necessarily exist; yet, at the same time, he feels all that true independence of soul which ever accompanies the practice of virtue. And by the cultivation of that goodness of heart, and the practice of that virtue which true knowledge teaches, he gradually grows up a respectable member of society, and as far as his character is known, so far is his influence felt and acknowledged by his fellow-workmen.

Look at him again in his home,

> The cottage homes of England!
> May peaceful scenes ever surround them, and plenty crown
> Their board each morning!

Without wishing to overdraw the picture, what an air of comfort and contentment seems to pervade the dwelling! There is the lord of the castle in the snug little corner on one side of the cheerful hearth, as proud of his castle as (blessings on England's Queen!) her Majesty can be of Windsor. There are his books out of which has sprung an intellectual world in which he delights to wander in spirit, thought, and commune with the dim past and mysterious future. Aye, and he is often surrounded with the blissful enchantment of that world when he is the most actively employed in "plying the shuttle," or working at the anvil, seemingly immersed in the din and business of life, labouring hard for the "bread which perisheth." There is his partner, who, while attending to her household duties, now and then returns his look of affection which fills his soul, not with romantic, but with real settled happiness, followed by deep gratitude to heaven for domestic enjoyments. There are his children whose sunny smiles and innocent gambols lead him off to the scenes of his childhood, to live over again the few short hours of youthful enjoyment in the forest depths, by the woodland spring, down the green-grown rural lane, past the aged porch leading to where the "young idea" was taught how to shoot, round the village May-pole, or to join the merry twilight shouts upon the village green. Or his mind will indulge in a reverie of speculations as to the probable which awaits the innocent prattlers around him. Here is home enjoyment. It does not require a very large income to make a home happy. Happiness is made up of other elements besides wealth. A certain amount of this world's good is not only desirable but necessary to make home happy, it is granted. Poverty should be kept away from the door, and provision made for future contingencies, but where there is true enlightenment, and a spirit of love pervading a household—a bearing of one another's burdens, for—

> "The kindest and the happiest pair
> Will find occasion to forbear,
> And something, every day they live,
> To pity, and perhaps forgive,"—COWPER.

a forgiving and a forbearing spirit manifested by its inmates,—a conscientious discharge of reciprocal duties,—there is a substantial happiness enjoyed which is in reality very little affected by outward circumstances. Where the mind and heart of the parents are properly developed, and the children "trained up in the way that they should go," there is a chain of affection held by the head of that family which life's direst calamities cannot break. Of the truth of this there are thousands of instances in the history of families which meet the eye in every direction: and we say that the working man who is intelligent is the most likely not only to secure the temporal good of his family, but likewise its mental, moral, and spiritual good.

Another advantage he possesses is, that by his intelligence he is more likely to avoid those temptations to error and folly which constantly waylay him in his journey through life. He has his eyes about him, and sees the various baits that entrap those who are more ignorant, and, consequently, less wary than himself. His mind is so much occupied with what is good, that he has no room left for what is bad. His attention so blissfully fixed on objects, the very contemplation of which so elevates the soul, purifies and ennobles the feelings, that the grovelling pursuits of the ignorant throng are completely insipid to him, and impotent to allure him by their showy but hollow blandishments. Does the house of intemperance present itself in all the allurements that can tempt poor human nature? He says, no, reason, never to speak of religion, tells me that there is infinitely more pleasure in the pursuit of knowledge and wisdom than they can at best afford. Does the voice of unprincipled companions, with the most honied

accents, seek to entice into the crooked paths which lead to death. He returns the same decisive answer, though the seducer's charm ever so wisely "the pleasures of the mind are so much superior to mere sensual gratifications—even in the present life—to those who have experienced them, that not a moment is needed to consider which to choose. Reason alone tells a man that it is better to live as a rational creature than as a beast. The soul soon palls when nothing but the passions are in play. It wants food that earth cannot give. How much does that man enjoy who has a continual stream of rich and valuable thoughts flowing through his mind. 'Tis true that many things would stem its onward flow; but it is equally true that it irrigates the garden of the mind, and causes it to bring forth fruit which is indeed sweet to the taste, and satisfying to the heart.

Then view him once more in the intellectual world which he has created around him. We have already just hinted at this. While he does not neglect the active performance of the pressing duties of life, he, however, finds no place so congenial to the soul as that calm retreat to which he so often repairs, and where he realises so much enjoyment in the undisturbed contemplation of the important truths which are brought before the attention of every rational creature. Then he seeks to penetrate the secrets of nature, to climb the heights of science, and to solve the problems of life. By turning his thoughts upon himself, he gradually comprehends the idea of his individuality in the creation of God, and of his accountability to the Supreme Intelligence of the universe for not only the actions of life, but for the most secret thoughts of his heart. There he can gain the most correct knowledge of himself, of his duties to his fellow creatures, and to his Creator. There he views the mighty events which have transpired among the different nations of the earth, and which have progressively developed the grand designs of the moral governor of the universe. There he has listened, with intense desires and hopes, and with the most profound attention, to the "still small voice" which has revealed to him, in part, the mystery of his being, and upon the right interpretation of which he felt depended his eternal destiny. There he has felt those strong aspirations—those gentle reproofs of some undeveloped faculty of the soul, which have prompted him to increased exertions in building up a character, not only for time, but for ever. In the privacy of retirement he learns that life is not without meaning. Everything above and around him is invested with the deepest interest. He sees the connexion between the past and the present, both in his own history and that of the world,—the affinity between the present and the future more and more clearly; and feels, the more he thinks, and knows, and loves, the more happy does he become. To him every flower of earth breathes instruction, every star of heaven imparts a ray of hope, and every truth of God's revealed word gives the assurance of a blissful immortality. Thus the working man should be intelligent because he may be; and the more intelligent he is the more likely is he to be happy both in his present and his future prospects. We say more likely, for no man is *necessarily* more happy because he is intelligent, and this leads us to our concluding remark.

There may be a great deal of knowledge possessed, and a man be no better, but all the worse for it. The history of thousands of men, whose intellects have commanded and secured the homage of the world, will fully bear out the truth of this observation. There have been those who have guided the affairs of a nation with the most consummate skill, and thrilled every bosom in the senate-house with the feeling of admiration at their burning eloquence;—others who have soared high into the lofty regions of song, and have seemed to drink in their inspiration at the very fount of light, life, and liberty, but whose moral characters have strangely contrasted with their intellectual attainments. The intellectual horizon has been illumined with many stars that have commanded for a time universal admiration, yet, not having received their lustre from the great Sun of Truth, have shed but a transient and uncertain light, and, meteor-like, have flashed out, and left their orbits in tenfold more darkness. Unless intellect recognise itself as an agent under God for good in the world, it often becomes an agent for evil; for, such is the pride of the human heart, under the influence of sin, that man often forges his knowledge into weapons against the very Author of his being. It is only—let the working man remember—when KNOWLEDGE looks up, with true saintly affection and obedience, to the teachings of RELIGION, that she can bless, in the highest sense, those with whom she dwells.

HABITS AND CHARACTER OF BRYANT.

THE following sketch of the private life and tastes of Bryant, who divides with Dana the supremacy among American poets, will be read with interest:—Mr. Bryant's habits of life have a smack of asceticism, although he is the disciple of none of the popular schools which, under various forms, claim to rule the present world in that direction. Milk is more familiar to his lips than wine, yet he does not disdain the "cheerful hour" over which moderation presides. He eats sparingly of animal food, but he is by no means afraid to enjoy roast goose, lest he should outrage the names of his ancestors, like some modern enthusiasts. He "hears no music," if it be fantastical, yet his ear is finely attuned to the varied harmonies of wood and wave. His health is delicate, yet he is almost never ill, his life laborious, yet carefully guarded against excessive and exhausting fatigue. He is a man of rule but none the less tolerant of want of method in others; strictly self-governed, but not prone to censure the unwary and the weak-willed. In religion he is at once catholic and devout, and to moral excellence no soul bows lower. Placable we can, perhaps, hardly call him, for impressions on his mind are almost indelible; but it may with the strictest truth be said, that it requires a great offence, or a great unworthiness, to make an enemy of him, so strong is his sense of justice. Not amid the bustle and dust of the political arena, cased in armour, offensive and defensive, is a champion's more intimate self to be estimated, but in the pavilion or the bower, where in robes of ease, and with all professional ferocity laid aside, we see his natural form and complexion, and hear, in placid domestic tones, the voice so lately thundering above the fight. So we willingly follow Mr. Bryant to Roslyn see him musing on the pretty rural bridge that spans the fish-pond, or taking the oar in his daughter's fairy boat, or pruning his trees, or talking over farming matters with his neighbours, or, to return to the spot whence we set out some time ago, sitting, calm and happy, in that pleasant library, surrounded by the friends he loves to draw about him, or listening to the innocent prattle of infant voices, quite as much at home there as under their own more especial roof, his daughter's, within the same inclosure. In person Mr. Bryant is quite slender, symmetrical and well poised, in carriage eminently firm and self-possessed. He is fond of long rural walks and of gymnastic exercises, on all which his health depends. Poetical composition tries him severely, so severely that his efforts of that kind are necessarily rare. His are no holiday-verses; and those who urge his producing a long poem are, perhaps, proposing that he should, in gratifying their admiration, build for himself a monument in which he would be self-enveloped. Let us rather content ourselves with asking "a few more of the same," especially of the later poems, in which, certainly, the poet trusts his feelings with a nearer and more intimate view of his inner and peculiar self than was wont in earlier times. Let him more and more give a human voice to woods and waters; and, in acting as the accepted interpreter of nature, speak fearlessly to the heart as well as to the eye. His countrymen were never more disposed to hear him with delight; for, since the public demand for his poems has placed a copy in every house in the land, the taste for them has steadily increased, and the national pride in the writer's genius become a generous enthusiasm, which is ready to grant him an apotheosis while lives.—*Homes of American Authors.*

THE DROP OF WATER.

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

"How mean 'mid all this glorious space, how valueless am I!"
A little drop of water said, as trembling in the sky,
It downward fell, in haste to meet the interminable sea,
As if the watery mass its goal and sepulchre should be.
But ere of no account within the watery mass it fell,
It found a shelter and a home—the oyster's concave shell,
And there that little drop became a hard and precious gem,
Meet ornament for royal wreath, for Persia's diadem
Cheer up, faint heart, that hear'st the tale, and though thy lot may seem
Contemptible, yet not of it as nothing worth esteem;
Nor fear that thou exempt from care of Providence shalt be,
An undistinguishable drop in nature's boundless sea
The Power that called thee into life has skill to make thee live,
A place of refuge can provide, another being give;
Can clothe thy perishable form with beauty rich and rare,
And "when He makes his jewels up," grant thee a station there.

THE BREAKFAST PARTY.

BY MISS H. M. RATHBONE.

(*Concluded from page* 399.)

"Yes, and for many months her strength has so evidently been declining, that I have felt anxious that she should try a little porter every day—you do not think it objectionable, do you?"

"I? how can I have an opinion on the subject, my dear sir? and if your daughter be really out of health, I would strongly recommend you consulting one of our best physicians immediately; and should the expense, as I fear, be any object, you must allow me to have the pleasure of sending my own medical attendant to see her." For a few moments every one was silent, from sheer perplexity, what to say or do next, and then Mr. Gardiner said at a venture, "Are you not Dr. Harrison, sir?"

"I! a physician, my dear sir, what could induce you to suppose me one?"

"Good Gracious, father! pray read this note immediately which a boy has just brought," said Charles, putting one into Mr. Gardiner's hands which contained these words,—

"Gower Street,

"Dear Mr Gardiner,—An unforseen and very important engagement has prevented my being able to breakfast with you as was proposed this morning, and I fear you may have waited for me. I shall, however, hope to see your sister, in whose case I feel much interested, in the course of the day; and believe me always very faithfully yours, "RANDALL HARRISON."

The stranger guest had drawn his chair beside Mrs. Donovan, saying it was quite time they entered upon the necessary arrangements for her mother's comfort, when Mr. Gardiner, having shown Dr. Harrison's note to his daughter, requested the stranger to read it, and then said, "Until this moment I and my family have supposed you to be Dr. Harrison, who had, as you see, engaged to breakfast with us to-day, previous to a consultation with him respecting my daughter's health. His person and indeed his name were both unknown to us, his generous proposal having been made through others; and whoever you are, I therefore venture to hope you will not be offended by the mistakes into which we have thus been unconsciously betrayed." The stranger looked astonished at this explanation, and after a moment's thoughtful pause, he asked Mrs. Donovan what was her name, and on hearing it exclaimed, "Really it is for me to apologise for having trespassed so unwarrantably upon the hospitality of perfect strangers. I had fixed to breakfast this morning with the married daughter of my old foster nurse, who lives in Derbyshire; and until now, I concluded Mrs. Donovan to be this married daughter, whom I had never seen since she was a mere child. She had pressed me particularly to bring Lady Harriet, and as my daughter seldom deserts me, we agreed to go together, and act out for a house in this neighbourhood, to whose description I assure you, yours tallies exactly, and my business was to alter some arrangements regarding my old nurse, whose declining years seem, from what I hear, to require increased comforts, though," he added, with a smile, "I trust I may still find her able to thread a needle without spectacles."

"May I then inquire whom a poor despised artist has had the honour of receiving?" said Mr. Gardiner.

"That you have a full right to know, and I trust you will not refuse to ratify an acquaintance, which, to me, at least, has commenced so auspiciously. I am commonly called Lord Scarborough, and this is my daughter, Lady Harriett Greville, who will, I am sure, equally, with myself, wish to improve her acquaintance with our gentle little hostess."

CHAPTER III.

A few words more of mutual explanation passed, and nothing could exceed the ready kindness with which Lord Scarborough endeavoured to do away with the uncomfortable embarrassment under which he perceived the Gardiners laboured. He seemed in no hurry to leave them, and with a delicacy as soothing as it was encouraging, he showed by his conversation that he now looked on his new acquaintances as superior in mental acquirements and manners than the family with whom he had hitherto supposed himself associated, whilst he owned that their interest in the fine arts and general tone of conversation had greatly surprised him. Finding that Mr. Gardiner's five years slavery to the C—— Theatre had recently ended, and that he only waited for a good opportunity to resume his former profession as an historical painter the Earl asked to see his latest designs, and expressed himself so much pleased with a spirited drawing of the aged Priam supplicating Achilles for the body of his son Hector, that he ordered a large oil picture from it, desiring the artist would name his own price, and giving permission for its appearing at the Exhibition before being transferred to G—— House. Mr. Gardiner was so completely overwhelmed, he could make no articulate reply; so to relieve him, Lord Scarborough turned to Mary, and jestingly asked her what *she* would like to do. She replied, with grave simplicity, "I have been used to help my father, sir, in colouring the foliage and flowers he was obliged to introduce in some scenes, but"—and her colour deepened—"could I choose my work, I would rather sing than draw a great deal." The Earl desired her to point out some of her handiwork, and she showed him an ivy wreath mixed with clematis, which he praised highly, and said, "But you have not your father's genius, I see; your powers rather lie in the delineation of elegant forms on a small scale, and I think you do this so well, that I could procure you immediate employment in Messrs. Gladstone and Foster's porcelain works. First, however, you must see Dr. Harrison, if indeed he does not turn out to be an imaginary individual of the Harris genus; and now mind you come up to G—— House to-morrow, and tell my daughter what he says, and if he pronounces you in a state to work, I will write at once to Mr. Gladstone. Remember, we shall expect to see you in good time, as we keep early hours." Lord Scarborough then took a most polite and cordial farewell of his host's family, assuring young Donovan he would not lose sight of him, and before he quitted the house, he wrote a note to the imperious manager of C—— Theatre, begging him to allow Charles Gardiner a fair opportunity of testing his powers as a comic actor. Accompanied by heartfelt though nearly silent blessings, he and Lady Harriet departed, leaving a very truly happy family group behind them, whilst the sweet dawn of hope seemed to have already brought a faint tinge of rose into Mary's pale cheeks. Dr. Harrison came in the afternoon, a tall, burly, black-haired individual, who seemed an almost laughable contrast to the Earl, yet in his own way he was quite as kind and very skilful. After a few searching questions, put in the most rapid possible manner, he rose to go, and shaking hands with Mary, her aunt, and her father, as fast as he could turn from one to the other, he called out from the doorway—'Good-bye, good-bye, there's nothing at all the matter with my gentle little patient, she's thin, see that you give her plenty of nourishing food, and she'll soon mend of that ailment; she's low, take care and let her have recreation combined with regular moderate employment, and her depression will be all gone in less than a month, and take a pleasant abode in some healthy neighbourhood, and then see if she does not grow fat, fair, and handsome in six weeks' time. When you have complied with my directions—and mark me, there must be no delay in carrying them out—why then if she's not well, I'll come and dose her with black draughts three times a-day, good-bye, good-bye to ye." In another moment his foot had touched the step of his carriage, and the chariot was driving rapidly down the street. Mrs. Donovan smiled, but no one spoke, for Mary, though hopeful for the future, was vexed that conditions so formidable had been proposed in the hearing of her poverty-stricken father, and Mr. Gardiner was himself engaged in silently ruminating how he should accomplish the main part of the prescription relating to an more airy, and therefore, alas! a more expensive dwelling. But these fears were all set at rest by an enclosure of a £100 from Lord Scarborough, which was delivered that same evening, accompanied by a kind note stating he had remitted the first instalment of his payment for the picture of Priam and Achilles, thinking it might be useful to Mr. Gardiner. The next day, Mary, attired in her neatest garb, set out for G—— House, with Mrs. Donovan, who only stayed to see her admitted, and told her niece she would call for her again in an hour to take her home. Mary was shown into a small, tastefully furnished drawing-room, where her delighted eye fell upon a large stand of rare, fragrant, and exquisitely lovely flowers, amongst which canaries were flitting to and fro, warbling a few sweet notes whenever Lady Harriet spoke. This lady gaily welcomed her pale little visitor, and having soon ascertained Dr. Harrison's opinion, she rang for refreshments, and vigorously insisted on Mary's instantly obeying the physician's orders, as she placed a cup of hot cocoa and a plate of sandwiches beside her. The shy visitor felt ashamed at the idea of eating in such company, but she was very tired by her long walk, and so excessively

angry that having once begun, she did not, to Lady Harriet's delight, and her own shame, stop till she had finished the whole careful of bread and ham. Another half hour had passed only so quickly, and she was beginning to think it must be time to go, when the Earl came in with another gentleman, and told her he had not forgotten her fondness for singing, and that this friend of his would be able to judge whether it would be worth while for her to study music professionally. He did not say, what however was really the case, that his own quick ear had been much struck the day before with the quality of her voice, even in speaking; nor were his benevolent expectations disappointed when her strong interest in the subject helped Mary to forget herself, and permitted the powers of her voice to display themselves. She had sung more or less from her infancy, and having listened to many good performers when engaged in her theatrical characters, she knew what she was about pretty well, and put her whole soul into one of her favourite ballads, "On the banks of Allan water." The musical, bell-like tone of thrilling, liquid voice that went to the soul, united to great flexibility, considerable compass, and a very correct ear, caused the Earl's Italian friend, himself an eminent singer, to clap his hands, and prophecy fame, fortune and brilliant success to the pale little maiden, who listened with suspended breath to his oracular judgment, and then bursting into a violent fit of irrepressible weeping, hid her head on the sofa and sobbed without restraint. Gently did Lady Harriet soothe the agitated girl, whilst she helped her to put on her walking things, and judiciously interposed to prevent her being further overpowered by the arrangements for her future instruction into which the Italian and Lord Scarborough were both impatient to enter. Such were the first fruits that occured to the artist's family through the strange accident of the memorable breakfast party, and very briefly must we chronicle the after progress of events. Whilst receiving the necessary musical education, Mary obtained profitable employment at the porcelain manufactory, for which her natural delicacy of taste, and long practice under her father, had well fitted her; and her dearly-loved, handsome brother rose rapidly in the line he had so long desired to tread, and having made an admirable debut in the difficult part of Sir Fretful Plagiary, he was at once engaged at a salary of £3 a-week, and seemed as happy as the day was long. The artist and his ungainly, intelligent nephew pursued a quieter yet not less happy career.

Cheered by the society of his son, Mrs Donovan, his health renovated by removing to the breezy site of Hampstead, and his genius fostered by liberal discriminating patronage, his sight had resumed more than its former cunning; and when his picture of Priam and Achilles was exhibited, and the beautiful representation of ——— in its back-ground was discovered to be a striking likeness of Lady Harriet Greville, he at once took his place in the highest ranks of celebrated artists, the young, the fashionable, and the graceful besieging him in crowds, in order to have their likenesses transmitted to admiring posterity. Edward Donovan's rough but masterly sketch of the bacchante group received the prize of a silver medal, and he was then bound apprentice to an eminent engraver, whilst he supported himself by illustrating children's books, thus owing his subsistence to the energy and perseverance with which he had practised drawing during those early years when unstimulated by any prospect of a metropolitan career. Once Mrs. Donovan proposed to take a house for herself and Ned, but her brother would not listen to the scheme, declaring he needed the solace of his company the more that Mary was doomed to spend the next twelve months at Dresden, under the tuition of some famous master. The widow accordingly agreed to remain with him, though her heart was often heavy when she looked on the emaciated, awkward form and melancholy face of her affectionate, unattractive son, and wondered why he alone, talented and excellent as he was, should thus seem miserable amidst worldly prosperity so satisfactory, and living amongst loving relatives.

A year later and Mary returned to England, in the full bloom of youthful charms, and the time had come when she was to make her first public appearance at a grand concert in Exeter Hall. Occupying conspicuous places, sat her father, aunt, and brother, and Lord Scarborough and his beautiful daughter were also present, with a large circle of noble friends, all anxious to hear the new singer of whom report spoke so highly. Edward Donovan was at one absent, having been sent on a mission into Nottinghamshire by his employer. The decisive moment arrived, and universal applause greeted the elegant young girl who timidly curtseyed to the assembled audience, and received her roll of music from the tenor singer with whom she was to sing a duet from "Gazza Ladra," whilst the band began its soft harmonious accompaniment. But to the dismay of all her friends Mary's courage failed; she saw her father and Charles, and knew the Earl and Lady Harriet were present, and her voice throughout the duet sounded so musky, that on the conclusion of the piece she was led off with prophecies of failure on all hands ringing in her ears. Very soon it became her turn to give an impassioned solo, and this time she stood alone before the crowded sea of human faces. Not a trace of colour tinged her own, and her first notes were again low and trembling, and her agitated father said it was all over, and that it was a great pity she had appeared a second time. At that moment Edward Donovan, heated and jaded, came in, having just arrived in town and not having, as he afterwards confessed, tasted food for a whole day and night. He was quickly told of their fears respecting Mary, and in his despair he stood up in his place, and gazed at her quivering figure and listened to her musky notes until he well-nigh groaned aloud. Fortunately she happened to raise her eyes, and meeting his wild gaze of mingled love and agony, they acted like an electric shock. The bright red crimsoned her cheek, her eye kindled, her voice forgot its dismissings, and in rich mellow tones its magnificent cadence filled the great hall, her every word accentuated so perfectly, that the softest notes never broke the thread of sentiment conveyed by the poet, and the highest tones never degenerating into shrillness. Twice was the splendid solo rapturously encored; and so it continued throughout the concert, every piece she sang, being repeated at least twice—and the delighted audience calling for her at the close, overwhelmed her with a storm of applause that nearly deafened the fair young singer, whose brilliant success had thus, in one short hour, placed her at the head of female performers. That night the dark piercing eyes of Edward Donovan beamed as they used to do in former times, for that evening he first dared to hope that Mary Gardiner might look with favour on the suit of her ungainly cousin.

THE RAILWAY NURSERY RHYMER.—Now that it has become proverbial that accidents *will* happen on the best regulated railways, we consider that a salutary dread of them ought early to be implanted in the minds of our rising generation. The infantile "hobgoblin" should in future be the railway engine, and our children should be legislatively required, as Lord Lovaine's bill, or any other good measure, may direct, instead of the bug-a-boos of myth, like the Giant-Killers, we would have our nurserands tell the horrors of a real railway journey. "*Railways are dangerous*" should be the earliest round-hand text; and one of the first chapters in the spelling-book the *Chapter of Accidents*. Our "nursery rhymers," too, might similarly be amended. We have long been nationally ashamed of those senseless "hush-a-by babys," with which the British infancy has for ages been insulted. With easy alteration they might teach a most impressive lesson. And we, therefore, feel we shall be doing the infant state some service, by furnishing at once a specimen page of *The Railway Nursery Rhymer*.

AIR—"*Ride a Cock-Horse.*"

Fly by steam-force the country across,
Faster than jockey outside a race-horse
With time-bills mismanaged, fast trains often slow,
You shall have danger wherever you go.

AIR.—"*Little Bo-peep.*"

Little Bo-peep
Is fast asleep.
In th' excursion train you'll find him:
Oh! it's ten to one
If he ever gets home—
For a "special" is close behind him!

AIR—"*Hush-a-by Baby.*"

Rock away, passenger, in the third class,
When your train shunts a faster will pass,
When your train's late your chances are small—
Crushed will be carriages, engine, and all.

AIR.—"*Dic. ory, Dickery, Dock.*"

Smashery, smashery, crash!
Into the "goods" we dash.
The "express," we find,
Is just behind—
Smashery, smashery, crash! *Punch.*

"THE DUKE" IN THE SANCTUARY.

The following unique description of "the Duke" at church is from the pen of the Rev. Tresham Gregg, of Dublin. The Sunday referred to was Feb. 14th, 1848. We copy the article from the *Constitution and Church Sentinel.*]

I agreed with a friend to go to early service (at 8 o'clock a.m.) to the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on a Sunday morning in February. The fact that the Duke of Wellington habitually attended there, was the subordinate adjudement; for, assuredly, in going to the court of the Great King, the Lord of the whole earth, to worship and adore Him must be a motive paramount to every other. I had never seen the Duke, and I felt that I should have to sustain a feeling of self-reproach if, with the opportunity of seeing him within my reach, I allowed the greatest captain of this age, perhaps of any age, to leave the world unseen of me. It was a bleak morning. There had been a heavy fall of snow. Our way to the chapel lay through St. James Park. We did not meet a single person. The stillness of London on the earlier hours of Sunday has often struck me. The state of the weather made this stillness seem greater than usual on this morning, and raised a suspicion in our minds that, in so far as our visit to the chapel involved the hope of our seeing the Duke, it would be attended with disappointment.

Arrived, there, however, and, with the usual preliminaries, limited within, we found a singularly interesting *congregation.* The Chapel Royal is remarkable for a large attendance of the aristocracy, and we saw before us a congregation of rank, fashion, fame, power, worth, and wisdom, such as is rarely witnessed In a word, the congregation consisted in one single person—the Duke alone! Bleak as was the morning, there he was, laden with more of earth's honours, dignities, and renown, than any living man, and with but one stain upon his character, intently occupied with the worship of his God, and all alone with the clergyman. Thoughts came flowing in upon us from all quarters—Waterloo, Vittoria, Salamanca; clashing thousands, the wounded, the dying; the silent camp, "the imminent deadly breach," glorious victories, admiring millions, applauding senates, peaceful plains, gorgeous courts—all in fact, this world viewed as great and glorious in this lower world, with the single exception, as so related to the great personage before us, that they in our minds connected themselves with him, and here, by his presence on this occasion, forced before our imagination, and, as it were, seen, felt, realised. Here was the giant spirit which had been raised to sit upon the whirlwind and rule the storm—which had, instrumentally, for years decided the fortunes of nations, and peoples, and kindreds, and tongues, and received more of the incense of human gratitude, thanksgiving and praise than had perhaps ever before been awarded to mortal. Nor did they fail to mingle with the retrospect—fortresses overturned, dynasties swept away, hopes which wafted to heaven flung into perdition, curses both loud and deep.

The hero, the deliverer, the avenger, the warrior of unmatched wisdom in the hour of difficulty, firmness in the hour of hesitation, and forbearance in the hour of triumph, stood before us, his head hoar with age, his body feeble, and his voice silent—the solitary worshipper of that God who had so often shielded his head in the day of battle, and through his arm delivered the British empire and its countless subjects from invasion and overthrow—the sight struck us as particularly new.

On our entrance the psalms for the day were being read. The Duke took alternate verses with the clergyman. He spoke with an utterance that was thick and indistinct, and occasionally stammered a little ere he got out a word, but still a voice filled the chapel

It was impossible not to feel with peculiar force the importance of that part of the ritual of our Church through which a congregation is led to take alternate verses with the clergyman in reading the Psalms for the day. In what markable contrast with the hardening circumstances of daily life, its sordid cares, its heartless vanities, its corrupting sentiments, do the thoughts of the inspired and Royal Psalmist assert themselves. It was as if the Church took between her knees the great warrior, and made him repeat after her, as she might one of her Sunday scholars "I will go forth in the mighty only—for there is no righteousness but of Him. Forsake me not, O Lord, in my grey hairs; let me show thy strength (for there is none but of thee) to this generation, and thy power to all that are yet for to come. Thou hast brought me out of great troubles and adversities, and refreshed me in the hour of danger and trial, therefore I, even I, will lay aside my harp and lay hold on my harp of praise, and glorify thee, my God, yea, my tongue shall be daily talking of thy righteousness and of thy truth. It is thou, O God, that defendest the children of the poor and punished the wrong-doer. And thou shalt reign for ever and ever, from the flood to the world's end. Falsehood and wrong are alien to thee, and the cry of the poor and needy thou shalt both hear and avenge." Was it not important to remind such a man of such thoughts as these—nay, to enforce his attention to them, and as it were, get them out of his own lips, "in a tongue understanded of the people," and of himself too? What a difference from the practice of the Church of Rome? what a difference from the practice of the sectaries! O, great Duke, thy lips will testify against the, if these great principles have been, or shall be, forgotten by thee. "Falsehood and wrong," most noble Duke, deserve not privilege, and should not bear rule over true men. To bow down to them who bow down to idols of wood or stone is not a requisition for Protestants—the earth, and the very heavens are groaning under the oppression, and an end of it there assuredly must be!

The Duke was as painstaking in the performance of his duty as ever parish clerk was, and much more so than many of the fraternity whom I have happened upon.

The Rubric was punctuliously observed. At the Creed he turned to the Communion Table, repeated the words distinctly and aloud, and all through impressed the spectator with the idea that he was intently engaged in the fulfilment of an important business of his own. The emphasis in the Litany was strong and marked—"We beseech thee to hear *us*, good Lord." And at the Commandments—"Incline our hearts to keep *this* law." was thus repeated at each occasion

The lessons for the morning were Genesis ix. and Mark xiv.

The sermon was remarkable, on Exodus, chap. xxiii, and 2nd verse. It briefly, but strongly showed the dangers connected with too great a subserviency to the popular voice, and, of course, without any intention on the part of the writer and preacher, dealt some strokes which the Duke must have felt; for here, as all through, the attention which he paid was exemplary.

With respect to the personal appearance of the Duke generally, it was much more robustious than the portraits would lead one to suppose. The popular idea is that his grace is a little and delicate old man, whose frame wears an appearance of great fragility. Not at all, quite the contrary. He never would be remarked as "a little man," and has not the slightest appearance of delicacy. In fact, both face and person realise the "Iron Duke." The former is remarkable for a deep tan, which would bespeak habitual exposure to the sun, and tropical climes; the latter for a particularly strong build; shoulders broad, the calf of the leg full. The knee and the body straight and erect, but the head much stooped. The gait can only be described, so as to make a reader understand it, as a toddle—something like (saving the reader's favour) that of one a little tipsy—from side to side. He wore a blue frock coat and cross-barred trousers. The boot rather loose, and evidently of long standing; indeed, all the clothes, without being shabby, had seen service. The stock was white cambric, with a tie in front, but buckled behind with a large steel, military-looking buckle, which from the stoop in the head, was very conspicuous. He wore also a gold apparatus for the improvement of the hearing, which, taken in connection with the buckle of his stock, gave to his upper man a very metallic tone, as though he were in some sort an artificial man, made up of, and supported by, a combination of metals. We followed him, at a respectful distance, as he walked to his cab, which, with his servant in it, awaited his arrival. He got in without assistance, and was driven away. None of the portraits which I have seen give a true idea of his face. It is darker and more massive than they would imply. They seem to aim at conveying the idea of the aristocrat, the nobleman, the refined—the face itself

THE GLASS AND THE NEW CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

THE question as to the propriety of the opening of the New Crystal Palace on Sundays has been most cleverly handled by George Cruikshank in a shilling pamphlet bearing the above title. And not only does the artist-author give the opponents of the People's Palace some tolerably hard raps on the knuckles, and some sly pokes in the ribs, for their inconsistency in raising an outcry against the opening of the Sydenham-park on Sundays, while they are quite dumb on the subject of the gin-palaces and tea- (?) gardens of the metropolis; but he illustrates his argument with several "cuts" in his most characteristic style, as witness the delightfully stimulating "glass" below. All the world knows that George Cruikshank is a thorough-going teetotaller, and therefore the world will not be surprised to find that he is earnest in his advocacy of temperance in connection with the world-festival which is this year to be inaugurated in that debateable piece of land between Kent and Surrey, hitherto known as Penge Wood.

Mr. Cruikshank gives the Archbishop of Canterbury and the ministers of religion who have been busying themselves in getting up an opposition to the scheme, all credit for the sincerity of their intentions; but he urges them to be at least consistent in their views, and close the public-houses too. a view of the question about which there can be no question—among rational people. And that he may disarm the hostility of those who affirm that the Crystal Palace Company intend to retail intoxicating drinks in their grounds and buildings, he prints a letter which he sent to Mr. Grove, the secretary, and the answer which he received from that gentleman,—both of which letters were read at a meeting at Exeter-hall, some short time since. In the secretary's answer there is a distinct denial of the charge "It has been held," says Mr. Grove, "as a reproach that the people of England are incapable of employing their leisure hours without having recourse to the bottle. The directors are of opinion that the people would never have been subjected to the reproach had care been taken to have furnished them with a higher and more ennobling recreation. The masses have invariably shown that they prefer the highest enjoyments to the lowest, and when the directors had established their plans for securing the former at the Crystal Palace, they took care effectually to exclude the latter by asking the Prime Minister when he granted a charter to insert a clause forbidding for ever the sale of stimulating drinks within the park and building of the Crystal Palace Company. That clause has been duly inserted, and runs as follows:—'And we do hereby declare that this our royal charter is granted on the condition following—that is to say, that no spirituous or other fermented or intoxicating liquors shall be furnished to the persons visiting the said buildings or ground of the said company.'"



"WILL YOU TAKE A GLASS?"

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—PROVERBS.

With the preamble of the Company's bill has been declared "proved," and the clause quoted will be inserted in their charter. This fact must surely silence the opponents of the innocent recreations of the people.

"I lose patience," says Cruikshank, "when I think of the monstrous inconsistency of the strict Sabbatarians who are making such opposition to the opening of the Crystal Palace, and such places as Hampton Court Palace, whilst they leave the Sunday traffic in intoxicating liquors unnoticed. Now, if it be an *evil* that such places should be open to the public on a Sunday, it will, I *suppose*, be admitted by these gentlemen that the *gin*-palaces being open on that day is an *evil also*, and if so, I would ask, which is the least evil of the two?—either that ten thousand men, women, and children should visit such places as Hampton Court, &c., on a Sunday afternoon, and return to their homes orderly and soberly, or that *one* man should go to a *gin*-palace on the Sunday afternoon, and be there made mad drunk by liquor made by a Christian distiller, licensed to be sold by a Christian magistrate, served out by a Christian barmaid, the servant of a Christian publican, and the duty upon which liquor has been received by a Christian government, and then to go to his home, where his wife is sitting by the fire-side surrounded by her children, and—but I find that I must stop at this point. I had written the particulars of the brutal manner in which a man, or rather gin-made monster, assaulted his poor wife, but I find it is of too horrible a character to put into print—so revolting, so disgusting, so monstrous, that nothing but a sense of public duty could excuse even the public press for placing before the public eye the particulars of such a savage, barbarous, and detestable outrage, as was committed by this animal that was made drunk at a public-house on the *Sabbath-day*."

There are few of us who cannot, from our own experience, affirm the correctness of this picture. "The conduct of the public"—again quoting the admirable and amiable artist—? with regard to this temperance question is something surprising. What would they not say if the physicians of the lunatic asylums were to let out upon the town, every day, two or three raving madmen, with the risk, of course, of their attacking, wounding, and perhaps killing the first person they encountered? Suppose this were the case, see what an outcry would be raised—what demonstrations on the part of the public! What a hubbub in Parliament—what powerful leaders in the public papers—against such insane and criminal conduct on the part of those medical officers. But the British Government, with the full sanction of Parliament, allow and license places, at *every turn and corner* of the streets, in which people may, and *do* get RAVING MAD DRUNK. The great question is epitomised in the above sentence. We recommend everybody to read the work.

THE SCARF AND CROSS.

(Translated from the French by Rose Ashley.)

CHAPTER I.

THE noble Chevalier Herman, of Meringer, loved the young and beautiful Matilda, of Malsbourg. He was fortunate in being also beloved by her. It was during the time of the Crusades, that great heroic era of Christianity, when Europe and Asia, the Christian and Musculman federations, Rome and Bagdad, Christ and Mohammed, Pope and Caliph, had shown themselves under the walls of the city of David, to determine an old quarrel of five centuries; and the two rival worlds equally collected their subjects in the prosecution of a holy war. Roused by the ardent summons of a passionate friar, the people of Christian Europe started and awoke Their souls were full of enthusiasm, and, in a moment, at the supposed voice of religion, her multitudes, seeking glory and adventure, covered the thousand pathways of France, England, and Germany, lance in hand, red cross on white tunic, and banner waving in the wind. Kingdoms were to be conquered; the oppressed to be rescued and sustained, the holy sepulchre to be delivered, and above all, that beautiful sun of Asia, that magnificent country of the East, filled with marvels, and abounding in light and perfumes, was to be yielded up to Christian keeping.

The noble Herman was among the rest to cry, "Deus Vult!"—"It is the will of God" He shared in the enthusiasm, had taken up the cross, and sworn at Notre Dame to accomplish the warlike pilgrimage, now almost enjoined by the Church as a Christian duty, to the holy sepulchre No wonder, then, if the young Matilda should be sad, sad as an autumnal evening; if the tears were seen to stream from her blue eyes down her fair, soft cheeks, if her eyes were now, from time to time, raised towards Heaven in as much despondency as hope, as if there seeking the aid and protection which earth seemed only to deny.

It was, in these days, an old and pious custom among those who loved, to make, at parting, certain mutual gifts, which should keep them in remembrance a glove, a scarf, a jewel, some toy or trifle, which, however valueless in itself, might possess a precious significance in the eyes of love Not that those who truly love have any need of such remembrance, but that, by these visible symbols, the fond eyes keep always before them a token which prevents them from wandering, as certainly as the heart. Our lovers did not differ from the rest of the world. They, too, had little treasures to exchange, upon which affection had set its name and seal, and from which sympathy could always gather sufficient provocation for tears The gift of our Crusader to his betrothed was a splendid missal, exquisitely embellished and illuminated by one of the most skilful artists of the neighbouring abbey In return, he received from her a scarf embroidered with a blue cross, which she cautioned him never to discard, as it possessed a nameless virtue They then renewed the most tender assurances at parting, swearing, as most lovers do on such occasions, eternal love; and, having for the last time embraced the sad and blushing fair one, the noble Herman took the road to Venice, that cherished daughter of the Adriatic Sea, whence he embarked for the Holy Land

The seas sped his progress He was soon landed on the shores profaned by the pagan, and very brief was the interval before the struggle followed between the iron-clad soldiery of Europe with the light-armed, but vigorous and chaste chivalry of the East.

"It was a spectacle of surpassing beauty," writes one who beheld it, "the first combat which followed between the opposing armies In the distance, the morning sun is lighting up the blue mountains and the widely rolling sea. Before us, the plain is covered with the warlike thousands who are about to meet. There they rush careering on their steeds, their glittering equipage and armour multiplying and casting back, with sinister lights, the dazzling glances of the sun. Anon, there is a terrible rush, as of the waters of the raging sea—a noise, confused and undefinable, but which fills the heart with unspeakable apprehensions. Suddenly, the sound subsides A silence follows quite as terrible as was the storm; a silence like that of the same ocean, when the tempest has sunk into repose. Again the tumult rises, swells, grows as it proceeds, while dense clouds of dust envelop the contending armies, and almost shut from sight the soft beauties of the fair blue sky above. Death, that child of darkness, that mother of silence, is accomplishing her work. Another, and a deeper silence ensues. At a distance only it is broken, while at intervals burst forth the cries of triumph and exultation of those who stand among and above the slain. The pure winds of heaven once more break over the bosom of the earth. They sweep the dust from the field of conflict. The cloud disappears, and unveils the dead and dying. The survivors have sped in pursuit, leaving horror and blood behind them. Oh! surely the field of battle is a most glorious spectacle!"

But what became of our Herman, the betrothed of the fair Matilda, on that bloody field of Palestine, for which his eager soul had thirsted so long? Alas, the question! Sudden are the changes in the sky of March, but still more suddenly change our destinies. The noble Lord of Meringer had fallen into the hands of the infidels. His fate was a cruel one. For six dreary hours he had fought, almost entirely unsupported, against a crowd of enemies; at length a mighty stroke, breaking in pieces his armour, left him incapable of defence and of movement, beneath the feet of his horse. The stroke, however, supposed to be mortal, did but stun him, not even shedding a drop of his blood! The sword of the pagan warrior, though tempered in the living waters of the Baradil, which runs by Damascus, could not cut through the scarf of the fair Matilda; that scarf of white with the blue cross, which our hero always carried next to his bosom. "There was magic in the web of it."

Become a prisoner, he was, with his unfortunate companions, degraded to the labours of the field. Our poor French captives were thus doomed to till the lands they had only come to reap, and were driven to the work with strokes which not unfrequently moistened the furrows with their blood. Herman bore his lot with the meek submission of a Christian. He neither complained of the labour, nor resented the blows and bonds of his tormentors. Their strokes, indeed, fell unharming upon the scarf of Matilda.

This was a miracle! The curious circumstance at length reached the ears of the youthful prince into whose hands the noble Lord of Meringer had fallen. He was curious to behold the man of whom he had heard this matter, and Herman was accordingly brought before him, when he demanded to know the history of his magic scarf. The chevalier meekly told his story, saying frankly that the scarf had been given him by the damsel whom he loved, the virtuous and beautiful Matilda of Malsbourg, of whose continued chastity and truth, the captive declared the sanctity and whiteness of the scarf to be a sufficient evidence of its power for his own preservation, the proofs were every day apparent.

CHAPTER II

THE young prince, being rich and powerful, with an excitable imagination, and fond of the marvellous, was naturally a seeker after adventure, just such a person as we so frequently read of among the Caliphs and viziers of the *Thousand and One Nights* He was impressed by the description given of Matilda, and determined secretly to visit France, and to spare neither gold nor presents in the attempt to win the affections of the betrothed of our captive knight, and, by this means, to see if the scarf would lose its virtue and change its colour. He was not slow in carrying his resolution into effect. With great secrecy and diligence, he passed into the Christian country It was a cold, bleak evening in winter when he arrived at the foot of the tower where dwelt the young heiress of Malsbourg He was fortunate in beholding her the very first moment of his arrival Heedless of the cold and biting winds, she was even then leaning out from the turret, sending her eyes afar, as if seeking to discern, amidst the whiteness of the snow which covered the vast plain before, the black plume of her knight faintly glimmering in the distance; striving to distinguish, amidst the noise of the wind, the sound of a well-known bugle. The form of the visitor appeared before her, and, for a moment, inspired her with a hope; which was, however, soon dissipated when the faithful warder, Dietrich, throwing open the gates of the castle, admitted our adventurous sultan. The sight of a stranger, whose features told her nothing but that they were bronzed by the intense sun of Asia, only filled her heart with new terrors and apprehensions which the deep sigh which he uttered as he surveyed her person only tended to increase. She had everything to fear from a messenger coming from the East, in place of Herman, but the stranger only implored hospitality, and made no present revelations. His prayer was necessarily granted. The inclemency of the season was a sufficient plea to the heart of charity for the lonely wayfarer at such a bitter time.

It is related in the legend of Dr. Faustus, that, one day, Mephistopheles tempted the fair Margaret with rich ornaments of pearls and diamonds. The poor child trembled, hesitated, and finally allowed herself to become his victim; and this is the history of very many of the daughters of Eve. Our sultan resorted to a like influence to persuade the fair Matilda. She beheld, in one night, at her feet all the riches of the East. She heard her pagan suitor swear that her betrothed, the noble Herman, would forever drag the plough of the infidel unless she yielded to his entreaties. The sultan was beautiful as a fallen angel, and as eloquent as the Serpent when he tempted the mother of mankind in the garden; and yet—and yet he failed. The fair Matilda turned over the golden leaves of her missal, and remained faithful to her lover. When left to herself, she mourned over the cruel destiny under which Herman suffered in a heathen land, and prayed God to give her strength and means to deliver him from his enemies.

* * * * * *

Though swiftly roll the waves, yet still more swiftly pass our days The infidel, hopeless of his arts, has returned to Syria with empty coffers. He has gained nothing by his adventure, and his

were all fruitless with the fair Matilda. Herman still laboured with his companions at the plough, and his scarf still remained immaculate as the white wing of the cherubim.

Soon after this time, there arrived at the court of our sultan an unknown singing-master. His pale face, long, fair hair, smooth chin, and blue eyes—in short, his whole appearance showed that he was from the West, from those cold and melancholy countries so often hidden from the entreaties of the sun.

The stranger sang, accompanying himself on an ebony harp, inlaid with ivory, which he had brought with him. His sweet strains captivated the assembled crowd. He sang, in a pure and limpid voice, the joys of one's native country; then he changed his notes, and the spirit of his muse became that of the clarion, as he sang the hymn of combat and the joys of triumph. In a more tranquil mood, he told of love—love which baffles all sorrows, and heals every wound. He detailed, for the delight of the fierce, but curious and story-loving Syrians, the original legends of the West—harmonious echoes of a marvellous and poetic past. He described the lovely Emma, the royal *fiancée* of a powerful monarch, who sacrificed a throne for a humble student—who encountered, on behalf of Eginhard, the fearful wrath of the great Emperor Charlemagne, her sire. This legend led to others. He told of a mysterious cavalier, who descended the green banks of the Rhine in a bark, which was drawn, with a chain of silver, by a swan of incomparable whiteness; who rescued the lovely orphan from the tower where she was kept, and, having espoused her, disappeared as suddenly as he came, like some sad and sombre spectre, only from time to time vexed by an imprudent question. Then followed the story of Nothurga, that beautiful and pious maiden, who, being betrothed to a knight who perished in a distant land, fled into exile rather than forget her faith, and buried herself in the remotest solitude. A white hind, which accompanied her to the desert, brought her daily, suspended about his neck in a basket, the nourishment which a faithful servant had procured. But when autumn arrived, and the last leaves and flowers had disappeared, the angels came with better nourishment, and transferred her pure spirit to a more certain refuge in Heaven. Saïd, however, though she herself no longer appears among the perishing flowers, her pure and lovely body preserves, though under its covering of hoar-frost, the germ of life in the beautiful little blue flower, the *ne oublie*, which she loved, and sleeps sweetly shrouded in roses, that never fail to bloom at the proper season above her grave, on the pleasant banks of the Neckar.

With this plaintive romance, the minstrel ended his touching ballads, which declared the sufferings of the soul, and, with gracious symbols of hope, pointed to that celestial flower which alone defies the winds and the waves of life. The voice of the musician had receded with his song. It had become more thrilling than at first, while his eye grew more and more animated, his gestures more expressive; inspiration seemed to open from his soul the sweet secret of a better future, and he seemed to tremble with the excess of happiness—even as the swallow, who, after having fattened his wings in traversing a stormy sea, perceives, at sunset, once more in view the proof us spot of earth where it finds a home—he murmuring fountain, the green plain, the fresh shade, and the dear paternal nest.

It was like so much magic to the ears of the sultan and his court, the songs of the pale and light-haired stranger. Poetry is naturally grand and powerful under the starry sky of the Orient. There music possesses a natural melody, particularly under the shade of the minarets of Antioch and Smyrna, at those seasons when the drooping earth is refreshed by breezes from Lebanon, when the birds bury themselves in the foliage from the piercing beams of Monday, and the locust chirps monotonously in the shade which he always loves; when the butterfly crouches above the moist places in the grass, and it is only the green lizard that turns up his emerald garments to the sun—there, to lie in the shade, with the light, refreshing breeze stealing off to your embrace from the lonely mountain heights where they harbour, with the waters of the Iouan Sea gliding to your feet, then to hearken to the *sarcentare* who delights you with equal poetry and music, is to realise the highest raptures of the days of Homer.

The sultan was equally liberal and magnificent. He must reward the musician who had delighted him with songs of such refreshing sweetness, and tales of such foreign interest and beauty. Brocades of gold in use were cast at his feet, collars of precious stones were offered for his neck, harps of cedar wood, scarfs of silk, dyed richly with the famous purple of the Tyrian, and other gifts, no less valuable and precious, were offered for acceptance by the grateful prince. We pass the more *bijouterie*, the trifles which are simply beautiful and tasteful, and mention, among these other gifts, the ransom of fifty captives, the soul of a Jew, and the body of a beautiful Georgian captive—the one not dead, but living and beautiful, the other quite alive, and not wholly inaccessible, as we may conjecture, to a reasonable conversion. The young Frank musician refused all those gifts, and demanded as his recompense only the privilege of rescuing one of the Christian captives from the labours of the Asian plough. His prayer was accorded him; and, conducted among the captives, his choice fell upon Herman, our knight of the white scarf and the cross of blue—that scarf which the scourge could never rend, which labour could not soil, which neither blood, nor toil, nor exposure to the pitiless storm, could impair or deprive of its first sweet purity and whiteness.

CHAPTER III.

The Lord of Meringer, thus rescued from his bonds, naturally wished to return immediately to his beloved Matilda. His liberator desiring also to return to France, they embarked together, and arrived safely at a place about two days' journey from the château of Meringer. The travellers stopped at a hotel, and here the singing-master said to Herman—

"Brother, at this place we separate. We now take different routes. I pray thee now, at parting, that thou give me, as a remembrance, a small piece of the scarf of which the history is so wonderful, that I may be able, when I relate thy story, to have the proof in hand."

The knight gladly yielded to an entreaty so moderate. He anxiously desired some means to prove his gratitude to the generous pilgrim who had procured for him his freedom. He cut off a bit of his charmed scarf accordingly, and gave it him, with thanks and blessings. Exchanging other proofs of a mutual esteem, and promising to see each other again, as opportunity offered, they separated with much and sincere feeling.

Herman hastened to his betrothed. Once more he beheld the young heiress of Malsbourg. He finds her still beautiful as when he left her. Her smile still glows for him and she is in all respects the same dear and beautiful Matilda. Yet there is a difference. There is a something more proud in the movements of her form; her figure seems more graceful, while more erect. There is a slight shade of mystery in her actions. From time to time, her hands seem to seek for a dagger at her girdle, and her fingers pass more hurriedly than they were wont in former days over the chords of her harp. There was a darker shade in her complexion, as if she had felt the smiles of a warmer sun than that of Malsbourg. There was surely no reason why Herman should not be happy; Matilda still beautiful, and still loving as of yore. But our knight was not happy. Fearful imaginings and suspicions filled his brain. They had told him, on his return, that a mystery hung about his betrothed. She, too, had been a wanderer. For twelve months had she been absent, and none knew whither. She had gone without a sign, and returned without an explanation. Our knight was unstable. His thoughts by day, his dreams by night, filled his soul with equal tortures. His peace was gone, his hopes vanished, all his sweet illusions were wrecked like the frail paper boat which the Hindoo maiden sends down the Ganges. Evil purposes fill his soul, and a sense of wrong makes him dream only of revenge, that banquet of supremest passion. In his gloom, Matilda forgets to smile. She knows not what to do or say; but she has hopes—hope, indeed, would seem natural to the fair, pure damsel, whose scarf and cross no weapon had been able to destroy.

CHAPTER IV.

Situated at the summit of a high mountain, the château of Meringer resembles, at a distance, some gigantic patriarch watching over the flock which lies scattered at his feet. It was night, and numberless sparkling lights scintillated fantastically through the dashed pierced high windows, which were distinguished by that peculiar shape which, in architecture, is termed ogee, or ogive. A burst of sonorous instruments, with powerful and harmonious voices, mingled with the great murmurs of the torrent which descends into the valley. The Count of Meringer had prepared a feast. One so magnificent had never been witnessed in the old château. Here he had assembled his friends and connexions. Noble lords and stately dames gathered from the contiguous country. Matilda, too, was present. She came, at the urgent entreaties of her lover, filled with a secret presentiment of happiness re-assured and made secure. She was magnificently attired; and, in the midst of the youthful company, with such finished and perfect features, with looks so equally chaste and sweet, and a smile so pure and pleading, one felt that she was lovely and without a model. Yet there were some to compare her to Diana in the midst of her nymphs, who, even while sporting in the simple pleasures of the fields and forests, kept ever in remembrance the precious beauties of her young Endymion.

The *fete* went on without interruption to its pleasures until nearly at the close, when the noble Count of Meringer, who, during the evening, had cast many a mournful and pitying look upon his betrothed, now rose and addressed the company. With his glass filled with the rich wine of Hungary, and pursuing his purpose only with the desperate air of one who leaps to a performance at which he revolts since he feels that he cannot deliberately pursue

it, he drank to the mutual release of himself and betrothed, alleging, as his reason for this decision, that she had been faithless to her vows.

Terribly fell the blow upon the young, fond heart of the poor innocent. The tears gushed from her eyes; but checking, with a sign, the ardent kinsmen who were prepared to rush upon her slanderer, she slowly, and with the most dignified meekness, silently left the scene in which she could not conceal her sorrows. Great was the confusion which followed. The guests were confounded. Words of doubt, dispute, and anger, were heard on every side, and the noble Count of Meringer himself, now that Matilda had disappeared, was shocked and humbled at the offence of which he had been guilty.

Suddenly, and while the confusion in the hall was at its highest, the doors unfolded, and a stranger showed himself in the habit of a pilgrim. He was known to but one in the assembly, and that one was Herman. The new-comer was the famous singing master, whose charming powers had won our baron from the thrall of the Saracen. He came forward, holding in his grasp the fragment of that precious white scarf, which, in the hour of his gratitude, our knight had given him. Scarcely had the Lord of Meringer welcomed him, and made his acknowledgments, than he became conscious of other features in those of the singing-master than he had before discovered. A gradual change was in progress, at the same moment, in the face of the stranger and in the heart of Herman. Surely it was Matilda of Malsburg that stood before him, in the habit of the pilgrim. These are her eyes only, this her mouth, and these the features of life and beauty, the *tout ensemble* of which made the whole perfect divinity which his soul had ever found in woman. The eyes of the spectators were as quick in the discovery as his own. How had he been blind so long! He sank at her feet a penitent, reproaching himself, and entreating her in terms of the deepest self-reproach and contrition.

Do you ask if so rash an offender was admitted to pardon? Can you wonder that she took him to her mercy, she who was so full of grace? If her heart, which had so much love and constancy, so much chastity and purity, had pity also in a great degree? She raised him from her feet to her arms, with one of those sweet sighs which, from the heart of mercy, always informs us of the excellence of a world at once more happy and more pure than ours.

DRAWBACKS ON PROGRESS.

BY C. H. DAVIS.

"THERE is one great disadvantage," remarked a philologist to us a short time ago, "there is one great drawback attendant on the universal adoption of the arts of writing and printing. It is the remarkable fact, that in almost every country where these arts have extensively prevailed, where they have become a great medium of intercommunication, the spoken language has considerably degenerated in harmony and beauty, or at least it has never improved in that respect. The noble languages of Greece and Rome were formed long before they were written, and the fact of their continuing to be harmonious and beautiful for many centuries is principally to be attributed to the ignorance of writing which prevailed among the great mass of the peoples who spoke them. It is, indeed, evident that when more communication is carried on in writing than in speaking, when the former art becomes of more importance than the latter, it will not be easy to persuade a people to abandon the use of any particular word merely because it happens to be difficult to pronounce it, nor to modify the terminations to words when they chance to be unsuitable to them in regard to sound. For if the word on paper is quite as expressive the one way as the other, we cannot perceive the necessity of changing it, and therefore permit it to remain inharmonious. But a people who have no mode of communication save by speech would naturally seek the sounds most easy to utter, and since they have no standard of correctness to refer to, any changes would be less difficult to introduce in this than in the other case."

Now, taking this assertion to be true, suppose that any person, wishing to improve the harmony of our spoken language, were to come forward, and gravely propose to us to abandon altogether the arts of printing and writing, and content ourselves henceforth with merely oral communication. What would be the result? Would he not be instantly set down as a lunatic or considered as a fool? "What!" every one would exclaim, "because in one particular the invention and spread of writing has proved to be disadvantageous: because in one single instance it has failed to be beneficial, are we to yield up all the innumerable benefits and advantages which it has conferred and is every day conferring upon us? Are we to deprive ourselves of all the good we have received from it, and submit to a thousand inconveniences for the sake of ridding ourselves of one?" The idea would be regarded as the very summit of absurdity.

Take another instance:—Suppose that an individual, professing to be a friend of his fellow-creatures, were to come forward, and after satisfactorily proving that man in a state of civilisation has lost many of the advantages which, in his natural condition, he possessed—that he has become, for example, less powerful in constitution, less capable of enduring exertion and fatigue, more liable to disease, and more short-lived;—suppose that this person were to advise us, for the sake of avoiding these evils, to return to barbarism,—is there any reasonable man in the kingdom, be he ever so poor and wretched, who would not look upon such a proposal as utterly foolish and absurd; and would prefer to remain in possession of all his present evils, rather than fly to the much greater evils which must inevitably be his if he were to return to a state of nature?

We may smile at such suppositions as the above, and exclaim, "Oh, but it is impossible that any one should ever be so foolish as to propose the abolition of writing and printing, or the abandonment of civilisation, simply because there are a few inconveniences which still cling to them." "The benefits," we say, "which we derive from them are so obvious, that no one could hesitate for a moment in determining that it was better for us to possess knowledge than ignorance, civilisation than barbarism; and, consequently, no one could think of entertaining a desire to do away with those advantages." But let us reflect a little, and perhaps we shall find many things which exist at the present time quite as ridiculous as any such desire would be.

For example, is it not the custom in this country, whenever any reform is proposed and carried in the legislature, whenever any improvement is discovered by which the greater part of the people may be benefited, whenever, in short, anything new is introduced, no matter how obvious may be its advantages, no matter how palpable the good which may be derived from it,—is it not constantly the practice of some people to cry it down, to heap all sorts of abuse upon it, to condemn it as a pernicious innovation, and, if they find the slightest flaw or imperfection appertaining to it, to hold up that little disadvantage as if it were sufficient to counterbalance all the good qualities which it possesses on the other hand? Do we require instances? Let us look at nearly every legislative reform which has been enacted within the present century. At the introduction of railways, of machinery in manufactures, and numberless other improvements, are there not hundreds of persons, who, wilfully shutting their eyes to the immense good which these alterations have done us, search unceasingly to find out the insignificant evils which they have brought at the same time, and pointing triumphantly at *these*, when found out, would persuade us to reject all the advantages on the other hand for the sake of getting rid of those trifling drawbacks?

Nor does this happen only in great and important innovations. The very slightest alteration in a system, no matter how confessedly bad it has previously worked, will bring about its devoted proposer such a host of enemies as frequently requires no ordinary courage to withstand. The fondness with which people seek to retain or recover what is old, merely because it *is* old, runs often into the very extreme of absurdity. How many useful inventions must have been lost, how many important discoveries sufficed to pass into oblivion, how many great truths allowed to be forgotten, merely because their discoverers feared to expose them to the ridicule which almost inevitably awaited their first appearance!

Certainly, to see the eagerness with which every slight defect in a modern reform (especially in legislative matters) is seized upon and held up to public contempt, one would think that its proposers had aimed at absolute perfection in carrying out their measures. One would believe it to be an established maxim of the constitution, that, if there is found the slightest drawback in a contemplated improvement, all thoughts of introducing it should be abandoned for ever. Is this because our present institutions are ... [illegible]

want to be unable to alter them for the better? This surely cannot be the reason, for our every-day experience teaches us the inconvenience of the fetters fastened upon us by our ancestors, and the necessity of freeing ourselves from them. Why, then, is reform so constantly attacked and derided? Why this opposition to changes, which we cannot, with any show of reason, deny to be necessary?

The great mistake committed by the opponents of reform in modern institutions appears to be this. They forget the disadvantages under which they or the greater part of the people laboured before such reform was introduced, and instead of endeavouring to remedy the slighter defects in the new system, they waste their exertions in striving to do away with it altogether, and vainly desire to return to greater evils. They seem to forget that it is impossible to attain to absolute perfection in human affairs; that there never was a reform, an invention, or a discovery which had not its drawbacks, and that time alone can gradually lessen and put a stop to those evils. They go to work, in short, the wrong way. Instead of manfully putting their shoulders to the wheel and helping forward the vehicle, they either stand looking on in utter helplessness, or strive with mistaken zeal to extricate it from its present difficulties by pushing it back to its former position. The consequence too frequently is, that progress is hindered, and that we are hindered to retain and suffer inconveniences that day by day increase around us, because we are too timid to encounter the dangers which threaten to obstruct a forward movement.

But, thanks to the spread of education and the incorrect attempts of reformers of our own times, the people in general seem now to be gradually comprehending the necessity of progress. They seem beginning to understand that civilisation must not and cannot be suffered to stand still, that it must either advance or recede; and that all attempts to stop it at any particular point must sooner or later fail. It is only by universally diffusing this knowledge among the people, by convincing them of the absolute necessity of advancing, that we can hope to make any sensible or enduring progress; for if the greater part of the nation be corrupted and degraded, and ignorant of the benefits which may accrue to them from constant improvement, it will be useless for a small part only of the community to endeavour to go forward. Let us all, therefore, use our exertions to impel onwards the mighty chariot of progress, and to remove every obstacle which may stand in its way.

What though a few dangers, magnified by the shadowy twilight of the future, threaten to oppose our course? What though difficulties should even beset us at every step, and the storm collect in their fury to drive us back. Wherefore should we fear? To perseverance and courage and a conscious strength all obstacles are as nothing. Let us perform this.

BREATHING TIME

BY CHARLES DRYDEN

THANK God, there is *one* day to spare,
When toiling man may leave the town,
And breathe awhile the fragrant air,
And offer up his soul in prayer
To Him who sends all blessings down

One day in seven, from labour free—
Our wordly troubles soon forgot,
To rove the glade at liberty,
Or lounge beneath some shady tree—
Oh! tell me who would not?

The soul requires a day of rest
To contemplate its mission here—
The bane by which it is oppressed,
Its hope to be hereafter blest
In some bright angel sphere.

And that supreme, almighty Power,
Who watches all our deeds below,
Gave emerald fields and fragrant flowers,
And, more than all, a sacred hour,
For man to soothe his woe.

Thank, God, then, for a day of rest,
And offer songs of joy to Him
Who seeks to make His people blest,
Ere they are taken to his breast
By unseen cherubim.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ATHEISM CONSIDERED THEOLOGICALLY AND POLITICALLY. — This Volume consists of thirteen Lectures, by the Rev. LYMAN BEECHER, D.D. (father of Mrs. H. B. Stowe.) These Lectures enter fully into the momentous question now at issue, or, at least, under discussion, between "Secularism" and Christianity. For close reasoning and eloquent declamation, these Lectures have rarely been surpassed. The Volume, just issued, is well printed, and is sold for 2s. 6d. bound in cloth. It is important, in ordering this work, that John Cassell's edition should be specially named, as it contains an Introduction from his pen.

GIN AND WATER; a pair of pictorial designs by Kenny Meadows, portraying the effects arising from the indulgence of those potent liquids. In the first, GIN, we have the interior of the drunkard's home, with a glimpse of the horrors which belong peculiarly to such homes; in the second, WATER, we see how comfort, cleanliness, and peace attend the steps of the temperate man. The contrast is well sustained, and the pictures—which measure 24 inches by 16 inches—cannot but be popular. We have had too many songs and pictures in praise of the drinking customs of our country, and we are glad to perceive that our poets and artists are beginning to discover that they may get inspiration even out of water—

"Wine, wine, thy power and pride
Have ever been echoed to minstrel lays—
But water, I deem, hath a mightier claim
To fill up a niche in the Temple of Fame."

These pictures, which should be framed and hung over every cottage chimney-piece, and on the walls of every factory, and workshop, and ragged school throughout the land, can be obtained of every bookseller for one shilling. They are admirably engraved on wood, by Messrs. Henry Linton and William Mason.

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